

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.



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EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890.

No. 24.

## DIRECTORY

### FOR FREDERICK COUNTY.

#### Circuit Court.

Chief Judge.—Hon. James McSherry.

Associate Judges.—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.

State's Attorney.—E. S. Eichelberger.

Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.

#### Orphan's Court.

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County Commissioners.—Engene L. Derr, David Fisher, Josiah Englar, John P. Jones, Jonathan Biser.

Sheriff.—Alto J. Gaver.

Tax Collector.—Isaac M. Fisher.

Surveyor.—William H. Hillery.

School Commissioners.—Samuel Dutton, Herman L. Routhahn David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.

Examiner.—Glen H. Worthington.

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Constables.—W. P. Nunemaker, Abraham Hahn.

School Trustees.—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, Jos. A. Myers.

Burges.—William G. Blair.

Town Commissioners.—Joseph Snouffer, Jas. O. Hopp, J. Thos. Gelwicks, 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 and evening 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. Heilman. 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 o'clock, p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 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 6 o'clock, p. m.; Sunday School, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

### Methodist Episcopal Church.

Pastor.—Rev. J. F. F. Gray. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting every other Sunday evening at 7 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 11:30, 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, 4:30, 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, 8:40, p. m.

Office hours from 9 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 Run. Officers: Prophet, J. H. T. Webb; Sach, Dr. J. W. Reigle; Sen. Sag, E. M. Klinedinst; Jun. Sag, M. F. Shuff; C. of B. Jno. F. Adelsberger; W. of W. C. S. Zeck; Dr. J. W. Reigle, E. C. Wenschhof and Geo. T. Gelwicks, Trustees; Geo. G. Adelsberger, Representative.

### Emerald Beneficial Association.

F. A. Adelsberger, President; Vice-President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo. Seybold; Treasurer, Jno. M. Stoutter. 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. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Guard, Albert Dotterer; 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, Josiah Donoghue; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., Wm. B. Ogle.

### 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 Snouffer.

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### Citizens Building Association.

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### Emmitsburg Water Company.

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Our assortment is very extensive. Cloaks, Silks, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Black Goods, House-keeping Goods, Velvets, Curtains, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Laces and 20 other well filled Departments.

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Our Mail Order Department will keep you supplied with any article in our line you may desire at lowest prices.

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Your patronage is solicited.

**NATHAN GUTMAN,**  
15 & 17 W. Lexington St.

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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 Emmit House—  
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### Edward S. Eichelberger, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD.

OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House.—Being the State's Attorney for the County does not interfere with my attending to civil practice. dec 9-1t.

### PAUL MOTTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, EMMITSBURG, MD.

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

### ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES, 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 Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. TERMS.—Board and tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior, mar 15-1t.

### SPECIAL LOCAL agent wanted in your county at once, part or full time. A reliable and energetic man can secure a permanent and paying position with us. Stock warranted strictly first-class, and any falling to live, replaced free. Write for terms at once. All letters promptly answered. R. D. LUTCHFORD & CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

### —CALL ON— GEO. T. EYSTER, —AND— See his splendid stock of GOLD & SILVER, Key & Stem-Winding WATCHES.

## HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

It was not on the field of battle, It was not with a ship at sea, But a fate far worse than either That stole him away from me. 'Twas the death in the ruby wine cup, That the reason and senses drown; He drank the alluring poison— And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood, To the depths of disgrace and sin— Down to a worthless being From the hopes of what might have been; For the brand of the beast besotted, He barked his manhood's crown; Through the gate of a sinful pleasure My poor, weak boy went down. —Selected.

## YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

S. JENNIE SMITH.  
"Mamma, I think I am not well," Said lazy little Mabel; The beans I'd given her to shell, Neglected on the table.  
"Dimpled cheeks with roses vied; Her eyes the stars resembled; The chubby form my faith defied— My darling had dissembled.

"I'm sorry, dear," I gravely said, "Because you'll miss the puddings; The place for sick folks is in bed, With not a taste of good things."  
She thoughtfully smoothed out her dress, This wicked little sinner; "Then I'm not sick just now, I guess, I'll wait till after dinner."

## AN UMBRELLA.

Just as Mr. Rayford bade his friend Mr. Thomson good day, and was about to start for the railway station, a quarter of a mile away, the two gentlemen observed a dark cloud climbing up from the western horizon.

"You had better wait until the evening train," said Mr. Thomson, "and save yourself a wetting."  
"It's important that I should go this morning; it isn't far to the station, and I can make it before the storm breaks."  
"Wait till I give you an umbrella."

He darted into the house and immediately re-appeared with a dilapidated cotton umbrella, of a faded blue color, bulging at the sides and evidently a relic of olden times.

"I can't say much for its beauty," remarked the owner with a smile, as he passed it to his friend, "but it will serve your purpose. When you get to the station, throw it away."

Mr. Rayford, who was a corpulent gentleman in middle life, let himself out; but, despite all he could do, the big drops of rain began falling when only two-thirds of the distance was passed.

"I believe I'll have to make use of the old thing, after all," he said to himself, as he hastily broke the twine which clasped the upper portion, like the band of a Mother Hubbard dress.

He shot the covering upward so energetically, as the fall of rain increased, that the check was broken, and his hand did not stop until it had slid the entire length of the handle. As a consequence, the umbrella was inverted and resembled a huge punch bowl.

A man was approaching at this moment on horseback. His animal zipped with a snort of fear, and came within a hair of unseating the rider. He quickly recovered, and, with a red face, called out:

"For two cents I'd get off and hammer you, old man, for scaring my horse that way."

"I assure you, my dear sir, it was unintentional."

Mr. Rayford was struggling to right the obdurate thing, when a blast of wind whisked it out of his grasp, and it went dancing and bounding like a balloon to the little creek on the outskirts of the town, and, sailing over the bank, skimmed out into the middle of the current.

"Thank Providence, I am done with you!" was the fervent exclamation of Mr. Rayford, as he broke into a heavy run for the station. By this time the rain was coming down in torrents, and when he rushed panting into the shelter there was not a dry thread in his garments.

Purchasing his ticket, he dropped into the nearest seat and was

awaiting the starting of the train, when a barefooted urchin, hardly a dozen years old, came down the aisle with the collapsed umbrella in his hand. He had managed to get it into a shape, and though his clothes were dripping, he grinned as he extended the implement to Mr. Rayford.

"I seen you when the wind carried yer umbrella into the creek; I jumped in after it and came near drowning, but I swum hard and got it for you."

An angry exclamation was on Mr. Rayford's lips, but he checked it when he saw that a number of young ladies were looking and listening. He could not afford to appear mean in their eyes.

"Thank you, sonny; you are a brave little boy; that umbrella is a valuable heirloom in our family; here's a quarter for your trouble."

Without thanking the donor, except with a grin, the lad hurried out, for the cars were already moving. At that moment Mr. Rayford sprang to his feet and jammed his hands deep into his trousers pockets. Yes; he had handed the urchin the pocketpiece he had carried so long. Instead of being a quarter, it was a golden half-eagle.

He threw up the window and thrust out his head.

"See here, sonny! Bring me that quick! I made a mistake!" he shouted, as he saw the youngster standing in a group of boys, displaying his prize.

"I'm sooted with this 'ere, old chap."

The train was going too rapidly for the indignant gentleman to rush to the platform, but he thrust his head further from the window and shouted with crimson face, though without avail. He flung himself angrily back in his seat, but as he did so his valuable silk hat struck the edge of the window and fell off his head. He made a frantic clutch at it, but it eluded him, and was drawn by the suction of the wind under the wheels, where of course it instantly lost its identity forever.

Observing the plight of the brakeman, after some search, brought him a flappy soft hat that had once been white in color and had several holes in the crown. It had probably been left by some tramp when stealing a ride on the train. It was several sizes too small for Mr. Rayford, but he was sensitive about making a display of his bald head, and he found it so soft and yielding that he succeeded in working it down to his ears.

"Confound that umbrella!" he muttered. "I'll rid myself of it this time."

He had thrust it partly through the window, when he drew it in again with a shudder.

"It would be drawn under the wheels just as my silk tile was; like enough it would throw the cars off the track and kill and mangle half the passengers. I must get rid of the plagued thing in some other way."

He had handed the brakeman a five-dollar bill, and when he hurried out of the car Mr. Rayford supposed it was to get it changed, that he might return him nine-tenths of its value. If such were the fact, it must have slipped the brakeman's mind, for he made no further reference to it.

It was growing dark when the train steamed into the West Philadelphia station. Mr. Rayford had hit upon a scheme for ridding himself of the umbrella. When he rose from his seat he left it leaning in the corner near the window. He nervously hurried out upon the platform, fearful that some well-meaning passenger would call his attention to his forgetfulness, in which event he would have to thank him and gather it up as though it were a treasure indeed.

He did not breathe freely until he reached the Continental Hotel and ascended the elevator to the room of General Brushman, with whom he had an appointment. Mr. Rayford's home was in Camden, across the Delaware, but he had some important business to transact with the General.

They were in the midst of their discussion when a timid knock was heard.

"Come in," called the impatient officer, wondering what could be the cause of the interruption.

The knob was turned and a man in the garb of an employee of the Pennsylvania Railway Company doffed his hat, as he stepped inside, with a gratified smile.

"I've had the greatest time to find you; I've been at the Girard, the Bingham, the Colonnade and the Lafayette, and was ready to give up several times, but I knew how bad you would feel over your umbrella, and I managed to trace you here, but it was a big job. Here it is!"

And he deposited the same cotton umbrella in the corner behind Mr. Rayford's chair. That gentleman felt himself unequal to the occasion.

"Allow me to clasp your hand," he said with a beaming face, as he rose from his seat; "you have saved me from a great sorrow; permit me to reward you to a slight extent for your trouble."

Mr. Rayford did not look at the bill he slipped into his hand. He made sure that he had enough left to pay his ferrage to Camden, and then, as his caller took his departure, he resumed his talk with General Brushman, who, without referring to the incident, cast several wondering glances at the bloated article in the corner.

"I'll fix it this time," mused Mr. Rayford, with a vague sensation of misgiving, as he stepped on the ferryboat later in the evening; "this thing has gone far enough."

He walked out to the chain in front of the boat, and stood calm and motionless until near the middle of the river. He noticed that several of the deck hands were watching him, as though they suspected he meditated suicide; but he treated their impertinence with indifference, and when, as nearly as he could judge, they were in the centre of the stream he flung the umbrella as far from him as his strength would permit. He saw it for a moment as it sailed out into the air, bulging apart like a parachute, and then it disappeared.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "I'm done with that at last."

As he passed into the cabin the two deck hands followed him as if desirous of seeing his face with the aid of the gas light. They said nothing, but it was apparent they viewed him with suspicion.

Mr. Rayford walked rapidly homeward, and once in the bosom of his family he felt that all his troubles, so far as the umbrella was concerned, were over. The next morning, when he descended to his breakfast, his boy Billy startled him and the rest by exclaiming:

"I wonder if this means you, pop!"

He had the Ledger in his hand, with his forefinger resting upon a particular article.

"What's that?" asked the father, with an awful sinking of the heart.

"I'll read it: 'No new developments in the Miller murder case have taken place since our last issue. It will be a reproach to the fair name of the city across the Delaware if the guilty parties are not soon brought to light and made to suffer the punishment they deserve. The most skillful detectives are at work, and we are confident that something definite will be speedily accomplished.'

"An incident that possibly has some connection with the tragedy has been reported. On the eight o'clock ferryboat last night from the foot of Market Street to Camden was a middle-aged person whose actions excited suspicion from the first. He was observed to walk toward the bow of the boat, where he stood as if meditating whether or not to leap into the dark waters. The expression of his face was that of a man suffering from remorse. When the boat was in mid-stream, he was observed to throw a bundle overboard. It resembled a package of old clothing, and it is suspected that they may have borne some re-

lation to the author or authors of the crime which only a few days ago shocked the whole country.

"As this individual entered the cabin he was closely scanned by two of the deck hands, who describe him as about forty or forty-five years of age, fairly well dressed, with a florid face, evidently caused by dissipation, a large wart on the side of his nose, and an expression denoting deep cunning and a degraded moral sense. Fortunately, the observant employees described the miscreant so accurately that the detectives are confident they will place their hands on him in twenty-four hours."

Mr. Rayford groaned.

"Yes; that means me," he said, "and only to think that I never tasted a drop of liquor, and am a deacon in the church! Oh that umbrella!"

But from some cause or other Deacon Rayford has not been arrested up to date; and so much time has elapsed that the danger is probably past.

THEO. R. TATES.

## Antiquity of the Carpenter's Plane.

A very interesting discovery has been made at the Roman city of Silchester. The excavators came across a dry well, which on being explored proved quite a little museum of antiquities. Some 15 feet down, a *Times* correspondent says, the diggers found an urn-shaped pottery vase, about a foot in length, quite intact, and, curiously enough, protected by lumps of chalk built around it. The vase, which probably originally contained some precious substance, was, however, quite empty. Above it were deposited a great number of iron implements, most of which were in a wonderful state of preservation. They seem to have been the tools of a carpenter and a coppersmith or silversmith, with some miscellaneous objects of blacksmith's work thrown in. The principal specimen is a carpenter's plane of quite modern type, although unquestionably more than 1,500 years old, three or four axes retaining their fine cutting edges and still quite serviceable, a number of chisels and gouges of all shapes and sizes, hammers, adzes, saws, files, etc.

In the smith's department may be specified a brazier for burning charcoal, quite complete, two or three anvils of different sizes and shapes, a fine pair of tongs adapted for lifting crucibles, a curious tripod candleburn lamp, or candle-stick, and several other curious objects the precise use of which have not yet been determined. In addition there are several large bars of iron, a couple of plowshares, and a broken sword. Probably more will be found deeper down in the well. This is undoubtedly the most important find at Silchester since the discovery of the bronze Roman eagle, now at Strathfieldsaye, some years ago.

## Entirely Innocent.

Sunday School Superintendent—

"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

[No reply.]

Superintendent (somewhat sternly)—"Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened)—

"It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizoury.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A PENNY for your thoughts!" exclaimed Miss Amy to young Goslin.

"Weally, Miss Amy," replied Goslin, endeavoring to be funny, "you make me feel cheap."

"I'm sorry, but I thought you might possibly think a cent's worth if you tried real hard."—*West Shore.*

## BLACKENING the nose and cheeks under the eyes has been found an effectual preventive of snow blindness or the injurious effect of the glare from illuminated snow upon eyes unaccustomed to it.

Seedling a tonic, or children that want bedding by, should take

BROWN'S HENNIPPER.

It is essential to take this medicine, and infallible. All druggists sell it.