

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, MARCH 31, 1883.

No. 43.

DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—John C. Motter.
Clerk of the Court.—Adolphus Fearnsie, Jr.
Orphan's Court.
Judges.—Daniel Castle of T., John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicodemus.
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners.—Thos. R. Jarboe, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hines, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff.—Robert Barrick.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routhan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hilleary, Jas. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examining.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—J. H. T. Webb, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouf, E. T. McBride.
Registrar.—E. S. Toney.
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, John F. Hays.
Burgess.—John F. Hays.
Town Commissioners.—Wm. S. Guthrie, Ezra R. Zimmerman, Daniel 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 at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.
Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)
Pastor.—Rev. Geo. B. Resser. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.
Presbyterian Church
Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
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. Daniel 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 Hagerstown through, 7:00 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 7:00 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 7:00 p. m.; From Motter's, 11:05 a. m.; From Gettysburg, 4:30 p. m.; From Frederick, 11:05 a. m.
Depart.
For Baltimore, closed, 8:40 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Hagerstown, 8:40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8:40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 3:20 p. m.; From Frederick, 3:20 p. m.; From Motter's, 3:20 p. m.; From Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.
All mails close 15 minutes before schedule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m. to 5:15 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: John G. Hess, P.; George T. Gelwick, S. B.; J. S. Gelwick, Sen. S.; J. Theof. Gelwick, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of B.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Great Sachem of the Hunting Grounds of Maryland; D. R. Gelwick, Representative.
'Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.'
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Theof. Gelwick, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Asst. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.
Emmitt Lodge No. 47, I. O. M.
Weekly meetings, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, Jos. Byers; Worthy Senior Master, E. R. Zimmerman; Worthy Master, T. L. Nail; Junior Master, Wm. H. Hoke; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, M. F. Shuff; Treasurer, Chas. S. Zeck; Chaplain, E. T. Peopies; Conductor, Geo. Byers.
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, 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, H. H. Gelwick, Chas. J. Rowe.

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C. V. S. LEVY
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FREDERICK, MD.
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Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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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. aug16-1c

ANNAN, HORNER & Co.,
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Are prepared to transact a general Banking Business, at their Banking House, in Emmitsburg.
Money Loaned, 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.	M.	A.	P.	M.	P.	M.
Hills Station	7:50	10:05	4:00	6:40		
Union Depot	7:50	10:05	4:05	6:45		
Edgewood	8:00	10:15	4:10	6:50		
Pulmon Sta.	8:02	10:17	4:12	6:52		
Arlington	8:10	10:25	4:20	7:00		
St. Hope	8:21	10:36	4:31	7:11		
Pikesville	8:28	10:43	4:38	7:18		
Owings Mills	8:40	10:55	4:50	7:30		
Glyndon	8:53	11:08	5:03	7:43		
Hanover	9:15	11:30	5:25	8:05		
Westminster	9:34	11:49	5:44	8:24		
New Windsor	9:57	12:13	6:07	8:48		
Frederick Junction	10:21	12:37	6:31	9:12		
Frederick	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		
Rocky Ridge	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		
Edgewood	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		
Blue Ridge	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		
Poplar	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		
Smithsburg	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		
Hagerstown	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		
Williamsport	10:36	12:52	6:46	9:27		

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.
Daily except Sundays.

STATIONS.	Acc.	Exp.	Acc.	Mail.
Williamsport	7:45	10:00	3:30	6:00
Hagerstown	7:45	10:00	3:30	6:00
Smithsburg	8:10	10:25	3:55	6:25
Edgewood	8:10	10:25	3:55	6:25
Poplar	8:10	10:25	3:55	6:25
Smithsburg	8:10	10:25	3:55	6:25
Hagerstown	8:10	10:25	3:55	6:25
Williamsport	8:10	10:25	3:55	6:25

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R. R.—Trains South leave Shippensburg, Pa., 6:35 a. m., and 1:30 and 2:40 p. m., Chambersburg, 7:10 a. m., and 1:55 and 3:05 p. m., arriving Waynesboro, 7:52 a. m., and 2:35 and 3:55 p. m., and Legettstown, 8:15 a. m., and 2:55 and 4:15 p. m. Trains west leave Edgewood, 7:05 11:45 a. m., and 1:30 and 2:40 p. m., Chambersburg, 7:37 a. m., and 2:05 and 3:25 p. m., Waynesboro, 8:10 a. m., and 2:40 and 4:00 p. m., arriving Shippensburg, 8:45 a. m., and 3:50 and 5:15 p. m. Frederick Div., Penna. R. R.—Trains for Frederick leave Junction at 10:35 a. m., and 6:15 p. m.
Trains for York, Taneytown and Littlestown leave Junction at 9:30 a. m., and 4:15 p. m.
Through Car for Frederick leaves Baltimore at 4:00 p. m., and leaves Frederick for Baltimore at 10:30 p. m.
Through Cars for Hanover and Gettysburg, and points on H. & G. E. R., leave Baltimore at 10:05 a. m., and 4:00 p. m.
Street Cars, Baltimore and Gay Street Line, at corner of Gay and Excelsior sts., pass within one square of Hillen Station.
Orders for Baggage calls can be left at Ticket Office, 125 W. 34th Street.
JOHN M. HOOD, General Manager
B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent

AN APRIL DAY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
When the warm sun, that brings Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where sprigs The first flower of the plain.
I love the season well
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many folded clouds foretell The coming-in of storms.
From earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The stricken tree revives.
The softly-warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun that moves along
The forest openings.
And when bright sunsets fill
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.
And, when the day is gone,
In the blue lake the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed, out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.
Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over side by side,
And see themselves below.
Sweet April!—many a thought
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed:
Nor shall they fall till to its autumn brought
Life's golden fruit is shed.

VOLCANOES.

The phenomena of volcanoes are among the most imposing and awe-inspiring within the circuit of natural influences. This is due in great part to the mind of the observer in view of stupendous natural forces which he is powerless to check, and of tremendous agencies of destruction which it is impossible for him to resist or control. More-over the apparent irregularity of the eruptions which take place from time to time in the chief centres of volcanic action, is such as to stimulate his curiosity as powerfully as they excite his fears; and thus the phenomena and their attendant manifestations of irresistible and destructive energy, have rendered the "burning mountain" in all ages and among all people an object of unceasing wonder and apprehension. In the more poetic ages of the world, when men were disposed to personify those powers in nature that were beyond their comprehension or control, such volcanic outbreaks were attributed to causes in keeping with the modes of thought which then prevailed. The volcanoes in the Mediterranean area were accounted for, in the picturesque mythology of the time, by supposing that the gods were then engaged in conflict or toil; the mountain of Vulcan, or Volcano, in the Lipari Islands, being appropriated as the forge of the Greek Hephestus and his Roman representative, Vulcan—and the name thus came to be applied to all similar phenomena. Etna, again, was regarded as formed by the mountains which the vengeful Zeus had persecuted over the rebellious Typhon, its periodically recurrent eruptions being ascribed to the tremendous struggles by which the buried giant sought to free himself from the superincumbent mass. But such poetical explanations have long ceased to have weight among mankind, and we now seek for a solution of those wonderful problems of nature in a manner more in keeping with the scientific spirit that is every day removing us further and further from the era of mythological influences.

A volcano is generally described as "a burning mountain, from the summit of which issue smoke and flames." This definition Mr. Judd takes exception to, both as a whole and in its individual propositions. In the first place, the action which takes place at volcanoes is not external "burning," or combustion, and bears, indeed, no relation whatever to that well-known process. Nor are volcanoes necessarily "mountains" at all; essentially they are just the reverse—namely, holes

in the earth's crust, by means of which a communication is kept up between the surface and the interior of our globe. The mountains that generally exist at centres of volcanic activity are simply the gathered materials thrown out of these holes, and have not therefore to do with the causes, but with the consequences of volcanic action. Neither is this action confined to the "summits" of mountains, for it as frequently occurs on their sides or at their base; while what is called "smoke" is in reality steam or watery vapor; and what is described as "flames" is nothing more than the glowing light of the molten matter in the crater reflected from these vapor clouds.

An interesting example of this operation has been afforded within the modern historical period. On the Bay of Naples, and about eighteen miles distant from Mount Vesuvius, is a conical hill four hundred and forty feet in height, and covering an area more than half a mile in diameter. This is called Monte Nuovo, or the "New Mountain," and came into existence less than three hundred and fifty years ago, its site having been anciently occupied in part by the Lucrine Lake. This continued till 1538, when the "New Mountain" was formed; and the facts attending its formation have been conclusively proved. For more than two years previously the country around was affected by earthquakes, which gradually increased in intensity, and attained their climax in September of the year last mentioned.

"On the 27th and 28th of that month these earthquake shocks are said to have been felt almost continuously day and night. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 29th, a depression of the ground was noticed on the site of the future hill; and from this depression, water, which was at first cold and afterwards tepid, began to flow. Four hours afterwards the ground was seen to swell up and open, forming a gaping fissure, numerous masses of stone, some of them "as large as an ox," with vast quantities of pumice and mud, were thrown up to a great height, and these falling upon the sides of the vent, formed a great mound. This violent ejection of materials continued for two days and nights, and on the third day a very considerable hill was seen to have been built up by the falling fragments; and this hill was climbed by some of the eye-witnesses of the eruption. The next day the ejections were resumed, and many persons who had ventured on the hill were injured, and several killed by the falling stones. The later ejections were, however, of less violence than the earlier ones, and seem to have died out on the seventh or eighth day after the beginning of the outbreak. The great mass of this considerable hill would appear, according to the accounts which have been preserved, to have been built up by the materials which were ejected during two days and nights."

This volcano is now quiescent, and the slopes of the hill are covered with thickets of stone-pine. In the early period of a volcano's existence, and under normal atmospheric conditions, the cone round the crater is built up pretty equally on all sides, whereby the opening of the volcano continues to retain its original central position. But there are various agencies by which the shape of the volcanic cone is modified and changed. For instance, in the case of high mountains, such as Vesuvius, the combined weight and pressure of the material that surrounds or falls back into the opening of the crater has a tendency to plug up the opening altogether, in which event the subterranean fires frequently burst out from an opening which they make for themselves in the lower slopes of the hill. When this occurs, the same phenomena happen as before. The debris thrown out falls back round the new-made opening or fissure, and a twin volcano—or "parasitic cone," as it is termed—is gradually formed. Again, when the volcano, either during an eruption, or from its geographical position, is exposed to strong winds blowing persistently in one direction, the greater portion

of the dust and debris ejected into the air is carried to leeward, and thus the cone is built up with the crater on one side, the summit of the cone so formed being frequently much higher than the crater, and in a sense overlooking it. Of perfect cones, those of Cotopaxi, nineteen thousand six hundred feet in height, and Citlatpetel, seventeen thousand three hundred and seventy feet, are striking examples; though in each case we may take it that successive periods of eruption alternating with periods of quiescence have frequently changed both the size and shape of the respective craters.

In describing the origin of Monte Nuovo, we have seen the process by which volcanoes are formed; and in Mr. Judd's account of what he saw taking place in the crater of Stromboli, we gain a corresponding knowledge of how volcanoes, after being formed, continue to act. Stromboli is one of the oldest volcanoes in the Mediterranean Sea, and is peculiar in this respect, that for at least two thousand years it has been in a constant and regular, but not in a violent or dangerous, state of activity; hence it is possible for observers without any overwhelming sense of danger, to watch for hours together the series of operations going on within the crater. Our author, in 1874, made a careful examination and sketch of this volcano. The island of which it consists is roughly circular outline, and the volcano rises in a conical form to the height of three thousand and ninety feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Stromboli is one of those volcanoes in which the crater is not on the summit, but on the side of the mountain some distance below the summit. Viewed at night-time, it presents a very striking and singular spectacle. The mountain, owing to its great elevation, is visible over an area having a radius of more than a hundred miles; and as it bursts out intermittently into a broad flash or glare of light, then sinks down, only in a few minutes to flash out afresh, it has been called "the Lighthouse of the Mediterranean."

There is still a higher spot on the upper side of the crater from which the spectator can look down upon the bottom of the crater itself and see what is going on there; and when the wind is blowing from the onlooker towards the crater, he may be for hours watching the wonderful scene displayed before him. "The black slaggy bottom of the crater is seen to be traversed by many fissures or cracks, from most of which curling jets of vapor issue quietly, and gradually mingle with and disappear in the atmosphere. But besides these smaller cracks at the bottom of the crater, several large openings are seen, which vary in number and position at different periods." These large apertures may be divided into three classes: (1) Those that emit steam in loud snorting puffs, like a locomotive engine; (2) those from which masses of molten material are seen welling out, and sometimes flowing outside the crater in a lava-stream; and (3) those within the walls of which a viscid or semi-liquid substance is seen slowly heaving up and down. As we watch the seething mass in this third class of apertures, "the agitation within it is seen to increase gradually, and at last a gigantic bubble is formed, which violently bursts, when a great rush of steam takes place, carrying fragments of the scumlike surface of the liquid high into the atmosphere."

"If we visit the crater by night," continues our author, the "appearances presented are found to be still more striking and suggestive. The smaller cracks and larger openings glow with a ruddy light. The liquid matter is seen to be red or even white hot, while the scum or crust which forms upon it is of a dull red color. Every time a bubble bursts and the crust is broken up by the escape of steam, a fresh glowing surface of the incandescent material is exposed. If at these moments we look up at the vapor-cloud covering the mountain, we shall at once understand the cause of the singular appearance presented by Stromboli when viewed from a distance at night; for the great masses

of vapor are seen to be lit up with a vivid, ruddy glow, like that produced when an engine-driver opens the door of the furnace and illuminates the stream of vapor issuing from the funnel of his locomotive." A more vivid picture could scarcely be drawn of the process of volcanic action, or one conveying to the reader's mind a better antidote for the misconceptions that prevail regarding it.

The materials ejected from volcanoes during an eruption are not, as many may think, a wholly useless collection of debris. On the other hand, much of what is thus thrown out is of considerable commercial value. The volatile substances issuing from volcanic vents are at once deposited when they come into contact with the cool atmosphere; others form new compounds with one another and the constituents of the atmosphere; while others, again, combine with the materials of the surrounding rocks and form fresh chemical compounds with some of their ingredients. The deposits which are thus continually accumulating on the sides and lips of volcanic fissures, consist of sulphates, chlorides, sal-ammoniac, sulphur, etc. At Vulcano, regular chemical works have been established by a Scotch firm in the crater of the volcano, a great number of workmen being engaged in collecting the materials which are deposited around the fissures, and which are renewed by the volcanic action almost as soon as they are removed. This work, as one may readily suppose, is not at all times carried on with safety, for in 1878, a sudden outburst of activity within the crater took place before the workmen could escape, and several of them were severely burned by the explosion.

"Hack, Sir!"
BY M. Y. ACKER.

Last week I went to the city. There is nothing in that assertion that is very strange, nor anything which would apparently make a foundation for a novel; but, you see it is not so much the going or coming that is so much on my mind, but the goshalivered occurrences after I reached there that are disturbing my equanimity.

I was there—that's sufficient—and the dog-goned hackmen seemed to know it before I did, for about a thousand of them pointed their long, dirty fingers at me, as soon as I tumbled from the train, and yelled, "Hack, hack, sir!" until I wished some one had hacked their torgues off.

One grabbed me by the shoulder and another pulled my sleeve, while a third tugged away at my valise, as I shouted:

"Scissors and shears! What do you want, you wiveled-tongued donkeys? If you don't let go of me, I'll thrash the whole body of you."

I slung the back of my hand across one ugly mug and kicked the shins of the fellow who was clawing at my shoulder, while the snoozer who clung to my bag yelled:

"That's right; give it ter 'em—oh, och!"

And he doubled up and grabbed himself where his vitals are digested, for that was where my number ten stopped.

I was in for it.
The whole crowd rushed at me. I caught my toe on the curb, tumbled down, upset three hackmen, they upset more of their ilk, legs, arms, hats, shoes, fists, hair, curs words, and so forth, were in utter confusion.

The police rushed up, thinking a bomb had exploded, and I sprang to my feet and started on a run as though I was a chicken thief, with a bob-tailed bulldog after a taste of my pantaloons.

Some one cried:
"Stop thief!"

The police saw my legs giving fail and came ralling after me.

I whooped her up lively and seemed in a fair way to get away down a side alley, when a young street A. M. bobbed from around the corner and I tumbled over him, rolled into the gutter, he yelled, "Murder! oh, hang dash it!" some one rushed out of a side door, wiping beer from his vest and screamed:

"Is there another Texas steer loose? W-where is he!"
The boy said he guessed so, and that he was killed.
I got up out of the gutter, rubbed the mud out of my eyes with one hand, held the rent in my pantaloons together with the other, backed up against a brick wall, waited for the policemen while my ire rose to a boiling heat.

I gritted my teeth, and I may as well remark here that I laid no trout in doing so, for the dirt in my mouth made the process a very easy one.
In about the flop of a fly's wing, up rushed a whole squad of blue-coats, puffing and blowing like fire engines.

One grabbed me and tried to drag me away, but I dropped down, pulled him with me, others came up and caught on, I kicked one in the mouth, another bent his head down under the persuasion of my hand in his hair, while a third gave me the loan of his ear for a handle, then yelled because it hurt him.
At length I was at the station-house and we all took a breathing spell.

The Justice came in and took his seat.
"What's the charge against this man?"
"Riot," howled the policeman whose ear had acted as a handle.
"Disorderly conduct," yelled the one whose mouth had collided with my toe.
"A crank," said the one whose hair my fingers had mussed.
"Prisoner," said the Justice, "you hear the charges. What have you to say?"

"Give me a pin," said I, and the Judge leaned over and whispered to a reporter:
"A crank, by hooky!" then turning to me: "What do you want of a pin?"
"My pantaloons are torn and I want to pin them up."
After I had finished the operation, I said:
"Your Honor, I deny all the charges. I don't want a lawyer. I don't want to make a speech, and I'll be gosh darned if I want to ride in a back. Because I refuse to ride, the hackmen, and yours until the hearse carries me off, had a little muss. I got away from them and run, the police followed and caught me, and then there was another ruction. I was captured, and here I am."

"I am neither a crank, a rioter, nor a disorderly person. I am not drunk, a cnibal nor a Texas steer. I am not the Governor, Mayor nor a wild Indian. I am neither Conklin, or Cameron, nor Barnum's pet monkey. But, holy smoke, I'm mad—geewhittaker, I should say I was."
"If I had half a show I'd wallop the whole police force and then sail into the hackmen and stand them all on their heads, but I haven't half a chance so if you want to fine me, all right I'll pay it. But don't you lock me up, Judge. If you do I'll—I'll—stay there till I'm let out."
"That's all, Judge, pass down your sentence."

"I'll have to fine you five dollars."
I paid the fine, and don't you make any mistakes about what followed.
I dusted out of that berg as fast as the laws of locomotion would permit, and the rent in my pantaloons justify.

After I was seated in the car the conductor came around, took a survey of me and wanted to know if I had been in a walking match or a boiler explosion.

When I reached home Mrs. Acker met me in the hall with the broomstick and screamed:
"Get out of here you dirty tramp!" and it was some time before she was fully convinced that I was Nimble Yankee Acker, Esq.

An old doctor's advice.—It was this: "Trust in God and keep your bowels open." For this purpose many an old doctor has advised the habitually constive to take Kidney-Wort—for no other remedy so effectually overcomes this condition, and that with out the distress and griping which other medicines cause. It is a radical cure for piles. Don't fail to use it.—Exchange.

566
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