

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, DECEMBER 24, 1881.

No. 29.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Justice—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges—Hon. William Viers
Bouie 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, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hine, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff—Robert Barriek.
Tax-Collector—D. H. Routzahan.
Surveyor—T. A. A. Leger.
School Commissioners—Jas. W. Penrie, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner—D. T. Loken.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace—Michael C. Adesberger, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, 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—A. S. Lough, Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C. Anan, F. W. Lamsinger, J. T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 10 o'clock, p. m., infants School at 12 p. m.

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., Sunday School at 10 o'clock, p. m., Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 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 8 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, p. m., Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m., Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock, p. m., Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.

From Baltimore, 11:25 a. m.; From Hagerstown, 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.; From Frederick, 11:25 a. m.

Depart.

For Baltimore, closed, 7:05 a. m.; For Mechanistown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:05 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m.; For Baltimore, West, 3:45 p. m.; For Frederick, 2:35 p. m.; For Motter's, 2:35 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 3:30 a. m.

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

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E. Hockensmith, P.; Daniel Gelwicks, Sach.; John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Mentzer, Jun. S.; John T. Gelwicks, 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. Bussey, Pres.; John E. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adesberger, Ass. 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. Waddles.

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 to \$7 per week.

J. F. DABROW, Prop'r.
Late 15 years, Prop'r. Occidental Hotel, N. Y. apr 16-6mo.

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. Its successful course as a summer resort, for several years, has established a high reputation for it. There is water in the swimming pool, and its outlet is in a convenient closet. A good bath house adds to its other conveniences and comforts. The location affords a constant and pleasant breeze from the surrounding heights. Mosquitoes do not approach. The tables are first-class, the bar, the chambers, and all its appointments, will give general satisfaction. The Stabling is spacious, 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. ap16 y

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. V. S. LEVY.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. FREDERICK, MD. Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. jy22 ly

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-ly

B. H. WARNER & Co.,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. WARNER BUILDING, Washington, D. C. Attention given to Patent and mining cases, Lands, Pensions, Bounties, and Government Claims. Attention prompt, charges moderate. Address with stamp. Refer to Members of Congress and Heads of Government Departments.

DENTISTRY!

Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist. Westminister, Md. NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 14th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug16-ly

THE BABY STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling,
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood it,
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all;
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan—
I'll borrow a stocking of grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And I'll hang it by mine, dear mother,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa,
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.
But she's just the blessedest baby—
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stockings with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

BY E. H. SEARS, D. D.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on earth, good-will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn silence lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Liquid or Dry.

Some people prefer to purchase medicines in the dry state so that they can see for themselves that they are purely vegetable. Others have not the time or desire to prepare the medicine, and wish it already to use.

To accommodate each class the proprietors of Kidney-Wort now offer that well known remedy in both Liquid and Dry forms.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.—Truth.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

The winter winds swept sadly their harp of lofty pines,
And made soft melody among the thickly braided vines.

The midnight stars shone soft and bright,
As erst they did of old,
Then angels to the wondering earth the Saviour's advent told.

The frost with most exquisite work the window panes had fraught,
It seemed as though some scrupulous hand such loveliness had wrought.

The snow lay deep upon the hill, the woodland and the lea,
And icy fetters bound the streams, that leaped through summer free.

'Twas midnight: yet from hall and cot, the cheery light shone out,
And on the frosty air was heard sweet childhood's merry shout.

For Yule logs were burning bright on every Christmas hearth,
And good Saint Nicholas invoked with gleesome songs of mirth.

But far away upon the moor, so desolate and lone,
Amid its gloom a hovel stood—a hovel of rude stone:

But from its hearth no blazing pile sent forth a cheering light,
For all within was want and gloom, and all without was night.

"Mother, a child-voice whispered low, 'mother, sweet mother, dear,
I wonder if the angels know that we are starving here?'

"ETTY has prayed to God all day to send us wood and bread,
And something for you, mother dear, to cure your aching head.

"Perhaps the angels that He sent to us know not the way—
And tho' I'm hungry, and so cold, once more I'll kneel and pray."

Oh, mothers in your cheerful homes, that list your children's prayer,
Think of that helpless, starving child, e'en praying in despair.

Think how that mother's heart was wrung, as perishing she lay,
And heard her little daughter's wail, yet striving e'er to pray.

Think of the fortitude, the faith, of that poor, starving child—
The deep, the voiceless agony in her sweet accents wild!

Upon the border of the moor a cheerful cottage stood,
Where plenty, happiness and love, and true content did brood.

Within, the Yule logs blazed high, this chilly Christmas night,
A fair haired boy stood by his sire, both gazing in delight.

At length the merry, boyish face grew sad and thoughtful too,
Then suddenly his gentle arms around his father threw.

"What is it now my boy would crave?" the father fondly said,
While gently pressing to his heart, the fair, bright sunny head.

"Papa, you know, the lad replied, 'the stone hut on the moor,
That long has been deserted by the poorest of the poor?'

"Not long ago a widow came, so feeble and so sad,
With one sweet, tiny, pale faced girl, and both in mourning clad.

"And in the hut upon the moor, I saw them yesterday—
The pale sweet lady looked so ill, I for her can but grieve.

"She lay upon a bed of straw, and crouching by her side,
I saw the little dark-eyed child in trembling try to hide.

"As I drew near. There was no fire, the hearth was dark and cold,
The door was broken, and the walls were covered with damp mold.

"I asked the lady why she stayed in that old hovel bare?
'We have no home' she meekly said, 'with clasped hands, as in prayer.

"My husband's dead; my fortune's gone. I worked till I grew ill;
But God has been our refuge, and I feel will be so still."

"I hurried home to tell you all that I there saw and heard;
So late and weary you came in, I said not then a word."

"Come, haste thee quick," the father cried, "good wife, and bring to me Food, wine and blankets, else too late I fear that we may be."

And e'en as little ETTY prayed, they passed within the door;
The child believed her prayer was heard, and answered; nothing more.

So Friendship, Charity and Love, with hearts all warm and bright,
Gave the lone widow and her child a loving home that night.

CHRISTMAS AT MUD FLAT.

She had been in camp four days. Where she came from, why she came, or who she was, no one could tell. But she was in camp, and that she had come to stay, there was no doubt. She was quiet, modest and simply clad—three qualities which commended her to the residents of Mud Flat as a charge from the ordinary run of females who from time to time invaded the precincts of that classic settlement.

Nor were these the only points which had been noted by the boys. As Andy McCorhle had gallantly handed her from the lower step of his mud bespattered coach to the portico of the hotel, everybody saw that she clung almost convulsively to the little child whose arms were twined about her neck. They observed, also, that her features were pale and bloodless to an extent that was almost pitiful. By that delicate intuition which sometimes exists under the roughest exteriors, the sturdy miners of Mud Flat understood that the strange lady was suffering from mental as well as physical illness. Their sympathy was aroused in her behalf from that instant, and every man in the place immediately constituted himself her champion and friend.

A day later, when she had rented a cabin near the outskirts of town, without disclosing to any one her intentions for the future or the story of the past, their interest was increased, and they began to show their friendship in substantial ways. A great heap of fire-wood was mysteriously deposited within easy reach the first night. Bags of flour, quantities of coffee and sugar, a whole ham, and a quarter of fresh venison likewise made their appearance from some unex, lained source the third morning.

Little was seen of the recipient of these treasures, however. She had only been on the street once, and then only to purchase a few necessary articles. Upon that occasion she met the reverential gaze of a score of loungers, and turned her head away, pretending not to see, when the jovial Bill Carter smuggled a huge package of candy into the child's capacious pocket. But aside from that she had remained hidden from view, and the miners knew as little about her on the fourth day as they had on the first.

The 23d of December was unusually cold, even for that locality. As the frozen moon came up over a distant crag, cutting with chilly hands the dusky gloom, one might have fancied that he had suddenly been transplanted into the Arctic region. The ground was covered with a thin layer of snow, which glistened like burnished silver in the pale light. Here and there along the sides of the gulch giant pines, standing like ghostly sentinels, threw spectral shadows across the white expanse. The roar of Potato creek wrapped in the icy arms of winter, was subdued to a tiny, muffled trickling. And the wind, gently sighing through the passes, played Aeolian melodies among the needles of pine and tassels of hemlock.

In the main apartment of the Magnolia saloon, a party of the boys were sitting around a table, upon which steamed a large bowl, emitting a fragrant and aromatic odor. "Whoever she might be," observed a tall and rather angular personage known to his companions as Long Tom Rollins—"whoever she might be, she's alone, barrin' that kid, and unprotected besides. She's sickly, too, and order her a doctor. This ain't no sort of a place for a—

"An inviolid," he concluded, hesitatingly, removing his heavy boot from the table, and helping himself to a liberal allowance of the punch. "Then, after a pause, he continued, 'I wonder what ails the critter, anyhow?'

"A man's at the bottom of it, gentlemen, you hear me," observed Judge Gashwilder from the other side of the table, nodded conviction at each of his hearers in turn—"Take my word for it, there's a man in it, as there allers is in any deviltry as robs some poor woman's cheek of its bloom and her eye of its light."

"And now," he added, resuming his rhetorical attitude and voice, "I axes you as gentlemen and representatives of Mud Flat chivalry, shall this gal and her kid, being too poor to have a Christmas of their own—shall they go without it, or not? Remember, gentlemen, that

The Judge was eloquent at all times. But when his round pate glistened from the effects of good punch and his theme was women, he was thought by the men of Mud Flat to have few equals. Therefore the little party seated around the table were considerably startled when, just as their favorite orator had thrust his right hand into his breast as a preparatory gesture leading to a more extended tribute to the sex, Long Tom Rollins leaned forward and exclaimed:

"See here, old man. How do you know all this?"

For a moment everybody was aghast. Whether they were astonished at the suddenness of the interruption, or at the half savage tone of the speaker, or whether it occurred to them that the Judge might possibly have so far overstepped the bounds of prudence as to have attempted "pumping" the interesting stranger, may never be known. But it is certain they were astounded into silence. Even Judge Gashwilder was observed to lose his usual presence of mind. For an instant his naturally serene countenance wore an expression which in another world would have been mistaken for guilt. If the confidence which the others had always placed in him was a trifle shaken at that instant, it was quickly restored when, after a moment's hesitation, the old gentleman explained his peculiar position.

"You see, gentlemen," he said gradually resuming the attitude from which he had been surprised by the abrupt speech above quoted, "I was prowling round her cabin last night, when all of a sudden I heard voices inside. The door was open a little bit, and by standing where I was I couldn't miss a syllable. I will here explain," he continued, thrusting his red bar-dana handkerchief into his breast, as was his wont when speaking publicly, "that I was there for the purpose of finding out, if possible, whether the gal was in need of anything that I could help her to."

"Which accounts," observed a bystander, "for that chicken which was hung up alongside the door when I came by this mornin'."

"I heard her talkin' with the kid," continued Judge Gashwilder, not noticing the interruption, "and I couldn't help listenin'. As near as I could make out, the talk was like this:

"When shall we see papa?" "Heaven knows, my baby. We have sought him long, and when God is ready He will restore him to us."

"Is Christmas comin' soon, mamma?" "Yes, baby, darling. But there won't be no presents for my little one this time. We are away from home, and poor. But when we find papa we will go where there are lots of pretty things, and then baby shall have plenty."

Here the Judge leaned forward and whispered in a mysterious voice, telling his companions that he had heard the mother repeat to her child the sad story of how her father had gone West four years ago to seek his fortune; how for two years his letters, containing money for her support, had come like rays of sunshine through the clouds; how they had suddenly stopped, and no answers were received to her agonized appeals; how for two more years she had supposed him dead; how, at last, the Postmaster in the little village where she lived had, upon his dying bed, confessed to having stolen the letters from her husband, so as to get the money they contained, and suppressed her missives to him, for fear of discovery; and how she had started out with her little one to find the lost husband, who had been last heard from in Mud Flat.

All this the Judge told to the few friends he could trust, speaking in a whisper, lest the precious secret should be passed to others in the room.

"And now," he added, resuming his rhetorical attitude and voice, "I axes you as gentlemen and representatives of Mud Flat chivalry, shall this gal and her kid, being too poor to have a Christmas of their own—shall they go without it, or not? Remember, gentlemen, that

kid is the first one as ever came into this place, and p'raps she's our luck. Let us nurr her, my friends, and let us show her mother that we ain't so lost to virtoo an' principle as not to appreciate it when we hev a good woman and a innocent kid among us. Let us give 'em a Christmas. I will now perceed to head the subscription."

So saying, the gallant old man moved the punch bowl to one side, and emptied the contents of his breeches pocket upon the table. Others followed suit, and when the last man had placed his contribution there the pile contained a goodly sum.

"Now, gentlemen, some one of us has got to take that money, ride to Denver, and spend it for 'em. Who shall it be?"

"Let me be your agent," responded a deep bass voice.

Turning, they saw a tall stranger standing near by, who had just entered in time to hear the Judge's call for contributions. One or two in the room recognized him as a miner who had come in from the diggings that afternoon, having found it too cold to work longer in the mountains.

They were inclined to resent the interference of an outsider, probably would not have heeded his request had he not spoken a second time.

Drawing near the table, he said: "Gentlemen, I was once a married man myself, but my wife, God bless her, is dead. For the love I bear her memory, for the affection I have toward the remembrance of my little one buried with her, I ask you to let me aid in this matter."

The sadness in his voice and face was so sincere, and the utility of sending a man who had "been there" and knewed what wimmin folks would like," presented itself so favorably to the miners that with but little hesitation they allowed him to do as he wished.

In an hour he was gone, and the settlement was lost in speculation as to what he would bring back for the strange lady and her child.

The morning of December 25th dawned crisp and cold. The fresh, biting air of the mountain raced among the trees right merrily, whisking the snow into little wreaths, and frolicking among the branches with real holiday gayety. It was nearly noon when the stranger rode into camp, loaded with bundles. At the Magnolia he met an eager crowd of miners, who, headed by Judge Gashwilder, were soon on the road to the strange lady's cabin. Arrived there they felt a sudden hesitation about entering. It was like intruding upon some sacred ground, and they were almost tempted to deposit their bundles upon the threshold and fly.

"You take the stuff," said the Judge to the stranger, "and go in fast. You've bin familiar with wimmin, and know how to handle 'em. We'll wait outside."

But the stranger felt the same hesitation. Perhaps his long absence from female society made him bashful. Perhaps a thought of the memory he revered caused him to hold back.

Finally the Judge consented to take the lead, and, doffing his hat, knocked softly. The door was opened by the child, who bade him enter. Beside the fire sat the mother, who rose to meet them. All passed in but the stranger, who stood outside.

"Marm," said the Judge, who somehow had lost his usual ease of speech and gesture, "we—that is, the citizens of Mud Flat—has come to wish you a merry Christmas, and to offer you these few tokens of our respect an' esteem."

Having thus delivered himself, the old gentleman deposited the bundles on the table, and stood beaming serenely on all his companions. The strange lady, completely overcome by this unexpected kindness, could not find words to reply for a moment. Then, in a broken voice, she said:

"This is a glad moment of my sorrowful life. You are good, kind men, and I know God will repay your generosity to the widow and fatherless. I—"

She stopped suddenly, and stood, with blanched cheeks and diltended

eyes, staring toward the door. The miners turned and beheld the stranger, who, with a great stride forward, and a cry expressing the wildest joy, caught the woman in his arms.

They stood thus, heart pressed to heart, and lips to lips, for an instant. Then the stranger turned his eyes devoutly toward the ceiling.

"Thank God," he murmured gently, "the wife I had supposed dead is restored to me."

The miners stole softly away, and left the stranger standing thus, with his arms tenderly twined about the woman of his love, and the little child clinging fondly to his knees.

The air was balmy outside; the sun shone with ineffable sweetness upon the scene; a blue jay screamed his delight from a neighboring tree, and the wind played a joyful tune among the rocks.

Christmas had come to Mud Flat.

The Doctors Disagree

as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.—New Covenant.

A school teacher asked, "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew; but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed, "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home until Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

Kidney Disease Cured.

CHRISTIANBURG, VA., 1881.
Suffering from kidney diseases, from which I could get no relief either from medicine or the prominent physicians of our country, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine recovering from scarlet fever, had no appetite, and did not seem to be able to eat at all; I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results. J. KYLE MONTAGUE.

Is that a funeral?

"Shure, sir, I'm thinking it is." "Anybody of distinction?" "I reckon it is, sir." "Who is it that died?" "The jintieman in the coffin, sir."

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof. See another column.

THE difference between the Fenian leader and an advance agent is, that one is Head Centre, while the other is sent ahead.

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.

If a man's biography is called history, why should not a woman's be called herstory?

"Ruchupaba."

New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases. \$1. at druggists. Prepaid by express, \$1.25, 6 for \$5. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

THERE is a past which is gone forever. But there is a future which is still our own.

If you desire a true medicinal tonic that will positively rid you of all your ailments and general ill health, Brown's Iron Bitters is the best.

BLACK costumes are brightened with ombre Suran or Bayadere striped goods.

AN effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

"Rough On Rats."

The thing desired found at last Ask Druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, loaches, flies, bed bugs. 15c. boxes.

CHRISTMAS.

There was a world-wide significance in the declaration of the wise men, who first visited the infant Jesus: "We have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him." The expectations of the ages were now to be realized; that which so long, had been prayed for, and seen only in Prophetic visions had been manifested; human nature had been restored from its state of estrangement; the divine had taken on its form, and elevated it to the plane of a re-creation—the theanthropic, through which henceforth the stream of life should flow.

The divine and the human being thus united: Earth raised to heaven, and heaven descending to earth, what could the shepherds do to whom the angel appeared, amid the surrounding glory, saying, "Fear not: behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," but hasten to Bethlehem and give expression to the joy of their hearts in humble adoration of the helpless babe in the manger? and this above all others is the central idea of this joyous, and holy time of Christmas. Hence arises the jubilant "Glory to God," and "Glory to God" resounds throughout creation.

A redeemed world takes up the theme and recognizes the "peace" which follows such deliverance.

Appropriately and beautifully then follow, all the hallowed customs and associations, which cling more and more tenaciously, and whose circles are ever widening, around this first and grandest festival of the ecclesiastical year. Hosannas resound in the temples of divine worship; gifts are brought to the altar; the joy is borne back to the homes and firesides of the people; the children in lisping accents declare their innocent appreciation of the time, and seem to regard it as peculiarly their own: for the Christ came as an infant, and thus sanctified the period of helplessness in life, as He did also those of youth and manhood. In this wise, the season appeals to, and calls forth the best and the holiest emotions of our nature.

From joy and gratitude flow those deeds of heaven, born charity, which manifest themselves in gifts and acts of kindly remembrance, making glad the hearts of others and smoothing the rugged pathway of poverty. The mildness of this season contrasts favourably with the extreme severity of the weather at this time last year.

We wish you kind readers, each and all, the fullest enjoyment of the happy occasion, and that you may witness many pleasant returns of it. A merry Christmas to all!

PUBLICATION OF THE LAWS.

The following from the Maryland Union of Dec. 15th, tersely expresses our sentiments always, provided the publication is not made a monopoly for the benefit of the few:

The publication in the newspapers of the laws passed at each session of the Maryland Legislature, has, for years, been justly deemed by the best and most intelligent citizens of our State, as a public necessity, and this is the only proper means that can be devised, to inform the people, who are expected to obey and respect them, as to what those laws are. Their publication in the newspapers which circulate among all classes, serve to enlighten and impart knowledge to all. In fact, the newspapers are the great and popular educator of the age in which we live, and they who do not take them, and who should be made known and understood, are far behind the times. A violation of any law through ignorance, is no excuse and much less would the law makers of our State be excusable if they failed to provide for the publication of the laws by which the people are to be governed. The compensation for their publication should be at the same rates charged for other advertisements, no more and no less. We have not been "subsidized." This was our position years ago, before the law was passed authorizing the publication of the laws in the newspapers, and this is our position now, and that member of the Legislature who votes in favor of the repeal of this law, will do the most unpopular act of his life, and seal his own doom for all time to come. The law is a good one—the people are satisfied with it and are anxious that it should be continued. Every Democratic paper in Maryland should speak out on this question.

On Monday, the Senate bill making Monday a legal holiday, when any holiday falls on Sunday, was concurred in by the House, and was signed by the President late in the afternoon.

THE CREW OF THE JEANNETTE FOUND AT LAST.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—The Secretary of State received to-day the following telegram from the charge d'affaires of the United States at St. Petersburg:

Secretary of State, Washington, D. C.—Jeannette crushed in ice June 11, latitude 77 degrees, longitude 157 degrees. Crew embarked in three boats. Separated by wind and fog. No. 3, with eleven men, engineer Melville, commanding, reached mouth of Lena September 19. Subsequently No. 1, with Capt. DeLong, Dr. Ambler and twelve men, reached Lena in pitiable condition. Prompt assistance sent. No. 2, not heard from. Signed—Hoffman, St. Petersburg.

In response to the above the following was transmitted:

Department of State, Washington, Dec. 20, 1881—Hoffman, Charge, St. Petersburg.—Tenderheartly thanks of President to all authorities or persons who have in any way been instrumental in assisting unfortunate survivors from Jeannette or furnishing information to this government. Signed—Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State.

FOLLOWING closely upon the terrible disaster at Vienna, where hundreds of lives were sacrificed by the burning of the Ring Theatre, noticed last week, there occurred another most horrible destruction of life at Gibson Station on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad, eight miles from Pittsburg, on Saturday, 10th inst. There was a frame building occupied by railroad workmen. The explosion of a lamp set the building on fire. The men occupied straw beds on the loft, the approach to which was by a ladder. The windows were simply holes cut through the boards and closed at night by slides. To get through those windows was exceedingly difficult with the rush made for them, when the fire reached the only other course of egress. Ten men perished in the flames and eleven more were injured, three of them fatally. The scenes were horrible beyond conception, and the groans of the suffering were most heartrending.

THE news of the safety of the crew of the Arctic exploring steamer, the Jeannette, will be hailed with delight by the entire civilized world. The story of the search and the history of the discoveries will come in due time. We must be satisfied for the present with the information that the crew is safe, and the most daring adventurers of the age have survived their perils and will soon be home again, bringing with them, no doubt, marvelous narratives and valuable scientific discoveries.—*Bal. Gazette.*

THE wife of Gov. Blackburn, of Kentucky, gave an old-fashioned quilting and candy pulling party at the executive mansion in Frankfort on Tuesday evening. The ladies who participated were clad in calico dresses, and the bill of fare for the supper included roast possum, apple toddy and other delicacies of the olden time. The venerable Dr. C. C. Graham, of Louisville, who is on the verge of one hundred years, took part in the Virginia reel.

Rev. Edward Cowley, the former manager of the Shepherd's Fold, in New York, who served a term in prison for cruelly treating and starving the children under his charge, makes a claim that the city owes him \$6,500 for the support of the children. The Board of Commissioners, on receiving his petition, adjourned without a word, the members were so overcome with astonishment.

A land company with a capital of \$500,000 has been formed in London for the purpose of promoting emigration to the Western provinces of British America. The company proposes to buy lands, erect buildings thereon and then lease the farms, with a view to their ultimate sale to the tenants.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., December 13.—Thomas Walsh, aged 40, went to bed on Monday night at his home in Metuchen with his pipe in his mouth. He was found dead this morning, his body burned to a crisp. His wife and children were away from home.

THERE were 25 deaths from small-pox in Chicago last week; 4 deaths from this disease Monday, and 13 new cases developed. It has been proposed in the Chicago Common Council to erect a temporary small-pox hospital.

Rev. Father Sax, many years parish priest of Etcham Church, Quebec, which was beautifully decorated at his own expense, was found dead Tuesday night in his chair, where he had been reading.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Regular Correspondent]

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 20th, '81. There will come before Congress, when it gets down to business, few subjects of more pressing importance than the perfection of a plan for relieving the Supreme Court of its enormous accumulation of business. If delay of justice be a denial thereof, there is certainly such denial in the case of every suitor who at this time undertakes to enforce rights or obtain remedies through the United States Supreme Court. There are now on the docket nearly twelve hundred cases, which, at the rate of three hundred and fifty cases per annum, the number the Judges are able to dispose of, will occupy the time of the Court for the next four years, and the amount of business is constantly increasing. Several bills are now before Congress and different plans have been suggested—to establish intermediate appellate courts in the different circuits, as Judge Davis proposes—to increase the number of Justices to twenty-one and divide them into three chambers, as Mr. Manning, of Mississippi, thinks best—to create a new appellate court of nine or fifteen Judges to sit in Washington and determine cases not involving constitutional questions, as has been also suggested. Each of the ways out of the difficulty has its advantages, so that the approval of either is not of so much importance as the immediate enactment of some statute to remedy this crying evil.

The existing vacancies in the court cause embarrassment and pile additional labor upon the already overburdened Justices. Since the beginning of its session in October the court has been sitting with a bare quorum of six Justices. It was expected that President Arthur would promptly name a successor to Justice Clifford, but he has not. And when this vacancy is filled there will still remain another, practically, though not nominally. Mr. Justice Hunt has for three years past rendered no service whatever and his course in holding on to a place, the duties of which he cannot discharge, and which the public interests urgently demand should be filled by an active man, has been severely criticised. Justice Hunt is simply waiting to be retired on full pay, though when the ten years "service" required for that purpose have expired, constructively, he will have served but six years. That one of the highest judicial officers in the land should hold his commission and draw his salary for more than four years without rendering any service whatever in return is a matter for serious consideration in itself. But to the public the matter of salary is the least important aspect. Within the past three years constitutional questions of extraordinary difficulty and importance have divided the Court and demanded the presence of every member; yet during this long period and under these exceptional circumstances Justice Hunt has been unable to sit himself and unwilling that another should take his place.

As usual nothing will be accomplished in Congress until after the holiday recess. Six hundred more bills were introduced on Monday, and it was not a good day for bills either. The cry is "still they come." The agony of the Chairmanship is over, but strange as it may seem everybody is not satisfied. In order to give Congressmen a little Christmas money, the Committee on Milage was named in advance of the others and a push on that Committee began at once. But the Chairman, Mr. A. Herr Smith, felt dissatisfied with the place given him, and appeared to be in no hurry to gratify the impetuous Members. You would not think that a Congressman ever got "hard up," unless you knew them, but some of them even sell the stacks of public documents allotted to them to the waste-paper dealer as a means of "raising the wind." Some Members mortgage their salaries in advance to ten per cent. money sharks, and are happy until financial distress strikes them again. But the trials of impetuous Congressmen are nothing to the trouble Representative Deuster encountered in getting home from Europe. He arrived this week and was sworn in, having been since the 6th of November occupied in trying to get here. The steamer on which he first sailed encountered a terrible storm and losing its rudder was obliged to drift back to the English coast, a distance of eight hundred miles. The vessel was so badly injured that it was with great difficulty kept from sinking. The passengers were put on half rations and about gave them lives up for lost.

Making another steamer from Plymouth, they were again overtaken by a severe storm, and were fifteen days in making the passage.

In the window of a jewelry store on Pennsylvania avenue may now be seen a very interesting work of art. It is a medallion portrait, in marble, of the late President Garfield. The likeness is admirable, the execution highly artistic, and the whole arrangement of the setting most agreeable. The pure white material from which the likeness was made formed a part of the memorial tablet recently erected in the railway station where the late President was shot; and the artist, who produced the work with only the blade of a pocket-knife, is an employee of the Baltimore & Potomac Co., and was present when the assassination of the President took place. His name is Joshua Davis, and instead of being compelled to support his interesting family by a life of drudgery in a railway station, deserves to be practicing the profession of sculptor under the most benign circumstances. The work deserves a place in the Corcoran Gallery, or better yet, to accompany the memorial recently set up on the spot where the President fell.

DOM PEDRO.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

CONGRESS has taken a recess from last Wednesday until January 5th. THE anti rent troubles in Ireland continue.

PRINCE Bismarck is reported to be seriously ill.

SNOW drifts are obstructing railway travel in Canada.

IN France sixty-nine persons are killed annually by lightning.

955 German immigrants arrived at the port of Baltimore on Wednesday.

THERE have been shipped this season from Tampa, Fla., 1,033,290 oranges.

Four names were added to the catalogue of saints at Rome on the 7th inst.

Andrew Fulmer, living near Kent, Ohio, was choked to death recently with an apple skin.

Aaron G. Lyman, of Hadley, aged 78 years, of Springfield, Mass., fell down stairs and broke his neck Tuesday night.

Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, the distinguished Arctic explorer, died at his home in New York city on Saturday.

THE people in Hernando county, Fla., are eating watermelons, tomatoes, new Irish potatoes, squashes and other vegetables.

THE Assassination trial at Washington was suspended on Monday, on account of the death of the wife of one of the Jurors.

THE Archbishop of Armagh, primate of all Ireland, will be created a cardinal at a consistory to be held shortly after Christmas.

IN the U. S. Senate last week, a bill was passed granting the franking privilege to the widow of the late President Garfield.

THE formal funeral ceremonies over the remains of the victims of the Vienna disaster took place on Monday following the disaster.

SMALLPOX is spreading in the West. Chicago cannot get rid of the epidemic, and new cases are reported from other points in Illinois.

EX Secretary Blaine has consented to deliver the eulogy on Garfield on the occasion of the memorial services to be held by both houses of Congress.

EX Secretary Blaine gave a brilliant reception Monday night which was attended by the President, members of the cabinet and other distinguished functionaries.

IN the court at Harrisburg on Tuesday 13th, the Southern Mutual Relief Association of York County applied for a dissolution, a decree of dissolution was issued and a receiver appointed.

FOR the White House reception on New Year's day, the President has invited Mrs. Grant to assist, she will be aided by the wife of Senator Logan, Senator Don Cameron's wife and other ladies of prominence.

THE Ring Theatre, in Vienna, took fire on Thursday night of last week while a performance was in progress and was totally destroyed, the number of lives lost by latest accounts is put at 794.

THE President nominated to the Senate on last Friday, Benjamin Harris Brewster of Pennsylvania to be Attorney General of the United States and he was confirmed, as such by that body on Monday. He subsequently nominated Ex-Senator Howe of Wisconsin to be postmaster General and he was also confirmed.

'81 CHRISTMAS, '81

A FULL LINE OF

Choice Fresh Confectionery!

Suitable for the Holidays. Also, Toys,

FINE GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS,

PURE LIQUORS!

Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

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Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals Dr. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, speedy and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its efficacy.

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KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL WHY?

CURES!

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY!

Dr. Eugene B. Root, of Junction City, Kansas, says, "Kidney-Wort cured him after regular physicians had been trying for four years."

Mr. John Arnold, of Washington, Ohio, says his boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians, but was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. H. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being afflicted beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna E. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications were cured by Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Coto of Montgomery County, Va., suffered eight years with kidney troubles and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in the cans, one package of Kidney-Wort is equal to one of the liquid form, very concentrated, for those that cannot readily perspire.

It is made with special efficiency in either form.

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS, PRICE, \$1.00.

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etc., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Purchasers will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

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GEO. W. ROWE,

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Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances that come along for making money, will find that those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages falls to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed, sent free—Address STRICKSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PRINTERS The Progressive Printer is a new book, full of information, by an old printer. It is beautifully illustrated and gives you the art of printing. The examples of fine BOOK colored plate is a fine feature, and worth the price of the book. Rochester, N. Y.

THE President nominated to the Senate on last Friday, Benjamin Harris Brewster of Pennsylvania to be Attorney General of the United States and he was confirmed, as such by that body on Monday. He subsequently nominated Ex-Senator Howe of Wisconsin to be postmaster General and he was also confirmed.

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The only Clothing House in the State conducted on principles that protect the buyer and insure a fair transaction.

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The originator of the idea, and the only Clothing House in the State that will give a written guarantee to exchange an unsatisfactory garment at any time, or, failing to completely suit the buyer, return the purchase money.

The only House in the State that has Five Distinct Clothing Departments, each a complete establishment in itself.

The only Clothing House in the State that has Original and Exclusive Styles, copied from none, equaled by none.

The only House in the State that manufactures an immense stock of Clothing for all ages and sizes, sells direct to the retail buyer at a slight profit on the cost of production, marks goods in plain selling figures and at prices to suit all.

"Fair Dealing," Our Standard.

"One Price," Our Anchor.

"Permanent Popularity," Our Goal.

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Emmitsburg, Md.

PATENTS.

P. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. To obtain a patent a patent is secured, sent for free.

THIS PAPER may be found on GEO. P. NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for the NEW YORK.

dec 17-ly.

Western Maryland Railway

WINTER SCHEDULE.

ON and after SUNDAY, Dec. 1st, 1881, passenger trains will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

STATIONS.	Daily except Sundays.			
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Hillien Station	7:15	8:35	4:05	6:25
Union depot	7:20	10:00	4:05	6:40
Penn'a ave.	7:25	10:05	4:10	6:45
Fulton sta.	7:30	10:10	4:15	6:50
Arlington	7:35	10:15	4:20	6:55
Mt. Hope	7:40	10:20	4:25	7:00
Pikesville	7:45	10:25	4:30	7:05
Owings' Mills	7:50	10:30	4:35	7:10
Glyndon	7:55	10:35	4:40	7:15
Hanover	8:00	10:40	4:45	7:20
Gettysburg	8:05	10:45	4:50	7:25
Westminster	8:10	10:50	4:55	7:30
New Windsor	8:15	10:55	5:00	7:35
Union Bridge	8:20	11:00	5:05	7:40
Fredk. Junction	8:25	11:05	5:10	7:45
Rocky Ridge	8:30	11:10	5:15	7:50
Mechanstown	8:35	11:15	5:20	7:55
Blue Ridge	8:40	11:20	5:25	8:00
Pen-Mar	8:45	11:25	5:30	8:05
Edgemont	8:50	11:30	5:35	8:10
Smithburg	8:55	11:35	5:40	8:15
Hagerstown	9:00	11:40	5:45	8:20
Williamsport	9:05	11:45	5:50	8:25

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

STATIONS.	Daily except Sundays.			
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Williamsport	7:40	9:00	2:10	3:30
Hagerstown	7:45	9:05	2:15	3:35
Smithburg	7:50	9:10	2:20	3:40
Edgemont	7:55	9:15	2:25	3:45
Pen-Mar	8:00	9:20	2:30	3:50
Blue Ridge	8:05	9:25	2:35	3:55
Mechanstown	8:10	9:30	2:40	4:00
Rocky Ridge	8:15	9:35	2:45	4:05
Fredk. Junction	8:20	9:40	2:50	4:10
Union Bridge	8:25	9:45	2:55	4:15
New Windsor	8:30	9:50	3:00	4:20

