

SAMUEL MOTTER, Editor and Publisher.

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

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance; If not paid in Advance, \$1.50

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EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885.

NO. 9.

DIRECTORY, FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court. Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie. Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church. Pastor.—Rev. E. S. Johnston. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. M. Kinsler her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Geo. T. Gelwicks, Sach; Geo. G. Byers, Sen. S.; I. S. Troxell, Jun. S.; John F. Adlesberger, C. of R.; Chas. S. Zeek, K. of W.; C. J. S. Gelwicks, Prophet and Representative.

WARREN LELAND, Largest Hotel Enterprises

of America, says that while a passenger from New York on board a ship going around Cape Horn, he learned that one of the officers of the vessel had cured himself, during the voyage, of an obstinate disease by the use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Since then Mr. LELAND has recommended AYER'S SARSAPARILLA in many similar cases, and he has never yet heard of its failure to effect a radical cure.

Some years ago one of Mr. LELAND'S farm laborers bruised his leg. Owing to the bad state of his blood, an ugly scrofulous swelling or lump appeared on the injured limb. Horrible itching of the skin, with burning and darting pains through the lump, made life almost intolerable. The leg became enormously enlarged, and running plasters formed, discharging great quantities of extremely offensive matter.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

for Rheumatism, with entire success; and, after careful observation, declares that, in his belief, there is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of Liver Disorders, Gout, the effects of high living, Salt Rheum, Sores, Eruptions, and all the various forms of Blood Diseases.

We have Mr. LELAND'S permission to invite all who may desire further evidence in regard to the extraordinary curative powers of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to see him personally either at his mammoth Ocean Hotel, Long Branch, or at the popular Leland Hotel, Broadway, 27th and 28th Streets, New York.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; 75¢, six bottles for \$5.

A LESSON TO LOVERS.

She, with a milk pail on her arm, Turns aside with her young cheeks glowing, And sees down the lane the slow, dull tread

"Of the drove of cows that are homeward going, 'Bessie,' he said. At the sound she turned, Her blue eyes full of childish wonder.

"My mother is feeble and lame and old. I need a wife at my farm house yonder. 'My heart is lonely, my home is drear, I need your presence ever near me; Will you be my guardian angel, dear; Queen of my household, to guide and cheer me?"

"I had a pleasant sound," she said; "A household queen, a guiding spirit, To warm your heart and cheer your home And keep the sunshine ever near it. But I am only a simple child, So my mother says in her daily chiding. And what must a guardian angel do When she first begins her work of guiding?"

"Well, first, dear Bessie, a smiling face Is dearer far than the rarest beauty, And my mother, fretful, lame and old, Will require a daughter's loving duty; You will see to her flannels, drops and tea.

And talk with her of lungs and liver, Give her your cheerful service, dear; 'The Lord He loveth a cheerful giver.' 'You will see that my breakfast is piping hot, And rub the clothes to a snowy whiteness; Make golden butter and snowy rolls, And polish things to a shining brightness; Will darn my stockings and mend my coats, And see that the buttons are sewed on tightly; You will keep things cheerful and neat and sweet; That home's altar fires may still burn brightly.

"You will read me at evening the Daily News, The tedious winter nights beguiling, And never forget that the sweetest face Is a cheerful face that is always smiling; In short, you'll arrange in a general way For a sort of sublimary heaven. For home, dear Bessie, say what we may, Is the highest sphere to a woman given."

"The lark sung out to the bending sky— The bobolink piped in the nodding rushes, And out of the tossing clover blooms Came the sweet, clear song of the meadow thrushes; And Bessie, listening, paused awhile, They said, with a shy glance at her neighbor— 'But, John—do you mean—that is to say, What shall I get for all this labor?' 'To be nurse, companion and servant girl; To make home's altar fires burn brightly; To wash and iron and scrub and cook, And always be cheerful, neat and sprightly; To give up liberty, home and friends, Nay, even the name of a mother's giving— To do all this for one's board and clothes— Why, the life of an angel isn't worth living!"

"I think there has been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains."

"On close examination we decided that his suspicion was correct, and after some consultation we determined that the next morning we would commence digging."

"Morning came, and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig in any one place. The result was that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill."

"We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day Jack promised that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt down to the river, and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought, we might at least 'make grub,' while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but as they had entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search that I had become utterly regardless of anything else. I had dreamt of it

when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging and my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust, and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated soil."

"We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, on one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy for the rest of the day, so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, 'How long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read a dozen times statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time and then forgot the figures. How much would I have given then to have been able to recall them! The next thought was, 'How can I proceed to extricate myself. This question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with a shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was extremely likely that all which I could be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was pleasant. I racked my brains to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect.

"Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and await my fate, when I observed quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above, and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment the thought struck me that might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to make an opening large enough to allow me to crawl through it? If it only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my rescue. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison on to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel. The air at this time was quite hot and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow towards the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and was delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I forced it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then, placing my pick-handle against it, I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water, and I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel. In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance,

MY LUCK IN A TUNNEL. AN OLD MINER'S STORY.

I am an old miner. Not one of the nowadays stripe, but an old forty-nine Californian miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the new-fangled one of mining stock in companies "feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partners engaged in the summer of 1882.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions,

which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump upon lump was washed away by the stream until the channel became large enough for me to place my head in and halloo lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found it was the one we were in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found. Wishing to surprise my companions, I concealed it and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position."

On opening the bag we found about five thousand dollars worth of gold. We could never ascertain anything about Mr. Forrest, so we divided the money among us."

The World's Colossal Statues.

The statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, says the New York World, is the largest work of its kind that has ever been executed. The famous Colossus of Rhodes, according to the proportions which the legends attribute to it, was but a miniature in comparison. Other great statues are also in comparison quite small beside this gigantic copper figure. Thus the Bavaria, at Munich, measures 15 metres, 70 centimetres; the Virgin of Puy, 16 metres; St. Charles Borromeo, 22 metres. The Vendome Column in Paris is only 44 metres in height, and Liberty Enlightening the World measures 46 metres from the base to the top of the torch, or 305.11 feet above mean low water-mark. An idea of its size may be formed from the following figures: The forefinger is 3.45 metres in length and 1.44 metres in circumference at the second joint. The nail measures .35 metre by .26 metre. The head is 4.40 metres in height. The eye is .65 metres in width. The nose is 1.12 metres in length. (A metre equals 39.368 inches.) About forty persons can be accommodated in the head. It is possible to ascend into the torch above the hand. It will easily hold twelve persons. The total weight is 200,000 kilos, and the entire work represents an outlay of more than a million francs.

The statue is a vale of repose, or sheets of beaten copper, fixed on a pyramic iron trusswork. This trusswork serves as a support for the copper plates, which are supported by iron braces which are clamped on to the central core. They do not bear in the least upon the lower plates, and their weight is always independent of all that is above and below. Exhaustive mathematical calculations were made upon the resisting power of the iron pieces, upon the centre of gravity, and upon the action of high winds. The calculations were made by taking as a base the most powerful hurricanes which have been recorded in America or Europe. The copper sheets are 2 1/2 millimetres in thickness. The copper plating of the statue of St. Charles Borromeo is only one millimetre, and it has stood two centuries.

The total height of the first model was 1.25 metres. This was the study model. The next statue measured 2.85 metres. This statue was reproduced four times as large, the result measuring 11 metres in height. This statue was divided into a large number of sections, destined to be reproduced separately at four times their size. After this enlargement reproductions were no longer possible. The rest was accomplished in enormous fragments executed in wood and in plaster. This process necessitated a number of difficult measurements—9,000 in all. The profile of the forms were again taken in detail with sheets of lead pressed upon the model and the copper again worked according to the profiles. There were 300 sheets of copper used, each from one to three yards square, and weighing in all eighty-eight tons. These from the outside of the statue.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance,

A Sacred Chamber.

A long time ago I went over the house and came to a room which had been religiously closed for years. It was opened by special order, and there issued from it a certain hallowed odor which exhales an opening a long closed sanctuary. The blinds were drawn and cleanliness prevailed. We drew near a table, and my guide explained that this was the late Prince Consort's room, and everything was just as he left it when he died. The dust was nearly a inch thick on his writing-desk; a half-eaten quill was lying crosswise where he had fallen from his hand on the rack. There were several articles about, a paper weight, a book, and to the right, near the abandoned quill, a little carved frame, and in this frame a portrait. I think I can see it now—the youthful Victoria painted by Winterhalter. Her Majesty has a sweet, fair face and rosy-mouth, and she wears an apple green gown, the tint just glimmering through some folds of lace. This picture was always by the Prince Consort's side, and when this sanctum was vacated forever no one dared to touch it or even the smallest object in the room. By the Queen's orders it stands to day as it stood then. The dust is a little thicker on tapestry, chair and table, the quill still lies in its old place, and the little royal picture smiles as of yore from its half-dimmed frame. I need not say that this chamber is never opened on a royal night, but I could not help thinking of it as we walked once more through other lovely but less sacred apartments.—Charleston News.

A Sad Career.

The divorced wife of a Bonanza millionaire recently came to a mournful death principally from taking chloral, which unsettled her mind and demoralized her whole physical system. She had been weakly and ailing and felt her need of something to drown her sorrows and brace her up. Had she taken Brown's Iron Bitters she would have been invigorated so that she could have fought her sorrows off, and enjoyed healthy life. This valuable medicine cures general debility, tones the nerves, strengthens the muscles and aids digestion.

PROFESSOR MACKINTOSH, of Edinburgh, who ranks high in the medical profession, and who was physician to an extensive cholera hospital, states "that drunkards were the persons generally attacked." In contrasting the causes predisposing to cholera, he also remarks: "And, above all, the dissipated, particularly those addicted to the habitual use of ardent spirits. It has been computed that five-sixths of all who have fallen by the disease in England were taken from the ranks of the intemperate and dissolute."

THERE are nineteen known metals valued at over one thousand dollars per avoirdupois pound. The most costly is vanadium, which is said to be worth ten thousand dollars a pound. Of nineteen metals only one is produced or used to any considerable extent, and that is iridium, which is valued at \$1,000 per pound. It is sometimes, but very sparingly, used in electrical experiments.

DUTY is the power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest, with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—Gladstone.

Not a soldier in the Prussian army has died of small-pox since 1875. Their immunity is thought to be due to the strictness with which vaccination is enforced.

LIFE is like a tilting board. One person cannot rise without another's going down.—Boston Transcript.

The thimble was invented 950 years ago by Nicholas von Kempen, a goldsmith of Amsterdam.

It is well to think well of things, and to act well.—Horace Mann.

AYER'S Ague Cure

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

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

Magnolia Balm

is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and you can't tell.

