

# 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, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

No. 37.

## DIRECTORY.

FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Chief Judge—Hon. John Hickey.  
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
State's Attorney—Frank C. Norwood.  
Clerk of the Court—Adolphus Fearlake, Jr.

**Orphan's Court.**  
Ages—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller, Robert Stokes.  
Register of Wills—James P. Perry.  
County Commissioners—George W. Padgett, John W. Ransburg, William H. Lakin, George W. Eitzler, James U. Lawson.  
Sheriff—George W. Grove.  
Tax Collector—D. H. Routhman.  
Surgery—Rufus A. Ringer.  
School Commissioners—Z. Jas. Gittinger, Herman L. Routhman, David D. Thomas, William J. Black, Jas. W. Condon.  
Examiner—D. T. Lakin.

**Emmitsburg District.**  
Justices of the Peace—J. H. T. Webb, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, E. T. McBrine.  
Registrar—E. S. Tacey.  
Constable—William H. Ashbaugh.  
School Trustees—Henry Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, Dr. R. L. Anan.  
Barbers—Henry Stokes.  
Town Commissioners—A. Hornor, E. H. Zimmerman, J. T. Mottor, Joseph Sautter, John G. Hess, John J. Long.

## CHURCHES.

**Ev. Lutheran Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9 1/2 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 School at 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 1/2 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Wm. Sinton. 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 1/2 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

**St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).**  
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second at 9 1/2 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 1/2 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 1/2 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 Gettysburg, 11:05 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4:30 p. m.; From Frederick, 11:05 a. m.

**Depart.**  
For Baltimore, closed, 8:40 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:40 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 8:40 a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 3:30 p. m.; Frederick 3:30 p. m.; For Motter's, 3:30 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.

## SOCIETIES.

**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8:00. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwick, P. C.; C. J. S. Gelwick, Sach.; J. Theof. Gelwick, Sen. S.; Geo. G. Byers, Jun. S.; John P. Adelsberger, C. of M.; Chas. S. Zeigler, K. of W.; Joseph Byers, Great Sachem of the Hunting Grounds of Maryland; D. R. Gelwick, Representative.

**"Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md."**  
Monthly meetings, 4th Thursday in each month. Officers: Dr. J. P. Bussny, Pres.; F. A. Adelsberger, Vice Pres.; J. P. Scabell, Sec.; N. Baker, Treas. Meeting and Club Rooms, Seabrooks' Building, E. Main St.

**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. Gelwick; Junior Master, Lewis D. Cook; Rec. Secretary, Jno. P. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, M. J. Eichelberger; Chaplain, John G. Hess; Conductor, Geo. G. Byers.

**Emmitt Building Association.**  
Pres't., C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't., Geo. R. Ovelman; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, John G. Hess, Jos. Sponner, J. A. Rowe, D. Lawrence, N. Baker, John F. Hopp.

**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.

## DR. J. H. HICKEY,

### DENTIST,

EMMITSBURG, MD.  
Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public— Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office at the residence of Mrs. Ann M. Hoover. Jan 5-11

## C. W. SCHWARTZ, M. D.

### PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

EMMITSBURG, MD.  
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. a22

## C. V. S. LEVY

### ATTORNEY AT LAW,

FREDERICK, MD.  
Will attend promptly to all legal business, entrusted to him. Jy13 1y

## Edward S. Eichelberger,

### ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

FREDERICK CITY, MD.  
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. Dec 30 11

## Dr. J. T. Bussny,

### DENTIST,

EMMITSBURG, MD.  
Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap29

## DENTISTRY!

### DR. Geo. S. Fouke, Dentist

Westminster, Md.  
NEXT door to Carroll Hall, will visit Emmitsburg professionally, on the 4th Wednesday of each month, and will remain over a few days when the practice requires it. aug16-1y

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

### REMOVED.

I take pleasure in notifying the afflicted that I have removed my office to East Church street north door from the Pennsylvania railroad depot, and also have private consulting rooms to accommodate all, where I will continue to reside.

## UROSCOPIAN PRACTICE

I invite all who are suffering with chronic or incurable diseases to call. Consultation free. Send stamp for hand-book or circulars.

Your Servant,  
P. D. FAHRNEY, M. D.  
apr 21-4y

## Western Maryland Railroad

### WINTER SCHEDULE.

ON and after SUNDAY, Dec. 30th, 1883, PASSENGER TRAINS ON THIS ROAD WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

### PASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING WEST.

Daily except Sunday.

STATIONS. Mail Acc. Exp. Acc.

Union Station..... 8:00 10:05 4:05 6:30

Hagerstown..... 8:10 10:15 4:15 6:35

Penn'a ave..... 8:15 10:20 4:20 6:40

Arlington..... 8:25 10:30 4:30 6:50

Mt. Hope..... 8:30 10:35 4:35 6:55

Frederick..... 8:40 10:45 4:45 7:05

Gettysburg..... 8:50 10:55 4:55 7:15

Westminster..... 9:00 11:05 5:05 7:25

Union Bridge..... 9:10 11:15 5:15 7:35

Frederick Junction..... 9:20 11:25 5:25 7:45

Rocky Ridge..... 9:30 11:35 5:35 7:55

Mechanicsville..... 9:40 11:45 5:45 8:05

Blue Ridge..... 9:50 11:55 5:55 8:15

Penn'a ave..... 10:00 12:05 6:05 8:25

Edgemoor..... 10:10 12:15 6:15 8:35

Smithsburg..... 10:20 12:25 6:25 8:45

Williamsport..... 10:30 12:35 6:35 8:55

PAASSENGER TRAINS RUNNING EAST.

Daily except Sundays.

STATIONS. Acc. Exp. Acc. Mail.

Williamsport..... 7:40 9:10 2:10

Hagerstown..... 8:00 9:30 2:30

Smithsburg..... 8:20 9:50 2:50

Edgemoor..... 8:40 10:10 3:10

Penn'a ave..... 8:50 10:20 3:20

Blue Ridge..... 9:10 10:40 3:40

Mechanicsville..... 9:30 11:00 4:00

Rocky Ridge..... 9:50 11:20 4:20

Frederick Junction..... 10:10 11:40 4:40

Union Bridge..... 10:30 12:00 5:00

Westminster..... 10:50 12:20 5:20

Gettysburg..... 11:10 12:40 5:40

Frederick..... 11:30 13:00 6:00

Hagerstown..... 11:50 13:20 6:20

Union Station..... 12:10 13:40 6:40

## "THE PRIDE OF BATTERY 'B'."

South Mountain towered on our right,  
Far off the river lay,  
And over on the wooded height  
We held their lines at bay.

At last the matting guns were stilled,  
The day died slow and wan,  
At last the gunners' pipes were filled,  
The sergeant's yarns began.

When—as the wind a moment blew  
Aside the fragrant flood,  
Our briarwoods raised—within our view  
A little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven,  
From freside fresh she seemed,  
Of such a little one in heaven  
I know one soldier dreamed.

And as we stared, her little hand,  
Went to her curly head  
In grave salute. "And who are you?"  
At length the sergeant said.

"And where's your home?" he growled  
again,  
She lisped out, "Who is me?"  
Why, don't you know? 'I'm Little Jane,  
The Pride of Battery 'B'."

My home? why, that was barred away—  
And pa and ma are dead,  
And so I ride the guns all day,  
Along with Sergeant Ned.

And I've a drum that's not a toy,  
A cap with feathers, too,  
And I march beside the drummer boy  
On Sundays at review;

But now our 'bacco's all give out,  
The men can't have their smoke,  
And they're so cross—why, even Ned  
Won't play with me and joke.

"And the big colonel said to-day—  
I hate to hear him swear—  
He'd give a leg for a good smoke  
Like the Yanks had over there.

"And so I thought when beat the drum,  
I'd creep beneath the tent and come  
Out here across the hill.

"And beg, good Mister Yankee men,  
You'd give me some Lone Jack.  
Please do—when we get some again  
I'll surely bring it back.

"Indeed I will, for Ned—says he;  
'If I do what I say,  
I'll be a general yet, may be,  
And ride a prancing bay.'"

We brimmed her tiny apron o'er,  
You should have heard her laugh,  
As each man from his scanty store  
Shook out a generous haul.

We gave her escort, till good-night  
The little wail we bid;  
Then watched her toddle out of sight,  
Or else 'twas tears that hid.

Her baby form, nor turned about  
A man, nor spoke a word  
Till after awhile a faint shout,  
Upon the wind we heard!

And then we cast a saddened eye  
Upon the scene around,  
A baby's hand had touched the tie  
That brothers once had bound.

That's all—save when the dawn awoke  
Again the work of hell,  
And through the sullen clouds of smoke  
The screaming missiles fell.

Our colonel often rubbed his glass,  
And marvelled much to see,  
Not a single shell that whole day fell  
In the camp of Battery 'B'!"

—Frank H. Gassaway

## Florida Everglades.

The New Orleans Times prints a detailed account of its Florida Everglades expedition. The report is written by Major A. P. Williams, who commanded the expedition. The exploring party consisted of 12 persons, 6 white and 6 colored. They took with them six Racine canoes. They went by steamer on Oct. 17 last from Cedar Keys to Punta Rasa, Fla., where they took to their canoes and proceeded up the Caloosahatchee river to Lake Okeechobee, a distance of about 90 miles, arriving there on Nov. 1. Skirting the western and southern shores of the Okeechobee, they discovered eight large streams flowing into the dense saw grass swamp that borders on the Everglades. Entering one of these streams, which was named the "Times Democrat," the expedition proceeded to its head, some three miles, on Nov. 10, and began the tedious work of cutting its way through the swamp to the saw grass. The denseness of this swamp may be imagined from the fact that the party traveled on an average only about one quarter of a mile a day. Myriads of huge alligators, snakes, leeches, and poisonous bugs were encountered. The leeches were especially troublesome, covering the legs of the men, and demanding special attention. Emerging from the swamp they entered the saw grass, which grows from 10 to 12

feet high and which was very dense, with sharp edges that cut one way and saw the other. This grass the party fired and pushed forward over the stubbles, which grew in water about three inches deep, the mud beneath being seemingly without bottom. The labor of pushing the canoes over this character of country was inconceivably great. After traveling due south some 10 miles the party struck an innumerable number of small lakes or ponds, most of which were 20 feet deep, filled with alligators and the finest fish.

About 30 miles from Okeechobee the party entered the grassy waters of the Everglades and encamped upon an island, the first dry land encountered after leaving the lake. The only trees on this island were the custard, apple, and wild fig. The progress of the expedition from that time was more rapid. They passed through thousands of small islands, some of which were slightly submerged, and all of which were covered with large trees and luxuriant foliage. In the southern glades there was an abundance of wild fowl, deer and fish. No Indians were met, although smoke from their fires was seen, and they seemed to hover about in the distance. Near the head of Shark's river, in the extreme southern glades, the progress of the expedition was greatly retarded by limestone boulders, which cropped out every where above the surface of the water, and over which it was necessary to carry the canoes. The head of Shark river was reached on Dec. 5, and the expedition, sailing down, debouched into Whitewater Bay, on the Gulf coast, about 30 miles from Cape Sable. The distance traveled from Lake Okeechobee to the Gulf was about 140 miles. The whole distance traveled in canoes was nearly 300 miles. There is no special current in the waters of the Everglades, but an almost imperceptible flow toward the south. But few flowers were discovered, and those were of simple varieties, such as water lilies and other varieties found in marshes all over Florida. The only snakes seen were moccasins. The mosquitoes were only troublesome at night.

The expedition has established the fact that the Everglades from Lake Okeechobee to Cape Sable are worthless for any purpose of cultivation; that they contain no large tracts of land above water; that they cannot be successfully drained, and that the establishment and maintenance of a telegraph line along the route traversed would be impossible. The Everglades, and especially the northern glades, are a vast swamp, irremediable and useless. The only portions of the southern peninsula capable of cultivation lie on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts with this vast morass between them.

FADED HOPES.—A young man with a broad back and a sorrowful look was standing in front of the Board of Trade one day last week when an acquaintance came up and called out: "Hello! Thomas—out of a job?" "Yes, out of a job," was the sad reply. "No! Why you were porter for a wholesale house for three years past."

"Just so, but I've been discharged." Is that so; have trouble with the boss? "No, not exactly. You see I went into the house to work my way up. The first Christmas I ought to have been promoted to salesman, but I wasn't. The second Christmas I ought to have been offered a partnership for my faithful service, but the offer didn't come. This year I ought to have married the daughter of the senior partner and found a house and lot in my Christmas stock, but that prospect has now departed."

"And you left?" "Well, I overhauled the old man on the street car yesterday and intimated that I was ready to do my part, but he never let on that he knew me. This morning I was told that my services were no longer needed."

"But can the house run without you?" "It may possibly squeeze along, but if there's a failure it must not be laid up again me. Do you know of any bank where a man can begin as watchman and work up to marry the president's widow? I think I'll try that business for a spell.—Detroit Free Press.

Taken Down a Few Pegs.  
A typical cowboy, fresh from his herd, went into a chop-house. The tables were all filled with the exception of one, at which the terror of the plaiter seated himself. As he pulled off his hat and untied the red bandana handkerchief from around his throat, he looked disdainfully around.

The nimble waiter brushed an imaginary bread crumb from the cloth, whisked a bill of fare from the counter and placed it before the festive and untamed youth.

"Take it away!" he snarled. "I can't eat that. I want rattlesnake on toast!" "Rattlesnake on toast!" yelled the waiter.

"Rattlesnake on toast!" responded the cook.

There was a slight flutter among the guests at this strange order, and the cowboy was scanned by many curious eyes.

He looked a little disconcerted at having his order so promptly taken, and glanced furtively toward the front of the house. He saw the cook and waiter engaged in filling orders, and as solemn as graveyards after midnight.

He assumed a nonchalant air and picked his teeth with a fork.

A cook deftly removed the skin from a pickerel, and cutting a strip in proper shape, placed it in a spider.

The water who had taken the order came tripping back to the bold buccannier of the pampus.

"Will you have your snake well done or rare?" "Rare, with oodles of milk gravy on it."

"Gimme that snake rare—milk on the side," was hallooed to the cook. "Snake rare; milk gravy—side," cook shouted back.

"Say!" said the bovina steerer, as the waiter passed him. "I'll take it well done."

"Make it well done," was answered lack.

The larist wrestle began to grow nervous. The devil-may-care expression had left his eyes, and a soft, subdued, melancholy shade had taken its place. He fidgeted in his chair, and seemed to be nerving himself for an ordeal.

"Here you are, sir," said the culinary Ganymede, placing a dish in which was something nicely coiled, which looked like a fried specimen of the genus crotalus. "Have a little Worcester sauce? Gives a very fine flavor. Some folks like mushrooms with their snakes. Others prefer Chili colorow. A little salad dressing don't go bad. There's vinegar and olive oil in the caster. Will you have tea or coffee? Very fine snake. Caught yesterday. Fat and tender."

When the waiter was delivering himself of this eulogy on the meal, the steer puncher shoved his chair back. His eyes bulged out, and he became pale around the gills.

The uncertainties of life are just what makes it endurable.

I think I had rather trust my faith than my judgment.

As a general thing the philosophers of the world have spent much of their time eating stewed terrapins, and then telling other folks how unbelthy they am.

My friend, if you just give other people the same privileges that you claim for yourself, you will be surprised to see how smooth and still the old man he runs.

It is very easy to explain a defeat. We charge it over to the bad luck account.

I have often found it a good plan to cum up on the bak side of things and work toward the front; then if we have made a mistake we can bak out eazier.

I want it distinkly understood, that I luv and respect woman, not so much for the hed that iz on her az for the heart that iz in her.

If there wazn't eny phools this world would be a dreful desolate place to live in; it woul'dn't pay to be wize or even cunning.

Whenever I hav undertaken to plan a gratuitous amuzement for others, I have always failed; the best way iz to let evryone pay their munny and then pik out their own game.

Setting on a sure thing is no better than stealing it.

Kind Heaven knu that lazyness was the strongest habit ov the heart; this makes the plaintive refrain: "Root, hog, or die," sound almost like revulashun.

We all ov us owe to our vanity more than we would like to be told ov.

Natur haz its devious and winding ways, az well az its strate places; hence i hav learned to respect the swell in the kat's aud the krook in the dog's tale.

The more a man knows the less he doubts; when reason fails he lets faith lead him.

There ain't no theory that will work on the jumping tooth-ake like the dentist's forceps.

I do luv a live man. The only thing in Satan's karakter that saves him from supreme disgust iz, that he iz allwaz red-hot.

Silence iz the phool's safety, and the wize man's strength.

We all praze kontentment, but none ov us prazaktis it.

The human harte has akrete that it never reveals even to its possessor.

The man who brags about his happiness, and the one who brags about his virtew, are both open to grave suspishuns.

There seems to be a growing dislike in the upper circles to hav "one's name" mentioned in the nuzepapers, but thus far it iz confined to those who kan't git there.

Trying to liv on a pedigree is a good deal like trying to liv on dried apples; about the best yu kan do after yu hav filled yurself with the apples iz to take a drink and set down and swell.

Menny smart ones mistake abuse for sarkasm; abuse lauds you away below your opponent.

There iz but little bad luk in this world, but there iz a heap of bad management.

Vanity and jealousy allwaz travel together—two selphish krittlers.

About one-haff that even the wizest man knows iz mere theory.

Yung man, don't forgit this; betting ten dollars on it won't prove how fur the bull-frog kan jump.

I never have knu but very fu men but what had more kapasity than will.

PUT HIS FOOT IN IT.—They were returning home from the theatre and had nearly reached her home when the young man observed:

"Isn't the weather cold and raw?"

She must have misunderstood him.

"Raw, she said, rather hesitatingly. 'Yes, I like them raw, but,' she continued, looking sweetly in his eyes, 'don't you think they are nicer fried?'"

What could he do?

Drawing A Chalk Line.  
"Once upon a time," there came to Philadelphia a young Kentuckian, for the purpose of learning the sciences of medicine and surgery. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt and intelligent, with a little sprinkling of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman, who, it seems, was very frank in his manners, courteous yet cold, who thus addressed his companion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable, but in order that it may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room mates with none of whom I could ever agree—we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant, I claim the one nearest the window."

The Kentuckian assented.

"Now," says the Frenchman, "I'll draw the boundary line between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights;" and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division, midway, from one side of the room to the other. "Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty."

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger, "I am perfectly satisfied with it." He then sent down for his baggage and both students sat down with their books.

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while "Old Kaintuck" was watching him, and thinking what a queer genius he must be, and how he might "fix" him.

Thus things went on till dinner time came. The bell was rung; the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and mustache, and essayed to depart.

"Stand, sir!" said the stranger, suddenly placing himself, with a toe to the mark, directly in front of the French student; "If you cross that line you are a dead man!"

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed,











