



SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance; If not paid in Advance, \$1.50.

VOL VII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1886.

No. 37

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
 Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
 Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
 State's Attorney.—Frank C. Norwood.
 Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.

Orphan's Court.
 Judges.—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller, Robert Stokes.
 Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
 County Commissioners.—J. Hiram Taylor, Elias Gaver, Wm. H. Lakin, James U. Lawson, Cephas M. Thomas.
 Sheriff.—Luther C. Derr.
 Tax-Collector.—D. Z. Padgett.
 Surveyor.—William H. Hilleary.
 School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutton, Herman L. Rantzahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
 Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.
 Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, W. G. Blair, I. M. Fisher.
 Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
 Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, John G. Hess.
 School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, John G. Hess, C. T. Zacharias.
 Burgesses.—John G. Hess.
 Town Commissioners.—D. Zeck, Jas. O. Hopp, F. W. Lansinger, Joseph Snouffer, Geo. W. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell.
 Town Constable and Collector.—William A. Pennell.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
 Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 9 o'clock, a. m., Infant's Sunday School at 11 p. m.

Church of the Incarnation, (Rev. D.)
 Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Hellman. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
 Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic.)
 Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m., Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
 Pastor.—Rev. Osborn Belt. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.
 Through from Baltimore 11:20, a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:10, p. m., Hagerstown, 3:35, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frolick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:10, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:30, p. m.

Depart.
 Baltimore, Way 8:35, a. m., Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hagerstown, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:35, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:35, a. m., Baltimore, (closed) 3:30, p. m., Frederick, 3:30, p. m., Motter's, 3:30, p. m., Gettysburg, 8:30, a. m.
 Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massanut Tribe No. 41, I. O. B. M.
 Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8 o'clock. Officers: D. R. Gelwicks, Sach.; E. C. Wenschelph, Sen. S.; L. O. J. Fields, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Charles S. Zeck, K. of W.; Geo. T. Gelwicks, Prophet; John F. Adelsberger, Representative to Great Council of Maryland.

Emerald Beneficial Association.
 J. T. Bussey, President; F. A. Adelsberger, Vice President; T. E. Bussey, Secretary. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in S. R. Grinders' building, West main street.

Emmit Lodge No. 47, I. O. M.
 Weekly meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, J. O. Byers; Worthy Senior Master, L. D. Cook; Worthy Master, Geo. H. Byers; Junior Master, Jos. Houck; Recording Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, Joseph Byers; Conductor, Geo. L. Gillelan; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck.

Vigilant Hose Company.
 Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, E. H. Rowe; Secretary, Albert S. Rowe; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Capt., Geo. T. Byster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., John A. Horner.

Emmit Building Association.
 Pres't, C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't, Geo. B. Ovelman; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Beam, Jos. Snouffer, J. A. Rowe, D. Lawrence, N. Baker, John F. Hopp.

Union Building Association.
 President, W. S. Guthrie; Vice-President, Jas. A. Rowe; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Directors, F. A. Maxwell, D. Lawrence, Jno. G. Hess, Michael Hoke, Jno. T. Long, Geo. W. Rowe.

Farmers and Mechanics Building and Loan Association.—President, George T. Gelwicks; Vice-President, Jno. G. Hess; Secretary, James O. Hopp; Treasurer, Joseph A. Baker; Directors, James M. Kerrigan, John T. Long, Thomas C. Seltzer, John B. Shorb, F. A. Adelsberger, James F. Hickey.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
 President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. J. A. Elder; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, J. A. Elder, O. A. Horner, Geo. R. Ovelman, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Rowe, I. S. Annan.

"BEE-HIVE" STORE,

Extraordinary Purchase

—OF A LARGE LOT OF—

Hamburg Edging Embroideries

at half value were imported for a large jobbing house who have gone out of business and we bought them at a small advance on custom house duties, and we offer them at the following

BARGAIN PRICES:

3/4 inch wide	1 cent.	9 inches wide	25 cents.
1 " "	2 " "	11 " "	30 " "
2 " "	5 " "	12 1/2 " "	45 " "
4 " "	7 " "	15 " "	50 " "
5 " "	10 " "	17 " "	75 " "
8 " "	20 " "	42 " "	95 " "

All-Over Hamburg 75c.; Dress and Skirt Lengths in Hamburg, 95c. and \$1.00.

Our store room is too small and we must have room for Spring Goods and we will offer for the next thirty days all our winter goods at cost.

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Scarlet Vests,	.75,	marked down to	.60.
" " " "	1.25,	" "	1.00.
" " " "	1.50,	" "	1.15.
Men's all-wool scar. shirts,	1.00,	" "	.75.
" " " "	1.25,	" "	1.00.
Ladies' white vests,	1.00,	" "	.75.
" " " "	.75,	" "	.50.
Men's white mereno shirts,	1.00,	" "	.75.
" " " "	.75,	" "	.50.
" " " "	.50,	" "	.35.

HOISERY! HOISERY!

Men's long shaker hose .10. Ladies' cashmere hose .17.
 Ladies' fine cashmere hose .25. Children's woolen hose .05.
 Everything in woolen hose at cost.
 Also Blankets, Shawls, Skirts, Knit Blouses at cost. Now is the time to save money. Seeing is believing; call and be convinced.

JAMES F. BROWN,

FREDERICK, MD.
 nov. 7-ly-'85.] Also, BROWN, HAMBLETON & Co., Cumberland, Md.

Western Maryland Rail Road.

ON and after Sunday, Nov. 22, 1885, PASSENGER TRAINS ON THIS ROAD WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.			
STATIONS.	Acc.	Exp.	Est.
Daily, except Sundays, Daily			
Millen Station, Baltimore	8:00	4:00	3:00
Penna.	8:05	4:05	3:05
Fulton Station	8:10	4:10	3:10
Frederick	8:12	4:12	3:12
Shippensburg	8:20	4:20	3:20
Pikesville	8:25	4:25	3:25
Glyndon	8:30	4:30	3:30
Gettysburg	8:35	4:35	3:35
Westminster	8:40	4:40	3:40
New Windsor	8:45	4:45	3:45
Lincolnton	8:50	4:50	3:50
Union Bridge	8:55	4:55	3:55
Frederick Junction	9:00	4:00	3:00
Blue Ridge Summit	9:05	4:05	3:05
Double Pipe Creek	9:10	4:10	3:10
Shippensburg	9:15	4:15	3:15
Emmitsburg	9:20	4:20	3:20
Shippensburg	9:25	4:25	3:25
Frederick Junction	9:30	4:30	3:30
Union Bridge	9:35	4:35	3:35
Mechanicstown	9:40	4:40	3:40
Sabillasville	9:45	4:45	3:45
Gettysburg	9:50	4:50	3:50
Pen-Mar	9:55	4:55	3:55
Blue Mountain	10:00	5:00	4:00
Waynesboro, Pa.	10:05	5:05	4:05
Chambersburg	10:10	5:10	4:10
Shippensburg	10:15	5:15	4:15
Smithsburg	10:20	5:20	4:20
Chesapeake	10:25	5:25	4:25
Hagerstown	10:30	5:30	4:30
Williamsport	10:35	5:35	4:35
PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE EAST.			
Daily except Sundays, Daily			
Williamsport	8:00	2:40	1:05
Hagerstown	8:05	2:45	1:10
Chesapeake	8:10	2:50	1:15
Smithsburg	8:15	2:55	1:20
Chambersburg	8:20	3:00	1:25
Shippensburg	8:25	3:05	1:30
Frederick	8:30	3:10	1:35
Blue Mountain	8:35	3:15	1:40
Waynesboro, Pa.	8:40	3:20	1:45
Chambersburg	8:45	3:25	1:50
Shippensburg	8:50	3:30	1:55
Frederick	8:55	3:35	2:00
Frederick Junction	9:00	3:40	2:05
Union Bridge	9:05	3:45	2:10
Mechanicstown	9:10	3:50	2:15
Gettysburg	9:15	3:55	2:20
New Windsor	9:20	4:00	2:25
Lincolnton	9:25	4:05	2:30
Frederick Junction	9:30	4:10	2:35
Blue Ridge Summit	9:35	4:15	2:40
Double Pipe Creek	9:40	4:20	2:45
Shippensburg	9:45	4:25	2:50
Emmitsburg	9:50	4:30	2:55
Shippensburg	9:55	4:35	3:00
Glyndon	10:00	4:40	3:05
Owens' Mills	10:05	4:45	3:10
Pikesville	10:10	4:50	3:15
Mt. Hope	10:15	4:55	3:20
Arlington	10:20	5:00	3:25
Fulton Station	10:25	5:05	3:30
Penna. Avenue	10:30	5:10	3:35
Union Station	10:35	5:15	3:40
Millen Station	10:40	5:20	3:45

EMMITSBURG, MD.

Dr. J. H. HICKEY,
DENTIST,
 Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public.—Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office West Main St., South side, opposite P. Hoke's store. Jan 5-ff

C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 Having located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homeopathic Physician and Practical Surgeon, hoping by careful attention to the duties of his profession, to deserve the confidence of the community. Office West Main St., South side, opposite P. Hoke's store.

C. V. S. LEVY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. jan 12-ly.

Edward S. Eichelberger,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 FREDERICK CITY, MD.
 OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec-9-ff.

Dr. J. T. BUSSEY,

DENTIST,
 EMMITSBURG, MD.,
 Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap 29

Dr. GEO. S. FOUKE,

DENTIST,
 WESTMINSTER, MD.,
 Next door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug 16-ly.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG LADIES,
 CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,
 NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.
 This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. TERMS—Board and tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior. mar 15-ff.

BY THE POOL.

Surely he took the hard first prize
 In suffering's bitter school,
 Who lay for eight-and-thirty years
 By Bethesda's wonderful pool;
 Who watched for eight-and-thirty years
 Of desperate struggle and prayer,
 Till strife to dull quiescence sank,
 And hope died to despair.
 So often the rush of the miracle
 Proved Faith's best dreaming true;
 So often the merciful angel's wings
 Cleft down the Syrian blue,
 And swept the placid waters
 Till they ruffled and flashed in light,
 And of all the halt and plague-struck
 There
 Just one might prove its might.

And there was never a kindly grasp
 To raise or succor him;
 Never a strong true hand to help,
 As he dragged him close to the brim;
 So very near to the healing wave
 The crippled form had been,
 And always, just as he reached it,
 Had some one stepped between.

What throes of mortal anguish,
 What bitter, helpless wail;
 What bursts of hard, defiant wrath
 Had known each effort fail!
 Ere conquered pain won patience,
 And quietly he said:
 "Sir, there is none to help me."
 To the Lord of quick and dead.

So many lie in impotence
 'Neath sorrow's heavy sod;
 So many wait, and watch, and pray
 For the descending God.
 One day, when hope has soared to faith
 And the spirit owned its rule,
 The words "Rise up and walk" will
 Come beside the pool.
 —All the Year Round.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF MISS TABITHA TRE-NOODLE.

Did you ever drive a cow to pound?
 No, of course not.
 Did your mother ever drive a cow to pound? or your wife?
 Of course not, again.
 Well, I have.—I Tabitha Tre-noodle, spinster, drove a large brindled knot cow to pound. And, since I am a nither first-cousin to Mrs. Squeamish nor first-toady to Mrs. Grundy, I see no reason whatever why I should deny the fact.

Perhaps you do not know what a knot cow is. Well, a knot cow is a cow without horns, having a little knot or knob on the head instead of those appendages. If that brindled horn I don't think—well, yes, I'll confess it—I don't think I should have driven her to pound.

I object to horns. They have an ugly look; and they give me a sort of ripping feeling, highly unpleasant, in my back-bone. Moreover, make me say over to myself all the "ifs" and "ands" in the alphabet.
 "If that beast knew his strength and just took it into his head" — then a cold shiver, and I feel very glad I am walking a long way behind the creature's tail.

In another minute I'm conjugating "ifs" again, because the animal has turned and looked me mildly in the face.
 "If he means mischief, now, by that look,"—and I catch up my dress and wonder, after a good run, whether I could take the next hedge at a flying-leap. Then I begin thinking if I could climb a tree, or if a woman ever has climbed a tree since Eve, without any impediments, clambered to a top branch after that unfortunate apple. That's how I go on if ever I'm near a horned creature.

I've got a little meadow at Tre-gawk. I'm rather proud of it, because it's the best land and grows the best grass for miles around. Now, when a person has got a meadow with good grass in it, that person doesn't like the grass to be eaten up, night after night, nobody knows how. At least, I don't. My maid suggested—

"Evil sperruts."
 "I said, 'Stuff! Evil spirits don't eat grass. They devour men.'"
 "Nebuchadnezzar," said my maid.

"Nonsense! He's dead and gone these hundred years."
 "Not him. Her—the parson's wife."

This seems ridiculous. But it was not, because that poor, howling maniac fancied herself Nebuchadnezzar and she was always trying to get out and eat grass.

"She is capable," I said; "so I'll watch her."
 Accordingly, that night I made Temperance bring down into the fields the small kitchen table and a big stool, and by aid of these, I clambered up pretty high into a tree, where I sat perched like Charles the Second in a crinoline. Temperance stayed with me till nearly dark and brought me my tea out there, as I had got into the tree quite early, thinking it wise to be in time. She had to climb to the top of the table to hand up my cup, and I found it rather novel, though a sofa-cushion on the branch might have improved the situation.

When it grew dark, I made Temperance leave, lugging the table with her, of course, lest it should attract Mrs. Nebuchadnezzar's attention. I screamed after her for a cushion, but she did not hear me. After nightfall I thought of Charles the Second and Robinson Crusoe and Prince Absalom till I didn't know which was which or whether I was one or the other of them. Then cramp came on for want of that cushion, after that the shivers, then the cramp again. And my limbs took a kind of spontaneous locomotion and wouldn't stay in any place where I put 'em. I was just thinking that African travelers told awful stories about sleeping up trees with snakes and things when suddenly I heard steps.

The gate swings and I see coming into my field a big cow with a man behind her! As the gate swings to and fro and at last shuts, the man stays outside it, and, leaning on the top rail, he grins. I saw his grin in the moonlight quite plainly, and if the skirt of my dress had not been caught in a great hooked branch, I believe I should have sprung down and astonished him. But I had got up into the tree with the help of a stool and a tree, and these being gone, I saw my coming down again an impossible thing. In fact, it was a point that Temperance and I hadn't considered.

This was nice, certainly. Worse—it was aggravating and awful, because here was a man, grinning on a gate, who might look up any minute and see me. However, the situation had to be borne, so I watched grimly and wondered what was coming next.

This is what came next. The cow ate my grass. Chop, chop, munch, munch, chow, chow, as plain as a pikestaff, while the man, grinning like a Cheshire cat, called out in a clear voice—
 "Go it, Brindle! Make a good meal, old girl! Miss Tab is greener than her own grass; she won't find us out yet awhile."
 Upon that he whistled to himself an old tune and walked off, while the cow positively made herself at home and lay down on my grass as comfortable as you please.

I was speechless, I was frantic. I propped myself against a branch and tore at my gown till it was all out at the gathers and hung in rags. Still that horrid hook wouldn't give way. Then I tried to be patient.

But it wouldn't do. My limbs got dead and didn't belong to me. They might have been the cow's legs or the legs of the kitchen table for anything I knew about them.
 "Good gracious!" I said.
 "Where's that girl Temperance? Why didn't I think about the getting down before I got up? Oh! Tabitha, Tabitha, I never knew you were such a fool!"

A cold perspiration broke over me when I thought of Temperance dozing by the kitchen fire, in tranquil solitude, awaiting my return.
 "Mercy alive!" I groaned, "I shall be here all night. I shall be here till next week. I shall be here forever. I shall be a few bleached bones up a tree when the end of the world comes. It will be daylight soon and that horrid man will be back for his cow. I shall have to forgive him. I shall have to scream out to him to take pity on me and help me down. He'll triumph. I shall go out of my mind. No, I'll never bear it. I'll do something desperate. I'll come

down. I'll smash all my bones, but what I'll come down."
 True to my word, I tore, I pulled, I gasped, I made a desperate spring. I got my head and the tips of my fingers to the ground, but my wretched feet were lodged among the bird's nests. In this dreadful position I hung so long that I thought my head was bursting and balls of fire ran along the ground out of my eyes.

At last the cow began to think that there was something uncomfortable going on somewhere. And she positively came up and sniffed all around the tree. What I felt when that cow put her nose against my foot I can never express. If she had had horns I should have died. As it was, her sniffing at me was so horribly unpleasant that I made a frantic effort, and down I came, sprawling on the grass while the cow ran off with her tail in the air, bellowing like a scared demon. I rushed home and told Temperance all that had happened.

"And now," I concluded, "I mean to have revenge on that man and on that cow. Temperance, we must get a boy to drive the cow to pound."
 "There's nary a boy to do it. It's three miles to pound."
 "I'll go myself," I said, very composedly. And I did go.

I went down to my meadow and drove out that burghlarious cow, leaving the gate open that her thieving owner might be unsettled in his mind and fly hither and thither after his strayed property. Temperance and I followed that fiendish brindle with all the spirit we could muster. Once we nearly drove her down a shaft. If Temperance hadn't pulled her back by the tail she would have disappeared forever. I felt like a murderer. The beast was not to blame, and the driving of that innocent creature into that snare called a pound troubled my conscience.

Not that the cow cared. O dear, no. She gazed and stood still when she liked, which was mighty often. I pushed and poked and slapped her on the back with my handkerchief—with a knot in it—but that didn't improve her pace a bit.

"Go it, Brindle," I cried, remembering that I had heard these words from her master.
 She did go it; but then it was only into the grass by the wayside.
 "Have you got a knife, ma'am?" asked Temperance. "If we cut a stick, I reckon we shall get along better."

No, I hadn't a knife. I had a thimble, a bodkin and a small pair of scissors in a morocco case. But they wouldn't cut sticks. One o'clock in the morning when we reached the pound. It rained cats and dogs as we walked home. It was very lonesome; and, although I wouldn't own it, I felt horribly afraid. However, we met neither ghost nor goblin, nor living man, either going or returning, and wasn't revenge worth the trouble and the wetting?

About three o'clock the next afternoon an old man came up to my window, dripping, drenched, dismal.
 "Well," I said, "who are you?"
 "I'm Nat Treloob, ma'am."
 "Uncle Nat, you're a bad old rascal. I saw you put your cow in my field, with my own eyes."
 "Miss Tabitha, I wouldn't be so unmannerly. Your eyes didn't see right, Miss."
 "It was not you?"
 "No, Miss. I'd liefer the old brindle went empty for a month than help

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

Monday next, being the anniversary of Washington's birthday, will, as usual, be kept as a holiday.

We seem, as a nation to be drifting rapidly away from the teachings and practices of early days, and the time may come, when even to Americans, George Washington, will be but the name for a myth.

No long lines of troops, no sound of dirges, no trappings of war marked the funeral of Gen. Hancock on Saturday.

FUNERAL OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

No long lines of troops, no sound of dirges, no trappings of war marked the funeral of Gen. Hancock on Saturday.

At 7:45 o'clock, after the relatives, friends and officers assembled had taken a last look at the remains, the lid was made fast.

THE DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR HORATIO SEYMOUR.

Horatio Seymour, twice Governor of New York, and in 1868 the democratic candidate for the presidency, died last night at his home, near Utica, New York, in his 76th year.

Six soldiers, bearing a black cloth-covered bier, came into the room, and, placing the coffin upon it, bore the body out of the house.

A platoon of police, in command of Capt. Allaire, made a way for the procession from the boat.

Shortly before 10 o'clock the officiating clergymen—the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the Rev. E. C. H. Goodwin, post chaplain of Governor's Island, and the Rev. Messrs. L. A. Arthur, J. W. Hill, Anketell and Warren—filed into the chancel, followed by the white-robed chorists.

The train ran into Norristown, Pa., at 3 o'clock. People had greeted it all the way. The casket was lifted out of the car and laid in a hearse, which was drawn by two black horses.

of New York, Walter S. Church, of Albany, George F. Comstock, of Syracuse, Charles D. Miller, of Geneva, Senator Francis Kernan and Hon. Wm. J. Bacon, of Utica.

A GREAT FLOOD.

Terrible Damage at Fort Deposit. Port Deposit lies at the base of a mountain and borders on the Susquehanna river, about four miles north of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad bridge, which crosses from Havre de Grace to Perryville.

At 4 o'clock it broke with a rush and a noise of thunder, followed by the greatest excitement ever witnessed among that people. Panic stricken, bewildered, full of consternation, the people knew not which way to run, nor how to save their property.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL.

Mr. Morrison introduced a bill in the House on Monday to reduce the tariff taxes. It is estimated that it will effect a reduction of about \$20,000,000 in the revenue from customs, sugar is credited with \$10,000,000 of the amount.

Not Symptoms, but the Disease.

It would seem to be a truth appreciable by all, and especially by professors of the healing art, that to remove the disease, not to alleviate its symptoms, should be the chief aim of medication.

Administrator's Notice.

THIS is to give notice that the Subscriber hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Frederick County Maryland, Letters Testamentary upon the estate of

New Advertisements.

DAUCHY & CO. LADIES WANTED to work for us at their own homes. \$7 to \$10 per week can be easily made.

WE WANT SALESMEN everywhere to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state to

WANTED—LADIES to work for us at their own homes. \$7 to \$10 per week can be easily made. No painting, no canvassing.

A STANDARD MEDICAL WORK FOR YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN. ONLY \$1 BY MAIL, POSTPAID.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE KNOW THYSELF. A Great Medical Work on Manhood. Exhaustive Vitality, Nervous and Physical Health.

HOW TO USE CATARRH CREAM BALM. Place a particle of the Balm on the tip of the nose, and draw through the nostril and draw through the nose.

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Order of Publication.

N. O. 5103 EQUITY. In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity.

Dietrich Zeek, Plaintiff, against J. Hiram Taylor, Administrator of Mary Lefevre, deceased, and the heirs of Mary Lefevre, deceased.

The Bill in this case is filed to procure a decree for the sale of the Real Estate lying in Frederick County, of which Mary Lefevre died seized and possessed.

1. The Bill States that the said Mary Lefevre was, in her lifetime, indebted to the Plaintiff in the sum of Eleven dollars and twenty-two cents, on an account, and also in the sum of fifty-two dollars and sixty-five cents upon a Magistrate's Judgment dated the 4th day of March 1882, with interest from date till paid, and from date till paid, copies of both of which said Judgments under the hands and seals of the Justices by whom the same were rendered, the Plaintiff filed with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick County as prescribed by law for making said Judgments liens upon the Real Estate of the said Mary Lefevre as will appear from the Exhibits filed with said Bill.

2. That the said Mary Lefevre being so indebted unto the plaintiff and other persons, and having real and personal estate of some value, died on, or about the 4th day of December 1885, intestate, and that the said Real Estate described in the Exhibits filed with said Bill.

3. That the said Real Estate was conveyed to said Mary Lefevre and one Margaret Holliday her sister who died some years ago intestate, seized of a half interest in said Real Estate, and leaving the said Mary Lefevre as her sole heir, as the Plaintiff is advised and believes, whereby the whole interest in and to said Real Estate vested in said Mary Lefevre.

4. That it is unknown whether the said Mary Lefevre left any heirs surviving her.

5. That administration on the personal estate of the said Mary Lefevre has been granted by the Orphans' Court of Frederick County to one J. Hiram Taylor, as will appear from an Exhibit filed with the Bill.

6. That the Plaintiff is informed and believes that said personal estate is not sufficient to discharge the debts owing by the said Mary Lefevre at the time of her death, but that her personal estate ought to be applied to the payment of the claims of the Plaintiff and other creditors, so far as the same will extend, and that any deficiency in said personal estate ought to be supplied by a sale of all or such part as may be necessary, of the Real Estate of their aforesaid decedent.

The Bill then prays for the following relief:

1. That an account may be taken under the direction of this Court of the said debts due to the Plaintiff and of all other debts which the said Mary Lefevre owed at the time of her death and which still remain unpaid and also of the personal estate and effects of the said Mary Lefevre received by or for the use of the said J. Hiram Taylor as administrator aforesaid.

2. That the said personal estate may be applied in a due course of Administration in payment of the said Mary Lefevre's debts to the Plaintiff and to all other creditors who may come in and contribute to the expenses of the said administration.

3. That the Real Estate of the said Mary Lefevre or so much thereof as may be necessary for the purpose, may be sold for the payment of so much of the aforesaid debts as may remain unsatisfied by the application of the personal estate as aforesaid.

4. For general relief.

5. For a subpoena against the resident defendant J. Hiram Taylor.

6. For an order of Publication against the unknown heirs of Mary Lefevre, deceased.

It is thereupon the 15th day of February, A. D., 1886, adjudged, ordered and decreed by the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity, that the plaintiff cause a copy of this order, together with a statement of the object and substance of the Bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick County, once a week in each of four successive weeks before the 22d day of March 1886, giving notice to the unknown heirs of Mary Lefevre deceased, and warning them to be and appear in this Court either in person or by solicitor on or before the 28th day of June, A. D., 1886, to show cause if any they have why a decree should not pass as prayed.

(Filed February 15, 1886.) W. IRVING PARSONS, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick County.

True Copy—Test: W. IRVING PARSONS, Clerk.

THE CENTURY for 1885-86.

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and special features published recently in 'The Century' has given that magazine a regular circulation of more than 200,000 COPIES MONTHLY.

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Include "A Tricyle Hilaria to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston; and others; Papers on Persia, by Dr. W. Benjamin; in City of S. minister with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sideral Astronomy" and various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

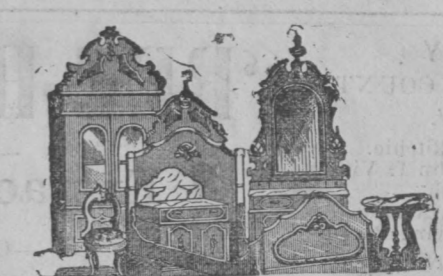
SHORT STORIES BY Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. Boyesen, P. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments, "Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

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February 6-0m.

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Miscellaneous.

In Holland. There is a singular calm reigning in the streets of Rotterdam. The faces of the passers-by are stolid; there is no chattering, no gesticulating. The population is imperturbably good. I was constantly struck by this feature of the Dutch wherever I went; they were preternaturally tranquil. At Rotterdam, it may be argued, the people are preoccupied with business, and have no time to be gay and noisy. But at their holiday resorts they are equally quiet. One Sunday afternoon I went down to Scheveningen, the famous seaside resort, near the Hague, and I was utterly astounded at the bearing of the crowd of holiday seekers. I could hardly help thinking that the whole thing must be a toy, and that the people were playing at being good. The hotels on the top of the sand dunes, the neat, brick-paved, winding footpath that runs the whole length of the upper part of the beach; the villas, the casino the village, the church, with its clock dial painted red and blue, with the hours picked out in white; the little canvas bathing machines, brilliant with new paint; the little tents on the beach; the fishing boats, all seemed to accord with this idea, they were so neat and proper. When we arrived all the people were out on the beach; the Sunday holiday makers too, had arrived, and yet the tranquility, the stillness, the absence of the sounds of gaiety, or indeed, of any human sounds, were so marked that it made one feel quite uneasy. You met groups walking quietly; here and there were groups sitting quietly and talking quietly, and quiet smiles pervaded at rare intervals their buttry physiognomies. I presume these people were enjoying themselves in their own quiet way. But how unlike a Latin crowd at the seaside! At Scheveningen I saw no more elegance, no more style, no more coquetry than at Rotterdam. Very few of the Dutch women wore their quaint native headdress, and these few had surmounted it by horrible Parisian bonnets. As for their dress it was horrible. Their hips were extravagantly bulged out with skirts, and their general appearance was painful to eyes heedful of grace of line. Once for all I may say that generally speaking, I found the Dutch women uncomely, the children unpleasing, and the men ugly, coarse and unsympathetic. Dutch cleanliness is proverbial, I know, but, nevertheless, the Dutch are not a well-washed nation. In all of their towns I found but poor washing appliances and a sad absence of bath-houses. —The Cornhill Magazine.

Humorous. A GREAT deal has been written about learning to say no. If you would teach a man to say no, just ask him if he would like to pay that little bill to-day. REPORTER: "How's the peach crop this year?" Native: "Splendid; couldn't be better. You just moved here, I suppose?" Reporter: "Oh, no; I represent a city paper, and am seeking information in regard to the peach crop." Native: "Well, it's mighty poor. If we get one peach to a tree we'll do well." —Philadelphia Call.

No Profit in Conversion. "My dear friend," said a long-haired countryman to the biographical expounder of a dime museum, "is that unfortunate being really a cannibal?" and he indicated a South Sea islander from Cork who was sitting on a divan. "Yes, sir, that great living curiosity was captured while in the act of roasting a Presbyterian missionary over a slow fire." "Great heavens!" gasped the countryman, "can't you convert him?" "Convert him!" said the biographer with disgust. "Do you suppose the great American public would pay 10 cents to see a Christian?" —Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Preach'r Corrected. "Well, Mr. Talmage is certainly wrong for once," said Mrs. Snaggs, looking up from reading that gentleman's last Sunday's sermon. "How so, my dear?" asked her husband. "Why, he says there are no perfect men." "And you think you found one when you married me, I suppose," beamed Mr. Snaggs. "Indeed I don't," was the quick reply. "But I know there was a perfect man once, and his name was Mark." "Mark," repeated Mr. Snaggs in astonishment. "Yes, Mark, for the Bible distinctly speaks of 'Mark the perfect man.'" —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Disgusted Soldier. An Irishman serving in the United States army in Texas and belonging to the infantry was in the habit of standing with his toes pointing inward, to remedy which the sergeant continually addressed him while on parade with, "Stick out your toes, Patrick." It took Patrick years to acquire the habit of sticking his toes out. Just about the time he had succeeded he was transferred to the cavalry, where his habit of sticking out his toes interfered much with his usefulness as a horseman. The sergeant was continually calling to him: "Stick in those toes, Patrick," much to his disgust, and he exclaimed with some emphasis: "Plague take such a sarvice. For five years it was nothing but 'stick out your toes, Patrick,' and now it's 'stick in your toes, Patrick.' There is no plazin' the blackguards." —Siftings.

Tough on Tommy. "Tommy, will you have some more pudding, my son?" asked Mrs. Smiley at the Christmas dinner. There was a large company present and she spoke very pleasantly to Tommy, for she was afraid he might be disagreeable. Tommy was in the habit of making disagreeable remarks when there was company. "I don't know whether I'll take any more pudding or not. You are always saying 'that I eat as much as four boys.'" "Why, Tommy, you know better than that." "Yes, you and pa are always saying I'm no better than a pig. Are you sure enough in earnest when you ask me if I want some more pudding?" "Tommy, I'm ashamed of you. Won't you have some more pudding, just a little more, come now, that's a good boy," said Mrs. Smiley, looking at him as if she would like to skin him alive. "Well, replied Tommy, defiantly, "I'm in a fix. If I say I want some more pudding, then you'll say after the folks are gone that the little pig had to have pudding twice. If I don't take any more pudding, then you'll say that I ate so much turkey that I couldn't eat any more pudding when you offered it to me. Blamed if I know what to say. A New York boy has a tough time of it, anyhow." —Texas Siftings.

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