Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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VOL. XVI. EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1895 NO. 32.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.

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

Orphan's Court.

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Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

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Tax-Collector—J. Wm. Baughman.
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Registrar—E. S. Taney.
Constables—W. P. Nunemaker,
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigle.

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Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Fraley, Philip J. Snouffer, J. Thos. Gelwicks, Peter J. Harting, M. F. Shuff.
Constable—H. E. Hann.
Tax-Collector—John F. Hopp.

Churches.

Ev. Lutheran Churc

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

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.

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

Presbyterian Church.

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

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

Pastor—Rev. P. V. Kavanaugh. First Mass 7:00 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 2 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 2 o'clock.

Mails.

Arrive.

Way from Baltimore, 9:06, a. m., and 7:09 p. m., Motter's, 11:17, a. m., Frederick, 11:17, a. m., and 7:09, p. m., Gettysburg, 3:20, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:09, p. m., Eyler P. O., 2:00, a. m.

Leave.

Baltimore way, 7:40, a. m., Mechanicstown, 5:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 5:25, p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:40, a. m., Baltimore and Roanoke R. P. O. east, 2:45, p. m., Frederick, 2:45, p. m., Motter's and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:45, p. m., Gettysburg, 8, a. m., Eyler, 10:10, a. m.

Office hours from 7:00, a. m., to 8:15, p. m.

Societies.

Massasoit Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.

Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers—Prophet, Joseph F. Clabaugh; Sachem, Joseph D. Caldwell; Sen. Sag., Walter Dorsey; Jun. Sag., Daniel Shorb; C. of R., Jno. F. Adelsberger; K. of W., Dr. Jno. W. Reigle; Representative to the Great Council of Maryland, Wm. Morrison; Trustees, Wm. Morrison, Jno. F. Adelsberger and Jos. D. Caldwell.

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F. A. Adelsberger, President; A. A. Wivell, Vice-President; E. F. Burkitt, Secretary; V. A. Riley Assistant Secretary; John M. Stutler, Treasurer. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West Main street.

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Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, A. Herring; Junior Vice Commander, John Shank; Adjutant, Geo. L. Gillelan; Chaplain, Samuel Gamble; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. H. Weaver; Officer of the Guard, Samuel D. Waggaman; Surgeon, C. S. Zeck; Council of Administration, Geo. T. Eyster, H. G. Winter and John Glass; Delegates to State Encampment, Geo. L. Gillelan and S. D. Waggaman; Alternates, Samuel Gamble and Jos. W. Davidson.

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Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Firemen's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Oscar D. Fraley; Secretary, Wm. H. Troxell; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt., Geo. T. Eyster; 1st Lieut. W. E. Ashbaugh, 2nd Lieut. Samuel L. Rowe.

Emmitsburg Choral Union.

Meets at Public School House 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month, at 8 o'clock P. M. Officers—president, Rev. W. Simonton, D. D.; Vice-President, Maj. O. A. Horner; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

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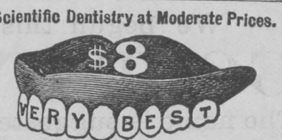

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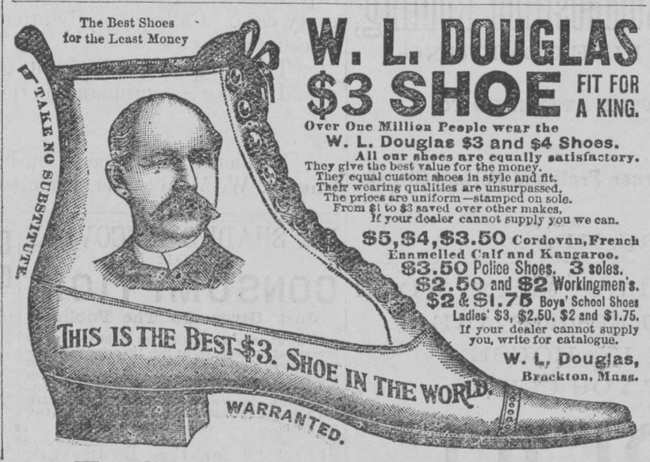

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A women of five feet should weigh 110 pounds.

A woman of five feet one inch should weigh 115 pounds.

A woman of five feet two inches should weigh 120 pounds.

A woman of five feet three inches should weigh 127 pounds.

A woman of five feet four inches should weigh 134 pounds.

A woman of five feet five inches should weigh 142 pounds.

A woman of five feet six inches should weigh 146 pounds.

A woman of five feet seven inches should weigh 152 pounds.

A woman of five feet eight inches should weigh 160 pounds.—*Times.*

She Was Emancipated.

"And have I," she asked in trembling voice, "the right of suffrage?"

"You have."

"Are you sure?" she faltered. "Is it really true?"

"Yes."

She raised her streaming eyes to heaven.

"At last," she murmured, "at last, I may be registered as something besides John Jones and wife."

Then she wept for joy.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The Lady of the House.

"John, have you made the fire?"

"Yes, dear."

"And milked the cow?"

"Yes, dear."

"And dressed the children?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, you can put the coffee on, and then shave yourself for church!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"THIS old fellow," said the teamster, fondly patting his horse on the neck, "has been hauling for the city for twenty-five years."

"Got a pull, I suppose," sneered the Mugwump gentleman.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

GOVERNESS. "And why does the large hand of the clock make so much more progress than the small one?"

Robbie. "Because it moves faster."

THE black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.

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A SHADOW OF THE NIGHT.

Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn
In troubled dreams I went from land to land,
Each seven-colored like the rainbow's arc,
Regions where never fancy's foot had trod
Till then; yet all the strangeness seemed not strange,
At which I wondered, reasoning in my dream
With twofold sense, well knowing that I slept.
At last I came to this our cloud-hung earth,
And somewhere by the seashore was a grave,
A woman's grave, new-made and heaped with flowers;
And near it stood an ancient, holy man
That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed not
For this unknown dead woman at my feet.
But I, because his sacred office held
My reverence, listened; and 'twas thus he spake:
"When next thou comest thou shalt find her still
In all the rare perfection that she was.
Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love!
Her eyelids will have turned to violets,
Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath
To roses. What is lovely never dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star-dust, or sea-foam, flower or winged air.
If this befalls our poor, unworthy flesh,
Think thee what destiny awaits the soul!
What glorious vesture it shall wear at last!"
While yet he spoke, seashore and grave and priest
Vanished, and faintly from a neighboring spire
Fell five solemn stokes upon my ear.
Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart,
A sense of swift, unutterable loss,
And through the darkness reached my hand to touch
Her cheek, soft-pillowed on one restful palm—
To be quite sure!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

The Golden Fleece.

BY SYLVAN D'ARCY

Pelius reigned over Thessaly in place of his brother Æson, who was the rightful king. Some say that Æson voluntarily gave up his throne to Pelius, with the understanding that he would occupy it only during the minority of the young prince, Jason, to whom he was, in due time, to surrender it. Others claim that Pelius deposed his brother by force.

However that may be, it was thought best that Jason should be sent off to Chiron, the Centaur, the wisest and most famous instructor of youth in the then known world, to whom came princes from every country. There Jason had the advantage, not only of gaining the knowledge that he sought, but of forming the friendship of those who afterwards became the heroes of Greece.

The boy grew up to be a strong, courageous and handsome youth, well versed in all the learning of the time, and also well equipped to encounter the hardships and dangers of battle. Chiron used to tell him how his father was unjustly deprived of his kingdom, and it became the aim of the boy's life to right the wrong that had been done him.

One beautiful morning in spring he set out for the kingdom of Pelius, but had not proceeded far when he encountered a tiger, which he slew. Taking off the beast's skin he threw it over his shoulders and then set forward again on his journey. Soon afterwards he came to a raging torrent. The waters had been swollen by the melting snows from the mountain side, and huge boulders and fragments of driftwood were swept by in the stream. Just as Jason was about to cross he espied an old woman with a peacock strutting beside her; she, too, was anxious to cross the waters.

Then Jason, chivalrous and brave, offered to carry the woman over, which she gladly let him do, the peacock flying to her shoulder as she mounted Jason's back. Using his two spears as supports Jason landed his burden safely on the other side, but he was dismayed to find that he had lost one of his golden stringed sandals in the rushing tide.

"Ah," he cried, "how can I enter the court of Pelius with but one sandal!"

"Do not regret your kind action or the loss of your sandal, Jason," the old woman said. "You never met with better fortune in your life. Only let the proud king Pelius see that bare foot, and he will tremble on his throne."

Then a strange thing happened. Even while Jason looked and seemed yet to hear the voice, the old woman and the peacock disappeared, as if they had never been. When Jason recovered from his surprise he set out with new hope and strength in his heart, for surely he had had a sign from the gods themselves.

He soon arrived at the city where Pelius was king, and found the monarch offering a sacrifice to Jupiter. The excitement caused by Jason's strange apparel interrupted the ceremonies, and as the king turned, with uplifted knife in hand, ready for the sacrifice of a black bull, he beheld Jason's bare foot. The knife trembled in his hand and he grew pale. This seemed a signal for a general outcry:

"The man with one sandal! The man with one sandal has come at last! The prophecy is to be fulfilled!"

For you must know that it had been fortold to Pelius that a stranger wearing one sandal would come to deprive him of his kingdom.

But the usurper quickly recovered his composute and demanded of Jason his name and whence he came.

"I am Jason son of King Æson, and pupil of Chiron," anwered the brave youth.

"Ah, I have heard of your famous teacher, and since you are so wise, Jason, answer me this question—What would you do if before you stood the man by whom you were to lose your honor, perhaps your life?"

"I should send such a man in search of the Golden Fleece."

"Then," said Pelius, "do you bring me the Golden Fleece, Jason, and I promise you to deliver up my throne."

To search for this Fleece was the difficult and dangerous of tasks, and it was not likely that any one would return from the adventure. So you may know how glad Pelius was to think he could so easily get rid of Jason.

But you will want to know what the Golden Fleece was. Some years before two royal children, a boy and a girl, were crossing the sea on a ram's back; but the little girl, Helle, fell off and was drowned, and from that time the sea was called after her the Hellespont. But the boy was carried safely by the faithful ram to the kingdom of Colchis, where, on reaching the shore, the poor animal died of exhaustion. To commemorate the brave deed the fleece of the ram was changed to pure gold, and became the most beautiful object on earth.

When Jason heard the king's command he set to work to prepare for his voyage. He got Argo to build him a galley for fifty oars, and sent word all over Greece that Jason, son of King Æson, was going in search of the Golden Fleece and wanted forty-nine heroes to accompany him in his expedition.

Many of his former school-fellows came at the reguest, among them Hercules, Theseus, Nestor, Castor and Pollux. Among them, too, was Orpheus, who played so sweetly on his lyre that even the wild beasts were tamed at the sound. The expedition set out, each of the heroes full of hope and vowing never to set foot again on Grecian soil until they brought the Golden Fleece with them.

In those days the mariners sailed through unknown seas, and many dangers befell the Argonauts. When they passed the island of the Sirens the intoxicating sounds nearly drove them to certain death on the cruel rocks, to which the sweet singers lured them. It was to Orpheus they owed their safely. Seeing the calamity, he swept his fingers over his harp, and the divine melody completely drowned the voices of the Sirens.

After many other dangerous adventures the voyagers arrived at Colchis. When King Æetes heard of the quest of Jason he was very angry, for he prized the Golden Fleece above all his possessions. However, he promised to give it up if Jason could get it from the dragon that guarded it.

But before he could attempt to remove it he must tame the two fire-breathing bulls, with brazen claws, that Vulcan had made. When the bulls had been tamed they were to be yoked to the plough and the teeth of the dragon slain by Cadmus were to be planted. The crop of armed warriors that would then spring from the soil would rush at Jason and he would have to subdue them or die.

But by the aid of the beautiful enchantress Medea, the daughter of King Æetes, who gave Jason an ointment that would render the fiery breath of the bulls harmless, he conquered them. Then, when the men that arose from the dragon's teeth would have killed him, Jason threw a rock among them, and they began to fight among themselves. They fought thus till not a man remained, and Jason stood alone on the field.

Now, the Golden Fleece hung in the grove of Mars, and the dragon that guarded it slept neither by day nor by night. To secure it Jason must needs overcome the dragon, and in this, too, was he aided by Medea's arts. In the night, while all the city slept, the hero, guided by Medea, took his way to the grove. Arrived there the enchantress cast a profound sleep over the dragon, and Jason snatching the golden prize, sped down to his vessel. As he leaped on board, Orpheus struck a chord of triumph on his lyre, and the galley, at the first note, glided out of the harbor over the sea, homeward bound.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"A-Boundin' and A-Button'."

Among our real estate asscssors a year or two ago was one named Dennis McElhinney. On his rounds he came to the habitation of his friend Michael Mulcahy.

"Good mornin', Michael," says McElhinney.

"Good mornin', Dennis," returns Mulchay.

"It's assissin' this mornin' I am, Mike," says the official.

"Then be aisy wid me, Dinnis. What wid real estate assissments and strate assissments, it's the devil's own work to save enough to pay the Tammany assissment,"

"I'll be aisy, Mike. I'll put yez down for ten dollars a fut. Dat will be t'irty times tin is t'ree hundred for de lot and twinty fur de goat."

"Phwat!" cries Mulchay.

"T'ree hundred fur de lot and twinty fur de goat."

"De goat's not rale estate!"

"It is so, under the new law."

"Go 'way wid yez!"

"I can prove it to yez," says the assessor, drawing out his instructions. "Rade that, will yez? 'Assiss it at its proper valuation per front fut all property boundin' an' abuttin' on both sides of the strate.' Many's the time I've seen your goat a-boundin' an' a-buttin' on both sides of the strate. Twinty dollars fur de goat, Mike."—*New York Herald.*

A business Move.

Friend. "You have moved your office from the tenth story to the first, I see."

Divorce Lawyer. "Had to. Lost too many customers."

"Women often object to elevators?"

"It wasn't that, but the journey upward took too long. It gave them time to change their minds."—*New York Weekly.*

"MA," asked Willie, "why was old Mr. Moneybags, who threw the young man out of his house last night, like the person who influences a king?"

"Indeed, I don't know," said mamma.

"Because he was the power behind the thrown."

THERE are aver 20,000,000 fruit trees in California.

SPEED VS. SAFETY.

A passenger on one of the European liners made a joocse remark to the captain one night as they were chatting familiarly on deck.

"You sea captains," he said, "are the only absolute sovereigns now left in the world. When the ship leaves port you will is law. Every one on board recognizes your supreme authority. From your decisions there are no appeals. Every life is in your keeping. You are sea kings indeed."

"No, we are bondmen of the company managers," was the bluff old captain's reply. "We are under obligations to make fast runs, yet never to take any risks. It is no longer possible for the captain of a first class liner to exercise discretion.

"Why, on my last run across the Atlantic," he continued, rapidly warming up, "I had bad weather nearly all the way. When the wind was not blowing a gale there was dense fog, and I didn't dare to run at full speed. The ship was thirty-six hours behind time in reaching New York."

The captain and the passenger were intimate friends and talked without restraint.

"I went to the main office," the captain continued, "and was received coldly by the manager. He told me that I had made a very poor run. I tried to explain how bad the weather had been, but he listened impatiently. He reminded me that other ships leaving England on the same day had arrived much earlier, although they must have had similar weather. He said that the day for cautious, old-fashioned captains had gone by. The reputation of a ship for speed must be maintained, and the captains must be brisk and wide-awake, or their usefulness would be at an end.

"You may have noticed," the captain added after a pause, "that we have been running at full speed all day in a heavy fog. Your king has been profiting by the reprimand which he received, and he hasn't known a comfortable moment until the fog lifted an hour ago.

"So you see that the kings of the sea are the managers' bondmen. If they are cautious and avoid risks they are considered sleepy and slow. If they are venturesome and the ship goes wrong, they are condemned as foolhardy. That's the tyranny of the sea, even if we are kings on deck."

TOOK HIM FOR A WAITER.

An English paper tells the following story about Dr. Holmes: When he was in England, in 1886, he found himself on one occasion at a "crush" in London among a great mass of people, including several royal personages. He sat quietly in a corner, but presently, feeling a little faint, and observing refreshments in the distance, he turned to an elderly personage standing near, whom he supposed to be a butler or something of that kind, and asked for a harmless beverage. The supposed servant brought this with great alacrity and remarked: "I am very glad to meet you, Dr. Holmes." The autocrat of the breakfast table was a little taken aback, and the stranger added: "I am Prince Christian." "Dear me," said Holmes, alive at once to the joke, "I have not had much acquaintance with Princes, and, do you know, I took you for the waiter!" At this Prince Christian went off into a burst of merriment. "Where is my wife?" he said. "I must tell her this. She admires you immensely." Off went Prince Christian to fetch the Princess, and the genial American philosopher was soon the centre of a circle of royalty, greatly delighted by the incident.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A Sense of Superiority.

"Phwat's thot?" asked the new servant girl, as she picked up a piece of a laundry-bill.

"It's a Chinese character."

"Well, it's proud Oi am to say thot Bridget O'Connor niver left a place wid a character loike thot an' niver will."—*Judge.*