

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XVII.

EMMITTSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1895

NO. 24.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.

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

Orphans' Court.

Judges—Benjamin Collofflower, 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. Delator, William Morrison.
Sheriff—D. P. Zimmerman.
Tax Collector—J. Wm. Baughman.
Surveyor—Edward Albaugh.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examining—E. L. Roberts.

Emmitsburg District.

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

Town Officers.

Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Chas. F. Rowe, Oscar D. Frater, Philip J. Sniffen, J. Thos. Getchicks, Peter F. Harting, Geo. L. Gillelan, Wm. Davidson.
Tax Collector—William D. Collofflower.

Churches.

Ev. Lutheran Church.

Pastor—Rev. Charles Helmswald. 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 evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 9 o'clock a. m. Midweek services at 7:30 o'clock. Catechetical class on Saturday afternoon at 10 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 lectures 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 7:30 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 7:00 p. m., 11:17 a. m., Frederick, 11:17 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., Gettysburg, 11:17 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:00 p. m., Eyer, 7:00 p. m., 9:10 a. m.

Leave.

Baltimore to way, 7:40 a. m., Mechanicsville, 8:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 8:25 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10 a. m., Baltimore and Gettysburg, P. O. east, 2:45 p. m., Frederick, 2:45 p. m., Moters and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:45 p. m., Gettysburg, 2:45 p. m., Eyer, 1:10 a. m., 10:00 hours from 7:00 a. m. to 8:15 p. m.

Societies.

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

Kindles her Council Fire every Saturday evening. 8th Run, 8th Run, 8th Run; Sen. Sam. Getchicks; Sachem, Wm. J. Morrison; Sec. John F. Aelsberger; Jun. Sec. George W. Jer. C. R. G. Gillelan; R. of W., Dr. John W. Reigle.

Emerald Beneficial Association.

F. A. Adelsberger, President; A. A. Wivell, Vice-President; P. F. Burkitt, Secretary; W. R. Taylor, Ass't. Secretary; John M. St. John, Treasurer; Meets the 4th 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 Shaker; Adjutant, Geo. L. Gillelan; Chaplain, Samuel Gamble; Quartermaster, Wm. Davidson; Officer of the Day, Wm. Davidson; Surgeon, C. S. Zesch; Council of Administration, Geo. T. Eyster, H. G. Winter and John G. Gillelan; Delegates to State Encampment, Geo. L. Gillelan and S. D. Wagaman; Alternates, Samuel Gamble and Wm. Davidson.

Vigilant Hose Company.

Meets 1st and 4th Friday evenings of each month at Firemen's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Oscar D. Frater; Secretary, Wm. H. Troxell; Treasurer, M. 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, W. Simonton, D. D.; Vice-President, Rev. W. H. Troxell; Secretary, W. H. Troxell; Treasurer, Wm. Davidson; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

Emmitsburg Water Company.

President, L. S. Adams; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. B. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner; Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, J. Thos. Getchicks, W. Zimmerman, J. S. Adams, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

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

Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Manley; President, A. V. Keenan; Vice-President, Joseph Knapp; Treasurer, John H. Rosenstiel; Secretary, Paul J. Corry; Assistant Secretary, Joseph Manley; Sergeant at Arms, John C. Short; Board of Directors, Vincent Sebold, John A. Peardford, Wm. C. Taylor; Sick Visiting Committee, Geo. Keopors, J. J. Tupper, Jacob L. Tupper, James A. Rosenstiel, John C. Short.

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

Council meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Past. Councilor, John Stansbury; Councilor, Yost C. Harbaugh; Vice Councilor, Wm. Falz; Recording Secretary, Wm. Davidson; Assistant Secretary, John F. Aelsberger; Conductor, Charles E. Landers; Wardens, Philip Ingle, Charles E. Landers, Wm. Davidson; Inside Sentinel, John P. Moser; Chaplain, John P. Moser; Trustees, Robert F. Zentz, H. A. Naylor and Denton A. Wacker.

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that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrup, 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 Picher. 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. Picher 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?

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Children Cry for Picher's Castoria.

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Alabama's supply of red cedar is exhausted. This state was once the chief source of supply of the United States.

It is hard to realize that time flies in a dentist's chair.

Children Cry for Picher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Picher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Picher's Castoria.

A PROMISE.

Ah, me, but my heart is weary,
As ever a heart can be.
As I list to the wild winds dreary
That blow o'er the restless sea.

All day have the winds been lashing
The sea to an angry roar;
All day have the waves been dashing
On the sand and rock-girt shore.

And ever I watch the sullen skies,
But never a trace of blue;
And ever the white spray breaks and
flies.

And the long, long day wears through.
When, lo, far out o'er the rain-crown-
ed sea,
As the dying day fades into the west;
Just for a moment the sun bursts free,
A moment only, then sinks to rest.

It is but a moment the sunshine plays,
Yet given in my care and sorrow,
For I read, 'mid the storm, in those
last clear rays

The promise of a fair to-morrow.

On Muleback Through Mexico.

If there is anything calculated to make a man feel lonesome and forlorn it is to wake up in the camp in the morning and hear that the mules are gone—lost, strayed or stolen. There is nothing to do but sit still and wait—it may be two hours and it may be two days—while our Indian works his way through forests, over mountains and down into canyons, watching the thread of overturned leaves and nibbled grass that he calls the trail of the recreant beast of burden.

No white man could find such a slender thread, take it up, and follow it, without its breaking; but the instinct, the mysterious skill, was born with the brain of our dark-brow friend, and he follows signs we cannot see as easily as mother follows the muddy tracks of Tommy's shoes across the freshly mopped floor. Ignatio Santos started out at 3 o'clock in the morning, and returned at noon with the mules, having walked over twenty miles without breakfasting; yet no one seems fresher or more active all the rest of the way than our "trail-er." Night comes on as we start down the Valley of the Arroyo Hondo, which means the "deep cañon."

All canyons are deep in this land of steep mountains, and when one is found that the natives have especially named "the deep one," you may at once decide that the ride down is going to be prolonged, interesting, and a little bit exciting.

What the scenery was on that precipitous mountainside, I know not, for I lay back by my shoulders on the mule's haunches, looking up and out into space; yet I felt that I was standing upright, and in that position was slipping, sliding, stumbling, falling, down, down, over the edge of the world. The pack-mules were also stumbling around in the gathering dusk, mere portions of an animated avalanche on its way to the bottom. The guides yelled every once in a while for my encouragement, "poco tempo," "pocomas," "a little longer," "a little farther," but I knew better. If my mule did not recover a little quicker the next time it slipped on a loose stone in the dark, it would not be "a little longer," but the end forever.

An hour passed by. My mule suddenly stopped standing on his head, and resumed its normal position. The guide says: "We are down," and I try to look back and over that 1,000 feet of perpendicular pathway, lost up there somewhere in the gloom, but it is all darkness and mystery. Morning comes and shows us that we are truly enough down, deep down, in a wild picturesque gorge, with slopes of wonderful steepness towering above us on either side, while up and down the valley glimpses are caught of distant ranges, mountains just far enough away to clothe themselves in charming mists of purple. The remarkable clearness of the air gives a distinctness and brilliancy of coloring not only to the middle ground, but to all the details in the distance of the picture.

One can study the formation of the frowning crags far away as easily as he can enjoy the soft green mosses that throw out their tiny

star-like blossoms at his very feet. On every hand are views created to be enjoyed, pictures that promptly photograph themselves upon the brain never to be forgotten. The valley is only 200 or 300 yards wide at the widest, and it is 1,000 feet straight up, apparently, to the plateau above. The soil is very rich and mellow, returning two or three crops a year to the husbandman. Steep as the mountains are, their sides are covered with soft rich grasses, as well as large, tall, clean-bodied pines, such as would delight a resident of Michigan.

For miles around this magnificent timberland, stock farm and valley garden is the property of two men, who propose enjoying the good things of this life. A large, modern adobe house is located in a pretty nook by the side of the creek, the music of whose rippling waters escorted us to the plains below last night. Not content with the other good things, generous nature has placed a silver mine just around the corner from the house, a mine that a few years ago in the hands of Francisco Ochoa, of Noava, built a new church in that town, twenty miles away, and enabled him to buy up all the valley of the river for many a long league round, a mine that to-day has made hermits of two Americans, while as I write, Ochoa lies on his death-bed, feeling the earth and all its treasures slipping from his grasp.

The Mexican family that have charge of the property during the temporary absence of the owners offer generous hospitality that is gratefully accepted, and we rest for a day in the shade of their cool porch, going in the evening for a fine swim in the creek in spite of terrifying stories of swarms of huge blood-suckers, and in spite of the still more annoying curiosity of the whole family.

It is a dreary life these people live. At daylight the girls get up and build the fire (having never heard of woman's rights) on the big platform of clay that serves for a stove; then they sweep the floor of bare clay with a handful of broom straw tied together; cook the beans and corn and boil the coffee until it is black in the face with indignation, and call the men to breakfast. When, where and how the women eat is a conundrum. Never with the men, at any rate.

Between meals the women, as aunt would say, "putter around," doing nothing except enjoying an occasional cigarette. The girls wash clothes, grind corn, and at last sit down to a couple of hours' work making lace, and dainty, delicate lace it is, in spite of being made on a dirty, greasy pillow—lace that has to be washed and bleached by the storekeepers before they can get their high prices for it.

At night a bull's hide as hard as a board is laid down on the clean-swept floor, two thin torn blankets placed on it, and between them rests the girls until morning recalls them to the utter hopelessness of their existence. There are no books to read; no papers ever come this way except to the Americans, and these they cannot read. The little girls are, however, happy, as they are too young to be kept in the house under the watchful eyes of the mother lest some of the men should, perchance, say a word to them. The youngsters are sent out to herd the flocks, to climb the mountain side, pick wild flowers and race with the goats and kids. There is always a swarm of dogs at every hacienda, each dark-skinned youngster shows that he has the same feelings as the youngster of the lighter complexion by the way that he hugs the puppies and abuses the older canines. Poor, poverty-stricken children, with only rags for comfort and dogs for comforters, day and night. We leave the ranch and travel for several hours by day, across to the second divide, where a decidedly unpleasant adventure awaits us.

The magney, our century plant, only blossoms once and dies, and the Indians on these mountains do not cultivate it in fields, but hunt it as it grows on the mountain side. When they find one that is ripe they have a day or two of joyous

beer-drinking, and as the liquor grows stronger they have a high old drunk, all alone by themselves in the solitude of the crags and peaks. When they find a plant with stalk already grown, too far advanced for pulque, they take out the heart and roast it over the coals. Result, a dish something like syrupy, sticky sugar cane, a happy Indian, and, as soon as the wind comes up, forest fires.

Half way up a gulch we found the woods on fire, but not blazing fiercely yet. No wind was blowing, yet the fire was rolling heavily towards us, and a glance into the valley showed that it was behind us. There was only one thing to do. Fifteen minutes ahead were granite crags, above the timber, where we could remain in safety over night at least. The mules were tied together in a line and blindfolded; we wet our blankets and wrapped them around our heads and started to run the gauntlet of flame. It was a wild and exciting rush up the gulch, the Indian wildly jangling the bell on the lead mule, and yelling at the top of his voice, we plunging our spurs into our frightened brutes and trying to yell and keep from smothering at the same time.

It was smoke, choking, blinding, and confusing; the jangle of the bell, the braying of the terrified mules, the cries of the drivers, the muffled fall of trees, then a breath of cool air, and we were standing by the side of a pretty mountain stream putting out the glowing spots here and there on the packs, quieting the excited and distressed animals, and cooling not a few blisters that were energetically telegraphing to the brain for help. Looking down from the security of a bare mountain crest on the magnificent, terrifying scene below, it did not seem possible that we had actually come through that, or even the minutest portion of it.

I could not see through the smoke the course of the gulch whose rocky side had been our protection and salvation, and rushing wind had doubled and trebled the fire since our passage; but it seemed like an escape from the trip through Inferno. These timber fires are very dangerous during the dry season, as every afternoon the wind springs up and blows with that strict attention to business that is so noticeable in Nebraska, and in the panhandle portion of Texas. Finding that the south side of the range was not in danger, we kept on, passing by deer and other game that were seeking safety in flight as well as ourselves. We did not kill a deer, as we were in a hurry, and so were the deer.

The rugged mountains descend slowly until their slopes are lost in the slight undulations of a great plain or mesa, extending for twenty leagues or more southwest. This mesa, 6,000 feet above the sea level, is but one of hundreds that dot the great ranges of Chihuahua. They are covered with tall, clean pine timber, and are free from all kinds of underbrush. The rich reddish soil is covered with a dense carpet of greenest grass, so that we felt as if we were trespassing on a well-kept private park. Even our unpoetical Indian calls out to me "La Alameda," as we ride along. It is, indeed, more like riding along under the intertwining branches of the city's fashionable drive than through the heart of a virgin forest long leagues from all civilization. The vast beautiful mesa at last comes to an end, at one moment level, the next and you are looking down into a valley 1,500 feet or more below you; and upon a large city inhabited by Indians, not Mexicans.—Dallas News.

One Solace Remaining.

Banks—"Let's go, Rivers. Four acts of this is about all I can stand."
Rivers—"Let's sit it out, Banks. Seven of the characters are killed off in the next act."—Chicago Tribune.

LITTLE Walter had never been to a hotel before, and on seeing the bill of fare, said: "Mamma, please hand me the sign."

Right Way to Reward a Man.

W. L. Lighthouse, of Freeport, Ill., rescued a pretty young woman from death yesterday afternoon, and got a kiss from her for his heroism, and presence of mind. He was crossing State street at Madison, when the young woman slipped and fell in front of a cable train not more than ten feet away. The Freeport man, who was waiting for the train to pass, grasped the situation and the affrighted young woman almost at the same instant, and lifting her his to shoulders, jumped clear of the train, now almost upon him.

The girl was so overjoyed and thankful that she could not find words to express herself, so she just twisted her arms around Lighthouse's neck and kissed him. Then she straightened her headgear and disappeared before anyone in the crowd which gathered could learn her name.—Chicago Herald.

Dumas and the Dogs.

Dumas, the elder had a dog as hospitable as his master, and the dog once invited twelve others to Monto Cristo, Dumas, palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas factotum in chial wished to drive off the whole pack.

"Michael," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to sustain. It entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say that I have thirteen dogs and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! What an unlucky number!"
"Monsieur—if you will permit—there is but one thing left to do. I must drive them all away."
"Never, Michael!" replied Dumas. "Never! I go at once and find me a fourteenth dog!"—St. Louis Republic.

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