

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



SAMUEL NOTTER, 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, DECEMBER 17, 1881.

No. 28.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. William Viers
Boue and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State Attorney.—John C. Notter.
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, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hines, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff.—Robert Barrick.
Tax-Collector.—D. H. Routhan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearro, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Assessor.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Michael C. Adlesberger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Eugene L. Rowe.
Registrar.—James A. Elder.
Constables.—William H. Ashbaugh, School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, A. Lough.
Deacons.—Isaac Hyder.
Tavern Commissioners.—U. A. Lough, Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C. Annan, F. W. Lansing, 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 2 o'clock, p. m., Infants School 1 1/2 p. m.
Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)
Pastor.—Rev. W. A. Gilling. 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, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 1 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday morning 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 evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 10 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 Motters, 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 Motters, 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.
Kielles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Bm. Officers: R. E. Hockensmith, P.; Daniel Gelwick, Sach.; 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: F. Thos. Bussey, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adlesberger, Ass't. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasur. cr.
Junior Building Association.
Sec., Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Witheron, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. Waddles.

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Rates, per day, \$1.50 to \$2.00; Table \$1.50 per week. Permanent Guests, \$5 to \$7 per week.

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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. 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 view of the surrounding heights. More than 1000 feet above the sea level, the Table is first-class, the Chambers, and all appointments, are of the best. The dining room is spacious, and guests are conveyed to and from the Hotel and Railroad free of charge. It presents special inducements to mercantile travelers. Terms moderate. For further particulars address the Proprietor. apt 16 y

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DENTISTRY!

Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist
Washington, D. C.
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.
aug10-1y

CHILDREN'S JOYS.

The children's world is full of sweet surprises;
Our common things are precious in their sight;
For them the stars shine, and the morning rises
To show new treasures of untold delight.
A dance of bluebells in the shady places;
A crimson flush of sunset in the west;
The cobwebs, delicate as fairy laces;
The sudden finding of a wood-bird's nest.
Their hearts and lips are full of simple praises
To Him who made the earth divinely sweet;
They dwell among the buttercups and daisies,
And find His blessings strewn about their feet.
But we, worn out by days of toil and sorrow,
And sick of pleasures that are false and vain,
Would freely give our golden boards to borrow
One little hour of childhood's bliss again.
Yet he who sees their joy, beholds our sadness,
And the wisdom of a Father's love
He keeps the secret of the heavenly gladness:
Our sweet surprises wait for us above.
—The Sunday Magazine.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.
Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearl shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day—
As onward from the spot I passed;
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.
And so, methought, 't will quickly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.
And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame

DON'T FRET.

BY CLARA KNAPP.
Mrs. Shephard lived in the large brick house on the hill; the one with the terraced grounds in front, the pretty fountain at the side, and all about such beautiful flowers, shrubbery and evergreens. Passers-by, in stopping to admire the beauty of the spot, would often notice a tall, fine-looking gentleman sitting on the veranda, with two bright and remarkably handsome boys by his side. Occasionally a lady would make her appearance, when the boys seemed to lose their freedom, would stop their noise and play, and sit quietly down, or slip away out of sight. The lady had a querulous, discontented and fretful look, and it was little wonder that the neighbors found her so unattractive that they seldom cared to visit her. Her conversation was a series of complaints; her servants furnishing her

an unflinching supply in this line.—No one, she was sure, ever had such trials as she; even her husband, in her opinion, fell far short of a model; in her boys she took little or no comfort, and it is very certain that, with her constant fretting and worry, they took but little in her.

Mr. Shephard had spared neither time nor money in making their home a beautiful one, but to her it seemed to be only a constant anxiety and worry. One room was too large for comfort, another too small for convenience, another had a north window where she would prefer a west one, some rooms were too cold, others too warm; and then if she threw open her window, admitting air and sunlight, her carpets were faded and her rooms rendered untidy by dust. If her windows were closed and darkened, must damp and collected and moths revelled in the costly furniture. Thus all of her surroundings, which were capable of giving so much pleasure to a person possessed of a bright, cheerful spirit, were to her only sources of annoyance.

For fourteen years she had searched the intelligence offices and scoured the country in the endeavor to secure a person who could cook a meal fit to be eaten; a second girl who could make a bed fit to be slept in, or tidy a room that would be even half respectable; or a woman who could laundry their clothes so that it would not be disgraceful to wear them, or who would not waste more soap, starch and bluing than her wages came to.

To her it was a perfect wonder that other ladies could find competent servants, and retain them year after year, while she was continually changing and hunting for others. She probably had never heard, or was an unbeliever in, the adage that "a good mistress makes a good servant." Her father, brothers and various other gentlemen of her acquaintance were constantly being held up to her husband as persons far superior to him in their many good qualities.—Mr. Shephard was a peaceable man, who never retaliated, never even held up his own sweet, loving mother as a contrast to this rasping woman whose scolding tongue was heard the first thing in the morning and the last at night; but he often sighed and grew sober as he thought that, with all his endeavors, he had not succeeded in making his wife happy.

The children inherited their father's bright, happy disposition, and this, with perfect health, gave them such exuberance of spirits and unceasing activity as kept their mother in a constant turmoil.

"John, come out of that tree, and never let me see you attempt to climb a tree again. I never in my life saw such an aggravating boy.—You'll be the death of me yet; it does seem so strange that you can't sit down and be quiet! Henry, I should think you would have compassion on my poor head and walk more quietly through the house, and stop that everlasting whistling."

Poor boys; why couldn't, or rather wouldn't, their mother see that it was as unnatural for Henry not to run, sing or whistle, or for John to "sit down and be quiet," as for her to live without breathing! But for her everything was wrong. Even the weather was always at fault, either too dry or too wet. If a refreshing shower fell upon the parched earth, delighting the hearts of all—even to the little flowers of her garden—she saw in it only the mud that would ensue and the dirt that would be tracked here and there.—If the shower was wanting, then "the heat was so debilitating and the dust intolerable."

And so she continued, ever fretting, complaining and worrying, while the scowling furrows on her brow grew deeper and deeper, banishing every trace of beauty from her once fair face. At her husband's playful remark one day, that he intended trying the effect of a flat-iron in pressing out those furrows from her forehead, he was met by such a shower of tears and volley of abuse as effectually closed his lips for the remainder of the day.

As we saw that woman in the

midst of comfort and luxury, with so many blessings unstintingly showered upon her, and she, ever thankless, peevish and petulant, while others in the midst of poverty, sorrow and affliction were praising God for his blessings, we were tempted to doubt the justice of the Almighty in the eternal fitness of things. "We saw as through a glass, darkly," the time came when His wisdom and mercy were manifest even in these seeming incongruities.

A few years later, and on a bright summer day, as we were passing through the street, we noticed an excited crowd collected on one of the corners, and then a body reverently carried from their midst. It was the lifeless remains of John Shephard, who had been thrown from his horse and instantly killed. This was Mrs. Shephard's first real trouble, and her grief was wild and vehement. She repined every attempt at consolation and considered herself as the most afflicted of mortals, on whom the Almighty seemed to delight in dispensing evil.

A year more of grumbling discontent, and word came that Henry, who was then a college student at a neighboring city, had been stricken with fever and was lying dangerously ill. A few days later and all that was left of the bright and promising boy was laid in the grave.

Mrs. Shephard was almost frantic under this second affliction, and it was with a rebellious and complaining heart that she drank of the bitter cup. Sympathizing friends again tried to comfort her, but she was inconsolable, and full of bitter mourning concerning her hard fate.

For many years after this we lost all trace of her, as business called us away to a distant city. A few months ago, however, on returning to our former home, we entered a small millinery store, and were kindling waited on by a middle-aged lady upon whose face were lines of care and sorrow; but who wore an expression of peace, content and hopefulness. Before I left the store we recognized each other. To find Mrs. Shephard in her present capacity as shopkeeper surprised me much; but her transformation from a scolding, fretful, sour-tempered woman into this kindly, cheerful and attractive person simply amazed me.

It was in a few words that she told me her story. Two years after the sad death of her second son, Mr. Shephard, in the financial crisis of that year, lost heavily. Their beautiful home was sold, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Shephard was brought face to face with poverty.

Her husband struggled hard to rise once more to the surface, perhaps with a cheerful, helpful wife he might have succeeded; as it was, however, he utterly failed, and a few months later died of disease of the heart, leaving his wife penniless and alone.

This last blow was to her the most severe of all; for, with all her complaining, she had dearly loved her husband. But now from the depths of a sorrow-stricken heart, and not until now, was she enabled to say, "Thy will be done." The lesson was learned at last, and her rebellious, repining heart was filled with love and trust and sweet submission to the will of her heavenly Father.

"For years I repined without a cause," she said, "and murmured over imaginary troubles; so the Lord gave me a cause for repining, and sent me a real instead of imaginary trouble. He showered untold blessings upon me, and I was unthankful, unappreciative and complaining; so one by one He has taken them all away from me; and now, after being stricken nigh unto death, I have a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto my God."

NOT A MARRYING GIRL.

They were seated together side by side on the sofa, in the most approved loving fashion—his arm encircling her taper waist, etc. "Lizzie," he said, "you must have read my heart ere this; you must know how dearly I love you."

"Yes, Fred, you have certainly been very attentive," said Lizzie. "But, Lizzie, darling, do you love me? Will you be my wife?" "Your wife, Fred? By all things, no! No, indeed, nor anyone else's."

"Lizzie, what do you mean?" "Just what I say, Fred. I've got two married sisters."

"Certainly, and Mrs. Hopkins and Mrs. Skinner have very good husbands, I believe."

"So people say; but I wouldn't like to stand in either May's or Nell's shoes; that's all."

"Lizzie, you astonish me." "Look here, Fred I've had over twenty-five sleigh rides this winter, thanks to you and my other gentlemen friends."

Fred winced a little here, whether at the remembrance of that unpaid livery bill, or the idea of Lizzie sleighing with her other gentlemen friends, I cannot positively answer.

"How many do you think my sisters have had? Not a sign of one, either of them. Such pretty girls as May and Nellie were, too, and so much attention as they used to have."

Go Home Early.

A young lady correspondent of the *Delawarean* thus addresses herself to those young men who are prone to prolong their visits to their lady friends to the "we ama' hours ayant the twal." There may be some young men in these parts to whom her judicious remarks may apply:

Young gentlemen, when you make a social call in the evening on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety, but, kind sir, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and oftener. A girl that is a sensible, true-hearted girl will enjoy it better, and will value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl, who well knowing the feelings of a father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock toll ten, and yet must sit in error lest he should put his oft-repeated threats in execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such case a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble until safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then, sometimes, the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed mother, and all because a young gentleman will make a longer call than he ought to. Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating. Then beware! monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect; and if, when limits shall have passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs, "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and taking your hat, meekly depart, a sadder, and, it is hoped a wiser man. Do not get angry, but the next time you come, be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early on a pleasant Summer morning, and improve the "shipping hours," and when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will surely speak, and a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a severe reprimand from papa, who doesn't believe in beaux,—as though he never was young—and a mild reproving glance from mama, who understands a little better her daughter's feelings, but still disapproves. And now young man, think about these things, and don't for pity's sake, don't throw down your paper with a "pshaw!" but remember the "safe side of ten."

"Now, Lizzie,—" "I am fond of going to a theatre occasionally, as well as a lecture or concert sometimes, and I shouldn't like it if I proposed attending any such entertainment to be invariably told that times were hard and my husband couldn't afford it, and then to sneak off alone."

"Lizzie, Lizzie,—" "And then, if once in a dog's age, he did condescend to go with me anywhere in the evening, I shouldn't like to be left to pick my way along the slippery places at the risk of breaking my neck, he walking along unconsciously by my side.—I'm of a dependent, clinging nature, and need the protection of a strong arm."

"Lizzie, this is all nonsense." "I'm the youngest of our family, and perhaps I've been spoiled. At all events, I know it would break my heart to have my husband vent all the ill-temper which he conceals from the world on my defenceless head."

"But, Lizzie, I promise you that I—" "Oh, yes, Fred, I know what you are going to say—that you will be different; but May and Nell have told me time and again that no better husbands than theirs ever lived. No, Fred; as a lover, you are just perfect; and I shall hate awfully to give you up. Still, if you are bent on marrying, there are plenty of girls, who have not married sisters, or who are not wise enough to profit by their example, if they have.—And don't fret about me, for I've no doubt I can find someone to fill your place."

But before Lizzie had concluded, Fred made for the door, muttering something "unmentionable to ears polite."

"There!" exclaimed Lizzie, as the door closed with a bang, "I knew he was no better than the rest.—That's the way John and Aleck swear and slam the doors when things don't go just right. He'd make a bear of a husband; but I'm sorry he came to the point so soon, for he was just a splendid beau!"—*New Brunswick Freeman.*

WOMAN that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians in the country, have been completely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

The Home Doctor.

TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER.—Dr. E. Woodruff, for nineteen years a practicing physician at Grand Rapids, Michigan, furnishes the following in relation to the treatment of scarlet fever: "Wash the child from head to foot with strong

sal soda water, warm, then wipe dry. Then immediately bathe freely with oil from beef marrow, or oil from butter, apply freely. Then give freely catnip tea, or some good sweating article, penny-royal, etc. Repeat every half hour, or as often as they get worrisome or wakeful, and in one or two days they will be entirely cured. I have been called to cases where they have fully broken out, and in this way entirely cured them in twenty-four hours. I have had thirty cases on hand at one time, and never lost a case in my life. But now I am old and about to give up my business, and seeing from the papers that your town is infested with the epidemic, I wish to do all the good I can.—It is so simple. You do not need to call a doctor. A good nurse can attend to them. If by opening the pores of the skin and sweating you can let off the poison, which is an animalcule or animal in the blood, the cure is complete. The same is equally good in fevers of all kinds, hard colds and coughs. I take the ground that all diseases are caused by a stoppage of the pores of the skin, retaining the poison or living animals in the blood, and all you have to do at first is to open the doors of the system and let them out or drive them out. All people know a warm bath is good. But you apply the oil to the skin, and it keeps the pores open for a long time, and gives the enemy a chance to get out. I hope all will try it, and they will soon be convinced."

Words of Cheer.
Few persons realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency, by words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty, by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words fitly spoken often sink so deeply into the mind and the heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious, and often-recurring memory—a continuous sunshine lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded, and illumined by a single expression of approval falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature. Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him as well as to the hearer a source of great happiness to be had for the mere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words at appropriate times is easily acquired, while at the same time it is of so much importance that it should be sedulously cultivated by all.

Work and Live.
Man was put into the world to work and cannot find true happiness in remaining idle. So long as a man has vitality to spare upon work it must be used or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself and fashioning his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a tendency toward something. An aimless life cannot be happy or for a long period healthy. Even if a man has achieved wealth sufficient for his needs, he frequently makes an error in retiring from business. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that of which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die. When the fund of vitality sinks so low that he can follow no labor without such a draft upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them, then it will be soon enough to stop work.

"Lies! Big Lies!"
Not so fast my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.