# Immithhurg Chronicle. 

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.
"Ienorance is the Curse of God ; Knowledge the Wing wherewith we Fly to Heaven
TERMS:- $\$ 1.50$ a Year, in Advance
VOL. II.
EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1880.
N0. 30.

| DIRECTORY. <br> For Frederick County. <br> Corcuit Court. <br> Chief Judge--Hon. Richard I. Bowie. Associate Judges.-Hon. William Viers Bouic and Hon. John A. Lynch. State's Attorney.-Jolin C. Motter. Clerle of the Court.-A dolphus Fearhake,Jr. Orphan's Court. <br> Judges.-Daniel Castle of T., John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicodemus. Regrster of Wills,-James P. Perry. County Commissioners.-Thos. R. Jarboe, Daniel Smith of T., Peter Dudderar, Samuel M. Bussard, Thos. A. Smith of T . <br> Sheriff:-Joseph S. B. Hartsock. Tax-Collector--D. H. Routzahan. Surveyor:-Rufus A. Rager. School Commissioners.-Jas. W. Pearre, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hilleary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown. Examiner.-D. T. Lakin. <br> Emmitsburg District. <br> Justices of the Peace.-Michael C. Adlesberger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Eugene L. Rowe. <br> Registrar.-James A. Elder. Constable.-William H. Asthbangh. School Irustees.-Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, U. A. Lough. Burgess.--J. H. T. Webb Tourn Commissioners.-Isaac Hyder, Jas. -A. Elder, Jno. T. Gelwicks, Wm. H. Weaver, U. A. Lough, Chas. F. Zeck. CHURCHES. |  |
| :---: | :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

Ni. Lutheran Church.
Pastor-Rev. E. S. Jolinston.
.


 Pastor-Rev, A. R. Kremer. Services
eevery other Sunday morning at $10 \pm$ oclock, and every Sunday evecuing at
7 occlock, Wedinesday evening licture nt 7 o'clock. Sunday

## Presbyterian Cluwch

Pastor-Rov. Wm. Simonton. Services
every other Suunday morniug at $10 \pm$

 er Meeting every Sunday anternoon at
8 ceclock. Sl. Josephis, (Roman Catholic).
 day Sclool, at 2 o'clock p. m. Methodist Episcopal. Church.
Pastor-Rev. E. 0 . Eldridge. Servie every ottier Sindayy eveving at $7_{3}$
oclock. Prayer meeting every

 Cliss meeting every other Sunday a
o'clock, $\mathrm{p,m} \frac{\text { m. }}{\text { MAILS }}$ $\stackrel{\text { MA }}{\text { Ar }}$
From Baltimore, Wrwyeve, 11.50 a . m.; From Ballimore through, 7.50 p . m.; Fron
Hagersto wn and West 750 m Hagerstown and West, 7.50 p.m. From;
Rocky
Ridge, 7.55 p m $\mathrm{m} ;$ From Mot ters, 11.50 a . m.; From feetysburg 3.30

Depart,
For Baltimine, closed,, 7.00 a. m.; For
Meebnniestown, Hagerstown Mechaniestown, Hagerstown, Hanover
Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7.00 a For Rocky Ridge, 7.00 , a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, $2.40 \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{m}$; ; Frederick
$2.40 \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{m} . ;$ For Motters, 2.40 , p. m. For Gettysburg, 8.30 a. m . ule time. Office hours from 6 o'cloc a. m . to $\frac{8.30 \mathrm{p} . \mathrm{m} \text {. }}{\text { SOCIETIES }}$

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M. Kindles her Council Fire every Satur-
day evening, Sth Rur. Offcers: Chas.
S. Smith, P.; Robert Hockensmith, Sach.; th, P.; Robert Hockensmith, Sach. Daniel Gelwicks, Sen. S; J.
Jun. S.; Jolu Adlesberger, C. of $\mathcal{R}$.;
Ckas. S. Ze ek, K of W. Emerald Beneficial
Branch No.1, of Emmittsburg, Md.' month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussey. Prest
Thos. J. Henley, Vice-Prest; Geo. F Rider, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger
Ass't. Sect.; Dr. J. B. Brawner, Treas Ass't.


Sec., J. Thos. Bussey; Directors,


## Bitter-Swee am building o'er buried plensures A cairn that shall mark their bed am telling the tale of treasures That have turned from fine gold to lea am tuning my lute to measuresDear measures:- whose soul is Bitier sweet in the sad December The remembrance of May, Julieti The remembrance of May, Juliette! Say, love, do you dare to remember? Sweet love, can you bear to forget? am straying by sullen rivers That praitle no mone of springBut only the eypress shivers, Bruslied by the night-lirid's wing. And yet I would fain remember That once it was May, Juliette! Not even the sad December Can force us to quite forget. D'er this cevirn shall I cease to ponder, And saciter it stoone fiom sione? Shall I brealk ere I And scater it stone from stone? Shatl I brealk, ere I grow yet fonder, This iute with its mocking tone? 

$\frac{\text { Swcet love, can you bear to for }}{\text { IN THM LIGHTHOUSE. }}$

## New year's story

 year, and yet it did not seem much were bare and the flowers all deadThe oaks were covered thickly wilh leaves. True, when the wind blew,
it rusiled through browr, dry foli-
age very different to the living tints ge very different to the living tints the clear blue sky, jou scarcely mas. John Hudson, keeper of the lighthouse at Fishing Point, was brush
ing his weather-beaten coat, (once black; now almost "sage.green" by his familiars. "Now mind an don't set the honse on fire while I
am gone. I must fix that chimney am gone. I must fix that chimney
when I get back, or we'll be burnt out yet; and don't take to fooling
with the oil-there isn't very mych of it left now. There's that cord of
wood in the yard; I guess you had
$\qquad$ want to have everything taut an trin when he comes. Get your din ner when you're ready; I may b
back in time, atd I may not, wit all these errands to do in the vil
lage; but anyway, I shall be home
this afternoon. Good-by, sonny, his afternoon. Good-by, sonny, hrough the trees.
must stay home with me. Father sure's I live! Sick it, Stub! S-s-

## "Now," said Jack, after an excit

ng chase, in which boy and dog ad howled and barked a mos wash the breakfast dishes- Won't Stub looked a knowing assent, and sat gravely on a chair (which ack washed and dried the fell dish es as deft as a girl. He had lived here as long as he cotild remember.
His earliest recollection was looking the bright reflectior upstairs, an seeing in it a sweet, loving face with tender blue eyes, near his own His next memory of the face was in
a coffin, pale and still, while hi ather held his $1_{1 \text { and }}$, and the minis ter from the village talked in a low
sad tone. But this was years ago when Jack was (as he would inform you), "only a little fellow.' he felt himsbif almost arrived at man's estate. His father was fur
merly a sailor, but in consequenc of losing sorne of his fingers in th
$\left\lvert\, \begin{aligned} & \text { iey regions of the North, he had } \\ & \text { to accept the posit:on of lighthouse }\end{aligned}\right.$ keeper-loving the sea too well to
think for a moment of any wort think for a moment of any work
further inland. Such stories as he used to tell Jack in the winter
days, when they would be cut ott by snowdrifts from the rest of the worid. Such thrilling adventures
delighted the boy's ears in the long solitary evenings. Stories of ih
time on Labrader, when a tremend ous whale capsized a boat's crew
and two men got drowned; of the and two men got drowned; of the
mutiny that once broke ont on th
Fair Betay, and the sneaking Ital Fair Betsy, and the sneaking Ital
ian who got put in irons for start Jack would go to bed with
"creepy" kind of feeling after thes stories, but the moruing light al
ways drove away the shadows, and he would vow to himself never to let
such ridiculous stories frighten him again. "Stub, let's play Robinson Crusoe in the yard, now the dishes
are all washed; Jane (to the eat), said Jack, opening the door. Stub accepted the invilation for himse
and Jane by making a dart at her
as she lay blinking near the stove, as she lay blinking near the stove
and rushing her out doors wit "cant ceremony
"This shed here shat! be the cave be Robinson Crusoe. You can be you don't know much; and Jare and be the pariot. Now, Friday some sticks for the woodbox;" and
Jack, maling this whet Jack, making his work into play
worked with a will, while the waves
shote like merry childien, and
maris hand, rose slowly in th north and made another dash of col
or in the brilliant sky.
"Why, I declare. if it ain't goin
to snow I I wish father would hur
snow I I wish father would hur-
up, How quickly the cloud have come! and hey look heavy coo, as if they were jnst bursting
with the piles of snowflakes hid olly 1 , My? Whe been half a winter yet-no sasn been half a winter yet-no snow,
except a little, that melted right way, and none of the ponds frozen ver. I guess I had better see if
ny sled's all right;" and away Jack ran on this hollow pretence-this delightful piece of velf-delusion Dodger ;" for had be not examined it daity for the past two months, o use it? "My! there's a snow flake, as shre's the world; and
there's another, and anotherwarms of 'em I' exclaimed happ ack to his small but select audi nee of Stub and Jane. They were
ery amiable, and firked and gamled with and frisker and gam of happy innocence as could be de "It's getting dark very quickly not four oclock yet. I guess it oing to be a pretly big fall th wind; sounds squally, don't it?" Stub en gravi through the window, and seemed y did appear threatening.
"What keeps father so late, wonder? If it keeps on gettin have to be fixed pretty soon."
Thick and fast fell the akes hurrying, scurrying down,
in haste to see which could firs each the earth. Every now and hen a violent gust of wind would come, that romped and rioted mong the dry leaves that stil
lung to some of the trees, and near at hand the waves surged and dash hore and against the rocks.

## "I know the lamp ought to be lit. I'd better go right away and do it," said Jack, addressing his compansaid Jack, addressing his compan- ions. As they raised no objection, Jack starled, materials iil hand, and they followed-to see, no doubt, that everything was done fairly and squarely. Up the stairs went the trio,' Stub ahead, snufing and peer ing into all the dark corners; Jack with the lamp and oil in his hand with the lamp and oil in his hand dignily suitable for a lady of her years, how to set to work. H knew how watched his father dailg, and had sometimes been allowed to help him ; so, in a very short time, a friendly glow of light poured thriough the windows of the little tower, and laid bare the deep, Lreacherous rocks with hlunt dis- linctness, while they strove vanly inctness, while they strove vannly to hide beneath the stormy waves "I "I suppose we might as well get supper ready now, against father comes," and Jack laid the cloth will. Like a few rare and isolated boys of his age, being hungry wa Jack's normal condition, relieved a occasional intervals by being satisfi ed. Supper was waiting-father' tea was boiling and bubling on the <br> $\qquad$ some dried beef, as special treat, and plenty of good bread, cheese arid arm and cozy, cheery and home

 ,Two hours passed, and still no
father. Jack liad made a tremen-
dons effort to delay eating till be arrived; but bit by bit the bioke
bread had disappeared, followed by
fare, while Jane lapped a saucer o
milk, and the quondam Friday, for getting his cannibalistic tendencies made a bearly rarast on dried bee
and pieces of dack's bread and but
"Seven o'clock, and father no home yet! Well, the light will
burn an hour yet without fixing.Father says it would buyn longe than that, but it's safest to look a
it every four hours, and he's sure to So dack before it wants looking to. So Jack got his favorile book from
the shelf, and settiler down for a cozy read in falhers arm-chair nea he stove. It certainly was very discover the arrival of the Friday twenty savages, and disturb them at their revolting repast. But Jack ot up so early mornings, and wa
active a!l the day, that no wonder his ideas hegan to siray and bi ettled himself near for a lititl quiet meditation - no ee between fwo black, outstretched forepaws, and while Jane, having first made he boilet for the night by ca eful wash ing and patting, dozed peacefully
behind the stove. Tired Jack slept and dreamed he was Crusoe, an had just built a beautiful sled, an he and Friday coasted down amorg
the cannibals and sent them flying on all sides; and the old clock tiek d, lisked, while out doors the snow fought hard against the wind, and sought to find again the beaten passed, till the four after hour striking ten, woke Jack in bewilder ment at not finding himself in his wn little bed.
"What's the matter?" he said Why, how late it is 1 What Wave happened to father?"' Stub roused up, but could not an swer the question, so wisely kept
"The light! the light! Oh! suppose it's gone out I I must go up
lhis very minute to see, though it's awfully dark and the stove's gone it up now. Come Stub, you can go wilh me if you want to." said diplomatic Jack, who rea!ly didn't like ogo through all those dark pas wonldn't have had Slub know it for wouldn't world.
The bouse had got all cold, an Jack was hunting lotg about with hivering fingers before he could find the proper oil tor the light. A
last, however, he found it, spilled a lot of it in pouring it out into the amall can, and got the rest safely up the first fights of stairs, Stub following rather sieepily. The light
lower was built high above the dwelling part of the honse, and wa reached by several steep flights o a:rs, and finally by a ladder to bout four feet from the walls from lass, and the light, lamp foor were flecior stood on a kind of about five feet high. All the bear liful brass plates were kept as bril liant as a mirror, and the window were transparent and speckless as pure water. It was John Hudson Inspectors were always droping at unespected limes, and dismissa from the post would hive followed any lack of proper altention to these
details. But it was the lighthouse keeper's pride to keep them brigh and burnished, even beyond any aws and regulations.
Jack reached the foot of the ladder, and was slowly mounting Stub looked at himed and he fell. waited for him to pick himself up Jack had kept hold of his iantern and fortunately it had not got ex tingnished;
tle distance.
"What's the matler now? What ails my foot?" said he, making sevMy in how it hurte!" and he stand. it his hand while he bravely kept the tears back. "I guess I've shall I do? I conld mang. Wha downstaire again and wait there till father comes. But then the light that ought to be attended to. Oh ! why ain't father back?" and he winced with pain as a sudden $t$ winge came from his ankle.
"Oh, dear, at's tough work," said ne arm he tried to climb the lader with one foot and one knee. "I guess I'd better give it-pshaw if he can't put himself out of the way for other folks once in a while How the tower shakes ! What The ascent was made at last and he light reached. "Just in time," I guess I didn't put as but finished guess idid ", the narrow space and trimmed the lamp. It tools him some time, and the boy's fingers were getting stiff with cold, while his ankle kept
bringing a look of pain across his face. "I shall freeze before I get it done," groaned Jack, pulting his finger ends into his mouth to warm
them. "My foot ! my foot !" he shrieked, as forgelting it for an instant, he had stepped on it. Stub in the room below, gave a howl of sym foot of the ladder to reach his comrade.
"I can't stand it any longer! Oh father ! father !" and Jack fell unconscious on the floor
house, no voice save the old clock tick-ticking the seconds away-

Loud blew the wind in the face of a footsore man, bruised by an outdarkness, and striving, with the steady steps, to reach his home.ing ressel was bat hearts, unconscious of danger, were thinking of the glad meetings of the morrow-thinking of the dear faces the bright new year. Anxious hearts were beating in secret, as the pilot and the captain paced the deck
uneasily, and peered through the uneasily, an
storm, and -
Quest:oned of the darkness, which was sea and which was land. "Fishing Point light cught to show
the nor ard," said the capta "I've noe ard," said the captain. ed the pilot, "but the snow is so et. fter some minutes me exclaimed, watching, and the snow cloud seemed parted by a warm gleam of light. And miles away, in slorm-rocked tower, lay a prostrate form, cold of the glad new year were\% ${ }^{\text {ringing }}$ in the hopes and triumphs of a Bravely the good ship Dauntless sailed-so the pilot tells me," said hearty greeting. "All but lost off Fishinga* Point. The light shone, on the locks just in time, or we should Bat Jack never now.
Bat Jack never knew anything of this. All he knew was that his bless you, sonny If it hadn: "God for the light shining through the darkness of that awtul night, I care of yave been alive to taike care of you now." And Jack thought
this quite made up for the long this quite made up for the long,
weary weeks of pain before he could use his lame foot again.

Miserableness.-The most won derful and marvelous success, in ing away from a condition of miser ableness, that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doc-
tors,) is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and! keep it up until perfect bealth and strength is re sored. Whoever is afflicted in this get Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs" in another column.
AT a social party, where humour ous definitions formed one of the
games of the evening, the question was put: "What is religion?" "Rewho was less renowned for piety than anything else, "religion is an


| tocas. |  |  |  |  | $\underline{\square}$ |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| ? |  |  |  |  |  |
| \% | 2 |  |  |  | $5=$ |
| $\cdots$ |  |  |  |  |  |
| - +1. |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\underline{=}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\underline{\square}$ |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\underline{\square}$ |  |  |  |  | ㄴut |
| $\underline{=}$ |  |  |  |  | 2= |
|  |  |  |  |  | Dizunvs |
| . |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\pm$ |  |  |  |  | couce |
| 5- |  | $\pm$ |  |  | STRUP |
|  |  |  |  |  | creme |
| y $=$ Pax |  | $\underline{-}$ |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| $5=$ |  |  |  |  |  |
| 5 |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\underline{=}$ |  |  |  |  | - = |
|  |  |  |  |  | $\underline{2}=$ |
| = $=$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| V= |  |  |  | $\pm \underline{=}$ |  |
| \% |  |  |  |  |  |
| $\underline{\square}$ |  | VE= |  | $\underline{\underline{L}}$ |  |
| $=$ |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |



