

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

No. 23.

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.
Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.
County Commissioners.—Eugene L. Derr, David Fisher, Josiah Englar, John P. Jones, Jonathan Biser.
Sheriff.—Otho J. Gaver.
Tax Collector.—Isaac M. Fisher.
Surveyor.—William H. Hilleary.
School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Rontzahn 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. F. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs.
Registrar.—E. S. Taney.
Constables.—W. P. Nunemaker, Abraham Hahn.
School Trustees.—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, Jos. A. Myers.
Burgess.—William G. Blair.
Town Commissioners.—Joseph Snouffer, Jas. O. Hopp, J. Thos. Gelwick, P. D. Lawrence, James A. Elder, Michael Hoke.
Town Constable.—Wm. P. Nunemaker.
Tax Collector.—John F. Hopp.

CHURCHES.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor.—Rev. Luther DeYoe. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, a. m., and 7:30 o'clock, p. m., respectively. Wednesday evening lectures 7:30 o'clock, p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock, p. m.

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor.—Rev. U. H. Heilmann. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9:30 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 7:30 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock, a. m. Prayer Meeting every Sunday afternoon 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. Vespers 3 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

Methuist Episcopal Church.
Pastor.—Rev. J. F. Gray. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School 1:30 o'clock, p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday at 3 o'clock, p. m.

MAILS.

Arrive.
Through from Baltimore 11:10, a. m.; Way from Baltimore, 7:06, p. m.; Hagerstown, 7:16, 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 and Hagerstown, 5:35, p. m.; Hanover, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:10, a. m.; Rocky Ridge, 8:10, a. m.; Baltimore, (closed) 2:35, p. m.; Frederick, 2:35, p. m.; Motter's, and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:35, p. m.; Gettysburg, 8:00, a. m.
Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

SOCIETIES.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindles her Council fire every Saturday evening 8th. Officers: Officers: Prophet, J. H. T. Webb; Sach. Dr. J. W. Reigle; Sen. Sag. E. M. Klinedinst; Jun. Sag. M. F. Shuff; C. of R. Jno. F. Adelsberger; K. of W. C. S. Zeck; Dr. J. W. Reigle; E. C. Wenschhof and Geo. T. Gelwick, Trustees; Geo. G. Byers, Representative.

Emerald Beneficial Association.
F. A. Adelsberger, President; Vice-President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo. Seybold; Treasurer, Jno. M. Stonter. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger'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, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwick; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Guard, Albert J. Motter; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Gamble, Joseph Frame and John A. Baker; 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, J. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., Wm. B. Ogile.

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Citizens' Building Association.—Pres't, V. E. Rowe; Vice-Pres't, C. C. Kretzer; Sec'y, F. A. Adelsberger; Treas., Paul Motter; Directors, F. A. Adelsberger, C. C. Kretzer, Jas. O. Hopp, M. Hoke, Paul Motter, V. E. Rowe, Jos. E. Hoke, Jas. F. Hickey.

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President, I. S. Annan; Vice-P. L. M. Motter; Secretary, P. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, D. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwick, E. R. Zimmerman, T. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

THE ORY OF THE DREAMER.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by,
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure,
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands so skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!

The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

The Billiard-Playing Ghost

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Somewhere in the Other World, where there are books and pictures and plays and shop-windows to look at, and thousands of men who spend their lives in building up all sorts, lives a gentleman who writes real stories about the real insides of people; and his name is Walter Besant. But he will insist upon treating his ghosts—he has published half a workshopful of them—with levity. He makes his ghost-seers talk familiarly, and in some cases, flirt outrageously, with the phantoms. You may treat anything, from a Viceroy to a Vernacular Paper, with levity; but you must have reverence towards a ghost, and particularly an Indian one.

There are, in this land, ghosts who take the form of fat, cold, pobby corpses, and hide in trees near the roadside till a traveler passes. Then they drop upon his neck and remain. There are also terrible ghosts of women who have died in child-bed. These wander along the pathways at dusk, or hide in the crops near a village, and call seductively. But to answer their call is death in this world and the next. Their feet are turned backwards that all sober men may recognize them. There are ghosts of little children who have been thrown into wells. These haunt well-curbs and the fringes of jungles, and wail under the stars, or catch women by the wrist and beg to be taken up and carried. These and the corpse-ghosts, however, are only vernacular articles and do not attack Sahibs. No native ghost has yet been authentically reported to have frightened an Englishman; but many English ghosts have scared the life out of both white and black.

Nearly every other Station-own's ghost, There are said to be two at Simla, not counting the woman who blows the bellows at Syree dak-bungalow on the Old Road; Mussoorie has a house haunted of a very lively thing; a White Lady is supposed to do night-watchman round a house in Lahore; Dalhousie says that one of her houses "repeats" on autumn evenings all the incidents of a horrible horse-and-precipice accident; Murree has a merry ghost, and, now that she has been swept by cholera, will have room for a sorrowful one; there are Officers' Quarters in Mian Mir whose doors open without reason, and whose furniture is guaranteed to creak, not with the heat of June but with the weight of Invisibles who come to lounge in the chairs; Peshawar possesses houses that none will willingly rent; and there is something—not fever—wrong with a big bungalow in Allahabad. The older Provinces simply bristle with haunted houses, and march phantom armies along their main thoroughfares.

In the dak-bungalows, ghosts are most likely to be found, and when found, they should be made note of.

Not long ago it was my business to live in dak-bungalows. I never inhabited the same house for three nights running, and grew to be learned in the breed. I lived in Government-built ones with red brick walls and raft ceilings, an inventory of the furniture posted in every room, and an excited snake at the threshold to give welcome. I lived in "converted" ones—old houses officiating as dak-bungalows—where nothing was in its proper place and there wasn't even a fowl for dinner. I lived in second-hand palaces where the wind blew through open-work marble tracery just as uncomfortably as through a broken pane. I lived in dak-bungalows where the last entry in the visitors' book was fifteen months old, and where they slashed off the curry-kid's head with a sword. It was my good-luck to meet all sorts of men, from sober traveling missionaries and deserters flying from British Regiments, to drunken loafers who threw whiskey bottles at all who passed. Seeing that a fair proportion of the tragedy of our lives out here acted itself in dak-bungalows, I wondered that I had met no ghosts. A ghost that would voluntarily hang about a dak-bungalow would be mad of course; but so many men have died mad in dak-bungalows that there must be a fair percentage of lunatic ghosts.

In due time I found my ghost, or ghosts rather, for there were two of them. Up to that hour I had sympathized with Mr. Besant's method of handling them, as shown in "The Strange Case of Mr. Lucraft and other Stories." I am now in opposition.

We will call the bungalow Katal-mak-dak-bungalow. But that was the smallest part of the horror. A man with a sensitive hide has no rights to sleep in dak-bungalow. He should marry. Kitalmak-dak-bungalow was old and rotten and unrepaired. The floor was of worn brick, the walls were filthy, and the windows were nearly black with grime. It stood on a bypath largely used by native Sub-Deputy Assistants of all kinds, from Finance to Forests; but real Sahibs were rare. The *khansamah*, who was nearly bent double with old age, said so.

When I arrived, there was a fitful, undecided rain on the face of the land, accompanied by a restless wind, and every gust made a noise like the rattling of dry bones in the stiff toddy-palms outside. The *khansamah* completely lost his head on my arrival. He had served a Sahib once. Did I know that Sahib? He gave me the name of a well-known man who has been buried for more than a quarter of a century, and showed me an ancient daguerreotype of that man in his prehistoric youth. I had seen a steel engraving of him at the head of a double volume of Memoirs a month before, and I felt ancient beyond telling.

The day shut in and the *khansamah* went to get me food. He did not go through the pretense of calling it "khanah"—man's victuals. He said "ratub," and that means, among other things, "grub"—dog's ration. There was no insult in his choice of the term. He had forgotten the other word, I suppose.

While he was cutting up the dead bodies of the animals, I settled myself down, after exploring the dak-bungalow. There were three rooms, beside my own, which was a corner kennel, each giving into the other through dingy white doors fastened with long iron bars. The bungalow was a very solid one, but the partition-walls of the rooms were almost jerry-built in their flimsiness. Every step or bang of a trunk echoed from my room down the other three, and every footfall came back tremulously from the far walls. For this reason I shut the door. There were no lamps—only candles in long glass shades. An oil wick was set in the bath-room.

For bleak, unadulterated misery that dak-bungalow was the worst of the many that I had ever set foot in. There was no fire-place, and the windows would not open; so a blazer of charcoal would have been useless. The rain and the wind

splashed and gurgled and moaned round the house, and the toddy-palms rattled and roared. Half a dozen jackals went through the compound singing, and a hyena stood afar off and mocked them. A hyena would convince a Sadducee of the Resurrection of the Dead—the worst sort of Dead. Then came the *ratub*—a curious meal, half native and half English in composition—with the old *khansamah* babbling behind my chair about dead and gone English people, and the wind-blown candles playing shadow bo-peep with the bed and the mosquito-curtains. It was just the sort of a night to make a man think of every single one of his past sins, and all the others that he intended to commit if he lived.

Sleep, for several hundred reasons was not easy. The lamp in the bathroom threw the most absurd shadows into the room, and the wind was beginning to talk nonsense.

Just when the mosquitoes were drowsy with bloodsucking I heard the regular—"Let-us-take-and-heave-him-over" grunt of doolie-bearers in the compound. First one doolie came in, then a second, and then a third. I heard the doolies dumped on the ground, and the shutter in front of my door shook. "That's someone trying to come in," I said. But no one spoke, and I persuaded myself that it was the gusty wind. The shutter of the room next to mine was attacked, flung back, and the inner door opened. "That's some Sub-Deputy Assistant," I said, "and he has brought his friends with him. Now they'll talk and spit and smoke for an hour."

But there were no voices and no footsteps. No one was putting his luggage into the next room. The door shut, and I thanked Providence that I was to be left in peace. But I was curious to know where the doolies had gone. I got out of bed and looked into the darkness. There was not a sign of a doolie. Just as I was getting into bed again, I heard, in the next room, the sound that no man in his senses can possibly mistake—the whirl of the billiard ball down the length of the slates when the striker is stringing for break. No other sound is like it. A minute afterwards there was another whirl, and I got into bed. I was not frightened—indeed I was not. I was very curious to know what had become of the doolies. I jumped into bed for that reason.

Next minute I heard the double click of a carom and my hair sat up. It is a mistake to say that hair stands up. The skin of the head tightens and you can feel a faint, prickly bristling all over the scalp. That is the hair sitting up. There was a whirr and a click, and both sounds could only be made by one thing—a billiard ball. I argued the matter out at great length with myself; and the more I argued the less probable it seemed that one bed, one table, and two chairs—all the furniture of the room next to mine—could so exactly duplicate the sounds of a game of billiards. After another carom, a three-cushion one to judge by the whirr, I argued no more. I had found my ghost and would have given worlds to have escaped from that dak-bungalow. I listened, and with each listen the game grew clearer. There was whirr on whirr and click on click. Sometimes there was a double click and a whirr and another click. Beyond any sort of doubt, people were playing billiards in the next room. And the next room was not big enough to hold a billiard table!

Between the pauses of the wind I heard the game go forward—stroke after stroke. I tried to believe that I could not hear voices; but that attempt was a failure.

Do you know what fear is? Not ordinary fear of insult, injury or death, but abject, quivering dread of something that you cannot see—fear that dreads the inside of the mouth and half of the throat—fear that makes you sweat on the palms of the hands, and gulp in order to keep the uvula at work? This is a

fine fear—a great cowardice, and must be felt to be appreciated. The very improbability of billiards in a dak-bungalow proved the reality of the thing. No man—drunk or sober—could imagine a game at billiards, or invent the splitting crack of a "screw-carom."

A severe course of dak-bungalow has this disadvantage—it breeds infinite credulity. If a man said to a confirmed dak-bungalow hunter: "There is a corpse in the next room, and there's a mad girl in the next but one, and the woman and man on that camel have just eloped from a place sixty miles away," the hearer would not disbelieve because he would know that nothing is too wild, grotesque, or horrible to happen in a dak-bungalow.

This credulity, unfortunately, extends to ghosts. A rational person fresh from his own house would have turned on his side and slept. I did not. So surely as I was given up as a bad carcass by the scores of things in the bed because the bulk of my blood was in my heart, so surely did I hear every stroke of a long game at billiards played in the echoing room behind the iron-barred door. My dominant fear was that the players might want a marker. It was an absurd fear; because creatures who could play in the dark would be above such superfluities. I only know that that was my terror; and it was real.

After a long while the game stopped, and the door banged. I slept because I was dead tired. Otherwise I should have preferred to have kept awake. Not for anything in Asia would I have dropped the door-bar and peered into the dark of the next room.

When the morning came, I considered that I had done well and wisely, and inquired for the means of departure.

"By the way, *khansamah*," I said, "what were those three doolies doing in my compound in the night?"

"There were no doolies," said *khansamah*.

I went into the next room and the daylight streamed through the open door. I was immensely brave. I would, at that hour, have played Black Pool with the owner of the big Black Pool down below.

"Has this place always been a dak-bungalow?" I asked.

"No," said the *khansamah*. "Ten or twenty years ago, I have forgotten how long, it was a billiard room."

"At how much?"

"A billiard room for Sahibs who built the railway. I was *khansamah* then in the big house where all the Railway-Sahibs lived, and I used to come across with brandy-shrab. These three rooms were all one, and they held a big table on which the Sahibs played every evening. But the Sahibs are all dead now, and the Railway runs, you say, nearly to Kabul?"

"Do you remember anything about the Sahibs?"

"It is long ago, but I remember that one Sahib, a fat man and always angry, was playing here one night, and he said to me: 'Mangal Khan, brandy-pam do,' and I filled the glass, and he bent over the table to strike, and his head fell lower and lower till it hit the table, and his spectacles fell off, and when we—the Sahibs and I myself—ran to lift him he was dead. I helped to carry him out. Aha, he was a strong Sahib! But he is dead, and I, old Mangal Khan, am still living, by your favor."

That was more than enough! I had my ghost—a first-hand, authenticated article. I would write to the Society for Psychological Research—I would paralyze the Empire with the news! But I would, first of all, put eighty miles of assessed crop-land between myself and the dak-bungalow before nightfall. The Society might send their agent to investigate later on.

I went into my room and prepared—
Continued on fourth page.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.

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dec 9-14.

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June 14-y

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June 14-y

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Emmitsburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, NOV. 8, 1890.

THE LESSON OF THE ELECTION.

Although our independent position calls for no especial comment on the result of the late election, our well known personal affiliations are such that we cannot feel chagrined at such result. However, the careful thinker is compelled to look for the cause of so great a change as these elections have made in the political aspect of our country.

The most notable is that of the election of Pattison, Governor of Pennsylvania, over a Republican majority in that state, estimated to be between 70,000 and 80,000. While we cannot wonder at the rejoicing of our Democratic neighbors over the victory, we claim that the same is not theirs, but rather a grand victory for the honest and intelligent element of the Republican party, who were willing to lay aside their own private feelings on this occasion for the sake of defeating the candidate of Boss Quay, forced upon them, against their own wishes.

We look upon this as one of the most triumphant achievements ever accomplished under our republican form of government, illustrating as it does that the power of that great commonwealth is still controlled by a class of people who are willing to turn the tide against corrupt leaders and their followers, and that that power is strong enough to win in spite of corruption and bribery. It is our desire that the readers of the Chronicle shall ponder over the lesson, herein taught, and prepare themselves to meet such an emergency, if ever called upon, and it is very likely that such may ere long be the case—nearer home. The overthrow of bosses and corrupt leaders, and the vindication of our people by the people at the polls, is as great a patriotic achievement as was ever won on the field of battle.

In this congressional district the democrats are now rejoicing over the defeat of a man who has served three successive terms in the House of Representatives, where he showed ability, and had the promise of a long term of service before him, yet, having in an ill advised moment been carried away with his own ambitions, not only advocated, but made himself the champion of such strong and oppressive party measures, that former friends withdrew their support from him and together with a host of disappointed office seekers united with the opposing forces and secured his defeat. It is also gratifying to recall the fact that Mr. McComas is still a young man, and may have ample time to retrieve his losses and profit by the lesson thus taught him at the hands of the voters. Throughout his terms in Congress his character has remained unimpeached, and we have the first time to hear of any reflections against his honesty. A man who can thus go through six years in the halls of Congress and five Congressional campaigns with a clean record in this line is not going to pass quietly into the shades of private life, he will again come to the front, and profiting by former experience will become stronger than ever.

The tariff issues, and numerous other causes given for the result of the elections in different States are too partisan for discussion from our independent standpoint, as before stated, but our remarks above are intended for moralizing, and come strictly under the head of independence, irrespective of party.

THE NEW ELECTION LAW.

Voting under the new system was very successfully conducted here last Tuesday, although at the start there was some objection made to the delay, as it was about twenty minutes past eight o'clock before every thing was in readiness and the first voter admitted inside of the rail. The room in which the election was held was a little too small to accommodate the crowd during a rush, but as it was soon apparent that there would be ample time for every voter to deposit his ballot without hurrying, there was very little trouble in this line. We are still under the impression that the voting could be expedited without any danger of mistakes, if each name was checked as the voter entered within the rail, thus avoiding the necessity of finding each name twice. This system was found to work all right in one of the smaller precincts of Baltimore City, where the room in which the polls were held was small.

If half the energy and effort spent in trying to save murderers from the rope was spent in trying to save society from murderers, many valuable lives would be annually saved, and many hearts spared lifelong sorrow.—American.

THAT appreciative and enthusiastic abstraction, the Welkin, is being overworked to the dangerous verge of nervous prostration, by its ringing to all sorts of speeches. Its strict impartiality, though, is a trifle indiscriminate.—American.

They have begun excluding from the mails papers containing lists of articles won at church fairs. It is done under the anti-lottery law. They will next exclude the papers that contain accounts of robberies.—E.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

ELECTRIC lights have been placed throughout the jail building at York.

The new baby hippopotamus in Central Park, New York, has a mouth 17 inches wide.

FRANK HAMME, of York, while at work in a planing mill a few days ago, had one of his hands cut off.

The United States government building at Chicago is sinking, and engineers say it may collapse at any moment.

LEATHER is being successfully tanned in Florida with palm-leaf roots; it is as soft and pliable as finest calfskin.

EVERYBODY knows scrofula to be a disease of the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for all blood diseases.

A NUMBER of houses in course of erection at York were so injured by the recent continuous rains that the foundations gave way and brick walls fell over.

It is estimated that in Paris one in eighteen of the population, or 150,000, live on charity, with a tendency toward crime. In London this class is one in thirty.

FOR Constipation, Sick or Bilious Headache, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets, or Anti-Bilious Granules: Purely Vegetable and perfectly harmless. One a dose.

HEIR of Robert Morris, Washington's financial agent during the Revolution, are seeking to recover 1,204,000 acres in Western New York, of which Morris is said to have been fraudulently dispossessed.

THE only son of Col. C. F. Crocker, second vice president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, fell over a balustrade in his father's house recently and was killed. He was 10 years old and would have been heir to \$15,000,000.

MANDERVILLE Wiggins, of New Brighton, Staten Island, suggests drowning as a humane form of capital punishment. He says he came near being drowned not long ago himself. He went far enough to discover that that method would be painless.

The commission appointed by the Pennsylvania Legislature to survey a route and report on the practicability of building a ship canal between Lake Erie and Pittsburgh, has decided to recommend such an enterprise. The State will, in turn, probably solicit aid from the national government in constructing such a waterway.

Weak Lungs

May be made to do good service through a long life by a judicious use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The signs of weakness are shortness of breath, pain in the chest and back, a persistent cough, feverishness, and rising of blood. All or other of these symptoms may indicate weak lungs, and should have immediate attention.

"I have been a life-long sufferer from weak lungs, and till I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was scarcely ever free from a cough. This medicine always relieves my cough and strengthens my lungs, as no other medicine ever did. I have induced many of my acquaintances to use the Pectoral in throat and lung troubles. It has always proved beneficial, particularly so in the case of my son-in-law, Mr. Z. A. Shaw, of this place, who was cured by it of a severe cough."—Mrs. L. C. Clout, Benton, Ark.

"I have had lung trouble for about one year and have tried many different remedies, but nothing does me so much good as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I heartily recommend this medicine."—Cynthia Ross, Harmony, Mo.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c; six bottles, \$1.50.

TUESDAY'S ELECTION

RESULT IN FREDERICK COUNTY, IN THE SIXTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT, THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

HOW OTHER STATES VOTED.
Great Victory for the Democrats, who Secure Control of the Fifty-Second Congress by a Large Majority.

FREDERICK COUNTY.			
Districts.	McKim.	McKim.	McKim.
Buckeystown.....	309	231	39
Frederick City.....	373	243	19
1st precinct.....	314	204	10
2d precinct.....	387	258	13
3d precinct.....	294	179	8
Middletown.....	137	97	41
Crookstown.....	110	128	18
Emmitsburg.....	980	285	41
Catoctin.....	185	119	66
Urban.....	330	209	15
Liberty.....	351	169	19
New Market.....	399	285	43
Hanover.....	175	128	3
Woodstock.....	324	199	11
Petersburg.....	220	296	6
St. Pleasant.....	157	189	32
Jackson.....	208	145	12
Mechanicstown.....	143	157	8
Johnsville.....	143	209	8
Woodville.....	109	115	18
Langston.....	167	156	11
Leviestown.....	167	156	11
Tascara.....	129	99	30
Total.....	5213	5148	283

McKim's plurality 675.

SIXTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Counties.			
McKim.	McKim.	McKim.	McKim.
Allegheny.....	3350	3535	75
Garrett.....	1149	1406	44
Washington.....	210	1151	106
Frederick.....	5213	5148	283
Montgomery.....	3191	2674	517
Total.....	17018	16836	507

McKim's plurality 169.

A solid democratic delegation will be sent to the next House of Representatives by Maryland, as follows:

First District..... Henry Page.
Second District..... Herman Stump.
Third District..... H. Welles Rusk.
Fourth District..... Isidor Rayner.
Fifth District..... Barnes Compton.
Sixth District..... W. M. McKim.

THE NEXT HOUSE.

The Baltimore American, of Thursday furnishes a table, in which the next House of Representatives is estimated to have a Democratic majority of 95. The total of the same day gives the Democrats a majority of 112 over the Republicans, and of 107 over the combined vote of the Republicans and Farmer's Alliance members. To-day's Sun gives the majority as 121.

The unofficial but complete returns from Pennsylvania show Pattison's plurality to be 16,299. The Republican candidates for lieutenant governor and secretary of internal affairs are probably elected, as they ran ahead of Delamater. The Democrats elected eleven of the twenty-eight Congressmen, a democratic gain of 5.

The Republican State Committee in Ohio claims a plurality for the state ticket of 14,000. The committee concedes the defeat of Major McKinley by about 200 votes, and of ex-Governor Foster, in the Eighth district, by nearly 100. The Democrats claim that Warrick will have a majority of 318 over McKinley.

Returns from Virginia and West Virginia give solid Democratic Congressional Delegations to both states. The Democrats also securing a working majority in the West Virginia Legislature.

Delaware gives Reynolds, Democrat, for governor, 445 majority; and Gausey, Democrat, for Congress, 514 majority. Large Democratic gains are reported from North Carolina, with the gain of one Congressman.

In Kansas the Republicans were beaten by the Farmer's Alliance and the Democrats. The Kansas congressional delegation will stand: One Republican one Democrat and five Farmer's Alliance. Senator Ingalls' reelection is doubtful, judging from the present outlook for the legislature.

The Democrats gained increased majorities in the New Jersey Legislature and one Congressman. Missouri elected a solid democratic delegation to Congress. The Democrats elected the entire city ticket in St. Louis, except the recorder of deeds.

George W. Peck, the humorist, democratic candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, was elected by a large majority. The Democrats will have a majority in the Legislature and gain two Congressmen.

The Democrats elected the full state ticket in Tennessee and gained one Congressman. Colorado is still in doubt. The vote is close.

Florida went democratic by increased majorities. Both Congressmen are democratic.

In Michigan the democrats gain five Congressmen. The democratic candidate for Governor is ahead and the Legislature is in doubt.

Massachusetts returns seven Democratic Congressmen, a gain of five for the democrats. Wm. E. Russell, democrat, is elected Governor by over ten thousand majority.

The New York legislature will probably be a tie.

The Democrats claim a majority in the New Mexico legislature.

In New Hampshire the legislature will have the election of a governor. The Democrats have made large gains.

Nebraska Democrats claim the election of the governor.

The Minnesota Democrats have carried the state by 1,600 majority.

turns have been received from South Dakota, and nothing is known about that State.

Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas sent solid Democratic representatives to Congress.

Iowa Democrats claim to have gained four Congressmen.

In Montana the election was so close that it will require the official count to decide it.

Tammany carried New York city by 21,000 majority. The Assembly is claimed by the democrats by two majority. The new congressional delegation stands 21 democrats to 19 republicans.

Scrofula
Is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering slaves. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkable success in curing every form of scrofula. The most severe and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or groin, humor in the eyes, causing partial or total blindness, yield to the powerful effects of this medicine. It thoroughly removes every impurity from the blood.

Scrofula
"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old she had a running sore on her chin, and the doctors said she would not live. When we began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, a marked improvement was noticed. The sore healed, and her recovery was complete. And she is now, being seven years old, strong and healthy." B. C. JONES, Ains, Lincoln County, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. 25c. per bottle. Prepared by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses, One Dollar

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Frederick County, the undersigned, Executor of the last will of William Peoples, late of Frederick County, deceased, will sell at public sale at the Emmitsburg House, in Emmitsburg, Md.,

On Saturday, November 8th, 1890,

at 9 o'clock, P. M., the following valuable real estate of which said William Peoples died seized and possessed, viz: That property known as Lot No. 12, in Shafter's Addition, a beautiful improved lot, with a good and substantial

Two-Story Brick House

containing six rooms, and with kitchen attached, a good carpenter shop, stable and other outbuildings. There is a well of good water at the kitchen door. The property is all in good condition, and located in a desirable part of the town.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the Orphans' Court, to wit: Cash on delivery of the property, and a bill of sale therefor. The purchaser to pay for the property, and a bill of sale therefor. The purchaser to pay for the property, and a bill of sale therefor.

JOHN T. HAYS, Executor.

PRIVATE SALE.

The undersigned having decided to remove to the north west will sell this valuable farm, situated one mile west of Emmitsburg at private sale. This farm is well improved, and contains a large number of good buildings, and is a desirable property, and contains

91 ACRES

more or less, of good farming land, all under cultivation and in a highly fertile and productive condition. The improvements consist of a

Large Dwelling House

containing thirteen rooms, three large halls, and two parlors, large bank barn, an excellent spring, kitchen, and a well of good water near the kitchen door, spring house and running water through the washhouse.

2 TENANT HOUSES,

which can be easily rented, and all other necessary outbuildings. This farm has two miles of water power, and is an up and running mill site, and is a desirable property, and contains

Ten acres are in choice fruit, including the most productive Apple Orchard in the district.

Any one wishing to buy a nice home on easy terms, call on or address

W. L. McGINNIS, Emmitsburg, Md.

Notice to Creditors.

THIS is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Frederick County, Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of

WILLIAM PEOPLES,

late of said County deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby warned, to exhibit the same, with vouchers therefor, to the subscriber on or before the 11th day of April, 1891; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this Tenth day of October, 1890.

JAMES T. HAYS, Executor.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby notified not to trespass on any of the farms owned or occupied by the persons whose names are hereunto subscribed for the purpose of hunting game with dog and gun, or either, and to keep their dogs and horses, and other animals, under a proper restraint, and not to violate the law. All persons violating this notice shall be held guilty of a misdemeanor and prosecuted accordingly.

JOHN CLARK,
JOSEPH BAKER,
CORNELIUS BURRER,
JOHN SANDER, JR.,
S. L. LONGENECHER,
H. H. REIDMAN,
J. C. KIRK,
JACOB BAKER.

oct. 17-6.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

WE hereby notify all persons not to trespass on our enclosures with dog and gun, or either, or for fishing, as we are determined to enforce the law in all cases without favor.

JOHN T. HAYS, Executor.

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JOHN T. HAYS, Executor.

In speaking about our Ladies Coat Department,

we wish to put special stress on the make and finish of our garments, as well as the unusual large assortment of styles and materials. Our entire stock was made to our order and the finish is the same on all of them as you will find in the best stocked city coat stores.

The materials embrace, English Diagonal Cheviots, (the new high class jacket material), Plain Cheviots, Beavers, Glace, and Stockinette in every grade of wool from lowest to finest made. In Misses and Childrens we have also very much improved on the styles and finish of former seasons, Ladies Connamaraghs and Newmarkets in new cuts and materials. Not a single garment but what was made especially for us.

Newest style Plush Garments will be opened on the 20th inst. Read Astrakhan, Seal Plush and Astrakhan Cloth Capes in great variety of styles and prices. Our own low prices that daily crowds our store will continue.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

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GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE GLORY OF MAN

STRENGTH, VITALITY, How Lost! How Regained.

The congregation of St. Mark's Church have awarded the contract the erection of a new church edifice the site of their present building, Petersburg. The new structure will be of brick, finished in hard wood, the estimated cost is \$13,000. It will be one of the handsomest structures in the county, when completed.

towns and villages! And Them, with ever increasing popularity, helpfulness, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, giving hope and where there is disease and despair. Wherever there is humanity there suffering; wherever there is suffering there is the best field for this great American Remedy. Consumption (which is lung-scurf), yields to it employed in the early stages of the disease; Chronic Nasal Catarrh, yields to it! If you want the best knowledge as to all diseases of the blood, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery take no other. It is *guaranteed* cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money refunded.

is incompetent to communicate the
expressible satisfaction and incom-
prehensible consequences resulting from
judicious administration of Dr. Pier-
ce's Favorite Prescription, a preparation
designed especially for the speedy re-
covery and permanent cure of all Female
Weaknesses, Nervousness, and disor-
ders peculiar to the female sex. The
remedy for woman's peculiar ills,
by druggists, under a positive guaran-
tee to give satisfaction. See guaranteed
wrapper of bottle. This guarantee
has been faithfully carried out for
years by the proprietors.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE EMERALD
CHRONICLE,

marched to the grave-yard, where graves were blessed. Around the graves the students were led in the form of a semi-circle, singing them were the seminary, chanted during the ceremony. Psalms, De Propendens, Miserere dictus.

On Sunday, Nov. 2nd, Father preached on "Sainship in the Church."

Mr. D. Kelaher, Washington visited the College this week.

The pool championship is still played. The first series of games played by Will J. Campbell and Sullivan.

to Shepherdstown, but will return to stay in a few weeks.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Buccaneer of Olden Planted the skull and cross bones, the emblem of death, upon your name, the life-giving sign, but upon the blazon of standard romances skunked under disguises. His hole and corner traffic led to any degree affected Hostetters. Briers, although that standard, inviolable, and venerable, was not a man at which his shafts have been directed; but his traits, composed of very unrefined and very unkind, but very real, and some tone bark, are still sometimes directed as identical with, or similar to, or very different from the life of American family members. These perish, spread the great dysentery and prehistoric of various diseases, such as cholera, malaria, diphtheria, scarlet fever, kidney constipation and rheumatism, ailments, on this but or many confusions.

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MONEY WILL BE REFUND
In every case where it fails
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE
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Sent by mail on receipt of price,
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E. N. JOHNSON, WARREN, N. J.

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