

# Emmitsburg 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. VIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

No. 18.

## 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.—W. Irving Parsons.  
**Orphan's Court.**  
Judges.—John T. Lowe, John H. Keller, Robert Stokes.  
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.  
**County Commissioners.**—Samuel Dittrow, Elias Gayer, Wm. H. Lakin, James W. Lawson, Cephas M. Thomas.  
Sheriff.—Luther C. Derr.  
Tax-Collector.—W. H. Baughman.  
Surveyor.—William H. Hilleary.  
**School Commissioners.**—Samuel Dittrow, Herman L. Rutzman, David B. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.  
**Examiner.**—F. R. Neighbors.  
**Emmitsburg District.**  
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, I. M. Fisher, Henry Eyer.  
Registrar.—E. S. Tancy.  
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Joseph C. Rosensteel.  
**School Teachers.**—Joseph Waddles, John G. Hess, G. T. Zacharias.  
**Burgess.**—William G. Blair.  
**Town Commissioners.**—Daniel Sheets, Jas. O. Hopp, Ed. H. Rowe, Joseph Snoffer, Michael Hoke, George T. Gelwick.  
**Town Constable and Collector.**—William H. Ashbaugh.

## CHURCHES.

**Er. 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, a. m., Infant's Sunday School at 11 p. m.  
**Church of the Incarnation, (Ref'd.)**  
Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Hellman. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every other Sunday, evening at 7 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 9 o'clock, p. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 8 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., 3 Masses 9 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m.  
**Meholisi Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. Osborn Bell. 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.

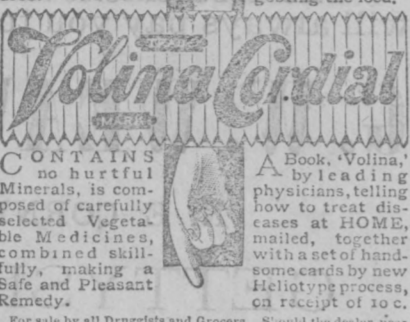
**Arrive.**  
Through from Baltimore 11:20, a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:10, p. m., Hagerstown, 5:05, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:10, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:30, p. m.  
**Depart.**  
Baltimore, Way 8:35, a. m., Mechanicstown, Hagerstown, Hanover, 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, 8:30, 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 Cornet Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: D. R. Gebickis, Sach; E. C. Wenschhoff, Sen. S.; L. O. Jields, Jun. S.; John P. Adlesberger, C. of R.; Charles S. Zeck, K. of W.; Geo. T. Gelwick, Prophet; John F. Adlesberger, Representative to Great Council of Maryland.  
**Emmittsburg Beneficial Association.**  
J. T. Bussey, President; F. A. Adlesberger, Vice President; T. E. Bussey, Secretary. Meets the 4th Sunday of each month, at S. R. Grider's building, West main street.  
**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. Honck; Recording Secretary, Jno. F. Adlesberger; Financial Secretary, R. P. Johnston; Treasurer, Josiah Byers; Conductor, Geo. L. Gillian; Chaplain, C. S. Zeck.  
**Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.**  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Secretary, Albert S. Rowe; Vice-President, L. D. Cook; Treasurer, W. H. Hoke; Capt., Geo. T. Eyester; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., G. W. Bushman.  
**Emmitt Building Association.**  
Pres't, C. F. Rowe; Vice Pres't, D. Lawrence; Ed. H. Rowe, Sec'y, and Treasurer; Directors, George P. Bean, Jos. Snoffer, 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. Gelwick; Vice-President, Jno. G. Hess; Secretary, James O. Hopp; Treasurer, Joseph A. Baker; Directors, James M. Kerrigan, John T. Long, Thomas C. Seltzer, John B. Shorb, F. A. Adlesberger, James E. Hickey.  
**Emmitsburg Water Company.**  
President, L. 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, John Donoghue, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Rowe, I. S. Annan.

## Volina Cordial

**CURES**  
DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, WEAKNESS, CHILLS AND FEVERS, MALARIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.



It gives NEW LIFE to the whole SYSTEM by Strengthening the Muscles, Toning the NERVES, and completely Digesting the food.

CONTAINS No harmful Minerals, is composed of carefully selected Medicines, combined skillfully, making a Safe and Pleasant Remedy.

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**Dr. J. H. HICKEY,** DENTIST, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office Geo. W. Rowe's building, West Main St. Jan 5-11

**C. V. S. LEVY,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK, MD.

Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. Jan 12-17

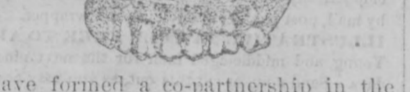
**Edward S. Eichelberger,** ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. Dec 9-17

**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 practice requires it. Aug 15-17

**H. CLAY ANDERS, D.D.S., FRANK K. WHITE, D.D.S.,** ANDERS & WHITE, SURGEON DENTISTS, MECHANICSTOWN, MD.



Have formed a co-partnership in the practice of Dentistry. Office directly opposite the Post Office, where one member of the firm will be found at all times. The following appointments will be promptly kept—

EMMITSBURG, at the Emmitt House—On Friday of each week.

UNION BRIDGE—The First and Third Monday of each month. June 12

—CALL ON—**GEO. T. EYSTER,** —AND—

See his splendid stock of **GOLD & SILVER, Key & Stem-Winding WATCHES.**

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

This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. TERMS—Board and Tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior. Mar 15-17

**Zimmerman & Maxell!** —AT THE— **BRICK WAREHOUSE,** DEALERS IN GRAIN & PRODUCE, COAL, LUMBER, FERTILIZERS, HAY AND STRAW. 114-79.

**KNABE** Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.

These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and up on their excellence alone have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE WHICH establishes them as unequalled in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for years. **SECOND HAND PIANOS.**

A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated

**SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS,** AND OTHER LEADING MAKES. Prices and terms to suit all purchasers. **WM. KNABE & CO.,** 204 & 206 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, July 5-17

## A BOY OF YE OLDEN TIME.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago— For such boys are not found now-a-days, you know— Whose friends were as troubled as they could be Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day, And the boy said "Yes," and hurried away, But he met a man with a musical top, And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in; but, ah me! ah me! For a boy with a hole in his memory! When he rose to recite he was all in doubt; Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—oh, terrible lot! He could speak but two words: "I forgot!" Would it not be sad, indeed, to be A boy with a hole in his memory?

## A QUEER STORY

Dr. Pancheon, bishop of Wattleport, was suffering from toothache, and Mr. Ponder, his chaplain, was afflicted with the same complaint indirectly; that is to say, that my lord's temper was so testy that Mr. Ponder ached in spirit. How these little ills upset even the most pious men in a moment! Prelatical sanity of the highest order was the bishop's usual style. It would have converted an infidel to see him smile, but now, alas! with his face bandaged up on the left side and both his hands pressing on the bandage to deaden the intolerable throb, throb in the nerve of the biggest grinder, his lordship cut a miserable figure. Every time Mr. Ponder entered his lordship's study, the bishop fairly snarled at him. "Really, my lord," said Mr. Ponder at last, "supposing you were to go to the dentist's?"

There was such a glare in my lord's eyes that the chaplain dared not repeat the suggestion a second time. The dentist's!—as if any man with a cheek swollen like that was going to put it into the hands of a person with a pair of forceps—a fellow who would seize upon the Episcopal tooth like a rusty nail in an old plank and wrench it about till the maddening pain forced his lordship to holloa. It was all very well to say that my lordship might control himself and keep from shouting; but he was very sensitive to pain, and Mr. Ponder ought to have known. The chaplain's proposal was irreverent, God men do not like to have their teeth scrawched out of their jaws by an upstart calling himself a dentist. The bishop was just then trying an embrocation with some laudanum, and that would, no doubt, bring relief presently; if not, it would be time to try something else.

But the embrocation did not bring relief. Parliament was about to open, and the bishop wanted to attend to his duties, both in the House of Lords and in convocation. Yet he could not go to London with such a face as that. After a sleepless night he arose sorrowful and sulky, no longer having spirit enough to growl at his chaplain, but disposed to solicit his pity and to beg any small suggestion which the reverend gentleman might have imagination enough to make. "What on earth am I to do, Ponder?" he said, piteously.

Now, there was a fair going on in Wattleport just then, and Mr. Ponder had heard the previous evening of a kind of charlatan who had come into the town and set up a temporary consulting room for painless dentistry. This man called himself Prof. Von Tweyzer, and a big yellow car was going around the streets with a brass band in it, and flaming posters on the sides flaunting testimonials which the professor had received from a multitude of crowned heads.

"Of course, one doesn't believe much in these testimonials," said Mr. Ponder, when he had timidly introduced the professor's name to the bishop's attention; "but it is a positive fact that this man extracts teeth without pain. I heard yesterday that old Mrs. Plummer had had two teeth pulled out by him and found it rather enjoyable." "Rather enjoyable?" moaned the bishop.

"That is really how she described it," affirmed the chaplain. "It seems he sends you to sleep with a kind of laughing gas (protoxyde of azote), which gives pleasant dreams, and when you wake the tooth is gone."

The bishop was evidently tempted. His poor tooth was quite tickled at that word "gone;" but how could he patronize a mountebank who drove about in a car with a brass band?

"O, but he has hired rooms over the pastry-cook's in the High Street," you wouldn't like to go to him, my Lord, he might come to you."

"Yes, and he'd bring his brass band to play outside the palace whilst he was pulling my tooth out," demurred the Bishop. "That would never do. The whole town would talk about it."

"Of course, he would take some credit to himself if he operated upon you; but would that much matter if he removed your tooth without pain?"

"No, it won't do, Ponder; I can't patronize a charlatan."

The bishop of Wattleport was strongly conservative and loathed innovations, political, ecclesiastical, or social. Patronizing a mountebank dentist would have been to him like countenancing a Dissenter or a Radical; and so he resisted throughout the whole morning, thinking it better to suffer than to put faith in a new doctrine. In matters of church and state, however, it sometimes happened that events were too strong for his Lordship, and then he was apt to give way to novelties all of a sudden. He did so in the case of the mountebank dentist. Towards luncheon-time the pain in his grinder had become so excruciating that he abruptly caught up his shovel-hat and groaned:

"Come along, Ponder; we must positively get it over. Show me the way. I—I—don't care what people say."

It was touching to see how the bishop identified his chaplain with his toothache. He said "we" must get it over, as if Mr. Ponder must be as much interested in the extraction of the grinder as his Lordship himself; and, indeed, such was the case. The chaplain made haste to pilot the bishop; and the pastry-cook's shop over which Prof. Von Tweyzer lived was soon reached. There was the odious yellow car, with band playing "Wait till the clouds roll by," at the very door; but for this the bishop did not care, now that he was bent on surrender. He plunged through the open doorway of the private entrance, where a negro boy in livery was distributing prospectuses, and hurried up-stairs. Two people were in the waiting-room—the Rev. Jubal Smoot, the leading Nonconformist minister in the borough, and his sister, Miss Eureka Smoot, an elderly virgin, whose face was in the same lamentable condition as the bishop's own.

The bishop had forgotten that he might have to tarry in the waiting-room, and the first sight of these Smoots almost sent him down-stairs again. It was particularly disagreeable to him to meet them, though it struck him that they were just the kind of people whom he might have expected to find in such a place. Mr. Smoot colored and looked slightly embarrassed, Miss Smoot endeavored to conceal the whole of her unprepossessing countenance with her pocket handkerchief, while the bishop fingered the brim of his shovel hat and plumped into a chair. No signs of recognition were exchanged between Mr. Smoot and the chaplain, who thought very badly of each other. Each of the reverend gentlemen turned up his nose toward the ceiling.

A door was opened, two ladies who had been operated upon made their escape like mice from a trap, and a queer looking foreigner with hay-colored beard and spectacles bounded into the room smiling. He wore a velvet sack jacket, carpet slippers, and an embroidered smoking cap with a gold tassel. He smelt of tobacco and patchouli,

"I am ready for zee ladee," he said, smirking towards Miss Smoot. "I can wait," faltered that lady to her brother. The fact is, she did not wish the bishop to hear her yell if the operation obliged her to go to such extremities.

"If the bishop would like to go in first?" suggested Mr. Smoot. "Thankee!" muttered the bishop and in he went without more ado, followed by Mr. Ponder.

There was a liveried nigger in the room, like the one down-stairs; and on the table were spread a number of pamphlets in blue and orange covers, written by the professor; also a large stock of powders, lotions, and patent medicines of his inventing.

"You are zee bishop of zees place?" said Von Tweyzer, affably, as he noticed his patient's costume. "You must read my work on rotten teeth—here, von shilling and sixpence."

"Thank you, I—I am in great pain," stammered his Lordship, declining the proffered pamphlet.

"His lordship wants you to examine his mouth," said Mr. Ponder, severely, trying to inculcate a less airy style of address upon the dentist.

"Yes, but he should read my works," said Von Tweyzer, with German stolidity. "Here is zee 'Vilosophy of Deething,' von skillfulness and innepence. You must expect to have bad teeth if you vill not read."

The bishop had sat down in the brown leather operating chair, and reclined with his mouth open in mute agony. Von Tweyzer approached him with an assortment of dental literature in one hand and of boxes and little bottles in the other: "Meester Bishop, I vil recommend ziz Odontolins, dree shillings and seexpence. Vich vill you have?"

"Ponder, please tell this person that—that I wish he would attend to my tooth," said his Lordship.

"Of course, if you vill not buy I cannot force you," remarked the German. "Now I vill look at your tooth. To prevent mistakes, you must pay in advance."

"How much will it be?" asked Mr. Ponder, gravely displeased at such a discourteous stipulation.

"It will be von pound if there is only one tooth. Dat is it, meester. Now you can sit down while I see you to your friend. Here is zee copy of testimonials I received from all zee sovereigns of zee world. It costs nothink. You can but it in your boocket."

The band on the car outside was crashing out "Let me kiss him for his mother." The German, with his strong scent of rank cigar and perfume, had got his forefinger in the bishop's mouth and the negro was grinning in his face. What a situation for a Lord Spiritual to be placed in!

Mr. Ponder, seated on the opposite side of the room, watched what went on with anxious curiosity. He saw the negro hold up an apparatus that looked like a lamp, and which had a tube attached to it with a perforated nozzle at the end. The nozzle was put into proximity of the bishop's nose, and a pungent chemical odor was diffused through the room. "Your friend is not nervous?" asked Von Tweyzer of Mr. Ponder.

"No—o. I think not."

His lordship was kicking off feebly with his right leg; a snort like the gurgling of water escaped from his nostrils, and his breathing was heavy. Mr. Ponder thought he was gradually dozing off into unconsciousness. All at once, however, the bishop sprang bolt upright and uttered a howl which made a freezing thrill run through his chaplain's marrow. Then he laughed—such a laugh!—a series of prolonged staccato noises, like a hyena's at dinner time.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Von Tweyzer. "Hees nerves were out of order and zee dose was too strong. Vy, did you not tell me? Help!"

This exclamation was caused by the bishop's suddenly beginning to kick out, as if he had St. Vitus' dance and was preparing for a

breakdown. An uncontrollable nervous agitation had seized him. His arms, legs, eyes, and lips were all moving together. He staggered into the middle of the room like a drunken man, stumbled over a chair, clutched at the tablecloth to support himself, and brought down the whole stock of pamphlets, boxes, and bottles with a crash, and all the time he was convulsed with that hysteric laugh, which frightened the chaplain out of his wits.

"Help!" screamed Von Tweyzer; "we must hold him till zee paroxysm passes," and he made a rush at the bishop to pin him down as he tottered to his feet.

But he got a straightly-planted blow on the nose for his pains, and the chaplain, who had run forward, was favored with a second. Under the influence of the delirium which had seized him, the bishop of Wattleport acted like a maniac in fear for his life, and his strength was quintupled. He thought himself surrounded by enemies, and he hit out to right and left, shrieking like a demon. Attracted by the hulla-balloo, the Rev. Mr. Smoot and his sister hurried in, and came in for their share of the good things going on. Miss Eureka was knocked backwards into the fender, and Mr. Smoot got a hit on the mouth which sent him over the table where the instruments were, and brought him to the ground seated on the sharp point of a gum-lancet. Meanwhile Von Tweyzer, who had rallied from his first assault, came up with his face all streaming with blood and tried to close with his patient. The punishment he received made him roar, and curse, and bawl louder than ever for help; but the band below, which had now struck up "Hark to the battle, mother," prevented any of the sounds of conflict from reaching the people in the street.

It was a desperate fight that the five people had to get the rampageous bishop into subjection, and they all suffered severely in the struggle. Von Tweyzer's battered face was wonderful to see; Mr. Ponder had had his collar torn off and his nose was swollen like a tomato. Mr. Smoot had a black eye, and his sister was a mass of ruins, with her hair down, her bonnet wrenched aside, and her face plastered with Odontine Powder, of which the bishop had flung a handful into her eyes. The nigger boy was hurt too, but less than the rest, for he had shown great prudence in the encounter. At last, however, the bishop was fairly conquered, and lay back senseless in the chair, breathing hard. Mr. Ponder, though so cruelly punished, had the presence of mind to think of the aching tooth at this juncture, and suggested to the dentist that it should be pulled out before my lord awoke.

The bleeding and angry Von Tweyzer at first answered with some invocation to der teufel, vowing he must have compensation, that he was ruined, and so forth; but he yielded to the reasonable arguments which Mr. Ponder put forth through his swollen nose, and bidding his four assistants hold "this tuffel of a man" tight down, he inserted his forceps into the bishop's mouth and whisked out the tooth in a twinkling. The band had ceased to play now. The only sounds audible were the plaintive sighs of the two clergymen and the sniveling sobs of Miss Eureka.

A few minutes later the bishop awoke from his coma, sat up, rubbed his eyes, and smiled sweetly. "Where am I? Ah, I remember. Is it out, Ponder? H'm, it was quite painless."

"Quite painless, you call it?" echoed the incensed Von Tweyzer. "It was not painless to me, sare."

"What does this person say?" inquired the bishop, and then a puzzled look spread over his face as he noticed the confusion around him. Whilst he was razing his month into the basin the story of what had happened was told him by the chaplain, with frequent interpolations by the dentist, who demanded damages with all the more vehemence as he knew that he was

entitled to none at all. It was his own fault if accidents had happened through his injudicious use of protoxyde of azote. However, the bishop was generous, and gave him a £5 note. He also apologized most blandly and contritely to Mr. Smoot and Miss Eureka, who as good Christians could not but give their pardon with wry smiles. Neither the bishop nor Mr. Ponder waited, however, to see Miss Eureka operated on.—London Truth.

## STUDY AT HOME.

A thoughtful woman writes to an exchange on this subject as follows: Too many of our girls leave school with an idea that their studying days are over, instead of taking with them the thought that their time for good study has just begun. Many of them go into their homes, taking up a little of the housework, helping about the sewing and waiting for the right man to come along and marry them. A few, of course go to teaching or into other regular work which gives them support and keeps them busy a certain number of hours each day; but very few even of these find time among the remaining hours to put in any amount of real study for improvement of mind, such as a girl just out of school is capable of taking.

Now this is not as it should be, for as young men step out into the world they nearly all of them carry from college, or even from the common school, some habits of study which they intend shall follow them all through their lives, and, by constantly using what they have, they not only keep all they have acquired, but they may gain a little each year. As the majority of our girls will some day become wives and mothers, and as they must in the natural course of events have more or less to do with the making up of a neighborhood at least, they each and every one ought to have some thought of self-improvement, some idea of making herself the most useful woman possible.

Our ladies' clubs of to-day make a very happy effort in the direction of improvement of members by giving each lady some especial line of work; and, having this one object in view, she will readily work in that line for a time, then very easily slip off on to another subject or class of subjects. So in this way she keeps the habits of study already formed in girlhood, and with the years of experience will come strength of mind and character that can't help holding a great influence in her little world.

Then, in the home; if the mother be able to think and talk well upon the great subjects of the day, how much more apt the boys and girls are to form opinions upon the questions brought up for discussion! Of course, at first they but echo the thoughts they hear expressed at home, but not many years pass before they begin to form opinions of their own, and then they easily learn to express them.

If the mother be interested in new books; if she watch the discoveries in science, though only in a general way; why, if she only read the "daily" regularly—it is something—it may be much in the education of the home. There will be an air of intelligence and refinement which will rarely come in any other way.

Regular study, even though it be only in the form of reading, ought to be a part of every day's duties in every home in the land.

There are two simple tests by which we can always convince ourselves whether a person is really dead or not. When the fingers of a person who is supposed to be dead are fully extended, but kept near together, and if placed in front of a candle light in a dark room, a peculiar bright color, due to the capillary circulation, will be visible where the fingers touch each other, if there is any life left. The other is based upon the well-known fact that the muscles of a human being will never respond for a longer time to the strongest electrical current than for one hour and a half after death; while as long as life lasts, may its evidence be ever so little, the contractility of the muscles, if not affected by some form of paralysis—and in cases thus affected, when death seems to occur, it always is real—remains.

THE POLITICAL CANVASS.

The political canvass has opened for the present campaign under unusually bright auspices.

The conflict thus proceeding on the elevated plane of an honorable contest for victory, cannot but command the respect and interest of every citizen.

Numerous clubs in favor of the respective candidates have been formed; these of course will awaken and concentrate interest in their several localities.

Unless some over zealous friends on either side introduce unexpected issues into the contest, it will proceed as before indicated on personal preferences.

The duty of every good citizen will be to fail not in duly depositing his vote.

THE COAL CONSPIRATORS.

Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, has at last taken notice of the combinations of companies incorporated under the laws of that State in what is known as the Anthracite Coal Syndicate and in the trunk-line pool.

The first injuriously and unwarrantably taxes every freestone, imposing upon coal consumers the losses some of its members have suffered through speculation.

The Governor calls upon the Attorney-General to take action, and draws his attention to the State Constitution, which declares that "no incorporated company doing the business of a common carrier shall directly or indirectly prosecute or engage in mining or manufacturing articles for transportation over its works."

The same journal of a later date says:

The coal barons of Pennsylvania who conspire and combine to regulate the price of fuel smile at the idea that the law can reach them.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Knights of Labor, nearly 900 delegates, met in Richmond, Va., on Monday. Gov. Lee made an address of Welcome which was responded to by General Master Workman T. V. Powderly.

Violent earthquake shocks have occurred throughout Thuringia and other parts of Central Germany.

WHAT THE GEORGE MOVEMENT MEANS.

Henry George is supported as a candidate for Mayor with a determined enthusiasm that already alarms the politicians.

The principal speakers at Mr. George's meetings have been clergymen, college professors, doctrinaires or philosophers who for the most part have no sympathy with his views in regard to property and no faith in his remedies for social disorders.

In our judgment it is this: The George movement is a protest—a deep, disgusted protest, not wholly free from anger—against the evils, abuses and corruptions that are rooted in our politics and bearing fruit in our government.

It is strange that thousands of persons, believing Henry George to be an able, honest and fearless man independent of parties and superior to bosses, and knowing his championship of the cause of Labor, should turn to him—blindly though it may be—to emphasize their protest against the existing order of things?

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WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

The talk of a general war in Europe continues and comments are lightly made on the changes in geographical designation which would follow.

According to some figures recently given by an Italian newspaper, the Russian army comprises 2,200,000 men, the German army 2,600,000, the Austrian about 1,100,000, the Turkish over half a million, the English nearly 700,000, the French 2,500,000 and the Italian about 2,200,000.

There is no startling news in the announcement that the Democrats have carried Georgia again, but it is pleasing to record the fact that the State has selected John B. Gordon for Governor.

COMMISSIONER BLACK, of the pension bureau, reports that on June 30, the close of the fiscal year, there were 365,783 pensioners on the rolls, each pensioner receiving upon an average \$122.23 per annum.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Special to the Emmitsburg Chronicle.

OCTOBER 6.—The annual report of General Miles, embodying the story of Geronimo's surrender, has been recently received by the acting Secretary of War.

It will not be made public at once, owing in part, it is understood, to what is considered its incompleteness with respects to the Geronimo episode.

The children have a grand time every day in the Pastime Section. The Sewing Machine display at the Exposition is something wonderful, and is a grand centre of attraction for the ladies.

Among other attractions here last week was a dog show, in which some very fine animals were exhibited. Among them were two great Bernards imported from the Alps in Switzerland.

The Pastime Section and the "Japanese Village" continue to interest and amuse old and young folks.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

Special to the Emmitsburg Chronicle.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 4.—The weather during the weeks that have elapsed since the Southern Exposition opened, has been exceptionally good and the attendance equal to, if not larger than at any position held here hitherto.

Prof. Damrosch and his great orchestra gave their closing concert on Friday evening the 24th of September, and on Saturday afternoon, Cappa, the soldier musician and the people's favorite, with his great band of forty pieces, went on the stage when an immense concourse gave the opening notes of his first concert a joyous greeting.

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THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

ARCHDEACON KAVANAGH, parish priest of Kildare, county Kildare, Ireland, and formerly president of St. Patrick's College at Carlow, was instantly killed Tuesday morning while celebrating mass at his own altar, by portions of it falling in.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR gave a dinner on Sunday in honor of the venerable historian George Bancroft, on having reached the age of eighty-six, at Beau lieu the home of the elder branch of the Astor family.

A YOUNG man out of work began peddling lead pencils about Norris-town, Pa. He went into a manufacturer's office, and, as the proprietor good-naturedly listened, praised his pencils and drew figures on a bit of paper to show how good they were.

THE lucifer match was invented by John Walker, of Stockton-upon-Tees (England), in 1829. Mr. Walker manufactured but few of these matches and those were for the use of the people of his neighborhood.

JAMES TUCKER, colored, of Sandyston, Sussex county, has the distinction of being the most extensive producer of eggs in New Jersey. His poultry yards contain 500 hens of white leghorn breed, and from these he obtains thirty dozen eggs a day.

Among other attractions here last week was a dog show, in which some very fine animals were exhibited. Among them were two great Bernards imported from the Alps in Switzerland.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

DAILY ARRIVALS

EVERYTHING SEASONABLE DRESS GOODS Dry Goods Generally! Carpets, Oil Cloths and Rugs! The assortment and prices you find with us will always pay you to come a distance for. G. W. WEAVER & SON, N. E. CORNER DIAMOND, GETTYSBURG, PA.

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ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM GOLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY FEVER. A Great Medical Work on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Exhausted Vitality, &c., &c., and the untold miseries resulting from indigestion or excesses.

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ILLUSTRATIVE Sample FREE. KNOW THYSELF. A Great Medical Work on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline in Man, Exhausted Vitality, &c., &c., and the untold miseries resulting from indigestion or excesses.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Exp., Mail, Fst M. Includes stations like Hillen Station, Union Station, Penn. Avenue, Fulton Station, etc.

Western Maryland Rail Road.

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Have you Cough, Phlegm, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARSONS' TONIC. It is the best remedy for all diseases of the blood and system arising from impurity and exhaustion.

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GETTYSBURG FOR OVERCOATS And Fall Clothing. Men's Suits \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.75, \$6.00, \$7.00, up to \$18.00.

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A History of the United States,

BOUND IN LEATHERETTE TREE CALF, GILT, AND CONTAINING TWENTY-TWO FINE ENGRAVINGS. This dainty book of 250 (two) pages is printed on good paper, with wide margins, and is a prize for a bibliophile.

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Miscellaneous.

THE GRAVE OF SUTTER.

Story of the Man Who Discovered Gold in California.

In the corner of the old Moravian burying-ground at Lititz, eight miles from this place, there is a stone which is always the first to catch the eye of the visitor.

There is no difficulty in identifying the solitary grave in the corner. The mound above it is twice as big as any of the others and a large marble slab covers it entirely. The inscription tells that he who sleeps here was

Born February 28, 1803, at Kander, Baden. Died June 18, 1846, at Washington, D. C. Reinterred in Paoli.

There is a long story of an eventful life between those two dates. The name inscribed above them is the name of Gen. John Augustus Sutter, whose mill race on the bank of the Sacramento was the source of all the mighty stream of gold that has flowed from California. He who is now first only in this very humble community where all others are equal made the discovery that shook the financial centres of both hemispheres, won half a continent to civilization, and created bonanza kings to be Senators and their wives to be the envy of the most delectable and distinguished society abroad.

Buried along with those who abhorred war and would not fight on any account, he in his lifetime wore a sword, in the armies of three nations. One in possession of land now worth a hundred million of dollars, he lived the last sixteen years of his life dependent on an allowance from the State of California. He made millionaires and died a pensioner.

He was always a wanderer. Born in Baden in 1803, he graduated from the Military College at Berne at the age of twenty and enlisted in the Swiss Guard of the French army, the successors of that famous band of mercenaries who were so faithfully butchered in the marble halls of Versailles thirty years before. After seven years' service he changed his colors and entered the Swiss army, where he served four years. Then he put off his uniform and shortly came to this country. In 1838, with six companions, he went across the plains to Oregon and down the Columbia River to Vancouver, whence he sailed to the Sandwich Islands. There he got an interest in a trading vessel, with which he sailed to Sitka and the seal islands up towards Behring's Sea. Turning southward after some profitable trading he arrived in the Bay of San Francisco July 2, 1839. The appearance of the country pleased him and he decided to remain.

He made a settlement some distance up the Sacramento River, built a grist-mill, a tannery and a fort, founded a colony and called it, for the sake of having an Alpine murmur in his ears, New Helvetia. His restless energy was still unsatisfied. He took a commission as captain in the Mexican service and afterwards served as a magistrate under the same Government. He took no active part in the war against this country, and after the annexation he was Alcalde, Indian Commissioner and member of the California Constitutional Convention.

In 1848 came the discovery that enriched the world and impoverished him. Marshall, a laborer digging out a new race to Sutter's mill, picked up a curious lump of something yellow, which Sutter at once recognized as gold. The mill-race was never finished. The laborer turned his pick to a more ambitious purpose and set out to dig himself a fortune. The miller bought himself a shovel and went forth to take toll of the yellow sand. The stream that was to turn the mill-wheel became suddenly worth more than any grist that it could grind. The sequel is well known. The rushing tide of Argonauts overwhelmed the little colony of New Helvetia and washed away Sutter's imperfect title to his land.

He made a brave fight and a long one. He laid claim to thirty-three square leagues of land, including that on which the cities of Sacramento and Marysville now stand. After long delay the Commissioner of Public Lands allowed the claim and after more delay the Supreme Court of the United States reversed the decision. Then Gen. Sutter carried his claim before Congress, to go through the tedious experience of most people who take claims there. He was still prosecuting it in 1871, when he happened to come to Lititz to drink the wholesome waters of its spring. The quiet of the place and the peaceful life of its people appealed to the restless old man, who was beginning to get tired of his long battle, and he made his home there—until I get my claim through," he said.

He was at Washington, still getting his claim through, when death overtook him in 1880. His Moravian neighbors made room for him in a corner of their burying-ground although, as he was not a member of their congregation, he could not be buried with the trombone. When a Moravian dies, at whatever hour of the day or night, a man mounts the tower of the quaint, squat church and blows a doleful signal on a trombone. The trombone-player also marches at the head of the funeral procession. The music is a strange, plaintive wailing, not only contributing to the comfort of the soul, but also of the most important to their health.

Humorous.

In view of the recent earthquake shocks, can it be said any longer that there is a solid South?—Lancaster Post-Express.

The lawyer is happiest when his friends are in trouble; a doctor, when friends are seriously sick; an undertaker, when his friends are dead.

More Marital Amenities.—"If you had the sense of a donkey you would listen to me," She—"I fear I should, my dear,"—Harper's Bazar.

"What is the first step toward securing a divorce?" asked a client of a Philadelphia lawyer.—"Get married," was the prompt reply. Philadelphia Herald.

A COLORED woman was heard this morning informing a neighbor that last night's storm frightened her so that she "shook like an asphal."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A boy eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, promptly and triumphantly replied "a baby."

How much dirt is there in a hole ten feet square and ten feet deep?—Oskaloosa Herald. Any school-boy will tell you that there isn't any; if the hole is there the dirt has all been taken out.—Peck's Sun.

"Do you know that Nigger is so weak that he can't stand alone?" asked the Judge. "Mercy, no," replied the Major. "What's the matter with him?" "Why, I asked him if he could stand a load of \$5, and he said he couldn't."—Tid-Bits.

A LITTLE black boy stood with his small sister at the edge of a water-lily pond in Florida. "Ephim," said the girl, "what makes \$5 man eat-tails grow in his head?" "Doan you know?" inquired Ephim; "why do you grow up four kittens that people hez drowned in de pon", of course?"

It was at a dinner-table. His father was saying something to his mother about dynamite. "Oh," exclaimed Jack, looking across to Eloise, with an evident desire to impress her with his acquirements, "I know what dynamite is."

"What is it?" inquired Eloise. "It's something that you blaspheme rocks with," Jack explained.

"Well, how did you like the sermon Sunday?" we heard one lady ask another on the court-house pavement recently. "The sermon?" "Yes. You were at church, weren't you?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, then, how did you like the sermon?" "I didn't hear any sermon; I belong to the choir," was the self-satisfied rejoinder.—Chambers's Repository.

A GERMAN went into a restaurant, and as he took his seat, an Irish waiter came up and bowed politely.

"Wie geht's?" said the German, also bowing politely.

"What cakes?" abounded the waiter, mistaking the salutation for an order.

"Nein! nein!" said the German. "Nine!" said the waiter.

"You'll be lucky if you get three."—New York Sun.

A MAN who has invented a coffee-mill cannon which will kill eight hundred men a minute was trying to form a stock company in a Michigan town the other day. An old citizen who had money to invest was brought up and introduced, and after having the workings of the gun explained to him, he inquired, "Is she sure fire, and kill eight hundred men every minute, eh?" "It will," "Well, that's satisfactory—perfectly satisfactory, but I guess I won't invest. I'd rather wait and get a contract for furnishing the gravestones for your victims."—Wall-Street News.

"Say, Millus, when air yer gwine ter name yer new boy?" said a negro upon meeting an acquaintance.

"Done named him." "Dat so?" "Yes, sah." "Hopes yer gin him er big name?" "T did. Named him arter er big congressman."

"What does yer tall hint?" "Oleomargarine Bill." "Dat's right. Name him arter de statesman, an' de folks kin't say dat he's er slow." Dat conger man what yer named him arter his ole hole and gress in a long time and ole house nite? He's de smart man, de smartest er Travler.

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Send to all who ask it a pamphlet containing much of such testimony. And yet if you have Rheumatism why suffer one day longer than is necessary. It costs only \$2.50 to be cured, and while you are making up your mind to try it you might be made well. The

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has saved every Rheumatism sufferer who has given it a fair trial. It is for you to decide whether or not it shall cure you. Price \$2.50. If registered, see, mono. One box free the business. Trade-Mark without the Trade-Mark. PFAELZER BROS. & CO. 519-521 Market Street, Philadelphia.

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THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION

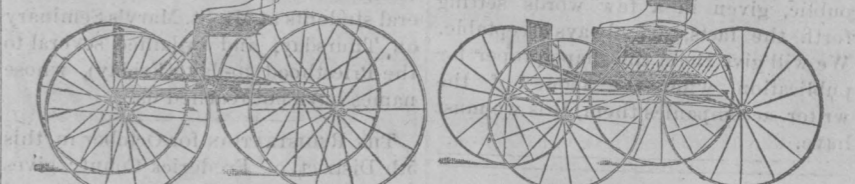


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