

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. V.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

No. 26.

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 Fearhake, Jr.

Orphan's Court.

Judges—Daniel Castle of T., John T. Lowe, A. W. Nicholas.
Register of Wills—James P. Perry.
County Commissioners—Thos. R. Jarboe, Nicholas C. Stansbury, Henry A. Hinea, Josiah Valentine, Henry Keller.
Sheriff—Robert Barriek.
Tax Collector—D. H. Routhan.
Surgeon—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners—Jas. W. Pearce, Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hilliary, 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, Dr. R. L. Anna.
Burgess—Henry Stokes.
Town Commissioners—O. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, T. M. Miter, Joseph Suoffer, John G. Hess, John T. Long.

CHURCHES.

Fv. Lutheran Church.

Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9 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 at 12 p. m.

Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)
Pastor—Rev. Geo. B. Rosser. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday afternoon at 2 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, p. m. Pray-er 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.; 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, 8:30 p. m.; Frederick 3:20 p. m.; For Motter's, 8:30 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwicks, P.; C. J. S. Gelwicks, S.; J. Theof. Gelwicks, Sen. S.; Geo. G. Byers, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of C.; Chas. S. Zeigler, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Great Sachem of the Hamng Grounds of Maryland; D. R. Gelwicks, Representative.

"Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md."
Monthly meetings, 4th Sunday in each month. Officers: J. Thos. Bussay, Pres.; John F. Bowman, Vice Pres.; Jas. J. Crosby, Secretary; F. A. Adelsberger, Ass't. 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, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Junior Master, Lewis D. Cook; Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, M. J. Eichelberger; Chaplain, John G. Hess; Conductor, Geo. G. Byers.

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, 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. Gelwicks, Chas. J. Rowe.



JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, and ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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.

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

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House.

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

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.

Western Maryland Railroad
WINNER SCHEDULE.
ON and after SUNDAY, Nov. 18th, 1883, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

STATIONS.	DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.			
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Hillens Station	6:00	10:00	6:00	10:00
Union Depot	8:05	10:15	4:05	6:45
Penn's ave.	8:10	10:20	4:10	6:40
Fulton sta.	8:15	10:25	4:15	6:35
Arlington	8:20	10:30	4:20	6:30
Hope	8:25	10:35	4:25	6:25
Pikesville	8:30	10:40	4:30	6:20
Owings Mills	8:35	10:45	4:35	6:15
Glyndon	8:40	10:50	4:40	6:10
Hanover	8:45	10:55	4:45	6:05
Gettysburg	8:50	11:00	4:50	6:00
Westminster	9:00	11:10	5:00	5:50
New Windsor	9:05	11:15	5:05	5:45
Union Bridge	9:10	11:20	5:10	5:40
Smoking Sta.	9:15	11:25	5:15	5:35
Rocky Ridge	9:20	11:30	5:20	5:30
Mechanicstown	9:25	11:35	5:25	5:25
Shine Mt.	9:30	11:40	5:30	5:20
Pen-Mar	9:35	11:45	5:35	5:15
Edgemoor	9:40	11:50	5:40	5:10
Frederick	9:45	11:55	5:45	5:05
Hagerstown	9:50	12:00	5:50	5:00
Williamsport	9:55	12:05	5:55	4:55

STATIONS.	DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS.			
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Hagerstown	7:40	9:25	7:40	9:25
Frederick	8:00	9:45	8:00	9:45
Shinningsburg	8:20	9:35	8:20	9:35
Edgemoor	8:30	9:45	8:30	9:45
Pen-Mar	8:40	9:55	8:40	9:55
Rine Ridge	8:45	9:55	8:45	9:55
Mechanicstown	8:50	10:00	8:50	10:00
Locky Ridge	8:55	10:05	8:55	10:05
Frederick Junction	9:00	10:10	9:00	10:10
Union Bridge	9:05	10:15	9:05	10:15
New Windsor	9:10	10:20	9:10	10:20
Westminster	9:15	10:25	9:15	10:25
Hanover	9:20	10:30	9:20	10:30
Glyndon	9:25	10:35	9:25	10:35
Owings Mills	9:30	10:40	9:30	10:40
Pikesville	9:35	10:45	9:35	10:45
Mt. Hope	9:40	10:50	9:40	10:50
Fulton sta.	9:45	10:55	9:45	10:55
Penn's ave.	9:50	11:00	9:50	11:00
Union Depot	9:55	11:05	9:55	11:05
Hillens sta.	10:00	11:10	10:00	11:10

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R.R.—Trains leave East, daily, except Sunday. Springers, 8:45 a. m. and 12:30 and 3:25 p. m., Chambersburg, 8:00 a. m. and 1:30 and 4:40 p. m., arriving Edgemoor 8:35 a. m., and 8:00 and 5:00 p. m., Sundays, leave Shinningsburg 8:00 a. m., and 3:00 p. m., Chambersburg 8:35 a. m., and 3:35 p. m., Waynesboro 8:15 a. m., and 4:15 p. m., arriving Edgemoor 8:45 a. m., and 3:45 p. m., Trains leave west, daily, except Sunday. Edgemoor 7:55 11:40 a. m., and 1:35 p. m., Waynesboro 8:00 a. m., and 1:25 and 3:40 p. m., arriving Shinningsburg 8:15 a. m., and 4:15 p. m., Chambersburg 10:00 a. m., and 5:00 p. m., arriving Shinningsburg 10:30 a. m., and 5:30 p. m., Frederick Div., Penna. R. R.—Trains for Frederick will leave Junction at 10:30 a. m., and 6:27 p. m. Trains for York, Taneytown and Littlestown leave Junction at 9:40 a. m., and 6:27 p. m. Through Cars for Hanover and Gettysburg, leave Junction at 10:30 a. m., and 6:27 p. m., and points on H. J. B. and G. R. R., leave Baltimore at 10:30 a. m., and 4:00 p. m. Street Cars for Baltimore and Gay Street Line, at corner of Gay and Exeter sts., pass within one square of Hillens Station. Orders for baggage calls can be left at Ticket Office, 133 W. Baltimore Street. Eastern Standard or 75th Meridian Time is given at all Stations.

WANTED
Energetic, Reliable men to sell Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, etc. Salary and expenses paid. Full instructions given, so inexperienced people can soon learn the business. Address J. F. LECLARK, BRIGHTON, N. Y. (1 mile east of Rochester, N. Y.)

PENSIONS
For wounds, disease or other disability, widows, minor children, dependent parents entitled when death resulted. Claims required, restoration, increase, bounty, back pay and discharges obtained. Apply once, delay produces your rights. Fees fixed by law. Address, with stamp, the old established firm of EDSON & CO., Attorneys and Claim Agents, 917 F St., Washington, D. C.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Conroy's Bureau of Investigation, 111 N. NEW YORK ST.

SONG OF THE JERSEY.

With fingers tired and stiff,
With muscles swollen and sore,
A maiden stood in a gros grain silk
Viewing her Jersey o'er.
Sad, sad, sad,
Then wickedly winking her eye
She cried aloud, like a lunatic mad,
"I'll put you on or die!"

Stretch, stretch, stretch,
With her tongue almost bitten in two,
And stretch, stretch, stretch,
Till her head came peeping through.
With moans and sighs and tears,
With tears and sighs and moans,
She paved the air, fell over a chair,
And filled the room with groans.

Sick, sick, sick,
She lay for a week in bed—
Sick, sick, sick,
With a pain that racked her head.
While in a closet dark
The naughty Jersey laid.
'Twas torn to shreds, 'twas rent in twain
And sorry was the maid.

—From the Washington Capital.

IF.
If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

If you your ears
Would save from jeers,
Three things keep merrily hid:
Mys-elf and I,
And a nod and my,
And how I do or did.

—Christian Advocate.

The Engineer's Story.

A Midnight Experience in the White Mountains.

It had been snowing steadily all day long, not in a blustering, tempestuous way, but quietly and persistently, as if the feathery flakes which were rapidly piling themselves one upon the other on the frozen ground had come for a long stay. Towards night the wind began to rise, and when the darkness settled down a moderate winter's storm was raging. We were waiting in the little station at L— for the down train, telegraphed an hour and a half behind time, and were endeavoring to keep warm under the small air tight stove which served as the only heating medium in the low placed apartment. L— is a place of little importance except as a railroad center, for here two trunk lines cross each other, and it is also the point where locomotives were changed on the different trains. With the exception of the bustle and excitement incident to a junction station, there was but little to attract a tourist, and the few natural charms the place possessed at this time were hidden beneath the soft covering of snow. So the weary waiters were forced by dearth of amusement, as well as the storm, to while away the time as best they could in the dingy depot. The different timetables were perused, the flaming advertisements scrutinized, all to no purpose, for the hands of the monotonous ticking clock crept around the dial with that tardy peculiarity to railroad timepieces when one is waiting for a belated train.

The conductor who was to take charge of the express came in to warm his hands by the little stove, and soon the party was increased by the engineer, whose machine could be dimly seen far down the track ready for its expected charge. "Bad night Bob," said the conductor. "Better come in and warm up. She won't be here for an hour yet." The engineer made some reply, and joined the circle around the stove. He was a man of slight build, drooping shoulders, and perhaps not up to the average height. Rather effeminate at first sight, until one noticed the square firm chin, the quick, steady eyes, and the lines about the mouth, which showed that beneath that calm face and quiet manner lay the will both to do and dare. He had been selected especially to run this night express on account of the danger of the position, for the down train was frequently late, and the lost time must be made up before reaching the end of the road in order to meet connections. Time and again nothing but the coolness and judgment of the engineer had brought this train to its destination in safety, and Bob Jennings, as he was called, had been remarkably fortunate, and had never met with a

serious accident. The running of the two trains up to L— and back to the city constituted his day's work. The position was a responsible one, the remuneration good, and the "job," as the boys termed it, was looked upon with envy by Bob's fellow engineers.

After some minutes passed in conversation between the engineer and conductor, the latter suddenly remarked:

"How was it, Bob, you happened to get this express? The Superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg helped you to it, didn't he, on account of that affair up in the mountains? Tell us about it?"

"Yes, yes," spoke up several who had overheard the conversation, "Let us hear the story, by all means."

"Well, boys," said Bob, as he bit off a generous chew, and deposited the quid lovingly in his cheek, "it ain't much of a yarn, and it'll make you laugh, for you'll think me spooky like. However, it's as true as the Gospel, and if Dan was here he'd say so, too."

"'Twas when I was running 49 on the P. & O. Road which hadn't been again more'n a couple of years. You may perhaps be acquainted with the line. She runs through the White Mountain Notch, and is built right on the side of the hills. How they ever had the spunk to start such a road beats me, for at first sight it seems next to hopeless to get around some of them short curves, to say nothing of the big up-grades. Near Crawford's is that spider like Frankenstein trestle, you've heard so much about, where the track spans a chasm eighty feet wide, and one hundred feet deep. Strong enough, I suppose, but it makes a man feel skittish to go over it for the first time. Well, my good luck is all owing to that trestle. We lived in Portland then, Nell and I. She is my wife, and we was as happy as could be. The only drawback was that every other night I had to take the late express up to Fabyan's and come back next day on the accommodation. Nell used to be afraid to have me go, particularly as the road was new and accidents would happen spite of all we could do. I kept telling her it was safe enough, and the pay was good, so I'd better stick to my place for awhile anyway, though, to tell the truth, I didn't like the route, 'twas so awful gloomy like. No big towns to go through, only now and then a little village, and they would be as dark and quiet as a graveyard, when we struck 'em at night. Summers it wasn't so bad, but winters was awful. Well, one night in January, when it was my turn to stay in Portland, the Superintendent sent for me and said:

"Bob, there's a party of directors as wants to get through the mountains tonight, and they're going to start about ten o'clock. I'll have to send a special, but I haven't an engineer that I can trust. Now, it's your night off, I know, but if you'll pull the throttle for them fellows, I'll make it all right with you."

"Well," says I, "I'll go, of course; but it's goin' to be a bad night on the mountains."

"That's so, Bob," says the Super, "but I know I can rely on you, and they directors says they must go through, anyhow."

"So I went back to our little cottage and told Nell as how I'd got to go. She took on very queer like and seemed distressed to have me away, she never acted like that before."

"It's an awful night, Bob," says she, "can't they send some one else? I don't like to have you go."

"Nonsense," says I, "the storm won't hurt me, and I'll be back again to-morrow. The Super's promised to do the square thing, and it will come out all right."

"She seemed a little reassured, and I got out my great coat and muffler, and in 'em I prepared to start out."

"Well, Bob," says my wife 'if you must go, you must, but,' she added, thoughtfully, and there was the queerest look passed over her face 'be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'"

"I scarcely heard what she said, but bidding her good-bye was soon on my way to the round house. It was a wild night and no mistake; seems to me I have never seen it blow harder or snow faster. Once or twice I had to turn my back to the blast to keep from blowin' over. Well, I was soon on board my machine, and backing into the station, hitched on to two cars which were to make up the train. A ten o'clock conductor, the latter suddenly remarked:

"Them fellers," says I to myself, "feel their steam pretty well. I don't suppose they'd look at an engineer." "Dan Smith, my fireman, was on the watch for the conductor's signal, and when the clock struck ten we got the swing of the lantern and off we started."

"I've seen some pretty bad nights, but that one was the worst I ever remember. The storm to-night is hard enough, but it don't begin to blow as it did then. Why, every now and then we would get a blast that would make the whole machine tremble, and as the country round Portland is pretty level, we took the full force of the wind. As we got further inland, it wasn't so bad, and by the time we were forty miles out, it had turned to a summer's gale and was pouring torrents."

"And now comes the singular part of the story. We had the right of way, and our dispatcher was to keep the whole up to Fabyan's open for us, my instructions being to stop only at North Conway for water. So I gave her the throttle, and we bowed along at a good rate of speed now-king, perhaps, thirty or thirty-five miles an hour. As we went whistling through Sebago Lake station I had a kind of feeling come over me that there was something wrong. I didn't notice it at first, but every now and then it would come back to me that all was not as it should be, yet I couldn't think of anything that wasn't right. I'llers examine my machine before I start, give her a good oilin', look well to the bolts and parallel rods, try the levers and such, and so I knew when we left Portland old '49' was in perfect working trim. Yet the feelin' grew on me until it was a steady thing. I tried to shake it off, but 'twasn't no use. I felt it in my bones that somethin' was up."

"Now you gentlemen will laugh at me for being a fool, and I don't blame yer, for we was agoin' all right, everything from the water-gauge to the cylinders was a workin' in good time, and I knew that it was only my imagination, but, to tell the truth, I began to feel uneasy. I had been an engineer for ten years, and had been through some pretty tough scrapes without blowin' for grapes, and the boys all said as how I had a good deal of pluck. Now I began to lose all confidence."

"Bob," said I to myself, 'this won't do. You're gettin' nervous, and all for nothin'! You've no business to be superstitious at your time of life. Brace up!'"

"'Twasn't no use, however. I could hev' stood up in court and sworn that there was a kink somewhere. Well, meanwhile we was sliding along, and pretty soon reached North Conway, where we was to give the machine a drink. 'Dan,' says I to my fireman, 'there's some thin' out of the way with this machine, and I don't know what it is.' "What makes you think so?" said Dan.

"I can't tell," I replied, "she works all right; but I feel it in my bones." "Guess your thinkin' of your wife, returned Dan," with a laugh. "But while we were gettin' in the water I took a lantern and went round the engine. Looked at every part of her, tapped the bars, knocked the wheels, tried her at every point, and couldn't find nothin'."

"And I tried to think no more about it, but the feeling was there all the same, and the best I could I wasn't able to throw it off. 'Well, we had got a pretty good distance in the mountains, and with that light load '49' didn't make nothin' of the up grades."

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you have never been through the hills in winter. It's some different from sum-

mer, I can tell yer. The mountains loom up dark and solemn, and with their snow-covered sides they seem kinder like big, ghostly giants that have been turned to stone standing guard over the valley. The silence and desolation sorter awes one, and it don't seem right to go shrieking and screaming along their sides in the dead o' night. This time it was worse than ever. The storm had let loose all the evil spirits in the air. The wind swept down the valley with a roar that could be heard above the rush of the train. It whistled and yelled at the cab windows, and blew the rain and sleet so hard agin the winder frame I could scarcely see the short distance lit by the head-light. The great trees rocked to and fro and seemed to hold their arms in warning. It was a solemn place for any one, and I felt it particularly as I had this awful weight of anxiety on my mind that had been agrowin' stronger and stronger each minute.

"Well, we had passed Bartlett's, goin' through there at a pretty good jog, when like a flash of lightning the parting words of my wife came back to me: 'Be careful of that Frankenstein trestle!'"

"That set me to thinkin'. Could this be a presentment of some disaster? Was there anything the matter with the bridge?"

"Nonsense," says I, "I'm a natural-born fool. If anything was wrong the train two hours ahead would have found it out and signaled me at Bartlett's. I'll think of it no more, but tend to business."

"But in spite of me, 'be careful of the Frankenstein trestle,' kept comin' into my head; even the wind seemed to shriek it. I pictured to myself a broken rail and the yawning gulf on each side. What a terrible accident it would make; what a frightful chasm in which to plunge. Then I remembered Nell, and the queer look that came over her face when she gave me that singular caution: 'Be careful of the Frankenstein trestle.' We was a nearin' the bridge, sure enough. On the up grade '49' was making about twenty miles an hour, and in less than ten minutes he would be over the bridge, or— I caught my breath, for at that moment those warning words flashed into my mind once more."

"If I'm ever to be cured of such stuff," says I to myself, 'now's my chance. What could Nell know about the bridge? I'll put her across at full speed.'"

"A tall white birch that stood on a spur of the mountain was the landmark which showed me that we was agoin' to the straight piece which led across the bridge. I put my hand on the throttle to open the valve, when—

"Well, gentlemen, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but as true as I'm standin' here, my wife's voice whisp'ered in my ear 'not that one, Bob, the brake!'"

"It gave me such a start that before I knew what I did I had opened the Westinghouse for all she was worth, and the train came to a standstill in less than two lengths. Not waitin' to answer any questions from Dan, I grabbed my lantern and rushed up the track to the bridge and walked along the middle plank until I reached the other side, and then back again. Not a thing was out of place, every rail secure, and the bridge was as sound as when first put up!"

"Idiot!" cried I, "so much for your foolish nonsense. This track will cost you your job!"

"I could see the lights of the conductor and brakeman, who had with a number of passengers come out to see what was the matter. How the boys would laugh, I thought. I should never hear the last of it. I was sneakin' back to the cab, when I came to the switch of a short siding that had been laid, on which to run gravel cars. It wasn't a very long track, not more than a hundred old feet, and ended within a couple of yards of the precipice. Noticin' somethin' peculiar, I held up my lantern and found a large tree that had just blown down and fallen against the switch rod, breakin' the fastening and throwin' the rails of the main line into the siding!"

"I tell you, boys, it made my hair stand on end. In two minutes that whole train and them directors would a gone off that cliff, and not a one would have lived to tell about it!"

"What's the row, Bob?" says the conductor.

"Row enough," says I, "look at that switch. I reckon I pulled her up just in time."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed a fat director who was standing by. "Where does that track lead to?"

"To the other world," says I, "and we came almighty near makin' the trip!"

"Well, you never see a more grateful set of men. They made up a purse of five hundred dollars on the spot, and when we got to Fabyan's they telegraphed the Super as how I was to stay with them during the excursion, and I went to all the sights in Montreal with 'em just as though I had been one of the regular party. Not content with that, they gave me an elegant gold watch and chain, the President of the road, who happened to be among 'em, making a neat speech. I tell you a peep into the jaws of death will put rich and poor men on the same level, nothing like it to take the bigness out of them."

"Well, the boys all made a lion of me when I got back to Portland, and Nell never seemed so glad to see me. That night's work was the making of me, for the Super gave me a good show and finally I got this job. I never told the boys why I stopped the train, for I knew they would laugh at me, and I don't know as I told my wife for a long time. One day, however, she came to me and says:

LOCALS.

EMMITSBURG RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

On and after Nov. 18th, 1888, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.
Leave Emmitsburg 8.50 a. m., and 8.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 9.20 a. m., and 4.15 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.
Leave Rocky Ridge 10.40 A. M., and 6.35 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 11.10 A. M., and 7.05 p. m.

JAS A. ELDER, Prest.

The days are 9 hours and 30 minutes long.

Go to C. J. Rowe & Bro., for Evitt's fine shoes.

The Forty Eighth Congress will meet on Monday next.

Ladies' Walking jackets and coats, cheap at C. J. Rowe & Bro's.

Get your painting done by John F Adelsberger, Emmitsburg. m-6tf

Mr. THOS. BUSHMAN, has our thanks for a lot of very nice honey sent to us.

Mr. JOHN G. Hess killed three hogs last week that weighed 338½, 331½ and 280 lbs.

Wares one becomes so conceited that he can't be taught, he and a fool wear the same cap.

FOR FIRE Insurance in first-class Companies, call on W. G. Farnor, agent, Emmitsburg, Md.

MARK JAMES was fatally injured by a fall of roof coal in the Black Axon mines, Frostburg, Monday.

SCHROEDER'S Corn Solvent is recommended by leading physicians for Corns and Bunions. 25 cents.

Look out for burglars, they have been active of late, in various places. Keep the doors properly oiled.

The Maryland Classis of the Reformed Church will hold a special meeting in Emmitsburg, on December 11th inst.

Messrs. WHITE AND LATE, sold a pair of the Virginia colts, a day ago, to Benj. Shockey, of Waynesboro, for \$400.

The many friends and former parishioners here, of Rev. Father Rolando will be grieved to learn that he died on Monday night, at Germantown, Pa.

In the early part of last week, says the Middletown Register, Mr. Charles W. Knecht, of that place, had eight children sick with the measles at the same time.

It seems odd to be going to bed at 22 or 23 o'clock or to take tea at the 18th hour, but then there can be no mistake in the time of getting up in the morning.

The venerable Mr. Sterling Galt of Taneytown district drove to Emmitsburg on business in his buggy on Wednesday last, it being the 87th anniversary of his birth.

Messrs. JAMES E. S. BAYNE, CYRUS W. SIMMONS, CHARLES A. LITTLE and CYRUS D. HOOVER, were admitted as practicing attorneys in the Washington county Court Monday.

A SCENES.—We had a gorgeous sunset on Tuesday evening. The ruby glow continued after nightfall, and illuminated the heavens as if a fire were raging beyond the town.

If you lose or find anything, if you have anything to sell, if you wish to buy anything with the least trouble, if you desire employment or help, make it known in this column.

MR. ISAAC MORTER, of the grain commission house of Bartholow & Son, #1 Louis, Mo., spent Tuesday with our family of his father, Judge Morter, of our town.—Hagerstown Mail.

The sunset of which we wrote earlier in the week, has received much comment and is supposed to have been due either to a peculiar refractive state of the atmosphere or to meteoric dust descending through it.

MR. DAVID HAMMOND, living at Breathedsville, lost within the past few weeks by cholera eight fattening hogs, and Mr. John Suman, living near Funkstown eleven with the same disease.—Boonsboro Times.

The Frederick Times says: The shade trees have assumed their winter garb.

We thought it was only a question of keeping cool with the trees, and thus they take leaves for the Summer, and go bare limbed for the Winter.

The handsome casket in which Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, was buried this week was furnished by Thos. Bushman, of this place, who has always a stock of coffin and caskets on hand, which he is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice.

A SINGLE dose of J. M. Laroque's Anti-Bilious Bitters, taken at night on retiring, will make you feel so much better the succeeding day that henceforth you will not do without it. Take our advice on the first approach of disease—Try it. The cost is trifling; 25 cents a paper or \$1 a bottle. All druggists sell it. W. E. Thornton, proprietor, Baltimore, Md.

THERE has been a sort of conflict between the towns and the country from the days of old. Horace put it in the form of a city and a rural mouse, in which at last the country rodent had the advantage. Even now the city Editors are trying to poke far-fetched fun at the rural ones, about their jests on turkeys &c, meanwhile the country Editors enjoy their feasts fresh and home produced as their elevated contemporaries cannot. No pent up utica contracts their powers.

HERBERT SPENCER the great philosopher while in America said: "The Yankees live too fast, work too much, and catch cold too often." What a chance for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup!

MR. GEORGE W. NULL, of Myers' district, Carroll county, says the *Advocate*, has found, from May 19th to October 6th, nineteen bee trees. From one he took 85 pounds of honey. He got about 160 pounds of honey in all, and lived all the swarms but one.

MR. SAMUEL LEONARD, a well known resident of Hagerstown, and a tinner by occupation, while painting a tin roof in that place on Friday last, missed his footing and fell to the ground, a distance of 25 feet, from the effects of which he died in a short time. He was 60 years of age and leaves a wife and three daughters.

Saw dust should not be used in spittoons. A man in Waynesboro the other week, threw a lighted cigar stump in one of the kind, it finally ignited and set fire to the room; its timely discovery and the use of a Babcock Fire Extinguisher saved the Geiser works from another conflagration. Use sand or coal ashes for such purposes.

The *Catoctin Clarion* appeared last week, enlarged to a seven column folio, and presents a neat and greatly improved appearance. In this wise brother Cassell has solved the mystery he sprung upon us some weeks ago, and which we inclined to believe had connection with the "Chimney Rock" development Long may he flourish.

The "Middle Conference" of the Lutheran Synod of Maryland will meet in Mechanistown, next Monday, Dec. 3rd at 6.15 p. m. As this is a Lutheran Commemoration Conference, there will be several addresses on Monday evening, each on some peculiar feature of the life and work of Luther. So also on Tuesday afternoon and evening. An interesting time and large attendance are anticipated.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.—Mr. Chas. Biser, a young man about 23 years of age, son of the late Ezra Biser, of Myersville, died at 5 o'clock last Monday morning, at the residence of Mr. John Miller, near Mt. Tabor Church, in this valley, of consumption. This young man, we understand, had been sick only about six weeks, the disease with which he died having developed itself very suddenly and speedily run its course. His early death is a source of regret to a large circle of relatives and friends, by whom he was held in high esteem. His funeral took place at Myersville on Wednesday, and was attended by a large number of persons.—Valley Register.

Be Quick.
If you have made a mistake or committed a sin get away from it as fast as you can, for the old proverb says, and truly, "He that falls in dirt the longer he lies there the dirtier he is."

A Parade.
Our town was quite enlivened on Wednesday afternoon by a parade of the military company, of the students of Mc. St. Mary's College, through the streets. They stepped with soldierly precision, and made a good display.

List of Letters.
The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., November 26, 1888. Persons calling will please say *advertised*, otherwise they may not receive them:
Wm. H. Dotterer, Joshua Horner.

PERSONALS.
Mr. M. Kerrigan and family of Middleton made a visit to his mother in this place.
Mr. Jas. Hospelhorn and his wife of Sharpburg visited their old home near town.
Mr. William C. Rehn of the firm of Trynaby Rehn & Co., Philadelphia spent a few days including Thanksgiving Day with us.
Miss M. Louisa Motter returned home on Monday from Greenastle, Pa.
Mr. David W. Oyster of Kansas, called to see us on Wednesday. He visits this his native place, after an absence of fifty-two years. He is a well preserved gentleman of 67 years of age.
Mr. Albert S. Rowe of Kansas City came home on Tuesday.
Mr. Murray G. Motter spent Thanksgiving at his home in this place.
Mrs. Lewis M. Motter spent Thanksgiving Day in Williamsport, Md.
Mr. Samuel L. Rowe has returned from Waynesboro.
Messrs. R. H. Gelwicks and W. H. Locke spent several days in Baltimore this week.
Rev. Fr. White has been on a visit to Boonerville, Pa.

Thanksgiving Day
Proved clear and bright and very pleasant for the season. The religious services observed in the Lutheran church, drew an audience respectable in numbers; the sermon by Rev. G. B. Resser, commanded marked attention and was quite instructing and edifying. There was only a partial suspension of business, and there were no demonstrations of an unusual character in the town. There was considerable feasting in a private way and many improved the occasion in making social visits.

Church Dedication.
COMMUNICATED.
The new Presbyterian Church of Taneytown, Md., was formally dedicated to the Divine Service on the 15th, inst. The Rev. George E. Jones, of the Broadway church, Baltimore, preached an able, interesting and appropriate discourse from 1 Cor. 3: 9. "Ye are God's building." The Rev. W. Simonton, pastor of the church, offered the dedicatory prayer. Services were held every evening during the week, in which the pastor was kindly assisted by the resident Reformed and Lutheran ministers, and by Rev. I. P. McCurdy, of Frederick, Md.

Although organized in 1828, the Taneytown church has not hitherto had a sanctuary of its own. It however possessed an equal joint interest with the Reformed congregation in the same house of worship, during all this period. Near the beginning of the present year, it was thought practicable and advisable to undertake the erection of a new church for the exclusive use of the congregation. The members and others heartily cooperated in the movement. Disposing of their interest in the union church for a nominal sum, they soon secured the required amount to purchase a lot, and complete the enterprise.

The new church was constructed by W. A. Single, builder, of Hanover, Pa. after designs by J. A. Dempwolf, Architect, of York, Pa. The walls are of brick laid in red mortar, with cut stone trimmings, in Queen Anne Style, with cellar, belfry and slate roof, and with open ceiling of yellow pine in hard wood finish. The doors, pews and pulpit are of the same material, and finished in the same manner. The walls are tinted, and the windows of stained glass. The pulpit occupies a commodious recess. The entrance is by a porch and vestibule flanking the southwest corner of the edifice. The auditorium seats 174 persons, and can readily be made to accommodate 200. The appliances for lighting, heating and ventilation are admirable. Taken as a whole, the church is remarkably neat, harmonious, tasteful, cosy and attractive. The congregation may well be congratulated upon taking possession of such a comely and suitable house of worship. The whole cost, including lot, structure, bell, furnace, chandelier, pulpit and furniture, communion service, grading, drainage, paving, planting trees, &c, exceeds \$9,600.00, all of which was fully provided for before dedication. The property is therefore entirely unincumbered. The congregation is now better equipped for effective church work than ever before. It is to be hoped that with the Divine blessing, it will enter upon a new era of growth and prosperity.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Croup, Inflammation, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Infant Consumption and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists.—Price, 25 Cents.

MUSICAL WONDER

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT that will play any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate.

The Organ has gained such a world-wide reputation that a large number of people are purchasing it. It is a simple, compact, and beautiful instrument, and is capable of playing any tune, and that any one, even a child, can operate. It is a perfect wonder, and is the only instrument of the kind that can be played by any one, even a child. It is a perfect wonder, and is the only instrument of the kind that can be played by any one, even a child.

For \$7 for \$3.50.

AN ORCHESTRA IN EVERY HOME.

The Massachusetts Organ Co., 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French and American Chromos, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address: F. GLASSON & CO., 46 Sumner Street, Boston, Mass. dec-1mo

General Merchandise

OUR stock consists of a large variety of Dry Goods, cloths, CASSIMERES, cottonades, ladies dress goods, notions HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, QUEENSWARE, Fine Groceries, of every sort, etc., all which will be sold at the lowest prices. Give us a trial and be convinced that we will treat you squarely. Sole Agents for Evitt's Shoes.

C. J. ROWE & BRO.

WE CHALLENGE ANY HOUSE IN WESTERN MARYLAND.

GREEN HOUSE RESTAURANT,

SOUTH MARKET STREET, ADJOINING THE BRIDGE, FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

Has been remodelled, new furniture, and everything in the latest improved style. The finest Ladies' Dining Rooms in the city. Private entrance to the same. We are now ready to cater to the public anything the market affords, at the lowest prices. Call and examine our bill of fare.

MARRIED.

HARTHAUGH—LONG—On Nov. 29, 1888, at the Reformed parsonage, in this place, by Rev. Geo. B. Resser, Mr. John H. Hartbaugh, to Miss Sarah V. Long, both of this county.

DIED.

WACHTER—On the 18th ult., near Millers Station, Charles C. only child of G. W. C. and Sarah Wachter aged 5 years 3 months and 3 days.

ROWE—On the 24th inst., at midnight in this place, Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, wife of Nathaniel Rowe, aged 65 years. Her death resulted from a paralytic attack nine days preceding.

SETTELMYER—On the 28th ult., at her residence in this place, Mrs. Catherine Settemyer, wife of Peter Settemyer, aged 78 years 5 months and 6 days.

MARKETS.

EMMITSBURG MARKETS. Corrected every Thursday by D. Zeck.

Bacon	2 1/2
Shoulders	1 1/2
Eggs	11 1/2
Lard	11 1/2
Butter	16 1/2
Eggs	34
Potatoes	40
Peaches	ungraded
Apples—pared	15 1/2
Cherries	15 1/2
Blackberries	15 1/2
Raspberries	30 1/2
Wool	30 1/2

EMMITSBURG GRAIN MARKETS. Corrected every Thursday by Motter, Maxwell & Co.

Wheat—family	6 00
Wheat—No. 1	1 05 @ 1 09
Rye	55
Corn	55
Oats	33 1/2
Clover seed	54
Timothy Hay	6 00
Mixed Hay	5 00 @ 7 10
Rye Straw	5 00 @ 6 00

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The Sun.

NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of THE SUN have gone out of our establishment during the past twelve months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of THE SUN printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But THE SUN is written for the inhabitants of the earth; this same strip of intelligence would girdle the globe twenty-seven or twenty-eight times.

If every buyer of a copy of THE SUN during the past year has spent only one hour over it, and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

THE SUN is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth without fear of consequences, which gets at the facts no matter how much the process costs, which presents the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most readable shape, which is working with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republican party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know THE SUN, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be the most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know THE SUN, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

Terms to Mail Subscribers. The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows: DAILY—50 cents a month, \$6 a year; with Sunday edition, \$7. SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest merit. \$1 a year. WEEKLY—\$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special market reports, and literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence makes THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To a club of ten with \$10. an extra copy free. Address: I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, Nov. 10. 67. THE SUN, N. Y. City.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

MARCH 6th, 1883.

The copartnership heretofore existing between White and Horner has been dissolved by Mutual consent. The books of the late firm are open for collection and those knowing themselves to be indebted to the firm will please call and settle with either of the undersigned.

WALTER W. WHITE, JOHN A. HORNER.

Wright's Indian Liver

Secure Healthy action to the liver and relieve all bilious troubles.

Fully Vegetable; No Opiates. Price 50c. All Druggists.

THE NEW OFFICIALS.—The newly elected Board of County Commissioners met and organized last Tuesday. Martin L. Byers, Esq., was elected president of the Board. Yesterday the board were again in session and made the following appointments: For Clerk, Josiah E. Williams, of Funkstown; Counsel, the Hon. Wm. Motter; Trustees of the Alms House, Dr. Milton A. Berry and Henry McCutley, democrats, and John W. Stonebanker, republican; Janitor of the Court House, Scott Palmer. Mr. Wm. C. Edwards, the present clerk of the board, together with I. Hatton, the janitor, are to be continued in office until the first of January.—Hagerstown Mail.

ADVENT.

To-morrow will be the First Sunday in Advent. Those who apprehend and observe the course of the church year, cannot fail to mark how it continually directs attention to that which is beyond the present view. Preserving ever more the expectation of events, or memorial services that succeed each other in due order. Advent begins the church year for weeks past attention has been directed at all times to its approach, and which heralds the celebration of the birth of our Lord, the dawn of Christmas Day, the greatest festival of all, and at the same time is figuratively anticipatory of the Second Advent of Christ to judge the world, and the consummation of all things.

Funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, wife of Nathaniel Rowe of this town, whose death is noticed in another column, took place on Tuesday afternoon. The services were held in the Lutheran Church, and were conducted by her Pastor, Rev. E. S. Johnston. The community showed their esteem for the departed, and their sympathy for the sorrowing family by attending in great numbers at the funeral. Mrs. Rowe united with the Evan. Lutheran church many years ago, and she was a worthy and beloved member of it till the time of her death. Her life corresponded with her profession early and publicly made, and as far as it was in her power she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour by a godly life and conversation. She attended faithfully upon the means of grace. While her health permitted she was never absent from Church, either on the Lord's day or on Wednesday evening, and when no longer able to be present in body she was there in spirit, and of the last Sunday's Service held before her death, she said "Oh how I would like to be there."

Business Locals

Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewellery repaired by Geo. T. Eyster & Bro., who warrant the same, and have always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery and silverware. feb 8 tf

A full stock of fine and coarse city made Boots and Shoes, also Gun shoes and boots. New home-made work and mending of all kinds, done with neatness and dispatch, by Jas. A. Rowe. feb 7 tf

Dr. P. D. Fahrney's Office REMOVED.

I take pleasure in notifying the afflicted that I have removed my office to East Church street, ninth door from the Pennsylvania railroad depot, and also have private consulting rooms to accommodate all, where I will continue to practice my profession. Your Servant, P. D. FAHRNEY, M. D. apr 21-7

Free! Cards and Chromos.

We will send free by mail a sample set of our large German, French and American Chromos, on tinted and gold grounds, with a price list of over 200 different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. We will also send free by mail as samples, ten of our beautiful Chromos, on receipt of ten cents to pay for packing and postage; also enclose a confidential price list of our large oil chromos. Agents wanted. Address: F. GLASSON & CO., 46 Sumner Street, Boston, Mass. dec-1mo

WATER WHEEL

FOR THE CURS OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, INFLAMMATION, ASTHMA, WHOOPING COUGH, INFANT CONSUMPTION AND FOR THE RELIEF OF CONSUMPTIVE PERSONS IN ADVANCED STAGES OF THE DISEASE. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.—PRICE, 25 CENTS.

THE HANDSOME CASKET in which Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, was buried this week was furnished by Thos. Bushman, of this place, who has always a stock of coffin and caskets on hand, which he is prepared to furnish on the shortest notice.

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Agricultural.

Beans Vines for Sheep.

In many localities beans are quite largely grown for market. The vines, pods, and leaves, are valuable for sheep, though clover hay and a mixture of corn and bran is generally considered the best winter food for them. For years I always saved the bean vines, and any immature or cracked beans, and value them highly. The improved condition of the sheep has shown that they relished this kind of food. One spring I had "bad luck" with my early lambs; they were small and puny. The mothers were thrifty, having been fed largely on bean vines, and there appeared no good reason for the lambs being so poor. Some neighboring sheep breeders of long experience said that bean vines and oat straw should never be fed to breeding ewes. The next winter, having an abundance of bean vines, and being somewhat incredulous as to the bean advice of my elders, the sheep received their daily ration of bean vines during four months. The next month, instead of vines, they had clover hay, bran and corn. The lambs were fine and hearty. The same winter another pen contained my ewe lambs and some few under-sized yearlings. My stock ram had been kept in this yard while some repairs were being made elsewhere. All of the sheep in this yard during the winter were fed wholly upon bean vines, supplemented with a daily ration of cracked beans. They were thrifty and doing well, and one cold morning a couple of stout little lambs were discovered among them apparently at home. This surprise continued from day to day until one fourth of the young sheep in this pen had lambs. These lambs have now become sheep, and are as good as any I have ever raised. Save the bean vines, your sheep will make good use of them. F. R.

A Cabbage Pest.

Mr. Chas. Rauffuss, Jr., of Colcon da, Ill., sends us the following description of a cabbage pest: The yellow eggs are deposited on the underside of the leaves in flattened masses. The young "worms" soon hatch, and attack and eat the forming head voraciously. The full grown caterpillar is about an inch long, pale green beneath, a yellow stripe along each side, and three black dots on each side of each ring of its body. A few black hairs are scattered over the body. Mr. Rauffuss could not rear any butterflies, as the caterpillar had all been visited by an Ichneumon fly. He finds the worms are hard to kill, having tried pyrethrum and coal oil without success. This is probably the Southern Cabbage Butterfly (*Pieris Protodice*), more common South than in the Northern States. Hot water has been found very effective. It should be heated to about one hundred and fifty degrees when it strikes the plant. Apply with a watering pot having a fine rose.

To Keep Apples.

It may seem superfluous to give a recipe for keeping apples this year, as there are so few to keep. Like the recipe for cooking a rabbit—"First catch your hare"—first get the apples and then they may be kept as follows: Fill, nearly to the top, barrels with apples, and then pour in fine, dry sand, and gently fill the corners are filled with sand. It is claimed that apples cared for in this way will keep indefinitely.

In a recent tramp through a noted dairy region, we found more than two-thirds of the farms without any adequate provision for keeping the cows in comfortable, warm, well ventilated enclosures. The consequence will inevitably be, that the animals will use nearly all the food consumed the coming winter in keeping their bodies warm, leaving little to produce milk just when it would bring the highest price and the greatest profit.

F. D. CURTIS says that twenty years ago he treated a stunted F. mouse apple tree with a wheelbarrow full of leached ashes, and the tree shows the benefit of it to this day. Mr. Curtis also says that too many varieties of fruit are a nuisance and an endless amount of work.

Mr. G. DECKER, 501 N. Fremont street, Baltimore, Md., says:—"Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of paralysis, cold blood and severe indigestion. It increased my weight from 95 to 120 pounds."

REMOVING TAN: A wash to remove tan is made of sliced cucumbers soaked in milk, applied nightly to the hands and face and left to dry.

Chloric Acid.

Carbolic acid is an excellent disinfectant, and an English doctor says that a tablespoonful of it in the summer morning's bath will allay the irritation of "prickly heat," and of fer a discouragement to mosquitoes. But it is a poison, when drunk, for which there is no antidote. The following cases, related in an exchange, show its deadly effect: Some years ago a nurse in a hospital, mistaking one bottle for another in the dim dawn of a foggy morning, gave a poor woman a teaspoonful of concentrated carbolic acid, instead of black draught. The unfortunate patient drank half of it, and might have taken it all before discovering the mistake had she not paused for breath. She died in great agony in a few minutes. Medical men were of course on the spot, but nothing could be done. There is no antidote to carbolic acid; and the mouth, throat and—as we afterward found—the stomach were so burnt that it was impossible to use the stomach pump; they were in fact charred white, like a stick. It appears extraordinary that any one should drink such a quantity of fluid so intensely corrosive as this acid without finding the mistake directly it touched the lips. But medicines, never agreeable, are usually swallowed as hastily as possible, and the patient does not stop to analyze any especially unpleasant sensations, when he knows that some such are inevitable.

A curious parallel to this case was brought before me at sea, where a quartermaster went into the cabin of an officer on watch in the middle of the night, and seizing what he took to be a bottle of brandy, drank about six ounces of the contents. It was pure carbolic acid, and the man fell dead before he could summon assistance; but here, too, we may account for the large amount swallowed before the character of the liquid was recognized. He was consciously in the commission of a theft and being moreover in danger of detection every moment, so doubt hurried to secure the brandy as rapidly as he could, the expected fluid being also of a burning nature to the palate and throat. In this last case the carbolic acid, though not in its own characteristic bottle, was labeled "Poisoned," and was kept in the officer's washing locker. The quartermaster had no doubt caught sight of the bottle there, and imagined it was stowed away for concealment.—*Youth's Companion.*

Chemistry.

Chemistry is the science of the world and of the future. The bridge which takes the engineer years to construct, the chemist can, in so many sixtieths of a second, reduce to atoms. Chemistry has given us the balloon; it has put into our hands gunpowder, nitroglycerine, dynamite, and, above all, fulminate of gold, an explosive so terrible that, if an ounce of it be left in a stoppered bottle, its grains falling among themselves of their own weight will create a convulsion sufficient to lay New York city in ruins. It has given us poison so subtle that, were we to employ such means of warfare, we would sail in a balloon over the camp of the enemy, and drop upon it a shell, the bursting of which would kill every human being within a mile of its range.

TAR may be readily removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, so that it can be wiped off.—*Scientific American.*

"THE yellow jacket," says a high grade naturalist, "is an interesting study." Yes, replies the natural historian of the Philadelphia Call, one can get some interesting points from the close study of yellow jackets.

MR. MONROE COLLINS, Elliott City, Md., says: "My wife used Brown's Iron Bitters and immediately recovered from nervousness and debility."

AMID all the animal havoc in the garden, there is one bug that has been found mean enough to attack an onion.

BEES taken to Florida become lazy, and make only as much honey as they need from day to day.

OLD truths are always new to us if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.

Loss not thy own for lack of asking for it. It will bring thee no thanks.

Humorous.

Has it ever occurred to base ball men that a milk pitcher is a good fly catcher.

"He was a kind friend and a numerous father," is the epitaph now popular in Utah.

"When de mid-night shadows thicken, den's de time to steal a chick'n," sings a darkey poet.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is far safer to trust to the legs in case the other party is real mad.

INQUIRING employer: "Are the young man's habits regular?" "Well, yes, he gets drunk about every night."

NAOMI, the daughter of Enoch, was three hundred and eighty years old when she got married. Take courage, ladies.

De clearness of a man's eye don't a'fers come from his soul. De hawk has got a mighty keen eye, but Lawd, what a rascal he is!

A young lady being asked where her native place was, replied:—"I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist preacher."

The happy father of twins sent the following message to a distant brother: "Immense joy—we got twins today—more hereafter."

"Yes, my wife is a good poker player," says a Long Island farmer. And then he adds: "She is also just as handy with the tongue."

"No, Sir; my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young suitor; "I want her to be my wife."

"WHEN a man lies," remarks an exchange, "the devil laughs." When a woman lies the devil hasn't time to laugh. He's too busy putting up some other woman to catch her in it.

"PLEASE to give me something, sir," says an old woman. "I had a blind child; he was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight."—From the French.

SOMEWHAT to himself: "Can you tell me," asked a Cortland man of his tailor, "how you came to get this coat so tight?" "Oh, yes, Sir. The fact is, you were tight when I measured you."

"WHAT a dirty coat that is," said Mrs. Cleanly; "it looks as though all the ragpickers in town had had it on their backs." "Then I suppose," suggested Cleanly, "that you would call it a coat of my cutters."

"WHAT does 'lux' mean?" asked Brown. "'Lux' means light," replied Smith. "That's what I thought," said Brown, "but I wasn't certain. I know my lock's always been light, however."—*Boston Transcript.*

"ONE good turn deserves another," remarked the organ grinder as he adjusted the crank for another tune. "Right you are!" exclaimed the editor, as he tipped up the fender and turned him heels-over-head.—*New York Journal.*

A GEORGIA editor, in noticing a fair which recently came off in Macon, says: "One of our contemporaries took a valuable premium, but a meddlesome and firm policeman made him put it right back where he took it from."

WHEN you suffer from dyspepsia, heartburn, indigestion, kidney disease, liver complaint and other wasting diseases. When you wish to enrich the blood and purify the system generally. When you wish to remove all feeling of weakness, weariness, lack of energy, try a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters and see how greatly it will benefit you. It surpasses all known remedies as an enricher of the blood and a perfect regulator of the various bodily functions. Ask your druggist.

A MASSACHUSETTS book agent, who was wearing a small circular piece of court-plaster on his face, received it while shaving a few mornings since, and replaced it when his toilet was complete. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass, he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court-plaster, he had affixed a little round printed label, which had fallen from the bank of a new man. He took purchase the day before, and which bore the appropriate inscription, "Warranted solid brass."

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As an invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has received the most positive endorsement from eminent physicians, and has long occupied a foremost rank among standard proprietary remedies. Its properties as an alterative of disordered conditions of the stomach, liver and bowels, and a preventive of malarial diseases are no less renowned, and have been accorded emphatic professional recommendation. For sale by Druggists and Dealers to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1884.

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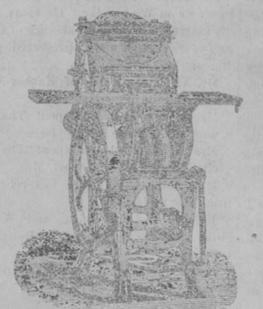
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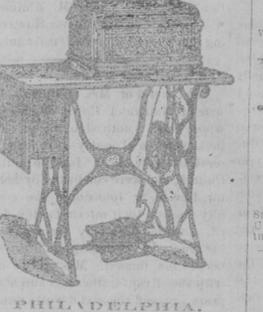
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