

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

Established by SAMUEL MOTTER in 1879.

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance.

VOL. XI.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

No. 9.

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.
Judge.—Geo. W. Shank, Geo. Koogle,
Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—H. E. Maxwell,
Chas. A. Eyster, Jos. G. Miller, Thos.
Eightman, Simon R. Stauffer.

Sheriff.—Alonso Benner.
Tax Collector.—Charles F. Rowe.
Surveyor.—William H. Hilleary.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow,
Herman L. Rutzman David D. Thomas,
as, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Con-
don.

Examiner.—Glenn H. Worthington.
Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public.—Paul Motter.

Justices of the Peace.—Henry Stokes, Jas.
Knouff, Jas. F. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs.
Registrar.—R. S. Taney.
Constable.—Wm. H. Hilleary.
School Trustees.—Joseph Waddles, Jos-
eph A. Baker, J. S. Motter.

Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Town Commissioners.—Joseph Stauffer,
Jas. O. Hopp, Oscar E. Truley, P. P.
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 Sunday, morning and evening
at 9 o'clock, a. m., and 7:30
o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednes-
day evening lectures 7:30 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
7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lec-
ture at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School,
Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Wm. Simonton. Services
every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock,
and every other Sunday evening at
7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lec-
ture at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School,
Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, a. m.
Prayer Meeting every Sunday after-
noon at 3 o'clock.

St. Joseph's, (Roman Catholic.)
Pastor.—Rev. H. F. White. First Mass
7 o'clock, a. m., second mass 10 o'clock,
a. m., 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 7:30 o'clock. Wed-
nesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock.
Sunday School 8 o'clock, a. m.
Class meeting every other Sunday
at 2 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Through from Baltimore 11:20, a. m.,
Way from Baltimore, 7:16, p. m.; Hag-
erstown, 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, Lancas-
ter 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, and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:55, p. m.;
Gettysburg, 8:00, a. m.
Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to
8:30, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council Fire every Sat-
urday evening, 8th Room. Officers:
Prophet, Geo. G. Byers; Sach, Wm. H.
Dewees; Seneca, O. Wenschhof;
Jan. Sag, Wm. Morrison; C. of R. Jno.
F. Adelsberger; K. of W., C. S. Zeck;
Geo. T. Gelwicks, Geo. G. Byers and F.
C. Wenschhof, Trustees; Edward C.
Wenschhof, Representative.

Emerald Beneficial Association.
F. A. Adelsberger, President; Vice-
President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo.
Keybold; 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. S. L. McNaair; Sen-
ior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter;
Junior Vice-Commander, Wm. H. Baker;
Quartermaster, Abraham Merring; Of-
ficer of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer
of the Guard, S. L. McNaair; Chaplain,
John Shank; Council Administration,
Samuel Gamble, Joseph Frame
and John H. Shields; Delegate to State
Encampment, Wm. A. Fraley; Alter-
nate, Harvey G. Winter.

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

Emmit Building Association.
Pres't, F. A. Adelsberger; Sec'y, Ed.
H. Rowe; Treasurer, Jno. F. Hopp;
Directors, D. Lawrence, N. Baker, S. R.
Grider, George P. Beam, Jos. A. Baker,
Joseph Stauffer.

Union Building Association.
President, W. S. Guthrie; Vice-Pres-
ident, Jas. A. Rowe; Secretary, E. H.
Rowe; Treasurer, George W. Rowe;
Directors, F. A. Maxwell, D. Lawrence,
Ed. H. Rowe, Michael Hoke, Jno. T.
Long, Geo. W. Rowe.

**Farmers' and Mechanics' Building and
Loan Association.**—President, James F.
Hickey; Vice-President, J. M. Kerri-
gan; Secretary, T. C. Seltzer; Treasurer,
Geo. T. Gelwicks; Directors, George L.
Shaffer, Jos. A. Baker, F. A. Adelsber-
ger, Jos. V. Tyson, Daniel R. Gelwicks,
H. G. Beam, Jos. F. Hickey, Thos. C.
Seltzer, J. M. Kerrigan, Geo. T. Gelwicks.
Citizens' Building Association.—Pres't,
V. E. Rowe; Vice-Pres't, C. C. Kretzer;
Sec'y, F. A. Adelsberger; Treas., Paul
Mogler; Directors, F. A. Adelsberger,
C. C. Kretzer, Jas. O. Hopp, M. Hoke,
Paul Mogler, V. E. Rowe, Jos. R. Hoke,
Jas. F. Hickey.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
Pres't, J. S. Annan; Vice-P. L. M.
Mogler; Sec'y, J. F. Zimmerman;
Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors,
L. M. Mogler, O. A. Horner, J. Thos.
Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, J. S. An-
nan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

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, QUEENS-
WARE, 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 satis-
fied 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 guaran-
teed. 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. jan 12y

C. V. S. LEVY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

FREDERICK, MD.

Will attend promptly to all legal bus-
iness entrusted to him. jan 12-ly.

Edward S. Eichelberger,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

FREDERICK CITY, MD.

OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite
Court House.—Being the State's At-
torney 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 per-
sons 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,

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

This Institution is pleasantly situated
in a healthy and picturesque part of
Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmits-
burg, and two miles from Mount St.
Mary's College. Terms—Board and In-
struction per academic year, including bed
and bedding, washing, mending and
Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry
directed to the Mother Superior.
mar 15-11.

BEST BABY

MEDICINE

FOR INFANTS' RELIEF.

—A—

RELIEF

FOR ALL

INFANTS

—CURES—

Colic, Cholera, Diarrhea, and all cases of

CRAMPS, COLIC,

GRIPING, TEETHING,

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It acts specifically upon the
nervous system of the stomach and
intestines, and is so gentle and
inoffensive that it can be given to
the most delicate infants.

Only 25 Cents.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Eyster.

SOLELY BY THE

VICTOR ROSENBERG CO.,

FREDERICK, MD.

**Ask your dealer to write for full facts con-
cerning this "Absolute Guarantee."**

—CALL ON—

GEO. T. EYSTER,

—AND—

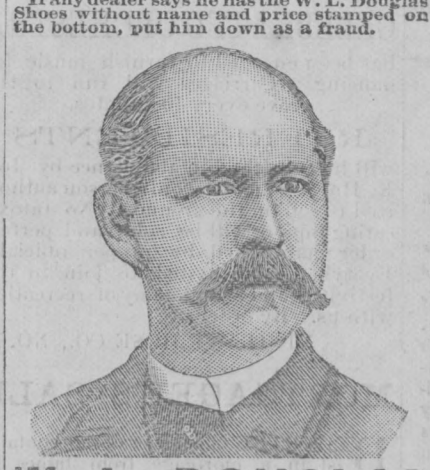
See his splendid stock of

GOLD & SILVER,

Key & Stem-Winding

WATCHES.

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. Examine his

\$2.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.

\$3.50 POLICE AND CAMBER SHOE.

\$2.50 EXTRA VALUE GAITER SHOE.

\$2.50 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE.

\$2.00 and \$1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

All made in America, Boston and New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE LADIES.

Best Material, Best Style, Best Fitting.

Not sold by any dealer without name and price stamped on the bottom.

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

Which establishes them as unequalled in

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 5-11.

I SHOULD SMILE.

YES I see my two teeth, just came so

easy I didn't know it. Dr. FAIR-
NEY'S TEETHING SYRUP will relieve Colic,
Griping in the Bowels, Diarrhea and
Cholera Infantum.

Once used you will want nothing bet-
ter. For sale by all dealers for 25 cts.
per bottle. Prepared only by Dr. D.
FAIRNEY & SON, HAGERSTOWN, Md.
Trial bottle sent by mail for 10 cents.

—CALL ON—

GEO. T. EYSTER,

—AND—

See his splendid stock of

GOLD & SILVER,

Key & Stem-Winding

WATCHES.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and
weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the
sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes take this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your
head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose
speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages thus impart,
"The tongue's great store-house is the
heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim spring,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the
tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his
soul."

—Rev. Philip Barrows Strong.

A QUEER PATRON.

In the quiet seclusion of his cell
in one of the London short-sentence
prisons, prisoner No. 119 was won-
dering what the world outside was
saying about him. His fingers were
busy with the piece of old rope he
was making into oakum, but his
mind was full of an imaginary re-
port of his own case at the police
court. He even hoped some of the
papers might have devoted a short
leader to him, for his offense was a
strange one.

Arrayed in a tattered gown of the
cut peculiar to Camford Bachelors
of Arts, with a battered cap upon
his head, he had in broad day light
walked down Regent street break-
ing the lamps with a long stick.
Proceeding calmly and without hur-
ry, and followed by a rapidly in-
creasing crowd, he had smashed
some half-dozen before a policeman
appeared and took him into custo-
dy. At the police-court, he told
the magistrate that he had once
been an assistant-master in a school,
but had lately got his living on the
turf, on tramp, and in other more
or less disreputable ways. He was
willing enough to work, but could
not get employment, so had broken
the lamps by way of advertisement.

He had one little complaint to make
against the police. He gave his
name, Charles Micklereed, to the
inspector, and that officer refused
to further embellish the charge
sheet with his proper description—
Bachelor of Arts, St. Boniface Col-
lege, Camford. Sentence, twenty-
one days' imprisonment with hard
labor.

No. 119 was quite right in his
surmises. His case was making a
good deal of sensation outside the
prison walls. It was a slack time,
and editors were rather short of
subjects. They deemed Charles
Micklereed's exploit a good source
of cheap copy, and they were not
wrong, for letters about it poured
in freely. Some of his old college
friends even proposed to do some-
thing for him when he came out,
and, as three weeks is not long,
there was just a chance they might
not have forgotten him by the time
he was released.

As the prisoner was musing his
cell-door was thrown open, and
Warden Smith in official tones an-
nounced:
"No. 119, the chaplain to see
you."

The warden was not, however,
quite accurate in his assertion, for
the clergyman who entered the cell
was not the regular chaplain of the
jail, but the curate of a neighbor-
ing church, who was visiting the
prisoners while their usual pastor
recruited himself at the seaside.

The prisoner stood up and faced
his visitor, who shut the cell-door
behind him. As soon as the sheep
got a fair look at the shepherd, he
exclaimed:
"Why, Josh, old fellow, how are
you?" at the same time holding
out his hand, an evident expecta-
tion of a friendly grasp. The Rev.
Joshua Bamlett recoiled a little.

"I don't know, prisoner," began
he, "whether you mean this as a
joke. Let me tell you it is hardly
the way to—"
"Oh! stow it, Josh," interrupt-
ed the unabashed reprobate, "Do
you mean to say you don't know
me? It's my beard, I suppose.
Pity I didn't get a spell long enough
to have it shaved off. I'm Charley
Micklereed."

"What! Micklereed, my old
Camford friend? Yes, now I see it
is. But, on, Charley, Charley,
what has brought you to this?"
"Proximately the Government
omnibus known as 'Black Maria';
ultimately that common complaint
—want of employment. Don't you
know why I was sent up? You
don't mean to say it isn't in the
papers?" said Mr. Micklereed, seri-
ously alarmed for the success of
his scheme.

"I have been too busy to look at
a paper these three days," replied
the clergyman. "They ought to
tell me what each prisoner has done
and the length of his sentence, but
my visits are so hurried they forget
some-times."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said
the prisoner, apparently relieved.
"Well, I took a leaf from the Irish-
man's book, and committed an out-
rage to call attention to my distress.
Smashed some lamps in Regent
street. Shouldn't wonder if they
made a music-hall song out of it."

"Charley Micklereed smashed the
lamps to find himself provender,
with an accent on the 'en,' has as
good a right to it as that thing on
the other Charley and the milk at
Chelsea, anyhow. Just look in the
papers when you go home and tell
me what they say when you call
again."

"My dear Micklereed, it's against
all rules to tell a prisoner what is
in the papers. But don't, pray
don't, look at this serious thing in
that light way. You shock me
terribly. You seem as hard as—"

"An old horseshoe nail," inter-
rupted the prisoner; "and let me
tell you, it's a good nail that gets
harder by much hammering. Only
the bad ones break."

"I can stay no longer now," said
the clergyman, as the warden was
heard coming along the corridor;
"I will come again to-morrow.
But do try, my old friend, to look
at this matter in its true light."

"Well, don't you forget about the
papers then," was the prisoner's
parting shot.

The Rev. Joshua Bamlett went
straight to his lodgings and tried to
compose his mind. He sat down
in his easy chair, lit a pipe, and
fell into a reverie. How well he
remembered the old Camford days,
when he and Charley Micklereed
had lodged in the same house and
belonged to the same set. It was
not in any way a distinguished set,
and Micklereed had been a kind of
honorary member of it. That ec-
centric young man always seemed
to regard the university as a monk
did the world—he was in it, but
not of it. He was an orphan, and
had gone to Camford against his
own will, but in accordance with
that of his father. His father had
had a belief—founded, it is needless
to say, on ignorance—in the value
of a Camford degree, which had in-
duced him to make his son's inher-
itance of his little property depend
upon the attainment of that academ-
ical distinction. Charley fulfilled
this condition as easily as he could,
and spent the money as quickly as
possible. Then he took a situa-
tion, but, as he could not bring
himself to look upon the unwilling-
ness of John Bull, junior, to ac-
quire useless knowledge as a seri-
ous crime, he soon lost it. From
that time Mr. Bamlett had lost
sight of his friend, though he had
often wondered what had become
of him.

It happened that the wife and
family of Warden Smith were mem-
bers of Mr. Bamlett's congregation.
The warden himself was by the na-
ture of his official duties compelled
to attend the ministrations of the
prison chaplain, but as a private
citizen in the bosom of his family he
was well known to the curate. Mr.
Bamlett thought it could do no
harm to Micklereed to recommend
him to the favorable notice of his
guardian, so he sent a message to
the warden asking him to step
round and see him as soon as he
was off duty.

"Good evening, Smith," said he,
when that worthy put in appear-
ance; "I want to speak to you
about No. 119."

The set features of the warden re-
laxed into a kindly grin.
"Rum customer, sir, ain't he?"
said he. "When I took his work
to his cell this morning, says he, as
cool as you please. 'Ah! my
warder, I suppose. Well, you look
a decent sort of fellow and I dare
say we shall get along well enough.'
'No

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

Continued from First Page.

ferred by the patron, C. M. Masterton, Esq., to the Rev. Joshua Bamlett, curate of St. Swithin's, W. C. This living enjoys an enviable distinction at the present time. Most of its income is derived from property in the city of London, so that its nominal value of £900 a year is some indication of its actual one. The population of the parish is 260, and there is a good vicarage. We congratulate Mr. Bamlett on his good fortune.

"Nonsense," was the curate's mental comment; "the *Guardian* must have made a mistake. There must be another man of the same name. Those papers are always wrong in details."

He took down the "Clergy List" and ran through the Bamletts, but there were not many of them, and not one, save himself, rejoiced in the name of Joshua.

"Surely," said he to himself, "it can't be true. I know no one called Masterton. Besides, I should have heard of it direct."

Just then his landlady entered the room with a letter.

"Thus came for you, sir, this morning," said she, "and I'm sorry it has been mislaid."

The letter proved to be from Twibell & Twiss, the solicitors of C. M. Masterton. It contained a formal offer of the living of Platon, and mentioned the solicitors' regret that their client was at present abroad. They requested Mr. Bamlett to call upon them as soon as possible.

He called, accepted the living, and had read himself in and taken possession before Mr. Masterton returned.

One morning he was walking in the garden of his vicarage, wishing his patron would come back that he might make his acquaintance and discover what manner of man it was who, having a good thing to give away, sought out an obscure curate as the recipient of it, when he saw Charley Micklered open the gate.

Could it be, thought he, that Charley had not deemed him worth visiting before his promotion? Did he mean to levy blackmail upon him? It would not be nice to have the story of the tobacco spread abroad. No! he would not believe his friend could be so base, especially as his friend, to judge from his clothes and the aroma of his cigar, had also prospered in worldly affairs since he left the prison.

"Well, Josh, my boy," began Mr. Micklered, "how do you like it? House all right, isn't it? I told them to put everything square for you before I went away."

"You told them," said Mr. Bamlett, "but what on earth had you to do with it?"

"Everything," replied his friend; "I'm not Charles Micklered now, you know, but Charles Micklered Masterton, lord of this manor and patron of this living. Possibly J. P. some day. Wouldn't that be a joke, eh Josh?"

"I don't understand," said the vicar feebly.

"Ah! I suppose you never heard of my great-uncle, Masterton. Well, I hardly ever did before I came out—of you know what. It seems he quarrelled with my mother's mother for marrying my grandfather. She was his only near relation, and until the newspapers brought me to his notice he was actually without any one to leave his money to. He was pleased to say I was a man of spirit, and made me *de facto* what I already was *de jure*—his heir. Poor old chap! we were only together a month before he died. The only thing he asked me to do was to take his name."

"Then you were the patron of this living when Mr. Sloman died?" said Mr. Bamlett in a disappointed tone. It is not pleasant to find that favor, and not merit, after all, has led to our advancement.

"Certainly I was, old fellow, and I knew no one who deserved it better than you. Shouldn't have cared if I had, either. I owe you more than this for that tobacco," replied his friend.

"Don't, pray don't, put it on that ground, Charley," remonstrated the other; "you cannot imagine the trouble my conscience has given me over that matter. If I had known the offer came from you, I should not have accepted the living."

"Just what I was afraid of," retorted his friend; "that's why I sent it through my solicitors."

"Then Mr. Bamlett talked of resigning, but his friend, though with some difficulty, persuaded him to abandon the idea.

"Well, you know your way up to the hall," said Charles at parting. "By-the-by, you'll find some more old friends of yours at the lodge. I've made that warden chap gate-keeper. He and his family came down yesterday. Wonder if he ever smelt that tobacco? Sometimes I fancy he did."

The clergyman sincerely hoped Mr. Smith's olfactory nerves were not keen. Whether they were or not, that judicious individual never breathed a word on the subject. No one in the parish ever knew that the man who, with a military salute, threw open the park gate as the vicar went up to see his friend, the squire, had done the same sort of thing before when the clergyman visited the layman under very different circumstances.

The squire was popular, and made a good landlord; but the vicar never could persuade him to take life as seriously as he would have liked. Occasionally the pair talked over the lamp-breaking exploit. The vicar proved conclusively that it was wrong and foolish, and his friend admitted it; maintaining, nevertheless, that it was no use showing a man that a winning outsider really had no chance, and that the result of the race was a fluke, after he's backed the animal and got his money. —*Belgravia*.

The Coin Found.

"I want a peck of green peas," said a woman as she entered a South End grocery. "And shake the measure down good, please," she added.

"Lemme see," said the grocer, without moving to wait on her.

"You are Mrs. Small that lives 'round the corner, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You was in here to get a peck of potatoes, the other day wasn't you, and just as you was a-goin' to settle, you said you dropped a half dollar down behind them barrels over there?"

"Yes, sir—accidentally, of course," said the woman, apprehensively.

"You looked for it, but said you couldn't find it," went on the grocer, "and you said never mind, you would call again for the change when I moved the barrels and found it?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't want to trouble you."

"Oh, no, of course not! I found the fifty cents, but I haven't got any change for you. It is a bad one, madam."

"Is it possible?"

"I believe you know it was a bad one, and dropped it on purpose, and didn't try to find it," continued the grocer.

"Sir!"

"Oh, you women is awful innercent, but you can't bluff me with your 'sirs.' You don't get no green peas from me shook down or bulged up, till you settle for them potatoes."

The woman skipped out with flaming face without a word.

"Yes," said the grocer, as she turned the corner, "that's another of their tricks to cheat the grocer. I've always noticed that them people that is so particular to have their measures shook down, and an ounce or two added to every pound, is the very ones that would steal a brick house and lot if they could lick it off." —*Boston Traveller*.

Antiquity of the Slot.

Is there anything new under the sun? Now it has been discovered that the idea of the "drop a nickel in the slot boxes" is older than Christianity. In the Egyptian temples devices of this kind were used for automatically dispensing the purifying water. A coin of five drachmae dropped into a slit in a vase set a simple piece of mechanism like a well-sweep in motion, and a portion of the liquid was permitted to escape. The apparatus is described in the "Spiritalia" of Heron of Alexandria, who lived two hundred years before the Christian era, and is illustrated in the sixteenth century Latin manuscript translations of his works, in which, by the way, is also delineated the Egyptian fire engine of the author's day, with its double force pump valves, lever arms, goose neck and probably, too, air chamber—but this is a mental feature—which form the essential features of the machines of the nineteenth century. —*Fire and Water*.

SUBSCRIBE for the EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life, while daylight lingers
Between the sunset and the pale moon-rise,
When daily labor slips from the weary fingers,
And soft, gray shadows veil the aching eyes.
Peace, peace—the Lord of earth and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

Serve Him in daily work and earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to his sun-light heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

—Sunday Magazine.

JOSEPH AND JOSEPH'S PAPA.

The small boy was fond of music and there was an opera in town. It was Sunday night, but he stole out having been refused permission by his mother, and got away down in front by the fiddles. He sat there listening delightedly, when he turned around and suddenly discovered his father all alone in the next occupied seat. He made no excuse. He looked up and nodded pleasantly.

"How do you do sir?"

"What? Joseph?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does your mother know you are here?"

"No, sir; she wouldn't let me come."

"And aren't you well-ahem?"

A sense of justice struck the old man, and the small boy knew he was quite safe. So they enjoyed the opera together, and then they started home. There was an awkward silence between them. The small boy waited for his father to speak.

"Ahem! Joseph—we will not—it would be better—that is—you needn't allude to this matter before your mother."

"No, sir."

There was another long pause. Again the old man spoke, hesitatingly.

"Ahem! Joseph, how—how—did you get out of the house this evening?"

"By the back door, sir."

"Well—ahem—Joseph, we'll go in by the back way quietly, and not disturb the household."

And they went in the back way. Next morning at breakfast the two met without any sign. The mother spoke up:

"Mr. Smith, I am sure I do not know whatever is to come of that boy Joseph."

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"Do you know he actually came and asked me to let him go to the opera last night—Sunday!"

"You refused, of course?"

"Certainly! what a question."

Then the father sternly turned to the boy.

"Joseph, I am surprised. Are there not enough week days for you to go to the opera that you must go on Sundays?"

"Yes, sir; and I was going to ask you to give me some money to go tonight."

The old man looked at the small boy, who was ingeniously looking up in his face and said nothing; but when they left the table he took him by the ear and said:

"You young rascal, I suppose you are going to bleed me for tickets every night?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, candidly.

And he got them. —*New Francisco Chronicle*.

For many years I suffered, terribly from my poison, but remembering that all poisons are acids, and that alkalies neutralize acids, I bathed the poisoned member in a strong lye made from wood ashes and obtained instant relief. Subsequently I found that the dry ashes alone, rubbed over the poisoned member, were equally effective. Since this discovery I have had no further trouble, and having tried this simple remedy, I repeatly on myself and on many others, with like good results. I am now thoroughly convinced that wood ashes will in every case prove a sure and sovereign specific for all cases of ivy poison. —*Christian Union*.

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you till it seems as if you couldn't hold on a minute longer, never give up, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn. —*Money*.

In the course of a prayer, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, recently, said: "And bless the poor, and bless the rich who after their funerals will be poor."

Western Maryland Rail Road.

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

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE WEST.			
Daily, except Sundays, Daily			
STATIONS.	Mail.	Pass.	Est. M.
Hill Station, Baltimore	8:05	4:00	4:10
Union Station, " "	8:10	4:05	4:15
Penna. Avenue, " "	8:15	4:10	4:20
Fulton Station, " "	8:17	4:12	4:22
Arlington Station, " "	8:20	4:25	4:35
Mt. Hope, " "	8:22	4:27	4:37
Pikesville, " "	8:40	4:35	4:45
Owings Mills, " "	8:50	4:45	4:55
Glyndon, " "	9:04	5:01	5:11
Gettysburg, " "	9:50	5:42	5:52
Westminster, " "	10:08	6:00	6:10
New Windsor, " "	10:14	6:06	6:16
Union Bridge, " "	10:20	6:12	6:22
Frederick Junction, " "	10:29	6:22	6:32
Frederick, " "	11:20	7:13	7:23
Double Pipe Creek, " "	10:30	6:30	6:40
Rock Ridge, " "	10:40	6:38	6:48
Emmitsburg, " "	11:10	7:08	7:18
Graceland, " "	10:48	6:42	6:52
Mechanicsville, " "	10:53	6:47	6:57
Penn. Ave. Station, " "	11:00	6:54	7:04
Blue Ridge Summit, " "	11:24	7:18	7:28
Highfield, " "	11:28	7:20	7:30
Blue Mountain, " "	11:35	7:27	7:37
Edgemont, " "	11:45	7:35	7:45
Waynesboro, Pa., " "	12:02	7:53	8:03
Chambersburg, " "	12:39	8:32	8:42
Smithsburg, " "	11:51	7:41	7:51
Hagerstown, " "	12:15	8:05	8:15
Williamsport, " "	12:30	8:20	8:30

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE EAST.			
Daily except Sundays, Daily			
STATIONS.	Pass.	Mail.	Est. M.
Williamsport	7:17	1:15	1:25
Hagerstown	7:22	2:00	2:10
Smithsburg	7:32	2:10	2:20
Chambersburg	7:39	2:17	2:27
Waynesboro, Pa.	7:42	2:20	2:30
Edgemont	7:48	2:26	2:36
Blue Mountain	7:52	2:30	2:40
Penn. Ave. Station	8:10	2:45	2:55
Rock Ridge	8:17	2:53	3:03
Highfield	8:18	2:54	3:04
Sabillasville	8:25	3:03	3:13
Mechanicsville	8:44	3:20	3:30
Graceland	8:47	3:23	3:33
Lays	8:51	3:24	3:34
Emmitsburg	8:59	3:32	3:42
Rocky Ridge	8:55	3:28	3:38
Double Pipe Creek	9:03	3:40	3:50
Frederick Junction	9:09	3:46	3:56
Frederick	9:07	3:52	4:02
Union Bridge	9:18	4:06	4:16
New Windsor	9:20	4:18	4:28
Westminster	9:43	4:42	4:52
Gettysburg	10:22	5:23	5:33
Glyndon	10:33	5:38	5:48
Owings Mills	10:42	5:51	6:01
Pikesville	10:48	5:58	6:08
Mt. Hope	10:48	5:58	6:08
Fulton Station	10:51	6:03	6:13
Arlington	10:59	6:15	6:25
Union Station	11:01	6:19	6:29
Hill Station	11:11	6:24	6:34
Baltimore	11:41	6:59	7:12

Baltimore and Cumberland Valley R. R.—Trains leave East, daily, except Sunday, 8:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m. to Chambersburg, 7:02 a. m. and 1:39 p. m. and 3:52 p. m. to Waynesboro, 7:02 a. m. and 1:39 p. m. and 3:52 p. m. to Edgemont, 7:55 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. and 4:44 p. m. to Blue Mountain, 7:55 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. and 4:44 p. m. to Penn. Ave. Station, 8:10 a. m. and 2:45 p. m. and 4:55 p. m. to Rock Ridge, 8:17 a. m. and 2:53 p. m. and 5:03 p. m. to Highfield, 8:18 a. m. and 2:54 p. m. and 5:04 p. m. to Sabillasville, 8:25 a. m. and 3:03 p. m. and 5:13 p. m. to Mechanicsville, 8:44 a. m. and 3:20 p. m. and 5:30 p. m. to Graceland, 8:47 a. m. and 3:23 p. m. and 5:33 p. m. to Lays, 8:51 a. m. and 3:24 p. m. and 5:34 p. m. to Emmitsburg, 8:59 a. m. and 3:32 p. m. and 5:42 p. m. to Rocky Ridge, 8:55 a. m. and 3:28 p. m. and 5:38 p. m. to Double Pipe Creek, 9:03 a. m. and 3:40 p. m. and 5:50 p. m. to Frederick Junction, 9:09 a. m. and 3:46 p. m. and 5:56 p. m. to Frederick, 9:07 a. m. and 3:52 p. m. and 6:02 p. m. to Union Bridge, 9:18 a. m. and 4:06 p. m. and 6:16 p. m. to New Windsor, 9:20 a. m. and 4:18 p. m. and 6:28 p. m. to Westminster, 9:43 a. m. and 4:42 p. m. and 6:52 p. m. to Gettysburg, 10:22 a. m. and 5:23 p. m. and 7:33 p. m. to Glyndon, 10:33 a. m. and 5:38 p. m. and 7:48 p. m. to Owings Mills, 10:42 a. m. and 5:51 p. m. and 7:58 p. m. to Pikesville, 10:48 a. m. and 5:58 p. m. and 8:08 p. m. to Mt. Hope, 10:48 a. m. and 5:58 p. m. and 8:08 p. m. to Fulton Station, 10:51 a. m. and 6:03 p. m. and 8:13 p. m. to Arlington, 10:59 a. m. and 6:15 p. m. and 8:25 p. m. to Union Station, 11:01 a. m. and 6:19 p. m. and 8:29 p. m. to Hill Station, 11:11 a. m. and 6:24 p. m. and 8:34 p. m. to Baltimore, 11:41 a. m. and 6:59 p. m. and 9:12 p. m.

Frederick Division Pennsylvania R. R.—Trains for Frederick leave Junction at 10:32 a. m. and 4:57 p. m. Trains for Taneytown, Littleton and New Windsor leave Junction at 7:55 a. m. and 3:52 p. m. Through cars for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore, daily, except Sunday, 7:04 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate points leave Baltimore also daily except Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Orders for baggage tickets can be left at Ticket Office, New No. 217 E. Baltimore street.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.

B. H. Griswold, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

ICURE FITS!

When I say CURB I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.

I have made the discovery

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to cure the worst cases. If others have failed no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Circular and a FREE BOTTLE of my "FALLING SICKNESS" CURE. Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address: H. C. ROOT, M. C., 183 PEARL ST., NEW YORK

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

THE Emmitsburg Chronicle.

IS PUBLISHED

Every Saturday Morning.

\$1.00 a Year in Advance—If not paid in Advance, \$1.50. 75 Cents for 6 Months.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the Editor.

—\$8—

ADVERTISING.

Cash Rates—\$1.00 per inch for one insertion; and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Special rates to regular and yearly advertisers.

—101—

JOB PRINTING

We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing, in all Colors, such as Cards, Checks, Receipts, Circulars, Notes, Book Work, Magistrate's Blanks, Bill Heads, Note and Letter Headings, Statements, etc., etc. Special efforts will be made to accommodate both in price and quality of work. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Prices furnished on application.

—101—

SALE BILLS

OF ALL SIZES ORNATELY AND PROMPTLY PRINTED HERE.

—101—

All letters should be addressed to

PAUL NOTTER, Manager.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND

SUMMER!

Summer is at hand again and finds M. F. Shuff ready to meet the Trade with

An Immense Stock of Furniture,

both of His Own Make and of City Manufacture, of the

LATEST STYLES.

Everything in the Furniture Line kept in stock or furnished on short notice.

REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE.