

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.



C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

Established by SAMUEL MOTTER in 1879.

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance.

VOL. XIV.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1892.

No. 19.

## 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—John L. Jordan.

**Orphan's Court.**  
Judge—Benard Colliflower, John R. Mills, Harrison Miller.  
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

**County Officers.**  
County Commissioners—William M. Gaither, Melville Cromwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Delator, William Morris.  
Sheriff—William H. Cromwell.  
Tax Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.

**Surveyor.**  
School Commissioners—Samuel Drotow, Herman L. Rontzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.

**Examiner—E. L. Bobbitt.**

I. S. ANNAN.

J. C. ANNAN.

POEM BY AMELIA WELBY.

I wandered out one summer night  
'Twas when my years were few;  
The wind was singing in the light,  
And I was singing too;  
The sunshine lay upon the hill,  
The shadow in the vale,  
And here and there a laughing rill  
Was laughing on the gale.  
One fleecy cloud upon the air  
Was all that met my eyes;  
It floated like an angel there  
Between me and the skies;  
I clasped my hands and warbled wild,  
As here and there I flew,  
For I was but a careless child,  
And did as children do.

Come where you can get anything you want in

**DRESS GOODS, CASSIMERES & HENRIETTAS,**  
black, cream and in any colors you wish, and at any price. India Linens, Victoria Lawns, Challis, Pongees, Percals, Gingham, Outing Cloths, Shantelly Muslin, Sateens, Turkish Toweling, Table Linen and Damasks, Pongee Drapery, white and colored Scrim, Large assortment of Hamburg and Lace all over embroidery, and

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—AND—  
See his splendid stock of  
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DENTIST,  
305 W. MADISON ST., BALTIMORE.

My duties as Dental Operator bring me to St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, on the second Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each month. I would inform the public that I will be pleased to see any one wishing my services at St. Sweeney's on Main St., near the square, at that time.

**CATARH CURED**  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1, 1888.  
Dr. Hartley, Baltimore, Md.  
In the winter of 1877 I suffered very seriously from Catarrh, falling to obtain relief otherwise, I resorted to the use of your Catarrh Remedy with entire satisfaction. The application of the remedy is painless, and my nose, head and throat were soon relieved. I keep a bottle in the house for use in case of a bad cold and find it invaluable.

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For all ailments; prevents Cholera Infantum; pleasant to take and perfectly harmless. 25 cts. at Druggists.

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A genuine sewed shoe, that will not split, that is comfortable, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from \$4 to \$6.

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A genuine sewed shoe, that will not split, that is comfortable, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from \$4 to \$6.

A healthy cow produces healthy milk. Moral—Use Biggs Bros. Crown Stock Food.

The waves came dancing o'er the sea  
In bright and glittering bands,  
Like little children wild with glee,  
They linked their dimpled hands;  
They linked their hands, but ere I caught  
Their sprinkled drops of dew,  
They kissed my feet, and, quick as thought,  
Away the ripples flew.

The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,  
As lightly and as free;  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand on the sea;  
For every wave with dimpled face  
That leaped upon the air  
Had caught a star in its embrace,  
And held it trembling there.

The young moon, too, with upturned sides  
Her mirrored beauty gave,  
Add as a bark at anchor rides,  
She rode upon the wave;  
The sea was like the heaven above,  
As perfect and as whole,  
Save that it seemed to thrill with love,  
As thrills the immortal soul.

The leaves by spirit's voices stirred,  
Made murmurs on the air,  
Low murmurs, that my spirit heard,  
And answered with a prayer;  
For 'twas upon that dewy sod,  
Beside the morning seas,  
I learned at first to worship God,  
And sing such strains as these.

The flowers all folded to their dreams,  
Were bowed in slumber free  
By breezy hills and murmuring streams,  
Where'er they chanced to be;  
No guilty tears had they to weep,  
No sighs to be forgiven;  
They closed their leaves and went to sleep  
'Neath the blue eye of Heaven!

No costly robes upon them shone,  
No jewels from the seas,  
Yet Solomon upon his throne  
Was ne'er arrayed like these;  
And just as free from guilt and art  
Were lovely human flowers,  
Ere sorrow set her bleeding heart.  
On this fair world of ours.

I heard the laughing wind behind  
Aplauding with my hair,  
The breezy fingers of the wind—  
How cool and moist they were!  
I heard the night-bird warbling o'er  
Its soft, enchanting strain;  
I never heard such sounds before  
And never shall again.

Then wherefore weave such strains as these,  
And sing them day by day  
When every bird upon the breeze  
Can sing a sweeter lay?  
I'd give the world for their sweet art,  
The simple, the divine—  
I'd give the world to melt one heart  
As they have melted mine!

**SAVED BY AN APE.**  
From New York Dispatch.  
Why I stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to South America is a mystery. The quaint Spanish fashion of the old city interested me, and I found it difficult to tear myself away. When I was ready to leave my brief sojourn in the country had inspired me with so much confidence that I eagerly embraced the suggestion of my landlord to cross the isthmus on horseback.

"Take it leisurely," he said; "follow the old road. It touches various points along the canal. You can make the journey in a couple of days and you will not mind spending a night in one of DeLesseppe's villages."

Now the canal was a pet hobby of mine. I was anxious to see how it was progressing. Besides, I had a friend who was one of the contractors, and I wanted to pay him a visit.

The next morning I mounted a gentle mustang, furnished by my host, and set out for Aspinwall, the Atlantic port, where I intended to take the steamer. As I wished to reach the camp of my friend Jackson by midday, I rode rapidly during the morning.

Enormous machines were at work excavating thousands of tons of dirt, and countless wagons were employed removing the loose earth. Myriads of workmen swarmed everywhere, jabbering to each other in all the tongues of the known world. Among them were men from all the countries of the world—Americans, Africans, Chinamen, West Indians and Malays. The fierce looks cast upon me by these fellows alarmed me; but I pretended to be a calm spectator of the animated scene. One of the contractors was about, and from him I learned that I would find Jackson about five miles further on.

"Are you armed?" asked the contractor.  
I told him that I had a revolver.  
"You will probably need it before you reach Aspinwall," said he. "You are passing through thirty thousand of the worst cut-throats that were ever collected together."

After hearing that I had a great mind to return to Panama, but the dread of being laughed at made me decide to push on. Assuming a determined, businesslike look, I put spurs to my mustang and ambled through the motley gang of laborers until I had the satisfaction of leaving them behind me. Fortunately I encountered no obstacle, and Jackson's camp was made just in time for dinner.

Here I was safe. Jackson was a big fellow, whose men were nearly all Americans. He was delighted to see me and gave me a capital dinner. During the two hours that I spent with him I filled him full of news and he, on the other hand, told me a lot of wonderful things about the canal. He made no secret of his conviction that the enterprise would drag along for years, but, as he was making bushels of money, the delay played into his hands. As I declined to stay all night with him, Jackson gave me some directions about my route, and at my departure confided to me a package containing ten thousand dollars, asking me to deposit it for him in one of the banks at Aspinwall.

I suggested that there was danger in carrying such a sum of money through the country, but the stalwart fellow laughed at my fears. He said that I would make the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez at nightfall, where I would be royally entertained. By daylight he thought I could take care of myself.

While this was going on I saw two brutal looking Mexicans at a short distance watching us intently and conferring together in low tones.  
"I don't like the looks of those rascals," I said.  
"Hello, there! Pedro, and you, Juan," shouted Jackson. "Get to work, you lazy beggars!"  
The Mexicans growled, and sullenly retired.

"They are two of the worst men in camp," said Jackson, "but they are not likely to bother you."  
I had my doubts; but the prospect of staying all night with Mendez somewhat reassured me, and I started off in very good spirits. My road took me through a scene of bewildering beauty. The tropical foliage round me glittered with all the hues of the rainbow. Unknown flowers of gorgeous magnificence and overpowering fragrance brightened the roadside.

Suddenly I came upon a pond of clear water in an open space. Hot, dusty and travel-worn, I could not resist the temptation. Without counting the consequences I fastened the mustang to a sapling and undressed in a hurry, placing my revolver under my clothes on the edge of the water. Then I plunged in and enjoyed a refreshing swim.

One thing annoyed me. All along the way I met monkeys everywhere. They were of all sizes, and the interest they took in my movements amused me not a little. Sometimes they chattered at me indignantly and shook their fists almost in my face. At a wave of my hand, however, they fled in precipitate terror.

As soon as I entered the lake the monkeys took fresh courage. They scrambled about in droves

and abused me to their hearts' content. Among them was one of species I had not seen before. He was a ferocious looking monster, fully five feet high and muscular as a bear. Before I realized the situation this great long-legged fellow swooped down on my clothes, and started with them for the woods. It was no joke to ride to Aspinwall in a decent rig, but I had no fancy for the role of Lady Godiva.

There was no time to lose. The monkey had left my revolver, and as soon as I could seize it I fired. He gave a howl and dropped everything but my coat. I hastily jumped into my recovered garments and gave chase. It was useless. The thief scurried up into the top of a tall cocoanut tree, and in a twinkling of an eye put on my coat, but toning it round him, and there proceeded to hurl cocoanuts at me with such precision that I was glad to quickly leap into the saddle.

But my troubles had just begun. I had reconciled myself to the loss of my coat, as Jackson's money was in an inside pocket of my waist, but the monkey showed a disposition to follow me. After firing at him several times I gave it up. His tough hide seemed bullet proof and there was no chance to kill him unless I shot him in the eye.

The declining sun warned me that it was time to seek shelter for the night, and I knew that in these tropical solitudes there was no twilight. I saw no cultivated fields, no houses, no signs of the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez.

The situation was growing serious. Occasionally a stone weighing a pound or two was hurled at me from leafy covert, and then the gigantic monkey would give a horrible laugh and scamper away. He was a funny looking chap in my blue flannel coat, but I was to angry to enjoy the comic aspect of the matter. It struck me that if the brute caught me in the dark he would make an end of me in no time. It was both horrible and humiliating, such a death in the tangled forests of this savage land.

Just then I saw a short distance off, in a clearing, a square stone hut. I was not disappointed much to find it uninhabited. It was strongly built, with no windows, and one entrance, from which the door had long since rotted away. A stepladder led to the loft. Ascending, I found a small apartment dimly lighted by round holes in the wall, which had evidently been used by sharpshooters at some revolutionary period in the history of the country. My mind was made up in an instant. I went back to my mustang and picketed him about one hundred and sixty yards from the hut in the bushes. Then I returned to my fortress just as darkness closed in upon me and sought refuge in the loft, pulling up the ladder after me. I was safe here, even from the monkeys, and I lay down feeling a sense of perfect security.

It must have been late in the night when I heard something moving in the room under me. Looking through the opening in the floor I could see nothing. I struck a match and by the flickering light I recognized the monkey. The wretch still wore my coat, and in the dim, uncertain light his appearance was more repulsive than ever.

I lay down again knowing that the beast could not get into the loft, and commenced planning for his destruction in the morning. I was satisfied that the animal belonged to a species of mountain apes, of great strength and terrible ferocity. Their cunning, I heard, was almost human, and they did not scruple to attack men and rend them limb from limb. I concluded when the morning light appeared, to draw the brute's attention and shoot him in one of his eyes. Having settled on this plan, I was about dropping in a doze, when I heard voices outside the hut. I listened with alert ears.

If, as you say, Pedro, this American is inside, we should ambush him and shoot him when he comes out in the morning."

"Now, by all the saints, Juan," was the reply of Pedro, "you are a cowardly fool. The Englishman, like all his countrymen, has his eyes open, and may get the drop on us."  
"Wonder what they'll do with the monkey?" I said to myself with a chuckle.  
"I hear the American moving," said Pedro.  
It was the monkey. The monster was walking in the circle all the time, and the dead leaves that had drifted into the hut rustled under his feet. There was another whispered consultation, and the Mexicans rushed into the room below. The outlaws saw a dark form and charged with their long, murderous knives.

I heard two dull thuds, and knew that Pedro and Juan had been dashed headlong against the walls. "Mother of Moses!" gasped Juan. "Knife him!"  
The robbers made another rush. "Ah! ah!" yelled Pedro. "Where are you, Juan! This hog of an American has me by the throat, and I have lost my knife."  
"He is a demon?" groaned Juan. "He is pounding my head against the wall!"  
A volley of yells followed and then a chorus of groans. Through it all I heard an ominous dull thud. At length silence prevailed, and I knew that all was over.

My last match was gone, but to my great delight it was nearly morning. With the first rays of daylight I peered through the hole in the floor. It was a ghastly sight that met my gaze. The two Mexicans lay on the floor quite dead. Their heads had been smashed by jets against the walls and their throats bore dark blue marks.

Sitting in the corner was the monkey. He was bleeding profusely and was evidently seriously hurt. At first I thought I would spare him. He saved my life and I was grateful. But when I fixed the ladder and descended the untamable beast prepared for a spring, and there was such evident malice in his eyes that I aimed at his eye and fired. One shot did the work. He rolled over dead.

It was no place for me after such an adventure, and I at once went in search of my mustang. To my great joy he was all right, and I was soon in the saddle and on my way to Aspinwall.

Depositing Jackson's money in the bank when I arrived, I immediately boarded the steamer. I knew that it would not be prudent to speak of the two Mexicans, and I had a suspicion that a statement of the part the monkey had borne in the tragedy would be regarded by the authorities as a cock-and-bull story. So I wisely kept my mouth until I was again among friends.

Of course, I have never wasted any regret on Pedro and Juan, but I still hold my horrible friend, the monkey, in great esteem.

**Tools of the Pyramid Builders.**  
A two years' study at Gizeh has convinced Mr. Flinders Petrie that the Egyptian stone workers of 4,000 years ago had a surprising acquaintance with what have been considered modern tools. Among the many tools used by the pyramid builders were both solid and tubular drills and straight and circular saws. The drills, like those of to-day, were set with jewels (probably corundum, as the diamond was very scarce), and even lathe tools had such cutting edges. So remarkable was the quality of the tubular drills and the skill of the workmen that the cutting marks in hard granite give no indication of wear of the tool, while a cut of a tenth of an inch was made in the hardest rock at each revolution, and a hole through both the hardest and softest material was bored perfectly smooth and uniform throughout. Of the material and method of making the tools nothing is known.—Scientific American.

**IF YOUR BACK ACHES.**  
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try **FRONTS' FRONTS BITTERS.** It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite.





