

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1894.

NO. 43.

## DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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

**Orphan's Court.**  
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Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

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Surveyor—Edward Albaugh.  
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Magistrate—E. T. Taney.  
Constables—W. P. Nunecker, School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNaught, John W. Heilig.

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Constables—W. P. Nunecker, School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNaught, John W. Heilig.

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

**Reformed Church of the Incarnation.**  
Pastor—Rev. A. M. Schlotter. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and on the Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:30 o'clock a. m. and 10 o'clock p. m. on Saturdays at 9 o'clock.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. W. Stinson, D. D. Morning service at 10:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a. m.

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

**Methodist Episcopal Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. Henry Mann. Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 11 o'clock.

**Masses.**  
Way from Baltimore, 9:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Motter's, 11:17 a. m., Frederick, 11:17 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Gettysburg, 9:30 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:00 p. m., Eyer, P. O., 9:10 a. m.

**Leave.**  
Baltimore way, 7:40 a. m. Schenckstown, 9:25 a. m., Hagerstown, 9:30 a. m., Booby Ridge, 7:10 a. m., Baltimore and Rockville, P. O. 9:30 a. m., 2:45 p. m., Frederick, 11:17 a. m., Eyer, P. O., 9:10 a. m., 10:10 a. m. Office hours from 7:30 a. m. to 8:15 p. m.

**Societies.**  
**Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.**  
Kinless her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th St. Officers—Treasurer, Joseph E. Clancy; Secretary, John D. Caldwell; W. M., Walter Jorsey; J. W. Sage, Daniel Shorb, G. of G. J. Adams, Adelsberger, K. of the Grand Council of Maryland, Wm. Morrison; Trustees, Wm. Morrison, J. E. Adelsberger, J. W. Sage, D. Caldwell, E. R. Zimmerman.

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**Vigilant Hose Company.**  
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Pleasant St. President, V. E. Hoots; Vice-President, G. W. Bushman; Secretary, Wm. H. Truxel; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut., Chas. R. Boker; 2nd Lieut., Samuel L. Rowe.

**Emmitsburg Choral Union.**  
Meets at Public School 1st and 4th Sundays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. Officers—President, Rev. W. Stinson, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Truxel; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wright; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

**Emmitsburg Water Company.**  
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**A Compromise.**  
"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey."  
"Then give it a seat, my dear Shears."  
"Very glad to sit, shall we make it a receipt?"—London Judy.

**Hired to Think.**  
Cholera (in the softy club)—Ah you a Republican or a Democrat?  
"Frederick"—Ash me man James. He attends to all that sort of thing for me. —Chicago Record.

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## OLD FRIENDS THE BEST.

Grandpa looked at his fine, new chair on the twenty-sixth of December. Saying: "Santa Claus is so good to me! He never fails to remember. But my own armchair is the one for me, and he settled himself in it nicely. 'I hope he won't mind if I cling to it, for it sits my back precisely.'"

Papa came home that very night—and he had plowed his way through the snow—and the Christmas twinkles had left his eye, and his stop was tired and slow. Warning for him his slippers lay. "The lovely, embroidered in gold ones. That hung on the Christmas tree last night. But he slipped his feet in the old ones. And when dear little Marjory's bedtime came on the parlor rug they found her. The long, dark lashes adroop on her cheeks. And her Christmas toys around her. Neglected Angelina's wicker nest. The fire had melted completely. But her precious rag doll, Hannah Jane, on her breast was resting sweetly."  
—Independent.

## A COLONEL'S PERIL.

"One day," said Mr. Myvat, "a card was brought in to me bearing the name of General Woodhall. He followed it, and I found myself in the presence of a white whiskered old fire eater, who at once attacked me as though I were an enemy's position. 'Know my friend Hardyment? Colonel of the Harnazand—most distinguished officer.' 'I confessed that I had not the honor. 'He's in trouble. They accuse him of theft. It has been put about that he stole a handsome decoration, a star set in brilliants, at the levee yesterday. By George, it's monstrous! Don't you think so?' 'I should like to know the facts,' I suggested mildly. 'The long and the short of it was that Colonel Hardyment, in the full uniform of his corps, had been the day previous to make his bow to royalty on his return after a long exile in the east. 'He had entered the palace and was mixed up with the throng of dignitaries—pillars of the state, foreign diplomats, officers of both services. 'There he made the most of his life, and with all the dexterity of an old and practiced thief had colored everything valuable that came within his reach. 'He was not caught in the act. But wherever he went havoc and deprecation followed in his track. 'And what might the colonel say himself? Of course he has heard about it from some kind friend. 'Not a word. The fact is—Hardyment—is not to be found. 'That of itself looks—' I did not dare finish the sentence. 'I'll show the man who accuses him! Everybody's wrong, or else some one has persecuted him.' 'But that would have been very difficult. First of all, the possession of his uniform, the knowledge how to put it on, and it would have been so easy to recognize him, to detect an impostor. Such a man as Colonel Hardyment would be well known. 'Not in this country. He has not been home for years, and there were very few Indian officers at the levee. 'Where was he? 'Of course not. Do you suppose that this would have happened if I had been there? 'I shook my head gravely. The whole thing looked fishy in its most favorable light—kleptomaniac at least. 'You must not overrate my powers. Let us go out once to Colonel Hardyment's quarters. Where does he live, or, rather, where did he live? 'It was a modest residence—only one room, in a house all chambers, in the neighborhood of Pall Mall. The porter, who knew the general, accompanied us up stairs and let us into his room with his pass key. 'The room was all in disorder, clothing lying about, uniform just as it had been taken off thrown onto the bed, which I observed had not been slept in. 'When did you see the colonel last? I asked the porter. 'To speak to, I mean. 'The day before yesterday, sir. 'He has no servant of his own? 'Not now,' interposed the general. 'He had a man—engaged him directly he came home—but turned him off a week or two ago. That was why he came to live here, where he could get attendance and be waited.' 'I now made a more searching examination of the room. It had evidently been ransacked, rummaged, rifled from end to end. Everything valuable had disappeared; there was not a trace of a trinket; the jewel tray of the dressing case was empty; the tops (presumably silver) of the bottles had been removed and some of the best of the clothes. 'I saw no reason to exonerate the colonel until I caught sight of a bunch of keys on the floor, and stooping to pick them up found also an unmistakable picklock or burglar's skeleton key. 'It was the first suspicion of foul play. Colonel Hardyment, under the circumstances, would scarcely have left his keys behind him. He might certainly have forgotten them, but even that would not account for the skeleton key. 'Tell me more about the colonel's late servant, will you, General Woodhall? Where did he get him? 'Through an agency, I believe. Raskef was his name—a smart, soldierlike chap—about Hardyment's own size, had rather a look of him, indeed. 'But even as I spoke there was a sound of hurried footsteps on the stairs, and some one broke suddenly into the room—in ragged clothes—who threw himself all of a heap in an armchair. 'It was Colonel Hardyment himself. Concern, surprise, indignation, were the feelings expressed on both sides, and I confessed I shared them and was deeply affected when I heard the colonel's story, which, after a good dose of brandy, he was strong enough to tell. 'He had returned to his chambers late one night from his club when he found a message waiting for him. An old soldier friend of his, who had just come home and was striking at the Royal household Blackfriars had been taken suddenly

## dangerously ill. Would Colonel Hardyment come at once in the cab sent?

"He jumped in, was driven off rapidly along the embankment, the long line of lights on which were the last things he distinctly remembered. Somewhere there he lost consciousness—a vague recollection of the odor of chloroform clung to him—and only came to himself long afterward, as it seemed, and then he was awakened by a sharp sense of discomfort and pain. 'He found that he was bound hand and foot to the bench on which he lay. Then the pale dawn broke and gave a dim light into the den in which he was imprisoned. It was a back scullery of probably a long empty and deserted house. 'He made frantic, fruitless efforts to free himself and shouted at intervals till he was voiceless and faint from exhaustion. At last in one of his wildest struggles the bench to which he was fastened toppled over, and he came heavily to the ground. 'He must have lain senseless for hours. When he regained consciousness, he heard voices. Two men were in the kitchen too busily engaged to take any notice of him. 'Where'll ye stow it? 'Here in the chimney, high up above the damper. I'll lie there safe until tomorrow; then we'll fetch in lkey to trade.' 'And this cove?' said the first speaker, giving Hardyment a savage kick. 'Let him rot. Leave him where he is. Maybe tomorrow we'll do for him. It'll be safest, eh? 'Then the two ruffians—one of whom the colonel recognized as his discharged servant, Raskef—departed without another thought of their captive. 'There was no hope for him. Present torture prolonged past endurance perhaps, then a violent death. He rolled to and fro, now above and now under the bench, continually injuring himself and yelling often with the pain of some sudden collision or blow. 'Then he struck against something. The fingers of his right hand touched it, and with the exaggerated sense of touch due to his position he realized that it was a matchbox. 'Although his wrist was bound, his fingers were free, and at last, after endless attempts, he opened the box, and then ensued a long struggle before he could strike a match. But he succeeded, finally succeeded also in applying the light to one of his bonds. 'A second and a third match were necessary, but at last the cord caught fire and was burned—oh, so slowly!—smoldering, smoldering, all the night through. The dawn had broken before his right hand was free. 'To escape from the house was an easy matter. But it took three hours to drag himself to Pall Mall from Seacoal street, Stratford, and he was well nigh done when he reached his home. 'In less than an hour a watch was set upon the house in which the colonel had been imprisoned. The two scoundrels who had been first his captors, then his jailers, and one at least of them his persecutor, were taken red handed as they returned in search of their "swag."—English Exchange.

## HELD UP.

This is not my story, and I have really no business to write it. It belongs to the railway manager. He ought to tell it, but he won't. A railway manager will not admit in print that trains are ever "held up" on his road, whatever may happen on the opposition line. Thus it comes that I have to set down the story, which should not. Besides I cannot write it down in such a way as to indicate the snip and go of the narrative told us by the railway manager, for he was drunk at the time, and no sober man, with a pen in his hand, can emulate the eloquence of a railway manager when the champagne flows. Of course a sober railway manager would not tell an incident that might frighten traffic away from his road, so you have to learn these things from them when they are half seas over. The story is strictly true, because I related it to the manager next day (he was suffering from a headache), and he admitted its accuracy and said with a groan: "I had no idea I drank so much as that." He implored me not to tell the story, and I will not. I merely write it. Hang a man who won't keep his pledged word with even a railway manager! The railway runs through a wild part of North Carolina, and Tompkins had been manager of it for some years. It is a picturesque line and gets itself tangled up among the mountains in the most bewildering way. The train puffs and staggers up awful grades, winds and twists and doubles on itself in the most confusing fashion, goes round and round cuplike depressions and seems in general not to know where it is going. But, like the person in the song, it "gets there, just the same." The road passes through some pretty rough settlements, but there is civilization and wealth at each end of the line, and this enables the railway to pay a good salary to the manager, although I never heard that it so far forgot itself as to pay any dividends to the shareholders. Well, one day there was a lot of nabobs going east, and as the manager was also traveling in that direction he ordered his private car hitched to the moon express, and away they went. A private car, the manager tells me, differs from an ordinary coach and is superior in some respects even to the aristocratic Pullman. A good deal of course depends on the manager. If the manager is a prohibition man—but, then, what is the use of discussing the improbable? Tompkins knows them all, and he says a railway manager is content if the engine drivers and trainmen are teetotal, without carrying the temperance fad to extremes. By extremes Tompkins means the rear end of the train, where the manager's private car is coupled. Anyhow I am given to understand that the interior decorations of a manager's car are very fine and expensive, including artistic effects in Burgundy, dry champagne, fine delectable brands of old Kentucky, cigars from Havana and things of that sort. The time of this memorable trip was a few days before Christmas, and people were going east to see their folks, many of the travelers having considerable amounts of money on them. Besides this, there were \$400,000 in the safe of the express car going through to New York. This fact made the manager a trifle anxious, and it was one of the causes that was being clamored at. However, the train would be out of the mountains while it was still daylight, so the manager felt no real anxiety. All the nabobs who amounted to anything were in his private car, and they were enjoying themselves as people should during that festive season, but not, if I understand Tompkins aright, entirely by admiring the scenery, although doubtless that added to their pleasure. Just as they were in the roughest part of the mountains, there was a wild shriek of the whistle, a sudden clang of the airbrakes, and the train with an abruptness that was just short of an accident, stopped. "What's up?" cried everybody. "I don't know," said the manager, getting a little pale around the gills. "You all stay here, and I'll go out and see." It need hardly be said that none of the passengers knew of the money in the express car. The manager stepped down from his private coach at the rear, and the moment he looked toward the front of the train he saw that his worst fears were realized. Just ahead of the locomotive on the rails was a huge pile of logs and railway ties. Standing around the engine and the express car was a group of the most villainous looking mountaineers the manager had ever seen—determined and desperate men, who could put a bullet in a man half a mile away. All were armed with their long rifles, and two had their weapons at their shoulders, while the trembling express messenger and the engineer stood with their hands above their heads. "What's wrong?" cried a nabob who had followed the manager out. "Everything's wrong. We're held up!

## GOOD ADVICE.

Marriage is a lottery, you say. And all single folks should give thanks. Now, I do not think it's that way. Or that all the married draw blanks. Some men are most thoughtless and slow And quite sure the wrong thing to do, And others cause heartache and woe, I am sorry to say this is true. Some women are wicked also And cause as much harm as a man, No one is born perfect, you know, Or has been since time first began. But some men are thoughtful and kind And strive to make life's burden lighter. Some very good women you'll find Who always will try to do right. For married folks there's a good way, And it is quite easy to learn— Love each other well every day, And all faults to virtues will turn. There's another plan you might try, And I think it worthy of note— First "knock the beam from your own eye. Ere you look for the other one's mote."—Good Housekeeping.

## THE MATTER WITH YOU?

"That's what's wrong. Go back and tell the rest to conceal their valuables. I know what they're after. There's nearly half a million in gold on board. I'll go forward and parley with them as long as possible, so as to give you time. I imagine that if they break open the safe they'll be in a big hurry to get away and will leave the passengers alone. Still I don't know, so warn everybody." There is no question but the manager was a brave man. He went briskly forward, as if nothing particular was wrong and it was all a little mistake that could be explained away in a few words. As he walked the length of the train, he made up his mind to sacrifice the \$400,000 if by so doing he could prevent bloodshed and further robbery. "What's the row here?" he cried cheerfully as he approached the gloomy group of mountaineers. "Who are you, anyhow?" asked the man who was "covering" the express messenger. "Who am I? I'm the manager of this railroad. What do you fellows mean by stopping one of my trains?" The man lowered his rifle and looked at the manager. "What's the matter with you?" added Tompkins. "The matter's just this, Mr. Manager. You run the goldarned railroad in all creation. That's what's the matter, and we ain't a-goin to stand it no longer. I don't mind your trainmen throwin coal at my dog; I don't mind 'em sassin my wife an makin fun of my clothes, but when it comes to monkeyin with my whiskey I'm dogged if I'm a-goin to stand it." The other mountaineers nodded their approval of these sentiments. "Monkeyin with your whiskey? What do you mean?" cried the bewildered manager. "I mean just what I say. They can throw coal at my dog; they can sass my wife and child, but they can't sass my whiskey. What have my men to do with your whiskey?" "Why, don't you know, and you manager of the road? Well, moonshine whiles all right enough ordinary days, but we allus has good old Kentucky for Christmas. Day before yesterday I gave your man in this here kyar a jug and \$2 to bring me some prime Kentucky from town fur Christmas. Yesterday, hang through goes your train, jug and whiskey and all and never stops. Now, we ain't a-goin to stand that from no road that ever totted a whistle to scare the steers. I said I'd bet my boots next train 'ud stop, and she has. I don't allow no man to monkey with my likker. He kin sass my wife and child, but he can't sass my whiskey." "See here," said the manager to the expressman. "Did you take his \$2?" "Twan't me," said the messenger. "Must have been Bill Simmons, on No. 9, and she must have gone through without stopping yesterday." "Then all you want is your whiskey?" asked the manager, with a sigh of relief. "Fair 'ar, boss. Tain't Christian-like to drink moonshine this time of the year. Besides, he's got my \$2 and the jug." "That's all right," cried the manager. "Have we got a jug on the train?" "Here's one," said the mountaineer, taking a jug from behind a log. They had been refreshing themselves while waiting for the train. The manager grasped it by the handle, turned it upside down and let the remains of the "moonshine" gurgle out to the horror of the mountaineers. Then he started through the train, shouting: "Here, you men with flasks, I want half your stock. Pour it in here and be glad you get off so cheaply." Every man who had a bottle produced it, and before Tompkins had gone through two cars the jug was brim full. He went back to the leader, who now allowed the engineer and expressman to hold down their hands. "Taste that," said Tompkins. The mountaineer smacked his lips after sampling the content. "That's a good blend," he said, with solemn reverence. "Blend? You bet it's a blend. I've blended it myself. There's a sample of every known brand in the states there. Now, tomorrow, I give you my word that No. 9 stops and unships your jug, or there'll be a row. Is that all right?" "It's all right, boss," said the leader, who had given the word, thereupon his link company had flung the old ties and tree trunks clear of the track. "You're a white man, if you are the manager of this road. And your men can make fun of my clothes an sass my wife all the've a mind to an heave the company's coal at my dog as long as they know you ain't a-goin to let 'em monkey with my whiskey."—Robert Barr in McClure's Magazine.

## A Bit of Royal Fun.

According to a story which is going the round of the French press is the queen of Italy on New Year's eve had a serious conversation with her consort as to the critical state of affairs. "If things go on as they have been doing of late," she is said to have exclaimed, "we shall soon arrive at a revolution and then at a republic." King Humbert did his best to laugh away her gloomy apprehensions, and next morning on presenting himself to wish her majesty a happy New Year handed her his accustomed gift in a dainty casket on which was fastened a label thus inscribed: "To the Citizeness Margaret of Savoy, from the Citizen Humbert of Savoy." The queen, so the story goes, was much delighted at this bit of playful and affectionate railery, which had the effect of restoring her to her wonted good spirits.

## No Romance in That.

Mrs. du Travelle—Oh, I like Europe so much better than this awful country. John! Please let me go back there and live among the grand old ruins of Germany! Mr. du Travelle—No, you just stay here, or you will be living among the grand old ruins of my fortune if you spend any more money!—Boston True Story.

## Wild Plunge of Horse and Man.

Mr. Richard Sutherland of Anderson county had an experience Sunday afternoon that he will not soon forget. He was approaching the bridge at Bond's mill, in that county, when the horse which he was riding took fright and leaped over an embankment 30 feet high into the river. As the horse went over he turned a complete somersault, throwing the rider headlong into the river. The wonder is that both man and horse were not instantly killed. Mr. Sutherland received some severe bruises, especially about the lower limbs, but his injuries are not of a serious nature. The horse came out without a scratch.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A Presuming Creature.

Gus de Smith—At the ball the other night you only danced once with Miss Emeraldia Longocina. Johnnie Masher—I can't afford to encourage that girl. What do you think I smell whenever she is around? "Onions." "Worse than that. I smell orange blossoms. She means business; hence I must discourage her. She is not able to support a husband. How presuming the girls are getting to be nowadays!"—Texas Siftings.



Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

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 8.20 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 2.55 and 4.50 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 26, John Moser will sell at his residence on the road leading from Creagerstown to Mechanicstown, 2 horses, 2 cows and farming implements.

March 27, I. M. Fisher will sell at Motters Station, 15 horses, 5 colts, 14 head of cattle, 20 shoats, Buggies, wagons, &c.

March 28, John C. Derr will sell at his residence, 1/2 mile north of Mummas Ford, on the road from Myers Mill to Mechanicstown, 6 head of horses, 13 head of cattle and farming implements.

March 31, Mrs. Maggie Arnold will sell at her residence on East Main St., in this place, all her household and kitchen furniture.

March 31, B. D. Kemper will sell on the least Grove Mill Farm, 21 miles east of this place, 125 cords of wood, 8,000 feet of square lumber, 8,000 feet of boards and planks, &c.

April 10, Wm. M. Bigham will sell in Freedom Twp., Pa., 4 miles southwest of Gettysburg, 15 Berkshire and Poland China sows and 2 young Berkshire boars.

Established 1837.

Wetly's all rye whiskey. It has no rival for superiority, is absolutely pure, and has a reputation of the highest standard for excellence and purity, that will always be sustained.

EASTERN NEXT SUNDAY.

To-day is a legal holiday in this state.

TRAMPS BROKE OPEN A FREIGHT CAR AT ELKTON.

The Spring season of the year began on Tuesday.

The Maryland Assessment bill is dead but not buried.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, the Hungarian patriot, died at Tarin.

MR. N. BAKER is building an addition to his coach factory.

The schools have closed until after the Easter vacation.

SISTER MARY ANGELO ROAT died at the Frederick city convent.

FOREST FIRES are raging on the Sugar Loaf Mountains, this county.

There is talk of establishing a national bank at Brunswick, this county.

ANOTHER GANG OF GYPSIES passed through town Wednesday evening.

IT IS ESTIMATED that there are 33,900 persons in Baltimore without employment.

OLD JOHN, one of the first carriage horses furnished the Naval Academy, is dead.

THE LINE for the new water works for Gettysburg is 3 miles and 99 feet in length.

JOHN L. THOMAS, of Keedysville, has a calf that weighed ninety-five pounds when a day old.

A DISASTROUS fire on Hog Hill, west of Elkton, Md., destroyed thousands of cords of wood.

MORE THAN one hundred and fifteen acts have been passed by the General Assembly now in session.

GO TO J. TRAU & BRO., at Union Bridge for fine clothing and ladies cloaks, &c. nov. 17-14

FOR RENT.—The house formerly known as the "McDivitt House," in Emmitsburg. Apply to N. BAKER. f23f

The Hagerstown News building has been sold for \$7,000. The company will be incorporated and the paper continued.

MR. WM. N. GILSON and wife have our thanks for a liberal share of the wedding cake, which was greatly relished by the boys.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Dr. Wright, Dentist, who has opened a dental office near the square in this place.

SUBSCRIBERS to the CHRONICLE intending to change their postoffice address this spring, will please send in their new address, that the paper may reach them regularly.

The forest fires burning on the lands of Abram Schaff, near Jefferson, this county, have cast such a bright reflection in Frederick as to cause several false alarms of fire.

AN EFFORT will be made to have the State encampment of the Maryland National Guards held at Frederick Junction, where the successful camp was held four years ago.

Rupture, Breach, or Hernia, permanently cured or no pay. The worst cases guaranteed. Pamphlet and references, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 603 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

STRAWBERRY plants are beginning to blossom in Wicomico county, and growers think berries will be picked by May 5.

A New York syndicate has obtained an option on 20,000 acres of land in St. Marys county, Md., for town and railroad purposes.

A MAD dog scare is prevailing in Baltimore county. Horses, mules, cows, hogs and dogs have been bitten and many have been killed.

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

LOST.—On Tuesday evening, in this place, a gold scarf pin in the shape of a horse shoe, set with a blue moon stone. Finder will be rewarded on leaving the same at the CHRONICLE office.

WHILE attempting to break a colt, Andrew Bradley, a farmer near Elkton, had his collarbone dislocated by being thrown out of a training cart. His son, Andrew, was kicked in the head, and lay insensible for an hour.

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.

THAT eggs are easily broken, Master Ralph Zacharias will not deny, as he had an experience with an egg the other day which caused him much trouble in getting his coat pocket to present it natural color.

Quite a Bill. Montevue Hospital, Frederick, has sent a bill to the Baltimore county commissioners amounting to \$529.67 for the care of Baltimore county inmates at the hospital from July 1, 1893, to January 1, 1894.

Real Estate Transfers.

John T. Long and wife to Philip J. Snouffer, lots of ground, 50 acres, more or less, \$2,300.

Philip J. Snouffer and wife to John T. Long, lot of ground in Emmitsburg, \$400.

The body of Harry Rhines, formerly of Hagerstown, who was drowned in the Conococheague creek, near Williamsport, Pa., on March 8, was found on Monday in three feet of water near where it sank.

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.

On last Thursday the State Comptroller made the quarterly distribution of the public school funds, payable on and after the 26th inst. Frederick county will receive for white schools, \$4,818.30, and for colored schools, \$756.74.

MR. OCTEBRIDGE HOBSEY, of Frederick county, asked the Washington county commissioners to pay Mr. Crampton \$40 for damages to a horse and buggy which fell over an 18-foot embankment near Harper's Ferry, on the county road.

Joseph Shaeffer Dead.

Mr. Joseph Shaeffer, the venerable president of the Farmer's and Mechanics National Bank, of Westminster, died at his home near that place on last Friday morning. Mr. Shaeffer was born in Carroll county in 1812 and cast his first presidential vote for General Jackson in 1832.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated in the Reformed Church of the Incarnation on Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Preparatory and confirmation services to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon at 2 o'clock. The Sunday School of the Church of the Incarnation will hold an Easter Service on Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

New Dentists. The fifty-fourth annual commencement of Baltimore college of Dental Surgery was held in the Lyceum Theater, Baltimore, Tuesday. The graduates from Maryland are as follows: Bernard Bar, Caleb Dorsey, Edward Huffmeister, Robert Sinclair Corse, Jr., Thomas Mauek Guier, Charles Bruce McCue, Charles Richard Twilley.

WHILE John H. Ropp, living near High Knob, this county was taking a portable engine from Frederick to a point beyond Middletown, he fell against one of the wheels of the machine. His right arm was drawn in and broken, and he narrowly escaped with his life, and was but slightly injured.

His Brother Struck Him. Henry McDowell, who was found in a snow storm lying insensible in a wood, north of Hagerstown, on December 30, 1893, and who lingered between life and death for several months, is recovering and has preferred charges of assault against his brother, John McDowell, who, he said, struck him violently over the head with the butt of a gun several times and beat a hole in his skull during a quarrel over their dogs. John was given a hearing before Magistrate Haulman, in Chambersburg, Friday and held for court in \$500 bail.

An Unseen Enemy

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible foe. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic 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 Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarial attack, avoid posing your blood with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any other. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Last night officer Buckingham, of Westminster, found Lawrence Richardson, colored, of Motters Station, near the railroad track at Westminster, with his skull fractured. It is supposed he was struck by the pilot of the engine which passed shortly before. He is not expected to live.

The Modern Way 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.

Don't fail to attend the entertainment at the Opera House on next Monday evening, under the auspices of the pupils of the public school. An enjoyable and well arranged programme will be rendered. Performance will begin at 7:30 o'clock, promptly. Admission 15 cents. Reserved seats 25 cents. Tickets can be secured at the store of Mr. J. Henry Rowe.

Died From Inhaling Flint Dust.

Mr. John O. Day, an employe at the Patapsco Flint Mill, at Hood's Mills, died Tuesday. His death, it is stated, resulted from inhaling flint dust while at work in the mill. This makes it the eighth death that has been caused in this manner, by inhaling the dust, since the mill has been in operation.

Black Duck Egg.

Mr. C. T. Zacharias has a duck that laid an egg this week, which is a real curiosity. It is very large and black in color. A black duck egg is said to be seldom found. It measures 6 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches.

Mr. Zacharias has a plymouth Rock hen, which laid an egg on Wednesday measuring 7 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches.

REV. FATHER KEESHAN, formerly of Emmitsburg, Md., died at St. Vincent's College, Germantown, on Sunday two weeks ago. The deceased was 60 years of age, and had been but a short time located in this city. The funeral took place Wednesday morning at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Rev. J. T. Landry, C. M., saying the Mass. At its conclusion the body was placed in the vault adjoining the church.—Catholic Mirror.

"When his thin cheek assumed a deadly hue, And all the rose to one small spot withdrew; They call'd it hectic; 'twas a fiery flush More fixed and deeper than the maiden blush."

That terrible sign of consumption comes like a warning signal. Let no one disregard it. If they do, then day by day consumption will gain a firmer hold, until its victim lies numbered with the dead. For all diseases and weaknesses of the lungs, bronchitis, asthma, coughs and kindred ailments Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy.

Graduated With Honors.

Our townsman, Dr. J. W. Reigle, who has been attending lectures at the National Veterinary College at Washington, D. C., since October 1st, 1893, returned home Monday, having completed his course at that institution and graduating with high honors, receiving the advanced degree of D. V. S. (Doctor of Veterinary Science.) The Doctor is well known throughout this section of the country, has resided in this place and practiced his profession successfully for eight years. And now being more thoroughly equipped with the knowledge and science of his profession, has returned to his home and again resumed his practice and by strict and careful attention to business hopes to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally given before he attended the lectures.

G. A. R. Notes.

Arthur Post No. 41, G. A. R., had a full meeting on last Tuesday evening. An invitation was received from Mr. John F. Adelsberger, teacher of "Hayland" school No. 10, to attend the flag raising at his school house, on Friday evening, March 30, at 6 p. m., which was accepted.

It was suggested and accepted that all Sons of Veterans be invited to meet at the hall upon the first meeting of the Post in April, Tuesday evening, April 3, to reorganize Reynolds's Camp, Sons of Veterans, and the members of the Post urge all Sons to be present at the meeting.

On motion of Comrade Davidson the following committee was appointed to draft resolutions upon the death of Comrade Arnold: Jos. W. Davidson, Samuel Gamble, Geo. T. Gelwick and the Commander, who reported resolutions of condolence, which were adopted and the same appear in another column of this issue.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Mr. Samuel Musselman, of Greencastle, is here on a business trip.

Mr. Zac Sanders is making preparation to build a house on the farm he bought some time ago from the Sanders heirs.

Capt. Madden, of Fairplay, a tailor by trade, has rented Mr. John Marshall's shop. He will conduct the tailoring business.

Mr. Charley Gelwick, who has been at Perth, Kansas, for the past year, has returned to his home and will work on his father's farm.

Mr. Joel Musselman, of this place has improved his property by putting a porch in front of his house, the entire length of the building.

Mrs. Hetty Baker, who has been living with her uncle, Mr. Joseph Baker, in Liberty township, has returned to her home at this place.

Do not forget the G. A. R. Bean Soup, at Fairfield, on Friday night the 30th of March. This bean soup will be the last of the season and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

Mr. Neal Shriner, of this place, will build a barn this spring. He has the logs hauled and John Hull will move his saw mill to the place and saw all the timber that Mr. Shriner will need for the barn.

PERSONALS.

Miss Hattie White spent a few days in Baltimore.

Miss Fonce White has returned home from Baltimore.

Mrs. R. L. Annan has returned home from Taneytown.

Mr. J. Thomas Gelwick was in Baltimore on Monday.

Mr. Frank Lawrence and wife were in Baltimore on Monday.

Rev. E. J. Lefevre is stopping with his cousin, Mr. J. M. Kerrigan.

Miss Ethel J. McNair returned home from a visit to Baltimore, last Saturday.

Mr. J. C. Annan and son, J. Stewart Annan, were in Baltimore, this week.

Misses Emily Annan and Mary Landers spent last Friday in Chambersburg.

Miss Margaret Stewart is spending her Easter vacation at Mr. J. C. Annan's.

Miss Sarah Annan is spending the Easter vacation with her parents, in this place.

Mr. Calvin Cain, of Washington, D. C., spent a few days visiting his parents in this place.

Mr. Henry Stokes, Esq., and son, Mr. J. Henry Stokes, were in Mechanicstown on last Sunday.

Mr. John B. Riggs, of Conococheague, Washington county, is visiting at Mr. Samuel Maxwell's.

Dr. George T. Mottet and wife, of Taneytown, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Zimmerman.

Miss F. B. Frizell, of Frizellsburg, Md., spent several days with her brother, Mr. E. L. Frizell, near town.

Miss Carrie Repp, of Waynesboro, spent a few days visiting Misses Kausas and Annie Dorsey, near town.

Maj. O. A. Horner and daughter, Bessie, and son, O. A. Jr., have gone to Baltimore to spend Good Friday.

Mr. Chas. C. Kretzer and family will go to Westminster to-morrow, where they will remain until after Easter.

Mr. Wm. Seton, in company with Mr. Timothy Donohue, of Seton Hall College, N. J., is visiting his mother.

Misses Mary McGaughey and Edith A. McPherson, of Clearfield, Pa., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. J. Kay Wrigley.

Mr. S. A. Martin, Mrs. J. A. Martin and family, and Miss Kate Hann, of Baltimore, attended the funeral of their uncle, Mr. Jeremiah Martin on Monday.

Mr. Thomas W. Troxell, who is attending school at Carlisle, Pa., is spending the Easter vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Troxell, near town.

ROCKY RIDGE NEWS.

This fine weather arouses the busy house-keepers to gardening and house-cleaning.

Sales and exchanges of residences have been numerous the past week in our locality.

Mrs. Harp, an aged lady, who was stricken with paralysis a week ago, remains quite ill, being entirely helpless.

Mrs. Wm. Diffendall and son, Joe, of Danville, Va., are visiting at the parental home of Mrs. Diffendall, near Rocky Ridge.

Mrs. Grant Webster, of Thurmont, with her children, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ogle, near Rocky Ridge.

Easter Sunday night the Mite Society connected with the Lutheran church, of Rocky Ridge, will give an entertainment, commencing at 7 o'clock.

Miss Marian E. Eichelberger, of Rocky Ridge, and Mrs. Mary Diffendall, of Danville, Va., spent a few days visiting friends, in Frederick, this week.

Rev. Barb began a series of illustrated sermons at Mt. Taber Lutheran church, on Monday evening, March 19, which will be continued the entire week.

Several new buildings have been erected in and around our village, which bespeaks the spirit of improvement, notwithstanding the financial depression.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated on Easter Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock, at Rocky Ridge, by Rev. J. Barb. Preparatory services on Saturday afternoon previous at 2 o'clock.

The country presents a beautiful appearance. All nature seems to have taken unto itself new life. Wheat fields are presenting a green appearance; roads firm and smooth make the driving very pleasant, and the young people of this section heartily enjoy the same, these beautiful moonlight nights.

A Barn and 14 Horses Burned. The large bank barn on the farm of Ezra Thomas, a mile southeast of Jefferson, this valley, was totally destroyed by an incendiary fire last Thursday night, together with fourteen fine horses, including a stallion valued at \$1,000, fourteen head of cattle, 1,600 bushels of wheat, forty tons of timothy hay, all the harness, a threshing engine, several vehicles and farming implements. The total loss is placed at \$7,500, with insurance of \$4,100 in the Grangers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Middletown. When the fire was discovered it was burning in both ends of the barn. Last Saturday night Mr. Thomas had some clover stolen from the barn, and on the following morning a lot of half-burnt matches and a number that had not yet been ignited were found strewn about the floor of the barn.

Hood's and Only Hood's. Are you weak and weary, overworked and tired? Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify and quicken your blood and to give you appetite and strength. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Any effort to substitute another remedy is proof of the merit of Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Death of Mr. Jeremiah Martin.

Mr. Jeremiah Martin, an aged, well-known and highly respected citizen of this place, died at his residence on West Main St., on last Friday night, after a brief illness, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Death being caused by a complication of diseases. He was possessed with a quiet and genial disposition which caused him to be respected by all who came in contact with him, whether by dealings or in a social manner.

When in his boyhood days, his mind became possessed with the idea that in the far distant and yet uncivilized western country there was wealth in store for those who would go and seek for the same in a diligent manner, and that they would surely reap a satisfactory reward for their efforts. With these ideas maturing in his mind and the California "gold fever" attaining a high place in the ideas of men, he decided to leave both home and friends and cast his lot with the untold number of men who had gone to the wild and woolly west, years before.

In 1846 Mr. Martin started to find for himself a home in a country wholly unknown to him. He traveled by water and sailed around Cape Horn, and after spending about six months on water, landed at San Francisco, California. Being a carpenter by trade he soon secured employment with good wages. After working for some time at his trade, the temptation for mining gold became so great that he could not resist, and giving up a good job for something that was uncertain in its nature, he started for the gold mining regions of California. He worked at mining gold in that country for several years. The men receiving their rations from San Francisco, the same being conveyed to the mining camps by means of pack horses.

His adventures in that country proved quite successful and he accumulated a small fortune in about seven years.

Having seen enough of that section of the country, in 1853 he turned his face towards the east and started for his native home in Maryland. His homeward journey was by land. He crossed the Isthmus of Panama and spent sometime travelling in South America, finally arriving at home.

In 1855 he again started for the west and landed in St. Joseph, Mo. After remaining there for nearly five years, he returned to this place, where the remainder of his life was spent.

During the past few years he led a retired life, devoting much of his time to fishing at which he was very successful, being able to bring home a string of nice fish, when the efforts of other fishermen would be in vain, and in his death, Emmitsburg loses one of its most noted fishermen.

Mr. Martin never married. He leaves one brother, Mr. Matthias Martin, who now resides in St. Joseph, Mo., having immigrated from here to that place several years ago.

The funeral services, which were conducted by Rev. E. J. Quinn, took place at St. Joseph's Catholic Church on Monday morning. The interment being made in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Funeral of Mr. James A. Arnold.

The funeral of Mr. James A. Arnold, who died on the 15th inst, an account of whose death appeared in these columns in last week's issue, took place on last Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock from St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Rev. E. J. Quinn officiated. The weather being clear and bright, together with the warm rays of sunshine, brought out nearly the entire population of this place and community, and also number of persons from neighboring towns, which caused the funeral to be one of the largest attended here in a number of years. The deceased being a member of Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R., that organization attended the funeral in a body, and its number was greatly increased by members of visiting posts. The procession from the house to the church was led by the Grand Army men, and the body was carried by members of the G. A. R. After the services were concluded by Rev. Father Quinn, the remains were taken in charge by the post and buried with all its honors. The burial service was read by Commander O. A. Horner, of Arthur Post, followed with prayer, by Chaplain F. Shulley, of Post 83, Fairfield.

At a meeting of Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R., on Tuesday evening, the following resolutions on the death of Comrade Arnold were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler to remove from us by death, our comrade, James Arnold,

Resolved, That we, as a Post, regret the loss of one of our members who was ever ready to say a kind word and do a kind act for any of his comrades.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his afflicted wife and child in their bereavement, and hope they may be consoled by the assurance that he is now beyond the reach of death and pain forever.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Arnold and also published in the EMMITTSBURG CHRONICLE.

J. W. DAVIDSON, SAMUEL GAMBLE, GEO. T. GELWICKS, COMMANDER HORNER, COLMITTEE.

Wedding Reception.

The reception of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. N. Gilson at the home of the groom, near town, Wednesday afternoon, proved a very pleasant and thoroughly enjoyable occasion to the many friends present. For a short time clouds and rain obscured the sunshine without but that did not mar the pleasure within. Quite a number of handsome and useful presents were received. The inner man also was not neglected. The table fairly groaned under its weight of good things. Refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake, fruit of different kinds, candies and nuts, were served. In the evening the bridal couple were happily surprised by some very excellent music rendered by the Emmitsburg Cornet Band.

Buildings and Live Stock Destroyed.

Early on last Sunday morning, the large barn, grain sheds, carriage house and sheep house on the farm of Mr. Joseph I. Gist, two miles south of Westminster, were destroyed by fire. The fire was not discovered until it had gained such a headway that it was impossible to save the live stock which was stabled in the barn. Eight fine horses, seven cows and a calf perished in the flames and the noise made by the animals in their agony was distressing. Nearly all the farming implements on the place, including a large new wagon, reapers and mowers, &c., together with a lot of grain, hay and straw, were destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been started by a tramp who was seen in the neighborhood. Mr. Gist and his family were sound asleep, and were aroused by some of their neighbors who had discovered the blaze. The loss is a little short of \$5,000. There was no insurance on any of the property except \$900 on the barn and \$300 on one of the other buildings and its contents. News of the disaster spread rapidly, and many hundred people visited the scene during the day from far and near.

Cut in Half by a Saw.

Mr. James A. Bush, a prominent citizen of Carroll county, met with a frightful and fatal accident Tuesday on the farm occupied by his son, near Patapsco and a short distance from his own home. He had a portable circular saw mill cutting timber for a barn on the place, and was sitting on a log through which the saw was passing, and which he was marking. As he attempted to rise the motion caused him to fall against the saw, which was running at high speed. Almost instantly his sharp teeth cut through his body, half of which fell on one side and half on the other side of the log. Mr. Bush was a prosperous farmer and had held several offices, among them that of county commissioner from 1867 to 1869, and county treasurer for several years from 1871. He was a son of the late Daniel Bush, and has many relatives in Carroll county and in Baltimore. He was about sixty years old, and was twice married. His last wife survives him. He leaves one son and three daughters, the youngest being unmarried, but her wedding was announced for Wednesday, the 28th inst.

Death of Mrs. Waddell.

CHARLEMAN, PA.—Mrs. Catherine Waddell, sister of Mr. David Miller, died at her home at the Clermont House on the evening of the 16th inst.

Mrs. Waddell was the widow of the late William Waddell, Esq., who was a graduate of Princeton College and a well known Franklin County man. Her only child, William, entered the Union Navy as a midshipman during the war of the Rebellion, and on the eve of promotion lost his life in the service of his country.

The funeral which was very largely attended took place on the 19th inst., from the Reform Church at Fountain Dale, of which the deceased was a devoted member. The pastor, Rev. J. R. Lewis conducted the impressive services, among those attending from a distance we noticed, Hon. David McConoughy, Gettysburg; Washington Rodgers and Mr. Charles Spangler, Fairfield; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Nanemaker, Emmitsburg; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pope, Frederick; Mr. William Miller and family, Rocky Ridge; Mr. and Mrs. J. Findlay Ankney, Clear Springs and many others.

They Came From Emmitsburg.

The Sisters of Charity in New York city came originally from Emmitsburg, this county, but some years ago, in the time of the late Archbishop Hughes, a difference over jurisdiction led to the establishment of a separate branch in that city in the Convent of Mt. St. Vincent, then located in what now forms part of the Central Park.—Ez.

&lt;

THE KING HAS PETS.

THIS REFERS TO THE LION AND LITTLE ANIMALS HE LOVES.

A Professional Trainer of Wild Animals Tells Some Interesting Incidents—The Fearlessness of Pigeons Among the Kings of Beasts.

The way lions treat the tiny creatures of animal life is a study. It may be that there is some animal language, and that the legend of the little mouse which saved the lion's life by gnawing the net has become known to the denizens of the jungle and handed down as animal folklore, or it may be that the king of beasts has a positive contempt for anything extremely small, but it is nevertheless a fact that lions will not attack tiny animals when they are put together.

Professor Edward Darling, from whom there is no more profound student of a lion's life and character in the country, has made many curious experiments with his five big beasts.

"I never saw a lion kill a rat or a mouse," said Professor Darling, "and I have had many of them put in the cage with my five lions. My attention was first drawn to this when I was on my way from London to Batavia, in Java, on the ship Rotterdam. I had my five lions with me, and in the quarter of the ship in which they were housed were many rats. One day I saw Leo, my favorite lion, lying down and holding between his paws very loosely a monster ship rat. I thought perhaps that the cat instinct in the lion had made him catch it and that he would probably play with it awhile, then eat it, and so I watched. Imagine, however, my surprise when I saw him toss the rat, but run up and attempt to get away, but ran up and over his gigantic paws and played with him.

"We were a long time making a trip, and every day this ship's rat went into Leo's cage, and the two played together as gently as two little children. I made several attempts to capture the rat, hoping that perhaps I might take it ashore with me, but I could not succeed, and I promise you that old Leo did not like at all my attempting to interfere with his pet. When we got to Java, we had to take the lion out, and Leo had to lose his pet. He could have killed that rat a thousand times, but he never did it.

"There was another instance subsequent to this where Leo had a pet rat, which makes me believe that the lion has a real fondness for the rodent. It was in 1881 in Calcutta. We were playing at the Maidan, one of those gigantic places in far India, and when I went in to see my pets one morning I saw that Leo had found another rat for a pet. My five lions were all together, but this rat would play only with Leo. There were many other rats in the place, but the other lions would not look at them. It seems to me to be a fact that the lions consider these little animals too small to be touched. I have known of rats being found dead in a lion's cage, but I believe that they were simply killed by the lion rolling on them or stepping on them through carelessness, but lions never eat them.

"In Hamburg once I knew a case of a sick tiger to whom it was deemed necessary to give some fresh, warm blood to tone up his system, and to further this end a live rabbit was put in the cage with the tiger. One would naturally suppose that the tiger would have killed it instantly, but such, however, was not the case. The tiger played with the rabbit for days before he would touch it. He finally killed and ate it.

"Now, my theory is this: A lion, or a tiger, or in fact any wild animal kept alone, grows very lonesome. In their natural state wild beasts always run in pairs. They love companionship, and when put alone they become so lonesome that when another animal, even though it is a rabbit, is put in the same cage with them, they refrain from killing it so as to have its companionship. We have heard of many instances of men being alone—shipwrecked, if you like, in some strange regions. Why not a lion? In all ways made me feel rather bad to think of this tiger in Hamburg killing his little friend. Still even men at times turn on their friends.

"Now, there is another peculiar thing about lions," added Professor Darling, "and that is that they will not eat the flesh of a fowl. You might tempt them with a canvasback duck or the dearest snipe, but they would refuse it. This is a scientific fact. I have tried it many times. I remember once having a swan which had broken its wing. We killed it, dressed it carefully and threw it into the cage of the lions, but they would not touch it, and it finally had to be taken out and thrown away. I have repeatedly put pigeons alive into the cage, just to see what they would do. I have thrown grain down among the lions, and the pigeons have actually got down and hopped around the big brutes, even hopping on their backs, the lions making no attempt to disturb them, even seeming to enjoy their companionship.

"Now, there is something strange about this which is rather difficult to explain. To my mind it argues that a lion is not brutal in his instincts. Savage he undoubtedly is. Fierce at all times, but fierce with justice. I believe every one of my lions has a conscience. I know every one of them knows the difference between right and wrong. They know their wondrous power and are charitable. They would never attempt to injure anything which in no way could do them harm. The study of a lion—his habits, character and capabilities—is one of the most interesting I know. It offers a field as yet comparatively unknown, but the more one goes into it the more one takes to find out just what a lion is and the more he is convinced that he has rightly been named the king of beasts."—New York Tribune.

How She Gets Along With Him. "There is one thing I like about your husband; he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk."

Precious little credit due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time, I simply scribble on my glasses out of the way and then hurry for them up and down till they are finished dressing."—Detroit News.

Wanted a Piano. "What do you want to have a piano. Husband—We are neither of us musical."

"What a fellow, but what is home without a piano!—New York Weekly.

THE TRAINED SEALS.

CAPTAIN WESTON TELLS ABOUT HIS THREE PERFORMERS.

How He and a Famous German Fisherman Captured Bobby, Bibby and Tommy. Some of Their Tricks—They Live Upon Salt Water Fish.

Of all the different animals that go to make up the animal kingdom a fish is perhaps the strangest that should be chosen for training, yet the acts done by the three seals under Captain Weston's guidance show that even a fish can do wonderful things. Those now performing every day at the oldest seals in captivity. Seals are extremely delicate, and they rarely live away from their native sea and rocks for more than a year, and yet these seals, Bobby, Bibby and Tommy, have been performing regularly for six years. Their longevity is undoubtedly due to the fact that they receive great care.

The exact spot of the birthplace of these seals is not known, but when they were youngsters they were found on one of the islands off Coshuven in Germany. The German government does all it can to protect its fisheries, and as seals are a constant menace to fish the government pays a reward of 5 marks for the capture of each seal. There is a famous seal fisherman in Germany named Worthman, and when Captain Weston, who had been on many sealing and whaling expeditions in the North sea, determined that he would give up the life of a sailor and become a landlubber it occurred to him that the training of seals would be novel and profitable. He went to Worthman, and together they captured the three sleek little fellows. There are many islands outside of Coshuven, and one of the smallest was chosen. In describing the capture Captain Weston said:

"We stretched the net on one side of one of the smaller islands and then went to the other end and shot of pistols and made a noise, driving many seals into the water and against the net. We had to work very quickly, because the seals dive down and become entangled in the net, and a seal will drown if kept five minutes under water. When we finally pulled them up, we found that we had about 20 seals, but when they found themselves altogether they became enraged and fought among themselves, biting, scratching and tearing, even killing one another, until there were only three left, and these three are the same I have today.

"One has only a faint idea of the amount of patience which it requires to teach a fish, for such a seal really is. It looks easy to see one of my seals play the banjo or a harp, but it took me three months of hard work every day to teach them to do this even in an imperfect manner, and the only reason that I can give is that they have been at it long enough to learn.

I have never before known a seal to live in captivity over one year, and yet I have had mine many times that. It is often surprised at their intelligence. Especially is this true of Bobby, the clown. I believe that that fish understands humor, because he does things at times which actually make me laugh, to say nothing about the audience. He is the best seal I ever had, the best I ever will have, and I think that he has an affection for me, and that he knows almost everything that I say to him.

Yes, the care of seals is a great one. I keep them in a tank, and above the water is a shelf for them to lie on when they feel so inclined. This water is changed three times a day, and 20 pounds of salt are put into the water at each change, for a seal cannot live in fresh water, you know. They are as plump and fat today as they were lying on their native rocks in the North sea, and they know a great deal more about the world than they otherwise would have known. It may surprise some people, but it is nevertheless a fact that these three seals eat 500 pounds of fish a week. They will only eat sea fish, such as herring or flounder, and I attribute their long life to the fact that I am very careful with their food. The fish are washed and cleaned and their heads cut off just as carefully and just as cleanly as though going on a hotel table. The seal does not chew a fish, but swallows it whole, and it would surprise you to know how great a mass of fish will disappear when three seals get at it. All the accomplishments of these seals are not shown. They have been taught water tricks. I can throw a 10 cent piece into a tank of water, and, small as the piece is and flat as it lies on the bottom, at a word of command any one of my seals will dive for it and get it. This I do not show in public, because the tank is an unwise thing to keep about.

Have they ever bitten me? Yes, several times, and the seal's bite is a nasty one. The last time was when I placed the tambourine in front of Bibby. Without warning he grabbed me by the arm, and I certainly thought he would take a big piece out of it before I could make him let go, and I was obliged to strike him very severely before I could get him to let loose. My seals to me are great pets, and I think as much of them as I would of a child, for their great, big, intelligent eyes look up into mine with an expression which tells me if they only knew how they would certainly talk to me."—New York Tribune.

Aluminum Instruments. A physician who got rid of some of his steel instruments and bought others made of aluminum says that he is sorry that he changed. The aluminum probes, sounds, tongue depressors and that sort of thing do not oxidize, to be sure, but he finds that they are deficient in elasticity and stay bent after pressure. He declares, moreover, that he likes to feel as if he had a hold on something when he uses an instrument, and aluminum is so light that it makes him feel as if he could put no trust in it.—Exchange.

Oscar Wilde's Memory. Oscar Wilde has enough Irish blood in his veins to occasionally make a bull. In London an American, who had met Wilde previously, rushed up to him and grasped his hand. Oscar drew back a little.

"Why, don't you remember me?" exclaimed the American, rather taken aback.

"Well, to tell you the truth," remarked Oscar placidly, "I remember your name perfectly, but for the life of me I can't recollect your face."—Exchange.

Imperator was originally a title of honor bestowed on a victorious general. After the downfall of the republic it became the title of the supreme ruler and had the sense of our word emperor.

The total number of capital letters in the whole Bible is 106,990; of small caps, 6,897; and of lower case, 3,452,693; grand total of letters, including 23 ones, 3,566,481.

Loys with a young girl is never so serious as with a young girl, because he has his mistake to distract his attention.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

Of course the little girl was just as much of mine as hers.

But somehow she would take life full of pricks and bumps. I told her that she'd better take the little one and go. And stay a spell at Newson Creek along with Uncle Joe.

While I'd go off to some far land, and there I'd work and live. Until I'd quite made up my mind which one was to forgive.

I tell you I'm an awful thing when it gets into the heart; I guess it was a thousand times I thought I'd rise and start. And go right after her and that little maid of mine.

I never heard a word from them. She never wrote a line. Then I had a spell of sickness and counted through my tears. And found I hadn't seen them both for more than fifty years.

Oh, my pretty, laughing darling, she must be tall and fair! How I'd righter out in ribbons and feathers rich and rare!

I could feel my fingers upon her soft white brow; That little sunny head of hers would touch my shoulder now.

Yet the strangest thing—in all my dreams she was a little child. With the yellow curls of babyhood and big eyes, round and mild.

As soon as I was better I started on my way. And reached the town at noontime one hot and dusty day. And near by, in the churchyard, I stopped to rest and wait.

There was a little baby's grave close to the mould'ring gate. I pushed aside a straggling vine, kind of curious—no more.

Great God, my little girl lay there, dead thirteen years before!

Is the Oleaner Poisonous? Whether locality has anything to do with it or not has not yet been definitely settled, but certain it is that in certain portions of the country the cleanest, so much admired for its exquisite blossoms, has been the cause of serious illness, and in some cases death has been attributed to a too intimate association with it.

Several persons were attacked with exceedingly painful throat disorders, with headache, giddiness and violent heart agitation. The dispensary clinic class it as a heart poison, and one of its victims died in the most distressing heart convulsions. Animals are affected by it as well as man. A valuable horse died a few moments after browsing on the stalks and leaves. Several cows died from drinking water into which some cuttings of the plant had been thrown, and other animals were very sick from inhaling the smoke from burning twigs and leaves of this plant. They were shut in a small yard, and a breeze carried the smoke directly toward them. In other localities there seem to be no serious consequences attending the cultivation of this plant. Whether immediate surroundings of climatic conditions have anything to do with the effects of this popular house plant would furnish an interesting subject for discussion.—New York Ledger.

When Apparently Freezing. Do not take a person severely chilled or apparently frozen into a warm room to be treated. The first thing to do, if the condition requires it, is to attempt artificial respiration as in "drowning." Rub the limbs very gently with snow or cloths wrung out of cold water until the good circulation is established. Give stimulants in small quantities at a time as soon as the patient can swallow. When fully restored, warm the room very gradually, cover the patient with warm blankets and give beef tea or hot milk. For the treatment of frozen hands, feet or any portion of the body the same principles apply. Rub slowly and very gently with snow or cloths wrung out of cold water until the numbness lasts. Then, if the case is severe enough to require further treatment, consult a physician.—New York World.

German Lithographs of British Work. An English lad, a pupil at the Cardiff board school, sent a specimen of wood carving to the annual exhibition of the Revere Evening Schools association, in London. For his excellence of his work he was awarded a second prize, and he subsequently repeated the feat with satisfaction of selling his exhibit to the royal highness Princess Louise. He took his certificate of merit to a picture framer's to be suitably mounted. The framer called his attention to the fact that this reward of British industry and skill, presented to an English boy by a London institution enjoying royal patronage, had been produced by a foreign firm of lithographic artists.—Westminster Gazette.

"Sissy" Reed. When Thomas B. Reed was a boy, a story goes, he used to put on a big apron and help his mother with the housework, which included much amusement to the other members of the household who were fond of calling him "sissy." One day he was charming while the boys stood about gazing him. He finished the job and then took off his apron and chatted half a dozen of them. What was the last heard of "sissy,"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Rubber Buckets. The application of india rubber to buckets to render them noiseless has been successfully tried in Great Britain. The bottom, the ears and the "hull" are all protected. The bottom of the pail has three round disks of rubber clamped on at the edges, and they can be readily removed and replaced. The ears are of india rubber, and the "hull" has a single disk encircling it, which answers the purpose.—Exchange.

Cocoa and chocolate are prepared from the nuts by freeing them from the pulp and making the residue a process similar to making. They are afterward roasted in a perforated cylinder and are then freed from their husks and made into cocoa or chocolate.

The Boston Journal thinks it is a singular fact that in our time adventures are generally reported as possessing a wealth of golden hair, sparkling eyes, a vivacious disposition and a strangely attractive and magnetic voice.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

How the Lady, His Patient, Managed to Keep on With Her Opium.

This story comes from one of our best known physicians. For reasons that are obvious the proper name of the woman is withheld.

"She is a divorcee," the physician said, "and is quite well known in society. She is good looking, clever and rich, but for a long time was addicted to the use of opium. The habit grew so strong that her relatives advised her to go to some sanitarium for treatment. For a long time she refused to do this, but when in some asylum she yielded and came to our retreat."

"She brought a nurse with her—a clever, bright faced girl—whom she paid \$50 a week to wait on her. We were all greatly surprised as the days went by to note that she did not seem to be at all depressed, as most people are during the first few weeks of abstinence from the drug. She seemed as bright and as cheerful as on the first day. I said to her once:

"You don't seem to miss your opium."

"No," she said, with a smile. "I did not have such a hold on me as I thought it did."

"One day, after she had been there over a month, we discovered by mere accident what kept her so cheerful. One of our attendants caught her in the act of taking opium. When we asked her where she had obtained the drug, she refused at first to tell. After a little urging, however, she told us that she had brought a little of opium with her.

"The matron searched her room, and when she came to the office to report she was almost speechless with amazement. The woman had hidden little packages of opium in every conceivable part of all her dresses. There was opium in the sleeves, in the ruffles, in the lace, in the lining and in every pocket. There was opium sewed inside her garters and in her undergarments. She even had opium in the papers which she used to curl her hair.

"It was her maid's duty, we learned, to administer this opium to her in such a way that we would not detect it. The young girl always curled her mistress' hair and took care not to spill any of the drug in the curl papers.

"The matron was promptly sent home. Her mistress was relieved of all her clothing and placed in another room. For several weeks she underwent the depressing experience of all who break off the habit. All her brightness and good nature vanished for a time. She is now cured, however, and is married again."—New York Sun.

The Typical American. The typical Americans have all been western men, with the exception, let us say, of Washington. Washington had not much of European culture. The qualities that made him a great commander and a great president were qualities which would have made him an equally great frontiersman. You could find him in Hamilton or Madison or Livingston or John Adams or Pinckney living tolerably well in the frontier. They are not Americans in the sense in which Clay and Jackson and Lincoln are Americans. We may wish that the typical Americans of the past had had more knowledge, a more cultivated appreciation of the value of what was old and established, a juster view of foreign nations and foreign politics; that they had been more like Webster and less like Jackson, and we may hope that the typical American of the future will be wiser and better poised. But in the meantime the best to be understood and estimated as the facts stand, and only a thoroughly sympathetic comprehension of these men, who have actually been the typical Americans, will enable us to effect that purpose. The fact that Clay rather than Webster, Jackson and not John Quincy Adams, represented the forces which were really predominant and distinctively American in our development is commentary enough on any theory that makes either of the peculiar sections of the Atlantic seaboard the principal or only theater of American history.—Forum.

A Trouser Episode. My journalistic friend on The Beacon tells this story: A dignified and elderly spinster who sits at an editorial desk in town was asked by the manager of her paper the other day if she knew of any poor but deserving person who would like a pair of his discarded trousers and replied that her furnace man would do best.

He then with joy. Accordingly a morning or two later she found on her desk a brown paper parcel plainly marked "Old trousers for Miss W."—a furnace man. At night she carried the parcel home in her hands, together with another smaller package.

Sitting in the trolley car between a couple of gentlemen, she noticed that one of them seemed to be much amused about something in her lap.

What was her horror and disgust, on looking down, to observe that she had partly covered the larger parcel with the smaller, concealing the last part of the inscription, so that it read in bold black script, "Old trousers for Miss W.," giving her name in full.—Boston Globe.

A Relative. The young man was being entertained by the small boy while he waited for the young lady to appear.

"I say," said the youngster, after a long list of questions, "your mother doesn't live here, does she?"

"No; she lives in Saginaw."

"You haven't got any relations here either, have you?"

THE QUESTION.

He asked her today.

But she gave me no answer. Neither word would she say. Though I asked her today In the most approved way In the most modern romance.

I asked her today. But she gave me no answer. He has spoken at last. Shall I take him or leave him? In my feet he is cast. He has spoken at last. If his hopes I should blast, Would it really grieve him?

He has spoken at last. Shall I take him or leave him? He is rich, as they say, Is he a penniless masker? Or a penniless masker? Or a penniless masker? Or a penniless masker?—Yankee Blade.

At the Nice Race Meeting. A race meeting is much the same all the world over, and the Nice gathering can hardly be called the exception.

There is the same noisy crowd and crush at the railway station—the races are held at Le Var, some few miles out of Nice proper—and the familiar line of beggars, blind, halt, lame and more so, as ready with curses as blessings—all the way from the station to the course.

The three card trickster, the fortune teller and the whole brotherhood of the ring, each with bag and board, the latter bearing an English name, as a rule, are to be seen, each in his appropriate place. The sun may shine with greater regularity and brilliance and the landscape look more delicate and fragile than we are accustomed to, but otherwise all has the appearance of the "correct card."

It is a charming little course at Le Var, and in fine weather it would be difficult to find anywhere a more representative gathering of beauty and fashion than may be seen in the paddock on a big day.—Pall Mall Budget.

Missionaries. Archdeacon Farrar sets forth forcibly the large debt of science to missions in these words: "Is it nothing that through their labor in the translation of the Bible the German philologist in his study may have before him the grammar and vocabulary of 250 languages? Who created the science of anthropology? The missionaries. Who rendered possible the deeply important science of comparative religion? The missionaries. Who discovered the great chain of lakes in central Africa, on which will turn its future destiny? The missionaries. Who have been the chief explorers of Oceania, America and Asia? The missionaries. Who discovered the famous Nestorian monument in Singar? A missionary. Who discovered the still more famous Moabite stone? A missionary. Who discovered the Hittite inscriptions? A missionary."—Exchange.

A Possible Derivation of "News." The word is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective new. It former years—between the years 1555 and 1750—was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:

N  
W—E  
S

importing that those papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, and from the practice is derived the term newspaper.—New York Mail and Express.

Mahone's Fresh Wound. General Mahone was wounded at second Manassas, and some one, to comfort Mrs. Mahone, said: "Oh, don't be uneasy. It is only a flesh wound." Mrs. Mahone, through her tears, cried out: "Oh, that is impossible! There is not flesh enough on him for that." Those who have seen General Mahone can appreciate the remark.—Buffalo News.

Would Feel Natural. Wife—What effect will these powders have? Doctor—He will seem rather dull and stupid, but he'll be natural.

Wife—Oh, no. He's that way when he's perfectly well, you know.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

To Test Steel. The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid and allow it to act for one minute. On rinsing with water a grayish white stain will be seen if the metal is iron; a black one if it is steel.—Toronto Mail.

Under Officer (to new cavalry recruit)—Never approach the horses from behind without speaking. If you do, they'll kick you on that thick head of yours, and the end of it will be we'll have nothing but lame horses in the squadron.

An old lady who claims "to know all about it" says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bible their water on shore." In her opinion "all the blmtn is done by cooking the steam on board the boat."

Certain Analogies. Molting has its analogy throughout the animal kingdom. We indeed molt invisibly, are continuously shedding our scales, but there are some animals that get through this process even more quickly than do birds—say, for instance, the shedding of the skin as a whole by the newt, eel and snake.

A BANKRUPT'S CLEVER SCHEME.

Startling Developments That Entertained a Dinner to His Creditors.

This story is going the rounds at Vienna: Among the prominent citizens of the capital of the Austrian empire is a gentleman called Fritz. He is the proprietor of a large factory, is, moreover, well known as a jovial, well-dressed fellow, who delights to give large dinner parties.

Not long since he sent out invitations to all his business friends to partake of his hospitality at a dinner party.

At first, as is frequently the case at a dinner party at which there are gentlemen, the proceedings were somewhat tedious. By degrees, however, the guests became more lively under the stimulating influences of the wines. Their tongues became loosened by the frequent lubrications, and there was a flow of geniality and wit such as is found only on such occasions.

Good humor prevailed, and an almost alarming extent. Everybody present was in a hilarious mood. Just at this crisis Fritz stood up and intimated that he would like to make a few remarks.

"Bravo!" said a fat man with a red face, pounding on the table with the handle of his knife.

"Now we will hear something funny," remarked another guest, getting his mouth ready to laugh.

"Speech, speech!" exclaimed several of the guests who had contemplated the wine when it was red.

There was a solemnity about the host that almost convulsed the merry gentlemen present. "Gentlemen, I see among me all my creditors, and I have some important information to impart to you." And he paused. The fat man, to whom Fritz was owing 20,000 marks, turned a trifling pale and seemed to be unable to leave his mouth, in which he had deposited a morsel of pate de foie gras. Several other creditors looked at each other.

"Gentlemen," continued the orator, "you will regret to hear that I am—a bankrupt."

Roars of laughter. "That is good, over the hills to the poorhouse," sang another.

The orator did not join in the laughter. With increased solemnity he said: "I wish, gentlemen, for your sakes and for my sake that I were jesting, but I am not. Of late I have experienced severe losses. It is impossible for me to meet my obligations. If, however, you gentlemen are willing to give me six months' time, I can pay off everything and thus save my honor—and my life, for—I propose to blow out my brains in your presence," and he placed the deadly weapon in his temple.

The horrified guests sprang to their feet. A few of the more courageous endeavored to wrest the revolver from the desperate man, but they did not succeed. Fritz declared that he would not give up the revolver until a certain document giving him an extension of six months was signed, and he suddenly drew the document from his breast pocket.

As we have already intimated, all the creditors, owing to the wine, were in a most genial mood, and in a few minutes the document was signed by all the creditors of Fritz.

Then the instrument was received in earnest, although there was a hollow ring in the laugh of the fat man that told of an aching heart. Fritz put up his revolver, which, so it has been intimated, was not even loaded.

Simple Arithmetic. A potato bugger went into a Pittsburgh commission house one day and asked if there was anything to do. "Yes," replied the proprietor, "a car load of potatoes is waiting at the station to be bagged. What will you do for it?" "A cent a bushel, boss." "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. There are 800 bushels in the car. I'll give you \$9 for the job." The bugger shook his head. "I'll give you \$10 to bag those 800 bushels." "No, sir; a cent a bushel is my price." "I'll make it \$11, and that's as high as I'll go." "Can't do it, boss. I never scalped on potato bagging in my life, and I won't begin now. My price is a bushel." The bugger started out when the proprietor called him back again and said, "All right; I'll give you your price." After the bugger started to the station a bystander asked the proprietor the meaning of the conversation. "I just wanted to show you something queer. That man won't work unless he gets an even cent a bushel. He can't compute any other rate. When he has a bushel legged, he cuts a notch on a stick, and that represents 1 cent."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

All Front. At Chancellorville, while Jackson's corps was moving to the flank and rear of the Union army, the Confederate cavalry in advance became engaged with the enemy. Presently a wounded trooper emerged from the woods in front. After surveying the scene he moved in the direction in which the infantry were marching, apparently in search for the rear.

Almost immediately the blue jackets closed behind Jackson's corps, and looking hopeless and distraught, the trooper met by another cavalryman, to whom he called out: "Hello! Wounded?"

"Yes," replied the other laconically, adding, "Let's get to the rear."

Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 18, 1894.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION. For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express, daily 10:15 A. M., Express, 7:15 P. M. For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express, daily 7:25 P. M., Express, 7:25 P. M., Sunday, 12:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. For Cleveland, via Pittsburgh, 10:15 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.

For Washington, week days, 6:00, 8:30, 9:05, 12:30, 4:30, 5:00, 8:35, 10:15, 10:45 A. M., (54, 45 minutes), 12:15, 3:10, 3:25, 3:35, 10:35 A. M., 12 M., 12 M., 45 minutes, 10:45, 11:30, 11:35 A. M., 12 M., 45 minutes, 5:05, 6:15, 6:50, 7:15, 7:25, 8:10, 8:15, 8:45, 9:05, 9:15, 9:25, 9:35, 9:45, 10:15, 11:15, 11:25, 11:35 P. M.

For New York, week days, 6:00, 8:30, 9:05, 12:30, 4:30, 5:00, 8:35, 10:15, 10:45 A. M., (54, 45 minutes), 12:15, 3:10, 3:25, 3:35, 10:35 A. M., 12 M., 12 M., 45 minutes, 10:45, 11:30, 11:35 A. M., 12 M., 45 minutes, 5:05, 6:15, 6:50, 7:15, 7:25, 8:10, 8:15, 8:45, 9:05, 9:15, 9:25, 9:35, 9:45, 10:15, 11:15, 11:25, 11:35 P. M.

For Philadelphia, Newark, Wilmington and Chester, daily, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Wilmington only. For all stations on the Virginia, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Richmond, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Alexandria, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Annapolis, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Baltimore, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Washington, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at New York, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Philadelphia, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Newark, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Wilmington, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Chester, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Philadelphia, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Newark, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Wilmington, 6:30, 8:30, 10:45, ex. Sun, stopping at Chester, 6:30, 8:30, 10:4