

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XI.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1890.

No. 36.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.

Orphan's Court.

Judges.—Geo. W. Shank, Geo. Koogle, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—Eugene L. Derr, David Fisher, Josiah Englar, John P. Jones, Jonathan Biser.

Sheriff.—Otho J. Gaver.

Tax-Collector.—Charles F. Rowe.
Surveyor.—William H. Hillary.

School Commissioners.—Samuel Datrow,

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

Examiner.—Glenn H. Worthington.

Emmitsburg District.

Notary Public.—Paul Motter.

Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Jas. F. Hickey, Josiah Hobbs.

Registrar.—E. S. Taney.

Constables.—W. P. Nunemaker, Abraham Hahn.

School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, Joseph A. Baker.

Burgess.—William G. Blair.

Town Commissioners.—Joseph Snouffer,

Jas. O. Hopp, Oscar E. Fraley, P. D. Lawrence, Francis A. Maxell, Michael Hoke.

Town Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.

Tax Collector.—John F. Hopp.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor.—Rev. Luther DeYoe. Services every Sunday morning and evening at 9 o'clock, a. m., and 7:30 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7:30 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 1 o'clock, p. m.

Church of the Incarnation. (Reformed).

Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Hellman. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures 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. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic).

Pastor.—Rev. H. F. 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. J. N. Davis. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 3 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, 7:15, p. m., Hagerstown, 7:15, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:15, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:15, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:00, p. m.

Depart.

Baltimore, Way 8:10, a. m., Mechanics-town and Hagerstown, 6:30, p. m., Hanover, Lancaster, Harrisburg, 8:10, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:10, a. m., Baltimore, (closed) 2:42, p. m., Frederick, 2:42, p. m., Motter's, and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:42, p. m., Gettysburg, 8:00, a. m. Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:30, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

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

Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening 8 o'clock. Officers: Prophet, J. H. T. Webb; Sach, Dr. J. W. Reigle; Sen. Sag, E. M. Klindenset; Jun. Sag, M. F. Shuff; C. of M., J. No. F. Adelsberger; K. of W., C. S. Zeck; Dr. J. W. Reigle, E. C. Wenschhof and J. H. T. Webb, Trustees; Geo. G. Byers, Representative.

Emerald Beneficial Association.

F. A. Adelsberger, President; Vice-President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo. Seybold; Treasurer, Jno. M. Stouter. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in S. R. Grider's building, West main street.

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

Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, S. J. McNeil; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Wm. H. Baker; Quartermaster, Abraham Merring; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Guard, Samuel D. Waggaman; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel D. Waggaman, E. R. Grider, J. H. Shields; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Fraley; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.

Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.

Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, W. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Jeremiah Donoghue; 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, F. A. Adelsberger; Sec'y, Ed. H. Rowe; Treasurer, Jno. F. Hopp; Directors, D. Lawrence, N. Baker, S. R. Grider, George P. Beam, Jos. A. Baker, Joseph Snouffer.

Farmers and Mechanics Building and Loan Association.—President, James F. Hickey;

Vice-President, J. M. Kerrigan; Secretary, T. C. Sailer; Treasurer, Geo. T. Gelwick; Directors, George L. Shaffer, Jos. A. Baker, F. A. Adelsberger, Jos. V. Tyson, Daniel R. Gelwick, H. G. Beam, Jas. F. Hickey, Thos. C. Seltzer, J. M. Kerrigan, Geo. T. Gelwick.

Citizens' Building Association.—Pres't,

V. E. Rowe; Vice-Pres't, C. C. Kretzer; Sec'y, F. A. Adelsberger; Treas., Paul C. Kretzer, Jas. O. Hopp, M. Hoke, Paul Motter, V. E. Rowe, Jos. E. Hoke, Jas. F. Hickey.

Emmitsburg Water Company.

President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwick, E. R. Zimmerman, T. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

I. S. ANNAN.

Dry Goods, Notions, Carpets, Oil Cloth,

Groceries, Queensware, Woodenware, Iron & Nails.

GLASS, PAINTS AND OILS.

Ready Made Clothing.

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Rims, Spokes and Shafts

Come where you can buy Anything you want.

WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.,

S. W. Corner Public Square.

J. C. ANNAN.

BUILDING.
Souls are built as temples are—
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,
Lies the sure foundation stone.
Then the courses framed to bear,
Lift the cloistered pillars fair.
Last of all the airy spire
Soaring heavenward, higher and higher,
Nearest sun and nearest star.

Souls are built as temples are—
Inch by inch in gradual rise
Mount the layered masonries.
Warring questions have their day,
Kings arise and pass away,
Laborers vanish one by one,
Still the temple is not done,
Still completion seems afar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Here's the carving rich and quaint,
There's the image of a saint;
Here a deep hued pane to tell
Sacred truth or miracle;
Every little helps the much,
Every careful careless touch
Adds a charm or leaves a scar.

Souls are built as temples are—
Based on truth's eternal law,
Sure and steadfast without flaw,
Through the sunshine, through the snows,
Up and on the building goes;
Every far thing finds its place,
Every hard thing lends a grace,
Every hand may make or mar.

—Sunday School Times.

Stanley's Thrilling Record of African Exploration.

Henry M. Stanley, at the head of his exploration and relief expedition, which started up the Congo, on the West African coast, in March 1887, arrived at Bagomoio, near Zanzibar, on the east coast, Dec. 4, with Emin Pasha and his principal lieutenants and a considerable number of followers. The day following a serious, if not fatal, accident occurred to Emin, who, being near-sighted, misjudged the height of a balcony in a building where he was being banqueted, and fell a distance of twenty feet. This seems strikingly like a continuance of the fatalism or providence which Stanley appears to think has been a dominant factor with him throughout his last expedition, as set forth in his own words in the following thrilling record of peril, adventure, suffering, and endurance, which comes by cable to the New York Herald. He says:

First of all I am in perfect health, and feel like a laborer of a Saturday evening returning home with his week's work done, his week's wages in his pocket, and glad that to-morrow is the Sabbath.

Just about three years ago, while lecturing in New England, a message came from under the sea bidding me to hasten and take a commission to relieve Emin Pasha at Waddeai; but, as people generally do with faithful pack-horses, numbers of little trifles, odds and ends, are piled on over and above the proper burden. Twenty various little commissions were added to the principal one, each requiring due care and thought. Well, looking back over what has been accomplished, I see no reason for any heart's discontent. We can say we shirked no task, and that good will, aided by steady effort, enabled us to complete every little job as well as circumstances permitted.

Over and above the happy ending of our appointed duties we have not been unfortunate in geographical discoveries. The Aruwimi is now known from its source to its bourne. The great Congo forest, covering as large an area as France and the Iberian peninsula, we can now certify to be an absolute fact. The Mountains of the Moon this time, beyond the least doubt, have been located, and Rawenzi, "the Cloud King," robed in eternal snow, has been seen, and its flanks explored, and some of its shoulders ascended, Mounts Gordon Bennett and MacKinnon cones being but giant sentries warding off the approach to the inner area of "the Cloud King." On the southeast of the range the connection between Albert Edward Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza has been discovered, and the extent of the former lake is now known for the first time. Range after range of mountains has been traversed, separated by such tracts of pasture land as would make your cowboys out West mad with envy. And right under the burning equator we

have fed on blackberries and bilberries and quenched our thirst with crystal water fresh from snow beds. We have also been able to add nearly 6,000 square miles of water to Victoria Nyanza.

Our naturalist will expatiate upon the new species of animals, birds, and plants he has discovered. Our surgeon will tell what he knows of the climate and its amenities. It will take us all we know how to say what new store of knowledge has been gathered from this unexpected field of discoveries. I always suspected that in the central regions between the equatorial lakes something worth seeing would be found, but I was not prepared for such a harvest of new facts.

This has certainly been the most extraordinary expedition I have ever led into Africa. A veritable divinity seems to have hedged us while we journeyed. I say it with all reverence. It has impelled us whither it would, effected its own will, but nevertheless guided and protected us. What can you make of this, for instance? August 17, 1887, all the officers of the rear column are united at Yambuya. They have my letter of instructions before them, but instead of preparing for the morrow's march, to follow our track, they decided to wait at Yambuya, which decision initiates the most awful season any community of men ever endured in Africa or elsewhere. The results are that three-quarters of their force died of slow poison. Their commander is murdered, and the second officer dies soon after of sickness and grief. Another officer is wasted to a skeleton and obliged to return home. A fourth is sent to wander aimlessly up and down the Congo, and the survivor is found in such a fearful pest hole that we dare not describe its horrors.

On the same date, 150 miles away, the officer of the day leads 333 men of the advanced column into the bush, loses the path and all consciousness of his whereabouts, and every step he takes only leads him further astray. His people become frantic; his white companions, vexed and irritated by the sense of the evil around them, cannot devise any expedient to relieve him. They are surrounded by cannibals, and poison-tipped arrows thin their numbers. Meantime, I, in command of the river column, am anxiously searching up and down the river in four different directions; through forests my scouts are seeking for them, but not until the sixth day was I successful in finding them.

Taking the same month and the same date in 1888, a year later, on August 17, I listen, horror struck, to the tale of the last surviving officer of the rear column at Banalya, and am told of nothing but death and disaster, disaster and death, death and disaster. I see nothing but horrible forms of men smitten with disease, bloated, disfigured, and scarred, while the scene in the camp, infamous for the murder of poor Bartelot barely four weeks before, is simply sickening. On the same day, 600 miles west of this camp, Jameson, worn out with fatigue, sickness, and sorrow, breathes his last.

On the next day, August 18, 600 miles east, Emin Pasha and my officer, Jephson, are suddenly surrounded by infuriated rebels, who menace them with loaded rifles and instant death, but fortunately they relent and only make them prisoners, to be delivered to the Mahdists. Having saved Bonny out of the jaws of death, we arrive a second time at Albert Nyanza, to find Emin Pasha and Jephson prisoners in daily expectation of their doom. Jephson's own letters will describe his anxiety. Not until both were in my camp and the Egyptian fugitives under my protection did I begin to see that I was only carrying out a higher plan than mine. My own designs were constantly frustrated by unhappy circumstances. I endeavored to steer my course as direct as possible, but there was an unaccountable influence at the helm.

I gave as much good will to my duties as the strictest honor would

compel. My faith that the purity of my motive deserved success was firm, but I have been conscious that the issues of every effort were in other hands. Not one officer who was with me will forget the miseries he has endured, yet every one that started from his home destined to march with the advance column and share its wonderful adventures is here to-day safe, sound, and well, and the Herald correspondent may interview them to his heart's content. This is not due to me. Lieut. Stairs was pierced with a poisoned arrow like others, but others died, and he lives. The poisoned tip came out from under his heart eighteen months after he was pierced. Jephson was four months a prisoner, with guards with loaded rifles around him. That they did not murder him is not due to me.

These officers have had to wade through as many as seventeen streams and broad expanses of mud and swamp in a day. They have endured a sun that scorched whatever it touched. A multitude of impediments have ruffled their tempers and harassed their hours. They have been maddened with the agonies of fierce fevers. They have lived for months in an atmosphere that medical authority declared to be deadly. They have faced dangers every day, and their diet has been all through what legal serfs would have declared to be infamous and abominable, and yet they live.

This is not due to me any more than the courage with which they have borne all that was imposed upon them by their surroundings or the cheery energy which they bestowed to their work, or the hopeful voices which rang in the ears of a deafening multitude of blacks, and urged the poor souls on to their goal.

The vulgar will call it luck, unbelievers will call it chance, but deep down in each heart remains the feeling that of verity there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in common philosophy.

I must be brief. Numbers of scenes crowd the memory. Could one but sum them into a picture, it would have a grand interest. The uncomplaining heroism of our dark followers, the brave manhood latent in such uncouth disguise, the tenderness we have seen issuing from nameless entities, the great love animating the ignoble, the sacrifice made by the unfortunate for one more unfortunate, the reverence we have noted in barbarians, who, even as ourselves, were inspired with nobleness and incentives to duty—of all these we could speak if we would, but I leave that to the Herald correspondent, who, if he has eyes to see, will see much for himself, and who, with his gifts of composition, may present a very taking outline of what has been done, and is now near ending, thanks be to God for ever and ever!

Yours faithfully,
HENRY M. STANLEY.

The wood of the sandal tree, a native of the West Indies, gives a curious odor, greatly admired in Oriental countries and much valued by us. It is both used in substance and distilled for its oil. Vetiver, or kuskus, a thread-like Indian root, furnishes another perfume of the same class as sandal, but sharper and more approaching floral odors. It is a strong and durable odor that give its characteristic to the "cashmere bouquet" soap. The oil of vetiver is much higher in cost than even that of roses.

SOME people wonder why the Maine farmers are raising so many horses. An old farmer who came into Bangor the other morning with a well-dressed four-year-old steer, which he was forced to sell for \$27, explains it. "I raise no more beef steers," he said, "for it don't pay. This critter has eaten as much as would raise a colt to the same age, and a good four-year-old colt of good size is worth \$150. From now out you'll find me raising horseteeth."—Breeder's Guide.

SUBSCRIBE for the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE.

THE AMERICAN HOME.

It is a Wonderful Affair, When Contrasted With Foreign Homes.

Nothing strikes an observing American upon his first visit to Europe with greater force than the lack of those comforts and conveniences in the dwellings of even the wealthiest classes which in his own country are considered indispensable necessities. We are quick to seize upon the latest discoveries in science and the arts which can in any way render our homes more attractive, or the cares of house-keeping less burdensome, while the more conservative Europeans are content to live as their fathers did before them, and would consider it a sacrilegious extravagance to tear up the floors or walls of their dwellings for the purpose of introducing steam or water pipes. The climate of England is damp and cold, but the almost universal way of warming is by open fire-places of soft coal, which usually develop much more smoke than heat. Hot air or steam furnaces are practically unknown, and the only means of heating railway carriages is by cans of hot water placed upon the floor. Under favorable circumstances, these will sometimes prevent the soles of one's feet from freezing but their influence rarely extends any further. Only the very wealthiest persons abroad allow themselves the luxury of a private bath room, and the idea of a set bowl with hot and cold water faucets in a sleeping chamber is a refinement of effeminacy and extravagance at which even a monarch would hesitate. The houses of London are provided with a tank, into which the water is allowed to flow for a certain length of time every day, after which it is turned off and there is no more to be had until the visit of the water company's official the next day. The "bed room candle," to which such constant allusion is made in foreign novels, is no figure of speech, but a very disagreeable reality, for gas is rarely or never introduced into sleeping rooms.

A modern American house, with all the recent improvements, is a most wonderful affair, and an inspection while being constructed gives one a good idea of the extent to which the arts and sciences are applied to minister to our comfort. The space between the walls is crowded with tubes and pipes of every description. Steam, gas, hot and cold water are carried to all parts of the building, speaking-tubes and ventilating shafts are connected with every room, while great cables of insulated wire as large as a ship's hawser illustrate the manifold uses to which electricity may be put. Call bells, automatic gas lighting and incandescent lamps are only a few of these applications, and the day is not far distant when some simple form of electric motor to run the sewing machine and furnish a supply of power for many other purposes will be found in every first-class dwelling. As regards sanitary and drainage arrangements, their construction has become a science in itself. Take it altogether, the American householder has no cause to regret his lot. A recent writer has said that in some things we are measurably behind the Europeans, but in many things we are immeasurably ahead of them, and in no respect is this more true than in our domestic arrangements. It may be safely said that there is not a royal palace in all Great Britain or Europe which is as luxurious, or even as comfortable as the house of the average American of moderate means, and in no country in the world is the greatest blessing of life—a happy and comfortable home—so readily within the reach of all, as in our own land.—Popular Scientific News.

DENTISTS ought to make good campaign orators; they have such an effective way of taking the stump.—Ballo, American.

No one is allowed to destroy pavements, yet it is not unusual to see a man go tearing up the street.

Neuralgic Persons and those troubled with nervous headache from care or overwork will be relieved by taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Dr. J. H. HICKEY,
DENTIST,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public.—Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office one door west of the Reformed Church. jan 5-4f

H. CLAY ANDERSON, D.D.S., FRANK K. WHITE, D.D.S.,
ANDERS & WHITE,
SURGEON DENTISTS,
MECHANICSTOWN, MD.



Have formed a co-partnership in the practice of Dentistry. Office directly opposite the Post Office, where one member of the firm will be found at all times. The following appointments will be promptly kept:—
EMMITSBURG, at the Emmit House—On Friday of each week.
UNION BRIDGE—The First and Third Monday of each month. junely 2

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House.—Being the State's Attorney for the County does not interfere with my attending to civil practice. dec 9-4f

PAUL MOTTER,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Respectfully offers his services to all persons having business to attend to in his line. Can be found at all times at the CHRONICLE OFFICE.

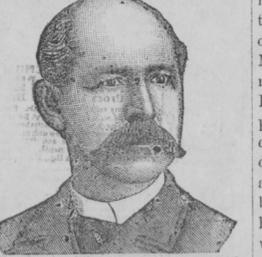
ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,
NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.
This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. TERMS.—Board and Tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior. mar 15-4f

UNION FOUNDRY
AND
MACHINE WORKS!
(PAMPEL'S OLD FOUNDRY.)
FREDERICK, MD.
The undersigned, having purchased the foundry of the late Henry Pampel, which was established over half a century ago, have completely refitted and remodeled the plant, and are now turning out work of the most improved and modern patterns. The CELEBRATED
SELF FEEDING EGG STOVE, IMP'D.
a specialty; the old reliable
TEN-PLATE STOVE
none better, and
THE FAMOUS PILOT COOK STOVE
now in universal use. All at reduced prices and improved patterns. The
"Funkstown" and Other Plows,
All kinds of MILL GEARING AND FARMERS' MACHINERY. Kettles, cellars doors and grating. Repairing of stoves, furnaces and agricultural implements and machine work in all its branches executed by competent and skilled mechanics. Highest cash prices paid for old iron. We are determined to maintain the far-famed reputation which this foundry has enjoyed for fifty years, and, knowing that the public is well acquainted with its merit, we respectfully solicit its patronage.

C. F. MARKELL,
Wm. WILCOXEN.
june 1-4y

SOLID SILVER
American Lever Watches,
WARRANTED TWO YEARS,
ONLY \$12.
G. T. EYSTER.

CAUTION



Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom. If the dealer cannot supply you send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
Best Material, Best Style, Best Fitting.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS. Sold by
JAS. A. ROWE & SON,
EMMITSBURG, MD.

KNABE

Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.

These instruments have been before the public for nearly fifty years, and up on their excellence alone have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE
Which establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY.
Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 years.

SECOND HAND PIANOS.
A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated
SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS
AND OTHER LEADING MAKES.
Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.
WM. KNABE & CO.,
22 & 24 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, July 5-4y.



I SHOULD SMILE.
YES! see my two teeth, just came so easy I didn't know it. DR. FAIRNEY'S TEETHING SYRUP will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels, Diarrhoea and Cholera Infantum.
Once used you will want nothing better. For sale by all dealers for 25 cts. per bottle. Prepared only by DR. D. FAIRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD. Trial bottle sent by mail for 10 cents.

—CALL ON—
GEO. T. EYSTER,
—AND—
See his splendid stock of
GOLD & SILVER
Key & Stem-Winding
WATCHES.

SECRETARY TRACY'S RESIDENCE BURNED.

The residence of Hon. Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the United States Navy, situated on I street between Connecticut avenue and Seventeenth street, Washington, was destroyed by fire between seven and eight o'clock Monday morning.

The fire was discovered at seven o'clock and spread so rapidly that all means of escape was cut off before the sleeping occupants of the house were aroused.

Mrs. Tracy jumped from her bedroom window and sustained injuries from which she died in a few minutes. Miss Mary Tracy her daughter was dead and terribly burned when taken from the building.

The terrible calamity following so closely as it does the afflictions in the family of Secretary Blaine has cast a gloom over official circles in Washington.

This residence was one of the finest in the city, and was purchased by Secretary Tracy last spring. He immediately commenced improving the property and the work was the object of great attention to the family.

The following is the full text of the bill introduced in the State Senate to tax mortgages, by Senator Bennett of Carroll county.

Entitled an act to provide for the taxation of mortgages, and debts secured by the mortgage on property within this State for State, County and Municipal purposes.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That all mortgages and debts secured by mortgage on property within this State, be and the same are hereby made liable and shall be subjected to taxation as for all other personal securities are, for all State, county and municipal purposes.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Clerks of the Circuit Courts for the several counties in this State and the Clerk of the Superior Court of Baltimore City to render to the Boards of County Commissioners of the several counties, and to the Appeal Tax Court of Baltimore City, respectively annually, on or before the first day of May in each year a list of all unencumbered mortgages filed for record in their respective offices, for the information of those whose duties it is to value and assess such mortgages and mortgage debts, as may be subject to valuation and assessment under this act.

THE centennial anniversary of the first meeting of the Supreme Court of the United States was celebrated in New York on Tuesday and Wednesday. Public exercises were held in the Metropolitan Opera House, and the introductory address was made by ex-President Cleveland.

THE political bosses at Albany have effectually killed New York's chances for the great fair of 1892 in their attempt to force politics into their arrangements for securing the big show right in their own little corner of the Great United States.

ON Monday the republicans secured a quorum of their own members in the House and settled the contested election case in the fourth district of West Virginia, by declaring Smith, republican elected.

THE CZAR of Russia will not recognize the republic of Brazil, while Dom Pedro lives.

A FIRE in Boston on Sunday caused the destruction of much property, and the loss of ten lives.

AN English paper says that a syndicate is being formed in that country for the purchase from this government of the forest lands of Alaska.

A PROFESSOR at the Klansberg University, in Austria, claims to have discovered an absolutely certain antiseptic remedy for hydrophobia.

AN epidemic of diphtheria is prevailing near Rochester, N. Y., originating in a house where a large quantity of turpentine had been stored in the cellar and allowed to rot.

THE London Times has paid Mr. Parnell \$5,000, as a compromise of his libel suit, and Mr. Parnell's private secretary \$200 as a compromise of his suit against the paper.

A MRS. DONAHUE of Philadelphia fell from a cherry tree last July and broke her neck. She is still living and doing light work, her head being supported by a machine carried on her shoulders.

MARYLAND ITEMS.

Dollie Wilson, colored, died in Baltimore on Monday, aged 100 years.

Four stores were entered by burglars in Salisbury last Friday night. Little booty was secured.

A company has been incorporated to build a railroad from Cumberland to Washington on the canal bed.

John Kibrian, the Baltimore pugilist, defeated Felix Vasquez at New Orleans, who Monday night, second Monday of April and Old Defender's Day, September 12.

It is claimed by friends of the canal that it is not so badly wrecked as has been made out, and but for the railroad strike to get possession of the canal would now be a going waterway.

Mr. Charles Webb of J., who has managed the hotel at Bay Ridge for three successive seasons, has leased the Hotel Hamilton in Hagerstown and took charge of it Saturday.

The Trust and Security Deposit Company of Westminster has been incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,000,000; shares \$50 each. It will have the power to act as guardian, executor, administrator, trustee or receiver, to guarantee bonds, etc.—Advocate.

Mr. Geo. W. Duval, a resident of the second district of Anne Arundel county, while riding horseback on Monday night was caught under the neck by a wire clothes line in his yard, and thrown violently to the ground, breaking his right collar bone and two ribs.

127 instruments were filed in the Clerk's office during the month of January.

Work has been temporarily suspended at Cotoctin furnaces, owing to a shortage of coke.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article.

To Get "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial, that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other."

Hood's When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that I could hardly get on my feet, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOER, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar PUBLIC SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Frederick county, sitting as a Court of Equity in No. 5611 Equity in said Court, the undersigned Trustees, will sell at public sale, On Saturday, March 1st, 1890, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises described below as No. 1, the following Real Estate of which Josiah Dotterer died, seized and possessed, No. 1, all that lot of ground containing

One Acre, Two Rods and Twenty-one Square Perches of land, more or less, adjoining No. 2, situated in the 4th Election district of Frederick county, Maryland, in the village of Rocky Ridge, now occupied by Edward Harman and improved with

A FRAME HOUSE and Blacksmith Shop, No. 2, all that lot of ground situated in the 4th Election district of said County about a mile east of said village now occupied by Scott Seiss, adjoining lands of Michael Lilly, Charles J. Barrick and others, containing

ONE HUNDRED & TWENTY ACRES of land, more or less, improved with a Frame Dwelling House, Barn, Corn Crib, Smoke House, Wagon Shed, Hog Pen and Buggy Shed and having a well of good water near the house, and a thriving young orchard. Situated on the same being called land - No. 3, A half interest in and to that Real Estate situated in Frederick county aforesaid, in the Fifth Election district thereof, about 5 miles south of the Town of Emmitsburg and about 2 1/2 miles east of Rocky Ridge, at the lands of George T. Devilliss, Albert B. Close and others, now occupied by Wallace Moser, containing

154 ACRES & 8 SQUARE PERCHES of land, more or less, and improved with a 2-Story Frame Dwelling House, Bank Barn, Smoke House, Wagon Shed and some fruit trees, it being the same Real Estate which is described in a deed to Joshua Dotterer and the said Josiah Dotterer dated September 17th, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. 1 P. 8, No. 1, folio 551, one of the Land Records of Frederick county aforesaid. No. 3, will be sold subject to a mortgage, the amount of which will be stated on the day of sale.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree:—One-third of the purchase money in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in equal payments of one and two years from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes with approved security, and bearing interest from the day of sale for the deferred payments. When all the purchase money has been paid the deeds will be executed. All the expenses of conveying to be borne by the purchaser or purchasers.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a decree passed by the Circuit Court for Frederick county, sitting as a Court of Equity in No. 5601 Equity in said Court the undersigned, Trustee will sell at public sale On Saturday, February 15th, 1890, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on the premises described below as No. 1, the following Real Estate of which Thomas O'Toole and Ann C. O'Toole, his wife, died, seized and possessed, situated in the Fifth Election District of Frederick county, Maryland, about 3 miles south west of the Town of Emmitsburg, a short distance west of the Turnpike road leading from said Town to Frederick City and about one mile south of Mt. St. Mary's College, No. 1,

A LOT OF GROUND, adjoining lands of John T. Cretin, Mary C. Roenesteele, and others, now occupied by George Evers, containing 8 Acres, 1 Rod and 29 Square perches of land, more or less, and improved with

A LOG HOUSE, Frame Storehouse, small stable, out kitchen, well of water and some fruit trees. No. 2, A Lot of Ground adjoining No. 1, lands of Prof. Ernest Lagarde, Wm. A. Althoff and others, now occupied by William H. Dorsey of F., containing

4 Acres & 18 Square Perches of land, more or less, and improved with a Two-Story Log House, Hog Pen and Young Orchard.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale for the deferred payments. All the expenses of conveying to be borne by the purchaser or purchasers.

Now Advertisements. DAUCHY & CO. DEAF AND MUTE PEOPLE. STANLEY'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS. PARKER'S HAIR BALM.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER. EPP'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. GOCOA MADE WITH BOILING MILK. THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. EXHAUSTED VITALITY UNTOLD MISERIES.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. KNOW THYSELF. THE SCIENCE OF LIFE. EXHAUSTED VITALITY UNTOLD MISERIES. CATARRH. Have You Tried CREAM BALM THE BEST Remedy? Not a Liquid or Salt. FEVER. FARMS BEST. BONE MEAL. EMMITSBURG Marble Yard! CEMETERY WORK.

Of all kinds promptly done. Orders filled on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed. W. H. HOKE, Proprietor, EMMITSBURG, MD.

CUT! CUT!! CUT!!! DEEP PRICE CUT

LADIES COATS & DRESS GOODS LADIES COATS & DRESS GOODS

Their stock being still in elegant selling condition and very large, this

NEW CUT PRICE

has been made very deep, in many instances way below the cost. We can afford to do this on account of the large trade we have enjoyed this season. Call, it will pay you.

THE LEADERS, C. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

RARE CHANCE.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE FOR THE EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE

As an inducement to subscribers to pay in advance we make the following LIBERAL OFFER:

To all who will pay all arrears and one year in advance, within sixty days from the date of this notice, we will give

THE BREEDER'S GUIDE

free for one year. As an inducement for persons not already subscribers to subscribe at once, we also agree to send both the CHRONICLE AND THE BREEDER'S GUIDE

one year to any person who will pay us \$1, cash in advance. To any person who will send us five new subscribers with five dollars in cash, we will send

The Chronicle and the Breeder's Guide THE GUIDE

will accompany each of the five. WHAT IS THE BREEDER'S GUIDE?

The Breeder's Guide, published at Huntington, Indiana, is an eight page monthly journal devoted to the interests of the farmers and stock raisers. Its contributors are writers of ability. The paper is up with the times in every particular. It is no advertising sheet, but a paper containing much information of interest to stock raising and agriculture and should be in the household of every subscriber of the CHRONICLE. Samples can be seen at this office.

Now is the time to renew! Now is the time to subscribe! Now is the time to get up clubs! This offer is good only for sixty days from the date of this notice. Address PAUL MOTTER, Manager Chronicle, EMMITSBURG, MD. Jan. 17, 1890.

NEW CONFECTIONERY. ROAD NOTICE.

HAVING opened a Confectionery Store in the room recently occupied by Jos. K. Hays, with an entirely NEW STOCK OF GOODS, I respectfully solicit a share of the public patronage. My stock is just fresh from the factory and consists of all kinds of CANDIES, FRUITS, NUTS, TOYS, Etc.

Have the largest and most complete Stock of Confectionery every shown in Emmitsburg and am prepared to furnish Schools, Parties, Private families etc., at shortest notice. Have also a large stock of CANNED GOODS and sell WM. H. BIGGS & BRO'S CELEBRATED FLOUR. M. E. ADLESBERGER. Dec. 14-1889.

Zimmerman & Maxell!

GRAIN, PRODUCE, COAL, Lumber, Fertilizers, HAY & STRAW.

Seed of Hardy Oatmeal, mixed, 15 cents per packet, postpaid. Address: W. P. KIMBALL, Douglas, Wyoming.

HIS OWN BURGLAR.

The Trials of a New Yorker Who Forgot His Keys.

All the men who are up to the times are wearing English key chains. They are made of steel in this country and of silver or gold in England. They are made to fasten to a suspender button on the band of one's trousers, and from that the chain hangs in the pocket of the trousers with its bunch of keys attached by means of a ring. Whoever has a key chain cannot lose his keys or leave them anywhere, and yet they are free enough to be used without being detached from the chain. A very well known New York business man, who lives in Jersey City, has not yet got one of these chains, unless he did so yesterday, but he will buy one as quickly as he finds out where to get it.

He got in a scrape that was so funny it will not do to mention his name. He found himself locked out of his big house on the "Hights," and he had left his keys in New York in his desk or his office coat. He rang and rang and rang and kicked, and he spent some time throwing pebbles at the window of his wife's bedroom. But the house is a splendid solid structure, one in which you could fight a duel in the basement without awakening the people in the bedrooms. Moreover, his wife is an uncommonly sound sleeper, and his children slumber like logs, his servant girls sleep in the fourth story, and his man lives over his stable, a block away. He thought of all this as he pounded and rang and kicked. Then it occurred to him that he had often told his family how easily his house could be entered.

"All a burglar needs to do," he used to say, "is to smash one of the side windows by the basement door and put his arm in and unlock the door and let himself in."

Therefore, he went down stairs and kicked in the window in question, expecting to be shot as a burglar by a passing policeman. He put in his arm and unlocked the door easily. Then he withdrew his arm and turned the knob.

But his wife had heeded his words and had added a stout bolt at the top of the door. He gave up that effort and considered the situation. He knew that his man was careless and frequently failed to chain the grating over the coal slide; perhaps he had again forgotten to do so. He lifted the 150-pound covering of wood and glass of the grating and then tried the grating. It was not chained. So then this wealthy and richly-dressed merchant opened the trap and dropped down upon the coal, landing there on his hands and knees. After this all he thought he had to do was to walk up to his bedroom.

But the door at the head of the cellar stairs was locked and he could not break it open. He was no better off than before. He lighted matches and sat down and pondered. He climbed the stairs again and beat the door and kicked it. Then another idea occurred to him. At great expense years before he had caused a dumb waiter to be built in one wall from top to bottom of his house. Was it big enough for him to get in? He would try it. He could not get in it, but he mounted the top of it and began to haul himself up through the building. It was fearfully hard work. The perspiration rolled off him. The upward progress was painfully slow. Indeed once when he let go the rope for an instant he shot down a whole story like a lump of lead. But this was his only chance. He pulled away and he pulled and pulled. The basement door to the dummy was locked and so was the back parlor door. He must toil to the second floor.

In the meantime the dumb waiter, not being built for any such weight or work, and being sadly in need of oiling, sent forth the most piercing and diabolical shrieks and groans. The upper stories of the house were filled with the noises of pandemonium. Every sleeper was awakened and all thought that the most desperate and audacious burglar of modern times was tearing his way up stairs by this novel means. It was a wonder the mistress of the house did not die of heart failure, so great was her alarm. She and the servants huddled together with faces bathed with cold perspiration, awaiting a terrible death. At last the wife summoned to her aid her last flickering spark of courage and, going to the door of the dumb waiter on that floor, assumed what she meant to be a terrible voice and called down:

"Who are you? What do you want?"

Up from the depths came her husband's answer, breathless and pathetic: "It's me—your husband."

The servants pulled him up. His wife fell on her bed exhausted. But he was rescued.—New York Sun.

VALLEY FORGE TO BE SOLD.

The Historical Camp Ground to Be Cut Up Into Building Lots.

Announcement is made that the historic revolutionary camp ground of Valley Forge, six miles to the west of Norristown, in Chester county, Pa., will soon be sold by the present owners in the shape of building lots. The tract comprises the entire site occupied by Gen. George Washington and the continental army during the winter of 1777-8. It covers 190 acres of beautiful rolling meadow land, broken up here and there with abrupt wooded hills. The whole locality is rich with patriotic mementos, and every rod of the ground is eloquent with suggestions of the past. In that camp, as every well-informed American schoolboy knows, was passed the gloomiest and saddest period of the war for the independence. There the patriot army, ragged, half starved, disheartened, without shoes, or blankets, or proper clothing, slept at night during the whole dreadful winter on the bare earth, and in the daytime, while providing fire wood for their rude, comfortless huts, left foot tracks of blood on the frozen ground, hallowing the very soil by the severity and heroism of their sufferings.

The site of the camp is but a few yards south of the Schuylkill river, and commands an extensive view of the lovely scenery along the course of that stream. The old stone mansion occupied as headquarters by Washington and his personal staff fronts the station of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. Southward, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, is the spot where Washington's original headquarters stood, the building, now removed, occupied by him early in December, 1777. At a stone's throw from there is the bubbling spring known as "Washington's Spring," on the right bank of Valley creek. On the other side of that, a step below, is the site of the old valley forge, from which the locality takes its name, built in 1757. To the southeast a few hundred yards, extending in a zigzag line approximately north and south for a quarter of a mile, are the remains of the old entrenchments and breastworks, still easily distinguishable by the irregular and scattered heaps of stones and the uneven elevations of the green sward.

To the right of these remains are the foundation stones and decayed timbers of Fort Mifflin, which served as the eastern bulwark of the camp. Southwest of this, a quarter of a mile further, is the site of the headquarters used by General Knox and the officers of his command, and a short distance below, on the other side of Valley creek, is the site of Lafayette's headquarters. The railroad station near Washington's stone house, which was then owned by Isaac Potts, is four miles east of Phoenixville, thirty-five miles east of Reading and twenty-three miles northwest of Philadelphia. Residents in the neighborhood still point out to visitors the place under an old oak tree, on the left bank of Valley creek, where Washington was discovered by Isaac Potts on his knees in prayer, his cheeks wet with tears, beseeching the Almighty for guidance and victory for the army entrusted to his command.—Baltimore Sun.

Hollow bricks are coming into more general use in eastern cities, and a number of large buildings have been built with them. It is claimed that they cost one-third less than the ordinary form, and make walls proof against fire, moisture and frost. They require a peculiar clay in their manufacture, one that will not shrink when burned.

One Way Out of It. Cleverton. "Say, old man, I'm in a fix. I've got to go to a ball tonight and these dress trousers are fearfully baggy. What would you do?"

Dashaway (thoughtfully).—"Brush your hair straight back, neglect your nails, don't dance and they'll think you are a genius."—Clothing and Furnisher.

"What is Brer Simpkinson?" asked a colored pillar of the little frame meeting house. "He kain't come out. He's wounded."

"Wounded! How did it 'cur?" "He was wishin' merry Christmas to de chickens in Mistah Jones' hen roost."

THERE is plenty of room at the top; when there is little it will cease to be the top.

A Joking Woman.

"Now you say that you have always been a loving and faithful wife, and that your husband has no cause for complaint, do you?" asked a lawyer of an Indiana woman opposing her husband's petition for a divorce.

"Yes, sir; I do say that very thing," was the reply. "And were you joking when you chased him all over the house with a red-hot poker?"

"Yes, I was; and he knows it, too."

"Didn't you sew him up in the bed-clothes one night and pound him with a club?"

"Well, now, the idea of a man trying to get a divorce from his own loving wife for a little joke like that!"

"Oh, so that was a joke, too, eh? Was it intended for a joke when you knocked him down cellar and threw three flat-irons after him?"

"Of course it was. I always was a jokey kind of a woman."

"I should say so. You thought it a joke when you locked him out of the house with the thermometer below zero, and he had to sleep in the hen-roost. That was a joke, eh?"

"Pshaw, now!" He's gone and told you of that little caper of mine, has he? Well, he never could take a joke, nowhow."

"A few more of your jokes would have killed him."

The judge thought so, too, and gave the man his "bill," whereupon his spouse of the past said:

"The idea of a man bein' allowed a divorce from the true and lovin' wife of his buzzum for a few little jokes like that. There ain't no justice in it."—Detroit Free Press.

Unlimited Credit.

The Young Ladies' Journal tells of a country schoolmistress who had much trouble with her pupils, and to avoid it made her examples placed before them of an explanatory character or illustrative. The effect was often unexpected. In going over their usual reading lesson a line was chosen by the lady upon which to test the merit of the scholars. The line read: "And he was a man of unlimited credit in business."

"Now, John, can you tell me what is meant by the word credit when used as in this 'ess n'?"

Thus she addressed one of the stumbling blocks of the school. "I dunno, marm," said Johnny, looking sheepish.

"You don't know?" said the mistress. "Well, look here. Supposing your mother was to compound of money at the latter part of the week, and needed provisions, etc., now what would she do?"

She was satisfied that her illustration was plain, and awaited the correct reply, and it came thus:

"Well, marm," replied Johnny. "I dunno what she would do, unless she pawned dad's Sunday coat."

The subject was instantly dropped, and the teacher has lost all faith in that style of illustration.

The Editor's Life. One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his dead-heading it on all occasions. No one who has never feasted on the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in the glory of its happiness. He does \$100 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year, rides \$25 worth and then he is looked upon as a deadhead or a half blown deadbeat. He "puffs" a concert troupe \$10 worth and gets \$1 in complementaries, and is thus paid "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complementaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket.

He blows and puffs a church festival free to any desired extent and does the poster printing at half rates and rarely gets a thank you for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances where a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July celebration, base ball club, or church, is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor. He passes "free" you know.

"WANTED—A saddle horse for a woman weighing 950 pounds," is an advertisement in a Washington Territory paper.

FOR DYSPEPSIA Use Brown's Iron Bitters. Physicians recommend it. All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Western Maryland Rail Road

CONNECTING WITH H. & P. R. R. at Hagerstown, Shenandoah Valley, and B. & O. Railroads at Hagerstown; P. W. & N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS: Schedule taking effect December 9th, 1889.

Table with columns: Read, ST. TONS., U. S. A. L. Includes routes like Hagerstown, Williamsport, and Shenandoah Valley.

Leave Williamsport for Hagerstown, 6:25, 7:15, 8:05, 8:55, 9:45, 10:35, 11:25, 12:15, 1:05, 1:55, 2:45, 3:35, 4:25, 5:15, 6:05, 6:55, 7:45, 8:35, 9:25, 10:15, 11:05, 11:55, 12:45, 1:35, 2:25, 3:15, 4:05, 4:55, 5:45, 6:35, 7:25, 8:15, 9:05, 9:55, 10:45, 11:35, 12:25, 1:15, 2:05, 2:55, 3:45, 4:35, 5:25, 6:15, 7:05, 7:55, 8:45, 9:35, 10:25, 11:15, 12:05, 12:55, 1:45, 2:35, 3:25, 4:15, 5:05, 5:55, 6:45, 7:35, 8:25, 9:15, 10:05, 10:55, 11:45, 12:35, 1:25, 2:15, 3:05, 3:55, 4:45, 5:35, 6:25, 7:15, 8:05, 8:55, 9:45, 10:35, 11:25, 12:15, 1:05, 1:55, 2:45, 3:35, 4:25, 5:15, 6:05, 6:55, 7:45, 8:35, 9:25, 10:15, 11:05, 11:55, 12:45, 1:35, 2:25, 3:15, 4:05, 4:55, 5:45, 6:35, 7:25, 8:15, 9:05, 9:55, 10:45, 11:35, 12:25, 1:15, 2:05, 2:55, 3:45, 4:35, 5:25, 6:15, 7:05, 7:55, 8:45, 9:35, 10:25, 11:15, 12:05, 12:55, 1:45, 2:35, 3:25, 4:15, 5:05, 5:55, 6:45, 7:35, 8:25, 9:15, 10:05, 10:55, 11:45, 12:35, 1:25, 2:15, 3:05, 3:55, 4:45, 5:35, 6:25, 7:15, 8:05, 8:55, 9:45, 10:35, 11:25, 12:15, 1:05, 1:55, 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