

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, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

No. 14.

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 Pearlake, Jr.
Orphan's Court.
Judges.—Daniel Castle of T. John T.
Lowre, A. W. Nicodemus.
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—Thos. R. Jarboe,
Daniel Smith of T., Peter Dudderar,
Samuel M. Bassard, Thos. A. Smith
of T.
Sheriff.—Joseph S. B. Hartsock.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Rontzahn.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce,
Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillenry, Jas.
W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace.—Michael C. Adler-
berger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knott, En-
geline 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 Shirts, Jas. C.
Adrian, F. W. Lunsinger, J. T. Lough.

CHURCHES.

Rev. 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
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. 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.; 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
Mechanstown, Hagerstown, Hanover,
Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:05 a. m.;
For Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m.; For Bal-
timore, Way, 2:35 p. m.; For Mot-
ters, 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 5:15 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 Gelwick, Secy;
John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Meizer,
Jun. S.; John T. Gelwick, 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. Bass, Pres.;
Thos. J. Henley, Vice-Pres.; Geo. F.
Rider, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger,
Asst. Secy.; Dr. J. B. Brawner, Treas-
urer.

Junior Building Association.
Sec. Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J.
T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice
Pres.; John Withrow, W. H. Harker,
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.

M. G. URBAN, E. S. EICHELBERGER
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, Esq., Frederick
city, Md.

Dentistry!
Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist
Westminster, Md.
Emmitsburg branch, will visit
4th Wednesday of each month, and will
remain over a few days when the prac-
tice requires it.

UNDER THE ELMS OF YALE.

On the greenward the checkered shade,
Falls in fantastic play;
As if some quaint designer made
Patterns of leaf and spray;

Nor ever for an instant saw,
The perfect form he sought,
Yet true to beauty's subtle law
With patient skill he wrought.

What form methinks could be so fair
As these free lines that flow
With faintest waves of wandering air
That through the elm trees blow?

How oft beneath these very trees
I've watched their quivering play,
As gently in the summer breeze,
The drooping branches sway!

Fleet as the shadows o'er the grass
Youth's fancies through my brain
In myriad forms of beauty pass
That will not come again!

Once more beneath the elm trees' shade
I watch the dancing leaves;
And where their restless shadows played
My graver thought perceives

A truth, unseen in life's young day;
(So mists of morning hide
The rugged peaks, the toilsome way
Up the steep mountain side.)

How like to ours their little day,
As, lifted to the sky,
They take their leave in careless play,
While summer passes by.

The glad trees lift their branches high,
Clad all in green array;
Aloft their fluttering banners fly,
Below the shadows play.

Soon falls the storm the forest dreads,
Dead leaves are piled below;
While o'er them icy winter spreads
His winding sheet of snow.

Ghostly and grim the mighty trees
Uplift their branches bare;
While shrieking blasts from wind-blown
seas
Assail the midnight air.

By day their monstrous shadows fall
Athwart the snow-clad plain;
So on our hearts some shadowy pall
Conceals an endless pain!

But spring calls forth the budding leaves
On bough and bough and spray;
And every summer day retrieves
What winter took away.

Year after year the eye may trace,
Beneath the bending tree,
Their changing, changeless forms of grace
Upon the summer lea.

Stretched on the grass the happy boys
Enjoy the tranquil scene;
Nor other thought the mind employs
Than shadows on the green.

Idly they mark the shimmering gleam
That flashes through the shade,
As sudden smiles a rippling stream
Adown some forest glade!

The arching trees, the bending sky,
The fleeting clouds that pass,
That rustling breeze through branches
high,
The shadows on the grass!

Little they ween how Memory weaves
Her blended warp and woof;
Nor how fleet shadows, cast by leaves,
Are faint Oblivion proof!

Musing, I stand with beard of gray,
And so, in after years,
These youths may watch the shadows
play.

As I, through mist of tears,
—J. Edwards Clarke, Yale '55.

Down in the Luray Cave.

Wonders that have been Discovered Un-
der Ground.

Correspondence of the Phila. Times.

LURAY, VA., July 26.—Well, why

at Luray? Where is Luray, and

what goes on there? There are

thousands of people who have never

heard of Luray except in connection

with Stonewall Jackson's fa-

mous flank movement on Banks,

nearly twenty years ago, and the

presence of Lee's army in the Valley

a few months later. But Luray is

now achieving celebrity by reason

of the opening of its wonderful cave

—a cave which is destined to be-

come one of the most famous and

widely-known of all the underground

phenomena of this world. Until re-

cently Luray has been compara-

tively inaccessible. From the point to

which the Shenandoah Valley Rail-

road was built a rough and dusty stage

ride afforded the only means of

reaching it. The discomforts of such

a ride found some compensation in

the enjoyment of the magnificent

scenery of the Valley of the Shen-

andoah. The railway is now com-

pleted and reaches White Sulphur

Springs, some distance beyond Lu-

ray, opening up communications

through the Shenandoah Valley with

a section of rich farming country
which has been isolated from the
rest of the world.

We go from the hotel to the cave
in, or rather on a gigantic vehicle of
extraordinary construction. It is
called a "backboard," but is radi-
cally different in its rig from the
slender conveyances known elsewhere
by that name. It holds about as
many people as a street car. The
seats are placed crosswise, and the
bottom is one huge spring, the ef-
fect of which is amusingly percep-
tible on the passengers when going
over ruts, gullies or big stones.

We descend through what looks
like a cellar stairway. The door to
the cave is opened, and for a mo-
ment we shudder as a chilly blast
strikes us. It is like going into a
cemetery vault. Outside the ther-
mometer is about a hundred. Down
in this hole it is uniformly fifty-eight.

Down, down, down we go, and are
presently in the bowels of the earth,
on a hard, stony floor. The chill-
ness has gone and all idea of ceme-
tery vault has vanished. We lift
our candles, and lo! from the roof
of the cave and all around its sides
hang stalactites in strange profusion
and in unexpected variety. The
narrow entrance expands into a spa-
cious hall. The road is thirty feet
high. There are columns and dra-
peries and all manner of fantastic
shapes which a little effort of the
imagination can form into anything
that fancy may desire. Although
there are three avenues leading from
this hall they do not appear as we
enter. All beyond seems darkness
and impenetrable wall. This hall
was all that rewarded the efforts of
Mr. Campbell and his fellow discov-
erers when in August, 1878, they
made their first entrance among
these mysteries. Then there was
one obstacle to further progress, ap-
propriately named "Muddy Lake."

We descend by a stairway to this
lake, which is now bridged over.—
As we go we are shown Washington's
column, a massive stalagmite, twenty
feet high and thirty feet in diam-
eter. It is fluted almost as regularly as
if by the tool of the stonemason. But
as we talk of stalactites and stalag-
mites a word of explanation may be
acceptable to those who are not fa-
miliar with caverns and their fur-
nishings. A stalactite is formed by
drippings from the roof of the cave.

It hangs overhead and points down-
ward. The proportions of a majori-
ty of the round stalactites are much
the same as those of parsnips. Stalag-
mites rest on the floor and point
upward. They are generally more
dumpy in shape than the stalactites.
Stalagmites are formed by the drip-
pings from the tips of the overhang-
ing stalactites. In process of time
the stalactite reaches down from
above by slow accretions, and the
stalagmite in corresponding manner
grows upward from below. The
two unite, and columns and flutings
are formed.

The formations frequently vary
from the apparently original round
or parsnip-shaped style and assume
the most grotesque shapes and pat-
terns. Some of these are known by
such names as "stone-cloth," "dra-
peries," "blankets" and the like.—
One of the most curious formations
is that which resembles a woolen
blanket with a dark-brown striped
edge. There are several places in
the cave where the appearance is as
if hundreds of full-sized blankets
were hung up to dry. Then there is
another grotesquely eccentric forma-
tion. We pass it shortly after leav-
ing Muddy Lake. Our guides tell
us that we are in the "Fish Market,"
and sure enough the walls appear to
be hung thickly with silver perch,
black bass, bluefish and herring.—
Some of these have forked tails
which would appear irregular in
any other sort of fish market, but
to which no exception can be taken
here. Close by these fish are hun-
dreds of eels of all sizes, their tails
pointing downward. These eels look
as if ready for frying. Water moist-
ens all of these, as indeed over every-
thing else in the cave. There is no
actual flow of water, except in a few
places, but all the formations are a-
bout as moist as a raw oyster. In
some parts of the cavern drops of
water trickle from the roof. This
makes it advisable for visitors to

leave their best clothes elsewhere
when they come in, and wear old
hats and any woolen wraps they
may happen to have handy. A
rubber coat is not necessary, and he
who wears one will be uncomforta-
bly warm.

We climb some stairs and are on
a clay-paved plateau 300 feet wide
and 500 long. It is the Elfin Ram-
ble. The ceiling is low, but the
elves, who were short of stature, must
have had a jolly time running a-
round here. Just beyond is Pluto's
Chasm, through which that unpleas-
ant myth bore Proserpine to the re-
gions below. The avenue by which
they went down is closed, and bot-
tom is touched at about a hundred
feet. With a magnesium light, the
guide illuminates the yawning chasm
and a wealth of geologic beauty is
brought to view, which our candles
are powerless to reveal. A wall of
shining stalactites is before us. Far
down the chasm, is a ghosly look-
ing stalagmite, white and tall, fluted
in part, and partly decked with a
fringe of snow-white drapery. They
call it the spectre, and it is well
named. Not far off, we find our-
selves among a wilderness of spirals
and draperies, conspicuous among
which is a group of statuary. It
bears the name of "Hagar and Ish-
mael," and looks quite as much like
those Scriptural outcasts as it does
like anything else in the heavens or
under the earth. Then we see a lot
of translucent alabaster scarfs, some
of which are plain white, while oth-
ers are like agate and striped with
many shades of brown.

Now we enter the Giants' Hall,
where the wonders are labeled with
all kinds of mythological, historical
and fancy names. Here is "Titania's
Veil," a pure white fabric of appar-
ently lace-like texture. The "Snow
Bank" is a wide stream of stone,
whose name indicates its purity.—
Unstained white appears to be the
normal hue of all the formations in
the cave. When colored and tinted
in various shades it is because the
water has trickled through oxide of
iron or other color-yielding substan-
ces. Here is a famous formation
known as the "Frozen Fountain."
The magnesium light exposes its
rigid purity. There oxide of iron
has done its tint work on a magnifi-
cent series of draperies, forming the
"Saraen's Tent." Here is a piece
of majestic magnificence in the "El-
len Column." This suggests all
manner of geographical puzzles.—
How did it fall, and when? What
convulsion of nature overturned it?
Why did not the fall of such an im-
mense mass bring down by its con-
cussion every stalactite in the cave?

We "give it up." Geologists and
scientists, and all the others that
end in "ists," may look wise and use
words as long as the stalactites them-
selves, but there are a great many
things about this cave concerning
which they are as yet powerless to
give exact information. One thing
the scientific people have given as
their solemn opinion, namely, that
it takes 125 years to form a cubic
inch of stalactite or stalagmite from
dripping limestone. From this it is
evident that the Luray Cave, with
all that constitutes its magnificence,
has been about 100,000,000,000
years in process of formation. This
is a matter of chronology which is
beyond dispute, and nobody must
cavil at it.

THE FOURTEEN WONDERS OF THE
WORLD.—The seven wonders of the
world, in ancient times, were the
Pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of
Alexandria, the walls and hanging
gardens of Babylon, the Temple of
Diana, the statue of the Olympian
Jupiter, the Mausoleum of Artemisia,
and the Colossus at Rhodes.

The seven wonders of the world in
modern times are the printing-press,
the steam-engine, the telegraph, the
daguerrotype, the telephone, the
phonograph, and the electric light.

The so-called "Seven Wonders" of
the Ancients were mere trifles com-
pared with those of the present time.
The Brooklyn Bridge, for example,
would make the hanging gardens of
Babylon a mere toy, while the whole
seven wonders put together would
sink into insignificance could their
builders have seen a lightning ex-
press train at full speed.

EXPECTING TO BE BLOWN AWAY.

A Terrible Night Experience in the Mt.
Washington Signal Service Building.

Noticing that the sides of the sum-
mit were strewn with boards, beams
and debris, my guide explained that
what I saw was the result of the
great January gale. He added:

"Late in the afternoon my com-
rade, Sergeant M—, came to
where I was lying abed sick, and
said, 'There is going to be the devil
to play, so I guess I'll make every-
thing snug.'"

"By nine in the evening the wind
had increased to 100 miles an hour,
with heavy sleet. At midnight the
velocity of the storm was 120 miles,
and the exposed thermometer reach-
ed 24 degrees below zero. With
the stove red, we could hardly get
it above freezing inside the house.
Water froze within three feet of the
fire—in fact, where you are now sit-
ting."

"At this time the noise outside
was deafening. About one o'clock
the wind rose to 150 miles. It was
now blowing a hurricane. The wind,
gathering up all the loose ice of the
mountain, dashed it against the
house with one continued roar. I
lay wondering how long the building
would stand this, when all at once
came a crash. M— shouted to
me to get up; but I had tumbled
out in a hurry on hearing the glass
go. You see, I was dressed, to keep
myself warm in bed."

"Our united efforts were hardly
equal to closing the storm shutters
from the inside, but we finally suc-
ceeded, though the lights went out
when the wind came in, and we
worked in the dark."

He rose to show me how the shut-
ters of thick oak were first secured
by an iron bar, and secondly by
strong wooden frames.

"We had scarcely done this," re-
sumed Doyle, "and were shivering
over the fire, when a heavy gust of
wind again burst open the shutters
as easily as if they had never been
fastened at all. We sprang to our
feet. After a hard tussel we again
secured the windows by nailing a
cleat to the floor, against which one
end of a board was fixed, using the
other end as a lever. You under-
stand?" I nodded. "Well, even
then it was all we could do to force
the shutters back into their place.
But we did it. We had to do it."

"The rest of the night was passed
in momentary expectation that the
building would be blown into Tuck-
erman's Ravine, and we with it. At
four o'clock in the morning the wind
registered 180 miles. It had shifted
then from east to northeast. From
this time it steadily fell to ten miles,
at nine o'clock. This was the big-
gest blow ever experienced on the
mountain."

"Suppose the house had gone, and
the hotel stood fast, could you have
effected an entrance into the hotel?"
I asked.

"We could not have faced the
gale."

"Not for a hundred feet? not in a
matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would
have lifted us from our feet like bags
of wool. We would have been dash-
ed against the rocks, and smashed
like egg shells," was the quiet re-
ply.

"And so for many hours you ex-
pected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each
wrapped himself in blankets and
quilts, binding these tightly around
him with ropes, to which were at-
tached bars of iron, so that if the
house went by the board we might
stand a chance—a slim one—of an-
choring somewhere, somehow."

Harper's Magazine.

Indigestion.
The main cause of nervousness is
indigestion, and that is caused by
weakness of the stomach. No one
can have sound nerves and good
health without using Hop Bitters to
strengthen the stomach, purify the
blood, and to keep the liver and
kidneys active, to carry off all the
poisonous and waste matter of the
system. See other column.

EXHAUSTED and enfeebled consti-
tutions suffering from dyspepsia,
nervousness and general weakness
cured by Brown's Iron Bitters.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"At midnight last night," said the
old man in a solemn voice, as he
looked up and down the aisles, "at
midnight last night de spirit of
Brudder Charles Climax Goshport,
a local member of dis club, passed
from y'arth to de unknown. Only
a week ago he sat in his hall; to-
night he am dressed fur de grave.—
What ackshun will tire club take?"

"I 'spose, sah," said the Rev.
Penstock as he rose up, "dat it am
in order to present a resolutiun to
de effect dat he was a man of de
highest integrity, liberal hearted,
high minded, an' dat his loss am a
sad blow to de hull city."

"Yes, such a resolutiun am in or-
der. Brudder Penstock can you re-
member dat you eber took Brudder
Goshport by de hanb an' gin him a
word of praise fur his hard work an'
honest ways?"

"I—I—doan' remember dat I eb-
er did, sah."

"Am dar a pussan in dis hall who
kin remember dat he eber put his
self out to favor Brudder Gosh-
port?"

Not a man answered.

"Kin any one of you remember
dat you took any partickler interes
in how he got along?"

Not a voice was heard in reply.

"To be a little plainer," contin-
ued the President, "am dar one sin-
gle pussan in dis hall who eber felt
five cents' worth of anxiety fur
Brudder Goshport's worldly or spiri-
tual welfare?"

The hall was so quiet that the
sound of Elder Toots rubbing his
back on the sharp edge of a win-
dow-casing gave everybody a start.

"Not a man in dis hall club—not
a man in dis hull city, so far as we
know, eber put himself out to do a
favor for or speak a word in praise
of our lamented brudder, an' yet we
have the cheek to talk of a resolu-
shun settin' forth his many virtues
an' our heartfelt sorrow! No, sir!
We doan' pass no sick bizness heal!
I should be ashamed to look his
widder in de face, if we did. It am
de way of de world to let men alone
just when a little help would give
em a broad and easy road. We
har of dis man or dat man havin'
won de gratitude of de people, but
we doan' har of it until he am dead.
When a man has gone from y'arth
de papers an' de public suddenly
dikiever how honest he was; what a
big heart he had; how much good
he was allus doin', an' what a loss
to de world his death will prove.—
De time to praise a man is when he
am livin' beside us. Praise hurts
nobody, but many a good man has
grown weary fur de want of appre-
ciashun. Heah am seventy-two of
us in his hall to night, an' we have
to own up dat not one of us abel
went outer our way to prove to our
brudder dat his gentle ways, his
sugar-dealin' an' his upright life
was any mo' 'preciated by us dan as
if he had been a hoss thief! An' to
pass a resolutiun would be to
brand ourselves hypocrites. Let no
man dare offer one."

The Rate at which Trees Grow.

When timber planting is in order,
as it most certainly will be in a few
years, it will be desirable to know
the rate of growth of different trees,
in order to know what will grow
rapidly and be serviceable in a
short time. Observation tends to
show that the growth for twelve
years is as follows: White maple,
one foot in diameter, thirty feet
high; ash, one foot in diameter,
twenty feet high; white willow, one
and a half feet in diameter, fifty
feet high; yellow willow, one and a
half feet in diameter, thirty-five
feet high; Lombardy poplar, ten
inches in diameter, forty feet high;
blue and white ash, ten inches in di-
ameter, twenty-five feet high; black
walnut and butternut, ten inches in
diameter and twenty feet high.

If rats or mice infest any part of
your house, find their holes and
stuff them with rags dipped in a
strong solution of cayenne pepper.
No rodent will ever take a second
nibble at that rag.

Bayadere striped and striped wa-
tered silk are to be the fashionable
materials to combine with woolen
goods next winter.

It is estimated that in 1880 New
York spent \$1,000,000 for rosebuds,
some of which, notably Gen. Joe-
queminot, sold for eight times their
weight in gold.

THERE is more eloquence in the
gift of a dollar to a starving family
than in the most charming sermon
that was ever preached on the sub-
ject of charity.

Charlemagne's Tomb.

When the great Emperor Charle-
magne died, he had given directions
that his body should not be laid in
the dust, like that of common mor-
tals. He was, however, arrayed in
a royal mantle, and placed in a
kingly chair. A crown, encrusted
with jewels, rested on his lifeless
brow; his favorite sword, Joyeuse,
was by his side, and the open scroll
of the Gospels on his knees. And
thus the mighty conqueror was left
alone in his sealed tomb for a hun-
dred and eighty years. Then it
came into the mind one day of one
of his successors to open this tomb
and see how it fared with the great
Emperor, and what had become of
the riches of his grand mausoleum.
So King Otho ordered the sealed
tomb to be opened, and with a curi-
ous eye he entered this vault of
death. Charlemagne sat there still!
But oh, what a ghastly sight! The
royal robes were dropping away
from the skeleton form. The crown
had sunk over the skeleton brow,
and this was the only mark of roy-
alty left. Otho called, but the
great Emperor was silent. He ap-
proached and touched the monarch,
but in an instant it collapsed into
dust. No matter

