

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, DECEMBER 18, 1886.

No. 28.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. John Ritchie.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—Frank C. Norwood.
Clerk of the Court.—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.—W. H. Baughman.
Surgeon.—William H. Hickey.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dintrow, Herman L. Rountain, David D. Thomas, E. H. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Excavator.—F. R. Neighbors.
Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knott, I. M. Fisher, Henry Eyer.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Joseph C. Rosensteel.
School Trustees.—Joseph Wadles, John G. Hess, C. F. Zacharias.
Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Treasurers.—Daniel Sheets, Jas. O. Hopp, E. H. Rowe, Joseph Snouffer, Michael Hoke, George T. Golwicks.
Town Constable and Collector.—William H. Ashbaugh.

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. Infant's Sunday School 11 a. m.
Church of the Incarnation (Ref'd.).
Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Heilman. Services every 8th day morning at 10 o'clock, and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Saturday 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. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 11 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.
St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic).
Pastor.—Rev. H. P. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m., Vespers 2 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School at 10 o'clock, p. m.
Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Osborn Bell. Services every other Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, and 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, 5:50, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:20, 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, 8:30, a. m.
Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. E. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: D. R. Golwicks, Sach.; E. C. Wenschelphoff, Sen. S.; L. O. Shields, Jun. S.; John P. Adelsberger, C. of R.; Charles S. Zeck, K. of W.; Geo. T. Golwicks, Proj. Mt.; John P. 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. Grant, J. H. Hoke, J. S. Byers; Worthy 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 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. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., G. W. Bushman.

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 P. 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. Golwicks; 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. 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, John Donoghue, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Rowe, I. S. Annan.

INFORMATION

MANY PERSONS suffer from
VOLINA CORDIAL
Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Constipation & Kidney Troubles.

→ VOLINA CORDIAL CURES RHEUMATISM, Bad Blood and Kidney Troubles, by cleansing the blood of all its impurities, strengthening all parts of the body.
→ VOLINA CORDIAL CURES SICK-HEADACHE, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Sides, by toning the nerves and strengthening the muscles.
→ VOLINA CORDIAL CURES DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion and Constipation, by aiding the assimilation of the Food through the proper action of the stomach; it creates a healthy appetite.
→ VOLINA CORDIAL CURES NEUROUSNESS, Depression of spirits and Weakness, by enlivening and toning the system.
→ VOLINA CORDIAL CURES OVERWORKED and Delicate Women, Puffy and Sickly Children. It is a delightful and nutritious as a general Tonic. VOLINA ALMANAC and DIARY for 1887. A handsome, complete and useful Book, telling how to CURE DISEASES at HOME in a pleasant, natural way. Mailed on receipt of a 2c. postage stamp. Address VOLINA DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

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. Jy 12-14

Edward S. Eichelberger,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD.
OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. Dec 9-11

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 16-17

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 Emmit 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 15-11

Zimmerman & Maxell
—AT THE—
BRICK WAREHOUSE,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN & PRODUCE, COAL,
LUMBER, FERTILIZERS,
HAY AND STRAW.
J14-79.

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 5 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.
WM. KNABE & CO.,
204 & 206 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore. July 5-11.

THE OLD MILL.

Lonely, in a spot uncanny,
Standing dark and grim and still,
Moss-grown wheel and rusted shafting,
Is the old deserted mill.
Only hissing, foaming waters,
Dashing, swirling in the race,
Or the hoot of lonely owl
Breaks the silence round the place.
Years have passed since thrifty farmers
O'er its threshold ceased to come;
Since its wheels, with ponderous motion
Turned with ceaseless, droning hum.
Stilled forever are its grindings,
And the windows in its roof,
Like the eyes of giant goblin,
Seem to stare as in reproof.
Of man's false and fickle nature—
When in service worn away,
Let to Time's eternal changes,
And the inroads of decay.
But the miller sleeps forever
Where the river skirts the hill,
And its waters sing his requiem,
Dancing idly past the mill.
In the mill, in musty corners,
Hangs the spider's silken snare;
Clings the bat to blackened rafters
High above the broken stair.
In the night the simple rustic
Hurries by with nervous thrill,
Peering backward o'er his shoulder
For the ghost that haunts the mill.
"Noon came, and then 1 o'clock,
and then 2, and no signs of the boat. I went to the cabin with my first officer and the officer of the Alabamian, and we held a council. One of them thought I ought to run on another course, and he gave his reasons for it, and then the other, who had been wavering on the subject, joined him. I persisted in my belief, and stood alone in it. Somehow I could not see their reasons as they did, and I had a firm conviction that I was right, and if the Captain of the Alabamian had done what I should do under similar circumstances, he would be exactly in the track I was running.
"The afternoon went on, and about an hour before sunset I went into the cross-trees to have a look on my own account. I swept the horizon with my glass over and over again, but saw nothing, and felt what a terrible responsibility rested on me, and what would be said of me for holding my course against the advice of the others, if I should not find the boat.
"Just as the sun was within a hand-spike's length of the horizon I saw a speck on the crest of a wave. It went down as the wave fell, and I believe my heart stopped beating till the speck came up again and showed itself. There it was, and no mistake, and it was exactly dead ahead as near as you could draw a line.
"I hailed the deck, and sent the first officer to take the wheel. I told him not to vary the breadth of a hair from the course we were running. Then I came down, and sent a man up to take my place.
"Have you seen anything?" everybody asked as I reached the deck.
"Nothing I'm certain of," I answered; "but we may have developments presently." I don't know if my heart was beating then, but presume it was.
"In a little while—it may have been a quarter of an hour, and just as the sun was dipping into the horizon—the man in the rigging called out, "Sail ho!"
"Where away?" I asked.
"Dead ahead, sir. I think it's the boat."
"My heart went up in my mouth but I tried to appear as cool as an iceberg. Of course, everybody else was all excitement, and that was the more reason why I should not be. Besides, I was Captain, and nobody else was, as I had shown them by sticking to my course.
"The night came on clear and beautiful, and we kept straight on. We lost sight of the boat as the daylight faded, but in half an hour or so we saw her again, and we still had her right in line. As we neared her I kept the ship up a little, so as to bring the boat under our lee, and I put men in the fore chains and along the sides with plenty of lines, and made all possible preparations to make fast. I knew the men in the boat would be so chilled with the cold that they would be nearly helpless, and whatever was to be done would have to be done by ourselves.
"We got them out all right, and it was as I had surmised, they were

most of them too much benumbed to climb up the sides, and had to be helped. When they were all safe on board we tried to hoist the boat in, and she broke in two with her own weight. How she ever lived as long as she did is a mystery.
"Captain Hitchcock told me they rowed as long as they could after leaving the ship, with the intention of getting into smoother water beyond the Gulf Stream, and he thought that in case I fell in with the other boat I would do just as I had done. The two cabin passengers took their share of the labor with the rest. They were both young men, with a difference of perhaps five or six years in their ages, and had been traveling in Europe, the elder of the two being tutor for the younger, who was the son of a prominent citizen of New York. They took passage at Leghorn for New York, and when their tutor came to enter the long boat they had done so without complaint and had borne the privations of the night and day as cheerfully as any one else.
"All day they had watched and hoped, and watched, but there was no sign of a sail. The night threatened to be cold, and there was little expectation that any of the party would live till morning even if the boat continued to float. As the sun neared the horizon the younger man was lying in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in his overcoat and a blanket, while the elder sat in the stern with the Captain.
"Just as the sun was dipping into the waves the elder of the twin said to Captain Hitchcock that, with his permission, he would offer prayer. Of course it was given at once. "And I never, in all my life," said Captain Hitchcock, "heard a more beautiful prayer from the lips of mortal man. And as he said 'amen,' and I said amen too, I raised my eyes and saw your sail."
"Perhaps," said Captain Raymond to his group of listeners—"perhaps you'd like to know the names of those two passengers? They are familiar to you all, and you'll find them at the bottom of this letter, which I received, with a silver pitcher, a few days after we reached New York. I haven't seen it for some time, until it turned up to-day while I was overhauling my desk. It is an old letter, you see, and was written before the envelope was invented."
The letter was passed around and handled with great care. It was then read aloud by one of the group, and ran as follows:
NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1844.
"DEAR SIR: Desirous of testifying our grateful sense of the noble disinterestedness with which you stood for your course on the 12th of December last in search of the ship Alabamian, which foundered on that day at sea, and of the kindness we received at your hands while your guests, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying piece of plate.
"We know that no offering of ours can add to the proud feeling of satisfaction which must have animated your bosom when upon your own deck you saw the eighteen human beings whose lives you had saved; but we wish you to possess some slight token which in after days may serve to remind your children and your friends of how nobly you did your duty to your God and your fellow men; and we desire that other ship masters, incited as well by their own humane impulses as by the approbation which so noble an act never fails to call down from the public, may go and do likewise.
"In conclusion, we congratulate you upon the opportunity you have enjoyed of gratifying the most generous promptings of the soul, we pray that Heaven may shower its choicest blessings upon you and yours, and we beg you to be assured of the lasting gratitude of, very truly, your friends,
"EDWARD COOPER,
"ABRAM S. HEWITT,
"Passengers."
"To Captain George B. Raymond of the ship Atalanta of New York."
"A day or two after receiving and answering this letter," said Captain Raymond, "I received an invitation to go to Mr. Peter Cooper's house, as the family was very desirous of meeting me. I was so

busy with the affairs of my ship that I could not respond at once, but sent word that I would call on New Year's day. When I called, and my name was announced, they did not wait for me to go into the parlor, but all came out into the hall to greet me; the ladies pressed around me, and I assure you it was rather embarrassing for a young sea-dog to receive so much attention. I had done nothing more than my duty, and somehow felt that I was being thanked and praised a good deal beyond what I merited. I tried to tell them so, but they wouldn't listen to me, and all the time I was there they made such a hero of me that I didn't know what to say, and wondered how I would be able to escape.
"None of the Cooper or Hewitt family have ever forgotten me, but, on the contrary, they miss no opportunity of referring to that incident of the 12th of December. When the Lotos Club gave a dinner to Mayor Cooper I wanted to come as much as I ever wanted to do anything in all my life, and I thought I would do so; but I don't like to be called up for a speech, and I knew that Hewitt or Cooper would be sure to have me out and make me say something; so I stayed away, and saved the club from listening to the story of the loss of the Alabamian."
"If you had told the story as you have told it now," said one of the listeners, "you would have made one of the most effective speeches ever made at a dinner party."
"So say we all."

A GERANIUM SLIP.

Mamma, what are you doing?" I asked Willie, looking at his mother as she filled a little earthen pot with mould. "I am going to plant a little geranium slip," said mamma.
"Oh," said Willie, "what for?"
"That it may grow," said mamma, "and then next summer I shall have ever so many of those pretty red flowers you liked so much in Aunt Fannie's garden."
"Yes," said Willie. "If you plant things, they always grow, and you always get a good many more of 'em?"
"Yes," said mamma, thinking of geraniums.
Then the pot was placed in the sunny window, and every morning Willie peeped into it with a queer, solemn look, as though a new mystery had dawned upon him.
One day he asked mamma for a little flower-pot of his own, and having obtained it, he placed it carefully beside the other, and took to peeping into that with even more solemnity. One day a few weeks after, papa came home with tickets for the opera in his pocket. Of course one wears one's very best to the opera, and mamma went to her room to attire herself in hers. But when the dress was on, and the gloves and the white cloak and cloud at hand, the finishing touch, the diamond pin and ear-rings were not to be found. Some one had taken them from their velvet casket in a room which was seldom, if ever left alone.
Mamma was not rich and these were valuable possessions. Naturally there was much search and commotion, and the whole evening was spoiled in a great degree, for not only the loss, but the mystery of it, weighed upon the loser's mind. It could not be supposed that a faithful old nursemaid could be guilty, and the cook never came up stairs. Who had been in the house?
A ne'er-do-well cousin of the family, who had paid a visit of some weeks when out of business, and a young dressmaker.
It was so terrible to suspect any one, but a professional thief would not have taken the diamond and left a watch that lay beside them, and mamma and papa put their heads together in vain to solve the mystery.
There were inquiries made, hints thrown out that would have led any repentant purloiner to restore the lost jewels. But nothing came of them. And as they were too valuable to lose, serious measures were at last taken to discover the real

thief. A detective was employed, and he, a grave serious man, with an acute eye and a deep voice, after a prolonged interview with papa declared that he thought he could put his finger on the person.
A few days after, he returned with the information that he had put his finger on the man, and that it only remained to prove what he had done with them. "It's that cousin of yours, young Noakes," he said. "He's got a bill for cigars there, and for wine there. He's running about with a dressy young girl to all sorts of places of amusement. The little dressmaker wears alpaca to church, and no woman would steal diamonds and do that. Her father and mother are pious, with plenty to live on and she's engaged to a young carpenter. Cook hasn't a relation. The nurse girl don't know what diamonds are worth. It's your cousin."
"Oh, I am so sorry," said mamma. "I thought Noakes was wild, but I had no idea he was so wicked. Really I can't believe it now."
"When a young man is wild, you may expect anything of him," said the detective. "And I suppose, as it's in the family, you'd like it hushed up? Just want the things back, nothing else."
"Certainly," said papa.
"Certainly," said mamma. "Poor Jack! how would his mother feel, if she were alive to know it? I shall tell him that—"
"Not a word to him," said the detective. "You see, of course, he'd deny it; and you'd never be sure who took them. You couldn't bring it home. I don't think they are sold yet. The young woman probably will undertake that. I have my eye on her. She's followed wherever she goes."
"This is terrible!" said mamma.
"Terrible! terrible!" said papa. "No, we'll not punish poor Jack; only of course my wife wants her diamonds. They were her father's wedding present to her. Poor John Noakes!"
Late in the evening the detective called for funds and to mention that the young woman had been on Noakes' arm peeping into a jeweler's window.
"It is growing quite expensive—the detective business," said papa. "I really can't see why I shouldn't just speak to Jack myself. If he has them, he'll hand them over to me, and no more need be said about it. I am as sure he is guilty as the detective is."
At breakfast time the detective called again. He had begun to doubt that the girl had anything to do with the matter. Noakes had kept his secret. "Have you told him that you have missed the diamonds?"
"Yes," said mamma. "Oh, really I feel sure he is innocent. I want to find my diamonds, of course; but—"
"Mamma," piped Willie, "don't bother about your diamonds. You will have plenty more."
"Hear the child!" cried mamma. "I ought not to talk before him."
"And so mamma must not bother about her diamonds?" said papa.
"No; she'll have plenty more," said Willie.
"How, my dear?" asked the detective.
"I know," said Willie. "It's a secret."
"That child knows something about those jewels," said the detective. "Now, my little man, who took your mamma's diamonds out of her room?" he asked.
"Nobody took 'em. Oh, mamma, I meant to surprise you."
"To surprise me?"
"Yes, mamma. Don't you know you told me if any one had heaps of diamonds they'd be rich? Well, you told me if I planted things, they'd grow, and you'd have plenty."
"Yes, dear."
"And so I planted your diamonds in my flower-pot, but they haven't come up yet. When they do you'll have a diamond tree and be ever so rich."
The secret was out.
In a few minutes the detective had the pleasure of investigating the depths of Willie's flower-pot and bringing out the jewels; and Noakes wondered why his cousins were so excessively polite to him when next they met; for, though the mystery of the flower-pot was revealed to him, he never knew that he had a detective at his heels for four weeks.

the first officer in command, and he said they left the ship at 2 in the morning, and lost sight of the longboat soon after. She was nearer the ship than they, as the Captain had been the last to leave her.
"The weather was cold, and they suffered considerably from their cramped positions, but in a little while after coming on board they were warmed up and all right. Nothing could be seen of the longboat, and it was not certain whether she was still afloat. I determined to save her if possible to do it, and the great question was to determine what course to steer to find her. I reasoned that Captain Hitchcock would try to get out of the Gulf Stream as soon as he could, in order to find smoother water, and, after carefully studying the situation, I changed my course in accordance with this theory. I sent men aloft to keep a sharp lookout, and report the least sign of a boat, and to watch for anything that would indicate she had gone down and was past all help.
"Noon came, and then 1 o'clock, and then 2, and no signs of the boat. I went to the cabin with my first officer and the officer of the Alabamian, and we held a council. One of them thought I ought to run on another course, and he gave his reasons for it, and then the other, who had been wavering on the subject, joined him. I persisted in my belief, and stood alone in it. Somehow I could not see their reasons as they did, and I had a firm conviction that I was right, and if the Captain of the Alabamian had done what I should do under similar circumstances, he would be exactly in the track I was running.
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"Captain Hitchcock told me they rowed as long as they could after leaving the ship, with the intention of getting into smoother water beyond the Gulf Stream, and he thought that in case I fell in with the other boat I would do just as I had done. The two cabin passengers took their share of the labor with the rest. They were both young men, with a difference of perhaps five or six years in their ages, and had been traveling in Europe, the elder of the two being tutor for the younger, who was the son of a prominent citizen of New York. They took passage at Leghorn for New York, and when their tutor came to enter the long boat they had done so without complaint and had borne the privations of the night and day as cheerfully as any one else.
"All day they had watched and hoped, and watched, but there was no sign of a sail. The night threatened to be cold, and there was little expectation that any of the party would live till morning even if the boat continued to float. As the sun neared the horizon the younger man was lying in the bottom of the boat, wrapped in his overcoat and a blanket, while the elder sat in the stern with the Captain.
"Just as the sun was dipping into the waves the elder of the twin said to Captain Hitchcock that, with his permission, he would offer prayer. Of course it was given at once. "And I never, in all my life," said Captain Hitchcock, "heard a more beautiful prayer from the lips of mortal man. And as he said 'amen,' and I said amen too, I raised my eyes and saw your sail."
"Perhaps," said Captain Raymond to his group of listeners—"perhaps you'd like to know the names of those two passengers? They are familiar to you all, and you'll find them at the bottom of this letter, which I received, with a silver pitcher, a few days after we reached New York. I haven't seen it for some time, until it turned up to-day while I was overhauling my desk. It is an old letter, you see, and was written before the envelope was invented."
The letter was passed around and handled with great care. It was then read aloud by one of the group, and ran as follows:
NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1844.
"DEAR SIR: Desirous of testifying our grateful sense of the noble disinterestedness with which you stood for your course on the 12th of December last in search of the ship Alabamian, which foundered on that day at sea, and of the kindness we received at your hands while your guests, we beg your acceptance of the accompanying piece of plate.
"We know that no offering of ours can add to the proud feeling of satisfaction which must have animated your bosom when upon your own deck you saw the eighteen human beings whose lives you had saved; but we wish you to possess some slight token which in after days may serve to remind your children and your friends of how nobly you did your duty to your God and your fellow men; and we desire that other ship masters, incited as well by their own humane impulses as by the approbation which so noble an act never fails to call down from the public, may go and do likewise.
"In conclusion, we congratulate you upon the opportunity you have enjoyed of gratifying the most generous promptings of the soul, we pray that Heaven may shower its choicest blessings upon you and yours, and we beg you to be assured of the lasting gratitude of, very truly, your friends,
"EDWARD COOPER,
"ABRAM S. HEWITT,
"Passengers."
"To Captain George B. Raymond of the ship Atalanta of New York."
"A day or two after receiving and answering this letter," said Captain Raymond, "I received an invitation to go to Mr. Peter Cooper's house, as the family was very desirous of meeting me. I was so

busy with the affairs of my ship that I could not respond at once, but sent word that I would call on New Year's day. When I called, and my name was announced, they did not wait for me to go into the parlor, but all came out into the hall to greet me; the ladies pressed around me, and I assure you it was rather embarrassing for a young sea-dog to receive so much attention. I had done nothing more than my duty, and somehow felt that I was being thanked and praised a good deal beyond what I merited. I tried to tell them so, but they wouldn't listen to me, and all the time I was there they made such a hero of me that I didn't know what to say, and wondered how I would be able to escape.
"None of the Cooper or Hewitt family have ever forgotten me, but, on the contrary, they miss no opportunity of referring to that incident of the 12th of December. When the Lotos Club gave a dinner to Mayor Cooper I wanted to come as much as I ever wanted to do anything in all my life, and I thought I would do so; but I don't like to be called up for a speech, and I knew that Hewitt or Cooper would be sure to have me out and make me say something; so I stayed away, and saved the club from listening to the story of the loss of the Alabamian."
"If you had told the story as you have told it now," said one of the listeners, "you would have made one of the most effective speeches ever made at a dinner party."
"So say we all."

A GERANIUM SLIP.

Mamma, what are you doing?" I asked Willie, looking at his mother as she filled a little earthen pot with mould. "I am going to plant a little geranium slip," said mamma.
"Oh," said Willie, "what for?"
"That it may grow," said mamma, "and then next summer I shall have ever so many of those pretty red flowers you liked so much in Aunt Fannie's garden."
"Yes," said Willie. "If you plant things, they always grow, and you always get a good many more of 'em?"
"Yes," said mamma, thinking of geraniums.
Then the pot was placed in the sunny window, and every morning Willie peeped into it with a queer, solemn look, as though a new mystery had dawned upon him.
One day he asked mamma for a little flower-pot of his own, and having obtained it, he placed it carefully beside the other, and took to peeping into that with even more solemnity. One day a few weeks after, papa came home with tickets for the opera in his pocket. Of course one wears one's very best to the opera, and mamma went to her room to attire herself in hers. But when the dress was on, and the gloves and the white cloak and cloud at hand, the finishing touch, the diamond pin and ear-rings were not to be found. Some one had taken them from their velvet casket in a room which was seldom, if ever left alone.
Mamma was not rich and these were valuable possessions. Naturally there was much search and commotion, and the whole evening was spoiled in a great degree, for not only the loss, but the mystery of it, weighed upon the loser's mind. It could not be supposed that a faithful old nursemaid could be guilty, and the cook never came up stairs. Who had been in the house?
A ne'er-do-well cousin of the family, who had paid a visit of some weeks when out of business, and a young dressmaker.
It was so terrible to suspect any one, but a professional thief would not have taken the diamond and left a watch that lay beside them, and mamma and papa put their heads together in vain to solve the mystery.
There were inquiries made, hints thrown out that would have led any repentant purloiner to restore the lost jewels. But nothing came of them. And as they were too valuable to lose, serious measures were at last taken to discover the real

thief. A detective was employed, and he, a grave serious man, with an acute eye and a deep voice, after a prolonged interview with papa declared that he thought he could put his finger on the person.
A few days after, he returned with the information that he had put his finger on the man, and that it only remained to prove what he had done with them. "It's that cousin of yours, young Noakes," he said. "He's got a bill for cigars there, and for wine there. He's running about with a dressy young girl to all sorts of places of amusement. The little dressmaker wears alpaca to church, and no woman would steal diamonds and do that. Her father and mother are pious, with plenty to live on and she's engaged to a young carpenter. Cook hasn't a relation. The nurse girl don't know what diamonds are worth. It's your cousin."
"Oh, I am so sorry," said mamma. "I thought Noakes was wild, but I had no idea he was so wicked. Really I can't believe it now."
"When a young man is wild, you may expect anything of him," said the detective. "And I suppose, as it's in the family, you'd like it hushed up? Just want the things back, nothing else."
"Certainly," said papa.
"Certainly," said mamma. "Poor Jack! how would his mother feel, if she were alive to know it? I shall tell him that—"
"Not a word to him," said the detective. "You see, of course, he'd deny it; and you'd never be sure who took them. You couldn't bring it home. I don't think they are sold yet. The young woman probably will undertake that. I have my eye on her. She's followed wherever she goes."
"This is terrible!" said mamma.
"Terrible! terrible!" said papa. "No, we'll not punish poor Jack; only of course my wife wants her diamonds. They were her father's wedding present to her. Poor John Noakes!"
Late in the evening the detective called for funds and to mention that the young woman had been on Noakes' arm peeping into a jeweler's window.
"It is growing quite expensive—the detective business," said papa. "I really can't see why I shouldn't just speak to Jack myself. If he has them, he'll hand them over to me, and no more need be said about it. I am as sure he is guilty as the detective is."
At breakfast time the detective called again. He had begun to doubt that the girl had anything to do with the matter. Noakes had kept his secret. "Have you told him that you have missed the diamonds?"
"Yes," said mamma. "Oh, really I feel sure he is innocent. I want to find my diamonds, of course; but—"
"Mamma," piped Willie, "don't bother about your diamonds. You will have plenty more."
"Hear the child!" cried mamma. "I ought not to talk before him."
"And so mamma must not bother about her diamonds?" said papa.
"No; she'll have plenty more," said Willie.
"How, my dear?" asked the detective.
"I know," said Willie. "It's a secret."
"That child knows something about those jewels," said the detective. "Now, my little man, who took your mamma's diamonds out of her room?" he asked.
"Nobody took 'em. Oh, mamma, I meant to surprise you."
"To surprise me?"
"Yes, mamma. Don't you know you told me if any one had heaps of diamonds they'd be rich? Well, you told me if I planted things, they'd grow, and you'd have plenty."
"Yes, dear."
"And so I planted your diamonds in my flower-pot, but they haven't come up yet. When they do you'll have a diamond tree and be ever so rich."
The secret was out.
In a few minutes the detective had the pleasure of investigating the depths of Willie's flower-pot and bringing out the jewels; and Noakes wondered why his cousins were so excessively polite to him when next they met; for, though the mystery of the flower-pot was revealed to him, he never knew that he had a detective at his heels for four weeks.