

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

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

TERMS:—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. 12.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1880.

NO. 19.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. Richard I. Bowie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. William Viers
Bouic 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. Routhahan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce,
Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Lillieary, Jas.
W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner.—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.

Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7½ o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7½ o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 2½ o'clock, a. m., Infants S. School 1½ 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 7½ 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 7½ o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lecture at 7½ o'clock. Sunday School at 1½ 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 8 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 7½ o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7½ 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.

Massicot 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. Wm. A. Day; Ass. Vice Prest. F. S. Zeck; Treas. Dr. J. B. Bra-ner.

Bread Upon The Waters.

Mid the losses and the gains;
Mid the pleasures and the pains,
And the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this promise o'er—
We believe it more and more—
Bread upon the waters cast,
Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver, like the sands,
Will keep slipping through our hands;
Jewels gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark;
Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But these words will never fail—
Bread upon the waters cast,
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon like dust, to you and me,
Will our earthly treasures be;
But the loving word and deed
To another in his need,
They will be forgotten be!
They will live eternally—
Bread upon the waters cast,
Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away,
Soon our mortal powers decay,
Low and lower sinks the sun,
What we do must soon be done;
Then what rapture if we hear
Thousand voices ringing clear—
Bread upon the waters cast,
Shall be gathered at the last.

THE JUDGE'S SURPRISE.

The day was bitterly cold in Virginia City, as winter days most generally are in that Alpine town, and though the sun was bright, its rays was as cheerless and chill almost as moonbeams. Wild gusts whistled through the streets, breathing icicles and frost in their furious course, and driving every living thing away to seek shelter from its biting, penetrating breath. And yet not every one was housed and sheltered from the pitiless gale, for he who had work to do or business to transact was summoned by inexorable duty to come forth to his post, or else, when the day of reckoning came, abide by the consequences. Of these luckless exceptions, Abe Denning, the baker, was one. In sunshine or storm, hail, rain or snow, people must eat; eat, in fact, all the more voraciously because it does hail or snow, as if to penetrate an unseasonable joke upon the baker, who, especially in appetizing weather, must see to it that his customer's larders be properly stored with the rarest and best productions of his oven.

Even such cold weather as this did not deter Mr. Denning from attending to the wants of his customers with the assiduity and attention characteristic of his class. While disappearing into a customer's house with an armful of bread, a girl of some fifteen years of age emerged from a miner's cabin close by, and, first casting wild and hurried glances around her, rushed to the baker's cart, and had just abstracted therefrom three loaves of bread, and was carrying them off, when the baker returned and caught her in the act.

Unfortunately, an officer was passing just at the time, and the baker, on the spur of the moment, and without giving the case that consideration which otherwise might, gave her in custody on a charge of theft. The girl, without any attempt at expostulation or explanation, burst into an agony of tears—a sufficient evidence, perhaps, that she was but a novice, after all, in the art of stealing.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "don't take me in this way. Let me wrap a shawl around my head, or the people will know me."

The officer, consenting, accompanied her into the cabin, while the baker drove away, telling the policeman he would be in court next day to prefer the charge before the police judge.

The officer, on entering, found no one in the cabin but three children—the youngest about three years old, and the eldest six. The hut was cold and cheerless; there was no fire. The two elder children, alarmed at

the presence of the officer, exhibited discolored eyes and faces, which bore evidence of suffering and recent tears; while little, Willie, the youngest, was crying and inappeasable, moping aimlessly around the cabin, looking into the empty closet, and putting his little hands mechanically into the empty dishes on the table.

"What made you steal the bread, my girl?" asked the officer. At mention of the word "bread," little Willie looked tearfully and piteously in the man's face. The girl hugged the little fellow frantically in her arms, covering him with tears and kisses.

"Oh, my poor little brother!" she cried, bitterly. "What will become of you now? This man is going to take you Lena away with him!"

The officer, suspecting the actual state of affairs, began to investigate. "Is there no coal, or nothing at all to eat in the house?" said he. "No coal, no bread, nothing to eat!" replied the girl, wringing her hands; and poor Willie and the rest of us have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning."

Here the officer went away, saying that he would be back again in a short time.

"Is the man gone for bread?" asked the oldest of the children. "Hush, Mollie, dear," said Lena. "I don't know what he is going for. He's not a bad man, anyhow, for he hasn't arrested me, as I thought he would."

In a very few minutes the officer returned, with bread and groceries, not forgetting some cakes and confections for the smallest children; while another man at his heels carried a big sack of coal on his back.

At sight of the bread the children screamed with delight, and while Lena cut up large slices of bread, and helped the children and herself, the two men set to work and made a large fire in the stove, the glow of which soon diffused warmth and comfort through the cabin. Then they cooked the meat, and made tea, and spread a steaming meal on the table for orphans, while they carved and attended to their wants till they were fully satisfied.

Happy, happy childhood, whose prerogatives are innocence, mirth and joy! The children, after their dinner, didn't look like the same children at all. Their faces were bright and joyous, happy and handsome; and in a few minutes they were playing and laughing and romping, as happy as if they had never felt the pangs of hunger.

"And now," said the officer, delighted at seeing the children so happy, "sit down, Lena, and answer me a few questions. Have you no father or mother?"

"We have no mother," was Lena's reply. "She died about a year ago, and father went away to Eureka, to work, about eight months ago, and we haven't seen him ever since."

"What is your father's name?" "Dawson—Jim Dawson."

"And he has sent you no money—nothing?" "Nothing. Never heard of him since he went away. But when he was going he left us a bag of flour, and lots of groceries and things—as much as would last us for six months; and he'd be sure and be back before the provisions were all out."

"And you got no letter from him at all?"

"Not one," replied Lena, with a deep sigh.

Poor Dawson had written to his children, however, but, postal communication being at that time very irregular and uncertain in the Silver State, the children did not receive his letters.

"Well, I must go now," said the officer, after a pause, "but I will call

for you to-morrow, and you'll have to accompany me to the police office, for I must do my duty, you know.—Good-bye." And Lena Dawson was left alone with her little brothers and sisters. She felt sad and lonesome after the departure of her kind benefactor, but the buoyancy of childhood soon gained the ascendancy, and before bed-time the orphans were as happy as any group of little children in Virginia City.

Meantime, the report about the stealing of the bread and the destitute condition of the children got abroad. Jim Dawson, a miner himself, was wellknown and popular among the miners, and the case created such sympathy, and elicited so many reminiscences and commentaries that quite a crowd was attracted next day to the police court—Judge Moses presided. The judge bore the name of being an upright and honest, kind and benevolent, and if fault he had at all, it was thought to be a somewhat unpromising rigor in the discharge of his official duties. It was hard to say how the case would go. After the transaction of some preliminary business, the case was called. The baker swore to the stealing of the bread, and identified the defendant as the thief. The officer testified to the famishing condition in which he found the children, but said not a syllable about what he had done to relieve them. Poor Lena stood trembling before the judge. Thereupon a miner rustled through the crowd and stood before the bench, eyeing the judge with a deprecating look. "I declare to the Almighty, judge," said he, "I never knewed the state of Jim Dawson's children, and if I did—" he dropped a twenty into Lena's trembling hand.

"You jest knowed as much about it as other folks," exclaimed another miner, excitedly, walking up and putting another twenty into the girl's hand with an indignant air that flung back any latest suspicion that he knew anything of the children's distress any more than anybody else.

Here Long Alec, a miner—so called on account of his height and size—slid timidly and bashfully up to Lena's side. "Leeny," he said, in a half whisper, "hold yer pinafore," and he slipped two twenties into her apron, and then slid back behind the crowd in a corner, and, holding his hat to his face, glanced timidly around, to see that he was completely out of sight.

Then came Wabbling Joe, who was far more bashful than even Long Alec, but put on a bold face, and laughed and talked loud to make believe that he was not bashful at all.

"Judge," said Wabbling Joe, laughing and nodding familiarly at the court to disarm that functionary of possible rigor in the trial of the case in hand—"judge, let the girl slide. She ain't done nothing but what you or I would do if we was hungry!" And poor Lena was once more the recipient of another present.

The court held down his head and smiled gravely at Wabbling Joe's defense of the accused; but immediately recovering his gravity, said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your liberality and generous sympathy for the young offender, and am particularly impressed with the ingenious defense made by my friend, Wabbling Joe," here a good-natured laugh escaped the whole crowd, as if to put the judge in good humor—"but," continued his honor, "whatever might be the sympathy of the court for the sad condition of the accused, there is a public duty to be performed, and the case must therefore proceed."

"What is your name, my girl?"

"They call me Lena Dawson, sir," was the reply.

"Call you Lena Dawson! And I suppose Lena Dawson is your name, is it not?" observed the judge.

"No, sir, it ain't," returned the girl. "My father died when I was only three years old, and my mother got married to Mr Dawson some time afterward. My proper name is Madeline Winters, but they call me Lena, for short."

"Madeline winters! Where were you born?" asked the judge.

"In Kansas City, sir," was the reply.

"In Kansas City!" echoed the court, in a voice of still deeper gravity than before. "And what was your mother's maiden name, do you know?"

"Madeline Moses, sir," responded Lena.

"Madeline Moses! My God!—my God! She was my sister!"

And Judge Moses, overcome with emotion, bowed his head on the desk, while a torrent of tears flowed down his face. Just as the crowd, in obedience to the dictates of delicacy, were emerging from the police court, to let uncle and niece indulge the sacred joy of mutual recognition, Jim Dawson appeared at the door, having just returned from his prospecting ture in Eureka, and, with an innate sense of propriety that did honor to his acquaintances, who were all rejoiced to see him, was quietly permitted to join his relatives inside.

Getting a Boy to Take Castor Oil.

His loving mother said, "If you take some of the castor oil, I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful; just a spoonful," she replied.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked—"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoofly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite, no ile," he said, as he stepped back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You cant think no castor oil down me!" he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to; and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you will buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right, no dog, no ile."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy, and swallow it down."

"Oh yes; I'll swallow that stuff, I will," he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but I'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that castor oil down my throat."

THE GREATEST BLESSING.—A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it.—Will you try it. See other column.

Twenty Impolite Things,

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Talking when others are reading.
4. Cutting finger nails in company.
5. Joking others in company.
6. Gazing rudely at a stranger.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. Making yourself hero of your own story.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
11. Leaving church before worship is closed.
12. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
13. A want of respect or reverence for parents.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself.
15. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
16. Not listening to what one is saying in company.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
20. Laughing at the mistakes of others.

Taking Him at His Word.

Never get out of temper with a barber. A gentleman not long since was sitting in a barber's chair trying to read the morning newspaper while having his hair cut. The barber in the meantime was worrying him with a long story about the barber's boy and the shoemaker's daughter at a ball, a story that was strung out until forbearance ceased to be virtuous, when the man being clipped, looked up somewhat annoyed, and exclaimed: "Oh, cut it short!" which remark the barber understood as referring to the head of hair he was operating on; so he cut it shorter and went on with his story. "Cut it short," again said the customer, and the barber cut it still shorter. His story was a long one, and the unfortunate customer had occasion to ejaculate "cut it short" a dozen times before he got through. The barber did cut it short. When that man left the chair he was as bald as a new-born baby. He wears a smoking cap in church now.

THERE is some humor in Texas.—The other day a man brought out a forlorn, spavined looking steed, and addressed the spectators thus:

"Fellow citizens, this is the famous horse Dandy Jack. Look at him. He's perfect. If he were sent to the horsemaker nothing could be done for him. What shall I have for the matchless steed?"

"What will you take for him?" yelled the crowd.
"Two hundred dollars."
"Give you \$5."
"Take him. I never let \$195 stand between me and no horse trade."

That's business.

THOUSANDS have been cured of dumb ague, bilious disorders, jaundice, dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, blood and stomach, when all other remedies have failed, by using Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad, which is a quick and permanent cure for those disorders. Ask your druggist for the great remedy, and take no other, and if he does not keep it send \$1.50 in a letter to the French Pad Co., and receive one by mail post-paid.

AFTER a young man has popped the question he generally has to question the pop.