

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, MAY 19, 1883.

No. 50.

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 Fearlake, 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 Barriek.
Tax-Collector—D. H. Rostzshau.
Surveyor—Rufus A. Ringer.
School Commissioners—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Jr., J. W. Hickey, J. A. W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.
Examiner—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace—J. H. T. Webb, Henry Stokes, Jas. Kaouff, E. T. McBride.
Registrar—E. S. Tancy.
Constables—William H. Schulz, School Trustees—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, U. A. Long.
Scribers—John F. Hopp.
Town Commissioners—Wm. S. Guthrie, Ezra R. Zimmerman, Daniel Lawrence, John G. Hess, John T. Lang.

CHURCHES.

Et. 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., Ladies S. School 11 p. 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 lecture 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 lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 1 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 Baltimore 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 Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 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, 3:30 p. m.; From Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8 1/2 o'clock. Officers: John H. Hess, P.; George W. Getz, S.; C. J. Gelwick, Sec. S.; J. Theob. Gelwick, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Great Sachem of the Hunting Grounds of Maryland; H. R. Gelwick, Representative.

Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Theob. Gelwick, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Joe J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. Sec.; Nicholas Baker, Treasurer.

Ammit Lodge No. 47, I. O. M.
Weekly meetings, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, Jos. Byers; Worthy Master, E. R. Zimmerman; Worshipful Master, T. L. Nall; Junior Master, Wm. H. Hoker; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, M. F. Shuff; Treasurer, Chas. S. Zeck; Chaplain, E. T. Peoples; Conductor, Geo. Byers.

Junior Building Association.
Secs., 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.



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CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER RUDDY PAINS AND ACHES. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. Fifty Cents a Bottle. Directions in 11 Languages. THE CHALLENGE A. VOELKEL CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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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. a23

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

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

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DENTIST, EMMITSBURG, MD.
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DENTISTRY!
DR. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist
Westminster, Md.,
NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug16-ly

HOLDSTEIN'S AROMANNA
An absolute cure for Dyspepsia and all Liver, Kidney, Blood and Skin Diseases, Chills and Malarial Fever. Try a bottle and be convinced. Ask your druggist for pamphlets.
PRICE, 25 and 75 CENTS.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
G. HOLDSTEIN, PROPRIETOR, WOODBURY, N. J.

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. A.M. A.P. P.M.
Hills Station 7:55 10:05 4:00
Union depot 7:55 10:05 4:05 6:45
Penna ave 8:00 10:10 4:10 6:50
Fulton sta 8:02 10:12 4:12 6:52
Arlington 8:10 10:20 4:20 7:02
Mt Hope 8:21 10:30 4:32 7:12
Owingsville 8:30 10:40 4:42 7:22
New Windsor 8:35 10:45 4:47 7:27
Rocky Ridge 8:40 10:50 4:52 7:32
Mechanicstown 8:45 10:55 4:57 7:37
Blue Ridge 8:50 11:00 5:02 7:42
New Market 8:55 11:05 5:07 7:47
Ridge 9:00 11:10 5:12 7:52
Hagerstown 9:05 11:15 5:17 7:57
Williamsport 9:10 11:20 5:22 8:02

PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.
Daily except Sundays.
STATIONS. A.M. A.P. P.M.
Williamsport 7:25 9:35 3:00
Hagerstown 7:30 9:40 3:05
New Market 7:35 9:45 3:10
Blue Ridge 7:40 9:50 3:15
Mechanicstown 7:45 9:55 3:20
Rocky Ridge 7:50 10:00 3:25
Penna ave 7:55 10:05 3:30
Fulton sta 8:00 10:10 3:35
Arlington 8:05 10:15 3:40
Mt Hope 8:10 10:20 3:45
Owingsville 8:15 10:25 3:50
New Windsor 8:20 10:30 3:55
Union Bridge 8:25 10:35 4:00
Hills Station 8:30 10:40 4:05

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R.R.—Trains South leave Shippensburg, Pa., 6:35 p. m., and 1:20 and 2:40 p. m., Chambersburg, 7:10 a. m., and 1:05, 2:25, 3:45, 5:05, 6:25, 7:45, 9:05, 10:25, 11:45 p. m. Trains west leave Pigeon Mt., 7:05 a. m., and 1:30 and 2:50 p. m. Chambersburg, 7:37 a. m., and 1:25 and 2:45 p. m., Shippensburg, 8:55 a. m., and 1:30 and 2:50 p. m. Frederick Div., Penna. R.R.—Trains for Frederick will leave Junction at 10:35 a. m., and 6:15 p. m.

Trains for York, Taneytown and Littleton leave Junction at 9:25 a. m., and 6:15 p. m. Through Car for Frederick leaves Baltimore at 4:00 p. m., and leaves Frederick for Baltimore at 8:25 a. m.

Through Cars For Hanover and Gettysburg and points on H. J. H. and G. R. R., leave Baltimore at 10:05 a. m., and 4:00 p. m. Street Cars, Baltimore and Gay Street Line, at corner of Hillen Station, pass within one square of Hillen Station.

Orders for Baggage calls can be left at Ticket Office, 125 W. Baltimore Street.

JOHN N. HODG, General Manager
B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Ticket Agent

THE GIANT WHO WANTED TO WORK

In a little Scottish kitchen, with rafters above, And the wide, open fireplace that grandmothers love, The kettle was making a terrible din; Would you guess that a giant was prisoner within?

No one knew what he said; no one heard the noise; People don't when they live in a house full of boys. And with Grandma aleep and James on the settle, Small wonder they heard not the voice in the kettle.

"I'm a giant imprisoned!" the cry came again.
"I have strength for the work of a million of men.
Your ships I will carry; your carriages draw;
(Janie looked in surprise, but no giant he saw.)
"I can print all your books, and your cloth I could weave;
Your grain I will grind, if you'll but give me leave;
Great weights I can lift, as you quickly will see,
Only give me more room. Coax, my lad, set me free."

Just then Grandma awoke, and she cried: "Lazy thing, Have you nothing to do but hear teakettle sing?" But he answered her gently, and told her his plan— More room, for the giant to do all he can.

Just a dream? No, indeed! You will own it was not, When I tell you the name of the lad was James Watt.
'Twas the giant who's working for you and for me, Aren't you glad that he listened, and then set him free?" —Independent.

THE MAID AND THE MOUSE.
There was a maiden had a cat, She rather loved on the beast, But said her love would be increased If she could only teach it that 'Twas mice, when for game it bid, To torture mice the way it did.

The cat and maid together sat One day in purring teakettle, When in there waked a mouse, and great The shriek the maiden gave thereat, And ere her demon yawn did cease She fluttered to the mantelpiece.

The mouse, at sound of maiden howl, Sustained a nervous shock and lit Into a paralytic fit. Grmalkin fired off a yowl, And, too perturbed to think of play, Did smite the mouse's life away.

With dying breath the stricken mite Exclaimed, "I thank thee, agile puss; This being scared to death is 'was' Than being killed with sudden snite. I'd rather thus in trice be slain Than hear that woman yell again."

Oh, maiden on the mantel shelf! While palpitates thy heart, reflect, Did't ever, ever yet suspect, How much more frightened than they self, This zoologic dot should be That drives thee thus to lunacy?

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH.
High up in a lofty house in one of the suburbs of Paris lived a young photographer and his wife a life of such careless happiness as is rarely found out of the attic of that gay city, where content and cheerfulness are more apt to reign than in the most spacious mansions.

A true Parisian was Louison, the young wife, who understood so well how to hide the poverty of the small attic dwelling by a hundred graceful little devices. The rooms were hardly larger than closets; but the modest furniture was clean and fresh, and grouped with charming effect.

Charles was a landscape photographer of unusual skill; he photographed public buildings also, but rarely tried his hand at portraits, not having means to compete with the owners of the large, expensive, fully-furnished studios of the aristocratic quarters of the city, while he felt himself above the cheap grade of photographers who furnish miserably-executed portraits.

He lived in the capital only a year, during which he had learned to know, and afterwards married, his beloved Louison, who, although not possessed of a sou, owned such treasures of cheerfulness, amiability, and good-heartedness that Charles was more than satisfied. The young man could well hope that the future held better things in store for him, for his unusual skill must in time

win the place it deserved; and already his talents were recognized by more than one of the artists of the day.

It was the 31st of August, 1877. The day promised to be bright and clear, and early in the morning Charles made ready the small portable apparatus he carried on such occasions for the last excursion to St. Germain, to finish the two photographs necessary to complete the desired number. Kissing Louison, he was very soon in his place in the omnibus going to his destination. Springing from the railway carriage, Charles beckoned to a man standing on the platform, and for the sum of three francs engaged his services for the day to carry his apparatus and assist him in any way required.

St. Germain, with its fourteen thousand inhabitants, is a very quiet town, living like a faded beauty on the recollection of past triumphs, but, owing to its high, healthy situation and its beautiful forest, it is a favorite resort of the pleasure seeker. The bright warm summer day had brought many strangers, and unusual life animated the town, along the streets and promenades of which strolled countless elegant Parisian idlers and charming ladies dressed in the latest fashion.

Charles soon chose a favorable point on the terrace, and, with the aid of his assistant, two views were successfully transferred to his portfolio. When his work was accomplished, the young man carefully repacked his apparatus, and, followed by his servant *pro tem.*, strolled slowly towards a modest inn in the town, where he intended to dine.

His way led him past the handsome Hotel du Pavillon Henri IV, widely celebrated for its magnificent situation. As he approached the house, it suddenly entered the photographer's head that it would not be a bad idea to add a view of the popular hotel to his collection, as the picture would probably be bought by many rich strangers who had lived there.

He beckoned to his follower, and stopped in the open space in front of the house, which was at that time empty, it being the dinner hour in the hotel. In a few moments he had chosen the best position for his apparatus and placed everything in readiness. As he was on the point of beginning his operations, he was interrupted by a guest of the hotel, evidently returning from a promenade on the terrace, who, approaching, stopped beside the apparatus, which he seemed to regard with much interest. He was a little old gentleman with snow-white hair, who appeared but little oppressed by the weight of years, for a youth full fire beamed in the bright friendly eyes shining through gold-mounted eye-glasses, and his movements showed an almost mercurial activity. The expression of his face was strikingly intelligent.

"Aha," he remarked, "the hotel is to be photographed, it seems! That is an excellent idea."
"Do you think so, sir?" responded Charles, laughing. "I hope the idea will be to my advantage, that many guests living here will buy copies in remembrance of the place."

"A capital speculation, which certainly must have good results," said the old man, with an approving nod. "Do you belong to this place?"
"No, sir; I live in Paris. I have taken a series of twenty-four views of St. Germain, and, as I am here, with an hour to spare, I am adding a photograph of the hotel. It is only an idea which struck me as I was passing."

"The notion is good. The only fault I find is that there will be no body to be seen in the picture, which will give it rather a lifeless effect."
"I quite agree with you, sir; but, much to my regret, there is no one at hand. It would be impossible to place my shabby assistant there on the balcony."

"No; the man is no doubt a very good fellow in his way, and, if a farm-yard were to be photographed, he would do beautifully; but here he is not exactly suitable. There are two charming English ladies in the hotel; perhaps you could induce them to stand for you."

"I am afraid it would cause some what of a commotion if I were to enter the hotel and prefer such a request."

"Very well; it you don't like doing it I will ask for you."
"You are very kind, sir, but I will not give such trouble. As you are good enough to interest yourself in my picture, would it be too much to ask you to stand for a moment there on the verandah?"

"With pleasure—I will do any thing to help you; but remember that I am an old man. My presence in the picture would be no attraction for fair young purchasers."
"I am convinced of the contrary, sir. Such a dignified old gentleman would certainly be an ornament to my picture. Your kindness would be a great favor to me."

"Very well, I am quite at your disposal," and the old gentleman, mounting the steps, placed himself behind the railing of the verandah, his right hand leaning on his cane, his left placed on the railing, while, with a friendly benevolent expression, he looked down at the photographer.

Charles' head immediately vanished under the cloth pertaining to the apparatus.
"The head a little more to the left, if you please. There—that is right! Now keep the position for a few seconds. One, two, three, four, five"—and the operation was finished, and was a complete success.

At the same moment two elegantly-dressed ladies appeared upon the balcony and spoke a few words to the old gentleman, who bowed pleasantly to the photographer, after which all three disappeared into the hotel.

"Strange!" thought Charles. "The old man's face seems familiar; yet I don't remember that I have ever seen him before."
With the assistance of his companion, the apparatus was packed again; and the photographer went on to the inn, where he dined, returning immediately afterwards to Paris.

During the next three days Charles was busily occupied with the negatives taken at St. Germain, scarcely left his studio. At the end of that time he set out in the morning with a complete series of the pictures in a tasteful leather portfolio, and accompanied by Louison's best wishes. He turned his steps towards the neighboring Boulevard Beaumarchais, in which was the establishment of a well-known dealer in works of art with whom he had already some acquaintance. To him he intended offering the views of St. Germain. As he went through the Rue St. Antoine and the Place de la Bastille, he wondered somewhat at the groups of men gathered together about every corner and in many of the shop doors, talking and gesticulating violently, evidently discussing something of interest. Something of importance must have taken place to cause this intense excitement among the easily-moved Parisians.—Newsboys ran swiftly through the animated streets crying in hoarse voice, "Latest from St. Germain! What could it be?"

The young man stopped before a group surrounding the newspaper-column on the Place de la Bastille, eagerly scanning the printed paper which had just been posted there.—Charles could not approach near enough to read the placard.

"What has happened?" he asked a broad-shouldered workman in a blue blouse.
"Monsieur Thiers is dead!" said the man impressively. "He died yesterday evening. It is a terrible loss for our party, particularly as it comes just now before the election. He was the man upon whom the eyes of all the wise and good in France were turned. I am only a plain workman, sir, and don't profess to understand much of politics, but we have always trusted to Monsieur Thiers' wisdom. He knew what was best for us and the whole land. Now he is dead, and there is no one to take his place."

Charles had never busied himself much with politics; but he knew well that this event would be for France a grave crisis naturally affecting trade and business of every

kind.— Occupied with such thoughts, he entered the establishment of the art dealer, and in a few words explained the object of his visit.

"Ah, my dear sir," said the dealer, with a shake of the head, "this is a bad time for business! Universal suspense and uncertainty reign; no one knows what the next hour will bring forth, and there is no lack of pessimists to prophesy all manner of evil. Reports of a *coup d'etat* are in the air; rents are falling, business people in the wildest confusion. Thiers' death affects everything! But show me what you bring to day. A series of views of St. Germain? I have no doubt of their excellence. Thiers died at St. Germain; that might perhaps awaken some interest for the pictures. Have you chanced to take a view of the house where he died—the Hotel du Pavillon Henri IV?"

"Yes," answered Charles, in astonishment, "quite by chance I took such a picture. And Thiers died there? Good heavens, could he have been the old gentleman whom I photographed? His face seemed familiar to me—perhaps because I saw so many pictures of him when he was president," and he related in a few words his meeting with the old gentleman at the hotel.

"Show me the picture!" cried the dealer, his eyes sparkling with excitement, "this is more important than you think."
The young man took the photograph from the case and handed it to the dealer, who looked attentively at the small figure in the picture, represented with wonderful clearness and accuracy.

"Yes, that is Thiers to the life!" he cried, in delight. "An excellent likeness! When did you take the picture?"
"On the 31st of August."
"Only four days ago! Then this is the last picture of Thiers, the great statesman and patriot, for whom all France mourns to day. The portrait is a precious remembrance, which will circulate through France in thousand of copies. Our country's loss is for you a stroke of fortune, my friend. You have the copyright of this picture, and it will be worth to you over a hundred thousand francs! The figure of Thiers, with a portion of the balcony, should be cut from the picture and enlarged. You can make three different sizes, for one, two, and three francs each. In two weeks we can sell half a million copies. At present, in all France, there is no better article of merchandise. Do you realize this?"

Charles comprehended now the great prize which Fortune had thrown in his way, and grew almost dizzy as he thought of the unhopd-for riches probably in store for him.
"But I cannot possibly print so quickly such an enormous number of copies?" he exclaimed. "My studio is far too small!"

"You are right," replied the dealer. "The largest photographer in Paris must undertake it, working day and night. I will manage the sale, if you agree. We have no time to lose."
Half an hour later a contract was made with the proprietor of a very large studio in the neighborhood, who agreed to lay all other work aside and devote his energies entirely to the portrait of Thiers. The next day every prominent newspaper in Paris told of the last photograph of Thiers, taken at St. Germain four days before his death, and the result exceeded all expectations. All the admirers of the departed statesman hastened to become possessed of this last remembrance of the old man they so revered. There were more than half a million copies sold, and Charles received for his share of the profit one hundred and twenty five thousand francs. In addition to this he was taken into partnership by the great photographer, and found in his improved position full opportunity for exercising his talents.

From the modest garret he descended with his beloved Louison into the luxurious suite of rooms on the first floor, where Louison asked about her the atmosphere of light and cheerfulness which followed her from the attic in spite of the added

cares and responsibilities which came upon her and her husband.

First among all the comforts and luxuries of their new home is prized and honored a picture hanging in the salon of the happy pair—an exquisite copy, in a costly frame, and surrounded by a laurel wreath, of the last portrait of Adolphe Thiers.

Self-Help.
Fight your own battles, hoe your own row, ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but, carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have their fortunes are not those who had \$5,000 given them to start with, but started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have, by their own exertions, acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

A Mother's Love.
Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish greifs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe," when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? O weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say: "I have done nothing."

There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.—*Exchange.*

MATERIAL FOR A ROMANCE.—According to the Whitehall Review, Mr. William Grey, now suddenly become the presumptive heir of the earldoms of Stamford and Warrington, the barony of Grey of Groby and estates yielding \$200,000 a year, is filling the appointment of a professor of classics at Barbadoes. He is a nephew of the present earl and thirty-two years of age.

THE RISING STAR.—The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night the soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.—*Lmfellow.*

A good baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

PHILADELPHIA News.—"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughter bosses us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."

JONES, JR.—"Come and have a drink, old man." Brown—"Can't. I've joined the No-Drink-Except-at-Meal-Times Association and quite given up that sort of thing. But, look here, I don't mind, if you'll stand me a dinner."—*Funny Folks.*

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