

# 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, AUGUST 6, 1881.

No. 9.

## DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

**Circuit Court.**  
**Chief Judge.**—Hon. John Ritchie.  
**Associate Judges.**—Hon. William Viers  
Bowie and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
**State's Attorney.**—John C. Motter.  
**Clerk of the Court.**—Adolphus Fearlark, 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,  
Samuel M. Bussard, Thos. A. Smith  
of T.  
**Sheriff.**—Joseph S. B. Hartsock.  
**Tax Collector.**—D. H. Routzahn.  
**Surveyor.**—Rufus A. Rager.  
**School Commissioners.**—Jas. W. Pearce,  
Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas.  
W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.  
**Examiner.**—D. T. Lakin.  
**Emmitsburg District.**  
**Justices of the Peace.**—Michael C. Adles-  
berger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Eu-  
gene L. Rowe.  
**Registrar.**—James A. Elder.  
**Constable.**—William H. Ashbaugh.  
**School Trustees.**—Henry Stokes, E. R.  
Zimmerman, U. A. Lough.  
**Bargess.**—J. H. T. Webb.  
**Town Commissioners.**—U. A. Lough,  
Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C.  
Annan, F. W. Lansinger, 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 10 o'clock, p. m., infants S.  
School 12 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. Simonton. Services  
every other Sunday morning at 10  
o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday  
evening, at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednes-  
day evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sun-  
day School at 11 o'clock p. m. Pray-  
er Meeting every Sunday afternoon at  
8 o'clock.  
**St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).**  
**Pastor.**—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass  
6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock,  
a. m.; Vespers 6 o'clock, p. m.; Sun-  
day School, at 2 o'clock p. m.  
**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
**Pastor.**—Rev. E. O. Eldridge. Services  
every other Sunday morning at 10  
o'clock. Prayer meeting every other  
Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wed-  
nesday evening prayer meeting at 7  
o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m.  
Class meeting every other Sunday at 2  
o'clock, p. m.

## MAILS.

**Arrive.**  
From Baltimore, 7:15 a. m.; From  
Baltimore through, 7:15 p. m.; From  
Hagerstown and West, 3:45 p. m.; From  
Rocky Ridge, 7:15 p. m.; From Mot-  
ters, 11:25 a. m.; From Emmitsburg 3:30  
p. m.; From Frederick, 11:25 a. m.

**Depart.**  
For Baltimore, closed, 7:05 a. m.; For  
Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover,  
Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:05 a. m.;  
For Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m.; For Bal-  
timore, 7:15 p. m.; For Frederick  
2:35 p. m.; For Motter's, 3:35 p. m.;  
For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.  
All mails close 15 minutes before sched-  
ule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock  
a. m., to 8:15 p. m.

## SOCIETIES.

**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kindles her Council Fire every Satur-  
day evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E.  
Hockensmith, P.; Daniel Gelwicks, Sach.;  
John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Mentzer,  
Jun. S.; John T. Gelwicks, 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, Pres.;  
Thos. J. Henley, Vice-Pres.; Geo. F.  
Rider, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger,  
Ass't. Sect.; Dr. J. B. Brawner, Treas-  
urer.

**Junior Building Association.**  
Secs., J. Thos. Bussey; Directors, J.  
T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice  
Pres.; John Witherow, 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  
Jy12 1y

**Uerner & Eichelberger,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND  
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY  
Will attend promptly to all business en-  
trusted to their care.  
OFFICE—Record St., adjoining offices of  
Wm. J. & C. W. Ross, Esqs., Frederick  
city, Md. ju4-1y

**Dentistry!**  
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 prac-  
tice requires it. aug16-1y

**Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, 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 prac-  
tice requires it. aug16-1y

## THE SONG OF THE PICNIC.

BY O. P. BILDOCK.

With boots dust-covered and gray,  
With face all sweaty and red,  
The man of the picnic hurries away,  
As he helps the table to spread.  
With baskets and buckets and bag,  
With teakettle minus the spout,  
With his collar as limp as a rag,  
He hustles himself about.  
And, it's oh! to be a slave;  
A heathen or a Turk,  
Or anything else that would but  
save  
A fellow from picnic work.

He scratches around for twigs and bark,  
To kindle therewith a fire;  
He climbs a sapling, the faithful spark;  
To fix up a swing for his Ann Mariar;  
He tears his trousers as down he slides,  
And fastens them up with a pin,  
While the women folks hold their sides,  
To keep the wild laughter in.  
It's work, work, work,  
Tug and sweater and sweat,  
But a fellow never can shirk  
The picnic business, you bet.

He frolics and dances around with his  
girl,  
Till his head is dizzy and thick,  
And round her waist, mid the waltzing  
whirl,  
Dirty prints of his fingers stick.  
He sits him down at last to rest,  
On the grass so cool and green,  
And on the base of his trousers best  
Prints of a custard pie is seen.  
But it's eat, eat, eat,  
And guzzle and drink and swill,  
Ginger pop and lemonade  
With a little sarsaparill.

Still he sits with a smiling face,  
Singing sweet Sunday-school tunes,  
While the little red ants are having a race  
Up the legs of his pantaloons;  
He talks all sorts of pretty talk,  
That fills his girl's eyes with wonder,  
And asks her if she'll take a walk,  
She replies, "Ned, wasn't that thun-  
der?"  
They grasp their basket and pail,  
Hustle together those things,  
While they slip without avail  
The mosquito that round them  
sings.

## WINNING GOOD LUCK.

As the great clock in the counting  
room of Barone Brothers, bankers,  
struck five, Mr. Rufus Warner, chief  
bookkeeper and confidential clerk,  
looked up at it musingly and closed  
his ledger for the day. It was time  
now to go home; but he did not re-  
member any one day of his life that  
had ever been so short. Since he  
had unfolded his morning paper and  
read, with considerable amazement,  
a certain small advertisement, he  
had been in a state of happy per-  
plexity and blissful castle-building.  
"If this should meet the eyes of  
Rufus Warner (He had read it twenty-  
times or more during the after-  
noon). If this should meet the eyes  
of Rufus Warner, who remembers  
Joey Trexler, he will hear of some-  
thing worth knowing by addressing  
Teague & Tarbox, Attorneys-at-law,  
Chicago."

Two or three of the other clerks  
said the advertisement meant that  
he was about to "strike a streak of  
luck." But who was Joey Trexler,  
they asked. And that was just  
what puzzled Rufus Warner: Who  
was Joey Trexler? In the evening,  
though, after he had shut himself  
up alone in his room, and sat down  
before the open fire, in dressing-  
gown and slippers, it occurred to  
him. Joey Trexler! Why, of  
course, he remembered him very well.  
How stupid he had been not to  
recollect him sooner!

He had met the man long ago,  
when he, Rufus, was fifteen years  
old, and coming up to the city the  
first time. He was not likely to for-  
get that period of his life. The day  
was a chilly, lonesome one, late in  
November, and the roads were frozen  
and rough, so that the lumbering old  
stage-coach in which he rode from  
Perryville jolted at every turn of  
the wheels. He remembered, too,  
how dreary the fields looked, with  
their tall bunches of cornstalks dot-  
ting them here and there, and the  
leaves on the trees were all turned  
falling along the roadside. About  
dark it began to snow a little, and

Joey Trexler (he was the driver)  
jumped down from his box and light-  
ed the lamps at the side of the coach.  
Then the other passengers—two old  
gentlemen and an old lady—drew  
the buffalo robes about them and  
gave up talking some time. As for  
himself, he had enough to think  
about, while he sat huddled in one  
corner, watching through one of the  
windows the flicker of the lamp at  
that side and the gathering gloom  
without. By-and-bye, however, one  
of the old gentlemen disturbed him.

"Going fur?" he asked. "Maybe  
you oughtn't to fall asleep."  
"I am going to the city," Rufus  
answered. "I am not asleep."  
"Going to the city, are you?  
Well, now, that's quite a piece for a  
lad like you to go alone. Folks  
live there?"

"No."  
The coach jolted along some dis-  
tance before the man spoke to him  
again; and it grew darker and dark-  
er, so that they could not see each  
other very plainly. After a while,  
though, the old gentleman attempt-  
ed once more to start conversation.  
"Belong down in the country here  
somewhere, I suppose?" he inquir-  
ed.

"In Perryville," Rufus returned.  
"Your father keeps store there,  
maybe?"  
"He is dead."  
"Dead? Shaw! I'm sorry to hear  
it. Mother living?"

"No."  
The coach lurched, the snow blew  
against the windows, and the lamps  
shot up an extra flash.  
"So you're an orphan?" said the  
old lady, in a sympathetic tone, from  
her corner.

"Yes, ma'am."  
Here the conversation ended the  
second time; for the horses were  
now seeking their way in the dark,  
and the coach swayed to and fro,  
making it necessary that the occu-  
pants should guard against being  
thrown from their seats. Rufus,  
tired and weary, wondered if they  
would ever reach the end of the  
journey. He dozed once, in spite of  
the uncomfortable condition of  
things, and awoke with a start.  
Then he dozed again in earnest and  
dreamed vaguely. Now he was in  
his room at home; and his mother  
was standing at the side of the bed,  
looking down at him. Next, every-  
thing was confusion and the house  
was filled with the neighbors.  
Somebody was telling him that it  
was an auction, and that they were  
selling all the furniture; that his  
aunt in the city had sent for him to  
visit her until he got a chance to  
live somewhere else. Finally, the  
old house seemed to be rocking with  
the wind and the windows were rat-  
tling very loud; lights were flash-  
ing here and there, also, and people  
were calling one another. Suddenly  
he felt himself hurled to the floor  
and heard a frightful crash.

"Whoa, Bess! Whoa, I say!" It  
was the voice of the stage driver,  
calling to his horses. Rufus was  
wide awake now, and in an instant  
was aware that the coach had tipped  
over. The two old gentlemen, the  
old lady and himself were all in a  
heap together.  
"Don't any of you move!" said  
one of the men. "I've got a hold of  
the door here above us, and can  
throw it open."  
He did so in a moment and crawl-  
ed out. His companion, after groan-  
ing much and declaring that his legs  
were both broken, managed to fol-  
low; and then Rufus extracted him-  
self from the robes, and helped them  
assist the old lady to climb out.  
She was much frightened, and had  
some difficulty in standing that the  
two old gentlemen forgot their own  
aches at once, and carried her to a  
house a rod or two up the road,  
where a light glimmered. Rufus, in  
the meanwhile, hurried to unbuckle  
the harness that held down the  
floundering horses, which the driver  
was bawling at from some place  
where he had been thrown.

"That's right, boy! That's right!"  
he said, as the horses sprang to their  
feet. "Now give me a bit of a hand,  
for something's the trouble with my  
left leg and I'm gittin' drefful weak."  
Rufus, after taking off the unbrok-  
en lamp on the upper side of the  
coach and lighting it, discovered  
that the driver was pinned down in

the snow by a part of one of the  
wheels, which was resting on his  
legs.

"There, that's it! Lift ag'in, my  
boy, with all your might!" the man  
said, seizing the wheel himself, also,  
and with a great effort, dragged his  
limbs free.

He had scarcely achieved this,  
though, before he fell back in a  
swoon; and Rufus, holding the lamp  
over him, saw that his ankle had  
been cut and that it was bleeding  
frightfully. But, instead of being  
scared and running away to the  
house for aid, Rufus took off a knit  
scarf he had about his neck and tied  
it around the driver's leg, just above  
the wound, as tight as he could draw  
it. He had read somewhere that  
this was the way to check bleeding  
from a vein or an artery, and he had  
the satisfaction immediately of see-  
ing the appliance take effect and the  
blood cease flowing so rapidly.  
Then, exercising his wits still further,  
he rolled the man on one of the  
buffalo robes and dragged him over  
the snow to the house.

In the end it turned out that  
Rufus' promptness probably saved  
the driver's life; at least, the doctor,  
when he arrived, a half hour after-  
ward, said as much. But it all slipped  
out of Rufus' mind the next day,  
as soon as he reached the city, with  
its crowded streets and whirl of ex-  
citement. Once only before had he  
ever been there, and the noise be-  
wildered him for awhile. Standing  
alone in the busiest part of one of  
the great thoroughfares, he watched  
the people coming and going, until  
he became very homesick. He felt  
poor and mean, too, dressed in his  
coarse country clothes; and it did  
not seem as though he ever could  
find any chance to earn his living in  
the city. In the evening his aunt  
told him that he ought to get one of  
the newspapers in the morning and  
look through the advertisements of  
wants. This he did with much  
eagerness, and, after answering two  
letters, he selected one vacancy  
to apply for in person.

A lawyer wanted a boy to tend  
his office and run errands. Rufus  
thought, as he hurried along the  
streets, that he would be able to do  
that, and more also, perhaps, if the  
lawyer would only give him the op-  
portunity. His hopes, though, of  
obtaining even a trial expired in-  
stantly as soon as he ascended the  
first flight of stairs leading to the  
office named in the advertisement.  
As many as a hundred boys were  
already there waiting for the place;  
big and small, some good looking  
and others bad-looking, some well  
dressed and some rather shabbily.  
A tall, slim gentleman, with a prom-  
inent nose, red beard, and sharp  
eyes looking out through spectacles,  
soon passed up and through the  
crowd, and, taking Rufus by the  
arm, drew him inside the office.

"Ever been in any office before?"  
he asked, sharply.  
"No, sir," Rufus answered, timid-  
ly, "But—"

"Never mind any 'buts.' Just  
answer my questions. Are you well  
acquainted with the city?"  
Rufus was compelled to answer  
negatively again; upon which the  
man said abruptly, that he would  
not do at all, and motioned him out.  
Going down the stairs he felt a  
lump rise in his throat; but he set  
his teeth firmly and looked straight  
ahead. On the sidewalk his thoughts  
were diverted a moment or two by  
assisting an old lady into an omni-  
bus, and gathering up her bundles  
for her politely; and then he walk-  
ed on, he did not know where ex-  
actly, nor care. Very lightly, how-  
ever, his destiny sometimes seem-  
ingly buffeted about. A word, an  
act, or a look even frequently chan-  
ges the whole course of our lives;  
and by his slight courtesy to the old  
lady Rufus found out the next day  
that he had won not a little good  
luck.

After wandering about the city  
all the morning, quite disheartened  
and lonely, looking in at the store-  
windows, resting in parks and wan-  
dering how it ever came about that  
he should be in such circumstances,  
he returned to his aunt's. Dreary  
enough it was there, though, in her  
prim little parlor; and, wanting  
something to take up his attention,

he turned to the morning paper, and  
read the advertisements again. One  
particularly attracted his notice.—  
"A banking house desired a bright,  
honest boy as messenger. Address  
P. O. Box 1308." Rufus sat down  
at the center-table and wrote with  
much care a carefully worded letter.

Then he destroyed it and wrote  
another, and still another, until he  
was satisfied he had done his best.  
His father had taught him never to  
half do anything, and he remem-  
bered now all his good advice. From  
his experience at the lawyer's,  
moreover, he was aware that there  
would be a great many letters be-  
sides his, and he knew that, if he  
did not make his excellent, no at-  
tention would be given it among the  
others. And so it proved when, on  
the following morning, he stood in a  
private room of the great bank-  
ing-house of Barone Brothers.

"A great many answers, my boy,  
a great many," said the kind old  
gentleman before whom he waited;  
but he had never thought of it since.  
"But I have selected yours and one  
other as the most worthy of our no-  
tice. The other lad—yes, yes, let  
me see," looking at a letter he held  
in his hand, while Rufus grew an-  
xious. "He has the advantage of  
being familiar with the city and is  
well recommended."

There was the old lady just over  
by the fire that Rufus had helped  
into the omnibus the day before, and  
smiling a pleasant recognition at him  
at this moment, she went across to  
her husband and whispered a word  
or two in his ear, which settled the  
choice at once. In ten minutes more  
Rufus was on his way back to his  
poor and mean, too, dressed in his  
coarse country clothes; and it did  
not seem as though he ever could  
find any chance to earn his living in  
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moreover, he was aware that there  
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sides his, and he knew that, if he  
did not make his excellent, no at-  
tention would be given it among the  
others. And so it proved when, on  
the following morning, he stood in a  
private room of the great bank-  
ing-house of Barone Brothers.

a valuable clerk, and should be ad-  
vanced, with double salary, from  
that day.

Seven years later, on the night  
when the recollection of Joey Trexler  
to mind these events which had hap-  
pened since he had seen him; Rufus  
Warner reached that little stroke  
of fortune with the Brower Bill as  
the best affair that occurred in his  
favour so far. Could he ever forget  
his interview with the head of the  
firm, on his return from the journey?  
The remembrance of it gave him  
pleasure, after all the years that had  
passed.

He got up out of the easy-chair in  
which he was sitting, and walked  
about the room, flushed and animat-  
ed. The time had come, perhaps,  
when something still more lucky  
was at hand; but, for the world, he  
could not guess what it would be.  
"If you ever want a friend, my  
boy, call on Joey Trexler," the old  
stage-driver had said to him, though  
he had never thought of it since.  
"You've rid a bare backed horse  
mighty spry two miles in this storm,  
for a doctor; and I shan't forget it."

It was Thursday morning when  
Rufus Warner discovered the adver-  
tisement, and answered it as direct-  
ed. A week from that day the fol-  
lowing dialogue took place in Barone  
Brothers' private office.

"Wal, wel, bless my eyes! So  
you're that young shaver I took up  
from Perryville tea years ago?"  
"Yes, Mr. Trexler, I am Rufus  
Warner."

"Wal, now, you've got to be a  
man before I'd a-believed it. These  
gentlemen here tell me, too, that  
you've stuck to it and worked up to  
be their head clerk. That sounds  
well. The way to be lucky is to  
keep yourself lucky. That's it.—  
Keep a sharp look out, you know,"  
rubbing his hands and smiling good-  
naturedly at Rufus and then at the  
bankers. "I've been out in the  
West ten years and have done pret-  
ty well in the land, you see. Some-  
thing rather handsome, maybe; and  
—look a-here, young man—"

Mr. Trexler's face grew sober;  
and, going over to Rufus, he whis-  
pered in his ear loud enough to be  
heard a rod distant:

"I've been talking with your em-  
ployers, and supposing—supposing,  
you know, Joey Trexler just gives  
you a little lift to a partnership, eh?  
Is it agreed? Give me your hand,  
my boy! Give me your hand?"  
Rufus put out his trembling hand.  
It was agreed.

**Too Poor to Take a Paper.**  
Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*,  
was sitting in his office one after-  
noon when a farmer friend of his  
came in.

"Mr. Moore, I like your paper,  
but the times are so hard I cannot  
pay for it."

"Is that so, friend Jones? I'm  
very sorry to learn that you are so  
hard run. I will give you my pa-  
per."

"Oh, no! I can't take it as a gift."

"Well, then, let me see how we  
can fix it. You raise chickens, I  
believe?"

"Yes, a few; but they don't bring  
anything hardly."

"Don't they! Neither does my  
paper cost anything hardly. Now,  
I have a proposition to make to you.  
I will continue your paper, and  
when you go home you may select  
from your lot one chicken, and call  
her mine. Take good care of her  
and bring me the proceeds, whether  
in eggs or in chickens, and I will  
call it square."

"All right, Brother Moore," and  
the farmer chuckled as he went out  
at what he thought a clever bar-  
gain. He kept the contract strict-  
ly, and at the end of the year found  
that he had paid about four prices  
for his paper. He often tells the  
joke on himself, and says he has  
never had the cheek to say that he  
was too poor to take a paper since.

QUITE an enthusiastic affair occur-  
ed in a Kansas newspaper office  
one day last week. It was a cor-  
oner's inquest on that body of the man  
who first saw the comet and had  
come in to let the editor know it.—  
He died on the very spot where  
several other parties who were the  
first to see the comet fell, and of the  
same disease.

## The Man who Watched.

A day or two ago, soon after the  
hour of noon, an individual who  
seemed to be laboring under consid-  
erable excitement entered a grocery  
store on Michigan avenue and asked  
for a private word with the proprie-  
tor. When the request had been  
granted he explained:

"I believe myself to be an injured  
husband, and I want to verify my  
suspicions by watching a house on  
the other street. This I can best  
do from the rear of your store.—  
Have you any objections to my tak-  
ing a seat back there by the open  
window?"

The grocer granted the favor, and  
the agitated stranger walked back  
and took a seat on a box of codfish  
and began his watch. His presence  
had almost been forgotten when he  
returned to the front of the store  
with hasty step and quivering voice,  
and said:

"Great heavens! but I'll kill her!  
Yes, I'll shoot her through the  
heart!"

"Your wife?"  
"Yes, my idolized Mary! I can  
no longer doubt her guilt, and I'll  
be a murderer in less than ten min-  
utes."

The grocer tried to detain him,  
but he broke away and rushed  
around the corner. Not hearing  
anything further of him for half an  
hour, the grocer began to investi-  
gate, and he discovered that four-  
teen rolls of butter, a crock of lard,  
two hams, and other stuff had left  
the back end of the store by way of  
the window at which the watchful  
husband was stationed.

**FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.**—"My  
mother was afflicted a long time  
with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy,  
inactive condition of the whole sys-  
tem; headache, nervous prostration,  
and was almost helpless. No physi-  
cians or medicines did her any good.  
Three months ago she began to use  
Hop Bitters, with such good effect  
that she seems and feels young again,  
although over 70 years old. We  
think there is no other medicine fit  
to use in the family."—A lady, Pro-  
vidence, R. I.

**"I Don't Want A Plaster."**  
said a sick man to a druggist, "can't  
you give me something to cure me?"  
His symptoms were a lame back  
and disordered urine and were a  
sure indication of kidney disease.  
The druggist told him to use Kid-  
ney-Wort and in a short time it  
effected a complete cure. Have you  
these symptoms? Then get a box  
or a bottle to-day—before you be-  
come incurable. It is the cure;  
safe and sure.—Knoxville Republi-  
can.

A VERY useful system has, it is  
said, been inaugurated in Belgium,  
by which subscribers to the tele-  
phone exchange can be awakened at  
any desired hour in the morning by  
means of a powerful alarm.

WHEN a Boston girl is presented  
with a bouquet, she says: "Oh, how  
deliciously sweet; its fragrance per-  
meates the entire atmosphere of the  
room." A down-east girl simply  
says: "It smells scrumptious; thanks  
Reuben."

A seaside belle left her bathing  
shoes hanging out of her hotel win-  
dow to dry, and the next day the local  
paper announced "that such a hotel  
had put up new awnings of an anti-  
quated design."

A "three-year old" discovered the  
neighbor's hens in her yard scratch-  
ing. In a most indignant tone she  
reported to her mother that Mr.  
Smith's hens were "wiping their  
feet on our grass."

THE army worm got as far as Bos-  
ton when a miss with eye-glasses  
called it by its real name. It im-  
mediately laid down and died.

EVERY man is fond of striking the  
nail on the head, but when it hap-  
pens to be his finger nail, his enthu-  
siasm becomes wild and incoherent.

A watering place poet writes:—  
"Old ocean slept." We dislike to  
do it, but we are compelled to ask:  
What did the sea lion?

"Sleeping out loud" is the latest  
child definition for snoring.