

# 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 27, 1881.

No. 12.

## DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

### Circuit Court.

*Chief Justice*.—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 Fearhake, Jr.  
*Orphan's Court*.  
*Judges*.—Daniel Castle of T., John T.  
Lowe, A. W. Niedemans.  
*Register of Wills*.—James P. Perry.  
*County Commissioners*.—Thos. R. Jarboe,  
Daniel Smith of T., Peter Dudderar,  
Samuel M. Bussey, 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. Hillary, 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.  
*Burgess*.—J. H. T. Webb.  
*Town Commissioners*.—U. A. Lough,  
Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C.  
Annun, F. W. Lausinger, J. T. Long.

### CHURCHES.

#### Ev. Lutheran Church.

*Pastor*.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services  
every other Sunday, morning and even-  
ing 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. W. A. Gring. 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  
3 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, Way, 11:25 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 Gettysburg 3:30  
p. m.; 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, Way, 2:35 p. m.; Frederick  
2:35 p. m.; For Motters, 2:35 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 Sat-  
urday evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E.  
Hockensmith, P.; Daniel Gelwick, S. A.;  
John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Mentzer,  
Jun. S.; John T. Gelwick, C. of R.  
Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.

*Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.*  
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each  
month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussay, Pres.;  
Thos. J. Henley, Vice-Pres.; Geo. F.  
Hider, Secretary; E. L. Adelsberger,  
Asst. Sec.; Dr. J. B. Brawner, Treas-  
urer.

*Junior Building Association.*  
Sec., Edward H. Rowe; 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  
j12 1y

*Umer & 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. j14-1y

*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

### DAISIES.

She was a little Irish maid,  
With light brown hair and eyes of gray,  
And she had left her native shore,  
And journeyed miles and miles away  
Across the ocean, to the land  
Where waves the banner of the free,  
And on her face a shadow lay,  
For sick at heart for home was she.

When from the city's dust and heat,  
And ceaseless noise, they took her  
Where  
The birds were singing in the trees,  
And flower fragrance filled the air;  
And there their leaf-crowned heads up-  
raised

To greet the pretty gray-eyed lass,  
A million blossoms starred the road,  
And grew among the waving grass.

"Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,  
And, with hands clasped, sank on her  
knees.

"Now God be praised, who East and  
West

Scatters such lovely things as these!  
Around my mother's cabin door  
In dear old Ireland they grow.  
With hearts of gold, and slender leaves  
As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips,  
Though on her cheek there lay a tear,  
"This land's not half so strange," she said,  
"Since I have found the daisies here."

### PURE AIR IN THE MEETING-HOUSE.

The following appeal to a section for  
pure air in the meeting-house should  
have a general circulation. The spelling  
is unique and the argument irresistible.  
O sextant of the meeting-house, which  
sweeps

And dusts, or is supposed to! and malks  
fiers,  
And lites the gas, and sumtimes leaves  
a screw loose,

In which case it smells orful—worse than  
lumpie;  
And wrings the Bel, and toles it wen  
men dyes,

To the grief of survivin partners, and  
sweeps pathies;  
And for which survases gits \$100 per an-  
num,

Wich them that thinks deer let them try  
it;  
Gettin up before starlite in all wethers,  
and

Kindlin fiers wen the wether is as cold  
As zero and like as not green wood for  
kindlin

Woudn't be hired to do it for no some.  
But, O sextant, there are one kermoodity  
Wich's more than gold, wich don't cost  
nothin;

Worth more than anything exsep the  
sole of man!

I mean pewer Are—sextant, I mean pew-  
er Are.

It is plenty out o' dores—so plenty it  
don't no

What on sirth to do with itself, but flys  
about

Scatterin leaves and blowing off men's  
hatts;

In short, it's Just as free as all out dces,  
But, O sextant, in our church it's scarce  
as piet;

Scarce as bank bills wen agents beg for  
missung;

Wich sum says is purty often (taint noth-  
in to me;

Wat I give sirth nothin to nobody); but  
O sextant!

U shet 500 men, wimmen, and children,  
Speshially the latter, up in a tite place;  
Some has had brethrs, none aint 2 sweete;

Some is fevry, some is scrofulus, some  
has rotten teeth,

And some aint none, and some aint over  
cleen;

But every 1 on em breathes in & out &  
out in

Say 50 times a minute or 1 million and a  
half brethrs an hour;

Now how long will a church full of Are  
last at that rate?

I ask you? Say fifteen minutes, and then  
what's to be did?

Why there they must breathe it all over  
agin,

And then agin and so on until each has  
took it down

At least 10 times and let it up agin, and  
whats more

The same individdle dont hev the privi-  
lege

Of brethen his own Are and no ones else;  
Each must talk whatever comes to him.  
O sextant dont U no our lungs is bellus-  
ses

To blow the fire and keep it from  
Going out? & how can bellusses blow  
without wind?

And aint wind Are? I put it 2 your con-  
shens;

Are is the same to us as milk 2 babies.  
Or water is 2 fish, or pendulums 2 loxo;  
Or roots & airts unto an injun Doctor,  
Or little pills unto an omepath,

Or boys to girls. Are for us 2 breathe?  
What signifies who preaches if I cant  
breathe;

Whats Pol? Whats Pollus 2 sinners who  
are ced?

Ded for want of breathe. Why sextant  
when we dye

Its only cause we cant breathe no more—  
thats all.

& now o sextant let us beg of you  
2 let a little Are into our church;  
("fewer Are is certain proper for the  
pews)

& do it weke days and Sunday 2—  
It aint much trouble—only malk a hole  
& the are will come in of itself;

(It loves to come in where it can get  
warm)  
& o how it will Rouse the people up  
& spirit up the preacher and stop the  
gaps  
& yawns & dights as effectool  
As wind on the dry Boans the profit  
tells of.

### RECOMPENSE.

*A Domestic Lesson for the Daughters.*  
"A letter from George," exclaimed  
sister Kate, coming in from the  
post-office and holding up for our in-  
spection a large yellow envelope.—  
"And addressed to mother; isn't it  
funny?"

"To me!" exclaimed mother, in  
turn, laying down the blue sock she  
was mending, and smoothing her  
apron as though she were going to  
take the baby, "Dear me?"

"Why, how queer!" said Hattie,  
dropping her book and looking at  
Kate wonderingly. "George hasn't  
written to any of us in an age, and  
never to me. What secret's brewing  
now, I wonder?"

"Maybe he and Milly are coming  
home on a visit," I said.

"Not so early in the spring as  
this," returned Hattie, sagely;  
"Milly and house cleaning can't be  
separated."

At this moment, Mother, who had  
succeeded in tearing off the envelope  
with eager, trembling fingers, and  
had commenced reading the letter,  
suddenly twisted her chair around  
so as to turn her face from us, clear-  
ed her throat and wiped her eyes  
on a corner of her gingham apron.

"Anything the matter, mother?"

questioned Kate, anxiously, while  
Hattie and I sat in wondering silence.

There was no answer for a mo-  
ment, then, turning slowly toward  
us, she held out the letter, saying:  
"Read it aloud, Kate; Milly is taken  
very ill with typhoid fever, and  
George has written for me to come  
to them. Dear child, I wish it was  
so I could go."

"Go!" echoes Kate, decisively,  
"of course you'll go, and take one of  
us girls along to help nurse, too."

"But the work, my dear. How  
will you manage?"

"Some way," said Kate. "Let's  
see; the express goes at half-past  
six, and its halfpast five now—just  
an hour. Go and get ready, mother,  
and Cad and I'll pack your valise."

"But your father—"

"We'll take care of him, never  
fear, and he'll be home before you  
go. Hat, you're not fit for much at  
home except to run errands and  
keep awake nights, and you can do  
that there. Get ready as quick as  
possible and help mother; she's so  
excited she'll be sure to get her dress  
on hind side before, and forget to  
lace up her shoes."

My energetic sister had by this  
time gathered together their clothes,  
and, bringing the valise from the  
wardrobe, was packing them into it  
in a manner which foretold their  
coming out of a mass of wrinkles, I,  
meanwhile, looking helplessly on.—  
By dint of her earnest efforts they  
were ready in season, and when fa-  
ther came home from his work he  
found us hailing a street car to take  
them to the depot.

"Now, what's to be done first?"  
inquired Kate, after we had seen  
them off, and had re-entered the  
house with something of a realizing  
sense of the responsibility we had  
undertaken weighting our minds.—  
"There's supper to get, of course,  
and—Nellie can wash the dishes.—  
That's all, isn't it?"

"Mother said something about  
baking tomorrow," I suggested, with  
a vague idea that a certain prepara-  
tion was generally made concerning  
the bread the evening before its  
manufacture.

"To-morrow? Well, let to-mor-  
row take care of itself," said Kate,  
so promptly that I was at once si-  
lenced. "Let's see what's for sup-  
per; light bread, cookies, float and  
cold beef. Very good. The clouds  
disperse and the sky is most serene  
and fair. Set the table, Cad, while  
I make the tea."

And now, while I am doing that  
if the reader will take a little retro-  
spective glance over our lives up to  
this point, she will, no doubt, the  
better understand why we were all  
so ignorant of household affairs.—  
There was a large family of us—ten  
children in all. John, master-work-

man in one of the machine shops in  
the flourishing manufacturing town  
of which we were resident; Milly,  
the married sister and a general fa-  
vorite; Kate and myself, twins, but  
totally unlike, both in looks and dis-  
position; Hattie, a studious girl of  
16; Ross, a boisterous school-boy of  
14; Nellie, a delicate, petted child  
of 11, and three little boys in a row,  
aged respectively 9, 7 and 4, whom  
we called Tip, Earle and Benny.—  
And mother did the work for us all;  
I don't know how she managed it,  
but she did. Milly was the only  
one who had ever taken to house-  
work, and mother was one of those  
domestic burden-bearers who never  
consider their burden so heavy but  
that they can add another trifle.

Father had never been fortunate,  
peculiarly; and being anxious to  
give all their children a good edu-  
cation, the labor of saving for this  
end was added to their other toil.  
And then, like many, another good  
and unselfish, but unwise mother,  
she allowed us our own way, and  
spoiled us through indulgence; and  
as we had often heard her say she  
would rather do a thing herself than  
take the trouble to teach us how, we  
felt as if we were actually conferring  
a favor upon her by letting things  
alone. To be sure we could sweep,  
dust, wash dishes and make beds,  
and were familiar with some of the  
minor details of cookery; but to be  
able to keep the domestic machinery  
well oiled and in constant motion  
was to us like trying to converse in  
an unknown tongue. And so now,  
without any adequate knowledge of  
work and its responsibilities, we  
found ourselves with a mountain of  
difficulties to surmount, and a pretty  
mess we made of it for a few days,  
too. It was not difficult to get  
through supper, for, thanks to moth-  
er's prudent hands, there was plen-  
ty prepared for that meal; but  
when, next morning, we found the  
bread was out, cookies all gone, and  
not a stray pie for dinner, our trou-  
bles began—and they broadened and  
deepened with every passing mo-  
ment, as we became painfully aware  
that making bread and pastry was a  
branch of our education which had  
been terribly neglected; and when,  
about 10 o'clock, father, in blissful  
ignorance of the novices in charge  
at home, sent up a sirloin roast and  
the information that a stranger  
would dine with us, and fifteen min-  
utes later the washerwoman brought  
in the clothes for us to iron, I was  
ready to melt into tears, and Kate  
was so cross it was dangerous to  
speak to her. Oh, that weary,  
weary day! But only the beginning  
of many similar ones that followed  
it. How we longed for mother's  
skillful hands to straighten out the  
tangled threads our awkward fingers  
had managed to produce. There  
was something to be done from early  
morn till late at night; so that no  
sooner did we fancy ourselves free  
for half an hour, than some duty,  
undone, would stare us in the face,  
or the children would come in with  
clattering tongues and empty sto-  
machs, and in a few days I became  
addicted to chronic fretfulness, while  
Kate was transformed into a veri-  
table scold. John scowled over the  
miserable meals. Ross teased us in  
every vulnerable point; but poor,  
patient father pitied our often in-  
firmities, and ate what was set be-  
fore him for conscience sake. It  
went on in this way for about a fort-  
night, when, after a very trying day,  
we took our books and sat down for  
a quiet evening. But, alas for our  
hopes! only ten minutes of peace,  
and then an honest "ahem" from  
father caused us to look up.

"Do you know, girls," he inquired,  
"whether mother mended my pants  
before she went away?" I should  
like them to put on in the morning.  
She generally did her mending every  
week, I believe.

"There!" burst out Kate, shutting  
her book with a bang, while I after  
a desponding glance at the fascinat-  
ing pages of "David Copperfield,"  
went to examine the mending basket.

It was full to the brim; shirts,  
socks, little gingham coats with the  
pockets torn down and buttons pull-  
ed half off, with shreds of cloth  
hanging to them; father's pants and  
Nellie's school dress, with a great  
rent clear across the front. With a

doleful sigh I lifted the basket and  
without a word we sat down to the  
unwelcome task. Nine, ten o'clock  
came and went, and the basket was  
not half emptied of its contents.—  
Father, John, Ross and Nellie gaped  
and stretched, and one by one fol-  
lowed the children off to bed. Eleve-  
n, and still we sat silent and grim  
as ghosts, solemnly stitching away  
at the endless rents.

"Cad," said Kate, at last, jerking  
out the words as if she hated them;  
"how do you like it?"

"Like what?" I asked, in astonish-  
ment.

"This life of slavery. This hum-  
drum, everlasting-stick-to-it, unsat-  
isfactory existence. Without a  
speck of spice in the way of variety  
about it. Just over and over, round  
and round, until we seek our rest  
'low in the ground.'"

"Oh, Kate!" I exclaimed, almost  
shocked, "not so bad as that; not  
nearly so bad as that."

"Yes; worse than that with many,  
very many, Cad Rouncewell. My  
plain opinion, very plainly expressed,  
is that women are fools."

"Why, Kate!"

"Don't why Kate me. Just look  
at the mending basket, it has been  
filled and emptied year after year;  
filled by our carelessness and empti-  
ed by our mother's slavish toil, and  
we, great, healthy, over-grown girls,  
sat calmly by and saw her do it.—  
And she, weak, unselfish woman  
that she is, hadn't snap about her to  
rap us over the head for our ugliness."

I opened my mouth to say some-  
thing, but she made a dab at me  
with her needle and I desisted.  
"Don't expostulate!" she exclaimed,  
"I hate it. Look at yourself as  
you are and as you have been ever  
since you were born, a little, useless  
bit of furniture, and see if you don't  
look ugly. I have been taking just  
such a view of myself ever since  
we've found ourselves trying to fill  
mother's place and found we couldn't,  
and I've got so full of indignation at  
myself for being so blind, and at  
mother for being so foolish, that I  
shall burst if I don't out with it."

"But we can't help it now, Kate,"  
I ventured to remonstrate.

"No, of course we can't, you goose.  
The past isn't ours, but the present  
is, and the future may be. That's  
what I'm coming at, exactly. We  
must not let mother and father die,  
yet a while."

"Die!" I exclaimed, shocked be-  
yond expression.

"Yes, Caddy, I didn't notice it  
it any more than you have, until  
the past two weeks; but it seems to  
me now, that I could count every  
furrow in father's careworn brow,  
and every thread of mother's whiten-  
ing hair. They are old beyond their  
years, Caddy. They have been  
worked to death, and because they  
loved us so well as to bear it all  
patiently, we never saw it."

Kate's voice was all of a tremble,  
and I burst into tears.

"Mother is an intellectual wo-  
man," she went on in a moment,  
"with a mind capable of rare devel-  
opment. But how much time do  
you suppose she has had for reading  
and reflection beyond the wants and  
necessities of her large family? And  
don't you know, Cad, how often we  
have excused ourselves from reading  
aloud to her, letting her sit digging  
away into this very basket, solitary  
and alone through the long evening  
hours? I fairly hate myself when I  
think of it."

I did, too, by this time, and I  
said so. "But, Katie," I added,  
"isn't there a bright side to it some-  
where?"

"We can make one," she answered  
decisively. "I have been thinking  
of that; how would it do to work  
and get the house-cleaning all done  
before she gets home? It will be  
vacation next week and Ross and  
Nellie will be here to help us."

To this plan I gladly consented,  
and then we went to bed. When  
we awoke next morning it was with  
very different views of life and its  
stern realities from what we had  
ever cherished before. But we were  
determined to enter into the conflict  
armed with a strength higher than  
our own and through that to con-  
quer. And we did. Two weeks more  
and the house wore a new aspect

from garret to cellar; everything  
was as fresh and clean as could be,  
and well repaid we felt for all our  
toil. One spot in the house was an  
especial attraction, and that was  
mother's and father's room; hither-  
to a bare, scarcely-furnished apart-  
ment, with the same stamp of self-  
denial upon it there had always  
been upon everything that was in-  
dividually their own; but now the  
most cheery, tastefully arranged of  
any room in the house. We girls  
had planned the renovation, and  
John, dear, good, honest fellow, had  
lovingly paid the bills. And now,  
with all in readiness for her coming,  
with a well-cooked meal upon the  
table, with an air of thrift and neat-  
ness upon everything, which gave  
us the utmost satisfaction, we looked  
for our mother home. But when  
she came—when we saw the dear  
face looking eagerly out of the hack  
window to catch a glimpse of home  
and its treasured inmates—the re-  
velation of feeling was too much for  
us, and we ran behind the door to  
hide our tears. Such a foolish thing,  
but we did not stay there long. She  
called us as she came in, and we  
came out of our hiding place, all  
tear-stained as we were, and greeted  
her.

And such a time as we had tak-  
ing her over the house and witness-  
ing her delight and surprise, mingled  
with little softhearted rebukes  
for our working so hard while she  
was gone. But when she came up  
on her own room, and her eyes fell  
upon the bright new carpet and the  
bed with its snowy spread and ruf-  
fled pillows, the easy chair and  
dressing table with all its little ap-  
pointments, it was really refreshing  
to hear her exclaim over the extrava-  
gance we had been guilty of, and  
all for a woman who was fast grow-  
ing old. But oh, when we told her  
we had done it all that she might  
dwell in perpetual youth; when we  
whispered in her ear the lesson we  
had learned by putting ourselves in  
her place; when we told her what  
we propose to do in the future, that  
she might live, not as a slave, but  
as a queen among her children, how  
her heart melted into tears, and  
with what manifest love she clung  
to us!

And as the years still come and  
go we are reaping a blessed recom-  
pense. The rich reward of our  
struggle with idleness and self-in-  
dulgence we see before us in the  
faces of our loved and loving pa-  
rents, where sits a sweet content and  
beams a look of youth once more.—  
They share with us our pleasures  
and our entertainments; we share  
with them the otherwise solitary  
hours and in the interchange of  
thought and feeling find wisdom we  
could have gained from no other  
source. Rejoicing in the knowledge  
that we are smoothing for them the  
rugged pathway of mortality, we  
feel our recompense to be incorrupti-  
ble, being assured that it is as gold  
laid up in the treasure house of God,  
and bringing forth an hundred fold.

*What It Does.*  
Kidney-Wort moves the bowels  
regularly, cleanses the blood, and  
radically cures kidney disease,  
gravel, piles, bilious headache, and  
pains which are caused by disor-  
dered liver and kidneys. Thousands  
have been cured—why should you  
not try it? Your druggist will tell  
you that it is one of the most suc-  
cessful medicines ever known. It  
is sold in both Dry and Liquid form  
and its action is positive and sure in  
either form.—Dallas, Tex., Herald

*Truth in Brief.*—Anybody can  
soil the reputation of an individual,  
however pure and chaste, by utter-  
ing a suspicion that his enemies will  
believe and his friends never heard  
of. A puff of idle wind can sow a  
million of the seeds of the thistle  
and do a work of mischief which the  
husbandman must labor hard and  
long to undo, the floating particles  
being too fine to be seen and too  
light to be stopped. Such are the  
seeds of slander, so easily sown, so  
difficult to be gathered up, and yet  
so pernicious are its fruits. They  
know that many a wind will catch  
up the plague and become poisoned  
by their insinuations, without even  
seeking the antidote. No reputa-  
tion can refuse a sneer, nor any hu-  
man skill prevent mischief.

### A Thorough Job.

Judge M.—, a well known jurist  
living near Cincinnati, was fond of  
relating this anecdote. He had  
once occasion to send to the village  
after a carpenter, and a sturdy  
young fellow appeared with his  
tools.

"I want this fence mended to  
keep in the cattle. There are some  
unplanned boards—use them. It is  
out of sight from the house, so you  
need not take time to make it a  
neat job. I will only pay you a  
dollar and a half."

The judge went to dinner and  
coming out