

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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At Home from Church.

The lilacs lift in generous bloom
Their plumes of clear old-fashioned flowers
Their fragrance fills the still old house
Where left alone I count the hours.

High in the apple-trees the bees
Are humming, busy in the sun—
An idle robin cries for rain
But once or twice and then is done.

The Sunday-morning quiet holds
In heavy slumber all the street,
While from the church just out of sight
Behind the elms come slow and sweet
The organ's drone, the voices faint
That sing the quaint long-meter hymn—
I somehow feel as if shut out
From some mysterious temple, dim.

The day-dream fades—and so I try
Again to catch the tune that brings
No thought of temple nor of priest,
But only of one voice that sings.

"As You Sow, So Shall You Reap."

BY MISS E. H. W., OF BALTIMORE.

"Alma! Alma! you will be true to me? You will wait until I return to claim you? I will work so hard that I will return rich, and you shall have everything heart can wish. Oh, my darling! be true, for if I should return and find you wedded to another I would take my life, for I love you so, Alma, my beautiful one, that the thought of losing you drives me mad."

These words, fraught with intense pain, and wild, passionate love, fell from the lips of a young man as he half knelt at the feet of a golden-haired, brown-eyed girl, whose fair, mobile face was slightly pale and troubled as she listened to his passionate pleading.

"Why, Rupert," she said, laying her hand upon his thick, clustering curls, "what put such a notion into your head? Have I not promised to be your wife? I love you, Rupert, and yet you doubt me."

"Yes, I know"—and he caught her hands fiercely in his—"but you are so beautiful, Alma, and richer suitors may come and teach you to forget him who loves you so madly. But forgive me, my darling," he cried suddenly, as he saw how pale and frightened she looked.

"I know I am selfish, but the thought of being separated from you for three long years half crazes me with agony." He clasped her in his arms, looking anxiously into her beautiful face. At that moment the distant report of a gun echoed through the wood. Rupert Landon started quickly. "There is the signal to be on board. Oh, God! I must leave you. My darling, my darling, farewell—may God keep you in His holy care." He strained her to his heart, pressing kiss after kiss on her lips, then put her from him and turned quickly away. At the edge of the wood he turned and looked upon her as she stood in the light of the dying sun. One last, lingering look and he was gone—gone, never more, perhaps, to gaze upon her he loved so madly.

One year has passed since Rupert Landon bade farewell to the little village where he was born and went into foreign lands to make a fortune for his affianced bride. In her humble little room Alma Clinton is pacing to and fro. "Oh! I am so weary of this life," she moaned; "this dreary life of poverty—Oh! why did I ever promise Rupert Landon to become his wife? I do not love him, though I thought I did; and now I must spend the best years of my life in waiting—dreary, dreary waiting—for him who may never be any richer than he is now. I will not do it—I cannot do it. I will accept Herbert La Troy,—he is rich and he loves me passionately, devotedly. I will become his wife,—I will be rich. Rupert will soon forget me."

Forget her? Even as she spoke the words his face rose before her as she had seen it last, white with anguish, and again his words rang in her ears:—"Oh! my darling, be true to me, for if I should return and find you wedded to another I would take my own life." Her face paled, and for a moment she wavered, but only for a moment; then visions of the bright future which would be hers, surrounded by wealth and luxury, banished from her memory all thought of him laboring so hard in the distant gold mines. And when the summer roses blossomed Alma Clinton became the wife of Herbert La Troy, and one month later, far away in the gold mines of California, when the rude miners went to awaken Rupert Landon for the day's work they found him dead, shot by his own hand, and upon the floor beside him, stained with his life-blood, was a letter which told him she he loved was false.

And a sumptuously furnished room, adorned with all that money can buy,

reclining in an easy chair, is a lady—a middle-aged lady—whose face still bears the marks of great beauty. She wore a wrapper of light gray, trimmed with blue silk, and her golden hair was gathered under a little lace breakfast cap. "Mamma, where are you?" and the door was thrown quickly open, and a young girl bounded into the room.—She was very beautiful and extremely like the lady, although her hair, falling in ringlets to her waist, was jet black, and her eyes a deep hazle. A look of passionate love crept to her mother's eyes, for cruel and heartless as Alma La Troy had proved herself, she loved her only child with all her life and soul. From the first time the baby lips murmured mamma she had worshipped it with a wild, passionate love. Many a time, as she gazed upon the beautiful little face, and listened to the sweet voice, a wild fear would take possession of her as she thought of the life and soul she had wrecked. "The sins of the parents shall be visited upon the children," and then she would kneel and pray, as she had never prayed for herself.—"Oh! God, spare my innocent child; let Thy wrath fall upon my head, but have mercy on my child." Ah! Alma La Troy, did you have any mercy on him who sleeps so far away in a suicide's grave?

The long years had passed away. Today was Violet La Troy's nineteenth birthday, and there was a look of perfect joy on her fair face as she raised it for her mother's kiss. "Are you happy, my darling?" Alma asked, tenderly, clasping her in her arms. "Oh, yes, mamma; I am so happy. To-night is my ball, mamma," and she buried her face on her mother's shoulder. "Mamma, Carroll has just left, and oh! he says he loves me, and I am so happy."

Mrs. La Troy raised the girl's head and looked keenly into the beautiful blushing face. There was a slight look of pain about her mouth as she asked, "Do you love him, dearest?" "Love him, mamma," was the passionate answer; "I love him better than my life. Without his love I could not live." A shudder shook Alma La Troy's frame. She had seen that look upon another face long years ago.

Very lovely Violet La Troy looked in her ball dress of pale pink satin, trimmed with lilies of the valley and rich point lace. She stood in the conservatory, under the drooping lilies and japonicas, the mellow light streaming upon her fair, upturned face as she gazed into the eyes of a young man standing by her side. "How beautiful you are, little Violet," he said, taking the small, jeweled hand, "and how very sorry I am that I must leave you."

"Leave me, Carroll," she cried—"what do you mean?" He looked at her quickly. "Why, of course, I must go, Violet. Did you not know that I am engaged to be married?" "Engaged!" broke from the girl's lips, while a hue, like the pallor of death, settled upon her face. "Engaged to be married!—Oh, my God! you are joking. Tell me, Carroll, tell me you are joking." "No, Violet, I am not joking," he answered, his voice slightly troubled, "I thought you knew it."

"Engaged—engaged to be married," murmured the girl, a look of awful, despairing anguish on her face, "and you told me you loved me—you taught me to love you."

"Why, of course I loved you, Violet; who could help it? You are so beautiful. But I loved you as a brother might love his sister. Oh, Violet, forgive me!" for the wild agony of her face terrified him. "Oh, I did not mean to do this. Tell me, Violet, you forgive me." Not one word issued from her pallid lips, but with a low cry she sank at his feet insensible.

Three months later and Alma La Troy kneels beside the couch of her dying child. A stream of sunlight shines through the window upon the beautiful, marble-like face of the dying girl, and the dark eyes unclose and wander to the face of her mother. "Mamma," the pale lips murmur, "do not grieve for me. I want to die." "Violet, Violet, my darling, my only one, do not die. I cannot live without you. Oh, my God! my God! spare her to me." Then, with clasped hand, and her white, despairing face raised to the blue sky, Alma La Troy uttered a wild prayer of entreaty to the God she had so grievously offended—a prayer that sent a thrill, half pity, half fear, through the hearts of the listeners. But God turned a deaf ear to her appeal, for as the last wild words died away a smile lighted up the face of the dying, and stretching out her arms towards the blue sky she sank back on the pillow. "Mamma! Papa! Carroll! It was all over. Violet was dead. A low wail of heart-broken an-

guish echoed through that silent room: "Oh, my God! she is dead! My sin has fallen upon my innocent child."

Yes, it was true. He who slept in his unknown grave, amid the wild flowers, was at last avenged. What pleasure would her riches bring her now?—Would she not willingly exchange that princely dwelling and retinue of servants for the hut of a beggar to bring life again the beautiful form lying cold in death? As she had sown so she reaped.

The Mutineers of the Bounty.

Our readers have no doubt heard of the Bounty, a ship sent by the British government to transport plants of the bread-fruit tree to the West Indies. Stopping on the voyage at Tahiti, the crew came to an understanding with the natives, and a few days after sailing, mutinied, and sent the captain and those who would not join them, adrift in the ship's launch, with a small supply of bread, pork, rum and water, and only a quadrant and compass to guide them. The mutineers then returned to Tahiti. Here one of the crew named Christian and eight others, induced nine native men and women to come aboard, when they put to sea, leaving the rest of the crew at Tahiti, and were not heard of until 1809, when Captain Folger, of Nantucket, on a sailing voyage in the Pacific, stopped at the small island of Pitcairn.

He thought it uninhabited, and was surprised at being hailed in good English by some men in a canoe. These were the descendants of the long-lost crew.

Determined to cut off all traces of themselves, when the mutineers reached the island, they had run the Bounty ashore and burned her. Christian and his associates took the Tahitian women as wives and made slaves of the men. They got along well enough for a time, built good houses and cultivated considerable ground; but at last the slaves rebelled, and they were forced to destroy them all.

Some of the masters were also killed, among them Christian; others died within the next few years, and at the time of Captain Folger's visit Adams was the only survivor of the mutineers. He drew up a simple code of laws, and according to information recently received from there, they are still governed by them.

They are simple in their habits, kind-hearted and religious. There are now on the island ninety (90) inhabitants, of whom twenty-nine (29) have the surname of Young, twenty-six (26) that of Christian, the remaining families bearing the names of Buffet, Selwyn, Warren, Downs and Kay.

The oldest man on the island is a grandson of Fletcher Christian, the mutineer, who rejoices in the Christian name of "Thursday October." The men are occupied in farming, house-building and fishing; the women in sewing, cooking and the manufacture of hats and baskets.

Notwithstanding the long settlement of the island, complaint is made of the lack of carpenters' tools, and of slates and maps for the use of the school there. It is also mentioned that no work is done, nor pleasure had on Sunday. One church, fortunately, accommodates the entire population.

The produce consists chiefly of sweet potatoes, yams, beans, plantains, oranges, coconuts, carrots, turnips, maize, pineapples and figs. Hardly any tree is found which is good for timber, but the island blossoms like the garden of Eden with the most luxuriant flowers. They depend for water upon rains, which fall about once a month. Their principal boast is that they have no intemperance nor contagious diseases. Twelve deaths have occurred since 1859. Although thus isolated, they are able to communicate with the outside world by means of vessels which frequently call there on their way to and from San Francisco.—*Golden Days.*

"Old Dominion."

This term, which is so expressive and significant to every Virginian, is said to have its origin as follows: During the protectorate of Cromwell the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return on the ship with the messenger and be king of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarkation when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on the throne, in gratitude for and recognition of the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat-of-arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire, a distant portion of the Old Dominion. Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued even as late as the reign of George II. which bore on one side the coat-of-arms of England, Ireland, Scotland and Virginia.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Summer Silks and Grenadines.

A New York fashion letter says: There is a return this season to the plain taffeta silks in light clear shades of color, such as lilac blue, heliotrope, English violet, ash grey, wood and fan, which were fashionable many years ago, and in the neutral tints made such modest Quaker suits with drawn silk bonnets to match. In those days the finish to the costume was a white crape shawl, which was considered the ne plus ultra of elegance, trimmed richly with fringe and ruching or silk passementeries, with perhaps rice, amber, or clair de lune intermixed with the mesh. Knife plaiting of the same is the favorite trimming for these silks, sometimes headed with satin, but nothing is so really suitable for them as knife plaiting and pinked out ruching of the silk, and beaded fringe, handsome, but in small quantity, and matching in color. This sort of trimming produces the flower effects which are so pretty and is appropriate to the fine texture of the silk, while the application of satin makes the dress look too heavy and deprives it of its individuality.

The white balayuse which was so universal has been replaced largely, and especially with high-class modistes, with fine interior knife plaiting of silk matching the dress. Walking costumes do not need filling up with stiff white plaiting, and the uniform color and richer material at the edge is considered more elegant than the dimsy cotton lace, which is so easily soiled and torn. The fashion began with the combination toilets of black and gold or red and black satin, and the high-contrasting color was not only used as a part of the mounting and garniture, but as a narrow interior plaiting at the edge of the skirt, the color scarcely showing unless the edge turned over in walking. The effect was so good and so much more satisfactory to the majority of wearers than the usual white muslin that it has been, as before remarked, largely abandoned. No prettier or fresher spring toilet can be conceived than a pale wood-colored silk, complete, well made and accompanied by a straw bonnet, with, perhaps, a small straight cap-crown of the silk, and for trimming a full wreath of white flowers or mignonne and scarf of white Breton lace for strings. Lace and heliotrope are still more attractive to some, but of course color is a matter of taste. The point I want to impress is this, that distinctiveness in this style of dress is lost by combination. Everything is "combined," so that all dresses look alike and character is lost.

There are plenty of hair-striped silks and there are the soft and useful Louisines, but these have been used so much, and mixtures of one kind or another are so universal that the plain, clear, delicate coloring of the fine self-colored silks is a welcome change.

The black grenadine as such is a thing of the past. All grenadines now are figured or striped and combined with satin or satin de Lyon. The usual mode is to mount satin flounces on a plain foulard, or black French twilled skirt and drape figured grenadine over it, either as trimming or polonaise—finishing the latter with satin collar (double collar) and cuffs or bands, and mounting upon the skirt.

The French twill is a silk finished cotton lining which costs about the same as silesia, and being white on the underside does not crock white skirts as other linings do.

Black grenadine dresses are not this season the fashionable uniform they were some years ago. The revival of colors and the use of blended colors is gradually retiring black to the background, unless brightened and illuminated with jet, and much of this is intolerable in summer.

Some very beautiful and costly grenadine dresses, however, have been made lately of rich figured grenadine with no intermixture or combination except lace and broad bands of fine jet, embroidered closely and in fern and other designs upon a black net foundation. These dresses are demi-trained, the fronts shirred to the knee, where there is perhaps an ascending scale of narrow flounces. The sides are robed with jet, the back is draped in narrow irregular folds, and there is a fine interior plaiting round the edge of the skirt of black satin.

England's greatest poet is described in interesting fashion by a clever correspondent: "Nobody would suspect him for a poet now. His face is strong and his eyes have a certain brightness, but he is seamed, rather than wrinkled, from forehead to chin; he appears to be puffy; he is partially bald; he stoops and shuffles; dresses ordinarily and carelessly, and has a generally rustic mien and denotement. He does not affect, and never has affected, general society, and the fact shows in his bearing and slovenly raiment." The correspondent adds that Mr. Tennyson has made such wise investment of his large literary earnings, that his entire property is probably worth a million of dollars—a remarkable fortune for a poet.

Shrewd Detective Work.

A man was wanted by the police, and his skill in the arts of "making up" and dodging his would-be captors was so considerable that for a long time he escaped detection. At length a clever detective was put on his track, and first of all he began to inquire about his associates. One of the most intimate of them was, it appeared, a certain young woman, and about her he first of all found out everything. He had reason to suspect that she was acquainted with the fugitive's hiding-place, so the first thing to be done was to follow her on a Saturday afternoon, when she was free from her employment. An innocent young detective, in the guise of a carpenter, was told off to watch, and endeavor to strike up an acquaintance, in which design he was not very successful, though he ascertained that Kingston was her destination that afternoon.

To Kingston he went and traced her to a house occupied by an old man, about whom the neighbors knew no more than that he was an old man. He was an elderly invalid, never went to the door, never went out, saw nobody; and how was he to be caught and examined? There was nothing known about him to justify the police in entering the house, and the detective walked round the place in company with the "carpenter," wondering what to do next. At the back of the house was a garden, in which was a kennel containing a big dog, or rather not containing him, for he was lying out in the sun at the end of his chain. No sign of life was visible in the house. "Jump over the wall and kicked that dog, then hide behind the summer house," said the detective to the "carpenter." In a moment the young man was over the wall, and the dog was howling from the effects of a kick in the ribs. Neighboring dogs joined in the chorus, and at the window appeared the old gentleman.

No one was about; the dog continued to howl, and incautiously his owner came down the garden to see what was the matter. Beneath the well-made gray wig the detective's keen eye recognized the object of his search, and in a moment the arrest was made.—*London Sporting News.*

Literary Labor in the Past.

Charles T. Congdon makes some interesting statements concerning the profits of literary labor fifty years ago. He would be surprised to learn that Bryant received any pecuniary compensation for "Thanatopsis," which was published in the *North American Review* in 1817. The only American poet of that early period at all well paid was Robert Treat Paine, Jr., who received \$11 a line for his celebrated song of "Adams and Liberty." Paine, however, had many friends in Boston and was locally popular. Out of Boston, in 1820, Mr. Congdon questions if any Massachusetts editor received so much as \$500 a year, most newspaper writing being done by lawyers and men of education as a labor of love or political fealty. The first magazines paid nobody. Much later a young writer considered his pride hurt if offered sordid wages for his contributions. N. P. Willis was the first well-paid magazine writer. At one time, about 1842, he received \$100 for each of four articles written monthly for four magazines. Within twenty years prices for literary newspaper work have been nearly trebled. "A new liberal profession has been created, which well educated men are glad to enter, and in which they find, if they are worthy of it, substantial encouragement."—*Paper World.*

Words of Wisdom.

It is a very proud horse that will not carry his oats.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap your knuckles.

The source of a craving vanity is often a restless modesty, that longs to hear something better of itself than it thinks of itself.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Eolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When brought in the earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny, amid the melancholy waste of ocean.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

To set the mind above appetites is the end of abstinence, which one of the fathers observes to be, not a virtue, but the groundwork of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigor to resolution when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Can any one improve his condition by whining? If not, whine not?—*Rome Sentinel.*

The world owes us all a living, but she is just as hard to collect from as any other debtor.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Tiberius, the Roman emperor, left \$118,120,000, but Caligula spent it in less than a year in \$150,000 suppers and the like.

The Union stock yards at Chicago occupy 350 acres of land, and will accommodate 136,000 head of live stock at one time.

Tobaccoists say it is injurious to smoke a cigar more than half its length. It is, very injurious—to the cigar trade.—*Hawkeye.*

A man living at Rimmersburg, Pa., is the father of thirty-four children, twenty of whom are living; nine were burned to death at one time.

It costs from \$1 to \$1.25 to produce a bushel of wheat in England. In Minnesota wheat has been produced at a cost of forty cents per bushel.

M. Gaillard, a Parisian, travels the streets in all weathers and seasons, hatless, having vowed never to put a hat on until the commune was the recognized government of the city.

A down-East circus has a cannibal among its attractions, but the foolish reluctance of women to give up their babies, deprives him of many opportunities to show off.—*Chicago Times.*

The skull of Confucius, captured with the loot at Pekin in 1860, stripped of the \$75,000 worth of jewels with which it was decorated, seeks unsuccessfully for a purchaser at a London curiosity shop.

A scientist says: The skulls of the African negroes are dolichocephalic, mesocephalic, prognathous, platyrrhin and mesosene, while the Adamese are brachycephalic, microcephalic, mesognathous, mesorine and mesasene.

Two hundred and seventy-two railroad trains arrive and depart at Chicago every twenty-four hours. Forty-four railroads have offices located in the city.

Hailstones as large as partridge eggs were piled into drifts four feet deep at Hillsboro, Ohio. The flat roof of one of the dwelling houses was perforated and riddled like a sieve.

"Mr. Smith, father wants to borrow your paper. He only wants to read it." "Well, go back and tell your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it!"—*Andrews' Bazar.*

During a thunder-storm near Buena Vista lightning struck a tree and killed a rattlesnake that was crawling out at a knot hole. The likeness of the snake was pictured in clear outline on the tree's trunk.

"Oh, I've seen George," cried a little girl at Cleveland; "he came and leaned over me at the piano." George was a boy who had recently died. The mother, hearing the words, fell dead from heart disease.

The Moderation society of New York city report that they have distributed 22,616 pledges the past year, 4,100 of which are not to drink in business hours, 5,611 not to drink at all, and 12,855 not to treat or be treated.

An Oshkosh (Wis.) match factory cut up 2,000,000 feet of logs into matches, and used \$300,000 worth of revenue stamps during 1879. Besides it manufactured one-fourth of all the merchant work sash, blinds and doors made in the United States.

An examination has been made of the original Declaration of Independence, now among the archives of the state department at Washington, and it is found in such shape as to suggest that, unless something is done to restore it, it will soon be unintelligible.

It is a well-established fact that a healthy man requires about a pint of air at a breath; that he breathes about 1,000 times an hour, and that, as a matter beyond dispute, he requires about fifty-seven hogheads of air in twenty-four hours.

There was recently found in Truckee Nevada, an egg the shell of which was pierced by a kernel of barley. Half the kernel was inside the shell and had sprouted, and a bright green blade of barley four inches long was growing from the barleycorn. On breaking a small piece from the side of the shell, diminutive fibrous roots of the barley stalk were found extending into the white of the egg.

A letter from a Philadelphia correspondent describes an important scientific movement in that city, to discover the causes of the increase of short-sightedness among children. The investigation, which is carried on among the school children, has already demonstrated its usefulness, and is likely to produce important results. Not the least of these is the probability that it will show what methods in school work are injurious to the eye, and thus bring about a change.