Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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VOL. XVII. EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1895 NO. 23.

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.

Judges—Renard Colliflower, John R. Mills, Harrison Miller.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

County Officers.

County Commissioners—William M. Gaither, Melville Cromwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Delauter, William Morrison.
Sheriff—D. P. Zimmerman.
Tax-Collector—J. Wm. Baughman.
Surveyor—Edward Albaugh.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Routzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Bobilitz.

Emmitsburg District.

Notary Public—Dr. John B. Brawner.
Justices of the Peace—M. F. Shuff, J. M. Kerrigan, Wm. G. Blair, Paul J. Corry, I. M. Fisher
Registrar—E. S. Taney.
Constables—W. P. Nunemaker,
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigle.

Town Officers.

Burgess—William G. Blair
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Fraley, Philip J. Snouffer, J. Thos. Gelwicks, Peter J. Harting, Geo. T. Gelwicks.
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 2 o'clock.

Mails.

Arrive.

Way from Baltimore, 9:05, a. m., and 7:09 p. m., Motters, 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, 7:10, 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., Motters 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 P. 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. Eyler; 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. Riley Assistant Secretary; John M. Stonter, 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. Chas. M. Hoke, 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.

President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Gelwicks, E. R. Zimmerman, I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe Nicholas Baker.

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

Chaplain, Rev. J. B Manley; President, A. V. Keepers; Vice President, Joseph Hopp; Treasurer, John H. Rosensteel; Secretary, Paul J. Corry; Assistant Secretary, Joseph Martin; Sergeant at Arms, John C. Shorb; Board of Directors, Vincent Sebold, John A. Poddicord, Wm. C. Taylor; Sick Visiting Committee, Geo. Keepers, J. J. Topper, Jacob I. Topper, James A. Rosensteel, John C. Shorb.

Emmitsburg Council, No. 53, Jr. O. U. A. M.

Council meets every Friday evening at 7 p. m. Jr. Past Councilor, John F. Adelsberger; Councilor, Wm. J. Stansbury; Vice Councilor, Yost C. Harbaugh; Recording Secretary, W. J. Colliflower; Assistant Secretary, Jos. T. Clabaugh; Financial Secretary, Chas. D. Stansbury; Treasurer, Jos. D. Caldwell, Conductor, Jos. E. G. Eyler; Warden, Maurice N. Willhide; outside Sentinel, J. Singleton Sheeley; Inside Sentinel, Alfred M. Manahan; Trustees, Robert F. Zentz, H. A. Naylor, Denton A. Wachter; Representative to state Council, John F. Adelsberger.

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COAL,

Lumber, Fertilizers,

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june 14-y

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word **"Castoria"** and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be **absolutely harmless?**

Do You Know that **35 average** doses of Castoria are furnished for **35 cents,** or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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I HAVE a first class Livery in connection with the Emmit House, and am prepared to furnish the public with good and safe driving horses, with good carriages. I also make a specialty of furnishing first-class carriages for Wedding Parties, Funerals, etc. Charges moderate. Give me a call. Respectfully,

JACOB SMITH,
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Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.

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Dr. Hartley's Great Remedy.

The head, nose and throat soon experience the benefit of this matchless scientific treatment. The unhealthy secretions are effectually removed; a soothing sensation ensues and by its application the results are prompt, satisfactory and perfect.

Not a Salve or Snuff,

but a complete home treatment that will enable any person to effect a cure.

Sold by Dr. C. D. Eichelberger and all druggists. nov 16-93

That Fly Paper Didn't Suit.

Mr. Donnervetter—"Hier is somdings I get specially for mide Irisch trade. I know you vill like him. It vas a fly paper mit der picture of St. Patrick on him."

Grogan—"There are no flies on St. Patrick, me chuckle-head frind an' if it wasn't for soilin' the hands av me it is your face Oi would break this minute. Yez kin sell them to the Apey A, an' much good may it do yez."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Exciting, But Harmless.

"Help! Help! Police!" screamed Frontroom excitedly. "There's a riot in the next room."

"Oh, p'shaw," said his landlord putting his head in the door, "that ain't no riot. There's two musicians in there discussing art."—*Chicago Record.*

ACCORDING to the most reliable estimates, the world contains today 280,000,000 grown women.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

UNTIL YOU CAME.

I was lonesome, dear, until you came;
But no one was to blame—
They were as kind as they could be;
They did their best to do good unto me.

I could not understand what Springtime meant,
Nor yet the language of the trilling bird,
I wondered at the flowers' sweet perfume,
And when the sound of babbling brook I heard.

I was so lonesome, dear, until you came,
Until you called my name,
And when you stood beside me, I knew
That you were mine, that I belonged to you.

Oh! the sweet music that to me you brought!
With what fast step the flower's breath I sought!
No longer were the bird-songs void to me—
My quickened eye in all did beauty see.

And when you went, my dear, as when you came,
Who was to blame?
And who could understand my darkened sight
Or know that my life's day had turned to night?

I walk my path, not knowing where you are;
Whether on earth or on some distant star—
But this I know, wherever your soul shall be,
I'll go to you when death shall set me free.

—*New Orleans Picayune.*

WE MAY HAVE NO MORE BEEF

Are we about to abandon a certain food supply and substitute something else in its place?

Has the nation reached that point where beef must disappear from our tables, and the nutrition it supplied be extracted from some other product? Are we done with "rib roast and brown potatoes" forever? Shall that pleasant song of "One, and medium," no longer echo through the restaurant? Is the last "corn-beef hash and an egg" approaching us? And when it shall have disappeared have we seen the end of the beef supply?

Very probably.

But what will take the place of beef as a food supply? Well, that is another question. Its answers will be various. Our vegetarian friends will tell us we never needed such food, anyway, and they will offer us the succulent oatmeal and the nourishing cracker. Some ingenious fellows will fence up their back yards and turn their lawns into henneries, beguiling the public with assurances that spring chiken is better than beefsteak.

We shall find ourselves eating game and fish and hams of frogs and trying to fancy them as satisfying as beef, as the confirmed toper, with dimly desirous of reforming, treats his palate with soft drinks and declares it is "just as good." We will eat more fruit, and the magicians of Florida will produce strawberries all the year round, while peaches from Delaware will take a new place in market quotations. Ingenuity will set itself the task of combining alien elements in a composition that may be broiled, boiled or served up raw, with dyspeptic possibilities equal to that of meat, and some suggestion of the ancient smell and tast. They will give it new names, patented and trademarked against imitation, securing World's Fair medals of superior excellence—forty rivals, and all premiums precisely alike.

But, really and truly, is there to be an end of beef? Well, look at the matter fairly. There will always be some cattle. The time will never come, perhaps, when the rich man cannot have a double porterhouse if he wants it and goes to the rich caterer's to get it, but it will cost so much that great popular demand, on which any product is based, will vanish and the mass of common people will leave it alone as they leave alone the diamond back terrapin and many other expensive pleasures of life.

The great packing houses which have made fortunes handling beef will fall into decay or turn their attention to patent products, as they are already beginning to substitute something for the lard of our grandmother's kitchen. The great herds of cattle will disappear from the plains, and even the plains, in that capacity, will disappear with them.

That is the foundation reason for the whole change. The plains are vanishing. Cheap beef never could have been provided but for limitless and free pasture land. With ranges over which herds could stray at will, live, mature and grow fat, provide for themselves every item of sustenance from green calfhood to the estate of four-year-old steers—with all this in favor of the ranchman, beef was cheap.

But the range country is being cut up into farms. Prairies over which a man might ride in a right line for a week ten years ago are now laced with fences and blistered with plough land. The free pastures of America have vanished.

And rapidly as this change has come, the enlarging of cities has been even more rapid. The proportion between producers and consummers has shifted. Every year there is a large number of men to feed and a smaller number of men to feed them. And that change in ratios will continue. It is not difficult to forecast the coming—sudden and unavoidable—of the crisis, when the pasture land will by no means supply the demand of the swifty enlarging cities.

Beef will be no cheaper. It will grow higher and higher in price until it will pass from popular use altogether.

There is no need hoping for cheap beef in three or four years, that being the time required to produce the most profitable steers for the market. Every year will make the problem more difficult for the cattlemen. The farms are increasing, the pasture lands are diminishing. A steer must be 3 years old before he can be profitably marketed. The maximum of profit comes when he is 4. But if ranges must be rented for him, if he cannot be freely driven to warm climates in winter and cool pastures in summere, very added year will make him more expensive, and the only conclusion is that he must sell for more and more when he goes to market.

Hopeful men have looked to Mexico and have heralded the passage of Mexican cattle across the Rio Grande. But the hope is badly founded. In the first place the cattle there are not fine. No good beef can come from such frames as those that thrive but never fatten on the hot ranges about Monterey and tampico. In the second place there is not and never can be a cattle supply there, even of an inferior kind, to satisfy the tremendous and daily increasing demand of these voracious American cities.

Other hopeful men have thought of the plains of Argentina and Brazil and have promised relief from our approaching beef famine. But even if the quality of the meat were as good the means of preparing for market as abundant and cheap and the volume of product offered as large as were seen in the gala days of the American cattlemen, even then there would be no rainbow of hope spanning the packing houses and herding places of South America. The unconquerable ogre of freight rates would add to the price of beef. It would be less tasteful and more expensive.

Throughout all that section of country from Middle Pennsylvania to the Missouri river the situation is the same. The territory is divided among the beef packers in Chicago. Armour takes a certain field, Swift another, Nelse Morris a third and Cudahy & Hammond have their place assigned. Neither trespasses on the other. To an extent, therefore, the packers have "worked" the country to their own enriching.

But there is a limit even to the powers of the packers. They cannot stay the extinction of the free cattle range, and when that goes the price of beef will rise beyond the reach of common purses.

Where, then, shall we get our food?

England asked herself the same question thirty years ago, and the answer came, as it must come here. There was a lessening of the consumption of "the roast beef of old England." The problem is more insistive here, because the condition is different. Our population is becoming more and more a city population. Not only do our young men abandon the farms and flock to the towns, but the immigration is fully five men to the city for one to the country: five consumers for one producer. The ratio is increasing alarmingly.

Simmonds says the Germans were once a meat eating nation, but that they gradually acquired a vegetarian taste and now eat less meat in proportion to the bulk of their food supply than does any other nation on the Continent. France abandoned meat as a principal article of diet almost two centuries ago. Meat there was, but the fathers of the revolutionists could not afford to pay for it. And maybe their ideas of freedom and the heroic military strength of their sons came through the nutritive qualities of a vegetable diet.

Scotland abandoned meat when it became too scarce and too dear, and adopted the oatmeal, which is still distinctively its own. Ireland, unable to purchase roast loin, ate roast potatoes. And America—if this be croaking, make the most of it—and America may profit by their example.

Still, there are other resources. The seas swarm with fishes, the small farms may raise sheep, still smaller tracts will produce poultry, and there is no limit to the fruit and the grain and the root crops. For a family may subsist on the product of one acre.

But the free pasture lands of the West are going, and when they are gone beef will vanish from our tables.—*Times.*

New Ailments

"Strange, ain't it, the new kinds of ailments folks has?" remarked Mr. Simri Smith, after reading his newspaper.

"Now I've been a reading an advertisement in here of a new medicine, and it says its dreadful good for a sluggish liver."

"Liver trouble ain't no new disease, pa," responded Mrs. Smith. "I remember grandfather having liver trouble when I wasn't more'n 10 year old,"

"I was a saying that this medicine was good for sluggish liver, Martha Ann, and what beats me is how them slugs gets inside the liver, anyhow."—*Youth's Companion.*

Something Simple.

Patent Office Clerk—"Your machine is so complicated that some part or other will be sure to infringe on some other invention, and make trouble, with no end of court costs."

Poor Inventor—"I can't afford such expenses."

Patent Office Clerk—"Hadn't you better try something simpler at first. What is that in your other hand?"

Poor Inventor—"This? A bit of wire I picked up in the street. A button is off and I'm going to use it to fasten up my suspenders."

Patent Office Clerk—"Well, we'll give you patent on that."—*New York Weekly.*

A New Circulating Medium.

He had just provided himself with one of the latest things in bicycles and was showing it to a friend.

"It's a daisy," remarked the friend, "how much does it weigh?"

"Only twenty pounds."

"What did it cost?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Whew!" exclaimed the friend, "that's five dollars a pound, isn't it? Strikes me that bicycles ought to become a fair substitute for silver as a circulating medium, unless the white metal braces up a bit."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Could Make One To Order.

"This is a mighty fine place, I don't think," contemptuously observed the tattered vagrant. "The benches hain't been painted fur nine years, the trees need trimmin', an the grass is dying' fur want of bein' looked after. You hain't got no bump of order."

"I'll raise one on you mighty quick if you don't move on," answered the park policeman uplimbering his club.—*Chicago Tribune.*

BIRDS AT PLAY.

One of the most beautiful birds known to tropical America is the jacana, a sort of snipe found along the streams all the way from Mexico to the River Plate, and in unusually great numbers along the outlet of Lake Nicaragua. There is a silky sheen to the feathers, which are chiefly green and gold and chocolate brown, and there are such shadings of one color into another in one place and such contrasts in another that no better description of the birds can be given than to call them living bouquets.

As the steamer goes up the Rio San Juan they may be seen in pairs frequently, either feeding along shore or flying, and they are always very attractive. But if the traveler be lucky he may see a dozen of the birds suddenly gather from up and down the river at some open place and there form a most curious group. Some stand with wings held straight up in the air and perfectly motionless. Others half open the wings and then flutter them rapidly, and still others wave the wings slowly up and down as butterflies do when gathered in groups. Some stand in place while others move slowly about, but all chirp in the most excited fashion.

The strange antics of one fun-loving tyrant bird have given it a name; it is called the scissor tail. It is gray and white, with black head and tail, and a yellowish crest. It is about like a big swallow, but the outer feather on each side of its tail is much longer than the rest, a foot long in the full grown bird. At sunset these birds gather in small flocks, shouting in great glee, and then away up in the air they go until almost out of sight. There they circle around gracefully a few times and then plunge towards the earth in amazing zigzag motions, working their long tail feathers the while like pairs of scissors and making sharp, short, half-whirring, half-whizzing sounds that are most remarkable. After that they separate into pairs as they were before for a sociable chorus, and then they are ready to retire for the night.

Down in Southeran Brazil is a little bird that comes as near to holding a darkey "hoedown," a minstrel song and dance, as it is possible for birds to do. It is called "the dancing bird" by the natives, but what the scientific name may be is unknown to the writer. It is a tiny blue bird with a red crest. Mornings and evenings the little fellows gather in a group of a score or so on a smooth, sandy or gravelly spot, or at least a spot that is free of grass or any obstruction. Then one of the males flies to a twig somewhere overhead and begins singing in the jolliest jig voice imaginable, and immediately the birds begin to step in perfect time with the song, and twitter an accompaniment, and more than that, move their wings in time with the music as they step about.

Akin to this dance is one where there is but a single dancer on the floor at a time. The bird is known as the rupicola, or cock of the rock, also a Brazil bird. It is beautifully dressed in orange and scarlet plumage. Like the little blue bird, it selects a smooth, hard floor as its dancing place, and there must be an abundance of bushes around for it does not seem to like spectators. About this kind of a platform the birds gather, some on the ground and some on the bush. Then all sing, except one, which gets into the centre of the floor and there leapes and gyrates in a most comical fashion until exhausted. Then he staggers off, but another instantly takes his place and repeats his performance, and so they go on, if undisturbed, till every one of them has had his fling—*New York Sun.*

A Sad Case.

"Please give me something, sir. I am much to be pitied."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked a benevolent old gentleman.

"I had a blind child—he was my only means of subsistence—and the poor boy has recovered his sight."—*Tit-Bits.*