

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

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VOL. I.

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NO. 24.

The Iron Pen.

Made from a Letter of Bonnyard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the Handle of Wood from the Frigate "Constitution," and bound with a Circlet of Gold, inset with three precious Stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

I thought this pen would arise
From the caquet where it lies—
Of itself would arise, and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pipes,
I dreamed these gems from the mines
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnyard might retain
Some verse of the poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast
Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The songs of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a bishop lying in state
Lies the pen, with its miter of gold,
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
Saying, "This is from me to you—
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer, and thank you again
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,
Oh beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.

HELEN W. LONGFELLOW, in Harper's.

WITH A LUNATIC.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, the doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to open-air breakfast; the chance-meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gypsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow; not too old, and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general, and of lunatics in particular.—Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls.—The fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-by, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughing said: "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out our last good-by, and left the doctor standing on the bank.

Presumably he had come for river beauties and the camping-out—presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mr.—there was no Mrs. We had met the young lady at several dances and such like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhelpful she would get that chance now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. We were dreaming and lazing, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than

under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy drooping moustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out, "Stop!"

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off-hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

"All right," said he; "we don't mind if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than, quite unexpectedly, he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" I said; "take care, or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?"

He seated himself by me, setting the boat seersawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering lines from my hands, and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them; "but if you'll allow me."

"Not at all," he said; "I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing; he was impervious. We waited in silence a second or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the stream.

"Where are you going?" said Alf.—"Keep us in."

"I'm going into the shade; the sun's too hot."

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat, and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp.—All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing an ugly set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind: tall, strong, about forty-five, iron-gray hair; a habit of showing his teeth, and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares?

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strung, my fists clinched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?" "Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth," said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I didn't like his eyes.

"No—nothing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on Tom's knees.—The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, sir?" He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear. "The lunatic," I said.

"What!" said Tom, right out loud.

Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same

moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned: there was the stranger leaning out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have him look at me.

Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one, then at the other; his eyes traveled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"I—I will get out," he said, in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf; "in a minute."

"Why not now? Why not now, sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get?—into the river?" I admired Alf's coolness; I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said, "This will do, I'll get out here."

He turned the boat inshore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leaped on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

"Now come," he said, "don't be foolish, we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. "What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side and took his arm.

"Come," he said, "don't let's have a row." The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook off Tom with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran on to him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful, his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the bystanders, seeing a row, came up; they interfered and pulled us off.

"Here is a pretty go!" said one.—"What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf; "he's a lunatic."

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum."

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. There's some mistake," he said, "this gentleman is Mr. Travers, of Tollhurst Hall."

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I do believe.—Could it be possible? Could we have been such idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lillian Travers' father? I could have sunk into my boots; I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged, and watched, and insulted, and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lillian Travers' father! Never did three men look such fools as we did.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted; but he treated us and them with loftiest scorn; and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each of us in our secret heart declared we should

never forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lillian Travers, nor do I wish to.—Harper's Weekly.

Fresh Butter Coming into Favor.

The liking for butter that contains a very small percentage of salt is a taste that is rapidly growing in this country, and one which dairymen would do well to cater to. Of course, as butter of this description will not bear long keeping, it must of necessity command a higher price than that which can be held to meet the demands of the market. On this account its manufacture will ordinarily be restricted to dairies that are situated within a relative short distance of certain great centers of consumption. The demand for this species of butter, due, doubtless, to our large German and French population, is very great, but as mentioned above, the liking for this article is rapidly growing among those with whom the taste is not an inherited one. Indeed, it only needs a short sojourn in an inland town or on a farm in this country to become aware of the strong liking that exists for butter of an exceedingly salt variety.—There may be not the least difficulty in obtaining butter that is fresh as regards time, but the landlady of a village boarding-house, or the wife of a farmer, can not understand the liking that her guests have for what to her is an insipid article of food. Another circumstance that must always add to the cost of butter with which little or no salt has been worked, is the fact that a much greater degree of care is required in its making. Salt, when plentifully used, is a notorious disguiser of imperfections, while, on the other hand, impurities can be detected in strictly unsalted butter that are not apparent in the milk. For this reason the utmost cleanliness in the manufacture is necessary, and though what is known as a naturally cold hand for touching butter is often spoken of as highly desirable, it is much better to have it made in such a manner that direct contact with the hand is unnecessary. A device, which seems to have originated in Holstein, has recently been introduced into one or two of the fancy dairies in the State of Massachusetts. This is a rapidly-rotating separator, built upon the principle of a centrifugal machine in a sugar refinery.—The fresh milk is poured into this, and by its rapid revolutions the cream is in a minute or two separated from the thin milk; presses are then used which squeeze out all the lactic acid that is to be found in the buttermilk. By this process unsalted butter can be made which will, by careful keeping, retain its good qualities for some little time.

A Distinguished Englishman's Views.

In answer to a question as to his impressions of this country, Mr. Holyoake, the great English exponent of co-operative labor, replied: "I was not astonished that America was 'big'; I had heard as much at home, and I know that in my three months' visit I should be able to overrun only half of it. I am as one who has gone only to the margin of wonderland. What I am astonished at is the people. Nature made the country; it is freedom which has made the people. I came here without prejudices. I have always belonged to and worked for a class of people who can not afford to have prejudices. I came not to see something I expected, but to see what there was to see—what manner of people bestrode these mighty territories, and how they did it and what they did it for, in what spirit, in what hope, and with what prospects. I never found the human mind at large before, and acting on its own account, and I have seen it with a glad surprise. Every error and every virtue strive here for mastery, but humanity has the best of the conflict, and progress is uppermost."

A piece of poetry written some years ago contains the line, 'I hear the muffled tramp of years come stealing up the slope of time.' This is all right, and probably suited to the age in which it was written, but nowadays it would be more appropriate to say, 'I hear the ragged tramp of twenty-seven years come shuffling up the garden walk, and I'll fly and lock the door before he steals the overcoat in the hall.' Time works wondrous changes, and poetry must be made to fit the age in which we live.

A young Irishman, whose remittances from home had been stopped, wrote very urgent letters, telling of his distress, and promising to reform if the remittances were continued. When he failed to get what he wanted he resorted to stratagem, and wrote a sad letter to his father, telling him that he was dead and wanted money for the funeral expenses.

A FORMER BELLE.

Death of the Lady who Caused the Dissolution of Andrew Jackson's Cabinet, and Set all Washington Agog Half a Century Ago.

Mrs. Margaret L. Eaton, widow of Gen. John Henry Eaton, secretary of war in the first cabinet of President Jackson, died in Washington. Mrs. Eaton's maiden name was Margaret L. O'Neil. She was born in one of the Southern States in 1796, and was consequently in her eighty-fourth year. Her father was a gentleman of wealth and good social position, and she received an unusually good education for that early period. She was endowed with high personal beauty, and had a singularly fascinating manner, which combined with great strength of will, ambition and perseverance, enabled her to become a reigning belle, and at a later period, the real queen of society at the federal court. Her first husband, by whom she had several children, was Mr. Timberlake, a purser in the United States navy. The nuptials were celebrated with eclat, and the father of Miss O'Neil presented her, on her wedding day, with a well-furnished house at Washington. Mr. Timberlake was an intimate personal friend of Major John Henry Eaton, Senator from Tennessee from 1818 to 1829, known as the most trusted companion of Gen. Jackson. It has been stated that Purser Timberlake had a presentiment of early death and had expressed the hope that his young widow might become the wife of his friend, Major (afterward Gen.) Eaton. Be this as it may, the second marriage took place in 1823, but a few months before the inauguration of Gen. Jackson. Uncharitable rumors were in circulation in Washington concerning the relations between Eaton and Mrs. Timberlake, and the former consulted Gen. Jackson about the expediency of silencing them by marriage. Gen. Jackson, whose chivalrous nature in respect to women can not be called in question, warmly advised that step, and became so devoted a friend and admirer of Mrs. Eaton that he, too, was accused by his adversaries of maintaining improper relations with the lady. Gen. Eaton had rendered notable services during the electoral campaign, and was rewarded with a seat in the cabinet as secretary of war, less on account of any personal aptitude than because Jackson wanted "to have a friend about him upon whom he could rely." Gen. Eaton's entrance into the cabinet nominally gave his wife high social status, but the wives of other members of the cabinet declined to associate with her, and for more than a year Washington was the theater of a social warfare. "Old Hickory" demanded of his secretaries the recognition of Mrs. Eaton, and was refused by all except Mr. Van Buren. Jackson next demanded the resignation of his secretaries, and they were sent in and accepted on the ground of a determination to reorganize the cabinet. In 1836, Gen. Eaton was appointed minister to Spain and Mrs. Eaton became a reigning favorite in Madrid. In 1840 she returned to Washington, residing there until the death of her husband in 1856. A year later she made the acquaintance of an Italian dancing master named Antonio Buchignani or Bourganini, who was not much over twenty years of age, and married him. In 1858 he was appointed a librarian to Congress, and subsequently went with his wife to New York, remaining there till 1865. He succeeded by a general power of attorney in getting \$73,000 of her money, and sailed for Europe with his wife's grand-daughter, Emily Randolph, seventeen years old. They lived in Lucca, Italy, for several years, but after spending all their money went to Montreal. In 1868 Buchignani came to New York, and was arrested by his deserted wife and adjudged to pay her a weekly allowance of \$8. He was shortly afterward arrested for the abduction of Miss Randolph, and was prosecuted before Justice Dodge. The suit, however, was compromised and the defendant returned to Montreal, where he probably still resides. For several years past the former Mrs. Eaton resided at Washington, in the most complete retirement.

At the banquet given in Tokio in honor of Nordonskjold the bill of fare was most curiously devised. A map of the north of Europe was printed upon a common fan, with an indication of the route followed by explorers from Sweden to Japan. At the starting-point was written the name of the first dish served, and the various territories all along the line were marked with successive courses, terminating with the dessert a Tokio. The rivers of Russia and Siberia were rechristened by the names of the various wines provided for the occasion.

The blind member of parliament, Mr. Fawcett, has been salmon fishing in Wales; one fish he drew out weighing twenty-two pounds. Mr. Fawcett rides on horseback at a gallop, skates and climbs mountains in spite of his blindness. His memory is remarkable, and he makes speeches involving intricate figures without a trip. He recognizes people by their voices, seldom mistaking a voice he has once heard.

The cigar-shaped fish torpedo gets its motion from compressed air stored inside, and this, issuing at the tail, sets in motion a screw which revolves with considerable velocity. A well constructed fish torpedo will run many hundred yards at a velocity of twenty miles an hour, and on striking its head, which contains the charge, explodes with considerable violence. The fish torpedo is, therefore, a weapon of terrible effect.

That particular individual who is continually popping up to the surface with a conundrum and a smile, wishes to know 'why plants do not thrive in the windows of our dwellings?' We think it is because when a man goes to the window to look out, and can't get within ten feet of it, he gets swearing mad, and kicks the nuisance of a plantstand into the middle of next week.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Cotton is coming in twice as fast as last year at New Orleans.

Another way to settle the Indian problem is to have all the whites killed off.

In Macon, Ga., no child will be allowed at the public school unless its father has paid poll tax.

The schoolboy who was asked what he was good for, replied that it was because he had to be or get lamed.

The largest train ever known was recently reported on the Erie road, and consisted of two engines and 123 loaded cars.

An Iowa woman gave her husband morphine to cure him of chewing tobacco. It cured him, but she is doing her own plowing.

The quickest way to expel foul air from a well is to heat a bar of iron red hot, and lower it down into the water, the sudden formation of steam is effectual.

The greyhound is short lived. At the age of two years he is full grown, and at his fifth or sixth year he is worth little for the sport of coursing. He may be said to run himself out in three years.

A curious cave is discovered at Mineral King, Nevada. The door is covered with stalactites of iron, formed by droppings of ferruginous water. They bear resemblance to branching plants. When touched they crumble.

A house to house inspection at Memphis, Tenn., begun under the auspices of the national board of health, with a view to ascertain what improvements are necessary for each dwelling within the corporate limits of the city.

Father Dufresne, of Holyoke, Mass., having commanded his congregation not to patronize a certain livery-stableman in the town, succeeded in injuring the man's business seriously, whereupon the stableman brought suit and recovered \$3,433 from the priest.

The Berlin correspondent of the Paris Globe says that Prince Bismarck, now intent on getting all railroads into the hands of the state, contemplates that as soon as possible the state shall become grand insurer—life, fire and marine. He has directed minute inquiries into the business.

The Canadian authorities have notified Postmaster-General Key that the laws of the dominion do not permit of the circulation of such papers as the Police Gazette and others of that ilk, which are printed in this country and circulated in Canada. The postal authorities will accordingly condemn all such publications found in the mails for the British provinces.

Some of the experiences of young women who have been brought to Montana in the capacity of servants have been very amusing. A lady who brought a maid from Chicago two or three years ago told me that the young woman had five offers of marriage while traveling a week on the stage coach between Corinne and Helena, part of them from passengers and part from stage-drivers.

Two weeks ago, Mr. Levy, a storekeeper in the city of Jackson, in the State of Michigan, felt very much like shouting "stop thief!" He bought forty pounds of honey and put it in a box in his store. When he went to look at the honey two days afterward he saw that bees had stolen every ounce of it. More than one hundred of the thieves were biting the sides of the box when he looked in.

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THANKSGIVING DAY.

We have already published the proclamation of the President appointing the 27th inst. as a day of Thanksgiving, and Governor Carroll has also appointed the same day to observe to that end in our State.

Whilst we seek to give expression to our views on the subject, we trust the honesty of our intentions will shield us against any possible charge of violence to the feelings of such persons, as may differ with us. If we should err in anywise we are always ready in thankfulness for correction.

Undoubtedly it is the bounden duty of a people to express their gratitude to Heaven, for the gifts and benefits so lavishly bestowed upon them in the Divine Beneficence.

But in the approaches of man to the presence of "The Most High," there have always been involved even in the Divine appointment, certain conditions of time, place and manner. Theologians tell us of an old and a new Dispensation, in this they have reference, to the times preceding and after the coming of our Blessed Lord. The institutions and appointments under the Jewish Theocracy, which were deemed essential were carried over and consecrated anew into the service of the new order instituted by the Lord, and which thus became the Christian Church. In this were deposited all the hopes, and whatsoever might interest the well-being of man in the entirety of his life, now and hereafter.

Against this world redeeming institution the "gates of hell" have been always wide open, and the "powers of darkness" have arrayed themselves, under every conceivable form to thwart its onward progress, sometimes as an angel of light, again in every personification of malignity that hellish hate could devise. But the promise had been given that these should not "prevail" and gloriously has it been fulfilled, and fulfilled it will be to the final consummation.

Many indeed have been the contrivances, so to call them, of man's invention, to "climb up another way" rather than "enter by the door" into the heavenly fold, but these all eventually end in confusion, as did the work of the tower-builders at Babel.

Of the divisions which have arisen—of the sects which have had sway, of the ideas and contradictions which have obtained, their history is patent to the world. The vast world of heathenism has moulded its views in such forms of refined learning and adaptability to human requirements, that they largely influence human conduct. Out of these have grown many manifestations of an attempt to combine the religious sense in man with that which is sensuous, as over against the moral and purely religious. Thus we have found men demeaning themselves as if they conferred favour upon the Divine Being, rather than received it. In their self-sufficiency they have resolved "to be governed by the Laws of God till they had time to make better ones."

In such wise, making light of the institutions of the church, deriding its solemn and sacred Festivals, having no sympathy with its time honoured division of the year into ecclesiastical observances, whilst accepting it in its astronomical general division. It came to pass in time that a people who could make light of Christmas, found refuge in Thanksgiving Day—devoted in small part to "Meeting House" services, and largely to the discussion of roast turkey and the digestion of pumpkin pies.

The force of example is powerful, the imitative faculty in our nature diffuses itself over time and space, and thus "Thanksgiving Day" in time, overlapping the boundaries of its native place, has with more or less show of outward compulsion been weakly engrafted upon communities, who receiving it coldly as an invention from abroad have made it a mockery of the Almighty. The circus, the race course and soon for the

worldly—Thanksgiving Day for religious sportsmen! We of course can only take knowledge of what has come under our range of observation. And in this view can truly say that the few who resort to the churches, the few who close their shops, and lay aside their business pursuits, only serve to show with what a feeble hold the institution has taken root in this latitude. We have known it to be the occasion of no small evil in the production of political sermons, and other such things calculated to stir up strife, rather than being a time to unite all hearts together in common gratitude for benefits bestowed upon all.

Here then we all are, we have the animal by the horns, what is to be done about it? On that point we have no opinion unless it might be that the church should lay hold of and reconstruct, or do away with the cloven footed monster. All this of course in the way of that moral influence whereby it directs the conscience, in the way of what is seemly, and consonant with the due observance of what may be conducive to the highest good.

READING.

Among the young in particular, it often becomes a question of moment, as to how the long winter evenings may be best improved? Here other questions necessarily come in. As, what is meant by improvement? The mechanic will acquire skill and add to his livelihood, by the diligent use of his saws, his planes &c. the young woman, can seek excellence in workmanship by faithfully plying her needles. But if by improvement, we mean advancement in knowledge, then emphatically it may be said read, read, read.

To read much however does not in itself imply advancement in mental culture. There must be plan and system, as in every thing else which it is desirable to do well. To be really beneficial, there must be regard to the time, the manner, and the matter of reading. There must be a purpose, a resolve, an aim to accomplish something. There is much reading done that effects no good, reaches no beneficial result, begets a carelessness of habit, and unfits the mind for the contemplation of things of high and excellent import; Invidious stories, exciting tales, silly romances and all that class of literature, so called, which appeals solely to the imagination are fraught with most injurious consequences to young minds, in that they create an artificial longing which can only be satisfied in its own kind, they dull the sensibilities against a taste for solid and substantial knowledge, just as strong drink does the faculties of those who indulge in it.

The true idea of education is, to be fitted for the great conflict of life, to supply the intelligence which may enable the individual to do well, his or her part in the grand drama, and leave the world at last, the better for the existence it may have afforded to them. History, Biography, Poetry and Geography undoubtedly yield the best results to those who carefully study them.

To know one's self is after all the greatest knowing. The study of human nature therefore as it appears in the recorded annals of mankind must always be the most direct course for the acquisition of self-knowledge, for the two fold characteristics of human nature, as individuals and generic heads, appear under all forms of the study. The life of the race cannot go out of and beyond itself; what man has been therefore, we may still, with certain modifications, find him to be hereafter; the same impulses, the same passions: the motives of ambition, his aims at moral excellence—in a word all his endeavours, are portrayed in the record of his existence. The study of excellence may lead to excellence of life, the view of immorality, or degrading tendencies may by the repugnance of its details incite to the avoidance of the repulsive features. Hence the study of History has the first claims upon the young and well engages the attention of age.

With good examples before the young, to lead them forward in the interest of knowledge, a taste is established which will eschew such reading as is wanting in a like sub-

stantial interest. The responsibility of parents and teachers comes to view here, with powerful force, for as in all things else, their moulding influences will make themselves felt. Encourage the young to cultivate in all things, whatever tends to the highest moral excellence, and the fruits of the training will manifest themselves in their lives. Let them read, the approved and standard works of history, poetry and biography, and you need not fear to encounter the listless conduct, the unsettled purposes and the ennui which must surely arise from time wasted and health impaired through the worse than useless devouring of demoralizing fictions. Arrange your time young men and women, read systematically, work by some prescribed plan, and yourselves may wonder at what you will ere long accomplish.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE wife of Baron Von Manteuffel, governor of Alsace-Lorraine, is dead.

THE editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer politely declines a ride in a balloon "until Lake Michigan is roofed over."

DIPHTHERIA has made such frightful havoc in parts of Russia that the percentage of mortality far exceeds that of births.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The Standard's Paris correspondent reports that two French explorers discovered the source of the river Niger in September.

THE Paris correspondent of the Daily News reports that the official announces that pardons have been granted to fifty eight more communists.

EAT SALT OYSTERS.—Dr. George W. Lawrence, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, urges consumptives, asthmatics and all persons suffering with bronchial and pulmonary ills to eat raw oysters.—Sun.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S library is to be sold at auction in New York, on November 24 and 25. It is described as "small and rather miscellaneous," containing some not very common books of travel and a number of presentation copies of recent American publications.

MADRID, Nov. 15.—The intelligence that an insurrection has occurred in Cuba during the absence from the capital of Captain General Blanco, engaged in the pursuit of negro bands in the Eastern provinces, has caused such concern in the opposition circles that members of the Sagasta and democratic parties have demanded the text of the official telegram on the subject.

THE New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, with all its property and franchises, was sold at Middletown, N. Y., yesterday by Kenneth G. White, under a decree of foreclosure and sale, issued October 20, 1879. It was bought by C. N. Jordan, representing a committee of the creditors, for \$4,600,000. The road consists of 250 miles of main line, between Middletown and Oswego, and 95 miles of branches.

At the sale in Boston, last Thursday, of the collection of autographs of the late Brantz Mayer, of Baltimore, thirteen hundred specimens were sold for \$3,000. The highest price reached was \$51 for an autograph letter of Martha Washington to her sister, dated at Mount Vernon in 1762, and as distinct as though it had been written only a few weeks. An autograph political letter of Martha's husband brought \$18 and one of Lincoln's \$11.

THE NEXT CENSUS.—Gen. Walker the superintendent of the census, has already in a general way disclosed his plan of operations for next year. The United States, for the purposes of classification and enumeration, will be divided into about 150 districts, each of which will be divided by the supervisor in charge into appropriate enumeration districts. About 20,000 persons will be employed to take the census, which will have two distinct departments. First there will be the enumeration proper, including a count of the population, with the ordinary social and vital statistics. The other general department of the work will embrace the collection of statistics of manufactures, agriculture, mining, fishing interests and social statistics, such as taxation, wealth, public indebtedness, libraries, churches, schools, newspapers and so forth. Gen. Walker expects to complete the work in the single month of June. Heretofore several months have elapsed before the census returns were all made and classified, and the consequence was that those returns, overlapping to that extent the period to which the census was limited, included returns in the census then completed which by right belonged to the present decade, and will thus make imperfect to a small extent the comparison between the figures of the last decade and that which is now coming to a close.—Sun.

THERE are said to be three hundred American art students now in Paris.

TYPHOID fever is becoming alarmingly prevalent in the west end of Montreal.

THE shore end of the new French cable was successfully landed at Cape Cod, Mass., Monday.

THE United States Supreme Court has decided that the federal laws in regard to trade marks are unconstitutional.

THE former Confederate cruiser Shenandoah, belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, has gone down in the Indian ocean with nearly all on board.

THE first number of the Aurora, a daily newspaper planned and issued by the Vatican, will appear in Rome January 1st, as an authoritative exponent of the Pope's views.

A MAN in New Jersey was unanimously elected a justice of the peace. He received just one ballot, but no one else got so many. This is the latest practical illustration of the importance of one vote.

THE profit and loss account of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad shows an increase of \$1,092,738.65. The surplus fund, representing invested capital derived from net earnings, and which is not represented by either stock or bonds, now amounts to \$38,204,657.93.

TWENTY-FIVE barrels of the finest American winter wheat flour, made by the newly patented process, were sold in New York Friday on the floor of the Produce Exchange to fill an order sent direct from the household of the Queen of England. The price paid was \$9 per barrel.

PRESIDENT Seelye received last week for Amherst College, gifts amounting to \$106,000. Of this amount \$55,000 in stocks and bonds is from Hon. Chester W. Chapin, of Springfield; an assurance of \$50,000 from the Stone estate, of Malden, and \$1,000 from another source to establish a scholarship.

REV. DR. ETHAN ALLEN died at Newport, Ky., Tuesday, aged eighty-four. He was born at Braintree, Mass., and was one of the oldest Episcopal ministers in the United States. He was officially known as the historiographer of Maryland, and was the author of several theological works.

FOUR men were arrested at Newark, N. J., Tuesday night, charged with cutting twenty-three poles of the American Union Telegraph Company. They were released on bail of \$500 each. Dr. Charles H. Middleton, representing the Continental Telegraph Company, was also arrested and put under bonds of \$800 for interfering with the line.

THE unveiling of the equestrian statue of Gen. Thomas, at Washington City on Wednesday was the occasion of a grand ceremonial. The Baltimore Gazette of Thursday says: The demonstration in Washington yesterday over the unveiling of the Thomas statue was one in every respect worthy of the memory of the model soldier. Gen. Thomas was a quiet, unobtrusive man. He was a soldier and he performed his duty grandly and fearlessly. He made less noise and show than some of the other warriors but those who knew him and were brought in contact with him bore noble testimony yesterday to his sterling worth as a man and officer. No man was ever more deservedly embalmed in bronze. Hon. Stanley Matthews was the orator of the day.

ECONOMICAL LAMPS.—According to a German trade paper, a new kerosene and spirit lamp has been invented, in which the wick is made entirely of glass. Several advantages are claimed for it. The flame clings closely to the wick, so that lighted lamps may be carried about without fear of their being extinguished by sudden draughts; moreover, no sparks are liberated from it. With an equal amount of the wick turned up, a much brighter and clearer light is obtained than where cotton ones are used. The smoking is greatly reduced, and at least 10 per cent of oil is saved. There is scarcely any waste of the wick itself, and the troublesome trimming and cutting to which lamp burners are accustomed are altogether needless, for no portion of it is carbonized. Used in spirit lamps it greatly increases the heat of the flame, and finally it is claimed that it can be produced at a cheaper rate.

Look Here!

D. S. GILLELAN, BUTCHER, EMMITSBURG, MD. Best quality of Butchers meat always to be had. Families in the town and vicinity supplied every Tuesday and Saturdays, at the door. July 14-ly

C. V. S. LEVY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK, MD. Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. July 12-ly

Western Maryland Railroad

WINTER SCHEDULE. On and after SUNDAY, Oct 5, 1879 passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

Table with columns: STATIONS, Mail, Acc., Exp, Acc. Daily except Sundays. Includes stations like Hillen Sta., Union depot, Penn'a ave., etc.

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Acc., Exp, Acc., M'l Daily except Sundays. Includes stations like Williamsport, Hagerstown, Smithsburg, etc.

JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager B. H. Griswold Gen'l Ticket Agent

THE Emmit's Chronicle IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

\$1.50 a Year in Advance— If not paid in Advance, \$2.00. \$1.00 for 6 Months.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISING:

Cash Rates—\$1 50 per square of ten lines, for three weeks or less. Special rates to regular and yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING

We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing such as Cards, Checks, Receipts, Circulars, Notes, Book Work of every description, Druggists' Labels, Note Headings, Bill Heads, in all colors, etc. Special efforts will be made to accommodate both in price and quality of work. Orders from a distance will receive prompt attention.

SALE BILLS

OF ALL SIZES NEATLY AND PROMPTLY PRINTED HERE.

All letters should be addressed to Samuel Motter, PUBLISHER, EMMITSBURG, Frederick County, Md.

D. ZECK,

DEALER IN

Fine Groceries.

Notions, hardware and general merchandise, best brands of Isabella flour, feed of all kinds, fish, potatoes, coal oil stoves, scythes, produce of all kinds bought and sold, taken in exchange for goods, or cash paid. Butter, eggs, poultry, calves, furs, shoemakers supplies, a full line of notions, linings, french calf skins, &c. Emmitsburg, Md. July 14-ly

T. Fraley & Sons,

FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS.

AND repairs of all kinds. Manufacturers of the Hess and other plows, and threshing machines. Trimming of all kinds at the lowest price. Emmitsburg, Md. July 14-ly

The Eighthie Shirt



1776 SOLD IN FREDERICK CO

J. E. Walker, Sole Agent.

THE FINEST AND CHEAPEST

DRESS SHIRT

MADE IN THE WORLD.

THIS wonderful invention gives a Boston hand—some shape and long life, and so placed upon the shirt that it can be worn for a week without a break or wrinkle. Made from 2100-linen, Wamsutta Muslin, and bosom lined with heavy Butcher linen. Every bosom guaranteed to outwear the shirt. July 4-6m

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG LADIES, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick county, Maryland, half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. It was commenced in 1829, and incorporated by the Legislature of Maryland in 1816. The buildings are convenient and spacious.

TERMS: The Academic Year is divided into two sessions of five months each, beginning respectively on Board and Tuition per Academic Year, including Bed and Boarding, Washing, Mending and Doctor's Fee, ... \$200 c. for each session, payable in advance. \$100

ALL PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Academic Year is divided into two Sessions of five months each, beginning respectively on the first Monday of September and the first of February. Letters of inquiry directed to the MOTHER SUPERIOR, St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg.

July 4-ly

SPECIAL NOTICE

I HAVE just received by steamer from England the following goods:

100 TEASERS

46 pieces each, at from \$3.00 to \$4.50; 100 dinner sets, from 54 to 175 pieces, at from \$4.00 to \$15.00; 250 chamber sets, 11 pieces each, at from \$2.50 to \$3.00. These goods are all of the latest patterns, warranted not to craze, and are of the very best English

WHITE GRANITE WARES,

imported directly by myself, and will be sold at the rates given above. Housekeepers will find it to their advantage to call and see for themselves, as my assortment is the best, not only in this city, but in

Western Maryland,

and prices unprecedented. All goods packed free of charge, and safe delivery guaranteed. Respectfully JOHN EISENHAEUER, Near corner Church & Market Sts., Ju 14-ly Frederick, Md.

Notice!

Flouring Mill.

ALL ORDERS FOR

FLOUR AND FEED,

when left with either Messrs. Geo. W. Rowe or D. Lawrence, will receive PROMPT ATTENTION.

SATISFACTION Guaranteed.

And prices to the suit the economical demands of the

TIMERS!

GEO. GINGELL, At Motter's Mill, (Locust Grove.)

July 21-6m

CARLIN HOUSE,

Opposite the Court House, FREDERICK, MD.

FRANK B. CARLIN, Proprietor,

TERMS:—\$1.50 PER DAY.

Free Bus to and from all Trains

Referring to the above card, I respectfully announce to my friends and the travelling public generally, that in consequence of my increasing business at the City Hotel, I have purchased the right, title and good will of the Dill House, which I also purpose conducting in the best manner, assuring the friends of the Dill and City Hotels that no pains will be spared on my part to cater to the wants of every visitor. The terms will be the same as heretofore.

Both the Carlin House wagonette and the City Hotel omnibus will be at the command of any one wishing the use of either at any hour, day or night.

July 12-17 FRANK B. CARLIN.

Motter, Maxell & Co

AT THE DEPOT,

DEALERS IN

GRAIN & PRODUCE

COAL LUMBER AND FERTILIZERS

SOLE AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED MEXICAN MORANT KEYS GUANO. July 14-ly

Her Lovers.

My first, my very first, his name was Will—
A handsome fellow; fair, with curling hair,
And lovely eyes. I have his locket still.
He went to Galveston and settled there,
At least I heard so. Ah, dear me—dear me!
How terribly in love he used to be!

The second, Robert Hill, he told his love
The first night that we met. 'Twas at a ball—
A foolish boy. He carried off my glove.
We sat out half the dances in the hall,
And flirted in the most outrageous way.
Ah me! how mother scolded all next day.

The third woke up my heart. From night till
morn,
From morn till night again I dreamed of him;
I treasured up a rosebud he had worn;
My tears and kisses made his picture dim.
Strange that I can not feel the old, old flame,
When I remember Paul—that was his name.

The fourth and fifth were brothers—twins at
that.
Good fellows, kind, devoted, clever, too,
'Twas rather shabby to refuse them flat—
Both in one day; but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht sailing with the Misses Garretson!

He never cared for me—I found that out—
Despite the foolish clings of my hope;
A few months proved it clear beyond a doubt.
I stole my heart; I would not pine or mope,
But masked myself in gayety, and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were sent.

So those were all my loves. My husband? Oh,
I met him down in Florida one fall—
Rich, middle-aged and prosy, as you know,
He asked me, I accepted; that is all.
A kind, good soul; he worships me; but then
I never count him in with other men.

FOR THE FARMER'S HOUSEHOLD.

Aids for the Housewife.

To EXTERMINATE SNAILS.—Sprinkle
salt where they are in the habit of
crawling.

CRULLERS.—Two coffee cups of sugar,
one coffee cup of milk, four eggs, six
tablespoonsful of lard, two teaspoonsful
of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of
soda, flour to make stiff to roll; fry in
boiling lard; spice to suit the taste.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter,
one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses,
one cup of cold coffee, four or five cups
of flour, one pound of raisins (only one
and a half cups are necessary). Put the
raisins in the coffee. Spice to taste.

A FINE BREAD PUDDING.—Take three
pints of milk, boil and sweeten it with
half a pound of sugar; add a small nut-
meg, grated, and half a pound of but-
ter while it is warm. Pour it boiling hot
over twelve ounces of grated bread
crumbs, and cover it up for a time.—
Beat up ten eggs and mix all together,
and then bake in a dish or pie plates
lined with pastry.

To COOK WOODCOCK.—Pluck, draw
and wipe the birds clean, but do not
wash them. Skin the heads and necks;
press the legs close to the body, then
twist the head of the bird around, using
the long bill as a skewer to pin the
body. Tie a thin piece of bacon around
each bird, and roast for fifteen or twenty
minutes before a hot fire; baste fre-
quently with melted butter; season to
taste and serve on buttered toast. They
may be baked in the oven, but the flavor
will not be so good, and particular
care must be taken not to let them dry
or get overdone. Place the toast be-
neath the birds in the pan for five min-
utes before serving; in roasting, lay it
in the pan which catches the drippings.

LEMON CREAM.—Five ounces of loaf
sugar, two pints of boiling water, the
rind of one lemon and the juice of three
and the yolks of eight eggs. Make a
quart of lemonade in the following man-
ner: Dissolve the sugar in the boiling
water, having previously, with part of
the sugar, rubbed off the lemon rind,
and add the strained juice. Strain the
lemonade into a saucepan and add the
yolks of the eggs, which should be well
beaten. Stir this one way over the fire
until the mixture thickens, but do not
allow it to boil; serve in custard glasses
or on a glass dish. After the boiling
water is poured on the sugar and lemon
it should stand covered for about half an
hour before the eggs are added to it,
that the flavor of the rind may be ex-
tracted.

Winter Wood.

One of the most imperative duties the
head of a family in the country is called
upon to perform is the securing of an
ample supply of fuel for his family.—
Get up enough to last through the en-
tire winter, saw or cut it up into con-
venient lengths for the stove or fireplace,
and stack it away in the woodshed,
which should be easily accessible from
the house and kitchen, so that there will
be no need of running out in the rain
and snow for it later on in the season.
It is a miserable business all around
when necessity compels the head of the
household to go to the woods in winter
three or four times a week for wood,
which is hauled home and thrown on the
ground to be cut as occasion requires,
in rain, snow and slush, and packed to
the sitting-room and kitchen in a wet
and filthy condition. A day's work will
provide a good woodhouse, with board
roof and sheltered on three sides; two
weeks' work in this time of comparative
leisure will put in enough wood and
kindling to last through the hardest of
the winter, and when this is done a vast
deal of comfort is provided in which the
whole household shares. The man who
neglects to get up a good store of winter
wood in time, with plenty of chips and
kindling thrown in and placed in a dry
woodhouse near the kitchen, deserves
nothing better than sour looks from his

better half, half-done biscuits and cold
coffee until he repents of his error and
amends his ways.

Keeping the Boys on the Farm.

In an extended argument as to the
desirability of farmers' sons sticking to
the farm, the Cincinnati *Commercial*
observes that there is a feature in this
matter of sons following the calling of
their fathers that is not sufficiently re-
garded.

The calling of the father may rise to
a higher dignity when the sons adopt
the business, thoroughly learn it, and
zealously and proudly pursue it. Then
the accumulated reputation, capital and
business of the parent can be inherited
and preserved by the sons. Again, it is
a law of nature that holds good in all
the animal kingdom, that aptness for
any business may be inherited, or may
be bred, as we say of stock. The great
desideratum in developing a race of
trots is to insure an aptness to trot. And
this comes not from stock that has
habitually been used for the draught or
chase or race course. If the dam trots
and the sire trots we do not expect the
offspring to be a running horse. The
old Spartans understood this law of de-
veloping an aptness for a given calling
in the children. The Germans of olden
times developed a race of warriors on
the same principle. The law of heredi-
tary is so broad and so powerful in its
influence that it extends not only to color
and form of our race, but it extends to
the temperament and even to the tastes.
The taste, though like the muscle and
reasoning faculties, may be improved by
education. Still the taste for and apt-
ness for any calling may be increased
from generation to generation.

Then, if we are to reach the highest
development as a race of farmers, we
must expect it through the line of de-
scent. The son must inherit the fitness
of the father, and take up the calling and
business where he left off, and his son
after him, and so on. When this shall
become the custom in our farming fami-
lies, then shall we see greater stability
in society and a higher type of civiliza-
tion. Every parent has the chief power
to bring this work about. The very in-
dependence of the farmer's life is to be
the germ which develops a race that
can not be other than an independent
people. Our nation is to achieve its
greatness in the development of agricul-
ture. Its power at home and abroad is
to be established and held through the
arts of husbandry, practiced by a skill-
ful and virtuous race of farmers. All
that can be done by the state or
family to ennoble and to dignify the
calling, and to entail its blessings and
influence from father to son, will add to
the stability and grandeur of the nation.

A Creditor of the Union.

Day before yesterday, says the Rich-
mond, Va., *State*, Mr. Francis A. Dick-
ins died very suddenly in Goodland
county, in the seventy-fifth year of his
age. Mr. Dickins was a son of Mr. A.
Ashbury Dickins, who for a number of
years was secretary of the United States
Senate. Mr. Ashbury Dickins, when
he held the position of secretary of the
Senate, was in comfortable circum-
stances, and during his entire term of
office never drew a cent of his salary.
His idea was that the money should be
in the hands of the United States gov-
ernment for the benefit of his children.
He thought in such custody it would be
safer than in a bank, and that his
children could draw the money when
they needed it. And so he died trust-
ing the government. His son Mr. Francis
Dickins, was up to the breaking out of
the war, clerk of the United States
Senate, but he, like his father, did not
deem it necessary to draw the twenty
thousand dollars from the United States
treasury. When the war broke out he
gave up his place as clerk of the Senate
and came to Virginia. After the war he
attempted to get the government to pay
him the twenty thousand dollars which
his father deposited with it, but pay-
ment was refused on the ground that he
was a rebel, and had taken sides against
the government.

Cost of the "Know How."

There was much gumption, according
to Harper's *Magazine*, evinced by that
particular darkey whose master was a
surgeon, who had performed on another
darkey an operation requiring a high
degree of skill. This latter darkey was
well-to-do, and the surgeon charged him
twenty-five dollars for the operation.—
Meeting the doctor's servant afterward,
occurred this dialogue:
'Dat was a mighty steep charge of the
doctor's for cutting on me tudder day.'
'How much did de boss charge?'
'Well, Julius, he charge me twenty-
five dollars.'
'Go 'long, niggah, dat ain't much
charge.'
'Well, he wasn't more dan three or
four minutes doin' it, and I tink five
dollars was all he oughter took.'
'Look-a-heah, Sam; you don't un'stan'
'bout dat ting. You see, de boss have
to spend a great many year *larvin' how*
to use dat knife, an' it cost him heaps 'o
money. Now de fact am dat he only
charge you five dollars for de operation;
de tudder twenty he charge for de *know
how*.'

All kinds of insects are fashionable
for pins, and the mosquito can always
make your ear ring.

Late Fashions.

For children and misses there are
regular tarpauns of sealskin, with a
seal button in the center of the crown.
An exquisite lace pin is a graceful
spray of lilies of the valley. The deli-
cious flowers are made of oval, pure white
pearls dropping among dark tinted en-
graved leaves.

When the bride wears her traveling
dress at the wedding, the bridegroom
wears a frock-coat of dark blue or black
diagonal cloth, with vest of the same,
and gray mixed pantaloons.

Some of the broche fabrics have very
dark grounds covered with Indian palms
and designs, copying the queer Turkish
rugs with their blending of marigold
yellow, pale mustard, dusky olives, dull
blues and dark reds. A great deal of
red prevails in most of the new ma-
terials.

Fur trimmings will be more used this
winter than they have been for many
years as borders for cloaks and dresses.
The fashionable walking suit of satin or
of satin de Lyon will be bordered with
fur, and there is no trimming more suit-
able for heavy woolen, cloth and velvet
costumes. The single wide border,
from two and a half to four inches broad,
is the fashionable band of fur.

New back drapery for black satin suits
is made of two breadths of wide satin
faced all around the straight edges and
square corners, and caught up in the
middle of the top to simulate a great
bouffant bow, across which a strap is
tightly placed. The coat is then double
breasted with perhaps a guimpe and
revers of the striped jet goods, or else a
border of sea otter if the skirt is trim-
med with otter.

Sealskin, says Harper's *Bazar*, is
shown in darker, richer shades this win-
ter than the furriers have ever before
obtained, and remains the favorite fur
for saques and cloaks. The saque is the
popular garment, and is very little
changed in shape from those worn last
year. The length is about the same,
but saques a trifle shorter than last
season's shape may be worn, though the
depth depends on the length of dress
skirts a lady prefers to wear.

A French Romance.

Ravel and Aline Duval, twenty years
ago, were the most devoted lovers in
Paris. They were both members of the
Palais Royal theater company, and au-
thors of the day exerted themselves to
write comic plays suited to the artist-
lovers. Pure, artistic ambition, every-
thing was in common; for the other
more than for himself did each strive to
win the applause of the public. Sudden-
ly, one day, to the amazement of all
who knew them, without one word of
explanation, they separated. And since
that time (being twenty years ago, it
seems difficult to believe it), they have
never laid eyes on each other. Both
have continuously acted in Paris the-
aters; but each has avoided going to the
theater where the other was acting.—
And now, after twenty years of separa-
tion, the hazard of fate throws them to-
gether on the same stage. At the first
rehearsal expectancy was on the *qui
vive* to see if the meeting would bring
about a tardy reconciliation. When they
came face to face there was a pause.
Both turned pale as death. At one
moment the on-lookers thought Ravel
was about to extend his hand to his old
sweetheart, Aline; but perhaps he saw
something in her eye which others did
not. At any rate, he broke the silence
only by repeating the necessary line of
his part. That ended it. Since then
they have never spoken, nor, off the
stage, looked at each other; while on
the stage they sing together, dance to-
gether, smile, nudge each other, flirt,
and march off arm in arm. It is an odd
spectacle for those who know the situa-
tion. All they will say of each other to
inquirers is that each think the other
very much changed. In twenty
years they have had time to change.

A Monument to Adam.

A subscription paper is now being
circulated in Elmira, New York, to raise
\$2,000 with which to erect in that city a
monument to Adam. The idea of erect-
ing a monument to Adam in Elmira,
originated with the Rev. Thomas K.
Beecher in a discourse, in which it was
held that if Elmira was not the Garden
of Eden, it should have been. Mark
Twain, whose summer residence is in
Elmira, and whose wife is a native of
the city, at once fell in with the Rev.
Mr. Beecher. A marble monument,
seventy-five feet high, is to be raised.—
It is to have an inscription written by
Mark Twain. It is expected to be in
position for unveiling by next spring.

New Mail Facilities.

A postal regulation which has been
in force for several months appears to
be very little known among business
men, to whom it is of some pecuniary
interest. Under its operation an unre-
ceipted bill or statement of accounts
can now be mailed in an unsealed en-
velope at a postage of one cent. To receipt
a bill, to write upon it such words as
'please remit' will, however, subject it
to letter rates of postage; but a request
for remittance may be printed as part
of the head. Newspaper publishers
have the right to inclose with their
papers either receipted or unreceipted
bills, but the addition of any written
request will be treated as an infringement
of the law.

Robbing His Uncle of His Bride.

A naughty nephew has swindled his
uncle, a foolish Kentucky farmer, out
of a bride. The old man was well-to-
do, and his nephew lived with him on
Green river. A charming country lass
in the neighborhood was very poor, and
yet disinclined to marry wealth when it
was handicapped by old age. The old
man's entreaties did not cease, and
finally, in despair, he enlisted the ser-
vices of his nephew, who was prevailed
upon to argue the case with the charm-
er. The confiding old farmer never
suspected anything, when his nephew
suggested the propriety of capturing the
young lady with presents, and giving
her an earnest of what she could expect
after marriage. This suggestion was
received favorably, and the old man
thinking the younger the better judge
in such points, gave him \$150 for the
purchase of the gifts. The nephew went
down to Evansville a few weeks ago and
bought some handsome dresses, jewelry
and other bribes, and took them back
to his Green river home. The old man
presented them to the lady freely as a
token of regard, hinting that if she
would only become his wife she could
have as many duplicates of the lot as
she pleased. The young lady went to
work and made up the dresses, and then
ran away with the nephew.

A Fresh Anecdote of Coleridge.

Oottle, in his 'Life of Coleridge,' the
eminent author, relates the following
amusing incident: I led the horse to the
stable, when a fresh perplexity arose.
I removed the harness without difficulty;
but after many tremendous efforts I
could not remove the collar. In despair
I called for assistance, when aid soon
drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought
his ingenuity into exercise, but after
several unsuccessful attempts he relin-
quished the achievement as a thing
altogether impractical. Mr. Coleridge
now tried his hand, but showed no more
grooming skill than his predecessors;
for, after twisting the poor horse's neck
to strangulation and the great danger of
his eyes, he gave up the task, pronounc-
ing that the horse's head must have
grown (gout or dropsy?) since the collar
was put on; for, he said, it was a 'down-
right impossibility for such a huge head
to pass through so narrow a collar.'
Just at this instant a servant girl came
near, and, understanding the cause of
our consternation, 'La, master,' said she,
'you don't go about the work in the right
way; you should go like this,' when turn-
ing the collar completely upside down,
she slipped it off in a moment, to our
great humiliation and wonderment, each
satisfied afresh that there were heights
of knowledge in the world to which we
had not yet attained.

His Calculation Upset.

Last week a tenant entered the office
of a Tipperary land agent, and throwing
a roll of notes on the table, exclaimed:
'Ther's ivry penny I have in the world!
It's a half year's rent, and you may take
it or leave it—av ye take it I'll go to
the workhouse; av ye lave it I'll go to
America on it.' The agent opened the
roll of notes and counted the money.—
'Why, my good man, there is more than
a half year's rent here. There's over
four years' rent in the bundle.' 'The
devil there is!' cried the tenant, putting
this hand in his pocket; 'hegor, I gave
you the wrong bundle of notes after all!'

She was gathering autumn leaves—
yellow ones bespattered as with the
blood of battle, suburned russets,
deep crimson, dark as a rainy sunset
sky, and various shades of red, from the
cherry lips to the pink that quickly
fades from a sweet girl's cheek. She
did not select them daintily by singles,
musing the while on the death-conquer-
ed year and things. No. She pawed
them up by the armful and shoved them
into a bag. 'She was Mike McGovern's
daughter, an' the leaves made loovly
bids for the niggers.'

A short time ago Gen. John Gibbon,
of St. Paul, made the assertion that 100
bushels of wheat had been raised on an
acre of ground in the Territory of Mon-
tana. The statement having been re-
ceived with incredulity, he wrote to
the president of the First National bank
in Helena for proof. In reply he re-
ceived the certificate of the president
and secretary of the Territorial fair as-
sociation that one James L. Ray, of
Lewis and Clark county, was awarded
first premium for the best acre of wheat,
being 102 bushels to the acre. This is
believed to be the largest yield of wheat
on record.

Gen. Butler, being asked if he intend-
ed to make another effort for the govern-
ment of Massachusetts, said: As I
was returning to Lowell from Boston the
next day after the election, two individ-
uals, somewhat the worse for liquor,
who occupied a seat behind me, were
discussing the result of the election,
evidently unaware of my proximity to
them. Finally, one of them says; 'Jerry,
do you think Old Ben'll run again?'
'Run? Of course he'll run; he's only been
scooring so far.'

A party of Cleveland youths marched
around town the other day wearing eleg-
antly trimmed bonnets. When the
police asked them to explain, the young
men pointed to ladies promenading the
streets with men's hats on, and simply
said, 'Turn about is fair play.'

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A rousing address—time to get up.
Tailors make irresistible lovers. They
know how to press a suit.

As the man heard his dog barking for
him when he left him at home, he said
it was his left bo-wow-er.

It is a current bard who sings 'I sat
alone with my conscience.' Two to one
he never had less fun in all his born
days.

Nothing, says the *Detroit Free Press*,
seems impossible in this scientific age
unless it be to secure the payment of
borrowed money.

The meanest girl in the universe lives
in Philadelphia. 'Pa,' she said, 'I do
wish you would lend me your lovely red
nose to paint my cheeks with.'

An advertisement says: 'A good man
to cook is wanted in the country.' It
must be a cannibal country, where the
missionary supply has run short.

Mamma—'Well, Rosie, what did you
have at your grandfather's?' Rosie—
'Lots of apples and pears, ma!—and
some sweet cider—but it was so sour.'

A young lady who didn't admire the
custom in vogue among her sisters of
writing a letter, and then cross-writing
it to illegibility, said she would prefer
her epistles 'without an over-skiert.'

It is pleasant for a man to go early to
a church social, and then sit in the
parlor and listen to every fresh male
arrival knock his new silk off the top
peg in the hat rack, down to the floor.

There is moaning and gnashing of
teeth in society because of the war upon
smugglers, and more than one Flora
McFlimsey will have nothing in the
way of Parisian finery to wear this win-
ter.

The Zulu lady wears her wedding ring
in her nose. A double purpose is thus
served. It discourages promiscuous
kissing, and she is in little danger of
losing her ring. She always nose where
it is.

At Logan, Utah, the other night, a
Limburger cheese factory was struck by
lightning and all the people moved out
of town. The lightning flash also
skulked away with its tail between its
legs as if ashamed of itself.

'Well, my dear,' said the head of the
family, a day or two since, 'what part
of the chicken will you have?' The little
lady in speculative mood viewed the
steaming fowl and replied: 'Why, I'd
like a piece of the wrist, papa.'

The board of managers of the New
York produce exchange have refused to
grant the request of the grain dealers
to drop the central system, and will put
the system in operation on and after
January 1st, 1880.

Young physicians are said to imagine
they have every disease extant as they
come across it in their studies or prac-
tice, and a drug clerk has been found in
Cádiz, Ky., who suffers from the effect
of every drug he handles with all the
symptoms felt by the person for whom
it is intended.

An article in a greenback paper is
headed, 'Organize and save this nation.'
What kind of a nation is this, anyhow?
A man don't more than turn his back to
go about his business before some one
is pulling at his coat tail to come and
save this nation. Better put this nation
on ice.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

Scissors, which are still made in Shef-
field, Eng., by a tedious hand process,
are made at one stroke of a die in Con-
necticut. Hence Sheffield is sending
large quantities of steel blanks to this
country to be struck off, re-packed and
returned to England, where they are
finished and come to us again for sale as
Sheffield wares.

There comes a time in a young man's
experience when it suddenly dawns upon
his youthful mind that life is stern and
real, and that only by the severest labor
and greatest self-denial can he hope to
accumulate even a modicum of wealth.
Then he promptly marries a girl with a
wart on her nose and goes home to live
with her sixty-thousand dollar parents.

A Blockade that Should be Raised.

The egress from the system of waste ma-
terial through the natural channels should
be rendered free, without loss of time, when a
blockade is produced by an attack of constipa-
tion, a disorder which, if it becomes chronic is
productive of serious bodily mischief. Jaun-
dice, severe headaches, nausea, dyspepsia,
the usual concomitants of the malady mentioned,
all indicate that the bodily functions are mate-
rially interfered with. Hostetter's Bitters is
particularly efficacious in cases of this sort, and
renders the habit of body perfectly regular. It
is a medicine greatly to be preferred to drastic
cathartics, which are well calculated to do harm,
but unhappily also to weaken the intestines.
We say unhappily, since most medicines are
the favorite resource of many ill advised per-
sons, who resort to them upon the most trivial
occasion, and greatly to their discomfort and
injury.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had
placed in his hands by an East India missionary the
formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy
and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis,
Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections,
also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility
and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his
wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and
felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow
men. Acquired by this motive and a desire to relieve human
suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it
this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full
directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by
addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W.
SUGGAS, 149 "owers" Block Rochester, N. Y.

While we want agents at \$5 to
\$10 per day at home. Address,
with stamp, WOOD SAFETY
LAMPS CO., Portland, Maine.
Learn Telegraphy and earn
\$40 to \$100 a month. No ex-
pense guaranteed a paying situation. Ad-
dress R. Valentine, Manager, Jacksonville, Fla.
Rockwood's Imperial Cards. \$6.
A dozen. 77 Union Square, New York. Mr. Rock-
wood gives personal attention to the posing of sitters.
REARERS \$10 per week extra while teaching. \$75
REARERS \$10 per month for full time. Pleasant busi-
ness at home. No capital. No expense. OFFERT PRIZE.
For particulars, address P. W. Ziegler & Co., P.O.
GUNS Revolvers. Catalogue free. Address
Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.
\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. DUBLIN FREE
A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Quality
Output free. Address TRUX & Co., Augusta, Maine

Few are aware of the importance of checking
a cough or common cold in its first stages.
That which in the beginning would yield to a
mild remedy, if neglected, soon presses upon the
lungs. Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup affords instant
relief.

Why is a greener who gives short mea-
sure, like an ambulance? Because he
lies in weight.

Baby shows are the fashion now, but as long
as mothers continue to nurse their little ones
with landaun or other opiates, they can not
expect their Babies to look bright. If your
Baby needs medicine get a good and harmless
one, such as Dr. Ball's Baby Syrup.

Wanted.
Sherman & Co., Marshall, Mich., want an
agent in this county at once, at a salary of
\$100 per month and expenses paid. For full
particulars address as above.