

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1896.

Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

On and after June 28, 1896, trains on
this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sun-
days, at 7.30 and 10.00 a. m. and
2.50 and 5.50 p. m., arriving at Rocky
Ridge at 8.30 and 10.30 a. m.
and 3.25 and 6.20 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sun-
days, at 8.26 and 10.40 a. m.
and 3.31 and 6.36 p. m., arriving at
Emmitsburg at 8.56 and 11.10 a.
m. and 4.01 and 7.04 p. m.

JAMES A. ELDER, Pres't.

Dog days will end on Monday,
August 24.

Mr. Joseph D. Caldwell has put a
new roof on his house.

WILLIAM SMITH, of Baltimore, aged
fifteen, was drowned in the Severn
River.

The Republican primary meeting will
be held in Gelwicks' Hall, to-morrow
night.

A BRYAN and Sewall Free Silver Club
was organized in Frederick last Sat-
urday night.

The guests at the Emmitt House en-
joyed a straw ride to Fairfield, Mon-
day night.

A boy preacher is arising enthusiasm
at a colored campmeeting in Anne
Arundel county.

A DANCE was given at the Emmitt
House Wednesday, in honor of the
Summer guests.

REV. E. H. DELK, a Lutheran minis-
ter, spoke from his pulpit in Hagers-
town against free silver.

SQUIRRELS may be shot in this county
from now until January 20. Pheasant
shooting begins November 1.

The Susquehanna Water-Power and
Paper Company of Harford County has
gone into the hands of receivers.

A COLT belonging to Major O. A.
Horne got fast in the halter chain in
the stable Sunday night and hung
itself.

TEX of the 20 fresh air children who
were sent to Middletown from Balti-
more became homesick and returned
home.

ELECTRIC railway cars are now run-
ning between Frederick city and Brad-
dock Heights, in the Catocin moun-
tains.

ALWAYS in season, Hopkins' Steamed
Honey (Hulled Corn). Elegant lunch
in Milk. Cut, can 10c. July 24 tds.

On last Sunday morning, in the absence
of the pastor, Rev. W. C. B. Shulen-
berger, Rev. J. E. Kerschner preached
in the Reformed Church.

CHARLES HEIST, employed at Bitten-
ger's stone-quarry, near Hanover, was
killed on the Western Maryland Rail-
road while shifting a car.

Mr. Robert N. T. Eyler was thrown
from a car at York, Pa., on Tuesday
last week, and painfully injured. By
the aid of crutches Mr. Eyler is now
able to walk.

The annual bean soup and campfire
of Arthur Post No. 41, G. A. R., will be
held in Mr. J. Stewart Annan's grove,
on the ridge near the Littlestown road,
on Saturday, August 22nd.

This firm of J. H. Seward & Co., fruit
importers, Baltimore, cleared about
\$40,000 by the sale of 18,500 boxes of
lemons, the entire sum realized being
between \$85,000 and \$90,000.

A FESTIVAL will be held at the Tract
School House, on Saturday afternoon
and evening, Aug. 22, for the benefit of
the Sunday school. Should the weath-
er be unfavorable the festival will be
held on the following Monday, Aug. 23.

A HORSE belonging to Mr. A. H.
Maxell, near town, was stolen from the
pasture field Monday night. It was
Mr. Maxell's most valuable horse. So
far nothing has been heard of the
animal.

ABOUT 500 delegates of the various
lodges, Knights of Pythias, of the State
are in session in Gettysburg. The pur-
pose of the convention seems to be for
the transaction of business only.

DURING a severe thunder storm which
passed over Waynesboro Friday evening
a bolt of lightning struck the chair in
which Mrs. William Kline was
sitting, completely splintering it. The
woman was badly shocked, but will
recover.

THE bicycle parade on last Saturday
night, as a burlesque on the ordinance
requiring bicyclists to ring their bell
before approaching a crossing, and to
carry a lighted lamp on their wheels
after dark, came very near being a
failure.

The Shakers are a Happy Community

It is said, but the shaker who shakes because
he can't help it is by no means a happy indi-
vidual. So shakes the person troubled with
chills and fever. The quivering and shuddering
sensation is followed by no less a plague,
namely, burning fever, which is followed by
a perspiration bath that leaves the unhappy suf-
ferer "as weak as a cat," a most unfortunate
simile, by the way, as the cat, for its size, is a
particularly muscular animal. Under the above
circumstances vital stamina is soon used up,
what will recuperate it? Hostetter's Stomach
Bitters, which eradicates malarial disease in
every form and repairs its terrible ravages upon
the system. Dependence on the liver alone
accompanies malarial disorder. To the relief of
this complaint, as well as constipation and
dyspepsia, the Bitters is admirably adapted.
No less efficacious and thorough is it for kidney
trouble, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia.
A wine-cupful three times a day.

JOHN BOOTS was sentenced in Cecil
county to be whipped and imprisoned
for a brutal act of wife-beating.

The Ice Cream Season

Having now opened, I am prepared to
furnish Festivals, Picnics, Parties, etc.,
with ice cream at way down prices.
P. G. KING.

A Terrible Leap.

Miss Annie Jaffe jumped Wednesday
evening from a third-story window of
the Home for Fallen Women, 5 North
Exeter street, Baltimore, and met in-
stant death on the sidewalk, about
thirty-five feet below.

She struck on her head and her skull
was crushed. The mangled body was
picked up and taken to the morgue.

WANTED.—A man to fill a good posi-
tion. Permanent outside work. Sal-
ary or commission. For full particu-
lars call or address,
H. G. MAUGANS Sp'c. Rep't.
Now at 67 East 4th St., Frederick city,
Md., Aug. 14-4 tds.

An action of assumpsit has been
brought by the F. C. Austin Mfg. Co.,
of Chicago, against Liberty township,
Pa., to recover \$750.00, the price of a
stone-crusher purchased by that town-
ship. The plaintiff's statement has not
yet been filed.—*Compiler.*

Lost.—A good sized Black Cloth La-
dies' Cape on the road between Emmitts-
burg and Gettysburg Thursday after-
noon. One dollar reward for return of
the same to Dr. J. Kay Wrigley, of Em-
mitsburg. It

A Brakeman Killed.

R. W. Russell, aged 25 years, a brake-
man on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail-
road, fell from a freight train at Mount
Airy, at 7.25 p. m., Sunday, and was
instantly killed by the wheels of a car
passing over his body. Russell had only
had only been in the employ of the
company three months. He was mar-
ried, and boarded at 1,737 Hanover
street, Baltimore.

BRYANT WORTZ, of near Zora, was at
Iron Springs, and on way home was
riding a colt which, when near Cornel-
lius Schriver's residence, became
frightened and threw him off. His
foot caught in the stirrup which drag-
ged him a short distance, but luckily
he kept hold of the reins or he might
have been killed. Mr. Wortz was badly
cut in the face, and considerably bruised.
Dr. James Eichelberger, of Emmitts-
burg, dressed the wounds.

Real Estate Sold.

On last Saturday, Vincent Sebold,
Esq., trustee, sold at public sale in this
place, the Collins property, situated
on the mountain southeast of Emmitts-
burg, to Mrs. Catherine Clunk, for the
sum of \$235.50.

Mr. Jacob Smith has sold his house
and lot, adjoining Zacharias' alley,
on West Main Street, to Mr. E. L.
Fitzell, for \$1,450.

Tried to Kill the Architect.

George Mace fired a pistol twice at
Architect O. Scott Tuesday afternoon
on Baltimore street Hagerstown, but
did not hit him. Mace, it is said, was
discharged from work on the founda-
tion for an addition to Henry Bester's
greenhouse, being a non-union man.
He blamed Scott for being instrumental
in his discharge. Mr. Mace charges
that he was knocked down by Mr. Scott
before firing. He surrendered to the
authorities.

Law and Order League.

A Law and Order League has been
organized at Rohrer'sville, Washington
county. The league already has twenty-
seven members. The object is to
preserve the peace and to work against
intemperance. The following officers
were elected: President, Josiah Buck,
ex-justice of the peace; W. McCoy,
vice-president; D. C. Haynes, secretary,
executive committee, M. L. Rohrer,
R. McCoy, Josiah Buck.

Frederick Bar Association.

The Frederick Bar Association has
appointed delegates to the meeting at
the Blue Mountain House, August 28th,
to organize a State Association. The
Frederick delegates are: Chief Judge
James McSherry, Associate Judge John
A. Lynch, Frederick J. Nelson, Charles
W. Ross, William P. Mansley, Glenn
H. Worthington, Milton G. Urner, Ed-
ward S. Eichelberger, John E. R. Wood
J. R. McSherry, Frank L. Stoner, Jacob
Rohrbach, Frank C. Norris and Vincent
Sebold.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes.
At this season your feet feel swollen
and hot, and get tired easily. If you
have smarting feet or tight shoes, try
Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet
and makes walking easy. Cures and
prevents swollen and sweating feet,
blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns
and bunions of all pain and gives rest
and comfort. Try it to-day. At drug-
gists or shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in
stamps. Trial package FREE. Allen S.
Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Aug. 7-4 tds.

Distressing Accident.

A distressing accident occurred at the
home of Mr. John F. Shriver, in Quak-
er Neck, Kent county, Md., Wednesday
morning. Mr. Shriver was engaged in
cutting wood on his wood-pile while
his little seven-year-old son, John, was
picking it up and carrying it away. In
reaching for a stick the child placed his
right hand directly under the descend-
ing axe. The father saw the danger,
but too late to prevent the blow and
the blade fell, striking the little hand
just across the knuckles. At the small
finger the injury was a trifling blow the
knuckle, and the finger was entirely
severed. The other three fingers were
cut at the knuckles and were all con-
nected. Dr. C. W. Whaland dressed
the wounds. The brave little fellow
displayed the nerve of a man and did
not flinch. The child is fortunately
left-handed.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or
bilious, or when the blood is impure or
sluggish, to permanently overcome
habitual constipation, to awaken the
kidneys and liver to a healthy activity,
without irritating or weakening them,
to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers,
use Syrup of Figs.

An Asbestos Find.

Mr. Charles Walker, of Jefferson dis-
trict, this county, recently discovered a
large vein of asbestos on his farm.
Mr. Walker took a sample of the
mineral to Frederick Monday and sent
a portion of it away to be examined by
an expert. It is probable that one or
two mineralogists will visit the farm of
Mr. Walker and examine the vein.—
News.

Author of Kathleen Mavourneen Dead.
Prof. F. W. Nicholls Crouch, of Bal-
timore, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen"
and many other songs, died Tuesday night
in Portland, Me., where he was visiting. His long life
of eighty-eight years had been an event-
ful one. He composed altogether about
two thousand songs, but he lacked the
business ability to make them pay, and
the best known of them all, "Kathleen
Mavourneen," he gave away.

Who Can Beat This Record?

Last Spring, Mr. Maurice Topper,
son of Mr. J. L. Topper, of near town,
planted five seed potatoes, of the "Early
Favorite" variety, from which he raised
24 bushels of fine large potatoes, in
the space of 125 square feet of ground,
which would be at the rate of 800 bush-
els of potatoes to the acre. This is an
extraordinary large yield, and if any of
the potato growers of Frederick county
can beat this record we would be pleased
to hear from them.

The tax collector of the corporation
of Emmittsburg is presenting to the
citizens their tax bills for the year end-
ing May 1, 1897. The prompt attention
on the part of the tax-payers will be
highly appreciated by the Town authori-
ties, and will enable them to meet the
Town's obligations promptly. Every
property holder must pay his share of
the taxes, and why not settle with the
collector promptly, and be relieved of
the worry of paying your tax bill at
some other time.

Shot by His Eight-Year-Old Brother.

Thursday afternoon about two o'clock
John Shindeldecker, aged about eight-
teen years, of Blue Ridge, Pa., was shot
in the back by his eight-year-old brother.
While climbing over a fence the child
deliberately aimed a Remington
rifle at him and fired. The bullet en-
tered the left lung and has not yet
been extracted. The child's motive in
firing on his brother is not known. A
physician, who was summoned at once,
thinks the young man's condition is
serious.

Two Cows Killed.

Two fine cows belonging to Mr. John
Albert Dean were struck by the last in-
coming passenger train on the Pennsyl-
vania Railroad Tuesday evening, the
11th inst., and almost instantly killed.
The cows got out of the pasture field
and were grazing on the railroad when
the train came in sight. The engineer
blew the whistle at a furious rate, but
the animals did not attempt to get out
of the way until too late. Both were
struck while the train was going at a
rapid rate and hurled a distance of fifty
feet.

Killed by Lightning.

During the thunder storm last Thurs-
day evening, a bolt of lightning struck
and killed John Spessard, a farmer,
aged about fifty-one years, about a
mile and a half east of Hagerstown.
He was caught in the storm and sought
shelter under a large walnut tree in
Solomon Rohrer's field. The tree was
struck and Spessard was leaning against
it. He was on his way to town when
killed. W. H. Thompson and George
A. Betts discovered the corpse an hour
after the storm. He was a man of
moderate means and leaves a widow
and one son.

A Churn that Churns in One Minute.

I have been in the dairy business all my
life and have many times churned for an hour
before butter would appear, so when I heard of
a churn that would churn in a minute, I concluded
to try it. Every day for a week I used it, and
not only could I churn in a minute, but I got
more and better butter than with the common
churn. This is very important information to
butter makers. The churn works easily, and
will churn an ordinary working in less than 60
seconds. I have sold two dozen of these churns
in the past month. Every butter maker that
has seen me churn in less than a minute has
bought one. You can obtain all desired in-
formation regarding the churn by addressing J.
F. Casey & Co., St. Louis, and they will give
you prompt and courteous attention.

An Ingenious Clock.

David H. Plummer, of Borden Shaft,
Allegheny county, a pumpman in the
employ of the Consolidated Coal Com-
pany, recently completed a clock that is
a mechanical wonder, rivaling in me-
chanism and architectural beauty the
celebrated clocks of the old continent.
Mr. Plummer's clock, including the
case, is 6 feet high, 1 foot deep and 3
feet wide. It is in a cherry case, hand-
somely decorated with scroll-work and
the face, which is 15 inches in di-
ameter, displays exquisite workmanship.
The structure is divided into three sec-
tions, or floors, besides that occupied
by the clock face. On the first of these
floors is a roller organ with a repertoire
of six tunes, one of which it plays ev-
ery hour. While the organ plays the
figures of six of the apostles make a
number of circuits on a rotatory plat-
form, which comprises the second floor.
There are other minor devices which
add to the pleasure and wonder of the
spectator.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-
tory is
located
at
St. Louis,
Mo.
It is
an
ex-
cellent
preparation
for
restoring
hair to natural color,
but never had satisfactory
results till I used Zulu Valler; it will restore
any hair or beard to its natural color in three
weeks. If it does not return your money,
you can take no risk. People who have never
tried it can get a sample package which contains
enough to restore any hair to natural color,
by sending 21 two-cent stamps, to pay postage,
etc., to Wilson & Co., New Concord, Ohio.
The regular price is \$2.50 per package. If it
does not restore your hair to natural color, or
make any color of hair darker in three weeks,
they will return your stamps. This proposition
is so fair that thousands are using it. It is
harmless, but never fails. Why can't big money
be made by selling Zulu Valler from house to
house?

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Charles I. Baker, and son,
Chadwick, of Baltimore, are visiting
Misses Louise and Hallie Motter.

Mr. Ernest Adelsberger, of Balti-
more, is visiting his brother, Mr. F. A. Adels-
berger, of this place.

Mrs. Laura Hann, of Baltimore, is
visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harry
Lingg.

Mrs. H. B. Keifer and two children,
of Lancaster, Pa., are visiting Mrs.
Wm. P. Nunemaker.

Miss Mary Jordan, of Baltimore, is
visiting her sister, Mrs. James Seltzer,
near Mt. St. Mary's.

Miss Mollie Humerick, of Baltimore,
is visiting her parents, near town.

Miss Stella Spaulding, has returned
to her home in Baltimore, after visiting
friends near Mt. St. Mary's.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mitchell, of
Tamaqua, Pa., and Mrs. Funk, of
Mansfield, Ohio, visited Mr. and
Mrs. E. R. Zimmerman.

Rev. W. C. B. Shulenberger, has
returned home from Martinsburg.

Miss Ruth Agnew has returned
home from Hummelstown, Pa.

Misses Carrie and Mary VanCleave,
of Gettysburg, are visiting the Misses
Annan, at the Square.

Mr. F. A. Welty, of Penola Farm,
near this place, has gone on a business
trip to Richmond, Va., accompanied
by his son F. L. Welty.

Miss Edith Nunemaker has returned
home.

Miss Troxell, of Washington, D. C.,
is visiting at Mr. James W. Troxell's.

Miss Janet Zacharias, of Chambers-
burg, is visiting at Mr. C. T. Zacharias.
Mrs. M. J. McDivitt, of Baltimore,
and Miss Della Diffendal, of Frederick,
are visiting Mr. F. A. Diffendal.

Mrs. A. J. McLean, of Charlestown,
Boston, who is visiting her sister at St.
Joseph's Academy, Mr. Harry Wilson,
of the firm of W. D. Willson & Bro., of
Hagerstown, and Mr. Frederick Mc-
Lean, of Boston, are the guests of Dr.
J. A. Mitchell, this place.

Miss Anna Gillelan is visiting in
Gettysburg.

Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given Mr. and
Mrs. John A. Topper, at their home in
Liberty township, on Saturday, August
1, in honor of the twentieth anniversary
of their marriage. Among those present
were: Mr. Henry Sanders and wife,
Mr. Blasius Kebab and wife, Mr. Wil-
liam Sanders and wife, Mr. David
Orndorff and wife, Mr. Jacob L. Topper
and wife, Mr. C. F. Sprengle and wife,
Mr. Henry Beard and wife, Mr. James
Booney and wife, Mr. Jacob I. Topper
and wife, Mr. John Cool and wife, Mr.
Geo. W. Shryock and wife, Mr. H. C.
Shryock and wife, Mr. Charles Top-
per and wife, Mr. Samuel Kugler and
wife, Mr. John Kugler and wife, Mr.
Wm. Topper and wife, Mr. James
Boyd and wife, Mrs. James S. Topper,
Mrs. Lizzie Topper, Mrs. Eliza Kugler,
Mrs. Kuhn Walter, Mrs. Sarah Eck,
Mrs. Mary Lin, Misses Sue Hoover,
Nora and Katie Shryock, Nora and
Janie Topper, Katie, Emma, Alice and
Hannah Beard, Fanny Sanders, Cora
Kugler, Grace Plank, Mary and Stella
Topper, Rosy and Mary Eck, Rosy
Sanders, Eliza Noggle, Fannie and
Mattie Diehl, Pearl Topper, Adeline
Kugler, Mary and Alice Kugler, Messrs.
Harry Topper, Raphael Topper, Joseph
Sanders, Marion Sanders, Lewis Kugler,
S. W. Plank, John Diehl, James Eck,
Jacob Eiker, Lemon Sanders, Charles
Benchoff, John Benchoff, Francis
Booney, Joseph Topper, Wm. H. Or-
ndorff, Walter Kugler, Francis E. Top-
per.

Mr. and Mrs. Topper received many
valuable presents. The evening was
spent in dancing and playing games.

At 6 o'clock the guests were invited
to supper, and at eleven o'clock all
agreeing that they had spent a pleasant
time left for their homes.

A GUEST.

Bicyclers Injured.

Richard Bell, a young law student,
and Edward Harrison, a stenographer,
of Cumberland, while out with a party
of wheelmen Wednesday afternoon,
lost control of their bicycles in coasting
down a steep hill near Everts creek.
Both were thrown and badly hurt. Mr.
Bell received deep gashes on the head
and face and was injured in the groin.
The flesh was almost cleaned out of the
palms of his hands.

Mr. Harrison sustained injuries about
the head and face, was cut on the hand
and bruised in the side. He, too, was
injured in the groin. It was thirty
minutes before he regained conscious-
ness. They were both conveyed home
in a farm wagon.

RICHARD B. Norment was found dead
last Saturday morning, in the room at
1319 F street, Washington, D. C. He
was last seen alive the night previous,
and the coroner who made investigation
decided that death resulted from apoplexy.

Mr. Norment was once a resident of
Westminster, and was State's Attorney
for Carroll from January 1872 until Jan-
uary 1876. Later he removed to Florida,
where, after a residence of a year or
two, he was nominated by the prohibi-
tionists for Congress. He left Florida
five or six years ago and went to Wash-
ington, D. C., to live.—*Advocate.*

Hair Restored to Natural Color.

I have used many preparations for restoring
hair to natural color, but never had satisfactory
results till I used Zulu Valler; it will restore
any hair or beard to its natural color in three
weeks. If it does not return your money,
you can take no risk. People who have never
tried it can get a sample package which contains
enough to restore any hair to natural color,
by sending 21 two-cent stamps, to pay postage,
etc., to Wilson & Co., New Concord, Ohio.
The regular price is \$2.50 per package. If it
does not restore your hair to natural color, or
make any color of hair darker in three weeks,
they will return your stamps. This proposition
is so fair that thousands are using it. It is
harmless, but never fails. Why can't big money
be made by selling Zulu Valler from house to
house?

YORK county republicans indorse
Congressman J. A. Stahl for
renomination.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

FAIRFIELD, Aug. 18.—Mr. John B.
Musselman, of this place, has a few
apples of last year's crop. Its a rare
thing to keep apples so long. They are
of the York Imperial variety.

Mrs. J. S. Myers and son, of Dela-
ware, Ohio, and Mrs. John But, of
Knox Lynn, are the guests of F. Shulley
and family, of this place.

Miss Flora Hoke and brother, Henry,
of Emmitsburg, are visitors to this
place.

Mrs. Harry Riley and family, of
Altoona, are visiting among their
friends at this place.

Mr. Henry Musselman, who lives
above Fairfield in Carroll's tract, lost
three fine cows one day last week. It
is supposed they were poisoned.

Mrs. Ashcroft, of Philadelphia, is
visiting her sister, Mrs. Christy Frey,
of Fairfield.

Misses Fannie Gelbach, of Glen
Rock, Gertrude Myers and lady friend,
of Hanover, are visitors to this place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Grove, of this place,
are visiting at Sell's Station.

Some unknown parties took from the
stable of Mr. Clark Marshall, one night
last week, a pair of buggy lines and lap
spread, which was the property of Mr.
Zac Stahley, who works for Mr. Mar-
shall. Some people think its sharp to
do these kind of tricks, but they should
be handled and an example made of them.

While the potato crop will be very
large, a great many people are com-
plaining about their potatoes rotting,
which will reduce the crop consider-
able. Air slacked lime sprinkled over
them will prevent them from rotting to
a great extent.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Peters, of
Waynesboro, are visitors to this place.
This place was favored with a good
rain on Sunday afternoon, which will
make the corn in this section.

The Lutheral Festival was largely
attended last Saturday night. The
school yard being crowded. The re-
ceipts must have been large. Fairfield
is never left for gatherings.

Mr. James C. Sanders, who had
opened a store at the west end of Fair-
field, on Main St., has sold his entire
store to the barber, Mr. Carbaugh, who
will enlarge the stock.

The following were the deaths of last
week, at this place: Mrs. Jesse Hoff-
man, funeral on Friday, interment at
cemetery at Fairfield; Mr. Peter
Weaver, funeral on Saturday, interment
at Dunkard church, Marsh
creek. A little boy of Mr. David Riley,
funeral on Saturday, interment at
Fairfield.

Mrs. Carson, of this place, is reported
being very ill at this time. Mr. Pius
Small of Liberty township, is reported
sick. Mr. Jacob Musselman, who was
reported sick with throat disease is get-
ting better.

Are You Tired

All the time? This condition is a sure
indication that your blood is not rich
and nourishing as it ought to be and as
it may be if you will take a few bottles
of the great blood purifier, Hood's
Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that
Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured
them of that tired feeling by giving
them rich, red blood.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly
on the liver and bowels. Cure sick
headache.

Prohibition County Convention.

The Adams county, Pa., Prohibition
Convention met at the Pitzer House,
Gettysburg, last Friday afternoon at 2
o'clock, with H. S. Monfort in the
chair. Rev. Hugh W. Gilchrist led in
prayer. H. S. Monfort and Jacob Klep-
per were made Chairman and Secretary
respectively for the day. The follow-
ing ticket was nominated:

William A. Albright, York city, Con-
gress; H. F. Slaughterhapt, Little-
town, Legislature; Louis M. Heikes,
Tyrone twp., Legislature; Jacob Klep-
per, Straban twp., Sheriff; Hamilton
W. Forest, Littlestown, Clerk of the
Court; Rev. Jacob C. Peas, Tyrone twp.,
Register and Recorder; Clayton E.
Slaybaugh, Butler twp., County Treas-
urer; John J. J. Hunter, Liberty
twp., County Commissioner; Cyrus G.
Griest, Butler twp., County Commis-
sioner; David Knous, Franklin twp.,
Director of the Poor; Worley Radisill,
Cumberland, and M. B. Bollinger, Ty-
rone, Auditors.

Trial Trip.

AN IMPRESSION.

A wind swept sky.
The waste of moonlight stretching to the west,
The sea, low moaning in a strange unrest—
A sea gull's cry.

Washed by the tide,
The rocks lie sullen in the wanling light;
The foam breaks in long strips of hungry white,
Disatisfied.

Above, around,
Thunderous call of drought that kills and
sears;
Silence, in travail, waiting birth of tears—
No conscious sound.

Only the stir
Of some small insect life within the sand,
The lapping of the waves upon the land,
A cornet's whir.

Upon the hill
The gorse seems blighting for the rain; afar
A low poised on the horizon line, one star
Shines, lonely still.
May Eternity in Temple Bar.

WITH A BARREL OF OYSTERS.

John a Great Russian Banker Bought His Freedom From Serfdom.

One of the best known banking houses of St. Petersburg and the one to which most American visitors to Russia carry letters of credit is that of Messrs. Shalounine & Sons, the founder of which, father of the present head of the firm, owed his liberation from serfdom, 15 years before the decree of emancipation, to a barrel of oysters. Old Shalounine was a serf belonging to Count Shemetoff, one of the wealthiest nobles in Russia. He had frequently entreated the count to grant him his freedom, offering him as much as \$500,000 for the count. But money was no object to the boy, and it gratified his pride to feel that one of the leading bankers of the empire was one of his serfs, unable to marry either his sons or his daughters without his master's consent. Moreover, as serf, the banker was liable to have his money seized and confiscated any moment by the count, since everything that belonged to a serf, including his wife, children and property, belonged to his master.

One day Shalounine, who had just that very morning returned to the capital from Odessa, called at the Shemetoff palace for the purpose of reporting his arrival, as in duty bound to his owner. He had brought with him a barrel of delicious Crimean oysters for presentation to the count, but left them in his carriage at the palace door until he should have obtained his master's intimation that his gift was acceptable. On entering the presence of the count the banker found him surrounded by a party of guests and engaged in berating his chief butler for neglecting to provide oysters for the breakfast to which they were about to sit down. The butler was explaining to the count that there were no oysters to be got in the capital at that moment for love or money. Catching sight of the serf banker the count exclaimed:

"Oh, it is thou again. Thou art come to pester me once more for thy liberation! Thou knowest that it is useless. I should not know how to do with thy money. But stay, I will tell thee something. Get me some oysters for my breakfast and thou shalt have thy freedom!"

Shalounine bowed low, left the room, fetched the small barrel of oysters which he had left in his carriage at the door, and laid it at the feet of his master.

As soon as the barrel had been opened the count called for a pen and paper, wrote out a declaration emancipating both the banker and his family from serfdom, and then, bowing courteously to the man who but a moment before had been his slave, exclaimed: "And now, my dear Mr. Shalounine—will you give us the pleasure of your company at breakfast?"—New York Tribune.

ECONOMY OF SPACE.

A Great Power Generating Station Which Covers but Little Ground.

Probably no other kinds of power plants afford better illustrations of the tendency to concentration than some of the modern splendidly equipped electric stations in large cities, where ground area has closely approached the maximum in value, and in which, therefore, economic considerations have dictated the putting of as much generating apparatus into as little space as human ingenuity would permit, with due regard to satisfactory performance. In some of these stations vertical engines and boilers in large units have been installed to the entire exclusion of horizontal designs, and in others, again, the saving in ground space thus secured has been still further augmented by setting engines and boilers in tiers, one above the other, giving a ratio of horsepower per square foot of ground area which a decade ago would have been thought quite beyond the limits of possibility.

In probably no station in the world has this concentration been carried out to greater degree, or to as great a scale, as in that of the Edison Electric Illuminating company in Duane street, in the city of New York. The ground covered by this measures 200 by 74 feet, and within this area provision has been made for nine 2,500 horsepower engines, two of 1,850 horsepower each and three of 400 horsepower, giving a total of very nearly 27,000 horsepower, with a corresponding boiler plant, or only a little less than two horsepower per square foot. It would seem, indeed, as though economy in space could not well be carried much further.—Cassier's Magazine.

Ingrowing Hair.

The barber was talking. "Ingrowing hairs in the face are often painful," he remarked, "but they aren't in it with ingrowing hairs under the finger nails. Fact, I assure you. Ask any barber, and he will tell you the same thing. How do they get there? Oh, that's simple enough. In cutting a man's hair, a short hair very often flies off the shears and lodges under the finger nail. We don't notice it at the time, and it gradually works its way in until it is completely out of sight. Then the trouble begins. Sometimes it takes root and grows out, but more often it just stays there and festers. Does the razor hurt? Ah, yes, yes, sir. Next!"—Philadelphia Record.

His Characteristics.

Visitor—"Who do you take after, Bobby, your papa or mamma?" Bobby—"That depends. When Aunt Jane is here, ma says I take after her looks and when Uncle Jones is here, ma says I'm a regular Jones. They're both from London."—London Tit-Bits.

STORIES OF STETSON.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING MEN EVER IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

An Ignorance Whose Depth and Breadth Made It Highly Entertaining—Stetson Was a Source of Fun Outside of Theatrical Circles as Well as Within Them.

There is a man born now and then with a sort of humorous silver spoon in his mouth. Uninterrupted good fortune as a humorist smiles on him through life, and that, too, with no seeming effort of his own. He somehow acquires an early reputation for saying or doing funny things, which, once gained, nothing can take away. All the jokes in his line of his generation, and often some of earlier and later generations, are credited to him, and nobody cares to dispute the honor. Collectors of jokes are ready to accept Joe Miller as Joe Miller, but no literary scholar believes that he originated all the jests in his alleged book. Anybody can think for himself of two or three similar examples in the present half century, and, even so, it is not likely that John Stetson ever really said all or half the amusing things that were attributed to him. They were good stories, some of them, and they were told of Stetson, just as the story of fiddling while Rome burned was told of Nero, not because they were true, but to show what kind of man Stetson was.

The stories which it was thought proper to fix upon John Stetson were those which exhibited any broad, comprehensive and picturesque ignorance. He was an ignorant man no doubt—ignorant enough, perhaps, to say all the things that it was ever said that he did, but the chances are that he did not say them all. But the stories are none the worse for that. Years ago Sophocles' "Edipus Tyrannus" was played by the students of Harvard college and excited great comment throughout the country. It was discussed one evening at a dinner at which Stetson was present, and he cheered the company by announcing that he had contracted with Sophocles for the writing of a new play to be produced by him the following season.

This story belongs in the same class as a somewhat more elaborate one, Stetson once took possession of a new theater and discovered in the lobby a picture that did not meet his artistic taste. "Take that picture down," he said.

"But, Mr. Stetson," somebody remonstrated, "that picture was painted by Michael Angelo."

"Michael who?" said Stetson.

"Michael Angelo."

"Well, take it down," said Stetson, "and discharge Angelo. I won't have any of these foreign scene painters around my theater; I'm going to employ Americans."

This so amused those who heard it that they at once told the incident to friends of Stetson and themselves, and among them was Jack Haverly, the famous negro minstrel manager. Haverly did not laugh when he heard it, but simply looked puzzled. He thought for a few moments, and then a faint smile came into his face, and he said, "Oh, yes, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!"

This answer was thought good enough to take back to Stetson, who, it was assumed, must have taken pains in the meantime to inform himself of the history of art sufficiently to understand it. "What do you think, Stetson?" said his friend. "We have told Jack Haverly what you said about Michael Angelo, and he said, 'Oh, I see; there ain't no such person as Michael Angelo!'"

Stetson looked blank in his turn for a moment and then received his own little illumination as to the humor of the thing. "Why, the ignorant old fool," he said; "of course he ought to have said, 'There isn't any such person as Michael Angelo.'"

This story again recalls another with a similar turn. The conversation once turned on a clever passage in W. J. Florence's old play, "The Mighty Dollar," in which Bardwell Sloot exposes his ignorance by referring to a hackman whom he had encountered in Venice. "Yes," said Stetson, "that is clever; of course they don't have hacks in Venice; it's such a slow place they don't have anything but omnibuses and mule carts." This fable found its way into print again only a few weeks before Mr. Stetson's death.

"What do you think of So-and-so?" Stetson asked of one of the men of the actors of his company. He meant to ask what his friend thought of the way the actor was playing the part in which he was then engaged, but the friend supposed that he meant to ask what manner of man he thought him. So he answered, "He's well enough, only he seems to me to be a little too pedantic."

This struck Stetson as a good word, and he stored it up in his memory for future use. A few days later, when he met the actor, he said, "I was in front watching you last night and thought you didn't play that part quite as pedantic as you usually do."

Sometimes Mr. Stetson's expressions amounted to epigrams. It will be remembered that when Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Gondoliers" was first done in this country at the New Park theater, now the Herald Square, it was a dreadful failure. It was clearly and obviously so to anybody who saw any considerable part of it, even if he were ordinarily a bad judge of such things, and Stetson was not a bad judge. He had secured the rights to the opera for New England, and he had paid a good deal of money for them. He went to the New Park on the first night to see and hear what his property looked and sounded like. After the first act he strode out into the lobby and somebody heard him mutter, "Gondoliers? 'Gondoliers?' H'm! gone dollars!"—New York Tribune.

Solid Cookery.

"I made these biscuits myself, Billie," said Mrs. McSwat, with honest pride.

"They look very nice, Lobelia," replied Mr. McSwat, picking one of them up and making an effort to split it.

"And they are still hot. How long ago did you—cast them?"—Chicago Tribune.

His Masterpiece Too.

Mr. Impressionist—"That's my last, there on the easel. Now, that is a picture, Squills!"

Squibs—"Yes, so it is. I can tell that by the frame."—Harlem Life.

ARTIST SIGN PAINTERS.

Men of Genius Who Have Engaged in Humble Employment.

Commonly there is not a great deal of real artistic value in the signs that distractingly illuminate the streets of our cities and towns. It is, however, interesting to note that there have been in the annals of art not a few instances of noted artists whom stress of misfortune compelled at times in their career to take to this employment—at least temporarily. Some of the old masters did not hesitate to turn their brushes to work of this kind when necessity commanded, and there have been many swinging signs of old taverns throughout Great Britain painted by men of genius whose talents had otherwise failed to fill their pockets with guineas. Du Maurier once painted signs, and more than one of his contemporaries could if he would tell a tale of similar employment of his brush.

In the history of American art there have been some cases of men who found sign painting more remunerative than work of a higher character. Perhaps the best known was Matthew Pratt of Philadelphia, a talented portrait painter, who, having a family to support, honestly turned his hand in intervals of leisure to the production of tavern signs and banners for political conventions.

On the other hand, there are not a few instances of sign painters abandoning their craft for a higher sphere in art. And of American artists especially a number have begun in this humble line. J. G. Brown at the outset of his career painted the signs of the landscape pictures with which the old New York Broadway stages were decorated. Henry Smith Mount, a brother of the more talented William Sidney Mount, though a sign painter, executed some creditable pictures of still life and became an A. N. A. in 1892. W. S. Mount, first associated with his brother, showed a capacity for a higher order of art. He was one of our early genre painters, devoting himself mainly to depicting the humorous side of American rustic life. Francis A. Silva and Arthur Quartley, the marine painters, now dead, began their careers as sign painters. So did William McGrath, the clever genre painter, who of late has been painting subjects a la Alma Tadema. Worthington Whittridge and William Louis Sountag, both now well known as landscape painters, were painting signs together in Cincinnati a little more than 40 years ago.—Detroit Free Press.

The Irish Labor In England.

It is asked, Why should the Irishman come over to make the hay and reap the crops in England and Scotland, and how is it that he goes home again and does not stay? That he comes over is evidence that he is not unwilling to work. He is sent for by the farmer because his wages are low. That he returns home is not a matter of sentiment alone, nor due to the fact that he returns to a Roman Catholic country. The winter is milder than in Scotland, the rent is cheaper than paying for lodgings in Scotland, the turf fire is warmer and more cheerful than the small coal he must buy at high price in Scotland.

The turf fire costs him perhaps \$3 for the family for all the year. While the man works abroad the family live cheaply at home and till the potatoes and fatten the pigs. There are thus good reasons why migratory labor should pay the Irish peasant best, and the change is welcome to him when life would otherwise be very monotonous. Days and nights look forward to the end of their school days and to the time when they may go to the harvesting; or, still better, to the "oil works," where some 30 shillings a week may be earned. The Irish peasant requires no one to teach him his own interests in this respect, and he works hard for a spell, looking forward to the idle winter before him at home.—Blackwood's Magazine.

They Didn't Smoke.

In his boyhood Judge Charles B. Andrews of the Connecticut supreme court was much more lively than his brother, President Andrews of Brown university. A writer in the Springfield Republican tells a story of the way he got ahead of some of the college boys when he was a freshman at Amherst. It was the custom then to smoke out the freshmen. A party of a dozen or more of the fellows would enter the room of an unsuspecting boy, light their pipes and smoke until the victim gave in and offered a treat. When they came into Andrews' room, they were without their pipes and had no tobacco about them, but with a stern voice one fellow handed Charles \$1 and ordered him to go out and procure pipes and tobacco for the crowd. Charles went out and soon returned with 99 pipes and 1 cent's worth of tobacco. What the boys did to him for his audacious act is not related, but it is a fact that he did not smoke him out that night.

Wanted—A Husband.

A good joke was played on the girls of a provincial town recently by the young men of the place. The boys had been rather remiss in their attentions to the young ladies, and had been going to the theaters, parties and so on until the girls grew tired of being left out in the cold and decided to show their independence.

Consequently 15 of the girls hired a box at the theater and made a very charming theater party. The play was "Wanted—A Husband," and the girls sat serene through it all, never dreaming that the wicked boys had taken one of the largest flaring posters, "Wanted—A Husband," and fastened it in front of the box so that all the audience might read.—Pearson's Weekly.

Train Notes.

A method of preventing the noise made by trains when passing over iron bridges has been devised by a German engineer named Boedecker, locality not stated. He puts a decking of 1½ inch planks between the cross girders, resting on three inch timbers laid on the bottom flange, while on the planks a double layer of felt is placed, fixed to the vertical web of the cross girder. At the connections with the girder a timber cover joint is put on felt, and two hook bolts connect the whole firmly to the bottom flange. Four inches of slag gravel over the decking, which is inclined toward the center of the bridge for drainage purposes, and a layer of felt is laid between the planks and the timbers upon which they rest, and the ironwork in contact with decking and ballast is asphalted. The decking weighs 600 pounds per yard for a bridge 11 feet wide and costs 23 cents a square foot.

CARRY THEIR EGGS.

LARGE BIRDS DISCOVERED BY EXPLORERS THAT DO THIS.

The Nest of the Albatross and Some Others Is Where They Sit Down—An Island In the Antarctic Regions—The Experience of Audubon.

Some time ago a small party of explorers landed on one of the apparently barren islands just on the borders of the antarctic regions and found it inhabited by a remarkable colony of birds that ranged from large Mother Carey like birds to penguins of all kinds and degrees. The island was fairly covered with the feathered inhabitants, and, as the boat ran on to a rock that apparently afforded a landing, the birds, instead of moving away, seemed determined to resent the intrusion and stood their ground, viciously attacking the men, who, though they knocked the birds aside with clubs and oars, made no appreciable inroad upon their numbers.

The party then formed a compact body, and, armed with boathooks to push the shrieking throng aside, moved up what apparently was a street here and there dotted with singular stool-like objects about 3 feet in width, larger at the top. These were the nests of the albatross, and, as the men were especially desirous of obtaining a set of eggs, they observed the nests very carefully, but in every instance they found the egg had been shuffled clumsily away, and no eggs were found, though the birds were supposed to be sitting upon them.

Finally a nest was found containing an egg, but just as the men drew near the bird alighted and took her place upon it, cying them with suspicion and uttering a curious half hissing sound. They watched her for a few moments and then forced her from the nest, when, to their amazement, the egg had disappeared as completely as though it had been swallowed up. The nest was examined closely and finally torn apart, the men thinking that possibly the egg might have slipped into it in some mysterious way, but without success.

One of the party attempted to catch an albatross, and while he was following the bird in a ludicrous chase over the stubble an egg suddenly appeared, dropped by the running bird, which had all the time been carrying it, not under her wing, as she is supposed to do at sea by superstitious sailors, but in a peculiar sack in the skin provided by nature for this very purpose.

The albatross is famed for its power of flight, following vessels hundreds of miles. Yet when nesting it apparently forgets that it has wings, as it can be handled and pushed about in the nest, making no attempt to fly or move unless driven away by blows. This may be due to the fact that the egg is held in the curious sack and the bird instinctively knows that it cannot fly off with it; so it rests.

This sly bird is called the molly maud. And its cousin, the great albatross, has a similar habit, the egg, which is five inches in length, almost as large as that of a swan, being held in a perfect incubating pouch.

On Marion island the explorers found the great king penguin—a bird which stands half as high as a man, with its bill pointing directly upward instead of out, as with other birds. As they landed and approached the singular creatures, which had been standing about, they hopped away slowly, but not an egg could be found, a set of which was the object of the visit.

The birds had a peculiar movement. Instead of walking and moving one foot after the other, or alternately, they held them close together and hopped. This excited the laughter of the men, who finally toppled a bird over, whereupon the egg rolled out upon the sand.

The king penguin was also an egg carrier, not only holding it while standing still, but carrying the big egg about with it by placing it in a pouch for the purpose, holding it in with the broad webbed feet that are kept closely together. This explained the curious hopping motion of the birds, as they could not move their feet without dropping the egg, but the moment one was forced to give up the prize it ran away, using both feet, like ordinary birds.

This remarkable habit does away with the necessity of a nest, as the bird carries its egg with it as it moves about. In these instances the birds rarely transport the egg to a great distance. If undisturbed, they probably remain about a certain locality, but there are birds which have been known to transport their eggs from one place to another, literally flying away with them. When Audubon first heard this story of the night hawk, called Chuck Will's widow, he thought it a story of the negroes. Some insisted that the bird carried the egg away under its wing; others that it rolled the egg over the ground. To determine the truth Audubon concealed himself in the woods under a nest, having first handled the eggs, and waited to see what the old bird would do. The first bird to arrive appeared very dejected at the discovery that the secret home had been found, ruffling up its feathers and crying away in a moaning cry just audible to the listener. Then the mate arrived, and, after various movements indicative of alarm, each bird took an egg in its capacious mouth and flew softly away.

Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, observed the collared goshawk of the Cape of Good Hope carrying off its eggs in the same manner—a comparatively easy feat, as the mouth of all these birds is very capacious, a voracious trap for the jaws are opened for the various insects upon which they feed in the dusk between day and night.

Many birds carry their young short distances, as the woodcock, which has been seen carrying off a little one between the claws, while it is well known that the wood duck carries its young down from the nest in trees to the water, using her bill for the purpose.—Philadelphia Times.

Author—Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born chemist.

Author's Wife—What makes you think that, Horace?

Author—Well, every book I write becomes a drug in the market.—London Answers.

His Little Scheme.

"How is this, Florence? Here is a guitar in place of your mandolin?"

"Yes, mother. Paul Davis took my mandolin in mistake for his guitar. He will return it tonight when he comes for his guitar."—Detroit Free Press.

THE DECISSIVE TEST.

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"When she can send a ten word telegram without adding a postscript."—Detroit Free Press.

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| 11:45 | 6:45 | Clear Spring | 9:01 |
| 11:55 | 6:55 | Charlton | 9:11 |
| 12:05 | 7:05 | Williamsport | 9:21 |
| 12:15 | 7:15 | Hagerstown | 9:31 |
| P. M. | A. M | | |