Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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VOL. XVII. | EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1896 | NO. 51.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

Circuit Court.

Chief Judge—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges—Hon. John A. Lynch and Hon. James B. Henderson.
State's Attorney—Wm. H. Hinks.
Clerk of the Court—John L. Jordan.

Orphan's Court.

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Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

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Tax-Collector—J. Wm. Baughman.
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School Commissioners—Samuel Dutrow, Herman L. Routzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Boblitz.

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

Town Officers.

Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Maj. O. A. Horner, Francis A. Maxell, J. Thos. Gelwicks, G. Mead Patterson, Peter J. Harting, Bennett Tyson.
Tax-Collector—William D. Colliflower.

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. W. C. B. Shulenberger 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. 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. M. H. Courtney. 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, 9:56, a. m., and 7:09 p. m., Mechanicstown, 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, 7:10, a. m., Mechanicstown, 5:25 p. m., Gettysburg, 5:25 p. m., Rocky Ridge, 7:10 a. m., Baltimore and Rocky Ridge 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, William Morrison; Sachem John F. Adelsberger; Sen. S. g George S. Miller; Jun. Sag., Daniel Shorb; C. of R., George L. Gillelan; K. of W., Dr. John W. Reigle; Trustees, William Morrison, John F. Adelsberger and J. K. Byers; Representative to Great Council, William Morrison.

Emerald Beneficial Association.

F. A. Adelsberger, President; A. A. Wivell, Vice-President; P. F. Burkitt, Secretary; V. A. Reily Assistant Secretary; John M. Stouter, 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, Geo. L. Gillelan Senior Vice-Commander, H. G. Winter; Junior Vice Commander Samuel Gamble Adjutant, Maj. O. A. Horner; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Quartermaster, Geo. T. Gelwicks; Officer of the Day, Wm. H. Weaver Officer of the Guard, Albert Dotterer, Surgeon, C. S. Zeck; Sergeant-Major, Wm. A. Fraley; Quartermaster Sergeant; John H. Mentzer; Council of Administration, John H. Mentzer, John Reifsnider, and John Glass; Delegates to State Encampment, Geo. T. Gelwicks and Samuel Gamble; Alternates, C. S. Zeck 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., Chas. P. Hoke; 1st Lieut. Howard Rider; 2nd Lieut. W. Harry Stout.

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, Mrs. Hessie Annan; Secretary, Miss Maria Helman; Treasurer, Maj. O. A. Horner; Conductor, Dr. J. Kay Wrigley; Assistant-Conductor, Maj. O. A. Horner.

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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.

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

Council meets every Tuesday evening at 7 p.m. Councilor, Wm. G. Fair; Vice-Councilor, J. Singleton Sheeley; Recording Secretary, W. D. Colliflower; Assistant Secretary, Geo A. Ohler; Conductor, Jos. E. J. Eyler; Warden, Bryant Wortz; Outside Sentinel, E. F. Wetsel; Inside Sentinel, John D. Wagaman; Chaplain, Alfred Manahan; Treasurer, Jos. D. Caldwell; Financial Secretary, Chas D. Stansbury; Trustees, Harry A. Naylor, John D. Overholtzer, Wm. J. Stansbury, Yost C. Harbaugh.

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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.

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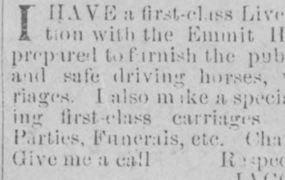
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

LIVERY



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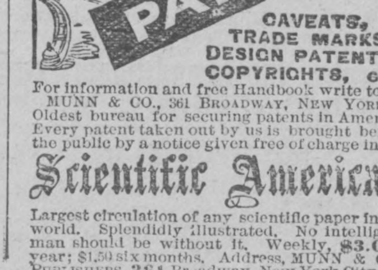

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Ripans Tabules.
Ripans Tabules cure nausea.
Ripans Tabules: at druggists.
Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules cure flatulence.
Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.
Ripans Tabules assist digestion.
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Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.
Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.
Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic.
Ripans Tabules cure constipation.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.
Ripans Tabules cure liver troubles.
Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.

SOME PECULIAR ACCIDENTS.

An Oculist Tells How the Sight of Several Persons Was Destroyed.

A prominent oculist of this city gives the following list of queer accidents that have come under his observation recently:

A little boy, 10 years old, was standing in front of a bird fancier's shop when an aged parrot seemed to take a sudden animosity to the child and darted at him, pecking out one eye before he could get out of the way.

Some linemen left a lot of short wire lying on Euterpe street after repairing the telephone connections in that district. An old negro woman who was on her way to market early the next morning stepped on one end of a bit of this wire, when the other end flew up, striking her in the eye and blinding her.

A milker employed at one of the dairy farms near the city was milking a cow that had got her tail matted and tangled with cockleburs. In the course of the milking the cow switched her tail into the man's face, the mass of burs striking him in one eye and completely destroying the sight of it.

A lad shooting at sparrows with an airgun hit his little brother in the eye and blinded him for life.

Tommy Peats, the handsome, bright eyed 7-year-old son of a widow, fell down stairs backward. When his mother got to him and picked him up, the boy was asleep, the shock having affected him in this singular manner, and in an hour after, when he opened his eyes, they were badly and irrevocably crossed.

A poor lad who is affected with epilepsy during a recent attack fell against the steam coils in his father's office, burning and blistering his eyes so badly that the sight is gone.

As the Louisville and Nashville passenger train was coming into the city some ruthless person threw a stone at the day coach, shattering one of the windows. The particles of glass flew into the face of a man sitting by the window, as many as 40 of them embedding themselves in his eyes alone. Most marvelous to relate, every bit of glass has been abstracted and the man's eyesight remains unimpaired.—New Orleans Letter in Philadelphia Times.

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

MOTHER SONGS.

On life's thorny, rugged track,
As we tarry, looking back,
Tender memories sweetly rise
To the simple and the wise,
And among the various throng
Softly echoes mother's song.

First o'er every sunny head,
In its little cradle bed,
Bent the tender face and true,
With the love-light shining through,
Crooned the baby lullaby,
Crooned the baby lullaby.

When the little feet could walk,
And the lisp'ng tongue could talk,
Then was put to loving use
Wiser (?) songs of Mother Goose,
Till the baby laughter rang
Merrily as mother sang.

Then as growing girls and boys,
Tasting childhood's dearest joys,
Mother's voice we loved to hear
Singing songs of hope and cheer,
Chanting hymns in her sweet way,
Hymns whose echoes live today.

Dearest mother, airs divine
Ne'er can seem like hymns of thine,
Blessed hymns we hope to hear
When the heavenly land we near,
Hymns of welcome, hymns of peace,
When all pain and care shall cease.

—*Times.*

THE STORY OF BRADDOCK'S ROCK.

THE DEFEAT AND DOWNFALL OF THOSE WHO LANDED ON IT.

You have undoubtedly heard of Plymouth Rock, but it is not likely that you have heard or read of Braddock's Rock. The people who landed on Plymouth Rock achieved success, and therefore their fame has been told to every generation in song and story. The people who landed on Braddock's Rock achieved failure and disaster, and therefore it has been regarded as a kindness to let them rest in obscurity.

Edward Braddock, a generalissimo in the military forces of Great Britain, came to America and disembarked with his troops in 1755 at the city of Alexandria, Virginia. He then made his way up the Potomac to the present site of the city of Washington, and disembarked upon a great boulder, which has ever since been known as Braddock's Rock. If the march to Fort Duquesne had been successful everyone would have heard of this rock, and school boys would have been taught to have regarded the generalissimo as the greatest of military men of his time.

But General Braddock marched to defeat, and his once humble aid-de-camp, George Washington, became the great military leader and patriot of that century, and a city which is the capital of a Republic and named after the Virginia colonel, now occupies the site and surrounds the camping grounds of the rendezvous of the troops in Braddock's army of invasion. At the opening of the French and Indian war and for half a century afterward there was no city, no village, and no hamlet located at this point. The country was almost a barren wilderness, and no one for a moment dreamed of such a thing as a separation of the American colonies from the British crown, much less the erection of a Republic in the new world. At that time the city of Alexandria, eight miles down the Virginia side of the Potomac from the location of the present national capital, was the recruiting point for the army of General Braddock, and there he went with his little fleet of two warships and five transports and an army consisting of two regiments with 500 men in each, to which was added later on 400 Virginia riflemen under the command of Colonel George Washington. General Braddock in his own vessel with his personal retinue came on up to the head waters of the Potomac and disembarked opposite Analostan Island, mooring his vessel to the great boulder at the foot of naval observatory hill, which has since bean known as Braddock's Rock.

There is nothing of official record to show that Braddock landed upon this rock, but the proof rests upon reliable oral tradition. The route pursued by General Braddock and his little army to Alexandria to the scene of his tragic death, has been traced with accuracy and correctness in every detail. He marched along the Potomac to Harper's Ferry, where he crossed the river, and then marched to Cumberland, Maryland. He then went over into Pennsylvania to Smithfield and Fort Necessity. From that point he marched to Connelesvilie and Mount Pleasant. From thence his route was northwesterly over what is now a regular State turnpike to Greensburg, and then he marched due west across the Monongahela river, and presently found himself ambushed, entrapped and defeated by an unseen foe.

It is a fact worthy of mention that Braddock's Rock is now nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the river channel. It is deeply embedded in a bank just outside of the brick wall which encloses the naval observatory grounds. There is a steep descent of 12 feet from the rock, and beyond this is a swampy lawn of from 100 to 150 yards to the edge of the river. It is a well established fact that the Potomac river has retreated from its former bed, gradually shrinking in size before the eyes and within the memory of many Washingtonians who are yet living. The well-known millionaire and philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran, who was born in Georgetown, often referred to Braddock's Rock as a favorite swimming hold of his boyhood, where he often went swimming with boys of his own age and of both colors. At that day it was very common for the colored boys to play and go in swimming with the white boys. Mr. Corcoran said that the sheer descent of 12 feet from Braddock's Rock made a good point from which to dive, and that it made the favorite place for the most expert and daring swimmers of that day. The rock is seared and seamed by the action of the water, and upon the crest of it and firmly embedded in it is an immense iron spike stamped on top with a British imprint, and to this was made fast the moorings of Braddock's vessel.

There is no more popular fallacy than the general impression concerning the character of General Braddock as a military man. He is generally depicted in school books and histories as a braggart, who imagined himself to be the greatest military man of the age, and who supposed that upon coming to American he would make the earth tremble with his martial tread. This is entirely an erroneous conception concerning Braddock, and it ought to be corrected. Benjamin Franklin is largely responsible for this popular misconception of the life and character of Braddock. In his autobiography Franklin said that he met General Braddock at Fredericktown, Md., and that Braddock was filled with blind confidence and fatal prejudices which brought on disaster. He says that Braddock told him in a flippant manner that he was going to Fort Duquesne, proceed thence to Niagara and then march on to Frontenac if the season would allow the time, for he did not expect to be detained above three or four days at Fort Duquesne. It is this picture of Braddock, drawn by Benjamin Franklin, which has generally been accepted as a correct description of the man; whereas it is entirely a misconception and a misrepresentation of a good man and a brave soldier.

George Anne Bellamy, who was one of the most gifted actresses in Great Britain at that time, published two books in 1785 which show something of the life and character of General Braddock which the people of this country and of the world should know. Miss Bellamy says that she had known General Braddock from her infancy, and that he was particularly fond of her. When he was making preparations for his voyage to America he called more frequently than usual, and on the eve of his departure he took supper with Miss Bellamy and two of the general's aides-de-camp. Miss Bellamy says that before parting that evening the general told her that he should never see her again, for he was going "with a handful of men to conquer a whole nation, and to do this they must cut their way through unknown woods." She says that the general was in a very pathetic mood, and seemed to realize that he was being sent upon a great undertaking without adequate force to sustain him. He added: "We are sent like sacrifices to the altar."

It is very fortunate for the sake of history that Miss Bellamy wrote those lines. They show very plainly that General Braddock realized that he was being sent upon a mission of great importance, and the fact that he told Miss Bellamy that he would never see her again in this life plainly indicates that he knew the gravity of the situation. It is probable that he was too proud to acknowledge to Benjamin Franklin or any one else in this country that he realized the danger of his mission; not only because of the pride of the soldier which was in him, but because any expression of doubt before the battle or before the campaign would have indicated a lack of loyalty to his sovereign.

In order to keep the history straight it should be stated that friends of General Washington made use of Braddock's defeat not only to malign that unfortunate soldier, but to praise and bolster up Washington in order to demonstrate his superior military ability. As a matter of fact, General Washington himself endeavored unsuccessfully to disabuse the popular mind in his own day of the unfortunate prejudice against Braddock. In Niles' Register for May, 1818, there is printed an interesting conversation which was held with Washington while he was President of the Republic, with the aged William Findley, of Youngstown, in which Washington said that although Braddock was unfortunate, his character had been much too severely treated. Washington claimed that in his way of fighting, Braddock was no more to blame than many others. General Washington expressed high regard for his former commander and favored the erection of a monument over Braddock's grave. Before the revolutionary war there was no opportunity to do so, and after the war it was impossible for the grave to be identified.

Although it may be said that he was unfitted by temperament and experience to battle with treacherous savages and unseen foes in a strange land, it is no derogation to his standing as a military commander that he should have suffered defeat. It was particularly unfortunate that he should not only die in a strange land and go to an unhonored grave, but that for more than a century after his death his memory should be clouded with misconception and misapprehension.

Justice is seldom given to the living, and only years after their departure do they receive their meed of well-earned praise. It would be appropriate in this day and generation to erect a monument to the memory of Braddock in the national capital on Braddock's Rock, at the point where he started upon his ill-fated but patriotic undertaking.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Billygoats Hard to Kill.

"Did you ever hear of a locomotive hitting and killing a billy-goat?" was the question which John Van Nuys, a Pennsylvania Railroad engineer, put to a sun reporter.

"Well, when you do, let me know, please, for I want to make a note of it. I have been riding an engine over this road for sixteen years, and though I have often seen goats on the track, and have often thought that I had surely hit one, yet I have always found Mr. Goat was like the famous flea of the Dutchman—not there.

"We most often see them on the tracks at East Newark, or at East Rahway, where they stray over from Goat Hill. Now, no engineers want to hit or kill anything, but many of them have wished they could catch a billy, for he is so tantalizing. He'll stand on the tracks, generally at right angles with the rails, chewing his cud, and will pay no more attention to the whistle than to the ballast on the roadbed.

"Sometimes he will turn his eyes toward the iron horse speeding toward him, but it seems to have no terrors for him, and he holds his ground until you cannot see him from the cab on account of your proximity, when presto! he is gone, and if you look out of the cab at the roadside you'll see Mr. Billy standing there waiting for you to pass.

"The other day, at East Newark, I saw a big black one standing on No. 1 ahead of us as we were en route for Jersey City. To give him warning, I tooted the whistle. He never stirred. He was chewing away, and gazed down toward Newark Bay. He had an elegant goatee, which the east wind was toying with. We were running at a lively rate, and were soon within a hundred feet of him. Now, said I to myself, I'm going to get a billy sure. In an instant we had passed the spot. I saw no goat shoot up in the air, nor did I feel any jar nor any resistance communicated to the sensitive throttle, as we usually do. Then I looked out of cab's window. Sure enough, as usual, there was Billy at the roadside, looking up at us and wagging his tail. When you hear of a goat being killed on this road by a locomotive just let me know about it."—*New York Sun.*

She Knew It All.

She looked like the embodiment of spring as she tripped into an uptown drug store and asked for the telephone. She very prettily said she wouldn't trouble any one to ring up her connection for her—she knew all about it.

"Give me No. 999 Ninety-sixth street, please," she murmured. Then she hung up the receiver and made an examination of a sample of silk she had been carring in her purse.

The inspection had been quite completed and the unappreciative person at No. 999 hadn't responded to the wire. Then she rang again and, after a few second, said.

"I want that number I asked you for. Oh, yes, I did. No. 999 Ninety-sixth street."

Then she again carefully hung up the receiver and tried to look unconcerned. The clerks were beginning to look interested, and when she finally twisted the crank again there was an inaudible titter from the clerks.

She said: "I haven't got my number yet." She looked very much vexed as she again hung the receiver on the hook and began drumming on the table. One of the clerks volunteered to get the number for her, but she had grown frigid and declared that she needed no assistance. When she rang the bell again it was the signal for another smothered laugh on the part of the force of the store.

"No, I didn't get them yet," she said, and her voice sounded very sweet, indeed. "Oh, there they are. Is this the ——? Is Mr. —— there? Yes, if you please." A pause. "Oh, how do you do, Charley? I wanted to call you up before you got away. Can't go to-night. Yes, so am I, but I will explain when I see you. Goodbye."

Then she tripped up to the counter, laid down fifteen cents and walked out. And a clerk who went to the telephone learned that the shrewd young woman had been talking to herself only. She must have got tired of waiting, and taken that method of escaping a laugh.—*New York Herald.*

Women Are Queens There.

One would hardly think of going to the country of the Czar to find an example of women's rights, but there is a place in Russia, Smolensk by name, where women are said to govern everything. This is not because they do so better than men, but because the town is so dead that in order to earn a living all the men are compelled to go away, thus leaving matters entirely in charge of the women. Plainly, the ideal and complete kingdom of women is a place where no men can get a livelihood.