Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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VOL. XVI. EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895 NO. 36.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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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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Constable—H. E. Hann.
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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, 9:05, 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 Claubaugh; 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; P. F. Burkitt, Secretary; V. A. Rigg, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stouter, Treasurer. Meets the fourth Sunday of each month in F. A. Adelsberger's building, West Main street.

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

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A PORTRAIT IN DISTEMPER.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

As if the sun had kissed and fled,
So were her cheeks embrowned;
A little dot of dainty red
Inside a russet round,
Like rose leaves that are all but dead,
With slender sereness bound.

A hat, hereto, of plaited hay,
Which shaded half her face,
Whence fell the curls of hair away
Down to her collar's lace—
They trembled if she talked, or lay
In the loops of yellow grass.

A kerchief laid about her breast
Unto her breathing rose,
And midway was a little nest
For beauty to repose;
But laughter made more manifest
The sweets therein adoze.

Ah, me! I've turned a tender flute
By all her garden ways;
Apollo, playing ripe the fruit,
I vow no sweeter plays;
And yet she'll never hear my suit—
Young Midas better pays!

Blow, breeze about her ringlet curls
And twist them in a knot,
And puff her skirts with blus'try whirls,
And sun, shine overhot;
Hang in her eyes a pair of pearls,
Night, for she loves me not!

BLIZZARDS ON WESTERN PLAINS.

The blizzard is the terror of the great plains in winter. The winds and storms have as clear a sweep over the vast prairie regions east of the Rocky Mountains as the tempest on the sea.

Hardly a winter passes without a true blizzard sweeping with its fury over the plains, and man and beast often perish. The railroads are blockaded, and traffic is often suspended for a week or more at a time. In Denver, Kansas City, and other terminal points of the plains and prairie travel, I have often watched with interest the arrival of the blockaded and belated trains. The giant locomotives, after fighting their way through storm and tempest, plowing the great billows of snow that have drifted across the track, look like hoary monsters, covered with ice and snow, breathing steam, fire and smoke when they arrive after a contest with the elements on the Western prairies.

In an eastern storm the work of breaking a blockade chiefly consists in clearing away the snow and ice. But it means much more in the plains country.

A blizzard on the prairies not only includes snow, sleet and sometimes rain, but a winter sandstorm as well, and the latter is the worst feature of Western railroad blockade. The wind, with a full and unresisted power, not only rushes over the plains, piling up the snow in the railway cuts, but also drives the drifting sands before it. The sand and snow, driven and packed in these cuts, sometimes from ten to thirty feet deep, form a kind of concrete mass that smashes locomotives and snow-plows when plunging into them. Often this snow and sand is so hard and compact that no plow can be forced through it, and there is the necessary slow and laborious work of hundreds of men, employed with picks and shovels, cutting trenches through the drifts, thus weakening their resistance. Sometimes the snow-plow cannot be utilized at all, and the pick and shovel must be used exclusively. Thus it is the clearing of snow blockades on the plains is far more costly and expensive to the railroads in this section than in the East, and there is more delay in opening the roads traffic and travel.

In the sparsely-settled regions the train may be caught in a blockade far distant from any farm house, ranch or station, and it is difficult to get food and fuel. In the thickly settled East farm houses can always be found near, or some little village where passengers can obtain the necessities of life, but not so on the frontier.

But the Western traveler is not without some resource to fill his famished and hungry stomach. When the supply of food is exhausted and still the train is not succored, there is a raid made on the express car. The messenger keeps an account of the articles taken, and whatever is there found available for food is seized and confiscated for the emergency. Chickens, eggs, butter, fruit, oysters; in fact any kind of food that may be found in an express car is pounced upon, but there is often nothing that can be utilized as a substitute for bread. The cooking is done on the fire in a locomotive. But unfortunate is that train where the coal supply gives out before the release comes, or a relief train arrives.

It is because of these conditions that the snow plows and relief service of the Western railways is the most complete in the world. No railway can guard against them. The snow fences will not always afford protection, although there are many miles of them across the plains. They are made of boards and are suppose to catch the bulk of the drifting snow. The snow sheds afford a much better protection to the tracks than the snow fences on the plains. But the sheds serve a double purpose, not only keeping the track clear, but protecting the train from snow slides. Many a snow slide has glided over these sheds when the train was under them, and the passengers were unconscious of what would have been their fate had it not been for the rude structures overhead. Snow blockades in the mountains are bad enough, but are not so much dreaded as those on the plains. There is no shelter on the prairies. The storm has full play at you. But in the mountains there is a chance to find safety in some sheltered spot and there is timber for fuel.

A lost train is one of the terrors of the blizzard on the plains. Sometimes several days have been known to pass without any knowledge as to the whereabouts of a passenger train between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains. It may be many miles from a station, and no telegraphic communication can be obtained as to its condition or fate. The storm may have broken down the wires, and nothing known about the passengers until reached by the relief trains. Day after day the depot and the officials are besieged with anxious friends, just as are the offices of a steamship company when the vessel is overdue.

The efficient service of the Western railways is so well managed that the traveling public never stops to think about a blizzard until some train is blockaded. But the experienced Westerner is usually prepared for the emergency, and his generous flask, used in summer to guard against rattlesnake bites and in winter for blizzards, is most timely, and its medicinal properties thoroughly tested.

The Western railroads are especially considerate of their passengers during these occasional blockades, often paying their hotel bills when the train may happened to be delayed at or near some station. The railroads have experienced few fatalities on the great plains during these blizzards, because of their efficient relief service. The beleaguered passengers devise many schemes to while away the time. Songs, cards, theatricals, story-telling and not infrequently the beginning of a courtship and romance, are parts of the features that give recreation and variety to a passenger train in a snow blockade.

But the privations and hardships of the pioneer settlers on the far Western plains are many, and the suffering at times great. Timber is scarce for in many parts the plains are almost treeless. Fuel from that source is almost impossible to obtain. Corn has not only been burned for fuel when it was too cheap for market, but has been burned when prices were high during snow blockades because wood could not be obtained. Sometimes the little frame shanty has neither a supply of food nor fuel. The rescuing party arrives none too soon in many cases. Rescuing parties? Yes. Sometimes these little shanties, dug-outs or abodes, half tent and half boards, are from one to five miles apart. If a blizzard should be very severe and continue to a great length of time the settlers organize into small parties, and forcing their way through the immense snow banks, facing wind and tempest, and sometimes at the peril of their own lives, they visit the homes of those in the remote and sparsely settled sections. If all is well they can rejoice together, but if hunger and cold threatened that new frontier home succor and aid is given. Occasionally a frozen corpse has been found in a shanty on the plains, but those who perish in the blizzards are usually caught out in the storm. The warmest abode on the prairies is the dug-out, which is mostly underground, with a dirt covering for a roof. The tent I have found by experience to give better shelter from the cold than the average frame shanty, which is made of cheap lumber and boards. The old fashioned log cabins in the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri river valleys, when properly built were very warm. The dug-out on the plains was to the prairie country what the log cabin was to wooded regions on the American frontier.

But woe unto those caught on the plains, away from the more thickly-settled country, during the fury and rage of a blizzard. I have been lost in two snow-storms in the Rocky Mountains and once on the plains. Do what you will, start which way you will, explain it as you may, but you will forever and ever wander about in that indescribable circle until you are able to take your bearings. You do not realize you are lost until possibly you strike your own trail again or familiar objects for a second time greet the eye.

"We are lost" once said the driver to a party of us as he pulled up the reins and brought the horses to a standstill. The wind was blowing a gale, the snow was blinding and the weather bitter cold. Although early in the afternoon the snow-storm was so heavy we could hardly see fifty feet from our buggy.

"What shall we do?" asked one of our party.

"There is only one thing I can do," he replied, and I looked into the stern, weather-beaten face of the experienced jehu. I saw we had gained one point and were in good hands, for a foolhardy man will never admit freely and of his own accord that he is lost. It is an element of true courage and bravery for a jehu to admit he has lost his way. I listened to hear the reply of the old driver to the inquiry of my tenderfoot friend, who was not accustomed to the various phases of Western life.

"Do nothing," replied the veteran jehu. "Whenever you are lost," he added, "either on the plains or in the mountains, leave it to the horses if you have any with you. Then is the time when the instinct of the horse is safer than the reason of man."

He then started up the team again, giving them a free rein, and after three hours of wandering through that terribly blinding snow-storm, our horses brought us to a point from which we could take our bearings with certainty. Many a life has been lost on the plains because man has refused to trust the faithful beast of burden.

How pitiless is the winter's storm on the plains. I have faced blizzards on the mountain trails and on the prairies, and as between the two, give me the mountains. The thin rare atmosphere is not so keen and biting as lower down where there is more moisture. The wind is very piercing on the mountains, but the frontiersman learns to guard against that. The lesson was taught me by an old freighter. "Put a piece of brown paper over your chest between your two shirts," he said, "and if you haven't got brown paper, use a newspaper for that purpose." I have tried it with good results. There is no warmth in the newspaper, but it does keep the wind from seemingly cutting right through you. I once had a strange experience in going through the West Mountain Valley along the foot-hills of the great Saugre de Cristo range. A warm wind was blowing against one cheek and a cold one against the other.

But the bleak, shelterless plains is where the storm king and blizzard are most to be feared. The wind howls and moans as if chanting the death song over its victims. For hundreds of miles it has a clean sweep with nothing to abate its fury. In my early life in the eastern part of the great plains I well remember with what delight we boys used to walk over the snow banks that covered the old "staked and ridered" fences. The snow has often drifted in one night almost to the top of the door and window, and there was the work of tunneling out the next morning.

How terribly the stock suffers in these blizzards. The cattle naturally drift with the storm, having their backs turned towards it. While the herd is moving there is not so much loss, but when stopped by some wire fence they will huddle up against it as if for shelter. Along these fences they often perish of hunger and cold, and their dead bodies may be found by the hundreds. The snow may be too deep for them to find the withered, dry grass of the plains. In the mountain valleys, when the snow has been two and three feet deep, I have seen cattle eat cactus, but not without making many a writhing twist and turn of the mouth and tongue.

But a great good comes from these snow tempests. Beneath its white mantle are protected the vast wheat regions, extending from the Dakotas of the north to the boundary lines of the cotton belt in the warm and genial southland. With the melting of the snow and the advance of spring, this vast plains region, which is the granary of the republic, is green with the growth of the coming harvests, and the moan of the winter's blizzard gives place to the gladsome song of the joyous reapers.—*Times.*

THE SHIP CANAL.

The strides of commerce in reaching for outlets are sometimes not viewed with that acute and intense interest their importance merits and we see the benefits to a local interest or neighborhood without looking beyond to find where the real joy of success would centre.

That the tapping of Lake Erie and running water into the bed of the Ohio would be hailed with delight along the stream is no question to those conversant with the beautiful but somewhat whimsical stream.

Some years ago I was passing down the Ohio on a small boat at the driving speed of eight miles an hour, when our craft was brought to a sudden halt besides an immense drift of logs.

It was well into the summer and sitting upon one of the logs was an old lady who had evidently been washing. Our boat was hard "aground," and as I had not been in the neighborhood for some years I concluded to engage the motherly-looking old lady in conversation.

"You live here madam?"

"Yamp! Back'n the' hollah!"

"Been on the river long?"

"Thirty-fo' yeahs!"

"I see you have a good place to put your washing—"

"Done moved it. Ust t' wash h'yah, but have t' quit 'bout th' fust o' June, 'n git watah from springs in th' hills."

"Indeed? Why is that?"

"Watah gives out."

"You don't pretend to tell me, my good woman, that after June 1 there isn't water enough in the Ohio river to do a week's washing?"

"Oh, y'all k'n carry from chuck holes, h'yah 'n thah, but that hain't th' only danjah."

"What further trouble have you?"

"Bad on th' eyes!"

"The sun beating on the water you mean—"

"Huck-uh! Dust! Had one gu'l go nigh blind tryin' t' wash on th' bank."

"How was it?"

"Dust blowed off th' bottom. Mighty ha'd on th' eyes that rivah bed dust."

"But there seems to be plenty of water round here now."

"Plenty. But hits a gittin' down. Now, thar's Billy, ye see's a cripple. Wadin' across t' th' grocery las' Munday'n stubbed 'is toe on a rock."

By this time our little boat had with the aid of steam sparring and profanity, got over the bar and we were once more bound downward.

At a bend in the stream, where we landed, a tall Kentuckian was loading some fine turtles into a cart.

"You seem to have struck a good fishing ground," I remarked.

"Yamp!"

"How did you catch those fellows?"

"Yo' see, they came up above the bah t' lay thah aigs, 'stay till the watah gits down. Haft to wait fo' the fall raise afo' they can git down stream again."

"But," said I, hoping to catch him in a lie, "turtles can travel quite a distance overland. Could they not do so from here to the next water below.

What a look he gave me!

"Strangah, hain't ye?"

"Partly, but you haven't answered my question?"

"O-o-h, yamp! Wall, I tell ye! We ketch all we kin at this season of the yeah by pullin' 'em from the watah with rakes; aftah while they do as you say, but we git 'em all the same—"

"How's?"

"When they keep to the rivah bed we track in th' dust, when they take to th' bank we hunt 'em 'ith dawgs! Strangah, what kind o' t'baccah d'ye chaw?"

Having no tobacco with me, the turtle hunter left in disgust.

So we see that the bitter goes with the sweet. While the canal will immeasurably benefit the people to the northward there are industries that may be ruined by it.—J. H. M. in *Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

A Third Faction.

A big man, holding by the hand a small boy, stood on a corner down town talking to a friend.

"I tell you, Smith," he said earnestly, "The political situation is like this. The two factions are—"

"Papa," interrupted the small boy, "buy me a monkey on a string."

The man smiled good humoredly and bought the toy for the child, after which he resumed the discussion with his friend.

"As I was saying the two factions are—"

"Say, Papa," called the youngster, "make this monkey climb the string."

This being attended to, the political situation was again considered.

"Where was I?" suggested the big man.

"You said the two factions—"

"Oh, yes. The two factions are interested in the—What is it now, Frankie?"

"Oh, papa, won't you buy me two monkeys on a string, so that when this one wears out I can have another?"

The friend's car came along at that moment, and the story of the two factions remained untold. But the little third faction got in its work.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mean.

The meanest man in the world has been discovered in Washington. His name is George Albright, and for the last year or two he has been engaged to marry Miss Lizzie Jordan. The wedding day was fixed some time since, but George claimed that he was unable to fulfill his engagement because of the financial depression. But last week, when Lizzie pressed him, he agreed to have the wedding at once if she would loan him $1 to pay for the license. She gave him the money from her hard-earned savings, but the rascal went to the Clerk's office and got a license to marry another girl. Miss Jordan has interrupted the happiness of his honeymoon by having him arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses, and he now lies in jail.—*Chicago Record.*

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