

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1890.

No. 27.

## 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. Riechelberger.  
Clerk of the Court.—W. Irving Parsons.

**Orphan's Court.**  
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Register of Wills.—Hamilton Lindsay.  
County Commissioners.—Eugene L. Derr, David Fisher, Josiah Englar, John P. Jones, Jonathan Biser.

**Sheriff.**—Otto J. Gaver.  
**Tax-Collector.**—Isaac M. Fisher.  
**Surveyor.**—William H. Hillery.  
**School Commissioners.**—Samuel Dutrow, Harry L. Routhahn David D. Thom, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.  
**Assessor.**—Glenn H. Worthington.

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**Justices of the Peace.**—Henry Stokes, Jas. Kroyer, Jas. F. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs.  
**Registrar.**—E. S. Tancy.  
**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. Hoppe, Thos. G. Wilcks, 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. Heilmann. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School, Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning service at 10:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock, a. m.

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

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor.—Rev. J. 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 8 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, 11:23, a. m., Frederick, 11:23, a. m., and 7:16, p. m., Gettysburg, 4:30, p. m.

**Depart.**  
Baltimore, Way 8:10, a. m., Mechanics-Town and Hagerstown, 8:35, 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, 8:30, a. m. Office hours from 7 o'clock, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

## SOCIETIES.

**Missouri Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kia'llas her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Prophet, J. W. Keigle; Sach, E. M. Kinnelst; Sen. Sag, M. F. Shuff; Jun. Sag, Jos. D. Caldwell; C. of R., Jan. E. Alesberger; K. of W., G. L. Gillilan; J. W. Keigle, E. C. Wenschhoff and Geo. T. Gelwicks, Trustees; Geo. G. Byers, Representative.

**Emmal Beneficial Association.**  
F. A. Alesberger, President; Vice-President, Jno. Byrne; Secretary, Geo. Seybold; Treasurer, Jno. M. Stouter. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Alesberger'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, Jeremiah Donoghue; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Michael Hoke; 2nd Lieut., Wm. B. Ogle.

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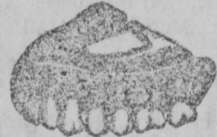
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**Edward S. Eichelberger, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FREDERICK CITY, MD. OFFICE—West Church Street, opposite Court House.—Being the State's Attorney for the County does not interfere with my attending to civil practice. dec 9-11.**

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

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

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## AT LAST.

**JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.**  
When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.  
Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!  
Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.  
*I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit*  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.  
Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.  
Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And hives forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.  
There from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

## Aunt Jane's Ghost Story.

It was a cold Autumn night. The wind was howling without, but inside the great, old-fashioned kitchen where we children sat, gathered around the big crackling fire, everything was cosy and warm. Aunt Jane had given us a basket of nuts and we were having great fun cracking them.

We had come to spend a few days with Aunt Jane, who lived in a fine old farmhouse some miles away from the village. Now, Auntie had no children of her own and so she was always glad when we nieces and nephews came like a young army to take possession of the old house, as she was very kind to us and told us many famous stories. But, as I said, the wind was having a blustering time of it without and we were laughing merrily within and cracking our nuts, when, all of a sudden, we heard a piercing scream. Of course we all screamed too, dropped our nuts and sat quite still in fright. Now, Auntie Jane, who is very sensible, and not at all timid, only looked up from her sewing and listened. In another minute there came another scream, even louder than the first. "Oh, Auntie!" we cried in a frightened chorus, "It's Robbie." Robbie, who was only four years old, and not big enough to sit up with us, had been put to bed upstairs half an hour before. "Don't be such silly little geese!" said Auntie, calmly folding her work. "I'll go up and see what is the matter with the child." So Auntie put down her basket, took a lamp in her hand and left the room, while we all followed and stood huddled together at the foot of the stairs.

Presently Auntie appeared with trembling Robbie in her arms and told us all to go back into the kitchen.

Auntie took her place by the fire, and we all sat down again. "Now, Robbie," said Aunt Jane quietly, "sit up and tell them what was the matter, and why you screamed and frightened everybody, and what you saw." But Master Robbie didn't want to sit up; he kicked his little fat legs about and clung close to Auntie, hiding his face in her gown.

"Come along, sir," said Auntie firmly, and then she sat Robbie up in her lap, but he put his finger in his mouth and blinked at the fire, and finally began to howl dimly.

"There, there," said Auntie, more gently, and petting him. "Be a brave little man."

"Now tell us, what did you think you saw?"

A little pause, then from out the folds of Auntie's gown came a smothered "Dhost!" from Robbie. "So," said Auntie, "you thought you saw a ghost?"

"Fought I saw a dhost," was the muffled echo.

"Very well," said Auntie. "Now what did you really see when I came in with the lamp and made you take your head out from under the blanket? Petticoat?" asked Auntie, bending down.

"Petticoat hanging in corner."

"Ah," said Auntie, "you thought you saw a ghost, and what you really did see was a white petticoat hanging up in the corner. Is that it?"

"Es, I've been a bad boy to-day, and Henry told me when I was a bad boy I would see a dhost 'tanding up in corner, and I fought petticoat was a dhost."

Auntie looked very sternly at Henry.

"Henry," she said, "have you really been putting such nonsense into this silly little boy's head?"

"Oh, just for fun," said Henry, though he looked a little ashamed.

"It's a fine way to keep him good."

"Let me tell you, Henry, that a great deal of harm and a great deal of suffering have come from just this thoughtless habit of frightening little children in order to keep them good."

"And so I am going to tell you a story of myself; a story about something that happened to me when I was a little girl, and of all the harm that came of my old nurse's telling me about the old woman wrapped in a blanket who would come to carry me away if ever I was naughty and disobedient."

And then Auntie, sitting with Robbie on her lap, told us her story:

"When I was a little girl, like Hattie, papa and I were living alone here. When I say alone, I mean that my poor mamma had died and we were the only ones of the family left on the farm.

But we had a servant who took care of the house and old Maria who took care of me and mended my clothes, and then there was the man who worked the farm, as papa's business in the village kept him away from home all day.

Now, Maria was very good and kind to me and loved me very dearly, even though I was a wild little thing, always running away and getting lost and giving her a deal of trouble, I dare say.

I suppose it was because I was so hard to manage and so very naughty that she first told me the story of the old woman in the blanket.

One night, after I had got into bed and she had tucked me away and was going out with the light she stopped to say:

"I'm afraid if you ain't any better to-morrow than you've been to-day, Miss Jane, and if you don't stop runnin' into the woods, the old woman in the blanket will come after you." (I had been very, very bad that day, and I suppose poor Maria was at her wit's end to make me behave.)

"What old woman in a blanket?" I inquired, sitting up in bed.

"Never mind," Maria went on mysteriously, "I tell you there's an old woman in a blanket who comes after all naughty girls, 'specially them that runs away into the woods when they're told not to."

Then Maria went away with the candle and I lay alone in the dark with my mind full of the old woman in the blanket.

I was very good for a little while and I suppose Maria thought she had done a fine thing in making up the story, as it seemed to have so good an effect upon my conduct. Indeed I thought a great deal about the old woman in the blanket.

Playing about in the fields in the daytime, I would sometimes forget all about her, but whenever I was quiet, and especially at night, I fell to imagining all sorts of dreadful things, about how she looked and what she would say and where she would take me.

Maria soon found that whenever I was unruly and disobedient all she had to do was to remind me of the terrible old woman in the blank-

ed, so by and by I began to feel quite sure that at some time or other I would certainly be punished by her, and sometimes I was dreadfully frightened at night and used to cover my head up with the bed-clothes, just as Robbie did awhile ago.

Now, you must know, for I think I've told you, I was always expressly forbidden to go into the woods.

I didn't see very much of papa, as he was away all day, but I remember he often said to me:

"Jennie, you may play about the fields and over in the meadows as much as you like, but you must not go into the woods alone."

You see, there were snakes there, and, besides, the woods were very dense (it was almost a forest), and there were so many paths that even a grown person might easily get lost there. How it was that I ever forgot my old woman in the blanket so entirely I don't remember, but anyway, one day I ran after a poor little rabbit that was lame and that couldn't go very fast, and as I wasn't thinking of anything but the little limping creature, whose home I was so anxious to see. I suddenly found myself in the midst of the forbidden woods.

I must have been running for a long time, for I found myself in a place that I had not known before, and I had made so many turns along the paths that I looked around bewildered, because I couldn't tell in what direction home lay.

"Oh, dear me!" I cried to myself, very much frightened. "I didn't mean to be disobedient. I didn't mean to come into the woods at all."

Indeed, I had not meant to come. I was seldom naughty deliberately, and most of the mischief I got into was the result of thoughtlessness and carelessness.

But anyway, here I was in the woods, and I must get out of them. I looked and looked, and finally started out bravely to the left, as the way looked a little familiar. But though I walked on and on, and sometimes ran a little, it all grew more and more strange about me, and I finally stopped in dismay.

"I must be going the wrong way," I almost cried aloud, "and oh!" (I held my breath in terror) "what is that?"

A long, low rumble and then the trees began to moan and shake their heavy branches, as if they too were trembling in fear.

Plash! Plash! A great drop fell upon my bare head. Suddenly there was a dreadful crash. In a moment everything grew dark, and then the thunder and the lightning and the furious rain, all seemed to come together, and I was alone, all alone, lost in the woods, and night was coming on! Then I cried out as loud as I could in my terror.

"Oh, what a bad, naughty girl I have been!" I sobbed. And then I thought of the old woman in the blanket, and my tears dried in very fear, and I looked about trembling.

I had made it up in my mind just what she would look like. She would be shrivelled up, and very old, and all bent over, and the great blanket would cover her up from her head to her feet, and oh! this would be such a dreadful place to meet her! I almost believed that I could see her coming along through the trees. I threw myself on the ground and covered my face with my apron, and, oh? What was that?

I felt a touch on my shoulder. I was almost dead with fright when I heard a gruff but kindly voice say:

"Wall, sakes alive! If it ain't a little gal! Look up, sissy! What ails ye?" My heart gave a great bound of joy, and looking up I saw a big, bearded face bending over me. The man had a dog with him and a gun. I couldn't speak. Another great crack of thunder came; I could only cling to him and cry.

"Lost, I s'pose?" he asked, taking me up in his strong arms.

"Y-es, y-es, sir?" I finally stammered.

"Umph!" exclaimed my deliverer. "Wall, I reckon I'd better take ye to the cabin and dry ye off, and then we'll see where ye belong."

The dog bounded ahead, and the big, kind-faced man carried me easily on one arm, and shouldering his gun, made great, bold strides through the woods.

He must have known them well, for a black night was coming on and the rain was blinding. We had gone only a little way when a bright and ruddy light appeared. Here we were at the "cabin."

The door opened into a cheerful kitchen, and at the threshold stood a young girl holding a lantern.

"Here ye are, pop!" she cried in welcome. "Look out, Jack!" to the dog, who, covered with mud, made a leap at her.

"Why, pop! what on earth have you got there?"

"Gal," was the only reply of the big man.

"Gal! Lost?"

"Oh, the poor little thing!" cried the girl, and then I was put in a chair by the kitchen fire and my wet shoes and stockings were pulled off and so was my dripping gown, and I was wrapped in a big, warm shawl and given a cup of hot milk to drink.

They were very kind and gentle to me, rough people though they were, and neither papa nor I ever forgot their goodness to a poor little stranger.

When I could speak without shivering I told them my name and where I lived.

"I shouldn't have come into the woods," I ended.

"I've been told not to, but I was running after the rabbit to see where he lived, and I ran on and on and forgot."

"Why, pop," exclaimed the girl, "it's Mr. Harvey's little girl."

"Oh, yes," said the man. "I know Squire Harvey."

"Please, sir," I asked, "are you the hunter?"

"Aye, I s'pose so," answered the man, "leastways, I hunt most of the time."

"Then," I said, beginning to cry again, "then I'm far from home, way at the other side of the woods." I had heard of the hunter's cabin.

"Oh!" I went on, "what will they say at home? They will be so frightened! What shall I do?"

The man went to the window and looked out.

"The storm is ragin'," he said, and indeed we could hear it.

"I tell ye, little gal, you'll have to wait till mornin'. No one could ever git through them woods to-night."

I felt dreadfully, careless as I was. I knew how they would suffer at home, and yet there was no help for it.

I cried and sobbed, and after a while the girl carried me up the little rickety pair of stairs to her own tiny room.

There were only two rooms upstairs—the girl's, where I was taken, and her father's. It was a poor little room, but quite clean, and the bed was very, very narrow.

"There," said the kind-hearted girl, tucking up my little body under the warm quilt. "I reckon I'll have to sleep on the floor; I've got some bedclothes downstairs, put away, so I'll git 'em out. Now, I'll just leave you the candle and I'll be up in an hour or two."

Then she went away and left me alone in the strange little room. I looked about me, as I lay. It all seemed so odd, and my head felt so queer, and now and then a cold shiver would run up and down my body.

I couldn't sleep; my eyes were wide open.

There was an old rug carpet on the floor, and over in the corner a funny old-fashioned chest of drawers and a poor little table on which the candle stood, and one worn-out chair.

Bang! bang! went the shutter. Oh, how the wind howled, and

*Continued on fourth page.*

**LADIES**  
Needling a tonic, or children that want to be fed, try BROWN'S. It is pleasant to take, cures all ailments, and is the best medicine for all ailments.