

# 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. IX.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

No. 14.

## 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, Benjamin G. Fitzgugh.  
Register.—Hamilton Lindsay.  
County Commissioners.—J. Hiram Taylor, Elias Graver, Wm. H. Larkin, James U. Lawson, Cephas M. Thomas.

### Sheriff.—Luther C. Derr.

### Tax Collector.—J. Wm. Baughman.

### Surgeon.—William H. Hillery.

### School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Rontzahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.

### Examiner.—F. R. Neighbors.

### Emmitsburg District.

### Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, I. M. Fisher, Jas. F. Hickey.

### Registrar.—E. S. Taney.

### Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Joseph C. Rosenwald.

### School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, Joseph A. Baker, C. T. Zacharias.

### Bargess.—William G. Blair.

### Town Commissioners.—Daniel Shoets, Oscar D. Fraley, Daniel Lawrence, Joseph Snouffer, Michael Hoke, Lewis D. Cook.

### Town Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.

### Tax Collector.—John F. Hopp.

### 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, a. m. Sun day School at 8 1/2 o'clock, a. m. Infants Sunday School 11 1/2 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 lectures 7 o'clock, a. m. Sun day School at 8 1/2 o'clock, a. m. Infants Sunday School 11 1/2 p. m.

#### 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 7 o'clock, a. m. Sun day School at 8 1/2 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

#### St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic.)

Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sun day 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 lectures 7 o'clock, a. m. Sun day 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., Mechanics town, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lanesboro and Harrisburg, 8:35, a. m., McNear, 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.

### SOCIETIES.

#### Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.

Kinldes her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Rm. Officers: Wm. Morrison, Sach.; Wm. Deewes, Sen. S.; R. E. Hockensmith, Jun. S.; John F. Adlesberger, Wm. C. Charles, S. Zeck, K. of W.; E. C. Wenschhof, Propriet.; Wm. Morrison, Joseph Byers and Geo. T. Gelwicks, Trustees; J. S. Troxell, Representative.

#### Emerald Beneficial Association.

F. A. Adlesberger, President; Vice-President, Wm. Roddy; Secretary, Chas. N. Baker; Treasurer, James V. Rider. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in S. B. Grider's building, West main street.

#### Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. B.

Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, S. N. McNear; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Joseph W. Davidson; Surgeon, E. C. Wenschhof; Officer of the Day, Geo. T. Eyster; Officer of the Guard, Wm. A. Rowe, S. Zeck, J. M. Baker, J. H. Mentzer, George L. Gillelan, Adjutant and Representative to the State Encampment.

#### Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.

Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall, Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Jeremiah Donoghue; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., G. W. Bushman; 2nd Lieut., Michael Hoke.

#### 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. B. 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, J. M. Kerrigan; Secretary, T. C. Seltzer; Treasurer, Joseph A. Baker; Directors, James M. Kerrigan, James V. Rider, Joseph V. Tyson, Dan J. R. Gelwicks, F. A. Adlesberger, James F. Hickey.

#### Emmitsburg Water Company.

President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. J. A. Elder; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, J. M. Motter, J. A. Elder, O. A. Horner, J. M. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Boye, I. S. Annan.

## Western Maryland Rail Road.

ON and after Sunday, June 19, 1887, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

### PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.

Daily, except Sundays, Daily

STATIONS.	Mail.	Pass.	Freight
Hillen Station, Baltimore	8:00	4:00	4:40
Union Station	8:05	4:05	4:40
Pendlar, Pikesville	8:10	4:10	4:40
Fulton Station	8:12	4:12	4:42
Arlington	8:15	4:15	4:45
St. Hope	8:28	4:28	5:21
Pikesville	8:36	4:36	
Gettysburg	9:02	4:58	5:21
Hanover	9:10	5:06	
Westminster	9:44	5:42	5:51
New Windsor	10:06	5:59	6:04
Lanwood	10:12	6:05	
Union Bridge	10:17	6:11	
Frederick Junction	10:27	6:23	
Frederick	11:25		
Double Pipe Creek	10:31	6:27	
Rock Ridge	10:39	6:36	
Emmitsburg	11:10	7:08	
Loyd	10:47	6:44	
Graceland	10:47	6:44	
Mechanistown	10:52	6:50	
Sabillasville	11:02	7:03	
Blue Ridge Summit	11:22	7:18	
Blue Mountain	11:41	7:37	
Edgemont	11:41	7:37	
Chambersburg	12:40	8:36	8:50
Shippensburg	1:10	9:06	
Carlisle	1:25	9:21	
Gettysburg	1:58	9:54	
Williamsport	2:30	10:26	

### PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE EAST.

Daily, except Sundays, Daily

STATIONS.	Mail.	Pass.	Freight
Williamsport	7:40	2:15	
Hagerstown	8:06	2:41	
Shippensburg	8:21	2:56	
Carlisle	8:36	3:11	
Chambersburg	9:28	4:03	
Shippensburg	9:56	4:31	
Carlisle	10:11	4:46	
Blue Mountain	10:36	5:12	
Blue Ridge Summit	10:51	5:27	
Sabillasville	11:06	5:42	
Mechanistown	11:16	5:52	
Graceland	11:31	6:07	
Edgemont	11:46	6:22	
Frederick Junction	11:56	6:32	
Frederick	12:06	6:42	
Linwood	12:16	6:52	
New Windsor	12:31	7:07	
Westminster	12:46	7:22	
Gettysburg	1:06	7:42	
Hanover	1:16	7:52	
Glyndon	1:31	8:07	
Owings Mills	1:46	8:22	
Frederick	1:56	8:32	
St. Hope	2:11	8:47	
Arlington	2:26	9:02	
Union Station	2:36	9:12	
Pikesville	2:46	9:22	
Hillen Station	2:56	9:32	

## OEHM'S ACME HALL,

Baltimore St., near Charles.



### The Heart of Baltimore.

STREET	FRANKLIN ST.	MARKET ST.	W. BALTIMORE ST.	W. CALVERT ST.	W. PATT ST.	CITY ST.	W. BALTIMORE ST.	MARKET ST.	FRANKLIN ST.
FRANKLIN ST.	✓								
MARKET ST.		✓							
W. BALTIMORE ST.			✓						
W. CALVERT ST.				✓					
W. PATT ST.					✓				
CITY ST.						✓			
W. BALTIMORE ST.							✓		
MARKET ST.								✓	
FRANKLIN ST.									✓

The very heart of the City is the corner of Baltimore and Charles Streets, Charles Street dividing it into east and west, and Baltimore Street halving it into north and south. This is a correct plan of the central portion of Baltimore, indicating the streets, the leading hotels, and Oehm's Acme Hall, Baltimore's Largest Clothing and Furnishing Goods House.

## TERRIFIC REDUCTION!

### \$300,000 WORTH OF ELEGANT CLOTHING.

Men's Good Strong Suits, \$6 & \$7, formerly \$12. Stylish Cassimeres and Worsted Suits, \$10 & \$11, formerly \$18 & \$19. Fine English Serges, Worsted, etc., Suits \$12, heretofore \$18.

Imported Fabrics, all colors and shapes, Suits \$15, \$16, \$17, \$18, \$19, \$20, \$21, \$22, \$23, \$24, \$25. Finest Imported Cloths in the world, \$20 and \$25, elsewhere \$35 and \$40.

Boys' Suits, Best in this or any other market, at \$12 and \$14. Boys' Stylish Suits, in Serges and Cassimeres, down to \$2.50 and \$3.00. Boys' and Youths' Finest Dress Suits down to \$6, \$7.50, \$10, \$12, and \$15.

Best Shirts in the world, 50c & 75c; laundered, at 10c. Neckwear at 50c, equal to other peoples' at 1.00.

## Oehm's ACME HALL,

BY FAR THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE,

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Write for Catalogues, Self-measurements and Samples, which will be sent you free of cost. Post yourself in styles and prices by visiting the Great Store of Baltimore, if you wish good Goods at low prices.

## PATENTS SECURED

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## The Gelwicks Hall,

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Will be rented on very reasonable terms for entertainments of all kinds. A Full Cornet Band furnished free of charge.

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Prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for your spare moments. Business now, light and profitable. Persons of either sex, singly or in groups, to \$200 per evening and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men.

That all who see this may send their address, and test the business we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit, free. Address: GEORGE SUTTON & CO., Portland, Maine, dec 25-17

## "THE MOTHER OF US ALL"

DR. HENRY F. DARNELL.

Down 'mid the tangled copses,  
Where the gold-eyed daisies shine,  
Down through the sweet green pastures,  
Where the sleek, still herds recline,  
Linger glad groups of children  
All the long summer day,  
Making the wildwood echo  
With their shouting loud and gay.

Thronging the crowded city,  
Weary, and worn, and thin,  
Bearing the grievous burden  
Of sorrow, perchance of sin;  
Too heavy for mirth or laughter,  
When the wolf looks in through the door,

Crouching on curb and doorstep  
Are the children of the poor.

And yet the same God made them,  
Marvels of wisdom all:  
His image stamped upon them,  
Glenns through the ruinous fall;  
Each one is a drop in the rainbow  
That spans this world of care;

Each one is a gem to be fashioned,  
For the diadem Christ shall wear.

Oh, Church of the loving Shepherd,  
Whose death our life hath won!  
Go forth, like a true, fond mother,  
And keep the children one;  
Let not the links be broken  
Which God's own hand hath wrought;

Oh, let not one sheep perish,  
His precious blood hath bought.

—Churchman.

## THE HONORABLE DIK BADGER.

ELWOOD WEXFORD.

The Hon. Dick Badger was once a boy. The statement may be commonplace to grown folks and quite familiar to our boys and girls, but after all not be fully realized. I want it felt by all who read this story, not only was Mr. Badger a boy, but every statesman, every scholar, every man of note and worth in every land was once a boy.

I begin this sketch in this way to emphasize the fact—for it is a tremendous fact—that boyhood is important, for the shaping and ordering of the destiny for time and eternity begin right there, and strange as it may appear to those most concerned, the boy does the ordering. That the boy is father to the man is a statement misleading; but when I say that every boy gives orders that fix the character of one man forever, it means something.

Well, the Hon. Dick Badger was known in his boyhood by the plain title of Dick, and perhaps, I ought to say, which was true, that the full name that he went by was Ragged Dick. He wasn't a farmer's boy, he didn't inherit that honor. He was nobody's boy—that is, he was a waif, picked up in a large city, and a place in the country found for him by a kind hearted gentleman.

Dick had no ambitions; of course not. He no more dreamed of ever wearing white clothes and having his hair combed and his face made clean, than the birds dream of having a pair of skates and a new sled, or a ball and a kite. It was his good fortune—God ordered that—to find a home with good Farmer Brown, a very clever man, and his wife, a kind-hearted woman. True, they mostly cared for the work Dick might do, and drove him pretty hard sometimes, but Dick was nobody's boy and did not expect much.

Dick worked right along with the farmer, who was big and stout, and neither seemed to consider the difference in their strength, but the farmer did think that he'd got a wonderful boy for work. One day, as they were hoeing corn, Dick found in his row a very sickly stalk much smaller than the rest.

"Mr. Brown," said he, "what makes the difference in these stalks in the same hill?"

"Dig down and see," was the answer, rather pleasantly spoken.

Dick got down on his knees and scratched away in the dirt with his hands until he discovered the secret. The seed had happened to be covered by an old horseshoe, and the stalk was struggling to grow up through the nail hole. It was quite a marvel to both. The farmer laughed and Dick laughed too.

"It was having a hard time of it, wasn't it?" said Dick.

"I guess so," the farmer said, and they hoed on, neither speaking

a word for some time. At length the farmer said:

"I say, Dick, I've been thinking that sickly cornstalk back there was something like you. You had a hard time of it before you came here, and I reckon you'd grow'd up pretty crooked and twisted and good for nothing if somebody hadn't dug you up and fetched you into the country."

"Maybe so," said Dick.

I almost think Dick expected to grow up crooked anyhow, for no particular light seemed to shine in his eye that day to give any promise of the future; still, he hoed his row faithfully and kept up with Farmer Brown.

It happened shortly after this, when Dick was bringing home the cows one evening, and whistling merrily as he followed them along the lane, the farmer, who had a dislike for whistling, planned to give him a lesson. He knew Dick could take a hint as quick as anybody in the world.

"Hello, Dick!" he shouted from the kitchen door, "come here a minute."

Dick came to the garden fence, while the farmer walked bare-headed across the garden. Dick thought something important must be coming. They leaned their heads toward each other and the farmer whispered into Dick's ears, hoarsely:

"I say, Dick, can't you whistle another tune? I'm tired of that."

"Yes, sir!" said Dick, with wonderful decision, "as he went away with a puzzled look."

Dick was a deep boy and had been thinking hard of late about that corn-stalk, and this was a new subject that was very suggestive to him. His life was a good deal like his whistling, and he didn't need Farmer Brown to tell him of it.

He saw it himself, and this was the proposition he suddenly laid down for himself:

"Out of that horseshoe and out of that whistle I see it all. I'll grow up straight and strong, and I'll not whistle for nothing, nor without a tune."

He began to lay foundations for, and to build up, a character, conscious all at once that the way was freely open to him as to any in the land. Dick was of that order of solid, practical, common-sense boys who only seem to think of learning and doing for the satisfaction of knowing and of seeing something accomplished every day as it passes. If anybody had ever said to him, which nobody did, for he was only a waif, that he might some day be President of a College, or a great merchant, or even President of the United States, his ambition might have been stirred, but it was better so. What if he didn't look into life's to-morrow! It may be that looking well after to-day is the best protection for to-morrow.

"What are you going to be?" said a rather stern old gentleman, once to a boy of my acquaintance, who was always trying to improve himself.

"Be a man!" said the little fellow.

He did not mean merely to be six feet high and weigh two hundred pounds, but to have a manly intellect and a manly heart, and that was, in my view, a noble ambition.

Dick was favored in two particulars, which some might regard and others be indifferent to, but which are always great helps to boys and as they were hoed corn, Dick found in his row a very sickly stalk much smaller than the rest.

"Mr. Brown," said he, "what makes the difference in these stalks in the same hill?"

"Dig down and see," was the answer, rather pleasantly spoken.

Dick got down on his knees and scratched away in the dirt with his hands until he discovered the secret. The seed had happened to be covered by an old horseshoe, and the stalk was struggling to grow up through the nail hole. It was quite a marvel to both. The farmer laughed and Dick laughed too.

"It was having a hard time of it, wasn't it?" said Dick.

"I guess so," the farmer said, and they hoed on, neither speaking

were hauled over until the farmer said "Dick ate every one of them."

The teacher also loaned him books, and he made good use of them, trying always to master their contents—not merely to get lessons for the purpose of reciting. Some boys get lessons to accommodate the teacher, if they like him; others don't get them because they don't like the teacher. Dick didn't get lessons—he got information, little by little, until he was a mathematician, a geographer, a scientist, a linguist and a philosopher, and well posted on matters and things in general, and yet as modest as the day he came dirty and ragged to Farmer Brown's to live. He was encouraged to talk freely with the two friends I have named, and received many an hour's valuable instruction in this way. He was a regular question-box sometimes. His rule seemed to be; to read books, to ask questions and to look around, and then to think. He was soon known as "that smart young fellow who lives at Farmer Brown's," and a few winters later, he became the teacher of the neighborhood school, and the best teacher they ever had, it was said.