

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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VOL. XV.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1893.

NO. 4.

## 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. Richelberger.  
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

**Orphan's Court.**  
Judges—Benard Colloffower, John R. Mills, Harrison Miller.  
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

**County Officers.**  
County Commissioners—William M. Galtier, Melville Cronwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Delauter, William Morrison.  
Sheriff—William H. Cronwell.  
Tax Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.

**Emmitsburg District.**  
Notary Public—C. T. Zacharias.  
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, M. F. Spurr, James F. E. M. Fisher.  
Registrar—E. S. Taney.  
Constables—W. P. Nunemaker, H. E. Hann, John B. Shorb.

**Town Officers.**  
Burgess—William G. Blair.  
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Fraley, Chas. C. Kretzer, J. Thos. Gelwicks, Peter J. Harting, Jas. A. Elie.  
Constable—H. E. Hann.  
Tax Collector—John H. Hopp.

**Ev. Lutheran Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinewald. 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. A. M. Schaffner. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other 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. F. White, C. M. First Mass 6:30 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. Henry Mann. 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.

**Mails.**  
Arrive.  
Through from Baltimore, 11:10 a. m., Way from Baltimore, 7:05 p. m., Hagerstown, 7:05 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:05 p. m., Motter's, 11:10 a. m., Frederick, 11:10 a. m., and 7:02 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m.

**Depart.**  
Baltimore, Way 8:10 a. m., Mechanicstown and Hagerstown, 5:30 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 8:10 a. m., Baltimore, Way, 2:42 p. m., Frederick, 2:42 p. m., Motter's, and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:42 p. m., Gettysburg, 8:00 a. m., and 8:00 p. m. Office hours from 7:15 a. m. to 8:00 p. m.

**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kindles her candles every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers—Prophet, Wm. Morrison; Sachem, J. K. Byers; Sen. Sag, Joseph Clancy; Jun. Sag, H. H. Webb; C. of R. M. F. Shuff; K. of W. Dr. J. W. Relgie. Representatives, Wm. Morrison, Trustees, J. D. Caldwell, J. F. Adelsberger, Wm. Morrison.

**Emerald Beneficial Association.**  
F. A. Adelsberger, President; H. W. Wivell, Vice-President; Geo. Serold, Secretary; V. A. B. V. Assistant Secretary; John M. Stenter, Treasurer. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West Main street.

**Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.**  
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel 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 Dutton; 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.**  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Freeman's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, G. W. Bushman; Secretary, Wm. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt. Geo. E. Eyster; 1st Lieut. Chas. R. Hoke; 2nd Lieut. Samuel L. Rowe.

**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. Simonton, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; 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, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

**The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.**  
Board of Directors—Vincent Sobol, Chairman and Attorney; Alexis V. Keepers, John H. Rosensteel, John A. Pedrick and E. G. Eckenrode. Rev. Edw. P. Allen, D. D., Chaplain; Alexis V. Keepers, President; Wm. H. Dorsey, Vice-President; John H. Rosensteel, Treasurer; George Schold, Secretary; Albers J. Walter, Assistant Secretary; William Jordan, Sergeant-at-Arms; Sick Visitation Committee, Secretary, Chairman: Samuel H. Rosensteel, George Althoff, Augustus Kreitz and John J. Topper.

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**Isabella Mills Ltd.**  
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FOR YOUNG LADIES.  
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

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This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. TERMS—Board and Tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior.

**mar 15-16.**

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

**THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.**

**Castoria destroys Worms.**  
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**Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.**

**Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."**

**See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.**

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every bottle.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

## COME AND EXAMINE

—OUR STOCK OF—

## NEW DRESS AND DOMESTIC GINGHAM.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST

## Assortment of Hamburg,

All over Embroidery, and Insertion, than we ever had.

## Large Stock of Linen Laces, Victoria Lawns, India Linen, Swiss

Mull, Plaid White Goods of all Grades, White Table

Linens from 25c. to

\$1 per Yard.

## Red and Gray Table Damask.

New Goods arriving every freight day. Come and see our stock and we will give you bargains.

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BEWARE OF FRAUD. Ask for and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy. Sold everywhere.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5.

The following are of the same high standard of merit:

\$4.00 and \$5.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.  
\$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.  
\$2.50, \$2.25 and \$2.00 for Working Men.  
\$2.00 and \$1.75 for Youths and Boys.  
\$3.00 Hand-Sewed. FOR LADIES.  
\$2.50 and \$2.00 Dongola, LADIES.  
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IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised as thousands can testify. Do you wear them?

THIS IS THE BEST \$3. SHOE IN THE WORLD.

WILL NOT RIP.

Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers and general merchants where I have no agents. Write for catalogue. If not for sale in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage Free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

**M. FRANK ROWE, Agent.**

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June 14-y

## A MIDNIGHT INCIDENT.

BY L'ARRETT D. CLAFFEY.

I  
It was on a late winter night,  
When the clock was striking nine;  
When nature's pretty flowers  
Had gone to bed before their time.

II  
There could I be seen in the dim old forest,  
Just a mile from our door,  
The figure of a child,  
About a-v-n years or more.

III  
And as we stood there wondering  
Whom this child could be,  
My mind was seized with madness  
As from that spot I tried to flee.

IV  
But I could not move a step  
From the spot where now I stood;  
There was something wild and ghastly  
That came o'er me like a flood.

V  
Once more I turned my eyes upon the child  
Who was now so quietly standing.  
And in a few minutes more  
I was out on the landing.

VI  
I looked up at the sky to see if it were clear,  
And then toward the child I seemed to hear  
Words that were pressing to the ear,  
As I hurried away in alarm.

VII  
I looked closely at the little form,  
And then took it in my arms,  
Murmuring words that were wild and free,  
As I hurried away in alarm.

VIII  
Soon I reached the house  
And found that it was mine own—  
Who from the garden had strayed  
Just as the night's shadows had flown.

IX  
How I pressed it to my heart  
And kissed it o'er and o'er;  
How I thanked thee, my dear Lord,  
Who had brought it home once more.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

## A TRUE STORY.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF A NEW YORK SOCIETY QUEEN.

December 24, 1874, ushered in one of the severest storms that it has ever been my lot to witness. I was that day about midway on a journey from Helena to Missoula and had stopped for the night at a stage ranch, one of the old-time rude wayside hostleries of which to-day, in the changed conditions wrought by the advent of the railroads, but few remain. Black, angry clouds had gathered upon the horizon, and as evening approached, light, feathery snow began falling, which rapidly increased in quantity until air and earth were blended in a black and white shroud, beneath which surrounding objects gleamed weird and spectral through the deepening gloom. We were a motley group as we gathered around the large open fire to enjoy our past prandial pipes, while the storm beat fiercely without and the flickering red flames limned the circle of bronzed and bearded faces with flitting Rembrandt-like lights and shades. In the center sat a broad-shouldered, portly man, of apparently fifty years of age.

To pleasantly pass the evening story after story was related by several of the persons present; and when the worthy gentleman announced his willingness to entertain his companions, we all attentively listened to the tale he told. In a voice low, musical and impressive he thus proceeded:

"In 1855 I left Montreal, Canada, immediately upon my graduation for a trip to the wilderness at the head waters of the Missouri river, now a part of the modern territory of Montana.

"For a number of years following, my field of operations was confined to the savage tribes inhabiting the region within which I and co-workers were the only white men, save a few traders of the Northwest Fur Company, stationed fifty miles distant at Fort Benton.

"The discovery of gold, however, within the territory in 1862 led to a vast influx of adventurers and the mountains were soon filled with seekers of the precious metal, while little towns here and there began to spring up like mushrooms among the gulches.

"One night, after having worked rather harder than usual with our Indian school, which had been only recently organized, I retired to my apartments. I was just in a doze when a rap came on my door, and our superior walked in with a troubled face.

"A man has been shot in a miner's camp near Bear Fort mountain, and is dying," he said, and though it is a dark and threatening night, your presence is requested at his bedside. Your horse will be at the door in ten minutes, and a guide is here to accompany you. Prepare yourself for the journey at once."

"Within the time named I was in the saddle. My companion proved to be a rough-looking individual, who during the long ride which followed, did not speak a dozen words in answer to my questions.

"The night was one of inky darkness, and now and then a great drop of rain fell from the black vault above, while the wind swept fiercely and chillingly from the river, the banks of which we were traversing, sometimes catching up clouds of spray from the

rapids and dashing them in blinding gusts to our faces.

"Within an hour after leaving the mission the rain fell in torrents, but we pursued our way without halting. It was well on toward morning when a few patches of light suddenly appeared, and in a few moments we rode into a village of tents, from some of which came the sound of rude music and revelry, and from others the shouts and curses of drunken men.

"We rode through a long avenue of these canvas tents, until we reached the end of the row, where we drew rein before a high log building apparently the most pretentious one in the 'city.'

"As we dismounted the door was flung open and a bright light streamed forth, revealing a neatly, almost luxuriously, furnished interior, with a roughly attired man outlined in the foreground. A bright fire was burning at one end of the room, and entering, I was left alone to dry my drenched garments before its cheerful blaze.

"Some minutes passed, during which I heard moans issuing from an adjoining room and the low murmur of voices, when the door leading to the apartment was suddenly opened and I saw before me what for the moment I believed to be a vision, due to the excited state into which I had been thrown by the events of the night and my mysterious surroundings.

"It was the figure of a young girl, seemingly about seventeen years of age, whose radiant and almost unearthly beauty might well have beguiled other men than myself. She was dressed in simple white, with her flowing hair falling about her in a gleam of golden glory, and an expression of sadness upon her spiritual face.

"Beckoning to me, I instantly arose and followed her to the room whence she had come. I there saw before me a little group of men gathered about a bed upon which lay a man of apparently middle age, whose drawn and livid face betokened the speedy coming of the dread messenger.

"By his side knelt a sobbing woman, upon whose deeply lined countenance I saw a resemblance to the dying man's features, which claimed them near of kin. As I approached the bedside the eyes of the prostrate man slowly opened, and, seeing me, he made a sudden effort as if to rise, then sank back with a pitiful moan.

"An expression of pain or of regret over his face, and, reaching forth his hand he uttered the name of 'Myra.' The girl I have described glided quickly forward and reverently kissed the outstretched hand, sank upon her knees and wept bitterly. As he tenderly stroked her golden hair, he thus spoke, his words being listened to at his request by all present:

"Knowing that I am soon to die I want all here to listen to what I am to say, and I desire that my statement shall be written down."

"I had my notebook in my pocket, and drawing it forth, I took his statement word for word, as I shall now attempt to give it.

"Twelve years ago I lived with my sister here, in the city of New York. We plied the trade of 'fencing or, to be plain, we were receivers of stolen goods. There lived in the same street a man with whom I had many confidential transactions. Our two places of business were near one of the great city parks, into which thousands of people, many of which were of wealth and leisure, came to promenade on summer afternoons, and here the trade of the pickpocket was successfully plied, giving us unusual opportunities for securing the plunder.

"The park was often visited by a nurse girl who had in her charge the little five-year-old daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the city. I had often seen the pair, and the extraordinary beauty of the child often attracted my attention, as she sometimes came through the gates laden with rare flowers, stolen gifts to her by the conservatory keepers, and entered with her guardian the family carriage always waiting near.

"One day my neighbor came to me and put a terrible temptation in my heart. It was a scheme to kidnap the child in question, send it into concealment at a distant point in care of some of his relatives, and exact a large ransom for the recovery of the stolen babe.

"I did not then consent, but the soft and seductive words with which he repeatedly urged his fiendish project, a length overcame my resolution and we lay in wait for the little one for days until the nurse girl being temporarily enticed away, we obtained the desired opportunity and snatched the child away from home and friends.

"We had not anticipated the frightful hue and cry which our deed awakened, and before we could cover our tracks the sleuth hounds of the law were hot upon our trail.

"Finding the toils slowly closing about me I sold my business one day for what I could get for it, and, accompanied by my sister, fled to the place where the child was hidden, and taking her away, went far into the

wilds of Colorado. There I took up gambling as a profession, and, following one mining stampede after another, at last drifted into Montana.

"To-night, in an altercation over a game of cards, I received the fatal shot which sends my soul to perdition but of that I have no wish to speak. I desire in the few short moments remaining to me to repair so far as I can the wrong I have done.

"This kneeling girl is the stolen child, grown to womanhood, and though I have committed toward her a crime which can never be forgiven, I have tried to be as kind to her as an affectionate and dutiful father could have been. She is the daughter of—

—the Wall street millionaire, and loving hearts, position and fortune await her in the great city of New York.

"My sister is innocent of complicity in this crime, as she has never known the circumstances under which I obtained the child, for I lied to her, I commit the girl to you and your holy brotherhood as a precious charge to be restored to the bleeding hearts which have for twelve years mourned her as dead."

"His voice had sunk so low as to be almost inaudible, his lips closed as with a sudden spasm of pain, and the weeping girl flung herself on the bed at his side her frail body convulsed with sobs which pierced the heart of the listener.

"The dying man turned his dull eyes upon her face, and in a hoarse whisper asked:

"Myra, can you forgive me?"

"Not a word did she answer, but pressing her trembling lips upon his, she clung to them until I mercifully drew her away, and I saw the upturned face was that of the dead.

"What did you do with the girl?" asked a voice from the hushed circle that had thus far silently listened to the story.

"I took her away with me the next day and three weeks later a fine old gentleman with silvery lock and beard came from New York to claim her as his daughter.

"The meeting between them was the saddest I ever witnessed. She could not at first remember him and he wept like a woman, but at last he sung to her with a tearful, broken voice some words of an old melody, and the chords of memory were stirred within her, calling up, as she said, a vision in which spectral faces peered forth from the mists of years.

"A photograph of the old home and before it a group in which appeared the features of the dead mother and her own little infant self recalled the past more distinctly and the tide of years was at last partially swept back.

"She accompanied her father to New York and is to-day one of the reigning society matrons of Gotham."

—

## CLEVER EXPERIMENT.

How to See Through Your Hand or a Deal Board.

"How to see through a deal board!" says our cute friends will say: "Why, that's easy enough—make a hole in it." But you can see through a deal board without doing that—or, at least, you can seem to see through it, and that is quite near enough for our present purpose, to give you a pleasant surprise, and offer you a few minutes' amusement.

Try the experiment, however, with your hand; your hand is always at hand, and a deal board is not; and you may take it for granted that if you can succeed in seeing through your hand you could see through a deal board just as easily.

Make a small paper tube about four inches long and something less than an inch in diameter. A piece of note paper rolled into tubular form, and held in position between the tips of the thumb and fingers of your right hand will answer the purpose well enough. Place the side of the tube against the edge of the left hand held fully extended, and with palm upwards look down the tube with your right eye, and look at your open hand with the left—and you will have the curious sensation of seeing a hole quite through the hand. If you do not succeed at once, it is because you are not really looking at your hand with your left eye at the same time that you are looking through the tube with your right. Make sure that you do this—and the illusion will be perfect. There should be a fairly good light on the hand, and the tube is best directed towards a part of the floor that is in shadow.

A Piece of the Moon.

Prof. Tshermel says that the fragment of ore that was found in Rockingham county, S. C., is a piece of the moon. It is about twelve inches long and two inches thick. In general shape it is flat, though somewhat concaved on one side and convex on the other, as if broken off from the outer surface of a rounded and larger mass. It is entirely coated with a thick crust of dark brown rust and weighs 25 3/4 pounds.

Men are generally the carpenters of their own crosses.

LADIES  
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take  
BROWN'S HOP BITTERS.  
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion, Bilio-ness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

A Chance for Girls.

A genius has invented a machine to play pianos. This will give girls a chance to help their mothers in the house.

Not at His Proper Place.

Mother: "My dear, you'll have to chop some wood and bring up the coal." Father: "Where is son John?" Mother: "He's gone to the athletic club."

She Felt Stars.

Little Mabel described graphically her sensation on striking a dimpled elbow on the bed carving: "Oh, my!" she sighed, "mamma, I've struck my arm just where it makes stars in my fingers!"

"It's in Heaven."

Little Girl—Your papa has only got one leg, hasn't he?" Veteran's Little Girl—Yes. Little Girl—Where's his other one? Veteran's Little Girl—Hush, dear; it's in heaven.

The Real Wild Flower.

"Johnny, you may give me the name of some wild flower," said the teacher in botany. Johnny thought awhile, and then said: "Well, I reckon Injun meal comes as near being wild flour as anything I know of."

A Voice in the Dark.

"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No; you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep."

(A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty?" "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!"

(Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"

Fresh from the City.

It was Jamie's first visit to the country and he looked with great interest on all the wonders of his grandfather's farm. One day he went out to inspect the early corn and found it bearing ears from which the silk waved in the wind. Running into the house he called, "Mamma, grandpa's corn has got its head on it, and hair on every head."

Cheap Lemonade.

Willie and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, says an exchange, and a gentleman was their first patron. Willie's sign read, "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was, "Two cents a glass." Being a man with an eye to the fact that a "penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lemonade, paid the two cents due, and casually inquired, "Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?" "Cos mine is the lemonade that the puppy felt into."

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.

To make asparagus soup take two bunches of asparagus, one quart of white stock or water, one pint of milk, one pint of cream, three table-spoonsful of butter, three table-spoonsful of flour, one table-spoonful of salt, one-half table-spoonful of pepper. If water is used instead of stock, then use one quart of cream and no milk. Cut off the tender heads of the asparagus stalks to lay aside, and serve in the soup. Put the rest of the asparagus in a saucepan with stock or water and simmer for twenty or thirty minutes. Butter a frying-pan and fry the stalks till they are of a golden color, not brown. Then skim out from the butter and add to the soup. Cook the



FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1893.

## SWEET JUNE.

Those who live in the country have now the advantage of the town resident, for in June, nature wears her loveliest aspect. These are the mornings for early rising; even the most confirmed sluggard finds it difficult to lie abed. In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Olive Thorne Miller, who writes so lovingly and prettily about birds, has an article entitled "At Four o'clock in the Morning." "Four o'clock in the morning," she says, "is the magical hour of the day," and she tells how she got up with difficulty, it must be owned—at this unusual hour, and the interesting sights she witnessed among the feathered friends. There are many things we have at hand worth seeing or experiencing, which, for indolence or indifference, we allow to go by disregarded. A traveler tells of a man he met who lived for forty years within a mile or two of the great tun of Heidelberg, and had heard it discussed and described day after day, and year after year, with wonder and admiration, and yet, who had never felt curiosity sufficient, to induce him to go and have a view of it.

There are far more attractive things than the great tun of Heidelberg, and quite as near to us as that marvel was to the unimpeachable German, of which we are not appreciative. To enjoy June it is not necessary to rise at 4 o'clock in the morning, although there is much at that hour worth getting up to see. Those living in the country can find much to interest them, if they will but use their eyes and ears, in a walk an hour later. The air is cool, and generally a delightful breeze is stirring, after the heat and discomfort of the night. A curious fact is, that nature seems as much refreshed in the morning as man, as if she, too, had slept during the long hours of darkness. The sun is shining brilliantly over the world, and the stirring leaves and the thick grass wear a lovely hue. The tender green of spring has deepened, and upon it the dew is glistening; from every direction come the notes of the birds. A stroll through the woods, or along a shaded lane, shows us a myriad of beautiful and wonderful things.

To enjoy the country at this season, however, it is necessary to be situated there permanently—at least for the summer. One must be sovereign of one's time. There must be no hurry or agitation. The city man, therefore, who has come out for a month or two, is at a disadvantage, and cannot enjoy the early morning walk. He is obliged to keep an eye on his watch, instead of nature, and to remember the time-table, rather than the poets he has read.

Thus it is that a sordid and busy eye has spoiled the greatest and the simplest of the natural pleasures. For even our pictures of rural delight, we must go to books rather than to nature herself, and see through the eyes of other men, who have been blessed with more time than ourselves. The locomotive is a true symbol of the period—furious, noisy, unrelenting.

## WILL BE OPEN.

After a long struggle, in which there was a great deal of the bitterness that belongs to bigotry, it has been decided that the World's Fair shall be open on Sundays. The question was carried to the United States Court of Appeals, Chief Justice Fuller presiding, and the decision was unanimous that the affair is one over which the Government of the United States has no control or jurisdiction.

This result appears to be a great surprise to some,—and far from agreeable,—but generally what is right, prevails in the end. For a time, through the ruling of Judge Woods, it looked as if the Sabbatarians would have their way, and be permitted to carry out a great piece of injustice.

At first, and for a while, public feeling was, apparently, averse to the Sunday opening, the matter really not being understood. But when, through the press, which is always quick to discern what is right and wrong, it was shown conclusively, that the Sunday opening, not only could injure no one,

but must be a great benefit to the people in many ways, sentiment changed very decidedly and noticeably.

The Sundays on which the Fair has been opened already, showed conclusively—and, once more—that the American people are sensible, and can always be trusted. Thousands enjoyed the harmless pleasures provided, and no one but the most perverse fanatic could criticize.

There will now be no more trouble; but every one may attend the Fair on Sunday who wishes. The Sabbatarians, of course, will not be compelled to do so if they object.

## THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

The returns from the German elections are still coming in, and it will probably be some days yet, from the time we write, before there will be known, positively, how the parties will stand in the next Reichstag. Enough is known, however, to show that the Court has good reason for its unmistakable alarm. The result is an enormous surprise, even for those who predicted that the Socialists would develop unexpected strength.

It is not absolutely certain whether the Army Bill will be carried or not; but that of itself seems of little importance beside the great blow which has been dealt to the personal prestige of the Emperor. The prodigious growth of Socialism within a few years is one of the startling phenomena of the period. No longer will it be possible to trample on the people and insolently disregard their wishes. Now we see why the Emperor paid his obsequious visit to the Pope, and with what little fruit. Never were crowns of so little stability as at present.

## SAID "BOO" TO A SENTRY.

The Prank of an American Girl Traveling in Germany.

The story is told of a certain young New York woman, whose playfulness is understood among her intimates and enjoyed as such may be, when it is modified by a gentleman's instinct within the bounds of simple fun. The young prank player was recently abroad, and while walking out in Dresden one day the stolidity of the soldier sentinels, pacing back and forth like automata, attracted her notice. A sudden impulse seized her to test this cast-iron rigidity, and, waiting till one had passed, she slipped into his little sentry-box. When he reached it on his return, marching with measured precision, she suddenly jumped out before him, crying "Boo!" in his very face. The soldier was completely upset at this most unexpected performance, and actually dropped his musket and ran away, while the young woman, having thus routed a portion of the German army, walked on and demurely rejoined her friends. The incident, it is said, came to the ears of the Emperor himself who expressed a wish to meet this extraordinary young woman, but Miss — admitted that her desire did not equal his, as she was not quite sure in what light her jesting impulse would be officially regarded.—New York Times.

## Paper Made of Iron.

One of the interesting exhibits at the exposition of 1881 was a specimen of American iron work, and it resulted in a lively discussion as to the manner in which the iron could be rolled. The Gillett rolled sheets, the average thickness of which was only the 18 100th of an inch! The wonderful fineness of this work may be more readily understood when the reader is informed that 1,300 sheets of the thinnest tissue, pressed, measure a fraction over an inch. The sheets were strong and could be written upon with a pen.

## Window Shades.

To keep shades from streaking, dust them every time the room is swept. Do this by drawing the shade down to its full length, and using a feather duster along the front and over the roller, as you dust the shade keep on dusting the roller. You will by this means brush both sides, for they roll up from the outside. Care should also be taken now that the season of open windows and sudden showers are at hand, that when windows are opened from the top the shades shall be tightly rolled, otherwise they will be spotted before you are aware of it.

## Improper Names.

P. Mpey's Pilar has no historical connection with Pompey; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey; German silver was not invented in Germany, and contains no silver; and the American century plant often flowers as early as after seven years' growth, and then dies.

## How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggist, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARYIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

## HYGIENIC HINTS.

Suggestions for the Sick-Room That Are Good to Follow.

A wise old physician once said, frankly: "Much more depends upon the nurse than the physician. We see the patient but once a day, and a poor nurse can easily undo all the good our medicine does." It is upon the continual care and watchfulness that a good nurse exercises, that the mother must depend in rearing a delicate child, rather than upon doctors' drugs and lotions. Systematic out-door exercise, but never to the point of fatigue, will do more towards building up the strength than all the tonics. This does not mean that the tonic is not valuable, but the individual who depends on tonics alone, without proper hygienic care in the surroundings of the invalid, is likely to be disappointed in the result.

The inability to sleep on the part of some nervous sufferers is often due to close air. When the sick one is too ill to go out in the open air, but can be moved, it is best to have two rooms, one for use at night and one during the day. Both should be plentifully supplied with fresh air, and the room in use during the day should be bright and sunny, with an open fire burning on the hearth and blooming flowers in the windows. These matters may seem small, though the open fireplace is insisted upon by the best English physicians, for the purpose of keeping the air of the room pure, as well as making the room cheerful. It is not enough for an invalid that his table be supplied with the wholesome, suitable food, and his room kept warm. The food must look tempting. The room must look cheerful. There must be an atmosphere of rest about the room that will be soothing to the nerves. The light must be graduated so that it is neither glaring nor gloomy. The ornaments about the room must be occasionally changed, so that the restless invalid may have something new to take up his attention and divert his thoughts from himself. Still it is foolish to make too many changes or disturb the restful quiet of the room.

## A CAT MADE HIS FORTUNE.

Eight years ago Maurice Lenoir, a Frenchman, earned his bread by copying pictures, nourishing his soul with dreams of a great classic canvas of his own. Needless to recount the dilutions, privations, rebuffs of the nervous reactions of the days when he received a few francs. The unrelenting pressure of poverty, the unrelenting blows of ill-luck—tap, tap like a paver's mallet—became unbearable. The thin blood of starvation mounted to his head, creating visions of suicide.

One evening he bought poison. Re-entering his room, something rushed past his feet. He lighted a candle and began to write a few lines merely to save trouble at the inquest. Suddenly the sprang upon the table a little yellow kitten: it rubbed caressingly against his face. Evidently a cat, one of the surplus nine lives of nobody's cat. It was thin and famished, its fur frayed by the jaws of some dog.

"One may be tired of life," said Maurice, "but one does not leave a guest hungry!" With bread and milk, all he had, he fed the kitten; then he turned it within the breast of his coat, where it nestled with its tongue the hand that held it then purred itself to sleep.

Maurice reflected: "Suicide is the refuge of one who has no longer hopes, ties of affection or responsibilities. In receiving this kitten I have assumed a duty. To place this little creature of warmth upon my heart and then turn that warmth to ice would be betrayal. At least I will live until to-morrow."

In the morning the little cat appeared as pretty Maurice painted, and was able to sell its portrait. Another was ordered, and another.

M. Lenoir's pussies became a fashion. He deferred his dream of a classic canvas and painted only cats in all postures and colors, yellow, black, white, gray and tabby.

The yellow kitten that saved his life also made his fortune. And M. Lenoir proved not ungrateful; the yellow cat, now patriarch of a tribe, has his cushions and his cup in the atelier and wears a golden collar inscribed, "To my benefactor."

## THE DAY OF YOUR BIRTH.

A System by Which You May Ascertain It Exactly.

To name the day of the week of a ven date, divide the number of the year by 4 rejecting the remainder, if any. To this dividend and quotient add the number of days in the year to the given date, inclusive, always reckoning 28 days in February. Divide the sum by 7, and the figure remaining will be the number of the day of the week, 0 signifying Saturday. For instance, take October 17, 1888:

4)1888

473

290

7)2650

378-4

The fourth day—Wednesday.

Dates between January 1 and February 28, in leap years, both inclusive, must have 1 subtracted to balance the 1 added by the even division of the year, which is not yet offset by February 29. All dates in 1800 and any other terminal year of a century, except one equally divisible by 400, must be similarly treated, as these are not leap years. Dates in 1752, after September 3, must have 11 added on account of the change from old to new style.

Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to Heaven and to the Infinite.

## AN OLD SONG.

"Little Miss Mary, quite contrary,  
What does your garden grow?  
Silver-bells and cockle shells  
And cowslips, all around."

I've wandered and wondered, for ever so long  
Why grandma looked sorry and sang that old song.  
And though she don't say so, I most know she thinks,  
I ought to be weeding my pansies and pinkies—  
My story's just got where Prince Darling met  
The milk-maid; I don't like to leave it, would you?

Oh little Miss Mary let's rise with the sun  
And not stop for play, till the work is all done!  
We'll weed out the pansies and daisies and bells,  
Away with the cowslips and queer cockle-shells!  
We'll s' China asters and stocks, a whole bed,  
And then perhaps grandma'll be singing instead—

"Oh little Miss Mary, so sweet and so cheery,  
What does your garden grow?  
Crimson phloxes and holyhocks  
And sweet peas, all around."

## THE ICE CREAM CURE.

A Claim That a Sick Man Was Made Well by a Frozen Diet.

A man who is run down in health or who finds disease fastening itself upon his vitals usually tries to save himself by some form of exercise that yields no profit. Hunting, fishing, boating, boxing, lawn tennis, horseback riding and swinging the dumb bells are frequently tried in vain endeavor to regain the fast decreasing strength.

Jim Tobin, one of our most industrious farmers, was confined to the house for some weeks last summer afflicted with a stomach trouble that almost baffled medical skill. It was found that no food except ice cream could be retained long enough to be digested. He confined himself to that diet and was soon able to take some exercise. He engaged in none of the unremunerative fashionable fads mentioned above. He preferred something financially profitable as well as physically beneficial, and used his muscles in performing the lighter forms of farm work. For several weeks he continued this sensible course, confining himself strictly to an ice cream diet. He soon found that his former strength and vigor had returned and was able to do as much as ever—an amount more than is accomplished by the average man.

Since the 14th of last July he has eaten nothing but ice cream. On that date he weighed 140 pounds and was hardly able to walk. Now he tips the beam at 210 and works early and late. This gain of seventy pounds of flesh and the complete restoration of his strength on a diet of frozen cream, eggs and sugar is something remarkable and sounds almost like a patent medicine advertisement, but it is the simple truth as we got it from Mr. Tobin's own lips. Those who see him, the perfect representative of a man in rugged health with sinewy build and almost tireless strength, would hardly suspect the modesty of his meals and hardly credit the story when it is told them.

At the Tobin home a gallon of rich ice cream is frozen as regularly as morning comes. This work is part of the regular routine of breakfast getting. The amount mentioned is sufficient for the day. Mr. Tobin never eats less than a quart of the dainty food at a meal, and frequently requires more than that amount, although seldom indulging in so much as a gallon. He digests it readily and enjoys it. He could probably take other kinds of food now, but has suffered so much from indigestion that he thinks it best to let well enough alone.

Of course there is much monotony in his meals, but he contents himself with his dish of cold comfort, and for dessert sniffs the aroma and odor of the victuals on the table. He is satisfied with health and strength and says the medicine is not bad to take.—Logans Leader.

## FLOWER IMPRESSIONS.

How to Get a True Colored Picture of a Delicate Leaf.

"I accidentally stumbled upon a method for obtaining a perfect impression of all the leaves of their beauty of coloring not long since," said William Tenmore, who is for a few days at the Lindell. "I was meditating with a number of drugs, of which I have a collection, the relics of many ills. I dipped different leaves of the same color in acids and spirits with varying effects. Some of the leaves instantly lost their coloring, while others were partially deprived of their beauty. Then I devised a scheme."

"I took a leaf and placed it between the leaves of a book. Over it I placed a small piece of white linen soaked in spirits of nitre. Then I laid the book away. About a week afterwards I examined the condition of the rose leaf and found it completely lacking all color. But the paper had received a splendid colored impression that will last for ever. I have tried the same process with better paper—perfect impression. The result has invariably been very satisfactory, and I have many fine impressions stored away as a dainty collection."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## The Rebus Dinner Card.

The first few minutes of a dinner are often stiff and silent, and the hostess begins to fear a dull evening. An amusing way of starting a lively conversation lies in her power, if she is a clever woman and has a small amount of artistic talent. This is the idea of a Washington belle: For dinner cards she should use large plain cards; on one side the name of the guest is to be written, and in the lower corner a small "over" inscribed. On the reverse of the card is to be sketched a rebus illustrating the name of some well-known book or character—a simple one, for example, being "Ivanhoe"—eye-van-hoe. On each card should be a different book, and she must distribute them according to the capabilities of her guests, not discouraging a stupid person by a difficult rebus, or giving a clever individual too simple a problem to solve. It is surprising to see with this simple stimulant how quickly a dinner table wakes into life and laughter.

Do you read the testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla? They are thoroughly reliable and worthy your confidence.

## BILLY.

The clerk at the general-delivery window in a city postoffice is usually a pretty busy individual, but on rare occasions he has his moments of leisure. It was such a time, one summer afternoon, when active business seemed entirely suspended, that the young man who presided over the general-delivery was startled out of a comfortable doze by the sound of a piping voice issuing from some invisible quarter:

"Say, mister," said a voice, "is der a letter fer me?"

The clerk stared out across his little corner, but failed to see the owner of the voice. Then he poked his head half-way out of the narrow window, and glanced down, saw a little mite of a ragged fellow with a bootblack's kit swung around his shoulders.

"A letter for you?" he echoed with a smile. "Don't know. What's your name?"

"Billy."

"Billy—what else?"

The little fellow shifted from one foot to the other, but his clear, blue eyes looked steadily at the clerk.

"Nothin' else," he said, "jes' Billy."

"I guess not," the clerk replied. "Were you expectin' a letter?"

"Yes, sir."

There was an expression of faith in his errand in the little fellow's face, and the clerk raked his brain for a simple explanation to offer him.

"Mebbe," said the boy, "if I told yer why I wuz-a-lookin' fer a letter, yo' ou'd find it fer me."

"Perhaps I could," said the clerk. "It won't do any harm to try, anyway."

The little fellow set his bootblack's kit down on the floor.

"It wuz like dis," he said. "Las' Sunday mornin' I wuz at d' Sunday-school, an' on my way back I walked wid Miss Rogers. You know her?"

"No," replied the clerk, still smiling. "Yo' orter. She's d' teacher ov our class. Well, I walked on down d' street, an' pretty soon I seen an old gent in front of me drop a pocketbook, when I picked it up an' tak it over t' the alley where I live. I seen it wuz full o' money, but I never touched none ov it. D' nex' mornin' I put on my good clothes agin, an' I wuz-a-goin' t' take d' pocketbook up t' Miss Rogers."

"I knowed she'd feel bad 's I did, an' so I thought I'd send the money back on my own accord. D' wuz some cards 'n' things in it, tellin' d' name o' d' man what I dropped it, an' I writ a letter to him, 'splainin' how I wuz sorry I'd kept it an' signed my name—jes' Billy. Den I wrapped it up, and sent it to him by mail."

The clerk had ceased smiling by this time, and he looked into the boy's sober face as he asked:

"Did you tell the man where to reply to your letter?"

"Nussery; but I said I'd come here an' ask, to see ef d' pocketbook got him, dat's all."

"I see," replied the clerk. "If you'll wait a minute, I'll see if I can find anything."

Without any hope of success, he went over to the "B" box, and ran quickly over the letters it contained. In the centre of the pack he found one addressed:

BILLY.

To be called for.

With a bright face he hurried back to the window, and handed the missive to the little bootblack.

"Here it is," he said. "This must be for you."

Billy took the letter, turned it over once or twice, and then handed it back.

"Read it fer me," he said, "I ain't much on makin' out writin'."

The clerk opened the envelope and extracted the contents. In a business hand was written a kindly letter to "My honest little Billy," and the writer asked that the boy call to see him at an address which he gave. The letter closed with the familiar words that "honesty was the best policy always, but I feel that in this case a reward of another sort is called for." The latter referred to a neatly folded green-back which was inclosed.

The clerk read the letter over to Billy, and then handed it to him with the inclosure.

"Go up to Miss Rogers," he said, "and tell her the whole story, she will advise you what to do."

Little Billy's eyes sparkled as he thanked the clerk. Then he swung his kit over his shoulder again, and, promising to return to explain the rest of the adventure, he trudged out into the street.

It was a week later when he came back to see the clerk. His clothes were new, and fitted him somewhat better than his old ones, and the bootblack kit was not visible. He reached up and shook hands with his friend as he said:

"I ain't shinin' shoes no more. D' gentleman dat writ me dat letter has given me a place in his office, an' I'm a-goin' to night-school now."

He said more than this, and the two had a chat during the first full in business. But we have told enough of little Billy's story to show how true—always true—is that story about honesty is the best policy. And even if there had been no letter for Billy the policy would have been the same.

## A Cat Story.

A quartermaster has a story of a cat's intelligence. The steamer "Georgian" plies between Boston and Liverpool, and one of the crew is a large white cat, answering to the familiar name of "Tom." This experienced sailor, when in port, is in the habit of going off by himself for trips a mile or two away from the ship either in Boston or Liverpool. The other day, during one of these excursions, the ship started one hand, or rather, four feet, short, whereupon Thomas went on board another vessel sailing the next day for Liverpool. On arriving in port he promptly went on board the "Georgian," and reported himself by going up to the captain and the other officers.

## JUNE.

Just to lie and dream forever;  
O flowery June,  
Tell me that my dream may never  
Miss thy tune.  
Sighing through the meadow rushes;  
Whispering where the wild rose blushes;  
Dreamy in the twilight hushes,  
O queenly June!

Walter M. Haseltine.

## DEATH VALLEY.

For many years the famous Death Valley of Western North America has attracted widespread attention. Death Valley received its name in 1850, when a party of thirty gold-seekers, with their wives, children, and teams came into the valley from the east, and after making a one-day camp, were overcome by the heat and aridity, so that more than half the number perished. A few escaped, over the Panamint to the west, and the others returned the way they came. It was a pitiful experience. Ten years later a party of prospectors came across the camp, with its wagons, chains, yokes, camp equipments and children's toys; even the tracks made in the sand by the little ones could still be traced. Of all the stories of California pioneers, there was none so full of human interest as this, and yet it is told only in tradition. Even Bancroft's voluminous history contains only the briefest reference to it, though survivors still remain. Death Valley is the hottest, most arid spot on earth. In summer the air is kilndried, until it contains but one per cent. of humidity; and the well-shaded thermometer has ranged, according to various authentic observers, all the way from 122 to 195 degrees Fahrenheit. Death Valley is, in the season, a veritable type of the fabled sheol. Its dangers have never been, nor can scarcely be, adequately described. And yet, because of its magnificent geological pictures of the wonderful powers of nature, because of its resources in salts and minerals, because of the anthropological studies of the region roundabout, and because of the novel experiences which the tourist will surely have, there are few places that will better repay him for his time and trouble. Death Valley is not without its romance; much is found in the story of Isidore Daunt. As a lad of ten he came to California; at thirteen he was a worker in a mining camp, and at thirty he was one of the handsomest and most powerful prospectors to be found in the Howling mining camp of Panamint Mountains. Next, he was the hero of an adventure in Death Valley, where three out of a party of seven perished miserably, and the other four survived because of Daunt's wonderful powers of endurance. Then he found a rich borax deposit in the lowest part of Death Valley, and wealth seemed within his grasp. Shortly afterwards he married a French woman in San Francisco, and an attractive and successful career, apparently, lay before him. Everything went well until 1881, when the competition with other borax producers drove him to desperation; the expense of freight on his product across the wide Mojave Desert was more than he could bear. About this time his wife went to San Francisco, whither he soon followed her. But instead of the affectionate greeting it was his right and privilege to expect, he was served with the papers of a divorce suit. With the papers in his hand, he went to a lodging house, wrote a pathetic letter to the "public," and sitting down before a mirror, shot himself to death. The old rock house in which he lived in Death Valley, with the well and tools for gathering borax, may still be seen, much as he left them, but the property belongs to one of the old-time competitors.

## A STRANGE PEOPLE.

The Chinese are the most peculiar race, from an American standpoint, on the face of the globe. They do everything backward. Their compass points to the south instead of to the North. The men wear skirts and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long the women coil theirs in a knot. The dress-makers are men; the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books are read backward, any notes are inserted at the bottom. White is used for mourning, and the bridesmaid wear black—instead of being maidens these functionaries are old women. The Chinese surname comes first, and they shake their own hands instead of the one whom they greet. Vessels are launched sideways, and horses are mounted from the off side. They commence their dinner with desert, and end up with soup and fish. In shaving the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hairs; and the performance is concluded by removing the wax from the ears with a bit of cotton wool on a wire.

The McShane Bell Foundry, of Baltimore, is preparing drawings for the largest bell on the American continent. It will be named "The Great Bell of America," and will weigh 44,000 pounds, 1,000 for each State of the Union.

The Belgian fine arts exhibit has arrived from Antwerp on the way to Chicago. It comprises two hundred and forty-five works in all, and is said to be a splendid representation of modern Belgian art.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich  
An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enticed by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the G. A. R.

Hood's Pills cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

## WHEN YOU WANT

## DRY GOODS

Call or Write for Samples to

## Hamilton Easter &amp; Sons,

23, 25 AND 27 EAST BALTIMORE ST.

Marble Building—Near Light St.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Importers, Jobbers and Retailers of DRY GOODS of every description, including Dress Goods, Silks, Linen Goods, Mourning Goods, Laces, Velvets, Embroideries, Quilts, Blankets, Shawls, Flannels, Domestic Cotton Goods, Ladies' Misses and Gents' Hosiery and Underwear, Gloves, Notions, Ladies' and Misses' Wraps, Gingham, Calicoes, Satines, Embroideries, Trimmings, &c.

Samples promptly sent when we receive instructions of what is wanted colors preferred, about the price required, &c., &c.

## HAMILTON EASTER &amp; SONS,

BALTIMORE, MD.

## BUSINESS LOCALS.

Get your house painting done by John F. Adelsberger, who will furnish estimates upon application, work done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by G. O. T. Eyster, who warrants the same, and has always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware. Feb 8-9.

## ARE YOU



HUNTING  
FOR  
CARPETS  
???

If so use our large  
CARPET STORE  
for a hunting ground.

We are prepared now to give some heavy reductions in  
Tapestry and Ingrain Carpets.

STOCK STILL FULL.

THE LEADERS



# Emmitsburg Rail Road.

## TIME TABLE.

On and after June 18, 1893, trains on this road will run as follows:

### TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 5.45, 7.10 and 10.00 a. m. and 2.45 and 5.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 6.10, 7.40 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.15 and 6.15 p. m. Sundays, leave Emmitsburg 5.45 a. m. and 5.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge 6.10 a. m. and 6.15 p. m.

### TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 6.20, 8.30 and 10.40 a. m. and 3.30 and 6.36 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 6.45, 9.00 and 11.10 a. m. and 4.00 and 7.06 p. m. Sundays, leave Rocky Ridge 6.20 a. m. and 5.27 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg 6.45 a. m. and 5.57 p. m.

WM. H. BIGGS, Pres't.

### Established 1837.

Welly's all-rye whiskey. It has no rival for superiority, is absolutely pure, and has a reputation of the highest standard for excellence and purity, that will always be sustained. Recommended by physicians. Also Old Kentucky Whiskey and Speer's celebrated Wines for sale by F. A. DIFFENDAL.

The Lutheran reunion at Bay Ridge, will be held on July 26.

The rain on Thursday was a great benefit to growing vegetation.

For Rent—Two furnished Rooms. Apply to Mrs. Laura Dwin, Emmitsburg.

On Wednesday afternoon the thermometer registered 98 degrees, in this place.

Boonsboro, Washington county, has 49 widows, 12 widowers, 43 old maids and 5 grass widows.

It is reported that the wheat crop in Carroll county this year, will be the largest for several years.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Belair, Md., to induce immigrants to settle in that section of the State.

The new time table for the Western Maryland and Emmitsburg Railroads went into effect on Sunday last.

CARDINAL GIBBONS confirmed 128 persons at St. John's Church in Westminster, on last Sunday afternoon.

The closing exercises at St. Euphemia's School, in this place, will be held next Tuesday afternoon, at 8:30 o'clock.

The first wheat of this season was cut in Frederick county by Mr. J. D. Jones, on Tuesday, near Libertytown.

SEVERAL bicyclists spent last Saturday night at the Emmitt House, and started for Waynesboro, early on Sunday morning.

SURVIVAL of the fittest. Down's Elixir has outlived every other kind remedy simply because it is the best. For sale by Jas. A. Elder.

HARVESTING will begin in Washington county generally, on the 26th of June. Several prominent farmers set that time. Grain is ripening nicely.

The Adelsberger lot in this place, was sold a few weeks ago by C. V. S. Levy, Esq., Trustee, and not by Wm. P. Maubly, Jr., Esq., as was reported.

EVERY bottle of Arnica & Oil Liniment sold is warranted by the proprietors to give satisfaction or money will be refunded. For sale by Jas. A. Elder.

HARRY H. WYLLIE, the bicyclist, passed through Hagerstown on Monday, en route from New York to Chicago. He expects to make the trip in ten days.

MR. CHARLES E. WACHTER, the contractor and builder, of Frederick, who fell from the second story of a building upon which he was engaged on Friday, had his back broken. His condition is critical.

The State Temperance Alliance is preparing to hold a number of Fourth of July temperance celebrations all over the State. Thousands of copies of an appeal for observance of the Fourth in temperance and sobriety will be sent out.

CODON SYRUP—Yes I am tired of hearing and seeing the word; yet if you want a good, reliable, pleasant-to-take, Cough Syrup, and a large bottle for the money, ask your druggist for Dr. Fahrney's and take no other.

On last Saturday evening, Mr. George S. Middlekauff, a well known citizen of Hagerstown, dropped dead while entering his gate on Elizabeth street. He was affected with heart disease and was aged about fifty years.

PRESIDENT HOOD announces that the fast mail between Baltimore and Hagerstown, will be continued at the expense of the W. M. R. R. (providing it meets the approval of the directors,) as Congress failed to make an appropriation for its continuance.

### Completely Uprooted.

How many remedies there are which merely relieve without eradicating disease. The contrast with steady medicine which such patients afford, not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing half-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect, on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and bilious remittent, and on the other of ordinary remedies in malarial cases of this type. By the Bitters, malarial complaint in every stage, and of the most malignant type, are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary resources of medicine. The same holds good of indigestion, biliousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured who many remedies fail.

On Monday Mr. Murray Vandiver, filed his bond at the Treasury Department, in Washington, D. C., as collector of internal revenue for the district of Maryland and Delaware. The bond is \$200,000.

### Nine Times out of Ten.

Dr. Fahrney's Peerless Liniment will prevent Pneumonia and Croup, if used in time. So say hundreds who have used it. Sold by all druggists for twenty-five cents.

DENTAL NOTICE.—I will be pleased to have persons to call on me, on the 28th, 29th and 30th of June, for any dental services which they wish me to render. Respectfully, GEO. S. FOUKE, D. D. S.

### Invalid All His Life.

Dan Ward, the greatly afflicted son of Mr. and Mrs. John Ward, of Waynesboro, died Sunday evening at his father's residence, aged about twenty-three years. Deceased was an invalid all his life, being entirely helpless.

More people, adults and children, are troubled with costiveness than with any other ailment. Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will cure costiveness and prevent the diseases which result from it. For sale by Jas. A. Elder.

The Combination Fence Takes the Lead. Don't forget that Geo. S. Springer, of near Emmitsburg, Md., manufactures the Combination Fence and has always on hand a large lot of all kinds of lumber and shingles. Custom sawing done on short notice. June 9-31s.

### Gunning for Them.

The mad dog scare is still with us. Guns are kept ready at hand and nearly every day we hear of dogs that are supposed to be mad. Some of them have been shot and the strange dog that makes choice of this section for promenade will probably go to the land of his fathers.—Clarion.

### Larger and Finer Peaches.

Mr. Charles F. Rowe, of this place, owner of a large peach orchard on the mountain, a few miles west of town, says he expects a much larger yield from his orchard this year than he received last year, and believes the peaches will be larger and of a finer quality.

THE Gettysburg Star and Sentinel says: A number of old firemen are coming to Gettysburg on Saturday, July 1st, to take part in the ceremonies of unveiling the 73rd New York regiment. The regiment represented the volunteer firemen of New York during the war.

A meeting of the local Fire Company will be held Thursday evening to take steps to properly receive these visitors upon their arrival.

### Killed Himself.

On Tuesday evening, Frank Bowman, of Liberty, Frederick county, committed suicide by blowing off his head with a shot gun. He fastened the gun to the fence and attached a string to the trigger, which he jerked with his foot. Bowman was 65 years old, unmarried and a tailor by trade. Despondency is thought to have been the cause of his committing suicide.

### List of Letters.

The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., June 19, 1893. Persons calling will please say *undelivered*, otherwise they may not receive them.

Henry Dudley, Miss Myra Johnson, Mrs. Lillian E. Motter, S. N. McNair, P. M.

At a meeting of the Independent Hose Company, of Frederick, held on Monday evening, Mr. J. Roger McSherry was presented with a handsome gold watch. The gift was from the company and the citizens of Frederick, in recognition of the valuable services rendered by Mr. McSherry in the successful management of the great firemen's parade on June 7th and 8th, 1893.

### The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

### Horse and Buggy Case.

John C. Oden, a resident of the lower section of Frederick county, was arrested Monday on the charge of stealing a horse and buggy from Eugene Sponseller, a local livery stable keeper. The horse was hired for the purpose of driving a mile or two in the country. The buggy was followed and overtaken at Gaithersburg, Montgomery county. The accused was committed to jail by Justice Eckstein, of Frederick, for further hearing.

Children's Day at Rocky Ridge. Children's Day services were held last Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, in Mount Tabor Church, by Rev. J. H. Barb. The church was decorated with pretty mottoes and flowers. The school presented a pretty scene, marching into the church with banners, and each scholar placing a bouquet of flowers before the pulpit and quietly passing to their respective seats. The congregation was very large, and enjoyed listening to the singing of the children, also, the various readings, recitations and the address by the pastor, who spoke upon the object of Children's Day and gave some interesting points concerning the Tressler Orphans Home, at Loysville, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### Ordination and Installation Services.

Rev. Alfred M. Schaffner, the newly elected pastor of the Reformed Church, of this place, was ordained and installed on Sunday morning last. Revs. G. A. Whitmore, of Mechanicstown, and Jas. R. Lewis, of Sabillasville, officiating on the solemn and interesting occasion. The services were unusually impressive and the music rendered by the choir, beautiful in the extreme, whilst the floral decorations of the Altar and Baptismal Font, in their artistic beauty of arrangement, added to the soothing and elevating influence of the entire service. As Mr. Schaffner enters upon his pastoral duties, unbiassed by prejudices, and animated by an earnest desire to accomplish much good in the service of the Master under whom he has been called to serve, the congregation, which is already prepared to trust his guidance and listen reverently to his teachings, may reasonably expect to find great comfort in the relationship so auspiciously begun.

### Children's Day Services.

On last Sunday evening a Children's Day service was held in the Lutheran Church in this place. The altar, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flowers and potted plants, presented a pretty scene, and the audience was unusually large. The programme was interesting throughout, and consisted of singing, recitations, readings, etc., by the members of the Sunday School, and an address by the pastor, Rev. Charles Reinwald. The services were beneficial and instructive to both the old and the young, and the manner in which the scholars rendered their respective parts, reflected much credit upon those into whose hands had been placed the difficult task of preparing the children for the occasion. Mr. Wm. Bach, of Philadelphia, presided at the pipe organ during the services.

### Suicide by Hanging.

Daniel Weaver, a farm hand of Mr. Joseph Martin, four miles north of Hagerstown, committed suicide last Saturday morning by hanging himself in Mr. Martin's barn. He had been in ill health for a long period and subject to the deepest fits of melancholy. He complained of feeling unwell in the morning and did not go to the field, but lay down on the hay mow. When the other hands came home about noon they found him suspended above the mow, a rope about his neck and fastened to the pulley in the rafters. He was about twenty years of age.—Sun.

### Don't You Know

That to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system and gives nerve strength.

Hood's Pills may be had by mail for 25c., of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Death of Mr. John Close.

Mr. John Close, a well known and highly respected farmer, died at his residence near Motter's Station, in this District, on last Friday night, after an illness of several weeks, in the 67th year of his age. Mr. Close was one of the wealthiest and most influential farmers of Emmitsburg District, and was identified with several of our manufacturing industries. In his death the community has lost one of its best citizens, and the Lutheran Church, of which he was a member for many years and also one of the Elders at the time of his death, a faithful and untiring worker. The deceased leaves a widow and an adopted daughter to mourn his loss.

His funeral took place on Monday morning. The services at the house, which were held in the front yard, were conducted by Rev. Charles Reinwald, and consisted of Scripture readings and a short address. The Lutheran choir, of this place, with Mr. Wm. Bach, of Philadelphia, as organist, was present had charge of the singing. After which the deceased was taken to the Lutheran Church at Utica, this county, where the services were concluded by Rev. Mr. Reinwald, assisted by Rev. John U. Asper, pastor of that church. His remains were laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the church.

After the services the relatives of the deceased were entertained Messrs. Wm. Hill and Joseph Snook, of Utica.

### Home Weddings.

On Wednesday of last week at noon, the marriage of Prof. Huber Gyr Bucher, of Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn., and Miss Roberta Wolf occurred at the residence of the bride's parents, Seminary Ridge, in the presence of a small company. Rev. A. H. Fichtorn was best man, and Miss Ethel Swope maid of honor. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father, Rev. Dr. E. J. Wolf, assisted by Rev. L. S. Black.

At the same time the residence of Hon. David Wills was the scene of a similar event, his youngest daughter, Miss Emma S., being married to Mr. J. Edmund McCammon, Rev. W. S. Van-Cleve performing the ceremony in the presence of a large number of relatives and invited guests.

Both brides received many handsome testimonials from their numerous friends, and both couples started on the 2 p. m. train on their respective tours.—Gettysburg Compiler.

### Changes Among Bank Officers.

Mr. John U. Markell has been appointed cashier of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank, to succeed Mr. Samuel Nixdorf, resigned. The position of assistant cashier will be filled by Mr. Wm. H. Duval. Mr. Nixdorf has been an able and faithful official for many years, and retires to deserved rest with a splendid record. Mr. Markell is one of the most competent and industrious of the young bank officials of Frederick and his promotion is a credit to him and the bank.—Examiner.

### FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Mr. McIntosh, of Westminster, is a visitor to this place.

Mr. Percy Sullivan, of Wilmington, Del., is home on a visit.

Paris Green seems to be in demand. Potato bugs are numerous.

Miss Maggie Gill, of Baltimore, is visiting her uncle, Dr. J. E. Glenn, of this place.

Miss Ida Krug, who was spending some time at Hanover, has returned to this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Firor and Mrs. Harry Bennett, of Seven Stars, are visitors to this place.

Mr. Ruel Musselman has built an end to his barn. He now has a large barn with a wagon shed attached.

Mrs. Hettie Baker and Mrs. C. Reed, of this place, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Butt, at Glenwood Mills.

Mr. Frank Watson, of the Shippensburg Normal School, is spending the vacation at his home in this place.

Mr. C. J. Sefton, of Fairfield, has sold seven binders, five mowers and two rakes. He is selling Wood's machinery.

Mr. F. Shulley, who is engaged in the cream business, shipped 2,200 pounds to the Greenridge Creamery, last week.

Mr. Wm. Gelbach, the hotel proprietor, lost a valuable horse by death. He fell dead without showing any signs of being sick.

Mr. Harry F. Shulley, who is engaged in business at Reading, Pa., is spending a week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Shulley, of this place.

Miss Carrie Musselman, of this place, started for the West on country on last Thursday. She intends spending several months in the west.

Mrs. W. Heyser, who has been in Illinois for the past few weeks, has returned home, and her sister, Miss Hettie Sanders, who has been in the West for the past year, accompanied her. She intends staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Sanders.

### Complimentary Notices.

The following complimentary notices upon the CHRONICLE's entering a new year, are clipped from our exchanges:

The Emmitsburg CHRONICLE has commenced its fifteenth volume. The CHRONICLE is deserving the hearty cooperation it receives from the people of that section, and we bespeak for it a prosperous future.—Liberty Banner.

The Emmitsburg CHRONICLE has entered upon its fifteenth volume. It always has been classed among the newest and brightest of country publications. Under its present management, Paul Motter & Co., the paper will be continued in the same excellent course as heretofore. Our best wishes to the new proprietors.—Littleton Independent.

The Emmitsburg CHRONICLE has opened its fifteenth volume. It has served its readers and the people generally and has ably deserved the success it has achieved.—Frederick Examiner.

On Saturday last (June 18) the Emmitsburg CHRONICLE entered upon its fifteenth volume under a new management—that of Paul Motter & Co. The CHRONICLE has always been a well conducted journal and has deserved the support of the entire community. It enters upon the new volume rather brighter than ever in typographical appearance and with the determination to still further improve. We welcome Mr. Motter back to the field of local journalism.—Middleton Valley Register.

With a change of proprietorship and a business-like promises of doing even better in the future, the CHRONICLE enters upon its XVth volume.

The chance that its former proprietors might wholly sever their connection with the paper filled us with sincere regret. But we are glad to be pleased to find that Mr. Paul Motter is the head of the new firm of Paul Motter & Co. The CHRONICLE has our heartiest congratulations upon its assured future success.—Mechanicstown Clarion.

With its issue of June 2, the Emmitsburg CHRONICLE began its fifteenth year. The CHRONICLE is one of the best published newspapers of Frederick county. It is a good local newspaper, faithfully serving the interests of its community and deserving liberal patronage.—Union Bridge Carroll News.

The Emmitsburg CHRONICLE has entered upon its fifteenth volume under the new management of Paul Motter & Co. The CHRONICLE has always been a clean, newsy sheet, well edited as a local paper and its first issue has not lost any of its old time merit. We wish it success.—Frederick Examiner.

The Emmitsburg CHRONICLE, a newsy paper and one of our best exchanges, with its last issue entered upon its fifteenth year.—Williamsport Transcript.

With the commencement of its fifteenth volume the Emmitsburg (Md.) CHRONICLE made a decided change in its appearance. It is now well printed, neatly edited and its local department contains everything transparent and around it.—Watkinson Advocate.

Mr. Marshall Hyder, of Des Moines, Iowa, a former resident of this place, writes thus:

PAUL MOTTER, Esq.—By the issue of the CHRONICLE of June 2, I notice it has faithfully served the good people of Emmitsburg for over 14 years, and yet I seriously doubt if many of the citizens of the town thoroughly appreciate its worth.

It now starts upon a new year and under new management, and I am glad to notice your name at the head of the new firm. I extend to you my hearty congratulations and best wishes for your future success. The CHRONICLE is always a welcome visitor with me, and it seems to grow more valuable each year.

Yours Truly, MARSHALL HYDER.

### TO THE WORLD'S FAIR VIA B. & O.

Going via Washington and Returning via Niagara Falls.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has placed on sale at its offices throughout the east excursion tickets to Chicago, good going via Washington and returning via Niagara Falls, with the privilege of stop over at each point. These tickets are valid for return journey until November 15th, and are not restricted to certain trains, but are good on all B. & O. trains, and permit holders to travel via Pittsburgh or via Grafton.

By either route passengers cross the Allegheny mountains 3000 feet above the sea level, amid the most picturesque scenery in America. Sleeping car accommodations may be reserved in advance upon application to nearest B. & O. ticket office.

PEN MAR will formally open on June 26.

### MT. ST. MARY'S COLLEGE NEWS.

#### 12. Another Victory.

About four hundred people saw the "Mountaineers" defeat the Frederick City Ball Team, on the College grounds Thursday last. The batting of both teams was heavy, while the warm weather made perfect fielding exceedingly difficult. There were numerous good plays on both sides and applause was not wanting to encourage the players. The members of the Frederick team and those who accompanied them were very gentlemanly in their bearing and conduct, creditable alike to themselves and their city.

#### The Game.

The game began with Frederick at the bat. W. Nusz knocked a grounder to W. Cashman, which was promptly thrown to first. McTigue hit E. Nusz, who stole second, was advanced to third on Eisenlauer's long fly. Donohue, Grove flied out to Gilroy. For the Mountaineers, W. Cashman reached first on a hit and stole second. F. Cashman reached first on a missed third strike. Donohue lost the ball in a nice hit to left field, making a home run and bringing in two runs on hit. Score—Frederick 1, Mt. St. Mary's 3. After this both teams settled down and for three innings good work was done. Both pitchers kept the hits well scattered and both performed the remarkable feat of striking out three men in succession.

In the fifth inning the Mountaineers bunched their hits, while the Frederick's bunched errors. Result: Three more runs for the Mountaineers. A beautiful double play was made in the sixth inning. Cleary made a fine stop of M. Nusz's ground hit, threw to W. Cashman, catching E. Nusz at second and W. Cashman made a quick throw to Cunnene, catching the batter at first. Eisenlauer made his second long fly to center, on which Donohue retired the side.

Excitement ran high in the seventh inning. Grove, Molesworth and Bender got on base with no one out. Danner hit to McTigue, who threw a grove out at home. Rowe, who hit the ball every time he came to the bat, next took up the sick. Every one was on his feet expecting a hit, but Rowe struck at one ball and had two strikes called. W. Nusz struck at one ball and had two strikes called. M. Nusz struck at one ball and had two strikes called. In the seventh and eighth innings Mt. St. Mary's bunched their hits and scored six runs. Frederick succeeded in getting one in the ninth. Score, Frederick 9, Mt. St. Mary's 12.

The work of the out-fielders on both sides was excellent, but Donohue's fielding was of a very pronounced professional cast; the Mountaineers' in field played well, especially Wm. Cashman. M. Nusz at short for visitors, covered lots of ground. Both batteries did well. Gilroy had his first passed ball of the season. His batting was up to his usual standard. The score in full follows:

THE SCORE.

Frederick	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
W. Nusz, c.	0	0	8	1	0
E. Nusz, 2b.	0	0	3	3	2
M. Nusz, s.	0	0	2	0	2
Eisenlauer, 1b.	0	0	7	0	1
Grove, 3b.	0	0	0	1	2
Molesworth, r. f.	1	1	1	1	0
Bender, l. f.	0	1	2	0	1
Danner, c.	0	1	2	0	0
Rowe, p.	0	2	1	8	2
Total	0	7	24	17	10

#### MT. ST. MARY'S.

R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	
W. Cashman, 2b.	3	3	2	4	0
W. Cashman, l. f.	3	2	0	0	0
Donohue, c.	2	0	0	0	0
Gilroy, c.	1	2	0	2	0
Cammene, 1b.	0	0	8	0	2
Perault, 3b.	0	0	2	0	1
Cleary, s.	1	1	0	3	0
Igoe, r. f.	1	2	0	1	0
McTigue, p.	1	0	0	7	0
Total	12	11	27	16	4

Summary.—Earned runs, Mt. St. Mary's 6, Frederick 1; home run, Donohue; two base hits, Gilroy and Danner; stolen bases, E. Nusz, Grove, W. Cashman and Cleary; double play, Cleary, W. Cashman, Cunnene; base on balls, McTigue 2; 1 b. by pitcher, E. Nusz, W. Nusz; struck out, Rowe 8, McTigue 6; passed balls, W. Nusz 2, Gilroy 1; wild pitches, McTigue 1, Rowe 1. Time of game, one hour and forty minutes. Umpires, Casey, Mt. St. Mary's, and Ross, of Frederick.

The following tables giving the batting and fielding averages of the Mountaineers, for the three outside games played thus far. Their opponents made 6 runs, 14 hits and 24 errors.

BATTING AVERAGES.

Positions.	P.	O.	A.	E.	Av.
Donohue, Center Field.	4	0	0	0	1000
W. Cashman, Left Field.	2	0	0	0	1000
Gilroy, Catcher.	25	9	1	971	971
Cammene, 1st Base.	0	27	1	964	964
Perault, 2nd Base.	27	0	0	291	291



FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1893.

JUNE.

BY PEARL.

The trees are all in blossom,  
And all things are in time.  
The birds are singing gaily,  
Tis the merry month of June.  
Fancies, daisies, buttercups,  
In their little beds,  
Tucked among the clover,  
Hide their pretty heads.  
Birds are happy building  
Soft warm nests among the trees,  
For the little ones will soon appear,  
And need shelter from the breeze.  
Soon they'll sing a pretty song,  
In the merry month of June,  
And the little ones are chirping  
Every morning, eve and noon.

Children, gay and happy,  
Now that school is done,  
Over hills and meadows,  
Now's the time for fun.  
Free from care and study,  
Now that summer's come,  
Chasing butterflies so gay,  
And busy bees that hum.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## THE HEIRESS.

This is the romance of a middle-aged man—the romance of an old head and a young heart. I am gray-haired and 40, and yet as I sit at my desk in the gloomy little office of Harman's mill I face comes between my eyes and the columns of figures in the dusty ledgers—a young face with clear, bright eyes—and I fall into a day-dream and forget that I am old and poor and commonplace.

She is the only child of Jere Harman, the millionaire mill owner, and as gentle and good as she is beautiful.

I have watched her grow into womanhood. I have watched her character deepening and widening and developing toward the ideal of my dreams.

And all these years I have been learning to love her.

Surely love is not wholly wasted, though it is hopeless. I am a better man that I have loved Nellie Harman.

No, I build no air castles. I am 40 and she is 18. I am only her father's bookkeeper, and she is the heiress of millions.

There was a time when little Nellie Harman rode on my shoulder, hunted my pockets for goodies, and escaped her nurse's charge several times a day to toddle down the mill in search of "her Jack Spencer." Later she brought her school tasks, the incorrigible Latin verses and the unquenchable examples in fractions, to the same old friend, who was never too busy to be bothered by little Nellie Harman.

She is as unaffected and cordial in her friendliness as ever, and sometimes when she lays her hand on my arm and looks up into my face and asks why I come so seldom to the hall, and have I grown tired of old friends, of her—then I find it hard to answer lightly, to smile calmly, and I go away with a heartache.

The girl does not lack for friends. Grim, stern old Jere Harman's little bright-face child, motherless since her babyhood, long ago found a tender spot in the hearts of the village folk. In the cottages her face is as welcome as sunshine. The children hang on her gown, the women sing her praises, and the toughest mill hand has always a civil word for her and a lift of the cap as she passes.

She has her young friends, too, among the country gentlemen. Young Harry Desmond is often at the hall. It is rumored that he is the fortunate suitor of Jere Harman's heiress. He is a fresh-faced, good-hearted lad. Love is for youth, and they are young together.

Gray-haired Jack Spencer, what have you to do with "love's young dream?"

The strike!

The mill is shut down, and the strikers gather in knots along the village street and discuss the situation. The cut rates have caused the trouble. Jere Harman is a hard man and a hard master. He holds the fate of these people in his hands. A few cents less to them, a few dollars more to him. This seemed to him to settle the question. The times were dull—he would reduce wages. The Harman mill operatives went out in a body.

The first day of the strike, Big John, the weaver who headed the strikers, came to Jere Harman with a delegation to arbitrate the matter.

To them Harman said: Return to work at my terms or stay out and starve. Monday I hire new hands if you are not back in your places. As long as I own this mill I shall be master here."

This was his final answer, and no words of mine, no warnings of the murmurs and threats that grow and deepen among the men, will shake his will.

There is talk of firing the mill among the mad-brained ones, and Big John shakes his head.

"That was chopping the nose off to spite the face, men. If the mill were burned, how would that help us to work and wages? Nay. It must be other means."

"Aye, we must live, but if we do not get our rights by fair means we will have them by foul," cried another.

They mean mischief. I have warned Jere Harman, but he will not heed.

The strike is over.

The night is ended, and I sit alone in the office in the gray dawn, sick and dizzy with the horrors of the night's experience. I shut my eyes, and the picture stands out before me—the dark night, the hall with its lights glowing out through the windows, the gay party of young people in the drawing-room, the gleam of torches outside, the mob of desperate men, the angry, upturned faces. There was a tramp of feet, hoarse shouts, and a stone crashed through a window and shattered the chandelier.

crash. There was instant confusion, and above it all there were the hoarse cries of Jere Harman.

I sprang through the piazza window and faced the men. They knew me well, and Big John shouted:

"We've caught against you, John Spencer. We mean no harm to any, but the master must hear us. Bring out the master!"

"Come like honest men in daylight and talk it over calmly," I urged; "not at night like a mob of ruffians with stones for arguments."

Jere Harman had come out to them. They greeted him with an angry shout.

"We are to be put off no longer. Is it our rights by fair means or by foul, Jere Harman?"

"Your rights?"—began Jere Harman in his harsh, stern voice. I saw that Nellie Harman had slipped out to her father's side and laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder. She did not fear the angry men, for willingly not one of them would have harmed a hair of her dainty head. I saw that she would have pleaded with her father to be gentle with them.

"Yes, our rights!" yelled a voice in the crowd, with an awful oath. He was drunk or blind with rage—surely he did not see the girl at her father's side. A stone whizzed through the air. It might have been Jere Harman's death blow; instead, it struck her. It cut a great, cruel gash above the temple.

They sprang towards her—her friends, lover—but Nellie Harman put her two hands out to me with a sharp, gasping cry:

"Jack, Jack!" she said, and I caught her in my arms.

I have lived over the agony, the joy, of that moment all through the long, lonely hours of this night.

It was Big John himself who brought the doctor and cried like a child when they told him she was dying. His little crippled child she had loved and cared for, and it had died in her arms. "Aye, and that harm should have come to her, who was more good and innocent of wrong than the angels!" muttered Big John brokenly as he went away softened and sorrowful.

Jere Harman sent me out to tell the men that he had yielded, and in the silence of death they went away.

The strike is over.

As I sit here in the gray dawn, waiting, fearing, dreading the coming of the morning and the news it may bring, I hear the clatter of a horse's hoofs. It is a servant from the hall riding to the village on some errand.

"What news?" I call out hoarsely, and learn that the worst is over and that she will live.

Nellie Harman hovered between life and death for long weeks, and I worked as I had never worked before. Jere Harman left much of the management of the mill in my hands, and I put heart and brain in the work, or I should have gone mad in those weeks with the longing to see her face. When she was well again, I spent many evenings at the Hall talking business with her father, who came seldom to the office in those days. He had broken in health with the recent troubles and had lost energy, but he was gentler and kinder than of old.

Harry Desmond was always there. I was but a dull guest. I could not endure his light-heartedness, the triumph in his eyes, the happiness in his laugh. I could not endure that he should call her by name or smile on her.

I was a mad fool!

I told Jere Harman that I must go away, that I must have rest, change—a vacation. Gordon, the young foreman, could take my place, I urged, and he consented, though grudgingly.

The last evening I promised him to spend at the hall and to go over the accounts with him.

Never had Nellie been brighter or gayer. I felt a vague pang that my going was so little to her.

It was early when Desmond left, and I immediately rose to go. Jere Harman grasped my hand cordially in farewell, and Nellie said simply "Goodbye," and I went down the path slowly and sadly.

Suddenly I heard a light, flying step behind me as I reached the shadow of the trees.

It was Nellie.

I stepped back in the darkness. She stopped as if listening and then came toward me.

"I thought I should overtake you," she whispered, slipping her arm through mine.

"Did you think I could let you go away to-night without a last word?" There was something in her voice, a tenderness that explained all. She had come out to meet her lover, Desmond, and mistaken me for him in the darkness. But to have her so near was very sweet. She seemed not to care for speech. She was very still—just clasping my arm and leaning over so gently against my shoulder. The temptation was great—I was going away—just to take away with me the memory of a moment's heaven!

I kissed her.

"Forgive me," I pleaded desperately. "You thought me your lover, Desmond, and I was cruel, mad, to take that kiss. Nellie, forgive me."

"But I kissed you, Jack," she whispered. "And you won't go—oh, Jack, you won't go when I love you so?"

Jack Spencer, gray-haired and 40, commonplace and poor—she loved him!

That is my romance—[W. A. Worswick in Frank Leslie's Weekly.]

The Whistled Language.

M. J. Lajard has been investigating the whistled language at Gomera and he has concluded that this is not a special idiom or a whistle which tries to imitate the Spanish language but that it is the Spanish strengthened by the aid of whistling. By this artifice the sound of voice is carried much farther than in ordinary speech, although the words are so indistinct that strangers cannot understand them.

If you succeed in bringing a single soul to Heaven, what charity, what a gain, what a glory to God!

## THE LIBERTY BELL.

The bell that rang at the birth of our nation—one of the most sacred relics of our country—is at World's Fair, where all may look upon it, though they may never hear its clarion tones. This great bell, weighing 2,080 pounds, was cast by Pass & Stow, Philadelphia, and around it near the top were cast the prophetic words from the book of Leviticus, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Early in June, 1753, it was hung in the belfry of the state-house in Philadelphia, with no thought of the liberty it would one day proclaim. Let us look back over the hundred and seventeen years that have passed since this bell rang on that Fourth of July, 1776, and gaze upon the picture of the scene so vividly drawn by George Lippard in his "Annals of the American Revolution."

"Let me paint you a picture upon the canvas of the past. It is a cloudless summer day, a clear sky arches and smiles above a quaint old edifice rising among the giant trees, is the center of a wide city. Plain red brick the walls; the windows partly framed in stone; the roof leaves heavy intricate carvings; the hall door ornamented with pillars of dark stone. Such is the state-house, Philadelphia, in the year of our Lord 1776." Within the house was congress assembled. During the session of Congress this summer Richard Henry Lee of Virginia moved that "the reunited colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states." John Adams of Massachusetts seconded the motion and a committee of five was appointed to draw up a declaration of independence. It was Thomas Jefferson who wrote this strong and forcible declaration. And now it was submitted to Congress for adoption. The people knew that their destiny was hanging in the balance. All day the streets were crowded with anxious men and women, impatiently waiting to hear the decision. They surged against the barred doors of the assembly rooms, and stood upon one another's shoulders to peer in the windows.

"In yonder wooden steeple which crowns the red brick state-house stands an old man, with white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams as it is fixed upon the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. The old man tries to read the inscription on that bell, but cannot. . . . H— is no scholar, he scarcely can spell one of these strange words carved on the surface of the bell. By his side, gazing in his face in wonder, stands a flax-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue.

"Come here, my boy; you are a rich man's child, you can read Spell me those words and I'll bless you, my good child!"

"The child raised himself on tiptoe, and pressed his tiny hands against the bell, and read in liping tones these memorable words:

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof!"

"The old man ponders for a moment on those words; then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks.

"Look here, my child! Wilt do the old man a kindness? Then haste you downstairs and wait in the hall by the big door until a man shall give you a message for me. A man with a velvet dress and a kind face will come out from the big door and give you a word for me. When he gives you that word, then run out yonder in the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?"

"It needed no second command. The boy sprang from the old bell-keeper's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

"The old bell-keeper was alone. Many minutes passed. Lining over the railing of the steeple, his face toward Chestnut street, he looked anxiously for that fair-haired boy. Moments passed—an hour—yet still he came not. Impatiently the old man shook his head and repeated: 'They will never do it; they will never do it!'"

"As the words were on his lips a merry prinking laugh broke on the ear. Tiers among the crowds on the paved street the blue-eyed boy, clapping his hands, while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe and shouted a single word—

"Ring!"

"Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? 'The old man is young again; his veins are filled with new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swung the tongue of the bell, and the sound of the tongue of the bell spoke out! The crowd in the street hears it, and bursts forth in one long shout. Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back in the hurrah of her thousands and sailors. The city hears it, and starts up from the desk and work bench, as though an earthquake had spoken. Yet still, while the sweat pour from his brow, the old bell-keeper hurls the iron tongue, and still—boom—boom—boom the bell speaks to the city and the world.

"Yes, as the old man swung the iron tongue the bell spoke to all the world. That sound crossed the Atlantic, pierced the dungeons of Europe, the workshops of England, the vessel fields of France. Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof! That iron tongue spoke to the slave—bade him look from his toil and know himself a man. That iron tongue startled the kings upon their thrones.

"Yes, the voice of that little boy who lifting himself on tiptoe, with his flaxen hair blowing in the breeze, shouted 'Ring!' had a deep and awful meaning in its infant tones." Yes, sturdy John Hancock president of the Congress, had said, and the Declaration of American Independence in that bold hand which "the King of England could read without spectacles," and the other signatures followed, and our nation was born. When the British forces approached Philadelphia in 1776 the bell was taken down and carried to Allentown to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. In 1781 it was placed in the brick tower of the state-

house. For more than fifty years the bell was rung on the anniversary of Independence day, when it was cracked while ringing. For many years the old bell remained in silent dignity in the tower, when it was taken down and placed on a platform in Independence hall, where it has ever since remained. The great bell was conveyed to New Orleans for the exposition held there in 1884, and now it rests in the Pennsylvania state building in the "White City."

## A THRILLING EPISODE.

There were four of us who had encamped for the night on the Gunnison river in Western Colorado. We had been prospecting for gold with decidedly poor success, and were therefore rather disheartened, but we endeavored to keep up our spirits by telling stories while we lay around the camp fire and smoked. Suddenly we were startled by a peculiar whirling sound, which every man of us recognized instantly.

"There's a rattler in camp," cried Jeffries, as he started up. "Look out for it."

We all moved rather hastily, with the exception of Bolton, who lay quite still on his back, his hands under his head, his cob-pipe having fallen from his teeth.

"Sh!" he whispered. "For Heaven's sake keep still! The snake has crawled into my shirt!" We knew what that meant, and we became motionless instantly. I felt a chill of horror run down my spine as I thought of the poisonous reptile snuggled to Bolton's bosom, in which it might plant its deadly fangs in a few moments. The flaring firelight threw fantastic shadows on the back canyon wall, and the river murmured sullenly.

Not a muscle of Bolton's body moved, and it seemed that he had ceased to breathe. The only apparent motion about his person was caused by the snake crawling beneath his shirt. We sat there staring and helpless, unable to make a move to save our imperiled comrade.

After a time the rattler thrust his ugly head out of the opening in front of Bolton's shirt moving it over the motionless man's face. We could see the reptile's forked tongue darting out and his eyes glittering, while his head waved from side to side. Still Bolton remained motionless, knowing that the slightest action on his part might seal his fate. We could see his white as a corpse.

J. M. Nevans, the best pistol shot of our party, drew his revolver, pressing on the trigger as he cocked it so that it might not click. The snake's head was within six inches of Bolton's eyes, and it seemed that the venomous creature might strike at any instant.

"Shall I shoot, Dave?" softly asked Nevans.

"Shoot!" was the only word Bolton uttered. The cocked revolver was slowly lifted, and every man held his breath. The weapon flashed, and the bullet out the rattlesnake's head from its body. Like a flash Dave Bolton leaped to his feet, tore the beheaded reptile from his bosom, and flung it into the fire. Then he sank down helpless, almost fainting, great drops of perspiration standing on his face. But he had displayed pure nerve.

## CATCH PHRASE.

"A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush."

Will Somers, the celebrated jester to Henry VIII., happened to call on Lord Surry, whom he had often given a well timed jest, saved from the king's displeasure, and who, consequently, was always glad to see him. He was, on this occasion, ushered into the aviary, where he found my lord amusing himself with his birds. Somers happened to admire the plumage of a kingfisher.

"By my lady, my prince of wits, I will give it to you." Will skipped about with delight, and swore by the great Harry he was a most noble gentleman. Away went Will with his kingfisher, telling all his acquaintances whom he met that his friend, Surry, had just presented him with it. Now, it so happened that Lord Northampton, who had seen the bird the day previous arrived at Lord Surry's just as Will Somers had left, with the intention of a-king the bird of Surry for a present to a lady friend. Great was his chagrin on finding the bird gone. Surry, however, consoled him with saying that he knew Somers would restore it if he (Surry) promised him two more other day. Away went a messenger to the prince of wits whom he found in raptures with his bird, and to whom he delivered his lord's message. Great was Will's surprise, but he was not to be bamboozled by even the monarch himself. "Sirrah," said Will, "tell your master that I am much obliged for his liberal offer of two for one, but that I prefer one bird in hand to two in the bush."

## A Red Luncheon.

Red is always pretty and effective, and at a recent luncheon at the home of Ella Wheeler Wilcox the table decorations were of this beautiful warm shade. The napkins and tablecloth were of a peculiar plaid with deep crimson as a foundation color. In the centre of the table was a huge candelabrum of solid silver, holding tiny candles with red shades. The chandelier was a mass of smilax tied with crimson ribbons. At either end of the table were vases filled with red carnations, so spicy and sweet as to perfume the entire room. The table glass was of the softest shade of deep red, as were the finger-bowls. Bunches of carnations with mignonette were at the plates, and as each course was brought in a carnation was laid across the side of the plates, making in all an artistic picture.

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once. 50c.

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## THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

A Beautiful Tribute to Her Character.—By One of the Ladies of the Court.

So much of a purely imaginative and mendacious nature has been published during the past years concerning the Empress-Queen of Austro-Hungary by persons who have never had the remotest opportunity of obtaining any authentic information about her that it may possibly interest English-speaking readers to learn something of her Majesty's character and mode of life from one who has enjoyed the inestimable privilege of forming part of her immediate circle.

Elizabeth's intense horror of publicity of any kind, her love of seclusion, and her exquisitely beautiful and romantic personality, have all contributed to render her the victim of misrepresentation that is mostly ludicrous and frequently cruel.

Unfortunately Elizabeth, although regarded as an exceedingly interesting figure, is not one that is popular in the general sense of the word, and hence many of these elaborately spun tissues of falsehood have been of a particularly insidious and painful character. One of the most unfounded of these statements is the one which has recently obtained currency both in Europe and in the United States, to the effect that her Majesty had succumbed to the hereditary curse of the house of Bavaria. This is in no way true. She is not demented, nor has she ever been so, even momentarily. Broken-hearted, bowed down by sorrows which were due to no fault of hers, yes; but not insane, nor even a prey to that melancholia which has been so graphically described by imaginative newspaper writers. The Empress's failure to acquire popularity has been mainly due to her loftiness and great nobility of character. Being remarkably gifted both by nature and education, she has always been quick to perceive the foibles and weaknesses of those with whom she was brought into contact, and too honest to pretend with regard to the same any blindness which she did not feel. Moreover, her extreme delicacy and purity of mind rendered her singularly intolerant with regard to the ordinary delinquencies and indiscretions of a monarch's life. She condemned too openly the intrigues and follies which she could not help seeing around her, and even the mere look of her glorious eyes was sufficient to convey a mute reproach to those whose conscience was not absolutely blameless. To her refined, fastidious, and somewhat satirical taste there appeared to be a sort of vulgarity in intimacies of any kind. Love, as ordinarily understood, was displeasing to her, and no man has been able ever to obtain any atom of influence over her; for whenever they attempted to change from courtiers to open admirers, they found an impassable barrier set between her and them by her intense chilliness of manner. She has been surrounded by all the powers of passion, but never has she granted them more than a cool little smile of compassionate pity, for passions have had no place in her exquisite and complex organism.—Harper's Magazine.

Napoleon and the Workman.

Napoleon, while he was living in the island of St. Helena, was one day walking with a lady along a road in the island. They met a man carrying a heavy load. The lady kept to the inside of the path, and would have made the workman turn out for her; but Napoleon took her gently by the arm and moved her aside, saying, "Respect the burden, madam; respect the burden."

An Old Head.

Henry IV. of France was one day in Paris, and saw on a street a man with a black beard and very white hair. He sent for the man and asked him, "How does it happen that you have so black a beard and so white a head of hair?" "May it please your Majesty," he replied, "it is because the head is twenty years older than the beard."

I had catarrh of the head and throat for five years. I used Ely's Cream Balm, and from the first application I was relieved. The sense of smell, which had been lost, was restored after using one bottle. I have found the Balm the only satisfactory remedy for catarrh, and it has effected a cure in my case.—H. L. Meyer, Waverly, N. Y.

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