

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

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

TERMS:—\$5 a Year, in Advance.

Vol. VI.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1885.

No. 34.

## 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. Lakin, George W. Ertler, James U. Lawson.  
Sheriff.—George W. Grave.  
Tax Collector.—D. Z. Paquet.  
Surveyor.—Jeremiah Fox.  
School Commissioners.—Z. Jas. Gittinger, Herman L. Boutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.  
Examiner.—D. P. Lakin.

### Emmitsburg District.

Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, W. G. Blair, I. M. Fisher.  
Registrar.—E. S. Tancy.  
Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.  
School Trustees.—Joseph Waudrich, John G. Hess, C. T. Zacharias.  
Barkeepers.—John G. Hess.  
Zoning Commissioners.—D. Zeck, J. T. Motter, F. W. Lansing, 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 9 o'clock, p. m., Infants School 1 1/2 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 lectures 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. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic).  
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 6 o'clock, a. m., second mass 9 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.  
Pastor.—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, 7:10 a. m.; From Hagerstown and West, 4:35 p. m.; From Rocky Ridge, 4:35 p. m.; From Motter, 11:10 a. m.; From Gettysburg 4:30 p. m.; Frederick, 7:10 p. m.

Depart.  
For Baltimore, closed, 7:15 a. m.; For Mechanicsville, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 7:15 a. m.; For Rocky Ridge, 7:15 a. m.; For Baltimore, 3:20 p. m.; For Motter, 3:20 p. m.; For Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.

All mails close 15 minutes before scheduled time. Office hours from 6 o'clock a. m., to 8:15 p. m.

### SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.  
Kindles her Council fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Bro. T. M. Gelwick, Sach.; Geo. G. Byers, Sec.; I. S. Troxell, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Clara 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. T. Busby, Pres.; F. A. Adelsberger, Vice Pres.; J. P. Seabolt, Sect.; N. Baker, Treas.; Meeting and Club Rooms, Seabolt's Building, E. Main St.

Emmitt Lodge No. 41, 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. Honck; Recording Secretary, Jas. P. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, H. P. Johnston; Treasurer, Joseph Byers; Conductor, Geo. L. Gilligan; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck.

Emmitt Building Association.  
Pres't., C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't., Geo. F. Oehlman; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Beam, Jos. Snouffer, J. A. Rowe, D. Lawrence, N. Baker, John F. Hopp.

Union Building Association.  
President, J. Taylor Motter; Vice President, W. S. Guttridge; 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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B. G. CHASE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## 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 from a trifling or unimportant cause, is often but the beginning of a fatal disease. 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 doctor gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved me in a few days. I had no sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years of age, and have never since had a cough or cold. I can only wonder at our gratitude! Sincerely yours,  
H. J. FAIRBROTHER,  
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882."

**Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.**  
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from the strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. A bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,  
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY,  
130 West 125th St., New York, May 16, 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 used."  
L. CRYSTAL, Minn., March 15, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. I can only wonder at our gratitude! Sincerely yours,  
W. W. WALLEN,  
Byalls, Miss., April 5, 1882."

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles."  
B. H. HADSON,  
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 it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

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Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. jy12-1y

**Edward S. Eichelberger,**  
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**Dr. J. T. BUSBY,**  
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Office N. W. Corner Square. Performs all operations pertaining to his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed. ap29

**TO MOTHERS.**  
Every babe should have a bottle of DR. FAHRENEY'S SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphia mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Digestion. Prepared by DR. D. FAHRENEY & SONS, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell 25 cts.

**HEALTH, BEAUTY, LONGEVITY.**  
DR. FAHRENEY'S SYRUP. Perfectly safe. No Opium or Morphia mixture. Will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels and Promote Digestion. Prepared by DR. D. FAHRENEY & SONS, Hagerstown, Md. Druggists sell 25 cts.

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## THE LAND WHERE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.  
Far over some mist-bidden river  
And under a wonderful sky,  
Where the rain never blots out the sunshine,  
And our loves never weary or die;  
Where the flowers never fade—but in changing  
Their magical sweetness renew,  
Lies a gloried realm of enchantment,  
The land where our dreams come true!

By mystical symbols and tokens,  
We know of that beautiful land;  
But, alas! on the threshold of manhood  
The frail clue slipped out of our hand  
And the wild river wandered between;  
The white gates are hidden from view,  
And only in sleep we remember  
The land where our dreams come true!

We shall find the lost treasures we seek  
In that wonderful sphere;  
All the aims and the dreams of the by-gone,  
All the good that eluded us here;  
The innocent faiths of our childhood,  
The one flawless friendship we knew,  
Arrayed in our banished illusions  
In the land where our dreams come true!

We know in the divinest fulfillment  
Our vain hopes are gathered at home;  
The jewels we mourn here are hoarded  
Where the moth and the rust cannot come;  
And oft when the sunset is faintest  
We catch through a rift in the blue  
A far-away glimpse of the glories  
Of the land where our dreams come true!

There are garnered the prayers of our mothers,  
And the soft cradle songs that they sung;  
There they move in the mist with white garments,  
And face immortally young.  
And out of the mists of the river  
Their sweet hands shall reach us the dew,  
That leads through the valley of shadow,  
To the land where our dreams come true!

So, weeping, we lay down our beds,  
And bury our loves out of sight,  
Though we know in our hearts we shall find them  
By and by, in the Mansions of Light;  
And the salt tears that fall on their ashes,  
And blossom in pansy and rue,  
Over these shall be lies immortal,  
In the land where our dreams come true!

**"THE EVERLASTING STRAW BONNET."**  
BY LUCY WHELOCK.  
"There comes that tiresome old Miss Maynard with her everlasting straw bonnet and black cashmere dress. I declare it's too mean to spoil our nice afternoon this way, when I have just come home, too. It drives me wild to hear her talk in that kittycat fashion, so I'll leave with the hope her call will be short and sweet," and with a vexed expression on her face, the young girl gathered up her creoles hastily, and ran upstairs to her own room.

An hour later, after she had seen the visitor disappearing in the distance, she came into the library again, feeling a little ashamed of her unkind speech and expecting to receive a well merited reproof from her mother.

Mrs. Dexter, however, had taken up a book and did not notice her daughter's entrance. Dora felt relieved, and slipping into her favorite seat by the window, was soon absorbed in the wild roses she was embroidering.

The short November afternoon soon drew to a close, and as the light began to fade, Mrs. Dexter laid down her book, and drawing her chair nearer to the open grate, said, "Come, my child, you will try your eyes if you work longer. Bring the rocker up to the fire by me and I will tell you a little story from real life which I have been reading between the lines of 'Dr. Claudius,' ever since I took up the book."

Dora did not need a second invitation of this kind, and, moving her chair where the firelight fell upon her with its fitful glow, while the rest of the room lay in twilight, she was soon ready to listen.

Her mother began in a low voice: "Many years ago a family of little children were left without a mother. The father was a clerk in the Custom House and had a small salary, so small that after the expenses of his wife's illness he could not afford to hire a housekeeper or even a servant, and so the case of the little family fell upon the oldest

daughter, Hester, a girl of fourteen. There was a younger sister Janie, two romping boys, and the three year old baby.

"The small sum of money her father brought home every month was given to the careful Hester, who made it go as far as possible. She bought the food and cooked it, made the children's clothes and washed and mended them, and in the evening, when the other children were in bed, she sat up with her father and studied the lessons which her mates were learning at school. Her books were her best friends, and because the moments were rare she had to spend with them, she brought away more from her reading than most girls, and during her lonely day, when hands and feet were busy, her mind was far away in some world of fancy a poet had painted for her, or some world or reality a historian had peopled for her, and so, it is not difficult to understand that in a few years Hester's mind was better stored with useful information and better able to appreciate the good and beautiful than if she had been in school at the time.

"In a year or two after the mother died, God took away the baby and that left the house more quiet and lonely for Hester during the day; but the evenings were cosy and pleasant now when father and Jane, and the boys were all at home, and they read or played games together.

"As time went on a shadow seemed to fall over even these bright spots in the way. Hester could not define it, exactly. Perhaps it was that father was less merry; first he sat away from the table and did not join in the cheerful conversation, he did not read the paper loud any more. When Hester gave it to him he would say,

"No, child, if there is any news you can read it out to me."

"The shadow, no bigger than a man's hand at first, grew until the poor tired man would sit whole evenings with his head buried in his hands, and a gloom and silence fell over the little company, which no one dared break.

"At last, one dreadful morning, he did not go to his work as usual, and when the children had gone to school, he said in a voice broken by sob:

"I must tell you, little Hester, what is coming to you. God knows how I have fought against it; but it's of no use—my eyes have been failing for a long time, and now I can use them no longer. I am going to the hospital to-day to have an operation performed, which may or may not be successful. It is certain blindness without, and I can only try. I shall not know the result at once, and as I shall not be able to come home for several weeks; I have tried to arrange for you so you need not suffer. I think Ned must leave school. Mr. Bates will take him into his store, and he can begin to earn a little."

"No, father," said Hester, with only a little quiver in her voice, to show how deep the arrow had pierced. "The boys must not leave school; they are too young. Janie must stay to keep the house, and I can go into the dressmaker's shop at the Square, and get very good pay. I have had sewing from there all the winter, and they are anxious to have me work more. You don't know what a genius for dressmaking I have!"

"As if you had no genius for anything else?" her father replied, bitterly. "Oh, Hester!—and I meant to send you to the Art School this fall."

"That will come when your eyes are well," said Hester, hopefully, turning away that the poor dim eyes might not see the tears in her own.

"I will not tell you of the long, anxious days that followed, when Hester began her work, and was not permitted to see her father or know what the probable result of the operation would be.

"At last she was summoned to go to him, and when she came back at night she brought with her the poor man, from whose eyes the cloud of darkness would never be lifted, and on whose mind had settled the blackness of despair,

"For weeks he sat like one stupefied, scarcely touching food, and paying no attention to what went on about him.

"With unflinching courage Hester comforted and cheered him, and wooed him back to life.

"Several years passed, and the boys went away to begin life for themselves, and the two sisters were left alone with their father.

"You must not think Hester's life was entirely without its brightness. She had many friends, who cherished her for her real worth, and there was one who held a nearer place than that of a common friend; but Hester put away from her all thoughts of marriage and another home.

"I cannot leave father and Janie yet," she always said. "Who would take care of them?"

"And so the lover waited, and Hester's busy hands worked on. It seemed as if no more grief could be borne by this brave heart; but when it came, there was the same old courage and patience to bear it. The lover, who had been struggling manfully to make it possible for Hester to give up her burden of work, fell a prey to a fever which attacked him in a Southern city, and the only sweet and hopeful dream of this woman's life was buried in the grave with him. The bitter sorrow was buried too—buried so deep that nobody suspected how bitter it was.

"There was nothing more to happen to her, then. She and Jennie grew old—old maids, I suppose you would call them. Death released the tired, blind father at last, and the two brothers, who had become successful business men, made the sister who sacrificed so much for them more comfortable in her old age, and gave her an honorable leisure. She has the same noble heart still, although her hair is white and she wears an everlasting straw bonnet and cashmere dress."

"Really mamma!" said Dora, impatiently. "Where does she live? Let me go this minute and bring the dear soul here to dinner this very night."

"Not so fast, pet," Mr. Dexter, who had entered the room unnoticed in the darkness. "It is rather late to go out in such a snow storm as this. I suspect your mother has been preaching a little sermon, and if she has not given you a text, I would respectfully suggest that the one about 'entertaining angels unawares' will fit."—*Churchofan.*

Something Perhaps he Would Eat.  
Heard a good story on a West End minister one day last week. He is a vegetarian of the strictest order, and in the course of his pastoral career he was invited out to a Sunday dinner by one of the sisters of his flock, whose name for the nonce shall be Smith. Old man Smith didn't go to church that morning. His wife told him to expect her to bring home company to dine, and he, with the aid of the cook, laid the foundation for a superb repast Mr. Smith came home, but all the company she brought was the minister. They were seated at the table when this conversation ensued:

"Mr. Jones," meaning the minister; "what part of the chicken do you like best?"

"Really, Mr. Smith, I don't care about any chicken."

"Well, here is some extra fine roast beef; try some of this."

"Excuse me, Mr. Smith, I will forego the beef."

"I have some tender lamb here—how will that suit?"

"I never eat lamb."

"Well, now I know you can't refuse this boiled ham."

"Pardon me, but ham I never touch."

During all this time, Smith's father, an old gary-haired sinner, had been seated near him watching operations, and, standing it as long as he could, squeaked out in a piping voice:

"John, may be the—fool will suck an egg."

The enjoyment of that dinner was spoiled.

A BIT of wisdom with some wit: "The anvil wears longer than the hammer." That's why a congregation will outlast a score of preachers.—*Turner's Falls Reporter.*

## MAMMA'S HELP.

"Yes, Bridget has gone to the city, and papa is sick, as you see, and mamma has no one to help her. But two-year-old Laurence and me.

"You'd like to know what I am good for? 'Cept to make work and tumble things down?"

I guess there aren't no little girls At your house at home, Doctor Brown

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table, And dusted the sofa and chairs, I've polished the heartstone and fender, And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china, And just dropped one piece on the floor; Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle, But I 'spect it was cracked before,

"And the steps that I save precious mamma! You'd be 'sprised Doctor Brown if you knew; She says if it wasn't for Bessie She couldn't exist the day through!

"It's Bessie bring papa some water! And Bessie dear, run to the door! And Bessie love, pick up the playthings The baby has dropped on the floor!"

—Good Cheer.

A Talk on Slate.  
"Few people have any idea of the magnitude of the slate industry in this country. Until a few years since, the product of the different slate quarries in the United States was quite limited. Now the total amount produced, of roofing-slate alone, is about 500,000 squares per year. A 'square' is 100 square feet or sufficient to cover a space 10 feet by 10 feet, when laid on the roof. It covers the same area as 1,000 shingles, and sells for from \$3.50 to \$4.50 per square.

"As a roofing material slate is becoming more generally used, as it lasts a lifetime, is fire-proof, needs no painting, and renders rain-water pure and untainted. Besides the large amount of roofing-slate produced, a great deal is used for other building purposes, such as window-sills, steps, floors, and mantles. Billiard table beds are now made exclusively of slate, and it is also used largely for flagging."

"Where is most of the slate quarried?" was asked.

"Well, most of the quarries are in eastern Pennsylvania—in Northampton and Lehigh counties. More than one-half of the total product of the United States comes from that region. Maine and Vermont produce small quantities. There are also small beds of slate in Michigan and Virginia. The quarries at Bangor, Pa., in Northampton County, are considered superior to any, as the slate is tough, durable, and of an unfading dark blue-black color. The quarries there are valued at from \$50,000 to \$500,000 each.

"Over 3,000 men are employed in eastern Pennsylvania, and the number is fast increasing, as new quarries are opened and developed. The workmen are mostly Welsh and English. They earn good wages, have comfortable homes, and are a happy, sober, and industrious class.

"The slate is first blasted out, then hoisted by steam power in large irregular shaped blocks to the bank. These blocks are then broken or 'scaloped' into smaller blocks; then split into sheets of required thickness. For that purpose, a chisel or knife, about 18 inches long, resembling a large putty knife, is used. The slate splits readily whenever the knife is put in, if inserted when the block is wet, or 'green' as it is called.

"The workmen speak of the original moisture in the slate as 'sap.' After the blocks are dry, they harden and cannot be split.

"After the blocks are split, the sheets are dressed or trimmed with a machine worked by foot-power, to the required size, which is from 6 by 12 inches to 14 by 24 inches. They are then shipped to all parts of the Union and to the Old World. A great deal of slate goes to Australia.

"When beds are found, the slate is in inexhaustible quantities, and improves in quality as the depth of the quarry increases."—*No. Chataqua News.*

## Generosity.

In the broker's office, "I understand that I can subscribe here for stock in the Sandhole railroad," said a stranger, whom the hayseed in his hair and the mud upon his trogans indicated as belonging in the country.

"Yes, sir," replied the broker. "Let's see; this is a safe investment?"

"Perfectly safe."

"And you have had twice the entire amount offered by leading capitalists?"

"Yes, sir."

"But the projectors chose to give the people an opportunity to make a good thing?"

"That's it exactly."

"Well," remarked the country enquirer, "I guess I'll be generous, too; I ain't no hog. I'm willing to give somebody else a chance; so long," and out he went, accompanied by a chuckle in his throat and twinkling in his eye.

Think Beforehand.  
No man is fit to manage a farm who does not think beforehand what is best to do, and which is the best way to do it. Work without thought without plan, has been the blunder of many who pretend to be farmers. Raising crops without knowledge as to their cost, or thought as to whether they will sell or not, has sapped many a fortune. More forethought in the management of a farm is required than in most any other pursuit followed by man, and the beforehand farmer is always the one who counts the cost, and closely calculates matters that appertain to the farm, not that a farmer is necessarily obliged to make shifts and turns in order to succeed, but simply to count the cost, and act on the knowledge thus acquired.

The Deacon's Explanation.  
I once heard of an old deacon whose minister never wrote his sermons, but "trusted in the Lord" to help him out. The deacon one day had a sermon reported verbatim, unknown to the deacon, who, hearing of this, wanted to have the discourse read over to him, and was much delighted, but said suddenly: "Stop, deacon, stop! I didn't say that."

"No," the good man answered with a touch of hesitation, "I had—to—put—that—in—to—make sense!"

What a Mississippi Pilot Says.  
Capt. D. M. Riggs, who is well known at New Orleans and along the Mississippi river, says: "I have been suffering from dyspepsia for the past five years, and from broken rest, by severe pains in the bowels and kidneys. I tried every medicine recommended for these diseases, without success. At last I used a bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, which proved a perfect success in my case." It cures all liver, kidney and malarial diseases.

A MAINE farmer had a wife who declared she would never be weighed. One day when she was in the wagon he drove his team on to the hay scales in Auburn, and had the whole thing weighed without his wife knowing what was going on. Then he afterward came back and had the team weighed without his wife, and found it just 225 pounds lighter. So he had his way, and she had her weigh.

A NEW YORK car driver when he wants to clear the track shouts: "Hi, there, hi." A Chicago driver strikes his bell, and shouts: "Shake 'em up there, will you?" A Boston driver says: "Deviate from the direct line those equine appendages, accelerate, accelerate, exhilaration; lively, now."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

SIR FREDERICK PELGRAVE BARLEE, Governor of the British island of Trinidad, and a distinguished man of science, died recently. His valuable services in promoting the prosperity of Belize, Honduras, are well known.

If people were as careful in avoiding the habits which produce disease as they are persistent in seeking cures for their ailments, the number of invalids in the world would be much reduced.





Remedies for Human Passions.

A physician of the homoeopathic school at Lyons professes, seriously, to have discovered a remedy for human passions—those moral diseases, such as envy, hatred, malice, anger, jealousy, obstinacy, avarice, etc., which render so many homes unhappy. On a pamphlet to show "how homoeopathy may improve the character of a man and develop his intelligence," he gives some wonderful instances of the cures alleged to have been effected by his special treatment, which he declares to be infallible.

In one case, a suspicious, jealous and violent husband who had ill-treated his wife for a period of sixteen years was cured, unconsciously to himself, by a few globules of nuxvomica dropped quietly into his broth, and his wife was soon deluged to hear him humming some operatic airs and addressing her as "cherie," "ma pou poule," etc. After a few days' experience of this regime the terrible Barthold was transformed into the tenderest of husbands. By a skillful alternation of other medicaments a rascally husband was corrected of his inherent faults and willful outbursts of anger. A miserly father, on being subjected to a few doses of calcearea carbonica, gave his consent to his daughter's marriage, which he had previously resisted. By the same medicine, varied in its preparation, a young student, who was backward in mathematics, was enabled to master the science without further study. The calcearea carbonica, it will be noted, cured a miser and a dotard—both suffering from the tyranny of sums and figures.

The Lyons physician has an anti-dote for everything; nux vomica, for jealousy, sulphur for drunkenness, salicica for obstinacy, arsenicum album for malice, add belladonna for imbecility. Those patients who do not happen to be laboring under these infirmities and for whom the remedies just mentioned might be prescribed for other ailments, will probably protest against their use. But unhappy partners, who believe in the efficacy of this latest application of the science of homoeopathy, may be tempted to resort to it as a means of avoiding a divorce, and certain husbands invoke its aid against their mothers in law.

Expenses of Business.

A well informed merchant of Boston recently said to a representative of the Boston Herald that he had been looking back over his accounts, and was surprised to find that since the close of the war there had been a steady increase in the ordinary expenses of carrying on business. Mere office work cost a great deal more now than it did in 1865; more clerks were needed, and, on the whole, each of these received higher pay. Assistance was required in the receiving and delivering departments to an extent and of a character that would not have been dreamed of two decades ago. Then there were a variety of incidental expenses that now entered into the compilation. There were telephone charges, printing, the expense of solicitors, the whole making up an amount sufficiently large to eat up all that would have been considered fair profits a quarter of a century ago. It is probable that the experience in different trades varies, and yet we fancy that in most lines of business statements somewhat similar to the above might be made. The tendency, all the time going on, to lessen the hours of service, both in offices and workshops, would of itself make the cost of business proportionately higher. The cheapening process, if there is one, would seem to be in enlarging the amount of business which each concern carries on.

Telephones.

To make a good and serviceable telephone, good from one firm house to another, only requires enough wire and two cigar boxes, and make a hole about an inch in diameter in the centre of the bottom of each, and then place one in each of the houses you wish to connect; then get five pounds of common iron stove-pipe wire and make a loop in one end, and put it through the hole of your cigar box and fasten it with a nail; and draw it tight to the other box, supporting when necessary with a stout cord. You can easily run your line into the house by boring a hole through the glass. Support your boxes with slats nailed across the window and your telephone is complete. The wire is one that is 200 yards long and cost fifty cents, that will carry music when the organ is playing thirty feet away in another room.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.

Humorous.

"I'm glad to see you," as the little lamb remarked to its mamma.—Boston Transcript.

A cyclone in Kansas carried away a bank building, but as the cashier had departed in an opposite direction the day before, it wasn't thought worth while to hunt after the bank.—Lowell Citizen.

An eminent clergyman, not a thousand miles from Boston, was congratulated at one time on the admirable and helpful qualities of his wife. "Yes," he replied, "she's my mentor—and my tormentor!"

The cruelty of woman's criticism sometimes goes beyond life. "Did you ever see a more natural corpse than Mrs. Podson?" asked a lady of a friend; "such a contented smile." "Contented smile!" repeated the friend; "it was all put on."

The Republican papers do not care to discuss the Mulligan letters and the Democratic journals fight shy of the Halpin case. They remind one of the preacher who said: "I will not linger long on this point," as he sat down on a carpet tack.

"HELLO, George, who did you vote for last Tuesday?" "Ah, my dear boy, I didn't vote, doncher know." "You didn't; why not?" "Well, ah, yer see, doncher know, some friends of mine were here from London and I couldn't vote without, ah, letting them see that I was an American, doncher know."—Boston Post.

"SIR, can you give a poor man a quarter?" "Why are you asking alms, my man?" "I have just come from Spain, sir; I am an earthquake sufferer." "But you are not a Spaniard; you speak good English." "O, as to that, I speak Spanish, but since the earthquakes, my Spanish is so broken that I am ashamed to converse in it."—Courier Journal.

Le d'ing a calf.

About 8 o'clock one morning a woman appeared on Michigan avenue in company with a calf. In this case the calf was a veritable animal, and was being led with a rope. Whether she had taken it from the pound or was on her way to the market she didn't explain. She hadn't time to after she got down as far as Fifth street. The two had the middle of the street and were rather enjoying the promenade, when the calf suddenly concluded that city life was too rich for his blood. He suddenly halted in his tracks and braced his fore feet at a sharp angle. The woman kept on her way for a minute, and when the strain came she lengthened that calf's neck by six inches. It was no go, however. She braced and he braced. She pulled and he pulled. By and by he began to back and gain on her. Her feet slid along for a yard or two, when she sat down and got her foot against the street-car rail. It was now time for spectators to tender their sympathies and advice, and remarks began to come in.

"Hold to him, old woman—you've got the bull!"

"Shut your eyes and you'll fetch him."

"Fish on your line—pull him in!"

Along came a grocery wagon, and the hub of a wheel rubbed the calf. He jumped clear off the ground and took a half circle around the woman, pulling her over on her side. No one offered any assistance, and when the coming car forced her to take a new position she scrambled up and got a neck hold on the calf. He at first broke down and began to bawl, but suddenly took heart and made a run for the sidewalk, dragging her along. The crowd advised her to pinch his ears, throw him down, call for the police. She was silent and grim. She got a firm hold of his neck with both hands and pulled him back into the street in spite of his bucking. To the casual observer, he was a gone calf, but as she stooped to tie her shoe a boy stuck a pin into him and he sailed right over her and brought such a strain to bear on the rope as to fling her down again. It was now a question whether she would pull his neck off or he would draw her across the street, but when the strain continued for fifteen seconds, the rope broke and the calf went off like a deer. A policeman, who had arrived too late to be of any assistance, thought to offer some consolation, but the woman made a pass at his nose with one of her dirt besmeared hands and snapped out: "Shut up! If there'd been a decent man in the hull crowd he'd have twisted that calf's tail for a poor lone widow without any asking!"—Detroit Free Press.

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