

The Weekly Chronicle.

STERLING GALT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

ESTABLISHED OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY

TERMS—\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXXIII

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1911

NO. 33

CRACKSMEN AT WORK HERE

POSTOFFICE IS ROBBED

Money, Stamps and Registered Mail Taken

NITROGLYCERINE USED ON SAFE

Robbers Entered Building by Front Door.—Several Persons Heard the Explosion.—Looks Like Work of Professional Yeggmen.

Early yesterday morning, presumably between two and three o'clock, a robbery was committed at the local post-office. Cracksmen entered the building and having blown the safe made away with everything they wanted.

The burglary was not discovered until Mr. John A. Horner, postmaster, opened the office at the usual hour. Mr. Horner saw the door of the safe was blown off and upon investigation discovered that all the money, stamps, registered mail and private papers had been taken. The plunder was thrown into a mail sack and carried off. Six hundred and fifty one-cent stamps and an equal number of two's were found lying on the floor, and a number of stamp-books were left undisturbed in the safe.

In addition to the five registered packages, (four for delivery and one outgoing) and a blank money order book containing 200 orders, the following was taken: Stamps, \$946.26; stamp cash, \$253; money order cash, \$71.37; private funds, \$17.00; Red Cross Seal funds, \$5.00; box rents, \$4.00. Total amount, \$1,296.63.

That the robbers were professionals is evident from the cleverness with which they went about their work. They entered the room by the front door in the bright glare of the gasoline light above the fountain, forcing the door with a crowbar or jimmy. Nitro-glycerine was used to dislodge the door of the safe. Some of the explosive ran down and soaked in the flooring. Soap had been used around the edges of the door, and part of a cake of soap, some cotton, and a few inches of fuse were found in the room. No other clues were left.

Several persons living in the vicinity of the Postoffice remember hearing a dull report between two and three o'clock, but no one thought to investigate, assuming that it was but the discharge of a revolver by some holiday reveler.

Postmaster Horner immediately telegraphed the facts to the Department at Washington and an investigation will undoubtedly be made.

Some years ago, when Mr. Horner was postmaster, on two occasions unsuccessful attempts were made to blow open the safe in the postoffice.

A CHORUS OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND

All Join in The Singing in San Francisco Christmas Jubilee.

Following a programme of music by a trained chorus and members of a French opera company, one hundred thousand persons joined in singing "Adeste Fideles" at the conclusion of San Francisco's open air celebration on Christmas eve. All street traffic had to be suspended during the celebration.

Uncle Sam Treats Sailors.

Six and eight course menus was the order of the Christmas dinners enjoyed by the Jack Tars of Uncle Sam's Navy. The government provided turkey and many other delicacies and liberal shore leave was granted the sailors. In addition, officers arranged for special feasts, which were followed by entertainments and moving pictures.

Goldsborough Inauguration.

It is expected that the inauguration of Governor-elect Goldsborough will be more elaborate than any in recent years. In addition to 6,000 marching men from Baltimore, the counties will send between 5,000 and 8,000.

Remains of what has been identified as the famous villa of Lenio Flaccus, where Cicero often visited, has been discovered near the seashore of Brindisi.

BEGIN IT MONDAY.

The very centuries have wings; New years grow old and gray;

The work which you intend to do— Begin it now—today.

If you've a tender word to say, A kindly deed to do, Suppose you do it now—today! I would, if I were you.

H. A. B., in PHILANTHROPIST.

THE ORDER OF PEACE AND GOOD-WILL---BEGIN THE NEW YEAR BY JOINING.

N. B.—This order is open to all persons, but especially to those, both men and women, who have passed the age of military service.

We agree to deny ourselves, so far as possible, every expression of complaint, fault-finding, resentment, or bitterness. If we are fractious we will not show it. We will not complain at our circumstances, however meager, uncomfortable, or lonely they may be. We will not complain at the weather, or the state of our health. We will not answer back with anger, as much as by a look, even if we think ourselves treated with disrespect or injustice. We will bear it if we receive less of love, honor, or attention than we deserve. We will not stretch out our hands to demand more than we get.

We will deny ourselves the privilege to punish or censure others, though they deserve punishment. We will not denounce anyone. We will give up the use of blame, even against the blame-worthy. We will not combat other people's opinions or try to argue them down. If we can say nothing good of a neighbor, we will say nothing at all. We will make no one unhappy if we can help it. We will not try to detect evil, or to attack it, or to utter it. We will have the least possible to do with it. We will henceforth turn our forces in the direction of good. We will discover all the good there is in our conditions and our circumstances. We will count up the full value of the assets that belong to us, every item of good health that remains, all beautiful scenery, all memories of sunny days, all our comforts, every loyal friend.

We will find out and appreciate whatever good there is in our friends, our neighbors, and our attendants. We will try to understand their opinions, their politics, and their religion. We will say kind words to them whenever we can. We will tell them, if they care to hear, what our best thought is. We will be good-natured if they do not agree with us.

We must sometimes, doubtless, speak out and say what we think! We cannot let evil be confounded with good. We cannot stand by and see injustice done. We will speak then, if we must, to some purpose and do good when we speak. We will speak for the sake of others, and never because we are hurt. We will never say disagreeable things for the satisfaction of saying them.

We will assure ourselves that our temper is good, before we say what will pain our neighbor to hear; otherwise we will not dare to speak. We will use the voice and tone of sympathy, or if our voice is harsh, we will wait till we can recover its tone. We will approach our neighbor with good will, or we will let him alone. We will repeat to ourselves certain good words, "Thy kingdom come: thy will (that is, the good will) be done;" and, if we cannot say these words in good faith, we will not dare to condemn any one else.

This is the Order of Peace and Good-Will. We aim to make the least possible trouble; we aim to give no one needless pain; we aim to stop strife; we aim to overcome evil with good. We see no other way to kill evil. We are here to make the world happy.

—CHARLES F. DOLE.

COMRADES---READ THIS TO-DAY AND THEN BE A GOOD COMRADE EVERY DAY HEREAFTER.

Be a good comrade. Learn the secret of good comradeship. Many men do not know it at all. Be just, strong, frank, fearless, independent, but add your strength to the strength of your fellows. Do not stand aloof, or sulk, or be unsociable. Do not jeer at other men and find fault with them. Learn to do "team work," learn to co-operate. Give and take in friendly conversation. Be generous.

Speak to men freely; meet them half-way, never with a scowl, with contempt, with indifference. Greet your fellows with a smile; give them the "glad hand." Keep the healthy circulation of a warm heart.

Be good comrades in the home. Drop the "obey" from the marriage service. Put away dictation, self-will, and egotism. Let good-will command your conduct. Be comrades with the children; keep their confidence; enter into their sports and studies. Teach them early to say not so much "I" and "mine," as "we" and "ours." Teach comradeship and democracy in the schools. Let the teachers respect their pupils, appreciate the good in them, look always for good, draw it out and encourage it. Let them use the persuasion and authority of noble character; let them be friends with pupils in school and out.

Let us be comrades in business. Honest business is social service. Let us then deal with each other as friends, or even as partners. Let us give fair measure, and choose to pay fair prices and wages. Let employers treat their men as fellows; honor them, consult them, trust them, work with them, not over them. Let them hold not diverse interests but a common interest. The world wants such captains of industry, upright, loyal, humane. Let the leaders show comradeship and men will everywhere respond to it.

Widen the area of comradeship into new circles. Belong to some club or society. Be faithful to it; add your efforts and influence to make it succeed.

Do not stand aside as a cynic, or despair of your city and country. Join a party or organization of reform, and help make the town or nation better to live in. Put off your selfish reserve and join hands with your fellows.

Join some church if you honestly can; add your good-will to every human effort which makes the church worthier; add your life to the forces that run to make a better world.

Travel as a friendly man wherever you go; make new friends; trust men as often as possible; be glad at every glow of kindly feeling that warms your heart; look for good and not for evil in all kinds and conditions of men. Find out their best thought. The humblest may teach you something. Praise whatever is good. Carry the signs of a new freemasonry. You shall make fast the ties which bind the world; you shall help put an end to war.

Do not doubt that good comradeship is the life of religion. "Where love is, there God is." When the final accounts are reckoned up, the highest of commendations will be: He was a good comrade, true, generous, honest, loyal, friendly, and helpful.

—CHARLES F. DOLE.

LA FOLLETTE A POSSIBILITY

HE WILL NOT SIDE STEP

Will Fight If the Roosevelt Boom Materializes

HE PLANS FOR A FINISH FIGHT

A Little Embarrassed by Teddy's Appearance in the Field, But as Full of Fight as Ever.—Series of Speeches in Middle West.

The zeal with which Senator La Follette has entered upon his campaign for the Republican nomination for President and the activity that is manifested at the national headquarters of the progressive Republican campaign committee, tend to confirm the declaration of Mr. La Follette's managers that he has no intention of retiring from the race because of the many evidences that a country-wide Roosevelt movement is under way.

The committee is making plans for the Senator for speeches in the territory west of the Mississippi River that look forward well into the spring. They are keeping a large force of clerks constantly employed, sending out literature, and are distributing their speakers and making new dates for progressive meetings. Gifford Pinchot, one of Col. Roosevelt's most ardent admirers, has accepted two dates to speak in Ohio. He has also consented to join in the State-wide conference that has been called to meet in Columbus, Ohio, on New Year's Day.

There is no effort to conceal the embarrassment felt by La Follette's friends by the persistence of the Roosevelt movement. They realize that it is sapping the strength of the La Follette boom in a number of localities. It has caused some of the leaders in the La Follette movement to waver and suggest that, after all, Roosevelt is the best solution of the problem.

One phase of this story is that Col. Roosevelt threw his personal influence into the movement that finally brought La Follette out as a candidate. It is said that he urged the Senator from Wisconsin to become a candidate, and that later he showed his interest in the movement by sending for James R. Garfield, his former Secretary of the Interior, and after bringing him to Oyster Bay induced Mr. Garfield to reconsider his decision not to attend the progressive conference called by La Follette's friends in Chicago several weeks ago. All of these signs of sympathy and interest were accepted by the La Follette men as insuring the support of Col. Roosevelt for the La Follette movement.

Having entered upon his canvass, Senator La Follette will not turn back, his friends say. They declare that Roosevelt sentiment is over estimated. They refuse to be stamped by the Roosevelt talk, and will insist that the politicians who profess to be progressive shall stand up and be counted either for or against La Follette. This is likely to lead to some dissension among the Republicans who have heretofore been classed as "progressive" in Congress.

APPLE COMPANY ORGANIZED

Growers from Montana Choose Site for Orchard in Virginia.

Capitalized at 900,000, the Virginia Apple Company has been organized in Augusta county, Va. The company recently purchased hundreds of acres of land on the Western slope of the Blue Ridge, near Waynesboro, and within the past few months have planted 150 acres in commercial apple orchards.

The company which is composed of apple growers from the Bitter Root Valley, Montana, chose this location after extensive travel in search of a suitable soil and climate.

Frederick Realty Company Incorporated

A number of business men in Frederick have filed articles of incorporation for the Frederick Realty Company. The capital stock will consist of \$3,000, divided into sixty shares of the par value of \$50 each. Messrs. George E. Wilcox, S. Elmer Brown and Oliver C. Warehime are the incorporators, and will be directors of the new company for the first year.

NEW YEAR SERMONETTE.

SOME one has said: "Yesterday is a memory; tomorrow is an imagination; today is eternity! Live today and live forever! Cut out two days of your life—yesterday with its mistakes and follies; tomorrow with its fears and dreads, and live only today!" A beautiful little sermonette from which we can all deduct one of life's most needed lessons.—Exchange.

Dr. Jas. T. Gwathmey, anesthetist, of the Skin and Cancer and St. Bartholomew's hospitals and Dr. Charles Baskerville, professor of chemistry at the City College of New York, have perfected a method for administering ether and chloroform for surgical operations whereby nausea will be almost entirely eliminated.

Col. Roosevelt was not invited to the New York Citizens' Peace banquet to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria tomorrow night. President Taft, Andrew Carnegie, and Judge Elbert H. Gary will be the principal speakers.

Four men were killed on Christmas day in Kentucky in the outbreak of an old feud.

Governor Crothers in an installment of his message issued this week recommended that County Commissioners deposit the counties' funds in banks paying the highest rate of interest.

Senator Robert M. LaFollette opened his campaign for the Republican nomination for President yesterday at Youngstown, Ohio.

In a fire at Boston over a million gallons of molasses were destroyed. The firemen had to wade in the sticky mass after a tank containing 800,000 gallons collapsed.

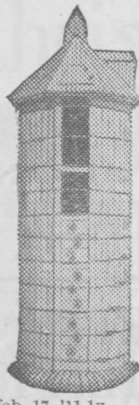
Charles W. Morse the convict banker is at the point of death.

The price of shoes is going up.

ECONOMY SILOS

MANUFACTURED IN

Frederick City, Frederick County, Md.



We are close to you which makes the freight very low on the Economy Silo as compared with others. The Economy Doorway is a Marvel of Simplicity and Perfection. Any boy can take them out or put them in, and yet they are perfectly air-tight, entirely preventing possibility of spoiled ensilage.

The Economy is the best hooped silo that is manufactured. Easy to put up. The best of material used in its construction throughout.

Every silo fully guaranteed. Write for Free Illustrated Catalogue with proof of claims from delighted users.

The Economy Silo & Manufacturing Co.
FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

Feb. 17, '11-1y

MATTHEWS BROTHERS

WE ARE READY TO SERVE.

Hot Chocolates and All Kinds of Hot Drinks
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

We also have a Fine Line of

NEW YEAR'S POSTAL CARDS

dec 1-1y.

The Firm of Chas. Rotering & Sons wish to all their friends a happy and prosperous New Year.

We thank you for your patronage during 1911 and solicit a continuance of the same for 1912.

WE'RE AFTER YOU

"You are the Individual We Require"

The above is intended to attract the attention of individuals who are using the sock instead of the bank for a depository, and who in consequence are receiving no interest on their savings.

WE PAY 4% INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS

and would be delighted to have all present "sock bank" patrons call and talk over the "real thing" banking proposition with us.

Established October, 1882

ANNAN, HORNER & CO., Bankers

oct 8-091f.

Harry G. Dorsey & Co.,
of Frederick, Maryland,
extend to you their best
wishes for a happy New
Year.



The New Year begins earliest on the 180th meridian, that is at the part of the world which lies exactly opposite Greenwich, on the magic line where sailors have to jump a day either forwards or backwards, according as they are sailing with or against the sun.

The earth rotates on its axis once every twenty-four hours, so that in the same period of time the sun apparently circles the earth. Supposing we travel around the earth in the same direction as the sun, and at a speed great enough to keep it in sight, then we get back to our starting point without once seeing a sunset, so that as far as we are concerned it is still the same day. As a matter of fact, it is exactly one day later. Even if you do not keep the sun over you on your voyage, it is apparent that you will reach your starting point with your calculations one day out, unless you have provided for this by striking out an extra day on the calendar. If you travel against the sun you will have to add a day to the calendar.

The convention that has been established with regard to this matter is to consider the day as beginning at the 180th meridian, so that the 181st meridian is always a day ahead of the 179th. As the day begins first at the 180th meridian, the New Year comes first at that point, too, being there twelve hours sooner than it comes at Greenwich.



It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing by the window. He mournfully raised his eyes toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more helpless beings than himself were moving toward their inevitable goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind unfurnished, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his anguish: "Oh, youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the crossway of life, that I may choose the better road!" But the days of his youth had passed away, and his parents were with the departed. He saw wandering lights float over dark marshes, and then disappear. "Such," he said, "were the days of my wasted life!" He saw a star shoot from heaven, and vanish

in darkness athwart the churchyard. "Behold an emblem of myself!" he exclaimed; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart.

Then he remembered his early companions, who had entered life with him, but who having trod the paths of virtue and industry, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled the many tokens of the love of his parents for him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where they dwelt. His darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! Come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this had been but a dream, visiting his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young, his errors only were no dream. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that when years shall be passed, and your feet shall stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days!"—Jean Paul Richter.



If New Year's comes as late again

This year as it did last,

I don't believe I'll get to see

The end, when it goes past,

And when the new one starts to go

Across the calendar,

Last time I watched until I dreamed

I was a New Year's star.

Pa says there isn't anything

That folks can see or hear

When midnight comes and Father

Time

Brings in another year.

But maybe he is fooling me.

Why do the people sing

And call it watch night meeting, and

Why do the church bells ring?

Pa says they got the number of

The year by adding one

Each New Year's to the year before,

And when that year was done,

By adding on another, till

They piled it up to here.

It must have taken awful long

To count just once a year.

They tell me when I go to bed

The last December night,

I'll have to go without a meal

Until the next year's light.

Some people think they're awful

smart,

But I know what they mean;

The next year has to be next day—

There's nothing in between.

A New Year's day's a happy time

For almost every one

It seems a sort of start of things,

With nothing quite begun,

And everybody's feeling young

And spry, just like a boy,

I hope your happy New Year will

Be spilling-full of joy.

TOMMY.



Optimism turns up the corners of my mouth, and incidentally the other fellow's. But I won't carry it to a Nirvana state of inactivity. The world must move, I know.

A smile will carry me more successfully through the coming year than a frown. Besides, it's more becoming.

My husband is not a hero to the other woman. She thinks her partner is just as good. I will give her a chance to sound his praises.

I will not shake the other girl's false hair in the man's face. If it is a good match, he will not believe me; and if it is an obvious substituti-

tion, he will think that I am catty. In either case I lose.

"Truth is a moon reflected in many waters," says an eastern proverb. I will remember that when questioning my erring child.

"Union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever," is a pretty good motto for married ones. The trouble is that liberty drifts into insignificance, and union ends at the divorce courts. I will be wise.

Despite the fact that love makes the world go round, he cannot pay the gas bill or the rent. I will look out for the bread and cheese and love will provide the kisses.



Was there any place where she could be really quiet?



The Snow Began to Fall.

Nell went to the door and looked out. As far as her eyes could see there was wintry whiteness and through the purple shadows of the coming night shone a few lights, like stars. Each light represented a farmhouse, and each house, like the one in which Nell was staying, was full of happy, noisy people.

And Nell was not happy, she wanted quiet. Like a hunted animal she looked this way and that for some place where she might be alone.

On the crest of a hill, far up the road, stood the schoolhouse where she taught. It was closed now and dark.

"I will go there," Nell said to herself, and just then a voice behind her called: "Supper is ready."

"I don't want any," Nell said wearily. "I'm going out for a little while, Mrs. McGregor. I'll be back by ten."

The snow began to fall softly as she left the house, and by the time she reached the school it was beginning to drift against the fences. There was no fire within, but Nell lit one, and when the warmth began to steal into the room, she drew the one big chair close to the hearth and in the peaceful loneliness gave herself up to her thoughts.

But she was not to remain in peace long. There was a sound of sleighbells without, heavy steps on the threshold, and she looked up to see the burly form of a young farmer in the doorway.

"Well, well," he said, "I saw the light and came in. Who would have dreamed that you would be here alone?"

Nell smiled wearily. "I came to be quiet."

"Then you don't want me."

"Oh, sit down," she said, somewhat ungraciously.

But he stood by the fireplace and looked down at her.

"What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing," faintly.

"Don't tell me that; I know better."

"If I tell you," she asked, "you mustn't give me any advice. I have had so much advice I hate it."

He sat down beside her. "Tell ahead," he said, "and I'll promise to listen like the Sphinx."

"You see, it is this way," she said; "my uncle in town is rich. He is a miserly old man, and he made me miserable when I lived with him. I'm not going to tell you about my childhood, how little love there was in it, and how I was starved spiritually and mentally, as well as physically. When I grew old enough to understand that he could give me things, and had not because he wanted to save and save, I left him and came here to teach; and now he has written to me to come back, and I don't want to go, yet he is sick and old and alone. I told Mrs. McGregor and she tells me to stay here. Then all the family talked about it and everybody advised. They meant well—but I couldn't stand it, I—I don't want to go, but I must."

He started to say something, then checked himself.

"I'd like to break that promise," he said.

"No, you mustn't," she said firmly. "You've all been so good to me here, and if you," she caught her breath, "join the others in asking me to stay, it will make it so hard for me to go."

"He doesn't deserve much at your hands," the man stated.

"I know," she said wearily, "but to-morrow I begin a new year, and I



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"I know," she said wearily, "but to-morrow I begin a new year, and I

don't want to begin it wrong, yet I don't know the right."

"I don't believe much in saying things," the young farmer remarked; "my policy is to do them. And now, are you going to stay here in this lonely place much longer? It is snowing and it is late."

"I suppose I ought to go," she said doubtfully, "but it is so lovely here in the silence."

"Look here," he said suddenly, "don't you keep your tea things in that little cupboard? I have got to go to town, and when I come back I'll bring something for a little supper, and we can watch the old year out. Then I'll take you home in the sleigh."

"How good of you." She held out her hand to him. "You haven't bothered me with advice, and you are doing something to make me comfortable. That is just like you, Jack Norton."

He blushed a little, this big kindly man, who looked upon the little

woman from the city as a being from another sphere; she was so dainty, so different from the girls in his own village.

Nell knew what she was doing when she told him not to ask her to stay; she had known for a long time of the question that trembled on his lips. She knew he wanted to marry her, as a woman knows who is wise in the ways of men.

She thought of the life she might lead if she married him, a life in the big farmhouse, sun-

shiny in summer and secure in winter. Then she thought of her life with her uncle in a dark apartment in the streets of the city. She knew that, in a way, it was a false idea of duty that would take her back. Yet she had to go, some force that was in her seemed impelling her.

The wind blew in great blasts against the little house, the snow had drifted up to the window sills, and white lines of it pointed across the window pane like ghostly fingers. Dragging footsteps came up the path. Nell listened. It was not Jack Norton; these were the steps of an old man. From the door a voice quavered:

"Are you there, Nell?"

"Uncle," she said, fearfully, "how did you come here?"

"I met a young man down the road," he said. "I wanted him to guide me to the McGregors. He told me you were here."

"You didn't answer my letter," the old man went on, when she had made him sit down.

"Are you going back with me?"

"Now that she was face to face with his meanness, it seemed to Nell that she could never go with him.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Here's a grateful girl," the old man stormed, and just then the sleighbells jingled and, in another moment Jack Norton was in the room, his arms full of bundles, his eyes beaming.

"So this is your uncle," he said. "I thought so when I directed him here. You'll stay and have supper with us, won't you, sir? We are going to see the old year out and the new year in."

"Who are you?" the old man growled.

"I?" Jack's eyes flashed from Nell's covering figure to the grimness of the uncle. Then suddenly he took things in his own hands.

"I'm the man your niece is going to marry," he said.

"What!" the old man shouted.

"I'm the man your niece is going to marry," he said securely. He had seen the joy in Nell's face.

"But she is going home with me."

Jack shook his head. "No, she is going home with me. You can come whenever you wish, sir. The old house is big enough for twenty uncles, or if you like it better, there is a cottage at the edge of the farm where you could stay if you wished."

The old man flashed a crafty glance at him.

"Would it cost me anything?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Jack.

"Then marry her," said the old uncle, "and I'll come and live in the cottage alone."

Nell's face was in her hands, and, as Jack bent over her, she whispered, "I'm the Man She Is Going to Marry."

"Oh, I can't let you do it!"

"It is the only way that you can make my New Year happy," he told her, and as she looked up into his face she knew that what he said was true.

(Copyright.)

The Chinese New Year.

"Gar-ne-fo-Toy"—Happy good luck to you, may you be prosperous, may your honorable family be prosperous and may the spirits of your ancestors rest content—is the gist of the Chinese New Year's greeting. The New Year festival begins the last of January and continues two weeks.

Special Meeting

—OF THE—

County Commissioners.

Frederick, Md., Dec. 18th, 1911. The January session of the County Commissioners will commence at their office in the Court House, on TUESDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1912.

The first three days will be devoted to general business and appointment of County Constables. Road Supervisors will be settled with and new appointments made in accordance with the following schedule.

Friday, January 5th, Linganore District, No. 19. Saturday, January 6th, Ballenger District, No. 23.

SECOND WEEK.

Monday, January 8th,—Woodsboro District, No. 11. Tuesday, January 9th,—Burkittsville District, No. 22.

Wednesday, January 10th,—Mt. Pleasant and Walkersville Districts, Nos. 13 and 26.

Thursday, January 11th,—Mechanics-town District, No. 15. Friday, January 12th,—Jefferson District, No. 14.

Saturday, January 13th,—Jackson District, No. 16. THIRD WEEK.

Monday, January 15th,—New Market District, No. 9. Tuesday, January 16th,—Urbana District, No. 7.

Wednesday, January 17th,—Emmitsburg District, No. 5. Thursday, January 18th,—Middletown District, No. 3.

Friday, January 19th,—Creagerstown District, No. 4. Saturday, January 20th,—Catoctin District, No. 6.

FOURTH WEEK.

Monday, January 22nd,—Woodville District, No. 18. Tuesday, January 23rd,—Johnsville District, No. 17.

Wednesday, January 24th,—Petersville District, No. 12. Thursday, January 25th,—Hauvers District, No. 10.

Friday, January 26th,—Lewistown District, No. 20. Saturday, January 27th,—Tuscarora District, No. 21.

FIFTH WEEK.

Monday, January 29th—Buckeystown District, No. 1. Tuesday, January 30th—Frederick and Braddock Districts, Nos. 2 and 24.

Wednesday, January 31st—Liberty District No. 8. SPECIAL NOTICE!

Supervisors are hereby notified not to bring their accounts before the day assigned for their District. Also report all road machines, tools, lumber, tiling, or other materials on their or in their possession belonging to the County.

By order,

LINCOLN G. DINTERMAN, President. MARKWOOD D. HARP, Clerk.

12-22-6ts

—CALL ON—

GEO. T. EYSTER,

—AND—

See his splendid stock of GOLD & SILVER Key & Stem-Winding WATCHES.

ALBERT ADELSBERGER

LIVERYMAN

Emmitsburg, Maryland

Fine Horses and First-Class Carriages.

Teams for Drummers and Pleasure Parties a Specialty

may 7-09 1y

THE

STAFFORD

Perfect Service. Finest Location. Excellent Cuisine. Liberal Management. Fireproof Construction.

WASHINGTON PLACE

BALTIMORE,

MD.

June 28-1y

Any absent Emmitsburgian would appreciate a subscription to The Chronicle. 52 weeks \$1.00.

FRANKLINVILLE NEWS.

The youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dewees is very ill at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fox and two children, of Baltimore, are spending a week with Mrs. Fox's mother, Mrs. Marshall Favorite.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoke and daughter, Catherine, of near Emmitsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gall and daughter, Louise, Mrs. Baker, and Dr. Lloyd Gall of Washington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charley Gall.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webb spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Holland Webb.

Mrs. William Dewees, spent Sunday and Monday with her son, Mr. Edward Dewees.

Mr. Jerry Dutrow spent several days with his son in Washington.

Mrs. Charley Gall and son, Lloyd, spent Christmas day with friends in Thurmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Fogle are spending some time in Hagerstown.

Mr. Joseph Fry, of Westminster, is spending the holidays with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Earnst and children spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Shindlecker.

Miss Florence Demuth has gone to her home near Washington to spend the holidays.

Mrs. Baker and daughter, Lillie, spent Monday with Mrs. Samuel Dewees.

Mr. Hermon Fogle, of Hagerstown, spent a few days with his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Fogle.

Mrs. Daniel Hornbraker and two daughters, of near Hagerstown, paid a flying visit to the homes of Mr. E. A. Fry, and Mrs. William Dewees on Monday afternoon.

We join in wishing one and all a happy New Year.

MOTTER'S STATION.

Mr. Welty Garber, of near Chambersburg, visited Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Saylor, of this place, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Saylor made a flying visit to their son, Charles, at Graceham on Thursday.

Mr. Fred Sherdow and wife and son, Nolan, of Baltimore, and Mrs. T. P. Thompson, of East Hickory, Pa., visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knipple and Mr. and Mrs. Eli Knipple on Sunday.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Fischer, of near Loys, died Tuesday the 26th. The funeral was held Thursday.

Mr. James Saylor visited friends in Emmitsburg, Wednesday.

NEWS FROM THE TRACT

An interesting Christmas entertainment was given by the pupils of the tract school on the afternoon of Dec. 22.

Mr. William McGraw and family spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. George Sanders.

Mr. William Topper made a business trip to Fountain Dale last week.

Mr. George Warren and family spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Stansbury.

Miss Grace Plank spent Tuesday with the family of Mr. Daniel Shorb.

MARKET REPORTS.

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

EMMITSBURG, Dec. 29. Country Produce Etc. Corrected by Jos. E. Hoke.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Spring Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks, Potatoes, etc.

LIVE STOCK.

Corrected by Peterson Brothers.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Steers, Butcher Heifers, Fresh Cows, Fat Cows and Bulls, Hogs, Sheep, Spring Lambs, Calves, Stock Cattle.

WHEAT—spot, @83 1/2. CORN—Spot, @65 1/2. OATS—White, 5 1/2 @ 52 1/2.

RYE—Nearby, \$.92 @ .93 bag lots. HAY—Timothy, \$23.50 @ \$24.00. No. 1 Clover @ \$22.00. No. 2 Clover, \$19.00 @ \$21.00.

STRAW—Eye straw—fair to choice, \$18.00 @ \$18.50. No. 2, \$16.00 @ \$17.50. Tangled rye blocks \$14.00 @ \$15.00. Wheat blocks, \$10.50 @ \$11.00; oats \$10.00 @ \$10.50.

POULTRY—Old hens, 13 @ 14; young chickens, large, @ 14; small, @ Spring chickens, Turkeys, 19 @ 20.

PRODUCE—Eggs, 28 ; butter, nearby, rolls 20 @ 23 Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania prints, 20 @ 23.

POTATOES—Per bu. \$.80 @ \$.95 No. 2, per bu. New potatoes per bbl. \$. @ \$.

CATTLE—Steers, best, \$. @ \$. ; others \$. @ \$. ; Heifers, \$. @ \$. ; Cows, \$. @ \$. ; Bulls, \$. @ \$. ; Calves, @ 9 1/2.

Fall Lambs, @ c. spring lambs, 4 1/2 @ 5; Pig 7 1/2 @ \$1.50, Shoats, \$1.75 @ \$2.75 Fresh Cows \$. @ \$ 9 per head.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 27.

HEALTH BULLETIN FOR OCTOBER

The Health Officers Report for October, just issued, shows that in that month 78 deaths resulted from tuberculosis, as compared with 89 in September and 85 in October. In October, 1911, a total of 170 deaths from infectious diseases occurred in the counties of Maryland. The following is a condensed summary of these deaths, arranged in point of numbers:

Table with 2 columns: Disease and Number of Deaths. Includes Tuberculosis (78), Typhoid Fever (51), Whooping Cough (14), Diphtheria (11), etc.

The number of deaths from typhoid fever has decreased from 59 in September to 51 in October. The death toll from whooping cough is 14, as against an equivalent number in September. There were no deaths from measles, chickenpox, or erysipelas.

With the exception of scarlet fever, diphtheria, and measles, the morbidity figures show a gratifying decrease in the number of cases of the major exanthemata reported, as compared with the month of September. A total of 595 cases of sickness from infectious diseases was reported, as compared with 580 cases in the preceding month (September.)

It is gratifying to record that seven of the diseases usually included—influenza, smallpox, meningitis, erysipelas, septicaemia, acute dysentery, and pellagra—do not appear in this month's morbidity list.

It is worthy of emphasis that typhoid fever easily retains first place in the morbidity returns. As compared with the month of September, the number of deaths from typhoid fever has fallen from 59 to 51, and the number of cases of sickness has decreased from 436 to 332.

Total number of deaths, all causes, October, 1911, 855, as follows: infectious and communicable diseases, 169 (plus 1 culled from belated returns, making a total of 170); general and noncommunicable diseases and accidents, 686.

Of the 170 deaths caused by infectious and communicable diseases, 78 resulted from tuberculosis, 51 from typhoid fever, 1 from scarlet fever, 14 from whooping cough, 11 from diphtheria, 1 from influenza, one from malaria, 1 from mumps, 3 from meningitis, 4 from septicaemia, 4 from anterior poliomyelitis, and one from pellagra.

Of the 686 deaths due to general and noncommunicable diseases and accidents, 454 were white, and 232 colored; 300 were males, and 296 were females.

Tuberculosis.—Number of deaths reported 78, as compared with 89 in September. Of these deaths, 47 or 60 per cent. occurred in white persons; 31 or 40 per cent. occurred in colored persons.

With regard to sex, 39 were males, and 41 were females. Eight deaths occurred in institutions. The youngest decedent was a colored female child aged 2 months; the eldest was a colored female aged 80 years.

The briefest period of illness was 8 weeks; the longest, 15 years. The percentage of deaths from tuberculosis per 10,000 of the white population and of the colored population in the counties of Maryland is .797 per 10,000 of the white population; 2.10 per 10,000 of the colored population.

Diphtheria.—Number of deaths reported 11, as compared with 4 in September. Additional cases reported 127, as compared with 54 in September. Eight of the decedents were white, and 3 were colored; 6 were males and 5 were females. One hundred and sixteen of the cases of sickness occurred in white persons, 9 in colored persons, and in two instances the color is not stated; 44 were males, 57 were females, and in 26 instances the sex is not stated.

Typhoid Fever.—Deaths reported 51, as compared with 59 in September. Additional cases reported 332, as compared with 436 in September. Thirty-five of the decedents were white, and 16 colored; 31 were males, and 20 females. Of the cases of sickness, 287 were white, 42 colored, and in 3 instances the color is not stated; 179 were males, 150 females, and in 5 instances the sex is not stated.

SPECIAL NOTICE! All business letters, and all communications intended for this paper should be addressed to THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE. Mail addressed to Sterling Galt will be considered PERSONAL and in his absence will remain unopened.

Senator Rayner is preparing a bill granting a pension to Mrs. Annie Schley widow of the late Admiral W. S. Schley.

Red, Green, Blue and Golden Brown blotters—embossed—10 cts. a sheet at THE CHRONICLE Office.

NECROLOGY FOR YEAR.

Through the courtesy of Mr. James A. Helman the following list of local deaths during the past year is furnished to readers of the CHRONICLE:

Table with 3 columns: Date, Name, Age. Lists deaths from Jan 1 to Dec 21, 1911.

The number of deaths in this community for the past twenty years is given below:

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number of Deaths. Lists years from 1892 to 1910.

OLD YEAR MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us.

The worrying things that caused our souls to fret; The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,

The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet; The pride with which some lofty one disdained us,

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,

The yielding to temptations that beset, That he perchance, though grief be un-availing, Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserv- ing, Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng, The faults o'ercome, the rectitude un- swerving,

Let us remember long. The sacrifice of love, the generous giv- ing

When friends were few, the hand- clasp warm and strong, The fragrance of each life of holy living, Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious, What'er of right has triumphed over wrong,

What love of God or man has rendered precious, Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us, We tenderly may bid the year "Good- by," Holding in memory the good it brought us.

Letting the evil die. —SUSAN E. GAMMONS.

ODDS AND ENDS

Col. Watterson says that a third-term cry would defeat Roosevelt. He believes that Taft will again be nominated but that it may not be impossible for Roosevelt to stampede the convention.

Admiral George Dewey was seventy-four years old on Tuesday. Madero guarantees Reyes a fair trial. The Russian Douma bars American Jews.

John D. is afraid to go home in the dark. T. R.'s Ananias Club is on again.

Gen. Reyes, leader of the latest revolution against Madero in Mexico, surrendered to the Federals on December 25th.

GUY K. MOTTER

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

Will be in Emmitsburg Tuesday of each week from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Office at Public Library Room. Frederick office telephone number 30. June 3-10-11

You Want The "F. & D." Guarantee

WE WRITE Fidelity and Surety Accident and Health Burglary Plate Glass Liability Auto'

ORGANIZED 1890 ASSETS \$6,904,365.36 HOME OFFICE: BALTIMORE MD.

Fidelity and Deposit Co.

OF MARYLAND EDWIN WARFIELD, President.

We Do Business Everywhere HALLER & NEWMAN

General Agents for Frederick County FREDERICK, MD. Aug 12-10-11yr

Paint---Drouth

The longer the drouth the more rain is required to water the earth.

The longer a building goes without painting the dryer it gets and more paint is required to keep water out.

A ten gallon Job this year is a eleven gallon Job next year—you will save money by using the best paint,

DEVOE'S

J. Thos. Gelwicks, Agt. April 24-1y

Nothing Makes a More ATTRACTIVE XMAS GIFT Than a PICTURE

(WELL FRAMED)

Then there are-- ROCKERS, CHAIRS AND OTHER FURNITURE

all of which should engage your at- tention when making your list of presents.

SEE ME FIRST

E. E. Zimmerman

Furniture Dealer

ON THE SQUARE

4% Interest Paid on Savings Accounts Compounded Every Six Months

The Emmitsburg Savings Bank

WILL PROVE TO BE THE IDEAL BANK FOR YOU

—regardless of the size or nature of your account. You will find satisfaction in its sound and liberal policies, and you will be as- sured of courteous and competent service at all times.

The Emmitsburg Savings Bank is Growing Every Day Why Not OPEN AN ACCOUNT AND GROW WITH IT

DR. D. E. STONE, Jr., President. J. LEWIS RHODES, Vice President. H. M. WARREN FELTZ, Cashier. P. F. BURKET, Teller. GUY K. MOTTER, Attorney.

DR. D. E. STONE, Jr., GUY K. MOTTER, P. F. BURKET, STERLING GALT, J. LEWIS RHODES, J. R. OHLER, E. R. SHRIVER, J. C. ROSENSTEL, WM. A. DEVILBISS, DIRECTORS.

Under Supervision of The State Banking Department

Open Saturday Nights from 7 to 9

THE OLD RELIABLE Mutual Insurance Company OF FREDERICK COUNTY ORGANIZED 1843 OFFICE—46 NORTH MARKET ST. FREDERICK, MD. A. C. MCCARDELL President O. C. WAREHIME Secretary SURPLUS \$25,000 NO PREMIUM NOTES REQUIRED INSURES ALL CLASSES OF PROPERTY AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE AT RATES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN STOCK COMPANIES CHARGE A Home Insurance Company for Home Insurers March 11, 10-1y

DR. C. W. HINES ..VISITS.. EMMITSBURG MARYLAND Every Two Months Next Visit January 3, 1912 EMMIT HOUSE

At Dukehart's Carriage Shops = CARLOAD OF THE = Famous Studebaker Buggies and Farm Wagons Drop in and inspect this line before you buy, it will pay you Repairing and Repainting Work Made to Order Very Respectfully, J. J. Dukehart. Feb. 10-11 1yr.

The Emmitsburg Savings Bank WILL PROVE TO BE THE IDEAL BANK FOR YOU —regardless of the size or nature of your account. You will find satisfaction in its sound and liberal policies, and you will be as- sured of courteous and competent service at all times. The Emmitsburg Savings Bank is Growing Every Day Why Not OPEN AN ACCOUNT AND GROW WITH IT DR. D. E. STONE, Jr., President. J. LEWIS RHODES, Vice President. H. M. WARREN FELTZ, Cashier. P. F. BURKET, Teller. GUY K. MOTTER, Attorney. DR. D. E. STONE, Jr., GUY K. MOTTER, P. F. BURKET, STERLING GALT, J. LEWIS RHODES, J. R. OHLER, E. R. SHRIVER, J. C. ROSENSTEL, WM. A. DEVILBISS, DIRECTORS. Under Supervision of The State Banking Department Open Saturday Nights from 7 to 9

The Weekly Chronicle

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND.

STERLING GALT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

TERMS:—One Dollar a year in advance; Six months, 50 cents. Trial subscriptions, Three months, 25 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES made known on application at this office.

THE PROPRIETOR reserves the right to decline any advertisements which he may deem objectionable.

NO ATTENTION whatever will be paid to anonymous contributions.

MANUSCRIPTS offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, when accompanied by stamps.

CHEESAPEAKE AND POTOMAC PHONE.

Entered as second-class matter January 1, 1909, at the post office at Emmitsburg, Md., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1911.

THE CHRONICLE will be independent in politics, progressive in spirit and a champion of what it conceives to be right. Its columns will always be open for a dignified discussion by the people of any subject that may seem to them interesting, or that may in anywise be a benefit to the community at large.

[Editorial from The Chronicle, June 8, 1906.]

1911 DECEMBER 1911						
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

Communications intended for publication in this paper, letters of a business nature in relation to the Chronicle, and all orders for Job Printing to be done at this office should be addressed to THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

FREDERICK COUNTY.

Frederick is next to the largest of the counties of Maryland. In population and wealth it ranks next to Baltimore county. In the fertility and productiveness of its lands it ranks among the first in the Union, and especially in the production of wheat. The area of this great county is 633 square miles. The great body of the people are of German, English and Scotch-Irish descent, the progeny mostly of the early settlers. The land is mostly of fine limestone quality, and the greater part of the county is a valley of rolling lands lying between the Lingonore Hills and the Catoctin Mountain. This splendid valley is drained by the Monocacy river, and is one of the best farmed and most highly improved and productive areas of the Union. The great crops are wheat and corn.—Maryland Manual issued by Board of Public Works.

THE NEW YEAR.

Next Monday every Christian on the civilized globe will begin to use the figures 1912. That number will start another year in history. Each previous date will have been used for the last time and every event recorded by an earlier date will have passed forever—beyond recall.

On January 1st, the new leaf of the world's ledger will be ready for future accounts—debts and credits—and in every diary and journal there will have begun to be written the happenings that will mark a new cycle of time, a new era in the lives of all mankind.

With this fact before us ought we not now to be making a resolve that New Year's Day will start a new, an important and a better volume in our individual lives?

Some say that it were better not to make resolutions; they are too easily broken,—that the fewer one makes the fewer one will be accountable for. Perhaps that is true insofar as making many separate resolutions is concerned, but will not each one of us be the happier at the end of another twelve months if in one single resolve we determine to try to do "a whole heap better" than we did during the year 1911?

The few remaining days of

this year will give ample opportunity for introspection and retrospection—a good practice to indulge in at any time—and a careful and honest review of the mistakes made, the wrongs done, the uncharitable words spoken, the chances for doing good passed by, the blunders committed in business, the errors of judgment perpetrated, the short-sighted policies pursued, the selfish motives indulged—a frank review of all these will aid each one materially in determining the course for the months to come.

Let every one of us, then, make a new start, take a fresh hold on life and its activities and try to do the very best we can, remembering that success in any endeavor "does not consist," as one has wisely said, "in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

That 1912 may be the best of years for every subscriber, reader, advertiser and friend of THE CHRONICLE and that it may witness the fruition of their fondest hopes is our sincere wish as we say to all, "A Happy New Year."

"BACK TO THE LAND."

Five years ago, according to the New York Mail, there were only five schools in Kansas teaching agriculture. To-day out of 7,886 rural schools 7,000 have regular agricultural courses. In addition to these, 400 out of 500 high schools are teaching similar courses.

This educational campaign, enthusiastically carried on by 14,000 teachers and a number of specialists, has developed into such a successful "back to the land" movement that Kansas now leads all other states in this particular. The pupils in these schools are being taught the dignity, independence and usefulness of rural life and being equipped for future success in farming.

This "back to the land" idea is not a passing cult as some would believe. Other states than Kansas have given very serious attention to it, and with results so satisfactory as to warrant not only a continuance of the plan, but the giving of greater scope to it, realizing that increased population, increased production and a correspondingly large increase in state assets is largely dependent upon the advancement and development of this the most important branch of rural industries.

Maryland cannot afford to be behind in this movement. It is an important movement, a very important one, going hand in hand with good roads, oyster culture and the general conservation and development of all of Maryland's natural resources.

This commonwealth should be just as solicitous for its advancement in this particular as its sister states are for their permanent welfare, and only through the adoption of agricultural courses similar to those in vogue elsewhere plus an aroused and practical interest in the work and needs of the farming community in general can anything substantial result.

MR. GEORGE WILLIS COOKE, of Boston, social philosopher, traveler and lecturer, comes out strongly in favor of having women propose. If Mr. Cooke was from any other city than Boston, where there are several thousand more women than men, it might be thought that this gentleman

was in some way connected with the leap-year trust. But under the circumstances Mr. Cooke ought to be encouraged in his estimable endeavor to equalize matters.

DEAR old Doctor Mary Walker—she's an entertaining talker—in a manner most emphatic, yet urbane, says the collar button habit is more fearful than welsh rarebit; that it drives its victims daffy, yes insane. We would not persuade her clients to oppose the Doctor's science, for no doubt she knows her subject out of sight; but if instead of raw insanity she'd substitute profanity we'd say the learned Doctor was quite right.

WE have often heard of a man feeling so good on copious draughts of "merry mullage" that he thought he owned New York, but we never realized that Manhattan turned out a brew capable of making a Welshman claim that that island actually belonged to him. On second thought, however, maybe Mr. Williams, who made the declaration, had stacked up against one of Dr. Wiley's costare cocktails.

THERE used to be a gentleman, somewhat celebrated, who found sermons in stones. In these days, even, any number of people have found pearls in oysters and diamonds in hogs; but none of them is in it with the Pennsylvania farmer who found fifty dollars in an ordinary, every-day dog.

It would not be a bad idea for the Commissioners of Emmitsburg to begin 1912 by passing the metal or slate roof ordinance provided for in the new charter and also taking steps to condemn more pavements and enforce the laying of decent sidewalks and crossings.

DR. NITOE, of Tokyo, says that Japan is too busy to go to war. A pretty good recipe, we should think, for some other nations which, while talking peace, are forever preparing for a mix-up.

It used to be conceded that Colonel Roosevelt was a past master in the art of obtaining free advertising, but of late the sage of Oyster Bay hasn't anything on Woodrow Wilson in that line.

In the list of the world's greatest men do not forget your coal dealer.—Danville Register.

And incidentally keep your eye on the faro dealer.

CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY

THE FINEST TOMB IN THE WORLD.

By A. W. MACY.

The most magnificent mausoleum in the world is at Agra, India. It was built by Emperor Shah Jehan, in the seventeenth century, in honor of his favorite queen. It is built entirely of marble and brick, and is adorned internally with exquisite mosaics of precious stones. The total cost was more than \$15,000,000. Twenty-two thousand men, driven like slaves, labored for seventeen years, through tropical rains and torrid summer heat, to erect this marvelous tomb. Hundreds of them perished, but others took their places. The cost was so great that the revenues were depleted, and the people rose in rebellion. The emperor's son usurped the throne, and during the last seven years of his life the emperor looked out upon the splendid mausoleum from a prison window. He was not allowed to enter it while living, but now his body rests beneath its dome.

(Copyright, 1911, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

BUILDING UP A NEW WORLD

Science Responsible for More Built-Up Words Than Classic English Ever Dreamed Of.

"Esophagoscope" is one of the newest words which the scientist of necessity has coined. As science has progressed in its many lines, it has been responsible for more "built-up" terms than classic English could have dreamed of.

Take this new word, "esophagoscope." It is a combination of the noun "esophagus," meaning the channel through which the food from the mouth reaches the stomach, while the last two syllables are made of "scope"—as used in telescope, microscope, spectroscopy. Thus the combination suggests a way and means for allowing the surgeon to look down the esophagus in search of foreign obstructions or of injuries to the organ.

One of the leading physicians of St. Paul has been gathering statistics showing the enormous number and variety of foreign substances that are swallowed by persons of all ages and which often result fatally. He says that in almost any case of the kind a pin, needle, button, bone and even teeth plates are swallowed and in the beginning may be little more than an unpleasantness. Here is the opportunity for using the esophagoscope. Before the sharp substance has a chance to perforate the esophagus the combined mirror and electric light may be inserted, the object seen and removed without harm. If the obstruction be left, however, it starts irritation, becomes a festering wound which almost invariably will cause death.

BOY WILL MAKE DIPLOMAT

Clever Ruse by Which Youth Gets Rid of an Unwelcome Guest.

Paul McGregor loves to have his mother tell him stories. Also he likes to have his young friends come and share the stories. Sometimes it happens that a boy who is persona non grata with Paul will drop in for a sit in and then the host grows restive. The stories, he stoutly tells his mother, are for him and his friends only. The presence of others spoils the recital.

It was on a recent evening, in the midst of a fairy tale, that a kid for whom Paul entertains no friendship, dropped in with the others, and immediately Paul sniffed. Then he spoke up, interrupting the tale, saying, "Bilke Wilke ain't got no sore on his hand."

"Yes, he has, too," rejoined the unwelcome boy. "I seen him only today."

"Don't care," said Paul, stolidly. "Billy Wilke ain't got no sore on his hand."

Again the other boy denied it, but Paul kept right on reasserting the statement.

"I'll just go and see," finally said the other boy. "I seen him today and I'm just going to prove Billy Wilke has a sore on his hand."

After he had gone, Paul, turning to his astonished mother, said, "I knew I'd get him to go. Please go on with the story, mother."

Some day Paul McGregor may sit in the seat of the mighty if diplomacy is a factor in the game.—Cleveland Leader.

Slang in Court.

Slang has at last compelled the court to take judicial notice of it. An employe in talking to his foreman referred to a belt he was compelled to use, which had a loose lap, as "rotten," and the court, on appeal from a judgment for damages for an injury resulting from the breaking of the belt (Hortman vs. Staver Carriage Company, 153 Ill. App. 150), refused to hold that he meant "decayed," and said:

"We will take notice of slang phrases which obtain in this times in all walks of life, and do violence to apparent intention by indulging in a literal interpretation of the words used, when such interpretation would do violence to the plain meaning intended by the words when taken in the connection in which they were used. In stigmatizing the belt as 'rotten' plaintiff plainly intended to convey the idea that it was his opinion that the loose lap was a menace and danger to himself.—West Publishing Company's Docket.

But Bristow Didn't Want To.

At the Country club luncheon to President Taft at Hutchinson one of the guests desired to secure a valuable souvenir of the occasion. So he got a piece of writing paper and asked each of the principal guests to write a line of sentiment and sign it.

President Taft led off with an observation on golf and signed it. Other guests followed suit. When the paper reached Senator Bristow he scratched his head a moment, and remarked, "Oh, what shall I say?"

"Say any old thing," put in Senator Emerson Carey of Reno. "Just write 'I am for Taft.'"

As quick as a flash President Taft turned toward Bristow and said significantly: "If you want to."—Kansas City Journal.

Modernized Axiom.

"Experience," said the ready-made philosopher, "is the best teacher." "Yes," replied the man who has had troubles with Wall street, "but you're so liable to go broke paying the first installment on tuition."

FOUND GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

Pennsylvania Man Was First to Discover Yellow Metal in Golden Gate State.

"It is not generally known," said a mineralogist, "that the discoverer of gold in California was a Pennsylvanian and at one time a resident of California. This distinguished pioneer lies buried in the soil of this state, almost forgotten. He was Gen. John A. Sutter, a Swiss, who emigrated to Philadelphia in 1834 and became a citizen of this commonwealth. His grave is in the Mennonite burying grounds at Lititz, Lancaster county, in which village he spent the last years of his life. General Sutter was born in 1803 in Baden, Germany, near the borders of Switzerland. Upon his arrival in this country he spent some time in this city, subsequently removing to the vicinity of Lititz, where, in the midst of relatives, he engaged in farming. Possessed of a roving nature, however, it was not long before he yearned to explore the great unknown land beyond the Rockies. After many privations he reached California some time in the early '40s and staked a claim. It was in the fall of '48, after a heavy rain, that, attracted by yellowish deposits in a small stream, he made his great discovery of the precious metal. The news of his find spread rapidly, and the following spring the great rush from the east began. General Sutter amassed a considerable fortune through his gold diggings, but lost most of it through unfortunate speculations. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1871 and spent his declining years in retirement, living on the pension of \$250 a month voted him by the California legislature. He died June 18, 1880. Two of his pallbearers were Gens. John C. Fremont and Ambrose E. Burnside, who had been his friends in California.—Philadelphia Press.

AVIATORS ARE POORLY PAID

Even Best Flyers Get Small Remuneration for the Dangers They Face.

The popular supposition that aviation is a sort of Klondike where people who have a certain amount of daring can go and snatch up a fortune is decidedly mistaken. People read reports of big prizes won by aviators in contests and take for granted that it all goes to the flyers. That is wrong; with a few exceptions the flyers do not get the prizes they win. They are employed to fly by big concerns who pay them a salary, seldom exceeding \$75 per week, the usual arrangement being from \$25 to \$40 per week salary and \$50 per day when they fly at meets. This is true even where the very best American and foreign flyers are concerned, including such celebrities as Brookins, Beachey, Ely and others.

Nor is the lot of the independent flyer any better. To keep up with the flyers of big concerns continuous improvement of their machines—which must, of course, always be of the very best—is necessary. What with the cost of the aeroplane, of running it, keeping it in good condition, salary of mechanic and general expenses, the prizes the aviator gets become rather small by the time the expenses are deducted. The fact that prizes are now given only to winners of contests makes the prospect none too attractive. Aviation does hold prizes for ambitious young men, but very few of the kind imagined by the outside public. In fact, there is a slough of despond awaiting the unwary who venture into aviation with no other intention than to make money quickly.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Ancient and Modern Sailors.

In a group around a motion picture signboard near the Tribune building were two "jackies" from the fleet in the Hudson, who were about to move on when an old man took the arm of one and delivered a short talk which diverted attention from the lithographs and from the vendors. "I'm an old sailor," he said. "I was in the service before you were born. I was on a Mississippi gunboat, twice around the Horn on a saller, down to Good Hope on another from Liverpool and to Australia from Frisco. Never on a steamer except the gunboat. We were sailors though," with the emphasis on the "sailors." "You boys are day laborers." "Guess that is right, pop," said one of the men, "but we're the kind they want now," and they linked arms and walked away, leaving the old man to tell how they "couldn't tie a knot" and do many things which came in the sailor's line "in the old times."—New York Tribune.

Marriage at Fifty.

An interesting and unusual estimate of the proper age for matrimony is that advanced by Mrs. Vivian, head and founder of the National Society of the Daughters of California. The happiest and most successful marriages, she says, are those between the man of 50 and the woman of 35. At that age of discretion, she claims, the male has become more mellow and tolerant as well as more solvent. On the other hand she intimates that a girl of 20 is much harder to get along with than to get along without, and that there ought to be laws prohibiting people marrying before they are 30 years old.—Success Magazine.

No Doubt About That.

"Come along downtown with me Mabel." "But I have no money with me." "What's the difference? Two can shop as cheaply as one."

ICE FOR FRENCH DRESSING

Ingredients Blend Better When Very Cold—Several Other Hints for the Cook.

Try making your French dressing in a bowl in which there is a piece of two ice. Keeping the ingredients very cold insures a thick, rich, well-blended dressing.

The water in which a leg of mutton has been boiled is an excellent basis for an onion soup.

Broken eggs or the yolks of eggs will remain fresh several days if covered with cold water and kept in the refrigerator or some other cool place.

Do not leave meat wrapped in paper; not only will the meat be apt to taste of the paper, but the paper will also absorb the juices of the meat.

If fresh water fish is soaked in strong salt water after it is cleaned, and then dried, it will be tastier when cooked.

A delicious jelly is made of equal parts of quince and apples, says an exchange. Cook the fruit separately, for the quinces require longer cooking than the apples; when tender mix, cook for 15 minutes, strain and then proceed as with any other jelly.

When making a salad to be served with French dressing, take a small piece of toast and rub it well with a clove of garlic. Put this in the bottom of the bowl in which the salad is mixed. The toast may be left in the dish or taken out before serving the salad, according to the flavor of garlic desired.

TWO CHAFING DISH RECIPES

Methods of Cooking Oysters That Will Be Found Easy by Amateur Cooks.

No. 1.—Melt four ounces butter in chafing dish, add half cup finely chopped celery and cook thoroughly; put in one quart cream or rich milk, with one pint oyster juice; let it just come to a boil, then add one pint oysters; add a dash of salt and paprika, and just before serving add one wineglass of Maderia wine.

No. 2.—Place in a dish one cup bread crumbs, one well-beaten egg, one cup milk, one cup oysters (drained), one teaspoon salt, dash of paprika. Stir all together, being careful not to break the oysters. Let the mixture stand for a time to swell bread crumbs. Heat one tablespoon butter in chafing dish, stir in the mixture and let cook until oysters are well curled; add a little more; serve.

Knife Cleansing.

Knives should never be put away dirty. Stains are more easily removed when first made than when allowed to become set in the steel. The hafts of knives should not be placed in hot water; they should be kept in a jar with water sufficient to wash the blades without wetting the handles. Charcoal powder is excellent for imparting a good polish to steel knives, as is also powdered rottenstone made into a smooth paste and rubbed on the knife, which must afterward be polished with a clean cloth. Steel forks require the same treatment as knives. To keep knives from rusting scour bright, wipe thoroughly, dry by the fire, dust fine wood ashes fresh from the stove plentifully over the knives on both sides, leaving on what adheres to the blades, wrap in a piece of cloth and roll up in a paper, taking care to fold the ends of the paper so that the knives are all covered up.

Mutton Broth.

For four or five persons buy one and a quarter pounds of scrag mutton—the neck and some juicy trimmings will do—chop into inch pieces and put it into a pot with one quart of cold water, one large onion and two table-spoonsful of barley. Let simmer for three hours, adding a little hot water if it becomes too thick. Serve hot with the bits of mutton in it, and have the bread in the form of thin, narrow toast sippets. This soup is very cheap and nourishing as well. The same mutton bits can also be boiled plainly, chopped up and mixed with potatoes and a bit of onion for hash. Soup or other dishes for child must not be peppered.

A Frying Help.

When frying veal, either steaks or chops, first dip the meat in a little sweet milk. Then place in a frying pan containing hot butter or a mixture of hot butter and lard. Fry over a good fire and see the results. The milk causes the meat to brown beautifully and imparts to it a delicious flavor and unusual tenderness. Veal fried in this way browns quickly and the juice of the meat is retained, which is not the case when frying is continued for long time.

Laundry Device.

A little help to the laundry work comes in the shape of a pipe with standard that fits into the washbowl and throws jets of steam onto the scalding clothes. Makers of the device claim that boiling ordinary garments for ten minutes or badly soiled ones for twenty-five minutes will clean them without rubbing.

Economy Jelly.

Prepare fruit in the ordinary way, put through the jelly bag; put juice on and boil without adding sugar; can as you would any fruit, having jars or bottles hot. Any time during the winter when sugar is cheaper, open jars and make your jelly in from eight to fifteen minutes.

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THE CHRONICLE

**A Thousand
Dollar Bill**

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

"There never was a nicer lad than Phil," Mrs. Ellis said, sighing. "It is heart-breaking to hear of him turning out this way."
"Nobody can make me believe he took that money," Margery Clare, Mrs. Ellis's ward, said firmly.
Again the elder woman sighed. "I have to believe, much as I hate to," she said. "Somebody certainly did get that thousand dollars—and he was about the only one who had the chance."

"That is more than anybody knows," Margery answered with spirit. "Jim Franklin admits that he went to sleep with open windows and only the outer doors shut. Neither he nor Phil heard a sound all night—but that doesn't prove a burglar didn't get in and steal that thousand dollar bill."

"Jim thought of that first off—but there wasn't a sign of such a thing. Oh, I tell you he was the worst cut-up—said he'd rather have lost the money ten times over, ill as he could spare it, than have to believe such a thing of Phil. And you know he won't go to law, in spite of what his uncle tells him."

"It would be better—and braver," Margery broke in, her eyes snapping. "Phil could fight in open court—now nobody accuses him directly—but everybody except me thinks he stole the money, and he has no chance to prove he didn't."

"Jim says he'll be punished enough if he did take it—losing his job and his friends and—maybe you?" Mrs. Ellis said the last word interrogatively.

Margery's head went up. "If he loses me it will be his own fault," she said. "I'll marry him tomorrow—if only he'll ask me."

"Margery! Darling!" a shaken voice cried from the hall.
Phil Ames had come in noiselessly to say good-by, just in time to hear his sweetheart's avowal. She rushed into his open arms and hid her face on his breast, sobbing out:

"Phil! Dearest! Take me! Let us go away from all this—together."
"Are you brave enough to stay and face it—with me?" Phil asked huskily.



"Had Taken Off His Coat."

"I did mean to run away—it all seemed so hopeless. Now that I have you I can't do it. I must stay here and prove myself worthy your trust."
"It is all one to me," Margery said, clinging to him.

Mrs. Ellis bridled. "I have been a mighty good friend to both of you," she said. "But, really—this is too much. Margery, as your guardian, I must forbid you to—to—act so."

"I'm nineteen; you can't forbid me marrying Phil," Margery cried.

Her sweetheart led her toward the door. In it he stopped, looked back and said slowly: "Aunt Nan—Mrs. Ellis, I mean—thank you truly. You—you want to save my darling from herself, but love will save us both."

Then they went away to find a minister, Margery snatching down a sun hat as she went along the hall. It was the simplest bridal—but none other ever so stirred the village. It was a thrifty place, rich and full of family pride, also family traditions. Margery Clare embodied alike the pride and the traditions. Throwing herself thus into the arms of a thief, almost a thief confessed, was a shock, no less a nine days' wonder.

Margery knew it; notwithstanding, she was happy. She and Phil set up housekeeping very simply in a little cottage, the humblest place of real estate she owned. She had an income sure but sufficient for one.

Phil showed quickly he did not mean to stretch it into providing for two. There was a good bit of ground attached to the cottage—he set to work on it manfully—inside of six months it was indeed a garden spot, returning scant profits to be sure, but promising great things in the next growing season.

The money had been lost in August—he had married Margery at the beginning of September.

Thus he had only his cold frames and a tiny greenhouse to depend on when he had plots of growing things there would be another and a better story.

Margery loved the gardening—she knew it meant so much to Phil. Work made him so healthily tired he slept instead of brooding half the night over the stain on his name. It gave him an

appetite, too, helping thus to a normal mind. She knew he was under constant surveillance—it was joy to know the spying saw only a man doing a man's work.

When people came to see her she accepted them as if sure the motive were pure kindness. But she made no visits herself, neither accepted invitations to join in church affairs, nor the dances at the courthouse, where formerly she had been a leading spirit. Phil wanted her to go—he was willing to endure martyrdom for her sake. But she smiled and shook her head—she meant never to go out among their own people until their own people saw and acknowledged their mistake.

Time went swiftly; almost before she realized it came the anniversary of their wedding. The garden had been a modest gold mine, but she would not let Phil buy her anything save a fluffy Pomeranian puppy, agreeing, however, to his proposition that they should show themselves that night at the courthouse.

It was not a dance, but an entertainment by a so-called psychic lecturer. He was said to have marvelous powers. Phil had a sort of feeling that the villagers would think he dreaded to face the seer. That was untrue—he had even a wild idea of going forward if subjects for experiment were called. Second thought showed him he had better stay beside Margery—people had been cordial to them, offering felicitations with no apparent reserves. He would do nothing to bring up the old story; in twenty years perhaps he could live it down.

He heard little of the lecture, which was a string of platitudes. But he was somehow aware of a strange influence—something which got into him and made him shiver in spite of himself. He was on the point of asking Margery if she also felt it, when he saw Jim Franklin moving toward the rostrum, his face faintly troubled. He spoke low but earnestly to the lecturer, too low for the audience to catch a word. It watched with bated breath as he sat down and fell under influence.

For a minute he was silent, motionless, inert, as one in a deep and refreshing sleep. Then he stirred and sat up, opening eyes that did not see. The lecturer spoke to him.

"What did you do that night?" he asked.

Franklin stood up, not uncertainly, but like a man with a purpose. He had taken off his coat—it hung neatly folded on the back of a chair. He picked it up, took a knife from his pocket and ripped a short length of the stitches that held down the collar. Through the rip he thrust his fingers and drew out a creased and crumpled paper, narrowly folded, spread it out, folded it again, tucked it back in place and said as he replaced the coat:

"A thousand dollar bill; this one goes in bank tomorrow."

Phil darted toward the stage, his face white and working. Hushed cheering followed him; the hypnotist held up a warning hand. He was making swift passes over Jim. As Jim opened his eyes they rested on Phil and Margery—in their faces he read something momentous. He sprang up, holding out both hands and saying huskily:

"I know you didn't do it, Phil, though I don't know how I know."
"But we do," the hypnotist said kindly.

Then for the first and only time Phil fell forward in a dead faint.

"To think I sewed down that ripped collar without ever dreaming it meant anything," Jim's mother explained when she came to understand.

The mystery was plain enough. Jim, worried in sleep over the big bill, had hidden it with the cunning of sonnambulism, and forgotten all about the hiding. It might never have been found except by a rag picker but for the hypnotic experiment. Be sure, though, Jim meant what he said—namely, that getting back the money was nothing compared to getting back Phil, his closest friend.

ALL WOMEN LOVE PRAISE

Lack of Appreciation and Sympathy Between Husbands and Wives Causes Many Barriers Between Hearts.

Woman's love of commendation is one of her chief charms. There is not a woman alive who is indifferent to words of praise from those she loves. The very women who stifle their hearts' cries because it is vain to listen for an answer where they have a right to expect it and go on performing their duties just the same—if it be their duties—are the women who most hunger for the kindly appreciative word.

In too many homes it is the lack of appreciation, the lack of sympathy, that builds up sickening barriers between hearts that should be near.

Is this love of appreciation a crime, a weakness?

If so, men are very weak, for they cannot get along at all without this sort of bolstering up—that is, the majority of them.

Read any of the precious "advice to women" and you will see how woman-kind is advised to be cheerful and keep her sorrows and worries hidden, how she is cautioned to be up and doing at all times, on the front doorstep ready to smile as soon as the dear husband turns the corner!

But what about advice to husbands along the same line?

One rarely sees any printed.

One might think it is because women don't care for commendation. Yet we all know that praise from both men and women gobbles up greedily and loudly cry, "More, more."

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NOTICE.

On November the 1st, 1909, this Bank increased its interest rate to Four (4%) per cent. per annum on all its special interest bearing deposits, said deposits to remain in all other respects subject to the provisions of the contracts under which they were made.

Referring to the above notice, it is not necessary for any depositor to present his or her book to have any change made. The 4% rate, will, of course, be paid on new deposits made of the same class.

This bank offers first-class facilities for the transacting of your general banking business.

July 8, '10-1y

New Tailored Suits.

Suit selling has been unusually active with us—not surprising for we are showing some of the most satisfactory values for the money ever produced. Each day the express brings us something new—Brown is looking up considerably. To-day brings us the Model which has all the ear marks of a \$25.00 Suit. Splendid Quality, Correctly Tailored, very effective. Price \$16.00. Plenty of other splendid designs, \$8.50 up. Suits for Large Figures.

Polo Coats.

are holding the center of the stage—A wonderful variety of personal notions. New garments to-day—\$5.75 up. Handsome styles a little higher up.

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If an abundant Chestnut Crop does indicate a cold winter, it will be wise to get ready. The makers of our underwear have established the highest standard of excellence in this product, guaranteeing to each customer the most satisfactory comfort, fit and wear. Children's, 15c. up, Misses', 25c. up, Boys' 25c. up.

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PRAISE WHERE PRAISE IS DUE

I have been most successful with my Incubator Chickens this year—having raised 100 per cent. of Chickens hatched. In former years I was only able to raise about 40% to 50% then I fed them on home products, but this year I am feeding Bolgiano's "Square Deal" Foods entirely and attribute my success to your nicely balanced foods.

My hatches were made with one of your Buckeye Incubators. I tell you this because I believe in giving praise where praise is due. Written on Sept. 25th, 1911 by Miss Lulu Thomas, of Pearsons, St. Mary's Co., Md.

DON'T BE FOOLED.

If your local merchant doesn't sell Bolgiano's "Square Deal" Poultry Foods, drop us a postal, we will tell you who does.

WE HAVE SOMETHING NICE FOR YOU.

We have just published a book—something every one who raises chickens has been looking for—POULTRY PROFITS FOR ONE YEAR. The price of this book is 25c. but if you will send us 5c. in stamps and mention the name of this paper, we will send you one free.

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Jan 11 12

NOTARY PUBLIC

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GETTYSBURG

The celebration of Christmas was generally observed by all the churches having entertainments and treating the members of the Sunday schools.

A special service was held at the Episcopal church at 12 o'clock Monday night.

Services were held at the Reformed church at 6 o'clock Christmas morning, as was also a union service in Brua chapel, at which the singing was in charge of the chautauqua choir under the leadership of J. F. Taylor.

At 12 o'clock Monday night the Citizens band rendered a number of Christmas selections on the streets of town. A number of young people appeared on the streets Monday morning and sang a number of Christmas carols.

Last Thursday morning Samuel E. Waltman, received notice of his appointment as Rural carrier of Route 13. The vacancy in the force of rural carriers was caused by the death of J. Watson Dickson some time ago.

Route eight which had been served by Mr. Dickson is given to Preston S. Tate who has been carrier for route thirteen for some years. Mr. Waltman will take Mr. Tate's route. The changes will become effective on January first.

For a number of years Mr. Waltman has been a substitute carrier from the Gettysburg post office and since the death of Mr. Dickson has been carrying the mail on Route 8. He has proved himself a most efficient and obliging carrier and his appointment on the regular is a well merited and satisfactory one.

Three of the prisoners in the Adams county jail escaped Christmas evening by knocking Sheriff Fissel down when he went to lock them up for the night, taking his keys and letting themselves out.

Sheriff Fissel was alone, the family having gone down street, and shortly after nine went to lock the prisoners up for the night as usual. It is the custom for all the prisoners to enter their cells and close the doors and when Mr. Fissel unlocked the door to the corridor the prisoners entered their cells as usual. James Brannon and James Pittenturf occupied the two first cells inside the door and instead of closing the door as usual they remained standing in the cell door. This aroused Sheriff Fissel's suspicions and he kept his eye on the two men and did not notice James Gorden who was standing in the corner back of the door, and when he turned the key Gorden struck him a terrific blow over the head with a milk bottle, knocking the sheriff down the keys falling to the floor. He regained his feet quickly and called to James Butler another prisoner to get the keys which he did, but about this time Butler was knocked down by Brannon who took the keys and let all three men out before the Sheriff could get to his feet, being badly stunned by the blow he received. As the three men were going out the hall, Archie Clay, who is serving a sentence in jail, and who had been making the fire appeared on the scene with a stove poker. He tried to prevent the prisoners from escaping by striking Gorden as he was going out the door but not hard enough to stop him, he ran west on High street followed by Clay who again got close enough to strike him at the site of the new Federal building staggering him, but in falling he got hold of a brick and hit Clay in the stomach knocking the wind out of him. He ran down Baltimore street to the alley at the Wabash Hotel and down the alley, which was the last seen of him.

The police authorities were at once notified and word was sent to all surrounding towns to keep a lookout for two.

It is thought that the escaped prisoners went towards Harrisburg, as about 12 o'clock Monday night J. H. Seasley, of Biglerville, heard a noise and on investigating saw some one in front of Thomas Brothers store Biglerville. Mr. Seasley threw a flash light on the thieves and yelled when they jumped through the plate glass window and ran down the alley. They were frightened off before securing any money. There were \$25 in the store which was forgotten Saturday evening, which the timely discovery of Mr. Seasley saved. Thomas Brothers say they cannot discover anything missing although it is possible that some clothing may have been taken.

During the night the warehouse of Z. J. Peters at Guernsey was broken into and about \$20 was secured in money and stamps, and it is thought that both the above robberies were committed by the trio. The prisoners have been captured.

On Saturday, December, 23, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Shriver celebrated their silver wedding by receiving seventy-five of their friends at a reception from three to six.

Mr. and Mrs. Shriver were assisted in receiving by their daughter Elizabeth, Mrs. Grant Frook, who was brides maid at their wedding and Alex Little, Mrs. Shriver's father. The house was decorated with the usual Christmas decorations. The following guests were present on this occasion who were also at their wedding twenty-five years ago: Alex Little, Mrs. Grant Frook, Mrs. Lydia Clapsaddle, Charles Clapsaddle, Miss Jennie Howard, Mrs. Oscar Dear-dorf, Mrs. E. A. Trostle, Harry Trostle, Mrs. Edward Shriver, Miss Sara Shriver and Charles Gilbert.

ROCKY RIDGE.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Robinson, of Hagerstown, are visiting Mr. J. W. Snook and other friends and relatives.

W. Dunn Black of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa., is spending his vacation at home.

Mr. Raymond Gosnell, of Baltimore, spent Christmas with his parents here.

Mr. Clarence Ott, of Baltimore, spent Christmas with his father.

Miss Carrie and Nettie Engler are visiting in Washington D. C.

Mr. Donald Agnew, of Emmitsburg, spent Sunday evening here.

Rev. O. E. Bregenzler and Clarence Ott spent Sunday evening with Mr. Charles Barrick.

Christmas exercises of Lutheran church were well attended and the program was well rendered.

Prof. P. F. Strauss and Mr. Lester Topper, of Emmitsburg, were here on Monday evening.

Mr. Robert Valentine, who has been working in York, Pa., returned home on Friday.

Mr. Charles C. Eyler, of Baltimore, visited his mother on Tuesday.

Mr. Ira J. Valentine and family were the guests of Mr. Parker Smith, on Christmas day.

Mr. Jones Baker and Mr. Wade Stone-cipher, of Emmitsburg, visited here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Robinson, of Hagerstown, were the guests of Mr. J. B. Black on Wednesday.

Miss Nellie Doyle, of Pearre, Md., is visiting Mrs. Charles Long and family.

LOYS AND VICINITY.

Mr. Harvey M. Pittenger spent Monday in Graceham and Thurmont.

Mr. William Clum was a visitor to Thurmont on Monday.

Mr. Clarence C. Pittenger was in Rocky Ridge on Monday.

Mr. Roy Frushour spent Monday in Frederick.

Miss Mary Long spent last Sunday with Miss Della Speak, of Creagers-town.

Mrs. Allen Yingling, of near Creagers-town, spent Tuesday with Mrs. Charles Hoffman.

Mrs. William C. Miller and daughter, Vallie, spent a day in Johnsville.

Mr. George W. Pittenger butchered two hogs weighing 435 pounds.

Mr. Charles E. Poole returned to Frederick on Thursday after spending two week's with Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pittenger.

Mr. Poole will spend the holidays in Baltimore county.

Mr. Charles Shorb was a visitor to Thurmont on Friday.

Miss Elsie R. Robinson visited in this place.

Mr. Edward Firor, of Baltimore, is spending some time with his sister, Miss Catherine Firor.

Mr. William Crum spent Saturday in Detour.

Messrs. Clarence and Harvey Pittenger were visitors to Rocky Ridge on Saturday.

Mr. Samuel B. Pittenger, of Den-nings, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. Maurice Smith and Mr. G. M. Robinson.

Mr. Clayton J. Martin spent Sunday with Mr. Harvey Pittenger and brothers.

Mr. Samuel B. Pittenger, of Den-nings, is spending some time with his brother, Mr. George W. Pittenger.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Moser of Key Mar, spent Christmas day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pit-tenger, of Loys.

Miss Vallie Miller spent Christmas with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Miller, of Detour.

Mrs. Calvin Colbert is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, of York, Pa.

FRIENDS' CREEK.

Mr. Edward Kipe and son, Nihiser, of Sharpsburg, are visiting friends in this place.

Mr. John Hardman, of Waynesboro, is visiting relatives here.

Mr. Robert Everhart, of Baltimore, is here.

Rev. Mr. S. A. Kipe is spending a week at home, between his revival services.

Miss May Furgerson is home for a few days.

Those who spent Christmas day with Mrs. Catherine Hardman were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kipe and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Eyler, Master Fleet Eyler, Mr. John Hardman, of Waynes-boro, and Mr. Nihiser Kipe, of Sharps-burg.

On Jan. 1, 1912 a series of revival series will commence at the Friends creek church.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

All communications intended for publication in this paper and all business letters should be addressed to THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE, or to STERLING GALT, EDITOR, otherwise they will be considered personal and in the absence of the Editor will remain unopened. tf

GRACEHAM

Miss Katie Wertenbaker, who has been away for some time has returned. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davis, of New York, are visiting Mrs. George Strong.

Mrs. Sarah Martin is spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Gilbert, of Frederick.

Mrs. Samuel Newcomer's condition remains about the same.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Creager and two children, of Baltimore, spent Xmas with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Creager.

Mrs. William McCarney and children are visiting Mrs. Elmer Colliflower, of Hagerstown.

Miss Ruth Firor is visiting relatives and friends at Waynesboro.

Miss Bertha Zentz, of Westminster, is visiting her uncle, Mr. Adam Zentz.

Mr. and Mrs. Snook and child, and Mr. Murray Keilholtz spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. John Keilholtz.

Miss Bessie Crawford and sister spent a few days with their uncle, Mr. Harvey Groshon, of Union Bridge.

Mr. Howard Colliflower, of Woodbine, spent the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Jennie Colliflower.

There will be lovefeast and commun-ion service on New Year's day at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Professor Wine, of Union Bridge, visited Graceham on Monday.

Mr. Herbert Colliflower, spent Christ-mas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Colliflower.

Mr. Edward Currens and family, of Thurmont, spent Monday with his par-ents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Creeger.

Miss Mary Humerick, of Walkers-ville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry Groshon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Colliflower, of Altoona, visited Mr. Howard Colliflower on Monday.

Mr. McMullin, of Washington, visited in town a few days.

Mr. Joseph Colliflower and wife, of Gettysburg, and Mrs. Charles Dorsey, spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. John Colliflower.

Messrs. Harvey Pittenger, of Loy's, Samuel Pittenger, of New Windsor, visited Mr. Charles Miller on Monday.

Miss Mellie Joy and Howard Colli-flower are visiting relatives in Balti-more.

Mr. and Mrs. John Colliflower spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dorsey, of near Motter's.

Watch meeting on Sunday evening, first service at 9 o'clock, second ser-vice half past eleven.

Miss Mary Heagy, of Gettysburg, is visiting her cousin Miss Mamie Seis.

Walter Luther Fisher, son of Lester and Cora Fisher, died Tuesday, Dec. 26, aged 2 months and 8 days. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Huebener and interment was made in the Graceham cemetery.

MT. ST. MARY'S ITEMS.

A happy New Year to all. Mr. Columbus Wetzel and daughter, Sophia, are visiting in Johnstown.

Miss Jennie Sanders, of McKeesport, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Manley of this locality.

Mr. Michael Manley is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kelly, of Al-toona, Pa., spent Christmas day here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shorb and Mr. Lawrence Shorb, of Waynesboro were here for Christmas.

Mr. Leslie Green, of Steelton, Pa., and Miss Nina Wetzel, of this place, were married in Steelton on Christmas night.

Mr. William Seltzer is visiting in Hagerstown.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wagner, of Hagerstown, spent Christmas with Miss Ada Wagner.

From all reports the chicken thieves are quite busy.

Dr. and Mrs. Rial and Mr. John Gloninger, all of Pittsburgh, spent Christmas at "Valley View Farm."

Christmas this year was not a white one, but the beautiful feast was not without Larry and his flute on the hill-side, as has been his custom for years.

Mr. Dielman made three trips to the mountain side on Christmas Eve and morning, on each occasion playing the "Adeste" on his flute. Many persons heard him playing before the midnight Masses, and the music was heard plainly at St. Joseph's Academy. Larry's second visit was at his usual hour four o'clock on Christmas morning. The last visit was made at seven, on this visit Larry played at his father's and sister's grave. The students of the College heard Larry and hurried to the scene, to congratulate him on his ancient cus-tom and to wish him many years of prosperous health to continue his beau-tiful playing. Many visitors remarked that this custom of Mr. Dielman play-ing every Christmas morning is one that they will always remember.

Long may "Larry" live to announce the glad tidings of Christmas morn to the surrounding country.

Different colored card board for dis-playing embroidery work—5 cts a sheet at THE CHRONICLE Office.

Lee Spangler, of York, in his seventh and last prophecy says that the world is coming to an end in 1916.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey

YOU SHOULD HAVE IT IN YOUR HOME.



It is one of the finest and most reliable tonic stimulants used by the medical fraternity and public in general. Doctors who have used and pre-scribed Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey in their practice cannot say too much in its praise.

Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey has been on the market for more than fifty years and the splendid record it has attained is due to the absolute purity of the product and its great medicinal value. It is made from the best grain money can buy, carefully malted and distilled. Sick or well you should have Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey in your home. It is excellent in cases of emergency.

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If you cannot buy Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey from your local druggist or dealer, we can have you supplied at the following prices:

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Jan 24-11

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I will have my annual

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ON JANUARY 30th

Particulars Later

JOSEPH E. HOKE

