

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

PAUL MOTTER & CO., Publishers.

Established by SAMUEL MOTTER in 1879.

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance

VOL. XV.

EMMITSBURG, MD., FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1894

NO. 47.

## 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. Richeberger.  
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

**Orphan's Court.**  
Judges—Renard Colloff, John R. Mills,  
Harmon Miller.  
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

**County Officers.**  
County Commissioners—William M. Galtner,  
Melville Galtner, Franklin G. House, James H.  
Delator, William Morrison.  
Sheriff—D. P. Zimmerman.  
Tax Collector—J. W. Bauman.  
Surveyor—Edward Albright.  
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Her-  
man L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zim-  
merman, Jas. W. Condon.  
Examiner—E. L. Bobbitt.

**Emmitsburg District.**  
Notary Public—C. T. Zacharias.  
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, M. F.  
Shuff, L. M. Fisher.

**Reformed Church of the Incarnation.**  
Pastor—Rev. A. M. Schaffner. Services every  
Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other  
Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School  
at 9 o'clock a. m. Midweek service at 7  
o'clock. Oct. 10th class on Saturday at 7  
o'clock at 2 o'clock.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. W. S. Hamilton. D. D. Morning  
services at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30  
o'clock. Wednesday evening lecture and prayer  
meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 8:45  
o'clock at 2 o'clock.

**St. Joseph's Catholic Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. E. J. Quinn. C. M. First Mass  
7:30 o'clock a. m. in month of May. 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  
Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer  
meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30  
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Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at  
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**St. Mary's Catholic Church.**  
Pastor—Rev. E. J. Quinn. C. M. First Mass  
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## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cud, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."  
Dr. G. C. Osgood,  
Lowell, Mass.

**Castoria.**  
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."  
H. A. Achen, M. D.,  
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Castoria.**  
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."  
Dr. J. P. King, M. D.,  
Conway, Ark.

**Castoria.**  
"I have used Castoria for many years, and I can say that it is a most reliable medicine for children."  
Allen C. Smith, M. D.,  
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**LOVE.**  
Deep in the moving depths  
Of yellow wine  
I swore I'd drown your face,  
Oh, love of mine!  
All clad in yellow hue,  
So fair to see,  
You crouched within my cup  
And laughed at me.  
Twice over a learned page  
I turned and tossed,  
For I could not forget  
The love I lost.  
All stern and robed in gloom,  
You read it too.  
I could not see the words—  
Saw only you.  
Within the hungry chase  
I thought to kill  
You, love, who haunted thus  
Without my will,  
But in the gentle gaze  
Of fawn and deer  
Your eyes disarmed my hand  
And shook my spear.  
Beneath a maid's dark lash  
I swore you'd drown—  
Sink in the laughing blue,  
Give in, go down.  
But, no! While bathing there  
Right joyously,  
Out from her liquid eyes  
You laughed at me.  
—Dora Sigerson in London Sun.

## A CURE FOR LOVE.

It was Kitty who first suggested to me that my prescription was not working well. As soon as she spoke I was bound to admit it. I had thought that Jack would easily get over his unfortunate attachment. I expected that after a few quiet weeks with us he would forget Clara Wilkinson and her disgraceful treatment of him. She was, in my opinion, a worthless girl, and I grieved to see him take the affair so seriously. And just at first he had appeared to rally. He had become more cheerful and more ready for society. I said as much to Kitty, but she pointed out that there had been a relapse. In fact, she was emphatic on the question. "He's getting no good here at all," she said most positively. "Really, in his own interest, I must ask you to send him away."

"The girl has spoiled his life!" I cried angrily. Kitty looked at me for a moment, but said nothing.

"I suppose you're right," I went on. "He would be better in a livelier place."

"Of course he would, you dear old stupid," said Kitty.

"I did not say that I had been stupid. There is nothing to distract his thoughts here," I said.

"You will speak to him then?" asked Kitty. She was decidedly in earnest about it.

"A woman does these things so delicately and tactfully," I suggested.

"Oh, I couldn't think of it, Robert," said Kitty, blushing. I admired her delicacy.

He was walking up and down the gravel walk, hitting at my flowers with which I am rather proud—with his stick and smoking one of my cigars—I'm a judge of cigars on a ruinous pace. When I joined him and linked my arm through his, he started.

"Jack," said I, "wouldn't you be better away from here? Come, you know what I mean. You're no great hand at a secret."

"I—I—I—," he began, stammering and in great confusion.

"I know all about it," said I encouragingly. "I thought you'd get good out of the place, but it's clear you haven't—quite the contrary. You want to see new things and new people and forget this—I paused for a word and ended—"

"This unhappy mistake of yours."

"Upon my honor, you are a good fellow," he exclaimed. "I don't know another man who would have treated me as you have." And he covered his eyes with his hand.

"Oh, nonsense. It's nothing. I hope I'm always ready to do my friends a turn. But it's no use, is it? It gets worse and worse."

"I'll go," he said, with a sigh. "I won't stay a minute. After what you say I couldn't. And, old man, I don't know how to thank you. Many fellows would have taken the way I've been going on badly—most would."

"Oh, we made allowance for you. Young men mustn't be judged too harshly."

"But you're a true friend. It makes me feel pretty bad, I can tell you, Bob." "Oh, you'll soon forget it when you're on the road."

here. This revelation—you are telling me the truth, Bob?"

"Honestly, to the best of my knowledge," I answered firmly.

"How awful!" said he.

"Surprised, are you? Why, any of the fellows at the club could have told you the same thing."

"Awful!" he murmured, gazing at me.

"Come, come," said I, "it's possible to make too much of such a trouble as this. When one's eyes are once opened—"

"And I ended with a shrug of the shoulders."

Suddenly he held out his hand. "Shake hands, old man," he said.

"I shook hands. The poor fellow was a good deal moved, and I didn't wish to appear cold."

"I shall go straight," he repeated. "Well, tomorrow morning will do."

"No. Tonight—the next train. And you—you must stay here?"

"Of course I stay here," I answered, staring in my turn.

"He sighed heavily."

"It's bad for me, old chap," he said, laying a hand on my shoulder; "but, by Jove, what must it be for you?"

"For me?" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"That woman!" he gasped. "And how you keep it up! One would think to see you well, well, it's brave. It would kill me in a month. It's brave, that's what it is!"

"What in the world are you talking about? I haven't spoken to her for three years."

"Except before strangers? Good heavens!"

"Not at all. I haven't." "Hush—here she comes! I—I can't meet her!"

"She here? Bosh!"

I turned round—and beheld my wife! With a gasp, I fell back a step. Jack tore past Kitty and vanished through the open windows of the drawing room.

"Well, was he reasonable?" asked Kitty.

"I could say nothing."

"I hope you were gentle with him, Bob. He's a nice boy, though he's a particularly silly one. He meant no harm, Bob."

"Was—was—was he?" I stammered.

**HAND IN HAND.**  
When spring was young and life was new,  
Love was our only friend and guide.  
Sweet was the bowing of his head through  
And sweet our going side by side.

Then summer came, a golden flood,  
And still we followed hand in hand.  
Love was the music in our blood  
And love the glory of the land.

Rich autumn fell, and winter drove  
The frosty ripeness from the air.  
But wrapped in warm, soft robes of love,  
What recked we if the world was bare?

So round again we came to spring,  
Strong for another year's embrace.  
The birds are whist to hear us sing,  
The sun is dazzled by our eyes.

For hand in hand, where'er we go,  
Earth under foot and heaven above,  
Love is the only life we know,  
And every breath we breathe is love.

—New York Advertiser.

**PART OF A LIFE.**

"So you want my little girl for your wife, do you?"

The speaker, from a glance at his snowy hair and mustache and sorrowful dark eyes, one would suppose to have been a man well along in years, but on looking more closely at the well knit, sturdy form reclining at ease in the study chair it was discovered to be an "old head on young shoulders."

His deep, musical voice was half sad, half tender as he continued to address the young man, who, standing before him, was nervously toying with a book that lay on the table at his right.

"Perhaps I'm not quite as surprised as you thought I would be. You have played together as little children, as boy and girl you were companions, and now that you are a man and Maud is a woman, your hearts naturally turn to each other, and I will see my dearest wish realized. The friendship that has existed between your father and myself for 10 years will be augmented by the union of our only children. You are a good, manly fellow. Hush, let a trifle hot blooded and impulsive. Learn to control yourself, boy; learn to control yourself."

"You have much of my disposition, and I would save you from the rocks on which my happiness was wrecked—yours and my little girl."

"Sit down, Hugh, here, near me, and I will tell you a story—an answer to the question you have so often had on the tip of your tongue to ask me. (What was it that turned the hair of such a comparatively young man white? Tush, boy, don't look confused—you couldn't help wondering.)

"Well, to begin with, 20 years ago I married one of the fairest, sweetest little women that ever won the love of man. I was a reporter on an evening paper, ambitious and struggling to rise in my profession. We rented a little house in the suburbs, and although we had not much of this world's goods our home was a very happy one for the first six or eight months. Then little bickerings and fault finding began. Bitter quarrels finally grew out of the most trivial things, and scarcely a day passed that there had not been angry words spoken by one or the other.

"We loved each other dearly, and we tried hard to avoid all this. We had resolved again and again in moments of repentance that we would treat each other with more consideration, be more forbearing, but it seemed useless—our troubles increased.

"So it went on for several months. I had become morose and gloomy, and Maud's poor little face had grown so pale and sad that the sight of it made my heart ache.

"One lovely morning in early summer, when the roses that clambered over our cottage walls were in bloom and nodding their pretty heads at us through the windows, when the birds, newly mated, were singing their joy and the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers and breathed only love and peace, the crisis came.

"While I was hurriedly getting ready to go to the office something occurred to detain me. I was annoyed and spoke sharply to Maud. She answered me in an insolent, taunting manner that always enraged me. Our words grew hotter and hotter and more extravagant. In my anger I applied a shameful epithet to her.

"'Coward!' she almost shrieked as she sprang toward me, her face distorted with rage and defiance.

"What devil possessed me I do not know, but quick as a flash I raised my hand and struck her in the face with all the force I could command.

"She was such a slender little woman that she had not the strength to withstand my powerful blow. With a low, heart







# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1894.

## 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 Sun-  
days, at 7.30 and 10.40 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 5.20 p. m.

#### TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sun-  
days, at 8.20 and 10.37 a. m., and  
3.30 and 6.29 p. m., arriving at  
Emmitsburg at 8.56 and 11.07 a.  
m. and 4.00 and 6.50 p. m.

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

#### Established 1837.

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

Ascension day—May 24.

Helman sells granulated sugar 5 cts.

\$5 counterfeit bills are in circulation in  
Baltimore.

Eggs are selling as low as seven cents  
a dozen in Washington county.

Mr. Jacob L. Topper has put a new  
roof on part of his house, on west main  
street.

Miss FANNIE FRAYLEY commenced a  
private school on last Monday with 25  
pupils.

M. S. WEAVER has been appointed  
postmaster at Bruceville, vice Effie A.  
Weaver, resigned.

A number of horses in Frederick  
county are afflicted with a distemper  
resembling quinsy.

Mr. William D. Callender has built  
a neat fence in front of his residence  
on western street.

A number of Thurmont's business men  
visited Baltimore this week, in the  
interest of their town.

The contract to build the court house  
at Snow Hill, has been awarded to A.  
T. Lankford, of Salisbury.

Mrs. FANNIE CHRISTINGER, of Hag-  
ers-town, fell dead last Friday whilst  
attending to household duties.

More burglaries have been committed  
in Salisbury during the past two  
months than for several years.

Go to J. Traub & Son, at Union  
Bridge for fine stitching and ladies  
cloaks, &c. nov. 17-11

For RENT—The house formerly  
known as the "McBride House," in  
Emmitsburg. Apply to N. BAKER. 1231

On Tuesday John Smith, of Woods-  
boro, who in his eighty eighth year,  
walked from Woodboro to Frederick  
and returned.

The citizens of Leonardtown are rais-  
ing money to have a water tower and  
dank, with pipes and fine plugs, as a  
protection against fire.

Mr. Jacob L. Topper moved into his  
house on West Main Street, on Wednes-  
day. The property was formerly owned  
by Mr. W. S. Guthrie.

A dark bay horse, a buggy and a set  
of harness were stolen last Friday  
night from the stable of Mr. John D.  
Dotterer, at Double Pipe Creek.

The Maryland Christian Endeavor  
Union, Western District Conference,  
will meet in the Presbyterian Church,  
Hagerstown, Md., May 1 and 2.

A tailor shop has been opened in Mr.  
James A. Elder's store room, at the  
square. The business is conducted by  
two young men from Gettysburg.

On last Saturday, Mr. C. V. S. Levy,  
trustee in the estate of the late Freder-  
ick White, sold at Thurmont, 647 acres  
of mountain land for about \$2,000.

A skeleton of a man has been found  
by workmen who were excavating on  
the bemo bank of the Chesapeake and  
Ohio canal, at the fourteen mile level.

JOHN INGLE, a young man of Freder-  
ick, whilst engaged in a game of caddy  
on Tuesday morning, broke his leg at  
the ankle, the bone protruding through  
the skin.

On last Thursday Scott Welty shot a  
large heron, a rare bird in this section  
of the country, along the Monocacy river.  
It measured six feet across the  
back and wings.

After an illness of more than four  
months, Mr. Henry F. Wooten, How-  
ard county's distinguished lawyer, died  
at his home in Elliott City last Friday  
afternoon, aged 66 years.

Dr. Isaac H. Houston, one of the most  
prominent and wealthiest citizens of  
Dorchester county, died suddenly Tues-  
day afternoon in Vienna. He was  
about fifty-five years of age.

The Complexion of a Chinese

Is not yellow that of an unfortunate in-  
dividual whose liver complaint has assumed the  
chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer as-  
sume a yellow hue, there is dull pain in the  
region to the organ affected, the tongue is coat-  
ed, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not  
always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness  
on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation  
and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very  
common ailment. Always in its aggravated  
form, it leads to liver abscess, which is a  
very dangerous disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills  
entirely eradicates it, as seen in the  
troublesome complexion of a girl who, after  
years of suffering, is now as healthy as a  
horse. In such cases, a complaint which  
always is fatal to the sufferer, the liver is seriously  
involved. This fine alterative tonic, which  
cures constipation and indigestion, rheumatism, liver  
trouble and kidney trouble and debility.

If you want dress goods call to see  
Helman.

### Home Missions.

On Sunday morning April 22nd, Rev.  
Alfred M. Schaffner of the Church of  
the Incarnation, will preach a sermon on  
Home Missions.

JERRY DORSEY, colored, who had his  
ear knocked off by falling down the  
elevator shaft at the Hotel Hamilton,  
Hagerstown, is having a flesh colored  
rubber artificial ear made by Dr. V. T.  
Schlosser.

DENTISTRY.—I expect to make my  
visit to Emmitsburg, Wednesday the  
25th, remaining three days. Prepared  
to fill teeth, etc. Respectfully.

Geo. S. FOUKE,

Dentist.

### Taken to Montevideo.

Sheriff Zimmerman on Monday con-  
veyed to Montevideo Hospital, Ella Sam-  
uels, of Catocin Furnace, who was ad-  
judged insane a few days ago by a jury  
de lunatico.

### 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.

The Frederick alderman have en-  
gaged acting chief Engineer of the Bal-  
timore Water Department, W. L. Ken-  
ly, to inspect the new reservoir, near  
Frederick, prior to repairing the leaks  
that have been discovered in it.

DOUGLAS' Imperial Shoe in Kangar-  
oo and calf. Different styles. Congress  
and lace at M. FRANK ROWE's, also the  
Harrisburg "Long Wearers" at \$2 per  
pair. Flexible and good for tender feet.  
Satisfaction guaranteed. Try a pair.  
Water-proof and squeakless.

### Officers Elected.

The president and board of commis-  
sioners, of Thurmont, have been elected  
as follows: President of board, J.  
Henry Cover; commissioners, William  
J. Black, John Root, Col. John R.  
Rouzer, L. R. Waesche.

### Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, prompt-  
ly, thoroughly and permanently cured.  
Send 10 cents in stamps for large illus-  
trated treatise, mailed in plain sealed  
envelope. World's Dispensary Medical  
Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

A POINT TO KNOW.—Unless your en-  
velope state the number of days you  
wish your letter held, the postmaster,  
by a new ruling, will hold them thirty  
days instead of ten. This is important  
to men who do not wish their letters,  
when not delivered, detained over five  
or ten days.

The Baltimore Presbytery, which has  
been in session in Baltimore, for several  
days, on Wednesday elected commis-  
sioners to the General Assembly, which  
will convene at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.,  
on Thursday, May 3rd. The Rev.  
William Simonton D. D., of this place,  
was chosen one of the commissioners.

### Transfer of Real Estate.

During the past week the following  
real estate, in this place, changed owners:  
Jacob L. Hoke and wife, to Joseph  
D. Caldwell, a house and lot of ground  
on West Main St., \$850. A. Laura  
Hann and Hilary E. Hann to Jacob L.  
Hoke, a lot of ground on West Main  
Street, \$200.

### Died of Hiccoughs.

Mrs. Joshua Zepp, of Spring Mills,  
Carroll county, died on last Thursday  
of hiccoughs. The attack lasted seven  
days and in spite of the efforts of her  
physician confined with but several  
short intermissions and with increased  
severity until it terminated fatally.  
She was forty-six years old.

### White Rabbits.

The Frederick correspondent to the  
Baltimore American says: "Pottinger  
Dorsey and several others have imported  
from Maine a lot of white rabbits,  
and released them in this county.  
They are larger than the rabbits of this  
section, and if unmolested for a year,  
will make fine sport for the gunners."

COUGH SYRUP.—Yes I am tired of hear-  
ing 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. Fahr-  
ney's and take no other.

### Excursion to Baltimore.

There will be an excursion from Em-  
mitsburg to Baltimore on Thursday  
April 26. A special train will leave  
Emmitsburg at 6.20 a. m.; returning  
leave Baltimore, 7.15 p. m., which will  
give the excursionists about 10 hours in  
the city. Round trip fare from Em-  
mitsburg \$1.35; from Motter's \$1.20.

### Disappearance of a Citizen.

Charles Lugenbeel, a well-known citi-  
zen of Unionville, this county, has  
disappeared from his home, and his  
whereabouts are unknown. He left  
home on Friday morning last, saying  
that he would be away all day on busi-  
ness, and would return in the evening.  
He has not since been seen.—American.

Cor. Maulsly, of Westminster, re-  
ceived injuries in Hagerstown on Mon-  
day of a painful nature. Whilst in the  
act of crossing the track of a railroad, Col.  
Maulsly's foot caught on the rail and  
he was pitched violently to the ground.  
His forehead, just above the left eye,  
struck the rail with such force as to  
render him unconscious for sometime.

### Mad Dog.

A mad dog is said to be making a  
tour of this county, having passed  
through Brook Hill, Highland and El-  
lerton, on last Saturday. He paid his  
compliments to all the dogs he met by  
biting them. On Thursday of last week  
a rabid dog appeared at Urbana, and  
in a short time had bitten thirteen ca-  
naries.

A School House Should be Built this  
Summer.

Last Friday being Arbor Day, many  
of the schools in the county devoted  
part of the day to exercises appropriate  
to the observance of the day, and it is  
estimated that more than two hundred trees  
and vines were planted by the public  
school children of Frederick county.  
In this place the day was not observed  
by the public school children owing to  
the fact that the planting of trees on  
the school grounds would add nothing to  
the beautification of the old building,  
which should have been torn down sev-  
eral years ago and replaced with a  
comfortable and suitable edifice.  
The building of a new school  
house in this place, has been agitated  
for some time by the trustees and  
others, and we believe that the county  
commissioners made an appropriation  
for that purpose about a year ago, and  
that a lot of ground has been secured or  
negotiated for, on which to erect the  
new building. Although the place said  
to have been selected for the purpose  
is not as desirable a one, as it should  
be, and if no better site can be secured,  
the work of constructing the new build-  
ing should soon be commenced, so that  
with the beginning of the next scholas-  
tic year, the patrons of the school will  
have a safe and desirable building to  
assemble in. One that will be a pleas-  
ure for them to visit daily. It is to be  
hoped that those into whose hands the  
matter has been placed, will use every  
available means to have a large, com-  
fortable and well constructed public  
school building erected during the  
coming summer months.

### The Spring Medicine.

"All run down" from the weakening  
effects of warm weather, you need a  
good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's  
Sarsaparilla. Do not put off taking it.  
Numerous little ailments, if neglected,  
will soon break up the system. Take  
Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel dis-  
ease and give strength and appetite.

Hood's Pills are the best family ca-  
thartic and liver medicine. Harmless,  
reliable, sure.

### PERSONALS.

Rev. Wm. Simonton, D. D., made a  
visit to Baltimore.

Mr. George M. Steckman spent a few  
in town this week.

Mrs. Elbridge Krise, of Baltimore,  
made a visit to friends in this place.

Miss Florence Riffe visited her  
mother in this place on last Sunday.

Miss Flora Hoke, of near Fairfield,  
is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. G. King,  
of this place.

Miss Helen Hoke is visiting in Bal-  
timore. She is accompanied by little  
Robert Sellers.

Henry Stokes, Esq., Mr. C. T. Zach-  
arias and son, Ralph, were in Mecha-  
nicstown on Sunday.

Mrs. Geyer Black, of Thurmont, vis-  
ited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph  
Byers, near town, on last Sunday.

Messrs John and James Slagle left  
this place on Wednesday for Tennally-  
town, D. C., with the intention of tak-  
ing charge of a dairy and truck farm  
near that place. Their mother, Mrs.  
Mary Slagle and her two children now  
at home, will go to the same place in a  
few days.

LARGEST assortment Edgings and  
Laces in town at Helman's.

### Work of Wreckers.

A wreck occurred Monday on the  
Pennsylvania railroad, near Hellam,  
on the Frederick division, caused by an  
opened switch. Some malicious person  
broke the switch lock and turned it.  
When a south-bound freight train came  
along it ran into the open switch, and  
after reaching the end plunged into a  
field, the wheels plunging deep into the  
soft earth. The tender was over-  
turned, the tracks torn up from under  
a number of cars and some of the cars  
badly telescoped. Brakeman George  
Murphy, who resides at Littlestown,  
was seriously injured. His hip was  
caught between the engine and tender,  
breaking the bone of the right joint.  
After being freed from the squeeze he  
rolled some distance, with the tender  
following him, but, luckily for him, it  
overturned and stopped. His injury  
is serious, and will probably make him  
a cripple for life.

### Meritorious Scholars.

The following named pupils of the  
Public School deserve special mention  
for being present every day during the  
term just closed: Lawrence Gillilan,  
Robert Annan, Rowe Maxwell, Annan  
Hornert, Leslie Maxwell, Richard Ker-  
schner, Carson Frailey, Willie Agnew,  
Harry Maxwell, Alexander Wrigley,  
Edith Nunemaker, Maud Derr, Maggie  
Eyer, Mary Maxwell and Mary Shuff.  
Those who missed two days or less:  
Isaac Annan, Warren Kugler, William  
Black, Alvie Eyer, Robert Beam,  
Robert Horner, Isaac Gelwicks, Rey-  
nolds Caldwell, Belle Hartman, Ruth  
Gillilan, Grace Hartman, Barbara  
Beam, Bessie Horner and Mamie Jack-  
son. The following pupils were pres-  
ent every day during the year: Edith  
Nunemaker, Maggie Eyer, Reynolds  
Caldwell and Mary Maxwell.

### Held Up Near Hagerstown.

Mr. William C. McKee, of the firm  
of McKee Brothers, a well-known mer-  
chant of Hagerstown, who resides a  
short distance from town, had a thrill-  
ing encounter with a would-be robber  
about half-past ten o'clock last Saturday  
night. He was walking home when he  
was met by a masked man, who de-  
manded money at the point of a pistol.  
Mr. McKee replied that he had no  
money. The robber then demanded his  
watch. Mr. McKee refused to give  
it up, and pushed the pistol away, it  
exploding as he did so. The man then  
struck Mr. McKee on the head making  
an ugly gash. Mr. McKee then retreat-  
ed, whereupon the robber fired another  
shot, but without effect.

### A New Building.

Mr. Jacob L. Hoke, has built an ad-  
dition 90x11 feet to his millinery store  
in this place, which will be used as a  
show room to display his elaborate stock  
of head apparel. The building is quite  
an improvement, although a window or  
two in the west side of the structure  
would add much to its appearance and  
give more light and no doubt Mr. Hoke  
will realize this fact as soon as he oc-  
cupies the new room.

### Death of Charles Zimmerman.

In a squalid tenement about two  
miles north of this place one day last  
week a neighbor, Mr. John Stull, dis-  
covered an old German, Mr. Charles  
Zimmerman, well known to many of  
our readers, alone and ill of pneumonia.  
He was living alone, and when found  
was without food, lying on the floor  
with several fertilizer sacks filled with  
straw for a bed, with glass broken from  
the window and with two half starved  
cats, another wholly so (dead in the  
room) and a famished dog for attend-  
ants. He then forwarded received the  
attention of his neighbors and the care  
of a physician, but age, squalor and dis-  
ease had the mastery and on Monday  
he died, aged about 74 years.—Thur-  
mont Clarion.

### Helman has the best assortment fine shoes in town, black, tan, red, for ladies and children.

### Cannot Agree.

Hagerstown has a republican mayor  
and a democratic city council. The  
mayor and council cannot agree in re-  
gard to the appointment of city officials.  
The former wants the patron-  
age divided among the two  
political parties, while the latter think  
otherwise, and all the mayor's appoint-  
ments have been rejected, and some of  
the offices have been declared vacant  
by the mayor, who says he will not sign  
orders for the payment of salaries of  
such officers.

### Major E. G. Goldsborough, of Rey- nolds Post, No. 2, of Frederick, will deliver the address at this place on Memorial Day, May 30, next.

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### LITTLESTOWN, PA. ITEMS.

Miss Anna Myers accompanied by  
Mr. Howard Spaulding took a very  
pleasant horse back ride. The young  
lady is not only a good rider but makes  
an elegant appearance on her horse.

Mr. Frank Steffy, one of our young  
sports, is attending Normal School in  
this place.

Messrs. Harry Kohler and Calvin  
Rhebert were in Westminster Sunday.

Mrs. James Ocker and daughter,  
Emma, are visiting in York.

Mrs. William and Clinton Shultz,  
Mrs. Newcomer and Miss Helen Shultz,  
were the guests of Mrs. A. J. Slaughter-  
hopt, of South Queen street.

Mr. Harry Martin and sister, Lillie,  
were in McSherrystown Sunday.

No more want for ice. Mr. H. W.  
Martin, our popular confectioner, has  
just received a load of ice manufactured  
from pure spring water.

Wincent Timmons, of McSherrystown,  
was in town Wednesday.

We saw a postal card Wednesday,  
bearing the date April 17th, 1874, and  
also a paper a hundred years old. Who  
can beat it?

Mr. Sheely, of Gettysburg, and Miss  
Romaine Crouse were in Hanover,  
Sunday.

Miss J. T. Wardsworth has returned  
from a short visit to Emmitsburg.

Our active ticket agent, Mr. Fox, has  
chartered a car to convey passengers to  
see "Hamlet" played in Hanover.

It is said seventy-five persons have  
promised to go.

Messrs. John Foreman and Maurice  
Spaulding were in Gettysburg Sunday.

Mr. Raymond Slaughterhopt and  
wife, were the guests of the former's  
parents, on South Queen street.

Mr. Chas. Sell, of this place, has  
gone to Westminster, where he is em-  
ployed in the coach factory of John E.  
Eckenrode.

Prof. E. E. Taylor and brother, made  
a short visit to their home, in Arendts-  
ville, Pa.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Robert  
Patton entertained the Littlestown  
Minstrel Specialty Co. at their home  
on Cemetery Ave. After the rendition  
of several specially selected pieces, such  
as "Climbing up the Golden Stairs,"  
"Annie Rooney," "Mocking Bird" and  
"And Long Syne," they were invited  
to the dining room, where a splendid  
repast consisting of all the delicacies of  
the season was served, which had been  
carefully prepared by Mrs. Patton, as-  
sisted by Miss Olivia Classon. All  
present did ample justice. It was to-  
wards the hour of midnight when the  
boys dispersed.

I have just received a large and fine  
assortment of Mens' and Boys' Lawn  
Tennis shoes at prices ranging from 50  
cents to 65 cents per pair. No better  
made. Women's house slippers in last-  
ing and leather, at the low price of 50  
cents a pair. M. FRANK ROWE.

Death of Ernest J. Knab.

Mr. Ernest J. Knab, senior member  
of the firm of William Knab & Co.,  
piano manufacturers, and one of the  
most public spirited and highly esteem-  
ed citizens of Baltimore, died Sunday  
at his home, 320 West Biddle street,  
Baltimore.

He had been in ill health for two  
years. Acting on the advice of his  
physician, he went to Europe in May,  
1893. After treatment at the baths  
near Frankfurt-on-the-Main he contin-  
ued his trip to Switzerland. In Sep-  
tember last he returned home, seem-  
ingly greatly improved by his journey. He  
became a victim of the grip in Decem-  
ber, however, and it materially impair-  
ed his strength, preventing active at-  
tention to his business. His last visit  
to the warehouses and factory of the  
firm was on Friday of last week, after  
which he was confined to his home



I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why hearts change so carelessly,  
Forgetful of the fires they have set  
Aglow in other hearts.  
I wonder why the trembling lips once wet  
With sweetest kisses.

I wonder why it comes—forgetfulness—  
To stand away the loyalty and truth  
That once were glorified,  
Leaving alone a formless shadow—  
For the sake of a forgotten.

I wonder why we cannot earnestly  
Commend our lives as we command our  
Fire.  
And prove it sweetly true  
That love remains to him who truly strives  
To grow in constancy.

I wonder why we never know ourselves  
Can never look into the heart and see  
The hidden springs that wait  
A magic touch to burst forth merrily  
And we learn our earliest souls.

I wonder why once earnest souls enshrined  
Within the inner temples of our love  
Grow faint with languid days,  
Like echoes from some whispering voice  
That floats in clouds—  
I wonder why.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE FIRST IRISH POTATOES.

Sir Walter Raleigh Planted Them Near  
Cork, but the People Eaten Them.

Sir Walter Raleigh was an unprincipled adventurer and failed as an administrator and colonizer, but he had a most commendable taste for planting and gardening, and in these branches of effort his influence remains potent. Three hundred years have passed since he lived in Ireland, in the county of Cork, on the vast estate which had been bestowed upon him, but the yellow wall flowers which he brought to Ireland from the Azores still flourish and bloom in the very spot where he planted them. Near by, at Youghal, near Cork, on the shores of the Blackwater estuary, stands the Affane cherry which he planted. Some cedars which he brought to Cork are still growing at a place called Tivoli. Poor yew trees, whose branches have grown and interlaced into a sort of summer house, are pointed out as having sheltered Raleigh when he first smoked tobacco in his garden at Youghal.

Raleigh tried to make tobacco grow in Great Britain, but the climate was not found suitable to it. He succeeded, however, by introducing the habit of smoking it, in making it grow in plenty in other places.

More important to the world than the spot where Raleigh sat and smoked his Indian weed is another spot in his garden at Myrtle Grove, in this same Youghal. This spot is still haunted by the town wall of the thirteenth century. It was here that Raleigh first planted a curious tulip brought from America, which threw vastly better than his tobacco plants did.

This tuber Raleigh insisted was good to eat, though common report for a long time pronounced it poisonous. Some roots from his vines he gave to other land owners in Munster. They cultivated them and spread them abroad from year to year.

This plant was the Irish potato. Before many generations it became the staple food of the Irish people—almost the only food of a great many of them.

It was the "Irish potato" which came back to America and became the groundwork, so to speak, of the American farmer's and workman's daily breakfast and dinner. Sir Walter's curious experiment in acclimatization became an economic step of the very first consequence, and the spot at Youghal which was his own deserves marking with a monument much more than do the places where the blood of men has been shed in battle.—Youth's Companion.

Ruskin's Methodicalness.

Never has a man been more methodical in his work than Professor Ruskin, nor more precise in obedience to the rules he has laid down for his guidance. His working hours have always been from 7 in the morning until noon, and on no account whatever would he exceed the limit. Within these five daily hours he has all his work produced—books, lectures and business, public and private correspondence. Work in the afternoon has always been by himself forbidden, unless it took the form of reading. His earlier works, of course, were written at home or at Denmark Hill or while on a tour on the continent. His later ones have been wrought in great part at the flower decked table of his study, overlooking Coniston lake.

A wonderful room, that long study of his, with his turners upon the walls and ranged in ranks in the great Turner cabinet upon the floor, with its bookcases of wonderful missals and manuscripts and early black letter books and the original manuscripts of a half dozen of Scott's novels, with his superb Lucrezia Borgia, "The Virgin and Child" over the fireplace at one end and the mineral cabinet at the other. With what pleasure did Ruskin show them to me on my first visit—the unrivaled collection of agates and the curiously perfect collection of gold coins and the rest.—McClure's Magazine.

The Chinese Lunchbox.

I am reminded of a picture I purchased some time ago. I bought it because I thought it was the ugliest picture I had ever seen. I tried to find out the history or meaning of the thing for some time without any success until five days ago, while studying Eastern art, I found the ugly man was one of the Taoist gods. In his early days his spirit had the power of leaving his body and roaming over the universe alone. When off on one of these trips, wolves came and ate his body. So when his spirit returned it found only a few bones. After hunting around for awhile the spirit found the body of a dead hunchback begging who walked with an iron cane in his lifetime. The spirit crawled in this body and has lived in it ever since. Th Kwaie, for that is the god's name, carries a gourd on his back, which, if the breath were blown out of it, the heavens, would bring back his original body. According to last accounts, the breath has not blown out of the gourd. Canton Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Watch on the Wall.

For many years a silver watch might be seen fastened to the wall of one of the front of the iron quadrangle of Somerset House, Londoners used to point it out as having saved the life of its owner when he fell from a scaffold, but it placed it there as a testimony.—London Advertiser.

OUR GALLANT TABS.

A CUSTOM THAT WILL ENDURE AS LONG AS THE NAVY ENDURES.

Drinking the Toast to "Sweethearts and Wives" Every Saturday Night—It Makes the Men in the Navy Better, Truer, Nobler and Braver.

The people of this country are very fond of their naval officers, so far as they know them. It would be a good deal better for the country if they were better known, for among them are to be found as large a percentage of fine, brave, loyal and well bred men as in any of the familiar professions.

There is not much sentimentality in the navy, but there is a deal of sentiment, which is a vastly different thing. Certain cynical young women who have met officers and who have noticed how attentive they are sometimes think that this is merely a "dainty, sham devotion," bestowed upon young women whom they meet at every port they touch. But this is not true. There is more genuine chivalry among the officers of the United States navy than is to be found among any class of men on shore.

It is one of the conventions of the navy to place women upon a pedestal, and there is no finer convention in the world. It may be because that for so much of their time they are denied the delight of seeing women. But they never forget them. Every Saturday night in every United States warship abroad there takes place a ceremony so beautiful, so exquisite, that it seems to have escaped from the land of chivalry and wandered into American life. There, flattered and amazed at its welcome, it has remained ever since and made the men in the navy better, truer, nobler and braver, for it must be confessed that the officers are, first of all, splendidly American.

When a ship is under way, there is no woman aboard her. She has no place there. Maybe each man carries an image of one in his thoughts during his watches on deck. Of these things he does not speak. But once each week he comes forth boldly with his fellows and reverently bows his head across the sea to her. From the China sea, from stormy Cape Horn, from the peaceful Mediterranean comes the message.

"Sweethearts and wives" That was ever and always will be the sailor's toast. And when it is given aboard Uncle Sam's ships it is a tribute to the sweetness, the purity, the beauty of American womanhood. There are men who have drunk that toast every Saturday night for more than 40 years. It is never old to them. The officers would as soon think of passing unnoticed an important disciplinary regulation as passing Saturday night without this ceremony. It does not matter whether the ship is on the high seas, or anchored in a foreign port, or lying at the dock in the Brooklyn navy yard, so long as her men are about they drink the toast. It is a custom as old as the navy. It will endure as long as the navy endures.

When the supply of wine is running short during a long cruise, the officers deny themselves during the week that they may have it for this toast on Saturday night.

The servants are well trained. They have the champagne nicely chilled and open it almost without orders. After the dinner is finished the executive officers retire. Very likely there is gray in his hair. His face is reddened by weather and sea and by years, for men who reach position cannot be young. But his heart is still young. They have dined well, and the content of well filled stomachs shines on their faces. But when the lieutenant commander rises they are still. He stands straight with his hand upraised, the champagne bubbling deliciously.

"Gentlemen, are your glasses charged?" There is not one who is empty. The officers rise and bow their heads in answer.

"I give you" (the lieutenant commander speaks earnestly, and there is a soft glimmer in his eyes)—"I give you sweethearts and wives. God bless them!" "Sweethearts and wives—God bless them!" comes in chorus from the officers. Then they drink, and if there runs down their spinal cords a little thrill, and if their eyes grow moist and their hands shake a bit it is a tribute to themselves and to American womanhood to whom this toast is drunk. With something in their hearts throbbing like the great engines, and with a swift and gentle of the waters, dulling their eyes, there is comfort before them, like the azure numbers of a dream, a home with a soft voiced woman and the prattle of a child, or a slender, girlish figure bending her head to lead the love light in her eyes. On Saturday night the officer at sea feels that he is very near home.

Every one knows that naval officers are famous for the attractions which they have for the fair. This may show that it isn't the uniform alone which is the magnet.—New York World.

The Forger.

Sir John Evans says, in Longman's Magazine, "that not even the trained antiquary is proof against the forger and confesses that not only has he himself purchased forgeries, but has published accounts of them as if they had been genuine—accounts which any amount of subsequent withdrawals fails to annihilate. Countreifeits and forgeries abound in every department of archaeology. Spurious manuscripts, inscriptions, gems, pottery, glass, enuncials, ivories, coins, weapons, implements and armaments have each and all been foisted on collectors at different times and in various countries."

Seen From a Balloon.

A remarkable sight to be seen from a balloon is the bottom of lakes and ponds. While over Lake Erie Carl E. Myers, the balloonist, says he saw clearly a wreck lying under 75 feet of water. It was that of a schooner, sunk 40 years ago. At a height of half a mile the entire bottom of a small lake or pond can be clearly seen, and Mr. Myers believes that on a clear day an account of good vision could see from a height of a mile submarine objects at a depth of 400 or 500 feet beneath the water.

Price Samples of Bad Grammar.

An English paper gives the following sentence as the perfection of bad grammar: "Then sheeps is yorn." How about the famous reply of the Yorkshire farmer when "Dr. Syntax" told them that their mother was calling them? John Leech, we think, reported and illustrated it years ago: "Her sin! a-calling! we. Us don't belong to her!"—Boston Pilot.

TRANSFORMATION.

The morning came as strange and white  
And still as death, though it had  
It was as though the light had  
And voice to find itself a guest.

Close, oh, so close, to her changed face  
She drew down! How could she know  
Herself as she lay shrouded there  
In the white wonder of the snow?  
—Mary N. Bradford in Donohoe's Magazine.

The Elder Dumas.

Of his Sheridan-like dealings with tradesmen an anecdote is told. During a scarcity of ice a neighbor of Dumas sent to a dealer for some and was told that the limited stock on hand was kept for the use of the famous author. Then the gentleman sent again and bade his servant ask for the ice in the name of M. Dumas. The plan succeeded. The ice was given, and Dumas put down the money, and the dealer said: "Ah, the tradesman, 'give me back that ice!' Now I know that you are not from M. Dumas. He never pays ready money."

"My father," said M. Dumas fils, "once told me that if he could portend out a new life he would be a handsome woman till 30, a victorious general from 30 to 50 and a cardinal in his old age." Dumas, as he related this parental desire, glanced toward Rossini and added: "I should prefer to close my life as an illustrious composer. Mon cher Rossini, when you enter a room, the very laquerer pronounces your name with pride as he announces you."

Then turning to the company he continued: "I announce, for instance, M. Le Duc d'Angoulême and Signor Rossini at the same moment and see on which side all heads and all hearts will incline first. All eyes would be on the great musician who created 'Il Barbiere de S. Vigiola.' And then we all filled our glasses with ambrano of the vintage of 1811 and drank the health of Rossini. The old composer did not rise, but his face broke out into voluminous smiles as he shook the hand of the author of 'La Dame aux Camellias.'—Philadelphia Times.

Pompeian Business Notes.

A number of business announcements are to be found at Pompeii, that break little bits of the daily life of one of the most famous cities of the world. Here we get a large number of miscellaneous inscriptions dealing with matters of daily life, announcements of forthcoming gladiatorial games, edicts of magistrates, wine sellers' attempts to captivate customers, rewards for lost or stolen property, houses for sale or to be let and other things of that sort.

We learn from one announcement that a glass of wine could be got for 1 as—as about 3 farthings—while for 1 as—one could drink red Falernian. Another inscription informs us that a denarius—about 7 1/2 cents—was paid for washing a tunic, and the date, the 15th of April, is carefully recorded by the writer. Whether she was the hundred or the owner of the tunic must be left undecided, but it seems at least that she was in the habit of "marking up" her washing account on the walls of her house.

There are several such inscriptions on the same wall of this particular house, all dated—the 29th of April, a tunic and pallium; on the 7th of May, an article which need not be particularized, while on the day following two tunics are secured.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Dishes and Platters of Gold.

Queen Victoria's wonderful set of table furniture, which cost a steep 100,000 pounds and is said to represent a cash value of £20,000,000. Among it is the golden table service made for George VI, calculated for 150 guests and containing the famous crystal champagne cooler, which is large enough for a bathtub. There are many pieces in it that formerly belonged to Queen Elizabeth, besides splendid solid gold vessels from India, Siam and China. The pride of the collection is a teacup once owned by Charles XII and a gold peacock made for George III at a cost of £40,000.—St. Louis Republic.

Wanted a Good Foot.

Models are an important part of a sculptor's need. I doubt whether in this particular we differ from our Greek predecessors, for we receive the models as much as the Greeks, given by Phidias to his models, showing how much he valued them, presumably because it was so difficult then as now to get good ones. To be a model is a business of itself, and when we remember the number of art schools there are, even in London alone, and the many artists who are employed dependent upon them, it may be realized what a large body they must be.

The men are mostly Italians, chiefly. I am told, from the neighborhood of Naples. The women are, as a rule, English and have often sat from babies. To find a well formed foot is almost an impossibility among the best of them, owing to the long cramping in boots, but a friend once told me that he had a cast of the foot of an Indian woman that was as beautiful as the foot of a Greek statue.

Our English models lack often the suppleness of figure that distinguishes more southern races, such as the Italian, which is partly accounted for by the heavy, cumbersome clothes our climate necessitates. But such as they are we have to make the best of them, and a really good one is eagerly sought after.—Good Words.

The "Tomb of Cain."

The early traditions concerning the city of Damascus are curious and interesting, even though unworthy and contradictory. By some of the ancient writers it was maintained that the city stands on or near the site of the garden of Eden, and just outside there is beautiful meadow of red earth from which, it is said, God took the material from which he created Adam. This field is called Ager Damascenus, and near its center there formerly stood a pillar which was said to mark the precise spot where our first parent was created. A few miles out there is an eminence called the Mountain of Abel, supposed by some to be the place where the first two brothers offered their sacrifices, also the spot where the first murder was committed. The most interesting spot pointed out, however, is about three leagues from the city, where an old ruin is shown which all the orient believe to be the tomb of Cain. The traditions respecting this famous spot are known to antedate the Christian era by several hundred years. Up to the time of Vespasian the interior of the tomb is said to have been lighted and warmed by one of the "ever burning" lamps so commonly used by the ancients.—St. Louis Republic.

CONCERNING DREAMS.

They Occupy Only a Few Seconds and Are Affected by Events.

Doctors assert that dreams occupy a few seconds only—at most the space of about three minutes. This statement is startling to those who have not noticed for themselves what part time plays in such a connection. The writer has had several opportunities of proving its correctness herself, and many might arrive at a similar knowledge by asking to be awakened a minute or so after falling into a first sleep. All who dream will do so immediately on falling into unconsciousness. Another reliable test is to be found in the sleep that follows upon the morning summons for rising. A few more moments snatched for the tempting after doze will not unfrequently mean a dream of a very elaborate nature—one which implies almost as many hours as seconds.

Are dreams affected by the events of our waking hours? Is the question that has been asked over and over again, but the result of observation leads one to believe in such being the case or not, according to the importance with which we treat them. In connection with such a question events and individuals can scarcely fail to require separate consideration. Events that are all important to some do not commend themselves to light to others, and this fact leads one to express the opinion that, according to the intensity with which outward events occupy our thoughts, will our dreams be in any way affected by them.

To one woman the exercise of hospitality means the entire surrender of her mental domain to all that is worth, real or imaginary, connected with the preparations for the contemplated entertainment. To another, the needful directions once given, there is an immediate return to considerations which outward events in her opinion the more material ones that held a wholeness place in her thoughts. In the one case culinary failures and visions of indifferent service will probably haunt the dreams that precede or follow that entertainment. In the other no such tortures are involved in the sleeping hours.

There have been startling instances of the brain's power to solve difficult questions during sleep. A case in point is that of a lawyer engaged in a criminal defense. The examination of one witness after another seemed only to add to the proof of his client's guilt. Wearied one night with trying to find some point which might turn the scale in the prisoner's favor, he fell asleep, and in a dream the desired point stood out clearly. Awakened, it was immediately worked out, and the verdict of "not guilty" was found consequent upon that revelation afforded during the hours of sleep.

When exercising the imaginative faculties to any great extent, the dreams will always preserve the ideal character of the waking hours. The composer will dream of the melodies which provide his own literary work, dropping into the hands of the artist and the writer enter the land of dreams in company with these that the pen or the brush are guided to depict with such a living hand. Plots have been furnished and subjects for the canvas have been suggested over and over again in the quiet hours of the night, when to all outward appearances there is nothing but the most peaceful slumber on the part of the sleeper.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

African Disappointments.

As a continent Africa is the home of a vigorous race of mankind, which, while resisting assimilation with European civilization, does permanent credit. European travelers, traders, missionaries, conquerors, may at their will and at their peril penetrate into this dark sanctuary, but their sojourn is for a day, and on the morrow the faint traces of their passage are obliterated by the exuberant growth of barbarism. Gradually as it is so many times conceded, it is nevertheless a fact that the bulk of the continent of Africa is still untouched by western civilization. I for one cannot believe that Africa will ever be Europeanized or brought within the pale of western progress, for in order that Africa may progress it is absolutely essential that it be developed along natural lines, but as yet the inherent powers of native genius have neither been discovered, nor in the absence of any cohesion among native tribes and in view of European rapacity are they, even if discovered, ever likely to be encouraged or fostered. No; Africa is a continent fated to be conquered and exploited by the heirs of civilization, to whom it may pay tribute, but homage never.—Nineteenth Century.

To Keep One's Youth.

A distinguished English scientist, Mr. William Kinney, in a magazine article insists that the secret of perennial youth is to be found in the use of distilled water and phosphoric acid. He says that death, or disease that produces death, is caused by the deposit in the human system of calcareous or earthy matter, and that the drinking of distilled water, which is itself a great solvent, and the use also of from 10 to 15 drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each tumblerful of water will remove such deposits and prolong human life to the very latest limit. In several of the great hotels in New York distilled water is provided at the table and for the use of the guests in their rooms, and the advertisement of this fact attracts many patrons.—Detroit Free Press.

About Gingerbread.

The homely luxury, gingerbread, has been popular ever since the fourteenth century. It was then made and sold in Paris. In those days it was prepared with rye meal, made into a dough, and ginger and other spices, with sugar, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the court of Henry IV for their festivals and was soon brought into general use, though being after a time employed in the manufacture of bread instead of flour.—Popular Magazine.

Lord Crewe's Collection.

Lord Crewe once, on the occasion of some charitable entertainment, leaned up against a corridor wall, fast asleep, with his hat in his hand. Some wild young men started dropping coppers and honey, and other spices, with sugar, were kneaded into it. It was introduced into England by the court of Henry IV for their festivals and was soon brought into general use, though being after a time employed in the manufacture of bread instead of flour.—Popular Magazine.

His Wish.

A wicked story is told about two partners who respected each other's business ability, but who hated each other cordially. To one of them came a fairy saying that he could have any boon he desired, and whatever he had his partner should have in double portion. Naturally his first wish was for a barrel of money. "All right," said the fairy, "but your partner will get two barrels, and that wish is granted." "I'd rather you would make me totally blind in one eye,"—New Orleans Times Democrat.

TRIALS OF A TICKET MAN.

He Can Endure All but the Question of People Who Never Travel.

A prominent Pittsburg passenger agent, in a conversation with a reporter of that city, gave a few interesting facts relative to the everyday experience of the average city passenger train, which those not directly connected with the business know nothing about. He said: "It is a singular fact the number of people who visit our office daily and the curious questions they ask with regard to railroad rates, etc., when very often they have no notion whatever of leaving the city and as a matter of fact have not traveled a word mentioning. For six years there has been a very singular character who has made an annual visit to this office. I have no idea from whence he cometh or whither he goeth, but he always asks the same questions and goes away apparently satisfied with the information he has received. I always expect him in the springtime, generally about the 1st of April, when the sun's rays grow warmer.

"Then my quaint old friend comes to see me. I should judge him to be at least 80 years of age. He is stooped and feeble, with hair as white as snow, but well dressed, wears a silk hat and carries a cane and talks in a nervous, jerky manner. He invariably opens up with, 'What's the rate to Boston?' I tell him, and his eyes light up as he waddles out with always the same observation. 'Well, man, that's cheap!' If I should tell him that the rate is \$1.00, he might have a tinge of pity in it. Perhaps he has a son or daughter in the Hub City whom it has been his cherished hope to see for all these years.

"The biggest out of our office and out of our office are persons who come here with no other intention than to collect all the railroad literature they can. They have no notion of going away, but they grab everything in sight in the way of time tables and other information bearing on tourists' points in the north, east, south and west. They greedily gather pamphlets, circulars and booklets treating on climate and resources. I don't know what these collectors do with the stuff they get here, but some of them must have a prize assortment.

"Then the man who travels from one end of the country to the other is the person who invariably pushes into the office and in a brusque manner asks for a time table of the line he is about to take. It is given him, of course, and without so much as glancing at the schedule it is stuffed into his pocket, and his next question is, 'When does my first train leave?' It never seems to occur to him to look on the time table. So many of these people ask me questions until I'm afraid the buttons will drop off my coat, but after all we manage to get along with our patrons remarkably well."—Pittsburg Post.

A Biblical Conundrum.

A good story is told of the horsey son of an English clergyman. He was on an important occasion to meet the bishop of Lincoln at dinner, and as it was desirable that a favorable impression should be made on his lordship's father begged he would be favorable to the bishop and do his best to draw him out, as he was unusually strong in Biblical lore. During the early part of the banquet matters went on well enough, the young man saying little, but watching for an opportunity to open his full batteries. At length a pause in the general conversation took place, and while the company was all attention he thus addressed the bishop:

"Might I venture to ask your lordship a question relative to a point mentioned in the Old Testament which has puzzled me a good deal?"

"Oh, certainly—quite happy," replied the dignitary, feeling quite in his element.

"When I should be glad to have your lordship's opinion as to how long it took Nebuchadnezzar to get into condition after he had been out to grass?"—Boston Herald.

Nervous Singers.

The effects of nervousness are varied and amusing. One young mezzo soprano was prevented just in time from walking to the platform in a huge pair of flared overcoats, which were put on above her shippers, and which contrasted comically with her dainty gown.

Another songstress, who was gifted with a good verbal memory, was singing without note. During a rather elaborate symphony preceding the second verse of her song she chanced to glance at the book of words which she was holding. Confusion followed. She could not link the melody with the poem. It was a terrible moment, but she stopped swiftly to the piano, glanced at the accompanist's copy and then sang on untroubled. It appeared on inspection that a printer's error two lines of her song had been left out of the book of words. This had confused her and was the cause of her failure to blend words and music together.—Atlanta.

The Young Moon.

The editor of The Popular Science Monthly takes certain imaginative writers to task for their unscientific and absurd statements regarding "the young moon" and "the crescent moon" and advises them to leave it alone, because they so often contrive to get it in the wrong place. In a story which has come under his notice he finds two friends described as sitting out one summer evening looking over the Thames, and the writer goes on to say, "By this time the young moon had arisen, and its cold light shimmered over the misty river." Such writers are reminded that the young moon goes to bed early and can never be seen in the process of rising.

Palmy Days For Cats.

The palmy days for cats were in the times of Egypt's power as a nation, some 600 years B. C. They were held then as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur, the Egyptians deemed them symbolical of the moon, and a golden cat was worshipped at Syene.—New York Sun.

Gold Separation.

What is claimed to be the most advantageous process for the separation of fine gold in placers comes from Montana. It is a dry process, designed especially for localities distant from sufficient water for other methods, the ore or gravel being run through a crusher or steam drier, after which it is dumped into the hopper of the separator. Dropping from this, it strikes a powerful blast of air, which carries it between two sets of slowly revolving copper cylinders coated with one-sixteenth of an inch of mercury.

These cylinders are placed in two lines of three each, one above the other, so that the dust, driven by the air blast, passes between them in a wavelike line. The ore first strikes a cylinder similar to the others, but revolving in an opposite direction, which catches the coarser gold and the nuggets. Then, passing between the other cylinders, all the gold is caught, however fine, and the waste is carried by the air blast to a conveyor, which leaves it away. The mercury on the cylinders is constantly renewed, so that a fresh surface is always presented, and it is asserted that the process has been subjected to such various tests, and so successfully, as to demonstrate its peculiar adaptability to the class of work in question.—New York Sun.

All Snakes Do Not Biss.

The popular idea that all snakes hiss is incorrect when anacondas are in question, if we may believe a close observer of the serpent family. The sound they make is more like a growl than a hiss and has been well described by a traveler as a "low, roaring noise." Their powers of degeneration are sufficiently wonderful to make exaggeration unnecessary, credible witnesses testifying to the fact that one has been known to swallow a horse while bullocks are not infrequently attacked also. Few nonscientific readers, by the way, are aware that not only do the jaw hinges of the boa become dislocated in the act of swallowing a large animal, subsequently resuming their proper position by means of the elastic connecting tendons, but that the skull bones separate centrally, so the whole constitutes a sort of quadrangular orifice with apparently indefinite powers of expansion.—Detroit Free Press.

A Luxury of the Rich.

A modern treatment of nervous prostration requires that the patient be put to bed in a quiet room and fed for weeks on enormous quantities of milk. He must take exercise, however, and this he does by proxy through the device of a nurse. He must do absolutely nothing for himself, and if his nose itches the nurse must scratch it. Patients under such treatment sometimes gain four or five pounds of flesh per week. It is of course a luxury of the rich.—Philadelphia Ledger.

English Women Agitating.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett lately addressed an audience of women at Bloomsbury, England, on the extension of the parliamentary franchise to women. The meeting closed with the carrying of a unanimous resolution in favor of woman suffrage, proposed by Mrs. Fawcett and seconded by Mrs. Crumpton Chant.

A Suggestion.

The Woe (tall and lean)—Miss Dowse—Dorothy, I would find speak what is in my heart, but I—fear to—to let myself out.

Dorothy (shyly)—Don't do that! You are too long now. It would be better to take in a tack or two.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Described.

Public Library Official (tearing up card)—What chump let you have a book on that card? It expired a month ago.

Near-sighted Party—He was a sour looking, light complexioned young squint with curly hair and—why, it was you!—Chicago Tribune.

Texas use rattlesnake skins for belts and for charms to prevent rheumatism. The negroes have become experts in killing the snakes by crushing the heads only, so that the skins shall not be injured.

Every well developed adult of the human species has lung surface equal to 1,400 square feet. The heart's power is sufficient to lift itself 13,000 feet each year.

Very Delicate.

"So you proposed to Miss Jinglelight?"

"Yes."

"And she refused you?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps it was a hasty answer?"

"No. She took care that it shouldn't be. She sent it by a messenger boy."—Washington Star.

It is seldom that wood which has grown more than 4,000 years before the Christian era is used in the construction of a present day residence, and yet this really happened recently in Edinburgh, where a mantelpiece was fashioned from wood said to be 6,000 years old.

The old fashion of using the candied petals of the orange blossom in tea seems to be almost forgotten. If a few of the candied petals be put into the tea before it is steeped, they give it a flavor noticeably peculiar, but once esteemed very fine.

Tommy heard his mother call an insect that was flying around them the "darning needle." The next day he said, "Mamma, weren't those funny things we saw yesterday safety pins?"

The title mayor comes from the French and originally signified "one who keeps guard." He was the head steward of a city, administering its affairs in the name of the king.

Statistics show that mild winters are much more conducive to health than severe ones.