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. VI. EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884. No. 18.

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.—Frank C. Norwood.
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. Padget, John W. Ramsburg, William H. Lakin, George W. Etzler, James U. Lawson.
Sheriff.—George W. Grove.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routzahan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Hager.
School Commissioners.—Z. Jas. Gittinger, Herman L. Routzahn David D Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas Knouff, W. G. Blair, I. M. Fisher.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, John G. Hess, C. T. Zacharias.
Burgess.—John G. Hess.
Town Commissioners.—D. Zeck, J. T. Motter, F. W. Lansinger, Joseph Snouffer, Geo. W. Rowe, F. A. Maxell.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 9½ o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 2¾ o'clock, p. m., Infants S. School 1½ p. m.

Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)

Pastor—Rev. Geo. B. Resser, Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday school, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.

Pastor—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening, at 7½ o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lecture at 7½ o'clock. Sunday School at 1½ 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 9½ o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastors—Revs. Geo. M. Berry and H. W. Jones. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2 30 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7½ 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, 11.10 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7.10 p. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 4 35 p. m; From Rocky Ridge, 4 35 p m.; From Motters, 11.10 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4.30 p. m.; Frederick, 7.10 p. m.

Depart.

For Baltimore, closed, 7.15 a. m.; For Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7.15 a m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7.15, a. m.; For Baltimore, Way, 3.20 p. m.: Frederick 3.20 p. m.; For Motter's, 3.20, p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8.30, a. m.

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

SOCIETIES.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.

Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwicks, Sach.; Geo. G. Byers. Sen. S; I. S. Troxell, Jun, S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; C. J. S. Gelwicks, Prophet and Representative.

'Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmittsburg, Md."

Monthly meetings, 4th Thursday in each month. Officers: Dr. J. T. Bussey, Prest.; F. A. Adelsberger, Vice-Prest.; J. F. Seabold, Sect.; 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, L. D. Cook; Worthy Master, Geo. G. Byers; Junior Master, Jos. Houck; Recording Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer Joseph Byers; Conductor, Goe L. Gillelan; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck.

Emmit Building Association.

Pres't., C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't. Geo. R. Ovelman; Ed. H Rowe, Sect'y. and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Beam, Jos. Snouffer, 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 Maxell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwicks, Chas. J. Rowe.

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Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

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Byhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles.
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A BIT OF LACE.

Only a bit of lace,
  Only a few ells long·
The whirr of a wing in a second's grace
Could blow it away without a trace,
So light was the fairy bit of lace;
  Hardly the thing for a song!
Hardly the thing for a song? But wait;
There is a story to relate.

Summer in Calvados;
  A woman all bent and old,
So blind that she totters as she goes;
Her hair is white as the driven snows;
Faint with hunger, the whole village knows,
  But lace like hers brings gold;
It is so fine, brings gold. Oh! wait,
She is weaving early, weaving late.

Calvados leaves are shed;
  The summer is over and gone;
Calvados winters are cold, 'tis said.
There's a house where eyes with tears are red;
The blind old mother is lying dead,
  But the bit of lace is done.
"See! the lace is done, Sir Priest. Oh! wait.
The pay is sure, though sometimes late!"

Summer across the seas,
  Summer on land, in sky,
Summer in a heartless heart at ease,
With swift, white hands to snatch and sieze
Gifts from a lover, who kneels to please
  Each mood as it flits by,
What mood is this flits by? Oh, wait,
My sweet! 'Tis bought! The man comes late!"

* * * * * * * *

Only a bit of lace,
  Only a few ells long;
But the whole of a life and a life's last grace,
Gone in a moment, without a trace,
Were in the threads of that bit of lace.
  Oh! the death and doom in the song!
Oh! the death and doom in the song!
  But wait,
The mills of the gods grind slow, grind late!

—*H. H. in the Independent.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

If I am weak and you are strong,
  Why then, why then.
To you the braver deeds belong;
  And so, again.
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun.
Tis yours with freer hand to give,
Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I, who giftless, sunless, stand
With barren life and hand.

We do not ask the little brook
  To turn the wheel;
Unto the larger stream we look.
  The strength of steel
We do not ask from siken bands,
Nor heart of oak in willow wands;
We do not ask the wren to go
Up to the heights the eagles know;
Nor yet expect the lark's clear note
From out the dove's dumb throat.

Tis wisdom's law, the perfect code,
  By love inspired;
Of him on whom much is bestowed
  Is much required.
The tuneful throat is bid to sing,
The oak must reign the forest's king;
The rushing stream the wheel must move
The beaten steel its strength must prove.
Tis given to the eagle's eyes
To face the midday skies.

—*Carlotta Perry, in Youth's Companion.*

ANOTHER OF OUR COUNTRY'S DANGERS.

The evils of intemperance furnish a topic sufficiently hackneyed; but I wish to deal with an aspect of the question that is somewhat less familiar. I am not discursing the rule of abstinence; nor denying that there may be a legitimate use, dietetic or even convival, for alcoholic beverages; nor considering the question as a moralist, nor as a physiologist: I would simply call attention to the unsocial effect of the drinking habits now existing among us. Let it be admitted that many persons use alcoholic beverages without being injured by them; with that form of use we have nothing to do; we are dealing now with *intemperance* in the strict sense of the word—with that use of ardent spirits which is on all sides admitted to be excessive and injurious. When a man uses alcoholic liquors in such a way that his property, be it large or small, is rapidly diminished, and he goes every month a little nearer to want and dependence; when he uses them in such a way that his physical and mental energies are impaired, and his power of caring for himself and those dependent on him is sensibly lessened, all will allow that his use of them is pernicious. The harmful effect upon the individual does not need to be dwelt upon; it is the effect upon the common weal that we are now considering. It is plain that one who has a surplus, large or small, and who consumes it in indulgences which yield no benefit to himself nor to any other person, violates the fundamental law of society. The surplus thus consumed would have served him, and those dependent on him, in future sickness or infirmity sure to come; the destruction of this surplus brings him to the verge of pauperism, and makes it probable that time will come when he, and perhaps others whom he ought to support, will be a charge upon public or private charity. In short, such a waste of savings reduces the waster to that condition in which, as soon as he is overtaken by sickness or misfortune, he will be able to make no proportionate return for the services that he will require. But society depends, as Mr. Spencer tells us, on the ability and disposition of the individuals composing it to make such a proportionate return. If all men were in the condition to which this man has reduced himself, society would be impossible.

What is true of one who wastes a surplus that he has earned or inherited, is equally true of one who consumes upon this unnatural appetite all that he earns beyond what is necessary to sustain life, so that he never gains a surplus, and always lives on the edge of pauperism.

Still more unsocial is the conduct of one who spends on this indulgence more than his net income, incurring bad debts for the necessaries of life to his landlord, his grocer, his tailor, and thus devouring the savings of his thrifty neighbors.

Still more unsocial is the conduct of one who ruins his health by his drinking habits—thus not only disabling himself for selfsupporting industry, but entailing upon his offspring enteebled and morbid physical constitutions, predisposing them to insanity or vice or pauperism or crime. If, at the same time, the home in which these children are being reared is so squalid or so disorderly that there is small opportunity for them to learn those lessons of self-respect and self-restraint, by which men and women are fitted for citizenship,—so that by environment as well as by organization they are crippled and degraded,—the unsocial effects of this vice will be set in a still stronger light. And when, as the result of such drinking practices, the man is often led to direct encroachments upon the persons or the property of his neighbors, the fact that he has become an enemy of society scarcely requires further demonstration.

Now, consider how many thousands of our fellow-citizens there are of whom most, if not all, these things are true. As a direct consequence of the use of alcoholic liquors, they are wasting their surplus, or failing to gain a surplus; by their failure to fulfill their contracts, they are devouring the gains of their neighbors; they are ruining their health and bequeathing physical and moral disorders to their children, and entailing upon society that curse of curses, hereditary pauperism; they are appealing to their neighbors for charity, and crowding the hospitals and almshouses; they are committing assaults, robberies, murders,—all manner of offenses against the public peace and welfare.

Look at the subject from another point of view. The official reports of the United States Government show that at least six hundred millions of dollars are expended in this country every year for alcoholic liquors. That a considerable portion of this is used productively, in the arts, and innocently, or without any social injury, for drinking purposes, may be admitted.

Let us concede that one half of it is used in this way. Half of all this amount must then be expended in such a manner as to produce those very effects of which we have been speaking. That is to say, we are paying out every year three hundred millions of dollars in the purchase of want, and pauperism, and vice, and disease, and insanity, and crime. So much money ought to procure a large quantity of these staples, and it does. Nobody can deny that we get our money's worth.

Look at it from another point of view. A low estimate puts the number of persons engaged in the sale of liquor at five hundred thousand. We have admitted that these persons render some service to the community; let us admit that half of the number would be required to dispense the amount of liquor that could be consumed without social injury. We have left an army of a quarter of a million liquor-sellers, to whom we are paying three hundred million dollars every year. Society is rendering to them a pretty valuable service. What service are they rendering to society? They are devoting their energies to the destruction of society. They live wholly upon the ruin of their fellow-men. The whole tendency of the employment for which society pays them so large a sum is to reduce their fellow-citizens to those conditions of want and desease and moral degradation in which society becomes impossible. We are safe in characterizing this as a highly unsocial proceeding.

I have not intended any exaggeration in these statements; I believe that I have kept far within the truth. Neither have I any nostrum for the cure of this disease, nor any faith in those most commonly advertised. My own belief is that the roots of this evil run very deep, and that it it will take many generations to eradicate them.

Nevertheless, it is well for all students of human welfare to keep distinctly before their minds the unsocial effects of intemperance—the large number of persons who, through this vice, become violators of the organic law of society, either as its burdens or as its foes.—*Washington Gladden, in The Century Magazine for August.*

Burdette's Dog.

Well, sir, that dog—eh? That Gordian setter I used to own; I was telling you about him, you know; well, he was smart. Didn't take him long to catch onto all a man's points, and he soon found out all about my Ramrod and Musket, summer vacation style of shooting. You know when you take your gun out of its case how a good bird dog goes wild with joy, dances all around you thrusts his tongue into your face and gives you a swab with it from chin to eyebrow, and finally rusher out into the yard and yelps and howls and chases the cat and chickens up into the trees just from sheer excess of delight and exuberance of spirits. That's usually the way of the dog. Well, this Gordian setter of mine, he used to watch me pretty close along about the 15th, and some day, when he'd see me unlocking the gun case, he'd sneak in, sit down very solemnly and watch me with an expression that said, plainer than words:

"You ain't going to take it out this year, are you?"

But I'd go on and take the gun out and rub it up a little, and he'd shake his head and look doubtful and say:

"I wouldn't go out if I were you; what's the use?"

And when I'd sit down and oil the locks, he knew it was settled. He would heave the most heart-breaking sigh that ever drew on human sympathy, get up and go out into the back yard and sit down in the shade of the wood pile and cry, and shake his head and cry—not loud, you know, but silently. Most touching thing I ever looked at. And then he wouldn't eat a bite of supper. When it was brought out to him he'd shake his head and say it would choke him if he tried to eat, and get up and crawl under the house, and moan and mutter nearly all night. He did hate to see me shoot. Sold him finally, when I reformed and quit lying. Couldn't do any shooting after that, of course. Well, I sold the dog to a hunting friend, who was a splendid shot, and you talk about a dog's undying fidelity and love for his old master. Three days after I sold that dog I met him in the street. Called him by name and put out my hand to pat him. I'll eat a wire cartridge if he didn't back off a few steps, look at me steadily, as though he never saw me before in all his life, stuck his tail straight out, raised his fore foot and made a dead point on me, and then walked away to the other side of the street. Cut me dead. And he never spoke to me again.

They Won't Play Ghost Again

A few evenings ago these same mischeivous young people determined to give Jerry [a colored man] a terrific fright. For this purpose a young married lady on the farm, Mrs. James Mann, and a colored woman employed in the family covered themselves with white sheets and took their stations in a little ravine near a gate opening into the farm, to remain secreted until such time as they could appear to Jerry in their sepulchral looking habiliment. Then Mrs. Mann's husband took charge of Jerry and conducted him out to the gate, his purpose being to bring him within sight of the improvised ghosts and see what effect their appearance would have upon him.

After waiting awhile, the feminine ghosts marched out of the ravine and suddenly came upon Jerry in such a way as to prevent his flight. When he discovered them his fright rendered him perfectly frantic. To run was impossible, and so he squared himself for defense, and shot out his right hand with all his strength, knocking down the ghost nearest him first, and then laying out the other. This was done in a twinkling, and the next moment Jerry had out his pocket knife to chop up the ghosts or sell his life as dearly as possible.

But he was speedily checked by Mr. Mann in any further assault; for the blow he had given Mrs. Mann had rendered her insensible and it was feared for an hour or more would kill her. She was carried to the house in an appearently lifeless condition, and suffered intensely for many hours. The colored woman was only badly hurt from the blow she received.

Jerry was greatly distressed at the occurrence. "'Fore God, I thought they were sure enough ghosts, and if I could have run I'd lit out mighty fast. But they had me surrounded and I had to fight. I had no idea it was the women. I thought they were real ghosts, and I just concluded to fight it out with them or die right there." The woman had a very narrow escape from being killed.

Gen. Dix Puts on his Uniform.

The following anecdote is from an illustrated article in the October *Century*, by George F. Williams, the well-known war correspondent, on "Lights and Shadows of Army Life": In some regiments the discipline was so strict that men on post as sentinels were on the alert to discover any delinquency of their superiors. At Federal Hill, Baltimore, Colonel (afterward General) Warren gave orders to his Zouave guards that only officers in uniform were to be admitted into camp. One bright Sunday morning in August, 1861, General Dix, who commanded the troops guarding the city, walked over from Fort McHenry attired in an old linen duster, instead of the brass-buttoned and velvet cuffed coat belonging to his rank. Attempting to pass the line of sentries in company with an aide, the old general was amused at finding a musket barring his passage, while the aide, with his glittering shoulder-straps, was permitted to enter.

"'But don't you see that this is General Dix?' exclaimed the aide, angrily.

"'Well, between you and me Major, said the Zouave, his eyes twinkling with amusement, 'I see very well who it is, but if General Dix wants to get into this camp, he had better go back and put on his uniform.'

"'You are quite right, sentry,' remarked the general. 'I'll go back and get my coat.'

"An hour afterward, the general, in full uniform, approached the camp, and, allowing the guard reserve to be called out, accepted the salute due his rank and position, and the incident increased his admiration for the entire command."

"DID your husband die contented?" asked an old lady of a young widow. "I don't think he did. There seemed to be something on his mind. He said that he wanted to live long enough to make an assignment. Ah! it is a pity that people are snatched off without any preparations."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Art of Early Rising.

The proper time to rise, says the London *Lancet*, is when sleep ends. Dozing should not be allowed. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps, or is a state consisting in the sleeping or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at other times another part of the body as a whole, may be the least fatigued, and so the first to awake, or the most exhausted, and therefore the most difficult to arouse. The secret of good sleep is, the physiological conditions of rest being established, so to work and weary the several parts of the organism as to give them a proportionally equal need of rest at the same moment; and, to wake early and feel ready to rise, a fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured; and the wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness or weary senses, or an exhausted muscular system, to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once he has been aroused. After a few days of self dicipline, the man who resolves not to doze, that is, not to allow some sleepy part of his body to keep him in bed after his brain has once awakened, will find himself, without knowing why, an early riser.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Ready for a Situation.

Going up town from the depot at Macon, a negro stood gazing fixedly at a poster on a bill board, halted me and said:

"Say, boss, I wants to ax a queshun or two."

"All right—drive ahead."

"Heah's a bill wid a pictur' of a bass on it, but I can't read any of de lines. Am it a 'vertisement of a circus or a hoss race?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Kase why, sah; if it am a circus I'ze gwine ter begin ter glance around arter fo' bits to pay my way in, and if it's a hoss race I'ze gwine to put up three razors agin a pair of butes an' try an' git dese ole hoofs off de cold groun'."

"It's neither one nor the other," I replied after reading the bill. "This is the advertisement of a new liver pill."

"Lands alive! but I want to know dat, too! Reckon de man might pay me $1 a day to stan' on de squar' wid him an' swaller 'em down to show de public dat dey's no humbug!"

Will be a Politician.

A little boy and girl playing in the yard. The girl finds an apple under a tree, and with an exclamation of delight, begins to bite it.

"Hold on," said the boy. "Throw it away. The colwy is comin', an' if you eat that apple you will be took sick an' you can't talk, an' the doctor will come an' give you some bad med'cine, an' then you will die."

The girl throws the apple down, and the boy, snatching it up, begins to eat it.

"Don't," the girl cries. "Won't it kill oo, too?"

"No," said the bow, munching the fruit, "it won't kill boys. It's only after little girls. Boys don't have colwy."

That boy will be a great politician.

"YES, sir, coffee is a healthful drink," remarked a man yesterday; "I saw in the paper that Mrs. Taylor, of Virginia, who has passed her ninety-ninth birthday, drinks eight cups of coffee a day." "O, pshaw!" remarked another; "if she had drank only two she'd have been over a hundred years old by this time."—*Oil City Derrick.*

WHAT curious ideas women get occasionally! Mrs. Homespun thought that a "labor bureau" was a piece of furniture whose drawers require a good deal of labor to pull them out.—Boston Transcipt.

THE body of a man with a pencil behind his ear, a pair of shears in his right hand and his pockets filled with gold, has been excavated at Pompeii. It is thought he was an editor.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

PASSENGER: "Any fear o' my disturbing the magnetic currents, captain, by goin' neer the compass?" Captain: "Oh, no, sir. Brass has no effect on it, whatever, sir!"