



### DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

#### Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. Richard I. Bowie.  
Associate Judges.—Hon. William Viers  
Bowie and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
State's Attorney.—John C. Motter.  
Clerk of the Court.—Adolphus Fearhake, Jr.

#### Orphan's Court.

Judges.—Daniel Castle of T., John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicodemus.  
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.  
County Commissioners.—Thos. R. Jarboe, Daniel Smith of T., Peter Dudderar, George H. Ambrose, Thos. A. Smith of T.

Sheriff.—Joseph S. B. Hartsock.  
Tax-Collector.—D. H. Routzahn.  
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.  
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearre, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hilleary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.  
Examining.—D. T. Lakin.

#### Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Michael C. Adlesberger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Eugene L. Rowe.  
Registrar.—James A. Elder.  
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.  
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, U. A. Lough.  
Burgess.—J. H. T. Webb.  
Town Commissioners.—Isaac Hyder, Jas. A. Elder, Jno. T. Gelwicks, Wm. H. Weaver, U. A. Lough, Chas. F. Zeck.

### CHURCHES.

#### F. v. Lutheran Church.

Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 1/2 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 1/2 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 2 1/2 o'clock, a. m., Infants S. School 1 1/2 p. m.

Church of the Incarnation, (Ref. d.)  
Pastor.—Rev. A. R. Kremer. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

#### Presbyterian Church

Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 1/2 o'clock. Sunday School at 1 1/2 o'clock p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).  
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock p. m.

#### Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastor.—Rev. E. O. Eldridge. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 1/2 o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

### MAILS.

#### Arrive.

From Baltimore, Way, 11.25 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7.25 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 4.00 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7.25 p. m.; From Motter's, 11.25 a. m.; From Gettysburg 3.30 p. m.; Frederick, 11.25 a. m.

#### Depart.

For Baltimore, closed, 7.00 a. m.; For Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7.00 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7.00, a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 2.40 p. m.; Frederick 2.40 p. m.; For Motter's, 2.40, p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8.30, a. m.  
All mails close 20 minutes before schedule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock, a. m., to 8.30 p. m.

### SOCIETIES.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.  
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Chas. S. Smith, P.; Robert Hockensmith, Sach.; Daniel Gelwicks, Sen. S.; J. H. Webb, Jun. S.; John Adlesberger, C. of R.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.

Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.  
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussey, Prest.; 1st Vice Prest. H. E. Hann; 2d Vice Prest. T. J. Hanley; Ass. Vice Prest. F. A. Adlesberger; Treas. Dr. J. B. Brawer.

### THOUGHTS IN A CITY CHURCH.

[THE SPECTATOR.]

Forgive the fault, if sometimes on Thy day,  
And in Thine house, my prayer hath folded wing;

My spirit turned from Thee to things of sense,  
And found delight in vain imagining.  
Ah, cool and quiet places where men pray!  
Without, the gentle sound of cawing rooks,  
Within, the country faces flushed with health,  
The white smocks bent above the dog-eared books;

Soft breath of mignonette and scented thyme  
From the warm hands of children sitting by,  
And through the open door a veil of elm  
Across the glory of the Summer sky:

The sound of voices in the shady lane,  
The trembling heat above some quiet mound,—  
Add here the sunbeams, painting on the wall,  
The ivy's shimmering shadow on the ground:

And everywhere a presence, without name,  
Subtle, ineffable,—a spell, no more,—  
Breathing from arch and elm, from flower and grove,—  
Ay, from the trodden stones upon the floor—

A something that we know is not, to-day,  
A something that gives strength to prayer and song;

And if we miss it, as we kneel to pray,  
Art Thou extreme, O Lord, to mark it wrong?  
Nay, for the desolate town was never Thine,  
Unloveliness hath never part in Thee!

Yet, where gross man has marred Thy handiwork,  
Souls that he could not reach are white and free.

So that I breathe the breath of fragrant lives,  
And learn that where flowers sicken, hearts grow strong,  
The better man within me cries, "Content!"  
Albeit the weaker whispers still, "How long?"

### ONLY A FARE.

"Fare, ma'am," said the conductor. She was a shabby looking old woman, in rather rusty looking black, with a frayed lace scarf around her neck and an old-fashioned, heavily worked lace veil fastened about her bonnet rim.

"Fare!" repeated the conductor again. The passenger looked at him, dipped her hand into her pocket, rummaged in a queer little reticule she carried, and after exhausting all the patience of which a car conductor is supposed to be possessed, said slowly:

"I haven't got a penny. I suppose I've lost the change, or else I've had my pocket picked; and I'm going to — street, too."

There was a pause. The conductor looked at the passenger and hesitated. It was a damp, misty evening. The streets were ankle deep with mire. It was three miles to — street, and the car was not half full. It seemed only common humanity to permit an old woman to ride to her destination, whether she had her fare or not. But there on the platform, staring through the glass door our conductor saw the face of a car spy—a spotter, the men called him with green eyes, anxious to catch him tripping.

Poor as his place was, twenty men were waiting for it. His receipts must tally with the number of passengers recorded on the dial provided by the company for, that purpose or off went his head on Saturday night. Still he could not put the old woman off his car; only one alternate remained—he could pay her fare.

Now a fare on the — road was only five cents, but 6 o'clock was coming, and he was hungry, and the supper he would have just time to snatch before his evening trip began would cost him ten cents—five cents for bread and cheese, five cents for a cup of coffee. He gave up one of these if he paid that old woman's fare. You see there was another old woman whom he called granny to be cared for, and clothes of some sort must be worn, and there were no pennies to spare. But it was the memory of old granny that arose in his heart, as he dropped in the coin, touched the bell, and nodded "all right!" to his passenger; and as he stepped from his car to take his brief rest, he handed the old woman to the curbstone, and saw her safe upon her way.

"No, I don't want anything but the coffee," he said, waving away

the restaurant-keeper's boy, as he pressed the basket of rolls and sandwiches upon him. "Take that stuff away."

The bread was out of reach before he felt quite safe, he was so very hungry.

At that moment an old woman touched the car-starter upon the arm.

"Tell me the name of the conductor on car number five," she said.— "There he sits under the shed, drinking some coffee."

"That's Varnham—Tom Varnham," replied the starter, rather eagerly, for he had a relative waiting for the place. "If you have any complaint to make, there's the office." But the old woman toddled away.

Oh, the long, long winter, cold and cruel—a winter full of terrible storms of snow and sleet. Two drivers on the — line were badly frozen. Many died of lung complaints. The conductors suffered too, but not so terribly, and granny had been sick, and there was money to be spent for medicine and nourishing luxuries, and Tom Varnham's old great coat was stolen one night by a thief who made his way into the crowded lodging house.

After that he went without it, and he often wondered what it would be to be warm and to sit at a satisfying meal. Life seemed very hard, but to give up the poor situation and seek for one better was not to be thought of with granny on his hands.

The passengers who rode in car number five often snubbed their conductor, took him to task for the inconveniences they suffered, and abused him at their dining tables, or as they sat before their warm grates toasting their toes, while he shivered on the car platform. Perhaps the shabby old woman with the worked lace veil may have done it also, for she rode in the car very often, though she never found herself again without a fare.

"What's the matter?" asked a passenger. "Three cars ahead stopped—some one hurt," replied the other. "What is it, conductor?" "Conductor of number five dropped down," was the response. "Some say he's dead."

Tom Varnham lay in the midst of a little crowd, quite senseless and very pale.

The men were talking about him. "He's been starving himself and freezing, too," said one. "A sick old grandmother on his hands; and he was a clerk or something, never used to out-of-door work. I've seen this coming for days."

"You are the doctor," asked the shabby old woman, laying her hand on the arm of a gentleman who knelt beside poor Tom. The gentleman looked up.

"You said last week that I did not deserve to be called one, Madame Hover," he said demurely.

"Oh! Dr. Jones! Well, that was when you couldn't cure me of the neuralgia," replied the old lady. "But I want you to do something for me. Have this young man brought to my house; he did me a favor once, and do your best for him, and send the bill to me."

The doctor nodded, and when Tom Varnham came to himself he lay in a great old-fashioned feather bed in a room he had never seen before, and the old woman whose fare he had paid rocked to and fro beside his bed.

"You are not to talk," she said, waving a black fan at him, "but everything is all right. Your grandmother's board is paid to that rapacious old woman, and you needn't mind about anything. Go to sleep. You went without your bread and butter to give me a ride once, and I

shan't forget, though I happen to be a rich old woman instead of a poor one, as you thought me."

Tom listened, found himself incapable of making any remark, and fell asleep again. But hard times was over for the poor fellow. When he was able to work again there was a fine position open for him in a great wholesale house, and he was able to keep a pretty suit of rooms, and a servant for old granny, and to live with her to her great joy. And moreover, it is well known that Madame Hover has made her will, leaving all her great fortune to Tom Varnham.

"Don't ask me why?" she said to the lawyer. "Perhaps you wouldn't think it much to go hungry on a stormy winter evening for the sake of a poor old woman. I could have called a coach, and I'd only lost my purse, but he didn't know that, and I always remembered just how he looked when he sent that bread away. I knew he was a good fellow, and so he is, and I have a right to leave my money according to my fancy."

### Useful Information.

To lay a square acre of ground: Measure 209 feet on each side, and you will have a square acre to the inch.

An acre contains 5,840 square rods.

A square mile contains 640 acres. In length a mile is 5,280 feet, 1,760 yards.

A fathom is six feet.

A league is three miles.

A Sabbath day's journey is 1,115 yards—this is eighteen yards less than two-thirds of a mile.

A day's journey is 33 1/2 miles.

A cubit is 2 feet.

A hand (horse measure) is four inches.

A palm is 3 inches.

A space is 3 feet.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork 200 pounds.

A barrel of rice 600 pounds.

A keg of powder 25 pounds.

A firkin of butter 56 pounds.

A tub of butter 84 pounds.

Bushel Measure—The following are sold by weight yer bushel:

Wheat, beans, clover seed, 60 pounds to the bushel.

Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56.

Buckwheat, 53 pounds.

Barley, 43 pounds.

Oats, 32 pounds.

Bran, 20 pounds.

Coarse salt, 85 pounds.

A commercial bale of cotton is 400 pounds.

A pack of wool, 240 pounds.

A section of government land is 640 acres or one square mile.

A liquid ton is 252 gallons.

A box 16 by 16 1/2 inches and 8 inches deep contains a bushel.

A box of lemons will average about 330 in number; a box of oranges from 200 to 250.

A case of preserved ginger contains 9 jars.

Peanuts are usually sent to market in sacks containing about 2 bushels.

Dried apples and peaches come in barrels generally from 150 to 225 pounds.

A quintal of fish is 112 pounds.

Blackberries come in barrels.

Virginia peanuts weigh 22 pounds to the bushel. Wilmington do. 26 to 28 pounds. African do. 32 pounds.

A DARKEY, who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek, didn't notice the peculiar actions of a goat just behind him, so, when he scrambled out of the water, and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zactly; but 'peared as if de shore kinder 'histed and frowed me."

### WORDS OF WISDOM.

Happiness is like a sunbeam which the least shadow intercepts, while adversity is as often as the rain of spring.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which to come in the future.

To change and to be better are two different things.

All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance.

Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at same time cuts the sinews of the wrists.

Our own hands are heaven's favorite instruments for supplying us with the necessaries and luxuries of life.

MEN are sowing seeds of truth or error, of dishonesty or integrity, every day they live and everywhere they go, that will take root in somebody's life.

### Beauty.

There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the penciled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

### A Knowing Donkey.

A Spanish peasant, living in the suburbs of Madrid, has long been in the habit of repairing daily to the city, accompanied by a donkey laden with milk for distribution among certain customers. One day, however, the master was taken ill, whereupon his wife suggested that the ass should be sent on the journey alone. The panniers were accordingly filled with cans of milk as usual, and a bit of paper was attached to the donkey's headstall, requesting the customers to help themselves to their ordinary allowance of milk, and to put back the cans into the panniers. Off started the donkey, and he returned in due course with the cans empty and with everything in order. The master found upon inquiry that the trusty messenger had called at the right doors some instances he had pulled the bell with his teeth when kept waiting. From that day forward the donkey has gone his rounds alone.

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.—Stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style. Buy good, healthy food cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of running after expensive and quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and makes the proprietors rich, but put your trust in the greatest of all simple, pure remedies, Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see better times and good health. Try it once. Read of it in another column.

No matter how poor people are, nearly every one can afford to keep a pair of horses—one for clothes and the other for wood.

### No Family Can Be Happy Without One.

A day or two ago a motherly-looking woman of forty-five entered a Woodward-avenue clothing store having a man's linen duster on her arm, and when approached by a salesman she said:

"Some one in here sold this duster to my son yesterday."

"Yes, ma'am. I sold it myself," replied the clerk, as he looked at the garment.

"Did you tell my son that this duster could be worn either to a picnic, funeral, bridal party or quarterly meeting?"

"I did, madam, and so it can."

"Did you tell him it made a good flyblanket when not otherwise needed?"

"I did."

"That it could be used as a boat-sail, a stretcher, a straw-bed and a bedspread?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did."

"And that many people used them as table-covers?"

"I did."

"And that they would last for years and then make excellent stuff for a rag carpet?"

"I did."

"And you only charged a dollar?"

"Only a dollar, ma'am."

"Well, when John came home last night and brought the duster, and told me all you said, I made up my mind that he must have been drunk, and I was a little afraid he stole the garment. I am glad it's all right."

"It certainly is all right, ma'am, and since he was here yesterday we have discovered that the duster is a great conductor of sound, a preventative of sunstroke, and that no man with one on his back ever dropped dead of heart disease."

"Land save us!" she gasped, as she waited for the bundle; "but who knows that they won't fix 'em so 'fore long that they'll raise a mortgage off the farm?"

NOT FRATERNAL.—A colored man was busily engaged in sawing some wood for a Galveston gentleman.—The "man and brother" has a large Masonic breastpin in his shirt bosom.  
"Do you colored Masons and white Masons affiliate?"  
"Don't fillyate wuff a cuss."  
"What's the matter?"  
"Dunno, boss, I see tried it. Dar's a barkeeper in dis town what toted dis heah very same emblem. I was in d'stress, hadn't a dram all dat morning. I came in, and gabe de d'stress signal."  
"Did he respond?"  
"He didn't respond right."  
"Why?"  
"Case, he made a motion at de doah wid one hand and reached under de bar. I made one moah sign, and he fotched me 'tween de shoulders wid de bung stater, jest as I was gittin' out de doah."

FASHIONABLE: And now we are told that some of the fashionable young men at Saratoga and other watering places not only powder their faces, but that they actually paint. That they wear corsets has long been admitted. How far this aping of femininity is to extend it is hard to say; but we hope the young men will stop it before they actually become mothers.

If you are troubled with fever and ague, dumb ague, bilious fever, jaundice, dyspepsia, or any disease of the liver, blood or stomach, and wish to get well, try the new remedy, Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other, and if he has not got it send \$1.50 in a letter to the French Pad Co., Toledo, O., and receive onk by return mail.