

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, MAY 6, 1882.

No. 48.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. William Wiers
Bouc and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—John C. Meier.
Clerk of the Court.—Adolphus Fierhake, Jr.

Orphan's Court.

Judges.—Daniel Castle of T. John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicodemus
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—Thos. B. Jarboe,
Nicholas C. Stensbury, Henry A. Hine,
Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff.—Robert Barriek.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routhan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce,
Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Michael C. Adlesberger, 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.
Deacons.—Isaac D. Her.
Town Commissioners.—U. A. Lough,
Chas. S. Zeck, Daniel Sheets, Jas. C. Anan, F. W. Linsinger, 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 at 10 o'clock, p. m., Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 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 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. Daniel Haskell. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday 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, 10.40 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7.00 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 7.00 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7.00 p. m.; From Gettysburg, 10.40 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4.30 p. m.; Frederick, 10.40 a. m.

Depart.

For Baltimore, closed, 8.40 a. m.; For Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8.40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8.40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 8.20 p. m.; For Frederick, 3.20 p. m.; For Motter's, 3.20 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. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E. Hockensmith, P.; Daniel Gelwicks, S.; 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 F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

Junior Building Association.
Secs., 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, Jas. Waddles.

Union Building Association.
President, J. Taylor Motter; Vice President, W. S. Guthrie; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Solicitor, Henry Stokes; Directors, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwicks, Chas. J. Rowe.

GROFF HOUSE.

THE OLD RELIABLE FARMERS HOME, Comfortable Rooms and WELL SUPPLIED TABLE.

CAPT. JOSEPH GROFF has again taken charge of his well-known Hotel, on North Market Street, Frederick, where his friends and the public generally, will always be welcomed and well served. Terms very moderate, and everything to suit the times.

PATENTS.

F. 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. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Having located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homoeopathic physician and practical Surgeon, hoping by careful attention to the duties of his profession, to deserve the confidence of the community. Office in the building lately occupied by J. H. T. Webb. a22

C. V. S. LEVY
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FREDERICK, MD.
Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. jy12 ly

M. G. URNER, E. S. EICHELBERGER
URNER & EICHELBERGER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care.
OFFICE—Records, adjoining offices of Wm. J. & C. W. Ross, Esqs., Frederick city, Md. ju14-ly

DR. J. T. BUSSEY,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap20

DENTISTRY.

DR. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist
Westminster, Md.
NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 13th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug17-ly

A CARD.

DR. ROBERTSON, 30 N. Liberty St., Baltimore, Maryland.
From 15 years' experience in hospital and special practice, guarantees a cure in all diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, NERVOUS and SEMINAL WEAKNESS, NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY (loss of sexual power) etc., GONORRHEA or SYPHILIS, recently contracted, positively cured in from 10 to 15 days. Medicines sent by express, call or write, enclosing stamp for reply.
Dr. Robertson is a graduate of the University of Maryland, and refers to the leading physicians of his city. Special and successful treatment for Leucorrhoea, from irregularities, etc. All communications strictly confidential. Jan 27-

The Clarendon!
Cor. Hanover and Pratt Sts., Baltimore, Md.
This Hotel has Changed Hands and is Under New Management.

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

Western Maryland Railroad

WINTER SCHEDULE.

ON and after THURSDAY, Dec. 1st, 1881, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

STATIONS.	DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.			
	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	Mail.
Hills Station	7:15	9:55	4:00	6:55
Union depot	7:30	10:00	4:10	6:40
Hagerstown	7:35	10:05	4:15	6:35
Fulton sta.	7:45	10:15	4:25	6:25
Arlington	7:50	10:20	4:30	6:20
Pen-Mar	7:55	10:25	4:35	6:15
Pikesville	8:00	10:30	4:40	6:10
Owings Mills	8:05	10:35	4:45	6:05
Gettysburg	8:10	10:40	4:50	6:00
Hanover	8:15	10:45	4:55	5:55
Gettysburg	8:20	10:50	5:00	5:50
New Windsor	8:25	10:55	5:05	5:45
Rocky Ridge	8:30	11:00	5:10	5:40
Mechanicstown	8:35	11:05	5:15	5:35
Blue Ridge	8:40	11:10	5:20	5:30
Pen-Mar	8:45	11:15	5:25	5:25
Edgewood	8:50	11:20	5:30	5:20
Smithsburg	8:55	11:25	5:35	5:15
Hagerstown	9:00	11:30	5:40	5:10
Williamsport	9:05	11:35	5:45	5:05

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

STATIONS.	DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.			
	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	Mail.
Williamsport	8:00	10:30	5:10	7:40
Hagerstown	8:10	10:40	5:20	7:30
Smithsburg	8:20	10:50	5:30	7:20
Edgewood	8:30	11:00	5:40	7:10
Pen-Mar	8:40	11:10	5:50	7:00
Blue Ridge	8:50	11:20	6:00	6:50
Rocky Ridge	9:00	11:30	6:10	6:40
Frederick	9:10	11:40	6:20	6:30
New Windsor	9:20	11:50	6:30	6:20
Union Bridge	9:30	12:00	6:40	6:10
Westminster	9:40	12:10	6:50	6:00
Gettysburg	9:50	12:20	7:00	5:50
Hanover	10:00	12:30	7:10	5:40
Owings Mills	10:10	12:40	7:20	5:30
Pikesville	10:20	12:50	7:30	5:20
McMechen	10:30	13:00	7:40	5:10
Arlington	10:40	13:10	7:50	5:00
Fulton sta. Balto.	10:50	13:20	8:00	4:50
Pen-Mar	11:00	13:30	8:10	4:40
Union depot	11:10	13:40	8:20	4:30
Hills Sta.	11:20	13:50	8:30	4:20

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R.R.—Trains South leave Shippensburg, Pa., 6.40 a. m., and 1.30 and 4.00 p. m., arriving Waynesboro, 8.00 a. m., and 3.35 and 6.05 p. m., and Edgemont 8.25 a. m., and 3.55 and 6.25 p. m., Waynesboro 8.45 a. m., and 12.15 and 8.25 p. m., Shippensburg 9.20 a. m., and 12.50 and 9.10 p. m., Frederick Div., Penna. R. R.—Trains for Frederick will leave Junction at 6.55 and 9.45 a. m., and 1.25 and 6.15 p. m.

Trains for York, Taneytown and Littleton leave Junction at 9.17 a. m., and 4.35 p. m. Through Car for Frederick leaves Baltimore at 4.00 p. m., and leaves Frederick for Baltimore at 8.50 a. m.
Through Cars for Hanover and Gettysburg, and points on H. J. H. and G. R. R., leave Baltimore at 9.35 a. m., and 4.45 p. m.
Orders for Baggage calls, pass within one hour of Gay and Exeter sta., pass within one square of Hills Station.
Office, N. E. corner Baltimore and North Streets. Baltimore Time is given at all Stations.
JOHN M. HODG, General Manager.
B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agen.

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW?

BY W. W. FISK, IN ST. NICHOLAS.

I closed my book, for Nature's book Was opening that day,
And, with a weary brain, I took My hat, and wandered toward the brook
That in the meadow lay,
And there, beside the tiny tide,
I found a child at play.

Prono on the sward, its little toes Wrought dimples in the sand,
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose,
I heard it murmur, "Mamma knows,
But I not understand."
While all unharmed a dainty blade
Of grass was in its hand.

"What wouldst thou know, my little one?"
Said I, with bearing wise:
For I, who thought to weigh the sun,
And trace the course where planets run,
And grasp their mysteries,
Could a baby's questionings
Could surely make replies.

"What wouldst thou know?" again I said,
And, gently bowing low,
I stroked its half-uplifted head,
With chubby hand it grasped the blade
And answered, "Oo will know,
For no has whippers on 'oor face—
What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass-seed fell To the earth and went to sleep,
All winter it slept in its cozy cell
Till Spring came tapping upon its shell;
Then it stirred, and tried to peep,
With its little green eye, right up to the sky,
And then it gave a leap;

"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair;
It felt the breezes blow
It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air,
And a current of life, so rich and rare,
Came up from its roots below.
It grew and kept growing, and that, my child,
Is the reason the grasses grow."

"Oo talks des like as if 'oo s'pose
It's a baby and I don't know
'Bout nuffin'! But babies and ev'ry ood
knows
That grasses don't think, for they only grow.

My Mamma has told me so,
What makes 'em start an' get bigger an' bigger?
What is it that makes 'em grow?"
How could I answer in words so plain
That a baby could understand?
Ah, how could I answer my heart!

"Twere vain
To talk of the union of sun and rain
In the rich and fruitful land;
For over them all was the mystery
Of Will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more
Than was written so long ago?
I heard the billows of science roar
On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore,
And, humbly bowing low,
I answered alike the man and child:
"God makes the grasses grow."

GROWING OLD.

At six—I well remember when—
I fancied all folks old at ten.
But, when I'd turned my first decade,
Fifteen appeared more truly staid.

But when the fifteenth round I'd run,
I thought none old till twenty-one.
Then, oddly, when I'd reached that age,
I held that thirty made folks sage.

But when my thirtieth year was told,
I said: "At twoscore men grow old!"
Yet twoscore came and found me thrifty,
And so I drew the line at fifty.

But when I reach that age, I swore
None could be old until threescore!
And here I am at sixty now,
As young as when at six, I trow!

"Tis true, my hair is somewhat gray,
And that I use a cane to day;
'Tis true, these rogues about my knee
Say "Grandpa!" when they speak to me;

But, bless your soul, I'm young as when
I thought all people old at ten!
Perhaps a little wiser grown—
Perhaps some old illusions flown;

But wond'ring still, while years have rolled,
When is it that a man grows old?

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.
I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.

WM. T. McCLURE,
The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.

W. H. BISHOP & CO.

A Stage Driver's Story.

FOURTEEN years ago I drove from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to await the arrival of two or three coaches, and I did not start until after dinner, I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter and the season had been a rough one. A great deal of snow had fallen, and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was not due at Littleton, by contract until 1 o'clock in the morning, but that winter the postmaster was obliged to sit up a little later than that hour for me.

One day in January, when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to it as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know. "But, suppose I have not?" says I.

"Why," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to day, and he says that there were two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night and he suspects that they have an eye on this mail, so it will stand you in hand to be a little careful this evening."

He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair and a thick, heavy clump of beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He did not know anything about the other. I told him I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh, no, not if you have got passengers all the way through, but I only told you this so that you might look out for your mail, and also look sharp when you change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the mail away under my seat a little more carefully than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it, but beyond that I did not feel any concern. It was past one when we started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my first stopping place. I reached Gowans' mills at dark, where we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

About 6 o'clock in the evening I left Gowans' mills alone, having two horses and a pug.

I had seventeen miles to go, and a hard seventeen it was, too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed.

It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became leg-weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I'd been two hours going that distance. As I was going to start a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go, through if the thing could possibly be done.

He said he was very anxious to go, and as he had no baggage I told him to jump in and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up my lines when the hostler came up and asked me if I knew that one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him, and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut on the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I considered necessary, and was about to turn away when the hostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.
"He just got in," I answered.
"Got in from where?"
"I don't know."

"Well, now," said the hostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't been no such man at the house, and I know there ain't been none at any of the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "We can get that much at any rate. Do you go back with me, and when I get into the pung just hold your lantern so the light will shine into his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pung I got a fair view of such proportions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short thick frame, full, hard features, and I could almost see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the postmaster had described to me, but I did not think seriously upon it until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile, when I noticed the mail bag wasn't in its place under my feet.

"Halloo!" said I holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?"
My passenger sat on a seat behind me, and I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind slipped back under my feet," he said, giving it a kick, as though he would shove it forward.

Just at this moment my horse lumbered into a deep snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow in front of them, and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes, and when I got in again I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this I saw the man take something from his lap beneath the buffalo and put it into his breast pocket. This I thought was a pistol. I had caught the gleam of a barrel in the starlight, and when I had time to reflect I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only wanted to rob me of my mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that delectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another snow drift, and I was forced to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he wouldn't help me, but he didn't feel very well and wouldn't try, so I worked all alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour in getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again, I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot I discovered it had become fast in something—I thought it was the buffalo, and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely it held.

I reached down my hand and after feeling about a few minutes I found that my foot was in the mail bag. I felt again, and found my hand in among the packages of letters and papers. I ran my fingers over the edges of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

Here was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little forethought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew making such wishes was only a waste of time, I quickly gave it up, and began to consider that I had better do under existing circumstances. I wasn't long in making up my mind upon a few essential points. First, the man behind me was a villain; second, he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter—he must have known the money letters by their size and shape; third, he meant to leave the stage on the first opportunity; and fourthly, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things in my mind, and pretty soon thought of a course to pursue. I knew that to get my hands safely upon the rascal I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me, for his eyes were upon me all the time; so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house, and an old farmer named Lougee, lived there, and directly before it a huge snow bank lay stretched across the road, through which a track had been cleared with shovels.

As we approached the cot I saw a light in the front room, as I felt

confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling stood up, as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead and could distinguish the cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged my horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank, after which the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as though lightning had struck it. My passenger had not calculated on any such movement, and was not prepared for it; but I had calculated, and was prepared. He rolled out into the deep snow with a heavy buffalo robe about him, while I lighted directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow and sung out for old Lougee. I did not have to call a second time, for the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned he had lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What's to pay?" asked the old man, as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track, and then come here," I said.

As I spoke I partially loosened my hold upon the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom; but I saw it in season and jammed his head into the snow again, and got it away from him.

By this time Lougee had led the horses out and come back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible.

We hauled the rascal out into the yard, and, upon examination, we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag and stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, he threatened and prayed, but we paid no attention to his blarney.

Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain we tumbled him into the pung. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said, "Of course."

So he got his overcoat and muffler, and ere long we started on.

I reached the end of my route with my mail all safe, though not as snug as it might have been, and my mail bags a little the worse for the game that had been played upon them. However, the mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender, and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he is in the state prison at the present time. At any rate he was there the last I heard of him.

That's the only time I ever had any mail trouble, and I think under all the circumstances I came out of it pretty well.

REFINED and educated women will sometimes suffer in silence for years from kidney diseases, or constipation and piles, which could easily be cured by a package of Kidney-Wort. There is hardly a woman to be found that does not at some time suffer from some of the diseases for which this great remedy is a specific. It is put up in liquid and dry form, equally efficient.—Springfield Union.

A telegraphic operator was asked by a gentleman if the small birds alighting upon the wires did not interfere with the message when sent, and if the electric current would not kill the birds. The operator, with perfect gravity of look, replied: "Well, no, it don't hurt the birds much, but they are apt to pick out the little words in a message as it goes along, and that bothers the operators a good deal."