

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

STERLING GALT, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO 30



THE LAST WORD ABOUT THE CONTEST.

Next Tuesday, Jan. 1st, at precisely 12 mid-day by the Town Clock in Emmitsburg, the contest for THE CHRONICLE Piano will be at an end and no credit will be given for any vote or certificate received after this hour. The Judges, Rev. Father Hayden, Rev. Mr. Gluck and Burgess Shuff will have the custody of the metal box containing the votes and they alone will count the coupons and certificates and officially declare the winner whose name will appear in THE CHRONICLE on Friday, Jan. 4, 1907.

There are only a few days left and now is the time to clinch the work you have already done and make this beautiful \$375 instrument your own.

The conditions printed on each coupon appearing in THE CHRONICLE will be strictly adhered to. In the opinion of the judges, all bona fide votes and certificates are the property of those holding them, and at any time prior to the moment of depositing them these votes or certificates may, by endorsement, in the same manner as with a bank check, be placed to the credit of another person or institution.—For instance, A holds 500 votes or certificates which have been given to him by various persons. A has placed his own name or the name of B or C opposite to the line reading "To be counted for." At the last moment A changes his mind and decides to give his votes to D. All A has to do is to endorse the top vote (the one on the outside of the packet of votes) in the manner following: The within votes, though separately containing the name of A, B or C are to be voted for D. Then the signature of the holder of vote or certificate. No vote or certificate may be changed after it is once deposited.

It is requested that all votes and certificates be tied, sewed in packs, or placed in envelopes in such a manner that the subscriber's name may be compared with the subscription files.

A HERO'S NERVE.

Hicks, The Miner Who Was Entombed For Two Weeks, Assists in His Own Release And Once More Breathes Fresh Air.

At nearly midnight on Dec. 23, Lindsay Hicks who was imprisoned in the wrecked tunnel of the Edison Company, was rescued from his underground tomb and congratulated by the noble men, his fellow workers, who day and night plied their picks and shovels in heroic efforts to save him from death. Tear dimmed were the eyes of his friends as they crowded around their hero and many were the kind expressions of gratitude that came from the lips of the martyr who for days had lived in a veritable pest hole surrounded by the decomposing bodies of his less fortunate comrades.

On Dec. 17, there was a cave-in on the tunnel where Hicks was working with five men, near Bakersfield, Cal., and it was taken for granted that all had perished, but three days after the accident a tapping was heard on the rail of the tramway that ran to this drift and by this means it was discovered that one at least of the half dozen miners was alive.

Those above quickly forced a 70-foot pipe through to the spot where Hicks was confined and through this the entombed man held communication with those above and also received quantities of milk, his only means of sustenance.

It was thought at first that only a short time would be required in which to reach Hicks, but as the work progressed it was found that great care was necessary in order to prevent the shattered debris from falling in and crushing out the victim's life.

Overcoming obstacle after obstacle and sticking heroically to their difficult and delicate task the rescuers, under the direction of the entombed miner himself stuck to their work and finally saved their companion.

The feelings of Hicks can best be told in his own language.

"The first few minutes after I was buried were terrible. I knew what was coming, and in a second after the crash it seemed to be dark in my mind as well as in the hole. I knew that I was still alive, but I could not help feeling that I was dead. The world seemed such a long way off and the last words that I heard just before the accident kept coming back to me over and over again.

"I didn't think at first how it was going to be to die in that place, because I was already dead to myself. There was no light, no sound, no air, that I could feel. I had just let go all holds—even thinking—and kind of settled back as if it was all over and I was to stay there dead for a thousand years.

The noise braced me up like a drink of whiskey. I began to get hold of myself again, and said to myself: 'Hicks, this is you and you are still alive. They may be coming after you. Brace up and stick for the big show.'

"My own words made me laugh. It was like somebody else talking to me. Then I began to feel around and got hold of the pipe. I knew where that pipe went to, and I got a piece of stone and rapped on the pipe. I waited for an answer, but there wasn't any. I tried it many times, but still nothing from above, but after a spell that seemed years to me I heard a tapping. It was the code some of us had used as a signal, and it was saying things to me.

"I was so glad—well, there is no use in trying to say how I felt. It dawned on me sure that the fellows above knew I was alive and that

they were coming down after me as fast as they could. Not having anything to do but think, I began to figure out plans for rescuing myself—the plans that I hoped the men above would decide on. Sometimes I got mad because I thought they might not be doing it right.

"All this time, mind you, there were dead men lying around me some place and I was the only living thing. To be alone with dead men in the light is bad enough, but to be alone with them for days, and midnight all the time, that's what gets a fellow. There's no use in my trying to describe that part of it. I don't even want to think of it. If I could blot it all out forever. It was horrible! Horrible!

"Then one day, or night, the pipe the men drove down came through to my dirt bunk. I could feel the rush of air, and it was like more whisky. I was pretty weak by that time with nothing to eat, hardly any water to drink and a little sleep that was a regular nightmare. I didn't understand just what the pipe was for at first, but I found out when fresh water and soft food began to come down. I never expected again to taste anything so fine as that water and food, I began to joke with myself again, and when I heard a man's voice shouting down the tube to me to brace up it was better than being a kid again at Christmas. Sometimes I gave up and cried like a baby. Other times my mind seemed to be wandering and I thought it was not true at all, but all imagination that somebody was coming to get me out. I didn't know whether I was crazy or not.

"Toward the last, though, when I could hear the digging better and knew they were getting down where I was, I took a great brace and—funny thing—when I heard the picking and jabbing I wanted a chew of tobacco. I wasn't afraid something above me would fall and kill me. I thought everything else was as fast as I was. When they got to me at last, well I guess the other fellows know more about what happened than I do. I am out of it and no more working underground for me. I think if I ever went down into any kind of a hole again I would go 'daffy.' A common cellar would give me the shivers.

"When the pipe burst through above me I had the most awful moment of the whole time. They kept driving. I seized a stone and hammered. I grabbed the pipe and tried to hold it, but on she came. I beat on the rail, on the pipe and shrieked aloud; I tore my hands into the rocks. I loosened a big rock and struck blow after blow on the pipe. For hours they kept on; ages, it seemed. Then came silence.

"Once more I seized the rock and beat the pipe. Then I stopped to listen. It was almost with a delirium of joy that I answered the first signal they made* by striking the side of the pipe. Then came more of the code. I tore at the end of the pipe and picked the gravel out of the slot I laughed like a loon before a storm. I cried like a baby. I shook hands with Lindsay Hicks and said, 'now, old sport, if you're game, you will come out of this all right.' The first food that came down was most appropriate. It seemed like baby food, but it was good. Then I could talk to the old boys above.

"When I lit my matches and saw that boulder over my head, that match probably saved me, though it delayed the liberation several days—it seemed years. By aid of that information I was enabled to direct the operations in the shaft.

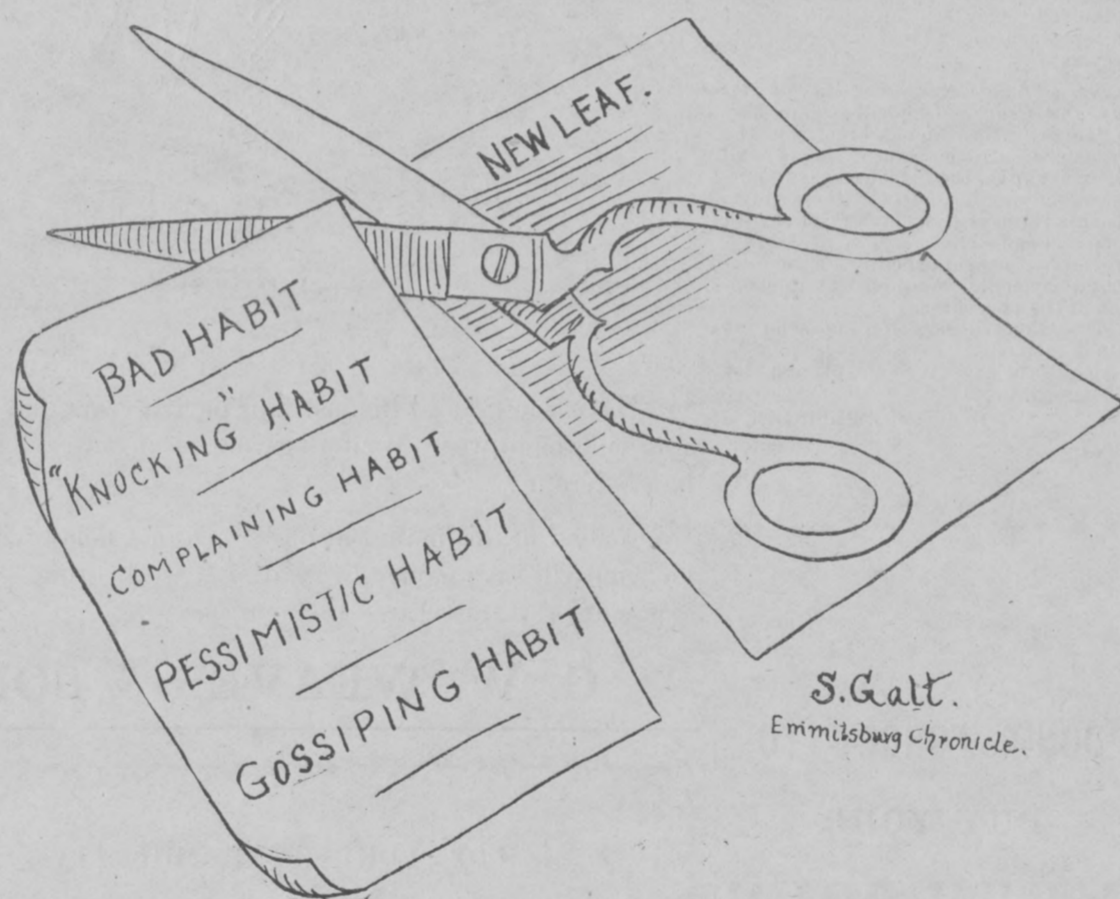
As The Old Year Dies.

Good Thoughts To Dwell Upon Before 1907 Is Ushered In. Reflections For New Year's Resolutions.

A NEW LEAF.

May I live this day in fellowship with God, and in true comradeship with humanity. May I, in all my dealings with my fellow man, be gentle, generous and just—scorning what is petty, mean and contemptible. May I be careful in speech and act; loyal to my own convictions, yet tolerant of others' fidelity to theirs; tardy in passing judgment and prompt in recognizing the virtues of all. May I be able to keep my self-respect, self-control and self-reliance; have the courage to face ingratitude and not be bitter; the heart to lend the helping hand; to extend the hand-clasp of sympathy, and to speak the word of encouragement. May I keep unsullied the sanctuary of my affections, and have strength to live up to the fullness of my possibilities. And at night, when I lay me down to sleep, may it be the sleep of peace. Yet if, perchance, it be the sleep of death, may Christ receive my soul.

STERLING GALT,
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CUT IT OUT.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backwards over life's weary way.—August Gast.

Three things to love: Courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire: Intellect, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: Beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to like: Cordiality, good-humor and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid: Idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: Good books, good friends and good humor. Three things to contend for: Honor, country and friends. Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct. Two things to think of: Death and eternity.—Henry Van Dyke.

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—Philips Brooks.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.—George MacDonald.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptation; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.—James Anthony Froude.

Quit yourself like a man; speak up and strike out, if necessary, for whatsoever is true and manly and lovely and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs; and, wherever you are placed, you may leave the tone of feeling higher than you found it, and so be doing good, which no living soul can measure, to generations yet unborn.—Thos. Hughes.

We often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. Only it behooves us to take care that, whatever cloud may be spread over us, it should be a cloud of witness. And every cloud may be such, if we can only look through to the sunshine that broods behind it.—Augustus Hare.

NOT WHERE IS HE, BUT WHO IS HE.

Christmas Sermon Preached by Rev. Kenneth M. Craig in The Presbyterian Church, Sunday, Dec. 23.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

Our question tonight is not where is He that was born, but who is He? Who is this Jesus, born in a manger, dying on the cross of Calvary, touching the lives of men at every point? Was He simply a man, or is He, as He claimed to be, the veritable Son of God?

We cannot be indifferent to the claims of Jesus. We must either deny or accept Him. If His claims are false, then for nineteen centuries, our Christian religion has been false. If His claims are true, and if Christmas enshrines that point in history at which the human life of God began to be lived on earth, then, not the past alone, but the future, the deathless, unending future is radiant in that light which first flashed across the silent fields of Bethlehem. Was Jesus simply a man, or is He the Son of God? This question I must solve here and now, for or against Him, for I can take no middle ground.

If He was the natural child of Joseph and Mary, if He was simply a man, living among men, then for me the New Testament, the whole Word of God, is based on falsehood and delusion. If He was the Son of God, and I for one firmly believe it, then the Bible is luminous with light, and love, and hope to every pilgrim wending his way to that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

Tonight I wish to speak for a moment about His coming; about His mission; about His character, and about His influence in history.

And now first about His coming. Had human imagination been left to picture the birth of the Son of God, it would have depicted a scene of dazzling splendor and brilliance. How different the picture before us, born in a stable, cradled in a manger, at a period, when humility was regarded as a vice, and not as a virtue. Here we see humiliation stooping to the very depths of human necessity, that out of it, men might be raised to the highest planes of immortal bliss. He humbled Himself even to the birth of the outcast that He might eventually sympathize with the lowliest and the neediest of His children.

And now about His mission. Why was Jesus born? "Because He shall save His people from their sins." In all the annals of history I can find no other man born for such a specific purpose. In the archives of the world I can find no other man named at his birth, because of his direct connection with a thing so black as human sin. Yet such is His mission, He came to save the world from its sin. It was the age-long, world-wide, universal condition of human sin, the foulest, deepest disease of the heart that He came to meet, and the testimony of saved men and women through all the years, and all the centuries, confirm the validity of His claim. Here Christ is without a peer, without a rival.

I pass on to His character. "They shall call His name Immanuel," which means, "God be with us."

That name enshrined the character of Jesus. He was, and is, God with us; God by our fireside, God in our homes, God wherever, and whenever, we need Him.

God with me in my sins and sorrows to pardon and to cheer, God with me in all my struggles, in my living, in my dying, to guide me through the valley, the shadow, the darkness, into the light that never grows dim, that shall never fade.

We test the character of Jesus, and it is without a flaw. His absolute purity in every thought and word and action burns itself into our minds. To live in the atmosphere of that life is to feel the touch and breath of the purity of the Son of God. His character is unique, He stands alone, He is Immanuel, "God with us."

But lastly I pass on to speak of His influence on man, and in history. Need I say that His influence grows with the passing years. The mythology of ancient Greece is scarcely a memory, superstitions, errors, fads in religion are gradually being uprooted, and will soon fade into forgetfulness, but the hold of Jesus on the heart and life of man deepens with the ages.

He lays His hand on science, and Copernicus, Newton, and Kelvin bow in reverence and adoration before the maker of the heavens and the earth. He touches the heart of Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton and their poetry becomes sublime.

Descartes, Kant, and Hamilton recognize that their philosophy is foolishness compared with the teaching of Jesus the light of the world. Washington, Lincoln, Gladstone, many kings and leaders of all nations and all commonwealths bow the knee before the King of kings and Lord of lords. These have all confessed that the Gospel of Jesus shapes human destiny. The day is hastening when all false creeds, all false religions will be shattered from their centre to their circumference, and when the child born in Bethlehem shall receive all homage, when crowns and thrones shall be laid in reverence and adoration at His feet, and when before His throne all hearts shall proclaim Him King of kings, and Lord of lords. Thus tonight it becomes us to bow our hearts in reverent praise for this wonderful gift of God's love, this gift of Himself, when on that far-off night, in a lowly manger, He began to tabernacle with us as a little child.

Before that gift of God's great love, with Thomas of old, I acknowledge Christ tonight as my Lord and my God.

In his paper, "Moral Aspects of Suicide" in the January Century Cardinal Gibbons says: "Human society may be compared to a grand army, every member of which has a special place and mission assigned to him by his Sovereign Commander. To abandon the post of duty intrusted to a sentinel is regarded by the military code as a most cowardly act, which is punished with extreme rigor. What less does the suicide do than basely abandon the situation as signed to him in the warfare of life? And there is no vice more contagious than cowardly desertion. It is often followed by a general mutiny. The same is true of suicide. When a few deeds of self-murder are widely circulated by the press they are not infrequently followed by numerous voluntary slaughters. A suicide wave rolls over the land."

A driver of the dead wagon in New York city found a neatly wrapped package which he supposed was a lost Christmas gift, upon examination the bundle was found to contain a girl baby wrapped in cotton batting. Whether or not the child will live is doubtful.

Henry Davis, the negro who assaulted a white lady near Annapolis, was lynched by a mob early Saturday morning.

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND.

STERLING GALT, EDITOR AND PROP.

TERMS: One Dollar a year in advance; six months fifty cents. ADVERTISING RATES made known at office of publication.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, DEC. 28, 1906.

As the old year wanes and the new year comes on apace, we desire to express our sincere appreciation of the loyal support which the people have given to THE CHRONICLE during the six months we have had the good fortune to serve the readers of this paper. The increase in circulation, in advertising and in the business generally, has been far greater than we could have anticipated in so short a time and the goodwill of THE CHRONICLE patrons has been most encouraging. Without going into particulars at this time we assure our readers and advertisers that during the coming year THE CHRONICLE will be able to serve their interests better than ever before and that it will continue to uphold the rights of the people of this community. To them and to each subscriber, advertiser and friend of this paper permit us to extend our most sincere wishes for a prosperous and happy New Year.

Morbid curiosity went the limit the other day when people of supposedly average common sense and decency jostled one another in their efforts to obtain, at twenty-five cents apiece, postal cards on which was portrayed the corpse of a brutal negro who had just been lynched for committing a horrible crime.

At this time of the year one cannot lose sight of that spirit best explained by the definition, the "brotherhood of man" and everywhere exemplified by acts of charity of the truest sort. In cities and communities large and small there are big hearted men and women who, during this beautiful holiday season give up the time that would otherwise be employed in multifarious and exacting duties and band together to make happy the hearts and bright the homes of the poor and needy. Of their own money and those sums which they have collected by their own efforts, they give freely and judiciously, but what is more, of themselves they give as generously, practicing not merely preaching, the practical suggestion, "blessed is he that considereth the poor." It is consideration as well as money that the poor need; and those who consider the welfare, the moral, educational, and spiritual welfare of poor children are those who raise the morale of a community and help to make future good citizens.

In our own county, in Frederick City, there is just such an aggregation of men and women, calling themselves the Empty Stocking Association, who at this season, as an organization, and at all times of the year, as individuals, provide for the poor and make happy the lives of hundreds of children who dwell under the shadow of want.

The divorce mills of South Dakota were working over time just before the holidays. The last prominent case, that of Martha Hichborn-Blaine, was decided during a night session by a very obliging judge in order that the "heliotrope belle" might make a certain train home.

The case of Gen. Pershing, the man who was recently promoted over the heads of no less than eight hundred and some odd officers, is attracting much attention in army circles and such notoriety is not to be wondered at under the circumstances. Whether or not the allegations in the Pershing scandal are founded on fact the publicity given the case will have a tendency to somewhat dim the highfalutin glamour of this particular branch of the service. No where on earth, even under ordinary circumstances, can more petty jealousy be found than in the Army and Navy and no where can a man be made to feel the cherished authority (too often exercised in an unmanly way) of the one who though younger in years and experience happens to be his superior in rank. And if this state of affairs exists under ordinary conditions—and it most undoubtedly does—is it any wonder that even a suggestion of a stigma, as in the case of Pershing the whirlwind appointee who had even previously to this affair

incur the ill will of hundreds of his fellow officers, is often unduly magnified? If the charges against Gen. Pershing can be proved it will only be another case of "I told you so," for some time ago allegations were made against him; if they cannot be proved, the feeling against this officer will only be intensified, and much to the detriment of the below-the-surface discipline of the Army.

Jonathan D. Rockefeller he says: "great wealth is a great burden, a great responsibility. It invariably proves to be one of two things—either a great blessing or a great curse."

The question is—Though none of our biz—Which will it be To old Jonathan D.?

News comes from Annapolis that hereafter county prisoners sent to the Anne Arundel jail will be compelled to work on the county roads instead of being housed, fed, and allowed to spend their terms in jail in absolute idleness, as heretofore. During the winter months it is no uncommon thing for able-bodied men in every county of every state to commit offences against the law in order that they may be taken care of in the jails at public expense, and in Anne Arundel up to this time these idlers have been pursuing this course. Now, however, since the County Commissioners have given the Sheriff authority to work his prisoners on the county roads it is safe to predict that other jurisdictions will be sought by those who are constitutionally opposed to physical exertion. Our own county, which usually has its full quota of such characters, might follow Anne Arundel's example to good advantage and the roads in and around our own particular neighborhood might be kept in splendid condition if the very large number of tramps that yearly treat Emmitsburg as a Mecca could be utilized as road makers.

Carrie Nation, the saloon smasher, has sharpened up her little hatchet and declares that she is going to Washington "to turn the National Capital over." Carrie had better take her side-stepping apparatus when she takes that little trip for she is liable to get a bump, herself when the spill comes.

The season for killing game ended on the 24th inst., after which date it is a misdemeanor to hunt or trap such birds and animals as are designated game under the law. But notwithstanding the fact that the limits of the game season are well known and the laws perfectly understood, there are always some unsportsmanlike people who fish and kill game in and out of season, year in and year out. It may be amiss to call the attention of these poachers to the fact that the authorities having such matters under their control have determined to put a stop to their practices and that throughout the winter the game wardens in this county will be unusually active. No true sportsman will hunt or fish out of season and all true sportsmen should be interested in seeing that the law is enforced. They can greatly aid the wardens in their efforts to convict all poachers by procuring evidence against these lawbreakers, and in addition to this they can use their influence to good effect in creating and maintaining a decided sentiment against everything unsportsmanlike.

The Canadian government carries newspapers for a half cent a pound and makes money. It might not be a bad idea for Mr. Madden to take a trip up north to find out how it is done.

Although Hicks, the miner, hit the pipe repeatedly during his imprisonment under ground, he has determined to give up joy-water forever.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Frederick county, Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of SAMUEL OTT, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 4th day of June, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 30th day of November, 1906. GEORGE M. OTT, Administrator.

PUBLIC SALE

A VERY FINE FARM

POSITIVELY TO BE SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

The undersigned will sell at Public Sale on the premises, in Liberty Township, Pa., on the road leading from Liberty Mills to Mount St. Mary's College,

On Wednesday, January 2, 1907, at 2 o'clock, P. M., all that fine farm, known as the D. H. Reiman property, situated as above described and adjoining the lands of W. H. Cover, George Gingell, John S. Hollinger, Allen Long, and others, containing

200 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, improved with a large Two-Story

DWELLING HOUSE, with Kitchen attached, Tenant House, a new Bank Barn, Carriage House, Ice House, Smoke House, Chicken House, Hog Pen and other outbuildings. There are fruit trees on the premises and a well of water. All fencing and new gates in fine repair, about 275 rods of fence is new. The land is in a good state of cultivation, capable of producing fine crops. This farm will be sold in its entirety and will positively be sold to the highest bidder.

TERMS OF SALE:—Five Hundred Dollars cash on day of sale; balance to suit purchaser. All conveyancing at the expense of the purchaser.

ANNAN, HORNER & CO.

This property was conveyed to the present owners by a F. A. Deed from Wm. B. McElhenny, former Sheriff of Adams County, Pa., and will be deeded in

FEE SIMPLE. dec. 14-3t

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in the last will and testament of Mary E. Zimmerman, late of Frederick county, deceased, and also by an order of the Orphans' Court for Frederick county, Md., the undersigned, Executor, will sell at Public Sale, on the premises,

On Saturday, December 29, 1906, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, of which the said Mary E. Zimmerman, died, seized and possessed, all that lot of ground situated on the North side of West Main Street, in Emmitsburg, Md., fronting 60 feet on said Street and having a depth of 120 feet, being bounded on the East by an alley, and adjoining the property of Mrs. Parker on the West, and an alley on the North. Improved by a Two-Story

WEATHERBOARDED HOUSE and other outbuildings. This property is in good repair, has Mountain Water on the premises, and is a very desirable property.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the Orphans' Court:—One-half cash on day of Sale or ratification thereof by the Orphans' Court, the balance in six and twelve months, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes, bearing interest from day of Sale, with good and sufficient security, to be approved by the said executor for the deferred payments, or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

Possession will be given as soon as sale is ratified.

Also at the same time and place a lot of personal property.

JOHN T. HOSPELHORN, dec. 7-4t Executor.

DON'T FORGET TO BUY YOUR FIREWORKS FROM GEO. E. CLUTZ.

Home-Made Bread EMMITSBURG HOME BAKERY, HARRY HOPP, PROPRIETOR. Cakes Rolls Pies. Deliveries made in new water and dust-proof wagon. Wedding and birthday cakes made to order. EVERYTHING IN THE BAKER'S LINE. July 19-3m

Fine Watches and Diamonds.

Our large and complete stock of Fine Watches, Artistic Jewelry, Sterling Silver-ware, Fine Cut Glass, Leather Goods, &c., presents a most extensive and complete assortment for the satisfactory selection of appropriate gifts for all times. Special attention given mail orders.

GALT & BRO.,

ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY, JEWELLERS, SILVERSMITHS, STATIONERS, 1107 Pennsylvania Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA. G. W. WEAVER & SON, EMMITSBURG, MD.

LADIES' CLOAKS AND FURS.



Have you noticed the last four or five years that there are more months to wear Winter garments in after January 1st than before it?

Attend to this matter at once. Do not delay with the idea that you will save money by waiting a week or so—there will be no cut price this year. Come at once.

G. W. WEAVER & SON.

For Your Next Suit Try LIPPY The Tailor 49 Chambersburg Street Gettysburg, Pa.

T. E. ZIMMERMAN DRUGGIST

ZIMMERMAN'S WHITE PINE AND TAR. TRY IT FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

SOLID SILVER American Lever Watches, WARRANTED TWO YEARS, ONLY \$6. G. T. EYSTER. At Breichner's Barber Shop. A FINE LINE OF CHOICE CIGARS, SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCOES. FOR SALE. I will sell at private sale my Saloon and Bowling Alley and all the Fixtures and Stock therein. Apply to JOS. T. GELWICKS, Emmitsburg, Md. nov 30-5t

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, sitting as a Court of Equity, in No. 8010 Equity in said Court, the undersigned, Trustee, will sell at public sale, On Saturday, December 29th, 1906, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on the premises described below as No. 1, the following described properties, of which Augustus Wagner died, seized and possessed, all situated in Frederick county and State of Maryland, No. 1. The said Augustus Wagner's two-thirds interest in all that Real Estate situated in the Fifth Election District of said county, on the Public Road, known as the old Mechanicstown Road, leading from the Frederick and Emmitsburg Turnpike road past Mrs. Gust. Kreitz's store and a short distance West of said store, about half a mile West of said Turnpike road, adjoining lands of J. L. Kreitz, Samuel Hemler and others and containing

2 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, improved with a 1 1/2 story BRICK DWELLING HOUSE with frame back building, Stable, Wagon Shed, Chicken House, Corn Crib, Hog Pen, Smoke House and other outbuildings, and apple orchard and having excellent water on the premises. No. 2. All that Real Estate situated on the South side of said Public Road and opposite No. 1, adjoining lands of the heirs of John A. Peters, John D. Hemler and others, improved with a wagon maker's and blacksmith shop combined, and containing	2 ACRES AND 3 SQUARE PERCHES OF LAND, more or less. No. 3. A tract of Mountain land, well covered with timber, situated about 3 miles West of No. 1 and being part of "Addition to John's Fancy" adjoining lands of Albert Walter, John T. Cretin's heirs and others, and containing
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LIVE STOCK.

Corrected by Patterson Brothers.

Steers, per lb.	4 @ 4.50
Spring Calves, per lb.	3 @ 4.50
Fresh Cows, per lb.	\$1.00 @ \$1.00
Fat Cows and Bulls, per lb.	2 @ 3.14
Hogs, Fat per lb.	6 @ 7
Sheep, Fat per lb.	3 @ 4.14
Lambs, per lb.	5 @ 6
Calves, per lb.	6 @ 6.5
Stock Cattle.	2.25 @ 3.50

MARKET REPORTS.

The following market quotations, which are corrected every Friday morning, are subject to daily changes.

Wheat, (dry)	67
Rye	45
Oats	30
Corn per bushel	14.00
New Corn	14.00
Hay	\$11.00 @ 14.00

Country Produce Etc.

Corrected by Jos. E. Hoke.

Butter	30
Eggs	25
Chickens, per lb.	08
Spring Chickens per lb.	14
Turkeys	14
Ducks, per lb.	09
Potatoes, per bushel	20
Dried Cherries, (seeded)	10
Raspberries	11
Blackberries	4
Apples, (dried)	4
Peaches, (dried) (peeled)	10
Lead, per lb.	08
Beef Hides	10

BALTIMORE, Dec. 26.

WHEAT—Spot, 73 1/2
CORN—Spot, 47 1/2
OATS—White 40
RYE—Nearby, 60 @ 65; bar lots, 55 @ 65.
HAY—Timothy, \$18.50 @ \$20.00; No. 1 Clover, \$17.50 @ \$18.00; No. 2 Clover, \$15.50 @ \$16.00
STRAW—Rye straw—fair to choice, \$12.00 @ \$12.50; No. 2, \$11.00 @ \$12.00; tangle rye, blocks, \$9.50 @ \$10.00; wheat, blocks, \$8.00 @ \$8.50; oats, \$9.50 @ \$10.50
MILL FEED—Winter bran, per ton, \$20.00 @ \$21.00; 200b. sacks, per ton, \$22.50 @ \$23.00; middlings, 100b. sacks, per ton, \$23.00 @ \$23.50.
POULTRY—Old hens, young chickens, large, 12 @ 13; small, 10 @ 11; Spring chickens, large, 12 @ 13; small, 10 @ 11.
PRODUCE—Eggs, butter, nearby rolls 21 @ 22; Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania prints, 20 @ 21.
POTATOES—New, per bu., 50 @ 55; No. 2, per bu., 45 @ 48
CATTLE—Steers, best, \$10.00 @ \$11.50; others \$9.00 @ \$10.50; Heifers, \$ 8 @ 8.50; Cows, \$2.00 @ \$2.50; Bulls, \$2.00 @ \$2.50; Calves, 75 @ 88; Lambs, 65 @ 67 1/2; Pigs, \$1.00 @ \$1.20; Shoats, \$2.50 @ \$3.50; Fresh Cows, \$90.00 @ \$100.00 per head.

EUGENE L. ROWE, Trustee. dec 7-4t.

MASURY'S HOUSE PAINTS

THE PAINT WITH THE LONG LIFE. MASURY'S House Paints are known the length and breadth of the United States as the paints that live the longest. They live the longest because they are made of carefully selected pigments ground in PURE LINSEED OIL. The preservative qualities of which are unquestioned. They retain their original appearance and preserve the materials of which your house is constructed for a greater period than any other paint you can buy, which, combined with their superior covering capacity, makes them by far the cheapest. Made only by JOHN W. MASURY & SON New York and Chicago. LOCAL AGENT: J. THOS. GELWICKS

Zimmerman & Shriver

PUBLIC SALE. By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, sitting as a Court of Equity in No. 8089 Equity on the Equity Docket of said Court, being the case of John E. Wilhide et al. vs. Niles M. Wilhide et al. the undersigned, Trustees, will sell at public sale on the premises, On Saturday, December 29th, 1906, at two o'clock, P. M., all the following valuable real estate situated in Frederick county, State of Maryland, along the Monocacy in the forks formed by the junction of Tom's Creek with the said Monocacy River, near the public road connecting the Bruceville road with the Stony Branch road and adjoining the lands of Andrew A. Amman, Wallace H. Moser and others, containing

159 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, improved by a large TWO-STORY DWELLING HOUSE of about eleven rooms, built partly of brick and partly of frame, with porches both in front and rear. A LARGE BANK BARN, 45x70 feet, recently built with granaries connected with the barn floors, a track for hay fork and excellent stabling and generally well and completely furnished. A Wagon Shed with granaries attached, Corn Crib and other outbuildings. A never-failing well of good water is near the buildings and convenient for use of stock. There are good apple orchards of choice fruit on the premises, consisting of a young orchard just coming into bearing and an old orchard on the decline, also some peaches and other fruit.

This farm is located in that section of the rich bottom lands of the Monocacy known for their fertility and is one of the best of that kind and is almost entirely under cultivation, there being only a very small part in timber along the Monocacy River and Tom's Creek. There is no better dairy farm in this section and none better for cultivation. Terms of sale prescribed by the decree:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the Court, the residue in two equal payments one and two years from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes with approved security bearing interest from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser or purchasers.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, sitting as a Court of Equity, in No. 8049 Equity in said Court, the undersigned, Trustee, will sell at public sale, On Saturday, December 29th, 1906, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., in front of the premises, the half interest, of which Francis A. Maxell died seized and possessed, in all that Real Estate, situated in what is known as "Shields' Addition" to the town of Emmitsburg, in Frederick county and State of Maryland, adjoining the Presbyterian Church lot on the West and lot of Patterson Bros., on the East, fronting 38 1/2 feet on South side of Main street and running back with a uniform width of 38 1/2 feet to a street on broad alley in the rear thereof, and being part of the lot designated on the plot of said "Shields' Addition" as lot number 21, and also being part of the Real Estate conveyed to the said Francis A. Maxell and one Samuel Maxell by deed from Joseph Hays and wife, dated April 3d, 1875, and recorded in Liber T. G. No. 4, folio 62, one of the Land Records of said county. The improvements are a Two-Story, BRICK DWELLING HOUSE, with Brick Back Building, Summer Kitchen, Wash House, and Stable.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or on the ratification thereof by the Court the residue in six and twelve months from the day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes with approved security and bearing interest from the day of sale for the deferred payments, or all cash at the option of the purchaser or purchasers. When all the purchase money has been paid the deed will be executed. All the expenses of conveyancing to be borne by the purchaser or purchasers. Then afore said half interest in said property will be sold subject to the dower of Anna M. Maxell, the widow of said Francis A. Maxell, deceased. EUGENE L. ROWE, Trustee. H. F. Maxell, Auct. dec. 7-4t.

