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.

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

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Justices of the Peace—M. F. Shuff, J. M. Kerrigan, Wm. G. Blair, Paul J. Corry, I. M. Fisher.
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Constables—W. P. Nunemaker,
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Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Fraley, Philip J. Snouffer, J. Thos. Gelwicks, Peter J. Harting, Geo. T. Gelwicks.
Tax-Collector—William D. Colliflower.

Churches.

Ev. Lutheran Chure

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— Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at7:30 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. T. Landry. C. M. 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, 8:25, 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, George T. Gelwicks; Sachem, William Morrison; Sen. Sag John F. Adelsberger; Jun. Sag., George S. Miller; C. of R., George L. Gillelan; K. of W., Dr. John W. Reigle.

Emerald Beneficial Association.

F A. Adelsberger, President; A A. Wivell, Vice-President; P. F. Burkitt, Secretary; V A. Rigley 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. R. 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. Peddicord, 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 Tuesday evening at 7 p.m. Jr. Past Councilor, Wm. J. Stansbury; Councilor, Yost C. Harbaugh; Vice Councilor, Wm. Fair; Recording Secretary, W. D. Colliflower; Assistant Secretary, John F. Adelsberger; Conductor, Charles R. Landers; Warden, J. Singleton Sheeley; Outside Sentinel, Holland Weant; Inside Sentinel, John P. Moser; Chaplain, Philip N. Stansbury; Trustees, Robert F. Zentz, H. A. Naylor and Denton A. Wachter.

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The Most Crowded Spot on Earth.

The most crowded spot on the earth's surface is that portion of the city of Valetta, island of Malta, known as the "Manderaggio." In the whole of Valetta the proportion is 75,000 human beings to the square mile, but in the Manderaggio there is one locality in which there are 2,574 persons living on a plot of ground less than two acres and a half in extent. This would give no less than 636,000 persons to the square mile, or 1,017.6 to the acre. In Liverpool, the most crowded city in Britain, the most densely populated portions have only 116.4 to the acre.—St. Louis Republic.

A Ready Answer.

The editor of the Public Men of Today Series when a little boy at Uppingham was detected at a Greek Testament lesson with a Bible on his knee, from which, of course, he was cribbing. His class master stalked up to him. "What have you there, my boy?" The boy, seeing that no escape was possible, brazened it out with, "A book, sir, of which no one need be ashamed."

A good drink for persons troubled with prickly heat is made by pouring a pint of boiling water on two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and adding sugar to suit the taste. If this agrees with the system, drink frequently of it.

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

A LOVE SONG.

I was as poor as the poorest, dear,
And the world—it passed me by;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way;
For heaven itself drew nigh,
Sweetheart!
For heaven itself drew nigh.

I was as lone as the loneliest, love,
With never a dream of bliss;
But not that day
When you walked Love's way
And leaned to my arms—my kiss,
Sweetheart!
And leaned to my arms—my kiss!

And dear to my life is your love—your love,
And my soul has ceased to sight;
For sorrow seems
Like an echo of dreams,
And the stars are in life's sky,
Sweetheart!
The stars are in life's sky!

—FRANK L. STANTON in *Atlanta Constitution.*

A Historic Tin Swindle.

Handsome, brilliant and accomplished, with a reputation for scientific attainments which was almost world-wide, Alfred Paraf was received early in the seventies with open arms by San Francisco society. He was a man of a most engaging manner, and Mme. Paraf, his wife, was a beautiful woman, fascinating and genial. The Parafs were invited everywhere. The senior Paraf was known as one of the most celebrated chemists in Paris. It was from him that Alfred received his scientific education, and he had assisted him in those experiments which had won for both their laurels in the scientific world.

The Parafs were extravagant to a degree. Nothing in town was too good for them. Madame's dresses came from Paris, and Monsieur's chef of the kitchen was an artist in his line whom Paraf had brought with him from the French capital. They entertained most lavishly, and were invited, in return, to all the big houses in town and country. Madame Paraf's beauty and musical skill and Monsieur's anecdotes of the gay world abroad, made the pair the delight and ornament of the circles they frequented.

One fine evening in August M. Paraf and Leland Stanford were enjoying their cigars as they paced up and down the smooth lawn of Palo Alto.

"You have great possibilities, Governor, in this country," said Paraf. "It is, in my mind, the richest mineral country in the world."

"Yes," rejoined the governor, "we have gold and silver in abundance, but no tin of any consequence."

Paraf smiled mysteriously.

"Are you sure of that, Governor?" He said. "I ask the question because I beg to differ from you. I think I know where I can find plenty of tin within fifty miles of San Francisco."

Stanford smiled incredulously.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Paraf," he said, "that some one has been deceiving you. In the desire to give the Golden State a big name they have imposed upon you."

"What would you say," said the chemist, "if I were to prove to you, to your complete satisfaction and those of any scientific gentleman whom you might select, that there are millions of dollars' worth of tin within the city limits of San Francisco?"

"I should be very much astonished," was all that Stanford could say, but his face wore a smile which meant, if translated, "somebody has been giving you a big fill, my French friend."

A week after this conversation a single buggy containiug Governor Stanford and Mr. Paraf drove rapidly in from the Potrero. In the bottom of the vehicle was a small sack holding about ten pounds of mud taken by Paraf's own hands from that locality. The buggy halted on the south-east corner of California and Montgomery streets, and Stanford and Paraf entered the Safe Deposit Building, Paraf carrying the sack. Two gentlemen, who had evidently been waiting for them followed them upstairs. One was Henry F. Williams and the other Edward L. Gould, who was one of the most prominet lawyers in San Francisco at this time.

The quartette knocked at the door of a room on the top story and were admitted by a keen-looking lad of some 16 years. The room was fitted up as a laboratory, and the furnace was going as if prepared for some experiment. With the assistance of the boy Paraf made an assay of the clay from the sack. His companions watched for the result with breathless interest, and well they might, for millions, nay billions, of dollars were in the balance. The retort was taken from the furnace, and Paraf, with a shout of joy, held up a small nugget of tin. Stanford, who had removed his coat to assist in the business, embraced Williams, and the grave and usually sedate Gould performed a dance around the room in the exuberance of his joy.

The problem was solved; wealth untold was theirs and with all the power which unbounded millions could confer. Science in their eyes at that moment was godlike, for had it not wrought a miracle of the most astounding character? And Paraf, the agent, through whose intermediary this wonder had been wrought, was their benefactor. And now how to work and use the proceeds of those colossal posssessions? Monte Cristo was a pauper compared with those multi-millionaires.

"I," cried Stanford, exultingly, "will build in San Francisco a conservatory of music which will bring all the artists of the world to these shores. I will offer prizes of merit which will send the foremost artists of the universe hither, and have Dresden, Paris and Munich at the feet of San Francisco supplicating the loan of our professors. My conservatory will cover acres, and I will surround it with beautiful homes for the reception of those who are enjoying its benefits."

"I," said Williams, "have one purpose in view which I shall carry out to the bitter end. I shall be the avenger of Ralston. I will buy up all the stock of the Bank of California, and when the quarterly meeting is held I will walk in and vote that stock and tell his enemies to get out—that I have no further use for them." Schoolboys on the threshold of a summer vacation were not more frivolous than those middle-aged men laying out their plans for the future. Edward Gould alone was cool.

"What are you going to do with your money, Gould?" shouted Stanford.

"I will wait till I get it." rejoined Mr. Gould, without enthusiasm.

The next thing was to form a company. Here was a difficulty. Stanford had all the money necessary for the acquisition and opening of the mine. It was not a question of sinking shafts, because this wonderful yield of tin was all found on the surface.

To perfect the necessary papers was the first instruction that Lawyer Gould received, and then the billionaires washed their hands and put on their coats and went to dinner.

For over a month those experiments were almost of daily occurrence. Every test proved more successful than the preceding one. But it was noticed by Mr. Gould, who was the coolest-headed of all, that the results were invariably removed from the retorts by Paraf himself. Voluminous papers were drawn up and all the formula of the company prepared. But while the interests of the organization were to be looked after by Governor Stanford affairs of immediate importance called Mr. Paraf to France.

While they regretted the unavoidable absence of Mr. Paraf, his associates assured him that no time would be lost in carrying out the details of the scheme. Furthermore, he was instructed to act as a sort of advance agent for the conservatory and make out a list of the available artists of Europe who would be induced to make their homes forever in the land of the setting sun. A great dinner was given a few days before the departure of the Parafs, for Monsieur was going to take his charming wife with him. Of the guests bidden to this banquet, only those who had been present at the first experiment knew of the great secret. Mysterious hints were dropped as the wine flowed which the uninitiated failed to understand. The names of famous people were mentioned with a familiarity indicating that they might be met at any moment the day after to-morrow.

The intoxication of the possession of a secret which would make them famous all the world over filled the veins of the initiated like fire. They grudged every moment not spent in the discussion of their prospects. They wanted to be where they could go on and on, painting the marvelous pictures of life with which the future was to be embellished. When the feast was over they slipped away from the guests to enthuse over their plans. Paraf alone was cool and collected. His approaching departure to France had no perceptible effect upon him, and Mme. Paraf was the gayest of the gay. She expressed her sorrow at having to leave her good friends for a short time, but she would bring them all sorts of nice little presents from Paris. She would convey to them the latest fashions, and then she kissed them an affectionate good-night and, with her good husband, returned to the hotel, for they had given up housekeeping some time before.

Paraf was to leave on Thursday. On Monday he politely intimated to Mr. Stanford that he should require some money. Stanford assented gladly. During all those negotiations Paraf had not asked him for a dollar, and he felt anxious to show his appreciation of the great chemist's skill.

"How much will you want, Mr. Paraf?" asked the Governor.

"Well," rejoined Paraf, "as I've got to clear up some of my debts in Europe and make a final settlement of my affairs there, I think you had better give me a check for $100,000; or, say," he added, after some reflection, "I think seventy-five will do."

At this critical moment a message came for Governor Stanford. He had not yet made out the figure on the face of the check. The visitor was waiting for him in the next room. As he passed out, the boy who used to assist Paraf at his experiments touched him on the shoulder and whispered in his ear:

"Don't sign that check. Paraf is a fraud."

"What do you mean?" whispered the Governor.

"I mean," replied the boy in the same low tone, "that the Frenchman has been doing you all right along. He hasn't got tin in that mud. I've seen him palm the nugget and drop it into the retort every time we put it on the fire."

Stanford made short work of the visitor and went down-stairs with the boy. It did not take long to disclose the entire plot. Paraf was a swindler of the first magnitude. There was no tin in the Portrero clay nor in any other clay in that vicinity. The Frenchman was playing for a big stake and he was on the threshold of winning it. He must have enjoyed the castles in the air erected by his deluded associates. Mme. Paraf, who was in her way just as clever as her husband was, played her part in the conspiracy with consummate art. Her husband's discovery and success were the constraint theme of her conversation.

When Mr. Stanford returned to the laboratory there was no scene. In a minute he had weighed all the pros and cons of the situation. He had saved $100,000, and that was something for which to be thankful. Exposure means ridicule, and therefore it would not do to quarrel with the arch conspirator.

"Monsieur Paraf, I cannot sign that check to-day," he said coldly to the smiling, expectant Frenchman.

"Ah, but Mr. Stanford," replied Paraf, "the time is short and madame and myself must make our preparations for departure."

"I cannot sign that check to-day," reiterated Stanford with a wrathful glitter in his eye, "and if you force me to tell you, Mr. Paraf, I shall do so on the spot."

An air of surprised politeness rested on the Frenchman's face as he said:

"Monsieur Stanford has grown suspicious."

"I have," rejoined Mr. Stanford, "but," he added, "if you can reassure me by having that clay assayed with the same result that you obtained we will go on as before."

Paraf laughed merrily.

"The game is over," he said pleasantly. "A few moments more and I would have taken the last trick."

And this was the end of the Paraf's grand effort. He went to South America shortly afterward and cleaned up about $25,000 on some plausible swindle, but he died of a fever contracted in that country before he could enjoy his booty.
—*San Francisco Call.*

A Geological Find.

First Scientist—"Eureka! What a find! Here is conclusive proof of all our theories. See this rock? It is as round as a barrel, and just about the same shape and size. It must have rolled for ages at the bed of some swift stream. Note how smooth it is."

Second Scientist—"It is unlike any rock in this vicinity. It must have been brought from a great distance, probably by some mighty iceberg in the ages that are gone."

Third Scientist—"There are mountains near here. It may have come down in a glacier."

Fourth Scientist—"It is unlike any of the rock of these mountains. In fact it is unlike any rock to be found on earth. It must have dropped from the moon. Here comes a farm hand. I will ask him if there are any traditions concerning it. 'See here, my good man, do you know anything about this strange rock?"

Farm Hand—"That useter be a barrel o' cement."—*New York Weekly.*

An Absent-minded Preacher.

An odd circumstance happened once at Winchester. As Dr. Wilson was one Sunday morning going through the streets toward the cathedral, he heard a woman cry: "Mackerel! All alive, all alive, O!" And on his arrival at the church he began the service as follows: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive, alive, O!" These last words the doctor proclaimed aloud, in the true tone of the fishwoman, to the great surprise of the congregation. But the good doctor was so studious and absent that he knew not what he had done.—*Household Words.*

An Appalling Condition.

"Did yez rade about Mexico celebratin' her indipindence day jist racently?" said Mr. Dolan.

"Oi did," replied Mrs. Dolan. "Phwat av it?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Only Oi'm glad Oi don't live there. Think av a counthry so much behoind hand that the Foorth av July comes in Siptimber!"—*Washington Star.*

It Was in His Way.

Pacific Pete had scraped up acquaintance with the young tenderfoot.

"But how did you lose your left eye?"

"Lose it?" thunderously. "Why I cut that 'ere eye out so's I wouldn't have ter shet it sightin' a gun!"—*Chicago Record.*

Is This the Usual Method?

"The evidence, your honor—" began the policeman.

"Hang the evidence!" interrupted the police justice. "Has he any influential friends?"

"No, your honor."

"Then I'll hold him to the grand jury."—*Chicago Post.*

TEACHER—"As the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Do you quite understand what that means?"

Scholar—"Yes, sir. When bicyclists grow up they'll walk stooping.