

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

"IGNORANCE IS THE CURSE OF GOD; KNOWLEDGE THE WING WHEREWITH WE FLY TO HEAVEN."

TERMS.—\$150 a Year, in Advance.

Vol. VI.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884.

No. 28.

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. Ramsburg, William H. Linkin, George W. Ezler, James U. Lawson.
Sheriff.—George W. Grove.
Tax Collector.—D. H. Routzahn.
Surgeon.—Rufus A. Rager.
School Commissioners.—Z. J. Gittinger, Herman L. Routzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examining.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouf, W. G. Blair, I. M. Fisher.
Registrar.—E. S. Toney.
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, John G. Hess, C. T. Zwickler.
Burgess.—John G. Hess.
Town Commissioners.—D. Zeck, J. T. Motter, F. W. Lanninger, Joseph Shouffer, 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 9 o'clock, p. m., Infants School 11 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 lecture at 7 o'clock. 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 8 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, Way, 11:10 a. m.; From Baltimore through, 7:10 p. m.; From Hagerstown and Frost, 4:35 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.; From Frederick, 3:20 p. m.; From Motter's, 3:20 p. m.; From 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. Gelwick, Sach.; Geo. G. Byers, Sec.; S. L. S. Troxell, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Chas. S. Zeck, K. of W.; C. J. S. Gelwick, Prophet and Representative.

Emerald Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1, of Emmitsburg, Md.
Monthly meetings, 4th Thursday in each month. Officers: Dr. J. Bussey, 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, L. D. Cook; Worthy Master, Geo. G. Byers; Junior Master, Jos. Hoelke; Recording Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, Joseph Byers; Conductor, Geo. L. Gillilan; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck.

Emmitt Building Association.
Pres't. C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't. Geo. R. Ovelman; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Beum, Jos. Souffer, 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. Hoelke; Solicitor, Henry Stokes; Directors, Jas. A. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell, John G. Hess, D. Lawrence, R. H. Gelwick, Chas. J. Rowe.

CLEVELAND AND HENDRICKS 1884. AGENTS WANTED, 1884.
For the only genuine PICTORIAL Biographies of the DISSENTING CANDIDATES for President and Vice-President. Authentic and exhaustive in fact, profuse and artistic in illustration, concisely, forcibly, brilliant in authorship. THE STANDARD Campaign History, AUTHORIZED. Rich in matter, but low in price—only one special, practical instruction in the best method of selling it. SUCCESS AND LARGE PROFITS guaranteed. ACT AT ONCE. The Campaign will be short, but BRILLIANT AND PROFITABLE TO AGENTS. Address N. B. THOMPSON & CO., Publishers, ST. LOUIS, MO., or NEW YORK CITY.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs; none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unobtrusive exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.
"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of this PECTORAL, a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved my life."
—H. R. FAIRBROTHER, Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Group.—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 Cheney, 150 West 125th St., New York, May 15, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effective remedy for cough and cold we have ever tried."
—A. J. CRANE, La. Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies, no success. I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL."
—JOSEPH WALDEN, Dyballa, 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 trouble."
—E. BRADDOCK, Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and I strongly advise every one when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office West Main St., South side, opposite P. Hoke's store, Jan 5-11

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Having located in Emmitsburg, offers his professional services as a Homeopathic physician and practical Surgeon, hoping by careful attention to the duties of his profession, to deserve the confidence of the community. Office West Main St., South side, opposite P. Hoke's store.

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Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Jy12 1y

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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 price requires it. aug16-17

TO MOTHERS.
Every baby should have a bottle of DR. FAIRBROTHER'S TEething Syrup. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphia mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels, and Promote Difficult Teething. Prepared by Dr. F. FAIRBROTHER, & Son, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell it; 25 cts.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS
FOR THE
LIVER
And all Bilious Complaints
Safe to take, being purely vegetable, no griping. Price 25 cts. All Druggists.

HEALTH, BEAUTY, LONGEVITY.
25¢ PACES. Illustrated. In cloth and gilt binding. Contains money or nothing. Same price cover. Health is wealth, beauty skin deep, long life desire. This is the only medicine that cures. Pure blood for control for health, clear skin and open countenance for beauty. Every father, mother, and woman should have it. Sent sealed by Dr. W. H. WELLS, 375 Penn St., Philadelphia, Pa. See gross advertisement.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT. Vise, Unifort, Tool for Farm and Home use. 3 sizes, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$6.50. Sold by hardware dealers. To introduce, one person who gets up a club of four. Agents wanted. Write for circulars.
CHEMICAL VISE CO.,
INC., 100 N. 12th ST., DETROIT, MICH.

WISCONSIN CURE FOR COUGES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Restores good. Sold by all Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

YE SONG OF YE GOSSIPS.

One old maid,
And another old maid,
And another old maid—that's three—
And they were gossiping, I am afraid,
As they sat sipping their tea.

They talked of this,
And they talked of that,
In the usual gossiping way
Until everybody was black as your hat,
And the only ones white were they.

One old maid,
And another old maid,
For the third had gone into the street—
Who talked in a way of that third old
maid,
Which never would do to repeat.

And now but one
Dame sat all alone,
For the others were both side with a
groan,
"Such scandalous talkers as they."

"Alas! and alack!
We're all of a pack!
For no matter how we walk,
Or what folks say to our face, our back
Is sure to breed gossip and talk."
—Harper's Young People.

THE HUNDRETH MAN.

"Now, see here, my friend," said John Proctor, his honest eyes looking gravely into the tramp's face, as he balanced a dime on the tip of his finger. "I'm not going to read you a homily on the subject of labor, but I want to present to you a little matter of statistics. You know, as well as I, that the territory is swarming with men of your class. No less than six, begging for money, have stopped me on the street to day; while down there at the yard," indicating with his hand a row of tall lumber piles surrounding a building in the distance, "we haven't had three applications for work in a month."

"Try me."
"Do you imagine you would work if you had the chance? I have had a little experience with fellows of your sort. You have such remarkable appetites." He addressed him generally, as the representative of a race. "You work half an hour, then come around with the plea that you can't work on an empty stomach, draw an advance of half a dollar on your wages, and that is the last we ever see of you."

The man retorted so sharply that one could almost have fancied the poor remnant of spirit still abiding in him, stirred him to something resembling wrath.
"That's always the way," he muttered. "Say we won't work; then won't give us a show. I know we're a pretty low-down lot, but some of us start out square enough. If a man gets down there is no getting up again."

There was something almost pathetic in his very sullenness as he shuffled away, his ragged flapping in the strong breeze and ill-mated shoes clattering an accompaniment to his gait.
"Come back here, will you?" John Proctor's voice was stern and decisive. The tramp halted, hesitated, looked away, then shuffled back again.

"Come down to the yard this afternoon and I'll give you a job. But take this half dollar and get filled up first."
He had exchanged the dime for a larger coin and held it in his outstretched hand.

The man did not immediately extend his hand to take it. In the moment or two that elapsed the young lumberman thought he detected a trace of something allied to resentful pride in his bearing. But the illusion vanished as a grimy hand closed greedily upon the silver and the fellow disappeared without even troubling himself to make any formal expression of his gratitude.

John Proctor looked after him with a quizzical smile. Five minutes later he knew his own name would be the toast of a drunken crowd of loafers in the saloon around the corner. To be sure it wouldn't help to advance a certain Quixotic reputation which had attached itself to him since his first advent in this little New Mexican town. But he steadily adhered to his creed: Grant that ninety nine out of a hundred of this population were thieves and mendicants, he was wont to say he preferred to be victimized by the ninety and nine rather than miss that hundredth man.

Arrived at the park, a strip of land running through the heart of the place, the title to which was in dispute between the railroad company, and a handful of determined squatters and the government, John brought down the wire fence this noon with one vigorous kick. Kicking down this wire fence was one of the legitimate pastimes of the inhabitants, who could not afford to make a detour of a mile or more to reach their place of business, nor yet hazard garments by scaling it. These encroachments on the part of the citizens had once been resisted with warlike demonstrations; but now, as Proctor stepped through the gap, a patient-looking, round-shouldered little man advanced, trundling a wheelbarrow laden with a huge coil of barb wire, and politely greeting the trespassers, set about repairing the fence. Parsons was in the employ of the road, and scrupulously obeyed his instructions but a gleam of humor in his eye told that he sympathized with the transgressors.

As John Proctor took his way down through the park in the direction of his office, he seemed to throw off the unpleasant reflections which had been annoying him with one shrug of his powerful shoulders. The young man's eyes fell cheerily upon the somewhat incongruous array of buildings that constituted the town. He gloried in the homely little edifices, squatting over the ground in various directions. Had not every foot of lumber been supplied from his own lumber-yard? And did not this avalanche of trade mean—Annie? Nothing could be mean or poor which brought these weary years of waiting to an end. He was a practical man, little given to enthusiasm of any sort; but for her sake he looked with glowing vision upon the turreted mountain tops in the distance, with their purple shadows and golden lights. How she would rejoice over them, that quiet little denizen of Western prairies, who had lived among the monotonous levels of Central Illinois all her life!

The thought lent cheerful energy to his voice as he entered the yard and gave some directions to Maxon, his hard-worked book keeper and general factotum. Proctor was deeply engrossed in making out an order for several car-loads of finishing lumber, when a shadow darkened the door, and the tramp stood before him. He could not repress an exclamation of surprise. The vagabond observed it, and his face lowered as he asserted himself defiantly.

"Yes, I've come!" he said.—
"What are you going to give me to do?"
John Proctor put on his hat and went with him into the yard, where an empty car was waiting to be filled on an order from a neighboring town. He showed the man a small slip of paper tacked on the end, and was about to explain where he would find the material designated, when the fellow threw off his coat and deftly attacked a pile of scantling, which happened to be the first item that was on the list.

"Holloa!" said Proctor, gazing at him in surprise. "You seem to know something about this business."
"A little," returned the man, shortly.

The young lumberman took his way back to the office. A little later the ruddy visage of Maxon looked in at the door, as he returned from dinner.
"Oh, by the way, Maxon, I have a new man at work out in the yard. You might keep an eye on him."
"Now, Mr. Proctor!" exclaimed Maxon, in hopeless protest. "Is it another of them fellows?"

"Well, you see, he declared he was willing to work, and it seems only fair to give a man a chance."
The broad-shouldered young proprietor was avowedly on the defensive.

"So far as I am concerned, of course it's nothing to me," observed Maxon dejectedly. "But it puts me out to have you made a laughing stock all over town. It's a shame—well, it's no use talking. Yes, you may depend upon me to keep an eye on him, Sir! Those fellows will bear watching! I say, though, Mr.

Proctor, haven't you got mighty close up to that hundred?"
Half an hour later Maxon looked in again, his face lit up with a mischievous smile.

"Don't you want to take a look at your new hand now, Mr. Proctor? He is just like the rest of them; sitting on a lumber pile, all doubled up with a pain in—"

A flying Spanish conversation book checked further intelligence, and Maxon dodged around the corner to escape other missiles. At 6 o'clock, when the hands came up to receive pay for their day's labor, John Proctor saw his protegee standing off a little distance. The man made no demand for wages, and his employer took no notice of him. As the men filed out the agent of the Plumbago City train, a personal friend of Proctor's, came running in to the office with a package in his hand.

"Here, Proctor, run them over, quickly, and sign this receipt. It's the \$500 from Juarez & Signor. I haven't a moment to spare."
The lumberman hastily counted the notes, signed the name to the receipt in a bold, dashing hand, and the agent hurried off.

Left alone, Proctor drew from his pocket a long Russian leather pocket-book, and laid the notes carefully inside. As he thrust this into his breast pocket, he glanced to glance toward the window, and encountered the hungry eyes of the tramp, following all of his movements from without. As the man saw that he was detected, he paused, seemed about to speak, then changed his mind, and sauntered away, carelessly. A vague anxiety assailed John Proctor. It was long after banking hours; there was no help for it; he must be the custodian of his treasure until morning.

He sat up late that night. The payment of this sum was all that was necessary to make the trip a definite and tangible matter. There was a pile of correspondence to be turned off, and a letter to be dispatched to that little woman in Illinois, telling her to discharge her music-pupils and make ready for his coming. When he had finished his letters, he sat quietly for a while in his big arm chair. It was very late when he rose, and locking doors and windows, proceeded to the little inner room, where he slept. He drew off his coat, and, folding it carefully, placed it beneath his pillow. Then he examined the barrels of an English bull-dog pistol, which hung upon a hook beside his bed. Reassured by this precaution, he sank into a heavy sleep.

Several hours before a man had crawled upon a low pile of planks, flanked by two others of towering height. As he stretched himself at full length, with a bundle of shakes for a pillow, he philosophically reflected that such a bed was not to be despised. He was not ill-qualified to judge, for his experience had been wide and diversified, and he had learned to weigh the most delicate points of variance with the fine discrimination of a connoisseur.

He had traveled half way across the continent without once knowing the shelter of a civilized roof. He had tented beneath the fragrant shades of orange groves in Southern California, and in waving fields of golden grain, some terrible July nights on the Colorado desert, where the mercury marked 110 degrees at midnight, parching for water and choking with the hot dust of the arid waste, waking at daylight to find the delusive mirage mocking him in the distance. He had sunk down exhausted on the barren plains of Arizona, and roused to find himself stabbed in a thousand places by the cactus-needles, cast upon him by the malicious breeze; ever lured on by the sweet face of a child who had smiled farewell through a mist of tears.

The quiet of the place, the gently stirring air, odorless with the fragrance of the pine woods, and the sleepy twinkle of the stars overhead, and the weariness of muscles unaccustomed to labor, soon lulled him into slumber.

A little later two glowing sparks of fire seemed to glide down the railroad track, steal around the office and disappear within the long

drying shed at its rear. During their progress these sparks of fire occasionally described magnificent curves in the air, in the accentuation of certain rythmical utterances in the corrupted Spanish of the Mexican tongue. The lowest Mexican peon, who all of his life goes half-clothed, half fed and unsheltered, handles his cigar or cigarette with the fine pomposity and careless grace of the proudest hidalgo.

John Proctor awoke that night to find himself assailed by a foe mightier than his feeble imagination had pictured. He tried to rise but found himself to be unable, oppressed by a terrible sense of suffocation from dense volumes of smoke which filled the air, through which vast sheets of flame darted their forked tongues toward him. Suddenly the wall of flame and smoke was parted and the face of the tramp bent over him. He was roughly shaken, pulled off the bed, half dragged, half carried through the little private office and dragged into the large room beyond, where the fire had begun its work of devastation. Then voice and memory came back, and he shouted: "My notes! In my coat pocket, under the pillow—let me go!"

For an answer he was violently propelled forward into the arms of some men, eagerly crowding through the flaming doorway. He struggled to free himself from their grasp. He fought with them, cursed them, and finally broke down and cried like a child. Maxon's fierce tones recalled him to himself.

"Why, man, do you think we would let you go into that fiery furnace again? See! There goes the roof now."
With a gentle waving motion, the roof seemed to slowly vibrate to and fro, then sank down with a sudden crash, and a flying column of sparks celebrated its downfall.

With half-dazed senses John Proctor stared about him, and his gaze wandered to the sky above him, where an angry, crimson glow had blotted out the stars and rested on the distant mountain chains, weirdly reflecting from their seamed fronts and craggy peaks the glare of the unrighteous flames. Would she admire them now?

Surely it was a spectacle to enchant the eye of unprejudiced spectators, whose whole possessions were not being sacrificed to the effect. He turned to the scene before him. There was still something to be done. The cream of the stock had been destroyed, but unless some piles of lumber to the right of the building were speedily removed, the fire would communicate with the whole outside stock, stretched for several hundred yards along the railroad track. He turned to the crowd of men who stood there, inactive, gazing upon the scene:

"Come on and help us save the lumber!"
A couple of dozen of men came promptly forward. The lumberman saw, to his surprise, that the volunteers were almost exclusively composed of the so-called professional men of the town. The local officials of the railroad, a well-dressed set of fellows, commonly viewed with contemptuous eyes by the hard-working portion of the population, presented themselves to a man. The tall form of Judge Cheeseman, a stiff and somewhat aristocratic legal luminary, loomed up in their midst. A quiet looking little real estate agent leaped on a pile of shingles and began to fling the bunches down to a German chemist below. The two rival editors (for the least of New Mexican villages usually boasts its miniature newspaperdom), who had exchanged shots on Gold avenue the previous day, glared cordially at each other along the lengths of timbers they undertook to transport to a place of safety. The laboring population offered scarcely a representative, save in the person of a few contractors and mechanics, who had learned to know and like the pleasant young lumberman.

The men worked like heroes. Their energy never waned until a faint light in the east began to rival the red glare which the flames, through the medium of the high, rare atmosphere, cast over the desert plains for miles around, and every

piece of lumber was removed to a safe distance.
Worn and wearied, John Proctor sat down to rest upon the wheel of his own copying-press. A gradual change had taken place in the ranks of the loungers. Many of the spectators of the night had gone home to refresh themselves with a nap, and the remainder were reinforced by a straggling corps of men who had slept all through the turmoil and excitement. One of these, a stout fellow, with a big diamond blazing in his shirt bosom and a mimic beetle bottle suspended from his massive watch chain, was recounting his experience, as all people revel in detailing their individual impressions on the occasion of a fire.

"You see, I was sleeping like a log when Lizzie caught hold of my shoulder, and she says: 'Bob, Bob, wake up, I tell you. The sky is all a-fire, and there must be an eclipse!' I reached up to see if my pocket-book was safe—"

The words brought back to John Proctor a sense of the loss he had sustained. At that moment Maxon stroled up, flushed with exertion. He had just administered a sound kicking to a couple of young Mexicans, whom he had detected making off with a keg of building hardware.

"Maxon," he said, abruptly, "did that fellow who got me out last night come out safely himself?"
"Now I think of it," returned Maxon; "he went back a minute; but he got out all right—just as the roof fell in. I thought at the moment a piece of falling timber hit him, but he scrambled off fast enough."

A dread suspicion assailed John Proctor's honest heart, but he repelled it sturdily. Yet all day long, as he wandered dreamily about, answering a thousand idle questions, or fishing from the ruins various mementoes of the wreck, there would constantly intrude upon him the memory of two greedy, devouring eyes, peering through a window, a strange retreat into a burning building, and disappearance into the shadows. When night came, it was necessary for some one to stay and guard the ruins, for if the wind should rise, some smoldering piles of lumber might be fanned into a blaze, and the remainder of the stock swept away. Maxon, wearied and hollow-eyed, offered his services.

"Not a bit of it, Maxon. Go home to your wife and babies. I have engaged a man."
Proctor did not add that the watchman he had engaged was no other than himself, when the rest had gone home, he remained there alone. Separated as it was from the rest of the town, by night it was a dreary solitude. A fiery spark, miles away over the level plain, developed into the headlight of the locomotive of the evening train, which thundered past on its way to the depot below. The moon came up and threw into weird relief the blackened ruins.

John Proctor, who had been slowly pacing to and fro, sat down upon a bunch of shingles and buried his face in his hands. He knew, what not even Maxon had guessed, that this disaster had wrought his irreparable ruin. It would require every cent of his insurance money to settle his outstanding liabilities, for he had done business on the rushing western plan, and had carried a stock out of all proportion to his capital. If he could only have saved that \$5,000, or if he had not been so ambitious, Annie had been ready—poor little girl. She had even proposed bringing her piano to this raw Southern town, and eking out their income with the result of their own labors. On one point he was recalled. Whenever he got square with the world again, he would put his pride in his pocket, and humbly presenting himself before the little woman ask her to share his fortunes, for better or worse. O, God! how long would it be? A sharp groan escaped his lips.

Suddenly he rose and stood erect. His quick ear had caught the sound of some heavy body slowly moving over the ground.

"Who is there?"
[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE]

WHO WONT PROMISE?

Promising is the very cry of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation; Performance is ever the duller for his act.

Pecuniary considerations apart, the amount of neglect and indifference in regard to engagements which is met in the intercourse of life, is at times, a grievous trial and is calculated to lessen one's faith in the integrity of human nature.

We have often thought it would be a good plan for all persons of honorable instincts, to have a note book and record every promise, to be regularly referred to by way of refreshing the memory.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 3.—Director General Burke, of the Exposition, was questioned yesterday concerning the resolution presented by Mr. Moulton in Congress.

"The world never witnessed an exposition of the magnitude of this. There is more machinery, more art, more agriculture, and there are more exhibits of the natural resources of America than the world has seen before at one time."

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has completed negotiations for a loan of ten millions of dollars, which is to be devoted to the improvement of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad and the other lines of the Baltimore and Ohio in that region.

THE remains of Miss Laura G. Clancy, who died of consumption November 10, were cremated on Monday at Lancaster, Pa.

HOW TO FINISH THE IRON-CLADS.

The New York Sun suggests as follows. We stile it A Dynamite Project.

The latest quotations in the dynamite market put the price of a fairly vigorous grade of that commodity at about thirty cents a pound.

An appropriation by Congress of \$1,200 will purchase four thousand pounds of this useful explosive. That would allow one thousand pounds for the Puritan, one thousand for the Amphitrite, one thousand for the Monednock, and one thousand for the Terror.

The only additional expense to the Government is for fuses and electric batteries. This would be comparatively insignificant.

The touch of a key, a puff of smoke, a dull rumbling sound, and one after another the four grand clads monitors, the gigantic monuments of Robbersonian, and the standing invitation to continued jobbery, the unfinished and impracticable monstrosities which have come down to the present generation from the golden age of gang rule in the navy, will disappear forever from the sight of the plundered taxpayers.

Millions upon millions of dollars have been absorbed by these four pachydermatous bulks. Let it all go. Charge it all to profit and loss, and count the twelve hundred dollars expended for dynamite as the best investment ever made in the interest of an honest administration of the Navy Department.

That is the way to finish the fraud clads monitors. Finish them effectually.

A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Miss Mary G. Caldwell, a young lady of New York city, who has been stopping at Barnum's Hotel three or four weeks, offered during the sessions of the Plenary Council, with the approval of that body, to give \$300,000 as the foundation for a Catholic university, to be established under the guiding hand of the council.

THE Standard Oil company employs 93,000 men.

THE total cranberry crop of 1884 is estimated at 330,000 bushels, which is about 70,000 bushels less than the yield of 1883.

THE two tiny satellites of Mars, which were discovered by Professor Asaph Hall in 1877, have diameters less than ten miles each, and are the smallest celestial bodies known.

THE remains of Miss Laura G. Clancy, who died of consumption November 10, were cremated on Monday at Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. FRANCIS D. MOULTON died at his residence, 580 Lexington avenue at 5 o'clock on the 3d inst. of paralysis of the heart, aged 46 years and 5 months.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., December 1.—Passenger rates to Chicago were openly quoted at one dollar by all the lines this morning, but by noon the scalpers put the rate at fifty cents.

GEN. GRANT DECINES A PENSION from the government and in view of the fact that his income from the fund raised for his benefit some years ago is over \$15,000 per annum he does what the public had a right to expect of him in declining it.

THE Statistical Society has published a table showing the railway mileage of Europe, from which it appears that Germany comes first with 21,500 miles, followed by Great Britain, 18,200; France, 17,200; Russia, 14,600; Austria, 12,000; Italy, 5,500; Spain, 4,900; Sweden, 4,600; Belgium, 2,500; Switzerland, 1,565; Holland, 1,435; Denmark, 1,160; Roumania, 920; Turkey, 870; Portugal, 660, and Greece, 6.

THE home of the late Captain A. C. Nutt, in Uniontown, Pa., was sold at Auction for \$8,200 on Saturday, and his family has removed to Allegheny City.

PHILADELPHIA'S free baths were used by 600,448 people during the last season, or almost an equivalent to three-fourths of the entire population of the city.

ONE of the men employed on the Washington monument, Joseph W. Williams by name, had a narrow escape from death on Friday.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM FOR CATARRH OF THE NOSE AND THROAT. It is a great remedy for all the ailments of the head and throat.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM FOR CATARRH OF THE NOSE AND THROAT. It is a great remedy for all the ailments of the head and throat.

AGENTS for Laxative, Healthy, Honorary Milk and Permanent Honorary apply to Wilcox & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease, and will cure it in any case.

VIRGINIA FARMS OF EVERY SIZE, PRICE & Description FOR SALE! I have a special bargain for sale!

A MARVELOUS STORY

FROM THE SON: "My father resides at Glover, N. Y. He has been a great sufferer from Sarsaparilla, and the enclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous effect it has had on him."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had in his case, I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago.

FROM THE FATHER: "It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Six months ago I was completely cured of a terrible humor and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an excruciating and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause me to move.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blisters, Sores, Dells, Tumors, and Eruptions on the Skin.

ORDERED the 9th day of December, A. D. 1884, by the Circuit Court for Frederick County, Md., in the case of the right, title, claim, interest and estate at law and in equity of Elias Green, and in and to that real estate situated in Frederick County, Md., in the village of Shilohville, adjoining the property of Washington Miller, Robert Dyer and others.

ORDERED, that on the 17th day of December, 1884, the Court will proceed to receive the Report of the Auditor, filed as aforesaid, in the above case, to finally settle and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of the Report be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick County, for two successive weeks prior to said day.

THE American Agriculturist. FROM THE TENTH CENSUS, VOL. 5, JUST PUBLISHED. The American Agriculturist is a magazine of the highest quality.

WHAT IS IT TO-DAY. Six months ago the American Agriculturist entered upon a new career of prosperity, and to-day it is far superior to any similar publication in any other country.

PERIODICALS. Quarterly Review, Quarterly Review, Quarterly Review, Quarterly Review, Quarterly Review.

HEADACHE. ALL SIBUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at her dwelling in Emmitsburg, on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13th, at 10 o'clock, the following personal property.

2000 lbs. of choice No. 1 Coffee, 2000 lbs. of choice No. 2 Coffee, 2000 lbs. of choice No. 3 Coffee, 2000 lbs. of choice No. 4 Coffee.

TUTT'S PILLS. 25 YEARS IN USE. The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age! SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE. GREAT HAIR OF WHISKERS changed to a COLORED HAIR by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously, and does not injure the hair.

1885. THE SUN. 1885. DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY. A. S. ABELL & CO. PUBLISHERS, BALTIMORE.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN. THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER. THE WORLD'S NEWS, THE CHOICEST GEMS OF LITERATURE, THE MOST RELIABLE MARKET REPORTS.

ORDERED NISI ON AUDIT. NO 4976 EQUITY. In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity.

Electic Magazine. Foreign Literature, Science, and Art. 1865-41ST YEAR.

THE MUTUAL LIFE STOCK INSURANCE CO. OF EMMITSBURG, MD. Insures Live Stock on the most favorable terms.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS. The Electic engraves each year two large volumes of over 1000 pages.

Wanted in Every Family. Good Agents WANTED. To sell the "RAZOR BLADE SHAVERS" and "IDEAL BUTTON-HOLE CUTTERS".

ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO. READ THIS. NEW MEAT-CHOPPER. GUARANTEED TO CHOP NOT GRIND THE MEAT.

Western Maryland Railroad. WATER SCHEDULE. ON and after SUNDAY, October 12th, 1884, passenger trains will run as follows:

Fresh Meat! The undersigned will continue the Butchering business in its several branches. My customers will be supplied with the best of fresh Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, &c.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES. CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

Zimmerman & Maxell. AT THE BRICK WAREHOUSE. DEALERS IN GRAIN & PRODUCE, COAL, LUMBER, FERTILIZERS, HAY AND STRAW.

ORGANIZED 1881. THE MUTUAL LIFE STOCK INSURANCE CO. OF EMMITSBURG, MD. Insures Live Stock on the most favorable terms.

General Merchandise. OUR stock consists of a large variety of Dry Goods, cloths, CASSIMERES, cottonades, ladies dress goods, notions, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, UBBENSWARZ, Fine Groceries, of every sort, etc. all which will be sold at the lowest prices.

LOCALS.

EMMITSBURG RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE

On and after Oct. 12th, 1884, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg 8.15 a. m., and 3.05 and 5.55 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8.45 a. m., and 3.35 and 6.35 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge 10.40 A. M., and 3.55 and 6.40 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 11.10 A. M., and 4.25 and 7.10 p. m.

JAS. A. ELDER, Pres.

The Telephone call of the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE is 212.

Hazel Kirke on Thursday night.

REMEMBER the Entertainment at Gelwick's Hall on Thursday night.

Get your painting done by John F. Adelsberger, Emmitsburg.

Good bread will please your husbands. Be wise by using Drew's Yeast Powder.

The farmers have been improving the favorable weather to advance their plowing.

The sale of the Personal Property of Miss Harriet J. Smith, takes place to-day.

There is great comfort in a timely nap, and therein lies the excellence of an overcoat.

Malaria baffled ever the skill of physicians until they began giving their patients "Aromanna."

Mr. H. FRANK STEINER has been re-elected clerk to the county commissioners for the ensuing year.

CHAMBERSBURG has a law office in which Vice-President Hendricks studied law forty years ago.

The play of Hazel Kirke on Thursday night will represent the finest talent ever before displayed in this place.

Go to J. E. Payne for the New Improved Howe, the light running, high armed Sewing Machine.

FOR SALE—A second handed Fire place Heater, (Bibb's Diamond) at a bargain, enquire at this office. nov. 22d.

WANTED.—5000 logs at Iron Dale Saw Mill, to saw on shares, Wm. L. McGinnis, one mile west of Emmitsburg.

FOR FIRE INSURANCE in First class companies call on W. G. Horner, Agt., office N. E. corner of the Public Square, Emmitsburg, Md.

The Christmas has its Turkey in training for Christians, and we have none. Better send it up here brother C. and save trouble, a week hence will do.

THE Bijou Theatre, Co., will play "Hazel Kirke," in Gelwick's Hall on next Thursday evening, the 18th, for the benefit of the Emmitt Cornet Band.

J. E. PAYNE is selling Sewing Machines at very reasonable rates and on easy payments. He sells all kinds. Persons will do well to call on him.

THE blessedness of giving, over the purely receptive position of the donee will soon be felt. He that hath gives more, and He that hath not, parts with it!

We had repeated wind squalls accompanied with snow on Tuesday afternoon, with intervals of the brightest sunshine, not unlike the developments of a summer's shower.

THE December Term of the Circuit Court began on Monday. There were on the docket 200 trial, 23 appeal, 50 original and 39 criminal cases. Mr. Quitman S. J. Beckley was appointed crier.

The Day of Baltimore resumed publication on Wednesday evening as a one cent paper. We trust its re-appearance may be on the basis of a permanent stay, and that its support may be equal to its high merits.

TOKE UP the system by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It will make you feel like a new person. Thousands have found health and relief from suffering by the use of this great blood purifier when all other means failed.

THE Washington County National Bank of Williamsport, says the Leader, has declared another dividend of 3 per cent on its Capital Stock, less County and Baltimore City tax. This bank ranks among the foremost of the country.

THE EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE in combination with the American Agriculturist, will be sent to any address, postage pre-paid for \$2.50 a year in advance. Any of our paid up subscribers, supplied with that invaluable monthly on application at reduced rates.

THE Great Conference of the Methodist Church assembled in Baltimore, on the First Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Fayette and Charles streets, on Tuesday evening, in celebration of the Centennial of the founding of that Denomination in the United States.

ON and after December 1st, 1884, the undersigned, regarding the claims of our customers for slaving, will charge 25 cents for cutting hair after 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

CHAS. C. KREYER, S. A. PARKER.

THE Baltimore American of last Saturday appeared in a new dress of type, and exhibited itself thereon in a style that indicates not a little vanity in being a leader in outward personal decoration as befits the front rank of the journalism of the day. Their new type weighs 7000 lbs or three and a half tons, making five million types.

Property sold.

Henry Stokes, Esq., as agent, sold Mrs. E. Harbaugh's house and lot in the West end of Emmitsburg, to Mr. John Withcomb for \$1000 cash.

WORTH, of Paris, has decided in favor of hoops, but they come in use slowly. In this country everybody has decided that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best remedy for coughs and colds, and it's coming fast into general use.

The world owes much to the quiet comfort that "divine tobacco" brings to those who under its inspirations, devise the plans for its advancement, eight its wrongs, and generally enlighten its dark paths, and inculcate lessons of peace and good fellowship among men.

We are just besieged by publishers, advertisers and all that crowd to do them, favors in the way of advertisements, in which the benefit is to secure to themselves; would that we could inform them in a word, that we buy what we want, and work for the means to do so.

WATNSBORO is agitated about the want of a supply of good hose, and proposed to get a thousand feet of "A. 1" canvas hose, why not get new leather ones and be done. The canvas won't dry without a sort of shot-tower for their suspension, and not to dry is to rot.

THE water-pipes at the Engine house of our railroad got out of fix on Thursday; and pending their adjustment, the President of the road, called upon the Hose Company in the evening and they soon filled the boiler with water, to the great interest of a crowd of spectators.

Forty years' experience, in every clime on earth, has proved Ayer's Cherry Pectoral to be the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs, and all lung diseases. Neglected colds often become incurable ailments. Dead with them in time, and prevent their becoming deep-seated in the system.

The Maryland Classes. A quorum of the Maryland Classes of the Reformed Church met in the Church of the Incarnation in this place on Monday, and dissolved the Pastoral relations of the Emmitsburg charge with Rev. G. B. Rosser, and dismissed him to the Lebanon Classis.

It's a Positive Fact. That no remedy compares with "Aromanna" for the cure of dyspepsia, liver and kidney diseases, chills, fevers, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, etc. If you are afflicted with this valuable remedy and be cured.—Price 25 and 75 cts. Sold by C. D. Eichelberger.

On the South mountain, several days ago, a young man named Mason, while engaged in throwing manure from a stable, accidentally ran the prong of a pitchfork into the left eye of a girl named Hannah C. Creamer. A physician was immediately summoned, but the girl fell into a stupor, and shortly afterwards died.—Sun.

In the case of Thos. B. Hays vs. the Emmitsburg Water Company, an appeal from Justice Henry Stokes, tried before the Court, the judgment was reversed. The appellant had been fined \$5.00 under the power of the Charter of the Water Co. Mr. McSherry appeared for the appellant and Messrs. Levy and Rowe for the Water Co.

THE Compiler of the 9th inst., says: "The ladies of St. Francis Xavier's church, in this place, on Thanksgiving day, took possession of Father Bull's study, and furnished it with a handsome new Brussels carpet and rugs, and a set of beautiful blinds for the windows. He appreciates the compliment, of course, and is not a little proud of his study as improved."

TO THE Afflicted. Don't suffer with chills, malarial fever, liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, etc., when you can get relief so readily. Aromanna has been thoroughly tested and effects wonderful cures where other medicines have failed. Call at C. D. Eichelberger's drug store and get a 25c bottle that you may judge of its medicinal qualities.

THE Waynesboro Gazette calls attention to a new shaft shackle about to be patented by "Doc" Kooz, of Ringold, Md., and among other things says: "He wanted the 'anti-rattler' feature more perfect and a device by which the shafts, when at rest, could be made to stand up—something that would permit of hitching up without having to jerk the horse back, getting its hind legs straddled of the shafts and causing the hostler bad thoughts. This he has accomplished, and Messrs. C. A. Snow & Co., patent solicitors at Washington, are working the matter through the Patent Office. It is undoubtedly a good machine and is bound to become widely popular with coach makers."

Middleburg Jollies.

COMMUNICATED. EMMITSBURG, Dec. 11th, 1884.

Last evening a procession formed at Bruceville headed by the Union Bridge Band in their handsome chariot, preceded by Chief Marshall ex-Sheriff Jas. W. White, with his aides. Numerous delegations from the adjoining districts with torches, banners and transparencies completed the procession of about three hundred in line. A special train from Emmitsburg arrived at York Roads at 7 o'clock, when the band left the train and joined the procession at Bruceville. The word then was "all aboard" except the band, the procession moved to Middleburg Station, formed in line and joined the procession at the square. The town was handsomely illuminated and great enthusiasm among the Democratic residents of the place, especially Col. Waldron and Mr. Moses Seabrook, who handsomely entertained the Emmitsburg Band and delegation with an abundance of hard cider.

There is nothing more delicious for dinner than first-rate ham; but you cannot have fine hams unless you have fine pork, or fine pork unless the hogs from which it is made are healthy and fat. Give your hogs Day's Horse and Cattle Powder, and you will have all the nice hams you want. It is now for sale by all druggists, price 25 cents.

A Birth-Day Gift. The Star and Sentinel says: Rev. H. H. Sangree, Pastor of St. Johns Church, at McKnightstown and Fairfield was surprised by a package placed in his hands on Sunday last, containing \$45, a donation of the congregation, in part payment of a buggy purchased by him, for which he expressed his gratitude.

DuLac's "Swiss Balsam." Is an unequalled remedy for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, asthma, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. It's a quick, safe and effectual remedy, especially recommended for children, as it contains no morphia or opium. Try it and you will use no other. Price 25 and 75 cents. Sold by C. D. Eichelberger.

A Woman Fatally Burned. WESTMINSTER, MD., Dec. 5.—Mrs. Pickett, wife of Aquilla Pickett, residing at Winfield, was fatally burned yesterday. It is supposed that her clothes caught fire while she was putting shavings into the stove. She was partially helpless from paralysis and was alone in the house. Her age was about 70 years. Mr. Pickett is a justice of the peace.

Zinc Ore in Maryland. Dr. Richard H. Lawrence writes to The Sun that he recently examined some specimens of a mineral sent him by Mr. George Kerdy from a farm located about one mile from Gambrell's station, in Anne Arundel county, which, upon examination, he found to be very rich in zinc. On visiting the farm Dr. Lawrence found a considerable quantity of the mineral scattered over the field, indicating a rich and extensive deposit in the land.

A Miraculous Escape. At 10:30 o'clock last night the citizens along Market street were awakened from their slumbers by the passing of a runaway team. Their curiosity was excited but the majority dozed off again, and were willing to await the arrival of The News to-day for information. The team was in possession of the C. & P. telephone gang, who were replacing a fallen pole near Buckeystown, and was left standing near by. A passing locomotive frightened the animals, and they wheeled around and came direct to this city at a breakneck pace. They proceeded through Market street and on to Mt. Pleasant where they halted near the store of J. L. Riddemoser. No damage was sustained by either vehicle or horses and the team was sent back after the workmen, who arrived home at 2:30 o'clock.—Frederick News.

COMMUNICATED. GETTSBURG, Pa., Tuesday, Dec. 9, '84. DEAR CHRONICLE.—In your latest issue you ask "How about the skating rink?" The Gettsburg rink is a very good one, and bids fair to have a big run. The building is of weather board, one and a half stories high, one hundred and eighty feet long, by sixty feet wide; you enter a vestibule about ten feet long, with ticket office on the one side and skate room on the other, and on either side of these rooms are the gentlemen's and ladies' rooms. The inner walls have been nicely boarded up, so that no cold air can come in through the cracks; and up among the joists is a very cozy "bank" for the musicians, which is hung with red, white, and blue bunting; the joists and walls are very tastefully decorated with flags, and Chinese lanterns, parasols, &c. There are two rows of gas jets, one on each side of the room, so that it is well lighted.

Along the western side of the room is a raised platform about five feet in width, on which are two rows of benches, for the spectators and skaters too, if they wish to rest their weary bones after spinning around or perhaps "doing salutation to the floor." The floor is double, the upper part being of poplar, which has been planed and sand-papered so as to present a perfectly smooth surface to the rollers. The rink was opened on last Saturday morning, and notwithstanding the wet weather there was a very good attendance; in the evening there were about one hundred and twenty skaters on the floor beside quite a number of spectators. It was really surprising to see how nicely some of the gentlemen took to it, and it was equally amusing to see some of them, particularly those who had been accustomed to skating on ice, frantically saving the air with their arms, as if they were wings, and they were trying to fly. And when a person gets a fall he feels as if he had been shot from a catapult, it is so sudden, but this should not discourage anyone; he should think as Tacitus did, "If we must fall, we should boldly meet the danger," and try to gain. The proprietors, Messrs. Stonecipher and Clepper are very polite and attentive, always ready to help anyone and to see that good order is preserved. Mr. Stonecipher is floor manager, and is very ably assisted by Mr. Miller, of Harrisburg, they are both very much at home on the rollers, and are well able to teach the skaters art. As no rowdiness is tolerated, a lady is perfectly safe in going alone. This evening quite a large party of ladies, and gentlemen is expected from Carlisle, they will bring their orchestras with them; though this is really unnecessary as the Gettsburg orchestra, under the leadership of an experienced teacher from Williamsport, Pa., has, in the short space of two weeks, made excellent progress in the execution of such music, and now their repertoire includes several selections from the light Operas. Hoping that in these few lines you may find a satisfactory answer to your question, I am, Yours Truly, YARRUM.

THE CHARTER OF EMMITSBURG.—When the charter of Emmitsburg was remodeled and re-compiled its aims were altogether prospective. But few of its provisions met an immediate enforcement. Every citizen was a law unto himself to pay fines or taxes as suited his or her convenience. The period of the civil war, that up-set so many calculations, and taught the necessity of obedience in unwonted forms, was the time when the municipal regulations were found in place, and giving desired security for the common good, were put into practical effect with the happiest results. There was no appeal provided for in the original charter and its many supplements; and on the revision its need was not recognized—there being an abiding sense that justice would be dealt out with such an even hand as to make an appeal unnecessary!

A Very Old Man Deceased. The death of John, or as he was generally called Jack Jones, recorded in our obituary column, marks the removal of an old colored man from our community, the uprightness of whose life gained for him the respect of all who knew him. Originally a slave in the family of Mr. Kooz, near Westminster, he came to this neighbourhood with a branch of that family and subsequently purchased his own freedom. He was tall and muscular; the probity of his life made him friends on all sides. For many years he was noted for his skill in plating seats for chairs. Jack was the subject of several Life Insurance ventures some years ago, and he received some fees for the use of his name; it afforded him no little merriment that in some spells of sickness, he had the better of those who held the policies, but he survived the end of the entire scheme, which had but a partial development in these parts. His funeral took place from St. Joseph's Cathedral church of which he was a member, on Monday afternoon and was numerously attended.

A Painter's Presence of Mind. Mr. W. W. Sible had the presence of mind to grasp the cornice at Trinity Lutheran Church when he found that the swinging scaffold, upon which he was standing while engaged in painting the church, was falling. It was a lucky grasp, for the scaffold took a decided drop. He hung to the cornice, fifty five feet above the ground, about seven minutes, until the scaffold was brought to his relief.—Hagerstown Globe.

Took His Last Roll. Old Bob, the well known family horse, of Mr. Elbridge Krise died last week, aged 33 years he was lively and useful until two weeks before his death. Faithful to the end he has been transferred to the ever living pastures, and where bright oats and golden corn are always present in unmeasured heaps. Bob was owned by Mr. D. L. Morrison of Washington City, until he was 16 years old. He gave him to Mrs. Krise, 17 years ago.

Court Proceedings. From the proceedings of the second day of Court given in the Frederick News we gather, that in the case of John Shields, vs. Joseph Hays, appeal from Justice Thomas McBride of Emmitsburg tried before jury the verdict was for Hays, P. F. Pampel counsel for Shields, Eugene L. Rowe for Hays. Henrietta Offutt vs. Burgess and Commissioners of Emmitsburg, appeal from Mr. J. G. Hess, Burgess, appeal dismissed, as no provision for appeal was found in the Charter of Emmitsburg. E. L. Rowe, counsel for Offutt, James McSherry for the defendants.

Bottled Wealth. Capt. D. B. Russell showed us a bottle of copper the other day—small chips picked up about the mines, which were almost solid native metal. The vein reported some weeks ago at 145 feet in the shaft of the "Russell mine" has been passed through and the miners have just struck another colossal vein at a depth of 175 feet. They will go on down to see just how many veins exist in that vicinity, and after they have delved into the hidden mysteries of South Mountain copper deposits, to their full satisfaction, they will proceed to develop the respective veins. Meantime they are shipping car loads of 20 per cent ore to the concentrator weekly.—Waynesboro Gazette.

AN ENTERTAINMENT AHEAD.—The managers of the "Mountain Association," have arranged to give an entertainment during the holidays in the form of a "Marth Washington Tea party," at which they will receive and entertain guests on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, December 30 and 31, 1884, and during the day and evening of January 1st, 1885. They hope the friends of public improvement, whether in town or country, will not fail to pay their respects to them on the closing nights of the year, and also make a New Year's call to cheer and to cheer with the good wishes and tempting dainties of the season. The party will be held in the house of Miss Halie Smith, which is at present vacant, and in which the ladies hope to have an opportunity of welcoming their friends.

On Monday Col. L. V. Baughman was installed as President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal; a letter from him to Mr. Stephen Gambrell, secretary to the Stockholders was read as follows: "He said that in accepting the presidency of the canal he was mindful of the labor before him, but he should work for the interests of the company and stockholders to the best of his ability. No line of policy for improving the condition of the canal has been settled upon yet, but in his management he would see that the employees were cared for and would administer the affairs of the canal in a business way, and entirely free from politics. He wanted it understood that the employees would be promptly paid. As long as the weather will permit, the canal will be kept open and do whatever business it can."

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MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Visitors to the College, Ordinations, etc. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, Dec. 11, 1884. TO THE EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE.—As the Mountain Echoes has a mysterious charm for its loyal sons and even for the stranger, for whom too there is ever a hearty welcome, so secluded as it is, it is not forgotten. Within the past few weeks especially we have had the honor of receiving many distinguished visitors. Among these may be mentioned Rt. Rev. Bishop Krauthauer, of Green Bay, with his theologian Rev. Dr. Goldsmith; Their stay was rather short so that even college enterprise was unequal to the task of knocking a holiday out of the occasion.

The close of the council on Sunday made this week peculiarly happy in honored guests. Some of the bishops before going home paid their respects to the "mother of bishops," and no doubt others would have done likewise but for urgent duties at home after so long an absence, then we consider the long and fatiguing labors of the council, it increases our esteem for those who after such labors still found time to show their interest in the college—an interest, on that account, no doubt the more appreciated by the many friends of the institution.

The visiting bishops were—Most Rev. Arch. Elder of Cincinnati; Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterston of Columbus; Rt. Rev. Bishop Northrop of Charleston, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Gallagher of Galveston. The last three came on Tuesday afternoon. As the bishops entered the refectory the students gave the well known mountain salute, but with more than usual vigor. Bishop Watterston, one of the most successful and popular of former college presidents was welcomed with increased enthusiasm. He said it made him feel as if the past had returned. He was glad he said, to hear of the good spirit and gentlemanly bearing of the students, and of their success in their studies. He told them he did not intend to make a long speech, as he knew on such occasions they preferred brevity. "I will let Bishop Northrop put a tail to my speech. He formerly taught me Greek and may prefer to address you in that tongue. I know he will do it if you insist. He was counted a thorough Grecian, and tried hard to make his pupils follow suit. Hence he made us turn Livy's annals into Greek hexameters. For my part I was entirely satisfied with my work, but just now I cannot recollect whether it was quite as satisfactory to my professor. I will let him speak for himself." In conclusion he gave recreation, which he said he knew is the best preparation to a college address. This seems not far from the truth, as in the reign of those mountain cheers may be heard faintly at least the college rec—rec—

Bishop Northrop said that as he was naturally louthful, there was no danger of an intrusion on their time. "The bishop of Columbus is very patronizing in allowing me to put a tail on my speech. He no doubt wishes to put a head on me and to reverse our former relations to each other. He is theoretically rather than practically an advocate of short speeches; and having given you a holiday, he would have spent a great part of it in talking to you, had I not persuaded him to be brief. This reminds me of my own day. In a few words, then, I wish to say that to day carries me back, away back before you were boys. I don't mean to insinuate you were ever anything else—to the time when you were not, and yet you are still the same, that sounds unphilosophical, doesn't it! It is quite true, you are still the same as in those old days, I wish I were a boy again." The mystic meaning certainly does honor to the many generations.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gallagher having been called on said, "I am indeed glad to find such a flourishing school where I looked forward to a mere struggle for existence. I am not surprised at the beauties of the mountain having heard so much about it in the past. Now having seen with my own eyes its fine location and surroundings, I shall be most happy, far away as I live, to send young men here to receive that sound religious and secular training, which I know it has given and still gives to its pupils."

The addresses were listened to with attention and frequently applauded. After dinner Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterston presented the two gold medals for athletic excellence, won two months since in the barbeque games. The winners were Frank A. Campbell, of Boston, Mass., for general proficiency in athletic sports, and Frank Dillon, of Hagerstown Md., champion in the hour-go-as-you-please contest. The bishop in making the presentation reminded them of the intellectual gymnastics, where the prizes are more useful, more enduring, but where only steady industry and perseverance can point to future honors.

Yesterday afternoon Most Rev. Archbishop Elder arrived, and his motion of three cheers for recreation was seconded and carried with a unanimous voice like a mountain storm. In the evening he was present at an entertainment given in his honor in the study hall. Having thanked the speakers, singers, etc., he continued, "you cannot expect a traveller to make a long speech to you; besides, I believe in the old saying, 'Brevity is always good, whether it be or be not understood.' I wish to however one thing to which I wish to call your attention this evening, and that is, that you should spend your time here usefully, preparing for your future life of more weighty responsibilities. Be sincere, earnest in doing your duty. I remember, away back in what may be called with regard to prehistoric times, that General Harrison, then running for president, was here in this very hall. It those days all the States did not as now vote on the same day. It was, moreover, customary then for Candidates to absent themselves from the voting States on election day. So Gen. Harrison, happening to be in Pennsylvania, near the Maryland line, came over while Pennsylvania was casting its vote, and remained at the College. We

got up some addresses, singing, speaking, etc., to entertain him. Of course in the addresses we referred to him as a great man, etc. When we had finished, I remember well how the good old man made the reply, 'I know,' he said, 'I am not a great man; but there is one thing, that both on the field of battle, and in the halls of Congress I have always tried to do, that is—my duty.' So you should try to do your duty;'" Continued the Archbishop, "You may not become great men, but you can become men devoted to duty. You may become great in the eyes of the Almighty; and what we are in His eyes, that we are, no more or less. I am not by any means an admirer of Mr. Arnold, but, *fas est ab hoste doceri*, and Mr. Arnold while among us, said at least one thing worth remembering. 'You Americans do not need material resources of any sort. But there is one thing you do need and need very badly—character. This is true we need character. Here you should lay the foundations of that steady, sterling character that is to shine forth in your future life, making you an honor to your country, an ornament to your family and to this dear old mountain college—your Alma Mater.' The applause at the close bespoke the willingness of all to follow the advice given.

Orders.—The following young Levites having been duly prepared on the occasion of the bishops' visit received orders as follows: Tonsure—Jas. F. Callaghan, Chicago, Mich. B. Doulon and Germanus Kohl, both of Harrisburg. Minors—Mr. John A. McHugh, Charleston, and Mr. Jas. F. Callaghan, Chicago.

Sub-deaconship and Deaconship—Mr. James Flood, Chicago. The orders were conferred yesterday and to-day by Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterston, with the permission of Archbishop Gibbons. "MONTANUS."

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Arrested on the Charge of Incendiarism. FREDERICK, December 5.—One day this week Mrs. Henry Boller, of Mechanicstown, this county, was before Justice White, of that place, charged with having set fire to the barn of the late John Halin, which was burned about two weeks ago. Justice White held Mrs. Boller in \$1,000 bail for her appearance before the grand jury. Mrs. Boller, the accused, is a daughter of the late John Halin, who left an estate valued at about \$10,000. He left four children. In his will he disinherited Mrs. Boller, only giving to her \$50, while to the other three children he left the remainder of the estate. Owing to this failure of the deceased parent to provide for one of his children, there has been a serious family quarrel, which has thus far terminated in the arrest of a sister upon the serious charge of incendiarism. The arrest was made by Detective Rouzer, of Gettsburg Pa., who had been employed to work up the case.—American.

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From The Mountain Echoes. The old and well known dry goods firm of Francis Markel has determined to retire from business and in consequence will sell their entire stock of goods at and below cost.

Anthony Smith, the famous hunter living near Liberty, has in thirteen nights this fall captured fifty-two opossums. Mr. Smith every season captures no less than a hundred opossums, many of which are brought to Frederick and sold.

The new iron bridge at Utica Mills, spanning Fishing Creek, has just been finished by the contractor, Mr. Beverly Randolph of Martinsburg, W. Va., who is a civil engineer of that place. It is a substantial piece of work and is estimated to be equal to a resistance of thirty tons weight. The work of construction was under the supervision of Mr. Carr, of Baltimore. Mr. Moses Andersold the mason work.

William Bredy, the 13-year-old lad arrested Tuesday of last week by Officer Brueley, on suspicion of having robbed the hardware store of Mr. Joseph L. Rutzain the night before, had a hearing last Friday before Justice Turner, and was held in \$500 bail for his appearance before the grand jury. Clarence Keefe, another lad about the same age, was also given a hearing, he being charged as an accomplice in the robbery, but for want of evidence was discharged.

MORE RAILROAD NOTES.—The *Catoctin Clarion* reaches us so near upon the time when we "go to press," as to preclude us from noticing its deliveries with the care we prefer to exercise on whatever goes into these columns. We are again obliged very hastily to say, that our esteemed neighbor, insists that to bring the Harrisburg and Gettsburg Railroad through Emmitsburg will be very injurious to our trade and so on. To our view, it does not need any depth of penetration to perceive, that in any event the trade that now centres here, will continue to come and find its outlet to Baltimore and elsewhere, by the Western Maryland road, independent of any through cars to Frederick and Washington. Save that the vineyards, orchards, horticultural products, poultry, &c., which are bound to be abundant hereafter, would in the case in view largely go to Washington City. The *Clarion's* generous advice is predicted on its suggestion to make the Round Top extension by way of the W. M. R. R. to Mechanicstown, and thence by the Catoctin Furnace to Frederick, a suggestion founded on a conception that is antiquated, for modern ideas of business. The air-line is the ideal of these days, and we do not think, the engineer could be found who would risk his professional reputation by suggesting the tangential course thus recommended. If our good friends of the Western Maryland Railroad, with its single track, what will be their state, when the second track comes thundering along, with the terrible momentum of the Vanderbilt road added to it? As for Emmitsburg, its present prospects look to that condition however seemingly distant just now, when the loveliness of its situation, so inviting to the beholder, and so fraught with health-giving influences must make it the seat of a population who can if they will, walk themselves in as the garden spot of Maryland.

MARRIED. McNAIR—KEILHOLTZ.—On the 10th inst., at the City Hotel, in Frederick City, by Rev. E. S. Johnston of Emmitsburg, Mr. Harry McNair, of Adams Co., Pa., to Miss Alice A. Keilholtz, of near this place.

DIED. JONES.—On December 6th, at his home in the Valley of Flat Run, (1st town), John Jones, (col

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE]

"Only me. Is that you, boss?" John Proctor bent forward and perceived a man slowly crawling along in the shadow of a pile of joists. As the figure emerged into the moonlight he saw that the fellow dragged one leg helplessly after him. His suspicions melted away beneath his natural warmth of heart. "Are you hurt?" "Only a falling timber, toss, but the fire got into my eyes, and I can't see very well."

He had drawn himself to Proctor's feet and stopped, turning a little upon his side, his head propped up with his hand. "You see, when I came through the door something fell against me, and not seeing you, and not being able to get about very well, there so many of those cursed Mexican thieves about, I was afraid they might make off with this"—holding out a flat leather book which John Proctor seized with a glad exclamation. The man went on talking in an absent way.

"I wouldn't have liked to have you think ill of me. You're the first man who gave me a chance since I got down. I wa'n't always a loafer, Sir. You spoke of my knowing something about the business, and to be sure I ought, if fifteen years as a 'sorter' in the Wisconsin lumber regions can teach a man anything of lumber. But when my wife died I struck out West. It's been hard luck ever since—and my little girl—back there with her grandparents"—His voice seemed to fail for weakness.

"What have you eaten to day?" asked the other, sharply. The man answered reluctantly and almost in a tone of apology. "You see, Sir—down there among the lumber piles—how could I?" John Proctor was a man given more to action than speech. He addressed the man now in clear, decided tones.

"Do you think you could hold on to my back while I carried you down to the hotel?" "Why, Sir! It wouldn't be fit." "Shut up! Put your arms around my neck."

The office and bar room of the hotel, a pretentious edifice of Eastlake architecture, held its usual quota of respectable loafers, when John Proctor entered with the uncouth figure on his back. A gurgle of laughter ran through the crowd. The majority fancied the young lumberman's brain had been turned by his recent losses, and that his dementia had taken the form of a violent delirium. The laughter suddenly ceased when the young man went straight to the clerk saying in clear, ringing tones:

"Give me the best room you have. This man, who saved my life last night, is badly hurt. Some of you, turning to the idlers, "go at once for the surgeon on the Atchison road."

A dozen men sprang forward to relieve him of his burden, to help him carry the poor fellow to a comfortable room, where he was gently laid upon the bed. The sufferer received these attentions in silence. His dim eyes stared incredulously at the room. That anything like this should happen to him! How long would it last? Would they let him have one good night's rest before turning him out again? When once more on the desolate plain wandering through sage brush mesquite and soap weed, it did seem like some strange dream. But what was this? The stalwart young lumberman speaking huskily to the doctor:

"And mind, McLean, do your best. I owe him more than I can tell you. Put him in good trim to take the foremanship of the yard when I get stocked up."

This silly old vagrant buried his face in his pillow and wept.

A good substitute for ground glass is made as follows: Work together equal parts of white lead and common putty until quite soft, then form it into a ball, and roll it over the surface of the glass, and a ground glass appearance is the result. —Scientific American.

A GENTLEMAN stood on the rear end of a street car the other morning and was accosted by a lady who stood upon the walk: "Are you full inside?" "Yes, madam—just been to breakfast." —Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

"Yes, sir," he said, much excited; "he's a liar, and I told him so." "That's rather a risky thing to do; I wonder he didn't knock you down." "Oh, I told him through a telephone." —New York Sun.

Miscellaneous.

Take Care of Farm Implements.

Some one once drew a graphic picture of a mortal foe of the farmer—one who labored for his destruction by night as well as by day, on Sundays, holidays, and work days alike. It was a "mortgage" that the writer of the sketch wisely regarded as one of the most active enemies to the farmer's purse and peace of mind. There is, however, another agent for evil quite as active, to be found on every farm. It is known as rust. And although it annually destroys in the aggregate a vast amount of property, farmers too frequently neglect to take the measures necessary for protection from the ravages of this insidious foe. Hundreds of agriculturists are buying farm machinery, which, if properly cared for, the Forest, Forge, and Farm suggests, ought to last at least ten years. Most of it will be worthless in one fifth of that time for lack of a little care.

A machine that is taken apart and properly cared for when not in use will do good work years and years after its counterpart has been thrown away by the man who had the habit of leaving it unprotected. Then the delays caused by broken machinery, loose bolts, and rotten or twisted frames, discovered just at the time when the loss of time means danger to the crop, more than counterbalance any time, trouble, or expense incurred in properly putting away the machine. The prudent farmer will always clean and house his implements as soon as the harvest is ended. Whenever the point on an implement shows signs of wearing off, it ought to be renewed. And when tools and implements are housed they should be placed just where they can readily be found when again sought for. —Scientific American.

The Art of Early Rising.

The proper time to rise, 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. Some times 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 of 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 very few days of self discipline, 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.

"The flower of the air" is a plant found in Chili and also in Japan. This appellation is given to it because it has no roots and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock, each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily, white, transparent, and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 200 or 300 leagues; and it vegetates as it travels, suspended on a twig.

"WIFE, I wish you could make pies that would taste as good as my mother's used to." "Well, my dear, you run out and bring in a paulful of water and a hodful of coal and an armful of wood, just as you used to for your mother, and maybe you will like my pies as well." He concluded the pie would do just as they were. —Chicago News.

WE are never at a loss for a good excuse for our evil deeds, and resemble the eloquent darkey who said to the judge—"Judge I was sufferin' awful from 'motional sanity cos, dou' yer see, I only took dat little puller, wen I might a took a big rooster. But, judge, I strained myself an' didn' do it, and I ought ter be let off"

"WHAT is a curiosity, ma?" asked little Jamie. "A curiosity is something that is very strange, my son." "If pa bought you a sealskin parkie this winter would that be a curiosity?" "No, my son, that would be a miracle."

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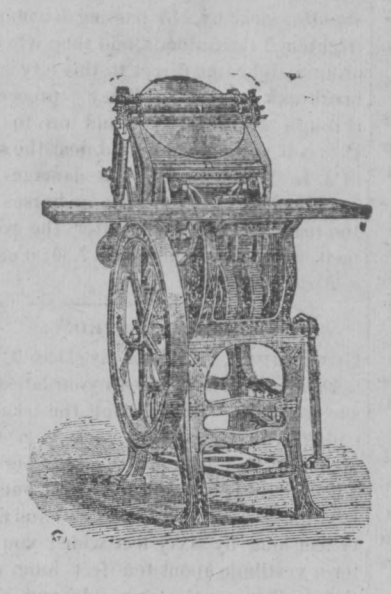
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