

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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VOL. XV.

EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1893.

NO. 15.

## DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

**Circuit Court.**  
Chief Judge—Hon. James McSherry.  
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lynch.  
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Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

**Orphan's Court.**  
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Registrar—E. S. Tandy.  
Constables—W. P. Panemaker, H. E. Hann, John W. Shorb.  
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Constable—H. E. Hann.  
Tax Collector—John F. Hopp.

**Churches.**  
**Ev. Lutheran Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. W. Simonson. D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.

**Reformed Church of the Incarnation.**  
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.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. W. Simonson. D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 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.

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

**Leave.**  
Baltimore way, 7 a. m., Mechanicstown, 5:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 5:25 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7 a. m., Baltimore and Rockville 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.  
Knights Templar Council No. 10, every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers—Prophet, Wm. Morrison; Sachem, J. K. Byers; Sen. Sag, Joseph Claiborn; Jan. Sachem, J. K. Byers; C. of H. E. M. F. Shuff; K. of W. Dr. J. W. Reigle. Representative, Wm. Morrison. Trustees, Dr. J. K. Byers, J. F. Adelsberger, Wm. Morrison.

**Emerald Beneficial Association.**  
F. A. Adelsberger, President; H. H. Wivoli, Vice-President; Geo. Seybold, Secretary; J. H. Wivoli, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stotter, Treasurer. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West Main street.

**Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.**  
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel N. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey C. Winter; Chaplain, W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Fraley; Officer of the Guard, Albert Dittmer; Surgeon, John Shank; Frame and John A. Baker; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Fraley; Alternate, Harvey C. Winter.

**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. A. Fraley; Vice-President, Wm. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. K. Byers; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

**Emmitsburg Water Company.**  
President, L. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, L. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Packer.

**The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.**  
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**mar 16-17**

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### OUR DEAD.

BY HENRY COYLE.

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 pain and grief?  
Nay! life was full of agony,  
And death was glad relief.  
We know that they are free from pain,  
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 test;  
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 attracted 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 with him with a knife. "It's a good sign, Timothy, and we mustn't forget it. He ain't cut out for a farmer. If he was he wouldn't put out with a knife half an hour without getting 'sore'."

"It might 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 was a man. 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 life-work 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 pinkies on 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 require nothing. They were queer looking specimens of the wood-carver's art, but the boy's parents liked them, and his evident lack of design made them worthless. His father tried to teach him to imitate 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 do better than that."

Then, 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 boy.

"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 of 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 toiled away hard, but from the time he took a dislike to 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 killed 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 the prodigal, 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 approaching and the work on the farm was hard and exhausting, but Willis was strong and robust, and he entered into it with a will. His labor, willingly given, soothed the father's displeasure, 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 night 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 installment in payment for the models of the toys which Willis had designed and which were being put upon the market by the thousands.

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 his handiwork, 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 think fit to take it."

"Oh, yes; and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply.

"At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.—*Harper's Young People.*

### THE GLASS BEADS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANSETTE AND HER DOLLS," ETC.

Long ago I was in Uncle's store with mamma. I was quite a little girl then. I saw strings of beads, just imported. Blue, red, amber, and they charmed me. The price I eagerly asked. I did not see Uncle wink at mamma, as he stated the price, which he gave as tenfold the real one.

"One dollar?" I cried. "Oh, may I not spend my dollar for them?"

My mother replied gravely: "What? The dollar your grandpa gave you for bearing her name—Anita?"

Somehow, the little gold coin, ever precious in my eyes, paled in brilliance as I gazed upon the shining beads. But mamma was inexorable in her refusal. We went home. But the beads still glowed and glistened before my fancy. A terrible temptation beset me. How long I struggled against it I may not say. Evidently I did not pray aright to my guardian angel. I yielded. Surprisingly I stole to the store of my Uncle, my dollar clasped tightly.

"Did mamma say you might?" I was asked.

I dared not say yes, and could not say no.

"Oh, well, I guess it's all right," said Uncle, taking my dollar and giving me the beads.

I went home, but shamefully. Somehow the beads gradually lost their charm, and I hid them away out of my sight. Keen became the pang of conscience, I shrank from mamma's caresses—I could not bear to meet her eye. The loss of the tiny dollar, and more than all, remorse for my deception and disobedience bore on my heart like a weight.

A few days later my dear mother said: "Anita, will you lend me your dollar? I forgot to ask papa for money this morning."

My face flashed—my eyes filled with tears.

"O, mamma!" I cried, throwing myself in her arms.

"You have not lost it?" she questioned, examining the place where I had kept my treasure. "No—not lost; here it is, bright as ever."

I stood in amazement. Were the glass beads a dream? I rushed to their place of concealment.

"O mamma!" I cried again—and that was all I could say in my bewilderment. Then she explained. Uncle had told her all and given her back the dollar.

Never shall I forget how she took me in her arms and made me feel by her impassive words how unfeeling, how wicked I had been. I never forgot the lesson. The beads were mine, too, though I painfully felt I did not deserve them. And, indeed, I began to dislike them, and soon took them to a poor sick girl, who cried over them with delight. The dollar is still in my possession, and I shall keep it always as a memento and reminder, so its adventures cannot prove startling.

MINNIE MAY LEE.

### DR. CONAN DOYLE.

Biographical Sketch of the Distinguished Novelist.

Dr. Conan Doyle, the ring literary constellation, author of the "Sherlock Holmes" stories, "The White Company," etc., and one of the most popular writers for the *Harper's*, is Irish, of course, by blood at least, and a descendant of a family which has evinced artistic genius in more than one generation. Dr. Doyle has attained his popularity slowly. He began to write when he was a student of 19 at Edinburgh, and his first effort—a short story, was published in "Cambridge Journal."

At 21 he went to the Arctic Seas as the medical officer of a whaler, and it was when he returned that he met Dr. Joseph Bell, the original of "Sherlock Holmes." In 1883 he settled down as a doctor at Southsea, and wrote stories when he did not write prescriptions. "The Captain of the Pole Star," now added to the "Silver" library, make a volume of these early tales. "A Study in Scarlet" was the first of the "Sherlock Holmes" stories, and this was followed by "Mischief"—a tale of the Monmouth rebellion—"The Sign of Four," and "The White Company," which is so far his *magnus opus*.

In 1890 he went to London to settle as an eye specialist, but the oculist soon got merged in the novelist, and Dr. Doyle took to the pen as a profession. His short stories in the "Strand Magazine," for each of which he is said to receive £100, have earned him fame far and wide. The Doctor is a grandson of John Doyle, the caricaturist, and a nephew of the famous "Ducky Doyle" (of *Punch*) and Henry Doyle, C. B., director of the Irish Academy.

She was a crank on the subject of music. A gentleman knocked on the door and asked: "Does Mr. Smith live here?" "No, sir, his room is an octave higher—in the next flat," she replied in pianissimo andante tone of voice.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES, Or you are all worn out, really good, nothing is so general a remedy. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite.

### ODDS AND ENDS.

Though a man may have a rasping voice That like a scythe will mow you,  
It's sweeter than sweet music when He says: "Here is what I owe you."

Young Author: "Don't you like to see yourself in print?" Debutante: "No, I prefer silk."

Jess: "Jack virtually told Maud that she used powder." Bess: "What did she say?" Jess: "Simply exploded."

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1893.

## THE HOME RULE VICTORY.

The passage of the Home Rule bill by the House of Commons was not unexpected, but was, nevertheless, received with the rejoicing that is aroused by a great victory. For a long time the event had been looked forward to hopefully, and, as one most deeply interested said, he could hardly believe, in the light of such struggle and disappointment, that it could be true. The passage of the bill by the Commons is far from the accomplishment of all; but if one considers the prospect ten or twelve years ago—the weary-heartedness, the faint, trembling hope of Ireland's future, and the little to encourage it—this is an enormous and almost incredible gain. Measured by such a standard, what confidence we have the right to entertain!

Wonderful Gladstone! This opened the other evening, the fitting close to the long debate, marked by so much agitation, and fluctuation from hope to despondency, and back to hope again, and was splendid for any man, and extraordinary for one of his years. There was the logic that is a part of the subject—the invincible truth that exists in every fibre of it—all set forth, at not so great a length as sometimes before, but even more clearly and distinctly. So plainly and simply, and with such concentrated thought, was the issue displayed that no mind of ordinary reason could fail to accept it. Mr. Gladstone, from long years of practice, and the training applied in a certain line of thought, is a master in the art of condensing principles and exhibiting a cause for which he pleads in its simplest and most possible aspect; but this he has never done so well as he did in the final appeal last week for the object so near his heart.

It is the crowning work of his long and illustrious career. The end is not yet, and much remains to be done—there is, indeed, likely to be a bitter struggle—but even should he die before his eyes are gladdened with the sight of the realization of his hopes, the Home Rule is safe. There are various predictions as to the possible course of the bill. The Lords have fairly determined upon their course, and the bill will doubtless be rejected, in which case there will be an appeal to the English people. We shall then see what verdict they will pronounce in regard to the inhabitants of the sister isle, and whether the justice refused in the past is still to be doomed.

But right is bound to prevail in the end; this is a movement which may appear to stand still, but it is never aroused. The history of mankind never retrogrades. Local self-government is a right that the whole world now acknowledges. One people should no more be in slavery to another, they are individual, should exist in that condition of servitude. If the isolated man possesses the right of freedom, men collectively possess it also. This is now the accepted theory, and it must eventually be the universal fact. The cause of Ireland, therefore, although it may still be obstructed and delayed, is bound to go on to its inevitable culmination in victory. In seeking to defeat this movement of justice, the Lords will be but sounding their own death-knell.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The leading article in *Harper's Magazine* for September is "A General Election in England," by Richard Harding Davis, who vividly describes his experiences as the companion of a conservative candidate during the exciting campaign which returned the present Parliament. The article is illustrated with ten drawings by W. Hatherell.

*Harper's Weekly* for this week contains a front page illustration of the Fair Grounds, called "A Holiday at the Fair," besides other illustrations of incidents on the grounds, one being a night view on the lagoon. There is also a page illustration, with descriptive matter, of the important "Lawn Tennis Tournament at Newport," now going on; a page of notes showing the interior of the Lenox Library; a page showing the work going on in the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia; a short story by Walter Besant, and other attractive features.

Of General Lew Wallace's new novel, *The Prince of India*, just published by the Messrs. Harper &

Brothers, the author lately remarked to a friend that he might say that he "was sent to Constantinople to write that book." President Garfield who was a great admirer of *Ben Hur*, suggested to General Wallace the idea of another historical romance, with Constantinople as its scene. Naturally the period most brilliantly capable of literary development in a story is that tragic one in which Mohammed II. overthrew the Eastern Empire, shattered the Greek Church, destroyed Constantinople, and triumphed in the blood of the last Emperor and of his devoted subjects. The new romance is the result of President Garfield's hint, and of the great facilities afforded General Wallace in the Turkish capital, as well as of his increasing interest in developing the book.

## LULA'S DREAM SONG.

Lula lived in the South, where the beautiful red birds flit from tree to tree all the long bright day. Lula's cousin snared one, and brought it to Lula for a birthday gift, and a very happy girl was Lula. For three weeks she fed and petted and loved her bird. One afternoon when her cousin from the North came to call, he sang his sweetest songs for them, and was admired exceedingly.

"But after all there is a very sad note in the song; don't you think so?" said Cousin Alice, standing close to the cage and listening intently. "A sort of plaintive undertone, as if the poor fellow might almost be crying about something. I dare say he thinks of the great tall trees on whose branches he used to sing."

Then she turned away, and thought no more about the red bird. Not so Lula; every time he sang after that she listened for the "plaintive undertone" which her beautiful grown-up cousin Alice had noticed. There was something like that, Lula thought; nearly every song flitted with it. Listening and wondering, she fell asleep; and in her dream, to her surprise, she was able to understand the words of her red bird's song. It was in a curious, uneven rhyme—"machine poetry," she thought her Cousin Dick would have called it—but nevertheless this was the way it went:

Yonder's the tree where I used to rest;  
It was in its branches we built our nest,  
And we twittered and fluttered the hours away,  
And life was one long, bright summer day—  
For then, you see, I was free;  
Ah me! poor me!

To-day I live in a tiny house,  
A house just large enough for a mouse!  
And I hit my wings, and bump my head,  
And I can't help wishing that I were dead.  
For once, you see, I was free;  
Ah me! poor me!

The days are so very, very long,  
And the trees about me so high, and strong;  
And the birds flit by me a merry throng,  
And I sit in prison and hear their song,  
For they, you see, are free;  
Ah me! poor me!

I wonder what they've done with my mate?  
I hope she doesn't know my fate!  
I suppose she only thought I was late,  
And she felt I was cruel to make her wait;  
She thought, you see, I was free;  
Ah me! poor me!

Sometimes I try to report my wrongs;  
They listen, and think I am singing songs.  
So I sit and think how I used to fly;  
And the birds and bees and bugs flit by;  
They all, you see, are free;  
Ah me! poor me!

When Lula awoke, the red bird was asleep with its head under its wing. But the dream song had been too much for her tender heart. Before seven o'clock the next morning, the cage door stood wide open, the cage was empty, and the red bird stood on the tallest limb of a magnolia tree, singing an exquisite melody with no note of sadness in it, and Lula, leaning from the open window, watched and listened, and was satisfied.

## A NOVEL GAME.

A windy, blustering night kept everyone within doors, save a few venturesome spirits like myself, who, rarely having the opportunity to snatch a few days repose in the country, sought to enjoy its gifts, even when most capricious. But a few turns down the road convinced us that a windy night cannot be any more enjoyed in the country than in the city. So we returned to the house again, where a novel and very interesting game was in progress.

Everybody joining in the pastime was given a cent and a slip on which was written twenty questions, the answers to which one must read on the penny. Ten were to be found on one side and ten on the other. Every one some idea of the mental gymnastics necessary in such an amusement, will give you a question or two with the correct answers: Find May and December? Answer, "18 and 92" in the date. "The edge of a hill?" "Brow," found of course on the India's face. "The name of a flower?" Two-lips. "Find an ancient weapon?" Answer, "Arrows," which you discover in the forming of the wreath. Of course the questions can be varied according to one's originality.

## Why He Wouldn't Play.

Harold—Danny Dish is getting up a baseball nine which he is going to call the Dish Club. He wants me to join it, but I shan't do it, for it's bound to get beaten every time.

Mamma—Why do you think so?  
Harold—Did you ever see a dish that didn't get whipped out?

## How's This?

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

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

## FORGIVENESS.

A STREET boy was run over several weeks ago by a heavy wagon in New York City. He was in the gutter, in the act of stooping, and did not see the approaching team. Another gamin, who had been taunting him, ran away when the accident happened. The injured boy was taken to the nearest hospital, where he was found to be fatally hurt.

After he had been in the hospital a few days a small boy, as ragged and friendless as himself, called to ask about him, and to leave an orange for the injured lad. The visitor was shy and embarrassed, and would answer no questions.

He soon came again with an apple, to be used for the same purpose. After that, almost every day he appeared at the hospital, bringing some small gift.

One day the nurse told the little visitor that his friend could not get well. The boy lingered in the receiving-room, and then, with great hesitation, asked if he could see John. He had been invited before, but had refused.

The little patient was lying on his cot, very pale and weak. His eyes opened in dull surprise when he was told that he had a visitor. Before he knew it, two little arms were about his neck, and a familiar, grimy face bent over his and sobbed:

"I say, Johnny, can yer forgive a feller? We was always fightin', an' I know I hurt yer, an' am sorry. Won't ye tell me, Johnny, that ye hain't got no grudge agin me?"

The boy reached up his thin arms and locked them around his little mate's neck, and said:

"Don't cry, Bobby. Don't feel bad. I was fella' a rock at yer when the wagon hit me. You forgive me? Yes, you forgive me—an' I'll forgive you, an' then we'll be square. The folks here learned me a prayer. How does it go, nurse?"

"Forgive us our trespasses," said the white-robed nurse, softly.

The next morning Bob was a little late. The kind nurse met him with a grave face. "Johnny," she said, "had just died." She led the boy to the place where his little friend lay shrouded from sight. He looked at the dead face a moment, and turned away with streaming eyes.

"Didn't he say—'nothin'—about me'?" "He spoke about you before he died, and asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"Are you sure he forgiv' me?" pleaded the trembling voice.  
"I am quite sure."  
"Then—may I—may I go to ther funeral?"

"Indeed you may," said the nurse tenderly. "Poor Johnny hasn't any friends."

He was the only mourner; his little heart the only one that ached, and his the only tears shed over the pauper sod. But Bob had exchanged forgiveness with his friend before he died, and felt his conscience clear with his small world.

If such nobility of feeling can be found in the midst of ignorance and vice, what excuse can there be for us if we fail to exhibit it? His teaching, "Who spake as never man spake," is emphatic: "Forgive if ye have ought against any, that your Father also which is in heaven, may forgive you your trespasses."—*Youth's Companion*.

## A MONSTER SNAKE.

A MONSTER reptile, said to be from fifteen to twenty feet in length, has been seen by a number of our people who reside on Nova Scotia Hill. Some say it is thirty feet long, and its home is somewhere on the sunnyside hill, towards the centre. During the past few years it has been seen several times, and each time the monster was beating a hasty retreat towards its den under a huge rock. At first little attention was paid to these stories, but later on, when some of our farmers, whose reputation for veracity is never questioned, told of having actually seen this monster reptile, people began to think that there might, after all, be something in it. A short time ago, a number of gentlemen took a walk on a Sunday afternoon to investigate a little, and, to their surprise, they found the skin of a huge snake about ten feet long by fourteen and a half inches in circumference. A little further they found several pieces, and when laid together it measured over twenty-two feet. Mr. Smith, on whose farm this monster has been seen several times, found only a few days ago, while mowing in one of his lots, last year's skin of the snake. Unfortunately he did not discover it until he had cut it several times with his scythe. Mr. Smith is of opinion that the snake is at least twenty-five feet long. Sheep and calves have disappeared at times and no one has ever discovered what has become of them. Three years ago one of our farmers, whose farm extends to Tiger pond, lost a valuable yearling heifer. It was at first thought that some hunter had accidentally shot it, but it turned out otherwise, as when the poor creature was discovered there was a whole bone in its body, every bone being crushed as though it had been through a mill. One of our local hunters, while going through the woodland east of B. Smith's farm last fall, was astonished at seeing his dog, a well-bred and trained animal, act very strangely. The dog paid not the slightest attention to his master, and started yelping for home, followed by something that caused the branches to snap like pipe stems. Occurrences like this have been reported several times, and hunters, as a general rule, have given these grounds a wide berth.

A person never enters a house without saluting the porter. Now, the Blessed Virgin is the portress of Heaven.

## THE MONUMENTAL CITY.

An Ancient Obelisk of Columbus Found at Baltimore.

If I were to ask a bright boy or girl fresh from the school-book study of Geography, to tell me what Baltimore is famous for, I should expect this answer: "Baltimore is known as the Monumental City," says a writer in *St. Nicholas*. So it is. But that is only one distinction. Nevertheless, we may begin our survey of the city with this phrase in mind, and see to what it leads us. Baltimore has long been called the Monumental City. I do not know who first employed the term, nor when it came into use, but as far back as 1798 there was an obelisk on the outskirts of the town commemorating Christopher Columbus. It was placed in an obscure position on private property, and by and by its purpose was forgotten, so that it came to be regarded as a monument erected by the owner of the property to the memory of his favorite horse. Recently its history has been published, and it ranks to-day as first in time, though not in art, among the American memorials to the Genoese navigator.

There are higher claims to the "monumental" epithet. In the very heart of the city, on an eminence perhaps 100 feet above the sea level, stands a noble marble column, probably suggested by the well-known pillars of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius in Rome, though not copied from either of them. It rises to a height of 160 feet, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of George Washington, designed by Cassici.

Within the densely settled part of the city this is a most picturesque point. "I don't want to be out of sight of the monument," a little boy was heard to cry, as his nurse proposed to wheel his baby carriage somewhat farther than usual from the corner of Mt. Vernon place and Washington place, where this column stands.

"I don't want to be out of sight of the monument," is the natural impulse of the true Baltimorean. Let him travel as widely as he will, he returns to the Washington monument and all that surrounds it, with admiration and affection, and well he may, for such a column, in such a position and surrounded by such dwelling houses, churches, libraries, and work of art, would be an ornament to Berlin or to Paris.

Much nearer the water, close by the new post office, stands a trophy called the "Battle Monument," because it commemorates the victory at North Point, where the British were repulsed on Sept. 12, 1814. It was from these structures that Baltimore gained its name of the "Monumental City," long before Charleston, Mass., saw the obelisk completed upon Bunker's Hill—long before Crawford's impressive group was placed in the State House grounds of Richmond, Va. In recent years other monuments in memory of individuals began to appear. A shaft in memory of Colonel Armstrong, the commander of Fort McHenry during its bombardment, stands in the southern part of the city. The Italians have erected in the park a statue of Columbus, and a generous citizen of Scotch descent is soon to place there a statue of William Wallace. The bronze memorials of Taney and Peabody will soon be spoken of.

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

## HOW THE OLD HORSE TRAVELED

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at this business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing a while, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours; and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was force of habit. And the boy who forms good or bad habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly. Think of that, dear boys, when you want to light a cigarette.

## Hood's Cures



Mrs. John Fenton

**Dyspepsia, Intense Misery**  
"No pen can describe the suffering I endured ten years ago from Dyspepsia. I had almost given up hope of ever being any better when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am entirely cured and advise anyone suffering from dyspepsia to try Hood's Sarsaparilla."

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
The truth of this statement I am glad to verify at any time. Mrs. JOHN FENTON, 67 E. 17th Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

## ELDEST SONS OF KINGS.

FATE IS AGAINST THEIR ASCENDING THEIR FATHERS' THRONES.

A VERY interesting theory has lately been propounded to the effect that the eldest sons of monarchs seldom ascend the throne of their fathers. History does not seem, at first sight, to sanction the statement in any way whatever.

Looking at the history of England, from the time of the Norman Conquest until the present day we find only seven kings and queens, who, having been blessed with children, have not been succeeded by their first born.

On the other hand, however, when we come to look into European contemporary history, we find ample and conclusive proofs as to the extreme rarity of the eldest son of the crown from parent to eldest son.

The odds against the Prince of Wales ever ascending the throne of England are so great that that worthy gentleman himself has actually been taking up bets on the subject.

But even if the prince does come to the throne he will never be succeeded by his eldest son.

Only a short time has elapsed since the sad news, that the Crown Prince of Austria had met with sudden death, was broken to the world, and the present emperor inherited the throne, not from his father but from his uncle.

The King of Wurtemberg was the cousin of his predecessor in the royal rights, and King Oscar of Sweden succeeded his brother.

When the late King William of Holland was, after a lingering death, carried to the grave, it was only to follow in the footsteps of his two sons who had died before him. The King of the Belgians, too, has seen his son borne to an untimely grave.

Then turning to Russia we find that the present Czar is the second son of his father. The first born was killed, accidentally, of course, by one of his younger brothers while engaged in some rough horse play.

The predecessor of the mad King of Bavaria was his elder brother, who left no issue, and the reigning King of Saxony is also without a legitimate heir.

The only son of Napoleon III. met with a sudden death in the wilds of Africa, and the late Duke of Orleans was a first born who never ascended the throne.

Again the late King of Portugal was not the son of the monarch who reigned before, and the Sultan of Turkey inherits his imperial dignity from one brother and will be succeeded by another.

It is more than probable that the crown prince of Italy will furnish another example of this strange fate that seems to shadow the lives of heirs apparent. He is physically weak and consumptive, and already his dashing young cousin is regarded as the future king.

One can only attribute all this to a series of queer coincidences.

## A SYMPATHETIC BOY.

Young hopeful—"Papa, it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma."  
Papa—"She hasn't complained."  
"No, she's real patient. But she often sends me to the store for things, and the store is a good way off some times, and I know she's 'most sick waitin' when she's in a hurry."  
"Not often, I guess."

"Oh, she's most always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for bread, an' finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast; or gets a pudding all mixed, and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something; an' then she's in an awful stew 'cause the oven is all ready, and maybe company comin'; and I can't run a long distance you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."

"Well, what can we do about it?"  
"I was thinkin' you might get me a bicycle."

## 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:

Leave.	Rate.
Hagerstown, 11:10 A. M.	\$16.75
Roxbury, 11:22 "	16.75
Breatheds, 11:25 "	16.75
Keedysville, 11:36 "	16.75
Eakles Mill, 11:41 "	16.75
Rehobersville, 11:48 "	16.75
Gaithersburg, 11:54 "	16.75
Harper's Ferry, 12:20 P. M.	16.75
Shenandoah June, 12:35 "	16.75
Martinsburg, 1:00 "	16.75
Cherry Run, 1:25 "	16.75
Hancock, 1:43 "	16.05

Arrive Chicago next day at 1:15 P. M. Remember the dates: August 30, Sept. 7, 13, 21. J. H. ROSENSTIEL, Agent



## 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.

## NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE

FOR BOTH SEXES.  
Classical, Scientific, Literary and Business Courses complete. Preparatory and Primary Schools for girls and boys. Address Rev. A. M. Jelly, D. D., Pres., New Windsor, Md. aug-4-2m

## FIRE INSURANCE.

Insure your property in a home Company. The Frederick County Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Moderate Rates. Sure and Safe. CHARLES F. ROWE, Agent, Mar 24-ly. Emmitsburg, Md.

## —CALL ON—

GEO. T. EYSTER,

—AND—

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



The Baby's Comfort. The Mother's Friend. Dr. Fahney's TEETHING SYRUP

For all baby ailments; prevents Cholera Infantum; pleasant to take and perfectly harmless. 25 Cts., at Druggists.

## BUSINESS LOCALS.

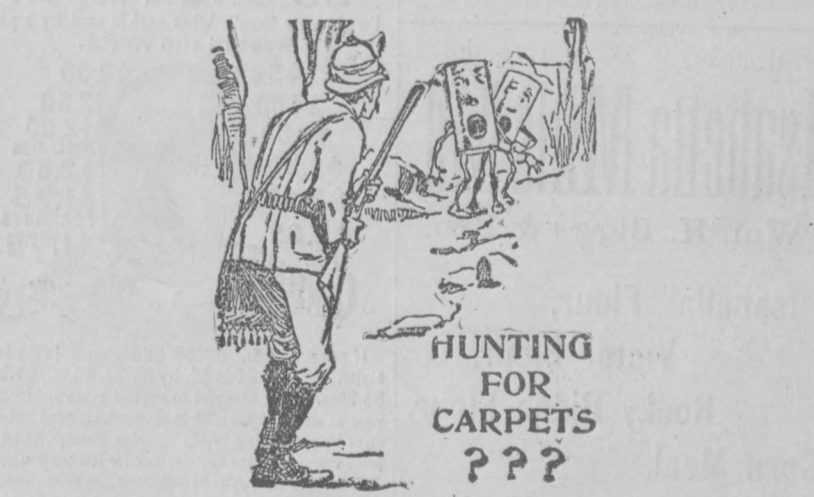
Get your house painting done by John F. Adelsberger, who will furnish estimates upon application, work done on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

Have your Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired by Geo. T. Eyster, who warrants the same, and has always on hand a large stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware. feb8-1f.

## 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



HUNTING FOR CARPETS ???  
If so use our large CARPET STORE for a hunting ground.

We are prepared now to give some heavy reductions in Tapestry and Ingrain Carpets. STOCK STILL FULL. THE LEADERS C. W. Weaver & Son, GETTYSBURG, PA.

## 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., That Choice Farm located in Mechanicstown District, 13 miles north of Loy's 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 in 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. an-18-4t.

## PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned executor of the last will of John Clark, late of Adams county, Pa., deceased, will sell at public sale at the residence of Millard Clark, near the school house in Eyer'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 is well covered with young chestnut and oak timber.

Terms:—One-half cash; the balance in twelve months from day of sale, the purchasers giving their notes with good security, bearing interest from day of sale.

S. W. CLARK, Executor. july-28-4t

## 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 by law be 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. aug-11-5t

## EMMITSBURG Marble Yard CEMETERY WORK

Of all kinds promptly done Orders filled on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed.

W. H. HOKE, Proprietor, EMMITSBURG, MD.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

The undersigned has always on hand a large assortment of Men's Boys', Ladies' and Misses

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS of the very latest styles. Your attention is especially called to the Harrisburg

"LONG -- WEARERS" for ladies and children. All kinds of work made to order at a specialty. Repairing neatly and promptly done. Respectfully

M. FRANK ROWE, aug. 11-4f. Emmitsburg, Md.

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 8, 1893.

## Emmitsburg Rail Road.

On and after June 18, 1892, trains on this road will run as follows:

**TRAINS SOUTH.**  
Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7:10 and 10:40 a. m., and 2:45 and 5:45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 7:40 and 10:50 a. m. and 3:15 and 6:15 p. m.  
**TRAINS NORTH.**  
Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8:20 and 10:40 a. m., and 3:30 and 6:35 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 9:00 and 11:30 a. m. and 4:00 and 7:00 p. m.  
WM. H. BIGGS, Pres't.

**Established 1837.**  
Wetly's all-rye whiskey. It has no rival for superiority, is absolutely pure, and has a reputation of the highest standard for excellence and purity, that will always be sustained. Recommended by physicians. Also Old Kentucky Whiskey and Speer's celebrated Wines for sale by F. A. DIFFENDAL.

Mr. JACOB LAWVER has had his house repainted.  
Don't forget the great bargain sale at J. Traub & Bro's.

The public schools of Frederick county reopened on Monday.

The next G. A. R. annual encampment will be held at Pittsburg, Pa.

The citizens of Laurel, Md., are discussing a proposition to construct water works.

A new horticultural building has been completed on the Hagerstown Fair grounds.

The Koe-Mar Chautauqua which had been in session in Hagerstown for several days, has closed.

The progressive branch of the German Baptist Brethren Church have organized a congregation in Hagerstown.

Antica and Oil Liniment is equally good for man and beast. 25 and 50 cts. per bottle. For sale by J. A. Elder.

Five thousand persons attended the Salvation Army meeting at the Glynndon camp ground on last Sunday.

Look for the new advertisement of Messrs. G. W. Weaver & Co. of Gettysburg, which will appear in our next issue.

For a mild cathartic and efficient emetic, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Every bottle warranted. For sale by J. A. Elder.

The ministerial Institute of the Maryland Conference of the United Brethren Church, was in session at Middletown this week.

Mr. WM. K. BLACK, one of the administrators of Samuel Wetly, deceased, will sell the personal effects of the said deceased, on Saturday, Sept. 16.

The following instruments were filed during the past month in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court: Deeds, 57; mortgages, 32; miscellaneous, 7; marriage licenses, 14.

It is said that eighty-six witnesses have already been summoned to testify in the celebrated Hoffman-Sachrist road case, which is now before the Frederick county court.

**DENTAL NOTICE.**—Dr. Geo. D. Foulke will visit Emmitsburg professionally, September 13th, 14th and 15th. Can be seen at the residence of Mr. Philip Lawrence.

On Sunday, Rev. Mieszlaw Barabas, of Holy Rosary Catholic Church, Baltimore, was attacked by enemies while going to church and the police quelled an incipient melee.

**DEER PARK HOTEL,** in Garrett county, caught fire Sunday morning, but by coolness and promptness the flames were extinguished without any serious damage having been done.

We still have a few suits left, also hats and shoes. Everything must be sold at half price within two weeks. Don't miss the great opportunity. Respectfully, J. TRAU & BRO.

**Cough Syrup.**—Yes I am tired of hearing and seeing the word "cough" 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.

The Waynesboro Base Ball Team passed through this place on last Saturday, on their way to Gettysburg, to play a game with a nine of that place. The score was 13 to 10 in favor of Waynesboro.

E. C. FOSGER, until recently one of the editors and proprietors of the Brunswick Herald, will soon commence the publication of a paper in Brunswick, devoted to the interest of the Order of Knights of Pythias in Maryland.

**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.

**Died at Ninety-six.**  
Mr. Jacob Ricketts, probably the oldest citizen of Montgomery county, died suddenly at the residence of Dr. E. Henning Etchison, at Gaithersburg, September 1, aged ninety-six years. Mr. Ricketts was remarkably preserved mentally and physically to one of his age and was in his usual health in the morning. He had considerable property there and leaves two daughters, Mrs. Victoria Ward, widow of the late Henry C. Ward, and Mrs. Leonidas Ricketts, of Rockville.

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

Thousands walk the earth to-day who would be sleeping in its bosom but for the timely use of Down's Exhilar. For sale by J. A. Elder.

## Hort.

Allen, a young son of Mr. Calvin Harbaugh, of near town, fell from a wagon on Thursday evening and was considerably hurt. Dr. J. Eichelberger, Jr., rendered the medical aid.

The Republican State Convention which met at Rain's Hall, in Baltimore, on Wednesday, nominated Mr. Joshua Horner, Jr., president of the American National Bank, Baltimore, for comptroller of the State treasury.

Four of the Fresh Air Children were sent to Baltimore on Monday. The remainder of them were sent to the city on the 232 train this afternoon, after spending two pleasant weeks in this healthy seclusion of the country.

SALLIE K. BOYCE, of Mechanicstown, Md., has purchased from the Roland Park Company for \$6,000 two lots in Roland Park, Baltimore. The lots are on Blithewood avenue, each having a front of 50 feet and a depth of 150 feet.

AFTER this month we will discontinue the mailing of our eight page Standard Fashion Sheet, except to those who send us their names and address, and to all such we will gladly mail it free. G. W. WEAVER & SON.

In the report of the Philosophical Congress the Chicago papers say that on account of its excellence the paper by Prof. Bushnell, of Kee Mar College, Hagerstown, Md., provoked considerable debate and his address was generously applauded.

The Town's Creek M. E. Sunday School will hold a picnic in Mr. Mead Finn's woods, near the church, on Saturday, Sept. 16. Rev. Mr. Ishizaka (a Japanese) of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, will deliver an address at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

Prof. WM. L. AVIS, who had been the principal of the public schools of Middletown for more than ten years, has resigned and accepted a position as principal of the high school at Altoona, Pa. Rev. Wm. G. Minnick succeeds temporarily Mr. Avis at Middletown.

WASHINGTON county was visited by a violent rain and wind storm early on Wednesday morning. Lightning struck Mr. Joseph Shank's barn, near Leitersburg, and the building was consumed, along with twenty-five head of sheep, thirty tons of hay, one thousand bushels of wheat, straw, feed, etc. Loss about \$4,000.

## The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

The following letters remain in the Post Office at Emmitsburg, Md., Sept. 8, 1893. Persons calling will please see *advertisers*, otherwise they may not receive them:  
James Hamel, Robert F. Hughes, Hanson Weant.

S. N. McNAIR, P. M.

GREENFIELD flouring mills, belonging to Zeitlinger & Sons, situated about three miles south of Adamstown, Frederick county, which was destroyed by fire Sunday, between 2 and 3 o'clock, A. M., was the oldest mill in the county. The last time it was repaired a complete set of rollers was introduced. The total loss is estimated at about \$10,000.

On Sunday Miss Florence Haines, of Brunswick, while visiting her parents, near Rockville, met with an accident that might have been very serious. The horse she was driving backed down an embankment, and Miss Haines was thrown out, but she escaped with only a fright. The horse was not hurt and the vehicle was only slightly damaged.

## A Crazy Man Arrested.

Sammerville Corter, of Brunswick, was arrested and lodged in the Frederick jail on Wednesday because of his recent conduct, indicating him to be of unsound mind. He has been running around in an exposed condition and wearing a tattered coat of his own making. A writ will be taken out to inquire into his lunacy.

## Sold Out.

Mr. Michael Hoke, proprietor of the Emmitt House, in this place, sold his interest in the house to Mr. Geo. M. Streckman, of Calistoga, Cal., on Monday. Mr. Streckman, who has had considerable experience in the hotel business, comes well recommended, and will take charge of the hotel the first of next week.

## More Stealing.

On Tuesday night thieves entered the chicken house of Mr. Geo. W. Rowe, in this place, and stole a lot of chickens. The thieves were seen by a member of the family but were not recognized. They carried a lantern and came down through the chicken house and out the gate alongside of the house to the street.

## Heist Convicted.

At Gettysburg last Saturday, the jury on the Henry Heist trial for the murder of Emanuel Munn rendered a verdict of murder in the first degree, after being out twelve minutes. Heist killed Munn last February, in the mountains near Fairfield, an account of which appeared in these columns at the time. A motion for a new trial has been made.

## Shot in the Throat.

Mr. Chas. E. Cassell, editor of the Mechanicstown Chronicle, met with an accident while hunting on last Friday. In picking up his gun the hammer caught and was drawn back far enough to explode the cartridge when released, and Mr. Cassell lost part of his thumb on the right hand. We hope our friend will be more careful in handling the dangerous weapon the next time he goes hunting.

## What Do You Take Medicine For?

Because you are sick, and want to get well, of course.

Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

All we ask is, that in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you will do so with perseverance equaling or approaching the tenacity with which your complaint has clung to you. It takes time and care to eradicate old and deep-seated maladies, particularly when they have been so long hidden in the system that they have become chronic. Remember, that all permanent and positive cures are brought about with reason and moderation. Hood's Sarsaparilla attacks disease vigorously and never leaves the field until it has conquered.

## A Grand Success.

The picnic held in Adams' Grove, near town, on last Saturday, for the benefit of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, was a grand success and several hundred people were in attendance. The pleasures of the day began early in the forenoon and continued until seven o'clock in the evening. Dancing was indulged in during the day, and a shooting gallery and other amusements were on the grounds. Dinner and supper were served to a large number of people. The committee in charge having more cakes, etc., on hand than they were able to dispose of during the day, and in order to sell the same to the best advantage, a festival and dance was held in Kerrigan's schoolroom on East Main street, on Monday evening. The attendance was large and the festival closed with an auction.

The amount realized from the picnic and festival was \$238.00 above all expenses, and the committee to express the thanks of the committee to all who so freely responded to the call for donations, and also to those who encouraged the committee by their attendance.

## Feats of Lightning.

During a recent thunder storm a singular feat of lightning was noticed in the vineyard of St. Mary's College. The lightning first struck an apple tree and killed it, the apples at present hanging on the tree withered. It then passed to the roots of the tree, and from there it struck a grape vine, for a distance of about twenty feet. It then struck the end post of a grape arbor knocking a large piece off the post that supported the vines, a distance of forty feet. It then ran along the lower wire that supports the vines, about two hundred feet to the opposite end of the grape arbor where it pulled out the staple which was attached to the post, knocking a piece out of that post also. On the way the grapes that hung near the wire were injured so that they would not ripen. The grapes that hung higher up were less damaged. The same effect, in a less degree, was produced on two adjacent arbors running parallel to the one just mentioned, one on each side of it at a distance of about forty feet. J. A. MCDONELL.

## Religious Notes.

A harvest home service will be held in the Lutheran Church, in this place, on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. Charles Reinwald.

Communion services will be held in the Lutheran Church on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. Charles Reinwald.

The work of repressing the Reformed Church in this place, has been completed, and the church is now being cleaned. It will be reopened for worship on Sunday morning, Sept. 7, at 10 o'clock, at which time the pastor, Rev. Alfred M. Schaffner, will deliver an historical discourse on the subject of "The Centennial of the Independent Organization of the Reformed Church in the United States." The public is cordially invited.

## A Verdict For \$1,491.19.

In the Circuit Court, now in session, the case of Levi F. Miller, vs. the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which had occupied the attention of the court for several days, was given to the jury on Sunday morning. The verdict was in favor of the plaintiff for \$1,491.19, with interest and costs, amounting to \$1,491.19. It appeared in evidence that in 1886 the plaintiff had shipped over that road two carloads of wheat consigned to him, which were damaged by the negligence of the railroad company. The plaintiff was subsequently consigned to Hallows Bros., under Miller's instructions, failing shortly after, and owing the railroad company freight bills gave it an order to hold the wheat in part payment of their indebtedness. The defendants were not able to produce the telegram mention; hence the verdict.—Sun.

## C. S. Carter Drowned.

On his way to mass Sunday morning, Mr. John Kessel found the body of C. S. Carter, who had fallen overboard from the Britannia, near Leonardtown, Md. It seems that the young man had been spending some time at St. George's Island and Thursday last on his way home by the steamer Arrowsmith. When the steamer reached Leonardtown, Mr. Carter's body was found floating in the water. He was lying on his back, and his hands were unloading the vessel and in the noise no one heard the splash or any cry for help. Mr. Carter was a well known merchant. He leaves a wife and two children. His body remained in the water for about three days and was frightfully mutilated by crabs.

## Studies Resumed.

The public school in this place reopened on last Monday, with an unusually large attendance. The number of pupils enrolled was seventy-three. The school is divided into two departments, Prof. E. B. Fockler, Principal, having thirty-two scholars in his room, whilst the primary department which is under the instruction of Miss Fannie Bailey, has forty-one scholars. Several more pupils will be enrolled within a few weeks, which will make the number nearly one hundred for the present scholastic year.

## Died From Loss of Blood.

Mr. Cyrus Rontzahn, of Myersville, lost a valuable horse last Tuesday morning from loss of blood. As Mr. Lawson Moser was plowing out potatoes on Monday evening he hitched the horse to a limb of a tree and in his absence the horse became entangled in the line and threw himself backward on the ground, and was killed by the fall. The horse was a valuable one and was worth about \$5,000. This is the second big fire Waynesboro has had within about three weeks.

## Shot With a Musket.

On Monday, a man by the name of Leonard, claiming Baltimore as his residence, shot Jesse Anderson, a repair hand on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Anderson died from the effect of the wound at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The shooting occurred between Buckeystown and Lime Kiln along the railroad in Frederick county. Leonard borrowed the musket, some powder and shot, with which he killed his victim, from Mr. Wm. Stoner, of Lime Kiln, saying he wanted to shoot squirrels. Leonard's version of the shooting is to the effect that Anderson had been talking about him. After the shooting Leonard walked to Buckeystown, and got into a car, and was there arrested by Deputy Constable Jeremiah Dutrow and taken to Frederick, where he was placed in jail to await the action of the grand jury which is now in session. Anderson lost an eye by an accident about three months ago and lay for some time at the point of death. He leaves a wife and several children.

## Don't You Know

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

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from C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## ST. EUPHEMIA'S SCHOOL.

School again! St. Euphemia's School resumed its scholastic course on Monday, Sept. 4.

One hundred and twenty-five bright boys and seventy-two happy girls, dressed in prompt attendance. A gratifying result for the teachers of this excellent School to find their pupils return after a healthy vacation; every feature bearing evidence of earnestness for school work and youthful determination to labor more strenuously in acquiring that science which conduces to future usefulness.

Apart from a polite education within reach of all, it is a well known fact that in St. Euphemia's School many pupils are fitted each year to fill important positions in our neighboring towns, as type-writers, stenographers and bookkeepers which of itself, is sufficient recommendation for parents and guardians to patronize this institution.

Sister Rose Nyland who so ably directed the school during the past four years being obliged to resign her charge has been replaced by the energetic Sister Teresa, who with her competent teachers will leave nothing undone to promote the interests of the pupils.

For the "little tots" to whom all is new and delightful, classes being furnished with the school apparatus of the day. A course of Latin will be given to advanced pupils. Instrumental and Vocal music receive especial attention. The people of Emmitsburg, so justly famed for the appreciation of learning, and love of the beautiful, have every reason to be proud of having in their romantic little town, a school that can vie with any others of our largest cities. The class for Colored Children attend at the school, and with an attendance of thirty neat-looking, industrious pupils.

## FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

As the squirrel law is out one can hear the report of guns in every direction.

Mrs. David Reese, of this place, missed her footing and fell, breaking one of her toes.

Mrs. George Gotwalt and son, of Gettysburg, are visiting among friends in this place.

The farmers in this section of the country are busily engaged in seeding, and cutting of corn.

Mr. O. B. Boring, of this place, is having his house painted, which will add much to the appearance of the place.

Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Hostetter, of Lancaster, Pa., and Mrs. D. B. Martin, of Fountainebleau, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Shulley.

Mr. Harry F. Shulley, of this place, while shooting at a target with a 22-caliber rifle, on last Friday evening, accidentally shot his brother Charles, in the back part of the neck on the left side. He entered his month, and lodged at the end of the jaw bone. Charles took the ball from his mouth with his fingers. Charles was standing behind the wagon shed, a distance of twenty-five yards from his brother, and stepped out from behind the shed just as he shot the ball striking him as above stated. Dr. A. P. Beyer, was sent for, and after examining the wound said the boy made a narrow escape from being killed, as the ball passed close to one of the arteries. The wound is not of a serious nature.

## Badly Burned.

Mr. George Bartholomew, of Lancaster, Pa., and Mr. Charles C. Rowe, of this place, have been using a repairing the ice machine at St. Joseph's Academy, near town, for the past few days, and with an accident on Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock, of a serious nature and came very near causing death. Mr. Rowe, who was in the machine, supposing that they had taken all the gas from the machine, proceeded to remove a valve which was leaking, in order to repair it. As there was still some gas of ammonia in it, the valve was forced out and the gas flew over Mr. Rowe's head and into his eyes, building for water, when Mr. Bartholomew came exhausted and fell to the ground in an unconscious condition, in which state he was taken to the Emmitt House, in this place, where he remained for some time before he became conscious. Mr. Bartholomew's breast and arms are burnt into blisters. His shirt where the gas struck it was frozen stiff. Mr. Rowe escaped uninjured. Mr. Bartholomew, under the skillful treatment of Dr. John B. Braxner, is improving as rapidly as can be expected, although his eyes were badly damaged. The boys often were badly damaged. The loss is estimated at \$5,000. This is the second big fire Waynesboro has had within about three weeks.

## Waynesboro Visited by Another Fire.

Waynesboro was visited by another disastrous fire on last Saturday afternoon. The fire started in Mr. Frank Weagley's stable and communicated to the Washington Hotel stable, thence to Thrush & Stang's carriage house, to the market house, and from there to the stable of Mr. Strickler's stable and several smaller buildings. The wind was blowing from the west, and a populous and thickly built section lay in the track of the sparks. Seven buildings were on fire at one time. A telegram was sent to Hagerstown for assistance, and an engine and several reels had been placed on the cars ready to start for Waynesboro, when the news was sent to the fire department that the fire was under control. Several of the buildings were totally destroyed. The other others were badly damaged. The loss is estimated at \$5,000. This is the second big fire Waynesboro has had within about three weeks.

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## PERSONALS.

Maj. O. A. Horner and family are in Chicago.

Mr. Frank Lawrence made a trip to Chicago.

Mr. C. E. Zacharias was in Baltimore on Monday.

Mr. Wm. K. Black was in Frederick, on Tuesday.

Mr. Joshua Gillean has gone to the World's Fair.

Miss Emily Annan is visiting at Snow Hill, Md.

Mr. J. Thos. Gelwicks was in Baltimore on Monday.

Mrs. Annie M. Seton was in Baltimore this week.

Miss Edith M. Motter made a trip to Baltimore on Monday.

Mrs. Lucinda Higbee has returned to her home in Lancaster.

Mr. E. V. Hermange, of Baltimore, spent Sunday in this place.

Mrs. Wm. E. Marshall, of Baltimore, is visiting at Mr. S. N. McNair's.

Mr. D. E. Wilson, of Vahlosta, Ga., spent several days in town this week.

Mr. Peter L. Lemen, of Williamsport, spent a few days at Mr. L. M. Motter's this week.

We had a pleasant call on last Saturday from Mr. John P. Harbaugh, of Newhallville.

Prof. Thomas Simonton is visiting his brother, Rev. Wm. Simonton, D. D., in this place.

Mr. Joseph Helman, of Cumberland, is visiting his brother, Mr. James A. Helman, in this place.

Miss Nellie Favorite and her little niece, Miss Rose Favorite, have returned home from Waynesboro.

Mrs. Joseph Smith, of York, Pa., spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Ginnell, this week.

Miss Gertrude Stoner, who had been visiting at Mr. Pius Felix's, returned to her home at Sylvan, Pa., on Wednesday.

Miss Nettie L. Moritz arrived home from Atlantic City on last Tuesday evening, very much pleased with her visit.

Miss Grace Danner, of York, Pa., and Miss Emma Sell of Hanover, have been visiting at Mr. Wm. Morrison's in this place.

Rev. J. C. Starr, wife and daughter, Miss Jessie, of Hancock, Washington county, Md., were the guests of Mrs. S. S. Gilson, this week.

Mr. William Houck, of St. Joseph, Mo., is visiting Mr. James Koonitz, in this place. This is Mr. Houck's first visit to Emmitsburg in eight years.

Rev. A. M. Schaffner, who has been visiting at Hagerstown, Pa., while the Reformed Church, of which he is pastor, was being frescoed, will return to this place to-day.

Mrs. Mary E. Adelsberger with her son, Master Ernest, who has been spending the summer with her son, Mr. F. A. Adelsberger, in this place, returned to Baltimore on Wednesday.

U. S. Commissioner James A. Clarke, and Mr. Geo. A. Harvey, returned to Washington on Wednesday, after spending several very pleasant days at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Smith, in this place.

Mrs. M. H. MacLeod, of Coalport, Pa., spent a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. Kay Wrigley, this week.

Mrs. MacLeod accompanied by Mrs. Wrigley and her little daughter, Miss Annie, returned to her home to-day.

LIVERY stable keepers should always keep Antica and Oil Liniment in the stable, nothing like it for horses. For sale by J. A. Elder.

## MARRIED.

ULRICH-KNOX.—On Sept. 6, 1893, in Philadelphia, Pa., by Rev. James Crawford, D. D., pastor of Christ Reformed Church, Mr. Geo. C. Ulrich, of Philadelphia, formerly of this place, to Miss Clara Knox, of Philadelphia.

## FRESH MEATS

Having opened a butcher shop at Mr. C. T. Zacharias old stand on West Main Street, Emmitsburg, I am prepared to furnish

## FRESH -- MEATS

of all kinds, and solicit a share of the public patronage. Respectfully,  
Sept 8th ALBERT SMITH.

## Order Nisi on Audit.

N. O. 6107 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity.

SEPTEMBER TERM, 1893.

In the Matter of the Auditor's Report filed the 6th day of September, 1893.

James T. Hays, Assignee of Benjamin B. Gracey, Mortgagee of Cassandra Eyer and wife, on Petition.

ORDERED, That on the 27th day of September 1893, the Court will proceed to act upon the Report of the Auditor, filed as aforesaid, in the above cause, to finally ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick County, for two successive weeks prior to said day.

Dated this 6th day of September 1893.

JOHN L. JORDAN, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick County.

True Copy—Test: JOHN L. JORDAN, Clerk.

## 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 thereof, to the subscribers on or before the 30th day of February, 1894; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this eighteenth day of October A. D. 1893.

GEORGE W. WELTY, WILLIAM K. BLACK, Administrators.

aug. 18-93.

## MUST BE SOLD

—IN—

30 DAYS 30

Having decided to close out our Clothing Store in Emmitsburg

