Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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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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School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigle.

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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 3 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

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

Mails.

Arrive.

Way from Baltimore, 9:06, 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., 9:10, 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.

Emerald Beneficial Association.

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

Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.

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.

Vigilant Hose Company.

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.

Emmitsburg Water Company.

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The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.

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Man Always Was a Carver.

History does not treat of a time when carving was not apparently well known. Tradition does not appear to approach much nearer to its genesis. Carvings were well executed during the period of man's early occupation of the caves of Europe, and most persons who have familiarized themselves with archaeological research know the figures of fish or seal engraved on the canine teeth of large carnivora, and the bear, reindeer, muskox, horse, mammoth and other animals carved on the reindeer horn implements or on plates of ivory, the figures of the animals being at the time cut fully in the round and found in the lowest strata of the caves, under many feet of cave earth and stalagma, and associated with the bones of a quarternary and at times, an arctic fauna. The similarity of much of this cave work with much of the Eskimo production of the present day has given rise to innumerable theories concerning a common origin for both peoples.—*American Anthropologist.*

His Father-In-Law.

"Talk about your fathers-in-law," said a young man, who had recently married a millionaire's daughter, "mine is the champion."

"What's he been doing? Setting you up in business?"

"Better than that."

"Has he given you fifty thousand for spending money?"

"Still better."

"Give it up. What is it?"

"Well, you know I was poor but industrious and honest, and he knew it. I was an orphan and his daughter was his only child. I told him on the day that I asked for her that I wanted to wait until I was in better circumstances before marrying, but that I wanted the refusal of her, so there wouldn't be any mistake. He said he was sorry himself that I was so poor, but possibly he could fix that part of it and still preserve my self respect. I didn't see how he could, but left it to him for twenty-four hours. Then, when I saw him again he had made his plans to adopt me as his son, thus making me a joint heir with his daughter to his estate, and, as he very pleasantly put it, 'in just as good financial fix as she was.' Now I am his adopted son and his son-in-law too, and if any of you know a father-in-law better than mine is, trot him out."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Novelty.

Amateur Pop. "I've got a new baby at my house."

Veteran Pop. "Is that so?"

Amateur Pop. "You bet it is."

Veteran Pop. "Well, you'll wish it was an old one before the winter is over."

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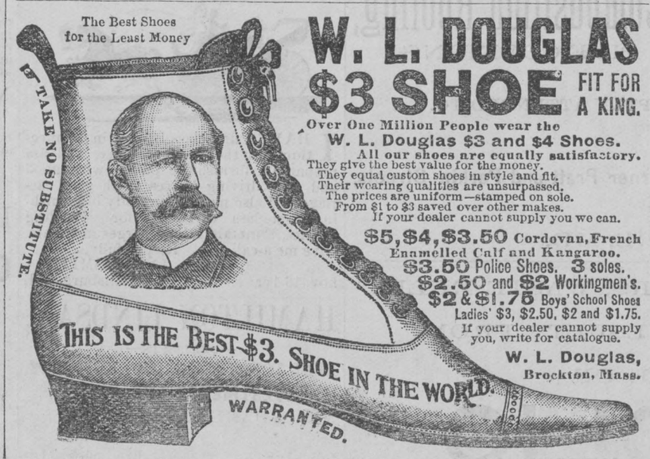

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LOVERS STILL.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light;
Her cheeks their rosy glow.
Her hair has not its tints of gold;
His voice no joyous thrill;
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea,
Oft did the daisies blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go;
Oft were the forest branches bare
And oft in gold arrayed;
Oft did the lillies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale;
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours,
As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been;
Together hand in hand they pass
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

PARTED ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

Hattie Furman was a great favorite with the gentlemen, and her partiality for the sterner sex was as great as theirs for her. She was engaged to young Dr. Hartley, but he had one year more at the university before his studies were completed, and his fiance seemed nowise inclined to mourn his absence. There were admirers in plenty ready to take his place, and she never lacked an escort to any of the neighborhood festivities, where she was always the life and mischief of the party.

Then she would write a full history of each affair to her absent lover, never forgetting to tell him how much she had enjoyed herself, how agreeable Mr. So-and-so had been, what pretty speeches Mr. Such-a one had made when she accepted his escort for the next dance at the hall, "and he's such an elegant waltzer, you know," she added, tantalizingly. The young doctor's blood fairly boiled when he read these missives and imagined some other man's arms where he considered none but his had any right to be. Yet he dared not protest. He ventured once to assert his rights, on his last vacation home, and his ring had been offered him with such promptness that it fairly took his breath away.

"I don't want it. I won't take it," he gasped.

"Just as you like," replied Hattie, coldly. "I thought you were tired of me. If you are, just take back your old ring. Fred Fox offered me a nicer one last week."

"Oh, Hattie?" was all the doctor could say.

His grieved tone and white face touched the girl's heart, and she burst out with: "Oh, Frank! I didn't mean it. I'd rather have your ugly old ring than all the other rings in the world, and I'd rather have you than all"—here she threw her arms around his neck impulsively, her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

Then, of course, he begged her pardon and called himself a brute, and she forgave him and when he went away flirted more than ever.

She was usually very prompt in fulfilling their compact of writing weekly letters to each other, but on two occasions the weeks had made a month before the longed-for letter came to the absent lover, and then she made no excuse but that she had been having so much fun that she had quite forgotten to write.

The young doctor really believed she only meant to tease him, yet he felt indignant and mutually vowed that if the reins were ever in his hand she should repent her seeming heartlessness. It is a wonder the poor fellow could study at all, but he did at last graduate with honor.

Hattie seemed as proud as he of the hard-earned diploma, and the young couple spent a delightful fortnight making plans for the future and trying to decide upon the most desirable location for a young physician to gain a lucrative practice and a home for his bonny bride. He was far too manly to ask Hattie to link her fate with his until he could offer her a home that would in some degree approach the comfortable one she would leave, even if her parents had been willing for such a proceeding.

While still undecided a position was offered him as physician and surgeon with an exploring and surveying party that were making a tour to the far Northwest. There was money in it and the needed practice without fear of competition or failure. It seemed the chance of a lifetime and had been tendered him through the influence of one of the university professors, yet it would involve a three years' separation from Hattie, and what assurance had he that some of those other fellows would not win her from him? Even if they did not he felt as if he never could endure three such years of torture as that last one at the university had been. Still he could not refuse, especially when her parents urged him so strongly to accept.

Hattie seemed very sorry to have him go and promised very faithfully to be true to her troth. "But you can't expect me to be an old woman, Frank," she said. "Why, if I couldn't have any fun for three years I'd be wrinkled and gray-haired when you came back, and then you wouldn't want me at all."

Frank laughed and said he'd run the risk, and if she'd wait for him 'twas all he'd ask; but it was with aching heart he kissed her a last farewell, and a torturing fear of what that long three years might bring forth,

It was twelve miles from the pretty little village, where their childhood days had been spent, to the nearest railway station and he arrived there at 11 o'clock one beautiful June night. He found that schedules had been changed and that he could make better time in reaching his party to wait for the morning express. He felt aggravated to think of waiting six long hours that he might have been spending with Hattie, who he knew was almost crying her pretty eyes out over his departure. The more he thought of it the more torturing it became and with a sudden resolve he bought his ticket, checked his baggage, visited the nearest livery barn and in fifteen minutes a horse and buggy was making the best possible time over the home road.

He could hardly tell just when the momentous thought did occur to him, but as he rode along, dwelling upon Hattie's earnest assurance that she would marry him "this minute," if he could only take her along, a possibility flashed across his mind that made him urge the horse to still greater speed.

He could not take her with him, but—

His heart seemed lighter already and the horse fairly flew along the smooth turnpike. Within a mile of Mr. Furman's there lived a Justice of the Peace. Dr. Hartley paused long enough to arouse this worthy funtionary and held a hurried consultation with him; then he drove on.

Hattie's parents were somewhat surprised at being disturbed in their slumber, but not as much surprised as when, after a short conference between the young doctor and his fiance, who had needed no waking, they were summoned to give their consent to an immediate marriage. They could think of no valid objection if the young folks wished it, and an hour later Justice Evans pronounced the couple man and wife.

It was then 3 o'clock and the young husband had only time to leave his wife in her parents' care again, bid her another loving farewell and hasten to reach the train that was to bear him so far away from his native Pennsylvania village and her whom he had loved since his earliest recollection.

His three-years' trip was one of mingled hardship, excitement and pleasure; in all a very enjoyable one to Dr. Hartley. A part of every Sabbath day was spent in writing long, loving letters to Hattie. And although he often longed for a sight of the dear face, he felt no anxiety on her account, knowing that when he did return she would be waiting for him.

For the young wife the time did not pass so pleasantly. Poor girl! Her "fun" was spoiled. She could not accept other escorts now, and as she had no brother to act as such she was forced to remain at home, and there she moped and pined for Frank until her parents bitterly repented the hasty step they had allowed her to take. And it is doubtful if in that first long, lonely year she did not herself regret it; but if so, none were the wiser, least of all the absent husband.

She had never really meant to grieve her faithful lover as she had in that last year, and now that she realized what heartaches meant she would not have him suffer as she did, and so she exerted herself to write cheerful, contended letters. Frank almost believed she did not miss him and wished that she might feel just a little of what he had once felt on account of her thoughtless flirting; yet he was too honorable to give her any reason for distrust, and too true for deception of any kind.

Home did not seem home to Hattie any more. She herself was so changed that unconsciously her parents' demeanor changed toward her. Generous checks from Frank much more than supplied her wants, and what she did not positively need was carefully hoarded to furnish the lovely home that seemed yet so far away, and many hours were passed in making pretty trifles for the same purpose.

Much of her time was spent at Frank's home. His mother was dead, but with his father, aunt and cousin she seemed best content.

One day a gossipy neighbor bantered her about her strange widowhood, and remarked that likely Dr. Hartley was having a fine time playing agreeable to other ladies, for of course no one would suppose him to be a married man. The shot struck home, for only that very week he had mentioned in his letter a lady that reminded him of her. To be sure, how did she know in what manner he was spending his time. And could she blame him if he did sometimes forget his loyalty to her? And then she thought with shame of her own promiscuous flirting of the past.

That night she hunted up the piece of paper that was legal evidence that they twain were one. In that last year that little paper was one of her greatest comforts, and thankful she was that she was bound to Dr. Hartley, for that same contract made him hers.

"He's mine. He will be true to me. He will come back," she often sobbed to herself in the wee, small hours when haunting thoughts would not let her sleep. And thus that last summer approached its zenith. If Frank had dreamed of the torture she was undergoing he would never have planned the little revenge that was so foreign to his nature. He wrote that he hoped to be home to celebrate their anniversary but the party was unavoidably detained and he yielded to the impulse to repay her for her old tormenting tricks and "forgot to write." Her letters of late had been brief and unsatisfactory, but little he imagined that it was because the poor girl could not write cheerfully and would not write any other way. She seemed to care so little that he thought a little anxiety would make his welcome the warmer.

The wedding day was a fair counterpart of that other one, and Hattie was feverish with alternating hope and fear. She started with every sound and listened at every foot-fall, but the day and night came and went and no Frank came. Worse yet, the week went by and did not bring the missive that never before had failed her. Another week went by and still no tidings. Poor Hattie was almost wild with despair. She was fully convinced that some terrible accident had happened on the homeward journey, and she was indeed a widow.

"But he's mine—he's mine," she moaned clasping that precious piece of paper to heart. She was at Frank's father's. The other inmates of the house were sound asleep that lovely July night; but poor heart-broken Hattie sat by her bedside, with her face buried in the pretty covers—some of her own handiwork—brooding over her desolate life and wondering how many years she would have to live before death would reunite them. And, wondering she fell asleep only to dream of an ominous yellow envelope being placed in her hand.

It was a telegram and her nervous fingers refused to open it for she knew but too well what it contained.

A sharp rap at the door roused her from her half stupor, and instinctively she rose and started to open it, thinking of naught but the dreaded messenger boy with the yellow envelope.

"Who's there?" demanded the old gentleman, wakened from his slumber by a second rap.

Her hand was on the knob, when an eager, living voice from the outside exclaimed; "Frank Hartley. Is Hattie here?"

The door opened, and after three long, weary years of waiting husband and wife were reunited.

It needed the clasp of loving arms to assure Hattie that she had not slept her last sleep and waked in heaven.—J. K. in *Phila. Times.*

FUN WITH HIS AUDIENCE.

An amusing incident occurred at the close of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulaski the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit, folding his hands across his breast and looking solemnly over the audience, the great revivalist said:

"I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month past to stand up."

One old woman, apparently on the shady side of 60, stood up.

"Come forward and give me your hand," said the preacher.

The woman did so, whereupon Jones said:

"Now turn around and let this audience see the best-looking woman in the country."

After taking her seat the revivalist addressed the men:

"Now I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a hard word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives for a month past to stand up."

Twenty-seven great big strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with all the alacrity of champagne corks.

"Come forward and give me your hands, my dear boys."

Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, after which he ranged all of them side by side in front of the pulpit and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said:

"I want you all to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest liars in the State of Tennessee."—*Hartwell Sun.*

The Fair Enthusiasts.

A fearful sound burst upon the air.

It was the voice of a woman.

On a closer analysis it proved to be the combined voices of several women.

"Have courage," shouted the brave youth who is always at hand when there is feminine distress. "I will save you."

And in reply come the chorus of indignation:

"You horrid thing! Go 'way from here. We girls have just joined this seminary, and we are practicing our college yell."

LITTLE DOT.—"The preacher said, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' What does that mean?"

Little Dick.—"I guess he was just sort o' joking about trolly cars and folding beds."—*Good News.*