

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1892.

No. 44.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge—Hon. James H. Smith.
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State Attorney—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.
Orphan's Court.
Judges—Benard Collier, John R. Mills, Harrison Miller.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.
County Officers.
County Commissioners—William M. Gaither, Melville Cromwell, Francis G. House, James H. Belcher, William Morrison.
Sheriff—William H. Connelley.
Treasurer—Isaac M. Fisher.
Surveyor—Samuel D. Brown.
School Commissioners—Samuel D. Brown, Herman L. Kuntz, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Bobbit.
Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—Paul Motter.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, James K. House, James F. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs, Reginald E. S. Toney.
Constables—W. F. Nunnemaker, H. E. Hann, John H. Shurb.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigel.
Town Officers.
Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Oscar D. Frazer, James O. House, J. C. Thibault, W. F. Nunnemaker, James A. Elder, Samuel H. Grider.
Constable—H. E. Hann.
Tax Collector—E. L. Bobbit.
Churches.
Fr. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. J. H. Helman. Services every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.
Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor—Rev. C. H. Helman. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock a. m.
Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. W. Stinson, D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:45 o'clock a. m.
St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. H. P. White, C. M. First Mass 7 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 4 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.
Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. Jesse C. Starr. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
Malls.
Arrive.
Through from Baltimore, 11:10 a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:30 a. m., Hagerstown, 7:30 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:30 a. m., Emmitsburg, 11:10 a. m., Frederick, 1:10 p. m., and 7:02 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m.
Depart.
Baltimore, Way to, 10 a. m., Mechanistown and Hagerstown, 8:30 a. m., Hanover, Lancaster and Hagerstown, 8:40 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:10 a. m., Baltimore, Way to, 2:42 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m., and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:12 p. m., Gettysburg, 8:00 a. m., Office hours from 7:15 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.
Societies.
Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Ridley's her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8:10 p. m., Office—Tropied, Wm. H. Biggs, Esq., D. Caldwell, Sen. Sag, Geo. T. Gelwick, Jun. Sag, David Riley, D. of A., Geo. A. Schell, D. of A., Wm. H. Biggs, D. of A., Representative, Geo. T. Gelwick, Trustees, Wm. Morrison, Geo. T. Gelwick, D. of A., H. T. Webb.
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President, Peter Burkert; Vice-President, Emanuel Noel; Secretary, George Scholtz; Assistant Secretary, J. H. Helman; Treasurer, John M. Stott; Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West main street.
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Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel N. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harry G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwick; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Frazer; Officer of the Guard, Albert J. Barker; Sergeant, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel D. Brown, Joseph Frazer and John A. Frazer; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Frazer; Alternate, Harry G. Winter.
Vigil and Home Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Fireman's Hall. President, V. E. Reese; Vice-President, Jeremiah Dougherty; Secretary, Wm. H. Biggs; Treasurer, H. E. Stokes; Capt. Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut. G. T. Gelwick; 2nd Lieut. D. C. Dougherty.
Emmitsburg Choral Union.
Meets at Public School House 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, at 8 o'clock P. M. Officers—President, Rev. W. Stinson, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. T.roxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. A. Key Wiley; Assistant-Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.
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President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, I. M. Motter; Secretary, E. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, A. Thos. Gelwick, E. R. Zimmerman, E. L. Hovey, Nicholas Baker.
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June 14-ly

Have you written me yet? If you have not, I will be glad to hear from you. I am a young man, and I am looking for a wife. I am a young man, and I am looking for a wife. I am a young man, and I am looking for a wife.

TEACH \$3000

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"Isabella" Flour,

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See his splendid stock of GOLD & SILVER, Key & Stem-Winding WATCHES.

No farmer or dairyman can afford to be without Crown Stock Food. It is a boon to breeders of all domestic animals.

THE NEW STREET-SWEEPER.

BY GEORGE TOWNER.

It is not the starving girl, with fingers bony and blue, Who sees the gleam of gold in a penny's coppery hue. It is not the wrinkled crone, hardened to misery's doom, Who could ride on a witch's jaunt by mounting her worn-out broom.

It is not the huge machine, with clank of its iron rhyme, That murders your sleep serene, and strangles the steeple's chime. 'Tis a queen of forms so fair that a colder heart might deign To kiss in a rapture sweet the hem of her regal train.

But I pause in wonder mute to see that queenly train Sweep through the dust that clings, and drag through mires that stain, Careless of costly lace, reckless of sheen that shines From the rich brocade that weaves suggestive sinuous lines.

I think of fables traced by poets in myths of old, A sorcerer fair to the waist, and below, a snake unrolled; And I fear the legend is true, as I look on her forehead pale, For the woman I dreamed I knew leaves behind her a serpent's trail.

—Century.

BACK TO LIFE AGAIN.

How Countess S. Came from Her Grave with Her Shroud About Her and Breathed to Her Husband at the Library Window.

From the New York World.

A most dramatic incident happened a few weeks ago on the coast of Dalmatia, where Count S., a well known member of the Austro-Hungarian aristocracy, possesses a superb castle.

The Count was married a few years ago to an Italian princess, whose beauty is of European repute. Unfortunately she also possessed a very trying temper, a fact which made the Count's wedded life anything but pleasant. The young couple were in the habit of spending the winter months in their castle at Dalmatia. Nothing can give an idea of the exquisite loveliness of the site where it stands. Perched on red granite rocks and shaded by waving palms and giant cactus groves, the great pile of buildings almost overhangs the waters of the Adriatic, and from the carved balconies of the salons one can look into the glassy depths of the sea, which is so clear that it reflects like a mirror every tower and bastion of the old stronghold.

For some months past the Countess had been ailing and her physicians finally pronounced her to be suffering from heart disease. This malady, if poets are to be believed, idealizes its victims. Far from softening the temper of the young Countess, however, it had the effect of making any intercourse with her almost impossible. Her fits of passion grew more and more frequent, her unfortunate husband could hardly say a word to her without bringing on paroxysms of rage and her attendants could only with the greatest difficulty be prevailed upon to remain in her service.

One evening at the end of last month the Count refused to allow her to go out boating after sundown. The Countess flew into a frightful passion. Tearing up and down the room with her magnificent hair hanging in disheveled masses on her shoulders, her great black eyes flashing dangerously and her hands pressed on her panting bosom, she assailed her lord and master with the most incredible and unjust reproaches. More and more ungovernable grew her fury. Finally, seizing a Montenegrin yatagan, which lay on the table, she bounded towards the Count with the very evident intention of doing him physical injury. Before she reached him, however, she staggered and fell senseless on the carpet.

The Count sent at once for a doctor, and everything was promptly done to restore her to consciousness, but without success. The beautiful woman was dead. Of course the Count was greatly shocked, but his grief was not unminged with feelings of relief, for the last months of his wife's life had been but a torture to him.

The Countess had expressed the wish, when she found she was doomed to die young, that she

should be buried in full ball dress and wearing all her jewels. These are well known on the country side to be of enormous value, and many were the visitors who came to the castle in order to see her lying in state in the private chapel at the end of the home park. She looked like an alabaster statue, they say, on her flower-laden couch, wrapped in the folds of her white satin court dress, with great clusters of fragrant gardenias in her little folded hands and rubies sparkling around her neck, arms and waist and crowning her dusky braids. Peaceful indeed were the delicate features now. The long lashes of her closed eyes swept her rounded cheeks, and the month had lost the hard expression it had worn during the past months.

The tiny sacred edifice was crowded to suffocation during the funeral ceremony, which took place at 4 in the afternoon. When the white velvet and silver coffin had been placed in the family vault, the young husband found himself alone in the huge castle where the angry voice of his dead wife had so lately echoed. Hour after hour he sat in the moon-lit library gazing at the flickering flames of the pine-log fire which burned on the hearth. The tall Dutch timepiece behind him struck 12, then 1, and he sat there dreaming of the past.

Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by a slight knock at the window. He turned his head, gave one look and stood petrified with horror, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, staring at the transparent glass. Outside the window, and looking in upon him, was his wife in her gorgeous ball dress, with the royal jewels twinkling and sparkling in the bright light of the moon, and with her shroud wrapped about her bare shoulders. As he looked, she leaned forward and motioned to him. He tried to call for help, but his voice died in his throat. With an inarticulate expression of terror, he fell forward on his face in a swoon.

Half an hour later the village doctor who had attended the Countess during the whole winter was eating a bit of supper in his little study when there was a knock at the house door. The doctor heaved a weary sigh, and said:

"Another case, I dare say. Go and see who wants me now." Reluctantly his old housekeeper walked out of the room, crossed the narrow hall and unfastening the night-chain, opened the heavy oak door. Hardly had she done this when she gave vent to a succession of blood-curdling shrieks. Convinced that his faithful retainer was being murdered, Doctor X. rushed to the rescue.

The view that met his sight well nigh froze the blood in his veins. Standing on the threshold, and trying to force her way past the struggling housekeeper, was the ghost of the dead Countess—so thought the doctor at this awful moment.

In the mean while the housekeeper had ceased to shriek and had run back into the study, invoking all the saints in Heaven to take mercy on her. The white-robed figure entered the house and in a perfectly natural, if somewhat weak voice exclaimed: "Doctor X., don't you see that I am not dead at all!"

Physicians are fortunately not endowed as a rule with weak nerves. The doctor, recovering his presence of mind, led the "apparition" into the warm and brightly lighted apartment he had just left. One glance was sufficient to assure him that the "ghost" was very much alive. Handing the resurrected Countess a glass of wine, which she eagerly drank, he placed her in an armchair and begged her to tell him by what extraordinary chance she had come to life again.

This is what Countess S. related to him: "I remember getting very angry with my husband on Thursday night. Then comes a long blank, from which I was aroused by a violent pain. I opened my eyes, and by the flash of a lantern I saw

two men bending over me. One of them had a knife in his hand and was cutting off one of my fingers. I sat up and shrieked, whereupon the men dropped both knife and lantern and rushed wildly off, leaving me in semi-darkness. At first I thought I must be dreaming. I rubbed my eyes and looked around me. By the fitful rays of the moon, which shone through a stained-glass window behind me, I discovered that I was in a coffin, and I recognized the family vault. Try as I might I could not realize how I came to be there. I think that I must have lost consciousness again for a short time. At last, shaking in every limb, I managed to rise to my feet and to drag myself along the wall towards the door, which the men had luckily left wide open behind them.

"I cannot tell you now my agonizing experiences of the following hour, nor how I came to the conclusion that my rescuers—for I must so call them—were thieves, who were about to rob a corpse as they thought, and who, finding that the great solitary diamond I wear on the third finger of my left hand was difficult to draw off, determined to cut the finger in order to obtain it. A happy circumstance was this, as it brought me again to life. I have been to the castle and have tried to make myself known to my husband, who was sitting in the library, but who, thinking he saw my ghost, fainted away when he caught sight of me through the window. Not caring to arouse the servants, I came on here, crawling occasionally on my hands and knees, for I am very weak from loss of blood."

With these words the Countess disengaged the hand which was wrapped in one end of her shroud, and showed the doctor that her finger was cut circularly to the very bone.

Countess S. has completely recovered and is to-day perfectly well again. This unprecedented lesson has served to soften her temper for good and all. *A quelque chose malheur est bon*, as the French say, but this surely is a novel fashion of taming a shrew.

He Was Happy.

He had a girl on his arm and was hunting the "license office." When he found it and had drawn up along side the clerk's desk he chuckled a bit and remarked, nodding his head toward the young lady:

"See this gal, mister; she's jest the biggest fool in ten States, she is."

"She doesn't look it," responded the gallant clerk with a bow.

"P'raps not; but she is, mister." The girl gave him a tender little shake and told him to hush up.

"Listen at her," he said to the clerk with a chuckle. "Listen at her. Don't know nothin' 'bout herself at all, she don't. Wants me to hush up. But I won't. Say, mister, can't we get a license here?"

"A marriage license?" inquired the clerk.

"That's what," he answered, with confident pride.

"For you and this young lady?" asked the clerk again.

"You bet it ain't no other, mister," he said, slapping the clerk across the shoulders.

The clerk made it out, handed it over and took the fee.

"Didn't I tell you she was the biggest fool in ten States," he said, as he stuck the license into his pocket. "Look at her, will you? Slick as a whistle and as party as a yearlin' calf. Got a hundred-acre farm, too, in her own right, and she's goin' to marry a feller like me. Now say, mister, did you ever hear of sich a fool trick as that?" and he chuckled till he shook all over.

—Detroit Free Press.

A SOLUTION called diamond ink has been invented which enables one to write upon glass. It is necessary to allow it to remain upon the glass about fifteen minutes before wiping off.

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, discharges, removes excess of acid, and cures indigestion. Get the genuine.

He Saved His Life.

Dinner was just finished in the messroom and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of 55, turned toward his next neighbor at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a quiet, steady voice, he said: "Don't move please, Mr. Carruthers, I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "Hadin't the least idea of moving, I assure! What's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazily expectant way. "Do you think," continued the Major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still for, say two minutes, to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it down on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table and set it down where the major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra de capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head then turned, descended to the floor and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

"Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; you have saved my life!"

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior, "but you did your share."—*Calcutta Englishman.*

A Judicious Negro.

Old Uncle Moses had never been to the theatre, but having stuck up bills for a theatrical troupe and having received a complimentary ticket to the gallery he concluded to attend the performance. He went dressed up in his Sunday attire. He had not been inside the theatre more than half an hour when he emerged shaking his head.

"Don't you like the performance, old man?" asked the doorman.

"No, sah, I don't like dem performances no way ye kin fix it."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nuffin much, 'cep'in' a 'oman on the platform got to talkin' 'bout family 'fairs wid de husband ob a nudder 'oman, an' I didn't propose to stay. My ole master in Virginny got shod plum ter pieces for doing dat berry foolishness. Dar's allers trouble whar dat sort ob foolishness is gwine on, an' I's a judicious nigger, I is. I don't want ter be shot in de leg by mistake or brunged up as a witness in de case when it strikes de court."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Best Corn-Cob Tip.

The corn-cob pipe is the sweetest in the world; but the only way to have it in perfection is to make it yourself.

Get a large corn-cob that has not been used for any other purpose. Break it in two in the middle. Hollow it out with your jack-knife. Bore a small hole at the bottom of the hollow, and then insert a little reed stem which you can buy for a penny.

There is your corn-cob pipe—the sweetest that was ever smoked. The manufactured corn-cobs are not in line.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1892.

MARYLAND MATTERS.

TOWSON, Md., March 27.—Herbert W. Stone, who was one of the six survivors of the wreck of the *Edmund* in 1890, has obtained his first paper on his declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States. Mr. Stone was twenty-one days in an open boat before being rescued. He is now employed as a rigger in the marine department of the Maryland Steel company at Sparrow's Point.

BALTIMORE, March 28.—James O'Hara, of New York City; Michael Farley, of this city; and Charles J. Furey, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., are in the hospital, probably fatally injured, by the falling of some arch pieces last night in the Belt Line tunnel. Patrick McKenna, of this city; James Quirey, of Richmond, Va.; and William Smith, of John Henry, of this city, were painfully injured at the same time.

BALTIMORE, March 31.—Judge Peter Wood Crain, Maryland's oldest judge, died at the Howard House, where he has lived for the past three years. Judge Crain was 87 years of age. He was born in Charles county in 1808. He was an ex-judge of the circuit court of the first judicial district of Maryland, and an ex-member of the court of appeals of Maryland. He was a member of the state legislature. Judge Crain was for many years prominent in Maryland politics.

ELKTON, Md., March 28.—John Briley, aged 67 years, a farmer, residing near Iron Hill station, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, this county, committed suicide last evening by taking "rough on rats." Business troubles are said to be the cause which led him to take his life. Before taking the poison he ordered a coffin to be made at once, and had ordered an unsuccessful attempt to take his life several years ago by hanging. He leaves a large family of grown children.

ANNAPOLIS, March 30.—The governor has approved the following acts of assembly: Amending the election law for Hagerstown and making valid the acts of registers of voters; enabling the commissioners of Washington county to build a school house in Hagerstown; amending the general election law of 1880; regulating the sale and delivery of ballot; refunding oyster fines paid by H. T. Lankford in Somerset county; enabling the voters of the Thirteenth district, Frederick county, to vote on the question of prohibition of liquor.

BALTIMORE, March 29.—The Baltimore and Chesapeake Railroad company, through Henry G. Davis, president of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh railway, has made an offer for Baltimore's interest in the Western Maryland railway. The property, for ninety-nine years, renewable forever, for which the Cumberland Railway company offers \$500,000 cash, payment and 4 per cent. annual interest on a valuation of \$5,000,000. The road is to be delivered free from all bonded debts, all franchises and branches included.

LEONARDTOWN, Md., March 28.—Robert Thomas was convicted in the St. Mary's circuit court last Friday of brutally beating his wife and was sentenced by Chief Judge Briscoe to receive 100 lashes. On Saturday morning Sheriff Thompson inflicted the punishment in the county jail in the presence of the representatives of the local press and other witnesses. The wife was held on with no gentle hand and the prisoner's back was quite severely cut. It was the first case of the kind in St. Mary's, and occasioned a good deal of excitement. There are two other indictments pending for the same offense, one against a white man and one against a colored man.

ANNAPOLIS, March 29.—Much interest centers in Annapolis this week. The rising days of the general assembly usually attract crowds of visitors who are concerned in measures of local or general importance that hang fire in the legislative mills. This session is not likely to be different from former ones in this respect, and at midnight on April 4 it is expected that the session will be closed. Speaker Vandiver has already notified the house that with industrious attention to business by the delegates the house files can be entirely cleared, while the senators have always been ahead in their work and are leaving behind them a clean record. The session is expected to wait for action from the house to keep them going.

SALISBURY, Md., March 28.—The Delaware Conference brought to town yesterday, notwithstanding the downpour of rain, fully one thousand colored persons. Bishop Ames preached to the opera house in the forenoon. In connection with the morning service the bishop held an ordination service at which H. H. Johnson, Andrew L. Henry, Elie Watts, B. E. Fisher and Samuel Waters were ordained deacons. In the afternoon the bishop ordained N. B. Snowden, J. A. Richardson, S. J. Hall and R. H. Coleman elders. On Saturday, at the business session, Joseph E. Cook was discarding from the conference and referred to his quarterly conference for trial on the charge of adultery. The committee on temperance reported a resolution binding the conference to support the third, or prohibition party. The temperance resolution was tabled.

OAKLAND, Md., March 25.—A serious shooting affray occurred last night at Bloomington, Garrett county, which may result in the death of one of the parties to the affray. Lawrence Garvey, who it is alleged, did the shooting, has several times complained of John P. Cleary for beating his wife, who is a sister of Garvey. Yesterday he was summoned before the grand jury in connection with these charges. When Garvey appeared on his return home, he went to Cleary's saloon under the influence of liquor, it is claimed, and snapped his pistol at him. Cleary then came from behind the counter, where Garvey was seated, and fired the ball entering the front part of the neck and passing out at the back part just below the base of the brain. Dr. J. T. Killgore was called and says the wound is dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. Garvey surrendered and was placed under bonds.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Pat Rooney, the Irish comedian, died in this city.

LONDON, March 25.—King Sachtchi of Croboe, West Africa, an important ally of the British, is dead.

BENNETT, March 30.—General Konstantin Von Alvensleben has just died in this city at the age of 83.

LONDON, March 31.—Sir William Bowman, Bart., M. D., the distinguished ophthalmic surgeon of London, is dead, aged 75.

BRUSSELS, March 30.—Prince de Chimay, minister of foreign affairs, who had been ill for some time past, died yesterday, aged 55.

CARTHAGE, Mo., March 31.—General Daniel Austin, a United States treasurer at Chicago, who came here a week ago hoping to receive some benefit from his failing health, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Myers. He was 72 years old.

SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE CHRONICLE. Only One Dollar.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Friday, March 25.

The German emperor has accepted the resignation of Count Zedlitz-Trutzschler as Prussian minister of ecclesiastical affairs, public education and medical affairs. Dr. Bussse, secretary of state in the ministry of justice, succeeds him. Twenty-three bodies of the Hill farm mine victims, at Dunbar, Pa., who were entombed in June, 1890, were today brought to the surface and given Christian burial. There are five bodies still in the mine. The search has cost the mine owners \$100,000.

Saturday, March 26.

Six men were buried beneath a monstrous avalanche in the valley of Bios, northern Italy.

Actor Curtis, charged with the murder of a policeman in San Francisco, has been released on bail.

The governor of Louisiana has signed the death warrant of Phillip Baker, of New Orleans, for the murder of Mrs. Neil Nelson, and of Edouard Deschamps, both to be executed on April 2.

Monday, March 28.

The jury in the case of Robert Cascardi, the 18-year-old murderer of Officer Findley, at Philadelphia, failed to agree and were discharged.

Fire destroyed the great carpet mills of John Bromley & Sons, Philadelphia, and wrecked twelve adjoining dwellings. The loss is \$40,000, and nearly 2,500 people are thrown out of employment.

Tuesday, March 29.

The house of M. Boulout, public prosecutor at Paris, was wrecked by a dynamite bomb. The lower part was so badly demolished that the occupants were taken down by the debris. Seven were seriously injured. Mr. Boulout had received threatening letters from friends of anarchists whom he had prosecuted.

Dr. Talmage, the eminent Brooklyn divine, denies a report that he is to succeed to the pastorate of St. James's London church.

Count Eulenberg, the new Prussian premier, announced in the diet that the education bill, which has caused so much opposition, will be withdrawn.

Two brothers named Koulikovsky, aided by the wife of one, have been arrested for robbing and murdering immigrants on the Russian frontier. The named bodies of about 1,000 have already been found, and it is said that forty murders will be traced to them.

Wednesday, March 30.

Right Rev. Herbert Vaughan has been appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Manning as archbishop of Westminster.

Six landless men were killed by officers near Leon, Mexico, while taking up a track of the Mexican Central road. Subsequently five members of the same band came into the town at midnight and robbed citizens on the streets.

A medical examination of the bodies of Mrs. Manning and her children, who were murdered at Rainhill, England, proves that the murderer, who was as skillful in his ghastly work as a surgeon, and this adds to the belief that he is London's "Jack the Ripper."

It has been developed that the Church of the New and Latter Day Saints, an alleged religious community in Detroit, Mich., is a hotbed of iniquity, and that "Prince" Michael, the head of the institution, has debauched many women and girls, calling them his "spiritual" wives. He is under arrest.

Thursday, March 31.

At a hotel fire in Boston Ernest W. Perry was fatally and two others seriously injured.

Further outbreaks by scattered bands of Garza revolutionists are reported from northern Mexico, and it is likely that government troops will be ordered back to patrol the Rio Grande.

Austin Chamberlain, Conservative, son of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, was returned without opposition to fill his place in the British house of commons. Hastings was recently expelled after having been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for embezzlement.

State Attorney Longenecker, of Chicago, was waited upon by a reporter who had written an article charging that official with complex business. Mr. Longenecker boxed his ears and kicked him out. He will prosecute the proprietors of the paper for libel.

There is a veritable reign of terror in Paris, caused by the frequent dynamite explosions, and visitors are leaving behind them a clean record. The session is expected to wait for action from the house to keep them going.

THE TREATY RATIFIED.

The Behring Sea Controversy Now Left to Arbitration.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—The treaty or convention providing for arbitration in the Behring Sea, of the differences between Great Britain and the United States over the jurisdiction of Behring Sea was ratified by the senate by a unanimous vote. The secret session which resulted in the ratification lasted two hours.

The treaty provides that the Behring Sea controversy shall be submitted to a tribunal of arbitration, to be composed of seven arbitrators, the president of the United States and her Britannic majesty to have two each. The president of France, the king of Italy and the king of Sweden and Norway to name one each. The arbitrators are to be distinguished jurists in their respective countries, and the treaty provides that they shall meet in Paris within twenty days after the delivery of the counter case, or what might be called evidence in rebuttal. The printed case of the two parties, accompanied by documents, official correspondence and other evidence, is to be delivered in duplicate to each arbitrator, and to the agents of each high contracting party as soon as possible after the appointment of the tribunal.

Walt Whitman Dead.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 28.—Walt Whitman, the "Good Gray Poet," died at his home in this city Saturday evening, aged nearly 73. His end was peaceful, and he was conscious until the last.

Walt Whitman died a poor man, his only possessions being his house, library and copyrights. Whitman disposed of these by will the month ago, leaving his property to those who nursed him in his last illness.

The Rich Man's Son.

The rich man's son inherits hands, and a pile of brick and stones and gold, and he inherits soft white hands, and tender flesh that tears the cold. Like soft hands, and tender flesh, many diseases are inherited; especially rheumatism, Stomach and Liver troubles; but there is a remedy, known as the "Golden Medical Discovery," which overcomes these diseases, and cuts off all tendencies toward a fatal result. Dr. Pierce of Buffalo, has put this remedy within the reach of all, so that the poor as well as the rich can obtain it. It is worth more to you than "piles of brick and stone and gold." Ask your druggist for it. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE NEWS.

Departments—Descriptive, "Ena," "Saga," and "The Old." Sports, "D. E." and "Acanthus," "Poetical," "What It Is," "Reflective," "Outing Club" and "J."

(Contributions are solicited from the Alumni. Address "Editor," Mt. St. Mary's College.)

An Historical Account.

We have read biographies and biographies—critical, narrative, favorable, biased and in every stage of elaboration. From Chambers' succinct accounts to the hair-splitting and breath-rending Boswell; but a more scathing exposure of the character of a cowardly tyrant than that furnished by Macaulay in his article on Bonaparte, has never been our fortune to read. The following is a synopsis of the character of this blot in history: "Barere approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the notion of consummate universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular of which his conduct was capable, this was a failing common to him with many others. There have been many men as cowardly as he; some as cruel; a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been some who thought they could meet with them, or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, pottocracy, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as impossible, and to which we could say no parallel can be found in history." A graphic and horrible sketch is given of the daily scenes presented during the career of this monster and his black-hearted associates. "Daily scenes were carried to their height through the streets of Paris. The knife of the deadly machine rose and fell slowly for the work of slaughter. Long rows of captives were mowed down with grimaces. Bodies were hurled into the crowd, and the sea, great flocks of crows and kites feasted on naked corpses, twisted together in hideous embraces. No mercy was ever shown to sex or age. Ladies and girls of seventeen were murdered by hundreds. Babies torn from the breast were tossed from pike to pike along the Jacobin ranks. One champion of liberty had his pockets well stuffed with coins; another swaggere about with the finger and thumb of the demon brood begotten in the days of terror; so disgustingly repulsive that the mind revolts even when reading, and what must have been the actual affair, since the authentic chronicle is so ghastly.

The following, exemplifying the inane meanness of our posterity, is by a London versifier:

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FIFTY-SECOND CONGRESS.

Condensed Report of Proceedings in Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—In the senate there was an inundation of bills relating to the person service, which were referred to committees. Discussion on a resolution of Mr. Carey into a number of leased buildings occupied by the government continued until the executive session, which continued for over four hours. The extreme length of the executive session prevented the senate from hearing the evidence on the late Senate Hearings. In a house consideration of the silver bill was resumed. Mr. Bland announcing that he would not call the previous question until the bill had been passed by a vote of 148 yeas, 148 yeas.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The whole session of the senate was

