

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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

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

County Officers.
County Commissioners—William M. Guther, Maggie Cromwell, Franklin G. House, James H. DeLatorre, William Morrison.
Sheriff—William H. Cromwell.
Tax Collector—Isaac M. Fisher.
Surveyor—
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutton, Horan L. Kutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zim merman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—R. L. Bohrer.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—C. T. Zacharias.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, M. F. Shuff, Chas. C. Krotzer, L. M. Fisher.
Registrar—E. S. Tenny.
Constables—W. P. Nünemann, H. E. Hann, John B. Shurtz.
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNeil, John W. Reigle.

Town Officers.
Deacons—William Blair.
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Frayley, Chas. C. Krotzer, J. Thos. Gelwick, Peter J. Harding, Jas. W. Condon.
Constable—H. E. Hann.
Tax Collector—John F. Hopp.

Evangelical Church.
Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinwald. Services every Sunday morning and evening at 7:30 o'clock. 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 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Midweek service at 7 o'clock. Catechetical class on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

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

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. E. J. Quinn, C. M. First Mass 7:30 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 3 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.

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

Mails.
Arrive.
Way from Baltimore, 9:36 a. m., and 5:09 p. m.;
Mott's, 11:17 a. m., Frederick, 11:17 a. m., and 7:09 p. m.;
Gettysburg, 8:20 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:09 p. m.;
Eyer, P. O., 8:10 a. m.

Societies.
Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Kindler's Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers—Proprietor, Wm. Morrison; Secretary, J. E. Eyer; Treasurer, Joseph Gelbach; Jun. Secy, J. H. T. Webb; C. of R., M. F. Shuff; K. of W., Dr. J. W. Reigle.
Representative, Wm. Morrison. Trustees, J. D. Caldwell, J. F. Adelsberger, Wm. Morrison.
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P. A. Adelsberger, President; H. H. Wivell, Vice-President; Geo. Seybold, Secretary; V. A. Riley, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stoner, Treasurer. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in Adelsberger's building, West Main street.
Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, Samuel N. L. Mott; Junior Vice-Commander, Harry G. Winter; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwick; Guard, Albert Dötter; Surgeon, John Shank; Council Administration, Samuel Gamble, Joseph Franks and John A. Baker; Delegate to State Encampment, Wm. A. Frayley; Alternate, Harvey G. Winter.
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GRANDMA'S ADVICE TO ELM.

Grandma says: "Don't chatter, Elmy, Like a parrot on a post; My grandmother used to tell me, 'Lightest brains will rattle most.' Be a modest child and simply When your elders are about; Tho' your cheek may show a dimple, Do not laugh and talk and shout."
Grandma says: "Don't whisper, Elmy, Speak your words out true and clear. My grandmother used to tell me: 'Wholesome thoughts have nought to fear.' Secrets always lead to evil. Mischievous makers love to them well; Then to whisper is unclean; Speak out what you have to tell."
Grandma says: "Don't tattle, Elmy, Say no ill of absent ones. My grandmother used to tell me: 'Loaded mouths are worse than guns; Idle words—she called them idle—'Always leave a sting behind.' Hold your tongue as with a bridle. Best not think a thought unkind."
Grandma says: "Don't grumble, Elmy, 'Lowest things have you and I.' My grandmother used to tell me: 'Birds and flowers, sea and sky' Youth may find us poor and friendless, Still to live a joy would be. Since these beautiful gifts are endless— Crowned with immortality."
Grandma says: "Don't gobble, Elmy, Eat with dainty ways and chew— My grandmother used to tell me: 'Health will dwell with those that do.'" Why a mouth was made, I wonder Guess 'tis mostly made to eat— Pudding crust, with apples under, Now would be a perfect treat."
Grandma says: "Now listen, Elmy— Months we're made for prayer and praise. My grandmother used to tell me: 'Length of life and happy days Come to those who use them rightly. Lovely reward must have you. Sure, a mouth so sweet and slightly Will be gentle, pure, and true.'"

GINLIO'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARIE BEATRICE GANNON.

IT WAS Christmas Eve, the snow was falling thick and fast, and the streets were filled with crowds of eager people, and above the jingle of the sleigh bells a voice, half-choked with sobs, was heard to cry out: "Evening papers!" Let us follow the owner of the voice. A small ragged boy with a bundle of papers under one arm was pushing his way through the crowds of people. A tearful face, half-hidden by a ragged hat, feet almost bare, made a pathetic picture. Although the winds blew cold and raw, yet, almost frozen, the little fellow kept on his weary tramp. "Evening papers!" again rang over the frosty air. Ginlio, for such was his name, felt a slight touch upon his shoulder, and turning around, found himself face to face with a tall, handsome old gentleman. "I will take a News," he said. "Ah how fortunate, for I see you have just one left," and while he placed the coin in the chubby red hand he remarked that he wished the little lad a "Merry Christmas."

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Views and Reviews on Topics that Interest Many People.
Newton got his idea of the law of gravitation from the falling of an apple, and every school boy knows what Franklin found in the kite. And now we learn that Mr. G. W. G. Ferris got the idea for the great wheel at the world's Fair from a chop dinner. "While seated at the table in company with a number of civil engineers," he said, "suddenly it struck me that I would build a monster wheel. I got some paper and began sketching. Before dinner was over, I had sketched out almost the entire detail, exactly as it stands at present in the Midway Pleasance." Inventors in future will surely take to "chops." There is sublime inspiration in them. Now that the application of the "tension" spokes to wheels of large diameters has been vindicated by the successful working of the Ferris wheel, there is every probability that the scientific principle that has been enforced will be utilized in many ways. The solid spokes now employed will, no doubt, yield to cheaper "tension."

The woman might once have been beautiful, but a heavy sorrow lay upon the pure sweet heart that made everything look dark and dreary, and with all, lent a spiritual loveliness to her face.
Ginlio went up to the bed where his father lay, and sat looking into the pale face drawn with pain.
"Ginlio," said his father, in a weak voice, "my end is drawing near. I will soon leave this world which has caused me so much trouble. I was once a rich

man's son, but because I married the woman I loved, he disowned me, God forgive him."

A voice from below, a step on the stair, made them start; then came a knock. Ginlio went and drew open the door. Standing in the darkened hall was a tall manly figure that stepped forward as Ginlio opened the door, which he recognized to be the old gentleman he had met on the street in the evening. Not a word was spoken. The man entered the room and upon looking at Ginlio's mother, gave a wild groan, and, rushing to the bed, sank upon the floor.
At this queer sight Ginlio ran to the bed, only to see his father raised upon one arm and looking wildly into the face of the pre-terate man.
It only lasted a moment, and the old gentleman raised himself, and taking his son, for such he was, in his arms, and said:
"My son, God forgive me, I have been an unkind father. Long years have I looked for you in vain."
Ginlio's father made not a move, but with a weak voice, said:
"Fath'r, I forgive you! Natalie and Ginlio, I must bid you good-bye, I am going soon. Father, can I leave them to your care?"
"Yes! Yes!" cried the old gentleman, "only say you forgive me once more!"
"Yes, I forgive you father. G od-bye, Ginlio, take my good-bye, my father, Natalie, Ginlio, good-bye!"
And as the cold winds blew and all was hushed in the darkened room, a soul, freed from its bondage, went forth to meet its Creator.
Natalie, on seeing her husband's life pass away, fell on his body, and without a tear or sound he left her out, without a word to Ginlio or his grandfather.
We will not dwell on this sad part, but will only add that Ginlio's grandfather had his father and mother buried in the quiet cemetery outside the great city. There are two green mounds with willow trees weeping over them, and a little stream flows and murmurs softly a *De Profundis* to the dead. There oft an even as twilight unfolds its purple mantle, and all is hushed, you can see an old man with white hair and bowed head, accompanied by a manly lad, the old gentleman leans on the boy's arm while the trees moan and sigh, and Ginlio, for it is our Ginlio of former days, kneels beside the mounds and breathes the prayer his mother had taught him.
Ah! who can tell the sorrow that swells in the old man's heart as Ginlio's black eyes are raised to the stary heaven or casts them with a long and loving look on the green mounds where the bodies of those he still cherishes so fondly lie.
"Come, Ginlio, we had better go home now," said the old gentleman one evening as Ginlio and he had been to visit the graves of the beloved dead. Ginlio rises and stands to his full height. Is this our Ginlio? How tall and handsome he has grown! It scarcely seems possible that he is only in his sixteenth year.
The old gentleman takes on long look at the graves, and then, leaning on the shoulder of Ginlio, leaves the lonely cemetery. At the gate a carriage awaits them into which they enter and ride away.
Scarcely a word is spoken, Ginlio is thinking of his father and mother when he suddenly looks out of the carriage and sees the feathery snowflakes falling softly.
"Grandfather, this is Christmas Eve, and oh, what memories!"
The old gentleman stirs and answers with a loving look at the boy:
"Yes, Ginlio, it is Christmas Eve, just five years ago tonight your father and mother die."
"Yes, grandfather, and just five years ago tonight you met me a newsboy in the streets of Chicago."
"Ginlio, don't think of that any more, dear, but try to be as happy as possible."
By this time the carriage had stopped and the door opens and Ginlio and his grandfather alight. They went up wide steps to a beautiful house, lights flicker in many windows. They enter, servants were hurrying to and fro, and after giving some orders concerning the morrow, they went into the library. It was a large spacious room filled with books. There was no light in the room, but the firelight threw its shadows upon the wall.
Here the old gentleman and his grandson loved to sit in the twilight talking or thinking. But to-night the thoughts of both wander back and visions of the past sprang up vividly before their eyes.
The old man was seated in his arm chair and Ginlio was on the fur rug at his feet. Both sat looking into the firelight. Presently the old gentleman spoke:
"Ginlio, will you play to me that sweet air I so love to hear?"
Ginlio arced and, going to a corner of the room, took from its velvet case a violin, and standing in the shadow of the room, played, breathing into the beloved instrument all the passion of his soul. And the old gentleman sits motionless listening, for in fancy he sees another manly lad standing before him.
Ginlio plays on as if not a person in the world hears him; the black eyes fill with tears, which fall upon the little violin. He is thinking of father and mother. As the clear notes of the violin die away

man's son, but because I married the woman I loved, he disowned me, God forgive him."

Ginlio stands for a moment in silence, then laying his instrument in its case, takes a seat by the old gentleman's side. Ginlio sits very quiet, then he speaks to his grandfather, who hears him not, for he is sleeping.
Here we will draw the curtain, for years have elapsed, and t -night as the shadows fall in the darkened room of a beautiful mansion, a man not more than twenty years old sits by the bedside of an old man whose hair is as white as the falling snow and whose eyes are closed. The man sitting by the bed we recognize as our Ginlio, a man grown now, and the invalid, whose breath is coming fast, is his grandfather.
"Ginlio, my boy," his grandfather whispers, in a voice hardly audible. "I am going soon. I leave all my earthly treasures to you. I leave you, and may God bless you. Bring your violin and play to me."
Ginlio takes his violin and standing, plays as he has never played before, and as he plays the soul of his grandfather takes its flight, and as if living the freedom it had gained, a smile settles on the white face of the dead.
Ginlio drops his violin and in an agony of sorrow, falls upon his knees by the bed and breathes forth a prayer.
Far away in sunny Italy to-day is one of the most renowned musicians that the world has ever known, and this great artist is our Ginlio. Having consigned the body of his dear grandfather to its narrow home beside the loved ones in the silent city he sailed for Italy, there to find consolation in the art which Italy may be called the home, and having led a life into which sunshine and shadow were mingled, he seems to portray them in his compositions, and more especially in his playing the sweet pathetic story of his life.

JACK'S CHRISTMAS FAIRIES.

BY MARIE BEATRICE GANNON.

JACK was the dearest, fondest, rosiest little lad imaginable. He was a picture of happy boyhood that afternoon, three days before Christmas, when, in his smart coat, trimmed in the most delightful military fashion with bands of Persian lamb and back frogs, and his jaunty cap set on his fair hair, and his fat hands protected by fur trimmed gloves, he went into the park with his sled for a romp. He ran and shouted and pranced until his eyes glowed like stars and his cheeks shone like apples, and everybody who saw him said: "What a handsome boy!"
Jack, of course, was looking forward to Christmas, just as every boy and girl who reads this is looking forward to that day of all days. He expected to have all sorts of fine things in his stocking, and with very good reason, for Santa Claus had never neglected him. Jack's father was rich. Grandmamma, who was richer was coming to spend the holidays, and Santa Claus had been telephoned on the subject of skates, drums, games, swords, guns and sweetmeats and there was every prospect that when he called at Jack's home his sleigh would be very full indeed.
Jack was like all boys who have no brothers or sisters, a little selfish. But he was a manly, kindhearted little chap for all that, and so, when he was through with his play and was dragging his sled homeward and came upon a scene on a street-corner which roused his sympathy he paused to find out what it meant.
A crowd of rough boys were tormenting a poorly-clad little girl, whose was, haggard face spoke too plainly of misery and poverty. She was frightened and almost crying as Jack came up.
"Here, now!" said Jack with sturdy determination, "you stop that, or I'll call a policeman."
Fortunately at that moment a blue-coated officer came in sight, and the hoodlums fled with one wild departing yell.
"Thank you," said the little girl, timidly. "Those boys always pick on me."
"What is your name?" asked Jack.
"Susie Greene."
"Well, Susie," said Jack, with an air of business, "you look cold and sick."
"I ain't very strong."
"And hungry," continued Jack. Susie burst into tears.
That was enough for Jack.
"Get right on my sled," said he, determinedly, "and I'll take you down to my house and you'll have something to eat."
Susie obeyed and the officer saw with grim pleasure the young heir to Mr. Newton's millions dragging off the little wail to his home, a block away.
"He's a fine chap, he's," remarked policeman Mulvany.
Jack took Susie into the kitchen, and gave orders she should be fed forthwith. Then he hurried up to his mother's room. She was there with his grandmother, and in a few words he told them about the little girl he had rescued.
"She's poor and hungry, and she's got no decent clothes. 'Mamma, can't you fix her up?"
"His mother looked at him a mo-

ment, then asked, quietly: "Jack would you rather have this little girl made comfortable or have a big Christmas for yourself?"

Jack hesitated. He thought of all those presents he was expecting, then he thought of Susie's thin dress and bursting shoes.
"You can take the money you were going to spend on my Christmas and fix her up," he bravely said. Then his grandmamma, a stately old lady, in black satin and white lace cap, cried him to her and kissed him with tears in her eyes.
Jack sat bolt upright in bed and rubbed his eyes very hard. "No, he was not asleep. There was the open fire, there his clothes on the chair, there the door into his mother's room. It was Christmas eve. Jack had not hung up his stocking, for he did not expect any presents. Susie had been warmly clothed and her wretched home had been brightened by the visit of Jack and his mother. The boy was satisfied. He had made his choice and expected to abide by it.
But, marvelous to relate, as he looked towards the fire, he saw a crowd of tiny people hurrying and fusing about on the fur rug before the fire. Three or four had a miniature ladder which they were putting up against the side of the fireplace. Several others had hold of one of Jack's long stockings. When the ladder was in place, a little man with elfish eyes, and spider-like legs, climbed the ladder, dragging Jack's stocking after him, and hung it up on a hook and then coming down put his hands on his hips and surveyed his work with great satisfaction.
"That's what I call a good job," he said. "Now hurry up, you folk, and get your presents in there before St. Nicholas gets along."
Then fairy after fairy climbed the ladder a d put in his presents. There was a fat brownie, who brought a basket of nuts from the woods.
"I have worked all day," he said, looking under hedges and dead leaves to gather these nuts for the boy who was kind to Susie."
A quaint little fairy in a curious foreign gown and cap approached. "I have come clear from the borders of the Black Forest in Germany," she said, "to bring this music box for the boy who was not ashamed to look after a poor little girl."
There was quite a stir as a remarkable fairy approached. He was copper-tinted and had a feather stuck in his black hair, and he bore on his shoulder a beautiful bow and arrow.
"From the lands of the setting sun I have come," said he, "I am a Puck widge, an Iud an fairy, but I wanted to bring an offering to the young palae-fae who has a good heart."
A merry little man in green climbed the ladder hauling up a beautiful toy sword which he had brought from England for Jack. Then there followed one of the "good people" of Ireland with a drum which he had brought from the Emerald Isle. "Share it's hurryin' I must be after doin'," he cried to be back before daybreak."
In the midst of all this excitement there came a paving of tiny hoofs overhead and a jingling of bells, and a voice down the chimney cried:
"Whoa!" very loudly.
At this every fairy vanished abruptly. But the stocking was left hanging there, and presently with a scramble and rush, down the chimney came the good Saint himself. Jack knew him drectly from his pictures. He examined the stocking attentively.
"So they've been here ahead of me!" he observed. "That's a great idea! I never was left before. Well, no matter! There are a few things they've forgotten. Here are the skates, the books, the box of caramels, the books and as he talked he piled the packages up on a table near the fireplace.
Jack's eyes were so heavy he couldn't hold them open. He shut them for an instant, and when he opened them again it was Christmas morning.
He sprang from the bed and rushed to the fireplace. Yes, there hung the stocking full and running over, and the table near by was loaded with gifts.
And, if you were to argue forever, you could never make Jack believe that there is no Santa Claus or such things as fairies.
"I know better," he says, with a decided shake of his curly head, "I know better, for I've seen them."
EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

A gentleman one evening was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said:

"Why is a lady unlike a Mirror?"
She gave it up.
"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, but a lady speaks without reflecting."
"And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady.
He could not tell.
"Because a mirror is smooth and polished and you are rough and unpolished." The gentleman owned there was one lady who did not speak without both reflecting and casting reflections.
"His mother looked at him a mo-

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