

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

**Orphan.**  
Judges—Benard Collier, John R. Mills, Harrison Miller.  
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

**County Officers.**  
County Commissioners—William M. Gathier, Melville Cromwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Delator, William Morrison.  
Sheriff—William H. Cromwell.  
Tax Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.

**Surveyor.**  
School Commissioners—Samuel Dattow, Herman L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.  
Examiner—E. L. Rohlfz.

**Emmitsburg District.**  
Notary Public—C. T. Zacharias.  
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, M. F. Shuff, James P. Hickey, J. M. Fisher.  
Registrar—E. S. Toney.  
Constables—W. P. Nunnaker, H. E. Hann, John B. Shorb.  
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNeil, John W. Reigel.

**Town Officers.**  
Priggs—William G. Blair.  
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Pringle, Chas. C. Krotzer, Thos. Gelwicks, Peter J. Harting, Jas. A. Elder.  
Constable—H. E. Hann.  
Tax Collector—John H. Hopp.

**Churches.**  
**Ev. Lutheran Church.** Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock a. m., and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 9 o'clock a. m.  
**Reformed Church of the Incarnation.** Pastor—Rev. 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 lecture 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.**  
Way from Baltimore, 6:45 a. m., and 7:16 p. m., Motor's, 11:20 a. m., Frederick, 11:20 a. m., and 16 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:20 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:16 p. m., Eyer, P. O., 4 p. m.  
**Leave.**  
Baltimore way, 7 a. m., Mechanicstown, 5:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 6:25 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7 a. m., Frederick, 8:35 p. m., Motor's, 3:30 p. m., Eyer, 2:35 p. m., Gettysburg, 8 a. m., Eyer, 10:10 a. m.  
Office hours from 6:45 a. m., to 8:30 p. m.

**Societies.**  
Massicot Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.  
Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers: Prophet, Wm. Morrison; Sachem, J. K. Byers; Sen. Sag, Joseph Claiborn; Jun. Sag, J. H. T. Webb; C. of R., M. E. Smith; K. of W., Dr. J. W. Reigel; Representative, Wm. Morrison; Trustees, J. D. Caldwell, J. F. Adelsberger, Wm. Morrison.

**Emerald Beneficial Association.**  
F. A. Adelsberger, President; H. H. Wible, Vice-President; Geo. Seybold, Secretary; V. A. Rivil, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stoner, 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. McNeil; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Faley; Officer of the Guard, Albert Dettner; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Giambin, Joseph Frame and John A. Baker; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Faley; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.

**Vigilant Hose Company.**  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Fireman's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, G. W. Bushman; Secretary, Wm. H. Trowell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyer; 1st Lieut., Chas. R. Hoke; 2nd Lieut., Samuel L. Howe.

**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, Wm. H. Trowell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wright; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

**Emmitsburg Water Company.**  
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. B. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. B. Zimmerman, I. S. Annan, E. L. Kove Nicholas Baker.  
The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.

**Board of Directors—Vincent Sebald, Chairman and Attorney; Alexis V. Keppers, John H. Rosensteel, John A. Pedder and E. G. Rekenrode. Rev. Edw. P. Allen, D. D., Chaplain; Alexis V. Keppers, President; J. M. Faley, Vice-President; John H. Rosensteel, Treasurer; George Sebald, Secretary; Albert J. Walter, Assistant Secretary; Joseph Giambin, Sergeant-at-Arms. Sick Visiting Committee—George Seybold, Chairman; Samuel R. Hoke, George Althoff, Augustus Kroetz and John C. Toppet.**

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Purgative, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and alls feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."  
Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in its ordinary practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."  
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. F. Kinschler, Conway, Ark.  
Allen C. Smith, Pres., The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

## 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.  
**I. S. ANNAN & BRO.**

### W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE NOT RIPP.  
Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair, Best in the world.

\$5.00	\$3.00
\$4.00	\$2.50
\$3.50	\$2.00
\$2.50	\$2.00
\$2.25	\$1.75
\$2.00	\$1.75

FOR GENTLEMEN  
FOR LADIES  
FOR MISSES

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay \$6 to \$8, try my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, wear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for them when you buy.  
**W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.** Sold by  
**M. FRANK ROWE, Agent.**

### Zimmerman & Maxell

BRICK WAREHOUSE, DEALERS IN  
GRAIN, PRODUCE, COAL,  
Lumber, Fertilizers,  
HAY & STRAW.  
—AT THE—  
SOLID SILVER  
American Lever Watches,  
WARRANTED TWO YEARS,  
ONLY \$6.  
G. T. EYSTER.

## HUMAN NATURE. A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children, five years old, Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold; Sweet and bright and quaintly wise, Angels both in their mother's eyes.  
But you, if you follow my verse, shall see That they were as human as human can be, And had not yet learned the maturer art Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.  
One day they found in their romp and play Two little rabbits soft and gray— Soft and gray, and just of a size, As like each other as your two eyes.  
All day long the children made love To the dear little pets—their treasure-trove; They kissed and hugged them until the night Brought to the comies a glad respite.  
Too much fondling doesn't agree With the rabbit nature, as we shall see, For ere the light of another day Had chased the shadows of night away.  
One little pet had gone to the shades, Or, let us put, to the perennial glades, Brighter and softer than any below A heaven where good little rabbits go.  
The living and dead lay side by side, And still alike as before one died; And it chanced that the children came singly to view The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.  
First, came Charlie, and, with sad surprise, Beheld the dead with streaming eyes; However, consolingly he said, "Poor little Marie—HER RABBIT'S DEAD!"  
Later came Marie, and stood aguish; She wept and sobbed, but at last Found voice to say, while her young heart bled, "I'm sorry for Charlie—HIS RABBIT'S DEAD!"

## THE FIRST STRAWBERRY

WHAT BROUGHT TWO NAUGHTY GIRLS BACK TO MAMMA AND SUPPER.  
WINNIE and Marion were running away. They had good reason they thought. Had they not been called in from an archery match with the boys to mind the baby. And then, had they not been scolded for being cross to him? A few muttered whisperings while the little fellow was falling asleep had decided it all. "I wish we had thought to put some crackers in our pockets before we started," said Marion, before they were out of sight of the house, "I begin to feel hungry already."  
"O, we'll find berries and things in the woods," said Winnie brightly. The day was beautiful and she began to run running away good fun.  
"Berries, Winnie?" queried Marion, the doubter. "I looked all over the strawberry patch yesterday, and not one was ripe. And what other things are there in the woods that are good to eat?"  
"Well, there's—" Winnie had to pause; "there's birch bark for one thing. Chewing-birch, you know."  
"Oh, yes, so there is," assented Marion, reassured. She was fond of chewing-birch.  
"And sour sorrel," Winnie proceeded, "and grape tendrils and young raspberry shoots. Why, if it comes to the worst, we needn't starve where there are dandelion leaves."  
They had reached the foot of the hill now, and a swampy piece of ground had to be crossed. This gave an opportunity for what they called "navigating," a pastime of which they were fond, but one which always resulted in wet feet. A little shriek soon announced that in jumping from one island to another—the small clumps of grass were "islands" to these young navigators—Marion had miscel'lated her distance, and was standing ankle deep in water. Winnie had to change her course and to the rescue, and in reaching out to help Winnie to dry land she also got one foot into the water. Such adventures made the delight and excitement of navigating. In the pasture was a high and dry ridge of land, and when they got this far they sat down, took off their boots and stockings and spread them out in the sun to dry.  
"It seems a long time since we left home," said Marion. "I suppose it's about lunch time."  
"They won't be thinking much of lunch," said Winnie, a note of triumph in her voice. "They will be searching everywhere for us by this time, and they will almost have given up hope of ever seeing us again. They'll wish they had been better to us."  
"I shouldn't wonder if Jack was sorry for calling me a crybaby, yesterday," reflected Marion.  
"I wish I had written a will," said Winnie, turning the stockings, "and left my Robinson Crusoe to Maurice. He always said that Aunt Eleanor should have given it to him, because it wasn't a book for a girl."  
"Are they nearly dry yet?" asked Marion. "I'd like to go on and find some chewing-birch. I wish we had put some crackers in our pockets. I'll never run away again without something to eat."  
"Are you very hungry, dear?" asked Winnie, pityingly. "Well, there are as dry and warm as last year. Put them on and we'll go and look for berries. I know the earliest spot in the whole place for them. I never told any one before, because I like to get the first one for mamma myself. You shall have all that we find; so cheer up."  
Boots and stockings on, Winnie led the way to a little knoll around an old stump. Here a diligent search began, and for ten minutes not a word was said.  
"I'm afraid there are none," Marion said at last, but next minute gave a little cry of delight. "O, here's a great, great big one, as red as fire. Look, Winnie! Let us hurry and bring it to mamma."  
"What a beauty!" exclaimed Winnie. "Come on."  
The first strawberry was the great event of each season, and in the excitement of the moment they forgot that it was not to seek it they had started out that morning. They were half way across the swamp before their original purpose came to mind again. Winnie was selecting an island for her next jump when Marion called out:  
"But, Winnie, we didn't mean to go back at all."  
She stood still.  
"Neither we did. Now that we are this far, though, perhaps we had better go the rest of the way."  
"Yes, for how would mamma get the first strawberry if we didn't bring it to her?"  
When they came near the house, a feeling of guilt caused their steps to lag. They watched anxiously for the first signs of the disturbance caused by their absence. Surely, they said that couldn't be Maurice and Jack still at their bows and arrows. Winnie seized Marion's hand firmly and hurried her into the house. Their mother met them in the hall with her usual smile.  
"Have you been out for a walk?" she asked. Marion ran and kissed her.  
"Here, mamma; it's for you," she said, opening her hand, and disclosing a crushed strawberry. "The first one!"  
"Would you like me to mind by for you?" Winnie asked, holding out her arms for him.  
"No, dear. Lunch is just ready. There is the bell."  
Marion gave a rapturous sigh. "I'm so glad we came back," she said softly to Winnie.

## HUGGED TO DEATH.

CAN you imagine how a spider would look five feet high? "Ugh!" did you say? Well, you'd say it louder and more emphatically if you could see the creature that looks like a spider when he takes a promenade on the bottom of the sea. You can see in the picture that he's no beauty, but fancy him walking on the tips of those eight horrid arms—or legs—of his, with his head hanging down.  
I'm sure I'm glad he has to stay in the ocean, and can't come up on land, for I have no wish to see him. It's bad enough to read about him. He isn't obliged to walk; he can swim, by opening and shutting his arms, and contracting and expanding his body, or he can climb the rocks as a fly can climb a wall, with perfect ease. He is called by fishermen a Mamsucker, though in the books his name is Octopus.  
He is an odd looking creature. In the centre is a round body, nearly all month, armed with a pair of mandibles like the bill of a parrot. Sticking out every way from his body, like the rays of a star, are eight horrible arms. These arms are flat and tough like leather; indeed, the whole creature has hardly a bone in him. There are three rows of suckers the whole length of each arm; as many as a thousand in one Octopus.  
His eyes—which stick out—are large and yellow, and have a very ugly expression. He changes color when excited, and he carries bags of ink, with which he can discolor the water all around. If he loses an arm, he don't have any trouble about it, for another one grows out.  
He doesn't seek food; he lies quiet in the water, with his body perhaps under a stone—for he can squeeze himself flat as a pancake—and his arms floating carelessly around. Then he looks exactly like certain plants that grow in the sea, and the fish never notice him. But the instant one of them touches either of the dreadful arms, it fastens on him, drags him up to the creature's mouth, and crams him in.  
I told you he was a Mamsucker. That is because of a habit he has of winding his horrible arms around a man if he chances to bathe in the neighborhood. If the unfortunate bather has no weapon to kill him, or cut off his arms, he is sure to be hugged to death.  
It isn't a very pleasant idea to us, but the Indians of North America, who live on the shore, are fond of eating this monster; and to catch him, and not to have him catch you, is a delicate job, I can tell you.  
The Indian is very cunning about it, and this is the way he does it. He paddles around in his canoe, looking carefully through the clear water till he sees one of the creatures with its arms stuck out, waiting for its breakfast. The Indian has a spear ten or twelve feet long, with a dreadful cluster of hard wood spears with barbs on, at the ends. He now cautiously puts the spear down through the water till it is only about an inch from the body of the Octopus, and then sends it crushing down into him.  
Of course, his first action is to grasp his tormentor, so he winds his horrid arms around the pole. The Indian holds him carefully off, for if he could reach the canoe with one arm, he could tip it over in an instant.  
But he isn't dead yet, so the Indian draws him out of the water, then sharp, he stabs the creature where the arms join the body.  
That seems to take the strength out of the arms, for they fall off, until at last the Indian drags him dead into the canoe, looking like a lump of brown jelly.  
The Indian takes it home and roasts it. I don't know as it's any worse to eat him, than to eat a lobster, but I don't care to try it, do you?

## A STORY ABOUT A COMET.

COME, Jim and Eddie, it is eight o'clock, and you must go to bed, if you want to be called in time to see the comet."  
"All right, mother; come Ed. Now Fred, do not fail to call us at three o'clock."  
The younger boys went to their rooms, and Fred and his mother were alone.  
"Do the boys understand, Fred, what a comet is?"  
"No, mother, but I have promised to tell them as well as I can, while we are looking at it."  
"That is an excellent plan; well, I think that we had better retire also, as we must rise so very early."  
The house is soon perfectly quiet, and three o'clock comes all too soon for the young boys.  
"Tell the comet to wait, Fred, while we take another nap," said Ed; but as Jim concluded to rise, Eddie thought that he had better do so also.  
Their mother and Fred were waiting for them, and they all went to the large window at the end of the hall, facing the East, and they had a fine view of the comet.  
"Let us look well at this comet," said Fred, for it has not been seen for over four hundred years. Columbus had not discovered America when it was last here. A comet is a body of burning gas, shining with its own light; it has a head, or Coma, and a tail."  
"A head and tail and no body; that is queer," said Jim.  
"There are a good many things about the comets that are queer, so that we cannot know as much about them as we would like to. They travel very, very long distances, and go so very far that they cannot be seen for years, and then as they come back nearer to the sun we can see them. As one gets nearer and nearer to the sun it's tail grows longer and brighter; the tail of this one is over 112,000 miles. Just think of it! It is off so far from us that it does not look to be more than a few yards long. "Let us make believe that we can jump on the comet and take a trip on it. Ah, we are so lucky and we have plenty of room to move about in, as its heat is 112,000 miles in diameter, or through its centre or middle."  
"How fast we go, faster than any express train. Do you see how close we are to the stars? There is Jupiter; I hope that we will not run into him! No, we have passed him safely. Growing warm, are you? That is because we are getting so near the sun."  
"Let us look down and perhaps we may see something of the earth. Yes, there it is turning around on its axis, like the sphere you have in kindergarten; so while the sun is shining on New York, the moon is beaming on Gernany."  
"What is that part of the earth that we are looking at now?"  
"That is Europe; take this small telescope that I have with me. I think you can see the Alps, the Rhine and the Danube, Italy and Rome. We can see Africa now; look at the boats going down the Nile. And to think of looking down on the pyramids, and see the great African desert. Oh, we go so fast that both continents have passed from view, so you are looking on Asia. There is Japan, China with its long wall, India and its temples.  
"There is Australia! See all the sheep grazing in the bush, and the English ships in the harbors. South America is in view. There is Brazil with coffee plantations. See the high Andes mountains; the immense Amazon river; the large forests from which we get cocoa, India rubber and Brazilian-nuts.  
"We have passed over all the oceans, and here we are at North America again. There are the big trees in California, the Rocky Mountains, the large cities, the Mississippi river, the Hudson, all the States that you have learned to name, Maine, New Hampshire, etc. And now we are over Brooklyn again, and we must jump off. After such a flying trip you must be tired."  
"Take another look at the beautiful comet, as it is traveling off again; remember how its head and tail look, and how very, very far it travels in the air."  
The boys were glad enough that they had seen the comet, and were sorry when the sun began to appear in the East, and the comet could be seen no more that day. The comet is not so bright as the sun, so they could not see it in the day-time.  
L. G. PORTER.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

**The Riches That Fly Away.**  
"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher.  
"And what kind of riches is meant?"  
"And the smart boy at the foot of the class said he 'reckoned they must be ostriches.'"  
\*\*  
**A Bright Idea.**  
Tommy—The fish go in schools, don't they, mamma?  
Mamma—Yes, Tommy, dear.  
Tommy—I wish you would buy me a bathing suit, mamma, and send me to one of their schools.  
\*\*  
**He Mistook the Mueilage.**  
Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair-oil in this bottle?  
Mamma—Merely no! That's gum.  
Tommy (nonchalantly)—That's why I can't get my hair off, then.  
\*\*  
**An Early Rise.**  
But her—I need a boy about your size, and will give you \$3 a week.  
Applicant—Will I have a chance to rise?  
Butcher—Yes, I want you to be here at four o'clock in the morning.  
\*\*  
**Johnny's Rejoinder.**  
"Johnny," said Johnny's little brother, "a fly is a fly because he flies, isn't he?"  
"Yes, that's it." "And a flea is a flea because he flees, isn't it?"  
"Shouldn't wonder." "Then, why are bees bees?" "Because they be," laughed Johnny.  
\*\*  
**Preferred an Earthquake.**  
A father in Italy, fearing an earthquake in the region of his home, sent his two boys to distant friends until the peril should be over. A few weeks afterward, the father received the following brief note from his friend:  
"Dear Jack:—Please take your boys home and send the earthquake."  
\*\*  
**Drank Her Aquarium.**  
Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece, Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair.  
"Uncle Jack—What's the matter, Alice?"  
Alice (weeping)—You've drunk up my aquarium, and you've swallowed my free pollywogs!  
\*\*  
**Our Language.**  
Professor Knowlton, of San Francisco, spells potato "Ghoughplth-eighteen" according to the following rule: "Gh stands for p, as you'll find from the last letters in hiccough; hough for o, as in dough; plth stands for t as in p, thistis; eight stands for a, as in neighbor; te stands for t, as in gazette; and ea stands for e, as in bean."  
\*\*  
**Too Much History.**  
Little Girl—I wish there wasn't any Columbian Exposition in Chicago.  
Little Boy—Why?  
Little Girl—"Cause the teachers keep talking about what it's for and keep us studying about Columbus till I'm just tired an' sick of him."  
Little Boy—It won't last very long, and we won't have to study about him again for four hundred years.  
\*\*  
"I cannot understand z American papers," said the educated foreigner. "Here is one, zat says, ze bank is gone up, and here is one, zat says, ze bank is gone under."  
\*\*  
**Stranger—You are sure that this is really a swell fat?**  
Agent—Swell? The last family in it assured me that none of the windows could be raised and only a few of the doors would close.  
\*\*  
"Is Miss Penseratch trying to win a name for herself?"  
Miss Growler—I should say so. Why he almost proposed to old Mr. Ducats last night.  
\*\*  
**Slabs (the marble cutter)—Have you selected the epitaph, Mrs. Ketchum.**  
Mrs. Ketchum (reluctant of Hon. Sharp Ketchum)—Would not "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man," tell the whole story, Mr. Slabs?  
Slabs—Not clearly enough. I am afraid strangers would be apt to imagine that there were two men buried in one grave.  
\*\*  
The horror of Boston maidens of slang is not a new theme, though it constantly finds new illustrations. Last week a Boston woman, with her nine-year-old daughter, visited a former schoolmate in Chicago. The hostess is possessed of a nine-year-old boy, and the two at once became fast friends. When Saturday night came, the boy was hustled off to the bathroom to be scoured up for Sunday. The little girl missed him, and instituted instant search. She described her experience to her mother as follows:  
"I went into the bathroom. At first I could not see him, but when I called he slowly raised his head to the level of the top of the tub, looked at me and said 'snack.'"  
"What did you do?"  
"I didn't know exactly what he meant, but I 'snuck.'"  
\*\*  
**FOR DYSPEPSIA,**  
Indigestion and Stomach Disorders, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. All dealers keep it \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

## LULLED TO SLEEP.

Mamma—"And how did my little pet get to sleep last night without mamma?"  
Little Pet—"Papa tried to sing to me like you do, an' I hurried up an' went to sleep so's not to hear it."  
\*\*  
She—I wonder why they call these angel sleepers? He—What else could they be called when you wear them?

HOME TRAVELS.

One of the most agreeable and inexpensive ways of travel, not only in the summer, but all the year round, and without relinquishing one's usual business, is with the aid of books. It is possible to take the most delightful journeys, and go anywhere at will, without stirring out of one's chair.

Books of travel are cheap, however, and one may choose his destination and start upon it without a moment's forethought. You have company, too—that of the author and may rest assured that he will do his best to make the trip agreeable. His wisest and truest things he will say for you, and should any of his observations displease, you have only to skip a few paragraphs, in order to find a change of subject.

Books of travel have opened the whole world to every one, and at the cheapest rates. Cook and his toasters, although he is a benefactor, are left hopelessly in the rear by comparison. The invalid, bedridden and incapable of stirring, may yet go to the ends of the earth. The aged and decrepit may see all lands and all peoples, and yet continue to enjoy every comfort of home.

Books of travel never were so interesting as they are at present. The age is restless, and steam has made transportation so easy that thousands are constantly in motion, going over old ground, or, in more numerous instances, exploring new and quaint corners. Not only are boats and trains used to search out what is strange and interesting upon the earth; but even bicycles. There was a man who went round the whole globe upon one of these machines, to show that it could be done, and others have since followed him. And what delightful books the Peanell Robbinses have written of their experiences in different countries, on the wheel! And there is Lee Merriweather, who, disdaining vehicles of all kinds, heroically trudges over the earth on foot.

It is, pre-eminently, a writing age, and almost everyone who travels, takes notes, describes and publishes. Of all books these are, perhaps, the most captivating. The novel is most interesting, but after a certain time of life the imagination grows less fine of fibre, and, as one reads, there is the subconsciousness that it is all unreal. You cannot enjoy the illusion as you once did. The players are only men and women, and the gorgeous palaces and cloud-capt towers of the scenery are mere canvas and wholly unsubstantial, you either weary of it, or have a secret sense of reproach that the time spent over it is wasted.

But books of travel—especially those lively, gossipy volumes so much in vogue, nowadays—those journals of personal experiences, touched off with so much humor, brilliancy of description, and genuine information—re-pay one to read in every sense. There may be coloring occasionally; but there is always a basis of fact.

Certainly, traveling by means of books, is the most agreeable and profitable of all forms. There is no haste, there are no missed connections or vexatious delays. You may stop anywhere for dinner, or to break your journey for sleep. In the hot days of summer you may take delightful journeys northward and read of icebergs and freezing blasts, and, by the fireside, in winter, you may go on the wings of enchantment to soft tropical winds, where blow the lulling and fragrant breezes of the South. No part of the world is shut out.

A MILLIONAIRE.

How much money can a man acquire honorably during a toiling lifetime of the average length? This is a question under discussion in some quarters, and various opinions are expressed. It has been said that no man can be worth a million simply by his own honest efforts— toil, thrift, legitimate investment, and without speculation.

Such a view will not hold, however, for many men have got rich, amassing more than a million, through the direct channels alluded to. A special case in point was John Stephenson, the car builder, who has just died with \$8,000,000. He was no speculator. He had nothing to begin with. At 17 he went to work at one dollar a week. He built with his own hands the first street car ever made, and had others to build them as the demand grew, and so, in the end, accumulated a great fortune. He adhered strictly to his legitimate pursuit, and never speculated. Had he entered the field of hazard, he might have been worth a hundred millions, and might, also, it is true, have died poor.

Opportunity is one of the great factors in the acquisition of great wealth in this country, as well as in others, though here particularly. Mr. Gould was accustomed to say that it was opportunity, and the ability to seize it; neither was of any value without the other; and both together, constituted what is called luck.

In a great country like this, opportunities have been, and are, abundant, and, although a million dollars is a large sum, yet, to acquire it, in a perfectly legitimate manner, should not be impossible, nor is it so, as Mr. Stephenson's story illustrates. At present, however, a million dollars is not regarded as riches; really wealthy men are those with twenty, fifty, or a hundred millions. The Crusus of the future, it is predicted, will be worth two hundred millions. There are reasons, nevertheless, why this is doubtful.

BOURKE COCKRAN.

If signs fail not, Mr. Bourke Cockran, of New York, will be the leader of President Cleveland's forces on the floor of the House of Representatives, during the present session of Congress. Certainly, at this writing, all things point that way. It is a change and a surprise; but changes and surprises are what we are accustomed to look for in politics. When the reports began to spread that Mr. Cockran was about to figure in a new character, they were almost universally discredited; but now, to what was doubtful, time gives the proof, and the man who, leading the Tammany delegation, did so much to oppose the nomination of Mr. Cleveland—whose speech was certainly the ablest in the Convention—will now be his champion.

That was a marvelous speech. The hour was late, and every one was fatigued; the surroundings were discouraging, and there was nothing of inspiration in the scene. But Mr. Cockran is not an ordinary man; he rises above dispiriting conditions; atmosphere, time and place cannot subdue the splendor of his eloquence. And so it was that he made a superb address—the only one of the Convention that is vividly remembered.

Mr. Cleveland is to be congratulated upon this acquisition to his adherents, for Mr. Cockran is one of the ablest men in the country. As an orator and debater, no one surpasses him. The art of public speaking is little cultivated in comparison with what it formerly was before the publication of newspapers became general. Formerly all great questions were discussed on the hustings, while now they are dealt with by writers for the press, from whom the masses obtain their illumination. Mr. Cockran is, not only an impassioned orator, but a scholar, and, as a leader, is certain to make a most forcible impression.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten-fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price, 75c. per bottle.

HIS FATHER'S REFERENCE.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

ONE morning Mr. Dobbs, before opening his paper, said to his clerk, "We must get a boy today, James. Better put a card in the front window. Let me see it first."

So James, who was a fine penman, wrote with elegant flourishes: "A BOY WANTED IN THIS OFFICE. INQUIRE WITHIN."

This he brought to Mr. Dobbs, who scowled at the pasteboard, then dipped an enormous quill into the ink, and drew a black line across all but "boy" and "wanted."

"Two words are enough, James; and we're not advertising a writing school—write plainly, so a child can read it. And James, I want you to talk with them. You know what I need—a tidy, intelligent, honest, prompt boy. Sift him, James; see that he's made of the right stuff; take his name and reference."

"Yes sir, but how shall I know which will suit you?" asked James timidly. "I'll tell you, for I shall sit right here. Yes, that'll do," as James turned the card over and wrote the two words in a round, plain hand.

"That'll bring one, I guess."

"One"—it brought thirty-seven before dinner! The sign had been up fifteen minutes before they began to come—all men short, lean and fat, neatly dressed and ragged, bright-eyed and dull, and one feeble old man ventured in to ask if he wouldn't do.

"We advertised for a boy!" said James.

"I know I'm a little old," replied the aged applicant; "but I've got more experience and judgment than a whole passel o' boys."

He was quite angry when James would not consider him a candidate vindictively inquiring, "What's that old chap in the corner for then? He's as much as ten years older'n I be."

The "old chap" was Mr. Dobbs, who sat near the door among the boys. As his attire was almost shabby, if being one of his eccentricities, he might indeed have been taken for an applicant. While he appeared to be reading a paper, nothing escaped his quick eyes, and his keen glance noted every detail of each new-comer. The boys were so intent upon securing the place that they scarcely noticed him, and never saw the inquiring glance that James sent that way after putting each through the same catechism. Although each boy was anxious to get the situation, it was evident that it was not to learn the business, but for the sake of the pay.

"How much vacation do you give?" "Can I have Saturday afternoon off?" "Do you want your store swept every day?" were questions occurring so often that they annoyed the old gentleman. At length when a tall, lank looking fellow, without references drew out, "Would there be any chance of having my pay raised?" Mr. Dobbs forgot his wish to be unknown, and thundered out, "Not till you've earned it!"

Although it was a bitter day in winter, and the office door opened upon the street, most of the boys left it wide open. The frequent blasts of wind upon Mr. Dobbs' limbs did not improve his temper. After sneezing several times he put on his hat, and wore it all the forenoon, scowling from under its brim at the applicants. These joked about him and each other and the office stove that Mr. Dobbs had used for forty years.

"That came over in the ark," remarked one.

"I wouldn't work here anyway," said another. "I'm used to steam. If I couldn't afford anything better than an old shoemakers stove, I'd go without."

A tall, lank fellow had a handful of beans purloined from a grocery store where he had lately applied. These he snapped at the boys when James was not looking. Mr. Dobbs grew more and more disgusted, and James momentarily expected an explosion. Presently the door was opened, admitting a slight lad of twelve years. Mr. Dobbs was just going to roar out, "Shut the door!" but it was quietly closed with one hand, while with the other he politely removed his cap. His shoes were blacked, his hair was brushed; his nails were trimmed, and his patched clothes exquisitely neat. Seeing that James was busy, he sat down apart from the others. Just then an elderly man came in. The lad arose and gave him his chair. When an opportunity came he went forward, and taking it for granted that he knew what he was there for, he said, "Please sir, would you try me?"

"You're very small, my boy," said James.

"I'm small, but I came from tough stock," he replied in a brisk, business like way. "Perhaps you knew my father; he worked at Smith's, below here, for fifteen years. He died a few weeks ago with pneumonia. Everybody in this square knew him."

"You ought to be in school," said James.

"I bade goodbye to school after father died. I saw my mother worrying; I told her not to—I'd strike something in a day or two. I was down this way to call on the old firm that father worked for, and seeing your card thought I'd step in."

"Got a reference?"

"No sir, I never worked for anybody; but father always referred to Smith Brothers and I can do the same—they know me. Smith Brothers would have recommended my father, if he'd been going away; I think they'd recommend me, for I'm his son, and everybody says I'm like him."

A LONELY ANIMAL.

THIS is a very funny looking fellow isn't it. Perhaps I'd not need to tell you that it is one of the family of Land Crabs. They receive this name because they live on land and make homes there for themselves.

Perhaps the very oddest of this odd family is the Hermit Crab. He is called Hermit because he always lives alone. But the strange thing about him is, that nature has not provided him with a strong shelly house, like the rest of the Crab family, but has left him to find his own. This he does by hunting up some discarded shell, generally of the spiral sort, and taking possession of it. When he settles himself, it is for life—at least, till he grows too big for his house—so he is very particular to have just the right size, and not too heavy for him to drag around. When he finds one to suit, he goes in tail first, and takes a strong grasp with his two last legs, which nature—having denied him a house of his own—has made very handy for this purpose. Once in, it is impossible to get him out; he will let himself be torn apart before he will give up. In fact, he can draw himself so far back into his house that you can't get hold of him to pull him out.

Here's a famous fighter. He will fight for a piece of meat, or for a desirable shell. In fact, a Hermit Crab who secures a particularly nice house, goes through life fighting to keep possession of it. To see one of these fellows fitting himself to a shell is funny enough. He's as particular as a woman fitting a house. He tries it in every way—holding it off to see if it is too large, going in to see if it is big enough. When he is suited, he whisks into it, and then he is settled.

Here he is in his house. Do you see that curious looking thing on his shell, that looks like a short piece of a column with a fringe around the top? Well, that is another animal, that is very fond of living on the shell of a Hermit Crab. It is called the Cloak Anemone, and though it can live on a stone, it refers to itself about Mr. Gossie, an English naturalist, who has studied these little creatures very carefully—says that the Cloak Anemone may almost always be found on a Hermit's shell. He thinks, too, that the Hermit is fond of his companion, for he has seen one, when he grew too large for his shell, and fitted himself with a new one, carefully take off the anemone from the old shell, and place it comfortably on the new one, and then give it several little taps with his big claws, to settle it.

But Mr. Gossie has seen a stranger thing than that, about this Crab. He has had a Hermit in his aquarium, which had a fellow lodger inside his shell. I will let him tell his own story.

"When I was feeding him with cooked meat, which he having seized with one claw and held to his jaws, was munching, I saw protrude from between the body of the Crab and the shell, the head of a beautiful worm, which rapidly glided out around the Crab's right cheek, and passing between the upper and lower foot-jaws, seized the morsel of food, and retreating, forcibly dragged it from the Crab's very mouth. Though the Crab sought to recover his hold, he manifested not the least sign of anger at the actions of the worm. I had afterwards many opportunities of seeing this scene enacted over again; indeed, on every occasion that I fed the Crab, and watched its eating, the worm appeared after a few moments. The place of the worm's appearance was always the same. I was surprised to see with what force comparatively large pieces were torn off, and swallowed, and how firmly the jaws held the piece when it would not yield. Sometimes it was dragged quite away from the Crab's jaws and quickly carried into the shell; occasionally, in this case, he put in one of his claws and recovered his morsel; but sometimes the worm made good its foray, and enjoyed his plunder in secret."

This worm is a very popular worm for bait, and so commonly is it found living with the Hermit, that the fishermen in England always break the shell of a Hermit to find it.

WHAT PEARLS ARE MADE OF AND WHERE THEY ARE FOUND.

Very few people are aware that the pearl-oyster is not in any way like the oysters which we eat. It is of an entirely different species, and, as a matter of fact, the so-called pearl-oyster are of far more value to those engaged in "pearl-fishing" than the pearls. There are extensive pearl fisheries in the Gulf of California, and some of the finest pearls have been taken from these waters. In 1881 one pearl, a black one, was sold for \$10,000, and every year since that time many pearls have been taken from the beds in the California Gulf valued at over \$7500 each. But such "finds" are very rare, and, as a rule, the pearls which are brought up are of very little value. The shells, however, are very valuable; most of them are shipped to Europe, where they are manufactured into ornaments, knife handles, buttons, and the hundreds of other articles for which "mother-of-pearl" is used.

Another fact concerning the pearl-oyster and the pearl itself is very little understood. I have seen in books of instruction both in this country and in England the statement that the "formation of the pearl in the oyster shell is caused by a disease in the oyster;" and this statement is more or less generally believed, as is also the erroneous inference to be drawn from it, that the oyster referred to is the edible oyster. The mother-of-pearl is nothing more than a series of layers of nacreous matter deposited by the oyster upon the interior of the shell, and the pearl itself is a perfectly accidental formation. It is caused by a similar deposit of nacre around some foreign object. This foreign substance may be a grain of sand, a parasite, or some similar object; but most authorities agree that it is more usually an undeveloped egg of the oyster around which this natural deposit is thrown.

The largest pearl ever found measures two inches long, and weighs three ounces. This is of eastern origin. The largest found in the Gulf of California did not exceed an inch and a quarter long, and was somewhat larger than the egg of a bluebird. Many of the Californian pearls are black and speckled. These are considered more valuable than the white pearls in Europe, but the most highly prized pearls of all are pink.—Harper's Young People.

SOMETHING IN THE EYE.

Methods By Which Foreign Particles Can Be Got Rid Of. There is nothing more painful than to have "something in the eye." There are few who have escaped this torture, and comparatively few who know what to do when so afflicted. The foreign bodies in the eye may be solid, as sand, cinders, hair, dirt, or lime, acids or alkalis. Don't rub the eyes, avoid sudden glasses of light, never look directly at the sun. To remove the solid particles from under the lid, it is sufficient to pull the lid away from the eye, and to wipe the eye with a piece of moist paper or the corner of a handkerchief. If it is under the upper lid, grasp the lid firmly between the thumb and finger, lift it from the eyeball and draw it down over the lower lid, and then allow it to slide slowly back to its natural position. The foreign body will be scraped off on the lashes. The operation may be repeated several times. Or, lift the lid from the eyeball, allow the tears to accumulate beneath the lid, and forcibly blow the nose.

Or, place in the eye a few grains of flax-seed, which, forming a mucilage, will promptly bring relief. Or, place across the upper lid the point of a pencil or bodkin, and turn the lid back over it; in this way the foreign particle is brought into distinct view, and can be readily wiped away.

Lime and Roman cement are very destructive to the eyes if permitted to remain any considerable time. Wash the eyes immediately with water, then with water containing vinegar or lemon juice.

For acids in the eye, wash with water containing a little ammonia or baking soda.

For alkalis, wash with water containing vinegar or lemon juice.

RUPTURE CAN BE CURED.

A CURE GUARANTEED DR. J. B. MAYER, 1015 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Easiest cure, no operation or delay from business, attended by thousands of cures, endorsed by prominent physicians and prominent citizens can be seen at office. Consultation free and strictly confidential. Send for circular. Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

THE BABY'S COMFORT. The Mother's Friend. Dr. Fahrney's TEETHING SYRUP For all baby ailments; prevents Cholera Infantum; pleasant to take and perfectly harmless, 25 cts. at Druggists.

THE WITCH BUSH OF ALABAMA. One of the most remarkable of trees or shrubs grows near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora, Ala. It is about six or seven feet high, with a trunk which at its base is three times the size of an ordinary man's wrist. It has numerous branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry. Its truly wonderful characteristic is its luminosity, which is so great that on the darkest night it can be plainly seen a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light. Its foliage is extremely rank and its leaves resemble somewhat those of the aromatic bay tree in shape, size and color. The luminous property is due to a gummy substance, which can be transferred to the hand by rubbing, and with the transfer the phosphorescent light, while that of the leaf disappears. The luminosity is thought to be due to a parasitic form. The Indians regard it with superstition and will not come near it, even in daytime. They give it a name which means "witch tree."

- PHILADELPHIA OFFICE IS CLOSED ON THE 2ND SATURDAY OF EACH MONTH. Dr. J. B. Mayer's office is open on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month. Dr. J. B. Mayer's office is open on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month. Dr. J. B. Mayer's office is open on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month. Dr. J. B. Mayer's office is open on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month. Dr. J. B. Mayer's office is open on the 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month.

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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 Geo. T. Byster, who warrants the same, and has always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

HORNER'S ABSOLUTELY PURE ANIMAL BONE FERTILIZERS, FOR ALL CROPS AND PERMANENT GRASS.

WARRANTED IN THE FULL PRICE OF THE GOODS. Higher in Essential Qualities than any other Goods on the Market. WE WILL SELL EITHER BY ANALYSIS, OR WEIGHT. PREFERABLY THE FORMER WAY. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. JOSHUA HORNER, JR. & CO., 26 SOUTH CALVERT STREET, BALTIMORE.

ARE YOU

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. G. W. Weaver & Son, GETTYSBURG, PA.

HUNTING FOR CARPETS ???

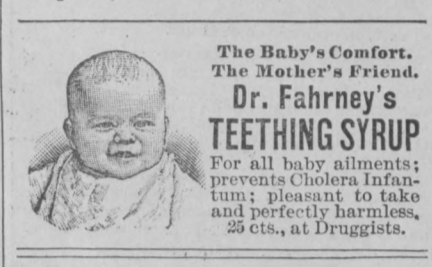
If men were as ready to commend what they approve as they are to condemn what they disapprove, life would be rendered much more pleasant, and many thorns that now pierce men's hearts would never enter them.

Mrs. Thoresa Hartson. For fourteen years I have suffered with kidney troubles; my back so lame that sometimes I could not raise myself up out of my chair, nor turn myself in bed. I could not sleep, and suffered great distress with my food. I have taken four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel like a new person, and my terrible sufferings have all gone. Life is comfort compared to the misery I used to be. MRS. THORESA HARTSON, Afton, Pa. Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



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One of the most remarkable of trees or shrubs grows near some springs about twelve miles north of Tuscarora, Ala. It is about six or seven feet high, with a trunk which at its base is three times the size of an ordinary man's wrist. It has numerous branches and twigs, and resembles somewhat the barberry. Its truly wonderful characteristic is its luminosity, which is so great that on the darkest night it can be plainly seen a mile away. A person standing near could read the finest print by its light. Its foliage is extremely rank and its leaves resemble somewhat those of the aromatic bay tree in shape, size and color. The luminous property is due to a gummy substance, which can be transferred to the hand by rubbing, and with the transfer the phosphorescent light, while that of the leaf disappears. The luminosity is thought to be due to a parasitic form. The Indians regard it with superstition and will not come near it, even in daytime. They give it a name which means "witch tree."

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Emmitsburg Rail Road.

On and after June 18, 1893, trains on this road will run as follows:
TIME TABLE.
TRAFFIC SOUTH.
Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays...

Wm. H. BIGGS, Pres't.
Established 1837.
Wells's all-rye whiskey. It has no rival for superiority...

ADAMS county, Pa., has 3,336 farmers according to the census of 1890.
THE corn crop in the vicinity of Union Bridge is said to be a complete failure.

A PARTY of young ladies and gentlemen of this place took a straw ride last evening.
A common cold should not be neglected. Downs's Elixir will cure it.

Messrs. J. Traub & Bro., are selling shoes, hats and gents' furnishings goods at half price.
The Emmitt Cornet Band attended the Sunday School celebration held at Fountaindale, on last Saturday.

THIRTY-SEVEN electric lights have been located in Gettysburg. The annual expense will be \$2,220.
THE government pays a trifle less than 33 cents a thousand for postal cards under the new contract.

R. K. HARSHBARGER has been appointed postmaster at Hansonville, Frederick county, vice J. E. Palmer, removed.
ARITHMETIC and Oil Liniment is very healing and soothing, and does wonders when applied to old sores.

HOUSE for rent. Also small lot of household and kitchen furniture at private sale, cheap. Apply at CHURCH OFFICE.
THE barn, wagon shed, corn crib, hog pen and three stacks of wheat, on the farm of Mr. Robert H. Boteiler, at Olive, near Brunswick, were destroyed by fire Friday night.

Gov. Brown has appointed Dr. Wm. H. Baltzell, of Frederick, a member of the Pan American Medical Congress, which will assemble in Washington next month.
THE "Little Potatoes," went to Taneytown on Thursday, and played a game of ball with the nine in that place. The score was 27 to 7 in favor of Taneytown.

W. R. SMOOTH, aged sixty-six years, of Preston, Md., was run over and killed by a locomotive on the Baltimore and Eastern Shore Railroad on last Saturday afternoon.
COUGH 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.

We acknowledge the receipt of copies of the Minneapolis Times, from Mr. Wm. L. McGinnis, containing accounts of the recent fire in Minneapolis, which destroyed over a million dollars worth of property.
ON Sunday afternoon last, Mr. Theodore Wise, the 17-year old son of Mr. Joseph Wise, of Bolivar, near Middletown, was drowned in the Monocacy river, near the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge.

THE motto of the proprietors of Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitter is, "the greatest good to the greatest number," and so sell a small bottle of a valuable remedy for the small price of 25 cents, and warrant every bottle to give satisfaction or money refunded.
A LITTLE girl of Mr. Wm. Florence, of near town, had one of her legs badly hurt at the picnic at Rocky Ridge, on Wednesday. She was sitting on the truck at the station, when some boys came along and started it across the platform, catching one of her legs between the truck and station house, with the above result.

How we Grow Old.
The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed by the meridian of life's reach. In the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength...

New Butcher.
Mr. Albert Smith, of this place, has again come into the butchering business. He appeared on the streets with fresh meat on Tuesday morning with two wagons.

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.

Closing Out.
J. Traub & Bro., Clothiers, of this place, have decided to quit carrying on business in Emmitsburg, and are selling their goods at 20 per cent. below cost. See their new ad.

SALOMA EYSTER through her counsel, Mr. J. C. Motter, has filed a bill of complaint for a divorce, a vinculo matrimonii, from her husband, Agarias Eyster. Mr. W. P. Mansby, Jr., is the counsel for the respondent.

MR. DAVID H. HOLLINGER, who disappeared from his home at Broadford, Washington county, August 3rd, was heard from at Laurel. He returned to his home on Thursday, accompanied by Mr. Joseph Neibert, who went to Laurel for him.

The picnic and tournament held in Adams woods, near town, on last Saturday, was largely attended. About 8 o'clock in the evening the picnic was broken up by a heavy rain storm and many of the pleasure seekers received a thorough "ducking."

On last Friday night, one of the cows belonging to Mr. Joseph Byers, of near this place, gave birth to twin calves. Mr. Byers has been engaged in farming over thirty-seven years, and this is the first time that any of his cows ever foaled him in this way.

MR. TYLER DAVIS, for many years a baggage master on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, died suddenly at Montevue Hospital, Frederick, on Monday. He was taken to that institution some time ago for treatment for an injury received. He was about seventy years of age.

The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., Aug. 21, 1893. Persons calling will please say advertised, otherwise they may not receive them:
Daniel Dubel, W. M. Valentine.
S. N. McNAIR, P. M.

Fatally Injured.
Mr. John J. Beard, residing between Unionville and Liberty, this county, slid from the top of a straw stack a few days ago and ran the jagged end of a fork handle several inches in his groin. Friday night he died from his injuries. He was 48 years old and leaves a wife and several children.

To Cleanse the System.
Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

On last Friday night thieves pried open the door of the smoke house, belonging to Messrs. I. S. Annan & Bro., in this place, and carried off about six large hams and a piece of dried beef. Mr. Michael Hoke, proprietor of the Emmitt House, found the piece of dried beef, which the thieves accidentally lost on the road alongside of the house. It was returned to the owners.

The formal opening of Kee-Mar Chautauque, Hagerstown, took place Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. On account of the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not very large. The auditorium presents an attractive appearance, is substantially built and will accommodate a large number of people. The exercises are exceptionally interesting and largely attended.

JACOB WEIKERT, of Cumberland twp., Pa., was taken to the insane department of the Alms House on Tuesday last. Since his mother's death he has been disturbed about religious matters and on several occasions has felt that he was bidden to kill his wife and children. We trust his ailment may be only temporary.
Half Rate Excursions to the World's Fair.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will run a series of special excursions to the World's Fair for which excursion tickets to Chicago will be sold at a rate of one fare for the round trip from Baltimore and all stations west of there as far as the Ohio River. The dates selected are Aug. 30, Sept. 7, 13, 21. The special trains will consist of first-class vestibuled day coaches, equipped with lavatories and other toilet conveniences, and an experienced Tourist Agent and a train porter will accompany each train, to look after the comfort of passengers. Stops for meals will be made at meal stations en route. The tickets will be valid for the outward journey on the special trains only, excepting that from way points they will be honored on local trains to the nearest station at which the special trains are scheduled to stop. They will be valid for return journey in day coaches on all trains leaving Chicago within ten days, including date of sale. Following is schedule of the special trains and rates from principal stations in this vicinity.

Table with columns: Station, Leave, Rate. Rows include Hagerstown, Roxbury, Breatheds, Keelysville, Eagles Mill, Holtersville, Gayland, Harper's Ferry, Shenandoah Junction, Martinsburg, Cherry Run, Hancock, and Arrival Chicago next day.

Fire in a Blacksmith Shop.
On last Saturday evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, a light was seen in Messrs. Jacob L. Topper & Brother's blacksmith shop at the west end of town, and it was found that the anvil block was a fire. The fire was soon extinguished and no damage was done, except to the block, which will have to be replaced with a new one.

A Larceny Case.
Abraham C. Myers, of Motter's Station, was arrested in Frederick on Monday, upon a warrant issued by Justice Hewes, on the oath of John A. Myers, charging the larceny of a gold watch and chain and other articles, the property of Solomon Sherr. The prisoner was held in \$100 bail for a further hearing on Saturday next at 1:30 p. m. Mr. J. C. Motter was his surety. Constable J. D. Moberly made the arrest.

Fell A Height of Seventy Feet.
Wm. Patterson, one of the riggers on the bridge work at Brunswick, lost his footing and fell from the top of the trestle work into the bed of the river a height of about seventy feet. He was only slightly stunned by the fall and after a short while resumed work. A large block of wood fell with him, but being the heavier body Mr. Patterson managed to reach the water first and to escape the block.

On Wednesday, the Baltimore Veteran Firemen's Association, presented to the Independent Hose Company, of Frederick, a handsome testimonial as an evidence of appreciation of the hospitality and courtesy received on the occasion of their visit to Frederick during the firemen's demonstration. The testimonial consists of a beautifully engraved brass shield mounted on an enzel and surrounded by various firemen's emblems.

What Do You Take.
Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.
The August Term of Court.
The August term of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, was begun in Frederick on Monday, with Judges McSherry and Lynch on the bench. Judge McSherry in his charge to the jury, urged them to use every effort to discover and indict the person or persons who have been guilty of causing the recent destructive fires in the Catoctin mountains. Mr. J. Sheridan Biggs, of Rocky Ridge, was made foreman of the grand jury.

The low water in the Monocacy has disclosed the presence of a number of immense carp at Whitmore's Rocks, just above Mumma's Fording. Scores of fishermen have visited the place with a view of taking some of the fish, but thus far without success. There are probably one hundred carp in that deep water, some of them measuring as much as two and one-half feet in length. All sorts of plans for taking them have been devised and unless rain comes soon, it is probable that a successful plan will be hit upon by some one.

It Looks Like a New Place.
"Silver Pansy," the farm purchased by Mr. Knesh L. Fizzel from Mr. John Donoghue, situated a short distance east of town, has been greatly improved in appearance during the past two months, and it looks like an entire new place. Both the interior and exterior of the house have been recently painted. All the rooms in the building are painted in different fine and delicate colors, whilst the outside of the house is in cream and lilac colors. The painting which reflects much credit upon those who did the work, was executed by the well known painters, Messrs. James A. Arnold and James B. Gelwick, and it has been admired and favorably commented upon by a large number of people. Mr. Fizzel contemplates painting the barn and making other necessary improvements about the premises in the near future.

Church Pic-Nic.
A picnic will be held in Adams' Grove, a short distance northeast of this place, on Saturday, Sept. 2. The pleasures of the day will begin at 8 o'clock in the morning and break up at 7 o'clock in the evening. Square dancing will be indulged in during the day. A shooting gallery and many other amusements will be on the grounds. Dinner will be served from 12 m. until 2 p. m., and supper from 5 to 6:30 o'clock, at 25 cents per meal. The proceeds from the picnic will be used in defraying the expenses incurred by the recent improvements on St. Joseph's Catholic Church, in this place. For further particulars see the large posters printed in red ink.

The Waynesboro Fire.
The fire at Waynesboro on last Friday afternoon destroyed the stables at the National House, value \$3,000, insurance \$950; A. B. Miller's stable, value \$500, no insurance; Dr. Geo. G. Schively's stable, value \$1,200, insured; Dr. A. H. Stricker's stable, value \$1,000, insured; value \$250; Jacob Lehman's stable, value \$500, insured. The roof of the rear portion of the academy of music and of the residence of Scott Cunningham, on Main Street, were burned. The stables at the rear of the academy on the top of the market house, opposite the stables which were burned. The back building of a residence on the alley, opposite the fire, was destroyed. The two horses used in the National Hotel bus were burned.

Lots of Fun for the Little Ones.
On Wednesday, Rev. H. F. White, C. M., took the scholars of St. Euphemia's School, in this place, to Rocky Ridge, where a pleasant and enjoyable day was spent in the woods. St. Euphemia's School has about 275 scholars, nearly all of whom availed themselves of the opportunity given them to take a ride on the railroad and have a good time in general. During the past several years Father White has made it a point to give the scholars a picnic before the stables are resumed in September, and the little ones anxiously await the announcement for their annual picnic.

Members of the State Central Committee—John C. Motter, Peter Lugenbeel, Rena L. Harp, Dr. S. T. Haffner, J. A. Delashmutt, Thad. C. Wastler.
In the matter of the nomination of candidates for county commissioners the first procedure will be to make application to the board of election supervisors to have the names placed on the regularly authorized ballots. In the event of refusal an application will then be made to the Circuit Court for a writ of mandamus, and should this be denied the case will at once be taken to the Court of Appeals, where a decision as to the constitutionality of the law extending the term of county commissioners will probably be rendered in the early part of October.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she became a child, we cried for Castoria.
When she became a maid, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

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Fresh Air Children.
In May, 1891, the Children's Fresh Air Society, of Baltimore, Md., was organized, and since that time the society has been working diligently in the interest of the poor children of Baltimore city, in the way of securing places in the country where children may be sent and taken care of, for a few weeks during the summer months of the year. The object of the Children's Fresh Air Society as given in their prospectus, is to send "poor city children, ranging in age from six to fourteen years, from crowded homes and stifling summer heat, into the country for a two week's visit. All the children sent out by the society are first examined by a physician, and those who receive their care for their winter charge." Through Rev. Charles Reinwald, pastor of the Lutheran Church, in this place, a number of persons in Emmitsburg and the surrounding country, have consented to take some of the children and entertain them for two weeks. Fifteen of these poor children, who have possibly never seen a cow and have not the slightest idea of what country life is like, arrived in this place, to-day, on the 11:10 a. m. train, and were met at the station by the parties who will have charge of them while they are permitted to remain in this community. The persons who have so kindly consented to take care of these children for two weeks are: Mrs. George Jacobs, one boy; Mrs. Frederick Rhodes, two girls; Mrs. Jacob Smith, two girls; Mrs. William Foss, one girl; Mrs. John Overholzer, one girl; Mr. Samuel G. Oher, two boys; Mrs. Charles Reinwald, one boy; Mrs. John Hospelhorn, one girl; Mrs. Annie Wood, one boy; Mr. Thomas Ferguson, two, and Mr. Francis Maxwell, one.

Sudden Death.
Mrs. Mary Fuchs, wife of Mr. Frederick Fuchs, of Baltimore, who was spending part of the summer at the Emmitt House, in this place, died quite suddenly at that place, on last Sunday night at 10:30 o'clock, aged about 43 years. During the day Mrs. Fuchs appeared unusually lively and in excellent health. She ate a hearty supper at 5 o'clock in the evening, and about one hour later was sitting on the lounge in the parlor conversing with some friends, when suddenly the perspiration broke out on her face and she fell back on the lounge in an unconscious condition, in which state she remained until life was extinct. Dr. J. Kay Wrigley was summoned, but all efforts to resuscitate her were in vain. Apoplexy was the cause of her death. Three telegrams were sent to her husband, all of which he received at the same time; two of them stated that his wife had fallen and was in an unconscious condition, and other conveyed the sad news of her death. Mr. Fuchs arrived in this place early on Monday morning, and took his wife's remains to Baltimore on the 2:52 p. m. train, where they were interred in London Park Cemetery, on Wednesday afternoon.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.
Mrs. Silla Mehring, of this place, is ill at this time.
Do not forget the G. A. R. Bean Soup at Fairheld, to-morrow night.
Miss Mattie Musselman, of this place, is spending some time at Emory Grove.
Mr. Morris Musselman, of near Philadelphia, is home on a visit to this place.
Mrs. Harry Keiper and family, of Lancaster, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. Shultz.
Mrs. Anna Miller, of Gettysburg, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Musselman.

MR. FRANK WEISSEL's mother and brother, Henry Weisel, of Greenacres, are paying a visit to this place.
Misses Anna and Bessie Elliott, of Taneytown, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Reinbold, of this place.
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moore, and Mr. Albert Culbertson and sister, Miss Branch, of this place, are visiting in Fulton county.
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hafner and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Harner, of Reading, are spending some time in this place. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. Shultz.

MR. ED. FRALEY, whose leg was broken by falling of the stone crusher at the old Farm Furnace, is not getting along very well. Dr. J. E. Glenn and Dr. Suiwey & Son, met at Mr. Fraley's and decided that amputation was necessary to save the man's life, and the leg was taken off below the knee, on Thursday last. He appears to be improving slowly.

SABILLASVILLE ITEMS.
Mr. E. F. Harbaugh and wife spent last Sunday at Harney.
Mrs. Susan Yester of State Line, is visiting at Mr. E. F. Harbaugh's.
Mr. Rush Barrack, of Altoona, Pa., is visiting relatives at this place.
Rev. W. R. Berry, of Berkeley Springs, Va., is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Mammie Winebrenner, of Mechanistown, spent several days at this place, last week.
Mr. T. A. Wastler is having his house painted, also his store occupied by Mr. T. F. Eyer, which will add much to the appearance of our village.

Large Tomatoes.
A few weeks ago we published an account of the large tomatoes raised by Mr. P. D. Lawrence, of this place. Several days ago Mr. Lawrence sent ten tomatoes of the "Ponderosa Variety" to Dayton, Ohio, the combined weight of which was 14 pounds. One day this week he had on exhibition a tomato which measured 18x18 inches, and weighed 2 pounds and 9 ounces. Mr. Lawrence claims to have finest tomatoes raised in Frederick county this year.

Committed Suicide.
On last Friday afternoon, Miss Nettie Moberly, daughter of ex-Mayor, Lewis H. Moberly, of Frederick, committed suicide by shooting herself through the head, with a 38 calibre revolver, at the home of her brother, Mr. Robert Moberly, in South Market Street, Frederick. The cause which led Miss Moberly to take her own life is involved in mystery, although many sensational and unfounded reports are in circulation. She was 17 and 8 months of age.

DIED.
FUCHS.—On August 20, 1893, at the Emmitt House, in this place, of apoplexy, Mrs. Mary Fuchs, wife of Mr. Frederick Fuchs, of Baltimore, aged about 43 years.

Boots and Shoes.
The undersigned has always on hand a large assortment of Men's Boys', Ladies' and Misses' Boots and Shoes.
BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS of the very latest styles. Your attention is especially called to the Harriburg "LONG-GRASS WEARERS" for ladies and children. All kinds of work made to order a specialty. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Respectfully, M. FRANK ROWE, Emmitsburg, Md.

PERSONALS.
Mr. Jacob Traub was in New York city this week.
Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Haack have gone to Wheelchair, Va.

Mr. E. K. Zimmerman has returned home from Chicago.
Mr. E. L. Annan has returned home from the World's Fair.
Mr. Joseph Shorr, of Littlestown, made a visit to this place.

Mr. Joseph McDevitt, of Frederick, is visiting his mother, in this place.
Mr. W. V. Crapster, of Taneytown, made a visit to this place on Monday.
Rev. George B. Resse, of Hanover, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Motter.

Prof. E. E. Fockler returned home after spending a few weeks in Washington county.
Mr. Joseph Rider, of Washington, D. C., spent a few days with his family, near town.
Miss Gertrude Stoner, of Sylvan, Pa., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Felix, in this place.

Mr. Charles C. Kretzer, wife and family, of this place, spent a few days in Washington, this week.
Miss Agnes Loper, who had been visiting at Mr. J. I. Topper's, near town, has gone to Mechanicstown.
Misses Mamie, Lucy, Lizzie and Zephia Rider, Mary Lawrence and crew, returned last Saturday in the evening.

Miss Mamie Krier went to Washington, D. C., on Monday, where she spent a few days with her brother, Mr. James V. Krier.
Mrs. Mary A. Motter and Mrs. P. L. Leman and daughter, of Williamsport, Md., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Motter, in this place.
The Misses Krier, who had been stopping at Mrs. Elizabeth Zimmerman's, near town, have returned to their home in Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, of Lancaster, Pa., came to this place on Monday evening for the purpose of repairing the ice machine at St. Jo's academy.
Messrs. J. Archie Clark, and George A. Harvey, of Washington, D. C., are stopping with Mr. Jacob Smith, in this place. These gentlemen are on their way to the World's Fair.

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EXECUTORS' SALE.
BY VIRTUE of a power of sale conferred in the last will and testament of Jacob W. Gillean, late of Frederick county, deceased, and also by virtue of a decree of the Orphans' Court of Frederick county, Maryland, the undersigned Executors named in said last will and testament, will sell at public sale,
On Saturday, September 9th, 1893, at the hour of 1 o'clock, p. m., on the premises described below as No. 1, the Real Estate of which said Jacob W. Gillean, died, seized and possessed, all situated in said Frederick county, to-wit: No. 1. All that Farm situated about 1 mile east of the Town of Emmitsburg, along and near the Taneytown road, adjoining lands of David S. Gillean, Mrs. Annie Adams and others, described in two deeds to the said Jacob W. Gillean, one from William Gillean and wife, dated May 20th, 1864, and recorded in Liber J. W. L. C. No. 2, folio 22, one of the Land Records of said Frederick county, the other from John C. Motter and Newton M. Horner, Trustees, dated March 6th, 1883, and recorded in Liber A. F. No. 7, folios 29, &c., another of said Land Records and now occupied by James F. Wautz under a tenancy which will expire March 31st, 1894, when the purchaser will be entitled to possession, containing in all 91 Acres and 28 Square Perches of Land, more or less, and improved with A GOOD DWELLING HOUSE, Large Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Hog Pen, corn crib, chicken house and other buildings. The crops now growing and to be sown in the fall of 1893, on said farm, will be reserved with the right to cut, gather and thresh the same. The above is a very desirable property, the land being good and there is never falling water near the house and barn.

No. 2. A Wood Lot situated about one mile northeast of the Town of Emmitsburg on the road leading from the Gettysburg road to the Old Factory Property now owned by Oliver Morrison, adjoining lands of Charles Wautz, D. S. Gillean and others and containing 4 Acres, 1 Rood and 29 Square Perches of Land, more or less. There is some good timber on this lot.

No. 3. A Mountain Lot situated about 2 miles west of Emmitsburg, near the Reservoir, adjoining lands of the Water Company, Sandy Shilts, heirs of John G. Zeigler, Wm. G. Zeigler and others, containing 5 Acres, 3 Roods and 13 Square Perches of Land, more or less. Under the agreement between Jacob W. Gillean and James F. Wautz the latter is entitled to Fire Wood until April 1st, 1894, and the same is hereby reserved for said Wautz's use either from No. 2 or No. 3.

No. 4. A Mountain Lot situated about 1 mile west of No. 3 on a road near the Hampton Valley road, adjoining lands of Wm. P. Gardner, W. W. Crapster, Joseph K. Hays and others, and containing One Acre of Land, more or less. Immediately after the sale of the above of the same place, they will also sell the following Personal Property, To-wit:

Lot of lumber, plank, oak and hemlock boards, railing, chestnut posts, cedar bared, rails, (one pointed) digging iron, cow chains, ladder, shingles, cart, saddle, bridle, fly net, single harness, halter, whip, horse blankets, grain sacks, shovel, hoe, 2 axes, saw and buck pick, some carpenter tools, split iron, horse bucket, half bushel chest, wheel barrow, garden tools, mattress, six, 2 revolvers, silver watch and chain, falling top buggy, over 200 bushels corn in ears, and 1 share Emmitsburg R. R. Stock.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the Court:—On the Real Estate, one-third cash on the day of sale or ratification by the Orphans' Court; the balance in two equal payments of six and twelve months from day of sale; the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes, bearing interest from the day of sale with good and sufficient security to be approved by the Executors for the deferred payments, or all cash at the option of the purchasers. Upon the payment of all the purchase money and not before good and sufficient security will be executed, but all expenses of conveying to be borne by the purchasers. On the Personal property, cash on all sums of or under \$10, and upon all sums over \$10 a credit of six months will be given, the purchasers giving notes bearing interest from the day of sale with security to be approved by the Executors. No property to be removed until the terms of sale are complied with.

MARY A. GILLELAN, EUGENE L. ROWE, Executors.

EMMITSBURG Marble Yard CEMETERY WORK.
Of all kinds promptly done. Orders filled on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.
W. H. HOKE, Proprietor, EMMITSBURG, MD.

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

MUST BE SOLD IN 30 DAYS 30.
Having decided to close out our Clothing Store in Emmitsburg, within four week's time, we will sell our stock from to-day until the last of September at

20 PER CENT. BELOW COST, in order to close out the stock on short notice. Everything must be sold. We mean exactly what we say and the storeroom is for rent. No person should miss this grand opportunity to purchase first class clothing of every description at a little above half price. Shoes, hats and Gents' furnishings will all go at half price. Look at these prices: \$10 suits \$6; \$12 suits \$7; \$14, \$16, \$18 and \$20 suits at half price. Children's clothing almost given away. If you want the latest styles and sizes, come early, as these goods are being sold rapidly. Thanking you for past favors, we remain respectfully,

J. TRAUW & BRO., Emmitsburg, Md.

PUBLIC SALE.
THE undersigned executor of the last will of John Wick, late of Adams county, Pa., deceased, will sell at public sale at the residence of Thibault Clark, near the school house in Eagle's Valley, Frederick county, Md.,
On Saturday, September 9th, 1893, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following valuable Mountain Lot, containing 9 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, adjoining the land of Millard Clark and others. This lot will be covered with young chestnut and oak timber. Terms—One-half cash; the balance in twelve months from day of sale, the purchaser giving their notes with good security, bearing interest from day of sale.

S. W. CLARK, Executor.

Notice to Creditors.
THIS is to give notice that the Subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Frederick County, Maryland, letters testamentary on the estate of ADOLPHUS WILLIAMS, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers therefor to the subscriber on or before the 13th day of February, 1894; they may otherwise be lawfully excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under my hand this 11th day of August A. D. 1893. JOHN T. CRETIN, Executor.

NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES.
Classical, Scientific, Library and Business Courses complete. Preparatory to Primary Schools for girls and boys. Address Rev. A. M. Jolly, D. D., Pres., New Windsor, Md. Aug 4-2m.

ICE CREAM.
I have opened my ice cream parlors on West Main Street, and am prepared to furnish the public at all times with a superior article of my own manufacture. Picnics, Festivals and Parties furnished in any quantity at short notice. Prices reasonable. ICE! ICE! I also have a large supply of excellent ice, which will be delivered daily to all parts of the town. ALBERT SMITH, Emmitsburg, Md. may 12-4m.

PUBLIC SALE.
THE undersigned Executors of the estate of John Withrow, deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises,
On Friday, September 15, 1893, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., The Choice Farm located in Mehan's town District, 14 miles north of Loyal Station and 2 miles east of Graceland, containing 300 ACRES OF LAND, highly productive, under good fencing, good buildings and plenty of fruit. Also at the same time and place 50 ACRES OF MOUNTAIN LAND. Also an Emmitsburg on the same date at 3 o'clock, p. m., the late residence of John Withrow, deceased, will be offered for sale, Large BRICK HOUSE Stable and other buildings, plenty of fruit, good water, and about 2 acres of land. Terms—One-third cash; one-third in six months; balance in twelve months, or all cash at option of purchaser or purchasers.

SILAS M. HORNER, THEO. McALLISTER, J. HARVEY COBURN, Executors of the Estate of John Withrow, deceased. au 18-4.

Notice to Creditors.
THIS is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Frederick County, Maryland, letters of administration on the estate of SAMUEL WELTY, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscribers on or before the 31st day of February, 1894; they may otherwise be lawfully excluded from all benefit of said estate. Those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment. Given under our hands this 6th day of August, 1893. GEORGE W. WELTY, WILLIAM K. COCK, Administrators. au 18-4m.

FIRE INSURANCE.
Insure your property in a Home Company. The Frederick County Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Moderate Rates—Sure and Safe. CHARLES F. BOWEN, Agent. Mar 24-1y. Emmitsburg, Md.

EMMITSBURG Marble Yard CEMETERY WORK.
Of all kinds promptly done. Orders filled on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.
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</

FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1893.

LITTLE NURSE LESLIE.

"THERE comes my Doctor Frank," cried Leslie, hurrying to open the door.

"Well, have you taken good care of my patient, little nurse?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes," cried Leslie, flushing with pleasure. "I've cooled her pillows, and brought her fresh water, and told her stories when she got nervous, and everything—you just ask her! She says she'd rather have me than Miss Phebe, 'cause I don't fuss her so."

Leslie watched the doctor anxiously, while he felt of his mother's pulse and tried her temperature. "Very good!" he said. "Now, if you will only eat all the nourishing food we would like to have you, I see no reason why you will not gain fast."

"That is the trouble—there is nothing that I want," said Leslie's mamma, wearily. "I can't think of a thing that would taste good but brook trout. But I will try to eat all I can."

"You ought to gain with such a patient little nurse to watch over you," said the doctor, smiling down upon the little boy. Then he gave directions about the medicines and hurried away to his other patients.

"Now, I think I shall have a long nap," said Leslie, "and you must go out of doors and stay two or three hours. You are growing pale, and if you do not get more fresh air, Doctor Frank will have two patients instead of one."

"All right, mamma," said Leslie, quite eagerly. "If you need anything, Nina'll hear the bell." Then he slid down the banister and hurried across the field to Uncle Abel's. Aunt Martha met him at the door.

"How is mamma this morning?" she asked.

"She's most better," said Leslie. "And if she can have some trout for dinner, she is going to be well."

"How I wish Jack was here," said Aunt Martha. "He would catch her all the fish she could eat."

"Yes; but I can catch her one if you'll let me take Jack's hook and things 'cause I've seen him do it a lot of times," said the little boy.

Aunt Martha laughed softly to herself at the thought of a boy just out of dresses catching fish, but she had not the heart to discourage him, so she helped him dig some bait, and fastened a fat worm on his hook.

"Now, you must sit very still," she said, "and be careful not to fall into the brook. The best place to catch 'em, Jack says, is in the little pool by that big elm tree."

Leslie sat on the bank and threw in his line, and waited patiently a long time. But the sun grew hot, and it was such hard work to keep still and then—the little fisherman was fast asleep.

He dreamed that a big fish was on his hook, and was pulling him into the brook. He sprang up, and there—sure enough—a large, handsome trout lay on the ground beside him.

The little boy was so surprised and delighted, that he danced and screamed for joy. Then he caught up the fish and started for home as fast as his small feet could go, dragging his pole behind him. If he had looked behind the elm tree, he would have seen Uncle Abel shaking with laughter.

Not long after, mamma, who had had a long nap, heard the sound of small, eager feet in the hall, then the door opened, and Leslie, carrying a tray in his hands, came in. He placed it on a little table near his mother's chair.

"I've brought you your dinner, mamma, dear," he cried, dancing around the room. "I don't believe you can ever guess what is under the covered dish. Try and see if you can."

"Oh, I suppose it is a nice packed egg," said mamma, "or, maybe, a bit of fried chicken."

"No?"

"Well, then, it must be cream toast."

"Oh, no, you're not hot a bit!" cried Leslie. "I knew you never could guess. You may just peep under and see."

Mamma peeped, and then her face lighted up.

"Oh, trout! It's exclaimed. "How delicious! Why, it really makes me hungry. Where in the world did it come from, Leslie, my boy?"

"Oh, it is too funny," cried Leslie. "Maybe you can't hardly believe it, but it's true. I caught it in my sleep."

JULIA D. PECK.

PEN-PICTURE OF THE SILLY GIRL.

Accurate Description of a Very Wearisome Creature.

On the street her very walk, a something between a pitching gait and a mincing strut, marks her as deficient in sense; in the cars she is the observed of all observers, particularly if she is obliged to stand. There seems to be a centre of gravity in her make-up; she sways with every motion of the car, doubtless acting out a conception of a lily nodding on its fragile stem. Her look is generally that of a girl who is in a mood bordering on the hysterical; she is volatile, sunny and bright, but she has a reserve force for sentimental moments, and is equally aggravating and creditable in either role. Her gizzes, her glances, her low-sounding remarks, replete with emphasis of intellect, are simply maddening; she reveals in driving rational women to the verge of frenzy, and then attributes their condition to jealousy of her superior charms. No reproach can quiet her, no insult even penetrate the shield armor of her vanity. In ten minutes' ride you get acquainted with all her accomplishments, the Christian names of her numerous admirers, the many compliments paid her, the shortcomings of her feminine friends, and their perfidious efforts to supplant her in Frank's growing affection, or Charlie's passionate love. Every thing—and she generally wears a lot of them—represents a conquest; a trophy prudently kept after the giver had been discarded—heart-broken, of course. There is only one more objectionable creature on the face of the earth and that is the Jack of hearts, who reads admiration of himself in every woman's face.—From *Donaboe's Magazine*.

STATE-NAMES.

A GOOD LIST TO KEEP IN YOUR READER-REFERENCE BOOK.

ON THE authority of the Boston Transcript, we give the following list of State-names, with the meaning of each. It is a valuable item for your scrap-book:

Alaska—The Great Land. Alabama—Here We Rest (Muscogee). Arkansas—Bw (Indians on the Smoke Water).

Arizona—Sand Hills. California—Hot Furnace. Colorado—Ruddy (River). Connecticut—Long River. Dakota—Allied (Indian Tribes).

Delaware—In honor of Thomas West, Lord De La Warr, Governor of Virginia, 1610. The estate La Warr (Warwick) was in Gloucestershire, England.

District of Columbia—Feminine of Columbus (Dove). Florida—Flowers. Spanish for Easter Sunday, the day that Ponce de Leon discovered the land.

Georgia—Feminine of George, in honor of George II., who established a colony, 1733. Idaho—Mountain sheen of the morning sun.

Illinois—Tribes of men. Indiana—Indian land, from Indus, Sanscrit, Sindhu, River. Iowa—Drowsy Ones (Indian tribe).

Kansas—Smoky Waters. Kentucky—At the head of the river. Louisiana—In honor of Louis XIV., of France, Ludovician, Bold Warrior.

Maine—The mainland, as distinguished from neighboring insular parts. Maryland—In honor of Henrietta Maria (bitter), daughter of Henry IV., of France, and Queen of Charles I. of England.

Massachusetts—The Place of the Great Hills. Michigan—A Weir of Fish—the lake resembling a fish-trap.

Minnesota—Muddy Water, Indian name of St. Peter's River. Mississippi—The Father of Waters.

Missouri—Great Muddy River. Montana—Hilly Country—a mountain. Nebraska—Shallow Water (the Platte River).

Nevada—Saw-toothed (mountain range, Sierra Nevada). New Hampshire—From Hampshire (Hants) England, by John Mason, Governor of Plymouth, in Hampshire, Saxons Chronicle, 655, Les Hamtunares.

New Jersey—From the Isle of Jersey. New Mexico—From the Aztec word Mexitli, god of war.

New York—From the Duke of York (afterward James II. of England). North Carolina—From Carolus (Little Darling) Charles IX of France.

Ohio—Beautiful (River). Oklahoma—Red People (Caucasian). Oregon—From Oregon, Spanish name for wild sage, artemisia, which grows on the shores of the Columbia River.

Pennsylvania—Penn's Woods, in honor of William Penn. Rhode Island—From the Isle of Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

South Carolina—Separated from North Carolina in 1720. Tennessee—River of the Great Bend. Texas—Friedly (Indian Tribe).

Utah—Dwellers in the Mountains (Tribes of Indians). Vermont—Green Mountain. Virginia—From Queen Elizabeth, in honor of her unarranged state.

Washington—In honor of George Washington. Wisconsin—Wild, Rushing Channel (River). Wyoming—Broad Plains.

HOW SCISSORS ARE MADE.

The Process of Their Manufacture is a Most Interesting One.

Though no complexities are involved in the making of scissors, yet the process is very interesting. They are forged from good bar steel heated to redness, each blade being cut off with sufficient metal to form the shank, or that destined to become the cutting part and bow, and that which later on, is fashioned into the holding portion. For the bow a small hole is punched, and this is afterward expanded to the proper size by hammering on a conical anvil, after which both shank and bow are filed into a more perfect shape, and the hole bored in the middle for the rivet.

The blades are next ground and the handles filed smooth and burnished with emery, after which the pairs are fitted together and tested as to their easy working. They are not finished, however.

They have to undergo hardening and tempering and again be adjusted, after which they are finally put together again and polished for the third time. In comparing the edges of knives and scissors it will be noticed, of course, that the latter are in no way so sharply ground as the former, and that in cutting, scissors crush and bruise more than knives.

MARYLAND FAIR.

Programme for the Exercises on September 12th, at the World's Fair.

The special committee of the World's Fair commissioners to arrange the exercises for Maryland Day, September 12, have prepared the programme for the proper observance of the day at the World's Fair. The exercises will begin at 3:30 P. M., on the portico of the Maryland Building at Jackson Park. Cardinal Gibbons will offer a prayer, which will be followed by music from an orchestra. Governor Brown will then make the introductory address, and, after more music, ex-Congressman John V. L. Findlay will deliver the oration of the day. "The Star-Spangled Banner" will be given in either vocal or instrumental music, and the benediction, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, will close the exercises. An effort will be made to have the "Star-Spangled Banner" sung by a male quartet and a chorus. At 6 P. M., a grand illumination will be given by Governor Brown in the Maryland Building.

THE LATE REV. JOSEPH ALIZERI, C. M.

Funeral of a Prominent Priest of the Congregation of the Mission.

The Lazarists, as they were known, have charge of the Catholic Church in Emmitsburg and at St. Joseph's Academy. Consequently an interest in the following account of the death and burial of Rev. Joseph Alizeri, a prominent pioneer of the order in the United States.

The funeral services over the body of the late Rev. Joseph Alizeri, C. M., who died in the sister's Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., were conducted at Niagara University, N. Y., his former scene of labor, with a solemnity befitting the career of the venerable priest. The large attendance of clergymen from Buffalo and neighboring dioceses was a pronounced tribute to the excellence of a priest whom his pupils and even his grand old man, the Rev. Joseph Alizeri, C. M., was a pioneer in this country as early as 1846. He was born in the city of the great Columbus, Genoa, Italy, on the 22nd of April, 1822. After receiving from Cardinal Medini, then Archbishop of Genoa, tonsure and minor orders, he started for America in a Boston sailing packet, arriving at New Orleans after a voyage of six weeks' days, en route for the Mother House of the Congregation of the Mission, the Barrens, Perry Co., Mo. He was ordained a priest in 1849 by the present venerable Archbishop of St. Louis, Dr. Kendrick. Father Alizeri was president of St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., in "war times" during which period he witnessed many striking and stirring episodes connected with our civil strife. Upon invitation of his superior, the present venerable Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, he moved to the then new novitiate of the Vincentians in Germantown, Pa., in 1869 to instruct the scholastics of the Congregation in Dogmatic and Moral Theology. In 1884 he was sent to the Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., to teach the same theological branches that he had taught for well nigh half a century. His last spiritual work in the Lord's vineyard was to anoint a dying man in the Sister's Hospital, Buffalo. It was while so engaged that paralysis overtook him, and served as God's messenger to call him to his reward.

The solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Father Kavanagh, C. M., president of the Niagara University. The Rev. A. Krabler, C. M., of Germantown, Pa., was deacon, and the Rev. John Moore, C. M., of the same place, was sub-deacon. Father Sullivan, C. M., Master of Novices in Germantown, was master of ceremonies. The pall bearers were selected from Father Alizeri's former pupils at Niagara. They were: Revs. Wilbur, Smith, Noonan, Schaus, Ryan, Gardiner, O'Connell, Colgan, of Buffalo Diocese. Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, C. M., D. D., of Buffalo, pronounced the last absolution and gave a very feeling discourse on the worth of the lamented dead. Among the clergy present your correspondent was able to gather the following names: Bishop Ryan, Mgr. Gleeson, Very Rev. Dean Cannon, Drs. Hoelscher and Quigley, Revs. John Ryan, Gardner, McGrath, Dominic O. S. B., McDarvey, John Ryan, Deane, Smith, Conlin, Hines, Wilber, Grill, Sullivan, Crabler, C. M., McKiney, C. M., Griffin, O'Donoghue, C. M., Maloney, C. M., Grace, C. M., Walters, C. M., McCauley, C. M., Eckles, C. M., C. Byrne, B. Burke, C. M., Ming, S. J., Wm. Dunne, Colgan, Vanderpoel, McHale, C. M., D. Walsh, Lannigan, Roche, F. Sullivan, Leddy, Bonaventure, C. S. F., Conroy, Hartnett, C. M., Dr. Heuter, Rtv. Fungal Carragher, E. McDermott. The remains of the lamented dead were laid to rest in the college cemetery, the "Sacred Grace Grounds," where the turbulent Niagara sweeps by, singing the requiem of Niagara's departed.—X.

HOW WILL BE CURED.

"I DON'T know what to do with my little boy," said Willie's mother. He hasn't been well, and the doctor told me to take him to the seashore, and let him play all day in the sand. But how am I going to make him play, when he does not feel like it? He hides from the merry children and sits and mopes by himself.

"I know a prescription much better than your doctor's," said a strange lady, sitting by.

"What is it?" asked Willie's mother.

"Call him, and let me try it," said the stranger.

"Will O. Will come here a minute, my son," called his mother.

Will got up slowly, leaving his bucket and spade in the sand. "They are just going to tease me about not playing," he grumbled to himself. "I wish everybody would let me alone."

But they didn't say a word to him about playing.

"Will," said the strange lady, brightly, "if you are not too busy, I wish you would help me a little."

Will picked up his ears. It had been a long time since he had been allowed to help anybody but his mother.

"You see that little yellow cottage way 'f there'?" asked the lady. "It is about a mile up the beach. There is a lame boy in that cottage, and I want to send him an orange; will you take it?"

"Yes, ma'am, certainly," said the small boy.

"And, Will," she continued, "if you can do anything to amuse or cheer him, it would be a good thing, you know; he can't get out of the house by himself, but he might wish you to help him."

Will was now done moping forever and had to try the orange as though there were doing things for lame Lucien. That strange lady's prescription worked wonders. If you ever feel dull, little readers, I advise you to try it.

Outside Whitewash.

One-half bushel of good lime, five pounds of rock salt, dissolved, one-half pound of whiting, four pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, and one-half pound of clean grease, make an excellent whitewash for outside work. Stir the lime in a tight box or barrel, with hot water, keeping the box covered. It can be thinned if desired. Slake to the consistency of thick cream. When mixed, use so that it will flow freely from the brush. If put on too thick, it will flake off, more or less, when dried. For indoors, slake the lime as above, omitting the salt, rice and grease, and, instead of thinning the creamy solution with water, use skimmed milk.

SANITARY ASPECTS OF BREAD MAKING.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, Health Commissioner of New York, in an article published in "The Doctor of Hygiene," calls attention to the general danger of conveying disease of a contagious character in ordinary yeast-made bread. Dr. Edson has won a high position as an authority upon all questions connected with the food supply, having made a specialty of investigating processes of manufacture widely in charge of the Food Division of the Health Department.

Disease germs, the doctor shows, are always present in the air. They find lodgment upon furniture, utensils or other things ordinarily and continuously handled. Yeast-made dough, because it is mixed, kneaded and moulded with the hands and manipulated for so long a time in the open air, is quite liable to become contaminated with these germs, and because of the warmth and moisture of such dough and the putrefactive action which is always present from the yeast, it is a particularly favorable medium for their ready propagation and rapid increase.

The doctor mentions from his official observation cases of journeymen bakers suffering from contagious, cutaneous diseases, found working the dough with naked hands and arms. Any person who has ever kneaded dough understands the way in which the dough cleans the hands. This means that any germs which may have found a lodgment place on the hands of the baker before he or she makes up the batch of bread are sure to find their way into the dough, and once there to find all the conditions necessary for subdivision and growth.

The longer any substance to be eaten is exposed to the air, the greater the chance that germs will be deposited on it. Bread raised with yeast is worked down or kneaded twice before being baked; this process may take anywhere from four hours to ten. It is, then, the chance of collecting disease germs during this process of raising and kneading, so no bread save that raised with yeast has so good a chance of gathering germs. The Health Commissioner says he does not wish to pass as an alarmist, but he has not the slightest doubt, could he trace back some of the cases of illness which physicians meet with in their practices, that they would be found to be directly or indirectly connected with bread raised in the yeast-fermented way. The yeast-fermented bread that has not been sufficiently to destroy them, that is not thoroughly checked yeast-bread has been eaten and with it the elements of germs, that they have found their way in to the blood and that the call for the bread is a direct cause of disease. It has been found that this yeast-fermented bread is not sufficient to destroy them, that is not thoroughly checked yeast-bread has been eaten and with it the elements of germs, that they have found their way in to the blood and that the call for the bread is a direct cause of disease. It has been found that this yeast-fermented bread is not sufficient to destroy them, that is not thoroughly checked yeast-bread has been eaten and with it the elements of germs, that they have found their way in to the blood and that the call for the bread is a direct cause of disease.

CHICKEN EN COQUILLE.

To every pint of cold, chopped chicken, allow one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one cup of milk or cream, two hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Melt the butter without browning, add the flour, stir until smooth, add the cream, stir continually until it thickens, then add the chicken, the hard-boiled eggs, mashed fine, and the seasoning. Mix well, fill the shells, brush over the top with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and brown in a quick oven.

FROZEN MINT.

Make a plain lemon water-ice, and when frozen very hard, add, stirring all the while, a minijump made as follows: Bruise several tender sprigs of mint in two or three tablespoonsful of water sweetened with one lump of sugar; add one cup of brandy and one of sherry; let it stand for ten minutes and strain. When the jump has been added to the water-ice, pack the freezer and allow the mint to stand some hours to ripen before serving.

FRUIT SAUCE.

Put one-half pound of sugar and half pint of water over the fire to boil, skim and boil five minutes, add to this a piece of stick cinnamon about two inches long, a bay leaf and four cloves; at the end of five minutes add half pint of any kind of mashed fruit, for instance, apricots, stewed apples, in fact, any fruit that will go nicely with the pudding with which you expect to serve the sauce. Strain the whole through a sieve, flavor and it is ready to serve.

ALMOND WAFERS.

Beat one-half of a cup of butter to a cream, add gradually one cup of powdered sugar, beating until smooth and creamy. Beat six eggs until light; without separating, add them to the butter and sugar, with the juice of one lemon and four ounces of almonds, blanched, chopped and pounded to a paste. Then add enough flour to make a stiff batter and bake as above.

FROZEN CHERRIES.

Take one quart can of cherries, using as red fruit as you can find, and mix with one pound of granulated sugar; stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, add the juice from one can of pineapple and one pint of water. Mix well and freeze as you do any frozen fruit.

ELI'S CREAM BALM.

I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for years. Eli's Cream Balm is the only remedy among the many that I have used that affords the relief.—E. H. Willard, Druggist, Joliet, Ills.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

I have been troubled with catarrh for ten years and have tried a number of remedies, but found no relief until I purchased a bottle of Eli's Cream Balm. I consider it the most reliable preparation for catarrh and cold in the head.—Geo. E. Crandall, P. M., Quonochontaug, R. I.

SELECTED RECEIPTS.

DAUPHINES A LA CREME. Line tartlet tins with puff paste rolled very thin. Fill with apple sauce and bake five minutes in a hot oven, or until the crust is thoroughly done and crisp. When done take out all the apple-sauce and fill the shells half full of preserved strawberries. Do not use candied, for the preserves should be rich and thick. Prepare a custard as follows: Scald one pint of milk; beat the yolks of three eggs light with three tablespoonfuls of sugar; add the scalded milk to the eggs, beating all the while; return to the farina boiler and stir continually until it begins to thicken. Take from the fire, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and put away to cool. When cool fill the tarts with the custard, putting a teaspoonful of whipped and sweetened cream on the top of each one.

CHOCOLATE LOAF CAKE.

Cream one cup of butter, add two and one-half cups of sugar and beat to cream. Beat the yolks of five eggs light, add to butter and sugar, with one cup of milk and three of flour. Beat until smooth, then add the whites of the five eggs beaten to a stiff, dry froth, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix lightly and gently as quickly as possible, and add two teaspoonfuls of vanilla and one-half of a cake of chocolate, melted. This seems to be a very difficult cake to make, but by putting in the melted chocolate last, it is not only mixed throughout the cake better, but avoids the heavy dark streaks. Bake in a moderate oven.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DAUCHY & CO. PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Clearing and beautifying hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Hair to its youthful color. Cleanses scalp and cures itching humors. Price 25c. Sold at Druggists.

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