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SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

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

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Growler Grim's Dream.

'Why should I be so thankful, pray?
Grim Growler, reading, roughly spoke.
I've had my own hard row to hoe—
My way all through the world to make;
I've earned the comforts that I own,
I've rubbed my lot to make it bright;
I've toiled, as any man may do,
And hold my place to-day of right.'

Thanksgiving evel yet thankless thoughts
Came trooping through old Growler's brain
As he sat sipping crusty port
And counting up his worldly gain.
Upon the printed page, laid down,
Some words, it seemed, had caught his eye
Of thanks that were the morrow's due
For blessings sent us from on high.

But when the twilight dusky grew,
And leaping firelight flickered faint,
Beside his hearthstone something stood—
A Presence, white robed like a saint;
Which, pointing to the ruddy gray
Of falling fire, by current stirred,
Spoke low and soft, and strangely sweet:
'Oh mortal, thou hast greatly erred.'

'Who keeps that wondrous metronome
Of beating heart without thy care?
Who keeps the body safe in sleep
And wakes it to the morning fair?
You carved your lot? you asked for work?
For capital your hands were all?
Who kept that right arm strong and sound?
Who bade the rich man heed your call?'

'Behold! The rosy ashes stirred—
A country boy stood sad and shy
Before the mighty merchant prince,
With restless hands and drooping eye.
The while, until he turned, approved,
A white-winged angel waited there,
Though neither boy nor master knew
The fair shape of a mother's prayer.'

Again the drifting ashes shone:
'There go your ships safe to the land;
See you, above the tallest mast,
The guidance of a shining hand?
You make your boat no missing ship
Was ever marked from off your list:
Who gave the wild wind to your hand
From out that mighty hollow fist?'

'Look thou! Upon a couch of pain
A baby weak and helpless lies;
Can you give back the rosy life
That seems just nearing paradise?
Behold! Two angels bear the child
Just near enough for God to kiss,
Then give it back to mother-arms,
To keep a while. Could you do this?'

'When sore temptation trod the verge,
And you came very near to fall,
Yet bonned back, you thought, Oh man,
Your staunch resolve had done it all.
See! Yonder in the farmhouse small,
From which goes up a quivering cry,
A gray-haired man lifts up his hands:
'Thou, Lord, canst keep the boy—not I.'

'Oh, Growler Grim, walk softly now,
Draw nearer with unshodden feet,
Lest step of thine may never fall
Along that golden Upper Street!
Give back to Him His gifts to thee
Through these, His poor, lest haply He,
In that bright harvesting to come,
Alas! may not remember thee!'

When Growler Grim out in the night,
Sought humble homes of want and care,
With softened speech and open pure,
How all the working-folks did stare!
For close beside his falling feet
A shining footstep followed too,
And some saw gleaming wings afar,
They softly said. Perhaps 'twas true.
—Ethel Lynn Beers.

OBED'S SUBSCRIPTION.

Obed and I have been married ten years, you know. He, at the time of our marriage, had been at the bar but a year, and in a great city like B— it is no easy matter for a young man to make his way among the best lawyers in the country. It has been only within the last year or two that the receipts of his practice have allowed a deposit in the bank over and above our living expenses. But I had a little income, with which my Yankee 'capacity' I managed to make both ends of the year meet. Obed had plenty of money in prospect, but none in his pocket; so upon the whole, we were extremely poor, pinched for money at every turn, but nobody suspected it. I had a handsome outfit when I was married, and it lasted me for five years without the actual purchase of a new article. I was my own child's nurse, seamstress, chambermaid and housemaid, as we could only afford one domestic. It tires me now when I look back and live over the years of self-sacrifice, of a most tiresome economy, in order that we might keep out of debt. But we were young and hopeful, and we often had a little laugh at our own expense, as when dressed for church or a visit, Obed would say, 'Nell, you're dressed like a princess, and I haven't a dollar in the world; one would think to see you that we rolled in wealth,' while I would gayly remind him that 'All that glitters is not gold.' I remember I had one costume of unusual beauty and richness which he never liked me to wear, because it seemed to him like making a false impression, and so it lay folded in my trunk until half ruined, in order, as Obed said, to avoid even the appearance of 'evil.' He is always quoting St. Paul, you know. One secret of my cheerfulness during

those trying years, was that my faith in Obed was deep as the sea and firm as the everlasting hills. I no more believed it possible for him to do what he thought to be wrong than it was for him to fly. He is not a brilliant fellow, you know, but for solid qualities, as honesty, integrity, pureness of heart, earnestness, charitableness of judgment, accuracy of knowledge and a high and keen sense of justice, I have never known his equal. I never thought of his yielding to temptation, or abandoning any good cause because it was weak. In my estimation he was as a bulwark of strength. I suppose that I endowed him, in a way, with my own decision and firmness, which have always made it as easy for me to say no as yes in regard to anything about which my convictions were clear.

The greatest trial we had to contend with was our inability to be liberal and thoroughly hospitable. This suburban town where we now live is much wealthier now than then, but even then it was aristocratic enough to tell what its future would be. Every denomination must have its own church, and there were always fairs and festivals and subscriptions for this and that; and Obed was a church member, and very much looked up to because of his abilities, fine social position and high character, and you can imagine how, with our miserable income, it was utterly impossible for us to buy tickets for everything, subscribe toward the preacher's salary, or contribute generously toward the church expenses in any way. The very best that we could do was to cast in our 'widow's mite,' and whenever help was needed that entailed no expense, to render that. But when it came to money, mind you, we could go no further. We held it to be a crime to let our honest debts go unpaid for the sake of feeding the contribution box. We knew men who did that way, but they were always in financial trouble, and I don't think they enjoyed their religion much, especially when they were sold out by the sheriff, their families reduced to pauper, and various other families suffering loss because of their liberality in various ways.

Well, in the second or third year of our marriage the church-building mania seized upon the ambitious part of the congregation of the church of which Obed is a member. The old church was old-fashioned, it is true, ivy-grown, but in most ways very comfortable, and so capacious as to hold a congregation three or four times as large as that which worshipped in it. But the town, it was argued, was growing rapidly in another direction, and in order for 'our church' to hold its own and to gather within its precincts the saints in ecstacy array, there must be a new fold with all modern improvements for the accommodation of these fine-wooled sheep to pasture in; so subscriptions for the new church began. Obed was elected one of the trustees, for the *ecclat* of his name, I suppose. He attended one or two of the business meetings, when he lifted up his voice in opposition to the scheme, and that was all of his participation in the matter.

Finally, dedication day came. It was appointed for a Sunday in September, and everybody, far and near, who was at all likely to donate anything toward the lifting of the debt on the enterprise, which amounted to six thousand dollars, was especially invited to attend the dedicatory services. The bishop was to officiate, and other noted men in the church were to be present. The Sunday morning came, and I awoke with a headache which quite unfitted me for service. Obed announced his intention of going to hear the bishop, and added, laughingly, 'to see the fun.'

'What fun?' I asked in surprise.
'The fun of seeing six thousand squeezed out of the people. If they are all as dry an orange as I am they'll raise about ten cents,' and he thrust his hands into his trousers' empty pockets. Then, kissing me, he walked away. I watched him as far as the gate, taking pride in his tall, manly figure and distinguished air, that asserted itself in spite of his somewhat seedy church suit.

Dinner hour came, but Obed had not yet returned. I remember I was sitting on the back porch of our cottage waiting for him, when, like a flash, came the thought in my mind 'what if Obed should be induced to subscribe?' The thought actually made me faint for a moment, but I quickly dismissed it as being unworthy of him. He knew our struggle with poverty, and especially appreciated the sacrifices that I was constantly called upon to make, and, as you know, I had been reared in affluence. No, Obed was not of that class of men who send money to the heathen while wife and children actually suffer for the necessities of existence.

That ignoble thought quite passed away, and half an hour later I heard Obed's step on the walk, a little less eager than usual, it seemed to me, and the moment he reached the porch I knew something was wrong, for I can always tell from Obed's face the state of his feelings.

'Well, back again, are you, Obed?' I said by way of greeting, as he threw his hat down with a boyish fling.

'Yes; and what do you think I've done, Nell?' he asked vehemently.

'I couldn't say, Obed,' I replied quietly.

'Subscribed a hundred dollars to that pesky church! I'm ashamed of myself! I despise myself! I never felt so mean in all my life! a hundred dollars!—and you here slaying your fingers' ends off! I deserve to be shot for my ignominy!'

'A hundred dollars!' I echoed faintly, feeling the blood rushing to my heart. It may seem silly to you that for that paltry sum of money we should have been made so miserable; but to us, at that time, it was like a million.

'Obed!' I cried, 'after some moments of silence, 'not for ten thousand one hundred dollars would I have lost my faith in your strength to do right.'

'Oh, Nell, 'tis just that which cuts me to the quick,' he quickly retorted.—'Nobody could have made me believe that I would do such a thing. I am as surprised and pained as you can possibly be, for I had no idea that I had such a streak of weakness within me! St. Paul must have foreseen me, for sure, when he warned me to take heed lest they stand.'

Poor Obed! I had never seen him so mortified and humiliated, and all on account of that 'pesky church.'

Then I asked him to tell me how it happened, and he described the method employed by the bishop and his officials to raise the six thousand dollars. The officials each went among the congregation, soliciting subscriptions from occupants of each pew; then, as the amount subscribed failed to reach the desired sum, a new appeal was made, and persons who had refused to subscribe at the first round were again besieged.—There was much joking by the various persons brought there to 'talk' money out of the people, and one of them, in speaking of certain pews, said the 'swaths had not been mowed clean.' So the 'mowing' was done over and over, and it was in the last 'mowing,' when the last thousand dollars was being raised, that Obed, after repeatedly saying he could not subscribe, was overcome by the combined persuasions of two persons to allow his name to be put down for a hundred dollars—surprised, the moment he yielded, and regretting it as you have heard.

'But we can't pay it, so what was the use?' I argued in woman fashion.

'Oh, I shall pay it, Nell,' he cried desperately, 'if for no better reason than as a punishment for my weakness. But you shan't suffer from it,' he added stoutly.

'Don't be too sure,' I said quietly. He winced and replied:

'True, Nell, I can never again feel sure of anything.'

We concluded the talk by Obed's asking me to promise never to allude to the matter again until the subscription was paid, which I did, and then freeing himself of a final anathema against his own weakness and that 'pesky church.' So we dropped the subject, and went to the dinner table, which we had for the time being forgotten.

Well, within the following two years Obed paid that dreadful subscription. I remember well the night when he came home and catching me up in his arms, as if he had gone daft, explained his behavior by saying that the 'unmentionable horror' was at last canceled, the hundred dollar subscription was paid, and that if we only had a 'fatted calf' we would kill it in honor of the occasion.

Although neither Obed nor I during these two years had mentioned the matter, it was like a skeleton behind the door. My keen eyes detected his new economies; the retrenching screw had received another turn, and it made my heart ache. Unknown to him I, too, made my new economies, in behalf of the same cause, until I felt mean and skimped to the furthest degree. I can't tell you how much we endured because of that hundred dollars, which went toward paying for carpets and cushions and other luxuries that the worshippers in the old church had always done without.

Of course that 'pesky church' still stands, but from that day to this we have never entered it. The effort to make it aristocratic failed, and its entire history has been a series of struggles to pay the preacher and 'keep up style.'

Two years ago Obed, almost entirely at his own expense, for he had come into possession of his patrimony then, refitted the old church, which, after all, has come to be fashionable as well as useful. When the suggestion was made to have the old church repaired Obed made a little speech, in which he said that rather than have a single man or woman subscribe a farthing beyond what he or she was abundantly able to give, he much preferred to bear the entire expense himself; and that all subscriptions to the fund must be voluntary.—He afterward said to me that rather than have any person subjected to the pain and humiliation that we had undergone because of that 'dreadful subscription,' he would worship in a barn to the end of his days. I often think if people who solicit subscriptions with a persistence that amounts to insolence, would but consider the possible harm they commit, that they would ply their business with more consideration, remembering that overcoming a good man's sense of right and duty, is leading him into the temptation from which he daily prays to be delivered.

MARY WAGER FISHER.

In the Early California Days.

The Virginia City, Nev., *Chronicle* tells this story: 'Why didn't I save my gold dust when I had it, young feller?' sneered an old pioneer last night, who had been bragging to the loungers in Knox's courtroom of the piles of gold he had got rid of in early days. 'Well, p'raps its nat'ral to ask that, seein' you don't even know what dust looks like. In them days a man had to be his own banker, an' the only safe bank was a feller's pocket. It wouldn't do to leave your dust nowhere if you didn't want it to turn up missin' when you went after it. A thousand dollars in dust weighs just about five pounds, and when you get four or five thousand in your belt it ain't no easy load to pack around. I'm blowed if the dead weight of many a man's belt hasn't driven him from the diggin's down to Frisco and Sacramento jist to have a whoop to get rid of it.—S'pose you try packin' ten or fifteen pounds o' lead around your waist fur a month or two, young feller, and then you'll savvy why I wasn't so dreadful anxious to hold on to the dust when I got it.'

Having thus sat down on the presumptuous Johnny-Come-Lately, the relic of the days when gold could be had for the digging grew garrulous.

'Jedge, d'yo remember the time when you was keepin' bar in the Round Tent in Sacramento? What tricks your fellows was up to in them days. Boys, I've seen the jedge here take his knife of an evenin' an' pick as much as \$5 or \$6 outen the cracks in the red-wood counter. When one of us called up the crowd we just yanked out our buckskin sack and told the barkeeper to take out \$4 worth. They all had scales and a horn spoon, an' they'd shovel it out an' weigh it. Some 'ud drop, an' that's how the jedge here gonged high wages out 'o the cracks of the counter. The jedge didn't take no chances them times neither. He had the bar built up with rock inside, an' when the guns begin to go off he was behind that thar stun. Ha, ha! I've seen that thar old Round Tent of a mornin' lookin' like a washin' hung out to dry. Nobody didn't wait to go out o' the door when shootin' was bein' done. Every feller jest out with his knife an' ripped a door fur himself.'

'D'ye see that bare spot on top o' my cocoon?' inquired the venerable argonaut, removing his hat and holding down his gray poll for inspection.

The boys got up and made for the door. They knew what was coming.—That was only the first of eighteen bullets and knife wounds that every man in town has seen and heard the minute history of. The jedge came to the rescue of the deserted and indignant pioneer with:

'Will you come and have a drink, Billy?'

'Will a taranteler sting?' responded the old chap, with recovered cheerfulness.

They were talking 'of shooting, when the minister, after some pretty tall stories had been told, remarked, 'Once I had a trial; out of fifteen shots I missed one.' He waited until the crowd had exhausted its compliments on his superior marksmanship, when he gravely added, 'My brother shot fourteen times, and I shot once—and missed.' And he smiled just as innocently as if he had not accomplished anything particularly worth speaking of.

Secretary Ramsey is the first piece of cabinet furniture Minnesota ever possessed.

The Curse of Indorsing.

The late failure of George H. Stuart, the well-known philanthropist, of Philadelphia, is ascribed to his indorsing on of a friend's paper. A great many persons, not only in that city, but all over the country, will learn of Stuart's misfortune with deep regret, though they can not be surprised that it has come upon him through his benevolence. All his acquaintances, and many who had not seen him, were familiar with his uniform goodness of heart. He was always ready to do a kind act for anybody and everybody, even at personal inconvenience and no little cost to himself.—The loss of his fortune will be, in some sense, a public calamity, for it will deprive him of the means of contributing, as he has done for years, to every worthy cause of charity he could help. His failure is another of the continually occurring exemplifications of the danger of indorsing. More men, probably, have been ruined by indorsing than in any other one way. When they indorse for men who have in turn indorsed for them, it is a commercial covenant, and any disaster resulting from it must be regarded as one result of business contingencies. But when they indorse for friends, as Stuart appears to have indorsed, simply out of kindness, without any need or thought of reciprocity, and they are wrecked for their kindness, it is deplorable indeed. Only very good-hearted people suffer in this manner, and when it is known that they are good-hearted enough to indorse, they are, of course, continually asked to.—The current phrase is, 'It is merely for accommodation,' and so it is, the accommodation being entirely on one side, and the responsibility on the other. Men of family really have no right to indorse for accommodation, because they owe more to their family than to persons asking the favor. A number of men resolve, on entering into business, that they never will indorse for anybody under any circumstances, and when they keep their word they protect themselves from a fertile source of failure. George H. Stuart bears his adversity, it is said, most cheerfully, as it might be supposed he would. He has the sympathy of all his acquaintances in his misfortune, as he had their esteem and admiration during his prosperity; and will have it, independent of shifting circumstances, to the very end.

A Heartless Scoundrel.

The Baltimore *American* relates this sad story of a young lady's blighted affections, as occurring in that city: Not many weeks before Christmas a young lady respectably connected fell in love with an Englishman, whose name was George Roe. The young lady, besides having youth, was possessed of no little beauty, and had many suitors. The Englishman had something in his manner and face that attracted this young lady, and she openly showed her preference for him. Her parents, seeing this, tried to persuade her to banish her fondness for him, but she would not.—The Englishman was a mechanic, and that was all that they knew of him. She loved him the more because he promised to work for her and support her. Thus the course of her love ran on, disturbed only by the disapprobation of her parents. The two were married before the holidays came on, and Roe obtained work on the new building of Hamilton Easter & Co. The couple lived happily together, and the old folks began to think that their fears had been groundless. It was an evil hour, not many days before the joyful Christmas tide, that young Roe was passing down the stairway in the rear of Easter's store, when he saw a sealskin sacking hanging on the baluster rail. No one was around, and he took it and, hiding it under his coat, walked away. Christmas day he presented it to his wife as a Christmas gift. She was somewhat surprised at this expensive gift, but thought nothing more of it. The New Year came, and the husband, feeling a want of money, advised his wife to pawn the saque, telling her he would redeem it when she wanted it. The obedient wife did as she was bid, and yesterday visited a pawn shop and offered the saque. The pawnbroker was surprised and notified a private detective firm. They shadowed the young wife and found she met a man, and, having been notified of the robbery, they arrested the parties. They were taken to the Middle station, where the above story came out at a hearing before Justice Johns, and young Roe was committed for the action of the grand jury. The scene at the station house was a most affecting one. The wife was true to the last to her husband, and at first refused to believe him guilty; but her proof was so convincing that her faith was somewhat shaken. She fell upon his neck and wept bitterly, and when he was taken to his cell she was quite overcome.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Events are not in our power; but it always is to make a good use of even the worst.

Variety is the spice of life, but barkeepers report that the majority of men use cloves.

The man who never smelled powder is the fellow who never held his nose close to a woman's cheek.

A white deer with white horns and hoofs and pink eyes was killed by Aaron Lisker, on Little river, Wis.

Japan has iron coins worth about one-hundredth of a cent. They are alleged to be chiefly used for alms and as offerings to gods.

There were but 460 failures in New York last year, as against 917 in 1873, and the liabilities of 1879 foot up but \$16,388,892, against \$64,000,000.

Geese raising is carried on to a large extent in Texas. One goose will yield about a pound and a half of feathers.—One ranch already has 3,000 geese.

Gen. Grant has ordered his Ethan Allen colt, now on the farm of General Beale, near Washington, to be sent by the next steamer as a present to the mikado of Japan.

A correspondent describes Hot Springs, Ark., as a city of doctors' shops, drug stores, bath-houses and boardinghouses, with a few stores and churches thrown in to fill up the chinks.

It is said for the first time in the history of the Protestant Episcopal church, women took part in voting for a rector for the Church of the Holy Communion, New York city.

One day last week a cow belonging to Mr. John Shuff, living about one mile from Goshen, Augusta county, Va., gave birth to three calves—two bulls and one heifer—all alive and healthy.

The German emperor has ordered that the fund of more than \$60,000, collected on the occasion of his golden wedding, be exclusively devoted to the relief of the famine-stricken Silesians.

In consequence of the revolutionary agitation having extended to the troops, the Russian military authorities have ordered that henceforth no regiment shall be stationed in the district where it is recruited.

Bishop Chatard, of Indiana, deposed Father Fitzpatrick of Evansville in consequence of a quarrel between the priest and congregation. Father Fitzpatrick has now sued the bishop for \$35,000 damages.

Des Moines had a unique fire the other morning, the flames attacking the Des Moines packing company's ice house and soon leaving 2,000 tons of ice standing up in the open air like a huge iceberg. Loss, \$5,000.

A new cable is open for business between Aden, in Arabia, and South Africa, touching Zanzibar, Mozambique, Delogoa Bay and Duban, and connects with the land lines in South Africa.—The rate will be \$2.15 per word from London.

Mrs. Ella Duprez recently appeared in Kansas City in the disguise of a male detective. When her sex had been revealed by some accident she confessed that for several years she has been tracking a man who killed her brother, J. W. Laforce, near Houston, Texas, in April, 1874.

The king and queen of Spain showed publicly the other day, while driving in Madrid, their devotion to their church. They met a priest who was taking the last sacraments to a dying man, and alighting from their carriage the young pair lent it to the priest, following on foot amid the acclamations of the people.

Two colored brothers named Robert and Dennis Patrick, living eight miles from Huntsville, Ala., got into an altercation last Saturday whilst waiting for a large kettle of water to cool down to the right temperature to scald hogs, and were literally boiled alive. They lived only a few hours. Their beards and hair and flakes of flesh fell off, exposing the bones.

Among the bequests of the late Judge Packer, the railroad capitalist, which, it is said, has just been announced (or the first time, is the sum of \$300,000, the interest of which is to be used for the support in St. Luke's hospital, at Bethlehem, Pa., of workmen of the Lehigh Valley railroad company, who become crippled, sick or too old to work while in the company's employment.

Luther's wedding ring is on exhibition at the jeweler's, Herr Rothe, at Dusseldorf. The ring, which bears the inscription, 'Dr. Martino Luthero Catherina von Bora, 13 June, 1525,' is a work of considerable art. On it is represented the passion of our Lord, the cross and the body of Jesus forming the middle, surrounded by all the chief tools of the carpenter's craft, a small ruby sparkling recalling the holy blood,