

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

No. 4.

## DIRECTORY.

### FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

**Circuit Court.**  
Chief Judge—Hon. J. 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, Geo. Koogle, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.  
Register of Wills—Hamilton Lindsay.  
County Commissioners—H. P. Maxwell, Chas. A. Eyer, Jos. G. Miller, Thos. Hightman, Simon T. Stauffer.  
Sheriff—Alonso Benner.  
Tax Collector—Charles F. Rowe.  
Surveyor—William H. Hilleary.  
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Rutzahn David D. Thomsen, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.

**Emmitsburg District.**  
Notary Public—Paul Motter.

**Justices of the Peace.**—Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Jas. F. Hickey, Jos. Hobbs.

**Registrar.**—E. S. Taney.

**Constable.**—Wm. H. Ashbaugh.

**School Trustees.**—Joseph Faddles, Joseph A. Baker, J. S. Motter.

**Burgess.**—William G. Blair.

**Town Commissioners.**—Joseph Snouffer, Jas. O. Hopp, Oscar D. Fraley, P. D. Lawrence, Francis A. Maxwell, Michael Hoke.

**Town Constable.**—William H. Ashbaugh.

**Tax Collector.**—John F. Hopp.

## CHURCHES.

**Ev. Lutheran Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Luther DeYoe. Services every other Sunday, morning and evening at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7 o'clock, p. m., Sunday School at 1 o'clock, p. m.

**Church of the Incarnation (Reformed.)**  
Pastor—Rev. U. H. Heilmann. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services every other Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 1 o'clock, p. m.

**St. Joseph's (Roman Catholic.)**  
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass 7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock, a. m.; Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School at 2 o'clock, p. m.

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. J. N. Davis. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7 o'clock, a. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.

## MAILS.

**Arrive.**  
Through from Baltimore 11:20, a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:16, p. m., Hagerstown, 5:05, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:16, p. m., Motter's, 11:20, a. m., Frederick, 11:20, a. m., and 7:16, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:00, p. m.

**Depart.**  
Baltimore, Way 8:10, a. m., Mechanics-town, Hagerstown, Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:10, a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:10, a. m., Baltimore, (closed) 2:55, p. m., Frederick, 2:55, p. m., Motter's, 2:55, p. m., Gettysburg, 5:00, a. m.

**Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 3:30, p. m.**

## SOCIETIES.

**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Dr. R. Gelwicks, Sach; Jacob K. Byers, Sr. S.; Joseph Byers, Jr. S.; John F. K. of W.; Geo. T. Gelwicks, Prophet; Geo. T. Gelwicks, Geo. G. Byers and E. C. Wenschhof, Trustees; Edward C. Wenschhof, Representative.

**Emmitsburg Beneficial Association.**  
F. A. Adelsberger, President; Vice-President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo. Seybold; Treasurer, Jno. M. Stouter. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in S. R. Grider's building, West main street.

**Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.**  
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, S. N. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Wm. H. Baker; Quartermaster, Abraham Merring; Officer of the Guard, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Guard, Wm. A. Fraley; Council Administration, Samuel Gamble, Joseph Frame and John H. Gable; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Fraley; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.

**Vigilant Hose Company No. 1.**  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month at Firemen's Hall. Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Jno. H. Hickey; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., G. W. Bushman; 2nd Lieut., Michael Hoke.

**Emmitsburg Water Company.**  
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. J. A. Elder; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, L. M. Motter, J. A. Elder, O. A. Horner, J. H. Stokes, E. R. Zimmerman, E. H. Rowe, J. S. Annan.

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.

Dr. J. H. HICKEY,

DENTIST, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Having located in Emmitsburg offers his professional services to the public. Charges moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office one door west of the Reformed Church. Jan 5-11

H. CLAY ANDERSON, D.D.S. FRANK K. WHITE, D.D.S.

ANDERS & WHITE, SURGEON DENTISTS, MECHANICSTOWN, MD.



Have formed a co-partnership in the practice of Dentistry. Office directly opposite the Post Office, where one member of the firm will be found at all times. The following appointments will be promptly kept:— EMMITSBURG, at the Emmitt House— On Friday of each week. UNION BRIDGE—The First and Third Monday of each month. June 12y

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

Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him. July 12-1y.

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

OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House.—Being the State's Attorney for the County does not interfere with my attending to civil practice. Dec 9-11.

PAUL MOTTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, EMMITSBURG, MD.

Respectfully offers his services to all persons having business to attend to in his line. Can be found at all times at the CHRONICLE Office.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. Terms—Board and tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior, mar 15-1f.

**BEST BABY MEDICINE**

**FOR INFANTS' RELIEF.**

**—A— RELIEF FOR ALL INFANTS**

Golden and Harmless Remedy for Children from One Day old or more in all cases of

**CURES** Or gives immediate relief in

**CRAMPS, COLIC, GRIPING, TEETHING, CHOLERA INFANTUM.**

It acts specifically upon the bowels and in feeding it is almost indispensable to some children, to quiet their nervous system and increase their digestive powers.

**Only 25 Cents.** (Formula of Dr. J. C. Eyer.)

PREPARED ONLY BY THE VICTOR REMEDIES CO., FREDERICK, MD.

Ask your dealer to write for full facts concerning our "Absolute Guarantee."

**—CALL ON—**

**GEORGE T. EYSTER,**

**—AND—**

See his splendid stock of

**GOLD & SILVER,**

**Key & Stem-Winding**

**WATCHES.**

**—AND—**

**See his splendid stock of**

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**Key & Stem-Winding**

**WATCHES.**

**—AND—**

**See his splendid stock of**

**GOLD & SILVER,**

**Key & Stem-Winding**

If any dealer says he has the W. L. Douglas Shoes without name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.**

Best in the world. Examined his \$2.00 GENUINE HANT-SEWED SHOE. \$4.00 HAND-SEWED WELT SHOE. \$3.50 POLICE AND FARMERS SHOE. \$2.50 EXTRA VALUE Calf shoe. \$2.50 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE. \$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. All made in Congress, Boston and Lane.

**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR LADIES.**

Best Material. Best Style. Best Fitting. Not sold by your dealer, write to W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

Examine W. L. Douglas \$2.00 Shoes for gentlemen and ladies.

**FOR SALE BY JAS. A. ROWE & SON, EMMITSBURG, MD.**

**KNABE**

Grand, Square and Upright PIANO FORTES.

These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and up on their excellence alone have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE

TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 years.

**SECOND HAND PIANOS.**

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

SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS AND OTHER LEADING MAKES. Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.

WM. KNABE & CO., 22 & 24 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore. July 5-1y.

**I SHOULD SMILE.**

YES! I see my two teeth, just came so easy I didn't know it. DR. FAHREY'S TEETHING SYRUP will relieve Colic, Griping in the Bowels, Diarrhea and Cholera Infantum.

Once used you will want nothing better. For sale by all dealers for 25 cents per bottle. Prepared only by Dr. D. FAHREY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Trial bottle sent by mail for 10 cents.

**—CALL ON—**

**GEORGE T. EYSTER,**

**—AND—**

See his splendid stock of

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**WATCHES.**

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**Key & Stem-Winding**

**WATCHES.**

**—AND—**

**See his splendid stock of**

**GOLD & SILVER,**

**Key & Stem-Winding**

**WATCHES.**

## THE JUG OF WHISKEY.

The following poem taken from the London Star of June 12, 1792, shows that the contents of the whiskey jug were known a hundred years ago:

Within these earthen walls confined  
The ruin lurks of human kind;  
More mischiefs here united dwell,  
And more diseases haunt this cell  
Than ever plagued the Egyptian flocks,  
Or ever cursed Pandora's box.

Within these prison walls repose  
The seeds of many a bloody nose,  
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath,  
The fist for fighting nothing loath,  
The nose with diamonds glowing red,  
The bloated eye, the broken head.

Forever fastened be this door—  
Confined within a thousand more  
Destructive fiends of hateful shape  
E'en now are planning an escape.

Here only by a cork controlled,  
And slender walls of earthen mould,  
In all the pomp of death, reside  
Revenge, that ne'er was satisfied:  
The trees that bear the deadly fruit  
Of maiming, murder and dispute;

Assaults that innocence assail;  
The images of gloomy jails;  
The giddy thought on mischief bent;  
The evening hour in folly spent.  
All these within this jug appear,  
And Jack, the hangman, in the rear!

Thrice happy he, who early taught  
By nature, ne'er this poison sought,  
He, with the purring stream content,  
The beverage quaffs that Nature meant;  
In reason's scale, his actions weighed,  
His spirits want no foreign aid.

Long life is his, in vigor passed,  
Existence welcome to the last—  
A spring that never yet grew stale;  
Such virtue lies in Adam's ale.

—The Messenger.

## A DOG STORY.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

Mr. Ambrose Dornley lived at Upperbrooke. Upperbrooke is a pretty—better than pretty, indeed; one might almost call it picturesque—village, fully three miles from a railway station, though within an hour and a half from London. Mrs. Dornley's "residence" (for in this case there is no avoiding the objectionable word,) Brooke Hamlet, stood at one end of the village. It was scarcely important enough to be described as a place, yet, as there was nothing of a suburban villa about it, the exact term is difficult to find. It was an old house, too, and had belonged to its present owners for more than one generation. Mr. Dornley was a man of quiet tastes; contented with his lot; neither impulsive or irascible; by no means "horsey," though such horses as he had where unexceptionable; a good husband and father, though far from weakly indulgent in either relation; with but one idiosyncrasy in the least approaching a foible, and that was his dog, his "Donal"—Donal without the final "d," be it observed, which I am assured is the true and original form of the Gaelic name. Donal, or "Don," as the Dornley boys abbreviated it, was, as might be guessed, a collie, a real, thoroughbred collie of the best, a splendid fellow, even in the eyes of a dog ignoramus like myself, on whom doubtless many of his finest "points" were thrown away, but who nevertheless could keenly appreciate his handsome physique, his rough, yet glossy coat, his bushy tail, best of all his bright, intent, loving brown eyes; loving, that is to say, where his faith and affection were due, for Don was no fool to make friends with the first comer. We will not call him "suspicious"; it is an ugly word: rather let us say he was gifted with a fair share of Scottish caution, which rendered his confidence, once acquired, all the better worth having.

All Upperbrooke knew Don, nearly all Upperbrooke loved him, and the dislike with which he was regarded by the few inevitable ne'er-do-wells or sour and crabbed souls in the little society, in itself a compliment to the high-minded collie, never intensified into anything like hatred. There was nothing about him to call forth such a sentiment; he never interfered when not desired to do so; his disapproval was indicated but by a more dignified demagog, a something in the sweep of his tail, in the stiffer erecting of his ears, as in lordly contempt he stalked past. Nor was this silent protest inefficacious on all occasions. There ran a legend that a small Dornley had been brought to

the avowal of a childish misdemeanor by Donal's influence.

"Don isn't pleased with me, mamma," the boy sobbed out to his mother, who was well-nigh as fond of the dog as was her husband. "He hasn't said anything, but has looked at me so, and 'quicked' up his ears and done his tail at me, and it's because he knows I've been naughty."

To dog-lovers, at least, even to those with no special leaning in this direction, it will not be difficult to picture the dismay and consternation with which one morning there broke upon the ears of the Dornley family the fell news that their Donal was lost! Ill news spreads quickly, but in this case, unluckily, those whom the disaster most concerned were the last to hear of it. For Mr. and Mrs. Dornley had been away from home for two days and a night, only returning by the last train, when, according to the servants' opinion, it was too late to do anything more than, in the master's absence, they had already done themselves. This, at least, was the coachman's excuse when met by Mr. Dornley's imperative reproach:

"Why did you not tell me at once when you came to meet us at the station last night?"

Then followed the particulars. Don had been missing since about 3 o'clock the day before, at which hour various witnesses were able to depose to having seen him strolling about the grounds as usual. And, as worse luck would have it, about that very hour there had passed through the village and along the highroad to London a number of vans, traveling menagerie vans, of a second or third rate class, with the shady-looking drivers and wild-beast keepers, and what not, more or less of the raffish order, who accompany them.

Mr. Dornley's face grew stern: Florence, his wife, was already very pale, biting her lips to keep back her tears: the little boys were weeping audibly.

Yes, that was the worst of it. As the coachman, determined, now he had taken the plunge, to make a clean breast of it, related the fatal coincidence, the same thought struck every one. Faithful, sagacious Donal was not lost, but stolen.

"He is far too intelligent ever to be lost," said the dog's master, sadly. "Besides, I have often noticed that when I am away he has a sort of feeling that he is left in charge. Don't you remember, Florence, as we drove off the other day, Donal was on the lawn with the children, and he came forward as we called out 'Good-by,' and he wagged his tail and looked up at me as much as to say, 'Trust me. I'll look after them all?' No. Don is not lost."

Nevertheless, he had to be found! Little else was talked of in Upperbrooke for some days to come than the sad event at the Hamlet. Mr. Dornley drove all over the neighborhood, managing even to trace the wild-beast show to a small town where it had made a halt, and to interview the proprietor, but with no result. If any of his people had stolen the dog—and after all, as he himself said, a dog was of no special value or attraction to them; they had quadrupled enough—it was quite possible that he did not know of it, and more than probable that the thief had already disposed of his ill-gotten gain. There was nothing to be learned in this quarter. Then the master of the Hamlet went off to London; he put advertisements in every daily paper; posters here, there and everywhere; visited half the police stations and all the dogs' homes in the metropolis, in vain, coming home disappointed to be met at the station by Simpkins the coachman and Jephson the groom in an equally limp and dejected condition, having each of them been scouring the country in new directions on his own account, with a like fruitless result.

Next followed the tantalizing torment of false—not alarms, but hopes, as quickly quenched as excited. For some days every post brought letters telling of canine waifs and strays, the flotsam and jetsam of Dogland apparently, all

over the country, alike but in one particular: their total and entire unlikeness to the collie so carefully and efficiently described in the advertisements which had called forth this flood of useless response.

"It must be the high reward you offered," said Mrs. Dornley, illogically, it must be confessed, as if, as her husband pointed out, any hope of reward could turn a mastiff or a pug into a collie, though some few of the letters which contained themselves with informing the advertiser that a dog "answering description" had turned up at Twickenham Ferry or St. Leonard's-on-Sea were even more trying. For to more than one of these latter Mr. Dornley was tempted to reply by "going himself" or sending Simpkins, a proceeding sure to end in disappointment and indignation at the waste of time and trouble, and in no case was the individual produced for their inspection the least like Donal!

"It is no use; we must give it up and try to forget him," said the collie's master at last, bitterly. "It really is the most mysterious thing. If one could but be sure the dear fellow was properly treated, and not suffering in any way, it would not seem so bad."

"He is surely too valuable and handsome to run any risk of neglect or ill-treatment," Mrs. Florence ventured to observe, with more success this time, as her usually sweet-tempered, but of late sorely irritated, husband allowed "there might be something in that."

And as the days went on the children, as children must, began to forget their old friend a little; they left off crying when they said their prayers at night at the special petition they had themselves composed that "dear Don might soon come safe home;" and the empty kennel was pushed into a corner of the yard, and Simpkins even hinted to Jephson that "master'd do well to look out for a good watchdog; 'twasn't well to be without in a country place and so many tramps passing; and this time he hoped it 'ud be a kind as was need to be chained up." But he had not got so far as to suggest this to "master" himself, in whose heart Don's own corner still acted as if the wound were but now inflicted, when one evening there came out orders to have the dog cart ready for the station to catch the 9:30 train the next morning. Mr. Dornley was going up to town.

This was no very unusual occurrence; once a fortnight or so the owner of Brooke Hamlet ran up for the day, for he was not an idle man, and belonged to more than one scientific or learned society.

"I'll speak about a new dog tonight when I'm driving him home," said Simpkins. "It's really not fitting to be without one. And, after all, a dog's a dog; 'tisn't like losing a child of one's own."

"Tisn't much less, I take it, to master," said Jephson. "I never, no I never see'd a gentleman more took up with a four-footed beast than he were with Donal, and the creature deserved it, he did. It'll go against me to see another in his place; I can't but say as it will."

Simpkins probably felt the same, though he would not own it. And it was to him a sort of reprieve when at the very last moment Mr. Dornley told him not to meet him on his return; he was not sure of his train, and would like the walk. The suggestion the man had it on his conscience to make must wait till another opportunity.

It was now fully three, getting on indeed for four months since Donal's disappearance. One or two well-meaning neighbors going up by the same train as Mr. Dornley and in the same carriage, hazarded a question or two, to which they knew the answer before it came.

"No, no; no news of Donal, poor fellow," was his master's reply, rather shortly given, as he hastened to change the subject by some remark on last night's debate or the unsettled state of South Africa.

"Upon my word," said one of these would-be sympathizers to another, as they shared a haunch of

the city, "Dornley is almost absurd about his dog. His face clouds over and he shuts one up if one mentions the creature, as if Don had been his dearest friend."

"Ye-es," said the other, a younger and more impressionable man, "perhaps so. Still, if you've gone through it yourself it's a thing you can't understand—losing your dog, I mean," and he heaved a sigh to the memory of some past experience of the kind.

Mr. Dornley was sighing, too, though not audibly, as he strolled up Regina street.

"Wish those fellows had held their tongues," he was saying to himself. "Their common sense might have told them it wasn't a pleasant subject. I wish to goodness I could forget about my poor dog. I'd even give something to know he was dead."

As he thought thus, from a side-street there emerged into his view a shabby, moleskin-waist-coated and capped, generally ill-looking individual; he seemed like a very decayed gamekeeper, or by a great stretch of the imagination one could have fancied that at some past period of his existence he had been an undergroom in a gentleman's stable. Mr. Dornley's gaze fell on him, passed over him, and withdrew, as our gaze falls on a thousand and human beings whom we do not even know that our eyes have perceived. But something else had been perceived in that sixtieth part of a second by the eyes, which, faithful to their own department, at once reported it to the brain. And the brain's orders came pre-emptorily:

"Look again!" And Mr. Dornley's eyes looked, not knowing that they had seen.

Then the whole man started, impelled at once by the consciousness of what was before him.

Half hidden at the first glance by the man who held him closely chained, was a noble dog. His great, soft eyes gazed sadly and forlornly on the ugly, muddy London street, his head turning as if in search of a friendly glance or word. Mr. Dornley stared for a moment, but he kept his wits about him. The ill-looking fellow caught his eyes, and instantly dragged forward the collie—for a collie it was—into a more prominent position.

"Want to buy a dog, sir?" he began, obsequiously. "Brought 'im up from the country this very mornin' as ever was. Reared 'im myself; knows all about 'im shall 'ave 'im a real bargain, sir; too many about our place, else I wouldn't part with 'im for no price, and that's the gospel truth."

The dog looked at Mr. Dornley. Mr. Dornley looked at the dog. He (Mr. Dornley) had hard work to control himself. "Don! my old Donal!" was on the tip







# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

## Emmitsburg Rail Road.

### TIME TABLE.

On and after June 9, 1889, trains on this road will run as follows:

#### TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg at 8.20 a. m. and 3.05 and 5.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Bridge at 8.50 a. m. and 3.35 and 6.15 p. m.

#### TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Bridge at 10.40 a. m. and 3.45 and 6.30 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 11.10 a. m. and 4.15 and 7.00 p. m.

JAS. A. ELDER, Pres't.

We are always pleased to receive communications from our friends, containing an account of the news of their localities. 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. Articles for insertion must be in this office not later than Thursday morning of each week.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

Established 1837.

Wetly's all rye whiskey. It has no rival for superiority, is absolutely pure, and has a reputation of the highest standard for excellence and purity, that will always be sustained. Recommended by physicians. For sale only by F. A. DIFFENDAL.

REMEMBER THE FIREMEN'S PIC-NIC next Thursday.

The annual Lutheran reunion will be held at Pen-Mar on the 4th of September.

MR. GEO. P. BEAN is having his house repainted, Jno. F. Adlesberger is doing the work.

The Geiser Works at Waynesboro are enjoying a boom and the hands are working twelve hours a day.

HARVESTING has begun in earnest. Reports in regard to the crop vary greatly from different sections.

ELMER DUBBS of Fairfield found a coin recently dated 1787, and had the profile of a woman on both sides.

ATTENTION is called to Ordinances No. 47 and 68 of the Corporation of Emmitsburg, which are published in this issue.

We return thanks to Hon. John T. Caine, for a copy of the report of the Committee on Territories on the admission of Utah as a State.

LOST.—In Emmitsburg, on Saturday or Sunday, a bunch of Keys. The finder will be rewarded on leaving the same at this office.

Gov. JACKSON presented the diplomas at the closing exercises at Western Maryland College, Westminster, last Thursday.

WANTED.—A respectable woman to do the work of a small family. To the right kind of a person, fair wages and comfortable permanent home. Apply at this office.

Col. CHAS. B. TRAIL of Frederick, has been appointed U. S. Consul to Maricao. During President Arthur's administration Col. Trail was secretary of legation at Rio de Janeiro.

The citizens of Frederick seem to be much dissatisfied with their gas arrangements, they complain of the disagreeable odor about the gas house which permeates the cellars of neighboring houses as well as effects the outside air, and also find fault with the quality of the gas.

Two little boys named Harry Goldsborough and Willie Poole, were thrown from a barrel in which they were hauling water near Walkersville on Tuesday morning, by the horse kicking, and the former fell between the barrel and wheel receiving several ugly cuts and bruises.

ANOTHER wreck occurred on the B. & O. Railroad near Monrovia last Friday, caused by the bursting of a car wheel, and eight or ten cars were derailed and more or less injured. Mr. Allen Miles, eighty years of age, was killed by a wrecking train, near his residence between Monrovia and Jamsville.

The ninth annual Excursion of the employees of the Western Maryland R. R. will take place on Saturday, July 13. Its destination will be Tolchester Beach, where four hours will be allowed for surf bathing, boating, sailing and enjoying the many pleasures of the place. Six handsomely uniformed bands will accompany the Excursion. Round-trip tickets from Emmitsburg \$1.75.

Scribner's Magazine for July has a very instructive and interesting article by Charles L. Buckingham, on the "Telegraph of to-day"; there is an exciting account of "How the Derby was Won," by Harrison Robertson; a story by T. R. Sullivan, entitled "The Rock of Beranger"; "The Governor," a long and interesting story by George A. Hibbard, and a mysterious ghostly kind of narrative by Margaret Crosby with the name of "The Copeland Collection"; "The Master of Ballantrae" is continued; "The Story of a Lost Car" is graphically told by John R. Spears; H. H. Boyesen furnishes "A City Sketch—The Two Mollies," and Annie Eliot, A Comedietta in One Act, entitled "From Four to Six," which together with several poems make up the contents of the July number of Scribner's Magazine. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

## COMMENCEMENT

### Mt. St. Mary's College.

The 81st annual commencement of this time-honored institution, which took place on Wednesday last, will be long remembered in its annals. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons presided, Seated on his right was Mgr. J. T. O'Sullivan of Wheeling, W. Va., and Rev. Edw. P. Allen, D. D., President of the College on his left. Upon the platform were also Revs. Jno. J. Tierney, A. M., vice-President; Chas. P. Granman, S. T. D., Francis P. Ward, A. M., Edw. E. X. McSweeney, S. T. D., Wm. L. O'Hara, A. M., Profs. Ernest Lagarde, A. M., James A. Mitchell, A. M., Chas. A. Leleup, A. M., Revs. Francis J. McArdle, A. M., James J. Smith, Michael P. Mahon, A. M., Profs. August Reudter, Gottfried Kockenbach, Dominic Brown, A. M., and Thomas J. Donlon, composing the college faculty, and the following visiting clergymen: Revs. Wm. Byrne, D. D., Vicar General of Boston; H. F. White, C. M., and Fr. Mandine of Emmitsburg; Denis J. Flynn, of Wilmington, Del.; Fr. Cunningham, Pittsburg; Thos. Kelly, Providence, R. I.; Fr. Hagan; M. Mahone, Boston; Fr. Boll, Gettysburg; Fr. Fitzgerald, New Orleans; Fr. Hemler, Chambersburg; Fr. Rene, Libertytown; Dr. Gorrigan, Vice Rector of the Washington University; Frs. Donoghue and Fitzgerald of Brooklyn; Fr. Crotty, Bonnevillere; and Fr. Riley of York, Pa. Among the distinguished laymen present were Messrs. Baldwin of Baltimore; Grosselli, Cleveland, O.; Thos. J. McTigue, Ph. D., and R. F. Malone, New York City; Jos. J. Groves, editor of the *Catholic Knight*, Cleveland, O.; Shriver of Baltimore; Robert Biggs, Esq., Baltimore; Capt. Seton, U. S. A., Mr. Donnelly, Latrobe, Pa., and Mr. J. F. McCoy, Altoona, Pa., and a number of others of the Alumni whose names we failed to procure.

The graduating class had eleven members, five of whom delivered addresses in the following order: James G. Swarbrick, New Orleans, subject—"The Age of Electricity"; Francis F. Greenwell, Leonardtown, Md.,—"Farming Industry and Taxation"; John J. Crumlish, Wilmington,—"Catholic Literature"; Patrick J. Sullivan, Newport, R. I.,—"National Emblems"; Thos. A. Keenan, Boston,—"The Catholic Centennial."

The music was by the College Band and Orchestra under the direction of Prof. Kockenbach, and singing by the Mountain Quartette and Junior's Choir under the direction of Mr. Dominic Brown, all of which was fully up to the high standard for which the college is noted. The singing of the Junior's Choir was especially enjoyed by the audience and was strikingly well executed, while "The Water-Wag-Tail's Soliloquy" by Master Hugh Charles with the Junior's Choir joining in the chorus "brought down the house."

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on: Patrick J. Brady, Johnston, Pa.; James F. Cullen, Spruce Creek, Pa.; Bernard A. Cullen, Spruce Creek, Pa.; and George L. Ott, Wilmington, Del.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on: Joseph D. Bulds, Charleston, S. C.; Martin S. Coleman, Louisville, Ky.; John J. Crumlish, Wilmington, Del.; Francis F. Greenwell, Leonardtown, Md.; Thomas H. Keenan, Boston, Mass.; Thomas A. Kenny, Piedmont, W. Va.; Michael J. Meagher, Salem, Mass.; Patrick J. Sullivan, Newport, R. I.; John F. Sullivan, Newport, R. I.; James G. Swarbrick, New Orleans, La.; and George F. Tate, Altoona, Pa.

The Degree of Master of Accounts was conferred on: Francis J. Baldwin, Baltimore and John J. Brady, Philadelphia.

After the conferring of Degrees, Cardinal Gibbons delivered a short address in which he congratulated the speakers on the happy selection of their subjects and the able manner in which they had been treated. He then made a running comment on the different essays, concluding his remarks with good advice to the young men as to their future course in life, impressing upon them the necessity of hard work for the accomplishment of good in any sphere of life, admonishing them particularly to live within their incomes if they wished to be independent in life.

The programme, which was more than ordinarily interesting was carried out with spirit and enjoyed throughout by the large audience. The Valedictory, by Mr. Thos. A. Kenny, of Piedmont, W. Va., was well written and delivered with a great deal of feeling and grace.

Premiums were awarded to a liberal hand, extending through all the classes and departments of the institution. In the Collegiate Department, Gold Medals were awarded as follows: 1st class, John J. Crumlish, Wilmington, Del.; 2nd class, Wm. R. Foster, Johnston, Pa.; 3d class, Henry J. Ritter, Chambersburg, Pa.; 4th class, Joseph Cavanagh, Boston, Mass. The following deserve honorable mention for close competition for the medals in their respective classes: Michael J. Meagher, Salem, Mass., in the 1st class; Daniel Gibbons, Philadelphia, in the 2d class; Chas. H. A. Watterson, Pittsburg, in the 3d class; Peter J. Kelly, Pottstown, Pa., in the 4th class.

In the Preparatory Department the Gold Medal of the 1st class was awarded to John W. Quinn, Yellow Springs, O., and the Silver Medal of the 2d class to Joseph A. Flynn, Louisville, Ky.

The following (Silver Medals) were awarded in the Junior Department: 1st class, John M. Farrell, Blackville, S. C.; 2d class, Hugh P. Charles, Allegheny, Pa.; 3d class, Thomas J. McTigue, Jr., New York City.

Prize Medal, the gift of C. A. Grasse, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio, for the best English essay on "The Genius of the American People" was awarded to Thos. A. Kenny, Piedmont, W. Va.

John J. Crumlish, Wilmington, Del., deserves honorable mention for very close competition for this medal.

Prize Medal for the best English essay on "The Genius of Tennyson" was awarded to John L. Morrissey, Little Falls, N. Y. Bernard F. McKenna, Wilmington, Del., deserves honorable mention for close competition for this medal.

Electric Prize Medal, given by Thomas J. McTigue, Ph. D., New York, was awarded to William R. Foster, Johnston, Pa. Bernard F. McKenna, Wilmington, Del., deserves honorable mention for close competition for this medal.

First prize, gold medal, for excellence in elocution, given by Rev. Edward A. Perry, LL. D., of Albany, N. Y., was awarded to John L. Morrissey, of Little Falls, N. Y.; second prize, gold medal, for excellence in elocution, given by A. V. D. Watterson, Esq., of Pittsburg, was awarded to James D. Casey, of Allegheny, Pa.

Shortly after the conclusion of the exercises an Alumni meeting was held. After this meeting dinner was served in the spacious dining hall, during which short addresses were made by Rev. Edw. P. Allen, D. D., to Cardinal Gibbons and to the graduating class, to whom toasts were drunk. Jos. J. Groves, Esq., proposed a toast to Rev. Dr. Allen, complimenting him upon the success of the College under his administration, to which Dr. Allen responded and modestly evaded what he termed flattery in Mr. Groves's remarks, and ended with a short statement of the condition of the College now as compared with five years ago when he assumed control, during which time nearly \$30,000 of the \$65,000 indebtedness, then upon the institution, had been removed. The health of Rev. Dr. Gorrigan, Vice Rector of the New Catholic University at Washington was proposed, who responded in a well conceived manner, saying that he was standing upon strange ground, but glad to make the acquaintance of the "Mountain," also making a statement as to the character of the New University, explaining that that institution would in no way become a rival of Mt. St. Mary's, being only intended for a higher course of education, and to carry the same on from where the course at the "Mountain" stopped. Then followed a few remarks by the Cardinal in which he stated that the 13th of November had been fixed as the date for opening the New University and the celebration at Baltimore of the Centennial of Archbishop Carroll.

A Warm Wound Summer tries strength and constitution but cool clothing diminishes risk to health. Coats from 35 cts. up. Cool Suits from \$2.00 upwards. Bell Clothing Co., Pratt St., adj. Hanover, Baltimore, Md.

Strange Fire. The wood work around the boiler of the engine of the Emmitsburg Railroad took fire on Tuesday morning. The fireman promptly extinguished the flames before any further damage was done than blackening the boiler by smoke.

Entitled to the Best. All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

The annual Corpus Christi Procession was held at St. Joseph's Catholic church in this place last Sunday evening, and was very impressive. The procession moved from the church to the parsonage grounds and marched through the vineyard. Three hundred and eleven persons took part.

Bucklen'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.

Camp of Colored Soldiers. The three colored independent infantry companies of the Maryland National Guard have been organized into camp, near the Frederick Junction, from July 27th to August 2nd. Capt. Robert P. Brown will command the Camp. The three companies are Baltimore Rifles, Monumental City Guards and Allegany County Guards.

Vigor and Vitality. Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for work. Try it.

MR. FRANCIS BRENDEL, a well-known lawyer of Frederick was adjudged insane by a jury of inquiry on Wednesday, and the appointment of a trustee ordered. He will be sent to an asylum for treatment.

A Woman's Discovery. "Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She sought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Laiz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at all drug stores.

Neuralgic Persons. And those troubled with nervousness resulting from overwork will be relieved by taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

## DISTRIBUTION

### ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY.

The Eightieth Annual Distribution of St. Joseph's Academy, near this place was held on Thursday. The day was one of the few perfect summer days we have enjoyed this season, and the beautiful hall of the Academy was comfortably filled with an appreciative audience.

His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, supported by Rev. Dr. Wm. Byrne, V. G., of Boston on his right, and Rev. Fr. Mandine on his left ascended to his seat on the platform shortly after 9 o'clock, accompanied by Revs. Edw. P. Allen, D. D., President of Mt. St. Mary's College, J. J. Tierney, Vice-President of the College, Edw. F. X. McSweeney, S. T. D., and Dr. Gorrigan, of Washington, and a number of others from the College, including several of the lay professors and students of the Theological Seminary. Seated upon the platform were also Revs. H. F. White, C. M., of this place, Chief Judge McSherry of Frederick, Capt. Seton, U. S. A., Mr. P. G. Gaspari, Baltimore, A. D. V. Watterson, Esq., Pittsburg, Dr. E. F. Shorb, Hagerstown, Col. Dixon, Chambersburg, Dr. Geo. S. Fouke, Westminster, Dr. Geo. B. Raub, Baltimore, Wm. McSherry, Jr., Esq., Gettysburg, Drs. J. W. Eichelberger, Sr., and Jno. B. Browner, Emmitsburg, and others whose names we were unable to ascertain. A large number of former graduates were present among whom were Mrs. Stanton and daughter of New Orleans, niece and grand-niece of Cardinal Gibbons.

The entrance march by Dielman was executed by six young ladies on two pianos and harps, during which the scholars entered the hall, marching up the center aisle, and after bowing to His Eminence dividing to the right and left marching down the side aisles, and joining at the end of the hall forming *en masse* in the center aisle, then kneeling in groups of three, and again marching and counter marching through the aisles and seats. After they were seated the smaller scholars entered, headed by little Miss Florence Brock, of New York, (aged four years), the smallest scholar in the school, who carried a flower-basket, with the letters "C. G." in Cardinal flowers on the handle, each of the others carrying a beautiful bouquet, which after singing a sweet presentation song were placed in the basket and handed to the Cardinal, who gave his blessing to the little donors. Next the Magnificat, was rendered with Misses Emma Moore and Madalena Ragocinski as soloists. A "Fantasia" performed by four young ladies on two pianos with harp accompaniment came next, after which "Glad is the Day," was sung by ten young ladies. Then followed the Coronation, and the large number of those who received crowns was highly commendable to the general good department of the scholars. Premiums in Christian Doctrine; in the various English Classes, Languages, Music and in the Art and Ornamental Departments were liberally awarded. Academic Honors in testimony of having passed honorably through the graduating class were awarded as follows, each member receiving a Gold Medal: to Miss Mary Murphy, Centralia, Pa.; Miss Sarah C. Dixon, Chambersburg, Pa.; Miss Anna Nolan, Reading, Pa., and Miss Mary McLean, St. Louis, Mo.

Medals for Distinguished Success in the respective English Classes were awarded as follows: 1st Senior—Miss Margaret Higgins, Albany, N. Y.; 2d Senior—Miss Mary G. Shorb, Hagerstown; 3d Senior—Miss Katherine Comstock, New Orleans, La.; 1st Intermediate—Miss May McGonnigle, Baltimore; 2d Intermediate—Miss Marie Farrell, Blackville, S. C.

The books and other rewards covered several large tables, and were distributed to the young ladies by the Cardinal. After the distribution of the honors, the Valedictory by Miss Mary McLean, of St. Louis was rendered, with Miss Emma Moore as soloist and a full chorus. Cardinal Gibbons then made a few remarks complimentary to the scholars and also to the good sisters in charge of the school, in which he said he thought the children should feel thankful to have St. Joseph's selected as the place for their education. He also remarked that since the institution was opened in 1809, 80 most delightful years had been spent and many hallowed associations gathered around St. Joseph's. He stated that Sister Martha, now in her 90th year had been connected with Mother Seton, the foundress, in the early days of the institution. In his further remarks he endeavored to impress upon the minds of the pupils that each one of them had been created for a special purpose and had a mission to fill, with certain duties of her own to discharge. The address was concluded by thanking the children for the beautiful flowers.

Then followed the Centennial Ode composed by the Graduating Class which was sung by four young ladies, the whole school joining in the chorus, while one waived the national emblem. With the Exit March the performances closed.

The high character and artistic rendering of the music held the audience as it were spell-bound, whilst the perfect order and systematic dispatch with which the whole programme was rendered were pleasing features of the occasion, and the exercises throughout surpassed those of many previous years.

Messrs. J. L. Hoke, S. L. Rowe, Jeremiah O'Donoghue and Jos. V. Tyson acted as ushers, assisted by Mr. Pfeifer of Baltimore.

NEXT Thursday July 4th will be a gala day in old Emmitsburg, for sure you see the parade.

Neuralgic Persons. And those troubled with nervousness resulting from overwork will be relieved by taking Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

The parade next Thursday will be the largest ever seen in this place. Come early and don't miss any part of it.

Mr. J. ROGER McSHERRY, son of Chief Judge James McSherry, was on Monday last admitted to the bar of the Circuit Court of this county. Hon. M. G. Urner and Jno. C. Motter, Esq., conducted the examination. —*Examiner*

### SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—A WARNING.

Special to the Chronicle.

FAIRPLAY, PA., June 24.—Whilst Master Edgar Rhodes, youngest son of Mr. David Rhodes, was on his way to mow some grass under a mulberry tree, last Saturday, he tripped and fell, striking his right hand on the point of the scythe, inflicting a very serious wound. Dr. J. W. Eichelberger, Jr., rendered the necessary surgical aid in the case.

The night before the election in Pennsylvania on the 18th inst., a young man in Freedom Township dreamed that snakes were after him. It is thought by many that this was a warning to him that he should vote for the "Prohibitory Amendment."

### Firemen's Pic-Nic.

The Annual Firemen's Pic-Nic comes off next Thursday, the 4th of July. Unusual attractions will be presented. All of the societies which we stated last week as having been invited to participate in the parade have accepted the invitation, and the parade will be the largest ever given in this place. It will form at the rooms of the Hose Company at 9 o'clock, A. M., and the line of march will be as follows: Leaving the rooms of Hose Company will march down Green street to Federal, thence to Main street to the Square, where it will turn and march down the pike towards the depot and counter marching proceeded up W. Main street to the end of town where another counter march will be made and returning to square will proceed up Gettysburg street to the place of starting where the parade will be dispersed.

The Verdict Unanimous. W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 30 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle all Drug stores.

### PERSONALS.

Mr. E. E. Zimmerman of Baltimore is visiting at his home near this place. Mrs. N. McNair and Misses Pauline and Scott McNair are visiting in Westminster. Miss Stella McBride is visiting in Baltimore. Mrs. J. L. Hoke and two children have gone to York. Mr. W. B. Ogle made a trip to Baltimore. Mr. Harry Wilson and sister have returned home from Baltimore. Mrs. Carpenter of San Francisco is at the McDevitt House. Mr. J. C. Annan and wife, Miss Helen Annan and Master J. Stewart Annan are visiting in Easton, Pa. Mr. J. H. Uhler made a trip to Westminster.

Mrs. Jno. McGrath of Waynesboro is the guest of Mr. James McGrath. Robt. Biggs, Esq., of Baltimore and Mr. Wm. H. Biggs of Rocky Ridge were in town this week.

Mr. Bernard Sweeney has returned from St. Charles College for the summer vacation.

Messrs. Dora Eline and Joseph Steffy of Littlestown made a trip to this place. Miss Anna Motter of Taneytown and Miss Gorsuch are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Gardner.

Miss Carrie Johnston has returned from Taneytown.

Misses Anna and Gertrude Annan made a visit at Gettysburg last week. Mrs. Hamilton Coughly and two daughters and Mrs. Chas. Coughly of Baltimore, and Mr. Swarbrick of New Orleans are the guests of Mr. Chas. A. Manning.

The Misses Lyon and Mrs. Oliver Lyon of Baltimore and Miss Orndorf of Hagerstown are visiting at Mr. Wm. Shriver's.

Miss Annie Miller of Keysville and Miss Koller of Hanover are visiting at Mr. John Miller's.

Hamilton Lindsay, Esq., Register of Wills for this county was in town on Wednesday. We regret having been absent when he called at this office.

Miss McGuigan of Mechanicstown is visiting at Mr. H. Hoke's.

Miss Mamie Welty of St. Joseph's Academy has gone to her home in Brooklyn for the summer vacation.

Master Romanus Grindler has gone to Wilmington, Del., and will spend the summer with his aunt Mrs. P. A. Spindler at that place.

Mrs. H. G. Beam is visiting her parents at St. Joseph, Mo.

Rev. I. M. Motter of Waynesboro is the guest of his father in this place.

Mrs. Barrick and daughter of Washington are visiting at Mr. E. B. Zimmerman's.

### Disarming an Unseen Foe.

"This was some time a paradox," as Hamlet says. Since, however, the people of America and other lands have been enabled to tilt Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against that unseen foe, malaria, it is no longer a paradox, but an easy possibility. Wherever malaria exerts its mistsy venom to poison the air, and develope unwelcome vegetation impregnates the water, there, in the very stronghold of miasma, is the auxiliary potent to disarm the foe and assure efficient protection. Fever and ague, malarial remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, no matter how tenaciously they have fastened their clutch on the victim, are first forced to relax their grasp and eventually to abandon it altogether. But it is its preventive force that should chiefly recommend the Bitters to persons dwelling in malarial countries, for it is a certain barrier of defence against which the enemy is powerless. Cures, likewise, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney and bilious ailments.

The hour for morning services at the Ev. Lutheran Church has been changed to 9 o'clock, and will continue at that time until September.

E. L. MICHAEL, a fireman on the B. & O. Railroad had his hand badly mashed while coupling cars at the lower depot in Frederick, last Sunday.

THE *Clarion* says there is no truth in the statement that Willie Merritt of that place, died of blood poisoning contracted from paint at the Burial Case Works.

A JURY de bonifico inquiring on Tuesday adjudged William J. Freeze, of Mechanicstown, to be of unsound mind, and he was committed to Montevue Hospital, by the court, for treatment.

TUESDAY, Wednesday and Thursday of next week are the days set for the 10th annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen at Hagerstown. Messrs. C. R. Hoke and E. L. Annan of this place expect to attend.

OWING to the continued rains, some of our farmers are having trouble with their self binders in cutting their wheat crop this year, the machines sinking in the earth to such a depth as to make it impossible for the horses to move them. —*Boonsboro Times*.

THE Westminster papers report a very satisfactory interview between Col. J. C. Fuller, President of the Gettysburg and Harrisburg Railroad and a number of prominent citizens of that place, in regard to the extension of that line through their city.

MR. J. HENRY COVER of Mechanics-town, who was recently appointed to a position in the Mail Bag Repair department at Washington has resigned the position and returned home. He has been re-elected President of the board of town commissioners at Mechanicstown.

### 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. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., N. Y.

### List of Letters.

The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., June 24, 1889. Persons calling will please say *advertisers*, otherwise they may not receive them:

Mrs. Annie Florence, Miss Gertrude Flemming, Mr. J. Grossman, Maggie E. Mentz, Quincy Shoemaker, Mrs. Mary E. Topper.

### From the Wolfsville News.

During the thunder storm on Saturday last, lightning struck the Lutheran church of this place, and did considerable damage to the roof.

Mr. Jonathan Smith, of near Pleasant Valley church, about five miles north of this place, found a nugget of native copper on his premises, recently which is considered the finest specimen ever found near here. The nugget weighs 7 1/2 pounds and is nearly pure copper. It was found near a gutter and had been exposed by the late rain.

### From the Catoctin Clarion.

Franklin Mills gets a new school-house, but not in the village. That and "Payne's" districts will be merged and the new building will be erected at the turn of the P. & E. turnpike, just north of the tollgate and nearly opposite Mr. Jos. Livers' property. This will be a graded school.

Mr. Henry W. Kappes of this place has long been recognized by our people as a man of decided ingenuity; his work in metal shows great talent. He informed us several months ago that he intended to undertake to repair "Big Sam" the bell on the City Hall, Baltimore.

He gave us an idea of how he would conduct the work and we confess that we were decidedly skeptical as to the result. It now appears that he has succeeded in renewing the tone of the bell by closing the cracks and, if it stands the test until January 1890, he will receive \$700 for his work.

[But alas! the bell cracked about two feet while striking eleven o'clock on Thursday, and Mr. Kappes has given up the job.—Ed.]

### DIED.

WILLIARD.—On June 21, 1889, in Sabillasville, Mrs. Louisa E. Williard, aged 27 years, 3 months and 17 days.

### IF YOU WISH TO PLACE

your money where it will do most good, buy of a house whose superior lines of Boys' and Men's Clothing are marked at prices consistent with their inexpensive yet convenient location.

YOU WILL FIND IT to your interest to give us a call and examine for yourself. Many an odd dollar we save our customers on small purchases and several dollars on each suit. A handsome souvenir presented to every customer in the Boys Department.

Bell Clothing Co. Pratt St. of Hanover Baltimore.



Presents in the most elegant form THE LAXATIVE AND NUTRITIOUS JUICE OF THE

FIGS OF CALIFORNIA.

Combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, forming an agreeable and effective laxative to permanently cure Habitual Constipation, and the many ills depending on a weak or inactive condition of the

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

Is the most excellent remedy known to

CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY

When one is Bilious, or Constipated

PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP,

HEALTH AND STRENGTH

NATURALLY FOLLOW.

Every one is using it and all are

delighted with it.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

SYRUP OF FIGS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO



# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1889.

Continued from First page.

There was no use in giving chase; the thief was as nimble as only a thief can be; the policeman was ponderous.

After a moment Mr. Dornley decided to make the best of it. Catching the dog by the chain—not, of course, that that was necessary with Donal—he looked up with a laugh. “Pon my word,” he said, “that was quick work.”

“Your dog, sir?” said No. Something, laconically. “My dog,” he replied. “Stolen?”

“Of course he was stolen. Didn’t you see the fellow’s face and how he made off when I taxed him with it?”

The policeman stared down the street whence long ago the fugitive had disappeared. It was a peculiar state of matters; he did not quite know how to meet it.

“Well, sir, I suppose you’d best keep him now you’ve got him. But if it’s all one to you, sir, I’d be obliged by your name and address.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Dornley, taking out his card-case, with a touch of hauteur. “You’ll find it in most of your police stations. I’ve been advertising for this dog for the last four months, spent no end of money, and all the time he’s been in the hands of a noted dog-stealer; at least, the fellow looks like it. I thought you knew that sort by sight.”

The policeman looked mysterious. He found it convenient to turn his attention to the dog.

“Doesn’t seem so very friendly with you, sir,” he said, and indeed the collie’s melancholy eyes had no brightening in them, even when Mr. Dornley patted his head and murmured fondly.

“My good old Donal!” “Poor fellow,” he said aloud, “he has been so neglected and bullied that he’s lost his spirit. He’ll be all right when I get him home.”

But a crowd was beginning to gather, and this Donal’s master did not desire. With a nod to the policeman, and firmly clutching the chain, he turned, retracing his steps to the station he had left not twenty minutes ago.

“I’ll catch the 11:45 back,” he said to himself. “They’ll all be so delighted, and it’s best to take him straight home. That fellow may have confederates.”

It was not far to the station, fortunately, for the dog pulled back a good deal, making his new master feel hot and uncomfortable.

“He’ll make me look like a dog-stealer myself,” he thought. “Dear me! what a few weeks’ illness will do! Donal, who would have followed me with a silken thread or with no thread at all! He doesn’t look in such bad condition, either. Oh, it will be all right when he gets home and sees all his old haunts again.”

It was not a crowded time of day, and Mr. Dornley was well known on the line. No difficulty was made as to the dog’s sharing his master’s compartment, but he still looked depressed and almost sulky, crouching in a corner as if he had not a friend on earth. Mr. Dornley’s caresses were in vain. “Good Donal! dear old fellow!” pats and strokings had no effect. The collie was gentle enough. Once or twice he tried a feeble wag of the tail, but he was evidently strange and feeling quite deposed. It was very disappointing, and at Underbrooke Station, the nearest railway point to Upperbrooke village, Mr. Dornley, who had been rather looking forward to a sort of triumphal reception of the truant, was on the whole not sorry that there was no one about save a stolid and recently appointed porter, who knew not Donal.

It was a hot and tiresome walk home. There was no question of losing the dog and letting him follow, he had so very little look of “following” about him. Mr. Dornley felt both distressed and mortified; he could have staked his life on Donal’s intelligence and fidelity! But still “a day or two will make him all right,” he repeated, as he tugged the unwilling collie into his own stable yard.

“Simpkins, Jenson, where are you all?” he shouted. The yard seemed deserted, the fact being that coachman, grooms, gardeners, and everybody were assembled in one of the out-houses in a state of no small excitement. “Simpkins,” again

shouted his master, “come out, can’t you? I’ve found Donal and brought him back.”

Simpkins emerged at last, very red in the face, his eyes sparkling, but at the sight before him he grew still redder, and opened his mouth without speaking.

“You’ve found Donal, sir!” he ejaculated. “To be sure. Don’t you see him?”

“Pon my —, word,” began the coachman, at a loss for a sufficiently forcible expression, “yes, sir. To be sure, and I’d have said to myself: it’s Donal to the end of his nose—if it wasn’t that—”

“That what, you idiot?” said Mr. Dornley, losing patience at last. “Are you bewitched? Is the dog bewitched?” for the collie was dragging away from him in the most aggravating manner.

“If it wasn’t, sir, that Donal’s here already. He came back this morning just as I drove home from the railway, walked in, sir, as cool as could be. Here he is!” for the outhouse door had burst open, and out dashed the true Donal, not cool now, but leaping, barking, wagging his tail till you wondered it did not drop off, in his frantic delight at finding again his beloved master.

It was very gratifying, but very embarrassing. Mr. Dornley felt as if the ponderous policeman had been in the right to ask for his card.

However, the extraordinary resemblance between the two dogs would have deceived any one. In this all agreed. And if Mr. Dornley had stolen Donal No. 2, at least he had stolen him from a thief, which surely altered the aspect of things!

Where had Donal, the true Donal, been? That we have never known. He looked well and plump; but it was hardly credible that he had strayed away of his own free will, for his rapture at being restored to his “own family” was unmistakable.

Money was not spared in advertising his double. But he was never claimed by any one in the slightest degree able to prove a right to him, and in the end my friend and neighbor handed him over to me. It took the dear fellow some time to make himself at home, for which I liked him the better. Many a day I saw in his deep, gentle eyes the shadow of home-sickness for the unknown master he had been parted from, but by degrees he acclimatized himself, and we are now the best of friends; and if there can be a dog as delightful as the Dornley’s Donal, I will take it upon myself to say that that dog is my Jack.—*Time*.

An Uncomplimentary Apology.

Bill Bluster, while on a tear, insulted rich old Stronger. A few days after, happening to meet him, he apologized as to wit:

“Say, Mr. Stronger, while drunk, the other day, I’m told I insulted you, I’m sorry for it, and beg your pardon.” “Oh, that’s all right, William,” was the response. “We are all liable to do wrong occasionally. That’s all right.”

“Yes, but see here. You mustn’t feel proud over it because I’m honest enough to ask yer pardon, for, understand you, I’d ask the pardon of a dog, if I’d insulted him. It’s the principle of the thing I’m after. I know yer an old hypocrite, but at the same time I’ve insulted you, and I’ll ask yer pardon!”

Mr. McCloskey’s Scorn.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was being shown about the Capitol at Washington by Senator Sherman, and finally was taken down into the engine room, where a powerful Harris-Corliss was driving the ventilating machinery.

Attacked by the beauty of the monster, Mr. Chamberlain turned to McCloskey, who was oiling some part of it and asked:

“What is the horse power of that engine?”

McCloskey looked at him for a moment, partly with pity and partly with contempt, and then replied: “Horse power! That majigger runs by steam!”—*Troy Times*.

Was Big for His Age.

Merchant (to applicant for situation)—What is your name?

Applicant—Bill Jones.

M.—How old are you?

A.—Fifteen!

M.—Fifteen! You are very big for your age.

A.—Oh! you see, my father is a plumber.

M.—What has that to do with it?

A.—I’m a plumber’s Bill. That’s always big for its age.—*Boston Courier*.

Badly Addicted to the Railroad Pass Habit.

A lobbyist at Springfield, Ill., who had been a railroad deadhead for many years, was called to his home, about forty miles from Chicago, by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his wife. When he reached Chicago it was late in the evening, and there was but one more train to his town that night. As he was waiting for the train time he noticed the conductor was a new man, whom he did not know, and then for the first time he called to mind the fact that he had left his annual pass over that road in his room at Springfield. Approaching the conductor, he introduced himself and told the circumstances, said that all the old conductors knew him, and he never had to show his pass to them, so he had been careless about it.

“I have no doubt it is all right,” said the conductor, “but I cannot carry you.”

“But,” said the gentleman, pleadingly, “my wife is very ill. I must go home on this train.”

“I am sorry,” replied the conductor, “but I cannot carry you.”

“Is there anybody around here authorized to issue a pass? Anybody who can give me one?”

The conductor knew of nobody around the depot who had that authority.

“Well,” said the lobbyist in despair, “I shall have to drive out there, and I don’t know the road, and it will take me all night anyway.”

The conductor was at last touched by the lobbyist’s predicament and said:

“I can’t carry you for nothing, but I will advance the money to you if—”

“Thunder and lightning!” exclaimed the lobbyist, smiling all over; “I’ve got a thousand dollars right here in my pocket,” and he ran off to buy a ticket. When he came back he said:

“Conductor, if you hadn’t mentioned money I should never have thought of paying my fare. I had forgotten that I could travel on anything but a pass.”

His fare was \$1.10.—*Washington Post*.

How Girls Can Make Money.

One good way for a girl to earn her own pin-money is to raise canaries. Good singers always bring good prices, and even the poor ones are worth something. There is considerable amusement, too, to be derived from the care of birds by one who is fond of pets, and the cost is next to nothing after the parent birds and the cage are once purchased. The rules for success are simple.

A big, roomy cage, a wide, shallow nest and cleanliness are requisites. Paper spread on the floor of the cage, sprinkled with sand, is easily removed and renewed. A bird of light color is best mated with one of darker hue, or the offspring will look either washed out or too dingy. If the male canary is a good singer, a cross with a linnet will produce the best results. Let the birds alone as much as possible. Do not fuss over them. Do not be alarmed if they fight a little at first; they soon settle upon which is to rule the roost. Err rather on the side of too little than too much food. Be careful to give nothing salty or greasy. One pair of birds will raise several broods in a year. The little ones are perfect frights at first, but grow fast. At four weeks they begin to squeak. Their first efforts are positively painful, but in two weeks notes should be distinctly audible if the bird is to be a singer. The writer had a hen bird that died when her brood was a week old, but the widower raised the whole family, and beauties they were.—*New York Tribune*.

“What do you do when people come in and bore you?” a warm personal friend asked of a merchant.

“When they stay too long, the office boy, who is very bright and knows just when to interfere, tells me that a gentleman is in the counting house waiting to see me on important business.”

“Ha, ha! That’s a capital way to get rid of bores who don’t know.”

Just then the boy opened the door and sung out, “Gent in the counting house, sir, waitin’ to see you on important business!”—*Okolona News*.

STRANGER—What! You charge \$3 for carrying my valise to the station? Why, I can hire a cab for that all money.

Boy—Yes, of course a cab driver can do it cheaper. He has a cab, but I’ve got to carry it on foot.—*Texas Siftings*.

## Scribner's Magazine

For 1889

The publishers of Scribner's Magazine aim to make it the most popular and enterprising of periodicals, while at all times preserving its high literary character. 25,000 new readers have been drawn to it during the past six months by the increased excellence of its contents (notably the Railway articles), and it closes its second year with a new impetus and an assured success. The illustrations will show some new effects, and nothing to make Scribner's Magazine attractive and interesting will be neglected.

THE RAILROAD ARTICLES will be continued by several very striking papers; one especially interesting by Ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James on “The Railway Postal Service.”

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S serial novel “The Master of Ballantrae” will run through the greater part of the year.

A CORRESPONDENCE and collection of manuscript memoirs relating to J. F. Millet and a famous group of modern FRENCH PAINTERS will furnish the substance of several articles.

The brief and papers written last year by Robert Louis Stevenson, will be replaced by equally interesting contributions by different famous authors. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich will write the first of them for the January number.

Many valuable LITERARY ARTICLES will appear: a paper on Walter Scott's “Methods of Work,” illustrated from original MSS.; a second “Shelf of Old Books,” by Mrs. James T. Fields, and many other articles equally noteworthy.

Articles on ART SUBJECTS will be a feature. Papers are arranged to appear by Clarence Cook, E. H. Blasfield, Austin Dobson, and many others.

FISHING ARTICLES describing sport in the best fishing grounds will appear. Salmon, Winnish, Bass, and Tarpon are the subjects now arranged. The authors are well-known sportsmen.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES of great variety, touching upon all manner of subjects, travel, biography, description, etc., will appear, but not of the conventional commonplace sort.

Among the most interesting in the list of scientific papers for the year will be a remarkable article by Professor John Townbridge, upon the most recent developments and uses of PHOTOGRAPHY.

A class of articles which has proved of special interest will be continued by a group of papers upon ELECTRICITY in its most recent applications, by eminent authorities; a remarkable paper on DEEP MINING, and other interesting papers.

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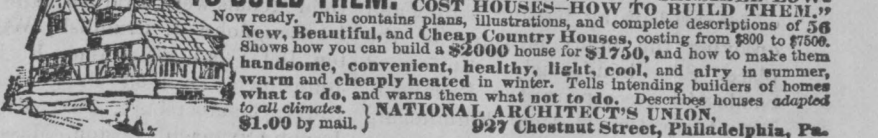
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