



Their Bodies Found.

The bodies of the thirteen men entombed by the cave-in of the Gayford mine in Plymouth, Pa., were found on last Saturday by the rescuing party. It is thought that the men were instantly killed by the fall of rocks and earth. The cave-in which resulted in the death of the thirteen miners occurred on February 13, and it required twenty-seven days to exhume them.

The accident was the more distressing owing to the number of fatherless children who had been left by the victims. Almost fifty little ones mourned the loss of their fathers. Foreman Picton who led the men to their death, was a universal favorite in Plymouth. So well was he thought of that at the recent election, on February 20, he was unanimously chosen a school director, this in face of the fact that the men had been buried in the shaft for seven days and were almost surely dead.

The shaft in which the terrible calamity occurred has long ago been abandoned, all the coal, it was thought by experts, had been removed. In consequence no attention was paid to keeping the Gayford shaft in repair, and it was allowed to gradually fill up, until a few months ago the Kingston Coal Company purchased the shaft and decided to again reopen it. The inside supports were examined and thought to be in a safe condition, but just how well this theory was borne out is evidence by the horrible accident which occurred on that ill-fated February 13.

Scarcely had the cave-in occurred before a force of men were set to work clearing away the debris within the shaft. This work continued with unabating energy day and night. The fall was thought to be between 500 and 600 feet from the entrance to the shaft. All of this almost solid mass of rock has been removed by the untiring efforts of rescuers.

Played Ball with Jacob Tome's \$8,000.

A package containing \$8,000 was left by Mr. Jacob Tome, of Port Deposit, Md., on the seat of a railroad coach on the Oxford-Baltimore express Saturday evening. He had come up from Washington in the afternoon with the cash wrapped in paper, and left the train at his home, Port Deposit, south of Oxford. A member of a traveling theatrical troupe saw the package, and the company made merry with it, throwing it at one another.

Conductor Gilligan was handed a message at a station from the aged millionaire instructing him to secure the money, which he did. It was locked in the car safe and sidetracked. This morning the money was restored to Mr. Tome. He is an active business man of eighty-four years, and was born in Hanover, Pa. A few years ago he lost a package of \$9,000 in a similar manner, but it was never recovered.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; many cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or ointments, because they irritate, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years been all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm. Your druggist has it.

Still Seeking Homes.

Immigration from the West to Dorchester county has already begun, and if local real estate agents realize their expectations, this spring will add a large number of industrious people to the county's population. Within the past month an agency at Cambridge sold three farms to settlers from the west, and are in correspondence with many other persons, who have made inquiries. Two weeks ago Andrew Glouster, of Kansas, with his family, bought the farm of Mrs. Oliver Hoopman, on the Naticoke River, and has already located on it. Amos Amussen, from near Topeka, Kansas, purchased the farm of State Senator Joseph H. Johnson, near Cambridge, and has since moved there with his family. Friday a colony of sixteen persons, embracing two men, three women and eleven children, being three families, arrived from Bartlett, Illinois, and will take possession of the Blackwater farm of Mr. Charles N. Creighton, of Cambridge. This farm contains 200 acres, and was sold for \$2,200. The newcomers are all Germans. Most of them can talk English. They are a plain class of people, but frugal and industrious. The colonies of Germans brought here last fall, through the efforts of the Rev. Nicholas Burkhardt and others, of Baltimore, are reported to be contented and thriving, and looking forward for the arrival of more of their acquaintances and kindred in the course of a few months. The real estate agencies have secured the option at low figures on many thousand acres of Dorchester land, and are taking active steps to attract immigrants.

To Drop One Division.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has purchased a large tract of ground near Terra Alta, W. Va., and will shortly commence the erection of buildings and the necessary grading for tracts there. This is preparatory to reducing the present four divisions between Baltimore and Wheeling to three divisions. One division will extend from Baltimore to Brunswick, one from Brunswick to Terra Alta, and the third from Terra Alta to Wheeling, the latter division being as at present, the removal from Martinsburg to Brunswick having been carried out last year, and from Wheeling to Benwood. The idea is to operate three crews, instead of four, between terminal points, in the interest of economy, and also, in the same line, to do away with one division headquarters.

A New York syndicate, composed largely of capitalists who are interested in efforts to revive the Southern Maryland, or Washington City and Point Lookout Railroad, has secured options on about twenty thousand acres of land in St. Marys county, fronting on the Patuxent River. The options have been secured by Mr. Frank M. Neal, of St. Marys, and the lands extend along the waterfront from Millstone to Spence's wharf, a distance of five miles, and run three or four miles back into the interior of the country. An extensive colonization scheme is said to be contemplated, and the purchasers expect to lay out a city at the terminus of the railroad and locate a number of manufacturing industries there. The railroad is only partially completed, and is not operated at present.—American.

Mr. Wellman starts for the North Pole.

Mr. Walter Wellman, the Washington correspondent, who has organized an expedition at his own expense to solve the polar problem, left Washington Tuesday, for New York, from which city he and his companions sail on Wednesday for Europe. Mr. Wellman bade most of his newspaper friends adieu Monday afternoon. At a special meeting of the National Capitol Press Club, of which Mr. Wellman was until recently president, he was presented with a handsome silk flag of the United States, which the club desired he should nail to the top of the north pole or plant in the hole discovered.

Took a Dose of Laudanum.

Mr. Thos. Devilbis, aged about fifty, a farmer, living near Uniontown, Carroll county, died Wednesday morning. On Monday night he went to bed, and as he did not come down for breakfast next morning some one went upstairs and found him unconscious in bed with an empty laudanum bottle by his side. He lingered in a stupor and finally died. Mr. Devilbis is said to have had financial troubles. He leaves three children.

Immense Lock Gates.

There are now in course of construction at the marine department of the Maryland Steel Company at Sparrows Point, eight gates to be used on the locks of the Columbia River Canal in Oregon. They are to aid in allowing vessels to pass an obstruction in that river known as the Cascades, and are being built for the United States government. They are ponderous steel affairs from thirty-seven to fifty-five feet high and forty-five feet broad, half the width of the canal. Each lock or half-gate, will weigh 300,000 pounds, and will be shipped West in five sections and put together near the river. Supervising Inspector Lieutenant Edward Burr, U. S. N., of Norfolk, who is the main designer, has the construction in charge. Between the two locks made by the gates there is a 28-foot lift. The gates are to be built of the finest quality of steel, and are the lightest ever built for their immense size. The steel is known as medium steel, with a tensile strength of 75,000 pounds, possessing all the largest qualities of mild steel. They will be the largest gates in existence, save those now building at Detroit for Sault Ste. Marie Canal. The steel was all made by the Pennsylvania Steel Company at Steelton, Pa. The culvert valves emptying and filling the locks are also being built. They will be ten feet square. The gates and valves will be operated by hydraulic gearing of the latest design. The inspector for the government in charge of the work is Mr. Frank E. Lesourd, of Oregon. Mr. H. B. Robinson is superintending the work for the marine department. The smallest gate will be ready for shipment in about two months.

American Cavalry Invited to London.

The United States government has been formally invited to send a troop of cavalry to London, England, to participate in the royal cavalry tournament that will take place in the Agricultural Hall, London, in May next. The tournament is under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and the British military authorities. All the principal armies of the world have been invited to send cavalry representatives, and the affair will be international in character.

The United States Army has never participated in an affair of this kind, and there is some question as to whether or not the invitation can be legally accepted. The troops at Fort Myer, Va., under Colonel Henry, are among the best drilled in the entire army, and in case the invitation of Great Britain is accepted the selection of the representative troop will undoubtedly be confined to the cavalrymen at that post.—Sun.

A Hint to Young Men.

Alas how prevalent are those dread diseases which make men prematurely aged, pale, listless, low spirited, languid, easily tired, forgetful and incapable; fill mad-houses and swell the lists of suicides; separate husbands and wives; bring untold suffering to millions, even unto the third and fourth generation.

A complete and scientific treatise on these ailments, prepared by an association of medical men who have had vast experience in their treatment and great success in their cure, will be mailed in plain sealed envelope, secure from observation, to any sufferer sending ten cents (the cost of postage), enclosed with this notice to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

CASTORIA is truly a marvelous thing for children. Doctors prescribe it, medical journals recommend it and more than a million mothers are using it in place of Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, so-called soothing syrups and other narcotic and other stupefying remedies. Castoria is the quickest thing to regulate the stomach and bowels and give healthy sleep the world has ever seen. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind colic, allays feverishness, and destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend.

Castoria is put up in one size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good," and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The striking silk dyers at Patterson, N. J., marched to the works of Simon & Anger, broke down the doors and forced the workmen out of the establishment. They threw the unfinished silk on the floor, turned on the steam in the tubs and burned a large quantity of the material.

FOUND.—Near the road leading from Maxell's Mill to Motter's Station, a fur cape, which the owner can get by proving property and paying for this advertisement. N. C. STANBURY.

Death in the Touch.

Mr. Arthur Lucy Reese, manager of the electric plant of the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrows Point, was killed by a shock of electricity from a live wire at the works Monday afternoon about five o'clock. Mr. Reese was to give a lecture on electricity Tuesday night for the benefit of the M. E. Church at Sparrows Point, and was arranging the apparatus with which he proposed to illustrate his lecture. He accidentally touched the live wire which he was using, and this caused his instant death. The deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reese. He was twenty seven years of age. Mr. Reese was a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University.

A Short Lived Strike.

The packers employed at the flour mill of the C. A. Gambrell Manufacturing Company at Elliott City, quit work Tuesday afternoon and left the mill in a body. The action was caused by the announcement Tuesday evening that the company intended reducing the force employed in that department. The mill it is stated is not running at its full capacity at present, and it was due to this fact that the curtailment in the force was found necessary. The places of the packers who left have been supplied, and operations will not be discontinued.

He Thawed Dynamite.

Daniel F. Waltermeyer, of Cross, Roads, in East Hopewell township, York county, Pa., attempted to thaw a stick of dynamite on his kitchen stove the other morning. The dynamite soon began to smoke. Mr. Waltermeyer at once became frightened and rushed from the house with his wife. They had hardly left the building before the dynamite exploded with terrific force, wrecking the building completely. Not one log remained on the foundations. Mr. Waltermeyer and his wife escaped unharmed.

Must Wear Short Skirts.

The local manager of the main Chicago Telephone Exchange, who a year ago promulgated a diet that all the girls employed in the Chicago exchanges should uniformly dress in black, has just issued an order requiring the girls employed in the main office to wear their skirts so that they will clear the floor by three inches.

There were many impromptu indignation meetings held in the cloakrooms, but no protests were offered to the order. "It would be of no use," said one of the girls. "The times are hard and we can better afford to cut off our skirts than to cut off our wages."

WHEN the State House at Annapolis was overhauled in 1876, the old cannon from the fort at St. Mary's was taken from the rotunda and partially buried at the foot of State House hill. It is standing upright, full of water and rapidly rusting away. This is the oldest piece of property owned by the State. It is believed that it was brought over on the Ark or Dove, with the first settlers landed at St. Mary's, and mounted for their protection from the Indians.

PLANS are being formed for the most extensive illustration of the utility of a bicycle for courier duties ever attempted. The project contemplates a trip from Washington, D. C., to Denver, Col. It is intended to send a message from President Cleveland to the annual meet of wheelmen to be held in the latter part of the summer at Denver.

Want Money for Injured Firemen.

A bill has been introduced in the Maryland Legislature providing money for members of volunteer fire companies who may be injured during the next two years. It sets aside \$1,000 a year for two years to be used only in case of necessity, the money if required is to be drawn through the State Firemen's Association by an act of the Legislature.

The Monongahela from Company, Pittsburg, Pa., resumed in all departments last Thursday. This makes the fourteenth mill at Pittsburg which has started up in full lately. The workers in roofing mills began to feel that better times will soon come to them. The trade reports indicate that better prices are being obtained.

A Wild Man.

A wild man with red whiskers and tattered clothes is reported to be roaming near Middleburg, north of Hagerstown, in Washington county. A number of persons who have seen him say the man is a giant in size and that he carries a big club.

"I had eruptions on my body but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am perfectly well." Elmer C. Kolb Troutville, Md.

Col. Brune Will Resign.

Col. Fred W. Brune, assistant adjutant general on the staff of Brigadier General Stewart Brown, has determined to resign his commission. The coming encampment of the state guard would have necessitated the attendance of both Gen. Brown and Col. Brune. As both are members of the law firm of Brown & Brune, it was thought inadvisable for both to be absent from business at the same time. When Gen. Brown took command of the Maryland brigade several years ago, he appointed Col. Brune assisting adjutant general, which position he filled with credit to himself and profit to the State guard.

Harpers Ferry Bridge Opened.

The new bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad over the Potomac river at Harpers Ferry was opened for traffic Monday. The first train to pass over the bridge was the Cincinnati and St. Louis express, east beyond, which reached Harpers Ferry at 10.20 a. m. In connection with the bridge a tunnel 775 feet long was constructed under Maryland Heights. The bridge and tunnel cut off a direct entrance for the Baltimore and Ohio into Harpers Ferry. The new bridge is built nine feet higher than the old bridge, to avoid danger from freshets in the Potomac river.



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 sold 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.

ROAD NOTICE.

To the Honorable, the County Commissioners of Frederick County, Maryland. We, the undersigned, citizens and taxpayers of Frederick county, hereby give notice that we intend to petition your Honorable Board, the County Commissioners of Frederick county, Md., after the expiration of thirty days from this date, being the sixteenth day of April, 1894, to open a public road on and near the bed of the old road, commencing for the same at the old Bull Frog road, in the Fifth Election District of Frederick county, where a private road now intersects the said Bull Frog road and running thence along said private road, on the lands of Samuel Ott, on both the north and south, and lands of Wm. A. Snider, George S. Valentine, Richard S. Hill, and Charles Eyer on the north side, and D. Washington Shoemaker on both the north and south sides, Charles Eyer on the north, Samuel Ott on the south, Charles Eyer on the north and Wm. A. Shoemaker on the north and south; and A. H. Bowersox on the north; D. W. Shoemaker on the north and south, on the same bed of said private road to Stomacher's Mill, on the Monocacy creek. Said road not to be less than thirty feet wide. A. H. BOWERSOX, D. W. SHOEMAKER, G. M. PATTERSON, and others. march 16 94 51

M. FRANK ROWE.

—HAS JUST RECEIVED A— LARGE & WELL SELECTED STOCK

—OF— Men's, Boys', Women's and Children's SHOES,

AT HIS STORE IN EMMITSBURG, MD.

MY LINE OF Boots, Shoes, and Rubber Goods

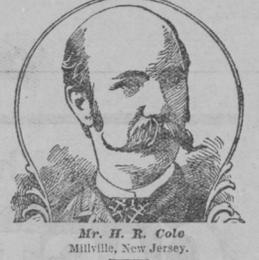
is also complete in every particular. Have you tried the Harrisburg "LONG-WEARERS?"

No better shoes made. Every article sold guaranteed as represented and tips are repaired free of charge. I manufacture a high grade of Boots and Shoes to order, all of the latest styles and best material at reasonable prices. This guaranteed. Try a pair of my KANGAROO SHOES, and you'll never regret it. Respectfully, M. FRANK ROWE, Emmitsburg, Md. feb. 9-11

HAMILTON LINDSAY,

—DEALER IN— REAL ESTATE, STOCKS AND BONDS. INVESTMENTS AND LOANS. Address HAMILTON LINDSAY, Court Street, Frederick, Md. feb 9-6ms.

How Well You're Looking Friends All Surprised At the Wonderful Benefit From Hood's Sarsaparilla.



"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen:—Whenever I meet friends now whom I have not seen for some time, the first thing they generally remark concerns my fleshly and healthy appearance. They ask what I have been doing, I have one answer for all: 'Obtaining nothing but taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.' I have been afflicted for thirty years with a dry Scaly Eruption of the Skin, affecting at times my entire body but mainly confined to my limbs and more especially to my legs from my knees down to my feet. The skin, which had been a solid mass of dry scales for years, broke out about a year ago into running sores. At one time I had as many as nine on each limb which were about the size of a silver ten cent piece. They caused me great inconvenience and suffering by their constant and intolerable itching. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after using nine bottles consider myself cured. The sores have long since disappeared, the scales are all gone, and my skin is as smooth as any one can wish. I have gained in weight from 120 to 160 pounds. I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla A Great Boon to All who suffer from skin and blood diseases. Accept my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the wonderful cure Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought to me." H. R. COLE, 117 Smith St., Millville, N. J.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

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EMMITSBURC Marble Yard

CEMETERY WORK

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

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

WRITING ADVERTISEMENTS

for people who can't read would be wasting time and money.

Writing our advertisements would soon have to stop if the people who read them did not come to see if what we said was true or not.

What we say is worth saying, worth your while to look into.

The "futures" of our store mean great things and some of them will appear each day.

We are presenting opportunities for the exercise of wise economy, now the economy of buying right, that your own self interest charges you to look after with an eye to the uncommon values now daily being offered by us. In this time of fluctuating values—in the Domestic Market—many lines of cottons being offered at much less than cost of production we

DROP THE PRICE

as soon as we hear of it, not waiting to see what others are doing. We claim to be at all times at the bottom.

The New Wool Dress Goods, Silk Dress Goods, Waist Silks, Dress Insertings Laces, Dress Gingham.

Many other things now coming in.

THE LEADERS, G. W. WEAVER & SON GETTYSBURG, PA.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

\$5, \$4 and \$3.50 Dress Shoe. \$3.50 Police Shoe, 3 Soles. \$2.50, \$2 for Workingmen. \$2 and \$1.75 for Boys. LADIES AND MISSES, \$3, \$2.50 \$2, \$1.75

CAUTION—If any dealer offers you W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without the name stamped on the bottom put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes are stylish, easy fitting, and give better satisfaction at the prices advertised than any other make. Try one pair and be convinced. The stamping of W. L. Douglas's name and price on the bottom, which guarantees their value, saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear them. Dealers who push the sale of W. L. Douglas Shoes gain customers, which helps to increase the sales on their full line of goods. They can afford to sell at a loss profit, and we believe you can save money by buying all your footwear of the dealer advertized below. Catalogue free upon application. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. M. FRANK ROWE,

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1894.

## Emmitsburg Rail Road.

On and after Oct. 1, 1893, trains on this road will run as follows:

**TRAINS SOUTH.**  
Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7:50 and 10:00 a. m. and 2:55 and 4:50 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8:30 and 10:30 a. m. and 3:25 and 5:30 p. m.

**TRAINS NORTH.**  
Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8:20 and 10:37 a. m. and 3:30 and 6:25 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 8:50 and 11:07 a. m. and 4:00 and 6:59 p. m.

WM. H. BIGGS, Pres't.

## SALES.

March 17, Sebastian Florentine, will sell at his residence near town, 1 mountain lot and personal property.

March 17, Wm. A. Snider will sell at his residence, near Harney, his entire stock, consisting of horses, cows, wagons, plows, &c.

March 22, John E. and James M. Boyd, will sell at the residence of Mrs. Mary A. Boyd, in Liberty township, Pa., about 5 miles north of Emmitsburg, 9 horses, 15 head of cattle, 30 head of hogs, 26 sheep and farming implements.

March 23, Wm. E. Carrens will sell at his residence in Hamilton township, Adams Co., Pa., on the road leading from Monterey to Mount Hope, a lot of personal property.

March 25, John Moser will sell at his residence on the road leading from Cagerstown to Mechanicstown, 2 horses, 2 cows and farming implements.

March 27, L. M. Fisher will sell at Mather's Station, 15 horses, 5 colts, 14 head of cattle, 20 shoats, Baggies, wagons, &c.

March 28, John C. Derr will sell at his residence, 4 miles north of Mumm's Ford, on the road from Myers' Mill to Mechanicstown, 6 head of horses, 13 head of cattle and farming implements.

March 31, E. D. Kenner will sell on the lowest Grove Mill Farm, 23 acres east of this place, 125 cords of wood, 8,000 feet of square lumber, 8,000 feet of boards and planks, &c.

Established 1857.  
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 Special Celebrated Wines for sale by F. A. DIFFENDAL.

GARDEN MAKING HAS BEGUN.  
To-morrow will be St. Patrick's Day. Equinoctial storms may be expected next week.

The public schools of Carroll county will close on April 13.

A new \$4,000 passenger station is to be built at Smithsburg.

The traffic on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal opened on last Saturday.

Mr. C. T. Zacharias has built a frame work in front of his store to be used for an awning.

An original widow's pension has been granted to Louisa A. Brooks, of Frederick.

MARY A. T. KERRIGAN has transferred a lot of ground in this place, to Edward J. Lefevre, for \$1,900.

It is stated that Middletown, this county, will be deprived of its free delivery of mail after May 31st.

The Emmitt Cornet Band appeared on the street on Monday evening and played several selections of music.

ANNE M. WACHTER and David Wachter, her husband, have conveyed a parcel of land to Jas. A. Elder, for \$20.

On Tuesday the Board of County Commissioners reappointed Mr. J. Wm. Bangham tax-collector for this county.

Go to J. Traub & Bro., at Union Bridge for fine clothing and ladies cloaks, &c. nov. 17-14

FOR REST.—The house formerly known as the "McDivett House," in Emmitsburg. Apply to N. BAKER, 2234

A NUMBER of Gypsies passed through town yesterday forenoon. They had nice looking wagons and some fine horses.

The public sales in this section are being well attended, and the live stock and farming implements have been selling at fair prices.

Wouldn't a Salary Come Handy?  
See our advertisement of a "Chance to earn money," on this page, if you want a position.

The twenty-eighth anniversary of the Maryland State Teachers' Association will be held in the chamber of the House of Delegates at Annapolis, July 10, 11 and 12.

Our friend Mr. E. S. Waddles, of St. Joseph, Mo., has our thanks for a copy of *The Road*, of a recent date. *The Road* is an advocate of the principles of the Populist Party.

An Unseen Enemy  
Is there to be dreaded than an open and visible foe? That subtle and lurking foe, which under the general name of malarial miasmata, which under the name of malaria, manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Boston's Bismach Bitters, a thorough antiseptic to the poison in the system, and a safeguard against its insidious attack, avoid poisoning your blood with quinine, and use instead this safe and reliable remedy, Bismach Bitters, in case and far more effective than any drug. The Bismach Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

THE fast mail train on the Western Maryland Railroad struck and killed a horse at the Joseph Winter crossing, west of Cavetown, Monday.

A new fence has been built along the garden fronting on the pavement at the West End of town. The property is tenanted by Mr. Jacob Eyer.

THE streets and alleys of the town should be cleaned and the filthy garbage that accumulated during the winter burned or removed from town.

LAST week the Lillian Radcliffe Theatrical Company was stranded at Elkton, Md. The sheriff attached their effects for rent, board and printing.

JOSEPH A. STULL, eye specialist, will be at Mr. Geo. T. Eyster's jewelry store, in this place, on Monday March 19. Call on him and have your eyes examined free of charge all who have eye trouble.

THE new board of charity and correction met at Montevue Hospital, Frederick, on Wednesday last and transacted routine business. They report 279 inmates at said institution, 17 state and 3 corporation prisoners at the county jail.

COUGH SYRUP—Yes I am tired of hearing and seeing the word; yet if you want a good, reliable, pleasant-to-take, Cough Syrup, and a large bottle for the money, ask your druggist for Dr. Fahrney's and take no other.

HARRY RUSH, a young man living near Sandyville, Carroll county, on Wednesday sat down upon an upturned hump on the top of an old chest. It caused a frightful wound. The hump was five inches long and had a hook on one end.

REMOVALS.  
Mr. John T. Long has moved into his house on Gettysburg Street.

Mr. Augustine A. Little moved into the house vacated by Mr. John T. Long on the Gettysburg road.

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.

In demolishing a building of Charles Wertheimer, in Frederick, workmen found two Federal cavalry uniforms that were evidently left in the building during the war. They were in a good condition.

J. E. MENTOR, a brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, fell from a freight train on Sunday afternoon, at North Branch, in Allegany county, and was killed. His body was horribly mangled by the cars passing over it. He leaves a wife and family at Brunswick.

SHOT A WILD GOOSE.  
Mr. Wm. Walker, living near New London, shot and killed on the farm of Mrs. Jno. Downey, on Saturday last, a wild goose that was feeding on the wheat. Although Mr. Walker is 77 years old he is still a splendid shot.

THE Surbridge Bicycle Factory, of Hagerstown, was sold at public sale Tuesday by the receiver, Mr. Frank M. Misp, to Mr. George T. Warwick, of Springfield Mass., and connected with the Warwick Bicycle Company. It is understood the plant will be removed to Toledo, Ohio.

IN the circuit court for Carroll county the jury under the instructions of the court in the suit of Lewis H. Haley against Abraham Kronk and William Kronk, rendered a verdict on Wednesday of last week in favor of the defendants. The suit was to recover \$10,000 damages for alleged malicious prosecutions.

THE Modern Well  
Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

VERDICT IN AN OLD CASE.  
A verdict has been rendered in the court at Frederick, against Grove A. Shipley vs. Rezin H. Griffith. Three years ago the hullless oats case of Shipley vs. Griffith was tried in the Circuit Court for Montgomery county and decided in favor of Shipley, whose case was based on a promissory note for \$100 given by Griffith for twenty bushels of oats. W. Viers Bowie, Jr., counsel for Griffith, renewed exception to the ruling of the court there and carried it to the Court of Appeals, which sustained the exception and sent the case back for a new trial. Shipley then had it moved to Hagerstown, and it was afterwards moved to Frederick by Griffith. The verdict in his favor was rendered on the ground that the oats were worthless, and that Shipley was not as claimed an innocent purchaser of the note before maturity for value, and without notice of the worthlessness of the oats.

"With step as noiseless as the summer air  
Who comes in beautiful decay? Her eyes  
Dissolving with a feverish glow of light,  
And on  
Her cheek a rosy tint, as if the tip  
Of beauty's finger faintly pressed it there!  
Alas! Consumption is her name."  
This terrible disease which has numbered its victims by millions, comes in the most insidious way. Getting one's feet wet; a slight cold, a cough, and then other indiscretions until it gets a firm hold. Why fall a victim when a cure is within reach? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effectually cure consumption in its earlier stages. Weak lungs, spitting of blood, asthma, lingering coughs and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

Hotel Sold.  
Colonel Yingling has sold the Gettysburg Eagle Hotel to William T. Ziegler for the sum of \$12,000. The purchaser is to get the adjusted lost on the building caused by fire. Mr. Ziegler will erect a new building from the foundation. The old walls are to be torn down.

ATTENTION OF OUR READERS is specially called to the Gum Roofing and Paint advertised in our columns; it is ready for use, easily applied and a very low price—reliable article. Nothing better for a new roof, or an old roof needing repairs. They will mail you a sample if you write them at once, and mention this paper.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.  
Norman, a four-year-old son of William Chisolm, near Brunsville, Md., was burned to death Monday. The father was burning some straw, when the clothes of the child became ignited, and he was so badly burned that he lived only a few hours. The father, in his efforts to save the child had his hands badly burned.

OUTLOOK BRIGHTER.  
The American Manufacturing Company are running eight hours every day and are busy on mill work. The present week is one of activity, car loads of lumber coming in, and many patrons hauling materials of various kind from the factory. The outlook is good for the season's work, which seems encouraging for the general business interests of our city.—*Waynesboro Record*.

HENRY WILLS died last Sunday on the Hamilton-Bellevue farm, at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel Johnston, aged eighty-four years. He was born at Emmitsburg, Md., married Miss Dougherty, and served during the late war in Company I, Third Regiment, Maryland Volunteer Cavalry. Joseph, his son, also served in the war and was killed at Leesburg in a hand-to-hand conflict, receiving a sabre gash on his head.—*Sun*.

DROWNED IN THE CONOCOCHAGUE CREEK.  
Harry Rhine, aged sixteen years, of Hagerstown, was drowned in the Conococheague creek, while boating near Williamson, Franklin county, Pa. He attempted to cross the creek with his cousin, John and William Clark. One of the cars was lost, the boat was whirled over a high mill-dam and the boys pitched into the rapids. The Clark boys saved themselves, but Rhine got beneath the dam and was drowned.

A SPECIAL despatch to the Cumberland Times contains a mysterious message which was found in a bottle floating on the North branch of the Potomac by Mr. Alden McKensie, of Dawson, Md. The message was written on a piece of an old envelope, and bore no signature. The wording of the note was: "February 25, 1894—I am pinned up in the mountains by moonshiners—somewhere—I cannot tell; I do not know; up the river, about twenty miles above here. It is in West Virginia, if I hear the men talk." The writer of the note must have been interrupted before he could affix his signature.

JOHN KOOGLE DEAD.  
Mr. John Koogle, who was one of the best-known and most respected citizens of Myersville, this county, died at Boonsboro, Washington county, Saturday afternoon, where he had been book-keeper for the Boonsboro Saw and Planing Mill Company. He was nearly 64 years old, and leaves four children. One brother of the deceased, Capt. Jacob Koogle, resides at Myersville, and another, Rev. H. A. Koogle, is a Lutheran minister at Elmo, Kansas. The late George W. Koogle, ex-judge of the Orphan's Court of this county, was also a brother of the deceased.

THE U. B. CONFERENCE.  
The session of the U. B. Conference at Keedysville concluded on Saturday. Prof. Cyrus F. Flood was re-elected secretary of the Church Extension Society, a delegate at large to represent the Y. P. C. U. at the National Union at Elkhart, Ind., and secretary of that body.

THE next annual conference will be held at Thurmont. Amongst the appointments were those of local interest: Presiding elders, J. E. Meese, Myersville circuit; S. B. Butts, Thurmont; W. L. Martin, Frederick; M. L. Maysilles, Walkersville; E. M. Barger, Brunswick.

DRIVING PARK.  
The Gettysburg Star and Sentinel says: A movement for a gentleman's driving park is being pushed. Nearly five hundred subscribers, at \$10 each, have been secured. It is the purpose of the promoters of the scheme to purchase from Philip Henning twelve acres of land between the Fairfield and the Springs Hotel road, just beyond Seminary Ridge and build a driving track. It is not intended for race meetings, but for the pleasure of the members. A base ball and athletic field may be made within the circle. Later a charter may be secured, stock sold and a fence and buildings erected.

MR. REMSBURG CUTS HIS THROAT.  
Ex-County Commissioner John W. Remsburg, of Middletown, was found by his wife sitting on the front porch of his house Tuesday afternoon with several cuts on the right side of his neck and a bad wound on the left side. Near him was lying a razor as it had fallen from his grasp. Mr. Remsburg is seventy-eight years old and for some weeks he has been in a helpless condition from paralysis on the right side. He was not strong enough to inflict fatal injuries upon himself, but he said that if the razor had been sharper he could have cut more deeply. Temporary aberration of mind proceeding from his illness caused the act. Dr. Heady made the patient comfortable.—*Sun*.

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE AT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.  
Prof. James A. Mitchell delivered an illustrated lecture last Sunday evening before the faculty and students of St. Mary's College on "The Ice Age."

THE lecture was embellished with many interesting and appropriate views thrown upon the screen, illustrative of the subject.

THE Glaciers of the Alps, including Mt. Blanc, the Matterhorn, &c., with their various notable features, were shown, and their nature and effects as great geological agencies explained.

THE Professor demonstrated from the character of our northern mountains, the striated appearance of the rocks, the immense quantities of foreign debris heaped up here and there, and the huge boulders to be met with everywhere, that the northern portion of America was at one time hidden beneath a thick crust of ice, which having been melted through some unknown cause has left in its wake all these characteristic marks of glacial action clearly pointing to a former glacial period.

AN interesting point was brought up here by the Professor as to the cause of this sudden thaw, and concerning the great differences of climate to which the earth has been subjected at different periods as indicated by geological research. The two principal theories for this, one based upon the precession of the equinoxes, and the other upon the hypothesis that the sun is a valuable star which gleams fitfully at long distant intervals, producing as a result the extremes of heat and cold. Professor Mitchell favored this latter theory and deduced many arguments to support it. He was able to confirm the many geological facts he himself has gleaned in the personal examination of the rocks of the Alps, Norway, Scotland, the New England States and other places.

A NEW PLANT TO BE ESTABLISHED ON MARSH CREEK.  
Mr. Deakant, the Engineer of the Gettysburg Water Company, explained on Thursday evening last the data he had gathered respecting the various sites suggested and the expense involved in locating at, and operating, each of them. The Board after full consideration voted to locate the new plant between the mineral Mill (formerly Bream's), and the "White" bridge less than a mile below. On Friday morning, they in connection with the Engineer inspected the locality and selected as the site, the stretch of water, about 1,300 feet long by 70 broad, between the two existing wire fences immediately above and below the bridge. The flow at this point is estimated at over seven million, two hundred and fifty thousand gallons a day, or over a hundred and twenty times the present demand.

THE proposition is to carry the water through a 15 inch pipe from the south side of the eastern abutment of the bridge, across the meadow east of the bridge, to the foot of the red hill on which the Socks house stands, and there to make a lake for purposes of gathering and filtering, and from which the pumping is to be done by engines stationed above high water mark. The company will control the entire mass of water by purchasing a strip of land on each side of the creek, will enclose it with proper fencing, will beautify it and will properly protect it in all respects.

THE piping will run in as direct a line from the pumping station to the reservoir in town as possible. The cost of the work will be about \$16,000. Of this, about one half will be raised by an issue of additional stock at par, and the remainder by 4 per cent. bonds, payable in ten years and free of taxes.—*Gettysburg Star and Sentinel*.

DOGS KILL SHEEP, AND UNKNOWN VANDALS SHOOT COWS.  
A number of farmers residing in the Third and Fourth districts of Harford county are being greatly annoyed by dogs killing their sheep, which are kept in fields during the night. Several very fine Southdown sheep, belonging to Rev. William F. Brand, near Emmorton, were killed by dogs on Thursday night. They were of the celebrated Baltimore Drum Hill Park Stock.

THREE cows belonging to Mrs. Gohrman, residing near Belair, died last week. The singular manner in which they were affected led to the belief that death resulted from some dangerous disease. Governor Brown was notified and sent State Veterinarian Dr. Robert Ward to Belair last Saturday to investigate the supposed disease. In the post-mortem examination it was found that the cows had been shot. Mrs. Gohrman has no idea who committed the act.—*American*.

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.  
"For several years back I had the Catarrh in my head which resulted in an excessive flow from my nose. All the medicine I took seemed to do me no good. I was recommended to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I had not taken it a week before I found relief. I think it is worth its weight in gold." Miss Daisy F. Cutsail, Yellow Springs, Md.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Indigestion and Biliousness.

SABILLASVILLE ITEMS.  
Dwight, son of Rev. Chas. Holt, of Myersville, Md., is visiting the family of Mr. E. F. Harbaugh.

Mr. Wm. Goulden, of Bonneauville, Pa., will give a musical concert in the U. B. Church, at this place, on Thursday evening, March 22nd.

THE pews were placed in St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran church last week, by Mr. Van Duzen, of New York, who is employed by the Globe Furniture Company, of Northville, Mich., from which firm the pews were purchased.

OUR pastor, Rev. J. R. Lewis, has been confined to the house during the past week, but will be able to be about in a few days, it is hoped.

A QUIET WEDDING.  
A "Subscriber" furnishes us with the following account of the marriage of Mr. Wm. N. Gilson, of near this place, to Miss Viola M. Buck, of Versailles, Mo.:

"On Wednesday morning, March 7th, at 10:30 o'clock, the people of Versailles, a small town of Morgan county, Mo., were greatly surprised by the marriage of one of its finest young ladies, Miss Viola M. Buck, to Mr. Wm. N. Gilson, of Emmitsburg, Md. The wedding was a very quiet one, owing to the illness of the bride's father. The happy couple started on their wedding tour the same day of their marriage. Taking the Missouri Pacific R. R. to St. Louis, Mo., and Wash. R. R. to Ft. Wayne, Ind., and the P. Ft. Wayne, and Chicago R. R., to Alliance, Ohio, where Mr. and Mrs. Gilson spent four days of their honeymoon, with the bride's sister, Mrs. Mary A. Kella. Then taking the P. Ft. W. and Chicago R.R. for Washington, D. C., where the happy couple will spend a week, and then return to Mr. Gilson's home, Emmitsburg, March 21st, where a reception from 2 till 4 p. m., will be tendered in honor of the happy couple. All of the neighbors and friends are cordially invited to call on the happy couple, and give them a welcome home. Mr. and Mrs. Gilson kindly request the people of the neighborhood to please refrain from giving them a *chiarari* on account of the bride's father being so ill.

"A SUBSCRIBER."  
The Versailles Statesman of the 8th inst., speaking of the marriage of the above couple says: "The bride is a very popular young lady and has many warm friends, who unite in wishing her a long and happy journey down the stream of time. May the lilies that bloom upon the banks of life's swiftly flowing river ever cast the sweetest perfumes around your barque, and may the union of hearts here made continue strong and bright forever."

THE CHRONICLER joins the many friends of the happy couple in wishing them a long and pleasant journey through married life.

THE M. E. CONFERENCE ADJOURNED.  
The Baltimore Methodist Episcopal Conference, which was in session at Frederick for several days, adjourned on Tuesday. An unusually large amount of business was transacted during the session.

THE statistical reports gave the following figures as to the condition of the conference: Members, 40,650; increase, 652; probationers, 5,015; increase, 352; local preachers, 144; deaths, 65; increase, 7. Number of Sunday-schools, 411; officers and teachers, 6,351; scholars, 252,109. Number of churches, 307; probable value, \$3,334,800. Number of parsonages, 124; probable value, \$435,950. Paid during the year for building and improving church property, \$65,920. Paid on old indebtedness on church property, \$27,140. Present indebtedness, \$238,367. Paid pastors and for house rent, \$195,438; deficiencies, \$7,161; paid presiding elders, \$14,390; paid episcopal fund, \$2,433; paid conference claimants, \$6,857.

REV. L. T. WIDERMAN, for the special committee on conference claimants, recommended that the Baltimore Conference recommend the General Conference of 1896 to adopt some plan for the celebration of the centennial of the chartered fund, which shall so present its benevolent object to the church that by concerted contributions a large addition may be made to its invested fund. The resolution said the conference will heartily co-operate with the corresponding secretary in his work of presenting this cause to the church. The recommendations of the committee were adopted.

THE sustentation committee reported 45 claims had been allowed, as against 49 last year. The receipts were \$3,495 from sustentation collections and \$1,850 from stewards' fund; total \$5,345. Last year's receipts were \$4,061 from collections and \$2,000 from stewards' fund.

REV. Henry Mann was retained pastor of the Thurmont circuit, which includes this place. Rev. O. M. Ruark was appointed supernumerary for the same circuit.

PERSONALS.  
Mrs. A. A. Annan was at Annapolis, this week.

Miss Alice Annan has returned home from Baltimore.

Mr. W. Holmes, of Chambersburg, visited Mr. Stewart Annan.

Mr. Bernard Bentz started for Mt. Morris, Illinois, on Monday.

Miss Marshall and Miss Katie Fogarty, of Baltimore, spent Wednesday with Miss Alice Annan.

Mr. E. E. Zimmerman returned home last evening, from Chicago, Ill., where he has been for nearly a year.

Mr. Samuel A. Martin made a short visit to his uncle, Mr. Jeremiah Martin, of this place, who is dangerously ill.

Mr. D. C. Krise, of McSherrystown, Pa., with his daughter, Miss Nettie, spent a few days at Mr. J. I. Topper's.

Mr. E. L. Boblitz, school examiner for Frederick county, made his annual examination of the public schools in this district, this week.

BLACK VESPER'S PAGEANTS.  
So speaks Shakespeare of those dark sombre clouds that we often see towards night. They foretell a storm. Just as surely do functional irregularities and "female derangements" foretell a life of suffering or an early grave. Be warned by these symptoms. Thousands of once afflicted women have driven away disease and death, by taking in time Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Send for the doctor's large treatise, (168 pages) on diseases of women. It is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts and colored plates and will be sent to any address from observation, by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.  
Mr. Daniel Stoops has moved on Mr. Henry Welty's farm.

MESSRS. Lewis and George Welty are talking about going west.

Some of our farmers planted potatoes last week, and they are now preparing the ground for sowing oats.

ON last Saturday night the machine shop caught fire. The fire was extinguished without any damage.

There are a great many sales at this time, and stock is bringing good prices considering the financial depression.

MR. Harry Garlach and sister, Miss May, of Gettysburg, are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. E. Raesche, of this place.

Lieut. C. J. Setton, of this place, while using a chisel shaved off half of his thumb. The wound is quite painful.

THE best men that we can send to war these times are the lawyers. They make great charges without any blood being shed.

Judge Wills, of Gettysburg, is having the old Horner Mills converted into a roller mill. Mr. Edgar Sprenkle, of Fountaineau, is doing the work.

MR. Harry Spangler and family, of near Littlestown, have moved to Fairfield. Mr. Spangler will manufacture cigars. A new industry for our town.

Mr. Samuel Dubs, of Freedom township, who recently bought the old home farm, will move on it in a few weeks. We welcome our neighbor back again.

THE examination of the scholars of the different schools here, took place on last Saturday and the occasion brought a large number of strangers to town.

Mr. Trimmer Riley, who is engaged in working for Hon. W. R. White, of Liberty township, intends moving into Mr. G. W. Wortz's house near the Station.

THE family of the late David Martin, deceased, who lived in Liberty township, Pa., have vacated the old home-land. Mr. Wetsel, of this place, has rented the property.

Jimmy Merry, a native of Ireland, who made his home with Mr. Ruel Musselman, died on Monday morning. The deceased had no relatives in this country, but he was supposed to be over ninety years of age.

QUITE a number of changes will take place here this spring. Among which may be mentioned that of R. K. Ness and sons, who will move to York, Pa.; Charles Hoffman and son, James Hoffman and family to Smithsburg, Md., and Mrs. A. C. Musselman and family to Gettysburg.

MESSRS. Lewis Mizel and Harry Peters, of this place, made a business trip to Virginia, on last Monday. Mizel & Co., have purchased a mountain lot containing several hundred acres of timber land. They intend to cut the timber. Mr. Peters will run two teams for the company. The land is located near Luray Cave.

THE report of the examination of the pupils of the Central School, at Fairfield, of which Prof. C. A. Landis, is the efficient teacher, has been made public. The average per cent. of the scholars is as follows: Mattie P. Kittinger, 98; Marshal E. Brown, 95; Harry M. Musselman, 94; Cheston H. Low, 94; Danie M. King, 92; S. Bertha Cramer, 92; Mary O. Benner, 92; Walter K. Rhodes, 92; Dora V. Harbold, 92; Charley M. Shulley, 90; Eva E. Cramer, 90; Robert J. Watson, 89; Ada M. Moore, 88; Goldie M. M. Cleary, 86; Laura R. Snyder, 86; Milla McLaughlin, 84; J. M. Plank, 78; Francis Topper, 76; Rosie J. Sillik, 75; Albert Culbertson, 73; Sadie L. Brickley, 72; Minnie M. Weikert, 71.

THE fire at the machine shop last Saturday night, has aroused the citizens of Fairfield to a sense of duty, and they now recognize the great necessity of having an efficient and well equipped organization in case of an outbreak of fire, and in order to accomplish this end, the citizens of our flourishing little town will hold a meeting on Wednesday evening, March 21st, for the purpose of organizing a hook and ladder company. This is a movement in the right direction and the project should not only meet with the approval of every citizen, but also their support and encouragement. The cost of maintaining a volunteer fire department is quite small, when compared with the property saved from destruction by such an organization. Let every citizen be in attendance at the meeting on next Wednesday evening, and allow no efforts to be spared to bring about the formation of a hook and ladder company.

AN Old Stone.  
On Wednesday, whilst Mr. Basil Gilson was removing the foundation of the old barn, at his residence, near town, he came across a corner stone on which were the following letters and figures: "A B M EMMIT 1795." There are many other letters on the stone but they are too faint to decipher. The above name is supposed to be that of Abraham Emmitt. The date on the stone makes it 96 years since it was placed under the old barn, although the barn which was recently torn away was moved to its old site about 70 years ago. The Gilson farm was owned by the Emmits many years ago.

PUBLIC SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.  
The pupils of the Public School, of this place, will hold an entertainment at Eyster's Opera House, on Easter Monday evening, March 26. The programme will consist of music, tableaux, dialogues and recitations. Admission 15 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents. Tickets will be on sale at Mr. J. Henry Rowe's store on and after Friday evening, March 23rd. The doors will be opened at 7 o'clock. Exercises will begin at 7:30 o'clock, promptly. The proceeds will go towards purchasing an organ for the school.

A Young Man's Suicide.  
Mr. George E. Moats, son of the late John Moats, who lived near Tilghmanston, Washington county, cut his throat with a razor last Friday morning and died. Mr. Moats had suffered with grip, which left his mind unbalanced. While in bed he asked his wife to bleed him an old razor lying near, that he might peel an orange. Mrs. Moats gave him the razor, and, after cutting several times at the orange, Mr. Moats threw back his head and cut his throat from ear to ear. Dr. V. M. Reichard, of Fair Play, sewed up the wound, but the man died soon after. Mr. Moats was fifty years old and farmed the Sisman Coffman place. He leaves five grown children.

JOHN W. FOGLE ACCIDENTLY KILLED.  
On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. John W. Fogle was accidentally killed, while blowing up stumps on the farm of Henry Elder, near Union Bridge. He was tamping a dynamite charge with gravel instead of clay and the concussion caused the dynamite to explode. Mr. Fogle was bending over the stump and both his eyes were blown out. One leg was broken in three places and the other was mashed into a jelly from the knee down. He lived two hours after the accident. Mr. H. Lee Stoner was standing by, but escaped without a scratch. The deceased leaves a widow and six children.

THROWN FROM A HORSE AND KILLED.  
On last Sunday afternoon Jesse, the seventeen year old son of James H. Connor, of Cumberland, was killed by falling from a horse which he was riding. Young Connor, in company with John McFarren, was out riding, and while crossing the railroad tracks, the horse fell, and not being able to disentangle his feet from the stirrups in time to leap, the animal dragged the youth down with him and scalded over his legs and abdomen. In the fall Connor's head struck against the steel rails, fracturing his skull. The boy was carried to the Western Maryland Home, where he died shortly afterwards.

MR. James A. Arnold died.  
Mr. James A. Arnold died at his home in this place, at 9:15 o'clock last evening, of Bright's disease, in the 48th year of his age. He was confined to his bed for eleven weeks and bore his sufferings with much resignation. Mr. Arnold was a painter by trade; he served as a soldier in the late war, and was a member of Arthur Post, No. 4, G. A. R., at the time of his death. The deceased leaves a widow and one small child. The funeral services will take place at St. Joseph's Catholic church on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

EXAMINATIONS COMPLETED.  
The examinations at the public school have been completed and the following is the average per cent. of the pupils in the sixth grade: Isaac Annan, 80; Annan Horner, 76; Leslie Maxell, 76; Harry Anders, 76; Horner Agnew, 79; Guy Numemaker, 80; Katie Whitmore, 80; Grace Hartman, 82; Annie Stout, 76; Roy Whitmore, 76.

Fifth Grade: Bruce Morrison, 90; Belle Hartman, 88; Ruth Gillelan, 82; Clarissa Reigle, 87; Joseph Rowe, 86; Hugh Adelsberger, 78; Vincent Norris, 76; Rowe Maxell, 76, and Lewis Stout, 80.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.  
During Holy week divine services will be held in the Reformed church of the Incarnation, every evening at 7:30 o'clock.

On Good Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock services will also be held. The Holy Communion will be celebrated on Easter Sunday morning at half past ten o'clock. Preparatory and confirmation services on Saturday afternoon previous at 2 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

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.

MARRIED.  
SCOTT—WALKER.—On March 6, 1894, at the Presbyterian parsonage, at Dixon, Lee county, Illinois, by the Rev. E. C. Siskels, Mr. Lewis E. Scott, formerly of this district, to Miss Florence H. Walker, of Gettysburg, Pa.

GILSON—BUCK.—On March 7, 1894, at the home of the bride, at Versailles, Mo., by Rev. J. F. Hogan, Mr. Wm. N. Gilson, of near this place, to Miss Viola M., daughter of Rev. Dr. Buck, of Versailles, Mo.

RIDENOUR—WETZEL.—On March 11, 1894, at the residence of the bride, in this district, by Rev. Kipe, Mr. Charles Edward Ridenour to Miss Clara May Wetzell, both of this vicinity.

DIED.  
ARNOLD.—On March 15, 1894, at his residence in this place, of Bright's disease, Mr. James A. Arnold, in the 48th year of his age.

CUM-ELASTIC ROOFING  
costs only \$2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and any one can put

THE GENTEEL POOR.

"OH, THE FITY OF IT!" ONE EXCLAIMS WHEN CONSIDERING THEM.

Straining to Maintain a Position Beyond Their Means—An Anecdote About People Who Manage to Get Along and Get Along by Managing.

Do you know that there is a class of people who suffer and of whom the world never hears? I mean those whom we are apt to call the genteel poor. They are always with us. In my life I have listened to a great many queer stories about them, and they are really to be pitied. They are, many of them, single women of uncertain income, who are obliged to live on infinitesimal incomes and with an amount of style. They can't bring their ideas down to the level of their fortunes. They have always been used to certain things, and they must have or at least appear to have them. They can live only in a particular part of town, no matter if the rent consumes the biggest part of their funds, and they must do other things in just proportion. How do they do it? Why, with an amount of ingenuity that would be valuable in a better cause.

They "manage." That is the word. The genteel poor "manage" to get along and get along by "managing." Take a case that I happen to know about. They were a pair of sisters who rented apartments.

I am not afraid to assert that they lived on samples. They went from one grocer to another and collected, little by little, almost all the things they needed for their meager means.

Simple cans of soup furnished their table at many a midday meal. Their cracker jar was a wonderful mixture of different brands. They did so like a variety, they said. Their bonbon dish was replenished in a way that seemed little short of stealing. They would make periodical calls at various confectioners, and at each take a bit of candy from the piles that were exposed to view. Hidden in a bag, or in a muff if it was winter, the aggregate of this booty when taken home formed quite a dishful and helped out at their afternoon receptions, which, in accordance with their ideas of hospitality and the traditions of their family, they always gave during the season.

I used to wonder how they felt when they knelt on Sunday before that gorgeous shrine which they affected and gave the response to that solemn admonition, "Thou shalt not steal," but I fancy they thought it was perfectly legitimate.

They always dressed in black, and I am sure I don't know how they "managed" their wardrobe. I suppose the bargain counters helped them out, and I fancy their gowns were sometimes made by a very swell dressmaker whom years ago they employed as a seamstress and introduced to their wealthy friends. By this the woman was enabled to get a footing and no doubt gratified promptly to give them some help in the reconstruction of their wardrobes.

But this was long ago. I wonder if the younger sister, who now occupies a position as the wife of a wealthy man, is as aware that I know all about the gown she wore when she met the man who emancipated her from the thralldom of petty economy. I don't it, but I do, and I am going to tell you.

The two women had been invited to a dinner given by a swell friend. The elder could not go on account of ill health, but the younger must. Then came the question of what to wear. Everything had been exhausted, and there was no money for a costume. At last, in despair, the younger woman opened a trunk filled with clothing from the factory—their childhood's home.

She had it! Within its depths there was the black silk robe that her father had worn. It was heavy and of beautiful texture. Its ample folds would make a short skirt and part of a waist.

While in a quandary as to what would fill out the deficiency she saw beneath the velvet pall that had covered her father's coffin. It had been the last loving tribute of a sick parishioner. Here were the train and no other part of the waist. Did no thought of its association with the dead man or remembrance of the solemn service return to her, you ask? Not a bit of it. Beneath it, crumpled up in many creases, was the crape that had draped the altar. Behold what a costume was evolved! A long train of velvet over a skirt of heavy black silk trimmed with folds of crape, whose somber blackness served to make still whiter the neck displayed beneath the décolleté corsage. She was elegant indeed, and at the dinner she played her cards so well that she captured an extremely eligible bachelor, and her struggles were over.

But think of it! I know you'll say, "Oh, the pity of it!" You have often heard the saying, "God help the rich. The poor can beg." I say the Lord's poor will be taken care of, but pity, oh, pity, the genteel poor!—Boston Herald.

A Real Swell. The tramp had called at a house where there had been a party the night before and had been given a very good meal at the kitchen table, with the lady of the house superintending the feast. She was a good hearted woman, and thinking the stranger might appreciate a dainty she had added a dish of cream to the menu. She put a spoon beside it, and in a minute or two he was ready for it and stood by to note his enjoyment.

"I beg your pardon, m'm," he said as he picked up the spoon, "will you be kind enough to give me a fork to eat this cream with?" and the good woman almost collapsed. —Detroit Free Press.

John Draw on Acting. The actor, unless he be in matured years, must exhibit in his life the effect of his calling, a calling desirous of the same results as other arts—the advancement of the human mind through the ministrations of beauty and truth—an advancement out of which necessarily flow increased civilization and augmented happiness for the human race. —Scribner's Magazine.

THE LION PATRI.

Look—the road is very dark— The trees stir softly, and the bushes shake; The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves Here—there—beyond! There—something creeps across the road just now! And you would have me go? Go there—through that live darkness hideous With all its crawling forms that wait to kill! Ah, look! See there—and there—and there—again! Great yellow glassy eyes close to the ground! Look! Now the clouds are lighter, I can see The long, slow slaying of the snowy tails— And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait; Go there! Not I! Who dares to go who sees So perfectly the lions in the path? Comes one who dares? Afraid at first, yet boud On such high errands as no fear could stay. Forth goes he, with the lions in his path. And then— He dared a death of agony— Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts; Long struggle in the horror of the night; Dared and went forth to meet in a basket By train to Leuchars, where it changed for Dundee, and at Dundee changed for Perth. Next day, about 7 in the morning, this cat was observed to run down the avenue of its new home with a purposeful air. On the third day it appeared at its old home.

HOMING POWERS OF THE CAT.

They Are Mysterious and Unfathomable Even to Modern Science.

That a cat can come home in the face of almost incredible difficulties is perfectly certain. Thus, to take a fact as an instance, a cat was carried from a town on the northeast coast of Fife to a house near Edinburgh, in a basket by train to Leuchars, where it changed for Dundee, and at Dundee changed for Perth. Next day, about 7 in the morning, this cat was observed to run down the avenue of its new home with a purposeful air. On the third day it appeared at its old home.

Now, how did that cat achieve its journey? Did it take a bee line across country, and, if so, how did it know its direction? Or did it run to Dundee, cross Tay bridge (the railway bridge) and so along the line to Leuchars, negotiating the Eden at Guard bridge? We can hardly suppose that it swam the Tay. Or did it go round by the head of Loch Tay—a long rough journey by the Killin, where a cat might meet many dangers and temptations? The perils of a cat on the road are innumerable. Every collic dog chases it, every gamekeeper has a gun for it, every boy is ready with a stone. Indeed we never see a cat on its travels. No doubt it runs by night. There is the hypothesis that the cat came by train, changing at Dundee, and achieving the difficult maneuver at Leuchars, wherein many men have failed, going back to Dundee or getting to Cupar, though not one of them was like him "that will to Cupar." This method of transit, which needs agile activeness of reason, may not be beyond the powers and intelligence of a cat.

But all conceivable ways, from the bee line across country and over rivers to the course round Loch Tay, are full of perplexities. That the cat simply rode on a broomstick behind a witch is an hypothesis which brings us into unfriendly contact with modern ideas of progress. Somehow the thing was done, and done in 48 hours. A dog spoken of by Mr. Romanes ran from Vienna to Menton, but died of fatigue. The cat was as well and sound as usual. We may speak of instinct and inherited aptitude, but to find its old home is of no use, but to find the struggle for existence. Cats, much more than dogs, are independent of a home. They can take to the heather, the forest or the back garden. Thus the cats which fortuitously developed the power of "homing" would be no better off than other cats and not more fitted to survive and bequeath their accomplishment to their progeny.

In face of these facts our boasted science is dumb. We know little about cats, but cats know a great deal about us. Faculties of this kind made the cat a mysterious power in the middle ages. He was roasted alive that his unknown protector might come and rescue him by uttering any kind of cry. This very fact proves the existence of a feline secret society which nobody studies, for we are all apt to neglect the facts which underlie and inspire the truths which are called superstitions. Cats have very probably an underground railway. —London Saturday Review.

He Apologized. A western judge was listening to an attorney who had a mean habit of interpolating remarks into the proceedings of the court. What he said was scarcely ever heard by any one, as he mumbled rather than spoke and would never repeat a remark. One day he said something which nobody heard except the judge, who at once became exceedingly angry. Turning to the court bailiff, he ordered him to "advise the court."

Then, as soon as the bailiff had done his duty, the judge stepped from the bench, beckoned to the lawyer to follow him and entered the clerk's office. The lawyer went along. So did two or three other people.

As soon as the judge got fairly into the room, he seized a lawbook, and turning upon the lawyer he fairly screamed: "I was on the bench awhile ago, and you insulted me. I was a judge then, and I am a man now, and the man will have an apology for the judge, or he will take it out of your hide. You might make an apology to the judge, but you would not mean it. Now, however, the case is more serious, and unless you give me what I ask I will smash your head." The lawyer made a most abject apology, which the judge accepted, and then the party went back to the courtroom and resumed business. —San Francisco Argonaut.

A Relentless Hyena. A well known Anstin gentleman found himself in a very embarrassing position. He had left his money at home, and not a nickel or a cent could be found in his clothing. He was about to leave the hotel car when a gentleman, a real gentleman, with a sinister cast of countenance, tendered him a nickel. He gladly accepted it and dropped it into the box. The grateful party then shook his unknown benefactor's hand, thanking him for the confidence and accommodation, and asked his address so he could return the money.

"Never mind," responded the generous man, "it's a counterfeit anyhow." The street car company will make that a hound of a driver redeem it. I've got no special use for it. He is the scoundrel who has trifled with the offering of a female relative of mine, but this will show him what kind of a relentless hyena I am when my blood is up. —Texas Siftings.

Quicksilver was first discovered within the limits of the United States in California in 1850. —London Punch.

BRIDGE OF SIGNS AT VENICE.

The Famous Archway Around Which Romance Thickly Clusters. In the heart of Venice, between the magnificent palace of the doges and the grim walls of the old prison, flow the dark waters of the Rio del Palazzo and across the canal stretches the Bridge of Signs—connecting link between the splendors of a palace and the terrors of the dungeon, the torture chamber and the heading block. One of the most noticeable points about this bridge is the fact that it is closed in, thus proving all stories of suicides committed from it to be fabulous.

This fact robs the Bridge of Signs of one of its most romantic associations—of its pretty legends of grief laden mortals heaving their last sigh upon its parapet and ending their sorrowful lives in the black waters beneath it. From without the bridge, with its arch-like form, its ornamental stonework, its grotesquely carved heads and its small square windows filled in with iron tracery, presents a rather fine appearance, but the interior is strictly devoid of ornament and has not the slightest pretensions to beauty.

During our visit to Venice of course we included the doges' palace and the dungeons in our programme. After wandering for some time through the vast halls and beautiful saloons of the old Venetian palace we passed over the Bridge of Signs on our way to the gloomy cells. The bridge seemed to be little more than a narrow passage between two high walls of stone, with no less than a hundred arches on either side. The raised stonework which runs along beneath the tiny windows on either side and caught a glimpse of the canal without you might easily take it for an ordinary passage within the palace. At the far end of the bridge our progress was barred by a grim looking oaken door—nail studded, age blackened and of immense thickness—guarding the entrance to the dungeons. Our guides came to a halt. There was a jingling of keys, a lighting of torches; then the great door swung slowly back, and we passed into the darkness beyond. When next we passed the ancient door and crossed the Bridge of Signs, it was with the memory of those terrible walls, those fearful dungeons where the hapless prisoners endured the most horrible tortures that tyranny could devise or brutality inflict.

I remember strolling, on the last evening of our holiday in Venice along the Pinza San Marco and making my way to the Ponte della Paglia to take a farewell look at the Bridge of Signs. It was a summer evening, hot and sultry, while the fast gathering clouds, dense and inky, betokened an approaching storm. I had just reached the Ponte della Paglia and was gazing at the Bridge of Signs when a tremendous peal of thunder rent the heavens, seeming to shake the city to its very foundations with its violence.

Suddenly a blinding flash of lightning lit up the palace, bridge and dungeons with its lurid glare. For an instant the bridge stood out with dazzling distinctness, while the lightning played on its tracery windows; then all seemed dark. And this was the last I saw of the Bridge of Signs. —Newcastle Chronicle.

A Postman's First Attempt. A route is given to you, and just about this time it begins to dawn upon you that perhaps you could not cover the route in half the time the regular man did, and before you got half a block away you got mixed up because you couldn't work your papers in with your letters, to say nothing of several small packages in your bag. You found yourself chasing up and down the street, and in order to make up the time you were losing you began to plunge, and the more you plunged the more you got mixed up and the hotter you got, and once when you stood still looking for a number, a little boy asked you whom you were looking for. Dreadful, wasn't it?

And when you got back an hour or so behind the regular man's time you were sure it was the heaviest route in the office, and you felt like fainting when you were told that it was the easiest. And owing to your inability to make time you had to double up with your partner, so that you worked all day long. From before sunrise until long after sunset. You got no lunch except a few mouthfuls you grabbed in passing from a free lunch counter, and when you got home you were so tired, so hungry and so disgusted with your first day at the business that you would have resigned forthwith, but, ay! there was the rub. —Postal Record.

Chinese Visiting Cards 1,000 Years Ago. The Chinese, who seem to have known most of our new ideas, used visiting cards a very large, and not really the prototypes of our visiting cards, as they were on soft paper and tied with ribbon. Venice seems to have been the first city in Europe to use cards. Some dating from the latter part of the sixteenth century are preserved in a museum there. The German cities followed the Venetian custom in 100 years, or so, then London followed suit—actually followed suit, for the first visiting cards in Great Britain were playing cards, or parts of such cards, bearing the name of the bestower on the back. They were first used in England about 1700. We do not know when they were first used in this country, probably not long after their first introduction into British society. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Infinitesimal Webs. Mexico, the land of Montezuma, prickly pears, sand, volcanoes, etc., has many subtropical wonders, both in vegetable and animal life. Among these latter is a species of spider so minute that its legs cannot be seen without a glass. This little araneida weaves a web so wonderfully minute that it takes 400 of them to equal a common hair in magnitude. —St. Louis Republic.

Of the 36 women who, under the leadership of Miss Annette Daisy, made a run into the Cherokee strip when it was opened last September, 22 have persevered in their undertaking and are now hauling the lumber themselves for a house of 13 rooms, which they will occupy. Their sections of 400 acres well watered and timbered. They already have three teams, two cows, chickens and other stock, and, nearly dressed in short skirts that come just below the knee and are met by heavy woolen leggings that cover the legs from knee to ankle, they appear ready for all the farming operations their pioneer enterprise involves. —Chicago Times.

M. Marchal, the assistant librarian of the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris, has finished the general inventory of that library, on which he has been at work with a large staff of assistants, since 1875. The figures given out thus far show that the National Library of France contains 2,150,000 volumes. This number does not include the collection of French provincial newspapers, which is still in an unbound state and could therefore not be counted among the volumes. —Philadelphia Ledger.

AT EVEN-SONG.

If I could call you back for one brief hour, At even-song, when the shadows should be When bells are chiming from an old gray tower Across the tranquil sea. Just when the fields are sweet and cool with dew, Just when the last gold fingers in the west, Would I recall you to the world you knew Before you went to rest.

And where the starry jasmine hides the wall We two would stand together once again. I know your patience—I would tell you all My tale of love and pain. And you would listen, with your tender smile, Tracing the lines upon my tattered face, And finding, even for a little while, my peace. Our earth a weary place.

Only one little hour. And then once more The bitter word, farewell, lesser with fears And all my pathway darkened, as before, With shades of lonely years. Far better, dear, that you, unseen, Should hover near me in the quiet air, And draw my spirit through this mortal screen Your higher life to share.

I would not call you back, and yet—ah, melody! I would not weep and human love so strong That sweet it seems to think of what might be This hour at even-song. —New York Ledger.

How to Protect Yourself.

If you get into a quarrel with a man and see that you can't get out of it without a fight right then and there, forget that he has a head, pick out the second button of his vest and smash him on it as hard as you can. In 90 cases out of 100 you'll win a battle without another lick. There is no foul about a stomach blow; it's only when you get below the belt that you are open to criticism. Of course you are liable to hurt a man by hitting him in the stomach, but that's what you are there for. Most people who get into a sudden row—I am speaking of course of those who have never been taught how to take care of themselves—go at each other hand over hand like a sailor climbing up the rigging, and they invariably try for each other's head. As I said before, forget your antagonist has a head if you are forced into a fight. Just take aim at the place where you think his chest protector stops and hit him at it. There is not one man in 10,000 can stand a crack there. It takes months of training to make a man's stomach hard enough to receive even a medium lead there. Then, if you want to spoil his beauty and leave your visiting card with him in the shape of a black eye, you can do it at your leisure, for the fellow who is hit in the bread basket forgets all about his body about that. For the time being anyhow. —Washington Post.

TRAPPING AN AUDIENCE.

How an Eccentric Lecturer Got His Men and Then Pounded Them. Some years ago an eccentric genius, the Rev. T. P. Hunt, used to give conference lectures. One night he announced that he would lecture at a certain Pennsylvania town. Now, temperance was not in favor among the male portion of that burg.

The women, however, were all for the "pledge," and consequently on Hunt's first visit not a man showed himself. The benches were pretty well filled with women, though, and Hunt commenced. But instead of temperance he took time to talk about the vanities of dress, etc. They were great stuffed feather sleeves. Then they—the sleeves—caught it, and the tight lacing, and so on through the whole catalogue of female follies, but no word about temperance.

The ladies went home nearly mad, told their husbands about it and voted old Hunt a regular lumbar. He announced he would lecture at the same place the next night. Long before the time appointed the people began to arrive, and when Hunt hobbled down the aisle the building was completely filled with men. The old fellow looked about, chuckled and said in a low voice, "Hogs, I've got you now!"

The audience stared. "Aha, hogs, I've got you now!" he repeated. "After the crowd had got quiet a little he lectured as follows: "Friends, you wanted to know what I meant by saying, 'Hogs, I've got you now' and I'll tell you. Out west the hogs run wild, and when folks get out of meat they catch a young pig, put a strap under his body and hitch him to a young sapling that will just swing him from the ground nicely. Of course he squeals and raises a rumpus, when all the old hogs gather around to see what is the matter, and then they shoot them at their leisure. Last night I hung a pig up, I hurt it a little, and it squealed. The old hogs have turned out tonight to see the fun, and I'll roast you."

And so he did, pitching into their favorite vice with much evident relish and gusto. —American Home Life.

Talmage Was Thankful. The following is told by Boniface De Witt of the Riggs House: "Dr. Talmage was preaching at Belleville, N. J., some years ago, and one week he made up his mind to go into the pulpit the next Sunday without notes or memoranda of what he was going to say. He memorized his sermon and believed he had it completely at his tongue's end. So Sunday night he went to the church prepared to be fortified with confidence. "In those days in that section of Jersey churches and hotels and many private residences were equipped with private gas machines, and the church where Talmage was to hold forth had one too. When he got into the pulpit after conducting the preliminary services all right, he gave out his text. Then he was horrified to find that he couldn't think of a thing to say. He repeated the text a second time, and yet his ideas failed to come. He was in agony and began slowly and impressively to announce his text a third time. As he reached the last word of the preparation of dread and shame was beginning to start, the gas went out and plunged the place into utter darkness. There was no other means for lighting the edifice, and when it was announced that the gas machine had broken down hopelessly Dr. Talmage pronounced the benediction, and I have heard him say that he never did so before or since with greater fervor or thankfulness of spirit." —Washington Post.

Count Primoli's Camera. Count Primoli is a familiar figure in Parisian society, spending a portion of the season each year at the hospitable house of his aunt, Princess Mathilde, in whose salons he formed the acquaintance and acquired the warm friendship of the popular novelist, Paul Bourget. He is noted as being, with the possible exception of the Duc de Morny, the most successful amateur photographer in Europe, and has spent enormous sums on various perfected apparatus connected with this particular fad. —New York Herald.

She Ought to Know. Miss Inogen Guiney, who entered political life to the extent of seeking the postmistressship of her town, says that no woman can earn a livelihood at poetry—the statements of Ella Wheeler Wilcox notwithstanding.

An Oversight. "See here," said satan to his friend Beelzebub, "we have overreached ourselves. You insisted that we must put into the brain of man to invent instruments for his destruction, and we have so done. Man has made gaiting guns, mitrailleuse, chain shot, giant powder, dynamite—every day he effects some new combination which insures greater destructiveness." "Well, then," said Beelzebub, "all is well."

"What a fool you are!" sneered satan, with asperity. "Don't you see that we have made war so costly that these mannikins won't fight?" "Ah," said Beelzebub in despair, "why didn't I reflect that these people are always calculating expenses." —Kate Field's Washington.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

It is a Profitless Proceeding to Carry Coals to Newcastle. There are more ways than one, my son, of carrying coals to Newcastle, and in almost every case it is a profitless proceeding on the part of the person engaged in it.

Therefore, my son, have nothing to do with that kind of traffic—that is to say, do not encroach upon another's preserves except to admire. Do not attempt to stock them with your own game. When a man is a salesman in a dry goods store, do not attempt to instruct him by the ventilation of ideas of your own. If he be an actor, do not intrude upon him any of your amateur notions. If a clergyman, refrain from Scriptural citation and exegesis when in his company.

If a professional humorist, resist, as it were the evil one, all temptation to facetiousness and paronomasia. If a mechanic, do not presume to give him points in his calling. But, on the other hand, my son, do not attempt to interfere with his speaking or his calling, profession or specialty. So long as you listen you make no mistake, and the wing of friendship molts no feather.

Give ear to the story of his experiences at the counter, but interject none of your own; listen to and applaud his spoutings, but spout not yourself; receive with becoming reverence his interpretations of holy writ, but meddle not yourself with that which the lay mind is not supposed to be able to cope with; listen and laugh at his wit and whimsies, but hazard no joke of your own; attend while he relates his mechanical achievements, but vaunt not yourself in the same line.

It is a common mistake, my son, to suppose that because a man delights in talking about a certain something in which he is proficient, he loves to hear every babble that falls in his way delectant upon the same subject; that because it pleases him to exalt himself in a given direction he likes to hear others in the same direction exalt themselves.

When a man knows a thing thoroughly—or thinks he does, which amounts to the same so far as he is concerned—he is quietly and willingly to instruct others, but he brooks no incursions by others into his peculiar domain. When he has finished the exposition of his wares, it is time for you to show up yours, provided of course they are of an entirely different line.

There must be reciprocity in the commerce of conversation, an exchange of complimentary commodities. Each must give what the other lacks and receive in return that in which he is wanting, else there can be no trade, no harmony. You would not ship oranges to Florida, ice to Nova Scotia or hot air furnaces to Sahara. Then why carry coals to Newcastle?

Therefore, my son, let each man paddle his own canoe as it best pleases him. Admire, applaud, if you will—and it is your best hold—but don't put in your oar, though he be swamping. —Boston Transcript.

An Abiding Tale. Earlier—Poor Jim has sent to an insane asylum, and I don't know where. Victim in chains—Who's Jim? "Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been brooding over the hard times, and I suppose he finally got crazy." "Hm! Not unlikely." "Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good deal too. No money in this business any more."

"What's the matter with it?" "Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo or something, it doesn't pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim! I caught him tryin' to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, and so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very melancholy. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?" "Y-es, sir." —New York Weekly.

African Ants. Dr. Sharp gives the following extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi": "We tried to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not because of attacks by the fighting battalions of a very small species of formica not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length. It soon became obvious that they were under regular discipline and even attempting to carry out the skillful plans and stratagem of some eminent leader. Our hands and necks were the first objects of attack. Large bodies of these little pests were massed in silence round the point to be assaulted. We could hear the sharp, shrill word of command two or three times repeated, though until then we had not believed in the vocal power of ants. The instant after we felt the storming hosts over head and neck." —New York Ledger.

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HOW THE WORLD WILL END.

Our Planet Will Die Not by Accident, but a Natural Death. According to all probability, notwithstanding all the circumstances which threaten it, our planet will die not of an accident, but a natural death. That death will be the consequence of the extinction of the sun in 20,000,000 years or more—perhaps 30,000,000—since its condensation at a relatively moderate rate will give it, on one hand, 17,000,000 years of existence, while on the other hand the inevitable fall of meteors into the sun may double this number. Even if you suppose the duration of the sun to be prolonged to 40,000,000 years, it is still incontestable that the radiation from the sun cools it and that the temperature of all bodies tends to an equilibrium. The day will come when the sun will be extinct. Then the earth and all the other planets of our system will cease to be the abode of life. They will be erased from the great book and will revolve, black comets, around an extinguished sun.

Will these planets continue to exist even then? Yes, probably in the case of Jupiter and perhaps Saturn. No, beyond a doubt, for the small bodies, such as the earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury and the moon. Always the moon appears to have preceded us toward the final desert. Mars is much further advanced than the earth toward the same destiny. Venus, younger than us, will doubtless survive us. These little worlds lose their elements of vitality much faster than the sun loses its heat. From century to century, from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, the surface of the earth is transformed. On the one hand, the continents are crumbling away and becoming covered by the sea, which insensibly and by very slow degrees tends to invade and submerge the entire globe. On the other hand, the amount of water on the surface of the globe is diminishing. A careful and reasonable calculation shows that by the action of erosion alone all the land on our planet will be covered by water in 10,000,000 years.—Camille Flammarion in Astronomy.

Dynamics. There exists a general and deeply rooted idea that direct currents of very high potential are not at all practical. The actual historical and practical facts are that the high potential direct current machines were more extensively and successfully operated when the dynamo first came into general use about 1880 than any other type, either direct or alternate. Furthermore, their number and size have largely increased, and the voltage at which they can be practically worked has been steadily raised until we now have 60 light dynamos as the standard size of large machines, generating about 3,000 volts and 10 amperes.

Also dynamos of 90 light capacity are also regularly made by several manufacturers, and 130 or even 150 light machines are built and used. I happen to know of one station where there are four arc dynamos rated at 125 lights each, which run every night with a load of from 100 to 105 lights. These machines must generate about 5,000 volts each. No great practical or other difficulty is found in operating arc machines, except that of danger to persons, but this is merely due to the high potential and does not depend very much upon the type of machine or character of current.—Cisler's Magazine.

He Lost His Case. "Judge Emerson, one of the most eloquent men I know ever produced, was once taken down completely in a speech at Decatur," said E. F. Layman, an attorney of Chicago. "He had a case in which there were some peculiarly pathetic circumstances, the rights of a young girl whose property had been squandered and who was reduced to destitution being involved. Judge Emerson made the most of it, and as he closed his speech a solemn hush had fallen over the courtroom.

"Tears stood in the eyes of the jurors, and even the judge coughed sympathetically and hid his head behind the trial docket. His opponent, whose name I have now forgotten, saw that the spell had to be broken in some way, or his case was lost. Arising slowly to his feet, and in a voice of deep solemnity, and with slow deliberation, he said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, let us continue these solemn exercises by singing the one hundred and fifteenth psalm.' A roar of laughter followed from the audience, and Judge Emerson lost his case."

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's worth is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended. One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau. One day Rameau while culling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed. "He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly. —Youth's Companion.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 15, 1894. LEAVE CAMDEN STATION. For Chicago and North West, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 A. M., Express, 7.10 P. M. For Cincinnati, Lexington and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.25 P. M. For Pittsburgh, Express daily, 10.15 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. For Cleveland, via Pittsburgh, 10.15 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. For Washington, week days, 5.00, 8.20, 9.25, 12.00, 3.15, 6.35, 8.55, 10.15, 10.35 A. M., 4.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45, 11.45 P. M. For New York, week days, 5.00, 8.20, 9.25, 12.00, 3.15, 6.35, 8.55, 10.15, 10.35 A. M., 4.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45, 11.45 P. M. For Philadelphia, week days, 5.00, 8.20, 9.25, 12.00, 3.15, 6.35, 8.55, 10.15, 10.35 A. M., 4.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45, 11.45 P. M. For Baltimore, week days, 5.00, 8.20, 9.25, 12.00, 3.15, 6.35, 8.55, 10.15, 10.35 A. M., 4.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45, 11.45 P. M. For Annapolis, week days, 5.00, 8.20, 9.25, 12.00, 3.15, 6.35, 8.55, 10.15, 10.35 A. M., 4.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45, 11.45 P. M. For Frederick, week days, 5.00, 8.20, 9.25, 12.00, 3.15, 6.35, 8.55, 10.15, 10.35 A. M., 4.45, 6.45, 8.45, 10.45, 11.45 P. M. For Hagerstown, week days, 5.00, 8.20, 9.25, 12.00, 3.15, 6.35, 8.55, 10.15, 10.35 A. M., 4.45