

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. X.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

No. 24.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge.—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney.—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.

Orphan's Court.
Judges.—Geo. W. Shank, John H. Keller, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—H. F. Maxell, Chas. A. Eyer, Jos. G. Miller, Thos. Hightman, Simon T. Stauffer.
Sheriff.—Alonso Benner.
Taz-Collector.—J. Wm. Baughman.
Surveyor.—William H. Hickey.
County Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Routhahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner.—Glenn H. Worthington.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public.—Geo. C. Habhurst.
Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, I. M. Fisher, Jas. F. Hickey.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constables.—Wm. H. Ashbaugh, Edw. Wenschhof.

School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, Joseph A. Baker, C. T. Zacharias.
Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Town Commissioners.—Joseph Snouffer, Jas. O. Hopp, Oscar D. Fraley, P. D. Lawrence, Jas. F. Hickey, Victor E. Rowe.

Tax Collectors.—William H. Ashbaugh.
Tax Collector.—John F. Hopp.

I. S. ANNAN.

J. C. ANNAN.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.,

—DEALERS IN—

General Merchandise,

EMMITSBURG, MD.

Have the largest and most carefully selected stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES—in all styles of leather and gum—READY-MADE CLOTHING, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, ALL KINDS OF IRON,

and in short everything desirable, from the largest to the smallest articles of merchandise.

No trouble to show goods. Call and be satisfied about them, and the prices we are sure will please.

New goods arrive daily at the well known stand on the S. W. Corner of the Public Square. We also have a large stock of

Posts, Rails & Shingles.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.

IN A TIN PEDDLER'S CART.

BY F. M. JOHNSON.

A tin peddler's cart was rattling along a lonely country road late in the afternoon. It had the usual paraphernalia of swinging pails and kettles, brooms, and bags of rags aloft, and the driver appeared like the typical tin peddler, whose visits vary the house-wife's monotonous life in the remote rural districts. Good-natured, ruddy-faced, sociable, and indolent, he looked as he leaned back on his box, with his legs swinging loosely over the side, humming a snatch of an old-fashioned song. His horse, though pulling in a rusty harness, was a strong, quick-stepping beast, and traveled as if he scorned the load he carried.

For half-a-mile past the team had passed no houses. Now a lone some farmhouse was coming into view. It stood well back from the road and had a solitary, forbidding look. Most of the windows were closely curtained. One or two rooms on the lower floor only seemed to be occupied. From under his stouched hat-brim the peddler gave a keen glance over the premises, taking in every detail.

"Hm! A little window with the lower half ground-glass. Straight over the hall door. Iron sash, panes small; half bedroom. That must be the room. We are on the right track at last, and not a minute too soon."

As he neared the house, his attitude became even more lazy and indifferent. Drawing up to the battered gate, he swung himself slowly from the box, and going around to the back of the wagon, thrust his head inside, and began searching among the pans and dishes. When he drew back from the wagon again a half-dozen bright silk handkerchiefs were hanging on his arm.

He walked deliberately to the side door and rapped. A woman's face looked out, half eager, half forbidding. It was a woman of nearly middle age, with some slight pretensions to good looks, but an expression which did not denote much brilliancy of intellect. There were little unmistakable tokens about the arrangement of her dress and hair, that she had not given up considering herself good-looking and young.

"Good evening, miss; is your mother in?" asked the peddler glibly.

The woman flushed, but looked far from displeased.

"I haven't any mother, sir," she answered. "I'm the woman of the house."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the peddler. "Then I hope you'll be good enough to let me show you these elegant silk handkerchiefs. Beautiful things, the best silk in the market. I got 'em at a great bargain,—don't usually carry such things—and they're dirt cheap, I assure you. Just let me step inside, and you can see them better."

"I don't think 'twill be of any use for you to come in," she said hesitatingly. "The fact is, my man's away, and there's nobody at home but me and the hired man—there's only us three in the family—and we shan't either of us be likely to buy anything."

"Never mind, never mind! It's a pleasure to show my goods to a lady who appreciates a handsome thing as I see you do, even if she doesn't care to buy. I won't detain you long."

The stranger had read the woman's face at a glance, and saw two conflicting expressions there,—a strong desire to hold parley with him, and a fear, or at least reluctance, to allow him to enter. He took advantage of the first expression, and stepped blithely into the house.

"There, madam," he said, shaking out the gayest of the handkerchiefs, and laying it over her shoulders. "That is just the thing for you. Lights up dark hair and a good complexion wonderfully. Can't I make a trade to-day?"

"No, no," said the woman. "I haven't any money to spare on finery. And in this lonesome

place," she added regretfully, "it don't make a mite of difference what a body wears."

The peddler looked sympathetic. "It is a lonesome place for a young woman to live. Particularly when you're husband's gone. But I suppose he's about home most of the time?"

"Oh, yes," the woman answered. "He's most always here. And I expect him home in the morning. 'Twas rather sudden, his going—"

She stopped quickly and looked a trifle frightened. Glancing suspiciously at the tin peddler's face, she was reassured by its stolid, indifferent expression. His mind was apparently on the trade he hoped to make.

"About the handkerchiefs," he continued, "Tell you what I'll do. Say you give me a night's lodging—I can sleep with the hired man or anywhere—I'll be up and off early in the morning, shan't make you a mite of trouble scarcely, just a bit of supper and a place to sleep, and the handkerchiefs yours. Lovely thing, isn't it? Worth a dollar and a half if it is a cent," and he held it up enticingly, gathering the silk together, and holding it in the light to show the colors.

The woman looked at it longingly. "I don't know what he'd say," she began.

"No occasion to say anything," quickly responded the peddler. "I shall be off and away long before he's home. And as I said, I'll sleep with the hired man, or any—"

"No need of that," said the woman, tossing her head. "I guess we ain't so scrupled for room—only three persons in the family—but what we can give you a room by yourself."

"Well, it's a bargain, then?"

The woman hesitated again, and glanced once more at the handkerchief.

"Yes, I guess so."

The peddler went out to care for his horse. From a kennel near the barn two savage dogs leaped towards him, snapping and growling, and tugging at their chains.

"Unloosed at night I suppose," said the peddler looking at them reflectively. "For a poor place like this, and only three in the family they require a good deal of guarding." He shook his head ruefully.

"I'm sorry to have to take advantage of a silly woman's vanity, but it must be done. It has been a long hunt, and we are near the finish now."

As he entered the barn the dogs, whose chains were long enough to give them considerable range, twisted themselves inside the door, trying to reach him. The peddler lifted the seat of the wagon, and took from a tin box underneath a piece of meat.

"Lucky I happened to come prepared for you, my fine fellows," he muttered, cutting the meat in two, and throwing a mouthful to each animal. "There, eat that. It won't do you a bit of hurt, but in two hours from now you'll be so sound asleep that an earthquake wouldn't waken you."

He watched them till they swallowed the meat, then stabled and fed his horse, and leaping nimbly past the dogs, which had crept out again toward their kennels, he went into the house. The sun had gone down, and a cold wind was blowing across the fields. It was natural, that as he passed into the kitchen where the woman was preparing tea, he should stop by the stove a few minutes to chat with his hostess, and warm his chilled hands.

"You have one of those new style teapots, I see. I'm selling a good many of 'em this season. How do you like the kind?"

As he spoke he raised the lid, then shook, his hand a little as the hot steam came pouring out.

"Oh, it's a very good kind. Scald your hand much, sir?" asked the woman.

"No, nothing of consequence," said the man, blowing on his fingers.

"Just a bit of a smart. Served me right for meddling with a hot teapot."

"Well, supper's ready, I believe,

You can sit right down, and I'll call the hired man in."

It was a rather silent meal. The hired man scarcely lifted his eyes from his plate, the woman had grown suddenly taciturn, and the guest made little effort to keep up the conversation.

"Don't your tea suit you, sir?"

"Oh, yes," the woman suddenly, noticing that his cup stood untasted by his plate.

"Oh, yes, yes," replied the guest. "It's all right, very nice. But the fact is, I'm no tea-drinker. A cup of milk suits me better any time."

"Well, you can have milk just as well," said the woman, pouring him a glass. "As for us, we're all great tea-drinkers. Have another cup of tea, Jerry? No? Then I may as well finish it." And she drained the last of the teapot's contents into her cup.

A few hours later, when the place was wrapped in stillness and darkness, a door on the upper floor of the house softly opened, and the peddler stepped out from the room to which his yawning, sleepy hostess had directed him early in the evening.

It was the peddler, and yet a far different looking man. The close fitting wig of short, ruddy curls was pushed back, the broad, good-natured face had sobered and lengthened, and it was a keen alert, anxious man whose sharp gray eyes peered out into the darkness.

"Past two doors, to the landing, down three steps, then straight ahead to the hall bed-room. Eight inches to the right from the door top hangs the keys," he whispered, as if conning a lesson. With a step too light to awaken the inmates of the house, even if the teapot's potent contents had not given a greater profundity to their slumbers, the man crept through the silent hall door, and at last stood behind the hall door. He drew a small vial and a feather from his breast-pocket, and proceeded, by the sense of touch, lightly to oil the door-hinges and lock. Reaching for the key, he carefully inserted it in the lock, turned it, and entered the room.

Then, closing the door behind him, he drew a dark lantern from another pocket, and threw its rays upon the bed, where a pale boy was sleeping. Even in his sleep, he saw there were traces of grief, fear and anxiety on his young face.

The man stood looking at the boy for a moment, with an expression of pity, and something like tenderness. The lad stirred in his sleep, threw out his arms, then with a start sprang up, and opened his eyes, frightened eyes upon the man.

"Arthur, don't you know me, Arthur?" said the intruder, drawing nearer.

The scared look changed to one of relief and hope.

"Oh, Mr. Braxton, Mr. Braxton, is it you? Have you come to take me away?" he sobbed, throwing his arms about his visitor's neck. Then, with a frightened start, he shrank back again, and looked up with an air of doubt and fear.

"Yes, I have come for you, Arthur, but we must be quiet and go quietly. Poor boy, I don't wonder it is hard for you to trust anyone. But trust me, Arthur; you know I am your friend. And believe me, your troubles are almost over."

The look of confidence returned. "Yes, I will trust you, Mr. Braxton. I haven't forgotten how kind you were when you took me from that wretched place before. They have told me hosts of things that I don't believe, but I'll believe you."

"Have you been cruel to you? And how have they kept you here?" asked the man, looking about the little bare room.

The boy hesitated. "I have had enough to eat, and they gave me a few books to read. But they took all my clothes away. I couldn't get out of this room. The window is barred with iron. And they treated me as if I was crazy." The boy's eyes filled with tears.

"The scoundrels! No doubt they hoped to drive you out of your mind," said Mr. Braxton.

"But the woman!" cried Arthur

eagerly, "the woman was always kind to me, only she dared not let me out. I hope that nothing will happen to the woman."

"We will try to spare her for the sake of that," said Mr. Braxton. "But come, Arthur, we have but a few hours. You must be in your old home to-morrow to save your right's and your fortune. That is why there can be no chance left for delays. We must go swiftly and secretly. Wrap that blanket about you, and come!"

Arthur unhesitatingly did as he was bid.

The door was locked again, the key replaced, and the two crept stealthily down the stairs and out into the chilly night. Passing the dog kennel, they heard the loud breathing of the sleeping brutes. Arthur tightened his clasp of Mr. Braxton's hand.

"I have heard them howling and barking under my window all night—so many nights," he said.

"They won't bark nor bite any one to-night, that's certain," said Mr. Braxton, with a grim smile.

"Now, Arthur," he continued, as they entered the barn, and he began quickly harnessing the horse, "you will have a strange ride. There must be no chance for any one to see you, for any alarm to be given till be are away from this town. The time is short now, and twenty-four hours' delay would cause great trouble—perhaps ruin everything."

He lifted the seat from the peddler's cart, and cast the light of the dark lantern into a box-like cavity fitted with cushions.

"Jump in there, Arthur! Here are openings in the side for air, you see. There is room for you to sit comfortably; a little cramped, maybe, but 'tis only for a few hours. Draw your blanket about you, and keep up good courage."

Arthur nestled himself among the cushions, and looked up with a trustful smile. Mr. Braxton replaced the cover, jumped upon the box thus formed, and the peddler's cart rolled unmolested out into the yard.

Well away from the farmhouse, then the good gray horse showed the power that was in him. Over hills, through valleys, and across long stretches of the country, he steadily bowled along, and the lonely farmhouses lay many miles behind them, when the yellow dawn glimmered in the East, and the spires of a large manufacturing town began to point up through the mists of the valley.

The early rising clerk of one of its clothing stores boasted of a good early treat that morning.

"Before I had half the goods uncovered, sir," he told his employer, "a man came in and bought the best lad's outfit in the store—everything complete—from one of our best broadcloth suits down to shirt studs. Paid for it in gold, cash down."

When the morning train steamed out of Wireton, the good gray horse that had done so brave a morning's work, was munching his breakfast in a livery stall, and the man and boy, who had taken so singular a night drive, had started on the last stage of their journey by rail.

CHAPTER II.

Clark Broderick sat in his office, professionally writing, but in reality nervously watching the clock-hands that were slowly, oh, so slowly, creeping around to the hour of four. There was one other person in the room; a young man, whose face showed traces of dissipation, and whose strong likeness of feature to the elder man told that the relationship between them was that of father and son. As the father watched the clock, the son watched the father. At last the latter threw down his pen with an air of impatience.

"Don't sit and gaze at me like that, Walter. You make me nervous." The young man laughed a little.

"It's a new thing for you to be nervous, isn't it, dad? I never saw you so before. But no wonder."

Continued on fourth page.

Western Maryland Rail Road.

On and after Sunday, June 3, 1888, passenger trains on this road will run as follows:

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.

Daily, except Sundays, Daily

STATIONS. Mail. Pass. Est. M.

A. M. P. M. A. M.

Hillen Station, Baltimore..... 8:05 4:00 4:10

Union Station, "..... 8:10 4:05 4:15

Chesapeake, "..... 8:15 4:10 4:20

Fulton Station, "..... 8:17 4:12 4:22

Lyons, "..... 8:22 4:17 4:27

Pikesville, "..... 8:24 4:19 4:29

Owings Mills, "..... 8:26 4:21 4:31

Glyndon, "..... 8:28 4:23 4:33

However, "..... 8:30 4:25 4:35

Gettysburg, "..... 8:32 4:27 4:37

Wheatland, "..... 8:34 4:29 4:39

New Windsor, "..... 8:36 4:31 4:41

Union Bridge, "..... 8:38 4:33 4:43

Frederick Junction, "..... 8:40 4:35 4:45

Frederick, "..... 8:42 4:37 4:47

Double Pipe Creek, "..... 8:44 4:39 4:49

Chesapeake, "..... 8:46 4:41 4:51

Emmitsburg, "..... 8:48 4:43 4:53

Lyons, "..... 8:50 4:45 4:55

Mechanstown, "..... 8:52 4:47 4:57

Salisbury, "..... 8:54 4:49 4:59

Blue Ridge Summit, "..... 8:56 4:51 5:01

Pen-Mar, "..... 8:58 4:53 5:03

Blue Mountain, "..... 9:00 4:55 5:05

Edgemont, "..... 9:02 4:57 5:07

Chambersburg, Pa., "..... 9:04 4:59 5:09

Chambersburg, "..... 9:06 5:01 5:11

Shippensburg, "..... 9:08 5:03 5:13

Smithsburg, "..... 9:10 5:05 5:15

Chesapeake, "..... 9:12 5:07 5:17

Harzerstown, "..... 9:14 5:09 5:19

Williamsport, "..... 9:16 5:11 5:21

Hagerstown, "..... 9:18 5:13 5:23

Chester, "..... 9:20 5:15 5:25

Emmitsburg, "..... 9:22 5:17 5:27

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Emmitsburg Rail Road. TIME TABLE. On and after June 3, 1888, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH. Leave Emmitsburg at 8.30 a. m. and 3.25 and 5.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 9.00 a. m. and 3.55 and 6.15 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH. Leave Rocky Ridge at 10.43 a. m. and 4.02 and 6.36 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 11.13 a. m. and 4.32 and 7.06 p. m.

SALES. On Nov. 17, Jos. Shonffer, agent, will sell a horse, cow and two wagons, at his residence in this place.

LOCAL ITEMS. FULL MOON TO-MORROW. CALL at Geo. Gingell's for Pure Still-House Liquors.

THANKSGIVING dinner. Turkey, etc., at Mrs. Motter's store-room for 30 cts.

TO LOAN.—\$700 on first mortgage. Apply at this office. nov 17-41

A MILITARY company is being organized at Keokuk, Washington county.

THE attention of readers is called to the Annual Statement of the County School Commissioners which appears in this issue.

MISS MARY ECKENRODE has had her house on Gettysburg street, weather-boarded, and painted, and a new roof put on it.

GOVERNOR JACKSON has issued his proclamation for thanksgiving. Happily but one day is observed otherwise flesh would fall.

ON Saturday last Sheriff Benner sold a house and lot containing six acres, situated on the hill road to Mr. Samuel Ott for \$1,000.

THE boy who can deliberately tell a flock of Turkeys about the Thanksgiving Proclamations is on the way to an enviable reputation.

THE Ladies of the Missionary Society of the Reformed Church will serve dinner at Mrs. Motter's store-room on Thanksgiving Day. See adv.

THE Gettysburg National Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of five per cent, and the First National Bank three per cent.—Star and Sentinel.

Success results from merit. Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is placed before the public solely on its merits. Its success is indisputable.

REV. U. H. HEILMAN of this place delivered an address before the missionary meeting of the Reformed church in Littlestown, on Wednesday evening.

IT rained hard nearly all of Wednesday night and still came down on Thursday morning with as much force as though it had not rained for a month.

IN contrast with the embrowned meadows and the leafless woodlands, the "living green" of the grain-fields, presents scenes of loveliness that renew themselves continually.

THE Women's College of Baltimore was formally inaugurated on the evening of Tuesday, November 13th. Addresses were delivered by President Gilman and Bishop Warren.

MISS MARY IRENE CARROLL, third daughter of ex-Gov. John Lee Carroll died at the home of her father, near Littleton City, last Wednesday, aged 20 years. Her funeral took place Sunday.

A SUMMER of persons from this place attended the Republican Jollification at Mechanicstown on Tuesday evening. They traveled by a special train over the Emmitsburg and W. M. Railroads.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla acts directly and promptly, purifying and enriching the blood, improving the appetite, strengthening the nerves, and invigorating the system. It is, in the truest sense an alterative medicine. Every invalid should give it a trial.

IN adjusting a fire plug the other day, the being started again was quite turpid. In the absence of a filter, the only way to correct the trouble is to let the sediment settle in a large vessel and pour off from the top of the vessel. The pipes may need flushing.

IF any of our readers desire steady paying work, we advise them to write J. E. Whitney, nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y., for terms to agents, as he furnishes fine outfits free. His stock is warranted, and prices reasonable. Experience is not needed.

FARMERS and Gardeners should see that their rakes, hoes, shovels and such like implements are stored away in good condition, against the needs of next Spring.—"A bird in hand"—you know.

Jollification. The Republicans of this district will hold a jollification on Saturday evening. They will have an illumination and torchlight procession, and the meeting will be addressed by Hon. M. G. Urner of Frederick.

The floor of the warehouse of Messrs. D. C. Winebrenner & Co., West Fourth street, gave way Monday morning. Mr. Harvey Keafauer, an employee, who was on the floor at the time was carried along with it and badly bruised about the body.—Examiner.

ON Monday afternoon Messrs. Chas. W. Troxel and Harry Yeagy saved a cord of oak wood in the Diamond in payment of an election bet with C. C. Sefton and Herman Mertz. Music by a drum corps and hundreds of spectators. Time 55 minutes.—Gettysburg Compiler.

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew than growl all night and scold all day with neuralgia, when one little bottle of Salvation oil would make me gentle and well. Puss, wouldn't you?"

Coughs, hoarseness, asthma or any irritation of the throat or bronchial tubes will be relieved by taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It has cured thousands. Recommend it to your friend and neighbor.

Mr. McMurphy's Estate. In the Orphan's Court, of Baltimore, on Monday letters testamentary on the personal estate of the late Louis McMurphy were granted to ex-Judge Wm. A. Fisher and Mrs. Jane M. McMurphy. There is no will. The bond is for \$900,000.

Mrs. McMurray, Wm. Fitzpatrick and Judge Fisher are expected to arrive in this city any day now to appraise the property here.—Frederick News.

Buckley's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by All Druggists.

Supper Party. The many friends of Miss Carrie Johnson, who will remove with her parents to Stoyestown, Pa., this month, gave her a pleasant surprise party on Thursday evening. A number of young ladies and gentlemen were present, and a pleasant time was had generally. About 10 o'clock refreshments were served, which had been provided by the callers. On taking leave regrets were expressed on all sides that the society of this place was soon to lose so popular a member as Miss Johnson.

Consumption Surely Cured. To THE EDITOR.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. STORM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., N. Y.

Paying Election Bet. On Saturday evening, Mr. Frank Lawrence hauled Mr. C. C. Rowe, and Mr. Tyson Lunsinger hauled Mr. John Want from the Emmitt House to the extreme eastern end of Main street on wheelbarrows. They were headed by a Drum Corps, and had an escort carrying torches, with a large crowd of lookers-on bringing up the rear. This was the first turn out of the kind ever made in Emmitsburg, and the people turned out accordingly.

Death of Mrs. Nickum. Mrs. Elizabeth Nickum died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. J. G. Kline, at Mercer, Pa., on Thursday evening, September 27th. Mrs. Nickum, who was a sister of the late Louis Weaver, of Coalingport township, was born in Emmitsburg, Frederick County, Md., August 13, 1799. She married and resided there until after the death of her husband, Mr. John Nickum, which occurred 43 years ago, when she removed with her family to Mercer, ever since making it her home. She leaves three sons and one daughter, Mrs. John G. Kline, with whom she has made her home for a number of years, L. S. Nickum, of New Castle; T. J. and Joseph, of this place. During her residence in Mercer she has been a member of the First Presbyterian church and highly esteemed by all her acquaintances. The funeral occurred Sabbath at 3 o'clock, and was largely attended.—Mercer (Pa.) Dispatch and Republican.

A Warning. The modes of death's approach are various and statistics show conclusively that more persons die from diseases of the Throat and Lungs than any other. It is probable that everyone, without exception, receives vast numbers of Tubercle Germs into the system and where these germs fall upon suitable soil they start into life and develop, at first slowly and is shown by a slight tickling sensation in the throat and if allowed to continue their ravages they extend to the lungs producing Consumption and to the head, causing Catarrh. Now all this is dangerous and if allowed to proceed will in time cause death. At the onset you must act with promptness; allowing a cold to go without attention is dangerous and may lose you your life. As soon as you feel that something is wrong with your Throat, Lungs or Nostils, obtain a bottle of Boesche's German Syrup. It will give you immediate relief.

Found Guilty. Geo. Gingell for selling choice Liquors of all kinds.

One of these mornings we shall awake and witness one of the grandest manifestations of nature, in the inconceivable pressure of the Ice King's embrace of the exterior world.

OF INTEREST TO LADIES.—The scalp may be kept white and clean, and the hair soft, pliant, and glossy, by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation never fails to restore faded and gray hair to its original color. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

AFTER a most disagreeable day of it on Thursday, in which the rain and a chilly atmosphere held sway, towards noon on Friday the clouds gave way, the sunlight burst forth and the Indian Summer resumed its genial course. Winter won't begin before the first week in December.

One Fact. It 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.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts. and \$1 per bottle at all Drug Stores.

Fulfillment of an Election Wager. BLACK RIDGE SUMMIT, Nov. 12.—Of the thousands and thousands of dollars that have been forfeited, and the thousands and thousands of wagers that have been settled, in consequence of the recent election, it is very doubtful if any was more becomingly, agreeably and gracefully adjusted than the following account.

Mr. W. P. Nunemaker had agreed, in case of the election of Harrison, to wheel Mr. William Masters from the Clermont House to the store of Daniel Martin at Fountaindale—distant two and one half miles. Masters had agreed to wheel Nunemaker over the same course if Cleveland proved to be the successful candidate.

Last Saturday night a huge bon fire, composed of rich pine knots, blazing brilliantly before the gateway leading to the Clermont House. Around it were gathered most of the citizens of the immediate neighborhood, regardless of sex, age and party. There was also present a large delegation from Blue Ridge Summit, and other representatives from different parts of the county graced the occasion with their presence.

True to agreement, at precisely eight o'clock, Mr. Nunemaker, wheelbarrow in hand, appeared upon the scene. He was heartily cheered as Mr. Masters took his seat in the agricultural implement. The procession, consisting of some two hundred persons, then formed, and with flags waving, horns tooting and voices yelling, took up the line of march. Immediately in its wake came the nery Nunemaker with his live burden, a matter of some one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Behind, followed ladies in buggies, hacks and other vehicles. Many of the houses along the line were brilliantly illuminated; very conspicuously so was the residence of Mr. Harry Burkman. The goal was reached in the remarkably short space of time of forty minutes.

Messrs. Daniel and Wm. Martin contributed excellent cider, gratuitously and liberally, and a jolly good time was had by all; the Democrats seeming to enjoy it as much as the Republicans.

One belligerent individual (who apparently had quenched his thirst with something stronger than cider) attempted to cause some trouble by giving vent to certain expressions of a somewhat insinuating character. He was wholly ignored by the amicably inclined followers of Masters and Nunemaker. At length his ejaculations excited the ire of a member of the party, and he was informed by this latter party, and in a very emphatic manner, on certain points respecting his pedigree, and the likelihood of his being consigned to a warmer clime than Fountaindale, if he did not close his whiskey valve. This acted like a charm, and hugely amused both parties. The individual followed the example of Lord Sackville and had nothing to say.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and one and all united in cheers for the plucky Nunemaker, and in expressing their best wishes that he in the future might prove himself to be as good a prophet, as had in the present demonstrated himself a faithful contractor.

Is Consumption Incurable? Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

It is foolish for any one to have the face full of pimples, blotches, etc., when Laxador, the golden remedy, can be bought for 25 cts. at any drug store. "It is better to laugh than to cry"—decidedly; and to enjoy your baby's laughing society see Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup which relieves the chief discomforts of babyhood without stupefying the children. Price 25 cents a bottle. At all druggists.

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CIGARS! TOBACCO! Having opened a Cigar Factory in Emmitsburg, the undersigned calls the attention of the public to his stock of Fine Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, &c. Fine Cigars by the hundred and thousand, and special brands made to order. JAMES T. THURKEY, 108 Main Street, Emmitsburg, Md.

The Democratic Advocate of Westminster entered upon its twenty-fourth volume last week. It was continued for nearly twenty-one years under its present Editorial management. Always bright and true to its convictions, the Advocate greatly controls opinions within the range of its influence and always has the courage of its convictions. It is also a model of mechanical skill in its make up.

From the Union. It is said Frederick is soon to have a soap factory.

Gov. Jackson has appointed John Wilson of this city, a justice of the peace, vice James A. Besant, deceased.

On election day, last week, John Fogle, Sr., was in Woodsboro' and voted. In the evening he started to walk home, which is about two miles west of that place, but he never reached there. During the same evening he was found dead, lying near the railroad track, with his skull fractured, and it is supposed he was struck by the south bound passenger train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which is due in Frederick at 5:30 P. M. A jury was summoned, with Justice Shaw acting corner, and a verdict in accordance with above facts, was rendered. The deceased was about 70 years of age, and leaves a widow and family.

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LAXADOR. DEBUISS'S COUGH SYRUP. SALVATION OIL. Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Wounds, &c. Price 25 cts. At all druggists.

Trespass Notice. THE undersigned hereby give notice that the law will be impartially enforced against any one caught hunting, trespassing or loading upon their premises after this date.

PEPPER WILLIAMS. Mrs. Wm. A. SNIDER, WILLIAM A. SNIDER. November 31, 1888-31

Jos. K. Hays. Has removed his store to Mrs. M. E. Adelsberger's store-room, on West Main street, Emmitsburg, and keeps a fine assortment of Groceries, Provisions, CONFECTIONERY, Fruits, Canned Goods, Cigars, Tobacco, &c.

Also Wm. H. Biggs & Bro.'s celebrated "Isabella" Flour. Fresh Oysters Served in all Styles. Give me a call and examine my stock, which is fresh and composed of choice goods. nov 17-y JOS. K. HAYS.

CAUTION. Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which prevents the dealers from passing off inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, just look down at a fraud.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE. GENTLEMEN. The only safe SEAMLESS shoe smooth inside, NO PATENT or WAX THREAD to hurt the feet, easy to handle and WILL NOT BURN. W. L. DOUGLAS \$4 SHOE. The original and best made shoe in the world. Equal custom-made shoes costing from \$5 to \$8. W. L. DOUGLAS \$5 SHOE. POLICE SHOES. Rationed. Men and Ladies. Carries all wear them. Smooth inside as a hand-sewed shoe. No Tacks or Wax to hurt the feet. W. L. DOUGLAS \$6 SHOE. UNEXCEL

Continued from first page.

'Tis enough to make a man restless to know that less than an hour is between you and a scratch of a pen that will give you a fortune.

"You take it coolly enough, at all events," said the father irritably. "One would think you had no interest in it whatever; and I'd like to know if it doesn't concern you as much as it concerns me. Where is the money coming from for your luxuries and fooleries, if not from John Broderick's fortune. I haven't any for you, that's certain."

"I know all that," said the young fellow. "But the whole thing always seemed so uncertain to me I never counted on it as you do. If the thing fails—why, I'll have to live on my wits, that's all. And it always seemed to me that it would fail."

"Why do you talk like that?" said the father, with growing irritation. "This is the last day. John Broderick has promised to sign the deed of gift this afternoon, if the boy don't come back before sunset; and there's no danger—I mean, no chance of that now. If there is one thing that John Broderick has prided himself on, and held by, all his life, it is that he never broke his word."

"But how in the world he ever came to make such a promise," said the young man musingly. "He must have been fearfully angry with the boy when he did it. The poor little beggar's his only grandchild, his own flesh and blood, after all; and though the old man had quarrelled with his son, and hated his son's wife, they were better than he'd sought out the boy in that den where he was left, and taken him home."

"That meddling Jack Braxton's doings," muttered the elder man. "Yes, but the boy was there, all the same, and the grandfather had grown fond of him; while you are only his half nephew."

"The old man always distrusted the boy, always," said Clark Broderick hastily. "He never felt sure that the youngster wouldn't disgrace him sometime, go back to his low associates, where his first days were spent; and when he finally ran away, the old man's pride could not stand it."

"I strongly suspect," said the young man, "that old Uncle John had some assistance in forming that opinion of the boy, and that his affectionate nephew exerted himself to keep it alive. And it don't seem to me that the boy ever would have gone at last without help or urging of some sort. He was a timid chap, from having had so rough a time when he was a little fellow, but he never struck me as low or deceitful. I can't help feeling sorry for the poor little rascal, after all,—though of course I want the money"—he added.

"Walter, you talk like a fool," said his father, rising and reaching for his hat. "One thing, you may be sure, young man,—not a penny of the money would you ever have touched on your own merits. If there is anything John Broderick hates, it is dissipation, and a hard enough time I've had to keep the worst of your doings from his ears. If he casts off his own grandchild for fear he might sometime disgrace him, what kind of a chance do you suppose you have had?"

"Luckily, my respected father is good and virtuous enough for the whole family," laughed the young man impudently, to which remark his father only replied by a bang of the door, as he ran down the steps.

As Clark Broderick was ushered into John Broderick's sick-room he saw that there was another person beside the family lawyer present, a rustic-looking man, with a crop of reddish curls, who stood with his back partly turned to the new-comer, near the foot of the bed. "Another new nurse, I suppose. He's forever changing his nurses," thought Clark Broderick, and dismissed the person from his mind as of no further interest to himself. His eager eyes quickly spied the deed of gift, waiting only for John Broderick's signature, lying on the stand by the bed. He looked at the old man, who opened his eyes, still keen and dark, and showing an unclouded intellect, but directly closed them again after one glance at his nephew.

"He's clear and bright enough yet to make the deed valid," the latter thought, "but maybe I'm going to have a little trouble. He don't look cordial, and may be warring. But I'll stir him up against the boy again if I can, and then I'll hold him to his boasted word."

"Sit down, if you please, Mr. Broderick," said the lawyer, gravely and formally. "The deed of gift is here, you see," touching the papers, "making over the gift of the bulk of John Broderick's property to you, his half-brother's son, this being done in his lifetime to avoid the chance of future litigation. It awaits the signature which he promised to give under certain conditions."

Clark Broderick bowed. "The conditions being," he said "that his grandson, Arthur, whom he had tenderly and kindly cared for, and who had run away to join his low companions, should not have returned to his home before sunset to-day."

"Precisely," said the lawyer. "Once more the dark eyes of the sick man opened, flashed another glance at Clark Broderick, and closed again, but he made no remark."

"It lacks a half hour to sunset," said the lawyer, consulting his watch, "and before signing the deed, Mr. John Broderick wishes me to recount briefly, the circumstances which led him to make that promise."

"We are all familiar with them. I don't see any necessity of wearying him," Clark Broderick began. "For the third time the sick man opened his eyes."

"I wish it," he said. "It was three years ago," began the lawyer, "that Jack Braxton found, in a poor tenement-house in New York the lawful son of John Broderick, the younger. The young man's father had discarded him because of his marriage, and he, with his wife, had fallen into deep poverty. Both dying, their boy, then seven years old, was left destitute. It was Jack Braxton who prevailed upon the grandfather to seek him out, and acknowledge the child, and rear him as his heir should be reared. Jack Braxton and young John Broderick had been strong friends from boyhood, and Jack never rested till he prevailed upon the grandfather to take the boy."

"And a most unfriendly act it was," interrupted Clark Broderick, "to so burden and embitter his old age." "The grandfather became fond of the child," continued the lawyer, "but unfortunately for the boy, he was of a timid and quiet nature, so different from his father's bold, frank manner, that his grandfather was prevailed upon to believe that he might be deceptive and sly. The idea was presented to him day after day."

"As you very well know, Clark Broderick," murmured the sick man. "That he might sometime go back to his playmates of the slums, and do something to mortify his grandfather's pride." "Which he did," triumphantly remarked Clark Broderick. "I only warned you, Uncle John, to save your grief. The boy went; he went as soon as he was old enough to go, as soon as you had filled his pockets with money."

"He went away,—yes," resumed the lawyer, "but there were some circumstances which might have been taken as extenuating. There was a poor, broken-down sailor, who had been to the boy almost his only friend, in his tenement-house life."

"He was well paid for it," observed Clark Broderick. "True, the grandfather gave him a liberal sum of money at the time he took the boy away," said the lawyer, "but after the boy's departure from home, a note was found on the grounds, purporting to have been written by this man, requesting Arthur to meet him at a place on the outskirts of the town."

"And once among his old associations, the force of low habits and tastes, early acquired, asserted itself, and he never came back," said Clark Broderick. "His grandfather believed he might return, if he would," said the lawyer, "since there would be no object, even for criminals, to retain a rich man's heir against his will, and so cut off all hope of future supplies. He waited weeks, even months, and no word came. Then, partly through anger and wounded affection, partly through fear that the boy had irrevocably disgraced him, which some tales brought to his ears led him to believe, the grandfather was tempted

to make you this promise—that if Arthur Broderick was not back in his home before sunset to-day, he would sign a deed of gift conveying his property to you, his half nephew who had grown up in his house, and next to his grandson was his nearest of kin. But in the meantime, Jack Braxton, unknown to anyone, had been searching for the boy."

"Because," said the rustic by the foot of the bed, speaking for the first time, "because he believed Arthur Broderick never left his grandfather's house of his own free will. Because he was soon convinced that the boy had been forcibly taken away; and because he was determined to find the child, if he had searched the world over for him."

At the sound of this voice, Clark Broderick started up, and stared fiercely at the rustic.

"Who are you?" he cried angrily, "and what business have you to interfere in family affairs?" "Oh, I'm a tin peddler by trade," said the rustic jocosely, "I've travelled over a big sweep of country in the last three months. In fact, there ain't many towns in this part of the State that I haven't visited, nor many farm houses that I haven't been into."

"The most interesting one I found," he continued, "is away off in the back country, fifteen miles over the hills, from a place called Wireton. A man and woman named Cook live there. The man is a surly, close-mouthed fellow, fond of money, and willing to do almost anything he considers safe to get it. His wife is a silly, good-natured sort of woman, afraid of her husband, but fond of company, and fond of finery. I learned they were keeping somebody shut up in one of their chambers—somebody supposed to be a relation, and reported to be crazy."

Clark Broderick had risen to his feet. His face was livid in hue, and he was violently trembling.

"Who are you?" he once more demanded. "Oh, I'm a tin peddler, I told you; but when I'm at home they call me Jack Braxton," and jerking off the ruddy wig, and drawing his face into its natural expression, he turned and faced Clark Broderick.

The latter recovered himself with a violent effort, and turned to the sick man, whose eyes, now wide open, were fixed upon him keenly.

"I don't know what kind of foolery this may be," he said, "or what it may mean. It seems to amuse Jack Braxton, who always was something of a buffoon. But it doesn't concern me. Uncle John Broderick, you have said for over sixty years that you were a man of your word, and no one has ever belied it. I don't think you will belie it on your death-bed. See, the sun is going down; the boy is not here, and that deed is waiting for you to sign."

"You are mistaken, Clark Broderick. The boy is here; he came home hours before sunset," said John Broderick, rising up in bed as a slight, boyish figure glided from behind the bed-curtains, and was encircled by his grandfather's arm. "This is my dear grandson, my lawful heir, and no false friend or lying tongue will ever come between us again."

"As for you, Clark Broderick," he cried, flashing his black eyes at the pallid-stricken man, while he tore the unsigned deed in fragments, "but for the kinship between us, you may be sure I would find if there is a law to punish this wicked conspiracy. Now, go, go! and never darken these doors again, or I will show you as little mercy as if you were a stranger!"

Clark Broderick made a last effort to justify himself.

"You have no proof that I—that I knew—"

"Your tools will furnish proof enough if we seek for it," said John Broderick. "And you need not think that I shall ever believe a word of yours again."

But when, a few days later, Clark Broderick sought the lonely farmhouse in the hills, to bribe the Cooks to silence as to his part in the affair, he found that they had taken flight at the boy's escape, packed up their belongings, and fled.—The Yankee Blade.

A GREAT MAGAZINE.

The Century for 1889. THE question has often been asked, "to what does The Century owe its great circulation?" The Christian Editor once answered this by the statement that "it has been fairly won, not by advertising schemes, but by the excellence which characterizes it in every department."

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With the November number The Century begins its thirty-seventh volume. Two great features of the magazine which are to continue throughout the new volume are already well known to the public, the Lincoln history and the papers on "Siberia and the Exile System." The first of these, written by Messrs. Noyes and Hoag, President Lincoln's private secretaries, contains the inside history of the dark days of the war, as seen from the White House.

THE SIBERIAN PAPERS, by George Kennan, are attracting the attention of the civilized world. The Chicago Tribune says that "no other magazine articles printed in the English language just now touch upon a subject which so vitally interests all thoughtful people in Europe and America and Asia." As is already known, copies of The Century entering Russia have these articles torn out by the customs officials on the frontier.

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