

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. IV.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1883.

No. 31.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.
Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judge.—Hon. William Viers.
Bouc and Hon. John A. Lynch.
Clerk's Attorney.—John C. Motter.
Clerk of the Court.—Adolphus Fearlake, Jr.
Orphan's Court.
Judge.—Daniel Castle of T., John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicoletus.
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—Thos. R. Jarboe, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hisea, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff.—Robert Barick.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Rontzahan.
Surveys.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillcary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.
Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace.—J. H. T. Webb, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, E. T. McBride.
Registrar.—E. S. Tancy.
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, U. A. Lough.
Burgess.—John F. Hopp.
Town Commissioners.—Wm. S. Guthrie, Ezra R. Zimmerman, Daniel Lawrence, John G. Hess, John T. Long.

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C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
EMMITSBURG, MD.
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C. V. S. LEVY
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
FREDERICK, MD.
Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. jv12 ly

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec 9-17

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DENTIST,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
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A CARD.
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Money Lended, Checks and Drafts Cashied, and Collections made on all points. Deposits received, subject to check, and Drafts furnished on Baltimore and New York. Negotiable paper discounted, and accounts collected.
Our rates will be those usually charged by Country Banks, and we will transact business in accordance with Banking Regulations.
Attention will also be given to the purchase and sale of Investment Securities. Business hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Western Maryland Railroad
WINTER SCHEDULE.
ON and after SUNDAY, Nov. 12th, 1882, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:
PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.
STATIONS. Mail, Acc., Exp., Acc.
Hills Station..... 7:55 10:05 4:05 6:45
Union depot..... 8:10 10:10 4:10 6:50
Fulton station..... 8:25 10:15 4:15 6:55
Arlington..... 8:40 10:20 4:20 7:00
Pikeville..... 8:55 10:25 4:25 7:05
Mt. Hope..... 9:10 10:30 4:30 7:10
Owings Mills..... 8:40 10:40 4:27 7:12
Shippensburg..... 8:55 10:45 4:32 7:17
Hanover..... 9:10 10:50 4:37 7:22
Gettysburg..... 9:25 10:55 4:42 7:27
New Windsor..... 9:40 11:00 4:47 7:32
New Bridge..... 9:55 11:05 4:52 7:37
Perry Junction..... 10:10 11:10 4:57 7:42
Rocky Ridge..... 10:25 11:15 5:02 7:47
Mechanstown..... 10:40 11:20 5:07 7:52
Blue Ridge..... 10:55 11:25 5:12 7:57
Pen-Mar..... 11:10 11:30 5:17 8:02
Brighton..... 11:25 11:40 5:22 8:07
Hagerstown..... 11:40 11:55 5:27 8:12
Williamsport..... 11:55 12:10 5:32 8:17

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.
STATIONS. Acc., Exp., Mail.
Williamsport..... 7:25 9:00
Hagerstown..... 7:40 9:15
Brighton..... 7:55 9:30
Pen-Mar..... 8:10 9:45
Blue Ridge..... 8:25 10:00
Rocky Ridge..... 8:40 10:15
Perry Junction..... 8:55 10:30
New Bridge..... 9:10 10:45
New Windsor..... 9:25 11:00
Gettysburg..... 9:40 11:15
Hanover..... 9:55 11:30
Shippensburg..... 10:10 11:45
Mt. Hope..... 10:25 12:00
Owings Mills..... 10:40 12:15
Arlington..... 10:55 12:30
Fulton station..... 11:10 12:45
Union depot..... 11:25 13:00
Hills Station..... 11:40 13:15

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 F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Asst. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.
Junior Building Association.
Sec., Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Witherow, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, 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, P. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwicks, Chas. J. Rowe.

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WINTER.
From out his robe the snow he shook,
His path with storms to trace,
To bind in ice the chiming brook
Who hark the birds long since forsook,
Bold Winter came apace.

His frosts in the cold, gray cloud,
In storms his voice outbreaks,
His hand is on the woodland proud,
When, in the tempest fierce and loud,
The creaking forest shakes.

Hark! in the moaning winds he sings
A requiem, sad and low;
To Nature's perished form he brings,
And over it in silence flings,
A winding-sheet of snow.

He breathes upon the yielding lakes;
The gentle winds no more
With their soft breath the ripples break,
Nor can the wildest tempest shake
The glittering crystal floor.

In sheltered homes, by genial fires,
Let love as warmly glow
For him whose wisdom still inspires,
Whose bounty fills the heart's desires,
And shields us from the snow.

And though the Winter's hand be strong
On dale and hill and plain,
Although in storms he sweeps along
And hushes every streamlet's song,
He cannot always reign.

The sun with gentle beams shall cease
His icy bonds away;
So, soaring, boasting pomp and place,
Shall fly before the kindling face
Of Truth's resplendent day.

THE CASTLE BUILDERS.
A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreary boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.
A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
On the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorie.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.
—Longfellow's "Aftermath."

THE CLOCKMAKER.

Poor boys had a hard time of it in New England eighty years ago. Observe, now, how it fared with Chauncey Jerome, who founded a celebrated clock business in Connecticut, that turned out six hundred clocks a day, and sent them to the foreign countries by the ship-load. But it was not run away with the idea that it was the hardship and loneliness of his boyhood that "made a man of him." On the contrary, they injured, narrowed and saddened him. He would have been twice the man he was, and happier all his days, if he had passed an easier and more cheerful childhood.

His father was a blacksmith and nailmaker of Plymouth, Connecticut, with a house full of hungry boys and girls; and, consequently, as soon as Chauncey could handle a hoe or tie up a bundle of grain he was kept at work on the farm; for, in those days, almost all mechanics in New England cultivated land in the summer time.

The boy went to school during the three winter months until he was ten years old, then his school-days and play-days were over forever, and his father took him into the shop to help make nails. Even as a child he showed that power of keeping on, to which he owed his after success. There was a great lazy boy at the district school he attended who had a load of wood to chop, which he hated to do, and this small Chauncey, eight or nine years of age, chopped the whole outfit for him for one cent!

Often he would chop wood for the neighbors on a moonlight evening for a few cents a load. It is evident that the quality which made him a successful man of business was not developed by hardship, for he performed these labors voluntarily. He was naturally industrious and persevering.

When he was eleven years of age his father suddenly died, and he found himself obliged to leave his happy home and find farm work as a poor hireling boy. There were few farmers then in Connecticut—nay, there were few people any-

where in the world—who knew how to treat an orphan obliged to work for his subsistence among strangers. On a Monday morning, with his little bundle of clothes in his hand, and an almost bursting heart, he bade his mother and his brothers and sisters good-bye, and walked to the place which he had found for himself, on a farm a few miles from home.

It was a lonely farm, and the people with whom he lived took no interest in him as a human being, but regarded him with little more consideration than one of their other working animals. They took care, however, to keep him steadily at work, early and late, hot or cold, rain or shine.

Often he worked all day in the woods chopping down trees, with his shoes full of snow; he never had a pair of boots till he was nearly twenty one years of age.

Once in two weeks he had a great joy; for his master let him go to church every other Sunday. After working two weeks without seeing more than half a dozen people, it gave him a peculiar and intense delight just to sit in the church gallery and look down upon so many human beings. It was the only alleviation of his dismal lot.

Poor little lonely wretch! One day, when he was thirteen years of age, there occurred a total eclipse of the sun, a phenomenon of which he had scarcely heard, and he had not the least idea what it could be.

He was hoeing corn that day in a solitary place. When the darkness and the chill of the eclipse fell upon the earth, feeling sure the day of judgment had come, he was terrified beyond description. He watched the sun disappearing with the deepest apprehension, and felt a relief until it shone out bright and warm as before.

It seems strange that people in a Christian country could have had a good, steady boy like this in their house and yet do nothing to cheer or comfort his life. Old men tell me it was a very common case in New England seventy years ago.

This hard experience on the farm lasted until he was old enough to be apprenticed. At fourteen he was bound to a carpenter for seven years, during which he was to receive for his services his board and his clothes. Already he had done almost the work of a man on the farm, being a stout, handy fellow, and in the course of two or three years he did the work of a full grown carpenter; nevertheless, he received no wages except the necessities of life. Fortunately, the carpenter's family were human beings, and he had a pleasant, friendly home during his apprenticeship.

Even under the gentlest masters, apprentices, in old times, were kept most strictly to their duty. They were lucky if they got the whole of Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July for holidays. Now, this apprentice when he was sixteen, was so homesick on a certain occasion that he felt that he must go and see his mother, who lived near her old home, twenty miles from where he was working on a job. He walked the distance in the night, in order not to rob his master of any of the time due to him.

It was a terrible night's work. He was sorry he had undertaken it; but having started, he could not bear to give it up. Half the way was through the woods, and every noise he heard he thought was a wild beast coming to kill him, and even the piercing notes of the whip-poor-will made his hair stand on end.

When he passed a house the dogs were after him in full cry, and he spent the whole night in terror. Let us hope the caresses of his mother compensated him for his suffering. The next year, when his master had a job thirty miles distant, he frequently walked the distance on a hot summer's day, with the carpenter's tools upon his back.

At that time light vehicles, or any kind of one-horse carriage, were rarely kept in country places, and mechanics generally had to trudge to their places of work, carrying their tools with them. So passed the first year of his apprenticeship.

All this time he was thinking of quite another business—that of clock-making—which had been developed during his childhood near his father's house, by Eli Terry, the founder of the Yankee wooden-clock manufacture.

This ingenious Mr. Terry, with a small saw and jack knife, would cut out the wheels and works for twenty-five clocks during the winter, and when the spring opened he would sling three or four of them across the back of a horse, and keep going till he sold them for about twenty-five dollars apiece.

This was for the works only. When a farmer had bought the machinery of a clock for twenty-five dollars, he employed the village carpenter to make a case for it, which might cost ten or fifteen dollars more.

It was in this simple way that the country was supplied with those tall, old-fashioned clocks, of which almost every ancient farm house still contains a specimen. The clock-case was sometimes built into the house like a pillar, and helped to support the upper story. Some of them were made by very clumsy workmen, out of the commonest timber, just planed in the roughest way, and contained enough wood for a pretty good sized organ.

The clock business had fascinated Chauncey Jerome from his childhood, and he longed to work at it. His guardian dissuaded him. So many clocks were then making, he said, that in two or three years the whole country would be supplied, and then there would be no more business for a clockmaker.

This was the general opinion. At a training, one day, the boy overheard a group talking of Eli Terry's folly in undertaking to make two hundred clocks all at once.

"He'll never live long enough to finish them," said one.
"If he should," said another, "he could not possibly sell so many. The very idea is ridiculous."

The boy was not convinced by these wise men of the East, and he lived to make and sell two hundred thousand clocks in one year! When his apprenticeship was a little more than half over, he told his master that if he would give him four months in the winter of each year, when business was dull, he would buy his own clothes.

His master consenting, he went to Waterbury, Connecticut, and began to work making clock dials, and very soon got an insight into the art and mystery of clock-making.

Two smart Yankees hired out apprentice to go with them to the distant State of New Jersey, for the express purpose of making cases for the clocks they sold. On this journey, he first saw the city of New York.

He was perfectly astonished at the bustle and confusion. He stood on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets for more than an hour, wondering why so many people were hurrying about so in every direction.

"What is going on?" said he, to a passer by. "What's the excitement about?"
The man hurried on without noticing him; which led him to conclude that the city people were not very polite.

Every winter added something to his knowledge of clock-making, and soon after he was out of his apprenticeship, he bought some portions of clocks, a little mahogany, and began to put clocks together on his own account, with encouraging success from the beginning.

It was a great day with him when he received his first magnificent order from a South merchant for twelve wooden clocks at twelve dollars a piece! When they were done, he delivered them himself to his customer, and found it impossible to believe that he should actually receive so vast a sum as a hundred and forty-four dollars.
He took the money with a trembling hand, and buttoned it up in his pocket. Then he felt an awful apprehension that some robbers might have heard of his expecting to receive this enormous amount, and would waylay him on the way home.
He worked but too steadily. He used to say that he loved to work as

he did to eat, and sometimes he would not go outside of his gate from one Sunday to the next. He soon began to make inventions and improvements. His business rapidly increased, though occasionally he had heavy losses and misfortunes.

His most important contribution to the business of clock making was his substitution of brass for wood in cheap clocks. He found that his wooden clocks, when they were transported by sea, were often spoiled by the swelling of the wooden wheels. One night, in a moment of extreme depression, during the panic of 1837, he thought darted into his mind—
"A cheap clock can be made of brass as well as wood!"

It kept him awake nearly all night. He began at once to carry out the idea. It gave an immense development to the business, because brass clocks could be exported to all parts of the world, and the cost of making them was greatly lessened by new machinery.

It was Chauncey Jerome who learned how to make a pretty good brass clock for forty cents, and a good one for two dollars; and it was he who began their exportation to foreign lands. Clocks of his making ticked during his life-time at Jerusalem, Saint Helena, Calcutta, Honolulu, and most of the other ends of the earth.

After making millions of clocks, and acquiring a large fortune, he retired from active business, leaving his splendid manufactory at New Haven to the management of others.

They thought they knew more than the old man; they mismanaged the business terribly, and involved him in their own ruin. He was obliged to leave his beautiful home at seventy years of age, and seek employment at weekly wages—he who had given employment to three hundred men at once.

He scorned to be dependent. I saw and talked long with this good old man when he was working on a salary, at the age of seventy-three, as superintendent of a large clock factory in Chicago.

He did not pretend to be indifferent to the change in his position. He felt it acutely. He was proud of the splendid business he had created, and he lamented its destruction.
He said it was one of his consolations to know that, in the course of his long life, he had never brought upon others the pains he was then enduring. He bore his misfortunes as a man should, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his new companions.—James Parton in *Youth's Companion*.

Duty to Others.
CHAMBERSBURG, July 25, 1875.

This is to let the people know that I, Anna Maria Krider, wife of Tobias Krider, am now past seventy-four years of age. My health has been very bad for some years past. I was troubled with weakness, bad cough, dyspepsia, great debility and constipation of the bowels. I was so miserable I could hardly eat anything. I heard of Hop Bitters, and was resolved to try them. I have used three bottles, and I feel wonderfully good, well and strong again. My bowels are regular, my appetite good, and cough all gone. I feel so well that I think it my duty to let the people know, as so many know how bad I was, what the medicine has done for me, so that they can cure themselves with it.

ANNA M. KRIDER,
Wife of Tobias Krider.

The largest ship in the world is the Great Eastern. She is 680 feet long, 83 feet broad and 60 feet deep, being 22,927 tons builder's, 18,915 gross and 13,344 net register. She was built at Millwall, on the Thames, and was launched January 31, 1857.

The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 6,557,558 square miles, more than a sixth part of the land of the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third, containing 3,580,242 square miles, including Alaska; in population it ranks fourth with its 50,000,000 of people, Russia ranks second, having 8,351,940 square miles.

Where to Economize.

A mother who was particularly successful in keeping her children at home of evenings, so much so that it was with difficulty they could be induced to accept an invitation to spend an evening away from home, was asked if she had any particular secret for doing so. She replied that she could think of none, except that she kept her sitting-rooms and parlors very light. "We always have all the light we want; we put the gas on, full blaze, in both back and front parlors; then we keep the house comfortably warm all over, and this is the only secret, if it is a secret." To this it was objected that it would be very expensive. She replied, "Oh well, we will economize in something else, if necessary, but a cheerful light at evening we will have."

Her remark was very suggestive, not only of the great difference in the cheerfulness of a well lighted house and the gloom of one when the light is poor and stined, but of the choice there is in matters of economy. In these times nearly every one has to study economy in some directions, but in family life it ought to be directed to anything, rather than the curtailing of family comforts or of the quality and quantity of children's food. Better wear the plainest clothes, better have no extra suit, better put up with old and patched furniture than to deprive any one of real comfort, especially the children. Warmth and light are the most essential of these. Warmth and light are the attractions used by the saloons and other places of like sort to draw our children from us. We must counteract these by providing better of the same kind. We cannot afford to economize too much in these.

So in regard to children's food and clothes. There are two articles of food of which children are very fond, and which are nutritious and wholesome, which are often economized in unwisely. These are milk and sugar. Better to do without desserts all the time and let the children have their milk to drink and plenty of sugar on their oatmeal and stewed apples. Better a dime's worth of good, pure candy occasionally, than the costly and too often indigestible mince pie. In clothing also the same discrimination should be observed. Plenty of good, warm underclothing, good stockings and stout, well-fitting shoes, will make presentable the plainest dress. If economy must be studied in children's clothes, let it be in trimmings and ruffles, and not in those things which give warmth and comfort.

To practice economy successfully requires a great deal of study and experience. It is generally not a very encouraging or pleasant thing to do, and yet there are those who have become enthusiastic in it. It has seemed to have almost the fascination of a game to some to see how little they could live on and live comfortably. If one has to do it, it is better to do it in such a spirit, than complainingly and fretfully. And, as to accomplish something is always a satisfaction, there may be a certain satisfaction in the study and experimenting that leads to a knowledge of how to economize in the best way and places, how to live well, and at the same time live cheaply.—Chicago Weekly Magazine.

WHEN a medicine performs such cures as Kidney-Wort is constantly doing, it may truly be said to have wonderful power. A carpenter in Montgomery, Va., had suffered for eight years from the worst of kidney diseases, and had been wholly incapacitated for work. He says, "One box made a new man of me, and I sincerely believe it will restore to health all that are similarly afflicted." It is now sold in both liquid and dry form.—Danbury News.

"PATRICK, were you a minor when you landed in America?" asked the naturalization officer. "No, your honor, I was a bricklayer."

A PLUMBER who was about to die said: "My only regret at dying is because where I am going water-pipes never freeze up."