

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. III.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1881.

No. 4.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. Richard J. Bowie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. William Viers
Bonic 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.
Registrar of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—Thos. R. Jarboe, Daniel Smith of T., Peter Dudderar, Samuel M. Bussard, Thos. A. Smith of T.
Sheriff.—Joseph S. B. Hartsock.
Tax-Collector.—D. H. Routhalan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillary, 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.—U. A. Lough, Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C. Anan, F. W. Lamsinger, J. T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday school at 9 o'clock, p. 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 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.
Presbyterian Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simpson. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).
Pastor.—Rev. H. P. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 6 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 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 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 Hagerstown, 7:15 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 3:45 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7:15 p. m.; From Motter, 11:25 a. m.; From Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m.; From Frederick, 11:25 a. m.
Depart.
For Baltimore, closed, 7:05 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:05 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 2:35 p. m.; From Frederick, 2:35 p. m.; From Motter, 2:35 p. m.; From Gettysburg, 3:30, a. m.
All mails close 15 minutes before schedule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m., to 8:15 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Mossositt Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E. Hockensmith, P.; Daniel Gelwicks, Sec.; John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Mentzer, Jun. S.; John T. Gelwicks, C. of N.; 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, Pres.; Thos. J. Henley, Vice Pres.; Geo. F. Rider, Secretary; E. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Dr. J. B. Brawner, Treasurer.
Junior Building Association.
Sec., J. Thos. Bussey; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Withrow, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. Waddles.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. V. S. LEVY
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
FREDERICK, MD.
Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. July 12
M. G. URNER, F. S. REICHERBERGER
Urner & Reichberger,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care.
OFFICE—Record St., adjoining offices of Wm. J. & C. W. Ross, Esqs., Frederick city, Md. July 14

Dentistry!
Dr. Geo. S. Fonke, Dentist
Westminster, Md.
NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. August 15

IF I COULD KEEP HER SO.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms,
Would that I could keep you with your baby charms:
Helpless, clinging fingers; downy, golden hair,
Where the sunshine lingers, caught from otherwhere:
Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak,
Roly-poly shoulders, dimple in your cheek;
Dainty little blossom, in a world of woe:
Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so.

Roguish little damsel, scarcely six years old—
Feet that never weary, hair of deeper gold;
Restless, busy fingers, all this time at play,
Tongue that never ceases talking all the day;
Blue eyes learning wonders of the world about,
Here you come to tell them—what an eager shout!
Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know:
Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so.

Sober little school-girl, with your strap of books,
And such grave importance in your puzzled looks:
Solving weary problems, poring over sums,
Yet with tooth for sponge cake and for sugarplums:
Reading books of romance in your bed at night,
Waking up to study in the morning light,
Anxious as to ribbons, dote to tie a bow,
Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet and thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side,
All the world's before you, and the world is wide;
Hearts are there for winning, hearts are there to break,
Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake?
Is that rose of dawn glowing on your cheek,
Telling us in blushes what you will not speak?
Shy and tender maiden, I would fain forego
All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair,
Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air;
Now the rose of dawn turns to lily white,
And the chase shut eyelids veil the eyes from sight.
All the past I summon as I kiss her brow
Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with me now,
Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love I know—
Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

ROBIN REDBREAST.
My old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray
And listened to hear the robin sing.
Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
And cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple tree.
"Nay," said the grandmother, "have you not heard,
My poor lad boy! of the fiery pit,
My old drop by drop this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?"
He brings cool dew in his little bill
And lets it fall on the souls of sin—
You can see the mark on his red-breast still,
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.
My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird!
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
Very dear to the heart of our Lord,
Is he who pities the lost like Him.
"Amen," I said to the beautiful myth,
Sing bird of God in my heart as well,
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.
Prayers of love like raindrops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do.

—John G. Whittier.
DUST ON YOUR GLASSES.
I don't often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work, but one morning, not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.
"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty."
"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly.
And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and every thing

CHRIST'S LETTER.

Never having seen a copy of the following letter, which has been in my possession for a great many years, and thinking it would prove interesting to some of the readers of the CHRONICLE, I send it to you for publication. K.

This Letter was written by Jesus Christ, and found under a great stone, round and large, at the foot of the Cross, eighteen miles from Iconium, sixty-three years after our blessed Saviour's crucifixion. Upon the stone was engraven, "Blessed is he that shall turn me over." All people that saw it prayed to God earnestly and desired that he would make the writing known unto them; and that they might not attempt in vain to turn it over. In the mean time there came out a little child, about six or seven years of age, and turned it over without assistance, to the admiration of every person standing by.—It was carried to the City of Iconium, and there published by a person belonging to the Lady Cuba.

Whoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall be cursed. I command you to go to church, and keep the Lord's day holy, without doing any manner of work. You shall not idly spend your time in bedecking yourself with superfluities of costly apparel, and vain dress, for I have ordained it a day of rest, I will have that day kept holy, that your sins may be forgiven. You shall not break my commandments, but observe and keep them. You shall not only go into church yourself, but also send your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and observe my words and obey my commandments. You shall finish your labour every Saturday in the afternoon by six o'clock; at which hour the preparations for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five Fridays in every year beginning with Good Friday, and continuing the four Fridays immediately following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds which I received for all mankind. You shall diligently and peaceably labour in your respective callings, wherein it hath pleased God to call you. You shall love one another with brotherly love; and cause them that are baptized to come to church and receive the sacrament, baptism and the Lord's supper; and to be made members of the church. In so doing, I will give you a long life and many blessings; your land shall flourish, and your cattle shall bring forth in abundance; and I will bring unto you many blessings and comforts in the greatest temptations. And he that doeth to the contrary shall be unprofitable. I will also send a hardness of heart upon them, till I see them, but especially upon the impenitent and unbelievers.—He that hath given to the poor, shall not be unprofitable. And he that hath a copy of this my own letter, and keepeth it without publishing it to others shall not prosper; but he that publisheth it to others shall be blessed of me; and though his sins be in number as the stars of the sky, and he believe in this, he shall be pardoned; and if he believes not in this writing and this commandment, I will send my own plague upon them, and consume both him and his children and his cattle. And whosoever shall have a copy of this letter in their house, nothing shall hurt them; neither lightning, pestilence nor thunder shall do them any hurt.—And if a woman be with child, and in labor, has a copy of this letter about her, and the family put their trust in me, she shall be safely delivered of the child. You shall have no tidings of me, but by the holy scripture, until the day of judgment. All goodness, happiness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter shall be found.

THE LETTER.
Whoever worketh on the Sabbath day shall be cursed. I command you to go to church, and keep the Lord's day holy, without doing any manner of work. You shall not idly spend your time in bedecking yourself with superfluities of costly apparel, and vain dress, for I have ordained it a day of rest, I will have that day kept holy, that your sins may be forgiven. You shall not break my commandments, but observe and keep them. You shall not only go into church yourself, but also send your men-servants, and your maid-servants, and observe my words and obey my commandments. You shall finish your labour every Saturday in the afternoon by six o'clock; at which hour the preparations for the Sabbath begins. I advise you to fast five Fridays in every year beginning with Good Friday, and continuing the four Fridays immediately following, in remembrance of the five bloody wounds which I received for all mankind. You shall diligently and peaceably labour in your respective callings, wherein it hath pleased God to call you. You shall love one another with brotherly love; and cause them that are baptized to come to church and receive the sacrament, baptism and the Lord's supper; and to be made members of the church. In so doing, I will give you a long life and many blessings; your land shall flourish, and your cattle shall bring forth in abundance; and I will bring unto you many blessings and comforts in the greatest temptations. And he that doeth to the contrary shall be unprofitable. I will also send a hardness of heart upon them, till I see them, but especially upon the impenitent and unbelievers.—He that hath given to the poor, shall not be unprofitable. And he that hath a copy of this my own letter, and keepeth it without publishing it to others shall not prosper; but he that publisheth it to others shall be blessed of me; and though his sins be in number as the stars of the sky, and he believe in this, he shall be pardoned; and if he believes not in this writing and this commandment, I will send my own plague upon them, and consume both him and his children and his cattle. And whosoever shall have a copy of this letter in their house, nothing shall hurt them; neither lightning, pestilence nor thunder shall do them any hurt.—And if a woman be with child, and in labor, has a copy of this letter about her, and the family put their trust in me, she shall be safely delivered of the child. You shall have no tidings of me, but by the holy scripture, until the day of judgment. All goodness, happiness and prosperity shall be in the house where a copy of this letter shall be found.

AN Eloquent Extract.
"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths.—The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for our children. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness for the worms. And it may be but a short time we shall be spoken of, for the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to list our names."

LABOR SAVING.
The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well known wholesale Druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form. It saves all the labor of preparing, and as it is equally efficient it is preferred by many persons.—Kidney-Wort always and everywhere proves itself a perfect remedy.—*Buffalo News.*

A POLITICAL economist found a poor fellow who had been arraigned for stealing sheep, and looking at him with a pitiful glance said philosophically: "You ought to have known that to deliberately steal a sheep is a great crime, which there is no earthly necessity to perpetrate. Why didn't you just buy the sheep and not pay for it? That would have simplified matters and saved you from prison."

CHRIST'S CURES AND MIRACLES.
He cleansed a Leper by touching him, he healed the Centurion's servant afflicted with the palsy.—Peter's mother-in-law of a fever.—Several possessed with devils, a

PLAY GENTLY, BOYS.

While waiting for a lady, on whom I called the other day, to come in, I looked through a photograph album which was lying upon the table. The face of a young lad was so bright and happy, I looked at it a long time. The eye was large and very clear, the brow very broad and smooth. It was just one of those faces that go with a voice with a cheery ring in it. When the lady came in, I turned back to it and asked if he was her son. The quick tears and the trembling on her lip gave me the sad answer before she spoke a word.
At length she told me all about it, and I will write it for you.

He was a bright and good boy, always cheerful, pleasant and obedient, and so was very happy himself and made his parents very happy. One bright Summer day, he, with some mates, were playing croquet under the trees, when the first school bell rang. The mother was sitting by the window, and saw them quickly put away the mallets and hasten to school. Willie looked up and gave her a smile and nod as he passed the window. And she wondered within herself if it was a mother's love that made him look so handsome and noble to her, or if he really was the finest looking boy of all.—And then she thought of all his glorious goodness and love, and what a blessing he was now to his parents, and what a staff and comfort he would be in the old age that was creeping on them.

She did not see him again until he came to tea. He did not eat much—indeed, there is not much to eat in a country tea, only bread in some form, butter, some little relish, and a bit of cake. He went out after it, and lay down in the hammock under a tree, and it was nearly dark before he came in. Then he said: "Somehow I feel tired, and my head aches. I'll go to bed."
"You have played too hard this hot day, haven't you?"
"I expect so. When I came out of school, some of the fellows were playing toss and-pitch, and a little stone one of them threw, hit my head, and it made me blind for a minute; then it didn't hurt any, but it aches worse and worse."
The mother examined the head, but could find no bump, so bathed it all. He smiled wearily, kissed her and went to bed. How little—rather how not at all—she dreamed it was her darling boy's last, last kiss!

She told his father, and he went up; but Willie was asleep, and the father thought he would be "all right in the morning," and went out. About an hour after, the mother went up. He was tossing and turning—moan, moan, moan. As she looked, a slight spasm passed over his face. She sent at once for a physician. Soon the dear child was in fearful spasms, and before midnight he was dead.
The bone back of and near the ear was fractured by that tiny stone.

I was told this more than a year ago, and last week a lady from another town told me of two brothers playing snowball, and one threw a bit of ice and struck the other behind the ear, and he lived but twelve hours.
So I write in warning to happy, playful boys, and close as I began—play gently.—*Observer.*

WINKING photographs are said to be produced in the following manner: One negative is taken with the sitter's eyes open; another, without change of position, with the eyes shut. The two negatives are printed on opposite sides of the paper, "registering" exactly. Held before a flickering lamp, or other variable source of light, the combined photographs show rapid alternations of closed and open eyes, the effect being that of rapid winking.

A Good Account.
"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own house-work for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit."—John Weeks, Butler, N. Y.

PUBLIUS LENTULUS.
His letter to the Senate of Rome.
"CONSCRIPT FATHERS,
There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living among us; and of the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth; but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall, and comely; with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear; his hair of the colour of a filbert full ripe, plain to his ears, whence downward it is more orient of colour; somewhat curling and waved about his shoulders. In the midst of his head is a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead plain and delicate; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a comely red; his nose and mouth exactly formed; his beard thick, the colour of his hair, not of any great length, but forked; his look innocent; his eyes gray, clear and quick. In reproving terrible, in admonishing courteous, in speaking very modest and wise. In proportion of body well shaped. None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. A man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

A Two Hundred Thousand Dollar Bet.

In 1869 St. Joseph, Mo., was the western terminus of railroad communication. Beyond, the stage coach and saddle horse and the ox-trains were the only means of commerce and communication with the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope. In the winter of 1869 there was a Wall street lobby at Washington trying to get \$5,000,000 for carrying the mails overland one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was extremely cheeky, and Wm. H. Russell, backed by Secretary of War Floyd, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower-bath. He, therefore, offered to bet \$200,000 that he could put on a mail line from Sacramento to St. Joseph that should make the distance—1,950 miles—in ten days.—The bet was taken and the 8th of April fixed as the day for starting. Mr. Russell called upon his partner and general manager of business upon the plains, Mr. A. B. Miller, now a citizen of Denver, and stated what he had done, and asked if he could perform the feat. Miller replied: "Yes sir." I will do it, and do it by pony express. To accomplish this Mr. Miller purchased 300 of the fleetest horses he could find in the west, and 125 men. Eighty of these men were to be post-riders.—These he selected with reference to their light weight and their known daring and courage. It was very essential that the horses should be loaded as light as possible; therefore, the lighter the man the better.

It was necessary that some portions of the route should be run at the rate of twenty miles an hour.—The horses were stationed from ten to twenty miles apart, and each rider would be required to ride sixty miles. For the change of animals and the shifting of the mails, two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances tents sufficient to hold one man and two horses were provided. Indians would sometimes give chase, but their little ponies made but sorry show in their stern chase after Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a single mile in a minute and fifty seconds.

All arrangements being completed, a signal gun on the steamer Sacramento proclaimed the meridian of April 8th, 1860—the hour for starting—when Border Ruffian, Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, with Billy Baker in the saddle, bounded away toward the foot hills of Sierra Nevada, and made his ride of twenty miles in forty-nine minutes.

The snows were deep in the mountains, and one rider was lost for several hours in a snow storm, and after the Salt Lake valley was reached additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph on time.—From here all went well until the Platte was to be crossed at Julesburg. The river was up and running rapidly, but the rider plunged his horse in the flood, only, however, to mire in the quicksand and drown. The courier succeeded in reaching the shore, with his mail-bag in hand and traveled ten miles on foot to reach the next relay. Johney Fry, a popular rider in his day, was to make the finish. He had sixty miles to ride, with six horses to do it. When the last courier arrived at the sixty mile post out from St. Joseph he was one hour behind time. Two hundred thousand dollars might turn upon a single minute. Fry had just three hours and thirty minutes in which to win. This was the finish for the longest race, for the largest stake, ever run in America. When the time for his arrival was nearly up, at least 5,000 people stood upon the river bank, with eyes turned towards the woods from which the horse and its rider should emerge into the open country in the rear of Elwood—one mile from the finish. Tick, tick, went thousands of watches! The time was nearly up. But seven minutes remained. Hark! a shout goes up from the assembled multitude. "He comes! he comes!"—The noble mare, Sylph, the daughter of Little Arthur, darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in one minute and fifty seconds—landing upon the ferry boat with five minutes and a fraction to spare.

FASHION NOTES.
All young women wear short, untraced skirts on all occasions. Trained skirts are worn only by married or matronly women. Embroidery of the finest kind is considered more elegant on mull dresses than lace.
Large collars, with scallops in bright tints and borders of Smyrna lace, are worn in the morning. Some people of bad taste in New York are using unbleached linen window shades bordered with fringe. English embroidery is now sold by the yard, and of it is made the whole front breadth of some day dresses.
Shirred waists, with shirred yokes and belted in fullness at the waist line, appear among late novelties.
Net trimming is the newest thing in Paris for evening dress. Two scarfs of net are used to trim the front breadths of surah gowns, and the back draperies are bordered with the same material edged with fringe.

The London Times declares that the animals distinguished for their height and bulk are gradually disappearing. Their bodies are so huge that year by year they find increasing difficulty in getting nourishment, and their multiplication is very slow. Rats, mice and insects are so prolific that extermination is well nigh impossible; the whales, walrus, seals, white bears, the common bears, wolves, lions, tigers, gorillas, the giant armadillo, giraffes, bison, elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, kangaroo, turtle, crocodile, birds of the ostrich group, the penguin, etc., are all threatened with extinction.

A DROLL fellow, who had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat credulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. "Why," said he, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather before him; and it runs in the blood, you see."

A STRANGER passing a grave-yard, and seeing a hearse standing near by, asked who was dead. The sexton informed him. "What complaint?" asked the inquisitive one. Said the old man: "There is no complaint, everybody is satisfied."