

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

PAUL MOTTER & CO., Publishers.

Established by SAMUEL MOTTER in 1879.

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance.

VOL. XV.

EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1893.

NO. 18.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.
Chief Judge—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges—Hon. John T. Vinson and Hon. John A. Lyle.
State's Attorney—Edw. S. Eichelberger.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

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

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

Surveyor.
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. P. Shuler, James F. Hickey, I. M. Fisher.
Registrar—E. S. Taney.
Constables—W. P. Nuttmaker, H. E. Hann, John B. Shorb.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigle.

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

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

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor—Rev. A. M. Schaffner. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock a. m.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. W. S. Simonton, D. D. Morning service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 8:45 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. H. F. White, C. M. First Mass 6:30 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Masses 3 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. Henry Mann. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mails.
Arrive.
Way from Baltimore, 8:30 a. m., and 7:15 p. m., Motter's, 11:30 a. m., Frederick, 11:30 a. m., and 7:15 p. m., Gettysburg, 3:30 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:15 p. m., Eyer's, P. O., 3:30 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 Washington, E. P. O., 3:30 p. m., Frederick, 3:30 p. m., Motter's and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:35 p. m., Gettysburg, 8 a. m., Eyer, 10:15 a. m.
Office hours from 6:45 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

Societies.
Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindler Fire Company, every Saturday evening, 8th Regt. Officers: Proprietor, Wm. Morrison, Sachem, J. K. Byers; Sen. Sag, Joseph Claiborn; Jun. Sag, J. H. T. Webb; C. of R., M. F. Shull; K. of W., Dr. J. W. Reigle; Representative, Wm. Morrison; Trustees, J. D. Caldwell, J. P. Adelsberger, Wm. Morrison.

Emerald Beneficial Association.
P. Adelsberger, President; H. H. Wivell, Vice-President; Geo. Seybold, Secretary; A. R. Rode, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stoner, Treasurer; Messrs. the four on Sunday of each month; F. A. Adelsberger's building, West Main street.

Arthur Post No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel O. McNair; Junior Vice-Commander, Harvey G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. A. Frayer; Director of the Guard, Albert Dotterer; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Gambill, Joseph Frame and John A. Baker; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Frayer; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.

Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd 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, Rev. W. S. Simonton, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

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

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

W. H. Biggs. **JAS. S. BIGGS.**

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"Isabella" Flour,

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Dr. J. G. Troxell, Mt. St. Mary's, P. O.
J. C. Rosenstiel, Motter's Station.
Samuel J. Maxwell, Maxwell's Mill.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES.
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. Osborn, 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. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"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, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

JUST ARRIVED!

THE LAST HOUR at the free kindergarten was drawing to a close, and the children were quite breathless with their exertions, when a creaking of hinges and a blast of icy air drew all eyes to the door, in the opening of which Pete stood disclosed.

He was about five years old, with a smiling countenance, plentifully besprinkled by nature with freckles, and by art with grime and splashes of mud. His blue eyes met yours fearlessly, with a merry twinkle in the corners, and his red hair shone with a fiery lustre through the crownless hat.

In dress, Pete was simplicity itself. A pair of ragged trousers, held on over a grimy shirt by one dispirited "gaiter," one buttoned shoe, from which the button had long departed, their places being supplied by a dirty green ribbon tied around the ankle; the other, through which the bare toes peeped appealingly, was laced with a bit of yellow string—apparently Pete had an eye to color—while the whole costume was appropriately roofed in by the dilapidated hat. Shyness never being one of Pete's faults, he spoke up briskly, as he met the teacher's eyes fixed in wonder upon him.

"Say, I'm a new scholar. I want to join this here school. I think it's prime."

"But," the teacher answered, "we can't take any new scholars; the school is full."

"Come, now," he said, a little crestfallen, but soon recovering, and winking knowingly at the teacher. "I ain't none of your charity scholars. Seem I brought my money along."

Here he opened one grimy fist and disclosed in the moist palm, five very sticky pennies.

By this time the teacher had recovered from her first surprise, and, interested by this specimen of humanity, asked:

"What's your name?"

"Pete's my name; all these here kids knows me."

Here the children all joined in the chorus:

"We know him, Miss Katie; his name's Pete Brown, and he don't belong to no one much; just lives along with old Miss Brown at Liberty Hall—one of the worst dens in that unsavory neighborhood."

Pete nodded briskly in confirmation of these remarks.

"Say, teacher, take my money, and lemme stay."

"I can't take your money, Pete," Miss Katie began, and his face grew very grave, while his lip trembled, as he asked:

"Ain't it enough? I can't get no more, teacher; it took me a long time to get this." Then his face brightened again. "But, I say, can't yer take me for this, and let me work out the rest? I kin work I tell you."

"Pete," Miss Katie answered, and her eyes were very misty, as she looked down into the little face turned up so wistfully towards her, "you can keep your money—and you can stay."

And so Pete was enrolled as a kindergarten "kid," that being a sort of pet name in the neighborhood, and turned his back resolutely upon all his old associations.

His satisfaction was intense; he seemed fairly to absorb the teaching in every pore, and his beaming smile always called an answering one into every face upon which it was turned.

Gradually he became more civilized in appearance, the dirt retiring into the more outlying districts, then finally retiring altogether. Miss Katie dared not give him any licks, always called they will be sold for drink by the dreadful old woman with whom he lived, so she was obliged to content herself with leading him some while he was at school, which she would shed, with his usual cheerful equanimity, when the time came.

When Two Halves Don't Make a Whole
Teacher—Yes, two halves make a whole in every instance.
Small Boy—I can name an instance in which they don't.
Teacher—I should like to hear it.
Small Boy—Well, two half-brothers won't make a whole one.

I. S. ANNAN & BRO.

EMMITSBURG, MD.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE WITH TIP.
Do you wear them? When not in need try a pair, Best in the world.

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

FOR GENTLEMEN FOR BOYS FOR MISSES

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

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BRICK WAREHOUSE,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN, PRODUCE,
COAL,
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HAY & STRAW.
June 14-y
SOLID SILVER
American Lever Watches,
WARRANTED TWO YEARS,
ONLY \$6.
G. T. EYSTER.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

They say, I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land;
Whose meter folds above me,
To the free breeze expand;
The broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say, I would forsake thee,
Could some other ensign lower;
That, rampant I should make thee;
Crouch to a foreign power;
Seduced by license ample
On thee, blest flag to trample.

They say, that bolts of thunder,
Cast in the forge of Rome,
May rise and bring thee under,
Flag of my native home,
And with one blow disperse
My heart from thee forever.

False are the words they utter,
Ungenerous their brand;
And rash eaths they mutter,
Flag of my native land;
Whilst still, in hope above me,
Thou wavest—and I love thee!

God is my love's first duty,
To whose eternal name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second.

Woe to the foe or the stranger,
Whose sacrilegious hand,
Would touch thee, or endanger
Flag of my native land;
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy gentle folds,
Beliefs, opinions, manners,
Promiscuously be laid;
And there all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou laborer of light,
While in one general chorus,
Our vows to thee we plight;
Unfaithful to thee—never!
My native land forever!

PETE.
BY MARY HENSHAW GROSVENOR.

PETE'S first appearance was sudden. The last hour at the free kindergarten was drawing to a close, and the children were quite breathless with their exertions, when a creaking of hinges and a blast of icy air drew all eyes to the door, in the opening of which Pete stood disclosed.

He was about five years old, with a smiling countenance, plentifully besprinkled by nature with freckles, and by art with grime and splashes of mud. His blue eyes met yours fearlessly, with a merry twinkle in the corners, and his red hair shone with a fiery lustre through the crownless hat.

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been lately promoted to a public school. Miss Katy said:

"I am going to let Pete carry my bag every day now; he is so careful."

As there had been many applicants for the position, Pete's satisfaction knew no bounds at having been selected over those who were much older, and had been so much longer at the kindergarten. One might almost have warmed one's self at his smile, as each day he carried the little bag to the car, giving it to her just as she was about to step in.

One snowy day, when the wind blew at a gale, making every woman wish for at least two pairs of hands to manage skirts and umbrella, Miss Katy found, when she was in the car, that she had forgotten to take her bag.

It had been the children's pennies, brought each day for the little savings fund, and she feared Pete's honesty might not stand the test, blaming herself for having placed temptation in his way.

"Too late, now, for with a bang and a whizz, the electric car was off: a brack-neck speed."

She was earlier than usual at the school the next morning, and, as the children gathered, she saw, with a sinking heart, that both Pete and the bag were missing.

Her fears were not allayed by the remarks with which the children greeted her.

"Miss Katy, Pete's been took off in the patrol wagon,"—this from a little boy whose envy at Pete's notoriety was ill-concealed.

"Miss Katy, he was fightin' awful about your bag."

"I seen him k-r-o-k-e-d down."

"A man said he'd bust his head open."

Certainly, something had happened; but he less of obtaining any reliable information from such an excited group, order was called for, and the day's work was on.

What a long, long morning it was, and how she missed the merry smile and roguish twinkle of the blue eyes!

She realized now how the boy had wound himself about her heart. Could he, indeed, be a thief? A thief! Her little Pete, of whom she had hoped so much!

The children went home alone that afternoon, for Miss Katy staid behind to arrange some work for the following day. She was bending over a table, with her back to the door, when the well-known creak made her turn quickly, hoping against hope. A sturdy policeman filled the doorway, meeting her glance with a friendly nod; for Officer Smith was always a welcome guest at the kindergarten, having helped the teacher in many ways. In his hand he held the little bag Pete had carried so proudly.

"Here's your bag, Miss Katy," he said, with a smile, "and I guess you'll want to hear how I came by it?"

"I am almost afraid to ask. Did Pete steal it?"

"Steal? Not! That there Pete's the gamest little cock I ever did see," setting himself against the wall, with the evident intention of getting it all out of the story in the worst way. "W, bless you, no sooner were you off yesterday when Dan Granger came down on the little fellow and ordered him to give up the bag. You know Dan—a big fellow about six feet, and the bully of this ward. And what do you think Pete does? Set off to run first as fast as his legs would carry him, and when he got to that wouldn't work, put the bag behind him against a wall, and stood there, that little chap, ready to fight that hulking fellow. 'I'll knock the life out of you,' Dan said, and Pete answered up as game as you please, 'You won't get it until you do, Dan Granger.' Bless your eyes, they was in the thick of it when I come round the corner, and that Granger took off pretty sharp, while Pete—he just run into my arms, put the bag in my hand, and tumbled over in a faint, with the blood running from a big cut in his head."

The teacher was falling as Miss Katy asked eagerly:

"But where is he now? Have you taken him to the hospital? The children said he was carried off in a patrol-wagon!"

The big policeman looked a little sheepish as he answered:

"He ain't gone to no hospital, Miss Katy. The doctor at the station-house said he was not much hurt, and a little care would put him on his feet again."

"You did not send him back to that dreadful place!"—clasping her hands in distress.

A smile chased itself over his face, and he spoke half apologetically:

"No, he ain't gone back there."

"Then, where is he?" she asked, wondering if she would ever solve the mystery of his whereabouts. Then he drew closer to her, and, looking over her shoulder furtively, answered in a hoarse whisper:

"Well, you see, Miss Katy, he was such a game little chap it seemed as if he ought to have a chance, so I spoke to my wife, and—and—well, she's been grieving awful for the little fellow we lost last year, so she just held out her arms, and I put Pete into them, and there he's going to stay."

Miss Katy took the big red fist in her two hands, and gave it a hearty shake.

"You good man! God will surely bless you both!" then seeing his embarrassment, and the anxious look, he turned to the door, as though contemplating immediate flight, changed the subject by saying, "But Mrs. Brown!"

"She ain't got one bit of claim on that boy, but I thought I'd better shut up her mouth with a dollar or two. I guess she'll drink herself to death with the money, but she was bound to do that or later. Pete's just about wild to see you, and I promised him I'd ask you to step around after school."

Pete, in a clean, white bed for the first time in his life, and his wounded head bound up most scientifically, was perfectly unembarrassed by the elegance of his surroundings, but met Miss Katy's eyes with the same beaming smile, clasping his arms tightly about her neck as she stooped to kiss him.

"My little Pete! My brave little boy! He might have killed you!"

"He never got nothin' off me, Miss Katy. He never knew how strong I was, I tell you, the licks hurt, though."

"O, Pete! It was not worth it. I would rather have let him take the bag. You ought to have given it to him, rather than let him hurt you so badly."

"Don't you cry, Miss Katy, I ain't hurt so bad. Mam Brown often licked me harder than this. And my eye, Miss Katy, when you give me that bag, and sed you trusted me, you see I just could not give it up while I was a-livin'."

There is not much more to write about Pete, whose lines had now fallen in pleas-

ant places. He did not desert the kindergarten, but came each day to his place in the ring, with the same beaming smile and happy chuckle, doing his duty faithfully in his little corner, and perfectly unconscious of being pointed out again and again as "Our little hero, Pete!"

EGGS FOR BREAKFAST.

THE Sunday morning breakfast table was wrapped in gloom, all because the eggs were not cooked enough to suit Jack. He pouted and sulked until his father looked very solemnly indeed over the top of his newspaper at the little boy. Then the eggs vanished, but the frowns didn't, and Jack finally said:

"I don't think much of eggs"

"They are very good for little boys," said Jack's mother.

"You ought to be thankful you can get 'em," chimed in Grace, who is twelve and only a girl, while Jack is nine and a boy.

"I don't care," replied Jack. "I don't."

"Suppose, Jack, that instead of nice hen's eggs you had to eat the eggs of wild fowl, as the little boys do who live in Greenland? Sometimes these eggs are so oily that they could almost be fried in their own fat, and taste so strongly of fish that even sailors object to them."

"I wouldn't eat 'em," replied Jack.

"But," said Mr. Page, "Suppose there was nothing else to eat except fish or dried reindeer or tallow candles or whales' blubber?"

"I'd—'d blubber," returned Jack.

"I suspect you would," said Mr. Page. "And yet hens' eggs are not by any means the only eggs that find their way to market. You remember how much you liked the shade rock the other day. That was only the eggs of a shad. Many persons like caviare, which is the eggs of a sturgeon smoked and salted. Turkey, duck, and goose eggs are plentiful in the city markets at some seasons of the year. Plovers, eggs are greatly liked in England. Guinea-hens' eggs too, are sold by the thousand dozens in the summer, although they do not differ much from the eggs of ordinary hens."

"I'd like 'em all the better for that," interrupted Jack.

"Papa," said Grace, who likes to learn things, "are those oily eggs that taste like fish eaten in Greenland?"

"Yes," replied her father. "And they are not by any means the only eggs there. Some of these eggs of wild fowl are about as good as hens' eggs, and whole fleets of vessels go every spring to the Hebrides islands, north of Scotland, to Greenland, Labrador, and some other places, to gather the eggs of these wild fowl during the breeding season."

"I like birds," announced Jack.

"So do I," said Grace, "if they're canaries."

"Pooh!" declared Jack, "I like quail 'n' turkey, 'n' ducks, 'n' chickens, 'n' cartridges, 'n'—"

"I suppose you mean partridges," said Mr. Page. "We all know, Jack, that the birds you like are good to eat. I ought to have told you one queer thing about the eggs of the sea-fowl that we have been talking about. The mother birds usually lay their eggs on ledges of rock along the faces of cliffs, and it is very hard and sometimes dangerous work to collect them."

"I should think they'd roll off," said Jack.

"So they would," replied his father, "if they were shaped like most eggs. Instead they are about the shape of one of Jack's toes. That is they are very broad at the larger end. For that reason they never roll far even when they are disturbed, but simply wheel around in a circle as a top just before it stops spinning. So the mother bird lays her eggs on the bare rocks without any danger of their rolling over the edge of the cliff and being smashed."

"That's funny," was Jack's comment.

"Not funny, Jack," said Grace, who has a way of knowing things that Jack finds unpleasant; not funny, but odd or strange."

"Never mind, Grace," said her mother.

"Haven't you ever noticed," Mr. Page went on, when you were in the country in the summer that the eggs of birds that build nests on the ground are usually spotted with brown, and are very much the color of dried grass. That in its way is as curious as the shape of the sea fowl eggs, and the result is practically the same. The eggs are safe, although in the case of the ground bird it is robbers and not a tumble that has to be guarded against."

"That's funny," said Jack again.

"It isn't any more strange," returned Mr. Page, "than the care the sand swallow and the kingfisher take in boring holes in the face of a cliff in order to lay their eggs and raise their young out of reach of their foes. Nor is it any more curious than the hammock which the oriole swings at the end of a bough in the orchard to escape hungry snakes, nor than the nest of the raft bird, which builds its nest in the shallow water along the borders of lakes, and has been known

to push its curious raft out of reach when danger threatened it. There is one bird which takes good care of its eggs, and yet is a very mean and cowardly bird. The cuckoo lays its eggs in other birds' nests, and so leaves not only the work of building a home but of hatching the eggs and feeding the young, cuckoos to other birds. This bird is almost as bad as the little boy who always wants his sister to wait on him."

"I didn't have time to do it myself," said Master Jack.

"I haven't mentioned any names," Mr. Page went on, "except the names of birds, and none of these birds have told me anything about Jack. Can either of you children tell me which bird lays the largest egg?"

"A goose," guessed Jack.

"An ostrich," answered Grace.

"That's right. An ostrich's egg is as large as a cocoanut. The mother bird usually lays it on the ground with little preparation in the way of a nest, and the father bird does most of the sitting on it until it is hatched. The hot sand usually helps the old fellow out, however."

"Does either of you children know," asked their mother, "what is the most valuable egg in the world?"

"Neither of the children did."

"I saw it when I was in Washington this winter," Mrs. Page said. "It is in the Smithsonian Institute, and is the egg of the great auk. The last auk died in New Zealand about fifty years ago and so there will be no more eggs."

"Aren't there any anks alive now?" inquired Jack.

"No," replied his mother.

"Then, why doesn't somebody hatch out that egg and raise one?"

"Jack," said his father, "don't you think you would feel better if you had this piece of toast and jam?"

"Yes, please, answered the boy. I guess we've had about enough eggs for one breakfast," John D. Adams in Harper's Young People.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A bicycle dealer has utilized the happy thought of presenting a pair of crutches and a box of ointment plaster to each purchaser of a bicycle. He is monopolizing the trade.

According to an old saying whenever a cock crows a lie is being told. The reason that cocks crow so persistently in the morning is because the morning papers are being set up.

New Office Requisite.—Visitor: "Why do you have that dog sitting on your writing-desk?" Clerk: "I have mislaid my sponge, so I am getting him to lick my postage stamps for me."

A Substitute.—Farmer Giles: "Them varmint of boys have bin an' taken the scarecrow out of the field." Mrs. Giles: "Well, can't you stand in the field till John fixes up another?"

Sheriff: "Would you like to say anything before I give the word for your execution?" Condemned: "If you please I should like to suggest a remedy for the present financial stringency." Sheriff: "Let 'er go, Mr. Electrician."

Judge—Three months and ten days.
Prisoner—"Can't you make it a shorter sentence, yer honor?"
Judge—"I can."
Prisoner—"Thank you, yer honor."
Judge—"One year."

Polite Tramp—"Madam, may I inquire what variety of fowl this is?"
Lady of the House—"That is Plymouth Rock."

Polite Tramp—"Er—I thought so. Have you any stone crusher on the premises?"

The Dumb Animal Spoke—An amusing incident occurred at the recent agricultural show at Munich. When the Prince Regent of Bavaria was inspecting the sheep, he happened to stand in front of a fine wether, when the animal suddenly raised its head and the bystanders distinctly heard it utter the words: "Long live the Prince Regent!" It was some time before they realized that it was the doing of a ventriloquist in the crowd.

Hard Swearing.—First Peasant (to judge): "Your honor, I lent my neighbor a milk-pan; he has gone and broken it, and now I claim damages." Second Peasant: Your honor, there's not a word of truth in that he says. In the first place, he never lent me a milk-pan; secondly, the pan was already broken when he lent it to me; thirdly, the pan was whole when I took it back to him, and I am prepared to swear to each one of these statements."

An Uncomfortable Fit.
Little Dot—Old folks has everything just right, but children never has.
Little Dick—Guess that's so.
Little Dot—Course it is. 'Wen old folks' shoes get old, they feel comfortable; but children grows so fast their shoes stay tight along.

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

GOD AND MAMMON.

Judging from the debates in Congress and voluminous newspaper reports relative to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Silver bill, it would seem that the thought uppermost in the minds of the vast majority of men, was the lust for money.

The Chinese are said to possess, in their vast empire, the richest gold mines in the world, but have never worked them, or permitted outside persons to do so.

We also read that a formidable party has been organized in the Argentine Republic to discourage, if not to prevent, further entrance of foreign capital.

LITERARY NOTES.

One of the most entertaining contributions to the series on Men's "Occupations" is Fred J. Miller's description of the every-day life of the "Machinist."

THE FOUNDING OF BAGDAD.

The people of Bagdad have a strange legend concerning the founding of their city. Once, they say, an Arabian caliph was riding along the bank of the river Tigris, when, struck by the beauty of the surroundings, he resolved to build a city there.

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are constantly increasing. Try it.

A TOUCHING STORY.

JOSEPH LUTTELL relates the following: Anyone who travels much as a lecturer is sure to do, sees and hears many things which make deep impressions on him.

I saw the barber fall outside the track. Two of us who were not much hurt, ran to him, picked him up, carried him across the ditch and laid him on the grass.

SUN SPOTS.

That there are spots on the sun has passed into a proverb. They are never absent from that orb, and once in about eleven years they appear in unusual numbers.

A Fine Writer, of Course. Teacher—Name some great writer of former times. Boy—Spencer.

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

EDISON'S FIRST EXPERIMENT.

The Turning Point in the Life of the Great Electrical Inventor. His second venture in practical telegraphy was the turning point of his life.

It was a summer day. The "mixed" arrived in good time, and the train was cut loose ahead of the baggage car, in order to pick up a car of freight on its way to Jackson.

"My son, then two and a half years old," said Mr. Mackenzie, "unobserved by his nurse, had strayed upon the main track and was amusing himself throwing pebbles, when Edison, who stood near with papers under his arm, turned, and saw the child's danger.

"Al I said, 'stop at Mount Clemens from 11 A. M. until 4 P. M., several days each week, and I will perfect you as an operator, and get you a position. The offer was eagerly accepted.

"Edison soon had erected a line from the station to my brother-in-law's sleeping room over the station. The instruments used were made by Edison's own hands, at a gun shop in Detroit.

SEA LACE AND SEA MOSS.

Many children have gone to the seashore in the summer, and they must have seen a funny sea-weed called "sea-lace."

In England they call this sea-lace "dead man's rope," because when people are swimming it winds around them, and holds them so tightly that they cannot get away.

Too Much Changing. A lad who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he had got through, with the remark: "It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often."

HOWARD'S WAY.

Billy sat beside the well-curb with two streams of tears running down his plump cheeks. "Why, Billy, what is the matter?" said Howard, looking up from the big book that he was studying.

"I've—dropped my knife—down the well!" sobbed Billy. "And mamma says she can't get me another, 'cause I lost one in the hay-mow, and two at school, and one when I was turning somersaults, and one I traded for a whistle that wouldn't whistle—oh, dear!"

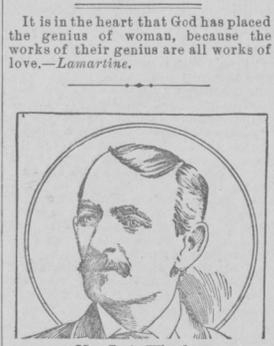
Queen Victoria is an expert and indefatigable knitter. During the last Egyptian campaign, she and the ladies of the household, employed themselves in knitting quilts, which, at the end of the war, were sent to Netley Hospital for the use of the wounded.

The Laboring Classes. To every one who pays even cursory attention to the laboring classes, it is perfectly obvious that the relations of the poor, and particularly of those of them who are out of employment, to the wealthy, are daily becoming more strained.

One writer, discussing the situation in New York City, says that he does not expect that there will be much suffering in New York City, because the numerous benevolent associations in that city will provide for the unemployed poor.

These persons are not generally anarchists, revolutionists or socialists, but they are in a fair way for becoming so, if the wealthy do not show more consideration for them, and devise and adopt means by which their great wealth can and will be employed in preventing just such emergencies as we are drifting into, and securing regular employment to the poor.

It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of woman, because the works of their genius are all works of love.—Lamarine.



"While Serving My Country" I was taken ill with spinal disease and rheumatism. When I returned home my trouble was still with me, and I was confined to my bed, unable to help myself for 22 months.

CLOTHES CONSIDERED.

There is some hope in the fashions of the future. The male half of the civilized world in the nineteenth century is dressed on English models. These are shaped and controlled by a utilitarian spirit; they are seldom deformed, never picturesque, but generally useful.

What is the probable development of dress in the future? There are plenty of signs that the women are following the men to utilitarianism. Good sensible clothes, and no nonsense, heavy cloth, tailor-made and but little trimmed, sailor hats, and pot hats are gaining ground.

THE THIRTEEN SUPERSTITION. The 13 superstition is said to have originated in the time of King Arthur. When the good British king founded the famous Round Table, he requested Merlin, the enchanter, to arrange the seats.

A Henry County negro was discovered carrying a very large armful of books, which brought forth the inquiry: "Going to school?"

FAR ADVANCED.

"D'you study all those books?" "No, sar, dey's my brudder's. Ise a ignorant kind'er nigger since him, boss. Yer jest ought'er see dat nigger figgerin'.

Lord Aberdeen.

The Earl of Aberdeen, the new Governor-General of Canada, is a slim-built man of middling height and affable manner, with a full dark beard, and is rising six-and-forty.

Husbands and Wives.

Every bride knows her power; every wife comes to know her weakness. A good proportion of the heartbreak of early married life is due to the ferment of this knowledge.

Swinging Around the Circle

Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills.



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.



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

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

Bigger, Better AND BRIGHTER THAN EVER. MANY NEW Attractions. Among which is the GREAT Myrtle Peak COMBINATION. LOW EXCURSION RATES AND EXCURSION TRAINS ON ALL RAILROADS.

HORNER'S ABSOLUTELY Pure Animal Bone FERTILIZERS, FOR All Crops AND Permanent Grass. WARRANTED IN THE FULL PRICE OF THE GOODS.

WE ARE READY FOR FALL BUSINESS!

COMPLETE STOCK OF NEW SILKS NEW WOOL DRESS GOODS NEW COATS AND CAPES NEW BLANKETS NEW CARPETS THE LEADERS G. W. Weaver & Son, GETTYSBURG, PA

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.

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

NEW WINDSOR COLLEGE FOR BOTH SEXES. Classical, Scientific, Literary and Business Courses complete. Preparatory and Primary Schools for girls and boys.

FIRE INSURANCE. Insure your property in a home Company. The Frederick County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

—CALL ON— GEO. T. EYSTER, —AND— See his splendid stock of GOLD & SILVER. Key & Stem-Winding WATCHES.

THE Maryland State Fair In Combination with the Great HAGERSTOWN FAIR.

Composed of the County Associations of Washington and Carroll, Md., Franklin and Adams, Pa., Berkeley and Jefferson, West Va., Baltimore and Washington Cities, will be held at HAGERSTOWN, MD., ON OCTOBER 10, 11, 12 & 13, 1893. 20 RACES 20 Steeple Chases, Hurdle, Chariot, Running and Trotting Races.

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.

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 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 10.00 a. m. and 2.45 and 5.45 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 7.40 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.15 and 6.15 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH. Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.30 and 10.40 a. m. and 3.30 and 6.30 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 9.00 and 11.10 a. m. and 4.00 and 7.06 p. m.

W. M. H. BIGGS, Pres't.

Established 1837. Wely'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.

There have been several slight frosts during the week.

The Lutheran church at McSherrystown, was dedicated on Sunday.

The cold weather of the past few days has brought the old stoves into service.

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

Mr. E. W. Cribin has started a first class heavy stable at the old stand of Geo. P. Beam & Son, in this place.

Mr. Chas. S. Zeck has had the porch in front of his residence and also the wood work of his house repainted.

An attempt was made to wreck a train on the Western Maryland Railroad, near Hagerstown on Sunday night.

The G. A. R. of this place, will hold a campfire and B-on Soup, in McNeil's Grove, near Fairplay, on Saturday, Oct. 7.

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

Mr. J. A. Smith has sold his Grocery Store, in this place, to Mr. P. G. King, of Hanover, Pa. Mr. King will take charge of the store November 1st.

St. Joseph, Mo., was visited with a million dollar fire on Monday night. Three solid blocks of the finest business houses in the city were destroyed.

Whipped for Wife-Beating. Daniel Jones, colored, who was convicted by the Court at Frederick on Thursday last week, for wife beating, was whipped by the Sheriff on Friday night. The sentence imposed by the Court and executed by the Sheriff, was as follows: "That he be taken back to the jail and whipped with thirty-nine stripes on his bare back."

The corner stone of Bethany Lutheran Church, Brunsick, this county, was laid on Sunday last, by Rev. S. E. Slater, of Burkittsville, delivered the sermon.

J. Traub & Bro., will close their clothing store, in this place, to-morrow night. They are selling clothing below half price. Now is the time to get bargains.

The annual convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Maryland Synod of the Lutheran church was held in Frederick this week.

REV. ALBERT M. SCHAFFNER, pastor of the Reformed Church of the Incarnation, in this place, will preach in the Stony Branch school house, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 1st, at 2 o'clock.

A car loaded with clover seed was backed up against a moving freight train at Brunswick. The seed was scattered abundantly and a fine grass crop may be expected there next summer.

THORAXPS walk the earth to-day who are seeking in its bosom but for the timely use of Down's Elixir. For sale by J. A. Elder.

A DEZ of well organized horse thieves has been found in the Blaine Ridge Mountains in the vicinity of Rockville, Montgomery county, Md. It is said that it would take a small army to capture the thieves, as they are located in a dense and almost impenetrable part of the mountain.

COUGH SYRUP—Yes I am tired of hearing and seeing the word 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.

PREPARATIONS are being made for the laying of the court house corner stone, at Cumberland, on Oct. 5. The ceremonies will be conducted by the Masons, and Judge Hoffman will deliver an address. The day will be made a holiday throughout the city and county.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the University Herald published at Ada, Ohio, in the interest of the Ohio Normal University, of which institution Mr. James H. Schriver, of this place, is a student. Mr. Schriver is a member of the military organization, and is 3rd Sgt. in Co. C., with bright prospects for promotion.

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.

A Boy Leaves His Home. On Sunday September 3, Edward Deloy, a boy 15 years of age, under the care of Mr. Samuel A. Myersville, who got him from the Orphan's Home, Hagerstown, about 8 years ago, then left his home and since that time Mr. Smith has been unable to hear anything of his whereabouts. Mr. Smith and his wife who have been very kind to the boy and greatly interested in his welfare, are in a state of suspense and anxious to know if he has a comfortable home. Anyone knowing of him will confer a great favor if they will communicate such to Mr. Smith. He left without cause, yet he is welcome at any time he wishes to return.

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.

List of Letters. The following letters remain in the Post Office, Emmitsburg, Md., Sept. 25, 1893. Persons calling will please say delivered, otherwise they may not receive them.

W. Bryer, Josepha Holz, S. N. McNAIR, P. M.

Mr. Smith Nominated for Comptroller. The Maryland Democratic State Convention met at Harris's Academy of Music, in Baltimore, on Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1893.

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Home Again. Mr. Alexander Hoffman, a former living near this place, who left his home on the 19th inst., unknown to his family, an account of which appeared in last week's issue of the Chronicle, was seen working near Fairfield, Pa., on Friday last.

A New Road Incorporated. Papers of incorporation of the Catoctin Valley Passenger Railway and Power Company of Frederick county were filed in the clerk's office, Frederick, Saturday afternoon.

Spent a Night in the Iron Coop. One day last week a well dressed woman, whose name is unknown, came to the office of the Sheriff on Friday morning.

PERSONALS. Mr. Grier Simonon has returned home.

Mr. C. T. Zacharias was in Frederick this week.

Miss Jennie Favorite is visiting relatives at Troutville, Md.

Mr. Robert Watson's buggy was taken down street and upset; they went up to Mr. Ollie Benner's and turned all his horses out of the stable.

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FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Mr. Hilleary and son, of Virginia, are among the visitors.

Miss Alice Musselman, of this place is visiting in Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Musselman, of Gettysburg, are visiting at this place.

There will be communion services in the Lutheran church in this place, on Sunday, Oct. 1st.

We have had slight frosts during the past week. Jack Frost will soon wear his white mantle.

Mr. and Mrs. John K. Marshall, of Boston, are visiting among their friends in this community.

Mr. C. J. Sefton has returned home from his western trip and the World's Fair, bringing with him his daughter, who has been in the west for two or three years.

The Sons of Veterans of Fairfield, will have an oyster supper in Mr. Aaron Musselman's Hall, in this place, on the 13th and 14th of October. All are cordially invited.

Mr. C. W. Nunemaker, of Tobias, Neb., son of Samuel Nunemaker, a former resident of Liberty twp., who has been in the West for the past fifteen years, is visiting in this section of the county.

There was a good deal of carousing around on Saturday night last. Certain parties did what they would, perhaps, call tricks. On the west side of Fairfield, along Mr. C. Marshall's fence stood a large elm tree, which was sawed down Saturday night.

The tree fell across the road, blocking it until the top of the tree was out off. Mr. Henry Landis had his wagon bed in the orchard filled with apples, they threw it over in Mr. Daniel Musselman's field, upside down; the steps in front of three stores were taken away.

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REV. H. F. WHITE REMOVED.

He was Pastor of St. Joseph's Church for Sixteen Years.—A Short Sketch of the Work He Accomplished.—The New Pastor.—A Communication.

Rev. H. F. White, C. M., who has been pastor of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, in this place since September, 1877, has been removed from St. Joseph's congregation by Rev. James McGill, V. C. M., of Germantown, and placed in charge of St. Vincent's church, Germantown, Pa.

Father White left this place on Tuesday afternoon for his new field of labor in the best wishes of his many friends for a successful future. He administered to the spiritual wants of the people of St. Joseph's congregation for sixteen long years, and being so suddenly taken from their midst will be greatly regretted by many, for he is a man of exemplary habits and had gained the respect and confidence of all who knew him.

White did much to improve the appearance of his church and its surroundings, and among the marked improvements were the new bell tower, which was removed and a better one took its place. A few years ago new pews of the latest design took the place of the old ones, which had been in use for many years. The church has been repainted inside and outside; the old wooden fence, which formerly enclosed the church and cemetery, was torn down and a good wire fence takes its place, and many other improvements were made, which add much to the appearance of the place.

Rev. White was a greatly interested in educational matters, and worked diligently for the success of St. Euphemia's School, in this place, which is under the care of the Sisters of Charity. He visited the school on Monday, the 26th inst., and delivered an address before the teachers, in which he congratulated them upon the success they had attained in the past, and urged them to be industrious students, that they might be fully equipped for any vocation in life.

Rev. Father Quinn, of the Immaculate Conception church, Baltimore, was here appointed pastor of the church, to succeed Father White, and will enter upon his pastoral duty on next Sunday morning.

Father White.

How close the relations between the pastor and his flock! There is nothing closer in the world, not even those between the mother and the son, the father and the daughter.

For the pastor through the Sacrament of Penance knows the most secret thoughts and inclinations of his child, and while the parent counsels the offspring in matters of great importance, such as health, school, marriage, the priest is the adviser in the highest of all affairs, the journey to heaven, the soul's salvation.

Therefore, the pastor and his flock are so much united, that they cannot appreciate the sorrow that fills the hearts of spiritual children, when separated from the parent of their souls, the one at whose hands in Baptism they were cleansed from the stain of original sin.

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AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

GRAND DISPLAY MADE BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Big Trees From California—Interesting Exhibit of Colonial Relics—Curiosities of the Post Office—Wonderful Relief Maps—Developments of Bacteria.

CHICAGO, Sept. 25.

Certainly the Government has done what it could to make the World's Columbian Exposition a success. The appropriation of the souvenir coins was an item of consideration made to those who manage the Fair. But the exhibit made by each department of the General Government, is for the people. It is a magnificent display. Money was no object in its preparation. A very large building and a war ship model built in Lake Michigan, on the same measurements as the warship Illinois, a smaller structure erected to display the hospital service of the army, a system of electric buoys just off shore, the presence of one of the coast life-saving crews, giving daily exhibitions of their work, constitute the general compass of the wonderful exhibit. As soon as a person enters the Government Building, he is at once attracted to the Central Court.

This court is octagonal in shape. Its covering is a magnificent dome 150 feet high. The decorative architecture is beautiful. The double columns at each side of each of the four entrances to the court are in imitation of rare marble. The capitals are Corinthian, and are gilded. Each of these eight sides of the court is ornamented by a very large fresco, symbolical of some of the great events of our country's history. One of the frescoes is a picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In the center of this court or rotunda, stands a unique object. It proves of interest to everyone. It comes from the Squoia Natural Park, and is a part of one of the

BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

These mastodons of the vegetable kingdom are among some of nature's marvels, not yet mentioned in the Bible. The rule of thumb of man was fast and strong until the Government took them under its protection, preferring to leave them to the fate kind nature should decree. They are found only in small groves on the mountain. Their foliage closely resembles the cedar, and the wood when seen is very heavy. Indeed, the parts of it nearest the ground will, when first cut, sink in water. But, once seasoned, it is quite light and dry, and is susceptible of a very fine polish. The tree from which was cut the part standing in the Government Building was about 28 feet in diameter, and fully 300 feet high. This tree was not selected because it was a very large one, but because of its regularity. Others near it were higher and wider. The section exhibited consists of forty-six separate pieces. It had to be thus cut before it could be transported. It took eleven or twelve days to get it to Chicago. It was hauled from its mount in home on special trucks by teams of sixteen mules each. It had to be thus drawn some sixty miles before shipping. Hollowed, a winding stair mounts to the top of the section, up which visitors are allowed to pass. Within the rotunda a display is made that would admit of many a letter. In cases set at each of the eight sides of the court, the Board of Lady Managers make an exhibition of Colonial relics that is positively fascinating to anyone that has the least bit of knowledge of our country's history. One case is devoted to a collection of Washington relics. Such articles as his sword, his commission from Congress, signed by John Hancock, various diaries, etc., may be seen. One of the last named articles is opened where

THE HAND OF WASHINGTON

traced the last words his pen ever wrote. The second and last item is dated December 13th, 1799. It tells of "a circle around the moon" and notes that "Started to snow at ten o'clock," December 13th. Then it tells of the continuance of the snow, stopping during the morning, the visit of a friend. Then comes these last words: "Mercury 28° at night." Verily, it was growing colder. The next day George Washington passed from earth.

In another case I happened upon a lock of his hair, which had been given by Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Ashton Bayard, in December 1799—probably cut from the head of the dead man on the 14th day of that eventful day. The seal with which the Marquis de la Fayette had bound up his wound at the battle of Brandywine; a white silk vest, from whose pockets flowers and grass seemed to grow, and over whose front bees and June-bugs were daintily scattered by the needle of the illustrious Frenchman; the bed of the poor Marie Antoinette, signed by Madame Guénot, the bed of the Bed-chamber; a drum that had been beaten at Bunker Hill; a gun, the property of a negro named John Salem, who carried it at Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, and with which he had shot Major Pitkin; a scarf that came over in the hands of the French as a few months of the other objects equally interesting.

I had to hasten. There were a thousand other things to be seen, and I went to the Treasury Department. Its history may be read in the display. It makes of the various coins and medals a part of money. The collection of coins, however, is, by far, the most unique part of all it shows. Some of these are from the dim long ago. One dainty bit, not quite as large as a grain of corn, is a counterpart of the little piece of money that has become famous because only one person needed the genuine charity of her who gave it.

THE WIDOW'S MITE

is prominently placed, and the eight-sevenths must miss it. Some coins shown are from the days of S-leucus I. He was Syria's first king, and lived from 354 to 281 B. C. Indeed, these coins are a chronological history that reaches from such an early period to the latest bright bits the mints are turning out today. A splendid and very interesting display is made by the Postal Department. It begins with an old mail coach. This particular coach has a history. It once carried the mail in Montana from Helena to Beizima. This was in 1869. Then it made the trip but once a week. Now, in these times, that same mail route is covered four times a day. The coach has the honor of carrying distinguished people as President Garfield and President Arthur, in 1883, and General Sherman in 1884. In contrast to the old mail coach, is the model of a modern railway postal-car. The model is open and an idea of the interior arrangement is readily obtained. Then this department presents a model of the "Pony Express," and by its side a later-day "special delivery" boy on a bicycle, and dressed in the regulation uniform.

LITTLE NURSE LESLIE.

"There comes my Doctor Frank," cried Leslie, hurrying to open the door. "Well, have you taken good care of my patient, little nurse?" asked the doctor. "Oh, yes," cried Leslie, flushing with pleasure. "I've cooled her pillows, and brought her fresh water, and told her she mustn't get too nervous, and everything—just ask her! She said she'd rather have me than Miss Phebe, 'cause I don't fuss her so."

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

"That is the trouble—there is nothing that I want," said Leslie's mamma, wearily, when she got up to go. "I would like to eat all the things that you would like to eat, but I can't."

"You ought to gain with such a patient little nurse to watch over you," said the doctor, smiling down on the little boy. "There are no objections about the medicines, and hurried away to his other patients."

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

"All right, mamma," said Leslie, quite eagerly. "If you need anything, Nina'll hear the bell. Then he slid down the banister and hurried across the hall to the door. Just as he brook trout. "But I will try to eat all that I can."

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THE SEASON'S MENU.

Salads Take the Lead on the Demi-Sole Table. An excellent potato salad is made by boiling and cutting into dice six potatoes. Add three medium-sized onions, cut up, salt and pepper to taste and serve with a dressing made of three well-beaten eggs, three tablespoons of vinegar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, pepper and unmix mustard. Put on the stove and stir constantly until it is the consistency of a thin custard.

Cabbage salad is made by cooking together a half cup of sugar, a teaspoon of mustard, one of salt, a half teaspoon of black pepper, three well-beaten eggs, a half cup of vinegar, six tablespoons of cream and three of butter. These should be cooked in a kettle of water as boiled custard is, and when cold the cabbage, chopped fine, should be added.

When fruit can be found in the market, there is no reason why the housekeeper should fret about cooked dessert. American housekeepers have yet many things to learn from the French in the matter of dainty viands, and one of these is the preparation of a fruit salad or a melange, which is always decorated for the table with fruit, if possible, the foliage of the fruit used. What could be more tempting than Bartlett pears, peeled and cut in slices, resting in a cut-glass salad bowl beneath a liberal sprinkling of sugar? If something more fancy is desired, the expert will add slices of apple with the juice of half a lemon and a little white wine. But as peaches, there are innumerable ways of using them without cooking.

One is to cut eight peeled peaches with a silver fruit knife into crescents, and sprinkle them with sugar. Pour over them a glass of Moselle and a thimble glass of water, in which has been dropped two drops of almond essence. Let them stand half an hour before serving. Dress with peach leaves. Oranges and apples in slices may be treated much the same way. The idea of mixing fruits in a salad is a new one, but most convenient, and it soon follows that desserts of frozen mixtures will become more common. The French will almost invariably add with the white wine a few drops of genuine eau de Cologne for the perfume, but this is not necessary.

FIG LAYER CAKE. Cream one cup of butter; add one and a half cups of sugar gradually, beating all the while. Beat the yolks of three eggs light; add to the butter and sugar, with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Add half of a cup of milk and three cups of pastry flour. Beat until smooth; then add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff, dry froth, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pour in jelly cake tins and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Make for the filling a boiled icing, to which add one cup of sliced chopped fine. Ice the top of the cake and ornament with English walnuts.

STUFFED PEPPERS. Select the sweet Spanish peppers. Cut off the stem end and remove the seeds as in preparing tomatoes for stuffing. Put the peppers in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and simmer twenty minutes. Drain. Mix together for every four peppers one-half cup of chicken or veal chopped fine, one-half cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Carefully fill the peppers, stand in a baking pan and bake twenty minutes in a moderately quick oven.

CREAM OF RICE SOUP. Cover one cup of rice with one quart of white stock, adding one slice of onion, one sprig of parsley and one leaf of celery. Boil for thirty-five minutes, press through a sieve, scald one and a half cups of milk, add the rice, season with salt and white pepper, and two minutes before serving add one-half cup of cream.

A Fruit Tart. A tart in great favor is an ice case of puff-paste with a filling of marmalade and whipped cream. For the case of a quart of marmalade, one pound of a thin sheet. Trim to the round with a pastry knife, and build a rim round the moistened edges with an inch strip of the paste. Slip the case on to a baking-sheet, prick the center to deaden the paste, and bake in a quick oven, for about five minutes. Then man atop. When the case becomes cool brush the crisp rim and edges with a film of icing, ornament with a tracery of icing forced from a tracing-tube, dust with confectioner's sugar and crust a pale vanilla with the heat of a salamander.

Spread the center of the case with an inch deep filling of translucent marmalade or jam which ver fruit may be preferred. If the flavor of the fruit be in sipid, flavor a pot of peach marmalade with a tablespoonful of creme de noyseau a pot of sweet cherry with marisnino. A pot of apple with brandy flavored with noyseau, or noreau flavored with rose. If the more acid damson cherry, raspberry, or gooseberry jams can be a trifle stiff, moisten with a half cup of fruit syrup, or that drained from preserves.

Slow moments before serving, garnish the tart with a whip of thick cream piped within the ice rim of the puff, as case. —Earp's Bazaar.

The Summer Breakfast. Fruit is usually and properly the first course at breakfast, as it is the latest at dinner, writes Elin Gray, in a timely article on "Summer Breakfasts" in the August Ladies' Home Journal. If berries are used they should be carefully picked over, and rinsed through a colander to remove the sand and dust, which are sure to be in evidence. Peaches, plums and oranges may be served whole, after having been kept on ice for twenty-four hours. If the peaches are not especially large and fine it may be well to slice them. Oranges should be cut in halves, between the blossom and the stem, and should be eaten with an orange spoon; or sliced, with the slices carefully seeded and divided into quarters. Bananas should have the skins removed and be cut lengthwise into halves or quarters. Cantaloupes should have the tops sliced off, the seeds removed and the empty spaces filled with ice. Watermelons are most conveniently served by scooping out from the heart of the melon large spoonfuls for each person.

A Great Many Aims. Tommy—Why should a soldier be regarded as a very busy if not an overzealous man? Mamma—I do not know. Tommy—Because he has so many aims in life.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Nesselrode Pudding. One pint of chestnuts, one pint of sugar, one pint of boiling water, one pound of French candied fruit (mixed), one pint of almonds, one pint of cream, one pineapple, or one pint of canned, yolks of six eggs. Shell the chestnuts, take off the brown skin, put them in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, and boil twenty minutes, then press them through a colander. Sell, blanch and pound the almonds. Cut the fruit into small pieces. Put the water and sugar on to boil; let it boil fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of the eggs until very light; add them to the boiling syrup; stir over the fire until it boils, then take it off and beat with a wire spoon until cold. Now add the fruit, cream, almonds, chestnuts and a tablespoonful of vanilla, and if you use wine, four tablespoonfuls of sherry. Mix all well together, turn into the freezer and freeze. After it is frozen, drain off the water, add more salt and ice, cover the freezer with a piece of carpet and stand away for four or five hours to ripen. It will serve fifteen persons.

POTATO BOUTETTES. Add to two cups of mashed potatoes four tablespoonfuls of cream, the yolks of two eggs, beaten light, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of sweet marjoram, one-half teaspoonful of thyme, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a very little cayenne pepper. Mix all well together; put over the fire in a saucepan, stirring until the potato is thoroughly heated, so that when stirring it will come away from the sides of the pan. When cool enough to form, roll in small, round boulettes, cover with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat.

FIG LAYER CAKE. Cream one cup of butter; add one and a half cups of sugar gradually, beating all the while. Beat the yolks of three eggs light; add to the butter and sugar, with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Add half of a cup of milk and three cups of pastry flour. Beat until smooth; then add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff, dry froth, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pour in jelly cake tins and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Make for the filling a boiled icing, to which add one cup of sliced chopped fine. Ice the top of the cake and ornament with English walnuts.

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WESTERN MARYLAND RAIL ROAD.

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Schedule in effect July 20th, 1893.

Downward. STATIONS. Upward.

DEAFNESS AND HOARSENESS CURED BY PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

THE POSITIVE CURE. CATARRH OF THE BLADDER.

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John M. Stouter, Bricks and Drain Tiles. ESTIMATES FURNISHED. SOCKET TILES MADE TO ORDER.

Ely's Cream Balm For CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. THE POSITIVE CURE.

New Advertisements. DAUCHY & CO. DEAFNESS AND HOARSENESS CURED BY PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS. Entirely VEGETABLE AND ASURE CURE FOR COSTIVENESS.

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