

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XI.

EMMITTSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1890.

No. 33.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

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

Orphan's Court.
Judges, Geo. W. Shank, Geo. Koogle, Benjamin G. Fitzhugh.
Clerk, Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners, Eugene L. Derr, David Fisher, Josiah Englar, John P. Jones, Jonathan Biser.

Sheriff, Otho J. Gaver.
Tax Collector, Charles F. Rowe.
Surgeon, William H. Hickey.
School Commissioners, Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Boutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner, Glenn H. Worthington.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public, Paul Motter.
Justices of the Peace, Henry Stokes, Jas. Knouff, Jas. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs.
Postman, E. S. Taney.
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School Trustees, Joseph Waddles, Joseph A. Baker.
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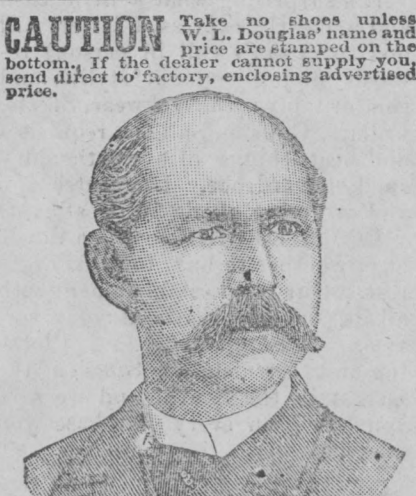
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DAN'S WIFE.

Up in early morning light Sweeping, dusting, "setting right." Oiling all the household things, Sewing buttons, tying strings, Telling Bridget what to do, Mending rips in Johnny's shoe, Running up and down the stair, Tying baby in his chair, Cutting meat and spreading bread, Dishing out so much per head, Eating as she can, by chance, Giving husband kindly glance, Toiling, working, busy life, Smart woman, Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night, Home so cheerful, neat and bright, Children meet him at the door, Pull him in and look him o'er. Wife asks how the work has gone? Busy times with us at home! Supper done—Dan reads at ease. Happy Dan, but one to please. Children must be put to bed—All their little prayers are said, Little shoes are placed in rows, Bed-clothes tucked o'er little toes, Busy, noisy, wearing life, Tired woman, Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep, See the woman softly creep, Baby rests at last, poor dear, Not a word her heart to cheer; Mending basket full to top—Stockings, shirts and little frock—Tired eyes and weary brain, Side with darting, ugly pain—"Never mind, 'twill pass away; She must work and never play; Closed piano, unused books, Done the walks to cosy nooks, Brightness faded out of life, Saddened woman, Dan's wife.

Up stairs, tossing to and fro, Fever holds the woman low; Children wan her, free to play When and where they will to-day. Bridget loiters—dinner's cold. Dan looks anxious, cross and old; Household screws are out of place, Lacking one clear, patient face. Steady hands—so weak but true, Hands that knew just what to do, Never knowing rest nor play, Folded now—and laid away; Work of six in one short life, Shattered woman, Dan's wife.

—Kate Tannatt Woods, in National Epitaphist.

Cousin Polly.

The True Tale of What Happened at 18-Mile Station.

BY WM. H. S. ATKINSON.

Father is a railroad man, and you may be sure he is a busy man. He is the chief train dispatcher of the Jersey City and Western Railway, and his office is right in the centre of a great yard. The yard is in the outskirts of a thriving Western city, and it is so spacious that one would find it a tiring performance to walk over its boundary line in a day.

For father's convenience, and also for the benefit of the railroad company, our house is also outside the city, and from our front verandah we can see every inch of the yard, with its miles of tracks, its switches, its long strings of cars, its puffing locomotives and its complicated signals.

But night is when the yard shows up to advantage. Why we have a Fourth of July every night. In the big yard are hundreds upon hundreds of colored lights—red lights, green lights and yellow lights. They move in twos and threes at the rear of every train; the brakemen, as they run along the tops of the cars swing them up and down, to and fro; the yard conductors wave them frantically; they shine like bright-colored stars on the summit of lofty signal towers and masts. The rushing, snorting locomotives dart in and out, displaying their headlights, while their whistles scream and their bells jangle and jingle incessantly. And if so much glare and color and noise would not satisfy a boy on the Fourth of July, that boy ought to go to a country where they don't have any Fourth or railways either.

I have said that father is a busy man. He is so busy, and has always been so busy that, although I know he is only just forty, his hair is getting quite white. But he is a jolly, good, dear old father, all the same, and we four boys of his love him well.

He is so busy with his railway work, that some times even home has to suffer, and father is simply forced to forget many things he would himself like to remember.

One summer evening we all sat on the porch—mother and Rob and Max and Tad and Joe (that's me), when father just dragged himself up the walk, dead tired. Mother fixed his chair for him and he threw himself into it.

"Mary," he said, suddenly, addressing mother, "I clean forgot, at noon, to tell you I received a telegram from 18-Mile, saying that poor Dick's girl would come up today on number 10. Why," he added, taking out his watch, "it is eight o'clock now, and the train is due at 8:25. I am terribly tired, Mary; would you mind taking Rob and going down to meet her? You can take a hack at the depot for all of you to come back."

"Of course I will go, Will," said mother, "though I wish you had told me sooner. Come, Rob, my son."

So mother, always good-hearted, and willing to help father, started off, with Rob for escort, to meet the train.

We knew nothing about our cousin who was on her way to our home. We knew we had a cousin somewhere in Indiana, and we knew that her father, our Uncle Dick, had lately died. We knew that her name was Providence Reid—and there our knowledge of her ended.

We Reid boys, ranging in age from six to sixteen, none of us took much stock in girls. And father knew this.

"Now, boys," said father, after mother had left us, "you must be good and kind to your cousin. She is not very strong, I fear, and if I remember rightly she is a shy little thing."

"Pshaw!" said six-year-old, saucy Tad.

"How old is she?" I asked.

"Girls are no account, anyhow," muttered Max.

"Your cousin must be rather more than 20," said father, answering my query. "But what is this grumbling? What have you boys got against her?"

"O'er, well-er—"

"Well, out with it!"

"Well, then, she's a girl."

"Of course. What then?"

"Well, then," I blurted out, acting as spokesman for myself and brothers, "I s'pose we sha'n't be able to cut up and have big times. Girls are so slow and old fogeyish. They don't know very much, and they're afraid of bugs and mice. They haven't got any 'sand'—they ain't plucky and brave like boys."

"Oh! oh!" laughed father.

"That just shows how little you know about girls. Now just you hold your horses, Master Joe, while I tell you a true story.

"Six or seven years ago, before I held my present position, you older boys may remember that I was the relief agent on the Indiana division of the railroad. In those days my duty consisted of taking charge of stations where the agents were away on vacations or sick-leave, and while one week I might be detailed to do duty at a city or a town, the next I sometimes found myself literally out in the woods.

"It was during a mean spell of exceedingly dirty and uncomfortable fall weather that the superintendent ordered me down to 18-Mile Station, which is only a short distance from where your poor uncle Dick's farm was located.

"Why they called the spot 18-Mile I can't say, unless because it was 18 miles from civilization, and because there was no town, village or settlement within walking distance, after which they could name the station. Certainly it was one of the dreariest places in which I was ever called upon to spend a couple of weeks.

"As a matter of fact 18-Mile was, and still is, nothing more than a siding and telegraph cabin, where a few trains pass each day and where they occasionally stop for orders.

"I found the days very long, and the hours dragged like lead. I saw scarcely any faces those except of the few engineers and conductors who stopped for orders. But I had one almost daily caller, whom I was always very glad to see.

"She was a bright, pleasant girl of—well, I should judge, perhaps, thirteen or fourteen years. She was rather slight and by no means strong, but she always seemed greatly interested in railroad matters, while I was pleased enough to answer her many questions. She usually dropped in after school hours; that is to say, about 4 o'clock, and lingered around the cabin, sometimes for only a few minutes and sometimes for more than an hour. We soon became great friends.

"On the very last day that I expected to be at 18-Mile Polly stayed later than usual. She remained so late, indeed, that I heard the warning whistle of train number 17, and knew that she was within two miles of the station. Number 17 was a heavy freight, and would take from five to six minutes to reach my cabin. She was bound West.

"At that instant I got word over the wire that the pay-car, running as a special, had left Wells' Crossing, and to give the special a clear road.

"Now, Wells' Crossing was rather more than five miles west of 18-Mile, and as the special was sure to make an exceedingly fast run, the two trains would reach my cabin at about the same moment.

"I had considerable thinking and calculating on my mind about that time and also a great deal of telegraphing.

"So I said to my little companion: 'Polly, will you go up to the bend and wave the red lantern until I can come out? By so doing both engineers will see the signal and both will slow up.'

"Of course, Polly was only too glad to accommodate me, and away she ran, while I rattled off the first of my two messages.

"I must say here, with all due respect to the originators and constructors of the Jersey City and Western, that the man who planted 18-Mile station and siding where he did lacked good judgment.

Now, bear in mind, the shanty was about four hundred yards east of a sharp bend, and the road being in a cutting, a train east of the bend could not be seen by the engineer of a train west of the bend. Besides this, the siding faced the west, and the entrance to it being exactly at the bend, a west-bound train to be side-tracked would have to run beyond the bend and back up.

"Consequently, to permit the special to run east, I would have to side-track the freight train under the circumstances I have just described.

"Well, Polly went out with the red lantern, and I tried to hurry with my telegraphic reports to the train-dispatcher and to the operator at Wells' Crossing. The minutes flew, but I knew that Polly had successfully signaled the freight train, because I heard the heavy old thing rumble up and then stop a short distance east of the cabin, where the big locomotive blew off steam in a noisy way.

"The next thing I knew, in rushed the engineer of the special. He was terribly excited and his face was white as he stammered:

"We've knocked over a little girl, Bill. We put her in the pay-car; her foot is badly smashed. There are no surgeons here. Can we run back to Wells'?"

"Yes," I said, "and for Heaven's sake hurry! It must be Polly. Have them do every thing for her, Dick. I will keep No. 17 here until you come back. Make her hump, Dick!"

"In fifteen minutes the special had been to Wells' Crossing and was again at 18-Mile.

"That girl is a plucky 'un," said old Dick Beaver, the engineer; "never murmured nor cried at all. Poor thing! she'll lose her foot and a good piece of her leg. Here, Bill, we've brought you an operator. You can go to Wells' on No. 17."

"I did go to Wells', and found Polly at the house of a doctor, who was a kindhearted man as well as a skillful surgeon. She was under the influence of chloroform, and the doctor had just amputated the smashed foot and leg a little below the knee.

"I learned all about it next day, however. In running towards the bend Polly caught her foot in one of those terrible railroad traps, a frog, and became a prisoner. She was almost to the bend, but not quite, and where she stood the engineer of the special, west of the bend, could not see her. But she knew that I was relying upon her, and that if she continued to wave the lantern she might stop the freight far enough away. So, although she knew that the special was thundering along towards her at a terrific speed, she stood her ground, and continued to give the danger signal.

"The freight train came to a standstill, but on came the special. Around the bend it dashed, and then for the first time the terrified engineer saw the red light. He did all he could to stop his train, and in the fifty or sixty yards he did slacken his speed slightly. But only very slightly. For, although the brave girl threw herself as far as possible away from the track, the swift locomotive crunched the delicate foot into a shapeless mass.

"No, boys," said father, "don't tell me girls haven't any grit or pluck. I know better. Ah, here is the carriage with your cousin and your mother."

I think we rather liked the looks of our cousin as soon as we saw her, and I know we were greatly interested when father introduced her to us.

"Boys," he said, "this is your cousin, Providence Reid—though I used to call her Polly when she and I hob-nobbed together at 18-Mile, eh, Polly?"

And I rather think, when we heard father say that and noticed that our cousin limped slightly, that we boys felt somewhat ashamed of our remarks about no-account girls.

The Nick in the Lapel.

Did you ever wonder why that little V-shaped nick was placed at the juncture of your coat collar with the lapel? I suppose you have. Occasionally we all have our little ruminating spells, and fall to wondering the whys of the many odd things we see about us. Hold your coat up before you, and you would see a glance that it would "set" just as well without the nick as with it. Therefore the matter of fit cannot be given as a proper solution of the fact that it is there. Without apparent purpose this nick is clipped from the lapel of every frock coat worn in the world. But there was motive in the madness of the first man who adopted the little insignia of distinction. I will tell you about it.

When the first Napoleon gave way to his ambition he tried to implicate Gen. Moreau in Pichegru's conspiracy. Moreau had been Napoleon's superior and was very popular, but under the circumstances, as Napoleon was on top it was not safe to express publicly any sympathy with Moreau; so his admirers secretly agreed to nick their coat lapels to show what they were. Carefully note the outlines of the first coat-front you see that is well-fitted and buttoned, and see if you cannot plainly detect the initial letter M in its windings. The M will appear upside down, the little nick forming its sides. M was the initial letter for Moreau, and his champions were known by the nicks in the lapels of their coats.—St. Louis Republic.

"I HAVE here an article on 'How to Manage a Wife,'" remarked a man, as he advanced to the editor's desk. "You are unmarried, I believe," replied the editor. "Yes, why?" "Nothing, I just thought so."—Life.

The man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them fortunes.

God's Blessing of Wealth.—"I see that William Waldorf Astor has gone into literature." "Well, he can afford it."

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following is a list of the names of the subscribers to the Chronicle for the year 1890. The names are arranged in alphabetical order.

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