

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



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EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1893.

NO. 24.

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 Court.
Judges—Benard Colliflower, John B. Mills, Harrison Miller.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—William M. Gaither, Melville Cromwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Delauter, William Morrison.
Sheriff—William H. Cromwell.
School Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.

Surveyor.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Her man L. Routhahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Assessor—E. L. Bohlitz.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—O. T. Zacharias.
Justices of the Peace—John S. Stokes, M. F. Shurt, James F. Hixon, M. Fisher.
Registrar—E. S. Toney.
Constables—W. P. Nunnemaker, H. E. Hann, John B. Slorb.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Heigle.

Town Officers.
Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Fraley, Chas. C. Kretzer, J. Thos. Gelwick, Peter J. Harting, Jas. A. Elder.
Constable—H. E. Hann.
Tax Collector—John H. Hopp.

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church. 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 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Midweek service at 7 o'clock. Catechetical class on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church. Pastor—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock and evening at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 8:45 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Pastor—Rev. E. J. O'Neil, C. M. First Mass 7:00 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 3 o'clock. Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church. Pastor—Rev. J. Henry Lums. 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.

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\$4.00	\$2.50
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A NOTE ABOUT WATER.

Where does all the water in the sea come from, is a question that many a small boy has asked his father, and which many a father has found him self utterly unable to answer. Some idea of where it comes from may be gathered from a glance at the following table of the hourly quantity of water discharged into the sea annually, by some of the best known rivers of the world. It was compiled by an expert, and may be accepted as accurate:

River.	Million cubic feet per hour.
Amazon.....	3,700
La Plata.....	3,100
Mississippi.....	2,970
Volga.....	1,700
Danube.....	900
Ganges.....	700
Nile.....	650
Rhine.....	290
Elbe.....	100
Seine.....	80
Thames.....	40

This, of course, throws the question back a step. The question becomes, where does the water in the rivers come from? When that is answered by the statement that it comes from the hills, we have gone about as far as we can go. Water is an element, and what its original source may be no man knows.—Harper's Young People.

ONLY AN ENTRY CLERK.

Only an entry clerk I—well, what of that? Those at the bottom have most chance to climb; If one doeth well, whatever he's at, He sure to get higher in time. If all the entries be neat and correct, And all of one's habits be those to command, If business customs one does not neglect, He'll find that it pays in the end.

In building a house every brick has its use, In forging a chain not a link should be weak; In making a rope not a strand should be loose— The river grows out of the creek.

Only an entry clerk I—well, pray, what then? Their goal: The base must be true or the steeple will fall; If you knock from a wheel but one cog out of ten, The broken wheel may trammel all.

There's room higher up for the faithful and true, Who prove themselves worthy, and honest and wise; Every oak in the woods from an acorn once grew, Ere it towered in strength toward the skies. There are some who start high never win in life's race, While some who start low end in reaching the top; The rear horse at the start often wins the first place, And scores "number one" at the pole.

Only an entry clerk! Ah, well a day! It may hap that some who start higher may drop, While diligent, sturdy, and faithful away, The entry clerk mounts to the top.

—Harry J. Shellman.

CASSIE'S STRATAGEM.

DOWN in the milking yard of the Bostwick farm two young girls were milking and talking cheerily. The autumn evening was closing over them and already in the shadows of the barn in was quite dark.

The girls were Rose and Cassie Bostwick, and their pleasant chatter followed their parents upon a journey they had that morning undertaken. They were also speculating as to when their brother, who had driven them to the station twenty miles distant, would be back. They were bright, capable girls, with little timidity about them, so that the fact that they were comparatively alone upon an isolated farm did not trouble them much. Especially was this the case with Cassie, the younger of the two. Self-reliant and full of resource she would have laughed to scorn any one suggesting the thought of fear. She was big and strong, and to her life was a grand frolic, and her sixteen years had been one unbroken "good time."

At the house their younger sister, Florence, was preparing the supper and entertaining "the baby," a boy of three, who between the falling of evening and the pangs of hunger was growing sleepy and low spirited.

Out from the kitchen's open door appetizing odors of ffee and frying ham stole to greet the two girls as they came toward the house with their brimming pails of frothy milk. "It smells good," said Cassie, "and I'm hungry as a tramp."

"Oh, Cassie, why did you say that? I've just been trying not to think about tramps. I always feel creepy when I'm about the barn after dark anyway, and now—"

"Well, my saying that won't bring any harm."

"They are positively the only things in the world that I am afraid of."

"Well, then, I'm not afraid of them. And suppose one should come along, surely three great stout girls ought to be able to take care of themselves."

"Oh, Cassie dear, please stop talking about them. I feel as if one were stepping on my heels. Let's run."

"And spill the milk? Not much." The kitchen looked so bright and cheery as they entered it, that Rose seemed to leave her fears outside with the dusks, and by the time they had strained the milk and put it away she had forgotten that tramps existed.

Cassie had gone up stairs to make some needed changes in her toilet, the baby had roused from his tired nap, and was taking a rather mournful interest in the preparations for supper, when Rose, who had just stopped to ask him whether he would have honey or preserves, heard a stealthy step upon the porch. A moment later the door was pushed slowly open and a man walked in.

"Good evening, ladies. Is your pa at home?"

"N—no," faltered Rose, trying to settle to her own satisfaction whether this dirty looking stranger might not be some new neighbor who had come on legitimate business or whether he was her one horror—a tramp.

"Any of your big brothers in?" with rather a jocular manner.

"N—no, sir."

"And I don't see any bulldog loafing around," he added.

"Our dog, he is dead," explained the baby, solemnly.

"Well, that's a good thing. Will the old gentleman be in soon?"

"I—I don't know—you—I—I hope so. Is there any message you would like to leave for him?"

Before the man could answer, the boy's voice was again heard: "My faver he's dorn off."

"Where's he gone, sonny?"

"He's dorn on the tars, so's my mover—and my brother he putted yem on—and he won't be home till I'm asleep—a d he's goin' to brin' me a drum and put it in my bed."

(Oh, how Rose longed to shake the baby!)

"Well, then, ladies, since you are likely to be alone I think I'll stay and keep you company, and since you press me to, I will stay to tea and spend the evening. Don't go to any extra work for methough; I'm rather hungry, so you may dish up that ham at once, my dear."

This to poor Florence, who had shrunk almost into invisibility behind the stove-pipe, and who seemed glued to the spot. "I've usually a very fair appetite; and I'm sure I will relish it."

He tossed his hat down beside the chair which he drew up to the table.

With the light falling full upon his face, Rose knew that her great dread was before her. With her knees almost sinking under her, she started toward the stairs, for she felt that she must let the intrepid Cassie know and find out what she advised.

"Where are you going, my dear?" asked the intruder suspiciously.

"You've not got any big cousins or uncle or any thing of that kind upstairs that you are going to call to tea are you?"

"Oh, no; there is no one up stairs but my poor sister," she managed to gasp. She could not have told you why she said "poor sister," unless it was from the sense of calamity which had overtaken them all.

"In that case be spy, for I'm hungry and want you to pour out my tea for me. I like to have a pretty face opposite me at table."

Rose dragged herself up the narrow, unclosed stairs and into Cassie's room.

"Well, Rose, you must be about tucked-out. You came up stairs as though you were eighty," said Cassie, looking up from the shoe she was fastening. "Why, what ails you? You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"Oh, Cassie, there is one of them down stairs," came in a whisper.

"What do you mean Rose Bostwick? A ghost down stairs?"

"No—no—a tramp."

"Whew!" and Cassie gave a low whistle. "And I s'pose you're scared."

"Oh, Cassie, I feel as if I were choking. Do hurry down; he may be killing poor little Florence and the baby—what shall we do? The baby has told him we are alone. What can we do—try to think."

Cassie sat swinging the button hook in her hand and thinking very hard and fast.

"Does he know I'm here?"

"Yes, I've told him."

"Then it would be no use for me to pretend to be Ned; thinking aloud."

"I'm afraid not."

Another silence dedicated to thought.

"Rose."

"Yes."

"I'm going to be crazy. I'm going to chase him off the farm."

"Oh, Cassie you can't. He's a great big impudent wretch. What folly to talk about chasing him off the farm."

"It's our only chance."

"Don't count on me. I can't help you. I couldn't help chase a fly."

"You can scream, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes, I can do that."

"Well you do the screaming and I'll do the chasing. Rush down stairs and scream and scream—and bang the door to and just shriek: 'She's out—she's out—she's coming down stairs!' And you will see what a perfectly beautiful lunatic I will be—It's a good thing I have this old dress on—and only one shoe. Now make a rush and scream."

"Rose's overstrained nerves were her best allies, and as she flew down the stairs, it was the easiest thing in the world for her to give one piercing shriek after another. They resounded from the narrow stairway through the kitchen; and for the moment seemed to paralyze its inmates. As she burst in upon them, Florence was transfixed midway of the table and the stove, with the pletter of ham in her hands—the baby had climbed upon a chair—and the tramp had arisen with a bewildered air from the table. As her skirts cleared the door she turned and dashed it shut and flung herself against it, shrieking: "She's out—she's out of her room!"

To the mystified Florence there came but one solution to her behavior—fright had overthrown her sister's reason, and with a will she rushed toward her, crying: "She's crazy! Oh, she's crazy."

"Who's crazy?" yelled the tramp.

"The baby now wildly terrified set up a loud weeping, while from the stairway came a succession of blows and angry demands that the door be opened. A moment more it was forced ajar, and a head crowned with a mass of tossed hair was thrust out, and quickly followed by a hand in which was clutched a gun.

"She's got the gun—oh, Florence, run to the baby!" cried Rose.

"Who's that?" demanded the apparition making a rush toward the tramp

"Here, keep off—leave me alone,"

backing away and warding off an expected blow.

She stood before him, tall, strong and agile.

I won't leave you alone. What do you mean locking me into that room? I'm no more crazy than you are. What's this?" as she stumbled over the hat which the tramp had put beside the chair and into which he had deposited the silver spoons from the table. "Oh, I see, you are all in league to rob me of my gold and precious stones!" and catching it up on the muzzle of the gun she gave it a whirl which sent the spoons glittering in every direction, then advancing upon him she thrust the hat and gun into the faces of the horrified man. With a volley of oaths he sprang backward upsetting his chair and falling over it.

"Oh, don't kill him, Cassie, don't kill him."

"We'll have a merry time," gayly dancing abt him and prodding him sharply with the gun, as he tried to scramble to his feet.

"Keep off with that gun, can't you?" he yelled. "Can't you hold her, you screaming idiot?" And half crawling, half pushed, he gained the kitchen door which had stood partly open since he entered.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid? Don't you try to get away," shouted Cassie as she flitted lightly after him. The tramp stayed not to answer her question nor to obey her command, but clearing the door fled wildly through the dusk.

"Here a your hat—I'll fire it after you," she called. And a sharp report rang out on the quiet evening air; then all was still.

The three girls stood for a moment in the door watching the dim outline fleeing across the meadow in the direction of the highway.

"He'll think twice before inviting himself to supper another time," quietly remarked Cassie with a satisfied smile.

"Oh, Cassie, darling you have saved our lives," cried Florence, flinging her arms around her sister.

"I don't know about that. But I've saved the spoons anyway."

"There, there, baby," going to the still affect d boy. "don't cry any more. Sister Cassie was just making a dirty old tramp hop; she didn't really shoot him, she was just playing shoot."

"Oh, Cassie, you splendid brave girl how did you ever happen to think to go crazy?" asked Rose, as she looked over her shoulder from the door which she was barricading.

"Well, I knew something had to be done, and that just popped into my mind. I was doing 'Ophelia' the other day up in my room. So I was in practice, and didn't I make pensive mania. Now I hope you girls will never again make disrespectful comments upon any little private theatricals of mine. If I had never cultivated my dramatic talents, what would have become of you, I'd like to know?"

It was some time before the tidal

wave of excitement subsided sufficiently for the girls to settle down for the evening or for the baby to go to sleep. Again and again they thought they heard stealing footsteps, and although the door was locked and doubly locked, they drew up into battle line whenever the autumn wind shook down a shower of leaves upon the roof.

Just as the clock was on the stroke of eight a pleasant sound came fitfully to them. It was a softly whistled tune, and the cheery cadence told of a mind free from unpleasant doubts of welcome.

"Surely that can't be Ned back already—he wasn't to start home till 9," said Rose, going to the window and cautiously peeping out under the curtains.

"Right you are there, Sister Rose," assented Cassie. "It sounds uncommonly like young Farmer Dunscomb's whistle."

"Well, whoever it is, I am deeply thankful that somebody besides a tramp is coming," interrupted Florence.

"And so am I," demurely agreed Rose. "Do go to the door, Cassie, and peep out and make sure that it isn't that dreadful creature coming back."

"Are you a dreadful creature coming to murder us all?" demanded Cassie, slightly ajar and thrusting her head out.

"Well, I don't go round giving myself out as a dreadful creature," responded a jolly voice from the porch. "Hello! What's this I'm breaking my neck over? as the owner of the voice tripped upon an old slouch hat.

"Bring that article of wearing apparel to me if you please," requested Cassie, as she opened the door letting a flood of light out upon the visitor. "That is a little token of remembrance which I wish to keep. There!" holding the hat out at arm's length, "I have long wanted a gilt toasting fork or rolling pin or something artistic for my room; now I shall embroider these shot holes and gild the apron and hang it up by long blue

ribs, just where my waking orbs

can rest upon it as they open in the morning. Ah, this hat will ever have stirring memories for me, friend George, eyeing the young man dramatically.

He looked at her a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh. "Is she crazy, Rose?"

"Yes, she's the dearest and bravest lunatic in the world, George," answered Rose.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Cindrella found that a low, menial position led to a hymeneal one.—

Every woman admires a man who can swim and looks with horror at a boy who wants to learn how.—*Achison Globe.*

First Visitor (at realistic wax figure show): "Are you wax?" Second Visitor: "No, are you?"—*New York Weekly.*

When the office boy emptied the editor's waste-basket into the furnace, there is a splendid display of "words that burn."

First Dress Suit: "Which are you, a waiter or a gentleman?" Second Dress Suit (haughtily): "Sir, I endeavor to be both."

"How is she your sister? By marriage?" "N—no," stammered Chappie "Quite the r—reverse, you know. B—by a re-refusal of m—m marriage."

Skidds: "That would make a good caption for the joke column in a Welsh newspaper." Hunker: "What would?" Skidds: "Y's and other Y's"

A judge in crossing the Irish Channel one stormy night, knocked against a well known witty lawyer, who was suffering terribly from sea-sickness. "Can I do anything for you?" said the judge. "Yes," gasped the sea-sick lawyer. "I wish your lordship would overrule this motion."

The young man's father was paying him a visit, just to see how he was getting along at college. "So yer learnin' fencin'?" "Yes." "That's right, William. Learn to make yerself usef'ul ter yer father. Don't bother none about rail fences. Stone fences is what they need in our section of the country."

Whoever dips in Mr. Wheatley's little volume on "Literary Blunders" will probably become suspicious that printers are often waggish in their blunders. Fancy a reporter being made to say, apropos of a cow getting on the line in the way of an express, that the engine-driver put on "full steam, dashed up into against the cow, and literally cut it into calves."

Generous.

Mary's mother one day gave her a cent to buy some candy. As the little girl went down the street she discovered a beggar boy on the front steps of a neighbor's house. She was five years old and a cent seemed to her a good deal of money. She looked first at the boy and then at her cent. Finally, with a smile, she stepped up to the forlorn child, and touching his shoulder gently, said: "Here, little boy, take this cent, and go and buy yourself a suit of clothes and some dinner."

ROUND SHOULDERS CURED.

Simple Exercises That Require Time and No Apparatus.

A woman physician has recommended the following movements for the cure of all except very "severe cases" of round shoulders, when braces are also a necessity: "1. Raise arms before your shoulder high; extend arms sideways; throw head back; straighten head; move arms forward; lower arms; repeat ten times. 2. Stand erect; raise arms before you; rise on tiptoes; then throw arms as far backward as possible; sink again on heels and drop arms to side; repeat ten times. 3. Raise arms with elbow bent shoulder high, bringing palms together in front of face; then, with elbows still bent, swing both arms vigorously backward as far as possible even with the shoulders, palms looking forward. This should be repeated several times, but as the position is somewhat fatiguing, rest or change of exercise may be made between the movements."

Another simple movement designed to bring about a correct position of the shoulder-blades consists of holding a cane or wand in both hands, throwing the head back and carrying the stick "from above the head back and down the hips."

As the clothing, if too tight or unyielding about or over the shoulders, may help to produce round shoulders, both the under and outside waist should be comfortable and bands over the shoulder of garments made of elastic.

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Republicans Victorious.

The republicans have been victorious in the political fight which was decided by the people at the polls on Tuesday last. They carried nearly all the States in which elections were held by overwhelmingly large majorities.

The following is the result in several of the States:

New York went republican by about 35,000 majority, and Brooklyn elected a republican mayor.

Republican Ohio's plurality is 80,000. Gov. McKinley re-elected governor.

The republicans claim Nebraska from 2,000 to 5,000.

Virginia Democratic by 50,000 majority.

Pennsylvania gave a republican majority, which when the official count is completed, it is believed will exceed 110,000, surpassing all previous records in the history of the party, with one exception. This exception was the majority of 137,728 given Grant for president over Greeley in 1872.

Massachusetts elected a republican governor by 190,000 majority. Jackson, rep., was elected governor of Iowa, by a plurality of 35,000.

Colorado declared for woman suffrage by a majority of 3,000.

The democrats in Kentucky elected a legislature.

Adams county, Pa., which has been a democratic county for many years, was carried by the republicans, although the democrats elected several of the candidates on the ticket. The republicans elected the county commissioner ticket, which is something that has not occurred in that county for forty years.

The Iron Hill Murder.

It has been ascertained that the woman who had the body of the man found murdered on Iron Hill, Cecil county, on October 11th last, exhumed, was Mrs. Preston R. Mousley, of 1009 East Thirteenth street, Wilmington, Del. Her husband has been missing from his home for seven weeks past. Mousley was engaged in the huckstering business in Wilmington, and was making a good living, but was addicted to drink, and the wife knows no reason for him leaving except that he had, perhaps, been drinking. He sold a horse which belonged to his wife on the day he disappeared, leaving the wagon in the stable. Mrs. Mousley had trouble in regaining possession of her horse, and has investigated several rumors about her husband being seen in different places without success. The man found at Iron Hill resembled him very much, and she had the body exhumed, but found several marks by which she could identify him missing. The description given by her tallies in many respects to that of the man buried, and since the party has returned home Coroner Litzenberg has received a letter from one of them—the sister of the missing man, who resides in or near North East, saying that she was still not satisfied but that the body is that of her missing brother. The coroner seems to be inclined to that opinion, too, and it is hoped that when the bundle of clothing found in a barn at Kimbleville, Pa., is brought to Elkton and examined, some clue may be brought to light that will establish the man's identity. It is thought that if it is Mousley, he has been murdered for the money obtained from the sale of the horse.

A Dredger Killed.

James Bernard, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was supposed to be a reporter of a New York newspaper, was knocked overboard and drowned from an oyster sloop near Nanticoke Point, Md., Tuesday. He was a dredger on the oyster sloop James Dixon. He shipped on the boat last week from Baltimore. On Saturday night he went ashore at Nanticoke Point with three other dredgers. They remained ashore until Monday morning, when they returned to the sloop. Captain Smith, of the sloop, it is said, remonstrated with the men for being away so long. Bernard was abusive in his remarks and the captain knocked him down. This so enraged Bernard that he drew a knife and dangerously stabbed Captain Smith in the side. Smith grasped a heavy iron bar and knocked Bernard, insensible, into the water. One of the crew left the sloop and went to Roaring Point with the story. He says Bernard was better educated than the average dredgers. He told the man once that he intended to write a story about oyster-dredgers for a New York paper. It is supposed he was a journalist, under the guise of a tramp, who had embarked on the sloop to get a foundation for a story from real life. His body was not recovered.—Sun.

Dr. Chauncey Giles Dead.

Chauncey Giles, the leader of the New Jerusalem Society in this country died at his residence, in West Philadelphia, Monday. The reputation of Dr. Giles as a writer on religious topics is world wide, his discourses having been translated into nearly all languages. He was born at Charlemont, Mass., in 1813. Early in life he was a teacher. In 1853 he became a clergyman of the Church of the New Jerusalem. For ten years he preached in Cincinnati, then for fifteen years in New York, after which he became pastor of the first New Jerusalem Society of Philadelphia. In 1875 he was elected president of the general convention of the Church of the New Jerusalem in the United States, and this office he continued to hold up to the time of his death.

Maryland Society of the War of 1812.

Maryland Society of the War of 1812 was incorporated at Baltimore, last Thursday. The society has been known as the Association of the Descendants of the War of 1812, which was a continuation of the Association of the Old Defenders organized in 1842. The incorporators are James Hooper, Louis P. Griffith, Robert T. Smith, William H. Gill, Dr. Albert K. Hadel, James E. Carr, Jr., George Norbury McKenzie, John M. DuLany, Samuel A. Downs and Arthur M. Easter. One of the objects of the society is to encourage historical research in regard to the War of 1812.

Professional Men as Army Recruits.

An odd assortment of men applied for enlistment in the United States army during the past year, according to the annual report of Surgeon-General Sternberg. About two hundred different callings or occupations were recorded on the enlistment papers by the recruits accepted. Of the 9,585 men secured for service 7 placed themselves on record as lawyers, 3 as dentists, 2 as chemists, 39 as druggists, 6 as newspaper men, 8 as civil engineers and surveyors, 2 each as actors and artists, 4 as draughtsmen, 62 as school teachers, 26 as students and school boys, 39 as salesmen, 13 as photographers and 1 as a physician. Musicians enlisted to the number of 214, with 1 music teacher and 2 piano tuners. The carpenters numbered 204, painters 186, cooks 108, machinists 106, butchers 104, printers 95, and bakers 91. Of 86 who gave no stated occupation 78 were Indians and 8 white men. The 2,240 laborers enlisted included 13 Indians, but no Indians were enrolled among the 2,052 soldiers. The farmers numbered 1,188, clerks 377, 16 farmers, 96 blacksmiths, 376 teamsters drivers and coachmen, 2 horsemen, 3 horse trainers, 2 livermen, 2 jockeys, 1 riding teacher, 1 Indian horse raiser, and 92 grooms and hostlers. The book keepers were 52 in number, stenographers 7, hipping clerks 3, typewriters 2, and shop-keeping clerks 1. There were 80 sailors, 77 miners, 76 barbers, 75 engineers, 74 shoemakers and 69 sailors.

The reason for the enlistment of so many professional men is suggested in the annual report of one of the brigadier-generals of the army, who says the hard times have caused an unusually large number of men to seek enlistment to save themselves from starvation.

Heaviest in the World.

After two months of most critical work, the heaviest nickel steel armor ever fitted in the world has been successfully rounded into the after-barricade of the battleship Indiana, which is now nearing completion at Cramp's shipyard. The thickness of the barrette will be exceeded in this country only by the thickness of the side armor of the ship. The Indiana is now practically ready for sea, technically, however, she is only eighty per cent. finished. The contractors' trial will take place about February 1, and the vessel will be delivered to the government about June 1. The barrette on which the finishing touches were put Wednesday, has been in course of construction for two years. It was designed to carry out the original scheme of the battleships, and in conformity with the law requiring those vessels to carry the heaviest guns and armor afloat.

So ponderous was the structure that the Bethlehem Iron Company had to cast it in thirteen plates, which were forged under a 100-ton hammer. The barrette is thirty feet in diameter, 13 feet high, and 17 inches thick. Its total weight is 406 tons, something less than a million pounds, and to lift it an army of 4,000 men would have to exert their utmost strength.—American.

Not a Success.

In his annual report Third Assistant Postmaster-General Craig states that letter-sheet and envelopes introduced into postal use in 1887 have not proven a success, the number used having constantly decreased, and, therefore, the question is raised as to whether their issue and sale ought not to be discontinued. The issue of three sizes of postal cards has also proven unsatisfactory, and since the close of the fiscal year the contract has been entered into for the manufacture of one size only, called the international size, being 3 1/2 inches by 5 1/2 inches.

The reply postal card has not come up to expectations, but they will continue to be used. The Columbian postage stamps have also proven unsatisfactory so far as the revenue from their sale is concerned.

There was a frightful accident at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Monday morning. Harry Shearer, aged fourteen years, for fun, climbed up the tall iron smokestack by means of the iron ladder. When near the top the iron round to which he clung, gave way, and precipitated him to the ground, a distance of fifty feet. The boy's leg was broken and his back badly injured and he also suffered from congestion of the brain. His recovery is extremely doubtful.

Defects in Cruisers.

Secretary Herbert acted with regard to the plans presented for remedying the top heaviness and other defects in the Maehias, the Detroit, the Montgomery, the Castine and the Marblehead, by appointing a board of officers to examine thoroughly into the defects, their causes, and the best method for correcting them, and preventing their repetition in the future. The board consists of Commodore John G. Walker, Capt. E. C. Matthews, Chief engineers Farmer and Main, Naval Constructors Fernald and Bowles and Assistant Naval Constructor Capps.

Mr. Herbert had under consideration plans for remedying the faults in the ships named, but the ideas contained in them conflicted. The plan presented to the Secretary by the board of naval bureau chiefs was objected to by others who had ideas of their own on the subject and the Secretary decided that the best way to settle the conflicting claims and to enable all sides to have a hearing was to appoint a board that would examine the matter without prejudice. The appointment of the board means no reflection on the plan presented by the bureau chiefs, and it is not unlikely that that scheme will be adopted as the one best adapted for remedying the present defects and preventing more embarrassment of the same character in the future.

Maryland's South Boundary.

Attorney-General Poe, of this State, has filed in the United States Supreme Court the answer to Maryland to the cross bill of West Virginia regarding the boundary line between the two States. If this case is decided in Maryland's favor she will acquire a tract of land containing 500,000 acres. In 1746 a stone called the Fairfax stone, was planted, supposedly at the source of the Potomac river, to mark the line between Maryland and that part of Virginia now known as West Virginia. Later surveys showed that the source of the stream was not at the Fairfax, but at the head of the south branch of the Potomac. The latter is Maryland's claim. West Virginia resists. Maryland also claims the whole of the Potomac river, alleging the boundary line to be on the south bank.

A Clever Thief.

One evening last week an unknown man appeared at the residence of William Lefever, in Williamsport pretending that he wanted to see that gentleman. Mrs. Lefever came to the door and informed him that he was not in just at present, but told him where he would most likely be found. He returned in a few minutes stating that he had seen Mr. Lefever and had secured the use of his gun for F. H. Darby and a Mr. Heines a visitor at Mr. Darby's. Mrs. Lefever took the man at his word, and gave him the gun. When her husband returned she asked him about the transaction; he replied that it never took place. The gun or the thief cannot be found.—Boonsboro Times.

Danger of a Strike Past.

There have been no reductions in wages on the B. & O. Railroad, there will be none and all danger of a strike in consequence is therefore over. Vice-President King made this statement Saturday. It will be recalled that some weeks ago the company proposed to its employees to cut all wages 10 per cent., and the men refused to accept any proposed reduction except under certain conditions prepared by them, which were in turn objected to by the company. Trouble was expected, as it was then thought, and has since been the prevailing opinion, that the company intended to enforce the proposed reduction.

MART BUZZARD, one of the men charged with robbing Isaiah Shaeffer and murderously assaulting him at Groffside, Pa. last week, has made a confession, at Lancaster, the details of which are withheld, implicating his brother Abe, the notorious leader of the Welsh mountain outlaws, who was recently pardoned from the Eastern Pennsylvania penitentiary.

SCROFULA eradicated and all kindred diseases cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its vitalizing and alterative effects, makes pure blood.

The Senate and House of Representatives adjourned last Friday afternoon.

She Was Buried Alive.

About two months ago Mrs. Joseph Slentz, who lived near Hanover, apparently died, and was buried. Recently the surviving members of her family determined to have the grave walled up and cemented, and Saturday workmen opened it for that purpose. Upon removing the top from the rough coffin they were horrified to find the cover of the casket forced open and the glass broken into small pieces. The corpse was partly tanned and the face cut and bloody. The whole appearance of the body indicated that the unfortunate woman was buried alive, and that her sufferings and struggles in the dark tomb must have been horrible in the extreme.—American.

A FANCY inlaid upright piano valued at \$1,500, which had been packed, ready for removal, was taken out of the exhibitors' pavilion, at the World's Fair, Chicago, Friday, under the noses of the guards, by the thieves, who presented a forged permit to take it out. No trace of the instrument has been found.

LEWIS E. WRIGHT, aged eighteen years, now in an insane asylum, who fired his employer's building in Boston last March, has confessed that the fire that destroyed \$4,000,000 worth of property in that city last spring.

NEARLY six months ago Miss Blanche Wentzell lost her watch in the cemetery near Boliver. The other day while one of the family was in the cemetery the watch was found and when wound up started to run the same as ever.

A CROWD of youths beat James McDonald, an old man, at Banker Hill, Ind., Thursday last, and then poured coal oil on his clothing and set it on fire. McDonald's condition is critical.

THE Supreme Court of Michigan has decided that the act granting women the right to vote in school, village and city elections in that State is unconstitutional and void.

THE Old Liberty Bell arrived in Philadelphia, on Monday, and was given a grand welcome.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

CATARRH IS SPEEDILY CURED BY Dr. Hartley's Great Remedy.

The head, nose and throat soon experience the benefit of this matchless scientific treatment. The unhealthy secretions are effectually removed; a soothing sensation ensues and by its application the results are prompt, satisfactory and perfect.

Not a Salve or Snuff,

but a complete home treatment that will enable any person to effect a cure.

Sold by Dr. C. D. Eichelberger and all druggists.

NEW GOODS

Fall & Winter Trade.

The undersigned has just received a large assortment of Men's, Boys', Ladies' and Misses

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS of the very latest styles. Your attention is especially called to the Harrsburg "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 neatly and promptly done. Respectfully,
M. FRANK ROWE,
Emmitsburg, Md.,
sept. 29-4



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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 it 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.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

GET your house painting done by John F. Adelsberger, who will furnish estimates upon application, work done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

HAVE your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Geo. T. Eyster, who warrants the same, and has always on hand a large stock of watches, clocks, jewelry and silverware.

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 Im ALBERT SMITH.



FIRE INSURANCE.

Insure your property in Home Company, The Frederick City Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Moderate Rates - Sure and Safe.
CHARLES F. ROWE, Agent,
Mar 24-ly. Emmitsburg, Md.

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

EMMITSBURG Marble Yard

CEMETERY WORK
Of all kinds promptly done
Orders filled on short notice
and satisfaction guaranteed.

W. H. HOKE, Proprietor,
EMMITSBURG, MD.

THE ADVANTAGES

To be obtained in dealing with us is, the immense stock we carry in every line, giving a two fold advantage of assortment and low prices. We are prepared now to show

600 LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDRENS' COATS AND CAPES,

in newest and correct shapes and at the NEW LOW PRICES.

DRESS :- GOODS.

At no time in our business career has our stock had so many pleasing attributes as now.

THE PROPER WEAVES. Novelties
THE CORRECT COLORINGS. and
THE NEW LOW PRICES. Staples.

Trimming Braids and Fur Edges.

This is a time when everybody must make a dollar yield its full value. It is a time above all times when you want to buy from liberal minded merchants, who buy right themselves and are willing to give their community the benefit.

THE LEADERS

G. W. Weaver & Son,
GETTYSBURG, PA

No. 1355 MISCELLANEOUS DOCKET.

In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, SEPTEMBER TERM, 1893.

In the matter of the Report of Sales of Real Estate consisting of 35 1/2 acres of mountain land more or less, situated about five miles west of Emmitsburg, in Frederick county, Md., as assessed in the name of George Ridenour, as made by J. Wm. Baughman, Collector of State and County Taxes for Frederick county.

The object of this proceeding is to procure the ratification and confirmation of a sale made on the 16th day of October, A. D. 1893, by J. Wm. Baughman, Collector of taxes for Frederick county and State of Maryland, of a tract of mountain land in Election District No. 5, of Frederick county, which in the advertisement of sale is described as follows: 35 1/2 acres of mountain land, more or less, situated about five miles west of the town of Emmitsburg, in Frederick county, Maryland, adjoining the lands of George W. Rowe, David Turner and others, being part of a tract of land mentioned in a deed of partition between George Ridenour and Eyrainia Elyer, dated Nov. 27th, A. D. 1865, and recorded in Liber J. W. L. C., No. 3, folio 306, one of the Land Records of Frederick county.

The said Collector having made report to this Court of said sale, together with all the proceedings had in relation thereto, and the proceedings having been examined by the Court and the same appearing to be regular and the provisions of the law in relation thereto appearing to have been complied with,

It is thereupon on this 17th day of October, A. D. 1893, by the Circuit Court for Frederick county, adjudged and ordered that notice be given by the insertion of a copy of this order in the Frederick Citizen and Commercial papers published in Frederick county, once a week for six successive weeks before the 9th day of December, A. D. 1893, warning all persons interested in the said property to be and appear in this Court by the 9th day of December, A. D. 1893, to show cause if any they have why said sale should not be finally ratified and confirmed.

(Filed Oct. 17th, 1893)

JOHN A. LYNCH,
Judge of the Circuit Court.
True Copy—Test
JOHN L. JORDAN,
Oct 20-74 Clerk.

Order Nisi on Sales.

No. 6180 EQUITY.

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

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1893.

In the Matter of the Report of Sales filed the 18th day of October, 1893.

William H. Dorsey, Assignee of Mortgage from Louis M. Agnew and John S. Agnew, her husband, on petition of GRIFFITH, That on the 11th day of November, 1893, the Court will proceed to act upon the Report of Sales of Real Estate, reported to said Court by William H. Dorsey, Assignee of Mortgage, in the above cause, and shall therein ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick County, for three successive weeks prior to said day.

The Report states the amount of sale to be \$978.90 subject to the first mortgage.

Dated this 18th day of October, 1893,
JOHN L. JORDAN, Clerk
of the Circuit Court for Frederick Co.
True Copy—Test
JOHN L. JORDAN, Clerk,
Oct. 20-41.

Order Nisi on Audit.

No. 5893 EQUITY.

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

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1893.

In the Matter of the Auditor's Report filed the 30th day of October, 1893.

John T. Gelwick vs. Frederick C. O. Selss and wife, et al.
On appeal from the 20th day of October to November 1893, the Court will proceed to act upon the 2nd Report of the Auditor, filed as aforesaid, in the above cause, to finally ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick County, for two successive weeks prior to said day.

Dated this 30th day of October 1893,
JOHN L. JORDAN, Clerk
of the Circuit Court for Frederick Co.
True Copy—Test
JOHN L. JORDAN,
Nov. 3-93. Clerk.

