

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, OCTOBER 1, 1881.

No. 17.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge—Hon. John Ritchie.
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.
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. Routhman.
Surveyors—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hilliard, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace—Michael C. Aillesberger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Eugene L. Howe.
Register—James A. Elder.
Constables—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. Zeeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C. Anan, F. W. Lansinger, J. T. Long.

CHURCHES.

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 School, 11 a. 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. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 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 morning at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday 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.

From Baltimore. Way, 11:25 a. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 3:45 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7:15 p. m.; From Monters, 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 Baltimore, Way, 2:35 p. m.; Frederick, 2:35 p. m.; For Mt. Airy, 2:35 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.

All mails close 15 minutes before schedule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m. to 8:15 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massasoit 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 R.; Chas. S. Zeeck, 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; P. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Dr. J. B. Branner, Treasurer.

Junior Building Association.
Sec., Edward H. Rowe; 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. Jy12-1y

M. G. DENNER, E. S. EICHELBERGER
Umer & Eichelberger,
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. ju14-1y

Dentistry!
Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist
Westminster, Md.
Next door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 3rd Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug16-1y

WHAT IS NOBLE?

What is noble?—to inherit
Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than those for me!—
Something greater far must enter
Into life's majestic span,
Fitted to create and centre
True nobility in man.

What is noble?—his finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan:
To uplift our fellow being,
And, like man, to feel for Man!

What is noble?—is the sabre
Nobler than the humbler spade?
Or the engine's iron head,
Than a dignity in labor?
Truer than e'er pomp arrayed!
He who seeks the mind's improvement
Aids the world, in aiding mind!
Every great commanding movement
Serves not one, but all mankind!

O'er the forge's heat and ashes,
O'er the engine's iron head,
Where the rapid shuttle flashes,
And the spindle whirls its thread:
There is labor, lowly tending
Each requirement of the hour—
There is genius, still extending
Science, and its world of power!

Mid the dust, and speed, and clamor
Of the loom-shed and the mill:
Mid the clink of wheel and hammer,
Great results are growing still!
Thoughts too oft, by fashion's creatures,
Work and workers may be blamed,
Commerce may not hide its features,
Industry is not ashamed!

What is noble?—that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps, like angel's tread,
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noblest who advances
Freedom, and the Cause of Man!

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotted with blossoms and fruits!
And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order
Unharmful by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day;
While you sit in your quietest
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bed-sides
Where I must stand watchful each night;
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet would not change places with you.

No! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from both and noise;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys!

The Stage-Driver's Story.

In '67 Jake Poole was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region; and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which this trail ran—for it was little less than a trail—was totally uninhabited, but for the three stage stations, where horses were changed, and which were dugouts, or huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the route itself ran through precipices, as though originally laid out by the mountain sheep. Notwithstanding all this, Jake was a successful driver, made better time, lost fewer mails and express safes, and ran his coach at a smaller expense to the company, than any other man in its employ. But when misfortune did overtake him, it was no light hand that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the following adventure proves:

One unmy morning, in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage office and prepared to receive mails, express and messengers, and passengers, if any there should be for Helena, the Wells Fargo agent

called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the foot brake Poole descended from his perch and entered the office.

The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over today."

"All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing nearer, "Dick's sick and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively; then, touching the revolver which hung at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more, and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper Tom and his pal, old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Poole whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road agent in Montana—a desperado with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags," said the agent, "I must!" said the expressman anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, will you take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed.

"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol, I may want two," and he took the other's revolver from the desk, where it lay and thrust it into his boot-top. "As to carrying it through, that's another matter, with these fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through, the safe shall!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward and, amid a shower of mud, disappeared down the steep mountain road.

Although it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Poole was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.

"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a horse struck foot upon; and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leaders' feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without brakes."

And he gathered his reins with a firmer hand, as if already whirling at that mad pace down the mountain side.

"Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by 5 o'clock and reach the Pass before 6. I'll strike Dick's before 7, certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. By Jove, he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heel against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me unless—Good heavens! what if they try it in the very Pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment and his face grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in boot and belt, and concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they meet me in the Pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss their first shot I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!"

It was now high noon and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed, and where Poole dined upon jerked bear meat,

hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart the keeper of the station slipped from his dugout and drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road a bit that'll want a ride. He war here 'bout two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'!"

And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol butt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks, Tom. I'll keep my eyes open. So long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's old Jim, enre," said Poole to himself, as his trained eyes searched the road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all!"

The teeth closed with a snap.

"Good," he continued a moment later. "He shall ride."

Some five miles were passed, when, in the shadow of a pine that grew near the trail, Jack espied his prospective passenger prone upon the ground, apparently resting. "As the coach drew near the man arose slowly:

"Hullo, driver! Kin ye favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride. Kin ye give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was, if tattered garment betokened poverty. Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes could not well be disguised.

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet fully awake to his danger, Jack drew rein and replied:

"Yes. Be lively, I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

"The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side:

"Dickson's."

A touch of the whip and the horses were again upon a trot. Poole eyed his companion and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot top and loosened his revolver there.

"Cold day for May," said the newcomer shivering. "This yer wind's sharp."

"Yes," responded the other, wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel had concealed his weapons, "it is cold; but you'll find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure?" said the old man, leaning in Jack's face.

"Sure," responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint in the word; and he urged his horses to yet greater speed.

The grade was sharply descending and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion.

Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands, in order to avoid being hurled to the ground.—This was as Poole desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer-a-drivin' purty fast!" screamed the gray-headed desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. "You'll—hev—to—hold—up—at—the—Pass—I—reck—on!"

Jake set his teeth.

The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them and the roadway descending the steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the gravel-like opening—a narrow path, but little wider than the coach itself.

The roar of the angry river below knelled a never ending warning, as it ran, ragged and torn among the misted rocks, and the death-like mist that crept up was deep and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and with these words the driver struck his horses sharply, and, snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass.

At the same instant, half way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the road,

way, a beetling wall of rock on one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man.

Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry.

The old man at Poole's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grip of the seat with one hand he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaned suddenly toward him, and pressing a revolver muzzle against his forehead, whispered hoarsely:

"Down with yer hands! If ye stir ag'in I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an' ye can't catch Jake Poole nor his load this time! Down with yer hands!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen, and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom.

For an instant as they came, that worthy stood facing them; then, through the fading light he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the stern set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror stricken cry he turned and fled!

Could he but reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape—could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron-shod hoof behind him, narrower, and still narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled into the canyon beneath, and the coach sped on.

Half an hour later Jake Poole pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half-fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers he said:

"Bind that man and give him to the sheriff! It's old Jim, the road agent! His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the Pass; this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last run from Gallatin! There's too much risk 'bout the business for me."

And Jake kept his word. He no longer coaches, but now keeps public house in Helena, itself, where, not long since, at his own snug fire-side, he told me this thrilling tale.

A True Cause for Regret.
It makes the heart of every philanthropist sad to see so many worthless patent medicines puffed and advertised for the cure of chronic diseases. Usually the remedy is some vile cathartic compound or alcoholic preparation, combined with bichloride, turpentine or other severe diuretic that affords the invalid only temporary relief, but which has no lasting effect, and in truth eventually brings on a complication of diseases arising from a state of worn-out and exhausted digestive and urinary organs that nothing but death can relieve. Invalids should trust more to nature for their recovery.—A gentle medicinal tonic that stimulates enfeebled digestion and strengthens every part of the system by its soothing and refreshing effect on both mind and body, is nature's truest and best assistant. Such a remedy is Brown's Iron Bitters, a medicine surpassing the sale of all other remedies whenever its merits become known, for it acts in such perfect harmony with the laws of life and health, that all pulmonary, urinary and digestive troubles are prevented and permanently cured by its timely use. It contains no alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth. Physicians and ministers endorse and recommend it.

RECENTLY Prof. Huxley said that 99 men out of every 100 became simply obstructive after 60 years old, and were not flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas. The world, he thought, would be benefitted by any man who had taken part in science being strangled after 60.

That Parlor.
Don't be a slave to your possessions. We know you have a beautiful home and everything convenient—even more; you have luxuries; but how much do you enjoy? If you open the parlor to your family, dust will collect upon sofa, table and ornaments.

Oh, no, that will not do, so the parlor is cool and dark, awaiting callers, which is pleasant to be sure; but wouldn't your tired husband like to rest in that shady room those five or ten minutes in which you are putting the last dishes upon the dinner table?

How many hours do you think he has ever spent in that parlor? Why, he never thinks of setting his foot across its threshold; he couldn't read the paper without opening the blinds, and that would "call the flies." So he goes to the door step, and although there he may repeat "I am monarch of all I survey," if he continues "My right there is none to dispute," 'tis because experience has taught him that his right extends not to the parlor.

But he will be admitted to that sacred apartment ere long, to remain three days and three nights, with closed eyes. The oil paintings may be there, in all their beauty; the portraits may be just as life-like and the gems of art as charming as they are to-day; but all will be lost to your gaze as with tearful eyes you exclaim, "O John I do look once more upon your beautiful home."

Will you then think sofa or easy chair too nice for his every-day garments? Would you allow the dust of his boots to keep him from admiring your richest carpet?

When the house is sold will strangers think how carefully you kept the frescoed walls and spotless paint? Oh, be not a slave to your possessions! Life is ever changing.—*Home Guardian.*

Hours and Minutes.
Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes? Why not divide our time as we do our money, by tens, counting ten of fifty, or 100 minutes to the hour? This question was asked by an intelligent boy a few days since, and the answer given him may both interest and instruct other young people. The answer is this: We have sixty divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches, because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal system, but for common and practical purposes they counted by *sessis* and *sarsi*, the *sessis* representing six-tenths, and the *sarsi* sixty times six, 3,600. From Hipparchus, that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 120 A. D., and thence was carried down the stream of science and civilization, and found its way to the dial-plates of our clocks and watches.

Burglars broke into the house of a horribly ugly old maid, and just as they approached her couch, the woman, who was dreaming she was being proposed to by a handsome young man, exclaimed:

"Yes, love, I will marry you."

The frightened burglars sprang thirty feet through the window sash, and never stopped until they were hid under a haystack fifteen miles from town.

How to get Well.
Thousands of persons are constantly troubled with a combination of diseases. Diseased kidneys and costive bowels are their tormentors. They should know that Kidney-Wort acts on these organs at the same time, causing them to throw off the poisons that have clogged them, and so renewing the whole man. Hundreds testify to this.—*Pittsburg Post.*

"I CANNOT pay you this morning," said the customer to the milkman; "you'll have to chalk it down." "Chalk it down?" stammered the milkman. "Yes, chalk it down.—Why you look as if you didn't know what a piece of chalk is." The milkman blushed, and picking up his can sadly took his whey from the door, pondering on the uncertainty of human affairs.

Wicked for Clergymen.
"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

Rev. —, Washington, D. C.

THE truly courageous tramp has no fears of trichinosis. "That their count o' yourn of the worm that lives and moves and has its bein' in the human body," he said, as he peered through a cracked window pane at the editor, "was kind o' skeery readin', but I've tramped it for three years now in all weathers and I've eat out of ash bars in the cities and gnawed the bones the dogs left on the roads in the kentry and I guess I'd rather have trichinew than nothin'!"

Why is it that the world is so constituted that the things you want most are apt to be the things you ought not to have?

Who says one's acquaintances refuse to assist one in distress? When a man is reduced to straits his friends give him a wide berth.

A LITTLE boy was asked recently if he knew where the wicked finally went. He answered:

"They practice law here a spell, and then go the Legislature."

"He's a man after my own heart," exclaimed an impulsive young lady, some time since. "Pshaw!" exclaimed her practical old father, "he's a man after the money your Uncle Jacob left you."

Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Bell, the inventor of the telephone, both had deaf mute wives. Little comment is necessary, but just see what a man can accomplish when everything is quiet.

An old man who had been badly hurt in a railroad collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said:

"Wal, no; not for damages. I've had enough of them, but I'll just sue 'em for repairs."

LITTLE Nell mashed her finger in the door, the other day, and came up crying, and holding it in her other hand. All at once she stopped, as if listening, and then looking up through her tears, exclaimed:—"Mamma, there's a little heart in my finger; I feel it frobbing."

When a poor Irishman lay on his death-bed, one of his friends came in to express his sympathy. He took the poor man's hand and said, with evident emotion:

"Pat, my boy, we must all of us die once."

The sick man turned over in a disengaged frame of mind, and replied:

"That's just what bothers me. If we could only die half dozen times, I wouldn't worry about this."

A DUTCHMAN repeated the adage, "Birds and one felder goes mit demselven."

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Kidney Diseases.
Kidney diseases afflict the greater part of the human race, and they are constantly on the increase, but where the virtues of Kidney-Wort have become known, they are held in check and speedily cured. Let those who have had to constantly dose spirits of nitre and such stuff, give this great remedy a trial and be cured. In the dry form it is most economical, in the liquid the most convenient.—*Phila. Press.*

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"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."

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"Pat, my boy, we must all of us die once."

THE TRAGEDY ENDED.

The most extended funeral services, that have ever taken place, were those which on last Monday, sadly and mournfully closed the drama, that through all its changing scenes, has been eagerly and anxiously watched by the whole civilized world, when a bowed and stricken nation consigned the body of its murdered Chief to the tomb.

There have been, it is true, occasions without number, when the pageantry of royalty, displayed its glittering and more or less hollow grief, through days and even weeks, with all the pomp and circumstance which wealth and power gave; but on this occasion, the united hearts of an entire people, we may say, of all civilized peoples, moved by a common feeling, gave themselves up, to do their utmost towards honouring the memory of the fallen Chief, who, springing from the lowest ranks, had by successive gradations gone up to the utmost round of the ladder of fame and power.

Compacted and rounded in symmetrical grandeur to the completion of earthly attainments, the spirit of James A. Garfield had winged its flight for the transcendent glory, and unspeakable light beyond the stars. It was meet that the people should thus honour, the honoured one, who, as representative of the possibilities of popular government, reflected back upon them the fame they had conferred and pointed the way to coming generations, whereby their own aspirations might ascend.

Henceforth, the name and the fame of Garfield will stand forth forever glorious on the pages of history. How he crowded and compacted the works of ages into a few years! and in the prime of manhood, yielded up the life which so early had reached its summit of earthly completeness. So that it stands forth as statesman, orator, leader in the forum, and in the sphere of arms. The son, the husband, the father, the christian statesman, each characteristic, as a model in its sphere.

His christian character has been well emphasized, it is to be regretted, however, that whilst his sayings, indicative of the highest patience, and most heroic endurance, under suffering and pain, have been given forth to the world, there have been none to appear, amongst the volumes of the utterances from the White House, which might be taken as his testimony in favour of the verities of the unseen world. This seems to be in contradiction to all christian consciousness, for from the humblest to the highest, in the very nature of things, there must come forth, more or less emphatic expression of the inner controlling experience, in the approaching shadows of death.

Common charity leads us to entertain the conviction, that the policy of state craft, rightly or wrongly led to the suppression, of what did not seem directly to pertain, to the requirements and the dictation of State affairs.

The funeral took place agreeably to the programme announced, at Cleveland, Ohio, on last Monday. The remains of the illustrious dead were laid to rest in Lake View cemetery. The pageant was long and very imposing, and was made up of mourners from all parts of the Union, who numbered more than 200,000 persons, and all over the land memorial services were held, and not only so, but in foreign countries, conspicuously in England, there was a cessation from business, and an union in tributes of respect to the memory of the deceased.

A Newport (Ark.) special says the passenger train on the Iron Mountain Railroad was robbed Thursday night by five masked men, who halted and boarded the train, forced the express messenger to open the safe and then proceeded to rob the passengers. They obtained \$18,000 from the safe. It is claimed that the total loss will not fall short of between \$40,000 and \$50,000. A cotton dealer named J. S. Atkinson lost \$2,500. The robbers are said to be mere boys, and it is believed that they will shortly be captured. Gov. Churchill will doubtless offer a reward of \$2,500 and the railroad company much more for their capture.

The total number of white voters in Virginia, according to the report of the auditor, is 187,196, and that of the colored voters is 114,193, a total of 301,389. Somewhat more than two-thirds of these, or 217,615, voted at the presidential election a year ago.

EFFIGY BURNING.

It is singular to note the loose and undefined impressions, which many persons entertain, in regard to the punishment of criminals, the character of the laws under which they are arraigned, and the force of the penalty which may attach to their wrong doing.

We have been led to this train of thought by the fact, that in various places, in the midst of the national mourning, the miserable assassin, who is responsible for the national calamity, has been burnt in effigy.

Now what good can come of such proceedings? Suppose, for instance, that the reckless wretch should fall into the hands of a mob, and the mobs passions should be gratified to the utmost, in his death, under the most cruel forms, what benefit one way or another could result in the case? Surely, it would but add to the sense of horror, that the law fails to meet the ends of justice, and is set aside by force, which refuse to accord to it the reverence and respect, which it demands.

A crime is an infraction of law, and the law defines the penalty for the act. The vindication of the right, and the degradation of the guilty, come under the law, wherever christian civilization prevails. To be hung under the mandate of the law is surely more ignominious, than to be hung by an irresponsible mob.

The effect to restrain transgression too, is far more deep and powerful as coming from constituted authority, than from an ill regulated crowd.

The majesty of the law should everywhere be held up to public consideration, and all good citizens should recognize in it the only palladium of life, and security that can stand between true liberty and direct anarchy. Let the law at all times vindicate itself in its own way, and let all men frown upon every attempt to be little, or to set aside its beneficent judgments.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

A fire, caused by an explosion in the Laboratory of Swarthmore College, near Philadelphia, Pa., broke out at 11 o'clock, p. m., of the 25th ult., and entirely destroyed that building, with the exception of the walls, which remain standing. The insurance is about \$150,000, and will cover the entire loss. All the students escaped without injury, with the exception of Caleb O. Cope, who had his arm broken. The library, which contained 4,000 volumes, was consumed. There were 120 male students, and 100 females; the former securing most of their effects, but the latter lost nearly every thing, except what they had in their rooms convenient for removal.

Swarthmore College was an institution of learning established by the Society of Friends about ten years ago, and the buildings were very extensive and complete in every respect.

It has been determined to rebuild the College, and in the meantime, a building will be erected elsewhere, and term resumed.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

THE King of Dahomey has made another human sacrifice.

Chief Judge Bartol, of the Court of Appeals, has sent his resignation to the governor.

It is reported that typhoid fever is the scourge of the mountain districts of the state of Virginia just now.

FOUR children of Wm. Gibbons perished in the burning dwelling of their father, at Sedalia, Mo., on Monday last.

THE forest fires in Algeria have destroyed property to the amount of 200,000 francs. Sixty-one persons were burned to death in one day.

BENJAMIN Israel Butler, aged 27 years, son of General B. F. Butler, died at Boston, of kidney disease.—He was a graduate of West Point but afterwards studied law.

LONAONING is recovering from the effects of the late fire. The storekeepers have put up temporary frame buildings, but they design using brick for the permanent structures. There is serious talk about purchasing a fire engine.

THE GARFIELD FUND.—President John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, last Friday made a munificent contribution to the fund for Mrs. Garfield by sending a check for \$5,000 to Mr. Enoch Pratt, the custodian of the fund in this city.

A despatch has been received in New York by those connected with the Michigan fire relief fund Mayor Thompson, of Detroit, Michigan, (thanking New York for her liberal donations, and hoping for more help from her. The despatch states that it will require at least \$1,000,000 to take care of these people until another harvest. More help, it says, must be obtained outside of Michigan, for that state is not able to bear the entire burden.

BROWN'S BROWN'S A TRUE TONIC A PERFECT STRENGTHENER. A SURE REVIVER. IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic; especially Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Intermittent Fevers, Want of Appetite, Loss of Strength, Lack of Energy, etc.

PROVERBS. "No one can be sick when the stomach, blood, liver and kidneys are healthy, and Hop Bitters keep them so." "The greatest nourishing tonic, appetizer, strengthener and curative on earth,—Hop Bitters."

Western Maryland Railroad SUMMER SCHEDULE. ON and after SUNDAY, Sept. 4th, 1881, passenger trains on this road will run as follows: PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS Diminished Vigor is troubled with great measure, by those troubled with weak kidneys, to a just and healthy use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and stimulates without exciting the urinary organs.

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL. To Sell a Household Article. THE poor as well as the rich, the old as well as the young, the wife, as well as the husband, the young maiden, as well as the boy may just as well earn a few dollars in honest employment, as to sit around the house and wait for others to earn it for them.

Look Here! Jno. T. Long. BUTCHER, EMMITSBURG, MD. Best quality of Butchers meat always to be had. Families in the town and vicinity supplied every Tuesday and Saturdays, at the door.

SHERIFFALTY. To the Voters of Frederick County: Feeling grateful for the interest manifested in my behalf before, and at the County Convention held in 1879, by so many of my friends throughout the county, and as I then stated, I now announce myself as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty of Frederick county.

BEST GOODS LOWEST PRICES. TRADE MARK. For \$12.00 a Farmer can buy a formula (520 lb) of POWELL'S PREPARED CHEMICALS FOR WHEAT. This, when mixed at home, makes ONE TON OF SUPERIOR PHOSPHATE, which is equal in plant-life and as certain of successful crop production as many of the high-priced Phosphates.

CLOTHING DRY GOODS. Before purchasing it will be to your interest to Examine our Stock, which is as well assorted now as at any time during the season, while the prices are much lower. Our System—One Price to all Goods cheerfully Exchanged, or Money Returned if not suited—must assure you of fair dealing, and merit your confidence and patronage.

B. R. Hillman & Co. One Price Clothiers, 166 W. BALTIMORE STREET, Baltimore, Md. July 16, 18.

Reopening of a College. Mt. St. Mary's College EMMITSBURG, MD. will reopen at the close of vacation as usual. Classes will resume their studies on the 5th of September.

ST JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, NEAR EMMITSBURG, FREDERICK COUNTY, MARYLAND. THIS Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick county, Maryland, half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College.

Twenty-Sixth Annual EXHIBITION OF THE Agricultural and Mechanical Association of Washington County. Hagerstown, Maryland, OCTOBER 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1881.

Castilian Liniment! Warranted to relieve effectually, every kind of pain, for which an external remedy can be used. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, CHILBLAINS, SORE THROAT, CORNS, &c., &c.

Emmit House! EMMITSBURG, MD. W. K. SUTTON, Proprietor. THIS large and comfortable new building, is located at the West end of the town, in full view of the adjacent mountains.

Bicycle Contest, by amateur riders are some of the sports. We have every assurance that the exhibition of Stock and of Mechanical, Household and Industrial skill will be the most complete ever seen in this section of country.

Solid Silver American Lever Watch, warranted two years, ONLY \$12. G. T. EYSTER & BRO. july 17

"MILLS' LIGHTNING BAG TIES," and don't waste time with the old-fashioned way of tying, and run the risk of spilling your grain. For sale at this office. Now that the Threshing Season is at hand, see to it that you have a supply of

WHITE BRONZE! THE MONUMENTAL BRONZE CO. of Bridgeport, Conn., are now introducing their beautiful MONUMENTS into this country. Their Agents, U. A. & J. Q. LOUGH.

VALUABLE REMEDY, in this neighborhood, I earnestly invite all who are suffering, or are likely to suffer, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, CHILBLAINS, SORE THROAT, CORNS, &c., &c.

EXAMINERS NOTICE. Whereas, William S. Topper, Henry Eckenrode, Henry Lyngz and others, citizens of Frederick county, after having given thirty days notice of their intention to do so, as required by law, have petitioned the County Commissioners of Frederick county to open a public road, commencing for the same, at the corner of the old road in front of John Payne's barn, on the road leading across the meadow of John Payne, and the creek where lately, there was a gateway, to intersect the Apple's Church road, between the Turnpike and the School-house.

S. N. McNAIR, DEALER IN Blank Books, Stationery AND BRITISH AND AMERICAN INKS, Revolvers, Razors, and Knives, Also, a large line of CIGARS & TOBACCO AT THE POST OFFICE, Emmitsburg, Md. july 17

LOCALS.

EMMITSBURG RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

On and after Sept 4th, 1881, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH. Leave Emmitsburg 5.40, 8.40 and 10.15 a. m., and 2.20, 5.40 and (Saturdays only) 8.25 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge 6.10, 9.10 and 10.45 a. m., and 2.50, 6.10 and 9.05 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH. Leave Rocky Ridge 6.30, 9.35 and 11.00 a. m., and 2.50, 6.27 and (Saturdays only) 9.20 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg 6.50, 9.55 and 11.30 a. m., and 3.30, 6.35 and 9.56 p. m.

Excursion tickets every Saturday, are issued to Pen-Mar: Round trip tickets only 75 Cents. Train leaves Emmitsburg at 10.15 a. m., returning leaves Pen-Mar at 5.00 p. m. JAS A. ELDER, Pres.

DROUGHT-dust-discomfort all around.

PENNSYLVANIA College has a total of 148 students.

POTATOES wanted in exchange for subscription at this office.

MR. J. G. SCHAFF, editor of the People's Register, Chambersburg, Pa., died on Tuesday last.

A FIRE broke out in Hartman's mill one day last week, but was extinguished before any serious damage was done.

SITTING comfortably at one's front door, late at night, near the end of September is an unusual experience in this latitude.

For Fire or Life Insurance in first class companies, call on W. G. Horner, Agent, West Main St. opposite P. Hoke's Store. may 29-ly

MR. NICHOLAS BAKER has removed the old frame blacksmith, at his works on railroad avenue, and is now replacing it with a new brick one.

APPLY to W. G. Horner, for insurance in the U. B. Mutual Aid Society, of Lebanon, Pa., Office West Main street, Emmitsburg, Md. sep 17-ly

The long nights give a good opportunity for reading. Now is the time to subscribe for the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE. Don't delay—don't forget it.

The Hagerstown Agricultural Exhibition will take place next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The entertainments are exceptionally promising this year.

Important to Travelers. Special Inducements are offered you by the Burlington Route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue. sep 17-ly

DIED.—Miss Zandria R. Hoover, died in Philadelphia, of rheumatism, May 12, 1881, in the 45th year of her age.

Jackson Hoover died of stroke, Sep. 8, 1881, in the 43rd year of his age.

We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Buckeye Mfg Co., Marion, Ohio, in another column. They offer rare inducements to earn an honest living. sep 24-6m.

There should be no dispute about tastes," says H. P. B. But "O! my soul!" come not into the secret of those who like decayed apples in their cider, nor go high into the habitations of those who put them in the mill.

THEATER-GOERS, club visitors, late supper-takers and patrons of the horse railroad owl trains, should all certainly have a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup convenient. Gentlemen you will need it.

MR. DAVID T. HOFF tells us, that he has succeeded in killing as many squirrels as were wanted to make up the hundred, of which we made mention last week. Whilst on one of his gunning expeditions the other day, he despatched a black snake measuring six feet.

John Stein, Esq., City Brewer, referring to its valuable qualities said to a News representative: I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family and recommend it to my acquaintances. It has always given the best satisfaction, and is truly a wonderful remedy.—Dalville (Ill) News.

LIST OF LETTERS.—The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., Sep. 26th, 1881. Persons calling will please say advertised, otherwise they may not receive them: Black, Jos H.; Feezer, Miss L.; Money, Mrs H. D. (3); Miller, Wm T.; Richardson, Ellen; Smith, Miss Abbie.

We return our hearty thanks to J. DeBarth Shorb, Esq., San Gabriel, Cal., for a copy of the illustrated Los Angeles Herald, a unique periodical, descriptive of that wonderful country, its climate, productions, and remarkable progress in the development of every variety of fruits, &c., that may cheer the heart and delight the palate.

We make our grateful acknowledgment for a Complimentary Ticket to the Twenty-first Annual Exhibition of the Frederick County Agricultural Society, to be held October 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, 1881. We take for granted that every good citizen of Frederick county who can do so, will certainly be present on the inviting occasion.

Married. Last Tuesday morning, in the beautiful rural church of St. Mary's, near Gowenstown, Col. L. Victor Banglman, of Frederick, one of the editors and proprietors of the Republican Citizen, to Miss Helen M. Abell, daughter of Mr. A. S. Abell, of the Baltimore Sun. In the afternoon the happy couple proceeded on their way for a three weeks tour in New York and Canada, after which they will return to Frederick, and take up their residence in the dwelling lately occupied by Gen. Edward Shriver.

The oldest friends are to-day the staunchest friends of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. They have proven its great worth in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, Irritation of the Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, etc.

THE SICK.—The little son of Dr. L. M. Zimmerman, of Myersville, who received such a terrible cut on the head by a hatchet which slipped from the hand of a carpenter on Monday evening of last week, is still living, and some hopes are entertained of his recovery.—Valley Register.

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS.—Lieut. S. F. Thomas, E. N. Hobbs and J. S. B. Hartscock of the Frederick Riflemen, have received appointments—a large as Surgeon, the second as color-bearer of the battalion recently formed, and the last named as commissary to rank as lieutenant.—Union.

Wise Words of a Willing Witness. At the close of a mass meeting, according to the report of the same published in a La Grange paper, reference was made to the phenomenal efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in the many painful diseases to which mankind is subject. We refer to the above as showing how strong a hold the Old German Remedy for Rheumatism, has on the experience and good wishes of the great public.—Walla Walla Watchman.

LAST Friday, while two of Mr. John Tyson's children were playing in the garden, one of them, a little girl about five years old, was accidentally struck in the eye with a hoe which her sister was handling. The point of it penetrated the eye, and at first it was thought the sight was entirely destroyed. She was attended by Dr. J. W. Eichelberger, Jr., who thinks, with proper care, she will recover the use of her eye.

More Bag Ties. Farmers, and everybody who needs to tie a bag, will find these just the thing. They gain time, are convenient every way, and perfectly secure, the bag cannot open until you choose, and they can be opened without picking and fussing with knots, whilst your gloves are on, if you choose; examine them, see for yourself, and you won't be without them. Always on hand, and for sale at this office. PAUL MOTTER.

From the "Star and Sentinel." A C. Musselman, of Fairfield, has sold the farm of Peter Eyster, in Liberty township, containing 98 acres and 150 perches, to James Bowling, for \$2,100.

It is noted as a curious fact that no President from Washington to Garfield was born in a city, and that only the second Adams was even nominally a resident of a city when elected.

The Hanover Junction and Susquehanna railroad was sold at public sale on Thursday, Sept. 15th at Lancaster, for \$20,000. The sale took place under an order of court, and the road was bought in by a committee of the bondholders.

A Good Recommendation. EMMITSBURG, Oct. 23, 1880. All I have to say of the Willkie Rat Trap is: It is the best I have ever seen. The most we ever caught, was 27 rats in one trap, one night. I just put it in the cellar last night, and had three rats this morning. I would not be without one. Yours respectfully, WILLIAM P. GARDNER. Sold in Emmitsburg, by D. Zeck. July 2-ly.

An Epitaph. Last week, Messrs. D. Agnew and Jas. T. Gelwicks went to the "Sister's Dam," to catch tadpoles, preparatory to fishing for bass. They hitched their horse along the race, he got loose and overturned the buggy into the race, when it pulled him in too. Mr. A's shoes were in the buggy and floated down the race; seeing them in the water, a woman took for granted that a man was drowned.—Mr. Geo. E. Simons, happening to come that way, investigated the matter and straightened things up, when it appeared no serious damage was done.

A Tragic Death. Daniel Dukenhill, an old citizen of Howard township, Washington county, Pa., tied a rope around his body, and having arranged a signal, descended his well to clean it. Feeling the 'damps' he made the agreed signal, and those on the outside commenced drawing him up.—He shouted out to them to draw faster, and this so excited and frightened them that they ceased pulling on the rope when he was half way up, and fastening it to the curb went for help, leaving the old man dangling head downward.—When the help arrived he was dead.—Compiler.

The Memorial Services. On Monday last at 2 o'clock, p. m., the Protestant congregations of this place united in holding a memorial service, in the Lutheran church, on the occasion of the burial of the murdered President.—The church was heavily draped with mourning, and was crowded with a representative gathering of those desiring to honour the memory of the illustrious dead. The Rev. E. S. Johnston, pastor of the Lutheran church, opened the exercises by reading President Arthur's proclamation, setting apart the day for the services, and followed with a prayer, when Rev. Wm. A. Gring, of the Reformed church, conducted the further devotional exercises. Rev. Wm. Simonson, of the Presbyterian church, then delivered a highly interesting sermon suited to the occasion, and portraying the general character and preeminent virtues of the late President. The address was conceived in the usual excellent style of the speaker, and met a hearty reception from the interested assemblage. Then there was prayer again by Rev. E. S. Johnston, and appropriate remarks by him, and the congregation was dismissed with the Benediction by Rev. Wm. Simonson. Business was generally suspended in town on that day.

Mountain View Cemetery. The "Mountain View Cemetery" has been fully organized, Henry Stokes was elected President, Samuel Motter Secretary and L. M. Motter Treasurer and the various committees have been appointed. We presume the agents to obtain stock will soon give public notice of the opening of the books, and the sale of lots will proceed regularly and the opening of the grounds will begin.—About one third of the ground has been beautifully laid off on a large plat, by Mr. John Shields, surveyor, and may be seen at the President's office. The location is very eligible.

The Boonstoro' correspondent of the Hagerstown Mail of last week says:—"On the afternoon of Sept. 9th, as C. M. Keedy's teamster was descending the long steep hill on this side of the iron bridge over the Antietam, with three of Mr. Keedy's powerful horses attached to the engine owned by Mr. Bowers of Hagerstown, the rubber gave way and at the same moment the yoke broke. This necessitated the dashing off of the horses and down this long and terrible hill they flew until they struck the bridge, where the engine was overturned and a general smash made. The engine weighed 6,500 lbs. The bridge was so seriously damaged by it that it is not regarded as safe to pass over it.

IN A THRASING MACHINE.—George Hatters, who resides near Smithsburg, Washington county, was thrashing on the farm of Mr. Solomon Toms, near Foxville, Frederick county, on Thursday, and stepped on the top of the machine to sweep off the dust. By some means he slipped and fell with one leg against the spiked cylinder, which was in rapid motion. With rare presence of mind he pushed the belt off the pulley with his other foot and stopped the cylinder, but not until the flesh of his leg had been entirely torn from the bone. The crushed and lacerated leg was amputated by Drs. Bishop, Baldwin and Ames, of Smithsburg, and it is hoped that the unfortunate man will survive the terrible accident.

From the "Hanover Citizen." A horned snake three and a half feet long was recently killed by Chas. Crouse, in Mountpleasant township, Adams Co. A son of Henry S. Clark, of Susquehanna, has died from eating beef from an animal that had been killed after having broken its leg several days before.—Clarke's entire family is sick from the same cause.

While constables Singer and Gates, of Reading, were out hunting a few days ago, they discovered a counterfeiting shop, and arrested the man, who was busily engaged in making trade dollars. He gave his name as George Hummel, brother of Josiah Hummel, one of the Faber murderers. Several moulds and plates and a number of spurious trade dollars were found.

About Local News. An exchange truthfully says: "A great many people think a newspaper should have about a page of local news, whether anything happens or not. Dejected mortals; local editors cannot make people break their necks, commit suicide, run away with their neighbors' wives, or do any other exciting things which go to make up the material out of which the local reporter delights to weave paragraphs, to be served up each day. Furnishing domestic news when there is none, is very much like extracting blood from a turnip. It is not more than fair, however, that those persons who grumble at the lack of local news in their home paper, should stop and think whether they could not have given the editor an item or two worth printing, and if so, why let them hold their peace, or growl at their own remissness.

NOTICE TO FARMERS AND OWNERS OF PRIVATE RESIDENCES.—The safest and best company in which Farmers and owners of Private Residences can insure their Property, is the Time-Tried and Fire-Tested Agricultural Insurance Company. It insures nothing but private Residences and Farm Property. In the last 27 years it has not had a loss of over \$5,000, in one Fire, and it cannot be affected by sweeping configurations, as its risks are all detached. It insures against damage by Lightning, whether fire ensues or not, and insures Live Stock against being killed by Lightning anywhere on the farm. The Agricultural Insurance Co., is a stock company, and the strongest and largest company, doing an exclusive Dwelling Business in the United States, if not in the world, and is now issuing 50,000 Policies a year. For further particulars, apply to W. E. HORNER, Agent, Emmitsburg, Md.

Plant Trees. The season is now at hand when trees may be planted, so as to get a start against the freezing time of winter. We need shade trees in this town. A town that has not a good supply of shade trees, is everywhere regarded as lacking in an important element of refinement, and as neglectful of the comfort and health of its inhabitants. We read of committees in other places, associations and the like, who interest themselves and the people in matters of beautifying and promoting the healthfulness of their homes. It would be gratifying and commendable if some persons should take the initiative, and set an example to be imitated here, in this respect. The coolness, the beauty of the foliage and the healthfulness of proper shade, are evident to all, why the indifference which seems to exist in the matter? Many of the few trees remaining are badly decayed and may topple over at any time, and perhaps with serious results, these should be removed, and new, hardy and rapid growing ones should take their places. Who will move now on to this mountain of difficulty, and be the pioneers of improvement, for which their memories will hereafter be blessed? We pause for some evidences of a lively sense of the common good.

From the "Examiner." The corner-stone of a new Reformed Church at Charlesville, in this county, was laid on Saturday, the 10th inst., with appropriate services, Rev. Wm. F. Collier, of this city, preached a sermon on the occasion.

Mr. William E. Roderick, son of Mr. George W. Roderick, residing about two and a half miles North-west of this city, died at his father's residence on Sunday evening last, after an illness of four weeks of typhoid fever, in the 27th year of his age. The deceased was a young man highly esteemed, and his numerous friends and acquaintances in the community in which he resided will regret his death. His funeral took place from his late residence on Monday afternoon last, and was attended by a large concourse of relatives and friends. The interment took place at Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Rev. Dr. Eschbach officiating.

When St. Nicholas pays its regular monthly visit to our Sanctum, we always wish we could go back a few decades in life's journey, to that happy time in which there were both leisure and appetite for the enjoyment of the goodly stories it never fails to bring.—Truly the children of the present day have reason to be thankful for the many sources of pleasure and profit which so constantly supply them with both novelty and amusement. They seem indeed to live in a different world from that which recognized "Jack the Giant Killer," and such like stories, as the only literature fit for youthful minds. No household should be without the regular visits of at least one of the many interesting periodicals now published for the benefit of the rising generation, and among them all, St. Nicholas certainly stands first. Published by The Century Co., New York. Subscription price, \$3. a year.

Death of Miss Ellen C. Eyster. Departed this life, Sep. 23, 1881, Miss Ellen C. Eyster. She was born in Emmitsburg, June 6, 1837, and was consequently 44 years, 3 months and 17 days old at the time of her decease. Her entire life was spent in her native village, where she was well known and generally respected. On the 20th of September, 1862, she united with the Presbyterian church, under the ministry of the late Rev. Robert S. Grier, and continued to be a member in full communion until the time of her death. During the later years of her life, she suffered from a disease, which prevented her from mingling in general society, and which likewise interfered somewhat with a regular attendance upon the services of the church. But notwithstanding this affliction, she continued to discharge her duties, and to fill her place in the domestic circle, until her last illness, which was of brief duration.

Miss Eyster was of a cheerful disposition, of positive character and convictions, and will be greatly missed by her surviving sister and brothers, to whose interests she was sincerely devoted. Her mortal remains were laid away to rest in the Lutheran burying ground, after appropriate religious services conducted by her pastor.

The Frederick correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: Owing to a delay in the postoffice at Annapolis yesterday and the detention of trains on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad this morning, the official document conveying the respite for Felix Munshour, who was to have been hanged here this morning, did not reach this city until 1 P. M. today, about two hours after the time appointed for the execution. The Governor, who was at Hagerstown, and the authorities here and at Annapolis were greatly exercised this morning, and considerable telegraphing between these officials took place, the Governor finally wiring the sheriff that "the respite is effective it being a complete paper and on its way to you, and you will set upon and conform to its requirements. The execution is respite to the eleventh day of November next." This had the desired effect, and the telegram was acted upon accordingly. Hundreds of persons had assembled at the jail; many coming from a long distance, and much disappointment was expressed. When Munshour was informed of the respite last night, he exclaimed, "Thank God for that; I will now die a Christian."

PERSONALS. Rev. Dr. Higbee made a visit over Sunday and preached in the Church of the Incarnation in his usual eloquent and highly edifying manner.

Miss Edith Motter visits friends in Gettysburg.

Messrs. William and George Fraley, left on Monday morning for Ironton, Ohio.

Mr. Chas. C. Rowe is home on a visit. Mr. Howard Waddles has returned to his home.

Mrs. John T. Gelwicks, and daughters, left on Wednesday, for a visit to relatives in Ohio.

Mr. Hugh Gilliland of Van Wert county Ohio, made a visit to this, his native place, after an absence of 46 years.

A. B. Wingerd and family returned to their home after a visit in this place, and Mrs. Harriet Motter of this place accompanied them.

Mr. William Butt of Seven Valley, York county, Pa., in company with his wife and granddaughter, is on a visit to relatives in this place.

We had a very pleasant call on Friday, from our friend Mr. J. M. Haffeligh of Philadelphia, who visits his father near Fountainebleau Pa.

Miss Alice Seabrooks, of near this place, in company with Misses Emma, and Alice Low of Hunterstown, were the guests of Messrs M and C Byers one day this week.

Mr. Joseph E. Devitt and daughters of West Philadelphia are among the visitors. Mr. Wm. Rudisell and wife of Toneytown made a visit at Mr. L. M. Motter's

Death of the Very Rev. John McCaffrey, D. D.

We have been kindly furnished the following sketch of his life:

MR. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, Emmitsburg, Sept. 26, 1881

At a quarter past 2 o'clock this morning, Very Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, Pres. Emeritus of Mt. St. Mary's breathed his last. Though the event was rather sudden, it was by no means unexpected, as the deceased for many years past has been in very feeble health. He spent his vacation pleasantly among his numerous friends in New York and elsewhere, but upon after his return to College, evident signs of his fast-approaching end began to appear. He struggled manfully however, until last Friday, when he was obliged to yield to the violence of his disease. His end was near, he asked to have the last Rites of the Church administered, which he received with great fervor and piety. The deceased was in his seventy-sixth year, having been born in Emmitsburg in 1805. He was received by Father (afterwards Bishop) Dubois into the College in 1819, and graduated with distinction. He then entered the Seminary and was ordained Deacon in 1831. His humility, however, was so great, that he refused to be promoted to higher Orders until 1838, when he was ordained to the Priesthood by Archbishop Eccleston in St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore. In this latter institution shortly before his ordination he was Professor of English Literature, among his pupils was the late Bishop of Chicago, Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley. The Archbishop seeing in the young Levite great talents combined with much administrative ability, nominated him at once for election to the Presidency of Mt. St. Mary's College. He became President March 19th, 1839, and held that office continuously for over thirty years.—Among his early associates in the government of the College were Rev. Messrs. John Hickey, H. Xaupl, Philip Borgna, Patrick Corry, and L. Oberneyer. Among his class-mates were His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Bishops Bacon, Whalan, Quarter, Father Sourin, S. J., and many others who have since become famous both in Church and State.

Soon after his election to the Presidency he became Professor of Moral Theology in the Seminary attached to the College, and in a few years received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Georgetown University. His brilliant talents soon won for him a place in the front ranks of the Catholic Divines of this country and in recognition of his great worth the Bishops of Savannah and Charleston were respectively offered to him. His modesty, however, and love for the "Old Mountain" caused him to decline the proffered honors. In October 1858 he celebrated with high festivities and appropriate historical and literary exercises the Fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the College by Rev. John Dubois. The cares incidental to the Presidency weighed so heavily upon him that he was forced to resign that office in 1872, but he continued to teach in the College up to the present year. Though naturally of a stern and unyielding disposition, the softening influences of Religion brought into prominence the more generous qualities of his head and heart. He was a man of rare literary ability and his youthful habits of study remained to the last. His wonderful memory and extensive range of reading made him a very Encyclopaedia of information on almost every subject. As a classical scholar he had few superiors; while his English, both for vigor and purity, was pronounced by the late Dr. Brownson as unrivaled. His principal publications were a course of lectures on Literary and Philosophical subjects delivered before the Philomathean Society of Mt. St. Mary's, also a series of lectures delivered before the Catholic Association of Baltimore, several Orations, among them one in the "Leading of the Pilgrims" and funeral Orations on the occasion of the death of Bishops Dubois and Brute. The late Archbishop Bayley said of these latter: "They are two of the most beautifully written and interesting discourses of this character in the English language." The funeral took place on Thursday 29th inst., when a great concourse of Bishops Clergy and laity were present.

The funeral procession formed on the terrace in front of the college building promptly at ten o'clock, a. m., headed by the cross bearer, moved off slowly, the seminarians chanting in solemn notes the Miserere and other solemn Hymns. As the procession was moving up the rising hill, a mournful and solemn knell was kept up by the college bell till the funeral had arrived at the church at the hill. Here in the middle aisle in front of the altar the coffin was placed. The office of the Dead, under the presidency of His Grace the Most Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, Very Rev. Dr. Mangen, President of St. Mary's Seminary Baltimore, acting chanter. At the conclusion of the office of the Dead, the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D. D., Archbishop of New York, celebrated a Pontifical Requiem Mass, at which Rev. Thos S Lee of the Cathedral, Baltimore, acted as assistant Priest, Rev. Claudian Northrop of Charleston, S. C., as deacon, and Rev. John A. McCullum of Brooklyn, acted as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmore, D. D., Bishop of Cleveland, Rt. Rev. Jeremiah F. Shanahan, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg Pa., Rt. Rev. Francis S. Chatur, D. D., Bishop of Vincennes, Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D., Bishop of Wilmington, Very Rev. Dr. Byrne, President of the College, Very Rev. B. F. McLaughlin, Cortland, Rev. John J. Murphy, S. J., Vice-President of Worcester College, Mass, Rev. Father F. White, c. m., Emmitsburg, Rev. Father Blinkinson, S. J., of Georgetown University, Rev. Edward Sourin, S. J., of Loyola College, Rev. A. L. McMullen of the College, and Rev. John A. Bull, of Gettysburg, Rev. Father McGuirk, S. J., President of Loyola College, Baltimore, Rev. Father Holland, S. J., of Frederick.

On either side of the coffin were seated Rev. Father Rolando, c. m., of Ge-

orgetown, Pa., Rev. Father Lavazeri, c. m., of Emmitsburg, Rev. John McDermott, c. m., of Georgetown, Rev. Jeremiah Griffin of Mount Airy, N. Y., Rev. Chas P. Gillen, of Elizabeth, N. J., Rev. John Glyod of Westminster, and Rev. J. N. W. Caughy of St. Patrick's, Baltimore. St. Joseph's Academy was well represented by a large delegation of the Sisters of Charity, their white cornets were pleasing to all and added much to the imposing ceremonies. The coffin was beautifully decorated with flowers and wreaths of artistic beauty, the gifts of the young ladies of St. Joseph's Academy. At the conclusion of the Mass, Rt. Rev. Francis S. Chatur, D. D., ascended the pulpit, and, though unprepared, pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the life of the deceased. The following is a synopsis of the gifted orator's discourse:

"Once more my friends, you are met to pay a last tribute of affectionate respect to one of those who laboured in your midst as a priest of God. Only a few months have gone by, since you assembled here, to honour the memory of one, who was noble in his presence, affable in his manner, and full of kindly sympathy in his heart, to shed a tear over the mortal remains of good Father John McCloskey. To-day, that other priest of God, whose name was wont to be coupled with that of a Bishop, Father John McCaffrey, claiming from you the same tribute. Before you lies all that is mortal of the late President Emeritus of Mt. St. Mary's College, the Very Rev. John McCaffrey, D. D. It is a solemn moment, and it becomes us to look on this casket, not with idle curiosity, but with the realization of all it implies, while our eyes should be open to the eloquent and weighty language those lips, though cold in death, still speak.—They tell us, as they often have, in this holy place here below, of the stability eternal, of all things beyond the grave; they tell us we are ourselves hastening to the goal he has just reached; they tell us it is his turn to-day, to-morrow it will be ours; they tell us the value of time yet unexhausted us, and finally they tell us that there is but one thing worth living for, to do God's holy will. But there are other instructive lessons we can learn, as we stand around the bier of one whose life has been so long, and who lived in such a period, amid such surroundings and in such associations.—The life of Dr. McCaffrey coincides with the early part of the first century of the Catholic Hierarchy in the United States. His name recalls those of the past, whom most of us never saw. He is the link between the church of Archbishop Carroll and the church of to-day, with its Cardinal, its eleven Archbishops, and sixty Bishops. To think of him in his days of freshest usefulness, presents him to us, surrounded by a galaxy of illustrious Bishops and zealous and learned priests, many of whom had their entire training from his guiding mind and hand. To understand and appreciate that influence, and what led to it, it is useful to cast a glance over his life, and I therefore claim your kind attention, while I briefly refer to that life, his character, and his career as an educator of youth, his education and his educators, his priesthood and presidency, his influence in educating.—We should profit by his example, nerve ourselves to arduous enterprise, store our minds for the sake of others. We should learn to love religion as he did, then will be our consolation in death, then shall we die with prayer in our heart. He has been a shining light in his day, but his life has not set like a star, but like a star it has only seemed to disappear forever, and has risen again—a greater brilliancy in the world to come. But just as a star is at its dawn after eclipsed by a cloud, or a mist that keeps it from shedding on us its light as it rises above the horizon, so may it be that in after life his star has been dimmed by the mist of venial fault, that lets it not give forth that bright effulgence its Creator intends it should have. That mist we can dispel; those venial faults we can repair by our suffering for his soul. Imagine you hear him cry, have pity on me at least, you my friends for the hand of the Lord is heavy upon me. Of your charity pray for his soul, offer your merits for his eternal happiness. Then will you remove the obstacles that prevent him at this moment from being a bright light in the firmament of heaven. Then will he have that verified in him, which was foretold of those who like him, spent their lives in teaching truth and justice. "They who instruct many unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity."

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore gave the last absolution of the body, after which the mortal remains of Dr. McCaffrey were carried to their last resting place, by the side of the grave of the good Father McMurdie.

Very Rev. B. F. McLaughlin of Cortland, N. Y., Rev. John J. Murphy, S. J., Vice President Worcester College, Rev. Father Blinkinson of Georgetown University, Rev. Henry F. White, c. m., of Emmitsburg, Rev. John Glyod, and Rev. John A. Bull of Gettysburg, acted as Pall bearers.

LEGACIES. MESSRS. EDITORS: It is a matter of thankfulness that our church members are more and more disposed to remember the cause of Missions, when they come to make a final disposition of their worldly goods.

Within a few years past, legacies amounting to \$6,000 have been paid into the Lord's treasury from the estates of members of the Emmitsburg and Piney Creek churches, Presbytery of Baltimore. The following are the bequests: Mrs. Margaret Shoemaker, of Piney Creek church, Home Missions, \$500; Foreign Missions, \$500; Freedmen, \$500; in trust for the Indians, \$500.—Samuel Ebenezer Amman, of Emmitsburg church, Home Missions, \$1,000; Foreign Missions, \$1,000; Freedmen, \$500; in trust for the Indians, \$500. By the will of Mr. Amman, the church of which he was a member also realized about \$1,000. Miss Margaret Witherow, of Emmitsburg church, Home Missions, \$500; Foreign Missions, \$500.

It is to be hoped that these examples, with many others which meet the eyes of the Church from time to time, will stimulate other stewards to remember the Boards of the Church, when they come to dispose finally of their Master's goods.—Baltimore Presbyterian.

We are pleased to note that Mr. J. T. Motter whose illness we referred to last week is able to be down stairs again.

DIED.

EYSTER.—On the 23d ult., in this place, Ellen C. Eyster, aged 44 years, 3 months and 17 days.

WE are sorry to record that Mr. Harvey Lambert is seriously ill.

THE Lord's Supper will be administered in the Lutheran Church to-morrow.

THE numerous friends of Mr. W. W. White will be glad to learn that he is recuperating from severe sickness.

WE are requested to announce, the services of the Holy Communion will be held in the Church of the Incarnation, on Sunday 9th inst., at 10 o'clock. Rev. E. F. Higbee, D. D., will be present, assisting the pastor. Preparatory services on Saturday previous, at 2 o'clock p. m.

THROW away that old Wash Boiler. Don't have the house cumbered with boiling auds, save a half a cord of wood, (more or less) on wash days, no need to rub your finger nails and knuckles off, to get your clothes clean. Go to Bussey's, get a cake of Frank Siddall's Soap, and be happy. Price only 10 cts.

THE Democratic County Convention, which met in Frederick last Saturday, made the following nominations:—For Sheriff, Daniel P. Whip, of Frederick; For the House of Delegates, Horatio Zittle, of Mid-dletown district, James Houck, of Frederick district, Samuel D. Smith, of Johnsville district, Charles E. Cassell, of Mechanicstown district, Christian T. Zacharias, of Emmitsburg district; For County Commissioners, Geo. W. Shank, of Woodsboro' district, Oscar P. Crampton, of Peteraville district, Leonard C. Mullinix, of Frederick district, Thos. R. Jarboe, of Buckeystown district, Samuel Brandenb, of Catoctin district; For Surveyor, Alfred P. Works, of Frederick.

MARKETS.

EMMITSBURG MARKETS. CORRECTED EVERY THURSDAY, BY D. ZECK.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Bacon, Hams, Shoulders, Sides, Lard, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Peaches, Apples, Cherries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Country soap, Beans, Wood, Fruit, Milk, Skunk-bacon, Part white, Bacon, Apples, Muskrat-fall, House cat, Rabbit, Fox-tail of gray, Wood fox.

EMMITSBURG GRAIN MARKETS.

Corrected every Thursday by Motter, Maxwell & Co.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour-super, Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Clover seed, Timothy, Hay, Mixed, Rye Straw.

BUSINESS LOCALS

Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Geo. T. Eyster & Bro., who warrant the same, and have always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and silverware. feb 17

Go to the office of the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE, if you have Neuralgia or Rheumatism, and get a sure and speedy remedy, from Paul Motter, agent for the unfailing CASTLEMAN LINIMENT.

A full stock of fine and coarse city made Boots and Shoes; also Gun shoes and boots. New home-made work and mending of all kinds, done with neatness and dispatch, by Jas. A. Rowe. feb 4

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

DISSOLUTION OF Co-Partnership!

THE partnership heretofore existing under the Firm Name of HESS & WEAVER, was dissolved on September 1st, 1881, by mutual consent. The books are in the hands of John G. Hess. Parties owing the late firm will settle their accounts with him, and those who may have claims will present the same for settlement. JOHN G. HESS, WM. H. WEAVER, Emmitsburg, Sep. 1st, 1881.

THE subscriber will continue the business of Carriage Making at the old stand, where he will be pleased at all times to see his old friends and customers, and happy to show them his stock of vehicles, of all descriptions, of unsurpassed excellence in workmanship and material, all at astonishingly low prices. Repairing as usual, in the best and

Agricultural.

The Fruit Garden. The advantages of a fruit garden are many, and all farmers should have one. Now is a good time to choose a place and prepare it for raising fruit of the smaller sorts. The soil should be well drained and rich. Strawberry plants may be set out until the coming of frosts, after which the soil of the beds should be covered with litter, putting it slightly over the plants. There is no great gain, as to the fruit, in planting strawberries late; but the soil is in better condition now than in spring, and work is not so pressing. No crop can be expected the next season unless proper plants are set. Two feet between the rows will be the distance most suitable for working a small cultivator among the plants. Blackberry and Raspberry plants had better be set out in the fall, as they start growing so early in the spring. Blackberries should be 6 to 8 feet apart in rows, and the Raspberries about 4 by 4 feet. In picking the Grapes for market it is best to use the grape scissors, which allow the bunch to be removed without handling and defacing the bloom. The thin-skinned varieties, like the Concord, will not keep long, but the tough-skinned kinds, as the Catawba, Iona, and Diana, may be preserved in good shape until the holidays. To thus keep them the grapes must be well ripened, picked with care, and left in a cool room for a few days until the skin gets tough. Pack them in terwards in small boxes (3 to 5 lbs.), putting the fruit in from the bottom, and putting on the cover (bottom), with some pressure, and tacking fast. Label the other side, which is the one to be opened. Keep in a dry and cool place until sent to market. —In American Agriculturist for October.

Try It. A gentleman residing in this place has informed us of a very simple and sure cure for treating cuts and scars made by stepping on nails, &c. Every one knows the great danger of stepping on a rusty nail, as, in a great many cases, lockjaw sets in and death is the result. The remedy is grated beets, made into a pulp, which, if applied to the cut, will almost immediately give relief. He says a horse of his stepped on a nail, from which he suffered excruciating pain, and was unable to eat. He was thought to be taking lockjaw when the gentleman applied the beets and in fifteen minutes the animal was eating hay, and entirely recovered. A gentleman in this town was so unfortunate as to run a nail into his hand from which he suffered intense agony. The same remedy was applied and in a short time the patient fell asleep. Several other cases could be cited but these will suffice. The gentleman says the cure is a good one, and should not be kept from the public. Beets have a cooling effect upon the sore and draw out all inflammation. —Franklin Repository.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

PURE WATER. Two ounces of permanganate of potassa thrown into a cistern will render the very foulest water sweet and pure.

If ink has been spilled on rose-wood or mahogany furniture, half a teaspoonful of oil of vitriol in a tablespoonful of water, applied with a feather, will quickly remove it.

Firm Butter Without Ice.

In families where the dairy is small, a good plan to have the butter cool and firm without ice, is by the process of evaporation, as practiced in India and other warm countries. A cheap plan is to get a very large sized, porous, earthen flower-pot, with an extra large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set it in a trivet or light stand—such as is used for holding hot irons will do. Upon this set your butter; over the whole invert the flower pot, letting the top rim of it rest in and be covered by the water; then close the hole in the bottom of the flower-pot with a cork; then dash water over the flower-pot and repeat the process several times a day, or whenever it looks dry. If set in a cool place, or where the wind can blow on it, it will readily evaporate the water from the pot, and the butter will be as firm and cool as if from an ice house.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound doubtless ranks first as a curative agent in all diseases of the kidneys, irritation of the bladder, urinary calculi, &c., &c. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 293 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Humorous.

If wit is badinage, what must it be in youth?

A PAIR of drawers—a span of truck horses.

The hymn for the centennial—O'ld Hundred.

An unpleasant sort of arithmetic—division among families.

The polican, like the plumber, is remarkable for his enormous bill.

Why is the letter C like a kitten? Because it is the beginning of cat.

Why is a turnpike gate like a dead dog's tail? Because it stops a wag gin.

A Massachusetts newspaper says that man wants little here below zero.

Why is grass like a penknife? Because the spring brings out the blades.

FARMERS gather what they sow, while seamstresses sow what they gather.

It requires a man of considerable push to earn his living with a wheelbarrow.

A beggar set up business the other day with a small sign reading "help wanted."

LAWYERS are apt to make the most persistent friends—they love to be retained.

The fellow who laid a wager is supposed to be a descendant of the feathered race.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead he would draw his hat over his eyes.

A NEW song is entitled "Between the Green Corn and the Gold." It should be sung in a husky voice.

A TRAMP will not go away empty handed from a good man's door—if he can reach an overcoat from the hall rack.

MANY who long suffered from nervous debility would now be in their graves had they not used Brown's Iron Bitters.

"CAN beans talk mamma?" "No, my child. Why do you ask?" "Cos I heard you speak of Jack and the bean's talk."

A LITTLE boy remarked: "I like grand pa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

A KIND writer says, "You can trust a man who loves a horse or a dog." A lively man says he has tried it, and finds there is no money in it.

It Seems Impossible. That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, Etc., should make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do, but when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer. See other column.

"Will you move this spring?" asks an exchange. No, we will not. If you want this spring moved, move it yourself, or petition the Legislature to have it moved.

A reporter for a Buffalo paper, in giving an account of the burning of an ice house in that city, says that "the power of the raging flames was irresistible, and soon reduced twenty thousand tons of ice to ashes."

Mr. Walter F. McClure, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "My age is 28 years. I was born with an excellent constitution, but at the age of 19, having just finished my collegiate education, I fell into habits of dissipation. After six years of fast living I felt my constitution broken down. I put myself under the care of one of our best physicians. His treatment seemed to do me no good. Finally he said at best I could live but a few years, that my bowels, kidneys and lungs were all threatened with consumption and were fast wasting away in certain decay. I tried everything advertised, hoping to gain relief. Finally I drifted into a state of melancholy and hopelessness, suffering excruciatingly from dyspepsia, short breath, and urinary catarrh. A year ago I saw Brown's Iron Bitters advertised. I used them, and they acted like a charm. I soon began to enjoy dreamless slumber—and now I feel myself a man once more, and have gained 54 pounds since using the remedy. I feel very strong, and can hold out a 45 pound weight. Brown's Iron Bitters saved my life."

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The Clarendon: Cor. Hanover and Pratt Sts., Baltimore, Md. This Hotel has Changed Hands and is Under New Management. Rates, per day, \$1.00 to \$2.00. Table \$1.00 per week. Permanent Guests, \$5.00 per week. J. F. BARROW, Prop'r. 140, 142, 144, North Central Hotel, N. Y. sep 16-10m

Vassar College: For the Liberal Education of Women. Examinations for entrance, Sept. 14th. Catalogues sent on application to W. L. DEAN, Registrar.

This Paper may be found on GEO. P. WELLS, 15 P. O. YENNES, NEW YORK. Published for the Proprietor, Samuel Motter, by FREDERICK COUNTY, Md.

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