

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. Elchberger.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

Orphan's Court.

Judges—Benard Colliflower, 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. Delaney, William H. Crowwell.
Sheriff—William H. Crowwell.
Tax Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.
Surveyor—Samuel Dutton.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutton, Herman L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Boblitz.

Emmitsburg District.

Notary Public—C. T. Zacharias.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, M. F. Shuff, James F. Hecker, I. M. Fisher.
Register—E. S. Tacey.
Constables—W. P. Panemaker, H. E. Hann, John W. Shorb.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John B. Reigle.

Town Officers.

Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Fraley, Chas. C. Kretzer, J. Thos. Gelwicks, Peter J. Harting, Jas. A. Elder.
Constable—H. H. Hays.
Tax Collector—John F. Hopp.

Churches.

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

Reformed Church of the Incarnation. Pastor—Rev. H. M. Schaffner. Services every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church. Pastor—Rev. W. S. Stinson, D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting, 7:30 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 8 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.

Way from Baltimore, 9:00 a. m., and 7:16 p. m., Motter's, 11:20 a. m., Frederick, 11:20 a. m., and 1:16 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:20 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:16 p. m., Eyer, P. O., 9:10 a. m.

Leave.

Baltimore way, 7 a. m., Mechanicsville, 5:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 7 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7 a. m., Baltimore and Hagerstown, P. O., east, 2:35 p. m., Frederick, 2:35 p. m., Motter's and Mt. St. Mary's, 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.

Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M. Klansmen meet every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers—Prophet, Wm. Morrison; Sachem, J. K. Byers; Sen. Sag, Joseph Chapman; Jun. Sachem, J. H. Webb; C. of H. E. M. F. Shuff; K. of W. Dr. J. W. Reigle. Representative, Wm. Morrison. Trustees, J. D. Caldwell, J. F. Adelsberger, Wm. Morrison.

Emerald Beneficial Association.

F. A. Adelsberger, President; H. H. Wivoli, Vice-President; Geo. Seybold, Secretary; W. H. Troxell, Treasurer; Wm. H. Troxell, Secretary; Wm. H. Troxell, Treasurer; J. H. Stokes, Capt.; Geo. T. Eyster, 1st Lieut.; Chas. R. Hoke, 2nd Lieut.; Samuel L. Rowe.

Vigilant Hose Company.

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

Emmitsburg Choral Union.

Meets at Public School House 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Officers—President, Wm. H. Troxell, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

Emmitsburg Water Company.

President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. H. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.

Board of Directors—President, Geo. Seybold, Chairman and Attorney; Alexis V. Keppers, John H. Rosensteel, John A. Peddler and E. G. Eckenrode. Rev. Edw. F. Allen, D. D., Chaplain; Alexis V. Keppers, President; Wm. H. Dorsey, Vice-President; John H. Rosensteel, Treasurer; George Seybold, Secretary; William Jordan, Sergeant-at-Arms. Sick Visiting Committee—George Seybold, Chairman; Motter's Station, George Althoff, Augustus Kretz and John J. Topper.

W. H. Biggs.

Jas. S. Biggs.

Isabella Mills Md.

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"Isabella" Flour,

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All Warranted to be Superior

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ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

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CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.

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

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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 Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays 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. OSOOND,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHLOE,
Conway, Ark.

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

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside 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,
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OUR DEAD.

BY HENRY COVILE.

Why do we grieve when loved ones die?
Why do we mourn and weep?
How calm and peacefully they lie,
As though they were asleep!

Was life to our dear friends so dear
That they were loath to go?
Was it so pleasant for them here
On this dear earth below?

Had they no trials—were they free
From sin and pain and grief?
Nay! life was full of agony,
And death was glad relief.

And every care and ill,
But we are selfish, and we fain
Would have them with us still.

This earth is but a trial-place,
This life but a brief day;
That we prove worthy of God's grace,
Of heaven's peace and rest.

We should not grieve, who understand,
That all bereaved may meet
Their loved ones in the brighter land
Again, at Christ's dear feet!

A YANKEE GENIUS.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

WILLIS BOYD was a born architect and inventor. The Yankee implement for carving, the pocket-jack-knife, had attraction for him long before he was old enough to realize its importance. When a babe he watched his father whittle plugs for the elder casks in silent wonder.

"He's a born carpenter," Mr. Boyd often said when the child was found with a knife. "It's a good sign, Timothy, and we mustn't forget it. He ain't out for a farmer. If he was he wouldn't play with a knife half an hour without getting his fingers cut."

"I can't be so, Hannah," replied Mr. Boyd, scratching his head reflectively. "I ain't got no objections to havin' a carpenter in the family, but I would like to see the little 'un take my place here."

Willis thus settled the choice of his profession long before he came to a real age. He was to be apprenticed to a carpenter as soon as he was old enough, and the fond parents never thought of questioning him about the choice of his lifework after the event just recorded. A kind Providence had pointed the way out to them clearly.

Like all New England boys, Willis prized highly his first jack-knife, given to him on his tenth birthday. He used it sometimes indelicately, and a few wholesome lessons had to be taught him about the use and abuse of such articles. After he had ruined several good pink tees for the fence and injured two or three cherry trees, he devoted his knife to its proper use.

He whittled everything and designed innumerable objects which seemed to resemble things which he saw around him. He whittled out blocks of wood models of birds and cattle and told Willis to copy them. But the boy only laughed and said, "I can't be that kind of a thing."

"Noon, in boyish fashion, he would carve out of the block of wood some strange monstrosity which resembled nothing on earth. Mr. Boyd did not have much patience, and he finally gave up the attempt to teach the child.

"I'll present him out to a carpenter pretty soon," he remarked to his wife one day. "an' he'll teach him."

Willis spent two more years in exercising the free use of his knife. He designed innumerable objects during this time and stored them away in his little workshop before the time came for his departure from home he had a regular curiosity shop upstairs. His father was disgusted with it, however, whenever he surveyed the articles stored away on the shelves.

"You make such funny things, Willis. They ain't no good. Why don't you make something that's some use?"

"I will some day," the boy replied; "but it's fun to whittle away and make something that you've never seen before. You don't know what it's going to be like, and then suddenly it comes out so funny."

"That's it. It's funny, but no good," Mr. Boyd replied.

Willis soon after left home for another field of life. The work of an apprentice in those days was not easy, and he soon found that he had no time to whittle on his funny objects. He traded away bravely, but the father and mother, who were his master and to the trade. The work was too monotonous and it made him weary. But the hardest trial of all was the lack of any time to whittle out of wood whatever he pleased. Once or twice he was caught in this act by his master and punished for laziness.

"If you want to whittle take up that plane an' smooth off that plank," his master said harshly, after boxing his ears. "I'll teach ye to idle away your time."

Willis gulped down his anger and disappointment and obeyed his orders. He worked all day at the bench until his little head ached. But, despite the vigilance of his master, he found some time to whittle after his own fashion. He designed things which no one but himself knew the meaning of. These he kept in his little sleeping-room until he had filled up a second curiosity shop.

The work became harder in the shop after the first year, and through some personal dislike of the foreman Willis was made to suffer more than necessary. One day he returned a hasty word to the man's finding and was severely reprimanded for his insubordination. That night his master visited his room to give him a certain lecture, but he stepped upon the threshold when he saw the interior of the boy's museum. He looked at the various objects and, making no head or tail out of them, he shook his head gravely.

"This is how you have been wasting your time," he said, finally. "And after all of my warnings and scoldings! Well, your parents must know of your conduct."

"I haven't been wasting my time," the boy burst forth. "I've got a right to make these things after work hours and you have nothing to do with it. The time was mine and I employed it as I wanted to."

"Insubordination again," the man remarked slowly. "You need more discipline, young man."

The result of this interview was that Willis was sent home in disgrace, and a black name given to him by his master.

About this time Mr. Boyd was struggling under a heavy mortgage on his farm, and he was working desperately to pay it off. The prospects were not encouraging, and he grew daily more irritable and discouraged. The return of Willis from the carpenter's shop with a letter of disgrace in his pocket capped the climax. Mr. Boyd unjustly censured and scolded to a prodigious, but the little fellow had passed through so much that he gulped it all down without a word of remonstrance.

"You'll have to work hard on the farm," his father said; "you've got to be a farmer now. Throw your old knife away. Here, give it to me."

Willis reluctantly yielded up the instrument, and his father took it in the fit of passion threw the unoffending knife into the deep duck pond.

Summer was strong and exhausting, but Willis was strong and robust, and he entered into it with a will. His labor, willingly given, soon satisfied his father's pleasure, and he spoke more kindly to the boy.

One day he decided to fish for the knife and use it privately in his room. Taking a long-handled garden rake with the teeth close together, he fastened a piece of fine mosquito netting on it in the shape of a dredge. After dark one night he raked over the bottom of the pond with his dredge until the lost knife was brought to light.

It was pretty rusty and black, but Willis soon brightened it. The pleasure of possessing the knife again compensated for much of his hard labor. Every light he whittled away in his little room and added to his stock of curiosities. His father knew nothing about the knife, and Willis worked only on the sly.

One day the farm was advertised for sale. The mortgage was to be foreclosed and the old home was to be sold under the hammer. Mr. Boyd could not raise the money to pay off the mortgage and he was ready to give up in despair. A possible purchaser from the city came out to see the place. Mr. Boyd took him around and showed him the farm. He finally went up into the boy's chamber, where the queer collection of curiosities attracted his attention.

"What are these things?" he asked, turning to the farmer.

"They are my things," Willis said, trembling. "I have put them up here to get them out of the way."

The well-dressed man looked at them carefully for some time. There were all sorts of things. Small engine models, toys, jumping-jacks and innumerable other things were littered around on every side.

"My boy, did you make these things?" the man asked after another pause.

"Yes, sir," was the modest response.

"Where did you get the models from?"

"Nowhere. Out of my own head."

"Hum! It's remarkable. What will you take for a few of these toys and other things?"

"Nobody thought they were worth anything," Willis said he could have them for nothing.

"I don't want to rob you, my boy, but they are worth considerable. I'll take them to the city and see what I can do with them. I will give you a fair percentage of the profit."

The surprise of Willis and his father were unbounded, but it reached a climax a week later when a letter came from the city to the manufacturer who had been out to see the farm. He enclosed a check for \$500 as the first instalment in payment for the models of the toys which Willis had designed and which were being put upon the market by the thousand.

Willis was invited to invent others and to send the models on for examination, and if they proved available they would be paid for liberally. It is needless to say that the boy complied with the request. His inventive genius proved of more value than he imagined, and the work which he loved was that which nature had planned out for him. Out of his own head he could invent and design models of novelties which took the fancy of the public, and in a short time his work was in great demand.

The mortgage on the farm was paid off promptly and Willis became virtually the support of the family. His work was far more remunerative than carpentering, but love for work was the great incentive to the boy's future labor and not the hope for pecuniary reward.

Such is the early life of a genius who now makes many of the novelties for children, but whose name is little known to the public. His genius does not ask for publicity, and he works away faithfully, content with the thought that he can follow his chosen pursuit and possibly please some of his young friends throughout the world.

A WITTY ANSWER.

Those whose mission in life is to entertain the public, are always pestered by friends and acquaintances for free seats at their entertainments. There probably never was a singer, or an actor, or a pianist who was not bored nearly to death by these people, many of whom had not the slightest claim to ask the courtesy they demanded.

A pianist who was pre-eminently successful in his day, and that day was not so far back either, was Rubinstein, who travelled nearly the whole world over, delighting people with his genius. He, like all others, was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets, but most of the time he maintained his composure even though justly irritated. It is told of him that just before one of his recitals in London, he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance hall, and thus addressed:

"Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?"

"Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to, if you