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DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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BACKWOODS SURGERY.

"Probably as queer a piece of backwoods surgery as has been described," says a frequenter of the region. "was that performed by a Mochohead lake guide known as old Sabattus 80 years ago. The man was not an Indian, as the name implies, but a Yankee, one of those rough fellows formerly characteristic of that locality. This guide was let on a lake steamer at one of the far up landings while the engineer went ashore with the company. A man named Meserve came aboard and in fooling around the boat managed to tumble down into the fire pit and put his shoulder out of joint.

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The Dragons of Wyoming.

Lived 5,000,000 Years ago and the Least of Them Was a Giant. Paleontologists F. W. Knowlton and T. W. Stanton, of the United States Geological Survey, have just returned to Washington from a visit to a region of marvels. They have been collecting fossils in Converse county, Wyoming, where they found deposits of the bones of veritable dragons that lived about 5,000,000 years ago. These occur in the famous "Laramie beds," which are full of the skeletons of the monstrous extinct reptiles known to science as "Dinosaurs"—meaning literally "terrible reptiles."

It is owing to their amphibious habits, apparently, that such quantities of their remains have been preserved for the instruction and astonishment of mankind today. At the period when they lived a large part of the interior of the North American continent was covered by a great system of lakes, which extended northward from Mexico into Canada. These lakes formed an immense inland sea of fresh water, so that the geographical aspect of what is now the United States was as different as possible from what it is now. The continent was young then, and the Rocky Mountains were but a string of islands. The climate was much like that of the middle Eastern States at present, and the shores of the lakes were clad with a luxuriant vegetation. Forests of oaks, elms, maples, magnolias and ever fig trees dominated the landscape, where now are only deserts, arid and desolate.

The strange reptiles here described were more or less apt to die in the water of rivers. When that occurred their bodies were carried by the streams to the lakes. They floated about for a while, and eventually sank to the bottom, where they were covered by sand and other detritus. Thus, if circumstances happened to be favorable, their skeletons were preserved. In the course of time the lakes dried up; the land was uplifted by geological change, and the sand which enclosed the remains of the animals hardened into stone. In this way it comes that the skeletons may now be dug out of the hills in that desert region. Along the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains may be traced for hundreds of miles certain well-defined strata which contain these ancient reptilian bones. It is supposed that in that part of the country during the epoch described there was an estuary, in which the animals deposited themselves in immense numbers. Some of them got caught in the mud, and so perished, and that accounts for the finding of their skeletons in such surprising numbers in that situation.

The region in question is at present a land of utter desert. It is almost a lifeless desert. There is almost no vegetation, save along the bottoms of river courses, which are dry nearly all the time. Now and then comes a rain storm, and the water rushes from the mountains in dangerous torrents. For a few hours the stream beds are flooded and then become dry again. The river bottoms ordinarily are of dry sand, and water is only to be obtained by digging a hole, into which an alkaline and unpleasant fluid slowly seeps. But the hunter after fossils is indifferent to hardships; he cares naught for the tortures of thirst or the scorching heat of the sun. To him an all-sufficient reward is the sight of a queer-looking something sticking out of a cliff in that region of barren hills, deep gulches and gloomy canyons.

giant reptile, maybe of an unknown species. The obvious procedure is to climb up the cliff and begin a process of excavation. It is a performance enormously difficult. To begin with, there are few facilities at hand. The nearest railway is fifty miles distant, and there is not a house within fifteen miles. The bones are embedded ordinarily in brown sandstone; it is a soft material, fortunately, and easily cut. Carefully it is pecked away, so as not to mutilate the precious object, until a part of the skull is disclosed. This part is promptly wrapped with gunny-sacks that have been dipped in paste, otherwise it would fall into dust on exposure to the air. It may be necessary to pour moist plaster-of-paris upon the newly-exposed fossil, and let it harden, so as to hold the relic together. The process described is continued until the entire bony structure is secured. In this manner two complete skulls of the Triceratops, a three-horned dinosaur, were obtained, each of them weighing two tons.

Many of the creatures whose remains are thus dug out correspond very nearly to the monsters made familiar to the imagination of childhood by the fairy tales of the nursery. But real dragons and "chimeraas dire" swarmed everywhere in those days. Take the Laelaps, for example. This was an animal forty feet long, but like a kangaroo. It walked erect on its hind legs and was incredibly agile, leaping seventy feet at a bound. Its jaws were armed with teeth like bayonets, and its remarkably small fore limbs terminated in hands which were provided with cruel claws. The vertebrae and leg bones of this fearful beast were hollow, for the sake of lightness, and probably the first thing it did to a victim was to scratch its eyes out. Weighing a couple of tons, with the activity of an antelope and provided by nature with weapons far more effective than those of any modern mammal, the Laelaps was probably the most formidable beast that ever existed.

In imagination one can picture this frightful creature, stalking kangaroo fashion along the bank of a river, its head uplifted twenty-five feet above the ground, so that it was able to overlook a considerable stretch of country. Perchance it sees, sluggishly wading in the stream and feeding on the water plants, a reptile far larger than itself, with a long and crane-like neck, a very small head and a body of enormous bulk, weighing twenty tons or more. This is a Bron-tosaurus—a stupid and almost defenseless animal, amphibious in habit, measuring sixty feet from the snout to the end of tail. Hardly has it time to realize the presence of its enemy before the Laelaps, with a bound, has sighted upon its back. The tragedy is quickly accomplished, and the merciless carnivore is soon gorging itself with the flesh of its gigantic victim.

Great in size as are the carnivorous reptiles of this strange epoch, like the Laelaps and the Ceratosaur, it is noticed that the herbivores are much larger. The latter may be said to correspond to the horned cattle and other vegetable-feeding animals of a subsequent epoch, which are destined in their day to serve as food for flesh-eating mammals smaller than themselves. The carnivores of the mesozoic are mostly leapers, walking erect and having hollow bones for lightness; the herbivores, on the other hand, are clumsy and less intelligent, but commonly provided with defensive bony armor. The latter usually go on "all fours," but some of them are built on the kangaroo pattern. Go down to the shore of the Laramie Sea, and cast a glance over that mighty sheet of water. At some distance from the land is wading a beast of vast bulk, upright on its long hind legs. It stands thirty feet high and has enormous jaws which somewhat resemble a pair of exaggerated salad spoons. With these it is gathering the aquatic weeds on which it lives. Its mouth is furnished with 2,000

ginding teeth, arranged in magazines. The animal is a Hadrosaur. Look around that bend in the shore of the lake and you will see a nearly related creature not much more than half as big, which likewise walks erect. It is a Claosaur. Its head is long and narrow; its eyes are large and its scent is very keen. The tail of the brute is long and well adapted to propulsion through water. Its fingers and toes end not in claws, but in little hoofs, succulent vegetation is its food. Now, if you will cast your gaze upward to yonder hilltop, you may catch a glimpse of yet another herbivorous reptile of far greater size. In the distance it looks like a giant kangaroo. Sixty feet it measures from snout to tip of tail. Titanosaur is surely an appropriate name for the monster, which browses on the foliage of the forest.

There is no use of trying to describe all the strange types of reptiles which inhabit this fairland of science. In size and structure their variation is infinite. One of the most remarkable is the Triceratops, as tall as a big elephant and twice as long. It has three formidable horns, two of which, each a yard in length and very sharp, spring from above the eyes, while the third is smaller and surmounts the nose. The head is enormous, weighing half a ton, and in order to hold it up, the beast is provided with a great bony frill at the neck for the attachment of muscles. Its jaws terminate in a cutting beak sheathed with horn, and its neck is protected by a series of armor plates. The creature is sluggish, moving on all fours.

If luck favors you may get a sight of a Polycanthus—a reptile whose loins are protected by a continuous sheet of bony plate armor rising into knobs and spines. Some of the carnivores are no bigger than setter dogs, and of these an example is the Anchisaur, which is very slender and delicately made, with a long bird-like neck and a flexible tail. Time permitting, you might indulge in an egg hunt; for many of these monsters lay eggs, though others bring forth their young alive. It need not surprise you to come across an egg as big as a beer keg buried in the sand, so that the warm rays of the sun may hatch out a baby Atlantosaur. A marvelous epoch truly, from the zoological point of view. Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, has written a book concerning it, telling all about the Dinosaurs. It will issued within a few days by the Geological Survey. —Philadelphia Times.

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Life of Particulars.

Good Minister (to a man wishing to be married)—Do you wish to marry this woman? Man—I do. Minister—Do you wish to marry this man? Woman—I do. Minister—Do you like the city as a place of residence? Man—No; I prefer the suburbs. Minister—Do you like the suburbs? Woman—No, indeed; I prefer the city. Minister—Are you a vegetarian in diet? Man—No; I hate vegetables. I live on beef. Woman—I can't bear meat. I am a vegetarian. Minister—Do you like a sleeping room well ventilated? Man—Yes; I want the window away down, summer and winter. Minister—Do you like so much fresh air? Woman—No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed. Minister—Do you like a light in the room? Man—No; can't sleep with a light; want the room dark. Minister—Are you afraid in the dark? Woman—Indeed I am. I always have a bright light in the room. Minister—Do you like many bed-clothes? Man—All I can pile on. Minister—Do you? Woman—No they suffocate me. Minister—I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.—New York Weekly.

A Modern Miracle. The reporter who had been haunting the sand dunes along the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan for several days in order to be on hand when the man with the flying machine made a successful trial of the invention or broke his neck, heard excited voices proceeding from the beach. He hurried lakeward. A yacht driven ashore by stress of weather was pounding on the sand and in imminent danger of going to pieces. The captain and crew, half drowned, had succeeded in making their way to the land and stood there shivering and uncertain what to do. "What's the name of your boat and how did this happen?" inquired the newspaper man, whipping out his note-book. "Who are you?" demanded the captain. "I'm a reporter for the Chicago Tribune." "Great heaven's!" gasped the astonished captain, "how did you get here so quick?"—Chicago Tribune.

It Was The Cow's Fault. An Irish laborer, who was somewhat new to his work, was plowing one day, and the furrows being uneven, the farmer told him to look at something at the other end of the field as a guide. "That cow at the gate," said he, "is right opposite us. Now, work straight for her." "Right you are, sir," says Pat. Coming back, later on, the farmer was quite horrified to find the plow had been traveling zigzag all over the field. "How is this?" said he. "What have you been doing?" "Shure, sir," was Pat's reply. "I did what you told me. I worked straight for the cow, but the craychard didn't kape still."—Chicago News.

THAT clever literary raconteur, "Droch," who in private life is Robert Bridges, has joined the writers who are flocking in such numbers to The Ladies' Home Journal. "Droch's" commences in the December issue of that magazine a series of "Droch's Literary Talks," which will hereafter be a regular editorial feature of the Journal. Mr. Bridges will aim his work more directly at girls and gossip about books rather than review them. They will be, in short, "literary talks."

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, the New York millionaire, took the engineer's place on an Illinois Central Railroad locomotive and ran the train for 175 miles.

