

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1892.

No. 4.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge—Henry H. Berry.
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's Attorney—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

Orphan's Court.
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Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

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Zookeeper—E. L. Bowers.

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Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, A. M. Patterson, Oscar D. Fraley, J. Thos. Gielwicks, C. Kretzer, James O. Hoppe.
Constable—H. E. Ham.
Tax Collector—John H. Hopp.

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church. 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. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 9 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church. Pastor—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures and prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath school at 8:45 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Pastor—Rev. H. E. Wilke, C. M. 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. Jesse C. Starr. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting 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 3 o'clock.

Malts.
Arrive.
Through from Baltimore, 11:10 a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:30 a. m., Hagerstown, 7:15 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:05 p. m., Motter's, 11:05 a. m., Frederick, 11:10 a. m., and 7:02 p. m., Emmitsburg, 8:30 p. m.

Depart.
Baltimore, Way 8:10 a. m., Mechanicsville and Hagerstown, 7:30 a. m., Hagerstown, 7:15 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:05 a. m., Baltimore, Way, 2:12 p. m., Frederick, 2:12 p. m., Hagerstown, 2:12 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 2:12 p. m., Emmitsburg, 8:30 p. m.
Office hours from 7:15 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kitties her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run, Officers—Frothing, Wm. Morrison; Treasurer, Jos. D. Callahan; Secy., Geo. T. Gielwicks; Jun. Secy., David Wiley; C. of R., J. W. A. Deibelberger; C. of M., Dr. J. W. Biele; Representative, Geo. T. Gielwicks; Trustees, Wm. Morrison, Geo. T. Gielwicks, J. H. T. Webb.

Emmitsburg Beneficial Association.
President, Peter Jankovic; Vice-President, Benjamin Noll; Secretary, George Seibold; Assistant Secretary, P. A. Adelsberger; Treasurer, John M. Stout; Medical Director, John Smith; each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West main street.

Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Mal O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel Na McNaair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. White; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gielwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Council, Albert Jankovic; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Gamble; Joseph Payne and John A. Baker; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Fraley; Alternate, Harvey G. White.

Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets at 3rd and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Brecken's Hall. President, V. E. Howe; Vice-President, E. A. Adelsberger; Secretary, Wm. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. W. Bushman; Capt., C. W. Gielwicks; 1st Lieut., G. W. Bushman; 2nd Lieut., Samuel L. Rowe.

Emmitsburg Choral Union.
Meets at Public School, Home 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Officers—President, Rev. W. Simonton, D. D.; Vice-President, Mal O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay; Organist, Assistant-Conductor, Mal O. A. Horner.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, E. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. E. Zimmerman; Treasurer, Chas. A. Horner; Directors, E. S. Annan, O. A. Horner, J. E. L. Bowers, E. R. Zimmerman, S. S. Annan, E. L. Bowers.

The St. Mary's Catholic Beneficial Association.
Board of Directors—Vincent Seibold, Chairman and Attorney; Alex. V. Koopers, John H. Rosensteel, John A. Peddleton, and E. G. Eckenrode; Rev. Edw. Allen, T. D. Chapman; Alex. V. Koopers, President; Wm. H. Dabrow, Vice-President; John H. Rosensteel, Treasurer; George Seibold, Secretary; Albert Jankovic, Assistant Secretary; William Jordan, Sergeant-at-Arms; Sick Visiting Committee—George Seibold, Chairman; Samuel H. Rosensteel, George Althoff, Augustus Kretz and John J. Topp.

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THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us stands in state
The future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flushing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's kite."

Those hands—those busy little hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands whose only mission seems
To pull all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may be
Secreted in their clasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy stick
In sturdily hold they grasp!

Ah! blessing on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
What'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man."
—Somerville Journal.

The Sweet-Gum Express.

How Becky Draper Traveled to Mrs. Farrell's Party.

BY JAMES C. PURDY.
From the Philadelphia Weekly Times.

"I'll have to send you back to Atlanta by express, Becky," said Mr. Draper, laughing rather uncomformably.

"By express! What on earth do you mean, papa?"

"Well, I promised to have you to Mrs. Farrell's party; and I can't go to-morrow. I must drive twenty miles farther away into the mountains. If I get back here by Saturday I'll be fortunate."

"Why, I wouldn't go?"

"I must. I'm very sorry, my dear. Still, things might be worse. You can get to the party, just the same."

"How?" Becky asked, with a faint accent of hope in her voice.

"By taking the 'Sweet-Gum Express,'" her father replied, laughing. "Don't say there isn't any Sweet-Gum Express, for there is—for this occasion only. Mrs. Johnson and her hired man are going to take a bale of cotton to Henrietta to-morrow morning, and nothing in the world would please Mrs. Johnson more than to have you for a passenger. I've arranged it all with her. She and Tom Jefferson will take as good care of you as I could."

"I could take care of myself, for that matter. That isn't it," said Becky dubiously. "I should have to go in one of those ridiculous one-steer carts!"

"Of course; I thought you would like that, by way of variety. And it is not as if you were going all the way to Atlanta in the cart. The Sweet-Gum Express runs only from here to Henrietta, you know. You'll take one of the early afternoon trains there. You can telegraph to Mrs. Farrell to meet your train, if you think that is necessary. Don't go if you prefer not to, my dear. But that is the only way I see for you to get to the party."

"Oh, I'll go, of course I'll go!"

Becky said this with a cheerful decision that set her father's mind quite at ease. She would have undertaken to go to Atlanta by balloon if he thought that advisable.

And she would have undertaken to go in almost any way rather than miss Mrs. Farrell's party.

She was a pennsylvania girl, and this was her first visit to the South. Mrs. Farrell, her mother's old school friend, had sent an urgent message pleading for a visit from Becky the first time Mr. Draper should come to Atlanta on one of his business trips, and the invitation had been accepted.

The girl had not been forty-eight hours with her charming hostess in Atlanta before her father proposed taking her with him into the mountains for a few days. He had to go to Sweet-Gum on business. He had often been there and knew all the people. They were as kind

and hospitable as they were queer, and he thought Becky would enjoy a little visit among the mountain "Crackers."

Mrs. Farrell did not approve the project at all, and finally explained why she disapproved. She had arranged to give a party in especial honor of her young guest. All the choicest young people in Atlanta, of Becky's own age, were coming Thursday evening to welcome the visitor from the North.

Mr. Draper declared that Mrs. Farrell should have Becky again not later than Wednesday, the day before the party. That would give her plenty of time to rest after her travels by rail and wagon. On that condition he was permitted to carry her off. So here they were on Tuesday evening, among the mountain people of Sweet-Gum. Henrietta was the nearest railroad point, and that was fifteen miles away.

It was rather too bad, the girl thought, that instead of driving over the fifteen miles of mountain road with her father the next day she must make the journey in an ox cart, in company with a bale of cotton, a "Cracker woman" and a rheumatic old black man.

But she did not speak of her regrets to her father, and he started on his unforeseen journey the next morning without any misgivings on her account. And Becky herself, after a good night's sleep, found that she had become quite enthusiastic about her queer trip to Henrietta. It would be an adventure—one more odd thing to tell about when she should get home.

Things were not to be quite as she had expected, however. At the last moment a change took place in the programme of the "Sweet-Gum Express." Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. Johnson's colored hand, sent one of his children to announce that he was sick in bed and could not possibly join the expedition.

"Daddy, he pow'ful sorry, but he 'bleeged not ter go wid you all dish yer maw'nin'. He cayn't stop up, he cayn't. He got de rheumatiz pow'ful bad 'nd de newmony in de spine ob 'is backbone 'nd a mizerbul deestrees all bro' 'im."

"Mighty bad, all that is, for shore! But it ain't no ways ketchin'". So I 'low to have you stay right close by yer daddy 'til I come home this evenin'. Don't you let him outen his bed! Ef he sets a foot on the ground while I'm away I 'low to give him a wus mis'ry than he ever thought of! You tell him that!"

Mrs. Johnson spoke very severely, having little faith in Thomas Jefferson's frequent ailments.

"Wait!" she called to the departing youngster. "You call Jake 'nd have him gear the critter befo' this cart. I'm mighty glad 'Torm got the cotton loaded last evenin' befo' the distress took him!"

The lady was quite able to do everything for herself, but she was the aristocrat of Sweet-Gum, and she chose to be served. Moreover, she was on her dignity in the presence of this young visitor. The "gearing" did not take long, although the antics of the draught animal made it a rather animated process. In good time everything was ready, and amid the hearty good-byes of everybody the very popular Becky started for Mrs. Farrell's party.

How she did wish that some of her Northern friends could see her! The "cart" in which she rode was a four-wheeled, springless vehicle, which, fortunately, was a good deal stronger than it looked. Harnessed to it by means of ropes, was a single ox. He traveled between shafts, like a horse, and was guided by means of rope reins, tied to his horns.

The bale of cotton lay on the floor of the wagon, occupying most of the space. On the forward end of the bale sat Becky, with her satchel at her feet. Beside her, proudly erect, Mrs. Johnson sat and drove the ox. Never in her life had the Northern girl ridden in so picturesque a conveyance, or in such picturesque company.

The crash of falling trees sounded about them in the woods. The trunk of one great pine, standing close beside the road, was snapped off, and the mighty top came to the ground. It fell so near them that some of the branches brushed the wagon.

Mrs. Johnson uttered a loud scream of alarm and dropped both her pipe and the reins. Becky quickly picked up the ropes and put all her strength into the effort to control the ox. A small branch of the falling pine had struck the beast on the shoulder and he was unmistakably running away.

"'Taint no ways right fur you 'un to be drivin' my critter when I'm takin' keer o' you 'un," said Mrs. Johnson in deep mortification, taking the reins from her passenger. "That ar Torm Jefferson order be shot, gittin' us into this yer! Why ain't he here to help? Thar, we're outen the woods now, 'nd I'll fetch the critter under right soon. Don't you un be scart. I'll—Good land o' Goshen!"

Both of them bounced up into the air, and then down with much violence on the bottom of the wagon.

The frightened ox had begun to slacken his speed somewhat as he left the woods, when a great tree in the open space crashed down in his immediate neighborhood. With a wild bellow of fright he leaped forward again. The bale of cotton had already been much disturbed and tumbled about in the course of this rough and hasty flight. The sudden violence of this last forward movement brought matters to a crisis. The bale of cotton was jerked out at the rear end of the wagon, and the woman and the girl would have gone with it if they had not both been clinging desperately to the reins.

Having unloaded his freight, the ox dashed off to one side of the road. There, after one or two terrified plunges, he stopped and stood snorting and trembling. Considering the amount of mischief he had done it was quite time that he stopped. His sidelong rush had thrown two of the wheels into the deep gully on that side of the way, and the wagon was completely overturned.

Becky managed to spring forward at the moment of the upset, and she alighted unharmed on the ground. She turned at once to look for Mrs. Johnson. The poor woman was lying on her back in the bottom of the gully. She was helpless, and was in great danger of drowning, for already the way-side ditch had become the bed of a raging torrent. Just now the water was deepened by the inverted wagon box, which lay on top of the prostrate woman and also served as a dam to the stream.

Something must be done—but what? The ox answered the question himself. After a preliminary prance he plunged forward with the evident intention of going somewhere on his own responsibility.

"Ketch that critter!" Mrs. Johnson sputtered as well as she could with her mouth full of water. "Ef he lights out ther won't be no way for us uns to git on whar!"

The forward plunge of the ox had pulled the wagon box from its position on top of her, and she lost no time in scrambling out of the ditch. She was the most forlorn-looking object conceivable, but fortunately she was not injured in any way. With surprising activity she sprung forward, caught the frightened beast and with Becky's help, hitched him to a stump.

"Nawthin' broke," she said, examining the harness and wagon. "Nawthin' broke but my disposition and that's smashed mighty bad! You pore gal! You'll be late fur the cars, 'nd ye'll miss the party. 'Nd I promised yer father to have you in Henrietta befo' noon! I'll have that ar Torm flaggod fur this when I get home."

The rain had ceased as suddenly as it began, and the wind was no longer a furious hurricane. The fierce, Continued on fourth page.

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