

# 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.

EMMITTSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

No. 29.

## 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.—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller,  
Robert Stokes.  
Register of Wills.—James P. Perry.  
County Commissioners.—George W. Padgett,  
John W. Ramsburg, William H. Lakin,  
George W. Eitzler, James U. Lawson.  
Sheriff.—George W. Grove.  
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routalhan.  
Surrender.—Rufus A. Rager.  
School Commissioners.—Jas. W. Pearce,  
Harry Boyle, Dr. J. W. Hillery, Jas.  
W. Troxel, Joseph Brown.  
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

### Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—J. H. T. Webb,  
Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, E. T. Mc  
Bride.  
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.  
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.  
School Trustees.—Henry Stokes, E. R.  
Zimmerman, Dr. R. L. Annan.  
Burgess.—Henry Stokes.  
Road Commissioners.—J. A. Horner, E.  
R. Zimmerman, J. T. Motter, Joseph  
Snodder, John G. Hess, John T. Long

### CHURCHES.

#### Ev. 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 9 o'clock, p. m., Infants S.  
School 12 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  
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. Wednes-  
day evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sun-  
day School at 12 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.; Sun-  
day 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. Wed-  
nesday 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, 14.05 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 Mot-  
ters, 11.05 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4.30  
p. m.; Frederick, 11.05 a. m.

#### Depart.

For Baltimore, closed, 8.40 a. m.; For  
Mechanicsville, Hanover, 8.40 a. m.;  
For Rocky Ridge, 8.40 a. m.; For Bal-  
timore, Way, 3.20 p. m.; Frederick  
3.20 p. m.; For Motters, 3.20 p. m.;  
For Gettysburg, 8.30 a. m.

All mails close 15 minutes before sched-  
ule time. Office hours from 6 o'clock  
a. m., to 8.15 p. m.

### SOCIETIES.

#### Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.

Kindles her Council Fire every Satur-  
day evening, 8th Rue, p. m.; Geo. T.  
Gelwick, P. C.; J. S. Gelwick, S. G.;  
J. Theof. Gelwick, Sen. S.; Geo. G.  
Byers, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C.  
of H.; Chas. S. Zerk, K. of W.; John  
Byers, Grand 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: F. Thos. Buey, 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 even-  
ing at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grad Architect,  
Jas. Byers; Worthy Senior Master, E. R.  
Zimmerman; Worthy Master, Geo. T.  
Gelwick; Junior Master, Lewis D. Cook;  
Rec. Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Fi-  
nancial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treas-  
urer, 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 Wierow, 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; Direc-  
tors, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John  
G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwick,  
Chas. J. Rowe.

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right away than anything else in this  
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Sore Throat, Gout, Gravel, Stomach  
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the community. Office in the building  
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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 prac-  
tice requires it. aug16-1y

### Western Maryland Railroad

#### WINTER SCHEDULE.

ON and after SUNDAY, Nov. 18th, 1883, pas-  
senger trains on this road will run as follows:

#### PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

Daily except Sundays.

STATIONS. Mail, Acc, Exp, Acc, Mail.

Hillens Station..... 8.40 10.15 4.05 6.35

Union depot..... 8.05 10.15 4.05 6.45

Penn'a ave..... 8.10 10.20 4.10 6.45

Stilton sta..... 8.14 10.24 4.14 6.45

Arlington..... 8.20 10.30 4.20 7.02

Chas. Hope..... 8.30 10.40 4.30 7.02

Pikesville..... 8.35 10.45 4.35 7.14

Elkington..... 8.45 10.55 4.45 7.26

Glyndon..... 8.50 11.00 4.50 7.4

Hagerstown..... 9.00 11.10 5.00 7.4

Gettysburg..... 9.41 11.40 5.41 8.35

Westminster..... 10.04 12.04 6.04 8.59

New Windsor..... 10.13 12.10 6.13 9.15

Union Bridge..... 10.17 12.10 6.17 9.15

Rocky Ridge..... 10.21 12.10 6.21 9.15

Medanestown..... 10.54 12.10 6.54 9.15

Blue Ridge..... 11.20 12.10 7.20 9.15

Pen-Mar..... 11.27 12.10 7.27 9.15

Ridgeont..... 11.40 12.10 7.35 9.15

Rocky Ridge..... 11.47 12.10 7.42 9.15

Hagerstown..... 11.50 12.10 7.45 9.15

Williamsport..... 12.10 12.10 8.05 9.15

PAASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

Daily except Sundays.

STATIONS. Acc, Exp, Acc, Mail.

Williamsport..... 7.40 9.15 2.45 6.11

Hagerstown..... 8.22 9.15 2.45 6.11

Edgemoor..... 8.30 9.15 2.53 6.11

Stilton sta..... 8.35 9.15 2.58 6.11

Blue Ridge..... 8.45 9.15 3.05 6.11

Mechanicsville..... 9.11 9.15 3.11 6.11

Rocky Ridge..... 9.14 9.15 3.14 6.11

Frederick Junction..... 9.36 9.15 3.36 6.11

Union Bridge..... 9.40 9.15 3.40 6.11

New Windsor..... 9.50 9.15 3.50 6.11

Westminster..... 10.13 9.15 4.13 6.11

Gettysburg..... 10.54 9.15 4.54 6.11

Hagerstown..... 11.00 9.15 5.00 6.11

Glyndon..... 11.20 9.15 5.20 6.11

Pikesville..... 11.35 9.15 5.35 6.11

Arlington..... 11.40 9.15 5.40 6.11

Chas. Hope..... 11.45 9.15 5.45 6.11

Penn'a ave..... 11.50 9.15 5.50 6.11

Stilton sta..... 12.00 9.15 6.00 6.11

Hillens Station..... 12.10 9.15 6.10 6.11

### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room  
This long December night,  
Watching the fire flame fill the gloom  
With many a picture bright.  
But list! there soundeth a bell,  
With a mysterious ding, dell!  
Trembling along the gale,  
Under the stars and over the snow,  
Why is it? whence is it sounding so?

Is it the toll of a bridal bell?  
Or is it a spirit's wail?  
Solemnly, mournfully,  
Sad, and low mournfully!  
Ding, dong, dell!  
Whence is it? Who can tell?  
And the marvelous aches, they sink and  
swell,  
Sadder, and sadder, and sadder still.  
How the sounds tremble, how they thrill!

Every tone  
So like a moan,  
As if the strange bells stranger clang,  
Throbbed with a terrible human pang.  
Ding, dong, dell!  
Dismally—clearly—  
Ever so wearily.  
Far off and faint as a requiem plaint,  
Fleets the deep-deep voice of the mystic  
bell.

Piercingly—thrillingly—  
Acely—chillily—  
Near—and more near—  
Drear—and more drear—  
Soundeth the wild, weird, ding, dong,  
dell.

Now, sinking lower,  
It tolls slower.  
I list and I hear it sound no more.  
It is a bell—yet not a bell  
Whose sound may reach the ear!  
It tolls a knell, yet not a knell  
Which carthly sense may hear.

In every soul a bell of dole  
Hangs ready to be tolled;  
And from that bell a funeral knell  
Is often, often rolled;  
And Memory is the sexton gray  
Who tolls the dreary knell;  
And nights like this he loves to sway  
And swing his mystic bell.

'Twas that I heard, and nothing more,  
This lonely Christmas eve;  
Then for the dead I'll meet no more  
At Christmas let me grieve.  
Night, bea Priest! give your dark stole  
on,  
And murmur a holy prayer  
Over each grave, and for every one  
Lying down helpless there.

And list! he begins  
That psalm for sins,  
Plaintive and soft  
It sways aloft.  
Miserere! Miserere!

Still your heart and hush your breath!  
The voices of Despair and Death  
Are shuddering through the psalm,  
Miserere! Miserere!

Lift your head! the terror dies!  
In it yonder sunless skies  
The psalms sound sweet and calm.  
Miserere! Miserere!

Very low, in tender tones,  
The music pleads, the music moans;  
'Tis for the dead and for the living,  
The dead who died unshriven!  
De profundis! De profundis!

And the Pontiff Night, with his dark  
stole on,  
Whispereth soft and low;  
Requiescat! Requiescat!  
Peace! Peace! to every one  
For whom we grieve this Christmas eve,  
In their graves beneath the snow.

The stars in far-off Heaven  
Have long since struck eleven;  
And hark! from temple and tower  
Soundeth time's grandest midnight hour.  
Blessed by the Saviour's birth,  
And night putteth off its sable stole,  
Symbol of sound and sign of dole,  
For one with many a starry gem  
To honor this Babe of Bethlehem.

Gloria in excelsis!  
Sound the thrilling song:  
In excelsis Deo!  
Roll the hymn along:  
Gloria in excelsis!

Let the Heavens ring;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Welcome, new-born King,  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Over see and land!  
In excelsis Deo!

Chant the anthem grand,  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Let us all rejoice;  
In excelsis Deo!  
Swell the hymn on high;  
In excelsis Deo!

Sound it to the sky,  
Gloria in excelsis!  
Sing it, joyful earth;  
In excelsis Deo!

For the Saviour's birth,  
In excelsis Deo!  
So the day is waking,  
In the East so far  
Dawn is fairly breaking,  
Sun is every star.

Merry, merry Christmas  
Scatter smiles and mirth.  
Merry, merry Christmas,  
Hasten around the earth.

—REV. A. J. RYAN.

### Budd of Nowhere's Christmas.

BY G. M. S. HORTON.

It was up hill work with the clock.  
From half past 3 until 4, the minute  
hand didn't seem to have life enough  
left to pull itself up to the figure  
XII, which was half hidden by the  
gorgeous painting of the setting sun,  
whose rays struck out in every di-  
rection over the generous face of the  
old timepiece. It was a dismal af-  
ternoon, and even the master look-  
ed at his watch to see if the long  
pendulum weren't napping.

No, for even while he looked, the  
minute hand on the clock passed  
two of the sunset rays, and eclipsed  
a third; and the little boys in the  
lowest row saw it and rejoiced.

I will not pretend to say that  
something which happened just then  
was right. I will leave that for you  
to decide at the end of my story.

Barton passed the note under his  
desk, and Moore read it behind his  
book, and here is the note that  
Moore read:

"BILLY:  
'Shall we try it to night?' F."

Then it was that the master look-  
ed at his watch, and Moore scribbled  
with his left hand, while his right  
hand was apparently finding  
references in his book, with due  
anxiety. The scribbling was inele-  
gant but effective, and the note went  
back. Barton nodded and Moore  
winked—a decorous retiring wink—  
and the minute hand slowly passed  
up over the face of the clock, van-  
quishing the gorgeous rays in slow  
succession.

At last the clock struck. Wheth-  
er it had been recently wound, or  
whether the striking part was not  
on friendly terms with the pendulum  
and wanted to challenge it to a  
burst of speed, I can't say; but the  
way the clock struck four was enough  
to make a locomotive black in the  
face to equal it.

Out on the playground the notes  
were passed from boy to boy.  
"You all know what it is to be,  
fellows, said Barton, with that heart-  
y voice of his; "how many will  
join?"

Not a boy short of the whole of  
them!  
"We'll give Budd of Nowhere  
such a—"

"Hush, perhaps he's round."  
"No, he went home at recess,"  
said Moore, "and a poor little shiv-  
ering chap, he was too."

"Half past 7 to-night sharp," cried  
Barton to the boys as they scattered  
in groups of two and three through  
the streets of the village; and a  
cheery "all right" was echoed from  
each.

There was so much mystery at  
that meeting—so much of things go-  
ing on which those in attendance  
alone were to know, that I feel it  
would be a sad breach of confidence  
if I tell a syllable of the proceed-  
ings.

It is hard to keep myself from it  
—hard not to tell of boyish sacrific-  
es made that night and of the self-  
ish, tender words that sprang  
straight from the boyish hearts. I  
don't like to lecture, and I promise  
that I will not, but I tell you that  
was the time and place for those  
who don't altogether believe in boys.

A month before the meeting at  
Frank Barton's house, the village of  
Ocean Point had a genuine sensa-  
tion. Jerry Scattergood wasn't the  
cause of it, but he had a very gener-  
ous hand in making it known.

"You might have knocked me over  
with a feather duster when I see  
the little chap peep into my cat-  
in-window down there on the beach,"  
the old fisherman had said, as he  
stood at the counter of the store  
waiting for his change. "Make that  
half a pound of crackers a whole  
pound, storekeeper, and bless me if  
I don't go in for a few nuts and a  
bit o' candy."

"Don't be stingy with your tong-  
ue, Jerry, tell us all about it," and  
the men crowded around to hear  
what or who it was for whom candy  
and nuts were going to the old hut  
on Ocean Point Beach.

"There's mighty little as I know  
myself," said Jerry, pulling up a  
long vest to make way for his change  
into a pocket whose locality would  
be a difficult one to determine. "It  
was nigh on to 9 o'clock last night,

just as I was shutting up when I heard  
a sort o' pattering like on the window  
and if there wasn't a chap as who  
I'd never set eyes on before, then I  
ain't what I out to be, that's all."

Having told what he considered  
the whole story, Jerry picked up his  
purchase and started for the door.

"Hold on, tell us the rest; don't  
open on us in that way and then  
close up for the night," said the  
storekeeper; "give us the rest."

"Rest, there ain't no rest about it.  
I took him in and there he is, and  
there he'll stay, too, for awhile, for  
if I'm a judge there's squally weath-  
er ahead for that chap. He's just  
tuckered out. Said he come from  
nowhere so far as he could remem-  
ber, and that they called him Budd  
to home, which was a long time ago  
and a long way back in the country;  
and say, boys, if you see Dr. Bliven  
told him to drop in, and that's  
good of you," and the old fisherman,  
opened the door and went down the  
frozen road and around the point of  
the bluff, and so passed out of sight.

One evening, two weeks after Jer-  
ry Scattergood bought the candy  
and nuts for Budd, the little fellow  
came and stood by the old fisherman  
as he sat mending some nets by the  
light of the flickering fire.

"If you please, sir, I s'pose I must  
be going now."

Jerry dropped his net and taking  
Budd by the shoulder, turned him  
so that the light fell full upon the  
boy. He was very small—that  
could be told at a glance—but just  
how old he would have puzzled  
a better judge than the old fish-  
erman; and as for his clothes they  
might well have been on since his  
first birthday, so ragged and worn  
were they. But the eager little face  
above the tatters, though pinched  
and worn with cold and trouble, was  
frank and bright, almost merry,  
though it all.

"Must be a-going? Where?"  
said Jerry, still keeping his hand on  
Budd's shoulder.

"I don't know, indeed I don't Mr.  
Jerry, but I s'pose I can tramp on  
right along without going nowhere  
in particular," and the boy cast a  
wistful look at the bright fire as  
thought to remember its warmth in  
the cold days to come.

"See here, little chap," and the  
fisherman drew Budd close beside  
him, "you say as how you've lost  
your mother, and as how there don't  
seem to be no home left for you  
somehow, and you came tramping  
miles and miles till you came here  
with your little fists as cold as yester-  
day's potatoes, and with your  
toes awful good friends with the  
boles in your shoes; and you tell  
me all about it, straightforward like,  
and I takes you in and we eat beau-  
tiful together, and you never once  
kicked o' nights. Then you read  
out o' the books yonder as was left  
when the missus was here—spellin'  
fer the hard words, but astonishin'  
smart on the every-day ones, and I  
eat and listened, and says I to my-  
self as how it's my old Jim again, as  
if he wasn't gone with his mother  
where there's no winds a blowin'—  
no squalls, nor danger from rocks on  
an unbeknown coast, where every-  
thing is smooth sailin', so the preach-  
er says—and I know it myself every  
day in the week."

By this time Jerry couldn't see  
the fire very well. "There's the  
only place as how I can't stand salt  
water," said he, drawing his sleeve  
across his eyes and winking hard at  
the crackling logs. "I don't think  
as how I've cried since the day of  
it."

Budd crept to the old fisherman's  
knee and felt a strong pair of arms  
about him.

"I don't know just where I was,  
lad, in my talking, but if you say  
the word we'll just keep together,  
you and me, and pull on without  
mindin' what nobody says. It is a  
bargain, little chap?"

Aye! That it was!

The village Ocean Point is fast  
asleep. No light from any cottages  
lining the streets near the shore nor  
from those scattered back toward the  
country. Well might the place be  
sleeping, for the old clock in the  
school house is just striking 3 o'clock.  
But stop a bit, there is a light; it is  
coming down the street. Now it is

joined by another and still another.  
The streets seem suddenly to have  
become alive with dancing lights.  
Nearer they come. Now we can  
see gigantic legs reflected on the  
snow. The lights are lanterns, and  
the legs—ah, there is no mistaking  
them, they are school-boy legs, and  
without the bobbing lanterns, very  
small some of them are, too; but  
yet legs that you might almost ex-  
pect would break out into a whistle  
a any minute. Here they come; I  
can't count the lanterns because they  
don't keep in one place long enough.  
The legs and lights come toward the  
school-house. They











