

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 20, 1883.

No. 33.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges—Hon. John A. Vinson 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. Hines, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Eheriff—Robert Barriek.
Tax Collector—D. H. Routhaban.
Surveyor—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, 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. Taney.
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, Dan. W. Lawrence, John G. Hess, John T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m., Infants School 11 a. m.

Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)
Pastor—Rev. Geo. B. Resser. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m., Infants School 11 a. 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. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m., Infants School 11 a. m.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. David Haskell. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m.; Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.

From Baltimore, Way, 11:05 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 Motters, 11:05 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4:30 p. m.; Frederick, 11:05 a. m.

Depart.

For Baltimore, closed, 8:40 a. m.; For Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Hagerburg, 8:40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8:40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 8:30 a. m.; Frederick, 3:20 p. m.; For Motters, 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.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Knights her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: R. E. Hockenmith, P.; Daniel Gelwick, S.; John G. Hess, Sen. S.; J. J. Mentz, Jun. S.; John T. Gelwick, C. of R. Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.

"Emmitts Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md."
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: Wm. Busscy, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; P. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

Junior Building Association.
Sec. Edward H. Rowe; Directors, J. T. Hays, Pres.; W. S. Guthrie, Vice Pres.; John Withrow, W. H. Hoke, Daniel Lawrence, Jas. A. Rowe, Chas. J. Rowe, Jos. 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. Gelwick, Chas. J. Rowe.

GROFF HOUSE.

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

CAPT. JOSEPH GROFF has recently taken charge of his well-known boarding house, on North Market Street, Emmitsburg, where his friends and the public generally, will always be welcomed and served. Terms very moderate, and everything to suit the taste.

JOSEPH GROFF, Proprietor.

\$66 a week in your own town. A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from a Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Having located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homeopathic 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. jy22 ly

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec 9-1f

Dr. J. T. Busscy,
DENTIST,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap29

DENTISTRY!
Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist
Westminster, 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. aug10-1y

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 GENITAL WEAKNESS, NEURALGIA, EMISSIONS, IMPOTENCY (loss of sexual power) etc. Guaranteed cures in from 3 to 10 days. Medicines sent by address. Call or write, enclosing stamp only.
Dr. Robertson is a graduate of the University of Maryland, and refers to the leading physicians of that city, Special and successful treatment for Ladies suffering from Irregularities. All communications strictly confidential. Jan 21-3

ANNAN, HORNER & Co.,
BANKERS & BROKERS,
EMMITSBURG, MD.
Are prepared to transact a general Banking Business, at their Banking House, in Emmitsburg.
Money Laid, Checks and Drafts Cashied, and Collections made on all 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. Mail, P.M.
Hills Station..... 7:50 10:05 4:00 6:40
Emmitsburg..... 7:55 10:10 4:05 6:45
Perryville..... 8:00 10:15 4:10 6:50
Fulton station..... 8:05 10:20 4:15 6:55
Adelsburg..... 8:10 10:25 4:20 7:00
Mt. Hope..... 8:15 10:30 4:25 7:05
Perryville..... 8:20 10:35 4:30 7:10
Owings Mills..... 8:25 10:40 4:35 7:15
Glyndon..... 8:30 10:45 4:40 7:20
Hagerstown..... 8:35 10:50 4:45 7:25
Westminster..... 8:40 10:55 4:50 7:30
Gettysburg..... 8:45 11:00 4:55 7:35
Troy..... 8:50 11:05 5:00 7:40
Fulton..... 8:55 11:10 5:05 7:45
Rocky Ridge..... 9:00 11:15 5:10 7:50
Mechanicstown..... 9:05 11:20 5:15 7:55
Hagerstown..... 9:10 11:25 5:20 8:00
Rocky Ridge..... 9:15 11:30 5:25 8:05
Edge..... 9:20 11:35 5:30 8:10
Sin..... 9:25 11:40 5:35 8:15
Hills..... 9:30 11:45 5:40 8:20
Wh..... 9:35 11:50 5:45 8:25

THE END.

The course of the weary river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, forever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of the coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace will at last be given,
Dear, both to you and me.

Then, though the part may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Through the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be
tempting,
Speak the truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exemption,
When once the hand is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready,
For plain and ambushes foes;
Thought earnest, and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with crowing comes the light;
Though the dark low winds are complaining
Yet the sunrise glids the height;
And love has its hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the world that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

—Tinsley's Magazine.

The great storms are associated with the deaths of heroes. That about the time of Cromwell's death was long remembered, and it was a common remark among country people when Wellington died: "Oh, the rain won't give in until the Duke is buried." In France the deaths of Chanzy and Gambetta have occurred at the time of storms and devastating floods, which serve to strengthen the superstition.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior, 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its great breadth, and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 900 feet, and its greatest depth about 200 fathoms. Its surface is about 635 feet above the level of the sea.

THE POLISH JEW.
During the war of 1813, when Buonaparte made that desperate attack upon his faithlessly of Russia, the Saxon General, S., had gathered his troops in a deep and wood defile, and over the bivouac fire conversed with the guide who had offered to lead his troops to the surprise of a Russian outpost.

The day, which was drawing to its close, had been gloomy and lowering, yet was treacherously warm for the season, and little indicated the approaching snowstorm, which was to overwhelm the conqueror, and check his hitherto irresistible course.

The form of General S., as revealed by the lurid embers, broad and muscular, braced in the tightened uniform of his nation, and decorated with innumerable crosses and orders, contrasted forcibly with the appearance of his companion, a Polish Jew, slight in figure, and enveloped in the loose black gaberdine of his race; his cheeks wan, sunken and hollow, and against each hung a spiral curl of sandy hair, depending from an upright cap of black felt; his eyes, keen and gray, were restless and inquisitive, not unlike those of a furnished cat who expects injury, and is watchful to avert or revenge. He bent instinctively, as the harsh tones of General S.'s voice smote upon his ear; and his glance fell before the penetrating regard of the military commander.

This latter was, indeed, a man to be approached with awe by every one who knew the sternness of his character. Brave to desperation, vigilant and inflexible in discipline, the slightest breach of military duty was punished with implacable rigor. His men and officers respected but I'd not their commander; yet no one dared provoke his anger, for so sure and fatal was his aim, that every duel he fought cost the life of his antagonist.

"Jew!" said the general in his severest tone, "you have promised to conduct my troop, by a secret path, to the surprisal of the enemy. If you bring us in safety through this labyrinth, name your own reward; gold or lands shall be yours for requital of the service. But tremble, Hebrew, if you mean as falsely; for by the bones of my ancestors, and the honor of my sainted mother, the slightest suspicion of treachery on your part, insures your certain death—ay, death with all its horrors—long, lingering, fierce and cruel."

The Jew made a low and shrinking obeisance, but without speaking, as though fear denied the power of utterance.

TIED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee;
Your tired knee that has so much to bear.
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly,
From underneath a tangle of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm moist fingers folding yours so tight.
You do not prize this blessing over-much
You almost are too tired to pray, to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day.
We are so dull and thankless, and too slow
To catch the sunshine, till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss the elbow from your tired knee,
The restless, curly head from off your breast,
The hisping tongue that chattered constantly,
If from your own dimpled hands had slipped
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you, for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so, that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow, make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world,
Could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own,
Is never rumpled by a slithering head;
My sighing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little boy I used to kiss, is dead.

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"Seize and bind you, bowing spy, and cast him into the trench which is digging below; then form into ranks, and every man march over the traitor Jew's grave."

For a brief instant there was a pause of horror; but ere the general could look his displeasure the fierce behest was fulfilled. Yell after yell burst from the struggling wretch as he was hurried down, which was shortly exchanged for stifled and smothered cries, as the earth was heaped over the hapless victim of his own duplicity and the general's revenge.

"MOTHER has recovered" wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her, so that she can do as much work now as she could before we moved West. Since she got well everyone about here is taking it."—Peoria Journal.

HE who obeys with modesty appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

BROTHER GARDNER'S PHILOSOPHY.

"I hold heah in my han," began Brother Gardner as the triangle sounded and Samuel Shin laid aside his harmonica, "I hold heah a letter from one ob de charitable societies ob Detroit axin' if dis club kin be depended on to aid in de good work dis winter. In sartin cases dis club kin be depended on for a ton ob coal, a cord ob wood, a bar'l ob flour or a ten dollar bill. In sartin odder cases dis club won't cum down wid as much as a shingle nail. Public charity in dis kentry am a curious thing.

"It insists dat ebry man shall airn his own libin, an' den it turns in an' supports de class who will starve sooner dan work.

It am de enemy ob whiskey, an' yet as soon as whiskey makes a pauper it supports him.

"It flatters de man who gets a few dollars ahead, an' yet demands a sheer of dat money to aid de idle an' dissipated.

"Public charity comes as near bein' a bold faced fraud as any sentiment you kin name. It encourages laziness by providin' fur de families of drunkards. It encourages immorality by providin' homes an' hospitals for de immoral. It encourages de spendthrift by feedin' an' clothin' him all winter arter he has squandered his money all summer. Public charity am a wall agin which de reckless, de lazy, de shiftless an' de dissolute lean when all odder props give way.

"Simmer it down, and public charity means takin' de money which a man has saved by hard work in economy an' usin' it to support de man who has squandered time an' money widout a car' as to what become of him. It am blackmail on industry—it am a slap at economy—it am a kick at industry. How does it come dat dis kentry constantly growin' in wealth, an' constantly furnishing increased chances for poorness to get along, dat pauperism am also increasin'?" Eight tenths of de saloons in America am supported by men whose family need ebry cent dey airn fur clothin' and bread, an' who rely on public charity in case ob a hard winter. De kentry has five times as many paupers as it had fifteen y'ars ago! Why? Kase we raise five times as much money to support 'em. Double de amount of poorness, an' you will double de number of paupers.

"An' now let me ask you a plain question. If I work hard week in an' week out; if my wife works hard an' economizes; if we patch, darn, dye an' cut ober; if we buy cheap tea an' coffee an' pare de 'taters close, an' manage to pay fur a little home, an' put money in de bank for sickness or death, has any human bein' a right to ask me to give one penny to a man who has thrown away scores of dollars for beer an' tobacco, who plays keards an' shakes dice for money, who works only when he feels like it, who neber dreams of economy, who neber practices self-denial? I reckon not! Let us now turn our faces toward de rewteen of bizness."—Detroit Free Press.

BIRD SEXTONS.—It is so rare to find a dead bird unburied in a field or meadow that the question naturally arises: What becomes of their bodies? It will be found by watching carefully, that the orange spotted beetles are the little sextons that bury sparrows, mice, squirrels and even the larger creatures which die in the woods and fields. They shovel out the loose earth with their broad heads, push the body into the hole thus made, and even climb upon it to push it more firmly into its grave. Some naturalists think that the beetles are drawn by the odor of decay, and we ought to be very grateful that the air is kept pure and sweet for us by these intelligent undertakers.

"I AM sorry to hear of your uncle having drowned himself at sea," said Githlooly to an influential citizen of Anstin, who wore a sad look and crape on his hat. "Yes, it was very sad." "Did he have any grounds for it?" "How the mischief could he have any grounds for it out at sea, where the water is a mile and a half deep?"

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.

But very few of our people have any idea of the length of the Blue Mountain we see to the north of us. The ridge enters Pennsylvania from New Jersey at the Delaware Water Gap. From there it continues in an unbroken line, through this State and into Maryland, a distance of 166 miles, and from thence through several States to near the line of Alabama, a distance of 1,500 miles, now bearing one name then another. No wonder the red men call it "Kittatinny,"—"the endless or long hill." To the northeast it extends through New Jersey and south eastern New York into New England. In New York it is the Shawangunk, and is broken through by the Hudson River at Anthony's Nose, where it rises in craggy cliffs 1,200 feet high. In Pennsylvania the mountain, if viewed from a distance appears to be a level straight-topped ridge. But yet it is broken by several big gaps—all the important rivers of the State flowing through it. There are also a few "dry gaps," like the Wind Gap, through which no river now flows, though ages ago it must have been occupied by a large stream.—Record.

"Sometimes, while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree till I was warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the effected part.—Youth's Companion.

It requires a certain capacity for good in yourself to appreciate the good in others; and the converse is unhappily true also, for if you constantly see the bad in others you may safely conclude that you are not exactly what you ought to be yourself.

DELEVAN, Wis., Sept. 24, 1878.
Gents:—I have taken not quite one bottle of the Hop Bitters. I was a feeble old man of 78 when I got it. To-day I am as active and feel as well as I did at 30. I see a great many that need such a medicine.

D. BOYCE.

WRITING of the death of an old and paidup subscriber, the editor of one of our exchanges says: "Our hands and heart and the foreman are too full for us to express our tumultuous grief as we cheerfully otherwise wouldst.

"PA, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?" "Tut, tut! I'll answer no more of your silly questions!"

A Missouri quack not only promises to cure nasal catarrh at one sitting, but makes the astounding statement that he will "remove the catarrh and place it on a saucer."

BEHIND the stowey loaf is the mill-wheel behind the mill the wheat field, on the wheat field falls the Sun light, above the Sun is God.

INDIANAPOLIS has an epidemic of boils and all the prominent men have places on the standing committee.

MUSIC may be divine, but its living is its dying. It gushes, and is drunk up by the thirsty silences.

It is not calling your neighbor names that settles a question.