

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, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

No. 23.

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 Fearlake, 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. Routhalhan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearre, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace.—Michael C. Adlesberger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knott, Eugene L. Rowe.
Registrar.—James A. Elder.
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, U. A. Lough.
Burgess.—Isaac Hyder.
Town Commissioners.—U. A. Lough, Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C. Annan, F. W. Lansinger, J. T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 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 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 lectures 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. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m., Vespers 3 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.

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 Motter, 11:25 a. m.; From Gettysburg 3:30 p. m.; Frederick, 11:25 a. m.
Depart.
For Baltimore, closed, 7:05 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:05 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 2:35 p. m.; Frederick 2:35 p. m.; For Motter's, 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 Gelwick, Sec.; John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Mentzer, 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. Bussary, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Asst. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.
Junior Building Association.
Sec. Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Witherow, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. Wadlles.

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. UNGER. F. S. EICHELBERGER
Urner & 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 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug16-1y

AN OLD SONG.

LYDIA HOPE.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world."
It was an old and once familiar strain,
A distant echo from the years gone by;
And now we heard its melody again
Beneath a foreign sky.
A company of strangers, met to part,
Spending an evening in the same hotel,
And soft as dew upon each weary heart
The sweet notes fell.
She was a fair and gentle maid who sang,
Who summers seventeen had scarcely told,
And deftly from her practised hand and tongue
The music rolled.
We hushed our busy talk to hear her sing,
The earnest student laid his book aside,
While memory bore us on her noiseless wing
O'er ocean wide,
To that far distant land beyond the sea,
Which we had left on foreign shores to roam,
The music bore us on its pinions free
Back to our home;
Back to the land we had left behind,
The land of love, and hope, and faith,
And prayer,
And showed the faithful hearts and faces kind
That loved us there.
And one there was who heard that soothing song,
Whose heart was heavy with its weight of care,
Embittered by a sense of wrong
No friend might share.
Silently, proudly, had he borne his pain,
Crushed from his wounded heart each softening thought;
But the sweet tones of that forgotten strain
New feelings brought.
Strange longings rose once more to see the place
Which in his boyhood he had held so dear,
To see once more his aged father's face,
His voice to hear;
To meet again his gentle sister's smile—
("Twas she who used to sing this self-same song.)
Would not her love his thoughts from sorrow wile,
And soothe his wrong?
How would their faithful hearts rejoice to greet
Their prodigal's return from distant shore,
And bind his heart by many a welcome sweet
To roam no more!
Thus he resolved that, when the morning came,
He would arise and homeward wend his way,
And, heedless of the harsh world's praise or blame,
No more would stray.
Little the singer guessed the power that lay
Beneath the accents of her simple song;
Its soothing words should haunt him day by day,
And make him strong.

The lengthening twilight stole into the room,
And wrapped us in its mantle cold and grey;
But from the listener's heart the deeper gloom
Had passed away.
The song was ended, and the singer rose,
And lights were brought, and books and work resumed;
His spirit tasted long-denied repose
By hope illum'd;
And when the morning dawned he homeward turned,
Back to his father's house beyond the sea,
The dear old homestead, where his spirit yearned
Once more to be.

O happy maid! Go singing thus through life,
Bidding the lost return, the weak be strong;
Thine is a gift with heavenly comfort rife,
The gift of song.
—Sunday Magazine.

Miraculous Escape.
A few mornings ago Mose Schaumburg, on returning from market with a basket full of spare ribs for his Sunday dinner, was horrified at seeing four or five of his children leaning half way over the second-story window. "Schildren," he exclaimed the excited parent, "go vay from dot window. Ven you all falls out and preaks your necks dere you vill say it vas not you vot done it. Go pack, I dells you."

SATURDAY EVENING.

The week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on,
Rest—rest in peace—thy toil is done;
And standing as thou standest, on the brink
Of a new scene of being, calmly think
Of what is gone, is now, and soon shall be,
As one that trembles in eternity
For such as this now closing week is past,
So much advancing time will close my last,
Such as to-morrow shall the awful light
Of the eternal morning hail my sight.
Spirit of good! on this week's verge I stand,
Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand,
That hand which leads me gently, calmly still,
Up life's dark, stony, tiresome, thorny hill,
Thou, thou, in every storm has sheltered me,
Beneath the wing of thy benignity;
A thousand graves my footsteps circuit vent,
And I exist—thy mercy's monument;
A thousand writhes upon the bed of pain,
I live and pleasure flows through every vein,
Want o'er a thousand wretches waves her hand
I encircled by ten thousand mercies stand.
How can I praise thee, Father? how express
My debt of reverence and thankfulness?
A debt that no intelligence can count,
While every moment swells the vast amount.
For a week's duties thou hast given me strength
And brought me to its peaceful close at length,
And here my grateful bosom fain would raise
A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

The ship Switzerland, to which I belonged, had dropped down the Thames from London, but the wind breezing up ahead, and making it impossible to pass Dover, we brought her to in the Downs.
Some of our original hands having deserted, others had been shipped in their stead, and among these was a young tar, called Dick, whose appearance interested me.
Dick and I were mates that night in a two hours' anchor watch, and I found him remarkably well read for a foremast hand. He appeared alive to every thing of importance in British history; but his heart was with the sea, and his brain seemed marked like a marine chart.

"I believe," he said, "the very gales were harder once than they are now. At least it seems so, as we read of them. Right here, at the very place we are now swinging at anchor, Admiral Beaumont was lost, in 1703, with thirteen ships of war. That, you know, was in the great London storm, when there was a complete sweep of the Downs, and the shore was piled with wrecks. There have been some terrible disasters between here and the Land's End," he continued. "You've seen the Rocks of Scill, no doubt—saw them as you came up the channel in this ship. Well, you know it is on them that Admiral Shovel was lost, with the Association, the Eagle, the Romney and the Firebrand. Hardly anybody was saved, for though it was almost calm, there was a tremendous swell—A kind of fog swell."
"Did you ever meet with any accident in the channel?"
"Oh, yes; the very first ship I sailed in went upon the Goodwin Sands, and I drifted on the top of the deck's cabin away over to the coast of France, for the wind was north-west. It was in 1870, while the Prussians were there."

He would say little about his past life except to regret that it had been wasted.
"I meant to go home before now," was his remark; "but, shipmate, you know what a wild sailor I am!"
"How long since have you seen your folks?" I asked.
"Seven years. And in all that time they haven't heard from me, or I from them."
"But you are right from London now. Why don't you go and see them? What part of England do they live in?"
"In Stratford-upon-Avon. Why didn't I go and see them? Shipmate, I hardly saw daylight after stepping ashore from an East Indian, till I found myself going down

the Thames on board this ship! I didn't mean to drink again. I thought, coming up the channel, that I'd never taste another drop, but here I am—and that's the whole story!"

Next morning, with a fresh, fair breeze, we got under way, while a great fleet of vessels, stretching out here and there about us, also bore anchor. Dick, in blue shirt and duck trousers, sprang aloft to loose the foretop sail, and as I at the same time went up to drop the main, I heard him humming:
"All in the Downs the fleet they moored,
The streamers waving with the wind."
Surely it was a scene to inspire a heart far less poetic than his. There were soul stirring associations connected with all the coast, and hardly less so with the wide squadron of shipping.

Past Rainsgate, past Dover, past Hastings, past Beachy Head, the Switzerland crowded all sail. Some thirty cabin and steerage passengers that we had, came on deck to look their last upon the shores of England. Among them were middle-aged, respectable looking men, matronly women, beautiful girls and prattling children.

As the channel broadened, the wind hauled east-northeast, blowing directly after us, so that the ship rolled and yawed pretty badly, as is always the case, with the breeze dead astern; and at length the spanker—catching somehow a side puff—"jibed," as the sea term is, with such force that its boom was broken short in two.

A portion of the spar struck the captain's head a blow as to disable him, leaving Mr. Yule, the mate, in command. Meanwhile, the passengers, seasick, retired from the deck to wrestle with their feelings. Mr. Yule, though, like Murat, a good officer when directed by a superior, was like the unhappy French marshal, greatly lacking in judgment when thrown on his own resources; nor had he much confidence in himself. There was nothing, however, to be done but to keep on, and it seemed as if almost any one should be able to navigate a vessel down the English channel, with a fair wind.

But the weather presently grew foul—the wind coming on to blow a gale from the southwest, and the short, chipping channel swell getting extremely bad.
We came down to very short sail, and finally, after a run of some thirty hours from the Downs, brought the ship to with her head to the southwest, in which position she would make, between her headway and leeway, a north-westerly drift. This if we were as Mr. Yule supposed us to be, already out of the channel, would take us entirely clear of land. He believed the Switzerland would be thrown down or lose her topmasts, should she continue to run longer with her three topsails.

A thickness of the atmosphere forbade our seeing more than a mile or two in any direction.
"What does he heave to here for?" asked Dick. "Why don't he make sure of his offing? He might carry the lower topsails and a reefed fore-sail, in spite of this gale—at least for a little longer—and, if he'd take my advice, he'd do it. He seems confused and hesitating, and heaves to without knowing whether he's right or wrong. Chaps, I've been here before! I don't believe the ship Switzerland is out of the English Channel yet!"

The gale presently blew much harder, fairly beating down the sea, and causing the ship to lie over at a fearful steep angle.

At length, sure enough, we all had to spring into the weather-rigging, and, in a moment, over she went, with her great yards swishing in the foam.

In this position she remained half an hour, when the air to leeward becoming a little clearer, we saw in that direction a line of tall, gray cliffs, upon which the spray was flying fifty feet high. At this sight the mate lost all presence of mind. "Cut away the rigging with your knives!" he sang out. "We must get rid of the masts to lighten the ship. Cut away the mizzen shrouds and the maintopmast backstays! Let the fore-rigging stand!"

The idea was preposterous; yet some of the sailors had already snatched their heavy sheath-knives, when Dick shouted with a voice that no tempest could drown:—"Avast, every one of you! Don't cut a spinyarn! Nothing can save us if you do that! The gale lulls a little and the ship is trying to right. You chaps there, I say!—you, Davy! you, big Jack!—don't you cut one of those lanyards, whatever Mr. Yule says! I'll shoulder the blame of this mutiny!"

The wind had indeed slackened for the moment, and the ship righted, pitching and rolling prodigiously.

But the mate seemed strangely confused, and incapable of any coherent plan of action.

"Mr. Yule!" cried Dick, "we must have the three topsails and the fore-sail on this ship—and quick, too, or she'll be on the rocks! These are the Scilly Islands, and we must get past them before our leeway takes us on."

His directions were followed, and the ship was enabled just to clear the outermost point of the rocks, as she shot westwardly into the Atlantic, with no land under her lee nearer than the coast of Ireland—a hundred miles off.

But although no longer in peril from a lee-shore, she labored very heavily, and one of the young English girls, terrified by an unusually deep lurch and careen, started out of the cabin just as the crest of a roaring sea broke over the quarter. It swept her from her feet, and in an instant would have carried her far a-lee of the ship, had not Dick, letting go the file-rail by the main-mast, caught her in his arms.

We shortened sail immediately, and the Switzerland now went easily along, the wind continuing to fall as the night came on.

Next morning the weather had become pleasant, and early in the forenoon Mr. Yule called Dick to the quarter-deck.
"I wish to say," he remarked, "that you were right and I was wrong. You have saved the ship and every soul on board of her. I do not know how I ever happened to make such a terrible mistake. I shall have to take the captain's place, with Mr. Drummond as my mate, and I want you to take the starboard watch as second mate."

"I will do that," said Dick.
"And one of the ladies in the cabin—mother of the girl you saved—wants to see you."

Dick hesitated; for his character had nothing in it of vanity. But just then a feminine voice was heard, and there stepped out on the deck a woman of some forty-eight years, with the "mantling crimson of the island blood."

She began speaking to Mr. Yule; then glancing towards Dick, started and looked at him steadfastly.

The young sailor started no less than she, and upon both sides there was a joyful astonishment.
"Richard—Richard Oswald!" I heard. "Oh, heaven be praised!"
"Mother—oh, my mother!"
The mother and her truant boy were for a moment locked in each other's arms, unable to say more.

They presently retired into the cabin, and when Richard again appeared he told me that not only his mother was on board, but his sisters also, whom he had not seen since they were children, and one of whom was the young lady he had saved from drowning.

His father was already in the United States, where he had provided for the family a comfortable home, and whither they were now going.

It was no wonder that among sixteen busy sailors on the orward part of the deck, the blue shirted tar should not have been recognized by his mother, even if, which was very doubtful, she had observed him at all.

"I shall never taste liquor again," said the new second-mate, on the day we made the land and "ran down" the Long Island shore.

How We Hunted a Mouse.
I was dozing comfortably in my easy-chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen I rushed.—The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "shoo," in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "O! Joshua, a mouse, shoo—what shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go away—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it, it didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would; but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment. There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's pantaloons, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse. Its toes are cold, and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, and begin on you instead of on the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every motion with startling and suggestive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Maria, and as the case seemed urgent to me I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigor; but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the boy who thought that I did, I shall inflict punishment on his person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside of the cloth, I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen, and asked what she could do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal-scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "O, Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat."—Now, I submit that the wish was born of the weakness of woman's intellect. How on earth did she suppose a cat could get where that mouse was? Rather have the mouse there alone, anyway, than to have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Maria of the fact that she was a fool. Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easily.

That was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they drag-

ged hose around, and mused things all over the house, and then the foremen wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me.—Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now, when mice run out of the cupboard, I go out doors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.

JOSHUA JENKINS.

Love Without Nonsense.

About two months ago a young woman entered an office in Justice alley and took a seat without speaking to any one, and it was only after two long hours had dragged away that his Honor inquired what he could do for her.

"I came here to get married," was her prompt reply.

"To whom?"

"To the fellow who has been waiting on me."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know. He agreed to be here long ago, but I shan't wait any longer. We'll come in some time during the week."

In about ten days she appeared with a white haired William on her arm and said they were ready to be married, but just then a fire alarm was turned in and away went the lover at the top of his pace to see the fun. As he did not return in the course of an hour the girl said she guessed they'd postpone the marriage to another day. On the fourth day after, the pair once more entered the office, but a law suit was in progress. They sat together, hands clasped and eyes full of love, while the lawyers abused each other, but after the case had hung on till dusk they got discouraged and went out, the girl saying to his Honor:

"Never mind—some other day will do as well."

"But won't you get discouraged?"

"Oh, no. We simply thought we'd get married, but there is no cause for any rush about it."

Three days elapsed, and his Honor sat looking into the bowl of his pipe when the pair opened the door, walked in and removed their hats, and the women said:

"If you haven't got anything to do just now you may marry us, and I'll get back to my sweeping and dusting."

The ceremony was speedily begun and concluded, and the bride turned to her hat and shawl with the remark:

"William, I'll pay the fee, and you can hand it to me some time during the months," as she took out a wallet.

"All right Mary. I'll be over and see you the last of the week."

"Very well—go 'long William."

She paid the fee, waited for a certificate, and went out with the remark:

"Excuse the bother, sir, but we did think it best to marry, and I'm sure we're quite obliged to you in addition."

Can't Preach Good.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a lawsuit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See "Truths" and "Proverbs," other columns.

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Oilcloths which are varnished as often as once a year will last much longer than if left unvarnished. Wash the cloth clean, wipe it dry, and apply a coat of coach varnish, taking care not to step on it until thoroughly dry.

The evidence is accumulating that apples keep better in moist, or damp, cellars than in dry ones.

The concern that always makes money—the mint.

If wit is bad in age, what must it be in youth?

DR. THOMAS CLAY MADDEX was killed on Tuesday evening, at the polls of the fourth election district of Anne Arundel county, at Odenton.

A SOUTHERN journal says this year's rice crop in the Gulf States will reach one hundred and fifty million bushels. It is predicted that the rice industry will soon rival that of sugar growing in Louisiana.

JOHN TAPPOHN and his wife, who keep a saloon in Cincinnati, were aroused from their slumbers the other night by what seemed to be an authentic announcement that the world was coming to an end instantaneously. The floor sank and their bed gave away, a weird and unearthly shriek resounded in their ears, a bell began to toll solemnly just behind the footboard, a huge volume of smoke and steam rolled over them, miscellaneous din tortured their ears-drums, and the whole situation indicated nothing less appalling than the crack of doom. After waiting a moment for their own particular summons, they gained courage to get up and investigate, when they found that a freight engine had run off the track and into their saloon, where it was at that moment standing very much in need of refreshments, with its smoke stack shamelessly thrust up through the ceiling into the proprietor's bedroom.

FERTILIZERS

forward and profitable. Attend to this matter NOW, for there is MONEY IN IT for all who engage with us. We will surprise you and you will wonder why you never wrote to us before. We send all particulars free. Address
BUCKEYE MFG CO.,

July 14-1y
MOTHER SUPERIOR
St. Joseph's Academy
Eunottsburg,
\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made
Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co.
Augusta, Maine. Feb 12-1y

LOCALS.

EMMITSBURG RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

On and after Oct 23rd, 1881, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg 8:50 a. m., and 2:30 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 9:20 a. m., and 4:00 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge 10:00 a. m., and 6:21 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 10:30 a. m., and 6:50 p. m.

JAS A. ELDER, Pres.

MORE RAIN.

We want some goose quills. Most enjoyable weather. It is well with the wells again.

SILENCE is often more powerful than speech.

The Adams County, Pa., Teachers' Institute will begin Dec. 5.

HANOVER, Pa., is to have a steam fire engine, at a cost of \$3,300.

BURIAL: HOBBS always on hand, also Coffins and Caskets, at T. Bushman's.

GIVE attention to the Notice of the Mountain View Cemetery Committee.

We predict that just three weeks from this time winter will begin. Now look out!

ATTEND the sale of the Emmitsburg Bazaar Co., on Saturday, November 18th.

HOUSE-CLEANING proceeds now, without the annoyance of dust from the outside.

We cannot notice any communication when the writer's name does not accompany it.

The Pennsylvania Railroad, on Monday declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent.

Our thanks to Mr. Chas. M. Harbaugh, of Kansas City, Mo., for the *Kansas City Journal*.

MR. CHAS. A. MANNING sold two horses on Thursday, for \$450, the purchaser from Baltimore.

THREE crops of raspberries from the same bushes, is what Peter Wisner, of Carroll county, raised this year.

MOST persons are glad the elections are over. They pity occur in the Fall season, and the rest of winter follows.

WANTED to buy a small mill, and 50 to 75 acres of land, within a short distance from Emmitsburg. For particulars inquire at this office. Oct 24th

SOME persons seem to think the chickens are laying plans for Christmas time, and thus account for the scarcity of eggs.

MEN takes the place lately, so long ruled over by dust. Be patient, and you'll get there, surely, if not so soon.

Hog cholera is prevailing in some sections of Franklin county. B. F. Irwin, Southampton tp., Pa., just twelve hogs in ten days.

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

THE CROSSINGS.—Somebody should see that the crossings do not accumulate mud. What is everybody's business, proves nobody's.

THE First National Bank of Gettysburg has declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent, and the Gettysburg National Bank 5 per cent.

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.

As eagle measuring 64 feet from tip of wings, and 33 inches from back to tip of tail, was recently shot by Richard Baker, of Carroll county.

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

THE only murder ever committed in this community, has just reached the full penalty of the law. May it stand as a warning to evil doers for the time to come.

JOSEPH S. GITT, of New Oxford, has been offered a position as engineer on the Baltimore and Delta narrow gauge road, now building, and will probably accept.

MISS MARY F. EYSTER, of Chambersburg, who was so severely burned, from her clothing taking fire from a coal oil lamp last week, died on Wednesday morning.

A seven-year-old boy, in Harrisburg, Pa., while "playing circus," a few days ago, stood upon his head so long, that he was attacked with brain fever, and died in a few hours.

THE American Farmer for November has been republished, its contents are of rich variety, suited to farmers, gardeners and householders, published by Sands & Sons, Baltimore, at \$1.50 a year.

IMPORTANT SALE.—C. V. S. LEVY, Esq., Trustee, will sell to-day at the Western Maryland Hotel, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the home farm of Samuel W. Eckenrode. See advertisement.

The human voice in its sweetness and purity is deliciously musical; with Throat affection and Coughs it loses all attractions. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup restores it when falling through Coughs, Colds, etc.

The greatest effects have sometimes the smallest cause. Life is constantly sacrificed by neglect of Coughs and Colds, when a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup would save the sufferer.

TO RID CATS OF FLEAS.—Take a piece of wool yarn long enough to tie around pussy's neck, and wet it in oil of pennyroyal or caribolic acid, and put it on her neck, and she will soon be rid of the pests.

A few shares of Cumberland Valley Railroad stock were recently sold in Chambersburg. The preferred stock brought \$120.50 per share and the common stock \$90. The par value of both is only \$50.

We told you so.

The stupid if not malicious course of the Frederick Examiner in its fight against Judge Ritchie, resulted as we predicted, and was not relieved by its professed use of "honourable" means.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Nov. 6.—The United Presbyterian Church at Newville, Cumberland county, was burned to the ground at 2 o'clock this morning. Cause unknown. It was a brick building worth \$10,000; insurance \$8,000.

Trial by Jury.

[St. Louis Chronicle.]

Some believe that even this form of trial is not perfectly free from prejudice. But in our section, St. Jacobs 6th has been tried by that great jury—the public—and been judged the infallible cure for Rheumatism and all painful diseases.

AN exchange states that two sharpers are going through the country victimizing the farmers. They offer to sell mackerel in half-barrels at a very low price—Upon purchasing the victims find their half-barrels filled with rubbish, with a thin layer of fish on top.

It is impossible for a woman after a faithful course of treatment, with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets.

OUR young friend Charles M. Harbaugh, seems to be established in a flourishing business, in Kansas city, if we may judge by the mammoth advertisement of the firm of "Curran & Harbaugh," in the *Kansas City Daily Journal*, for a copy of which, received to-day, he will please accept our thanks.

OLD WEATHER PROPHECIES.—The weather prophets of fifty years ago always prepared for snow in accordance with the amount of dust at the preceding Summer. If that old rule holds good this Winter, look out for deep snows—The dust of last Summer has never been expected.

LIST OF LETTERS.—The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., Nov. 7th, 1881. Persons calling will please say *advertisers*, otherwise they may not receive them:

Biggs, Mrs. Annie M.; Dougherty, E. H.; Eckenrode, Miss Annie; Fleener, Fossom; Shoenaker, Mack; Madden, W. B.; Newcomer, John T.; Short, John F.

It is gratifying to note how splendidly the candidates in the late election from Emmitsburg district ran. Stansbury, on the Republican ticket for County Commissioner came out the third highest elected, and Zacharias, on the Democratic side for the House of Delegates led his ticket in fine style. We opine, that hereafter this District will not be overlooked, as has too often been the case, in the making up of tickets.

Notice.

The subscriber will sell, the "Still House" at Loont Grove Mills, between the Merchant Mill and the Saw Mill. It is a first class building, being two stories brick and one frame. Its size is 24 feet by 48 feet. It will be sold cheap. Persons wishing to buy can call on Mr. Jos. N. Smith at the mill. Oct 29 St. HARRIET MOTTER

From the "Hanover Citizen."

A few nights since Officer Gallagher captured some tramps on the common and found a number of burglar's tools in their possession.

Charles Elzler, residing on Carlisle street, has suffered terribly for some weeks past with a sore hand. The sore started from a "chapped" skin, and while working about a horse that had the distemper some of the pus got into the sore and so diseased the part as to necessitate the amputation of the little finger at the first joint. Afterwards the finger was taken off at the second joint, and finally, in order to save the hand, the entire finger was removed.

The Frederick Citizen Says.

Gorsuch carries the county for Comptroller by 421 majority. Ritchie's majority in Frederick county is 200. Zacharias, the highest man on the Democratic Delegate ticket, is beaten by 44 votes—Jarboe is elected on the Democratic Commissioner ticket by 17 majority. Barwick's majority for Sheriff over Whip is 352. Rager's majority for Surveyor is 448.

There were 6939 votes cast in favor of the Constitutional Amendment and 249 votes against it. F. L. Merling received 6 votes for Comptroller, and Jos. Wood, of New Market, 1.

A Good Recommendation.

EMMITSBURG, Oct. 23, 1880.

All I have to say of the *Wildcat 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.

[Sparta. (Wis.) Herald.]

As an exhibition of the intrinsic worth of St. Jacobs Oil, we think the case referred to, that of Mrs. O. W. Hubbard, of this town, cured of Sciatic Rheumatism of long standing by the Oil, is certainly striking, and, beyond all doubt, conclusive as to its efficacy. The remedy has our indorsement.

The Election passed off very quietly in this place, there were 682 votes polled the whole number of registered voters being 756. The day was cloudy, but it did not rain, favoured a good turnout. The laws governing elections, practically prove the wisdom on which they were founded. No one would now favour a return to the old order of things, which produced disorder and riotous proceedings. It may be well sometimes to reflect on these matters.

November Peaches.

Mr. Jacob Hoke brought us some peaches, last week, of the second crop this year, the first one having ripened and been gathered in August. There were about one hundred and fifty of these, out of season specimens, which, though small in size were solid, well flavoured and altogether quite a curiosity. The tree that produced them is on the premises of Mr. Hoke's son-in-law, Mr. John Seipter.

ALWAYS on hand at this office, in large variety, a full and complete assortment of visiting, fancy and business cards, finished in the highest artistic styles, anywhere to be found. For present and table ornaments, and pleasant diversion, they are just what is wanted. The attention of the ladies particularly is called to them, they will find them little treasures to be prized. Call and see for yourselves, such exquisite pictures but rarely reach the rural settlements.

More Light.

We think the town authorities have a mistaken idea of things, in lighting the lamps only when the moon cannot shine, if some of them, on the dark rainy nights of this week, had had their eyes pained by an erratic umbrella, or the same had been pushed down their throats, they would cry, let there be light when light is needed. The diffusion of light promotes good order and advances morality, thus in the end saves money. It spends costs and saves dollars.

Religious.

The Potomac Synod divided Zion's Classis into three, the two new ones being formed as follows: Adams county and three churches in York county—Hanover, Manheim and Codorus—to constitute "Gettysburg Classis"; and Cumberland and Perry counties to constitute "Carlisle Classis." The other and larger part of York county to remain "Zion's Classis." Gettysburg Classis will meet at Gettysburg on the 14th of June next for organization. Rev. Dr. Kieffer to preside; and Carlisle Classis at Carlisle on the same day and for the same purpose, Rev. Dr. Kremer to preside.

ENGINEER AUNT KILLED.—On Monday night, October 31st, Ellis W. Ault, of Columbia, Pa., an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad, who had been running the 230 p. m. train between this city and Columbia for the past four years, was killed on the Port Deposit branch of that road, near Safe Harbor, Penna. His train was wrecked by a land slide. The locomotive and six cars were thrown into the Susquehanna river and the remaining cars were completely wrecked. Ault went into the river with his engine and was drowned. Deceased was well known in this city, and was a member of Reynolds Post, No. 2, G. A. R. He was about 40 years of age.

Union.

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 conflagrations, 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. G. HANNA, Agent, Emmitsburg, Md.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MR. EDITOR.—Through your columns we take pleasure in answering the inquiry of "Citizen," as to the "shortage" in the coal supply at this place; and first, would throw him a "crumb of comfort," by stating that we were informed to-day that there is no coal to be had at either Gettysburg, Taneytown, York Road or Rocky Ridge; secondly our orders have been in for coal since the latter part of July, and in response to frequent "postals," urging the prompt shipment, we have been informed that the delay was occasioned by scarcity of cars. "Citizen's" case is a strong one, and looks well in print, but unfortunately he argues from false premises. The price of coal has not, as yet, been advanced, but is the same as it was in May. As to the farmers going elsewhere with their "grain and produce," that depends! The farmers will sell their stuff where they can get the most for it, whether two birds or one be killed by that falset "stone." Try it again, Citizen, but mind Davy Crockett's adage, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." DEALERS.

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.

EXECUTION

—OF—

FELIX MUNSHOWER

A telegram informs us that FELIX MUNSHOWER was hung in the jail-yard at Frederick, at 11:56 o'clock to-day (Friday), declaring his innocence.

The tragedy which began in this neighborhood, on the 5th day of August, 1879, when he murdered his cousin James L. Wetzel, has ended in the vindication of the law, long delayed. Thus went out, in darkness and ignominy, the light of a life, which, had it not been perverted to base ends, might have been a blessing to his fellowmen.

The Hagerstown *Heard* says that the town of Boonsboro, Md., is 93 years old, having been founded by George Boone, a native of Pennsylvania, in 1788. The remains of both Boone and his wife lie in the old churchyard of the Reformed Church of that place. The grave of Mrs. Boone is marked by a plain slab of marble, whilst that of Boone has but a flag-stone.

A DRIVE.

A Deal of Darkness; A Collision; An Overtake; Upside-down Progression; No Serious Hurt; The Editorial Buggy Smashed; Buttered; Everybody Happy Over Trouble Escaped.

On Tuesday night, towards eight o'clock, as Mr. Paul Motter was driving in a buggy up town, a spring wagon, coming down street, collided with and overturned his buggy; Paul was thrown out, and under the buggy, which was turned completely upside-down. The horse kept on all the same, with the buggy top towards the ground, (the top was folded down at the time.) A young man acquainted with the ways of the horse, passing along the street, called to him, wnoa! and he forthwith slackened his progress, and was soon stopped—Paul gathered himself up quickly; a slight scratch on his forehead and several on his right hand, being the extent of his injuries. The horse was not injured in the least respect, and the famous old buggy escaped with a broken shaft, a bent dash and the top loosened.

"So we drive before the wind."

"All's well that ends well."

PERSONALS.

Miss Sallie Shumton is again at home after a short visit to Miss Annie Birnie Taneytown.

Mr. Anna Galt of near Taneytown was among the visitors this week, to our village.

Mrs. O. A. Horner and son is spending some time with Mrs. Harry Galt of near Taneytown.

Rev. Mr. Hartman and wife of Chambersburg, Pa., were visiting at his wife's parents this week.

Mrs. Sallie Grall of Mayberry Carroll county, is spending sometime with her sister, Mrs. Lewis M. Motter.

Mrs. Dr. G. T. Motter of Taneytown was stopping with Miss Emma Motter for several days.

Miss Lulu Adlesberger is with friends in Baltimore.

Miss Maggie O'Dell who has been on quite an extended visit to friends in Lancaster, Pa., has returned home.

Mr. Hall W. Eyster made a pleasure trip to Baltimore.

Mr. Kelly and wife, of Waynesboro', are on a visit at Messrs G. T. and H. M. Eyster's.

Walter W. White is again in Virginia, buying cattle.

Rev. Mr. Wire, in company with Miss Zeppie Crouse of Mechanicstown, spent Tuesday with Miss Missie Harbaugh.

Miss Minnie Harbaugh has again returned home from a visit to friends in Mechanicstown.

Lutheran Church Conference.

The Middle Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Maryland met in annual session in Taneytown, Carroll Co., on Monday evening of last week. Among the clergymen present were Rev. Dr. Valentine, president of Gettysburg Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. Geo. Diehl, Revs. S. G. Finckel, W. H. Settemyer, L. A. Mann, W. C. Wise, D. B. Floyd, H. W. Kuhns, M. L. Beard, D. M. Lamotte and E. Manges. Rev. Dr. Wolf of the West Pennsylvania Synod, was received as an advisory member. A number of lay delegates were also present. A committee, consisting of Revs. Mann, Settemyer and Diehl, was appointed to assist colonies of Lutherans who have recently removed from Frederick and other counties to the vicinity of Poolesville, in Montgomery, Mt. Airy, in Carroll, and Elysfield, in Howard.

A petition from twenty-one members of the Lutheran Church living at Union Bridge, Carroll county, asking for the establishment of a church in that rapidly growing town, and the union of a congregation at Mount Union with them, was received and considered. Rev. Dr. B. Floyd, Dr. Diehl, Rev. Lamotte and Messrs. Angell and Derr were appointed a committee to visit both places, with a view to effecting the organization of a congregation embracing all the Lutherans of the town and vicinity, to be followed as soon as possible by the purchase of a lot and the building of a church.

Dr. Valentine read an essay on "The New Revision." The conference adjourned on the 1st inst., to meet next at Burkettville, in this county, on the 29th day of May, 1882. Dr. Valentine read a preamble and resolutions denouncing speculative life insurance, which were adopted.

MARRIED.

HAINES-SMITH.—On the 10th inst., at Bridgeport, Md., by the Rev. W. Simonson, James D. Haines, of Carroll Co., Md., to Ella S., youngest daughter of Asabell Smith, Esq., of Bridgeport.

DIED.

HEAGY.—On the 17th inst, near this place Henry Heagy, aged 84 years and 25 days.

MARKETS.

EMMITSBURG MARKETS.

COULD EVERY THURSDAY, BY D. ZECK.

BACON—

HAMS—

Shoulders—

Sides—

Lard—

Butter—

Eggs—

Potatoes—

Peaches—

Apples—

Cherries—

Blackberries—

Country soap—

Beans, dried—

Wheat—

Flour—

Skink—

Chickens—

Opasassa—

Muskrat—

Honey—

Wool—

Wood—

EMMITSBURG GRAIN MARKETS.

Corrected every Thursday by Motter, Mearl & Co.

Wheat—

Rye—

Corn—

Oats—

Barley—

Timothy—

Hay—

Mixed—

Straw—

BUSINESS LOCALS

Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Geo. T. Boster & 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 Neuritis or Rheumatism, and get a sure and speedy remedy, from Paul Motter, agent for the unfailing CARLISLE 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

DEBULL'S

COUGH

SYRUP

NOTICE.

OFFICE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Frederick, Md., Nov. 7, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners will meet in this office, on MONDAY MORNING, the 27th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of closing up their business. Those interested will please take notice.

By order,

H. F. STEINER, Clerk.

Dr. C. D. Eichelberger,

DEALER IN

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

Perfumery,

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES,

PROPRIETARY MEDICINES,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

Emmit House!

EMMITSBURG, MD.

W. C. SUTTON, Proprietor

THIS large and comfortable new building is located on the West end of the town, in full view of the adjacent mountains. Its successful course as a summer resort, for several years, has established a high reputation for it. There is water all through the house, and its outlet is through convenient closets. A good bath house adds to its other conveniences and comforts. The location affords a constant and pleasant breeze from the surroundings heights. Mosquitoes do not approach. The Table is first-class, the Bar, the Chambers, and all its appointments, will give general satisfaction. The Stabling is capacious, and guests are conveyed to and from the Hotel and Railroad free of charge. It presents special inducements to mercantile travellers. Terms moderate. For further particulars address the Proprietor: apl 6 y

The Clarendon!

Cor. Hanover and Pratt Sts.,

Baltimore, Md.

This Hotel has Changed Hands and is Under New Management.

Rates, per day, \$1.50 to \$2.00; Table Board, \$4 per week. Permanent Guests, \$5

