

Emmitsburg Chronicle.



W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Publisher.

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EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1895

NO. 26.

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.
Judge—Benard Colloff, John R. Mills.
Register of Wills—James K. Watcfs.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—William M. Gathery, Melville Greenwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Deister, William Morrison.
Deputy—B. P. Zimmerman.
Tax-Collector—J. W. Baughman.
Surveyor—Edward Albaugh.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dargow, Herman L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Bobbit.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—Dr. John B. Weaver.
Justices of the Peace—M. F. Shuff, M. Kerigan, Wm. G. Blair, J. C. Cory, J. M. Fisher, Registrar—E. S. Taney.
Constables—W. P. Sennemaker, School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair, John W. Reigle.

Town Officers.
Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Chas. P. Rowe, Casar D. Frazer, Philip J. Snouffer, J. Thos. Gelwick, Peter J. Harting, Geo. T. Oelwick, J. M. D. Colloff, Tax-Collector—W. Wm. D. Colloff.

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church. 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—Se. vices every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock. 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. Sabbath School at 8:45 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church. Pastor—Rev. T. Landre, C. M. First Mass 7:30 o'clock a. m., Second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 8 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.

Malin.
Way from Baltimore, 8:45 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., 11:17 a. m., Frederick, 11:17 a. m., and 7:00 p. m., Gettysburg, 8:20 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:00 p. m., Eyer, 7:00 p. m.

Leave.
Baltimore, 7:40 a. m., Mchanlestown, 5:25 p. m., Hagerstown, 5:25 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:40 a. m., Baltimore and Annapolis, P. O. case, 2:45 p. m., Frederick, 2:45 p. m., Mt. Airy and Mt. St. Mary's, 2:45 p. m., Gettysburg, 8 a. m., Eyer, 10:10 a. m.
O'clock hours from 7:00 a. m. to 8:15 p. m.

Societies.
Massachusetts No. 41, I. O. E. M.
Kindler her Council Fire every Saturday evening, 8th Run. Officers—Prophet, George T. Gelwick; Sachem, William Morrison; Scribe, Sgt. John F. Melsberger; Jun. Sac., George S. Miller; C. of R., George L. Gillean; K. of W., Dr. John W. Reigle.

Emerald Beneficial Association.
Y. A. Alesbarger, President; A. A. Witvill, Vice-President; P. B. Kirkitt, Secretary; V. A. Hilly, Assistant Secretary; John M. Stonier, Treasurer. Meets for business on 1st Wednesday of each month. Meets for social on 1st Wednesday of each month. Building, West Main Street.

Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Maj. O. A. Horner; Senior Vice-Commander, John Shank; Junior Vice-Commander, Chas. P. Rowe; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwick; Officer of the Day, Wm. H. Weaver; Officer of the Post, Samuel D. Wagaman; Surgeon, C. S. Zeck; Council of Administration, Geo. T. Eyster, R. G. Winter and John Glass; Directors to State Encampment, Geo. L. Gillean and S. D. Wagaman; Alternates, Samuel Gamble and Jos. W. Davidson.

Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Freeman Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, Wm. H. Traylor; Secretary, Wm. H. Traylor; Treasurer, J. I. 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. Traylor; Treasurer, Paul Motter; Conductor, Dr. J. K. Wray; Assistant Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, E. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. B. Zimmerman; Treasurer, O. A. Horner. Directors, L. M. Motter, O. A. Horner, E. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.
Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Manley; President, Joseph Hays; Treasurer, E. L. Rosensteel; Secretary, Paul J. Cory; Assistant Secretary, Joseph Martin; Directors, Vincent Scholtz, Board of Wm. C. Taylor; Sick Visiting Committee, Geo. Rosensteel, John C. Shorb.
Emmitsburg Council, No. 53, J. O. U. A. M.
Council meets every Tuesday evening at 7 p. m. Past Conductor, Wm. J. Stansbury; Conductor, Yost C. Harbaugh; Vice Conductor, Wm. Hays; Recording Secretary, Wm. Colloff; Assistant Secretary, John A. Adelsberger; Trustee, Charles R. Landers; Warden, J. Singlestone Shesley; Outside Sentinel, Hollis Mount St. Mary's College. Terms—Board and tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior.
mar 16-17

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.

Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

LIVERY



I HAVE a first class Livery in connection with the Emmits 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,
Emmitsburg, Md.

—CALL ON—
GEO. T. EYSTER,
—AND—
See his splendid stock of
GOLD & SILVER
Key & Stem-Winding
WATCHES.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Careful and prompt attention given to all Law, Equity and Testamentary business. Special attention to practice in the Orphan's Court for Frederick county, the Settlement of Estates and obtaining decrees in Equity for the sale of real estate.
nov 18-19

KNABE

Grand, Square and Upright
PIANO FORTES.
These instruments have been before the Public for nearly fifty years, and up to their excellence alone have attained an
UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE
Which establishes them as unequalled in
TONE,
TOUCH,
WORKMANSHIP &
DURABILITY.
Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 years.
SECOND HAND PIANOS.
A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated
SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS
AND OTHER LEADING MAKES.
Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.
WM. KNABE & CO.,
22 & 24 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
july 5-19

FRAZER AXLE
Best in the World!
Get the Genuine!
Sold Everywhere!

Zimmerman & Maxell
—AT THE—
BRICK WAREHOUSE,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN, PRODUCE,
COAL,
Lumber, Fertilizers,
HAY & STRAW.
June 14-y
SUBSCRIBE FOR THE EMMITSBURG CHRONICLE.

VERY BEST

Twice the Price
Would not buy a better set of teeth than we make for \$8.00. A smaller price would make perfection impossible. Sizes, shapes and shades for all ages, features and complexions, but only one quality—the best.
Extracting, 25c. With Zinc or gas, 50c. Cleaning, 75c. Silver fillings, 75c. Plating, \$1.00. Gold, according to size. Solid gold crowns, \$7.50.
\$6.00—VERY BEST TEETH—\$8.00
Sole owners of ZONO, for painless extracting without sleep or danger.
U. S. DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
1 NORTH CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE,
Washington Office, cor. 7th and D Sts., N. W.

CATARRH IS SPEEDILY CURED BY
Dr. Hartie'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 drug stores.
nov 18-19

Expensive Birdskins.
Skins of the great auk are still more valuable than eggs, but the number of transactions has been very much fewer. In fact, it is believed the last one previous to the sale this year took place in 1869. This had belonged to Dr. Troughton and brought \$24 10s. The Edinburgh museum had an opportunity of acquiring one in 1870 for \$100, but the offer was declined. However, in 1895 a fine specimen was secured for 350 guineas. The great auk preserved in the Natural History museum of Central park, New York, cost \$130 in 1868. Previous to this the value rapidly declines, so to speak, as in 1860 Mr. Champey bought a skin and an egg for \$45. It is safe to say they would fetch ten times as much now. The skin possessed by Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, Lochgilphead, New Brunswick, is thought to have cost originally about the year 1840 only \$2 or \$3.

Mr. Bullock's great auk, sent to him from Papa Westra, Orkney, was, after his death, sold in the year 1819 for \$15 5s. 6d., and this although it was a genuine British specimen and therefore almost if not quite unique in this respect. Yet—and this must close the summary of prices—the value of a skin in 1834 was only about \$8. Truly tempora mutantur.—Chambers' Journal.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
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NIGHT.
O Night, upon thy pillowd breast,
We lay our weary heads to rest,
And trust, that He, the robin's nest
Doth tend, will grant our soul's request;
And so we sleep and dream.

The glow of sunset fades apace,
And countless stars their circles trace
Throughout illimitable space;
While over all the human race,
Thy blessings brood and fly.

O Night! thy care is very sweet;
Without it, weary, toiling feet
Would meet the day in sad defeat;
Thy messengers are strong and fleet,
While thus, we sleep and dream.

Dear Night, throughout unnumbered years,
Thy hands have closed the founts of tears;
Thy kisses soothe to rest our fears;
In softest music, on our ears,
Thy songs have fall'n and fled.

Thou bindest up the weary springs,
Of thought and life; through countless rings
Of influence, our hurts and stings,
Thou hearest quiet; thy angel sings
Our broken hearts to rest.

Thy stars are seraphs, spinning round
And round their web in subtle sound
Of lulling music, whose rebound
Shall heal creation's deepest wound;
And so we sleep and dream.

O Night, thy love is passing sweet.
Thy folded arms, a fond retreat;
And passion, hushed, burning heat,
All slumber 'neath thy gentle feet,
Till time shall pass away.

W. H. THORNE, in *Flute Review*.

The Guests in Our Chimney.

BY DALLAS.

All summer long there had been swallows in our chimney. We had moved to the place in the spring, and we felt a little lonely and homesick. We had lived in the old home so long, and we knew every one there, and had so many friends; and here we felt ourselves strangers in a strange land.

And so it was quite an event with us when we found the swallows circling round our chimney and then dropping into it as suddenly as the cuckoo drops back into the clock after he has told the time of day. We were so gratified to think that any timid, wild creature would come and share our new home with us; I think we took it as a kind of personal favor. How we rushed into the house, Bert and Ned both shouting at once:

"Mamma! Oh, mamma! There are swallows in our chimney! And I do believe they are building."
"And isn't it fine," Ned added "that we'll have something to make a pet of already?"

Mother looked at us, and I think she made up her mind in that one glance. "I believe that she did not like to have swallows in our chimney, but the dear little mother was always giving up her own preferences whenever she could give us innocent pleasure.

"I am so glad they came," she said. "And wasn't it nice for them to pick out our chimney the very first one? They must surely have known that we needed something bright and cheery for company!"

Then she went outside with us to watch them, and in a little while we saw that they were really building, and that instead of one pair there must have been half a dozen. Every few minutes one would come darting up with a little twig, which he carried sometimes in his bill and sometimes in his claws, and when he was directly over the chimney, down he would drop. How wonderful those little wings must be, mother said; such swift little darting wings, and wheeling wings; such wings to drop straight down with, and to spring up with! And how glad she was that we would have an opportunity of watching them!

Of course we discovered that by bending over and twisting ourselves half in two, we could look up the chimney and see the busy little workers building their new homes. They must have been pretty good friends, those swallows, for they were making all their nests on the same side of the chimney, and only a few inches apart. There they were, all in a cluster, about six feet from the top of the chimney; and unfinished as they were, each little

nest was beginning to stand out like a bracket from the brick wall against which it was placed. What funny little brackets still, only curved upwards at the edges. They were almost transparent, and looked so frail that we were quite certain those careless birds would have all their work to do over again.

"The swallows are as bad as the doves," Ned declared. "They never have learned to build nests for themselves, and men ought to build houses for them!"

But we saw one of those little nests afterwards. The few tiny twigs of which it was composed were held together by saliva from the bird's mouth; a thick, viscid saliva, which hardened into a vitreous mass; and the same substance fastened the nest to the wall.

"My! I wouldn't like to eat that!" exclaimed Bert. "And yet I suppose that it's something of the same kind that the Chinese turn into bird's-nest soup."

In a very little while there were baby voices in the chimney? What a commotion there was then among the little home builders! How they darted about, with the sun gleaming on their purple feathers! How they chattered over their happiness; how they filled the chimney with thunderous roarings as they dropped down to feed the gaping mouths, and darted out again to seek new food! We loved to hear that roaring in the chimney. We looked at one another and smiled when we heard it—it was the swallows feeding the hungry babies that were perched up on those queer little brackets. And such a day's work of it as they had, too!—for instead of going to bed at sun-down with the other birds, they must needs keep going until long after dark.

Such a mother as that little mother of ours was! There were two or three days of unusually cool weather that summer, and we needed a fire; but when old Mrs. Martin came in to see us, she found mother sitting by a fire in a dining-room.

"You won't mind sitting here?" asked mother. "I couldn't have a fire in the other room on account of the swallows."

"The swallows! Oh, dear me!" cried the old lady. "Have you let the swallows get started in the chimney? What a pity! You'd better smoke them out right away, and then have wire netting put across the top. They'll fill your house with insects!"

"I don't object to the birds," said mother, in her quiet way; "and the children love them."
"After that it became generally known that we had swallows in our chimney, and everybody advised us how to get rid of them.

"I will not have them about my house!" cried one young woman. "They got started there this summer while I was away, and when I came back I kindled a fire and burned them out."

I never will forget the look that mother turned upon her; nor how Bert cried at the thought of the poor little swallows, falling from their nests down to that fiery death. But nobody troubled our swallows, you may be sure, and so they grew and prospered.

One morning there was a wild commotion in the chimney, and a queer chirping and fluttering sounded behind the screen. We ran to investigate and there lay a nest and two young birds, nearly fledged; while a shocked and excited community of old ones made loud outcry in the chimney above.

We had taken the little ones up in a moment and were stroking their little dusky feathers and wondering what we would do with them, when the one Ned was holding struggled out of his hands, and before we could think it had begun to climb the chimney. Its queer little claws fastened on the rough surface of the bricks, and whenever it took a step it braced itself by the spines in the end of its tail; and so up it went quite comfortably, hand over hand, as one may say. How we laughed to see it, and while we were laughing the other bird struggled away and followed

the first, scampering up the wall as though it had done nothing else all its life.

"Well, I thought their tails must have got worn off some way," cried Ned, "and I was feeling dreadfully sorry for them; but I suppose they must have been made that way on purpose!"

And that was the end of one little nest, but the swallows didn't mind it at all. Not long after that the whole crowd of young swallows "swarmed up the chimney," as Ned expressed it, and stayed clinging to the wall, with their heads out at the top, waiting to be fed. The old birds flew overhead, dropping food into those hungry mouths as they passed, but how they ever knew which of those smutty little fledglings were theirs were more than I could understand.

In a little while longer those little birds were darting over the house-tops as gaily as the old ones; and soon those older ones had the chimney full of twitterings again and there was a new generation to fall down and to climb back again. Yet a few days longer and there was a row of new heads at the top of the chimney; and then, before you could think, the little wings were spread; and they, too, were abroad in the summer sunshine.

And then a strange thing happened. All at once the swallows began to fly about more busily and to talk with one another until the very air was vocal with their noisy chattering; and then their numbers increased until it seemed that there were thousands of them. Something had called them together—some voice, too delicate for us to hear, had told them that it was time to get ready for a long, long journey. And then the swallows must have told all the others about our chimney, for here they came, such multitudes of them, and in the dusk they dropped down into that chimney and in the morning they sprung out of it to greet the sunrise.

Day after day the numbers grew larger; night after night the noise in the chimney sounded more and more like a thunderstorm. We arose early one morning and watched them as they came out, tried to count them; but when we had counted nine hundred we lost our reckoning. So many little swift-winged creatures as that old chimney sheltered, while they were getting ready for their long journey.

And then, all at once, only a few were left, chirping in a lonely way about the scenes that had been so busy; and then, one day they were all gone.
"How quiet it seems without the swallows," said mother. "I hope they'll find the way back next year. And now we'll build a fire in the sitting-room!"—*Times*.

She Chews Tobacco.

Physicians report a strange case existing near Lynn, it being that of a Miss Drake, aged 16 years, who has acquired such an ungovernable appetite for tobacco that it bids fair to destroy her unless she soon obtains relief. She began using the weed in small quantities about a year ago, and so fast did the habit grow upon her that in three months she was consuming two pounds of leaf tobacco a week.

Her parents became alarmed and forced her to discontinue its use, but so great was her suffering that she twice attempted suicide. For the past six months she had used four pounds every week, having a large chew in her mouth at all times when she is not eating, even sleeping with a quid under her tongue. She is emaciated to a mere skeleton, having lost forty-three pounds in weight since she began the use of the weed. The doctors have tried every known remedy to destroy the appetite, but without success.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

He Was Mean.

She—"Do you pretend to have as good judgment as I have?"
He—"Well, no; our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment cannot be compared to yours."—*Boston Globe*.

Nature's Barometer.

If you can't afford a barometer to tell you what kind of weather you are going to have, perhaps the following old proverbs will prove of use in helping you to prophesy as to whether it will rain to-morrow or not:

If spiders in spinning their webs make the termination filaments long, we may, in proportion to the length, conclude that the weather will be serene, and continue so for ten or twelve days.

If many gnats are seen in the spring, expect a fine autumn; if gnats fly in compact bodies in the beams of the setting sun, there will be fine weather.

If the garden spiders break and destroy their webs and creep away, expect rain or showery weather.

If sheep, rams and goats, spring around in the meadows and fight more than usual, expect rain.

If cattle leave off feeding and chase each other around the pasture, rain.

If cats back their bodies and wash their faces, rain.

If foxes and dogs howl and bark more than usual, if dogs grow sleepy and dull, rain.

If moles cast up hills, rain.

If horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air and assemble in the corner of a field with their heads to leeward, rain.

If rats and mice be restless, rain.

If peacocks and guinea fowls scream and turkeys gobble, and if quails make more noise than usual, rain.

If the sea birds fly toward land, and land birds fly toward the sea. If the sea cock crows more than usual, and earlier, expect rain.

If swallows fly lower than usual, expect rain.

If bats flutter and beetles fly about there will be fine weather.

If birds in general pick their feathers, wash themselves and fly to their nests, rain.

Some of the queerest miscellaneous quips received are to the effect that:

"If there are no falling stars to be seen on a bright summer evening, you may look for fine weather.

"If there are many falling stars on a clear evening in summer there will be thunder.

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning.

If fish bite more readily and gambol near the surface of the ponds and streams, then look out for rain.—*Harper's Round Table*.

She Was in Training.

"What's the matter with Mabel?" asked the girl in blue. "I never see her in society any more."

"I think she has gone into training," replied the girl in pink.

"Into training!" exclaimed the girl in blue.

"Yes. I understand young Mr. Tillotson has jilted her and she is dieting in order to show the ravages of blighted affection when the time comes to sue him for breach of promise or something of that sort. Mabel is a very thoughtful and painstaking girl."—*Chicago Post*.

His Source of Bread and Butter.

"Are you going to support your party in its new platform?" asked the anxious inquirer.

"I support my party?" said the professional politician. "My dear sir you have gotten things mixed. What I expect is for my party to support me, as it has done for years."—*Washington Star*.

The Ruling Passion.

The sufferer slowly raised his eyelids.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You were run into by another bicyclist," answered the attendant.

Later, as he was about to breathe his last, he asked in a touching manner, "What was the name of his machine?"—*Judge*.

FIRST POET—Did you get a check for your poem that you read to me a while ago?

SECOND POET—No; my aspirations got a check.—*Somerville Journal*.

Badinage in the Boudoir.

Eunice—"There's no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven."
Madge—"Don't take such a hopeless view of your case."