

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



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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. Fichtelberg.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.
Orphan's Court.
Judges—Benard Collins, John R. Mills, Harrison Miller.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.
County Officers.
County Commissioners—William M. Gaither, Melville Cronwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Delanter, William Morrison.
Sheriff—William H. Cronwell.
Tax Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.
Surveyor—School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Routzahn, David D. Thomas, E. K. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Boblitz.
Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—Paul Motter.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, James Knott, James F. Hickey, Joshua Hobbs.
Registrar—E. S. Tacey.
Constables—W. P. Nausemaker, H. E. Hann, John H. Shorb.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigle.
Town Officers.
Burgess—William G. Hogg.
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rove, A. M. Patterson, Oscar D. Fraley, J. Thos. Delwicks, Chas. C. Krefatz, James S. Hogg.
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AT THE CIRCUS.

He'd never been to the circus; and so we thought we'd go. And take him to Mr. Barnum's "great combination show." And he was so delighted, he could only stand and stare. At the camels, lions, tigers and the great white polar bear; But when he saw the elephant, still wider grew his eyes, And he gazed at it in wonder, amazement and surprise; Then whispered in the tone of one astonished in his mind—"Mamma, why, see, his front tail is bigger than his hind!" —Wide Awake.

The Cats Of Big Hopes.

A Remarkable Mining Camp Yarn by M. QUAD.

From the Philadelphia Weekly Times.

As you came up the trail you first struck "Big Hopes" Diggings, which had a population of about 300 miners. Two miles farther on you came to "Aunt Sally Flat," which had a population of 100 less. Only a mile farther down was "I-want-to-go-home" town, the population of which was anywhere between 75 and 300. Some men who wanted to go home packed up and lit out; others who wanted to go had to wait around for wages to fly with.

One day notices were posted up in all the towns for a public meeting to be held at "Aunt Sally Flat" on the third day after. It was announced that a crisis had arrived, and that able speakers would be present and discuss it and point out the remedy. Mining was hard work and poor pay that season, and we were ready to welcome even a crisis. There were plenty of miners who didn't know a crisis from a climax; but they were willing to learn the difference, and on the date appointed everybody knocked off work, washed his hands and put in an appearance. If any one expected to hear that the time had come to declare war against England, march into Mexico or demand that Uncle Sam furnish us fresh butter he was disappointed.

Colonel Bill Taylor was one of the "able speakers," and began with the landing of the Pilgrims and sealed down to "Aunt Sally Flat," and announced that we must import 500 cats as soon as possible or prepare to abandon the neighborhood. We were not only being overrun by rats and mice, but every man was homesick for the presence of a cat. If 500 women could not be induced to come out and marry us and make our homes happy, then get 500 cats. Women first—cats a good second. A grim-alkin on the hearthstone after the toils of the day would remind us of home, soften up our hearts and make better men of us. Without the refining influence of cats none of us could hope to reach that better land. Cats longtailed or bobtailed, striped or spotted—but we must have cats.

He was followed by Judge Hopkins, who acknowledged in a sneaking sort of way that he would rather see the old family cat than his wife and seven children. He wanted a cat to hold on his knee as he sat and looked into the fire and called up recollections of days gone by. He wanted to stroke her fur and hear the p-u-r-r-r, which would bring up a vision of an idiot setting out from his farm in Ohio to slash around among the mountains of the West with a pickaxe and a backache. The Judge wept as he talked of home; he wept still harder as he talked of cats. Give him a cat and he would live on and not care a cent whether school kept or not. The old oaken bucket, a smokehouse, a pig pen, a barrel of soft soap, any of these would gladden and cheer and encourage but only temporarily. He didn't want 500 women to come out there, as his wife would be sure to be one of the drove, but he did want cats, and he wouldn't be captious about the color.

Other speakers followed in the same strain, and it was finally voted contribute a purse and send a man East for cats. No contribute—no cat. On their arrival each cat was

to become currency, representing ten dollars. Any attempt to discount was to be considered the same as murder in the second degree. As I had a broken arm and was laying off, the choice fell upon me to go East, collect the cats and lead them into the promised land. In due time I struck Leavenworth. In two days I cleaned that town up so thoroughly that for six months afterward the owner of a cat was too stuck up to speak to the Mayor. Then I went to Atchison and secured everything down to a kitten which had just got its right eye open. They still insist that I set that town back five years by my fiendish expedition. St. Joe was bed rock. I took 322 cats out of that town behind a two-mule team, and was out of range before the terror-stricken people had recovered their presence of mind. It is firmly believed in St. Joe to-day that but for me there would have been no Chicago or Kansas City. Real estate had declined 50 per cent. before I got across the Missouri.

When I finally left Topeka I had 606 cats. There was only one left in the State of Kansas, and she was blind in one eye and dying of old age. I had two wagons fitted with cages and had two tender-hearted men employed to help me care for the cargo. I started with an emigrant train, but after the first night out the people threatened my life and I had to cut loose. The cats were reasonably quiet during the day, but as soon as night fell it seemed as if the front and back gates of pandemonium had been swung wide open and a prize chromo offered. Strong men turned gray haired that night, and next morning three innocent children were buried in one grave.

When near the Colorado line we were attacked by hostile Indians. They had been hovering about during the afternoon, and as night fell they gathered to reap the harvest of scalps. There seemed to be about 400 of them, all imbued with a great deal of enthusiasm, and they had closed in for business when a Leavenworth tomcat happened to look cross-eyed at a chap from St. Joe and a row was the consequence. In one minute after time was called 606 cats of all ages, sizes and colors, and each with a voice strictly his own, began singing out. It was a calm, still night—just the sort of a night to be scalped by Indians—and the row in the wagons could have been heard five miles. We heard the chief calling out to his warriors not to be alarmed, and not to desert their country in her hour of peril, but he couldn't hold them. They fell over each other in their haste to get away and scalped some tenderfoots camped twelve miles to the north of us, and we were not again molested. These same Indians afterward went about the country warning their esteemed contemporaries that we were "bad medicine" and would steal tomahawks off a dead warrior's grave and have nothing to do with us. It was a mean piece of business, but you can't expect much good of an Indian.

One fall day we drew near "Big Hopes" Diggings. Everybody in the three towns dressed up in his best and came out to welcome the conquering hero and the cats. Every man who had two shirts tied one of them to a pole for a flag. Every one who could yell did so. Only eleven cats died of grief en route and there was still a cat apiece. Speeches were made and a quartette sang "I Want to Be an Angel." Men who had never exhibited the slightest emotion, even when accidentally struck with a pickaxe, now wiped tears from their eyes. We went into town with men cheering, mules braying, flags waving and cats yowling and it was unanimously

Resolved, That we celebrate the day; that after the celebration is over we divide up the cats.

We celebrated. There were three barrels of "celebration" rolled out, and no one was excused. Next morning we crawled out to divide. Some boozey idiot had opened all the cages during the night, and

every cat was gone. Some were making for Pike's Peak—others were on their way to Leavenworth to renew old ties. We spent a week tracking one old Tom who was undecided which route to take, but he gave us the dodge, and we packed up and abandoned the country. We knew that luck was agin us.

M. QUAD.

An Explanation of the Dark Specks That Flit Across the Eye.

Musca Volitantes, literally "flitting flies," is a term applied to appearances that sometimes seem like such objects within the eye. Oftener they resemble beaded threads moving across the field of vision. They were once looked on as premonitions of amaurosis, a form of blindness more generally partial, though sometimes total—a form to which excessive smoking often leads. Even now they often cause much alarm, though really they are of not the slightest importance.

The fact is, most studious persons see them when their eyes are fatigued or when they are suffering from indigestion. Most persons may see them by looking steadily, say, at a white wall, and any one may do so by looking at a bright surface through a minute perforation in a piece of metal. These facts prove that they have nothing to do with any diseased condition of the eye.

The cause of musca volitantes may be of scientific interest, or at least a matter of curious inquiry. Dr. Williams, of Boston, author of a celebrated work on the eye, says of them:

"As the eye looks from one side of the page to another, they rise to descend slowly, if the eye is kept in position. They doubtless depend to some extent on changes in the vitreous capable of throwing shadows on the retina, but these changes are not discoverable by ophthalmoscopic examination. They have no important significance."

According to Quain, "They are caused by the filamentous (thread-like) framework of the vitreous, and by the cell-nuclei, or other irregularities on the filaments." The "vitreous" is the transparent, jelly-like fluid that fills the entire globe between the lens and the retina. He continues:

"These bodies do not differ much in transparency from the vitreous substance, but they differ enough to throw a shadow on the retina behind them."

In this way they are projected into space. The shadows are much larger than the particles that cause them, and the farther the particles are from the retina the larger they appear. Hence short-sighted people are more troubled than others in this respect, since their eye-balls are deeper from front to back.—Youth's Companion.

World Empires.

A British patriot informs his countrymen that "Queen Victoria now rules a population of 290,000,000, a greater number of people than ever acknowledged the sovereignty of any other one person in either ancient or modern times."

That estimate, however, seems to ignore the present population of the Chinese Empire and that of the Orbis Romanus about the middle of the second century. Considering the enormous aggregate of the crowded provinces of Western Asia, Northern Africa and Southern Europe it is probable that the sceptre of Trajan united territories containing a total of 350,000,000—400,000,000 souls. Many regions of Tunis and Morocco, now buried under the drifts of the ever-advancing desert, were once studded with prosperous cities, and judging from the levies of King Mithridates, Asia Minor must have contained about ten times its present population.

Stadiums.

"Johnny, what are you throwing that water on your arithmetic for?"

"So's to be studious."

"To be studious?"

"Yes. Teacher said we should pour over our books."—Washington Star.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

A Youthful Agnostic.

There were eight of the young Daers and my friend Robbie was number six. He is a sturdy little fellow, with faded flaxen hair—he won't wear a hat—and a very pink face, liberally spattered with big brown freckles. It has been the business of Robbie's life to "tend the baby," and what a relentless tyrant that baby seemed to be. All day long Robbie played with it and waited upon it and pushed it around in the rickety perambulator which had been occupied successively by all the Daer infants. One hour, and only one, in the day was free; that was during the baby's nap. Then how Robbie gloried in his emancipation! Into that brief hour he tried to compress all the fun that other small boys spread over the whole twenty-four. It was exhilarating to watch him enjoy himself.

"When the baby's bigger," Robbie told me one day, "then I'll go to school 'n' learn to count, like Bert; 'n' I'll have a coat with pockets, like Jo's; 'n' I'll sell papers 'n' make some money same as Fred does. But I haf to stay at home 'n' tend the baby now cos mother's too busy. After the baby's bigger I'll get to go 'n' play all Saturdays, 'n' I'm go'n to buy me a hat like Bert's. Oh, I'll have lots of fun, after the baby's bigger!"

But one afternoon while the baby took his nap Robbie failed to devote himself to enjoyment with his usual fervor. I saw him sitting on the porch steps all alone, with a wrinkled brow and eyes fixed upon the ground.

"What's the matter, Robbie?" I asked. "Why aren't you playing?"

"Oh—cos?"

"Are you sick?"

"None."

"Come, tell me what's the trouble."

Robbie rose slowly, still frowning, and thrust his hands deep into his knickerbockers—he had no pockets, poor boy! As he approached me I could see that he was trying hard not to cry.

"Say," said he at last, with great solemnity, "Do you love God? Mother does."

"Every one loves God, Eobbie, except wicked people and the heathen."

"What's heather?"

I explained.

"Do you think God's smart?"

His eyes were fixed on the ground as he asked.

"Why, Robbie?"

He looked up with desperation in his face.

"Well, I don't!" he explained.

"Guess I'll haf to go 'n' be a heather. God's sent us another baby—'n' I'm disgusted with Him!"—Kate Field's Washington.

ALLOW ME to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness had disappeared and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—Wm. H. Hamilton, Leading Bass of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Co.

"Do you destroy this feather duster?" asked Freddie's mother.

"Yes'm," answered Freddie; "I wanted to be an Indian chief."

"But don't you know that they cost money?" queried his mother.

"I did," said Freddie, "but Indian chiefs don't think of such things."

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