

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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. VIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1887.

No. 52.

## 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, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.  
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.  
County Commissioners.—J. Hiram Taylor, Elias Gaver, Wm. H. Lakin, James U. Lawson, Cephas M. Thomas.

### Tax Collector.—E. S. Tandy.

### Surveyor.—William H. Hillery.

### School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow,

Herman L. Rutzahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.

### Examiner.—E. R. Neighbors.

### Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, I. M. Fisher, Jas. F. Hickey.

Registrar.—E. S. Tandy.

Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Joseph C. Rosensteel.

School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, Joseph A. Baker, C. T. Zacharias.

Burgess.—William G. Blair.

Town Commissioners.—Daniel Sheets, Oscar D. Erley, Daniel Lawrence, Joseph Snouffer, Michael Hoke, Lewis D. Cook.

Town Constable and Collector.—William H. Ashbaugh.

## 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 7 o'clock, a. m., Sunday School at 8 1/2 o'clock, a. m., Infant's Sunday School 11 1/2 p. m.

### Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)

Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Heilmann. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every other Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School 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 1/2 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 1/2 o'clock, a. m., Sunday School at 11 o'clock, p. m., Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

### St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic.)

Pastor.—Rev. H. P. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 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 1/2 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., Rocky Ridge, 5:05, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:10, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:30, p. m.

#### Depart.

Baltimore, Way 8:35, a. m., Mechanics-town, Hagerstown, Hanover, 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, 8:30, p. m., Gettysburg, 8:30, a. m.

#### Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

## SOCIETIES.

### Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.

Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: E. C. Wenschhof, Sach.; Wm. Morrison, Sen. S.; Wm. Doewes, Jun. S.; John F. Adlesberger, C. of R.; Charles S. Zepek, K. of W.; Harry R. Gelwicks, Prophet; Wm. Morrison, and Joseph Breys, Representative to Great Council of Maryland.

### Emerald Beneficial Association.

F. A. Adlesberger, President; Vice-President, Wm. Roddy; Secretary, Chas. N. Baker; Treasurer, James V. Rider. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in S. R. Grinders' building, West main street.

### Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.

Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, S. N. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Joseph W. Davidson; Surgeon, E. C. Wenschhof; Officer of the Day, Geo. T. Eyster; Officer of the Guard, Wm. A. Fraley; Quartermaster, Jno. H. Mentzer; George L. Gillelan, Adjutant and Representative to the State Encampment.

### Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.

Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Russell B. Johnston; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., G. W. Bushman; 2nd Lieut., Michael Hoke.

### Emmit Building Association.

Pres't, C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't, D. Lawrence; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Beam, Jos. Snouffer, J. A. Rowe, S. R. Grinder, 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.

### Formers' and Mechanics' Building and Loan Association.

President, George T. Gelwicks; Vice-President, J. M. Kerrigan; Secretary, T. C. Seltzer; Treasurer, Joseph A. Baker; Directors, James M. Kerrigan, James V. Rider, Joseph V. Tyson, Dan'l R. Gelwicks, F. A. Adlesberger, 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, John Donoghue, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Rowe, I. S. Annan.



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MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO, AND CATALOGUES, SAMPLES AND RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

## Western Maryland Rail Road.

On and after Sunday, March 13, 1887, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

### PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.

Daily, except Sundays. Daily

STATIONS.	Acc.	Exp.	Fst M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Hillen Station, Baltimore	8:00	4:00	4:40			
Union Station	8:05	4:05	4:45			
Penna. Avenue	8:10	4:10	4:50			
Fulton Station	8:12	4:12	4:52			
Arlington	8:25	4:22				
H. Hope	8:28	4:25				
Pikesville	8:35	4:35				
Owings Mills	8:46	4:46				
Westminster	8:59	4:59	5:21			
Hanover	10:40	6:31				
Gettysburg						
Westminster	9:44	5:44	5:51			
New Windsor	10:06	6:03	6:05			
Linwood	10:12	6:08				
Union Bridge	10:17	6:15	6:13			
Frederick Junction	10:27	6:27				
Frederick	11:25	7:15				
Frederick Pike Creek	10:31	6:31				
Rock Ridge	10:39	6:39				
Emmitsburg	11:10	7:10				
Loy's	10:43	6:43				
Graceland	10:47	6:47				
Mechanicstown	10:52	6:52	6:40			
Sabillasville	11:12	7:14				
Blue Ridge Summit	11:28	7:28	7:06			
Blue Mountain	11:40	7:40	7:18			
Edgemont	12:00	8:00	7:38			
Wagonsboro, Pa.	12:00	8:00	7:38			
Chambersburg	12:40	8:40	8:18			
Wagonsboro, Pa.	1:10	9:10	8:40			
Smithsburg	11:46	7:46				
Cheswick	11:54	7:54				
Hagerstown	12:10	8:10	7:45			
Williamsport	12:25	8:25				

### PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE EAST.

Daily except Sundays. Daily

STATIONS.	Exp.	Mail.	Fst M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
Williamsport	7:40	2:15				
Hagerstown	8:00	2:30	12:07			
Cheswick	8:14	2:46				
Smithsburg	8:21	2:55				
Wagonsboro, Pa.	8:29	3:00				
Chambersburg	8:39	3:05				
Waynesboro	8:47	3:11				
Zigmont	8:50	3:13				
Blue Mountain	8:58	3:15				
Pen-Mar	9:04	3:21	12:42			
Blue Ridge Summit	9:14	3:30				
Sabillasville	9:14	3:30				
Edgemont	9:25	3:41	1:00			
Graceland	9:31	3:54				
Loy's	9:38	3:59				
Frederick	9:45	4:06				
Rock Ridge	9:52	4:10				
Double Pipe Creek	9:52	4:10				
Frederick	9:45	4:06				
Frederick Junction	9:37	4:15				
Union Bridge	9:45	4:28	1:25			
New Windsor	9:55	4:39	1:33			
Frederick	10:15	4:58	1:47			
Gettysburg	8:05					
Hanover	8:54					
Owings Mills	11:00	5:51				
Pikesville	11:10	6:03				
Fulton Station	11:19	6:10				
Arlington	11:19	6:14				
Fulton Station, Baltimore	11:30	6:25	2:48			
Union Station	11:35	6:30	2:55			
Hillen Station	11:40	6:35	3:00			

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R. R.—Trains leave East only, except Sunday. Shippensburg 7:00 a. m. and 1:30 and 4:00 p. m., Chambersburg 7:30 a. m. and 2:03 and 4:30 p. m., Waynesboro 8:07 a. m. and 2:41 and 5:09 p. m., arriving Edgemont 8:25 a. m. and 3:00 and 5:28 p. m. Trains leave West, daily, except Sunday.—Edgemont 7:49 and 11:40 a. m., and 2:40 p. m., Waynesboro 7:35 a. m. and 2:09 and 5:00 p. m., Chambersburg 8:13 a. m. and 2:40 a. m. and 5:40 p. m., arriving Shippensburg 8:40 a. m. and 1:30 and 4:10 p. m. Frederick Division Pennsylvania R. R.—Trains for Frederick leave Junction at 10:30 a. m. and 6:27 p. m. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and New Market leave at 9:40 a. m. and 6:27 p. m. Through car for Frederick leaves Baltimore, Frederick for Baltimore at 8:45 a. m. and through cars for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 9:55 a. m. and 4:00 p. m. Order for baggage calls can be left at Ticket Office, New No. 217 E. Baltimore street. B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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DYSPEPSIA—Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure. By JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 4 years Reg. Collector. Sent free to any address.

## THE KITCHEN ORCHESTRA.

When the evening star is peeping in,  
When the frost on the window pane is thin,  
And the folk come homeward trooping,  
Then the kitchen orchestra so gay  
Makes music blithe as holiday

When summer boughs are drooping;  
And its pipe and bubble and ring and call—  
Oh! home is the sweetest place of all.

The mellow bass of the winter wind,  
Like a hundred viols all combined,  
Rings out in the chimney hollow;  
Then the soft, low sing-song of the fire,  
With the crickets' rude but jolly choir,  
'Neath the wide warm hearth to follow;

And it's pipe and quaver and rise and fall—  
Oh! home is the sweetest place of all.  
Then grandma's wheel, with its cheery burr,  
And pussy-cat's sleepy, treble purr,  
Have into the chorus drifted;

And then, in a pause that is soft and still,  
Baby's coo and the teakettle's trill  
In a gay duet are lifted;

And it's coo and bubble and ring and call—  
Oh! home is the sweetest place of all.

The children grow still in the chimney seat,  
The old folks listen with memories sweet,  
The young folks hush their laughter,  
When the fire strikes into a solo fine  
That wakens the voices of auld lang syne,

In each old beam and rafter;  
And it's ring and murmur and swell and fall—  
Oh! home is the sweetest place of all.

And far in the deep still midnight,  
In ears that are nestled on pillows white,  
Still echoes the music tender,  
Softening the care that oft will creep  
Into the weary farm folk's sleep;

And giving them dreams of splendor;  
And it's pipe and murmur and swell and fall—  
Oh! home is the sweetest place of all.

—Portland Transcript.

## REMINISCENCES OF A SUMMER TRIP.

(Written for the Emmitsburg Chronicle.)

I saw little of Glasgow, preferring to rest my weary bones the next morning. Soon after noon we left for Ayr, arriving in an hour and a quarter. We rode out to the little thatched cottage by the Doon. It is now a public-house, and additions have been made to it; even the two original rooms are in a more comfortable condition than when Robert Burns was born. Still, they give one a vivid idea of the oppressive poverty of such a home. In a narrow, curtained recess in the kitchen is fitted a sort of shelf; this was the mother's bed. We went to the bridge, and looked at the clear waters of the Doon and the "banks and braes,"—all forming a beautiful peaceful scene. We then turned our steps to Kirk Alloway, where Tam O'Shanter saw the witches dance. It is a very pathetic little ruin, with two side walls and two pointed ends, no roof, and a little graveyard where we saw the grave of Burns' father.

We returned to Ayr, two miles distant, and went through the old part of the town, and then to the new stone quay along the sea-coast. The town is ugly, but prettily situated at the mouth of the river Ayr, which is crossed by the "Twa Brigs," and has a beautiful expanse of blue sea in front. As we went back to the hotel the clocks struck six, and crowds of girls in their bare feet came out from the factories.

We left Ayr on the morning train, and continued our southerly course. At Dumfries S. and G. parted from me for a day, because they wanted to visit the last home of Burns, and I, having only two days left, could not take any more time from the Lake country. In deference to the history of Gretna Green I looked out for bridal festivities, but saw no amorous couples, and soon afterward found myself once more in England. At Carlisle I changed cars, and in an hour reached Penrith.

Having to wait nearly two hours, I walked through the queer little town to the old church. In the churchyard I saw the Giant's Grave, surrounded by tall, pointed, gray stones strangely marked. I also saw the ruins of the Castle. I had an enchanting foretaste of the beauties of Cumberland in going from

Penrith to Keswick, where I arrived after six o'clock. The evening was cold but beautiful, and the town was alive with strangers. Judging from the number of new hotels and fancy cottages this region must be a popular summer resort.

When I parted from my companions I told them I would sleep at the Royal Oak in Keswick, so I scorned the modern villas and hotels. The next morning I walked through the old part of Keswick, and as it was market-day I saw the town in all its glory, an ugly place surrounded by solemn mountains, I walked out the main street toward the old church. I passed Greta Hall, for forty years the home of Southey, a large, comfortable-looking white house, now used as a school for girls; crossed the Greta, a tiny stream, and finally entered the church. It is a plain little building of gray stone, and has a number of monuments and a pretty churchyard. Southey's monument is of spotless marble and very appropriate.

I asked the old Sexton to take me to Southey's grave, and point out Skiddaw, for I did not know one mountain from another. With an air of ownership which amused me, he said: "Well, first I'll show you Southey's grave, and then I'll let you have a look at Skiddaw." He led the way to the churchyard and showed me a plain stone under which lies "the body of Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. Also of Edith, his wife." The dates are recorded, and the text: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord."

As I walked back to the town an old man informed me that a great many strangers visited the Pencil Works on the banks of the Greta. I did not accept the freedom of the Pencil Works; lead did not attract me.

In the afternoon I left Keswick on the mail-coach, and had another grand ride among lakes, streams, mountains, and crags. The scenery near K. is grand, the Derwent water is guarded by the giants Helvellyn, Skiddaw, and Saddleback. The driver of the coach named the places as we passed, for the benefit of the strangers. The scenery grows softer as one draws near Grasmere Lake and Rydal Water, but it is very beautiful. The fells and scars and streams with their musical names are the natural illustrations of Wordsworth's poems. At Grasmere we passed the churchyard where Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge are buried. Having reached the end of the journey one feels inclined to pay tribute to the region in Wordsworth's own words, written for a different place: "Earth has not any thing to show more fair."

It was nearly dark when I descended from the top of the coach at Ambleside, a nestling town in a valley and on terraces of the hills. I had told S. and G. that I would stop at the Queen's Hotel, and in a few minutes they joined me. They had come that morning by a direct route from Dumfries, and intended to stay at Ambleside, so they could see the Lake country at their leisure. They had gone into lodgings, and intended to remain till it was time for G. to sail.

Next day we enjoyed the Sunday peace of the town, and at sunset we walked to the Stock Gill falls back of Ambleside. S. and G. gave a farewell banquet in my honor, the general sentiment of the occasion being, "When shall we three meet again."

No trains approach Ambleside, it is connected with the world at large by mail-coaches. The next morning we rode to Windermere, wandered about for two hours, and then I took the train for Liverpool, and S. and G. returned to their lodgings at A.

I think it was six o'clock when I reached Liverpool. I stayed at the Station Hotel, finding it crowded with Americans who were to sail within the next two days. There were literally mountains of American trunks. It was the most active place I saw in England.

The next day I attended to the necessary business and preparations for the voyage, and looked at Liverpool. I had reserved the afternoon for a visit to Chester, but a cold storm was approaching, the air was raw and foggy, so I stayed at home.

As no one can tell the day or the hour when a ship will come to port, I knew it would be more convenient for me to land at my own city than at New York; so I had arranged to return by one of the vessels of the American Line. These ships are not run specially in the interests of cabin passengers, and therefore are not provided with the comforts and luxuries of newer vessels. During the whole voyage I longed for the Westernland. We had a very pleasant company of people, twenty-five in number, I think; and a kind, jovial Captain who did much to alleviate the discomforts of the voyage. We had more than five hundred passengers in the steerage, and were loaded with freight to the water line.

We were advertised to sail at three o'clock, but did not move away from the pier till nearly five. It was a great contrast to the departure from New York, no crowds to see us off, no pleasant excitement. We were a long time in passing all the great docks of the river, and it was fairly dark before we realized that we were on the broad water. We had a delightful evening on deck, watching the stars, the little vessels which are always to be found off shore, the blue water, and the faint outlines of the coast. "Illusion dwells forever with the wave."

The Americans gave utterance to the longings they felt for peaches, water-melons, sweet potatoes, corn and tomatoes. Those English people who were coming to visit this country began to think we must be awful eaters.

At noon the next day we were outside of the harbor at Queenstown, but we saw nothing but the green banks and a light-house. A tug came out to us for business purposes, mails, health matters, &c. I had written twice to the friends at Ambleside, and had received a ship letter from them at time of sailing, but I sent them a final adieu from Queenstown. A number of row-boats came out bringing Irish women with baskets of attractive wares for the steerage folks, caps, scarfs, pipes, tobacco, and scrubby apples. The strange, wild women and their activity in managing the business made an interesting sight. From them I learned the art of ascending and descending the side of a ship by means of a rope. Like other useful arts it is easy when you once know how to do it. One handsome girl I shall never forget. She was bareheaded, but had such a natural grace of manner when disposing of her goods to the "lads"—a combination of business earnestness and coquettish modesty, and with such a sweet voice.

We had a great time sending off *stowaways* that had concealed themselves at Liverpool among the coal. About two hours after we had resumed our course we found three more stowaways, and the Captain signalled for a small boat which was in sight, gave the intruders necessary provisions and sent them to the coast of Ireland. We lost more than an hour at this business. All that evening we watched the coast of Ireland, sent up rockets as signals, and were answered from the shore.

Captain F. had told us a terrible story was crossing to us, and the next day we watched its approach. Saturday it overwhelmed us with its fury, and Sunday was a day of horrors. It was not until the next Friday that we could take our chairs on deck. All this time rolling and pitching, with the waves crashing like rattling thunderbolts against the ship, and the wind blowing furiously



THE HOLIDAY OF FLOWERS.

Once more the united Republic assembles to do homage to its immortal dead in a floral holiday.

It is pleasant to blend with the sadder memories of Decoration Day the thought that both the North and South had a share in originating a holiday which they now unite in celebrating.

There could be no happier sign of amity, no stronger token of fraternal reconciliation, than this coming together of American men and women and little children, to do honor in so poetic and beautiful a fashion to the illustrious heroes who have passed away and whose remembrance is thus kept green and fragrant.

From the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, from the Highlands of Navesink to the Golden Gate, and not by three or thirty, but by sixty millions, the touching ceremonies of the day are observed without jealousy and without reservation.

By hands unseen, are showers of violets rained; The redbreast loves to build and warble there; And little footstep lightly print the ground.

LAZINESS.

The subject of laziness enters largely into the public consideration. There is no doubt great injustice often done in pronouncing judgement on its apparent manifestations.

We think that observation will establish the fact that among so called lazy persons there is always a predisposition to complain of this or that bodily ailment.

There is some abnormal state of breathing, some lurking rheumatic or nervous pains, some slowness of hepatic work or other functional irregularity, that constitute a sort of apology for inaction; but the unthinking or heartless forthwith charge the whole to laziness.

We are therefore disposed to think that a really healthful person cannot be lazy; for the vital forces in full action naturally seek the outlet that work and exercise afford; in a word that so called laziness should be treated as a disease.

PROF. BAIRD ILL.

Professor Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institute is lying at his residence in Washington City, so critically ill that his death may be announced any hour.

THE TRUTH STRIKES AT US.

Several weeks ago the good people of Gettysburg and its vicinity were called upon to endure a new visitation in the form of a newspaper styling itself Gettysburg Truth, apparently implying that some how Cretinism attached to them.

We know nothing of the antecedents of the Editor of that paper, and are therefore at a loss to comprehend his brusque style, and the magisterial tone of his deliverance, and can only say it is foreign to the courtesy usually accorded to us.

By hands unseen, are showers of violets rained; The redbreast loves to build and warble there; And little footstep lightly print the ground.

We have proceeded on the conviction, that in the laudable efforts to perpetuate the memories of the fallen in the war, this spirit of fraternization has been called forth, and as regards the subject in hand, that the survivors of Pickett's Division had been invited to meet on the field of the battle and that arrangements for the monument naturally arose in that connection, and that just as naturally they would come as equals to the scene in the bearings of the case, and not as suppliants before masters, the vanquished before their victors.

The Truth undertakes to represent the North, and speaks as by authority, and says: "It is for the South to forget and for the North to forgive. This the North is willing to do, but the South, alas! is not willing to forget. Else why should its representatives seek to perpetuate the memories of its lost cause by such false inscription as that which the Pickett's Division desired to have placed on its monument."

That division could only represent itself; to make it representative of the South, is wide of the mark, and we repeat—whatever the inscription might have been, no intelligent reader could ever have interpreted it, save as from the standpoint of its authors.

It can never cease to be a regretful memory of the civil war, that its prolonged course, and much that occurred in its conduct; its battle cries, and other contingencies, grew out of the requirements, for the es-

tablishment and perpetuation of party relations, all of which will be duly credited in the records of impartial history.

The contrast between the soldiers Grant, McClellan, Mead, Hancock and their associates of immortal renown, and the petty civilian's who have tried to undo and condemn their work, will be the ridicule of the ages.

We have entered upon a new order in our national life; ere long the generation that acted in the war will have entirely passed away, surely it is the part of wisdom to recognize the changed aspect of things and for all to be united in advancing the glory of the country; under the flag that can know no section as superior to the other, but waves as the emblem of the power which we fondly trust may be perpetual.

LITERARY HONORS.

The Grant Memorial University of Tennessee, recently conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger. This has been understood to be in recognition of the friendship that existed between General Grant, after whom the University was named, and Mr. Childs who has handsomely contributed to its endowment.

In the small hours of Sunday morning a heavy earth-quake shock was felt in the City of Mexico and its suburban towns a sort of lifting motion that lasted five seconds and then an oscillation of the land from east to west.

On the same day four shocks were felt at Tesi in Italy one of them violent and also at Ancona.

Changes have been going on in the earth's body in all the ages, as Geology teaches us, we can well imagine that those of our days are neither more frequent nor more violent than in the past, but the universal diffusion of telegraphic and journalistic appliances, now give us prompt accounts of every disturbance no matter how slight and thus it comes that such frequent reports occur.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

Hon. William Dorsheimer, editor of the New York Star, has undertaken to raise \$125,000 by popular subscription for the erection of the proposed monument of General Grant at Riverside Park, by ten dollar subscriptions, which amount added to the one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars of the fund now on hand will advance the work greatly towards completion.

The President and his associates are a fishing way up in the Adirondacks, and the whole country is interested to know the result of each days catch. The press gives glowing reports of his making it lively (?) for the trout, &c., the size in inches and weight is diligently recorded; from such high authority, they are of course reliable.

MORE SENSE AND LESS SHOOTING.

One of the besetting sins of the average American is his readiness to shoot. He carries a revolver in his pocket, sleeps with one under his pillow, and has one lying in the bureau drawer where his children make a plaything of it.

Two cases of shooting too soon are chronicled in the papers of a single day. One was that of some Columbia river fishermen, who supposed they were defending nets and fish traps against another band of fishermen intent on destroying them.

These are only two of many instances of too much haste in shooting. Public sentiment should call a halt in the indiscriminate use of the revolver.

THE late Texas drought is said to have disposed of the last few surviving buffaloes in that State. In the wilds of Crockett county a miserable remnant of the once countless herds had been allowed to eke out an existence without molestation from the cowboys or the settlers.

BEN: PERLEY POORE DEAD.

Major Ben: Perley Poore died at the Ebbitt House in Washington, on Friday night at 12:30 o'clock, surrounded by his wife, nurse and attending physicians, Drs. Baxter and Harrison.

On Friday morning very early of last week, The Belt Line Car Stables in New York were destroyed. The fire included four blocks, over one hundred families were made homeless and reduced to penury, about 1185 horses and hundreds of street cars were burned.

HORSES CREMATED.

A REMARKABLE discovery comes to us from California. A chemist of Germany, whose researches here led him to the discovery of some generally unknown properties of the grape, has succeeded in extracting the water from its juice, in vacuum, thereby producing a thickened substance, not unlike molasses in consistency, which will keep for many months, and which, when needed for use, can be thinned out with water.

THE NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP.

At the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Easton, held at Chestertown, on June 1st, Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., rector of St. John's Church, Georgetown, D. C., was elected Bishop. He makes the sixth Bishop elected by this diocese since Bishop Lay's death, Sept. 17, 1885.

At the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Easton, held at Chestertown, on June 1st, Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., rector of St. John's Church, Georgetown, D. C., was elected Bishop. He makes the sixth Bishop elected by this diocese since Bishop Lay's death, Sept. 17, 1885.

The body is more susceptible to benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla now than at any other season. Therefore, take it now.

AN EPISCOPAL CATHEDRAL.

It is proposed to erect an Episcopal Cathedral in New York City, to cost \$6,000,000, and the plans therefor are being perfected to make it the largest and most imposing church edifice on the continent.

Rev. Dr. Lindsay has declined the Bishopric of Easton, and Right Rev. Dr. Adams formerly missionary Bishop of New Mexico has been chosen for the position.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Mount Etna is in a state of eruption. Geo. H. Disque, who murdered his wife in New Jersey, October 6, 1885, was hanged on Wednesday.

A TERRIFIC wind and hail-storm passed over Erie county on Monday, causing great damage to crops and buildings. In the town of Edinboro the greatest damage was done.

MR. VINCENT RONK, a brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, residing near North mountain, Berkeley county, W. Va., was killed Monday morning. He attempted to jump on a train going toward Martinsburg, but missed his footing, and falling between the cars, was dreadfully mangled.

THE late Texas drought is said to have disposed of the last few surviving buffaloes in that State. In the wilds of Crockett county a miserable remnant of the once countless herds had been allowed to eke out an existence without molestation from the cowboys or the settlers.

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The Oft Told Story

Of the peculiar medicinal merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla is fully confirmed by the voluntary testimony of thousands who have tried it. Peculiar in the combination, proportion, and preparation of its ingredients, peculiar in the extreme care with which it is put up, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and successful medicine before the public today for purifying the blood, giving strength, creating an appetite, "I suffered from wakefulness and low spirits, and also had eczema on the back of my head and neck, which was very annoying. I took one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have received much benefit from it. I am very grateful, and I am always glad to speak a good word for this medicine." Miss J. S. Snyder, Pottsville, Penn.

Purifies the Blood. Henry Biggs, Campbell Street, Kansas City, had scrofulous sores all over his body for five years. Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists, \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. H. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar. Order Nisi on Audit. No. 5274 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity. MAY TERM, 1887.

In the Matter of the Auditor's Report filed the 21st day of May, 1887.

Engene L. Rowe, Trustee of Dietrick Bank, on Petition. On the 13th day of June, 1887, the Court will proceed to act upon the Report of the Auditor, filed as aforesaid, in the above cause, to finally ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick County, for two successive weeks prior to said day.

Dated this 21st day of May, 1887. W. IRVING PARSONS, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick County. True Copy—Test: W. IRVING PARSONS, Clerk. may 28-31

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KASKINE



FOR COLDS KASKINE HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE ALMOST A SPECIFIC. Superior to quinine. Mr. F. A. Miller, 630 East 35th Street, New York, was cured by Kaskine of extreme malary prostration after seven years suffering. He had run down from 175 pounds to 97, began on Kaskine in June, 1886, and in one month regained his full weight in six months. Quinine did him no good what work in one month.

AGENTS WANTED. For the largest, oldest, and most reliable establishment in the world. Agents for the United States, Canada, and all other countries. Address: Dr. J. C. F. Scott, 841 Broadway, N. Y.

No. 841 MISCELLANEOUS DOCKET. In the Circuit Court for Frederick County.

In the Matter of the Report of Sales of Real Estate, consisting of three acres of land, more or less, with improvements, situated in Emmitsburg District, in Frederick County, Md., assessed in the name of Thomas Manning, as made by D. Z. Padgett, Collector of State and County Taxes for said Frederick County.

THE above Report having been read and considered, it is thereupon, this 23rd day of May, A. D. 1887, Ordered by the Court, that the Clerk of this Court, give notice by advertisement for six successive weeks in the EMMITTSBURG CHRONICLE and the Union, newspapers published in this County, warning all persons interested in the property described in the above report, to be and appear on or before the 9th day of July next, and show cause if any they have, why said Report should not be finally ratified and confirmed.

J. H. RITCHIE, JOHN A. LYNCH, Judges of the Circuit Court. (Filed May 23, 1887.) True Copy—Test: W. IRVING PARSONS, Clerk. may 28-31

No. 4679 INSOLVENTS. In the Circuit Court for Frederick County.

In the matter of the application of John S. Agnew for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of Maryland.

NOTICE is hereby given to the creditors of John S. Agnew, an applicant for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of Maryland, that the nineteenth day of September, A. D. 1887, has been fixed by an order of the Circuit Court for Frederick County for the appearance of the said John S. Agnew in said Court, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or allege against him. Upon failure of such creditors, endorsers or sureties to make any allegations or propose any interrogatories, the Court will proceed to discharge said applicant from all debts and contracts made before the filing of his petition.

Given under my hand this twenty-seventh day of May, A. D. 1887. EUGENE L. ROWE, Permanent Trustee.

PUBLIC SALE. BY VIRTUE of a decree of the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting as a Court of Equity in No. 5239 Equity, it is ordered, that the Trustee therein named will sell at public sale, On Monday, the 20th day of June, 1887, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Public School House near William McGinnis' property, known as "Annan Dale" School House, in the 5th Election District, in Frederick County, Maryland, on the road leading from Emmitsburg to Eyer's Valley, those parcels of land of which Frederick Burket died, seized and possessed, containing in the aggregate 43 1/2 ACRES of LAND,

more or less, situated West of the public road leading from Emmitsburg to Deerfield, about five miles West from Emmitsburg, in the 10th Election District of Frederick County, Maryland, adjoining the lands of G. W. Freeze, and others, it being the same real estate described in a decree of John H. Padgett and George T. Stine, to the said Frederick Burket, which deeds are duly recorded in Liber C. M. No. 3, folio 534, and Liber A. F. No. 2, folio 441, Land Records of Frederick County, by reference whereunto it will fully appear.

Said real estate is mountain land, part timber land and part arable, and is improved with a

SMALL HOUSE & A STABLE. Terms of Sale as prescribed by the decree:—One-half of the purchase money cash on the day of sale or its ratification by the Court, and the balance in one year from date, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their note with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

JOHN C. MOTTER, J. H. T. WEBB, Auct. Trustee. may 28-4

C. F. ROWE & CO. DEALERS IN—Clothing, Hats, Caps, Furnishing Goods & Notions. FINE CLOTHING TO ORDER, a Specialty. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY Over Store. Emmitsburg, Md.

Pictures and Frames, EMMITSBURG, MD. June 12-y

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Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE. On and after March 13, 1887, trains on this road will run as follows: TRAINS SOUTH. Leave Emmitsburg at 8.45 a. m. and 5.30 a. m. and 5.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 9.15 a. m. and 4.00 and 6.15 p. m.

TRAIN NORTH. Leave Rocky Ridge at 10.40 a. m. and 4.15 and 6.40 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 11.10 a. m. and 4.45 and 7.10 p. m. JAS. A. ELDER, Pres't.

LOCAL ITEMS.

ASK your druggist for Black Pills. OVER 1000 buildings are being built in Baltimore. STROGK often will disinfect the odor of strongly eaten young onions.

THURSDAY, June 2, was the anniversary of President Cleveland's wedding. CAPT. GEO. T. EYSTER is building an out shop in the rear of his establishment.

THE Frick Manufacturing Company, of Waynesboro, have nearly 400 hands employed.

THE bark-harvest is under full way. A great deal of it has passed through this place of late.

BLACK PILLS prevent sea-sickness and cure headache, the result of costiveness or acid stomach. oct 9-3m

THE 4th of July draws nigh, and what are you going to send up them? It is time to prepare for the occasion.

MR. FRANK GEBS, an esteemed former townsman, will accept thanks for The Social Circle (Wis) Valley Standard of May 19th.

THE first week in August—from the 2nd to the 8th days of the month—has been fixed for the militia encampment at Hagerstown.

THE weather of this week, however well adapted to ripen the luscious strawberries, has been most uncomfortable to men and beasts.

THANKS to Master E. Lewis Higbee for a copy of the Philadelphia Press of May 29. It is a 28-page paper and full of valuable reading matter.

WANTED—10,000 logs, that will square from 12 to 34 inches, at Iron Dale Saw Mill, to saw on shares. W. L. McGinnis, 1 mile west of Emmitsburg. may7

THE militia force of our State on April 1st was: General staff, 27; line officers, 146; non commissioned officers, 304; musicians, 104; privates, 1,505.

MR. ELIAS YINGLING, a wealthy and prominent citizen, the last of a family of twelve children all of whom lived to advanced age, died at Westminster, on May 31, aged 76 years.

THE strawberry is food, drink, medicine, nectar and perfume all in one. It is pleasant to think that the time is near when it will be so cheap that everybody can enjoy it.—N. Y. World.

MESSRS. FRAYLE BROS. have been busily engaged this week in preparing the railroad iron to be used in the erection of the vault for the new bank to be started in Mr. W. G. Horner's building in this place.

THE rise in the price of coffee may soon necessitate a return to the decoctions of the war period—dandelion root (happily the crop is very large), roasted rye, old boots, etc. Supply ever follows commercial demand.

THIS issue completes the 52 numbers of the Eighth Volume of the Emmitsburg Chronicle. We anticipate an encouraging send off from its friends, to gladden the beginning of the new volume, that will date from June 11th, inst.

ANTI-POVERTY societies should be formed everywhere, based on the principles that every member must work or leave the neighborhood, and every one bound to spend less than his earnings. All must prosper. Start her up! Give us one hundred shares!

NEW YORK, March 20, 1886.—Someone ago Mr. Ephraim Hirschew, of Chambersburg, gave me a box of your "Black Pills." I used them and they seemed to act like a charm. Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me pills. GEO. B. ANDERSON.

THE pickets of the Grand Army of the flies have already appeared, the swarms will follow in a short while, and the tug of war will begin, baldheads should prepare for the onset. Flynets, fly-brushes, and table whirligigs should be made ready in time.

THE American Climatological Society met in Baltimore this week. They read papers, had a grand dinner at Rennett's on Wednesday, and seem to have opened the windows of the clouds and forgot to shut 'em down. So it has poured and poured ever since.

BLACK PILLS remove costiveness.

BLACK PILLS aid digestion.

BLACK PILLS relieve palpitation.

BLACK PILLS dispel melancholy.

Just as we go to press the telegraph brings the sad news that Mrs. M. C. Marsh, recently the esteemed Principal of the Anson Institute of this place, died on Thursday night at Centralia, Columbia county, Pa. Her disease is said to have been cancer of the stomach.

Crows in Council. The crows have been holding their annual councils around various corn fields, and decided upon the fields for operation. Scare-crows notwithstanding.

The Penmar Excursion Season. The excursion season at Penmar opened on Monday. Over eight hundred persons from Baltimore, Washington, Chambersburg, Hagerstown and other points visited this mountain resort.

Clean Gown. The Frederick News of May 26 says: "C. V. S. Levy, Esq., has gone to Findley and Columbus, Ohio, to be gone until Saturday. He has gone to transact some business for the Maryland Hinge Company."

New Cigar Factory. Mr. H. M. Call has started a new cigar factory in this place, to be known as the "Isle of Cuba" Factory. Having had several years of experience in the business he hopes to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

We had a magnificent electrical display on Wednesday evening, extending into midnight. Between that time and morning the rain was very heavy. The electricity will greatly advance all vegetable growth and has waked up the flies and the snakes. Now for the buzzing, and the big stories.

Mr. G. S. Griffith, president of the Maryland Prisoner's Aid Society, having recently returned to Baltimore from a tour of inspection of the county prisons, &c., has declared through the Baltimore papers that the Washington county jail is a reproach and disgrace to that county. But they have known it all the while and can wait till they are ready to fix it.

The progress of vegetation is simply wonderful. This season the edible things have the upper hand, and they have just advanced straight along from the seeds. Weeds flourish best in dry times and where the soil is compact, and that is the rule for all small seeds. What we eat calls for work, to keep the ground friable and to stimulate the progress.

Mr. Peter Hoke has changed the color of his residence to a brick-red, the bricks being pointed in white. We like that style for brick work.

It requires not a little of a philosophic spirit, to take the course of the weather, as of late, in a mood of quiet content; rain, rain, rain with scarcely a mitigating hold up. We may reason that 'tis all right, the very time of the year to which it belongs, and the atmospheric conditions require the down pour and yet we poor mortals, like children recognizing only present sensations, are disquieted beyond expression at the discomfort and fondly hope for tomorrow's change, if the Bureau figures out aright.

Proposed Lutheran Reunion. Steps are being taken, in accordance with a resolution passed at the last session of the Maryland Synod of the Lutheran Church, for a three-days Lutheran reunion at Penmar during the latter part of August. The committee having the matter in charge are Rev. W. C. Wire, of Mechanicstown, Rev. Dr. J. G. Morris, of Baltimore, and Rev. Dr. S. Dörner, of Washington. It is proposed to invite not only all the Lutherans in Maryland, but those in the adjoining States of Pennsylvania, Virginia and West Virginia. Music will be furnished by the United States Marine Band.—Sun.

The Catactin Clarion sums up its account of the progress of the water movement in Mechanicstown in these words:

All of the Capital Stock of the company, \$10,000, has been subscribed and the directors are already at work laying out to have the works built at the earliest date practicable.

From this time on, there will be such d.d.s. only as are unavoidable, and we may reasonably expect to find them completed shortly after midsummer.

We congratulate our esteemed neighbor on the bright prospect of the consummation of his efforts to promote this greatest possible improvement his village could undertake. It will at once bring health and comfort, save property and yield good returns on the money invested.

The Century Magazine for June has a fine account of Peterborough Cathedral from the pen of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, and an article on "College Boat-Racing," by Julian Hawthorne; Frank Stockton's "Hundredth Man" is continued as is also the "History of Abraham Lincoln"; there is a short story by Elizabeth S. Phelps called "Jack"; the second paper on "The Chemistry of Foods," by W. O. Atwater; "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," the Russian novelist whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number, by George Kennan; the usual amount of war stories, "Memoranda on the Civil War," "Open Letters," "Topics of the Time," and a small though choice collection of "Bribe-Brac."

It having become necessary that some work should be done on the interior of the large water tanks at Pen-Mar, one of Mr. J. W. Loy's force was sent to do it. It had been covered during the winter and the workman removed one of the boards and let himself down into the tank. He began his work but was soon engaged in the less profitable task of quelling a colony of refractory hornets. It being early in the season, there were but seven hornets, but had there been seven millions, it is not believed that Mr. O'Toole would have evinced a greater activity. The hornets stung Mr. O'Toole but Mr. O'Toole hurried these hornets into a premature grave.—Clarion.

THE following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., May 30, 1887. Persons calling will please say "advertiser," otherwise they may not receive them:

Mrs. Julia A. Fisher, John T. Kowitz, Mrs. Margaret Manley, Ruben Rollman.

Our readers will perceive from the record on the first page of this issue that our esteemed young friend, the writer of "Reminiscences of a Summer Trip," has reached her home and the end of her graphic and highly interesting narrative. We take leave reluctantly of her brilliant letters, and can but hope that hereafter we may be favored with other articles from her graceful pen.

Our friend Samuel Gamble presented us on Thursday, two boxes of the finest strawberries ever seen in Emmitsburg. Extra, in fact more than extra, large, solid and finely flavored. Whilst tendering our thanks for the kindly remembrance we must take the opportunity to say that if the berries brought to us are a fair sample of his crop this season, friend G. ought to have the gold medal for strawberry culture.

There are apprehensions that the fruit crop will be generally light in this neighborhood. Right at the time when the blossoms appeared so luxuriantly abundant, that hail storm and the wonderful rain fall appeared. It was then the blossoms disappeared in a short time and very few were visible afterwards. That is the very reasonable ground of the apprehensions noted. We can but hope that many a sheltered corner, and quiet nook, may yet yield an average supply.

The following patents were granted to citizens of Maryland, bearing date May 24, '87 reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagzer & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C. Advice Free.

J. N. Conway, Baltimore, pattern for car wheels.

Louis Padum, Baltimore, meat cutting machine.

R. B. Magrader, Sandy spring, lamp attachment.

J. B. Mahaffey, Baltimore, cutter-head.

H. W. Schwesendick, Baltimore, awning, (2 patents).

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that Green's August Flower, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Billousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

BLACK PILLS remove costiveness.

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Fall of a Colored Workman.

While John Williams, colored, and a number of colored companions were engaged Wednesday afternoon in tearing down the walls of the old Englebrecht property in Frederick, Williams slipped and fell from the second story to the ground below. Several hundred bricks went down with him, and his escape from death was very narrow. He was severely bruised.—American.

The pulp mill to be erected at Harper's Ferry will be on the site of the old rifle factory on the Shenandoah, and will cost \$150,000. The paper mill to be erected directly afterwards, will be located in the armory yard on the Potomac, and it is in contemplation to make it one of the largest in the country. The two enterprises will do much to restore the village of Harper's Ferry to its former brightness and prosperity.

That Tired Feeling.

Afflicts nearly every one in the spring. The system having become accustomed to the bracing air of winter, is weakened by the warm days of the changing season, and readily yields to attacks of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed. It tones and builds up every part of the body, and also expels all impurities from the blood. Try it this season.

The inventions of man are boundless, nothing so good that he don't try to improve it, take for example the strawberry. If you are abroad in the grounds where they grow and are weary and thirsty what more refreshing than to pluck and eat the succulent fruit? and you have never a thought or wish for sugar or cream to modify, the grateful flavor. Why then should it be different at home? It is one thing to eat the genuine article, another to change its character by a chemical combination.

Painted.

Dr. C. D. Eichelberger has had the front of his drug store repainted. John F. Adelsberger did the work.

Mr. Daniel Sheets has had the brick work of his residence repainted. By a happy combination of the tints of the cardinal and the sunflowers and orange, the effect has been as of a city set upon a hill. E pluribus unum.

Mr. Peter Hoke has changed the color of his residence to a brick-red, the bricks being pointed in white. We like that style for brick work.

It requires not a little of a philosophic spirit, to take the course of the weather, as of late, in a mood of quiet content; rain, rain, rain with scarcely a mitigating hold up. We may reason that 'tis all right, the very time of the year to which it belongs, and the atmospheric conditions require the down pour and yet we poor mortals, like children recognizing only present sensations, are disquieted beyond expression at the discomfort and fondly hope for tomorrow's change, if the Bureau figures out aright.

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We congratulate our esteemed neighbor on the bright prospect of the consummation of his efforts to promote this greatest possible improvement his village could undertake. It will at once bring health and comfort, save property and yield good returns on the money invested.

The Century Magazine for June has a fine account of Peterborough Cathedral from the pen of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, and an article on "College Boat-Racing," by Julian Hawthorne; Frank Stockton's "Hundredth Man" is continued as is also the "History of Abraham Lincoln"; there is a short story by Elizabeth S. Phelps called "Jack"; the second paper on "The Chemistry of Foods," by W. O. Atwater; "A Visit to Count Tolstoi," the Russian novelist whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number, by George Kennan; the usual amount of war stories, "Memoranda on the Civil War," "Open Letters," "Topics of the Time," and a small though choice collection of "Bribe-Brac."

It having become necessary that some work should be done on the interior of the large water tanks at Pen-Mar, one of Mr. J. W. Loy's force was sent to do it. It had been covered during the winter and the workman removed one of the boards and let himself down into the tank. He began his work but was soon engaged in the less profitable task of quelling a colony of refractory hornets. It being early in the season, there were but seven hornets, but had there been seven millions, it is not believed that Mr. O'Toole would have evinced a greater activity. The hornets stung Mr. O'Toole but Mr. O'Toole hurried these hornets into a premature grave.—Clarion.

THE following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., May 30, 1887. Persons calling will please say "advertiser," otherwise they may not receive them:

Mrs. Julia A. Fisher, John T. Kowitz, Mrs. Margaret Manley, Ruben Rollman.

Our readers will perceive from the record on the first page of this issue that our esteemed young friend, the writer of "Reminiscences of a Summer Trip," has reached her home and the end of her graphic and highly interesting narrative. We take leave reluctantly of her brilliant letters, and can but hope that hereafter we may be favored with other articles from her graceful pen.

Our friend Samuel Gamble presented us on Thursday, two boxes of the finest strawberries ever seen in Emmitsburg. Extra, in fact more than extra, large, solid and finely flavored. Whilst tendering our thanks for the kindly remembrance we must take the opportunity to say that if the berries brought to us are a fair sample of his crop this season, friend G. ought to have the gold medal for strawberry culture.

There are apprehensions that the fruit crop will be generally light in this neighborhood. Right at the time when the blossoms appeared so luxuriantly abundant, that hail storm and the wonderful rain fall appeared. It was then the blossoms disappeared in a short time and very few were visible afterwards. That is the very reasonable ground of the apprehensions noted. We can but hope that many a sheltered corner, and quiet nook, may yet yield an average supply.

The following patents were granted to citizens of Maryland, bearing date May 24, '87 reported expressly for this paper by Louis Bagzer & Co., Mechanical Experts and Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C. Advice Free.

J. N. Conway, Baltimore, pattern for car wheels.

Louis Padum, Baltimore, meat cutting machine.

R. B. Magrader, Sandy spring, lamp attachment.

J. B. Mahaffey, Baltimore, cutter-head.

H. W. Schwesendick, Baltimore, awning, (2 patents).

Enjoy Life.

What a truly beautiful world we live in! Nature gives us grandeur of mountains, glens and oceans, and thousands of means of enjoyment. We can desire no better when in perfect health; but how often do the majority of people feel like giving it up disheartened, discouraged and worn out with disease, when there is no occasion for this feeling, as every sufferer can easily obtain satisfactory proof, that Green's August Flower, will make them free from disease, as when born. Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint are the direct causes of seventy-five per cent. of such maladies as Billousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Prostration, Dizziness of the Head, Palpitation of the Heart, and other distressing symptoms. Three doses of August Flower will prove its wonderful effect. Sample bottles, 10 cents. Try it.

BLACK PILLS remove costiveness.

BLACK PILLS aid digestion.

BLACK PILLS relieve palpitation.

BLACK PILLS dispel melancholy.

BLACK PILLS remove costiveness.

BLACK PILLS aid digestion.

BLACK PILLS relieve palpitation.

BLACK PILLS dispel melancholy.

Decorations.

The following comrades of Arthur Post met at Grand Army Hall on Monday morning at 7:30: Samuel N. McNair, George L. Gillilan, Joseph W. Davidson, John H. Menzler, William A. Fraley, E. C. Wenscholtz, Albert Dutcher, Jacob Settemyer and Benjamin Gearhart, who with Commander Horner proceeded to the Cemetery of the Lutheran Church, and after the usual service strewed the graves from the abundance of flowers so kindly furnished for the occasion; from thence they proceeded to the Catholic and Presbyterian Cemeteries, where they disbanded, comrade Gillilan having been detailed to proceed to Tom's Creek Cemetery at the Methodist church, to complete the pleasant duty.

Jake Settemyer is in sore distress, he has lost his door key, and has been assured by all the authorities he has consulted, that the only way to get it again, is to make his loss known through the columns of the CHRONICLE. Any one finding an iron door key of the size and shape in common use in this town, will please hand it over to the bereaved Jake, who will reward the finder with many thanks.

It was lost on Decoration Day, when, as he says, he "gathered flowers for three grave-yards," and therefore entitled to the co-operation, of the three congregations they represent, in his efforts to recover the property, which he says, "does not belong to him but to his brother Peter."

From the Gettysburg Compiler. President Hood and Chief Engineer Matthews have been engaged in looking up a railroad line from the Western Maryland to Fairfield, beginning at the Horse Shoe Bend, Sabillasville, and striking in the direction of Martin's church, near Fountaindale. The route is said to be practicable. As to the probable result no outsider can speak; but it is believed that the new line is run with a view of comparing its advantages and disadvantages with those of the old Tapeworm route.

Col. J. H. McClellan has received an offer of \$16,000 for his corner property, to include the hotel, the stabling and ground down to the railroad; the Opera house and new store building to remain the property of the Colonel. Senator Wilson, of Clarion county, who makes the offer, was here yesterday, but on account of the busy time deferred final negotiations until next week. He contemplates a number of improvements, the exact nature of which cannot now be given.

The Reformed Church. The General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States met at Akron, Summit county, Ohio, on Wednesday. This body represents the entire Reformed Church in the United States. It is a delegated body, one out of every ten ministers being chosen as delegates. They meet once in three years, and represent a total membership of over 200,000. The last meeting was held in this State in 1884. There are two Maryland Classes, one German and one English. The German Class in Maryland is entitled to the representation of one minister and one elder. The minister chosen to represent it is Rev. M. Bachman. The English Classes have six representatives, three ministers and three elders. The ministers are Rev. E. R. Eschbach, D. D., of Frederick, Rev. J. S. Kieffer, D. D., of Hagerstown, and Rev. Wm. Rupp, D. D., of Manchester. The entire church in the United States is represented by about 100 each of elders and ministers. Some of the questions that will come up for the consideration of the body are those of the final adoption of a liturgy, the adoption of a general church hymn-book, the order of deaconesses, woman's foreign missionary societies, the endowment of the colleges and theological seminaries, one at Tiffin, Ohio, and one at Lancaster, Pa., an overture from some of the classes looking toward a union with the Dutch Reformed and Northern Presbyterian churches.—Sun.

From the Herald and Torch Light. All the indications point to a large assembly at the Bicycle Meet on Monday, June 13, at the Hagerstown Fair Grounds. The local club is indefatigable in its efforts to make the occasion successful. Merchants and citizens of Hagerstown are making liberal contributions to defray the necessary expenses. A large number of entries—over forty—to the races have been received and notifications of acceptance of invitations are coming in daily. Among those recently received are replies from the clubs at Winchester, Martinsburg and Lancaster, the Washington City Cycle Club, and the Cyle Club and Cycling Ramblers, of Baltimore.

Excursion trains will be run on the different railroads to Hagerstown. After the conclusion of the Meet there will be an eighty-mile race from Hagerstown to the observatory at Druid Hill Lake, Baltimore, between teams of five selected from the Baltimore, Maryland, Ramblers, Centaur and Alert clubs.

Charles Myers, of Sharpsburg, operator at the temporary telegraph office on the Shenandoah Valley Railroad over the Potomac river at Shepherdstown, received a severe electrical shock during the prevalence of a thunder storm last Thursday. Lightning struck a pole on the bridge and was conducted by the wire into the office, where he, J. B. Fram, superintendent of the structure, and another man were at the time. Myers was thrown from his chair to the floor, where he laid unconscious and apparently dead. The others were also shocked slightly. They carried Myers out into the rain and in a short time he revived. After the stroke the air in the office was so highly impregnated with sulphur that Myers would have been suffocated had he not received assistance.

WHEN-MONDAY was a pleasant day, though somewhat cloudy, the air was pleasant and served well for the recreation usual at that time. Arthur Post No. 41, G. A. R., decorated the graves of the Union Soldiers buried in this place and its vicinity, a beautiful ceremony, touching in its simplicity and recalling memories of loved ones that shared the hardships of the field and the tent, in the minds of those that escaped the dread ordeal of the parting hour.

Quite a number of our people visited Gettysburg. No incidents marked the course of the day worthy of noting, and each and all enjoyed the day as individual predilection dictated.

PERSONALS. Mrs. Albert Smith spent Sunday in New Oxford.

Mrs. James Hospelhorn made a visit to her parents near Shepherdstown, W. Va.

Miss Gertrude Annan made a visit to Gettysburg this week.

Mr. Harry McHenry was home on a short visit last week. He has just graduated from Eaton & Burnett's Business College, Baltimore, and has gone to Tampa, Florida, where he has secured a position as book-keeper.

Miss Annie Shorb returned home this week.

Mrs. E. R. Zimmerman and Masters Luther and Thaddeus have returned from Washington.

Mr. L. M. Motter and Mrs. Peter Grab have returned from a visit to Lebanon and Waynesboro.

Vincent Seabold Esq., and wife of Richmond, Va., made a visit to his former home here.

Mrs. A. S. Hartman of Chambersburg is visiting at her father's Mr. Geo. W. Rowe.

Mr. Bruce Ogle and family, Mr. Delaplaine and Mrs. Selsman of Creagers-town spent Sunday at Mr. George Late's.

Miss Mary Cooper of Frederick is visiting at Mr. John Witherow's.

Trouble Ahead. When the appetite fails, and sleep grows restless and unrefreshing, there is trouble ahead. The digestive organs, when healthy, crave food, the nervous system, when vigorous and tranquil, gives its possessor no uneasiness at night. A tonic to be effective, should not be a mere appetizer, nor are the nerves to be strengthened and soothed by the unaided action of a sedative or a narcotic. What is required is a medicine which invigorates the stomach, and promotes assimilation of food by the system, by which means the nervous system, as well as other parts of the physical organism, are strengthened. These are the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine whose reputation is founded firmly in public confidence, and which physicians commend for its tonic, anti-bilious and other properties. It is used with the best results in fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and uterine weakness, and other maladies.

BUSINESS LOCALS. Get your horse painting done by John F. Adelsberger, who will furnish estimates upon application, work done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Geo. T. Eyster, who warrants the same, and has always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware. feb 8-4f.

Executor's Notice. THIS is to give notice that the Subscriber has obtained from the Orphan's Court of Frederick County, Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

MARY E. PATTERSON, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers therefor to the undersigned on or before the 4th day of December next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 4th day of June, 1887.

JAMES A. ELDER, Executor.

Ed. T. Manning, H. F. Manning, Ed. T. Manning & Bro., STEAM MANUFACTURERS OF—

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W. H. HOKE, Proprietor, oct 3-9m

EMMITSBURG, MD.

WHEN-MONDAY was a pleasant day, though somewhat cloudy, the air was pleasant and served well for the recreation usual at that time. Arthur Post No. 41, G. A. R., decorated the graves of the Union Soldiers buried in this place and its vicinity, a beautiful ceremony, touching in its simplicity and recalling memories of loved ones that shared the hardships of the field and the tent, in the minds



PEGGY'S BABY.

It was a terrible baby, Peggy—always getting bigger and bigger, heavier and heavier, until it could nearly walk; and, then, suddenly growing backwards, and becoming the tiniest little bit of a baby, one that could not be expected even to "feel its feet" for months. Peggy was a nurse girl, had been one ever since she was seven years old, and now she was twelve. Quite an experienced little woman was Peggy. She knew all about babies,—when their crying ought to be, as she would have said, "minded," and when it was only a kind of an oration on baby's view in general; when to administer petting, and when to reprove with grave remonstrance.

Like most wise people, Peggy was tender-hearted; not from her would the most fractions of her charges ever receive one of those terrible shakes which seem enough to turn young brains to pulp. Once some one had suggested the need of whipping a naughty young manikin; but Peggy had opened her soft eyes in astonishment, and said, "Whip a baby? Why, I couldn't," Peggy didn't, and the naughty one grew somehow into a good one under her management.

Wise and gentle, and in her own walk successful, Peggy was all these, and yet she was sad. Poor little Peggy! no wonder! she was all alone in the world. It had not always been so, and sometimes this seemed to make matters worse. It is not those who cannot remember sight that feel blindness most. Long ago, when she was a baby, her father had died; but her mother had lived to comfort her for seven years; a gentle, sorrowful woman, from whom Peggy had probably gained her patience. But they had been very happy, those two, so happy, that even now something of the glow of the old time would come over the motherless girl as she sat "making believe to be mother," with her babies, little and big.

Somewhere in the world she had an Aunt Margaret, her mother's only sister, who had married a wealthy tradesman, rather above her in position, while Peggy's mother had somewhat descended in Wedding an unskilled mechanic; and so there had grown up between them a tacit estrangement, bravely struggled against for a time—the prosperous sister standing as god-mother to Peggy, and promising never to forget her. But then came trouble on both sides; the mechanic and the tradesman did not appreciate each other, and the latter was rather glad when an agency in a distant city offered an opportunity for taking his wife, as he said, "right away." Peggy did not know all this; she only remembered that near the end her mother had said, "I wish your Aunt Margaret had known you; she must have loved you, my little Peggy."

And the last sentence swallowed up the preceding ones in the child's memories.

She was nobody's little Peggy now,—only the girl.

Not that her mistress was unkind to her. She was as kind as a woman could be who had such a number of babies; and noticing, what Peggy herself had never noticed, that the constant nursing was sending one shoulder out, she bestowed herself to find an easier place for her little handmaiden. One was soon found—with a widow who wanted some one to wheel the perambulator of her only child, a little boy.

"He's a cripple, poor little fellow!" said Peggy's mistress; "but you will only have to wheel him about, so that it will be easier for you than here, though what I am to do without you, I don't know."

"Peggy going! what a bother!" said one of her grown-up babies.

"I won't go," said Peggy, sturdily.

"Yes, child, you must. I've been worrying over your looks ever so long. It is better for me to be plagued a bit, than that you should ruin your health."

Ah! harassed mother, surely this little bit of self-sacrifice was one of those "oops of cold water, that, verily, shall not lose their reward!"

Peggy's own heart felt very heavy. It was said of her new charge that he could not live to grow up, and she felt a kind of awe of him on this account. Hitherto, whatever trouble her babies had given, they had all lived; and so it was

with some fear, added to the special awkwardness of newness that she went one morning to her new situation.

The widow met her very kindly, saying: "I should like to take you up to baby at once." Then she added with a shadowy smile: "He's a very old baby; but, somehow, he never seems to have grown up to his proper name—Aubrey."

"Hobbery? what a queer name!" thought Peggy. An illiterate little woman was Peggy; she had been so busy nursing babies all her life, that she had never found time to go to school.

"You will not mind if he is rather fractions?" continued the widow. "Dear no, ma'am," said experienced Peggy, and then suddenly remembering that exclamations were not good manners, she dropped a comical little curtsy of apology.

The child Aubrey was sitting, propped up among a little heap of broken toys. He looked up swiftly at Peggy, and said, "You are tired."

"No," said she. "You are round your eyes. I won't have a tired nurse. Go away."

"Shall I go and wash my face?" said Peggy.

"You can try that. I don't believe you will be anything but tired, though; and I won't have a tired nurse."

The young autocrat turned away, dismissing her, and Peggy wondered whether she could ever take the liberty of calling him "baby;" the puzzling "Hobbery" seemed easier. Nothing of her panic showed, though, as she came back presently, with a little soft color in her cheeks from the cold water, and a pleasant laugh in her eyes.

"Shall I do now?" she asked. "Middling," said Aubrey.

The widow seemed afraid of a collision, for she drew Peggy away, saying, "You won't mind anything he says?"

"Dear no, ma'am," said Peggy, and then again she dropped her apologetic curtsy.

It was wet that day, so there was no going out, and Aubrey inquired, "Do you know any stories?"

"I know one," said Peggy, who had told it often enough.

"Tell it," said Aubrey, and she began,—

"Once upon a summer's day, Dick and I went out to play. Dick was fat and I was thin; Dicky fought and I ran in. Aunt Bess was going to bake; 'Please, I said, let's make a cake.' 'I don't mind child, if you do,' So she said; and I made two—One for Dick, and one for me. 'Now, I said, we shall agree. But the cakes were burnt to cinder, Dicky's rage took fire like tinder. Never was there such a brother; Yet I could not love another Half so well as I love he—Half so well as he loves me."

"Who is Dick?" said Aubrey. "Nobody!" said Peggy.

"Well, that is a stupid story." This was not encouraging; and yet, only one week after, Aubrey, lying weaker even than usual, after a short, sharp illness, said, "Peggy!"

"Well, dear?"

"What do you think will be the first thing I shall say when I get to heaven?"

"Well?" said Peggy gently. "I shall go up to one of the kind looking angels—"

"Everybody's kind there," interrupted Peggy.

"Well one of the kindest, and I shall say, 'Please, which door will Peggy come in at?'"

"Then he will tell me, and I shall take my harp, and sit down there and wait. It won't be quite heaven till you come, Peggy, because it was you who first made me listen at it!"

It was true. The little fellow, with his doomed life, had always turned away with sick restlessness from the prayers even of his mother—the mother who had wept in secret over the strange hardness of her child, and now, with pure selfishness, rejoiced in the change which had come with this new hand-maiden.

How had she managed it, this little ignorant, desolate Peggy? Well, for one thing, she was curiously brave and simple-hearted. What it was right to do, she did, never considering whether it was important or not; and then, above all, she had a grand gift of loving. Very, very soon the little suffering boy had crept into her heart, and she held him there faithfully and firm; and so, just because she loved him, she could give, and the mother could take, services which would have seemed otherwise too much.

Night after night, as the child was swiftly journeying to the heaven

he had learned to love, Peggy sat with him, and he never complained now that her face was tired; she kept that bright to the last—ay, to the last, for it came—as the end does come—quickly.

"Don't forget, Peggy," he said one night, "I shall be waiting for you." And then he laid his head on his mother's bosom, and fell asleep—the long, long sleep.

"If I could but die, too," moaned the widow. "I am all alone in the world, now."

Peggy knew what that was very well. She said timidly, "I felt so when mother died."

"Who was your mother?" said the widow languidly.

"I've heard her say, before she was married she was called Tabitha Mant. Father's name was Leslie."

"Tabitha," repeated the widow—the quaint name had once been very dear to her—and Mant? With trembling eagerness she said, "Had you any aunts?"

"One—Aunt Margaret. I was named after her; she went to a city a long way off."

"It was me, child—I was Margaret Mant. No wonder you were such an angel to my boy—you have your mother's very eyes and voice—how could I be so blind? Will you forgive me, my own little god-child?—you must be my very own now. Will you? my child—mine?"

The widow's desolate heart had found something to cling to; Peggy's soft cheeks rested there. Peggy's eyes rained out happy tears. She was somebody's Peggy now.

Over 25,000 Patents Issued Annually. That this is an age of invention the records of that great temple of genius of America, "The Patent Office," amply prove. During the year 1886 there were nearly 25,000 patents issued, and the number will be largely increased during 1887. What becomes of this vast number is like the question what becomes of pins, and of them, perhaps, one twenty-fifth part are brought before the public and become more or less useful. Perhaps one hundred are particularly valuable, and gain for the inventor bold fame and fortune. These figures are mere surmises on our part, but are probably near the average. No inventor can tell the result of his invention. Some lay their patent aside and think the public will demand it; others, more wise in commercial affairs, proceed to sell it to the best advantage, while those with capital will establish a manufactory. Thus it goes. There is one point, however, we desire to impress on the inventor's mind. That is, when he once perfects his ideas and applies for a patent be sure and get one that covers the most minute points. Then, should it prove valuable, there is no possibility of infringement, as is often the case. To do this the safest plan is to place the business in the hands of an old and skillful patent attorney, and to just such a one we desire to refer to Colonel C. M. Alexander, at No. 709 G Street northwest. This gentleman is conceded to be one of the most expert attorneys in the profession, and has had many years experience in practice. He is fully posted in every detail and will carefully attend to the interests of any who may entrust their business to him.

Colonel Alexander's record as a business man, citizen and soldier is an enviable one. For three years during the war he commanded the Second Regiment District of Columbia Volunteers with credit to himself and the regiment, and at one time was postmaster of this city, but for a number of years past he has devoted his entire time to his large practice as patent attorney. We were shown a model for a wonderful machine, for which a patent was issued through him a short time ago, one for making matches. A child can feed this machine at one end with blocks of wood, while at the other end of the machine complete matches are turned out already boxed. The splints are sawed, dipped in the igniting material, dried, divided and carried to the boxes, which are filled and passed out of the way. To one who has never seen the various operations through which matches have had to pass when made by hand, this would seem incredible. One machine will now dispense with many hands heretofore required to be skilled in this particular branch of industry.—Washington Hatchet.

According to the Medical World, every farmer wears out, on an average, two wives and a half in his lifetime.

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