

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, NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

No. 22

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. Fitzhugh.
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.—J. Wm. Baughman.
Surgeon.—William H. Hillery.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Routhahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner.—F. R. Neighbours.
Emmitsburg District.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, L. M. Fisher, Jas. F. Hickey.
Registrar.—E. S. Toney.
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Joseph C. Rosensteel.
School Trustees.—Joseph Watlles, Joseph A. Baker, C. T. Zacharias.
Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Wagon Commissioners.—Daniel Sheets, Oscar D. Fraley, Daniel Lawrence, Joseph Snouffer, Michael Hoke, Lewis D. Cook.
Town Constable.—William H. Ashbaugh.
Tax Collector.—John F. Hopp.

Western Maryland Rail Road.

ON and after Sunday, June 10, 1887, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.			
Daily, except Sundays, Daily			
STATIONS.	Mail.	Pass.	Est M.
Hillen Station, Baltimore	8:00	4:00	4:40
Union Station	8:05	4:05	4:45
Frederick Avenue	8:10	4:10	4:50
Pulton Station	8:15	4:15	4:55
Springfield	8:20	4:20	5:00
St. Hope	8:25	4:25	5:05
Pikesville	8:30	4:30	5:10
Glyndon	8:35	4:35	5:15
Westminster	8:40	4:40	5:20
Gettysburg	8:45	4:45	5:25
New Windsor	8:50	4:50	5:30
Linwood	8:55	4:55	5:35
Union Bridge	9:00	5:00	5:40
Frederick Junction	9:05	5:05	5:45
Rock Ridge	9:10	5:10	5:50
Emmitsburg	9:15	5:15	5:55
Shilpsburg	9:20	5:20	6:00
Graceland	9:25	5:25	6:05
Mechanistown	9:30	5:30	6:10
Smithsburg	9:35	5:35	6:15
Blue Ridge Summit	9:40	5:40	6:20
Shilpsburg	9:45	5:45	6:25
Blue Mountain	9:50	5:50	6:30
Ridgmont	9:55	5:55	6:35
Shilpsburg	10:00	6:00	6:40
Chambersburg	10:05	6:05	6:45
Shilpsburg	10:10	6:10	6:50
Shilpsburg	10:15	6:15	6:55
Shilpsburg	10:20	6:20	7:00
Shilpsburg	10:25	6:25	7:05
Shilpsburg	10:30	6:30	7:10
Shilpsburg	10:35	6:35	7:15
Shilpsburg	10:40	6:40	7:20
Shilpsburg	10:45	6:45	7:25
Shilpsburg	10:50	6:50	7:30
Shilpsburg	10:55	6:55	7:35
Shilpsburg	11:00	7:00	7:40
Shilpsburg	11:05	7:05	7:45
Shilpsburg	11:10	7:10	7:50
Shilpsburg	11:15	7:15	7:55
Shilpsburg	11:20	7:20	8:00
Shilpsburg	11:25	7:25	8:05
Shilpsburg	11:30	7:30	8:10
Shilpsburg	11:35	7:35	8:15
Shilpsburg	11:40	7:40	8:20
Shilpsburg	11:45	7:45	8:25
Shilpsburg	11:50	7:50	8:30
Shilpsburg	11:55	7:55	8:35
Shilpsburg	12:00	8:00	8:40

SHORT HINTS.

ON—
SOCIAL ETIQUETTE.

Compiled from the latest and best works on the subject by "Aunt Matilda."

PRICE, 40 cents.

THIS book should be in every family desirous of knowing "the proper thing to do." We all desire to behave properly, and to know what is the best school of manners. What shall we teach our children, that they may go out into the world well bred men and women? "SHORT HINTS" contains the answer and will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid on receipt of price.

SPECIAL.

Until further notice we will mail each of our friends a copy of the above valuable book gratis and free of postage, if they will mail us 15 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap. By folding up the wrappers as you would a newspaper, the postage will only be 2cts. Always put your full name and address on the outside of the bundle, and write the word "Etiquette" also, and then we will know who sends it.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

GOLDEN ROD.

C. A. KIEFE.

Golden rod, nodding a welcome,
Golden rod, bonny and bright,
You bring to my mind a picture,
As you wave in the wind to-night—
Glory of August sunshine,
Music of birds and bees,
Hum of a thousand insects,
Shadow of apple trees;

Close by the dusty roadside,
Perched on a railing high,
Right where the scorching sun-kiss
Darts from the blazing sky,
Two happy, sun-brown children,
Careless and glad and gay,
Dream out their dreams of Eiland
Through the long summer day.

Hats at their feet are lying—
They do not heed the glare,
While to their childish fancies,
Visions throng, passing fair.
Each is a fairy princess,
Mounted on steed so fleet
Scarcely the ground he touches
With his fast-flying feet.

Each is a fairy princess,
Each has a golden crown,
Pressing the sunburnt forehead
Guiltless of care's dark frown.
Each has a fairy sceptre—
Sceptres that sway and nod—
Sceptres and crowns and blossoms—
Blossoms of golden rod.

Is there a spell still hidden
Deep in your cells of gold,
Such as gave peasant children
Castles and lands to hold?
Such as transformed a fence rail
Into a panting steed?
Such as made yellow blossoms
Sceptres of gold, indeed?

Golden rod, nodding a welcome,
Weave once again the spell!
And, with your old-time magic,
Heal me and make me well!
Soothe my tired brain with fancies—
Dreams that have never been!
Show me again the glories
I have in Eiland seen!

What have the long years brought me
That is worth all as much?
Come back, child heart, still hidden
Safe from the world's rude touch!
We will forget earth's struggles,
Sitting on your green sod;
We will go back to Eiland,
Here, with the golden rod.

—Boston Transcript.

TAKING TALK ON TEMPERANCE.

Bishops Ireland's Lecture—A Strong Appeal—St. Vincent's Crowded.

Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota lectured at St. Vincent's Church North Front street, under the auspices of St. Vincent's Sacred Third Society. Bishop Ireland, said: "I presume I am to talk to men of toil—men and women who have to labor hard to support their families. There is much said to-day about the laboring classes, about improving their condition and giving them fair play. They have much to suffer. From early Monday morning until late Saturday night they have to work for a small reward. Their opportunities for lifting themselves up to a better condition do not seem to offer themselves frequently. Toilers of twenty years ago are toilers to-day. Philanthropists, so called, are busying themselves about the laboring classes, and the latter are looking about for a brighter future for their children.

I know the noble qualities of the laboring classes. It is the mission of the church to relieve the people. Our blessed Lord gave His church the example. It is a blessing to dry tears and make this world joyful. The church always has allied herself with the poor, oppressed and slaves. So in this labor movement to-day the priests of the church find themselves among the poor and the laborers. If I have devoted my life to the cause of total abstinence it has been in great measure due to my deep sympathy with the laboring classes. You toil all the year and have little at the end saved.

A dollar is a large sum in the hands of a laborer when we consider what it cost him. A man's strength can be measured by days and years. The laboring classes do not appreciate how much a dollar costs them. With the dollar you can clothe yourself; you can save something and get interest, which is something given to you. As long as you have no home you are the slave of men, but as soon as you get a foot of ground you can say, "This is mine," and be lifted up.

Give your wife one dollar more a week and see how much farther she will make it go. You want to be providing for the future, to care for your children, who are growing up.

ROCKERS.

Heaven's last, best gift to man was woman, and man's best gift to woman was the rocking chair. It is her comfort of comforts, writes Burdette in the Brooklyn Eagle.

It is a rest for the weary woman; she rocks her troubles away as the swinging bow casts off the dust; it is a solace in hours of sorrow; even a creaking rocker, that driveth man mad as with the ceaseless words of a contentious woman, "speak comfortably to her;" her air castles, builded in the restless rocker, must lean like multiplied towers of Pisa; the rocker fills up all social gaps; if there is no one with whom she may talk, she rocks; if she hath talkative company, she rocks and talks. She rocks and sews; she rocks and knits; she rocks and sketches. She rocks and does things that a man can only accomplish under conditions of motionless, deathlike stillness; she rocks and threads a needle as calmly as though the age of miracles had not passed; a woman photographer would sit in a rocker with a camera in her lap and placidly photograph a group of rocking women in rockers of various gaits. The rocker is to her a nerve, a narcotic, a stimulant. It is to her all that a cigar is to a man, and a woman with a cigar and a man in a rocking chair seem equally misfitted. The rocker is a certain means of grace; be she "mad as a hornet," five minutes of vigorous rocking tranquilizes her perturbed spirit, and by the time she has rocked herself out of breath the gentle, forgiving cadence of the swaying chair tells you that sunlit calm has dispossessed the storm and peace reigns in her loving breast. Like the cradle of the miner it gently rocks away the gross and earthy and leaves a residuum of fine gold only. She rocks all along the way of her pilgrimage, up the Hill of Difficulty, past the chained lions down into the Valley of Humiliation, across the narrow land of Ease, through the troubles on every side, through the fightings without and the fears within, past all dangers, doubts and cares, clear up to the borders of Beulah land, she rocks, rocks, rocks. One of the first Christmas presents you buy for your little girl is a little rocking chair; and the last time her grandchildren see her sitting up, the dear, loving, God-blessed grandmam softly swaying in a high-back rocker, dreaming again of the years when her day dreams were woven in that little rocker, now the property of the newest granddaughter. In all those years your boy has changed his toys and comforts and lounging chairs with every changing style, but your little girl has never been long out of a rocking chair. A home without a rocker would be like a farm without an orchard; it would still be a farm, but its crown jewel would be missing. Only a woman could have written "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother;" away with the man pretenders who dare claim it, in the very face of unanswerable internal evidence—and she didn't mean a "cradle rock;" oh, no; she wanted to be rocked to sleep in a rocking chair. If she says she means "cradle," then do I fully believe her to be a man.

As for man, he is not a natural rocker. He may acquire the habit, as a trotting horse may be taught to pace; but the "armchair" is sacred to grandpa. Man is a lounge; a foot rest goes with his chair. A steamer chair, now, is about his size. The prize combination for him is an easy armchair and a mantelpiece. "Give me where to hang my feet," says proud man, "and I care not where you put the rest of my body." Half convinced that he was made a little lower than the angels, he has been trying ever since to get his feet back to Edenic altitudes, and so he sails through life on the small of his back, with his feet hovering above him like guardian angels. Rather palpable, fleshly angels they are, too; but nevertheless he likes to look at them. You never yet saw a man with feet so big that he didn't like to hold them where he could see them when he sat down.

THE man who drinks too much whiskey is apt to have a rye face.—Boston Gazette.

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AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A ROCKY MOUNTAIN LION.

David W. Judd, of the American Agriculturist, who makes an annual tour through the far western States and Territories, narrates the following in the November number.

One August afternoon we made the ascent of Helen's Mountain, in the range forming the boundary of North Park, Colorado, to catch a view of the superb sweep beyond. It was a long and wearisome climb, but the magnificent views stretching far away in every direction richly repaid us. Far below lay the beautiful Estes Park, and extending far as the eye could reach appeared peak after peak, many of them covered with snow here in July. Nestled beneath us several hundred feet was a miniature lake covered with ice, which did not yield to the stones hurled upon its surface.

After feasting our vision for some hours we began the descent, which was very difficult, inasmuch as falling rain froze as it fell. I took my cartridges from my Winchester, fearing lest I might slip and discharge them. When half way down the mountain, we reached a small plateau in the center of which was a clump of cottonwood trees. Ralph was perhaps three rods ahead, and Foley fifteen paces.

I turned from the path to this clump of trees for a moment, thinking perhaps I might start a cinnamon bear. Judge of my dismay when a Rocky Mountain lion suddenly sprang from the thicket, rested upon a broken tree not twenty feet away, and savagely glaring upon me, apparently prepared to spring upon the intruder who had entered his lair. It was a most exciting moment. I quickly brought my rifle to the shoulder, and aiming between his eyes, drew the trigger to no effect. Again and again I attempted to discharge the rifle, forgetting in the suspense that the cartridges had been withdrawn. It was indeed a trying ordeal. If I stopped to remove what was an imperfect cartridge and substitute another one, or if I turned and fled, the glaring creature, who looked to me as big as a buffalo, would pounce upon me and tear me to pieces in a jiffy! I did neither, but fortunately had sufficient presence of mind remaining to whistle in a low tone to Foley just ahead. He turned, and taking in the situation at a glance, quick as a lightning flash sent a bullet through the animal's heart. "You look a little pale, Mr. Judd," he exclaimed in a half humorous manner, as he quietly came back to me. "I do not think you could blame anybody for being rather pale under the circumstances!" I responded. It was very fortunate for me that I had no bullet in my rifle; being in such close proximity, I should undoubtedly have shot high above the point aimed at, and barely grazed his skull, when the then wounded and consequently infuriated animal would have jumped and finished me in short order. On inspecting the surroundings we found the remains of an antelope by, upon which the now dead "enemy" had gorged himself. I am told that near evening one of these mountain lions delivers its peculiar roar, the antelope for a long distance around are fairly terrorized and flee for miles.

Unlike Mr. Roosevelt, I have never killed Grizzlies at short range, and I do not care ever again to meet a lion under such circumstances. He appeared to be as large as any of the genuine Africans which I have seen in the menageries, and a few days after, at the railway station at Rock Creek, we saw one of these Rocky Mountain lions, which considerably exceeded in size the imported African caged near him. That night around the campfire, the reader may be sure we had a very exciting story to narrate. Uncle Pierson and Auditor Weston, who had remained in the valley while we made the ascent.

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THE GELWICKS HALL.

Located on E. Main St., Emmitsburg, Md.

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

GEO. T. GELWICKS, Proprietor.

Working Classes Attention.

We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex, daily earn from 50 cents to \$5.00 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 send us your address and find out if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETZ & Co., Portland, Maine, dec 35-ly

Dr. E. C. FAHRNEY, SPECIALIST in Chronic Diseases. All correspondence strictly confidential and attended to promptly. No. 20 Prospect St., HAGERSTOWN, Md. At Mechanistown, Md., every other Saturday from 6 a. m. to 11 a. m., beginning with Saturday, June 4th, 1887, June 4-ly

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 5-1f

ANDERS & WHITE, SURGEON DENTISTS, MECHANISTOWN, 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. junely2

C. V. S. LEVY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREDERICK, MD. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. jly 12-ly

Edward S. Eichelberger, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD. OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House. dec 9-1f

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Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

On and after June 19, 1887, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg at 8.45 a. m. and 3.25 and 5.35 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 9.15 a. m. and 4.00 and 6.15 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge at 10.40 a. m. and 4.08 and 6.38 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 11.10 a. m. and 4.38 and 7.08 p. m.

JAS. A. ELDER, Pres't.

We are always pleased to receive communications from our friends, containing an account of the news of the locality. Incidents of interest to the public, given in a few words setting forth the facts, are always acceptable. We will give them the shape proper for publication, when the name of the writer accompanies them, this we must have.

PATTERN FREE.

By Special Arrangement with DEMONSTRATION, we are enabled to make all of our lady readers a present of a Pattern of the most beautiful and useful of all patterns, for the same as those sold at pattern houses. We will grant a Pattern Order, which entitles to the Pattern Free, the publisher of the world-renowned Demonstration Monthly, will send the holder to one of these handsome patterns free, and of the size she may select. This is a great offer, and we hope our lady readers will appreciate the expense we have incurred. Watch for the Pattern Order. It will be printed in our issue of NOVEMBER 12th.

NOVEMBER 12th.

SALES.

Mrs. ELIASH ECKENRODE 2 miles this side of Gettysburg will sell valuable personal property on the premises on Nov. 29th.

O. A. and W. G. Horner, Attorneys-in-fact for the heirs of the late David W. Horner, offer at private sale, the house and lot occupied by said deceased prior to his death, situated near the Public Square in this place. See adv.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Full stock of furniture and trimmings on hand at M. F. Shuff's.

The polls open on Election day at 8 o'clock, a. m., and close at 6 p. m.

For a good sewing machine, oil and all kinds of needles go to M. F. Shuff's.

No one could have wished for better weather, than has made all things joyous this week.

The Political pot is fired up to the highest degree, and the mess pots boiling, bubbling, stewing like all mad.

ELECTION DAY like death and taxes is sure, and never adjourns for wind or weather, and as saith the Poet, "Don't you forget it."

The early voter, can soon return to his home duties, and makes room for others less fortunate in their situations, therefore vote early.

The First National Bank of Gettysburg on Tuesday declared a semi-annual dividend of three per cent., and the Gettysburg National Bank one of five per cent., both clear of taxes.

A CHIMNEY fire at the residence of Mr. Joseph Waddle, at the West end of town, made some commotion about 8:30 a. m., last Sunday, and brought out our "Vigilants" in force. The fire was extinguished without damage.

SOME of the Republicans of Frederick seem incapable of rising to the true American position, "that the judiciary ought to be divorced from partisan politics," and are thus at logger heads with their more discerning leaders.

EVERY prudent farmer will see that his farm implements of every sort are now placed under shelter, repaired and painted and secured against rust. This will save valuable time when spring work begins and not a little of useless expense, that will follow neglect.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Matt Fisher, proprietor of the Garden City Livery, Boarding and Sales Stables, 77 to 81 sixteenth St., Chicago, for a copy of a magnificent quarto pamphlet entitled; "City of Chicago. The New Metropolis. Half a Century's progress." The book consists of 320 pages, and is a splendid work typographically and in all respects, and has abundant illustrations of the public buildings of that grand city, among the rest a cut of Mr. Fisher's buildings, that speaks most favorably of the good fortune of a native of Emmitsburg.

THERE is not very much joy in the heart of the sleek young turkey who walks the barnyard in fearful contemplation of the fate that overhangs him during the approaching holiday season. The aromatic cranberry and the tempting pumpkin pie are the heralds of the sleek young turkey's awful destiny.—Frederick News.

Will the News never learn that unity is the first requisite of correct metaphysical expression, and that the fitness of things is essential? Turkeys do not think, much less do they regard the Thanksgiving any more than any other day, and he eats his morning repast as voraciously on the day of his death as on any preceding. If the fowl has any sentiment about Thanksgiving, it must be one of enjoyment in being killed to grace the tables of thankful persons. Who ever heard of the cranberry being aromatic? The color and the delicious flavor are its points of attraction. If words are intended to convey thoughts, the News is not often happy in their use.

MEETING OF THE FARMERS' CLUB.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.—The Blue Mountain Farmers' Club met at the residence of Wm. S. Guthrie, in Emmitsburg. Roll called, and all present except A. H. and H. F. Maxell. Minutes of the preceding meeting read and adopted. President Jos Byers was released from his fine. The subject "Do the signs of the times indicate prosperity to the farmer in the future," was discussed by several of the members. The President called upon the Secretary, R. E. Hockensmith, to open the discussion, who said:

"The subject is a very broad one, and to discuss it thoroughly we would have to travel over considerable territory. The present indications for the prosperity of the farmer certainly look gloomy, and if there is anything indicating to the contrary, it certainly seems a great way off. Many of the laws of our land are in great opposition to the welfare of the farmer, and are framed by professional men who never think of the farmer or his interests, unless they need his assistance at the ballot box. Then the farmers are a very clever set of fellows. Then these office seekers, these professional men will pledge themselves to work and labor in the interest of the farmer if they in return will support them by their votes. The consequence is they are elected and go to the different places assigned them, many of them not thinking for the moment they were elected, forgetting the pledges they made, and go rejoicing only in the good they did during the campaign. Now, Mr. President—it requires great wisdom in the men who make the laws for a great nation like this, great wisdom in the men who expound these laws, and great wisdom in the men who put these laws into execution, and if agriculture is not fostered and encouraged in every conceivable way by a Government, its farming interests will decline, and once they decline, the corner stone of the whole Governmental fabric has become ruinous, and the consequence is it will totter and fall. The prosperity of the farmer does not depend upon the pledges of any political platform. It looks to men regardless of party. It was by the contentions of parties, and party factions that Greece and Rome lost their liberties, and these contentions were fomented by ambitious men who sought their own interest at the expense of the state. The same class of demagogues may be found in America to-day. They pretend to be great friends of the people, especially the farmer, they flatter him, excite his prejudices, secure his votes, and when necessary for their purpose they stir up a spirit among them that leads to violence. The only antidote for this evil, and the only one that will save our country from the fate of the great Republics of the past, is to put only such men in nomination, and then elect them, we can do it, that are in sympathy with the farming interests of the community, and who can best sympathize with the farmer. Is it the lawyer, the doctor, the editor and men of this stamp? Are they the men that know our needs, and our wants? by no means. Every man works for his own interest, and therefore we want the farmer to legislate and enact laws for us. He may not be as fluent a speaker or as gifted an orator as his more educated associates, but he will stand up boldly and firmly for the people, whose interests he represents. Who are the people that are opposed to the taxation of mortgages, is it the farmer? By no means, they are the very men that we send to legislate and enact laws for us, whose individual interest it is in many cases to exempt them. It is estimated that two-thirds of the property in the State of Maryland is exempt from taxation, the result is the remaining one-third pays the taxes of the entire State, and what class of people figure most conspicuously in this one-third? It is the farmer undoubtedly. His farm is often mortgaged to more than its actual value, he is in reality not the actual owner of his farm. Yet he pays annually a heavy interest on this mortgage, the taxes on the farm, besides the taxes on his personal property, every old plow and harrow included, whilst the real owner and possessor of the farm in every sense of the word is exempt from all these harassing calls for money. And then taking into consideration the high price paid for labor, with the comparatively low price paid for farm produce, I think you will agree with me that the outlook for the prosperity of the farmer in the future is not very encouraging. Although we may raise good crops, so long as we are weighed down by this heavy burden of taxation, and pay this high price for labor, our prosperity seems a great way off. That the farmer and his rights have been tampered with by all classes of men, it is useless to deny. He more than any other has been the tool in the hands of shrewd men, who sought their own interest and often gained it, at the expense of his. I think the time has come when the farmer should better himself. If he has a boy that is apt and shrewd, instead of educating him, and converting him into a professional man, educate him and bring him back to the farm. The time is past if there ever was such a time when the boy that was fit for nothing else, would do for the farmer. The farmer more than any other class, needs education and enlightenment. Unlike other combinations, he has no fixed rule by which he is governed. He cannot say when he is going to plant his corn, or sow his seed, or reap his harvest. He has all the elements of nature to contend with. He can do nothing therefore, but use his own best judgment, and the more educated and enlightened he is, the stronger will be his reasoning faculties. Then too we will have men from our own ranks who are eligible to stand side by side with their peers, and being farmers themselves, will know their necessities, and will legislate accordingly. It was education that raised Franklin from the

humble station of a poor printers boy to the first honors of his country. It raised Simpson from the weavers loom to a station among the first mathematicians. It took Sherman from his shoemakers bench, gave him a seat in Congress, and made his voice to be heard in thunder tones among the best and wisest of his contemporaries, and it is education that will raise the farmer from his state of depression and dependence, to that station which he so richly deserves. The farmer has arrived at such a crisis when nothing short of legislation in his behalf will ever insure to him prosperity, and upon these two things, viz.—legislation and education, in my estimation, largely depend the success of the farmer in the future. But judging the future prosperity of the farmer from present signs and present indications, the outlook for him is not very encouraging."

Mr. John Donoghue taking the floor said:

"Mr. President:—It is only by taking a retrospect of the past, that we can surmise what the future will be, and then it will only be a surmise. It is not necessary to go back to Adam and follow the course of Agriculture down through the five thousand eight hundred years of its existence. We will take a view of the last fifty years, and I am sure the most of you can remember very distinctly what progress we have made in that time. I consider we have passed the most eventful period in the World's History in the last fifty years, especially so in regard to Agriculture. I remember when we made all our hay by hand labor, we had no spring-tooth rake, or patent hay fork, no mower, a few well-to-do farmers had a wooden tumbler rake. The first hay carriages, called Yankee hay ladders, created a great commotion, and every body said the load would fall off. We had used the common wood ladders for hay and grain previous to that time. We had no grain drill, no reaper and binder, no steam thrasher, no riding plows, no clover huller. Our plows were a very poor concern, with coulters and a point about fifteen inches long, sometimes it would go in the ground to the beam and sometimes it would not go in at all, and when it struck a stone, let go. We had no cook stoves or ranges, our cooking was all done in the fire place or hearth, in Dutch ovens and pots hung on cranes, matches were not in use, and if you failed to keep fire, you either had to use a flint, or go to your neighbors for it. We had the old Franklin tea plate stove, but it was generally kept for the best room. There was scarcely any clothing worn that was not home-made, cloth and all, and I distinctly recollect the envy of the country boys, when the first young man came to our place in a full suit of store clothes. We had no Rail Roads, and Canals had only been in use a few years, and they were scarce, all the trade and transportation of grain, products of the farm, merchandise and passengers were carried on by horses, wagons and stages. I distinctly recollect the opposition the farmers in our neighborhood had against rail roads, saying, what will become of our horses, and who will buy our grain, if those rail roads come here, and do away with all the teams. The manners and dress of the people were much more simple, their wants were few, they had no daily paper, and in fact very few papers at all, so the world might have been turned upside down, and they would not be aware of it for some time, but rest assured they knew all the news in their own neighborhood about as well as they do now."

"What a vast change has come over the country! what great inventions have been made for the benefit of agriculture, and the masses in general, our great trunk line rail roads extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with lateral branches encircling all parts of our country, our telegraph lines extend to all parts of the world. We can converse by telephone to nearly all parts of our State, what fifty years ago was the far west, is to day the centre of our settled population. It seems almost like a fairy tale, our methods of farming now, and what they were fifty years ago. And our present means of travel and transportation, compared with fifty years ago seem inconceivable were they not facts which we see and experience every day."

"What is the cause of this great change? and is it to continue in the same ratio? Upon answering this will depend the solution of our question. I believe it has come from a higher and better educated class of people. There never was a time when so many scientific men were engaged in experiments bearing upon the different branches of Agriculture, and in no department of science have such beneficial results been obtained. Education is as absolutely necessary for a farmer as it is in any other calling, and when the mind is disciplined by study and trained by experience success is more certain in farming than in any other business, now let us see what our educated and scientific farmers have done for us. They have given us herds and stock so that their yield is almost fabulous, they have given us horses we never dreamed of, they have given fruits, flowers, seeds and plants, we could not have obtained in any other way, than by careful and scientific knowledge. Our educated and scientific mechanics have given us all our magnificent array of farm machinery. Our means of transportation and travel, and thousands of other luxuries that make it pleasant to live in our day. It is not necessary that every farmer should be a scientific farmer. Facts and knowledge can be so cheaply obtained, by reading the experiments of others, as published in books and agricultural papers, that there is no excuse to be offered for entire ignorance of them. Fifty years ago not one farmer in a hundred had any kind of library, but his Bible and an Almanac, there was no Agricultural College that I know

of in this country. Now it is no uncommon thing to find our greatest minds in Agricultural pursuits. Agricultural writers, experimental farmers, and agricultural colleges are numerous, but not so numerous as they should be.

"Therefore judging from the past and present condition of our calling, I have no fears of the future. With the exception that we are made to support too many in luxurious idleness, by unjust and unfair taxation. I feel confident of our continued prosperity."

D. S. Gillean says:—"If the members of the B. M. F. C. had one year's experience of farming in our Grandfather's time, we would hardly be here to discuss the question, whether the signs of the times indicate prosperity for the farmer or not. Agriculture has been on the increase from the earliest ages. It is not the low price of wheat alone that makes times slow with the farmer, it is our habits and manners of living, and wanting to earn our bread by the sweat of a hired man's brow. Why the first thing a young man wants when he commences farming is a good horse and buggy, which costs more than to stock a farm in the early history of this country. Why you can hardly get a hired man now unless he must have a horse and buggy, surely times must be good if farming will afford it. I will admit the farmer has to pay a very large and unjust proportion of the state and county taxes, but that even is small to compare with the unnecessary expense we put upon ourselves. "Our Grandfathers plowed with a wooden mould-board, cut the wheat with a sickle, thrashed the grain out by the horses tramping it out on the barn floor, and hauled it fifty miles to market on wagons, and sold it for one dollar a bushel. Now we grumble at the low price of seventy-five cents, while one man can do as much work as eight or ten men used to do, especially the hard work of harvesting, and he need not work very hard at that. One man can seed ten acres a day, and cut and bind twenty, and still we think we cannot raise wheat for the price profitable, well suppose we can't, we can quit raising wheat, there are so many other branches of husbandry that are profitable that we can afford to let the West raise the wheat, and turn our attention to the smaller things. I remember well when butter was sold for six and a quarter cents per pound, and eggs six cents a dozen, now we get four times that price and think it is not enough, that we cannot afford to build a Creamery, and raise milk and butter at the prices they bring, but to make it short, with the increasing population how can the interest of agriculture go down while we all live on the product of the soil?"

At this point dinner was announced, which reflected credit upon the hostess. No pains was spared to make the day pleasant and enjoyable, as well as to satisfy the appetites of the members. After viewing the premises of the proprietor, the club was again called to order. The President being called upon to give his opinion relative to the subject said, that he did not propose to make a speech upon the all important subject, "but will just give my hearers a little bit of talk. First—I would say the farmers prosperity is dark and gloomy, and no sunshine on any parts thereof. Inasmuch as all other business, namely—machine shops, railroads and mercantile men have all taken from the farmer his brightest sunshine, and best laboring hands. And to-day, they are found among the counter-hoppers, district clerks, Lawyers and Doctor offices and even the profession of learned men, all of them have larger portion of our brightest sons. Who should today, not be scientific, but practical, knowing farmers. They even leave the farm, and help to swell the towns and cities, if these be facts, what material has the farmer left to plow and till the soil with, none other than second class material, and high wages, and low prices for his produce. Looking at all this, I see no future prosperity for this farmer."

"Second—The subject of taxation. These galling chains hang heaviest around the head of the farmer. He has not an article exempt from taxation in Maryland. If he improves his farm or puts a little addition to his buildings, (his taxable basis is increased), all of which is intended to make the farm home comfortable and pleasant. His old horse, cow, plows, wagons and all such like are continued upon the basis of taxation, (even after worn out and dead), until a new assessment is made, in every ten years or more. The tax-gatherer is particular not to take off his base, but adds to it. In the second place if these be facts, what is the future prosperity for the farmer? None but gloom and bankruptcy. Now we will review different courses. We find others who do not pay a cent of tax. The mechanic, his tools are all exempt from taxation and we find millions of dollars in the State of Maryland, namely, mortgages, bonds and railroad property. The B. & O. R. R., in Baltimore City has thousands, yea, millions of dollars worth of property, and all exempt from taxation. Now the entire burden of taxation, to great extent rests upon the farmer, and his property. Again allow me to say the future prosperity is blackened for the farmer. I fear I am talking too long, so in conclusion allow me to say a few words upon the farm produce, in the first place, we have an overplus of all kinds of grain, and no foreign markets to consume it. Inasmuch as some of the foreign countries, for instance, India is producing her own supply and shipping millions of bushels to Europe and other countries, and that all produced by pauper labor. Now then, I should ask any common minded person, how can the farmers of this country, (of which there are over 4,410,000), all of you knowing the cost of production of grain, compete with these pauper productions. Now again allow me to say that I can see

no sunshine in behalf of the farmers' interest. I might continue this talk, but time will not permit me, as we have an amount of other business to attend to. And now I must release you hearers by taking my seat."

Addresses were also made by Prof. J. B. Kerschner, J. W. Troxell, S. G. Ohler and others.

No. Donoghue in a short address made to the proprietor said, he had no eulogy to offer Mr. Guthrie. As to his mode of farming, he had taken a very poor piece of ground, and by converting it into a good farm, showed that he was possessed of good judgment. He spoke very highly of his fine flock of chickens and ducks, but had to confess according to the theory of the Club that his pig-pen did not sit correctly, as it did not front to the South.

After the transaction of some business relative to the Club the meeting adjourned, to meet at the residence of President Jos. Byers on the first Saturday of November, which was however, subsequently changed to the last Saturday in October. Subject to be discussed, "What constitutes a good farmer?"

Legs Crushed by a Locomotive.

Mr. Eli Hiltabridge car inspector of the Western Maryland railroad at Union Bridge, in trying to get out of the way of an engine in the yards at that place on Monday, had both his legs crushed at the ankle, one foot and probably both will have to be amputated.

Mrs. JONES, how is your health this morning? Thank you, madam, much improved. I bought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup last night, and after the first dose, my cough was checked, I slept well, and have not coughed once this morning.

ACCIDENTS will occur not only "in the best regulated families," but every where and at all times. Therefore keep Salvation Oil convenient.

Funeral of Judge Ritchie.

The funeral of the late Chief Judge Ritchie, of the sixth judicial district of Maryland, took place on Frederick on Saturday last, and was attended by a large concourse of people. Interment was made at the Mt. Olivet Cemetery. At 12 o'clock the body, after having been reviewed by many persons, was carried in a handsome oak casket to All Saints' Protestant Episcopal Church where impressive religious services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Stephenson, dean of the convocation, and Rev. Osborne Ingle, rector of the parish. The floral tributes were numerous and beautiful, and comprised a variety of appropriate designs. The honorary pall-bearers were ex-Gov. Wm. T. Hamilton, Judge Bryan, of the Court of Appeals, Judges Lynch and Vinson, of the Circuit Court, Gen. Edward Shriver, Gen. M. Potts, Dr. George Johnson, A. H. Hunt, Lewis Brunner, J. Alfred Ritter and Edwin Bell, of Hagerstown. The act v. pall-bearers were Hon. Milton G. Urner, Dr. Charles W. Hoffman, of Washington, J. H. Gambrill, Clayton O. Keedy, Thos. H. Pope, Geo. K. Shellman, J. E. R. Wood and Thos. M. Wolfe. Among others present in the church were Mayor Bartsig and the Board of Aldermen, all the members of the Bar Association, the clerk of the court and deputies, the county commissioners, the sheriff, nearly all of the court and county officials, Col. R. D. Johnson, of Cumberland, J. Wm. Baughman, Alex. Neill of Hagerstown, and Messrs. Prettyman, Henderson and Dawson, of the Montgomery county Bar. Among the relatives were Hon. Wm. P. Mautsly and Col. Albert Ritchie, father-in-law and brother of the deceased.

In accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of the Bar Association the court-room has been elaborately draped in mourning.

The following resolutions were adopted by the bar and ordered to be spread on the minutes of the court:

"As it has pleased the Great Arbitrator of Life, who presides in the courts of the blest and the just, in His all-wise providence to issue His mandate of death to the flesh and of life to the soul of our deceased brother, the Hon. John Ritchie, chief justice of this judicial circuit, it is most seemly and right for us, who, by the Divine decree, are still permitted to remain on earth, while humbly bowing to His command, to place upon the records of tribunal our tribute of respect, our testimony to the worth and character of our departed brother, the chief justice of our court; and to that end, be it

"Resolved by the Bar Association of the Circuit Court for Frederick County, First, that in the death of the Hon. John Ritchie, chief justice of the sixth judicial circuit of Maryland, the bench of Maryland has lost a genial, sociable and cultivated gentleman and brother; his court and bar a courteous, affable and impartial judge; this community an honored resident and citizen, and his bereaved family a devoted husband and parent.

"Second. Resolved, That as members of the bar of this court we cheerfully bear testimony that when our deceased brother was at the bar few equaled, none excelled him in power and ability. As an advocate, in forensic efforts he was accomplished, brilliant and convincing. As State's attorney for Frederick county none dared question the fairness, faithfulness and ability with which he discharged the onerous and often unpleasant duties. As member of Congress the dignity and efficiency displayed in the discharge of the high trust committed to him proved how acceptable he was to the constituency which honored him. As chief justice of this court, his urbanity, courtesy and impartiality commanded confidence and respect for his rulings.

"Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, and assure them that words are inadequate to express our feelings of tender regard, respect and condolence in their sad affliction."—Sun.

One Fact Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Vacancy Filled.

The Democratic Central Committee of Frederick County have placed the name of Manassas J. Grove, of Lime Kiln, on the ticket, for the House of Delegates, to fill the vacancy created by the declination of Michael Zimmerman.

No wonder a baby protests against such doses as people will give it. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the pleasantest and safest remedy known for infants.

A PERSON often bears the charge of laziness when it is only a poorly active liver or a wearied stomach which is the cause of his sluggishness. One thus suffering should use Laxador and be relieved. Price only 25 cents a package.

Sad Death.

E. Frank Tracy, Esq., a graduate of Gettysburg College in the Class of '81, a promising young lawyer of Westminster, Md., while visiting at Mr. Robert S. Bream's, in Cumberland township, died on Friday afternoon of peritonitis caused by internal trouble, after an illness of eight days. His wife, formerly Miss Maggie Rinehart, of Westminster, to whom he was married in June last, and who is a niece of Mrs. E. D. Keller, of Cumberland township, a cousin of Mrs. Bream, of Freedom township, accompanied him. His age was 30 years, 2 months and 24 days. The remains were taken to Westminster on Saturday and buried near that place on Sunday.—Compiler.

Pleasant Reception.

Mr. F. A. Adelsberger and his bride returned home last Saturday, and during the evening their many friends called to offer their congratulations. The Vigilant Hose Company, of which Mr. Adelsberger is a member, called in full uniform, and were very pleasantly entertained. Early in the evening a party of young ladies gave them a serenade, and later on they were serenaded by the Emmitt Cornet Band. Between twelve and one o'clock several members of the Hose Company gave them the serenade usual on such occasions.

The young couple were the recipients of many handsome and useful presents, among which were a toilet set from Miss Cadori of Baltimore, who was one of the bridesmaids, a tea set of over forty pieces and a silver butter dish from the Hose Company, and a silver cake basket. They received a number of callers and some handsome presents while in Baltimore. The EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE wishes them a long and happy married life.

A Present for You.

Attention is called to the offer we make of a Jacket pattern free to each of our lady readers, the notice of which appears at the head of the first column on this page. Watch for the "Pattern Order" which will appear in our issue of November 12th.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. M. E. Ovelman removed from this place to Smithsburg, Washington county, on Tuesday, where she will pursue her occupation as milliner. The best wishes for success, from her many friends, attend her.

Mr. Harry McHenry accompanied his mother, Mrs. Ovelman to Smithsburg.

Mr. John Eisenhauer of Frederick was in town this week.

Miss Annie Kelly has returned from a visit to Baltimore and Altoona.

Mrs. Samuel Motter, Miss Mabel Motter and Mr. Paul Motter were in Baltimore this week.

Dr. Geo. T. Motter and wife of Taneytown made a visit at Mr. E. R. Zimmerman's.

Mr. David Biggs of Rocky Ridge made a visit in town.

Mr. Geo. M. Hyder of Westminster made a visit to his mother in this place.

Prof. Ernest Legarde made a visit to Baltimore.

Mr. Felix Diffendal made a visit to Union Bridge.

Mr. Joseph Tyson was at New Windsor.

Miss M. Celeste Elder and Miss Addie Nuscar made a trip to Rocky Ridge.

Misses Gertrude, Lizzie and Katie Martin of Gettysburg, and Miss Annie Colodi of Baltimore, were the guests of Mr. N. Baker.

Miss S. E. Fenwick of New Lisbon, New Jersey, is the guest of Mrs. J. K. Wrigley.

Mr. John Mahony and wife have returned to Baltimore.

Mr. F. B. Welty of the Baltimore Custom House is home on a week's vacation.

Miss Jennie Lansinger made a visit to Taneytown.

Mr. J. Frank Shorb of Chambersburg made a visit in town.

Mr. John Reifsnider, and wife and son are visiting in Chambersburg.

Mrs. Poe of Baltimore County, made a visit at Mr. Geo. W. Rowe's.

Mrs. J. K. Wrigley and son, has returned from Coalport, Pa.

Mr. N. Rowe made a visit to Baltimore.

Dr. T. J. Bond was in Baltimore this week.

Mr. Felix Walter made a visit to Baltimore.

What Am I To Do?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unpleasant but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events. The digestive system is wholly out of order, and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity of flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

List of Letters.

The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., Oct. 31, 1887. Persons calling will please say advertised, otherwise they may not receive them:

E. C. Bird, Jos. A. Cahill, John J. Kost, Jos. E. Myers, Edward C. Pearson, E. Pearson, John Reindollar.

How They Did It.

The youngsters of this village had a jolly time, at least to themselves, on Halloween. Door bells were rung, corn and cabbage were distributed with a free hand; vehicles were spirited away to remote quarters, and in one case left in a gully outside of town; wagons, boxes and all movable things were scattered here and there; gates were arranged to do duty at the front doors of various residences; parts of a sleigh were submerged in the Fountain on the square, and part of a wagon stood guard at the enclosure thereof. Some girls are said to have entered into the fun with spirit. We did not learn that any of the wild spirits aided in restoring order the next day; but the mischievous looks and titillations of not a few bold parties whose reticence would not have stood an official interview.

Communicated.

FOUNTAIN DALE, Nov. 2nd, 1887. ED. CHRONICLE.—I see through your paper that you invite correspondence. I send you some items from this corner.

The Western Maryland Rail Road Co. have a corps of Engineers making a preliminary survey of the old Tappan Worn railroad, from Blue Ridge Summit to Orangetown. Major Boyce, assisted by President Hood's son is making the survey. They commenced the first of October, and will finish the survey in about a week, the Corps boarded with Miss Annie McIntire for three weeks, and have now gone to Fairfield. President Hood paid them a visit on Friday last. Game is plenty in this section, Harry Buhman and Frank Stem shot several wild ducks on Martin's dam. James E. McIntire went out on Friday evening and shot three rabbits in forty-five minutes.

Judicial Conventions.

On Monday last both Democratic and Republican judicial conventions met in Frederick to nominate a candidate to succeed the late Chief Judge Ritchie. Both Frederick and Montgomery counties were represented. Capt. James McSherry, of Frederick, and W. Viera Bouie, Jr., of Rockville, were put in nomination. The vote stood 6 for McSherry, 4 for Bouie, whereupon, on motion of Mr. Bouie the nomination of Mr. McSherry was made unanimous. After appointing a committee to notify Mr. McSherry, the convention adjourned. The Republicans also met in convention the same day, but did not make any nomination. They adopted the following resolution and adjourned:

Resolved, By the Republicans of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, in convention assembled, that we believe that the judiciary ought to be divorced from partisan politics, and, following the example of the Republicans of Baltimore City, we therefore decline to present a candidate for the position of Chief Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit.—Union.

The Western Settler's Chosen Specific.

With every advent of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climate changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unwholesome food are so subject. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific, and preventive commensurate with its merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

DIED.

MANNING.—On Wednesday, November 2, 1887, at the residence of her parents, at San Marino, near Mt. St. Mary's College, after a protracted illness, Miss Addie T. Manning, aged 23 years. May she rest in peace.

MORRISON.—On October 8th, 1887, near this place, John Robert, infant son of William and Helen Morrison, aged 5 months and 21 days.

Advertisement for 25¢ A BOTTLE OF SALVATION SALVATION OIL. The Greatest Cure for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of consumptive persons in advanced stages of the Disease. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 25 cents.

Miscellaneous.

How French Bread is Made. One summer's day we stopped to call at the stone farm house of Monsieur Duval.

The loaf she took from the shelf was one of half a dozen leaning against the black wall. These loaves resembled cart wheels, and had been baked in six-quart milk pans.

After our luncheon Ernestine took us through the orchard to a picturesque stone building, where the bread was wont to be made.

In one corner of the place was a large space inclosed with boards. It was empty, but, like the sabots it suggested whitewash or mortar.

Ernestine told us that this was the family dough trough. Hither, once a month, came her father and the hired man to "set" the yeast.

In all Norman towns half-clad men may often be seen lounging about bake house doors. Their legs and feet are bare and floury, and as they tread the streets we know that they have just come from or are returning to their usual occupation of kneading bread.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Ernestine when we told her that in America bread making was woman's work.

Origin of the Democratic Rooster. Our young Democratic friends will perhaps see a good many roosters parading around in the next few weeks as a Democratic emblem.

"In 1840 after the Harrison campaign, there was great doubt as to how Indiana had cast her vote. The situation was similar to that in New York in every respect.

An editor named Chapman conducted the Democratic newspaper at Indianapolis and as is often the case in lounging over a victory, his editorial over the result was termed "crowing."

Miscellaneous.

A. T. Stewart's Body.

The mystery which has so long enveloped the fate of the body of the millionaire dry goods dealer, Alexander T. Stewart, forms the subject of a chapter in Superintendent George W. Walling's book, "The Recollections of a New York Chief of Police," which is soon to be published.

The messenger with the money was to leave New York city at 10 P. M. alone in a one-horse wagon and drive into Westchester county along a lonely road, which was indicated on a map sent by the thieves.

LITTLE Sally came home from school full of indignation. She is only five years old, but she was full of "mad" as her little body would hold.

"Very." There are but few cases where the use of the word "very" strengthens an idea. For instance, take this sentence; "Mrs. Blank is a very fine writer."

AN American gentleman who has recently travelled through Japan, says that the Japanese will in a few years be the greatest railroad builders of the world.

Humorous.

SQUIDLE calls a big bull-dog in his neighborhood "Delay," because delays are dangerous.

THE poet who sang "I Owe No Man a Dollar," unconsciously paid a high tribute to the business sagacity of the community in which he lives.—Puck.

LADY of the house to her cook: "The veal was not done enough yesterday." "I know it. I had to cook it over for us—we never could have eaten it otherwise."—Paris Figaro.

SEASICKNESS, it is said, does not originate in the stomach. This may be true, but those who have been its victims can avouch that it starts straight for the stomach the moment it attacks you.

HUNTER—"Can you tell me what is the funniest part of a dog?" Farmer—"His tail, I guess. It's such a wag." "No. The funniest part of a dog is his lungs." "How do you make that out?" "They are the seat of his pants, don't you see?"

A LITTLE boy was relating a story he heard one day. His ideas becoming confused in some way, he could find no words to explain his meaning. At last he said, "Well, I know enough big words, but I don't know where to put them in. Just like some great men."

BROWN—I hear that your sister is going to marry Mr. Jinks, of New York.

Robinson—Yes; that's so. "He belongs to a good family, I suppose?"

"Well, I should say so. His brother is in the very next cell to Fred Ward."

"A NEBRASKA minister wants to know how a Christian can chew tobacco. Basing an answer upon long observation, it may be remarked that a Christian chews tobacco very much in the manner favored by the sinner. The essential difference is that the Christian does not borrow what he chews."

"CHARLEY, do you know that you're generally considered the greatest liar on the road?" said one traveling man to another.

"Well, I don't want to seem boastful, but I think I am."

"Bill Jenkins says you're the greatest liar that ever lived."

"Bill is wrong. I have one great historic rival. I never yet had the luck to say I couldn't tell a lie."—Merchant Traveler.

A BRIGHT little girl, who did not see the value of arithmetic, was asked to give the total of five cows and seven cows. "Nine," she answered promptly, and her answer being rejected, said "Eleven." On again being convinced of error, she became scornfully indifferent.

LITTLE Sally came home from school full of indignation. She is only five years old, but she was full of "mad" as her little body would hold.

"Why, what has she done?" "She laughed at me—laughed right out loud." "I guess you did something to make her laugh." "No, I didn't do anything." "Well, how did it happen?" "It was in the geography class, and she asked me what was the principal production of the Sandwich Islands, and I just said 'Sandwiches,' and she laughed.—Golden Days.

MRS. SAUNDERS, a recently married lady of Austin, Texas, had no practical knowledge of cooking, but she bought a cook-book, and made an earnest effort to overcome her deficiencies.

"I wish you would make a lemon pie for dinner. My mother used to make such nice lemon pie," said Mr. Saunders one day.

"Well, if you want any lemon pies you can get your mother to make them for you, I'll not do it," she replied warmly.

"Why, I am surprised to hear you talk that way."

"I don't care if you are surprised. I'm not going to burn myself up for nobody. I was reading the recipe in the cook-book yesterday and it winds up 'then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.' I expect almost anybody would stir constantly while sitting on a hot stove, but I am not going to make any experiments. Catch me sitting on a hot stove!"

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