

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



C. M. MOTTER, Editor & Publisher.

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EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1892.

No. 9.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge—J. H. Sherry.
Associate Judges—Hon. John F. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.
State's 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.

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Tax Collector—E. L. Bantz.

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Commissioners—Samuel Dintow, Herman L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Conlon.
Examiner—E. L. Bantz.

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Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, James Knoff, James F. Hickey, Joshua Gibbs.
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Constables—W. P. Nunnemaker, H. E. Hann, John B. Shorb.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNeil, John W. Reitzel.

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

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. Oscar G. Klingner. Services every Sunday morning 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. U. H. Hellman. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. W. S. Simons. D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White, C. M. First Mass 7 o'clock a. m. Second Mass 10 o'clock a. m. Vespers 5 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 10 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Mails.
Arrive.
Through from Baltimore, 11:10 a. m., Way from Baltimore, 10:30 p. m., Motter's, 11:10 a. m., Frederick, 11:10 a. m., and 7:02 p. m., Gettysburg, 9:30 p. m.

Depart.
Baltimore, Way 8:10 a. m., Mechanstown and Hagerstown, 9:40 a. m., Hagerstown, Lancaster and Harrisburg, 8:10 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:10 a. m., Baltimore, Way, 2:12 p. m., Frederick, 2:12 p. m., Motter's, and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:12 p. m., Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m.
Office hours from 7:15 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.

Societies.
Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, L. O. R. M.
Kinship (evening) every Saturday evening, 8th Bn. Officers—Proprietor, D. Caldwell; Sachem, Geo. T. Gelwick; Sen. Sag, D. J. King; Jun. Sag, J. W. Dr. J. W. H. Riegle; Chaplain, J. W. Dr. J. W. H. Riegle; Representative, Geo. T. Gelwick; Trustees, Wm. Morrison, Geo. T. Gelwick, J. H. T. Webb.

Eveready Beneficial Association.
President, Peter Buckel; Vice-President, Emanuel Noel; Secretary, George Seawald; Assistant Secretary, E. A. Adelsberger; Treasurer, John M. Stouffer. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in P. A. Adelsberger's building, 16 1/2 main street.

Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel S. Simons; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwick; Color-bearer, Wm. A. Friley; Officer of the Guard, Albert Dettler; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Dintow, George Adams, John A. Baker, delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Friley; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.

Vigilant Fire Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Fireman's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, F. A. Adelsberger; Secretary, Wm. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., G. T. Gelwick; 1st Lieut., G. W. Bushman; 2nd Lieut., Samuel L. Rowe.

Emmitsburg Choral Union.
Meets at Public School House 2nd and 4th streets of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Officers—President, Wm. A. Friley; Secretary, V. E. Rowe; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. H. Friley; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, F. A. Adelsberger, I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.
Board of Directors—Vincent Schold, Chairman and Attorney; Alexis V. Keepers, John H. Rosenstiel, John A. Peiffer and E. C. Eckenrode, Rev. Edw. P. Allen, D. D., Chaplain; Alexis V. Keepers, President; Wm. H. Dorsey, Vice-President; John H. Rosenstiel, Treasurer; George Schold, Secretary; Albert J. Walter, Assistant Secretary; William Jordan, Sergeant-at-Arms; Sick Visiting Committee—George Seybold, Chairman; Samuel H. Rosenstiel, George Althoff, Augustus Kretzer and John J. Topper.

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

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D. R. GEO. B. RAUB, DENTIST,
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My duties as Dental Operator bring me to St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, on the second Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of each month. I would inform the public that I will be pleased to see any one wishing my services at Mrs. Sweeney's on Main St., near the square, at that time.

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-ly.

CATARH CURED
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In the winter of 1877 I suffered very seriously from Catarrh; failing to obtain relief otherwise, I resorted to the use of your Catarrh Remedy with entire satisfaction. The appearance of the remedy is painless, and my nose, head and throat were soon relieved. I keep a bottle in the house in case of a bad cold and find it invaluable.

DR. HARTLEY'S GREAT REMEDY is the most complete and satisfactory home treatment for Catarrh. It removes all offensive odors from the breath, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing, immediately relieves headache and prevents consumption, influenza and grippe. Sold by all druggists.

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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY. A genuine sewed shoe, fast, soft, not rip, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable and durable than any other shoe. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workmen are the most appreciative of these shoes.

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by JAS. A. ROWE & SON.

A healthy cow produces healthy milk. Moral—Use Biggs Bros. Crown Stock Food.

NO-GOOD.

Read the Story and See Whether He Deserved the Name.

By J. H. WEBB.
On the upper Susquehanna there is a quaint little village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. Forty years ago it was pretty much the same as now, and it is with that time that my story deals.

The village drew most of its financial nourishment from the lumber business. Thousands of logs were cut, away back in the forests that cover the hills of that region, and in flood-time they were floated down the river in great rafts, on their way to the market where they were sold.

One day, in this sleepy little town, something of quite unusual interest was to take place. A new church had just been completed, and at the top of its tall spire a weather-vane was to be put. The people had sent to Philadelphia for a man to do the work, and he had arrived and was ready to go ahead with it. But he needed an assistant and had vainly scoured the town in the effort to find a man bold enough to undertake the job.

Suddenly a boy about twelve years of age approached the workman. "I'll help you," said the boy.

The workman stared at the little fellow in amazement. He saw a queer-looking specimen of a village tramp, ill-clothed and careless in manner, but there was a look of determination and courage in the boy's eyes that commanded attention.

"You!" said the workman, in tones full of doubt as well as surprise. "Who are you, boy?"

"I'm No-Good," answered the youngster, "at least that's what they call me. But I'll help you, all the same. Try me!"

He did try him, and when the weather-vane had been put in place and the workman and his youthful helper had descended to the ground in the midst of a gaping crowd, the former said:

"I'll bet any money that boy would stand on his head on the top of that weather-vane and kick his heels in the air."

Who was No-Good? Four years before that church spire episode, a family consisting of father, mother and an eight-year-old boy had come to the village. No one knew who they were or where they had come from. The man had no business, and manifested no desire to do anything.

After a time he disappeared, leaving his wife and boy to shift for themselves. This they did, with very indifferent success, for a year or two, and then the mother died. The boy, deprived thus of all he had, was thrown upon the charity of the villagers. His father had never been heard from, and the boy was utterly unable to tell anything about his relatives—if he had any.

This unfortunate condition of things naturally turned the boy into a sort of village tramp, but it did not kill his courage, his love of truth, his physical strength and beauty and his bright and cheerful disposition. He was a village favorite as well as a village tramp, but a certain easy-going way he had gave him the name of "No-Good," which was more in good humored jest than in reproach.

Now you know who No-Good was. Let me add that he could jump like a greyhound, run like a horse and climb like a cat, and that he was afraid of nothing.

The spring when the boy was 14 years old followed a remarkably severe winter. The cold had been intense and almost continuous from the beginning of December to the middle of March. A great quantity of snow had fallen and there had been no "January thaw" or other interval of snow-melting temperature. The snow in the mountains and along the tributary streams in the forest was said to be the deepest on record. Ice in the river had frozen to a depth of two feet, and further up it was reported as still thicker.

rays of the sun began to cut the snow in the valley. It was a time of anxiety for the people. If the snow should go off gradually all would be well. The other side of the question was clearly stated by an old resident thus:

"Ef the wind shud git round to the sou'west, and bring a big rain, there'll be the wust flood ever seed in the Susquehanna."

That's just what came. At bed time one night the wind was blowing fresh from the west, the sky was clear and the snow in the valley was passing off slowly and safely. During the night the wind moved to southwest and later to south. At daylight the sky was covered with dark clouds and an oppressive warm wind was blowing. Two hours later there was a pouring rain.

For two days the rain, accompanied that warm south wind, continued without cessation. The snow nearly disappeared along the river and the ice in the neighborhood of the village began to move. But the ice up the river was solid and the snow in the mountains was to be heard from.

About noon, the day after the rain ceased, it was learned that the great ice mass was moving above, that thousands of logs were coming with it, and that the river was overflowing its banks. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the flood was within two miles of the village. Persons that went up to see it reported that some of the ice cakes were at least three feet thick, that about half the mass seemed to be composed of logs, and that the lateral pressure against the river banks was so great that it was grinding out vast quantities of earth.

In front of the village the river is quite narrow, perhaps not more than a hundred yards wide at low water mark. The narrowest point of all is just where the enclosed bridge is located with its single pier.

When the flood reached this narrow part of the river its momentum began to decrease. The great mass of enormous ice cakes, some as big as the foundation of a house, and mixed up with vast numbers of logs, crowded, crunched and scraped the bank, but the forward motion was gradually retarded.

The attempt of the great ice and log mass to force its way through the narrow channel caused such enormous pressure towards the middle of the river that immense cakes would turn up edgewise and apparently try to climb on top. Big logs, squeezed in between the ice cakes, would shoot up now and then as if trying to escape from the terrible embrace.

Nearly the whole population of the town was on the river bank. It was a grand, an awful spectacle, the slow coming of that flood. As the space grew narrower between the banks the brow of the flood became higher until its elevation assumed the proportions of a dam.

Every eye watched it eagerly. It was not the grandeur of the sight that chiefly interested the people. The older ones had seen great floods before, and well they knew the danger that menaced the village. And somehow their fears seemed to communicate to the smallest child present.

What if the ice and log mass should gorge?

The highest ground on the side of the river where the village is situated is just where the village starts. Between the town stretching along the bank, and the range of hills half a mile back, the lay of the land is much lower. If there should be a gorge the water would "back up," overflow the bank above and then come rushing down back of the town and ultimately through it.

No wonder that cheeks blanched as they saw the great comb of the flood move slower and slower as it approached the bridge. Experienced men knew that the critical time would come when the bridge pier was reached. If the speed should continue to decrease, and it was now barely perceptible, the pier might offer resistance enough and form the dreaded gorge.

That is what happened. The pressure seemed to squeeze the logs toward the centre of the

river, and when the pier was reached a great tangled mass of them slowly pressed against it. There was a moment of hope, then doubt, then fear, then mental agony.

The log and ice mass had gorged, come to a dead stop, and there it was, almost under the bridge, a frightful wall fifteen or twenty feet high!

It was nearly sunset now, and the wildest excitement spread through the crowd. The flood from up the river was coming in such volume that the "back-water" would quickly cover the town.

The fear was well grounded. Within fifteen minutes word came that the "back-water" had caused a new river to form behind the town, reaching back to the hills, where the water was pouring through like a mill-race and rising at the rate of an inch a minute. A few minutes later the flood had invaded the town in the rear, like the adroit attack of an army. Cellars in the outskirts were flooded, and the water was approaching the centre of the village with that fearful rise of an inch a minute.

It was evident that every frame house in the village would be afloat and every brick one sapped at the foundation before dark. The crowd on the higher ground on the river bank had been swelled by the frightened people that had stuck to their homes until they saw the angry water swirling around them.

Men stood with blanched cheeks there on the river bank, gazing helplessly and hopelessly at the awful wall resting against the bridge pier, the great ice blocks and saw logs tangled like snakes in a winter den.

"Ef that key-log'd only move," said an old lumberman in a hoarse voice, "it'd break the jam." Then he shook his head and dolefully continued: "but only a miracle could move it."

Any lumberman will tell you that what they call the key-log is the particular log in the jam that is a literal key to the situation—if it be dislodged other logs will tumble after it and the jam will break. The particular log alluded to was plainly seen by all when pointed out by the old man. It lay aslant on the edge of the pier.

"Why doesn't somebody try to move the key-log?"

The eyes of every person within hearing were instantly turned upon the questioner. The men fairly glared.

It was only little No-Good, and when he saw the angry glances of the men and heard an old deacon mumble something about "flyn' in the face o' Providence," the boy looked abashed and soon after that disappeared.

It was just the edge of dusk. Already objects were a little obscure on the opposite side of the river. The water had invaded the main street of the town and was crawling up on that bit of higher ground where the people were assembled.

The utter annihilation of the village and its population was only a question of minutes.

Suddenly there was a thumping noise in the bridge, apparently near the pier. Eyes and ears were strained in effort to make out the mysterious sounds. But even while they gazed at the pier the water was creeping up on the little strip of ground where the people were gathered.

What was that? Splintered pieces of the bridge sheathing were falling out on the pier. And what was that they saw a second later? An apparition in white standing on the top of the pier! Keen eyes saw in the gloaming that it was a human figure—a small human figure.

dropped upon the slanting pier, face downward, and with the cant-hook in hand slid down to that great wall of logs and ice-blocks, which towered above and almost over him.

With the nerve of a veteran soldier, he mounted to the key-log, adjusted the cant-hook, braced himself and gave it a vigorous pull. The hook slipped from the wet log and the boy nearly toppled over into the water.

In an instant he was at it again. He drove the sharp hook into the log with all the power of his arm. Bracing himself again, he gave the lever another desperate pull.

See! The cant-hook has fallen into the water below, but the key-log is moving—the great wall is tumbling!

And the boy! Where is he? Shinning up the timbered facing of the pier like the human cat that he is!

The gorge was broken; the mass moved and reached the wider part of the river just below; the rise of the back-water stopped at once, and the town and its people were saved!

It would have been worth a man's life to have called that boy "No-Good" when he came out of the bridge. The people were wild with gratitude. Even the darlings of young mothers had to take second place for the moment.

But that was not all. Gratitude took a practical turn. A subscription paper was circulated a day or two later and a good big sum of money was raised for the orphan boy.

"I don't want any money," he said when the proffer was made to him. "I have no use for it, and what I did was nothing. But I'll take enough, if you will give it to me, to buy a new cant-hook for Mr. Harris. I knew he had one and intended to borrow it, but there was nobody at his house and so I took it."

But that wouldn't do. The people were importunate. Finally the boy reflected, and said, thoughtfully:

"Well, I should like to go to school, like other boys, and get an education."

That settled it. Trustees were appointed for the fund that had been raised and the boy was sent to school.

Six years passed. There was a great stir in that little village up on the Susquehanna. About half the population, it seems, were making arrangements for an excursion to Carlisle two or three weeks later. They had heard that their whilom No-Good had been chosen valedictorian for the commencement at old Dickinson College.

So it was. He was the brightest, handsomest and most popular young man in the graduating class.

Some days before commencement he went to Philadelphia to order new suits for the exercises, in company with three other seniors. They were walking down Market street from the station. Suddenly a team of horses drawing an open carriage came tearing through a cross street just ahead of them.

It was a runaway from Chestnut street, and in turning the corner at Chestnut the driver was thrown from the box. An elderly couple were in the carriage, bewildered with fright. A moment later they would be crashing among the vehicles in crowded Market street.

The young valedictorian shot from the sidewalk like an arrow, seized the near horse by the bridle and brought him to his haunches after a few wild plunges. But as the horse fell backward the carriage pole was pulled violently sidewise and the end of it struck the young man in the breast.

He was very pale when his friends reached him. They carried him to a near-by hotel. A physician was summoned, who said the patient would be all right in a few days if peritonitis did not supervene.

But peritonitis did supervene. He was much worse at midnight, and ten days later he was dead.

If you should ever happen to be in that little village on the Susquehanna, don't fail to walk out to the pretty little cemetery on the hillside. On a grassy knoll there you will see a handsome granite monument bearing a name, birth and death date, and this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF A HERO.
ELECTED BY A GRATEFUL COMMUNITY.
And if you should meet the old grave digger, who lives in the little cottage in a corner of the cemetery, he will gladly tell you all about the homeless orphan boy who proved to be one of nature's noblemen.

If you feel weak and all worn out take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS