

Frederick Chronicle.

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.

VOL. VII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1886.

No. 39.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State Attorney.—Francis C. Norwood.
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.
Orphan's Court.

Judges.—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller, Robert Stokes.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—J. Hiram Taylor, Elias Gaver, Wm. H. Lakin, James U. Lawson, Cephas M. Thomas.
Sheriff.—Luther C. Derr.
Tax-Collector.—D. Z. Padgett.
Surgeon.—William H. Hillary.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Routhahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner.—D. T. Lakin.

Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, W. G. Blair, I. M. Fisher.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, John G. Hess.
School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, John G. Hess, C. T. Zacharias.
Burgess.—John G. Hess.
Town Commissioners.—D. Zeck, Jas. O. Hopp, F. W. Lansinger, Joseph Snouffer, Geo. W. Rowe, F. A. Maxwell.
Town Constable and Collector.—William A. Pennell.

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 8 o'clock, a. m., Infants Sunday School 11 p. m.
Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)
Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Heilman. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m., Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. 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. 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.—Rev. Osborn Belt. Services every other Sunday evening at 7 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.
Through from Baltimore 11:20, a. m., from Baltimore, 7:10, p. m., Hagerstown, 5:05, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:10, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:30, p. m.
Depart.
Baltimore, Way 8:35, a. m., Mechanics-town, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:35, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:35, a. m., Baltimore, (closed) 3:30, p. m., Frederick, 3:30, p. m., Motter's, 3:30, p. m., Gettysburg, 3:30, a. m.
Office hours from 7 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: D. R. Gelwicks, Sach.; E. C. Wenschoph, Sec. S.; L. O. Jhields, Jun. S.; John F. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Charles S. Zeck, K. of P.; F. Adelsberger, Representative to Great Council of Maryland.
Emerald Beneficial Association.
J. T. Bussey, President; F. A. Adelsberger, Vice President; T. E. Bussey, Secretary. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in S. R. Grider's building, West main street.
Emmit Lodge No. 47, I. O. M.
Weekly meetings every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. D. D. Grand Architect, Jos. Byers; Worthy Senior Master, L. D. Cook; Worthy Master, Geo. G. Byers; Junior Master, Jos. Houck; Recording Secretary, Jno. F. Adelsberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, Joseph Byers; Conductor, Geo. L. Gillelan; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck.

Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, E. H. Rowe; Secretary, Albert S. Rowe; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., John A. Horner.

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

Union Building Association.
President, W. S. Guthrie; Vice-President, Jas. A. Rowe; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Directors, F. A. Maxwell, D. Lawrence, Jno. G. Hess, Michael Hoke, Jno. T. Long, Geo. W. Rowe.

Farmers and Mechanics' Building and Loan Association.—President, George T. Gelwicks; Vice-President, Jno. G. Hess; Secretary, James O. Hopp; Treasurer, Joseph A. Baker; Directors, James C. Kerrigan, John T. Long, Thomas C. Seltzer, John B. Shorb, F. A. Adelsberger, James F. Hickey.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. J. A. Elder; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, J. A. Elder, O. A. Horner, Geo. R. Freeman, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Rowe, I. S. Annan.

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Extraordinary Purchase

—OF A LARGE LOT OF—

Hamburg Edging Embroideries

at half value were imported for a large jobbing house who have gone out of business and we bought them at a small advance on custom house duties, and we offer them at the following

BARGAIN PRICES:

1/4 inch wide	1 cent.	9 inches wide	25 cents.
1	2	11	30
2	5	12 1/2	45
4	7	15	50
5	10	17	75
8	20	42	95

All-Over Hamburg 75c.; Dress and Skirt Lengths in Hamburg, 95c. and \$1.00.

Our store room is too small and we must have room for Spring Goods and will offer for the next thirty days all our winter goods at cost.

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Scarlet Vests,	.75,	marked down to	.60.
" " " "	1.25,	" " "	1.00.
" " " "	1.50,	" " "	1.15.
Men's all-wool sear. shirts,	1.00,	" " "	.75.
" " " "	1.25,	" " "	1.00.
Ladies' white vests	1.00,	" " "	.75.
" " " "	.75,	" " "	.50.
Men's white mereno shirts,	1.00,	" " "	.75.
" " " "	.75,	" " "	.50.
" " " "	.50,	" " "	.35.

HOISERY! HOISERY!

Men's long shaker hose .10. Ladies' cashmere hose .17.
Ladies' fine cashmere hose .25. Children's woolen hose .05.
Everything in woolen hose at cost.
Also Blankets, Shawls, Skirts, Knit Blouses at cost. Now is the time to save money. Seeing is believing; call and be convinced.

JAMES F. BROWN,

FREDERICK, MD.

nov. 7-ly-'85.] Also, BROWN, HAMBLETON & Co., Cumberland, Md.

Western Maryland Rail Road.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 22, 1885, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.

Daily, except Sundays, Daily

Blue Mountain

STATIONS. Acc. Exp. Pst M

Hillen Station, Baltimore..... 8 00 4 00 0 00

Union Station, "..... 8 05 4 00 3 05

Penna. Avenue, "..... 8 10 4 10 3 10

Fulton Station, "..... 8 15 4 15 3 15

Chambersburg, "..... 8 25 4 25 3 25

Mr. Hope, "..... 8 28 4 28 3 28

Shiloh, "..... 8 35 4 35 3 35

Owings Mill, "..... 8 40 4 40 3 40

Glyndon, "..... 8 50 4 50 3 50

Gettysburg, "..... 9 00 5 00 4 00

Westminster, "..... 9 10 5 10 4 10

New Windsor, "..... 9 15 5 15 4 15

Linwood, "..... 9 20 5 20 4 20

Union Bridge, "..... 9 25 5 25 4 25

Frederick, "..... 9 30 5 30 4 30

Double Pipe Creek, "..... 9 35 5 35 4 35

Rock Ridge, "..... 9 40 5 40 4 40

Emmitsburg, "..... 9 45 5 45 4 45

Edgewood, "..... 9 50 5 50 4 50

Graceland, "..... 9 55 5 55 4 55

Mechanics-town, "..... 10 00 6 00 5 00

Sabillasville, "..... 10 05 6 05 5 05

Blue Ridge Summit, "..... 10 10 6 10 5 10

Pen-Mar, "..... 10 15 6 15 5 15

Edgemont, "..... 10 20 6 20 5 20

Waynesboro, "..... 10 25 6 25 5 25

Chambersburg, "..... 10 30 6 30 5 30

Shippensburg, Pa., "..... 10 35 6 35 5 35

Cherry Hill, "..... 10 40 6 40 5 40

Shippensburg, "..... 10 45 6 45 5 45

Hagerstown, "..... 10 50 6 50 5 50

Williamsport, "..... 10 55 6 55 5 55

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE EAST.

Daily except Sundays, Daily

Blue Mountain

STATIONS. Exp. Mail. Pst M

Williamsport, "..... 7 40 2 20

Hagerstown, "..... 8 00 2 40 1 05

Shippensburg, Pa., "..... 8 10 2 50 1 15

Cherry Hill, "..... 8 20 3 00 1 25

Shippensburg, "..... 8 30 3 10 1 35

Chambersburg, "..... 8 40 3 20 1 45

Waynesboro, "..... 8 50 3 30 1 55

Edgewood, "..... 9 00 3 40 2 05

"EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY."

Once in Persia reigned a king,
Who upon his signet ring
Gaved a maxim true and wise,
Which if held before his eyes
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance;
Solemn words, and these are they;
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these,
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main,
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of the court,
At the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "O, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but does not stay."
"Even this shall pass away!"

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone,
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name
Musing meekly, "What is fame?"
Fame is but a slow decay—
"Even this shall pass away!"

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Said he, with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
"Even this shall pass away."

A LINE FENCE.

"If there ain't them hens again,"
said Elias Long, setting down the milk-pail on the kitchen porch with a jerk. The stout, pleasant-faced woman to whom he spoke paused in the doorway with her bare arms twisted into her calico apron, and regarded the offenders mildly.

They were straggling through one of the numerous gaps in the broken down fence which separated Mr. Long's garden from that of his neighbor, Alvin Talcott—a procession of nine, clucking in a crooning way and stepping high. They came on with composed deliberation, pausing among the cucumbers with a contemplative air, skirting the radishes after a dissatisfied survey, and settling down at last among the tomatoes with a chorus of victorious clucks.

"It ain't going to do," said Mr. Long, wiping a disturbed face with his old red silk handkerchief. "I ain't going to stand it."
"It ain't likely he's thought of it," said his wife, tranquilly.
"He can't think of nothing but that pesky croquet business," rejoined Mr. Long, jerking his head toward his neighbor's yard, from which the sound of voices and the click of mallets proceeded. "I ain't going to stand still and get ate out of house and home by nobody's hens, if you be."

"Oh, laws, Elias!" Mrs. Long began, in easy retransience; but her husband had seized an old tin dipper from the porch-shelf, and was making for the tomato-patch as fast as his sixty years would permit. There was a wild cackling and scattering as he threw his dipper into the midst of the scratching flock, pursued them unrelentingly to the furthest possible point, and leaped exhaustedly against the sunken gate of the dilapidated fence. It was sunken with the weight of the many friendly chats held across it since the long-ago period of its erection; chats held at all times of day and upon all subjects—politics, moving machines, fertilizers, sewing societies, crochet patterns, raised cake recipes, etc.

Mr. Talcott's croquet-ground was before him. Mr. Talcott himself stood near, leaning the weight of his small and wiry person on his mallet; his hat over one ear, his cheerful, round face shining with eagerness, his whole attitude expressive of watchful and profound absorption.

His eyes were fixed upon the long figure of Bart Collicut, the champion croquet-player of the town, who stood at the other end of the ground in the act of striking. Old Dr. Blair, upon whose ball he was preparing to operate, regarded him seriously from his retirement on the well-stone; little Mr. McQuirk who had stepped across from his grocery to take a fourth hand, and

who was keeping an eye on that edifice, fidgeted about in nervous apprehension and dangerous proximity to the upraised mallet.

Mr. Long surveyed the scene with displeasure. He had, originally, strongly disapproved of Mr. Talcott's croquet-ground. He had not been sure that croquet was not on a level with "keerds" and gambling; and that a deacon of the church and a member of the town council should countenance and encourage such iniquity was a subject for grave reflection.

From this—after frequent glimpses and occasional considerations of the game, over the fence—he had softened to the opinion that it was a waste of time and a pack of foolishness; failing gradually into the habit, despite his convictions, of observing it regularly—graduating from the fence to Mr. Talcott's doorsteps, and thus acquiring a tolerable knowledge of its baleful methods. He had even been known to manifest an interest in the game, to tender advice in a crisis, to give his opinion upon a disputed point, to join in applause of a good stroke.

But he had always considered that his presence was something of a reproach and restraint. Just now, as he stood frowning down the long bewicketed ground, nothing could have convinced him that he had ever retreated in the least from his primal attitude of rigorous disapproval.

"I declare for it!" said Mr. Talcott, exultingly, as the doctor's ball came bowling into the corner; "we're getting right along! Come in," he went on affably, turning to Mr. Long. "It looks as though we'd fix 'em this time, eh?"

Mr. Long shifted his position. "You'll have to keep them hens of yourn to home," he said. "They're spoiling my garden jest about as fast as they can manage it."

Mr. Talcott's smiling face hardened. It was not the first time his neighbor had mentioned the hens; though never hitherto with so much decision.

"I don't really know as it's any of my concern," he said; "you can't jest expect for me to be chasing hens everlastingly."

"I don't know but what you bethe be chasing hens than wasting time over this here," responded his neighbor, surveying the croquet-ground with sternness in his long-featured face.

Mr. Talcott's small, bright eyes snapped.

"You hain't no call, as I know of, to give no opinion whatsoever," he retorted.

Mr. Long turned his eyes upon his irate countenance. He was slower to anger than his neighbor. "About them hens," he said; "I ruther guess this line fence better be fixed up; needs it. They couldn't get in then unless they should go round by the orchard, and that ain't likely."

"I hain't been calculating to lay out anything on fences jest at present," said Mr. Talcott, bracing himself on his short legs defiantly. "The laws allows," rejoined his neighbor "that a man's obliged to pay half toward fixing up a fence that's been complained of."

"I hadn't been calculating to lay out no money on fences," Mr. Talcott repeated, his voice rising to a sharp pitch.

They had known each other by their first names for some fifty years.

When Mrs. Long opened the kitchen door at 6 o'clock the next morning, and stood looking out at the early August day in the moment before the fried pork had sizzled itself quite brown, and the coffee come to a boil—her faculties concentrated themselves upon an unexpected circumstance just beneath her eyes.

"Elias," she said, "he's tearing down the line fence. He's got Job Dwyer helping him." She was devoid of suspicions concerning the fact; her voice was merely inquiring.

Mr. Long came to the door rather slowly. He stood there rubbing his chin doubtfully; and then went down the steps, and toward his neighbor's yard.

Mr. Talcott was working energetically. A pile of worm-eaten posts, pulled up by the roots, and broken pickets, lay before him. A little further down Job Dwyer was amassing a similar heap.

Mr. Talcott appeared unaware of his neighbor's presence. He snapped off another picket without speaking. He wore a forbidding look which set strangely on his ordinarily good-humored face.

"I thought likely you'd think better of it," Mr. Long observed, with his eyes fixed warily on the other. "This fence has been wanting fixing for quite a spell. I don't know as it's worth while tearing it down; I thought, mebbe, a little fixing up'd do it. But I'm willing to do my share, if you be calculating to build a new one."

After an unresponsive pause; "you're calculating to build a new one, I s'pose?"

"Yes, I be," Mr. Talcott rejoined, with acrimonious promptness. "Jest fetch up that crowbar, Job. This post seems to a-took roof."

Something in his voice shook his neighbor's composure. But he carried off his discomfiture creditably.

"Well," he said, "it'll be a good thing. I s'pose it ought to have been done before." He pulled a grass and chewed it undauntedly for two or three minutes before he went into the house.

"Well?" said his wife, as she set the dish of pork on the table.

"He's set out to build a new line fence," said Mr. Long, taking his seat and shoving his knife up and down between the tines of his fork.

His wife turned to look at him. Her sharp intuition rooted out the dark side of the statement.

"You hain't had words with him Elias?" she said, a quick alarm in her pleasant face. "Now you didn't have no trouble with him yesterday about them hens?"

"I told him," said Mr. Long, reaching for the coffee pot, "his hens had been making to'able free in my garden, and the fence better be fixed up. If he's a mind to flare up like a fool, I don't know as it's any of my concern."

day with an uneasy apprehension in her face.

"I don't know what to make of it," she kept thinking, in a troubled way.

She knew by the next night. The new line fence was done. It was seven feet high. There was nothing to be seen across it except the upper half of Mr. Talcott's house, the tops of the trees and the barn-roof. It rose tall and stern and forbidding. And there was no gate. It was a hostile, uncompromising barrier. It was an effective monument to Mr. Talcott's wrath and resentment.

The summer passed on into the fall, and the fall became raw and windy, and eventually snowy.

Mr. Talcott and Mr. Long did not speak to each other when they met in the street or the postoffice or the blacksmith shop; they passed each other grimly. When Mr. Talcott was appointed to the school board, of which Mr. Long was already a member, he sent in a resignation. When Mr. Long was put on a church committee of which Mr. Talcott was one, he refused to act.

It became rapidly known that the two old neighbors were "not on speaking terms;" and the causes and circumstances of the rupture were not a mystery. People came on varying pretexts to look at the fence, from one side or the other, and hear the story in detail. Often they went thence over to the other side, and listened with interest to the complementary version. The whole affair, perhaps, was welcomed as a break in the monotony of the general amicableness.

It was known too, that Mrs. Long and Mrs. Talcott were not active participants in the quarrel. Their old pleasant companionship seemed virtually ended; their backyard intercourse was necessarily cut off, and they had ceased to run in of an evening. But this was because neither felt "free to enter her neighbor's house, as matters stood; and because, in their timid womanly submissiveness, they obeyed the unspoken commands of their husbands rather than face the displeasure which would have followed a defiance of them.

They smiled when they met each other; they lingered in the church vestibule to exchange good-morning. Once Mrs. Long sent in a dish of fresh fried cakes by a neighbor's boy. He told her that Mrs. Talcott had burst out crying. She had emptied the dish, and sent it back full of apple sauce.

The autumn days filled the air with the dim blue vapor and not unpleasant odor of bonfire smoke. Mr. Talcott was late with his. He had put it off till his fall clearing was done—the garden freed of the dried and empty bean vine, and raked off; the weeds pulled up which had flourished powerless for harm during the last month or two, and which now stood black and frozen; a few dead bushes cut down, and the fruit-trees trimmed here and there. It was late in November when the pile lay ready.

Low down in the garden in a corner of the plundered potato-patch. In some of its rough hollows lay the remains of a thin snow.

Mr. Talcott lighted it directly after supper. Now and then he replenished it; at 8 o'clock it was still burning. He sat down on an old stump to look at it as it leaped and flickered itself out, lighting up a broad space around it and shining on the high fence. His wife had come out with a shawl over her head and watched it a few minutes, and gone in.

A spark from the subsiding fire snapped into a little pile of dried stalks half a rod distant, and they flamed up. A twig took fire from them and burned to its end, and a loose splinter blazed in its turn.

He watched the curious little line of light as it ate its flickering way along. There was a small deposit of dead leaves drifted up against the tall fence; they took the alarm and glowed and crackled smartly. And then the flames mounted up, and grew broader and redder—the fence had caught fire.

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]

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