

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.

NO. 18.

## DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

**Circuit Court.**  
Chief Judge—Hon. James McSherry.  
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and  
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State's Attorney—Edw. S. Richeberger.  
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

**Orphan's Court.**  
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Delauney, William Morrison.  
Sheriff—William H. Cromwell.  
Tax Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.

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**Churches.**  
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Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinholdt. Services  
every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock  
a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening  
lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at  
9 o'clock a. m.

**Reformed Church of the Incarnation.**  
Pastor—Rev. A. M. Schaffner. Services every  
Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30  
o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at  
7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning  
services at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock  
p. m. Wednesday evening lectures and prayer  
meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 8:45  
o'clock a. m.

**St. Joseph's Catholic Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White, C. M. First Mass  
6:30 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m.,  
Vespers 8 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2  
o'clock p. m.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Henry Mann. Services every  
other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer  
meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30  
o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock p. m.  
Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at  
3 o'clock.

**Mails.**  
Arrive.  
Way from Baltimore, 9:30 a. m., and 7:15 p. m.,  
Mott's, 11:30 a. m., Frederick, 11:30 a. m., and  
7:15 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m., Rocky Ridge,  
7:15 p. m., Eyer, P. O., 9:30 a. m.

**Societies.**  
Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.  
Kindred her Council fire every Saturday evening,  
8th Run, Officers: Prophet, Wm. Morrison;  
Sachem, J. K. Byers; Sen. Sag, Joseph Claiborn;  
Jun. Sag, J. H. Webb; C. of R., M. F. Shuff;  
Representative, Wm. Morrison. Trustees,  
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**Emerald Beneficial Association.**  
P. A. Adelsberger, President; H. H. Wirtell,  
Vice-President; Geo. Seybold, Secretary; V. A. Rie-  
ley, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stoner, Treas-  
urer. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in  
F. A. Adelsberger's building, West Main street.

**Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.**  
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-  
Commander, Samuel N. McNair; Junior Vice-  
Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W.  
Davison; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks;  
Officers of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the  
Guard, Albert Dotterer; Surgeon, John Shank;  
Council Administration, Samuel Gamble, Joseph  
Frame and John A. Baker; Delegate to State  
Encampment, Wm. A. Fraley; Alternate, Har-  
vey G. Winter.

**Vigilant Hose Company.**  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each  
month at Firemen's Hall. President, V. E.  
Rowe; Vice-President, G. W. Bushman; Sec-  
retary, Wm. H. Trosell; Treasurer, Paul Motter;  
Sticks, Capt. Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Chas.  
R. Hoke; 2nd Lieut., Samuel L. Rowe.

**Emmitsburg Choral Union.**  
Meets at Public School House, 2nd and 4th  
Tuesdays of each month, at 8 o'clock P. M.  
Officers—President, Rev. W. Simonton, D. D.;  
Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary,  
W. H. Trosell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Con-  
ductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant Conduc-  
tor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

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

**The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent  
Association.**  
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CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.  
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and bedding, washing, mending and  
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directed to the Mother Superior.

**mar 15-16**

## What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-  
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its  
good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of  
which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not  
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agents down their throats, thereby sending  
them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitchel,  
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that  
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"Our physicians in the children's depart-  
ment have spoken highly of their experi-  
ence in their outside practice with Castoria,  
and although we only have among our  
medical supplies what is known as regular  
products, yet we are free to confess that the  
merits of Castoria has won us to look with  
favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,  
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

They say, I do not love thee,  
Flag of my native land;  
Whose meter folds above me,  
To the free breeze expand;  
The broad stripes proudly streaming,  
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say, I would forsake thee,  
And some do cry aloud below;  
That, recreant I should make thee;  
Crouch to a foreign power;  
Seduced by license ample  
On thee, blest flag to trample.

They say, that bolts of thunder,  
Cast in the forge of Rome,  
May rise and bring thee under,  
Flag of my native home,  
And with one blow dis sever  
My heart from thee forever.

False are the words they utter,  
Ungenerous their brand;  
And rash catharsis murther,  
Flag of my native land;  
Whilst still, in hope above me,  
Thou waverest—and I love thee!

God is my love's first duty,  
To whose eternal name  
Be praise for all thy beauty,  
Thy grandeur and thy fame;  
But ever have I reckoned  
Thine, native flag, my second.

Woe to the foe or stranger,  
Whose sacrilegious hand,  
Would touch thee, or endanger  
Flag of my native land;  
Though some would fain discard thee,  
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,  
And in thy folds I'll trust;  
Beliefs, opinions, manners,  
Promiscuously be laid;  
And there all discord blended,  
Our hearts and souls be joined.

Stream on, stream on before us,  
Thou laborer of light,  
While in one general chorus,  
Our vows to thee we plight;  
Unfaithful to thee—never!  
My native land forever!

### PETE.

BY MARY HENSHAW GROSVENOR.

PETE's first appearance was sudden.  
The last hour at the free kindergarten  
was drawing to a close, and the  
children were quite breathless with their  
exertions, when a creaking of hinges and  
a blast of icy air drew all eyes to the  
door, in the opening of which Pete stood  
discovered.

He was about five years old, with a  
sneering countenance, plentifully besprinkled  
by nature with freckles, and by art  
with grime and splashes of mud. His  
blue eyes met you fearfully, with a  
sneering twinkle in the corners, and his red  
hair shone with a fiery lustre through the  
crowns of his hat.

In dress, Pete was simplicity itself. A  
pair of ragged trousers, held on over a  
grimy shirt by one dispirited "gaiter,"  
one buttoned shoe, from which the but-  
ton had long departed, their places be-  
ing supplied by a dirty green ribbon tied  
around the ankle; the other, through  
which the bare toes peeped appealingly,  
was laced with a bit of yellow string—  
apparently Pete had an eye to color—  
while the whole costume was appropri-  
ately roofed in by the dilapidated hat.  
Shyness never being one of Pete's  
faults, he spoke up briskly, as he met  
the teacher's eyes fixed in wonder upon him.

"Say, I'm a new scholar. I want to  
join this here school. I think it's prime."  
"But," the teacher answered, "we  
can't take any new scholars; the school  
is full."

"Come, now," he said, a little crest-  
fallen, but soon recovering, and winking  
knowingly at the teacher. "I ain't none  
of your charity scholars. See I brought  
my money along."

Here he opened a grimy flat and dis-  
closed in the moist palm, five very sticky  
pennies.

By this time the teacher had recovered  
from her first surprise, and, interested by  
this specimen of humanity, asked:  
"What's your name?"

"Pete's my name; all these here kids  
knows me."

Here the children all joined in the chorus:  
"We know him, Miss Katie; his name's  
Pete Brown, and he don't belong to no  
one much; just lives along with old Miss  
Brown at Liberty Hall—one of the  
worst dens in that unsavory neighbor-  
hood."

Pete nodded briskly in confirmation of  
these remarks.  
"Say, teacher, take my money, and  
lemme stay."

"I can't take your money, Pete,"  
Miss Katie began, and his face grew  
very grave, while his lip trembled, as he  
asked:  
"Ain't it enough? I can't get no  
more, teacher; it took me a long time to  
get this." Then his face brightened  
again. "But, I say, can't yer take me  
for this, and let me work out the rest? I  
kin work, I tell yer."

"Pete," Miss Katie answered, and her  
eyes were very misty, as she looked down  
into the little face turned up so wistfully  
towards her, "you can keep your money  
—and you can stay."

And so Pete was enrolled as a kinder-  
garten "kid," that being a sort of pet  
name in the neighborhood, and turned  
him back resolutely upon all his old asso-  
ciations.

His satisfaction was intense; he seemed  
fairly to absorb the teaching in every  
core, and his beaming smile was called  
out by an answering one into every face upon  
which it was turned.

Gradually he became more civilized in  
appearance, the dirt retreating into the  
more outlying districts, then finally re-  
treating altogether. Miss Katie dared not  
give him any more lessons, but he was  
all the while being drilled by the dread-  
ful old woman with whom he lived, so  
she was obliged to content herself with  
leading him some while he was at school,  
which she would shed, with his usual  
cheerful equanimity, when the time came  
—McClure's Magazine.

When Two Halves Don't Make a Whole

Teacher—Yes, two halves make a  
whole in every instance.  
Small Boy—I can name an instance  
in which they don't.

Teacher—I should like to hear it.  
Small Boy—Well, two half-brothers  
won't make a whole one.

been lately promoted to a public school.

Miss Katie said:  
"I am going to let Pete carry my bag  
every day now; he is so careful."  
As there had been many applicants for  
the position, Pete's satisfaction knew no  
bounds at having been selected over  
those who were much older, and had  
been so much longer at the kindergarten.  
One might almost have warmed one's self  
at his smile, as each day he carried the  
little bag to the car, giving it to her just  
as she was about to step in.

One snowy day, when the wind blew a  
gale, making every woman wish for at  
least two pairs of hands to manage skirts  
and umbrellas, Miss Katie found, when  
she was in the car, that she had forgotten  
to take her bag.

It had the children's pennies, brought  
each day for the little savings fund, and  
she feared Pete's honesty might not stand  
the test, blaming herself for having placed  
temptation in his way.

Too late, now, for with a bang and a  
whiz, the electric car was off; a break-  
neck speed.

She was earlier than usual at the school  
the next morning, and, as the children  
gathered, she saw, with a sinking heart,  
that both Pete and the bag were mis-  
sing.

Her fears were not allayed by the  
remarks with which the children greeted  
her.

"Miss Katie, Pete's been took off in the  
patrol wagon,"—this from a little boy  
whose envy at Pete's notoriety was ill-  
concealed.

"Miss Katie, he was fightin' awful about  
your bag."  
"I seen him kack'd down."

"A man said he'd bu'st his head  
open."

Certainly, something had happened;  
but he less of obtaining any reliable in-  
formation from such an excited group,  
order was called for, and the day's work  
went on.

What a long, long morning it was, and  
how she missed the merry smile and ro-  
guish twinkle of the blue eyes!

She realized now how the boy had  
wounded himself about her heart. Could  
he, indeed, be a thief? A thief! Her  
little Pete, of whom she had hoped so  
much?

The children went home alone that af-  
ternoon, for Miss Katie said behind to ar-  
range some work for the following day.  
She was bending over a table, with her  
back to the door, when the well-known  
creak made her turn quickly, hoping  
against hope. A sturdy policeman filled  
the doorway, meeting her glance with a  
friendly nod; for Officer Smith was always  
a welcome guest at the kindergarten, hav-  
ing helped the teacher in many ways. In  
his hand he held the little bag Pete had  
carried so proudly.

"Here's your bag, Miss Katie," he said,  
with a smile, "and I guess you'll want to  
hear how I came by it?"

"I am almost afraid to ask. Did Pete  
steal it?"

"Steal? No! That there Pete's  
the gamest little cock I ever did see,"  
setting himself against the wall, with the  
evident intention of getting all out of the  
story in one sitting. "W'y, bless yo',  
no sooner were yo' off yesterday when  
Dan Granger came down on the little fel-  
low and ordered him to give up the bag.  
You know Dan—a big fellow about six  
teen, and the bully of this ward. And  
what do you think Pete done? Set off  
to run first, as his legs would carry  
him, and when he saw that wouldn't  
work, put the bag behind him against  
a wall, and stood there, that little chap,  
ready to fight that hulking fellow. I'll  
knock the life out of you," Dan said, and  
Pete answered up as game as you please,  
"You won't, wot'n't you, Dan, you do, Dan  
Granger." Bless your eyes, they was in  
the thick of it when I come round the  
corner, and that Granger took off pretty  
sharp, while Pete—he just run into my  
arms, put the bag in my hand, and tumbled  
over in a faint, with the blood running  
from a big cut in his head."

The two were falling as Miss Katie  
asked eagerly:  
"But where is he now? Have you taken  
him to the hospital? The children  
said he was carried off in a patrol-  
wagon!"

The big policeman looked a little sheep-  
ish as he answered:  
"He ain't gone to no hospital, Miss  
Katie. The doctor at the station-house  
said he was not much hurt, and a little  
care would put him on his feet again."

"You did not send him back to that  
dreadful place!"—clapping her hands in  
distress.

A smile chased itself over his face, and  
he spoke half apologetically:  
"No, he ain't gone back there."

"Then, where is he?" she asked, won-  
dering if she would ever solve the mys-  
tery of his whereabouts. Then he drew  
closer to her, and, looking over her shoul-  
der furtively, answered in a hoarse wis-  
per:

"Well, you see, Miss Katie, he was such  
a game little chap it seemed as if he  
ought to have a chance, so I spoke to my  
wife, and—and—well, she's been griev-  
ing awful for the little fellow we lost  
last year, so she just held out her arms,  
and I put Pete into them, and there he's  
going to stay."

Miss Katie took the big red fist in her  
two hands, and gave it a hearty shake.  
"You good man! God will surely bless  
you both!" then seeing his embarrass-  
ment, and the anxious look, he turned to  
the door, as though contemplating imme-  
diate flight, changing the subject by say-  
ing, "But, Mrs. Brown!"

"She ain't got one bit of claim on that  
boy, but I thought I'd better shut up her  
mouth with a dollar or two. I guess  
she'll drink herself to death with the  
money, but she was bound to do that  
soon or later. Pete's just about wild  
to see you, and I promised him I'd ask  
you to step around after school."

Pete, in a clean, white bed for the first  
time in his life, and his wounded head  
bound up most scientifically, was per-  
fectly unembarrassed by the elegance of  
his surroundings, but met Miss Katie's  
eyes with the same beaming smile, clasp-  
ing his arms tightly about her neck as she  
stooped to kiss him.

"My little Pete! My brave little boy!  
He might have killed you!"  
"He never got nothin' off me, Miss  
Katie. He never knew how strong I  
was, and he was bound to do that."

"O, Peter! He was not worth it. I  
would rather have let him take the bag.  
You ought to have given it to him,  
rather than let him hurt you so badly."

"Don't you cry, Miss Katie, I ain't hurt  
so bad. Mam Brown often licked me  
harder than this. And my eye, Miss  
Katie, when you give me that bag, and  
sed you trusted me, you see I just could  
not give it up while I was a livin'."

There is not much more to write about  
Pete, whose lines had now fallen in place.

ant places. He did not desert the kinder-  
garten, but came each day to his place  
in the ring, with the same beaming smile  
and happy chuckle, doing his duty  
faithfully in his little corner, and per-  
fectly unconscious of being pointed out  
again and again as "Our little hero,  
Pete!"

### EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.

THE Sunday morning breakfast  
table was wrapped in gloom,  
all because the eggs were not  
cooked enough to suit Jack. He  
pouted and sulked until his father  
looked very solemnly indeed over the  
top of his newspaper at the little boy.

Then the eggs vanished, but the  
frowns didn't, and Jack finally said:  
"I don't think much of eggs."

"They are very good for little  
boys," said Jack's mother.

"You ought to be thankful you can  
get 'em," chimed in Grace, who is  
twelve and only a girl, while Jack is  
nine and a boy.

"I don't care," replied Jack. "I  
don't."

"Suppose, Jack, that instead of  
nice hen's eggs you had to eat the  
eggs of wild fowl, as the little boys  
do who live in Greenland? Some-  
times these eggs are so oily that they  
could almost be fried in their own fat,  
and taste so strongly of fish that  
even sailors object to them."

"I wouldn't eat 'em," replied Jack.  
"But," said Mr. Page, "Suppose  
there was nothing else to eat except  
fish or dried reindeer or tallow can-  
dles or whales' blubber?"

"I'd—I'd blubber," returned Jack.  
"I suspect you would," said Mr.  
Page. "And yet hens' eggs are not  
by any means the only eggs that find  
their way to market. You remember  
how much you liked the shade roe the  
other day. That was only the eggs of a  
shad. Many persons like caviare,  
which is the eggs of a sturgeon  
smoked and salted. Turkey, duck,  
and goose eggs are plentiful in the  
city markets at some seasons of the  
year. Plovers, eggs are greatly  
liked in England. Guinea-hens' eggs  
too, are sold by the thousand dozens  
in the summer, although they do not  
differ much from the eggs of ordinary  
hens."

"I'd like 'em all the better for that,"  
interrupted Jack.

"Papa," said Grace, who likes to  
learn things, "are those oily eggs that  
taste like fish eaten in Greenland?"

"Yes," replied her father. "And  
they are not by any means the only  
eggs there. Some of these eggs of  
wild fowl are about as good as hens'  
eggs, and whole fleets of vessels go  
every spring to the Hebrides islands,  
north of Scotland, to Greenland, Lab-  
rador, and some other places, to  
gather the eggs of these wild fowl  
during the breeding season."

"I like birds," announced Jack.  
"So do I," said Grace. "If they're  
canaries."

"Pooh!" declared Jack, "I like quail  
'n' turkey, 'n' ducks, 'n' chickens, 'n'  
cartridges, 'n'—"

"I suppose you mean partridges,"  
said Mr. Page. "We all know, Jack,  
that the birds you like are good to  
eat. I ought to have told you one  
quaint thing about the eggs of the  
sea-fowl that we have been talking  
about. The mother birds usually lay  
their eggs on ledges of rock along the  
faces of cliffs, and it is very hard and  
sometimes dangerous work to collect  
them."

"I should think they'd roll off,"  
said Jack.

"So they would," replied his father,  
"if they were shaped like most eggs.  
Instead they are about the shape of  
one of Jack's toes. That is they are  
very broad at the larger end. For that  
reason they never roll far even  
when they are disturbed, but simply  
wheel around in a circle as a top just  
before it stops spinning. So the  
mother bird lays her eggs on the bare  
rocks without any danger of their  
rolling over the edge of the cliff and  
being smashed."

"That's funny," was Jack's comment.  
"Not funny, Jack," said Grace, who  
has a way of knowing things that  
Jack finds unpleasant; not funny, but  
odd or strange."

"Never mind, Grace," said her  
mother.

"Haven't you ever noticed," Mr.  
Page went on, when you were in the  
country in the summer that the eggs  
of birds that build nests on the ground  
are usually spotted with brown, and  
are very much the color of dried  
grass. That in its way is as curious  
as the shape of the sea fowl eggs, and  
the result is practically the same.  
The eggs are safe, although in the  
case of the ground bird it is robbers  
and not a tumble that has to be  
guarded against."

"That's funny," said Jack again.  
"It isn't any more strange," re-  
turned Mr. Page, "than the care the  
sand swallow and the kingfisher take  
in boring holes in the face of a cliff  
in order to lay their eggs and raise  
their young out of reach of their foes.  
Nor is it any more curious than the  
hammock which the oriole swings at  
the end of a bough in the orchard to  
escape hungry snakes, nor than the  
nest of the raft bird, which builds its  
nest in the shallow water along the  
borders of lakes, and has been known

to push its curious raft out of reach  
when danger threatened it. There is  
one bird which takes good care of its  
eggs, and yet is a very mean and cow-  
ardly bird. The cuckoo lays its eggs  
in other birds' nests, and so leaves  
not only the work of building a home  
but of hatching the eggs and feeding  
the young, cuckoos to other birds.  
This bird is almost as bad as the lit-  
tle boy who always wants his sister to  
wait on him."

"I didn't have time to do it myself,"  
said Master Jack.

"I haven't mentioned any names,"  
Mr. Page went on, "except the names  
of birds, and none of these birds have  
told me anything about Jack. Can  
either of you children tell me which  
bird lays the largest egg?"

"A goose," guessed Jack.  
"An ostrich," answered Grace.  
"That's right. An ostrich's egg is  
as large as a coconut. The mother  
bird usually lays it on the ground with  
little preparation in the way of a nest,  
and the father bird does most of the  
sitting on it until it is hatched. The  
hot sand usually helps the old fellow  
out, however."

"Does either of you children know,"  
asked their mother, "what is the most  
valuable egg in the world?"

"Neither of the children did.  
"I saw it when I was in Washington  
this winter," Mrs. Page said. "It is in  
the Smithsonian Institute, and is the  
egg of the great auk. The last auk died  
in New Zealand about fifty years ago  
and so there will be no more eggs."

"Aren't there any auks alive now?"  
inquired Jack.

"No," replied his mother.

"Then, why doesn't somebody  
hatch out that egg and raise one



## GOD AND MAMMON.

Judging from the debates in Congress and voluminous newspaper reports relative to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Silver bill, it would seem that the thought uppermost in the minds of the vast majority of men, was the lust for money. In all ages this passion of the human heart has been as insatiable as the daughter of the horse-leech, whose incessant cry is "Give! Give!" We have heard it said, over and over again, with sonorous refrain, by the advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor, that intemperance in drink has caused more misery, and slain more victims, than all of the wars, and famines, and pestilences that have ever ravaged the earth. While we cannot, of course, verify these calculations exactly, there is a consensus of opinion as to their approximate veracity. We would not be far wrong, perhaps, in adding, that the love of money, being the root of all evil, has more than matched in desolation the dreadful havoc of intemperance. The familiar example of Dives and Lazarus, ever old and ever new, recurs to all in this citation. We remember, too, how even the heart of the good young man in the Scriptures was troubled, when our Divine Lord pointed out to him how the road to perfection lay in the abandonment of his wealth.

The Chinese are said to possess, in their vast empire, the richest gold mines in the world, but have never worked them, or permitted outside persons to do so. They are alleged to give as a reason for this peculiar neglect of a golden opportunity, that from the disturbance of these treasure-caves demons would flock forth and devour or injure them. Much as the Chinese man loves money, and industriously as he slaves for it in many lands, this temptation has been resisted. And have not demons, indeed, been disclosed by gold exploitation? All who have read of the incidents of the mining operations of California, must concede that many results which may not be too strongly denominated as infernal, did, in reality, follow the delving for gold.

We also read that a formidable party has been organized in the Argentine Republic to discourage, if not to prevent, further entrance of foreign capital. The indictment of it cites that the \$1,000,000,000 poured into that country from England and Germany, had debauched the people, and done much more harm than good. The reaction from that gigantic investment toppled down the mightiest banking house in the world, wiped out many millions, created panic over a large part of the universe, and may have, more than any other factor, produced the present stringency in the United States, with its consequential troubles.

## LITERARY NOTES.

One of the most entertaining contributions to the series on Men's "Occupations" is Fred J. Miller's description of the every-day life of the "Machinist." The author writes from practical experience of this life, and in his paper shows what unusual qualities of ingenuity, pertinacity and insight are necessary to the making of a successful machinist on whom rests so much of modern progress. The illustrations from life are by O. H. Bacher. Edward J. Lowell, in the September *Scribner*, has a charming essay on the evolution of clothes from the toga to trousers, with a series of illustrations by W. L. Taylor.

## THE FOUNDING OF BAGDAD.

The people of Bagdad have a strange legend concerning the founding of their city. Once, they say, an Arabian caliph was riding along the bank of the river Tigris, when, struck by the beauty of the surroundings, he resolved to build a city there. He immediately told his courtiers of his design, and they tried to discourage him. He was turning the matter over in his mind when an old hermit issued from the forest.

"My son," he said, "tradition tells that a city will be built here, and the name of its builder will be Moeas."

"There!" said the courtiers. "The matter is settled; for that is not your name."

But the caliph got off his horse, knelt on the plain and gave thanks. "When I was a little lad," said he, "I stole my nurse's bracelet and pawned it. Thereupon she ever afterward spoke of me as Moeas, after a great robber of that time. This old man could not have known of the name she had given me, and I believe I am to be the city's founder."

And so it proved; for he built Bagdad.

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are constantly increasing. Try it.

## A TOUCHING STORY.

JOSEPH LUTTELL relates the following: Anyone who travels much as a lecturer is sure to do, sees and hears many things which make deep impressions on him. One evening in January while approaching Sioux City, Iowa, I was in conversation with one of those general, ubiquitous travelers a drummer. As we rounded a curve on the railway, he said to me, "I must tell you an incident which occurred just here. The last time I was over this road—about six months ago—I stopped at a little town back there, twelve miles from Sioux City. I meant to take this train, the express, for the city as I am doing to-night but was told at the depot that it was two hours late. There were six men of us, so we obtained permission to come upon a freight which was about to start. We expected to arrive at least an hour ahead of the express which had been delayed by a freight blockade, or a wreck, or something. At last we started and had gotten into conversation in the little caboose car at the rear. One of our party was a young man who had just started a barber shop in Sioux City. He said he had been down to see his young wife and to welcome their first baby, which was born the night before. It was a little boy and both were doing well. He would bring them to Sioux City as soon as they were able. We had just rounded that curve back there when some one noticed a bright light out behind. It grew brighter rapidly. I spoke to the brakeman about it. He opened the back door then turning to us exclaimed, "Boys the express is on us! We've got to jump for it!" We all landed safely. Excepting some bruises and scratches, all but the last man, the barber. The express struck the caboose just in time to catch him and give him a terrible squeeze. The caboose was crushed and the express engine badly damaged.

I saw the barber fall outside the track. Two of us who were not much hurt, ran to him, picked him up, carried him across the ditch and laid him on the grass. I examined him and found that he was badly crushed about the chest, but he was not unconscious, and after a moment or two in which he struggled for breath, he looked up at me and said, "Am I badly hurt, boys?" "I'm afraid you are, my dear fellow," I replied. "Why, I don't feel any pain," he said. Then I knew his injury was fatal. A few moments later I saw a sleepy look come over his pale face and stooping down I said to him, "Say, partner, is there anything you'd like to say, anything you'd like me to tell your wife?" He opened his eyes and a warm, kindly light came into his face as he said, slowly, "Tell her I love her tenderly; tell her to take good care of our dear little boy—God bless him!" Then he became drowsy and seemed to be going to sleep. Soon I saw his lips move and thought he was trying to say something to me. I stooped down close to him and listened carefully, heard him say in slow, sleepy broken language,—"down to sleep, I pray the Lord, my soul to keep—if—if I should die—before I—wake, I pray the Lord—my soul—to—take," and he was gone. "I think" said the drummer as he wiped the moisture from his eyes, "I think that, as he fell asleep, he remembered that little prayer which he perhaps had learned as a child at his mother's knee."

## SUN SPOTS.

That there are spots on the sun has passed into a proverb. They are never absent from that orb, and once in about eleven years they appear in unusual numbers. What they are, the wisest astronomers have been unable to answer save by propounding a variety of theories, no one of which has been entirely satisfactory to human reason. Astronomers accept the theory that there are cavities in the photosphere, and that these are openings to a less luminous stratum below. But we must be content to leave such considerations in the region of theory and concern ourselves with observation. On Sunday, Aug. 6, Garrett P. Serviss, in his observations in Ithaca, N. Y., saw twelve small dark patches on the face of the sun and a larger one. On the days following, other astronomers through the country observed these spots with even greater distinctness. Astronomers attach to these appearances no special significance; they are interesting phenomena—that is all. The special point of interest this time is the unusual appearance of the spots. The small ones are in five groups, and the large one is on the right below the equator. They are observable to the naked eye as well as with the telescope.

## A Fine Writer, of Course.

Teacher—Name some great writer of former times.  
Boy—Spencer.  
Teacher (surprised)—You have been a closer student than I thought, Willie. Now, tell the class what you know of Spencer's writings.  
Boy—He wrote copy-books.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

## EDISON'S FIRST EXPERIMENT.

The Turning Point in the Life of the Great Electrical Inventor.

His second venture in practical telegraphy was the turning point of his life. The story is told as it was related to the writer by Mr. J. U. Mackenzie, who, during the early sixties, was the station agent and operator at Mt. Clemens, Mich.

As a newsboy, Edison's run took him twice a week through Mount Clemens, on the train known as the "mixed" division. This train reached that station between ten and eleven A. M., and returned to Port Huron between four and five P. M. Young Edison was popular with the railroad men, whom he delighted to entertain in his train laboratory with chemical experiments, and had made a staunch friend of the Mount Clemens operator, Mr. Mackenzie and his wife and family lived over the station.

It was a summer day. The "mixed" arrived in good time, and the train was cut loose ahead of the baggage car, in order to pick up a car of freight on its way to Jackson. This left the passenger and baggage car at the north end of the station platform. The engine and freight cars backed in on the freight house track, and pulled out the car on the main track, without a brakeman, giving it a gentle push toward the baggage car. The track was very level.

"My son, then two and a half years old," said Mr. Mackenzie, "unobserved by his nurse, had strayed upon the main track and was amusing himself throwing pebbles, when Edison, who stood near with papers under his arm, turned, and saw the child's danger. Throwing aside his papers, he plunged between the cars, just in time to drag himself and child clear of the approaching cars. Except scratches, both escaped without injury. The act was heroic, and our gratitude was unbounded. I was just then unable, however, to substantially reward the young hero. Then I remembered his absorbing interest in telegraphy. Many a time I had driven him from the office, for his curiosity led him into all sorts of mischief, to my annoyance.

"At I said, 'stop at Mount Clemens from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M., several days each week, and I will perfect you as an operator, and get you a position. The offer was eagerly accepted.

"Edison soon had erected a line from the station to my brother-in-law's sleeping room over the station. The instruments used were made by Edison's own hands, at a gun shop in Detroit. In construction and operation they were perfect. Subsequently the boy got up a perfectly equipped working line from the station to the village drug store—a distance of one mile. It worked very well in the fine, dry weather during which it was built, but the first rainy day rendered it useless. It could hardly have been otherwise, for nine-tenths of the line was fastened with mere penny nails to the cedar of a snake stake. There was no insulators of any kind, and the line was what is known as stovepipe annealed wire. Excepting two paid messages sent over this line, the whole was a financial failure.

"One day while the line was in operation, Al rushed into my office, his eyes electric sparks.

"Mr. Mackenzie," he cried, "I can send two messages at the same time over a single wire!"

"Away with your nonsense!" I replied, and drove him out of the office. After the Boston trial in which Edison's claim to the invention of the 'duplex' was contested, I recalled to him the incident.

"Had I your evidence, Mackenzie," said the inventor in reply, 'it would have saved me \$300,000.'

In three months the pupil excelled the master, who had no hesitation in recommending him to the telegraph superintendent. Edison became night operator at Standford, Ontario. Young Mackenzie now rides the largest bicycle in the United States, and is a trusted man in his rescuer's employ.

## SEA LACE AND SEA MOSS.

Many children have gone to the seashore in the summer, and they must have seen a funny sea-weed called "sea-lace." It loves to fasten itself on rocks and stones.

This little sea-weed is like a cord, and sometimes there are many of them fixed together. They might be used for shoe strings when they are dry, they are so strong. Fishermen do often use them for lines.

In England they call this sea-lace "dead man's rope," because when people are swimming it winds around them, and holds them so tightly that they cannot get away.

In great masses it even sometimes stops vessels. Some of these cords are forty feet long.

The sea moss is the "Irish moss," which, when dry, is used in making the nice jellies and blanc-mange you are so fond of.

I am sure you have often seen it when you have been on the beach. It grows in clusters, with little fringed edges, far above where the waves come in. Sometimes it bleaches out almost white.

## Too Much Changing.

A lad who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he had got through, with the remark: "It was very nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject very often." It was his sister who thought the first ice-cream she tasted was "a leetle touched with the frost."

## HOWARD'S WAY.

Billy sat beside the well-curb with two streams of tears running down his plump cheeks.

"Why, Billy, what is the matter?" said Howard, looking up from the big book that he was studying.

"I've—dropped my knife—down the well!" sobbed Billy. "And mamma says she can't get me another, 'cause I lost one in the hay-mow, and two at school, and one when I was turning somersaults, and one I traded for a whistle that wouldn't whistle—oh, dear!"

"But how did you drop your knife down the well?" asked Howard.

"I was just cutting a big B in the bucket," said Billy, looking a little ashamed.

"Ho! what a boy!" laughed Howard. "But don't cry; I'll aring your knife up for you."

Billy dried his eyes as once, and looked on with wonder, while Howard brought a large magnet, a small hand-mirror, and a long string.

He tied the string to the magnet, and held the mirror over the well. The glass reflected the sun, and flashed a light down into the well.

"I see the knife!" cried Howard.

"Here, Billy, hold the glass, while the magnet goes fishing."

Splash! went the magnet into the well, and in a minute up it came again, with the knife hanging fast, just by its blade.

Howard drew it up, slowly and carefully, and when it was safely landed, both the boys shouted "Hurrah!"

"How smart you were to think of all that!" said Billy, admiringly.

"Well, I won't cut any more B's in the water-bucket, honestly!"

## A ROYAL KNITTER.

Queen Victoria is an expert and indefatigable knitter. During the last Egyptian campaign, she and the ladies of the household, employed themselves in knitting quilts, which, at the end of the war, were sent to Netley Hospital for the use of the wounded. One of these, made entirely by her Majesty, and bearing an elaborate V. R. in the centre, was the coveted prize of excellence of the institution, and in universal demand for a time. In assessing the claims of the candidates for the honor of sleeping under it, the medical staff naturally gave the precedence to the most severely wounded, and as the most likely to die, very soon, alas! an evil omen attached itself to the distinction the climax of which was reached one night, when a poor soldier, feeling something touching his bedclothes, woke up with the perspiration pouring down his face, and cried out: "Oh, sir, do anything you like with me, but for God's sake, don't give me the quilt!"

## The Laboring Classes.

To every one who pays even cursory attention to the signs of the times, it is perfectly obvious that the relations of the poor, and particularly of those of them who are out of employment, to the wealthy, are daily becoming more strained. In almost every country in Europe this is the case. Strikes have assumed a formidable dimension, and riotous proceedings almost invariably attend them; and where they do not, it is because of the presence of large bodies of soldiers ready to shoot down the rioters. Meanwhile, radical, revolutionary socialism is rapidly increasing the number of its adherents.

In this country, a like state of things is coming to prevail. In the city of New York alone, it is said, a hundred thousand persons are out of employment, who are able and willing to work. In Chicago there are two hundred thousand, and the same is the case in a proportionate extent in other cities and towns throughout our country.

One writer, discussing the situation in New York City, says that he does not expect that there will be much suffering in New York City, because the numerous benevolent associations in that city will provide for the unemployed poor.

But that is just what the unemployed poor do not want. What they want is not alms, but work—the opportunity and means to buy bread; not to beg it, or have it gratuitously given them.

And this is the cry all over our country. Everywhere we read of employees being discharged, or put on half time, or of a reduction of wages; and everywhere we hear of strikes, riots, and violent collisions between the strikers and those who are to take their places, the police and military when called upon to maintain order.

The cry of all these strikers and dissatisfied laborers, like that of the unemployed, is: 'We want work, work at remunerative prices, work, and at such prices that we can earn a livelihood. We don't want alms. We want work.'

These persons are not generally anarchists, revolutionists or socialists, but they are in a fair way for becoming so, if the wealthy do not show more consideration for them, and devise and adopt means by which their great wealth can and will be employed in preventing just such emergencies as we are drifting into, and securing regular employment to the poor.

It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of woman, because the works of their genius are all works of love.—*Lamarine*.



Mr. J. A. Wheeler

"While Serving My Country" I was taken ill with spinal disease and rheumatism. When I returned home my trouble was still with me, and I was confined to my bed, unable to help myself for 22 months. After taking seven bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was well and have not since been troubled with my old complaints. My wife was in ill health, suffering with headache, dizziness and dyspepsia. She took two bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla and feels like a new woman." JAMES A. WHEELER, 1500 Division St., Baltimore, Md.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

## CLOTHES CONSIDERED.

There Is Some Hope In the Fashions of the Future.

The male half of the civilized world in the nineteenth century is dressed on English models. These are shaped and controlled by a utilitarian spirit; they are seldom deformed, never picturesque, but generally useful. The last thirty years no means recovered from the love of deformity. They are a couple of centuries behind the men in matters of costume. While they have never again quite equalled the extravagance of 1780, they have, within the last fifty years, distorted their natural shapes in many ways and in many directions. Hoops here and bunches there, swollen heads and high shoulders, short waists and long waists, bustles and chignons, have succeeded each other rapidly and senselessly. It is true that some women have managed to look charming in spite of all these horrors—some women would look charming in anything—but an ugly costume is ugly, for all that.

What is the probable development of dress in the future? There are plenty of signs that the women are following the men to utilitarianism. Good sensible clothes, and no nonsense—heavy cloth, tailor-made and but little trimmed, sailor hats, and pot hats are gaining ground. Silks and laces, bright colors and flowing lines are more and more reserved for the dinner party and the ball-room. It was bound to be so; women's fashions never fail to follow men's fashions in a modified shape. This time we may expect to get rid of the bustle, with all of its kindred deformities, and we may surely hope that nothing will be evolved by women so hopelessly hideous as the trousers.—*From "Clothes, Historically Considered," by E. Howard J. Lovell, in the September Scribner.*

## THE THIRTEEN SUPERSTITION.

The 13 superstition is said to have originated in the time of King Arthur. When the good British king founded the famous Round Table, he requested Merlin, the enchanter, to arrange the seats. Merlin arranged one set of seats to represent the apostles, 12 were for the faithful adherents of Jesus Christ and the thirteenth for the traitor Judas. The first were never occupied save by the knights distinguished for their achievements. The thirteenth seat was never occupied but once. The story goes that a haughty and insolent Saracen knight sat down upon it and was immediately swallowed up by the earth. Ever after it was known as the "perilous seat," and brave as the celebrated knights of the Round Table are said to have been, not one had the courage to sit on the thirteenth chair, and the superstition against it still survives.

## FAR ADVANCED.

A Henry County negro was discovered carrying a very large armful of books, which brought forth the inquiry:

"Going to school?"

"Yas, sar, boss."

"D'you study all those books?"

"No, sar, dey's my brudder's. Ise a ignorance kind'er nigger since dat nigger figgerin'. He done gone and clean cyphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, creation, amputation, and adoption."

## Lord Aberdeen.

The Earl of Aberdeen, the new Governor-General of Canada, is a slim-built man of middling height and affable manner, with a full dark beard, and is rising six-and-forty. He is the head of the Gordons who have been distinguishing themselves in Scottish history ever since the flood, being the seventh Earl of that ilk, and is the husband of a very charming and accomplished wife. His grandfather was twice Prime Minister of England. His eldest brother, who was hopelessly eccentric, shipped under an assumed name as a common sailor on a West Indian fruit-ship, and was blown overboard during a gale off the coast of Georgia. This was in 1872, and as a result it cost the present peer a small fortune to establish his right to the title. But his lordship has other claims of distinction than those of pedigree. Though born in the purple, with a traditional silver spoon in his mouth, he is great enough to be a democrat, and as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during Mr. Gladstone's third administration he emphasized this fact with peculiar success. He very plainly showed that he had no use for the contemptible castle hacks, who, till then, had "run" the vice-regal government, and, altogether, so endeared himself to the people that when he took his departure from Dublin to give place to the descendant of the "carrot-cutting" Castlereagh, they gave him an ovation of the good old Irish sort, such as was not seen in Ireland since the days of O'Connell. And he deserved it.—*M. O'rofton, in September Lippincott's.*

## Husbands and Wives.

Every bride knows her power; every wife comes to know her weakness. A good proportion of the heartbreak of early married life is due to the ferment of this knowledge. The poor child whose lover gave up his cigars and club with such angelic meekness finds that her husband can smoke like a chimney and leave her alone nights in order to spend the evening with his friends. She imagines that he cares less for her than he did, which is a mistake in most cases. Seven out of ten men love their wives better than their sweethearts. It is simply that their presence is not the absorbing excitement that it was when love was new. The chances are that the wife has become a dozen times more necessary to the man than ever the sweetheart could have been. He would feel her death far more keenly, but he does not abjure his heart to "sit still" whenever his fancy summons her image. In short, she is become the bread of existence in place of the elixir. Now, most of what we sense would prefer to have bread rather than elixir, but there is no question that more fuss is made over the elixir.

## Swinging Around the Circle

Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily arrogated in the columns of the daily press by the proprietors of medicines far inferior to it as specifics, has in a thousand instances suggested the public in advance by absurdity, and the prospects of other remedies of superior qualities have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless predecessors. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests, that the bitters possesses the virtue of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney troubles. What it does not do, however, is, and mainly for this reason it is indorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



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## Emmitsburg Rail Road.

On and after June 18, 1892, trains on this road will run as follows:

**TIME TABLE.**  
On and after June 18, 1892, trains on this road will run as follows:

**TRAINS SOUTH.**  
Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7.10 and 10.00 a. m. and 2.45 and 5.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 7.40 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.15 and 6.15 p. m.

**TRAINS NORTH.**  
Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.20 and 10.40 a. m. and 3.30 and 6.30 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 9.00 and 11.10 a. m. and 4.00 and 7.06 p. m.

**WM. H. BIGGS, Pres't.**  
Established 1837.

Wetly's all year whiskey. It has no rival for superiority, is absolutely pure, and has a reputation of the highest standard for excellence and purity, that will always be sustained. Recommended by physicians. Also Old Kentucky Whiskey and Spoor's celebrated Whiskey for sale by F. A. DIFFENDAL.

There have been several slight frosts during the week.

The Lutheran church at McSherrystown, was dedicated on Sunday.

The cold weather of the past few days has brought the old stoves into service.

Arnica and Oil Liniment is equally good for man and beast. 25 and 50 cts. per bottle. For sale by J. A. Elder.

Mr. E. W. Cusack has started a first class livery stable at the old stand of Geo. F. Beam & Son, in this place.

Mr. Chas. S. Zeck has had the porch in front of his residence and also the wood work of his house repainted.

An attempt was made to wreck a train on the Western Maryland Railroad, near Hagerstown on Sunday night.

The G. A. R., of this place, will hold a campfire and B-on-Son, in McNeil's Grove, near Fairplay, on Saturday, Oct. 7.

For a mild cathartic and efficient tonic, use Baxter's Mandrake Pills. Every bottle warranted. For sale by J. A. Elder.

Mr. J. C. Smith has sold his Grocery Store, in this place, to Mr. P. G. King, of Hanover, Pa. Mr. King will take charge of the store November 1st.

St. Joseph, Mo., was visited with a million dollar fire on Monday night. Three solid blocks of the finest business houses in the city were destroyed.

Livery stable keepers should always keep Arnica and Oil Liniment in the stable, nothing like it for horses. For sale by J. A. Elder.

The corner stone of Bethany Lutheran Church, Brunswick, this county, was laid on Sunday last. Rev. E. Slater, of Burkittsville, delivered the sermon.

J. Traub & Bro., will close their clothing store, in this place, to-morrow night. They are selling clothing below half price. Now is the time to get bargains.

The annual convention of the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Maryland Synod of the Lutheran church was held in Frederick this week.

Rev. Alfred M. Schaeffer, pastor of the Reformed Church of the Incarnation, in this place, will preach in the Stony Branch school house, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1st, at 2 o'clock.

A car loaded with clover seed was backed up against a moving freight train at Brunswick. The seed was scattered abundantly and a fine grass crop may be expected there next summer.

Thoroughbred walk the earth to-day who would be sleeping in his bosom but for the timely use of Dumas' Elixir. For sale by J. A. Elder.

A dex of well organized horse thieves has been formed in the Blue Ridge Mountains in the vicinity of Rockville, Montgomery county, Md. It is said that it would take a small army to capture the thieves, as they are located in a dense and almost impenetrable part of the mountain.

Cough Syrup—Yes I am tired of hearing and seeing the word; yet if you want a good, reliable, pleasant-to-take, Cough Syrup, and a large bottle for the money, ask your druggist for Dr. Fahrney's and take no other.

PREPARATIONS are being made for the laying of the court house corner stone, at Cumberland, on Oct. 5. The ceremonies will be conducted by the Masons, and Judge Hoffman will deliver an address. The day will be made a holiday throughout the city and county.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the *University Herald* published at Ada, Ohio, in the interest of the Ohio Normal University, which institution Mr. James H. Schriver, of this place, is a student. Mr. Schriver is a member of the military organization, and is 3rd Sgt. in Co. C., with bright prospects for promotion.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**A Boy Leaves His Home.**  
On Sunday September 3, Edward Deloy, a boy 15 years of age, under the care of Mr. Smith, of this place, was taken by him from the Orphan's Home, Hagerstown, about 8 years ago, then left his home and since that time Mr. Smith has been unable to hear anything of his whereabouts. Mr. Smith and his wife who have been very kind to the boy and greatly interested in his welfare, are in a state of suspense and anxious to know if he has a comfortable home. Anyone knowing of him will confer a great favor if they will communicate such to Mr. Smith. He left without cause, yet he is welcome at any time he wishes to return.

**Rev. H. F. White Removed.**  
He was Pastor of St. Joseph's Church for Sixteen Years.—A Short Sketch of the Work He Accomplished.—The New Pastor.—A Communication.

Rev. H. F. White, C. M., who has been pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, in this place, since September, 1877, has been removed from St. Joseph's congregation by Rev. James McGill, V. C. M., of Germantown, and placed in charge of St. Vincent's church, Germantown, Pa. Father White left this place on Tuesday last, and his new field of labor with the best wishes of his many friends for a successful future. He administered to the spiritual wants of the people of St. Joseph's congregation for sixteen long years, and being so suddenly taken from their midst will be greatly regretted by many, for he is a man of exemplary habits and had gained the respect and confidence of all who knew him. Father White did much to improve the appearance of his church and its surroundings, and among the marked improvements made in the interior under his supervision may be noted the following: About one year ago he had the old wooden altar removed from the church, and replaced with a beautiful and costly marble altar, which is something very few churches outside of large cities can boast of. The old pipe organ was removed and a better one took its place. A few years ago new pews of the latest design took the place of the old ones, which had been in use for many years. The church has been repainted inside and outside, the old wooden fence, which formerly enclosed the church and cemetery, was torn down and a good wire fence takes its place, and many other improvements were made, which add much to the appearance of the place.

Father White was greatly interested in educational matters, and worked diligently for the success of St. Euphemia's School, in this place, which is under the care of the Sisters of Charity. He visited the school on Monday last, and delivered an address before the teachers, in which he congratulated them upon the success they had attained in the past, and urged them to be industrious students, that they might be fully equipped for any vocation in life.

Rev. Father Quinn, of the Immaculate Conception church, Baltimore, was appointed pastor of the church, to succeed Father White, and will enter upon his pastoral duty next Sunday morning.

**Father White.**  
How close the relations between the pastor and his flock! There is nothing closer in the world, not even those between the mother and the son, the father and the daughter. For the pastor through the Sacrament of Penance knows the most secret thoughts and inclinations of his child, and while the priest counsels the offspring in matters of great importance, such as health, school, marriage, the priest is the adviser in the highest of all affairs, the future of his soul, his eternal salvation, therefore, even fathers and mothers cannot appreciate the sorrow that fills the hearts of spiritual children, when separated from the parent of their souls, the one at whose hands in Baptism they were cleansed from the filth of sin, and who have received their confidential tale of conflict with the devil, the world and the flesh, who taught them the "old, old story" of Jesus the Babe of Bethlehem, and the message He brought from His Father; who fed them with the most precious food of the Sacrament, and who brought them to the altar of the Holy Ghost. No wonder their hearts are sad, and like sheep deprived of their shepherd, they run hither and thither, looking for the "fatherly voice" looking out for the family flock, in every addition to the various branches of study at St. Euphemia's beautiful and excellent school, the joy with which he talked of the singing class, the typewriter, the piano, the classical and scientific studies. One could see that his heart was in the work, and his treasure, the little ones of Christ of every race.

They too shall miss him whom he joined in Christian marriage, whose fathers, mothers and brethren he prepared for the great change; they shall feel his loss above all who received his admonition as well as consolation and encouragement in the sacred secrecy of the Confessional. For sixteen years he went in and out among this people, open, honest, frank, and true, and he was a pillar in their church and zealously dispensed the Divine word. For sixteen years he gave them an example of uprightness, temperance and courage in the character of a priest and a citizen of the Republic. For sixteen years he edified his neighboring clergymen by his ardent for sacred science and by the religious exactness of his life. And now, when he has done his best to beautify the material temple of God, after he has built up his spiritual abode in the hearts of the people given to his charge, now like a true son of St. Vincent, he leaves this well earned field and his beloved flock, leaves his familiar associates of the College and the Convent, and goes to do the will of God wherever it may please his superiors to send him. May God be with him in his new charge, may the qualities he showed during his work at Emmitsburg continue to show themselves elsewhere, and may he at last receive the reward which the Good Shepherd reserves for his faithful assistants, and meet us all in heaven.

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**Purely Vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.**  
Democratic Ticket.

The Democratic county convention was held in Frederick city on Saturday last. The meeting was presided over by Outbridge Horsey, with Howard Magruder and Charles E. Cassell, as secretaries. After transacting the regular routine business, the following ticket was nominated:

For House of Delegates—J. S. Biggs, of Craggstown District; McGill Bell, of Buckeystown District; R. C. Reich, of Frederick District; O. P. Crampton, of Petersburg District, and Nathan A. Englar, of Johnsburg District.

For Sheriff—O. J. Gaver, of Frederick.

For Surveyor—J. T. Browning, of New Market.

In accordance with the law passed by the Legislature of 1892, extending the term of the present board of county commissioners, no commissioner ticket was nominated.

## FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Mr. Hilleary and son, of Virginia, are among the visitors.

Miss Alice Musselman, of this place is visiting in Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Musselman, of Gettysburg, are visiting at this place.

Miss Jennie Stiles, of Gettysburg, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Shulley.

There will be communion services in the Lutheran church, in this place, on Sunday, Oct. 1st.

We have had slight frosts during the past week. Jack Frost will soon wear his white mantle.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Marshall, of Boston, are visiting among their friends in this community.

Mr. C. J. Sefton has returned home from his western trip and the World's Fair, bringing with him his daughter, who has been in the west for two or three years.

The Sons of Veterans of Fairfield, will have an oyster supper in Mr. Aaron Musselman's Hall, in this place, on the 13th and 14th of October. All are cordially invited.

Mr. C. W. Nunemaker, of Tobias, Neb., son of Samuel Nunemaker, a former resident of Liberty twp., who has been in the West for the past fifteen years, is visiting in this section of the county.

There was a good deal of carousing around on Saturday night last. Certain parties did what they went, perhaps, call tricks. On the west side of Fairfield, along Mr. C. Marshall's fence stood a large elm tree, which was sawed down Saturday night. The tree fell across the road, blocking it until the top of the tree was cut off. Mr. Henry Landis had his wagon bed in the orchard filled with apples, they threw it over in Mr. Daniel Musselman's field, upside down; the steps in front of three stores were taken away; Mr. Robert Watson's buggy was taken down street and upset; they went up to Mr. Ollie Benner's and turned all his horses out of the stable. These are some of the tricks which were perpetrated on law-abiding citizens, and every effort should be put forth to bring the guilty parties to justice.

**PERSONALS.**  
Mr. Grier Simonson has returned home.

Mr. C. T. Zacharias was in Frederick this week.

Miss Jennie Favorite is visiting relatives at Frederick.

Miss Phil McNeil has returned home from Baltimore.

Mrs. G. Frank Zeck has returned to her home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Catharine E. McClain and family have moved to Baltimore.

Mrs. J. Henry Stiles with her two children, is visiting in Frederick.

Mr. David Geis has returned home from the World's Fair, at Chicago.

Mr. Maurice Wilhite spent a few days in Washington, D. C., this week.

Mrs. M. E. Ehrhart and Mrs. Charles Reinwald were in Frederick this week.

Mr. Michael Hann, of Westminster, Pa., was the guest of Mr. Chas. C. Kretzer, this week.

Miss Emma Hoffman, of Gettysburg, Pa., was the guest of Mrs. Chas. N. Baker, this week.

Rev. H. F. White, C. M., has gone to Germantown, Pa., where he will take charge of St. Vincent's Church.

Mrs. Frank Lawrence and mother, Mrs. Kieckhefer, and Miss Mary Byrne, are visiting in Baltimore.

Mrs. M. E. Ehrhart, Miss Marion Eichelberger and Miss Belle Rowe have returned home from the World's Fair.

Mr. Francis H. McGinnis, of Fremont, Nebraska, made a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. F. Laugh.

Miss Kate Hann, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity for several weeks, returned to her home in Philadelphia.

Mr. W. W. Nunemaker, of Tobias, Nebraska, spent several days with Mr. Wm. P. Nunemaker last week. This was Mr. Nunemaker's first visit to Emmitsburg, in fifteen years.

**ROCKY RIDGE NEWS.**

The Fall Love Feast will occur Oct. 28. A harvest home sermon will be delivered in the Lutheran church, at Rocky Ridge, on Oct. 8th, at 10 a. m.

Mr. Clarence Ott has been selected as a delegate from the charge here to attend the meeting of the Synod, which will convene in Baltimore, on Oct. 3rd.

Rev. Mr. Ruark, the Methodist minister located at Middleburg, delivered a lecture on Thursday night, at Appold's school house, for the benefit of the Sunday School. The proceeds will be used in purchasing singing books.

Mr. S. Green, an ex-teacher of the public school at Rocky Ridge, called upon several of his friends here, on Sept. 20th. Mr. Green is employed in the Railway Postal Service between Baltimore and Highland, and is very much fascinated with the work, and reports having passed a successful examination on the 19th inst., in Baltimore.

The Mt. Olivet Sunday School, two miles north of Rocky Ridge, is in a flourishing condition. Forty scholars were in attendance on last Sunday afternoon, and when all the pupils are present, the number is swelled to about seventy. The presence and address of the pastor of the Rocky Ridge charge was very encouraging to all present.

On last Sunday Rev. J. H. Barb held communion services here. A unusually large number of communicants were present. The seating capacity of the church was filled, requiring extra seats to be placed in the aisles, in order to accommodate the crowd. Four persons were confirmed in the morning service, and the meeting was continued in the evening at 7:15, when an interesting discourse was delivered from the following text: "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

**FAIRPLAY ITEMS.**

J. F. Klingel made a business trip to Gettysburg on last Tuesday.

Miss Hattie Klingel came home from Hanover to attend school this winter.

Mr. S. S. Moritz put up a neat iron fence at the one end of his front yard.

Mr. James F. Champion, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is visiting friends in this community.

Geo. Klingel, of Baltimore, is visiting his uncle, J. F. Klingel, of this place.

Mrs. Lucy Evans and her little daughter, Bertha, of Baltimore, are the guests of Mrs. John Hoshorn.

Our school opened on last Monday with thirty-one scholars. Mr. Upton Cromer is the teacher.

Mr. Henry Plank's little child who has been quite ill with cholera infantum, we are glad to note, is recovering. Dr. J. Kay Wigley is the attending physician.

**The Modern Beauty**  
Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

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For Sheriff—O. J. Gaver, of Frederick.

For Surveyor—J. T. Browning, of New Market.

In accordance with the law passed by the Legislature of 1892, extending the term of the present board of county commissioners, no commissioner ticket was nominated.

## SABILLASVILLE ITEMS.

Mr. Bruce Crawford, of Waynesboro, after spending several days with relatives here, started for Chicago on Thursday to attend the World's Fair.

Mr. T. F. Eyler and wife, and Mr. Mace Harbaugh and wife, started for Chicago on Thursday to attend the World's Fair and to visit relatives in Ohio.

Mrs. Perry Eyler, and Mrs. Elmer Eyler, of Hanover, are visiting at Mr. E. F. Harbaugh's.

Misses Carrie Crist and Nora Harbaugh spent Sunday at Mr. John Master's near Smithsburg, and visited the famous black rock on the mountains near that place.

Misses Mary Mever and Bates Roberts, of Middleway, W. Va., are visiting at Mr. David Crayford's.

Messrs. L. Lichtenberger, M. E. Sheffer, and C. L. Wachter, went to Waynesboro Wednesday to make arrangements with contractors to erect a Lutheran church on the lot purchased from Mr. Jas. Poole, of this place.

**Heist to be Hainged.**  
The motion for a new trial in the case of Henry Heist for the murder of Emanuel Monn, has been refused by the Adams county Court, and Heist was sentenced by Judge McClean on Wednesday last week, to be hanged.

**MARRIED.**  
FERRATA—LAGARDE.—On Sept. 27, 1893, at the Cathedral, in Baltimore, Md., by Rev. P. J. Donahue, Cavaliere, Giuseppe Ferrata, of Gradoli, Italy, to Miss Mary Alice, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Ernest Lagarde, of Mt. St. Mary's, this District. The groom was professor of Music at Mt. St. Mary's College last year.

**NEW GOODS.**  
—FOR THE—  
**Fall & Winter Trade.**

The undersigned has just received a large assortment of Men's, Boy's, Ladies' and Misses' Boots, Shoes and Slippers of the very latest styles. Your attention is especially called to the Harnissburg "Long Weavers" for ladies and children.

**Men's Boots from \$1.50 to \$3.25**  
per Pair. Large assortment of RUBBER GOODS.

Ladies' Rubbers 25 cents per pair. Large assortment of Children's School Shoes. Ladies' Fine Shoes \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 Per Pair.

All kinds of work made to order a specialty. Repairing done promptly and cheaply. Respectfully,  
M. FRANK ROWE,  
Emmitsburg, Md.

**IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF FREDERICK COUNTY, MD.**  
AUGUST TERM 1893.

In the matter of the Sale of the Real Estate of John Withrow.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Frederick county, this 19th day of September, 1893, that the sale of the Real Estate of John Withrow, late of Frederick County, deceased, this day reported to this Court by his executor be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 16th day of October, 1893, provided a copy of this Order be published in some newspaper published in Frederick county, for three successive weeks prior to the 16th day of October, 1893.

The executor reports that the sale of said Real Estate of said John Withrow, deceased, situated in said County for the gross sum of Nine Thousand Four Hundred and thirty-seven Dollars (\$9,437.00).

BERNARD COLFLOWER,  
JOHN R. MILLER,  
HARRISON MILLER,  
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

True copy—Test:  
JAMES K. WATERS,  
Register of Wills.

**IN THE ORPHANS' COURT OF FREDERICK COUNTY, MD.**  
AUGUST TERM 1893.

In the matter of the Sale of the Real Estate of Jacob W. Gillilan.

ORDERED, by the Orphans' Court of Frederick County, this 19th day of September, 1893, that the sale of the Real Estate of Jacob W. Gillilan, late of Frederick County, deceased, this day reported to this Court by his executor be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 16th day of October, 1893, provided a copy of this Order be published in some newspaper published in Frederick County for three successive weeks prior to the 16th day of October, 1893.

The executor reports that the sale of said Real Estate of said Jacob W. Gillilan, deceased, situated in said County for the gross sum of Four Thousand, Three Hundred and Sixty-Nine and 06/100 Dollars (\$4,369.06).

BERNARD COLFLOWER,  
JOHN R. MILLER,  
HARRISON MILLER,  
Judges of the Orphans' Court.

True copy—Test:  
JAMES K. WATERS,  
Register of Wills.

**FRESH MEATS**  
Having opened a butcher shop at Mr. C. T. Zacharias' old stand on West Main Street, Emmitsburg, I am prepared to furnish

**FRESH -- MEATS**  
of all kinds, and solicit a share of the public patronage. Respectfully,  
sept 8 m  
ALBERT SMITH.

**TO-MORROW**  
WILL BE OUR  
Last day of Business  
IN EMMITSBURG.

If you want anything in our line of business  
NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

You may never have another such an opportunity to buy cheap. Everything is being sold

**BELOW HALF PRICE.**  
You will be surprised to learn how cheap we are selling goods. Come and get prices. Remember

**OUR STORE WILL BE CLOSED**  
after to-morrow night. Thanking you for past favors, and soliciting a share of your patronage at our main store in Union Bridge, we remain respectfully,

**J. TRAUB & BRO.**

## PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a chattel mortgage given by Emanuel J. Eckenrode to James A. Elder on the 23rd day of November, A. D. 1891, and recorded in Liber, W. I. P. No. 14, folios 662, etc., one of the land records of Frederick county, the undersigned, Vincent Sebald, attorney for James A. Elder, appointed by said chattel mortgage, will sell at public sale, on the farm now occupied by the said Emanuel J. Eckenrode, situated about 3 1/2 miles south of Emmitsburg, on the lower Mechanicstown road, on Saturday, Sept. 30, A. D. 1893, at 10:30 o'clock, A. M., the following described personal property:

1 Bay Mare, "Nell," 1 Grey Mare, "Lucy," 1 Brown Black mare, "Bolt," 1 Black Stud Colt, "Charlie," 1 Bay Colt, "Jennie,"

Also the colts which are the increase of the above described mares; 1 Red Cow, "Annie," 1 Red Cow, "Eph," 1 Red Mulley Cow, "Mule," 1 Black and Red Spotted Cow, "Daisy," 1 Black Holstein Heifer, 1 Red Mulley Heifer, 1 White and Black Spotted Sow and Pigs, 1 falling top buggy, 1 road cart, 1 4-seated 2 horse Dayton wagon, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 spring wagon, 1 threshing machine and horse power, 1 plow, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 Osborne mower, one 3 or 4 horse narrow tread wagon, 1 Westminister grain drill and phosphate and timothy attachments, 1 barshare plow, 1 Hess improved barshare plow, 1 wooden double shovel plow, 1 iron double shovel plow, 1 spike tooth harrow, 1 corn chaffer, 1 corn cover, 1 iron single shovel plow, 1 set beeh gears, 2 sets single driving harness, 1 basket sleigh, 1 box sleigh, 1 set lay carriages, 1 pair of wood hoppers.

Terms of sale prescribed by mortgage—Cash.

VINCENT SEBALD,  
sept 15th Attorney for James A. Elder

**MORTGAGEE'S**



