

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, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

No. 25.

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. Padgett, John W. Rainsford, William H. Laklu, George W. Eulzer, James U. Lawson.
Sheriff.—George W. Grove.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routhan.
Surveyor.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—J. Jas. Gittinger, Herman L. Routhan, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Goudon.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

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

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m., infants 3 o'clock, 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 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 11 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).

Pastor.—Rev. H. P. 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.

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 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, Waj, 11 10 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7 10 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 4 35 p. m.; From Motter's, 11 10 a. m.; From Gettysburg, 4 30 p. m.; From 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.; For 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, 8 1/2 p. m. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwick, Supr.; Geo. G. Byers, Sec.; S. I. Troxell, Jun. S.; John P. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; C. J. S. Gelwick, Proprietor and Representative.

'Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.'

Monthly meetings, 4th Thursday in each month. Officers: Dr. J. T. Bussey, Pres.; F. A. Adelsberger, Vice Pres.; H. P. Seabold, Sec.; N. Baker, Treas. Meeting and Club Rooms, Seabrooks' Building, E. Main St.

Emmitt Lodge No. 49, I. O. M.

Weekly meetings, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, Joe Byers; Worthy Senior Master, L. D. Cook; Worthy Master, Geo. G. Byers; Junior Master, Jos. Hopp; Recording Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, Joseph Byers; Conductor, Geo. L. Gillejan; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck.

Emmitt Building Association.

Pres't, C. F. Howe; Vice Pres't, Geo. R. Ovelman; Ed. H. Hays, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Bea, 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. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwick, Chas. J. Rowe.

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restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and stony growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and pliant in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

Mrs. C. P. BUCHNER writes from Kirby, O., July 3, 1882: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

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Mrs. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 Elm St., Charleston, Mass., April 14, 1882, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the Vigor, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

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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. aug10-1y

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IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

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MEMENTO MORI.

BY ADA MOSHER.

A nature seems to speak in silent eloquence to man; Remember time is fleeting, and thy life is but a span;

To-day may find thee in thy strength; to-morrow's sun shall see Thee known to earth but by the proof of thy mortality;

For death has stamped its seal upon thy cold and marble brow, And to the hearts that beat with thine thy pale lips sayeth now:

Memento Mori!

The days, the months, the years of time are ever hurrying on, And ere we reach our hand to grasp their treasures they are gone.

Time's river to eternity's great ocean runneth fast, And the future in the distance shall to-morrow be the past.

From yesterday the warning voice is heard by each to-day, And echoes still come sounding down the ages passed away;

Memento Mori!

The tender spring scarce greets the earth ere summer's flowers are here;

Her golden grain is garnered and the autumn draveth near, And we see autumnal glory on the mountain and the plain.

The autumn's dust, and winter folds the world in robes of white; And all the seasons bid us in their swift and hurried flight:

Memento Mori!

The fragrant little blossom that made glad our hearts this morn, At eve hangs drooping on the stem, its perturbed beauty gone;

And though we may not miss it mid the many, many flowers, That bud and bloom and blossom all through daylight's happy hours,

Yet ne'ermore 'twill lift its smiling face toward the sky, And know the drooping withered little petals faintly sigh:

Memento Mori!

Alas! how many sharp and cruel arrows that we send By our thoughtless words of anger to the bosom of a friend,

Would not he have quivered in the patient heart, could we have told That on the morrow it would be forever still and cold.

Our souls would learn that charity, so little understood, A Christian love for friend and foe, if all through life we would

Memento Mori!

Thea from thy scornful brow, proud man, let haughtiness depart, And take that long and cherished hate of thine from out thy heart,

Forgiveness now will spare thy future many a blinding tear, And charity brings sweeter peace than thou hast known for years,

And henceforth will thy kindly soul know no regret or fear, But see beyond the eternal peace of Heaven, when you hear:

Memento Mori!

—Baltimorean.

row escape. Uriah came to see David and David got him drunk, and so paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the church bishops in Paul's time need charging to be sober and not given to much drink, and so familiar was the swaying and falling movement of the inebriate that Isaiah, describing the final dissolution of worlds, says the earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard. Ever since apples, and grapes, and wheat grew the world has been tempted to excessive stimulants.

But the intoxicant of the ancients was an innocent beverage, a harmless soda water, a feeble orangeade, a quiet syrup compared to the liquids employed for modern inebriation, into which a madness, a fury, a fire, a gloom, a suicide, a retribution are mixed and melted. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until about 1,000 years after Christ that distillation was invented. And while we have to confess to many of the ancient arts as lost, the Christian era surpasses all its predecessors in the bad eminence of whiskey, gin, brandy and rum.

The modern drunk is a hundred-fold mightier than the ancient drunk. Noah's inebriation led him to imbecile behavior, but modern alcoholism sets its victim struggling with menageries of hissing reptiles and jungles of growling tigers and perditions of blaspheming demons.

An arch fiend has landed in our world, and he has built an invisible caldron of temptation. He has made it staunch and strong, and he has filled it for all nations and all ages first he squeezed into it the juice of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he puts into it a distillation from all the harvest-fields and orchards of the hemispheres; then adds to it larger quantities of capicum, pepper, molasses, logwood, leadly nightshade, assault and battery, vitriol, tobacco, sulphuric acid, opium, murder, pokeberry, cochineal, indigo, red carrots, potash, poverty and death and hops. But still it is a dry mixture, and so to moisten and liquify it he pours into it the tears of many centuries of orphanage and widowhood and the blood of 20,000 assassinations; then he takes his great shovel, which he brought along with him from the nether world—the shovel once used for filling the furnaces beneath. And now he begins to stir the great caldron, and as he stirs it the awful liquefaction begins to leave and sputter and boil and hiss and smoke, and men and women gather around this mammoth caldron with cups and pitchers and kegs and demijohns and bottles, and all nations get their share.

And the arch-fiend laughs as he says: "Ha! ha! what a champion fiend am I! Who does more for coffins, and graveyards, and shipwrecks, and prisons, and insane asylums, and for populating the nether world than I do? When this caldron is empty I will fill it again and stir it again till the smoke of it joins the other smoke, the smoke of the torment, that ascendeth forever and ever, ha, ha! I drove 50 ships on the banks of Newfoundland and the Goodwins. I defeated the northern armies at Fredericksburg. I slew five times as many Senators as will next winter assemble at the American Capitol and five times as many lords as will this season gather in the House of Peers. My festal cup is a Ulaashed human skull, and all the upholstery of my palace is such a rich crimson, because it was dipped in human gore. The Mosaic of my floor are the bones of children whose life drunken parents dashed out. My favorite music, sweeter than *Te Deum* or triumphal march, is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has got home from the carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of sunken steamer because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Ha! ha! Let me stir it again and make it smoke again. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, wrung out more agonies, stretched out more midnight shadows, lifted more Golgothas, rolled more Juggernauts, and damned more souls than any other of the brotherhood diabolic.

The ghastliest evil of America to-day is drunkenness; the immediate cause of it the rum traffic. The two great political parties stand before it dumb. The Democratic party declares it unconstitutional and un-American to prohibit the evil, and the Republican party is too cowardly to touch it lest they lose the German vote. If I never preach again, I will declare the whole counsel of God on this subject.

The first remark I have to make is that the evil is not subsiding, not on the stand still, but on the forward march. Beginning close by, I remark that I have seen more drunken people in Brooklyn and New York within six weeks than I have seen in any year of my lifetime. There is in this country more liquor drunk, and that of a worse kind, than since the first distillery began its devastation. Where there was one groggery there are five groggeries. Where there was one ruined home there are ten demolished. Where, according to governmental figures, there were 23,000,000 gallons of beer sold in 1840, there were 551,000,000 gallons sold in 1883, and the 5,000,000 gallons of wine have become 25,000,000. Moreover notice that the evil is as thoroughly organized as was ever any army, with commander-in-chief, and staff officers, and infantry, and cavalry, and batteries, and advance guards and standards. And every man who hereafter runs for office will be compelled to commit himself either as the friend or foe of the liquor traffic.

I hold in my hand a circular of a brewer's association which has been sent, or will be sent, to every candidate for office. All the present nominees for the Presidency and Vice Presidency have already received it. Its first resolution reads as follows:

"Resolved, That as members of a craft which, in all enlightened countries, is considered a needful and beneficial branch of industry, and one which contributes to the force and vigor of mankind by producing a cheering and nourishing drink-food, we recognize the dignity and usefulness of our calling and are desirous of confirming it still more in the good esteem of the intelligent, the wise and the humane."

In this circular the candidate for office is called upon to fill a blank declaring himself friendly to the liquor traffic. If he do not fill it aright and sign it he is doomed, so far as the brewers' association can doom him, and if he do not return the circular the silence is taken for a negative.

The evil of the time advances and the 15,000,000 church members in America will have to take sides in this conflict. It is going to be an out-and-out battle between rum and sobriety, between heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Better take sides before we have any further national decadence. Better take sides before your own sons are sacrificed or your daughter's new home goes down under the alcoholism of an embroiled husband. Better take sides while your voice and your vote and your pen may render an effectual service. The way the 15,000,000 male and female members of the American church conclude to throw their influence will decide our national destiny.

But reformers in both political parties say: "In national elections we only throw our vote away if we by that vote express our particular sentiments on the subject of inebriation. My reply is that no man ever throws his vote away if he votes aright, for every conscientious vote is not only an expression of opinion but a prayer to God, and the Lord makes record of it and will answer it in time to come, massing the separate snowflakes of individual suffrage into an avalanche enough to crush all the allied powers of darkness. Besides that your vote is for 1888 or 1892, and will not affect 1884, for this year the election will be swept by a majority such as has not been seen since the year when American politics sacrificed on its cruel altar my personal friend and grandest of American citizens, Horace Greeley.

In speaking, as I said I would, in this brief course of Sabbath morning

sermons about the things that threaten the destruction of American institutions, could I compass the subject, without speaking of drunkenness? Is it a State evil or a national evil? Does it belong to the East or to the West, to the North or to the South? Alas, no! There is not a river in America in which its tears do not flow, and its suicides have not plunged.

What ruined that Southern plantation, once its every field a fortune, the proprietor and his family a few years ago the most affluent guests of the summer watering-places? What sent into decay that New England farm, the roseate cheeks that bloomed at the foot of the green mountains turned into the pallor of a drudge? What hath smitten every street of every town and city of this continent with moral pestilence? What will, on the first Tuesday in November, in every State of the Union send thousands of men to the ballot-box, maudlin and incompetent and filthy and blasphemous? Strong drink. To prove that the evil is national I call up Maine of the North, Iowa of the West and Georgia of the South.

"Yes," says Maine, "it is so much of an evil we have as a State anathematized it." "Yes," says Iowa, "we have by constitutional amendment forbidden it." "Yes," says Georgia, "we have in 90 counties of our State made the sale of it a criminality."

How many in all parts of the land are waiting to see if something is going to be done for their relief? First of all, tens of thousands of drunkards, who cannot walk 10 minutes in any direction in our cities without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, and they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, first conquering then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, crying: "How long, oh, Lord! How long before these infernal solicitations shall be removed?" Mothers are waiting to see if something can be done; their boys once with honest breath, that breath now always disguised. Their eyes, once clear, now filthy or bloodshot; the good hours they kept exchanged for a rattling of the night-key long after the city watchman has gone by to see that everything is safely locked up. And the high expectation that the son would do something as artisan or merchant or professional man, and would be an honor to the family name long after the mother's wrinkled hands had been folded from her last toil—this expectation exchanged for a startled look at night when the doorbell rings lest something has happened, and the wish that the scarlet fever of 20 years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone safely to the Saviour's arms. But, poor old soul, she is left to see the truth of what Solomon said: "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

What a funeral it will make when that boy is carried home dead. She will say: "Is this the boy I used to fondle and sing to all night long when he was sick? Is this the boy I held to the altar of baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled till the blood came out of the tips of the fingers that he might have a good starting and a home? Lord, why hast Thou kept me alive to see this? Surely those swollen hands are not the hands that used to wander over my face while I rocked him to sleep. Surely that bloated brow is not the one that I so rapturously kissed. Poor boy! How tired he looks! I wonder who struck him there on the temples? Wake up, my son! Can't you hear me? No! no! Dead! dead! dead! 'O! Ab-salom, my son, my son, would to God I had died for thee! 'O! Ab-salom, my son, my son!'"

Sweets of the Honey-moon.

Husband—"Hilda, dear, as I was passing through our garden, I saw some asparagus ready for cooking; perhaps you would like to go and gather the first fruit of the season yourself?"

"Young wife (anxious to conceal her ignorance in the vegetable department) "I tell you what, Adolphus, we will go together; you shall pluck it, and I will hold the ladder."

TIT-FOR-TAT.

BY S. C. STONE.

Five crisp and early cucumbers, upon one emerald stem, Were waiting for a summer's sun to come and ripen them;

When up crept five such lively snails—all in a haste to sup! As, gliding towards those cucumbers, made out to eat them up!

Then came five hungry, anxious chicks, chasing an anxious hen,— Who chirped and cheeped, and piped and peeped until she stopped; and then, Swift pouncing on those tender snails with loud exultant cluck, Dried out: "Come here my darling babes! See how we are in luck!"

Straightway five happy, twittering chicks ran off amid the corn, Each with a toothsome snail apiece, to feast till all were gone!

Then came a cat, with kittens four, to their secluded bower, And fell upon those luckless chicks,—all in that luckless hour!

Just look you, greedy mother-cat, and greedy kittens four! Who sit there blinking in the sun, and wishing there were more!

What is there left in all the world to pay you tit-for-tat? Surely, by rights, should something come to crunch each naughty cat?

The cucumbers fall by the snails; the snails fall by the chicks; the chicks fall by the hungry mouths of cats, one less than six, Now if there be a recompense for every added sorrow, Something must happen right along to eat those cats to-morrow.

—Youth's Companion.

O'Connell's Strategy.

Daniel O'Connell knew his countrymen through and through. When he stood before twelve of them, shut in a jury-box, they usually gave him their heads and their hearts to do with as he pleased.

He was a masterly actor. He played with each wild passion of their Irish nature, and it answered as he willed. If he became mad, there was method in his madness. An anecdote illustrates how his feigned anger once saved a man from the gallows.

He had to defend a prisoner charged with a crime whose penalty was death. The case seemed hopeless; but O'Connell determined to save the man, if possible.

While cross-examining the principal witness, the cunning lawyer purposely put several inadmissible questions to him. The opposite counsel objected to them, and at last the judge peremptorily ordered him to desist from asking such questions.

This was just what O'Connell had been manoeuvring for. With great warmth of manner, he

Miscellaneous.

It is not necessary in this age of the world for the farmer to rise in the middle of the night and begin his work. This getting up so early in the morning is a relic of barbarism. It has made hundreds of thousands of young men curse the business. There is no need of getting up at three or four o'clock in the winter morning. The farmer who persists in dragging his wife and children from their beds ought to be visited by a missionary. It is time enough to rise after the sun has set the example. For what purpose do you get up? To feed the cattle? Why not feed them more the night before? It is a waste of life. In the old times they used to get up about three o'clock in the morning, and go to work long before the sun had risen with "healing upon his wings," and as a just punishment they all had the ague; and they fought to have it now. The man who cannot get a living upon our soil without rising before daylight ought to starve. Eight hours a day is enough for any farmer to work except in harvest time. When you rise at four and work till dark, what is life worth? Of what use is all the improved machinery unless it tends to give the farmer a little more leisure? What is harvesting now, compared with what it was in the old time? Think of the days of reaping, of cradling, of raking and binding and mowing. Think of threshing with the flail and winnowing with the wind. And now think of the reapers and mowers, the binders and threshing machines, the plows and cultivators, upon which the farmer rides protected from the sun. If with all these advantages, you cannot get a living without rising in the middle of the night, go into some other business. You should not rob your family of sleep. Sleep is the best medicine in the world. There is no such thing as health without sleep. Sleep until you are thoroughly rested and restored. When you work, work; and when you get through take a good, long refreshing sleep.—American Progress.

Shortsightedness.

The original cause of myopia seems to be the application of the eyes to near objects; in other words the poring over books and handicrafts. When the eyes are directed to a near object they are turned in, or rendered convergent, so that the axes of vision meet upon it, muscular effort which if continued, alters the shape of the eye, in the direction of elongation. Manifestly, the alteration will be most easily effected during youth, when the tissues of the body, including those of the eyes, are comparatively lax and distensible, and it will also be most easily effected among those young people whose tissues are exceptionally weak, by reason of inadequate food or of unhealthy descent or surroundings. Badly lighted schools are the great manufacturers of myopia, the bad light compelling approximation of the books or other materials of study.—London Times.

Sulphur a Remedy for Cholera.

The carrying of a roll of brimstone in the pocket is believed by many persons to be a sovereign remedy for cholera, but we believe it has been left to a Doctor Herring to establish the fact that a half drachm of the flowers of sulphur worn in the foot of each stocking is a sure preventive of cholera, and that one clad as it were in this salutary armor may walk unscathed through the very hotbeds of the disease. Any lingering doubts as to the efficacy of this method, the New England Medical Monthly tacitly assents, are dispelled by the fact that while the doctor, who lives some where in England, has not had for the last six months a single death from cholera in his practice, a large number of the Egyptians, who unfortunately had no stockings, and were therefore, unable to apply the remedy, succumbed to the disease.—Scientific American.

WHEN a woman finds she can't be regarded as pretty, she can fall back on the next best gift. Everything teaches that with her, beauty is the most to be prized. The cause of this is, with beauty she claims the right, in plain men she gets the world. A woman would rather have consumption and bear pain and interest than to be a living monument of health.—Arkansas Traveler.

THE trees are beginning to get their trunks in order, and they will keep them so all winter, so they can leave early in the spring.—Ex.

Humorous.

AN aching void—A hollow tooth. A good Latin motto for an ocean voyage—Sic Transit. The servant girl question—"What wages do yez pay?"

It is not safe for a young lady to undertake silk culture. Think of people saying that Miss Hockensmith has 2,000 worms.

"Hullo, Bob! The coach is full. Guess we'll have to strap you behind." Bob—"No, you don't. I had enough of that when I was a boy."—Durlington Free Press.

VISITOR—"Mercy me! What are those horrible sounds upstairs?" Lady of the House—"Oh, that is nothing but dear George. I suppose he has lost his collar-stud again."

A CONGRESSMAN shouted in his speech: "We must return to the food of our fathers. And what was it, I ask." A deep voice across the hall replied: "Thatles!"—Anon.

WHEN a clothing store gets on fire, some of the clerks spring over coats, and some fall over coats, and coats, and every one pants when they get out. The fire lays waste coats and makes breaches in the store when they are gone.

"Now," said the photographer, taking hold of the cloth over the instrument, "are you all ready?" "Yes," replied the customer.—"Well, just keep your eye on that sign," he said, pointing to a legend on the wall which read "Positively No Credit," and look pleasant."

ASKING too much. Aged widower—"If I could make up my mind to marry again I would take a young wife that would love me as long as she lives. Candid friend—You ask too much; you may be thankful if you get one that will love you as long as you live.—Schwabischer Merkur.

A DOCTOR at India River, Mich., with a practice of \$1,200 per year has only got hold of \$16 cash in the last twenty months. The rest has been taken in orders on stores, saw mills, lime kilns, tailors, undertakers and diggers. One account of \$7 was taken in fiddling, and the fiddler could only play one tune.—Free Press.

AT an English country house, at luncheon, after morning service, the popular young curate was accosted by a venerable divine. "How long sir," said he, "did it take you to write that sermon that you gave us this morning?" "Oh, about a week." "Dear me," replied the other "it took me four."

"You have missed great opportunities, colonel," said a man at a funeral to a friend. "Now, here is our friend P. died and left \$4,000,000. You and he began life together. You haven't saved your money, and he did." "Yes," assented the colonel, "and there he is in that coffin, going on a long journey without a cent in his pocket, while I'm alive and got a \$50 note in mine." The first speaker lost interest in the conversation.—Boston Globe.

A MAN in Southern Arkansas wrote the following notice and tacked it on a tree: "This is here to notify merchants not to 'low my wife to get nothin' at their stores on credit for me an' her have played quits for she's a caution. I lived with her as long as I could an' I don't believe she could get along with a saint, this is also to notify folks interested in the cause of addyction that I am going to take up school at the old Beson place, next Monday."—Arkansas Traveller.

Consolation.

"I'm afraid I was cheated on those lightning rods." What's the matter with them? "I hadn't had 'em up for a month when a fearful stroke of lightning knocked 'em all ways for Sunday, burned my barn and everything in it." "But didn't the agent give you a guarantee?" "Oh! yes, I wrote to him and he wrote back very consolingly." "What did he say?" "That lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

A queer Epitaph.

There is an epitaph of an eccentric character that may be seen on a tombstone at the burying grounds near Hoosick Falls, N. Y. It reads: "Ruth Sprague, Daughter of Gibson and Elizabeth Sprague. Died June 11, 1846, aged 9 years, 4 months and 3 days. "She was stolen from the grave by Roderick B. Clow, dissected at Dr. P. M. Armstrong's office, in Hoosick, N. Y., from which place her mutilated remains were obtained and deposited here. Her body dissected by Swedish man, Her bones anatomized, Her soul, we trust, has risen to God, Where few physicians rise."

DR. JOHN BULL'S Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF FEVER and AGUE Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and PERMANENT cure of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried out. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case more certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections. DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, The Popular Remedies of the Day. Principal Office, 331 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY.



Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood purifier, a rational cathartic, and a superb anti-bilious specific. It affords the filling energies of the debilitated, and checks premature decay. Fever and ague bilious remittent, dyspepsia and bowel complaints are among the evils which it entirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels are organs most unfavorably affected by the combined influence of climate, diet and water, it is a very necessary safeguard. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

SAM'L M. BRYAN, E. L. MOLLER, Gen'l Manager. LOCAL MANAGERS: J. H. MORGAN, Frederick; B. C. HELMAN, Emmitsburg; M. B. SHELMAN, Westminster.

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Solid Silver American Lever Watch, warranted two years, ONLY \$12. G. T. MYSTER.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. EMITSBURG, Md. Oct. 1st, 1884. The Firm of Mottor, Maxell & Co., is dissolved by mutual consent, all persons indebted to the late firm will please call on and settle their accounts. The books will be found at the late business stand of the firm. J. TAYLOR MOTTOR, FRANCIS A. MAXELL, E. R. ZIMMERMAN.

NEW FIRM. The undersigned have this day formed a Co-Partnership under the firm name and style of Zimmerman & Maxell, and will continue the firm, Lumber and Coal business at the stand lately occupied by Mottor, Maxell & Co. Thankful for the patronage extended to the late firm of Mottor, Maxell & Co., they respectfully ask for its continuance, which they hope to merit by a strict attention to business. E. R. ZIMMERMAN, FRANCIS A. MAXELL.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at 500, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 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