

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Publisher.

Established by SAMUEL MOTTER in 1879.

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VOL. XVIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1896

NO. 6.

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.
Judges—John W. Grider, Wm. R. Young and
Henry B. Wilson.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—William Morrison,
Melville Cromwell, Franklin G. House, James H.
DeLaster, J. C. Thomas.
Sheriff—A. C. McReid.
Tax Collector—J. Wm. Baughman.
Surveyor—Edward Albright.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dintow, Her-
man L. Rutzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zim-
merman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiners—E. L. Bellitt.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—R. L. Annan.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, Francis
A. Maxwell, Wm. P. Eyles, Jos. W. Davidson.
Registrar—B. S. Tancy.
Constables—
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair,
John W. Reigel.

Town Officers.
Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Maj. O. A. Horner, Francis
A. Maxwell, J. Thos. Gledicks, G. Mead Pat-
terson, Peter J. Harting, John T. Long.
Tax Collector—

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church. Services
every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock
a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Sunday School at
9 o'clock a. m.

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor, Rev. W. C. B. Shuman, 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. Trevelock service at 7
o'clock. Out-of-town class on Saturday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor, Rev. Wm. Simpson, D. D. Morning
services at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30
o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer
Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9
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 8 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 4 o'clock. Sunday
School at 1:30 o'clock p. m. Class meeting every
other Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock.

Arrive.
Way from Baltimore, 6:45 a. m., and 7:00 p. m.,
M. & E. R. R. To Emmitsburg, 1:17 a. m., and
7:00 p. m. To Gettysburg, 3:20 p. m., Rocky Ridge,
1:00 p. m., Byer P. O., 9:10 a. m.

Leave.
Baltimore, 7:45 a. m., M. & E. R. R. To 5:05 p. m.,
To Gettysburg, 3:20 p. m., To Rocky Ridge, 1:00
p. m., To Byer P. O., 9:10 a. m., To Emmitsburg,
1:17 a. m.

Seventy-Four.
Massachusetts, No. 41, L. O. R. M.
Kin has her Council Fire every Saturday evening
at 8th St. Officers: Prophet, William Morrison;
Scribe, John P. Eyles; Secy., Daniel Shorb;
George S. Miller, Jr., Jun. Secy.; Daniel Shorb;
C. L. George, L. Gledicks; R. W. W. Dr. W. Dr.
W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
J. A. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
Great Council, William Morrison.

Emmitsburg Association.
F. A. A. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
Vice-President, R. E. Buckitt, Secy., V. A. Dr. W. Dr. W.
F. A. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
F. A. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.

Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Geo. L. Gilliam, Senior Vice-
Commander, H. G. Winter, Junior Vice-
Commander, Samuel Gledicks, Adjutant, Maj. O. A.
Munier, Chaplain, J. W. Davidson, Quartermaster,
Geo. T. Gledicks, Officer of the Day, Dr. W. Dr. W.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.

Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each
month at Freeman's Hall. Officers: President, V. A.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.

Emmitsburg School Union.
Meets at Public School House 2nd and 4th
Tuesdays of each month. Officers: President, V. A.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, S. A. Annan, Vice-President, George A. Dr. W.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.

The M. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.
Officers: President, J. B. Mantley; President, J. B. Mantley;
President, J. B. Mantley; President, J. B. Mantley;
President, J. B. Mantley; President, J. B. Mantley;
President, J. B. Mantley; President, J. B. Mantley;
President, J. B. Mantley; President, J. B. Mantley;

Emmitsburg Council, No. 53, Jr. O. U. A. M.
Council meets every Tuesday evening at 7 p. m.
Officers: Wm. P. Eyles, President, George A. Dr. W.
Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W. Dr. W.
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What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osmond,
Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. Ancester, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

Castoria.
"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
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IN THE HEART OF MAN.

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which bursts, unlook'd for, into high-
soul'd deeds

With wayside beauty rife,
We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear
flowers.

Whose fragrance fills the earth.
Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot
die,

In sunny hours like this.
All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

Oh! mighty brother-son of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
The skyey arches with exulting span
O'er roof infinity.

The Power of Woman

After a while there will be nothing for an honest and hard-working man to do. The women will control everything. I am moved to say this by reading that a so-called society woman has gone into the box making business. And yet, is there anything more feminine than boxes? A man wouldn't be fool enough to pay three times their worth for some handkerchiefs because they come in a pretty box. He would think of the handkerchiefs, and a woman would ponder over the use to which the box might be put. There is no woman above the weakness for beautiful boxes. Catherine de Medici had most marvelous caskets of gold and silver and tortoise shell, and the Countess de Soissons, the lady who had the pleasing way of poisoning anybody whose manners she didn't like, kept her jewels as well as her poisons in beautiful inlaid boxes; in finely carved boxes, and in marvelously jeweled boxes. I am sure a red box mounted in gold would tempt me to buy an imp of satan.

They are showing some very smart boxes nowadays. Boxes made of tortoise shell, of ivory and of ebony, with mountings of gold or silver.

One always has such a lot of things to go in them, and really after all one cannot have too many of them. If you are a woman, you open a box dedicated to hairpins, and you find in it three veils, four or five caramels, a postage stamp, with no stick on the back; two cigarettes that you promised to keep for somebody; a note that you didn't want anybody else to read, and a stick of sealing wax.

That box is a surprise, and after you close it, with some regret, you open one dedicated especially to veils. In it you find some old rings, the clipping from a society paper, that said how well you looked in your Worth frock, and some jets that you thought you were going to sew on the bodice from which they fell the other day. Eventually the hairpins are discovered in a box where a paper of powder has been upset, and they look as if they had been through the flour mill. Think how Eve must have suffered through having no boxes! No place to put her fig leaves! Of course, it didn't make much difference Adam. He could hang those belongings to him on a tree. I should think the first mechanical art our forefathers learned was that of box making, since the original man really longed to cater to his wife.

The old Venetians made such beautiful boxes that one prefers to call them caskets, for the work lavished upon them was so exquisite. One can easily fancy Portia tossing her hairpins into a Venetian box. And it would not be difficult to imagine some great beauty, who had that wonderful golden hair, throwing her additional switch into such a box, because that kind of hair is very hard to match, and she would want to treasure it carefully, and would try to, for awhile. It is a funny thing, but I do believe that hairpins and switches are possessed

of wandering devils. Given five full packages of hairpins on Monday, it is difficult on Saturday to find four with which to fasten up one's hair. Given a new switch, and for one week it is braided and carefully put away, and after that it is thrown or tossed—I think the latter most likely—into the charming medley of brushes, rouge, eyebrow pencils, soft linen rags, old veils, love letters, pages off the calendar, and worn-out glove that tend to make up the contents of what is known to womankind as the "top drawer."

The top drawer is the abiding place of the most devilish imp in Satan's dominions. One is never sure of what is there. Your finest lace handkerchiefs come to you scented with tobacco, your nicest tulle veils deftly rouged, and your brushes marked over with black and red and a white dust that might be powder if it weren't so dirty. But, speaking of boxes, I knew a woman who once bought villainous hats and paid an outrageous price for them because the milliner sent them home in boxes that had roses printed upon them. And yet they pretend to say that women, mentally, are equal to men!

This is the time of year when the marble brow of the average woman sheds tears that are a tribute to the heart, and which mean that a few loose ringlets on the forehead are absolutely impossible. Consequently, one wonders whether it is better to yank all one's hair backward, or to look like a convict and have a straight bang. A little woman I know made up her mind she would wear this depraved coiffure for the summer, and she went to a barber that she might have her bang cut scientifically. He was an Englishman, and he had an inclination to cut fearlessly and with scissors that had a sound suggestive of the guillotine. And he talked, oh, how he talked!

He said: "I have only been in this country a month, mum, consequently my experience with the heads of American ladies is limited. The trouble, mum, is as 'ow we're all living too 'igh, and the 'air will not be as good as when the extreme of civilization had not been reached. You see, mum, 'igh livin' causes the 'air to drop out, and in a very little time, mum, learned men says as 'ow the teeth will follow, likewise the 'ighbrows, and we will 'ave nothink in that line to speak of—'igh livin' and 'air do not work together."

This monologue was punctuated with a swish of the scissors and a bang of the hair brush, but it must be said for this Englishman that, like most of the tradesmen among his people, he was very polite, and escorted the clipped one to the door, and said "Thank you" in a way that made her conclude that she would return and give him another chance. But the English barber hit the nail on the head. Civilization is death to hair. Much eating and drinking, not to mention much thinking and little sleeping, cause the hair to depart and the awful front piece and the undesirable switch come into view.

Where is the reformer who is going to start a society for suppressing patchouli and musk? Why should innocent men and women be forced to endure these sickening odors (strong enough to be called smells) that are sold under fancy names at very cheap prices? Why should you or I, who only like faint perfumes, have to sit next to a woman who by a wave of her fan, or the flurry of her handkerchief, forces me to endure something that absolutely makes me sick? There is no special refinement in the liking men have for plain eau de cologne, but it is at least a clean taste. I cannot understand why a whole stagelod of people should be made the victims of some atrociously dressed woman who confides to her companion that she uses pinks for her favorite extract every week, pouring them on her underclothing until everything she wears is thoroughly impregnated with them. Carbolic acid would be a thousand times better, and benzine or varnish would be heavenly beside such dreadful waves of

suffocating stuff. A little bit of perfume is delightful; a drop or two of vervain on white hands simply makes them more exquisite. Bags of orris or violet thrown among one's linen causes it to be pleasant to wear, but never announce their existence with any intensity. But this business of over-perfuming is the abuse of a good thing. That becomes a blunder, and a blunder becomes a crime, and the proper place for criminals is the penitentiary. By the bye, if you happen to wear your hair in that Japanese fashion which is known as the "blouse roll," you want to perfume it a little bit, so that if the hair loosens it is like a flower unfolding. At least, that is what a French hair dresser said.

If I had a son who wished to adopt a profession I should never make him a doctor. The average physician may get his reward in heaven, but he certainly doesn't on earth. You or I tumble down the steps and cut our heads; eat too much and have a dreadful pain; work too hard and can't sleep; then we send for the doctor in a great hurry and expect him to cure all the evils that the flesh is heir to. When we are cured we are surprised at his daring to send us a bill, and nine times out of ten we fight about paying it. We forget all about the night we had the awful cramp and the quickness with which the doctor caused the pain to vanish and joy to come instead. All we think about is "the idea of that man charging so much, when he simply came in, felt my pulse, looked at tongue and wrote down a prescription." The years of study, the sympathetic manner, the kindly words are all forgotten when we no longer need them.

If I had a son I should make him a politician. It is the only profession, if one chooses to call it that, where one gets everything and gives nothing. There is not much difficulty in training the average American to be a good liar. He has such a vivid imagination. Without the least trouble he can imagine himself on the right side, and then he can speak in a convincing way.

A politician requires but little training and less knowledge. He needs a good memory, an ability to know who to kick and who to shake hands with, and a certain genial air that he puts on just as he does his frock coat. Grammar is something he need never trouble himself about. It is enough if he knows the slang of the day. Of course, it is better if he can create some slang, and best of all if he can say something that answers to "The public be d—d." The multitude likes a bully. The average American likes a politician who can kick every voter into Santan's dominions if necessary, and why he likes this type I cannot understand. Our earliest politicians were gentlemen. Fancy Thomas Jefferson, Charles Carroll or John Randolph discussing events with the average politician of to-day! As this country grows more magnificent it seems to take less stock in good morals, and honesty is out of the question. Its politicians have no manners, but oh, with what ability they can fill their pockets! Hence, that imaginary son of mine should be a politician. I should have no respect for him, but there would be a gold galore, and the entire family would have the kind of time peculiar to the monkey and the parrot. Don't worry! That chestnut which has become a classic will never be repeated by—BAB in Phila. Times.

Railroad ties used in this Country.
It is estimated that the railroads of the United States consume 80,000,000 ties for renewals annually. Of this aggregate about 45,000,000 are of oak, 12,500,000 pine, 3,500,000 chestnut, 5,000,000 cedar, 2,500,000 hemlock and tamarack, 1,500,000 cypress, 2,500,000 red wood, with the balance of various woods. The oak, or most valuable timber, furnishes over 60 per cent. of the material, and not only from choice trees mostly, but from the young growth, which may make one tie to the tree, or one tie to the

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1896.

Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

On and after June 28, 1896, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7.30 and 10.40 a. m. and 2.50 and 5.50 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8.20 and 10.20 a. m. and 3.25 and 5.20 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.26 and 10.40 a. m. and 3.31 and 6.36 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 8.56 and 11.10 a. m. and 4.01 and 7.04 p. m.

JAMES A. ELDER, Pre't.

A tax of \$1 on bicycles has been imposed at Easton.

Tomorrow will be July 4. No demonstration will be held in this place.

A picnic will be held at Fountain Dale, July 4.

Smith's Bazaar—Confectionery, cakes, lemons and bananas. Hyder Building.

DAVID KEWIS, of Baltimore, was injured by a fall from a bridge at Williamsport.

The tax rate of Carroll county has been raised from 49 cents on the \$100 to 56.

A mad dog in the neighborhood of Hedgesville bit twelve dogs last Friday. The dog was killed.

A picnic will be held in Seabrook's Grove, on Saturday, July 11, from 10-4-15.

MRS. MARGARET BOYLE, an insane woman from Oakland, jumped from a train and was killed.

The Home for the Aged of the Methodist Protestant Church, at Westminster, will be opened July 15.

CHRIS HYLAND, colored, was terribly mangled by a wheat reaper near Cecil-ton, Cecil county, Md.

Of the three deputy game wardens appointed for Frederick county only one has yet qualified—Mr. Emory Nelson.

We have received a copy of *The Weekly Northwestern Miller*, from our old friend, Mr. Wm. L. McGinnis, of Minneapolis, Minn.

GEORGE WISE, of Middletown, recently found an old flint-lock pistol, loaded, in the cellar of the Jacob Neff property in that town.

MYLEN KOON, three-year-old son of Charles Koon, of Hagerstown, was bitten by a copperhead snake Monday. The boy is in a precarious condition.

J. POLK BISER, at Knoxville, Frederick county, lost about fifty thousand tomato plants by the recent heavy rains which he had set out for the season.

Last week the county commissioners made out the county levy for 1896, which was fixed at 67 cents on the one hundred dollars, the same as last year.

DR. CHRISTOPHER JOHNSTON of the John's Hopkins University, Baltimore, has translated a letter written 2,500 years ago by an Assyrian prince.

ALWAYS in season, Hopkins' Steamed Hominy (Hulled Corn). Elegant lunch in Milk. Qt., can 10c. May 29-15.

CAPTAIN CADWALLADER, of the western police district, Baltimore, completed his thirty-fifth year of service as a member of the Baltimore police force, last Friday.

SMITH'S BAZAR—Stationary of all kinds, Pictures, &c. Hyder Building.

The corner stone of the court house, at Baltimore, was laid last Thursday afternoon with imposing Masonic ceremonies in the presence of several thousand spectators.

The first peaches of this season, were sold in town Wednesday. They came from the Blue Mountain peach belt, and sold at the rate of 40 cents a peck, and \$1.50 per crate.

The first shipment of peaches this season from the Blue Mountain belt left Middle Station Saturday evening. The crop in the mountain belt is large and the fruit is fine.

C. E. HAMMETT, of Thurmont, Frederick county, has sailed for Europe, where he will spend several months in making a bicycle tour of England, France, Germany, Holland and Switzerland.

The Emmitsburg Choral Union and the Guitars, Banjo and Mandolin Club, of this place, went to Thurmont last Friday evening, and gave a musical entertainment. They were greeted with a large and appreciative audience.

Important Decision.

Justice Brewer has decided at Annapolis that a farmer taking up stray cattle has no right to assess his own damages for trespass, but must have two arbiters.

Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grown.

As a Oak from the title above was used to rectify in one school boy days. It has a forcible application to those small ailments which we are apt to disregard until they reach formidable proportions. A fit of indigestion, a "slight" attack of constipation, it is assumed, will soon pass off, but is very apt to go worse, and in the meantime is neglected until the ailment becomes chronic, and then, if not actively eradicated, is a constant annoyance and a source of worry and discomfort. How much easier to resort to a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at the outset of the ailment than to tamper with it at the start, or treat it with violent remedies in its maturity. Be on time with Bitters, or 4 may floor you. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and nervousness or disorders of rapid growth, and should be "nipped in the bud" by a timely resort to the Bitters.

SEVERAL dogs, supposed to be mad, were killed in this vicinity last week.

For Butter milk soap at the lowest price, go to Smith's Bazar, Hyder Building.

The Ice Cream Season.

Having now opened, I am prepared to furnish Festivals, Picnics, Parties, etc. with ice cream at way down prices. P. G. KING.

Dogs to be Taxed.

Dogs, even ordinary 50-cent dogs, are assessable under the new law, according to a decision by the Appeal Tax Court. The opinion was given in the case of a fancier, who said he had canines which he valued at \$7,000, and wanted to know whether they would be assessed and taxed.—*Fred. News.*

THE Hagerstown Railway Company has given notice to the mayor and council that they will not build the railway over South Jonathan street if they are required to build it on Fairground avenue. Mayor M. L. Keely stated he intended to veto the ordinance.

GEORGE, the sixteen-year-old son of John W. Grindler, of Creagerstown, judge of the Orphan's Court, fell from the top of a cherry tree Friday, and it is thought sustained severe internal injuries. He fell a distance of forty feet and struck upon his chest, breaking his breast bone.

The Child Enjoys.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

SMITH'S BAZAR—Towels, napkins, aprons, Chenille table covers, hose, handkerchiefs, ladies' gowns, vests, &c., in the Hyder building, Emmitsburg.

Driving Party.

A driving party for the benefit of the Lutheran Church will be given by Misses Columbia Winter, Belle Rowe, and Mrs. J. Smith, Tuesday evening July 7. Any one wishing to enjoy a pleasant ride can do so by paying 25 cents. The party will leave the Emmits House at 5.30 o'clock.

Mr. Palmer's Good Fortune.

John C. Palmer, of Lewistown, this county, late of the U. S. Navy Pay Office, Washington, D. C., has been tendered the position of Pay Clerk to Paymaster Henry C. Machette, who has been ordered to the U. S. S. "Newark," flag ship of the South Atlantic Squadron. The position is non-political, and pays a salary of \$1,200 per annum, expenses and rations.

No Fireworks There.

Some one fired a large skyrocket over the centre of Middletown a few nights ago and the stick and shell attached crashed through a window and fell in the kitchen of Burgess John E. Crane's dwelling. This has caused the town authorities to issue a notice prohibiting the use of fireworks at all times, including the Fourth of July.—*News.*

A Cave Along the Potomac.

Messrs. Alvey Davis and Amos Shanks, while out hunting, discovered a large cave along the cliffs on the bank of the Potomac River below Williamsport, and explored it for some distance with a lantern. They report having found a immense room at a distance of fifty yards from the entrance, from the ceiling of which hung numbers of large and beautiful stalactites. An exploring party will be organized.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Isaac M. Motter, with his three children, Master Lewis and John, and Miss Lida, spent a few days visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lewis M. Motter, of this place.

Miss Alice Grindler is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Grindler, near town.

E. L. Rowe, Esq., was in York, Pa., this week.

A Boy Locked in a Box Car.

Raymond McCoy, aged nine years, was found locked up in a car on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Frederick Junction Sunday. He told the railroad officials he had been put in the car by tramps, but that he could not tell where this happened. The lad was taken to Baltimore and taken to his home.

Free Postal Delivery Discontinued.

The experimental free-delivery service which the citizens of Middletown have enjoyed for the past five years, ceased Tuesday, owing to the last Congress failing to continue the appropriation. The citizens of Middletown are indignant over the discontinuance of the service, which has proven to be such a convenience, and they are censuring the Maryland representatives in Congress for not interposing in behalf of the enterprise.

Killed by a Train of Cars.

Mr. L. E. Bretz, a well-known resident of Brunswick, while attempting to board train 46, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about half-past 9 Friday night, slipped and fell under the cars, and had one leg cut off and was otherwise injured. He was formerly a resident of Baltimore and represented the first ward of Brunswick in the town council at one time. He was attempting to get on the train to Point of Rocks, where he resided, and made the attempt while the train was in motion, as it does not stop at Brunswick. He leaves one child.

The July number of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* is in every way a highly pleasing literary number. Nearly all the articles are illustrated, and opens with a beautiful poem by Katrina Trask, entitled "The Ballad of the Tower." This is followed by an exceptionally interesting article on "The Curious Race of Arctic Highlanders," from the pen of Lewis L. Dyche. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, writes of "The Evolution of the Spaniard," while James B. Pond talks of "Great Orators and the Lyceum." There are also articles in this number of the *Cosmopolitan* on "Aerial Athletics" and "The Coming Race," "A Spy of France," "The Preservation of Wild Animals," "Mrs. Cliffs Yacht," "In The World of Art and Letters," and "The Progress of Science."

Ice cream will be served at Mrs. Lewis Menden's Saturday evening, for benefit of Lutheran Church.

Dying by the Wayside.

A woman in a dying condition and a man very ill were found lying in some bushes near the old Universalist Church, two and a half miles from Elktion. The woman subsequently died, and the man's condition is bad. The discovery was made by Dr. Joseph Wallace and Dr. Cleaver Friday afternoon. The woman appeared to be slowly dying from the effect of some drug, while the man was also suffering. The man and woman were taken to the house of Geo. Denny, nearby, and given medical treatment. The man stated that the woman was not his wife. Her name, he said, was Connolly, and her home was in Philadelphia. He stated that he met her in York, Pa., and they have since been traveling together. The woman died Friday evening, and the man is in a precarious condition. The man stated that they drank wood alcohol. The woman was about thirty-five years of age and poorly dressed.

Killed By the Collapse of a Bridge.

William Beard, of Hancock, was killed Monday afternoon by the collapsing of the wooden bridge over Little Tonnol-away creek, in the west end of Hancock. A four-horse team, loaded with bark, belonging to J. Talliaferro Bridges, son of Robert Bridges, was being driven across the bridge. When in the centre the bridge gave away and bridge, horses, wagon and two men were precipitated to the water below. Beard, who was riding on the lazyboard, was crushed by the bark falling upon him and almost instantly killed. Charles D. Grove, who was driving the team, was very seriously hurt. The horses were hurt, but none were killed. While helping to rescue the men and horses a man fell into a well and was nearly drowned before he could be gotten out. Beard was nineteen years old, and was the son of William Beard, of Hancock.

Reformed Reunion.

The committee, consisting of Rev. F. C. Yost, G. A. Hollinger, S. S. Brenner, Niles M. Fissel, B. F. Borden, C. E. Stable, W. C. Birely and David M. Hurley, on the Reformed Reunion, which will be held at Pen-Mar on Thursday, July 16, have compiled a program for that day. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Spangler Kieffer, of Hagerstown; George T. Showers, M. D., of York, Pa.; Rev. Dr. J. O. Miller, of York, Pa., and Rev. Wm. Mann Irvine, Ph. D., president of Mercersburg College, Pa. Open parliament of the Reformed Church in the Potomac Synod will be conducted by Rev. J. B. Stoner for Virginia, Rev. I. M. Motter for Maryland, Rev. J. S. Hartman for Southern Pennsylvania, and Rev. W. I. Stewart for Baltimore. Music will be rendered by a choir from Harrisburg, Pa. Rev. Dr. J. A. Hoffhines, of Martinsburg, W. Va., is president of the reunion organization.

FAIRPLAY ITEMS.

FAIRPLAY, July 1.—Mr. Turner and wife, of New York city, are visiting their cousins, Mr. E. C. Wenschoff and Mrs. Harry Hoffman, of this place.

One of our citizens made a mistake last Sunday. He went out to plow corn, and did not discover that it was Sunday, until he saw people going to church. "Six days shalt thou labor, the seventh is the Sabbath," Remember this.

Major H. S. McNair Camp, No. 91, will give a fine display of fire works, on July 4th. All are invited.

Harvesting is in order and everybody is busy.

Mr. Peter Struberger paid some of his friends in and around Fairplay a very pleasant visit.

Politics seems to be the order of the day. The candidates are quite plentiful.

Drowned.

Charles Johnson, colored, aged about twenty-three years, of Middletown, Frederick county, was drowned in the Antietam creek near Antietam Paper Mills Monday afternoon while attempting to swim across the stream. He was with two companions and all went bathing. Two were on one side of the stream and Johnson, on the other bank, started to go across to his companions. When a few feet from shore, it is thought, he was seized with cramps. He threw up his hands and sank. A farmer raked the river and brought the corpse out on the bank. The three boys went to Washington county from Frederick county to harvest.

Taylor's Old Horse Is Dead.

Old Prim is dead, that faithful horse. For thirty-five years he kept the course. He would bite the bit and take the road, and never stalled with any load. Yet time the conquerer of all. Destroyed his strength and he had to fall. J. H. T.

No matter what your trade may be. An herbalist or hatter. Or something else, I say to thee. If you have caught the matter, Don't take the old style gripping pills. That rather cause than cure your ills; but take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, for they are very small and pleasant to take and are prompt and effective in their operation. They cure indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, disordered liver and habitual constipation.

This July *Electric* opens with an essay on "Art and Life," by Vernon Lee. Among the longer articles in the number, we may mention "The Genesis of Expression; being Thoughts on the Evolution of Language," by Maurice L. Johnson, "Fate in the Face," by Louis Robinson, M. D.; a review from Blackwood's Magazine on Lecky's good, "Democracy and Liberty," "America as a Power," "Men and Manners in Florence," and "Agricultural Depression Unmasked." Fiction is represented by two complete stories—"Captain Francis Lawton" and "A King's Daughter," and there are a dozen or so of miscellaneous papers on travel, biography, and topics of general interest.

Register-Judges.

The register-judges recently named for Frederick county had to be appointed before July 1, and before September 15 two more judges and two clerks of election, equally divided between the parties, shall be appointed. The supervisors shall appoint polling places, which must not be in buildings where in a saloon, pool room, etc. The health officer shall report monthly to the supervisors the death of every male over twenty-one years.

The judges and clerks are paid \$3 a day and for parts of days thirty cents an hour. A register judge stated that they would not make as much under the new law as under the old law.

The law provides that the election supervisors, whose salaries are \$100 each a year, which the county commissioners are privileged to increase to \$150 in counties having more than fifteen polling places, shall furnish all ballot boxes, ballots, registry books, blanks, stationery, etc. The salary of Clerk Edward A. Gittinger is fixed by the County Commissioners. This year and every eight years, everybody must register.

The registers will sit on the seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth and third Tuesday before election and on the sixth, fifth and fourth Wednesdays. The last Tuesday will be for revision only.—*News.*

Lost Another Game.

Tuesday afternoon the Emmitsburg base ball team went to Thurmont and crossed bats with a team of that place. The game resulted in another defeat for the Emmitsburg boys. The score stood, Thurmont, 19; Emmitsburg, 16. It is said by some persons, supposed to be in a position to know, that some of the Emmitsburg base ball players paid more attention to the young lady spectators, than to the game they try to play. This is supposed to be the reason our home team loses so many games when playing in neighboring towns. The above is especially true concerning the young man who recently rode a gray pony to Taneytown and Thurmont. "Mr. Harry" has always more to say about the pretty girls who witness the games, than the good plays made by our boys. "Mr. Harry" is quite anxious to play another game of ball at Taneytown, presumably for the purpose of seeing the young lady, who, sometime ago, offered him her side comb. But a side comb will not take the place of the article he ties about his head when he retires at night, nor will it in any way assist in winning a game. Boys, play ball and look at the pretty girls afterwards.

Feed the Nerves.

Upon pure, rich blood and you need not fear nervous prostration. Nerves are weak when they are improperly and insufficiently nourished. Pure blood is their proper food, and pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is thus the greatest and best nerve tonic. It also builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

Slave Marriage Invalid.

Allen Butler, colored, formerly a slave of the late Mrs. Peggy Biser, of Burkettville, in 1841 married a free colored woman, also of Middletown Valley. They lived together ten years and had four children. In 1851 Butler went West with the father of the late Rev. Daniel Schindler, leaving his wife behind. He settled in Lawrence county, Illinois, where he took another wife, had other children and managed to secure a handsome estate. About two years ago he was charged with a previous crime and was lynched by a mob. Then the children by the Maryland wife appeared on the scene, demanding their share of the property. The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided against them. The justices say that the first marriage was a slave marriage; that the parties to it had the legal right to repudiate it, and that they did this when they entered into new and unquestionably valid matrimonial contracts.—*Sun.*

July Ladies' Home Journal.

The Ladies' Home Journal for July opens with a sumptuously illustrated article on Joan of Arc and her home, by Emma Asbrand Hopkins, who entertainingly writes of the childhood and religious life of the Maid. Apropos of the approaching centenary of our Arthur Warren presents "The Other Side of Robert Burns," revealing the better side of the poet. Ezekiel Butterworth tells, a Brook Farm story, "The Wife of Ben Bow," and Alice Wingston Roling humorously romances of "A Town Bicycle." A trifling piece of the field, framed in a drawing by W. Hamilton Gibson, and a musical composition—"The Lyndon Polka"—by Mrs. Frances J. Moore, are page features. Edward W. Bok writes editorially of the girl between sixteen and twenty, and enters a plea for people who go to the country in the summer time to live as near to Nature as possible. Ex-President Harrison discusses the Department of State, bringing into review, also, our diplomatic and consular service, and the Great Seal of the United States. In "Feeding a City Like New York" John Gilmer Speed makes some astonishing statements, presents surprising figures, and asserts that New Yorkers could live comfortably for four months in case of a siege cutting off all their food supplies. Dr. Parkhurst speaks forcibly to young men in his paper, "A Young Man's Religious Life," and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, with equal vigor and directness, writes to girls concerning beauty. William Martin Johnson's "Souvenirs of Summer Days" is an artistic, practical article. "People Who Live in the Moon," "A \$3500 House," articles on seasonable dresses, upon millinery, needlework and various topics of general and household interest, and the usual departments are also included in the July Journal—which is unusually complete. No feature of it will appeal to lovers of the beautiful more strongly than the cover—by Maxwell Parrish printed in rich tones of brown and green, on buff paper. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia; one dollar per year, ten cents per copy.

For Fancy and Plain China go to

Smith's Bazar, in the Hyder Building, Emmitsburg.

ONE LETTER FROM FREDERICK.

The Year Half Gone.—The Tax Rate.—Electric Light Co., Claims Exemption from City Taxation.—Applications for Divorces.

FREDERICK, July 1.—The year is half gone and yet to the average man it appears to be no longer than a week ago that the New Year was heralded in with much acclaim. How much may happen and what changes may occur in the brief space of one half year. In the next half a president is to be chosen, a new congress elected and the financial policy of the country determined.

The County Commissioners have fixed the rate of tax for 1896 as follows:

Public Schools.....	15 4-10 cts
Public Roads.....	8 1-10
Montevideo.....	5 1-10
Bonded Debt.....	5 1-10
Court Expenses.....	4 4-10
School Houses.....	3 7-10
Sheriff.....	2 2-10
Roads and Bridges.....	2 2-10
Contingent.....	2
Elections and Registration.....	1 4-10
Clerk to Court.....	1 2-10
Orphans' Court.....	1
Magistrates and Constables.....	7-10
Printing.....	1
Insolvency & Errors, 922'93	1 3-10
State's Atty & attorney fees	1 3-10
Miscellaneous.....	8 2-10

Total county tax.....67 cents.

State tax.....17 1-2

Total State and county tax for 1896 \$42 cents on the \$100. The total is the same as last year.

Next year the new assessment will be the basis, and it is expected that the basis will be larger and the rate less than at present.

The present taxable basis is about \$25,000,000; the sum collected for State purposes amounted last year to about \$44,000, and for county purposes to about \$166,000, aggregating about \$210,000 for both State and county purposes.

The taxes for the current year having been established by the county commissioners, and the tax books having been got ready, the collector is prepared to receive taxes for 1896. A discount of 5 per cent. is allowed on State taxes paid before Sept. 1st.

Some years ago Frederick city, being desirous to encourage the location of manufacturing industries within her borders, passed an ordinance exempting manufacturing plants from corporate taxation for five years, subsequently the Electric Light and Power Company was established here and began the manufacture of electricity. The corporate authorities sent the Power Company a bill for taxes, which the company refused to pay because it claimed to be exempt under the above mentioned ordinance.

The City Attorney contended that electricity did not come under the head of manufactured articles and that the exemption ordinance did not apply to the plant of the Power Company. Payment of taxes was therefore demanded and sought to be enforced. The Electric Light and Power Company has at last applied to the Court for an injunction to restrain collection of the taxes and the case will be heard at an early day.

Sallie M. Cromwell has filed a bill for divorce against her husband, Jos. B. Cromwell; and Dennis Woodward, against, his wife, Ella Louisa Woodward. These cases will be disposed of in no distant day.

The Frederick and Middletown Rail-way Co., has almost determined to lay its tracks down South Street instead of Patrick Street as at first proposed. The change would seem to be desirable for many reasons. Patrick street west has a narrow place at the bend that might hinder very much the course of travel if a railroad track occupied the middle of the street.

The promoters still talk of having the road ready for travel by July 18 when the State encampment will begin.

More Railroad Talk.

The following article on building a railroad from Frederick to Thurmont, appeared in the Frederick News of Tuesday.

A well-known business man of this city a strong advocate of the Frederick and Middletown Electric railroad stated yesterday that from a practical standpoint he was of the opinion that an electric railroad between Frederick and Thurmont, this county, would develop into an excellent investment. His opinion was that a syndicate should purchase from the shareholders the stock of the Frederick and Emmitsburg Turnpike Company and build a road by way of Hansonville, Lewistown, Catocin Furnace and to Thurmont. "Of course," said the gentleman, "there would not be sufficient home travel at present to encourage or sustain such a proposition, but there is another source of revenue that can be depended upon. The Western Maryland railroad officials would in all probability be glad to make railway connection convenient to the new road and in that event the people of not only Frederick but Baltimore, Washington and hundreds of intermediate points would have an excellent opportunity to visit Pen-Mar, traversing a country replete with natural advantages, beautiful and romantic scenery, and best of all, convenient to home. The people of Frederick in recent years have almost been cut off from Pen-Mar, but by having electric railway facilities from Frederick to Thurmont and accommodation from that point to Pen-Mar by way of the Western Maryland road the success of another railroad venture in Frederick county would be a matter of favorable hope. However," he continued, "the thought just occurred to me. Perhaps some one else may have something to say in the same direction."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

HAY SEED ON THE SILVER QUESTION.

Communicated.

"Hello, John! Have you seen Jones lately, I mean old Hay Seeds."

"Yes, met him in the clearing last week, I saluted him in the familiar way, by saying how are you Hay Seeds. He mounted a stump and bowed, and commenced by saying."

"Fellow citizens and silverites: To hear people talk, one would think the class of persons called Hay Seeds were such as sleep on hay mows and go from house to house in quest of something to eat. Not so, the original application of the term was to farmers, who had brains enough to discern the rascality of politicians and expose them for this patriotic exercise of American citizenship. These shrewd office holders and office seekers cried hay seeds, thinking that would down us, but it didn't, we got on top, and they cried like Alexander, the coppersmith, because their craft was in danger. I am a representative Hay Seed, while our party is not like the name, its odity attracts attention, and if for no other reason we accept it, nor does it matter, as there could be no better way to advertise the brains and muscle of the country. Go now, ye rich and scent up your ancestors. Most of you won't go back more than two generations before you find the head of your family either a bare footed hired boy, and slave to some Hay Seed, as you call us, or you are the son or grand son of one of us, who stood higher in the estimation of the community than you do, notwithstanding your abundance of good clothes, education and manners. But for us Hay Seeds, what stability would the government have?"

"We rallied around the flag when disunion and secession would have torn it asunder; when the government needed money to carry on the war, we Hay Seeds took down the old stockings filled with gold and silver and invested the contents in bonds."

"Our patriotism prompted us to give our sons and our money, and we lived (not all, for some fell in battle) to see our hopes realized, the preservation of the Union and a free nation."

"We supplied the troops with bread and meat, the horses with hay and corn, we raised horses for war uses, and kept the army on the move. Remember this was all done by old Hay Seeds."

"Where was the likes of you, who speak contemptuously of us. Answer the question in the light of past history. We object not to being called Hay Seeds, but to say something good about us, as we are deserving of that too."

"We look with genuine satisfaction upon the achievements of our progeny. Where do the great majority of the leading men of the world come from, the men who fill the important positions of trust, the Presidents, Governors, Senators, the bright lights in law, theology, medicine, arts and business generally. I need not answer. You know they invariably have a country home where their parents still reside, and when they visit the fatted calf is killed. Yes, at the home of old Hay Seeds, the birth place often reverted to in sermon and oration. Am sorry to say some forget these things, to others the brightest spots on earth."

"We hear so much about free silver nowadays that we would be willing to abandon the farm, if we could understand from the papers what it means. We earn a hundred cents for every dollar we get, and appreciate it, too, instead of trying to depreciate it as our neighbor Brown does. If these fellows who talk so much about it would get to work and earn a few dollars by the sweat of their face, they would conclude the silver dollar and the gold dollar basis about the same. I find the purchasing power of the one equal to the other. If 16 to 1 means 16 silver dollars for one gold dollar, then I am for free silver. Hain't I right, and the few the old woman and me have saved up for a rainy day, we will cheerfully exchange at that rate. Is there any hay seeds in that? Some persons think we hay seeds don't know much about the silver question. We don't, but we know what to do when a good offer is made for a cow or horse, and we always take it, that's what we do about the silver and gold. We decided at our township meeting, unanimously, without a dissenting voice in favor of free silver."

"We all have the old stockings hanging in the chimney chuck full of gold, waiting for the silver party to succeed, (our prophets told us this was coming,) when we will exchange every dollar for 16 silver dollars, and as we can buy as much merchandise and pay off our hands with silver as well as gold, who wouldn't be for free silver. Times must get better or ten silver gets plenty. The old folks tell how good the times were during the last war, when greenbacks were so plenty, no hard times then. A gold dollar would buy a bushel of wheat when it sold the highest, but it took six greenbacks to get it. Do you see the point?"

"Later on there was a greenback party, it soon got demoralized. It didn't understand where its principals would lead to, until it was overthrown, but the free silver men do, just wait until this campaign is over, the speakers will ventilate every phase of the subject so thoroughly, that it will be transparent and the bright side of the silver dollar will reflect the smiles of its possessor so correctly, that there will be no way faces to indicate hard time. Some persons' lack of judgment prevents them from deciding correctly, but this shan't be laid at my door. My son Anania wrote me from Colorado about the silver bricks they make out there, and the rich fellows that have the houses, that are built of brick. I guess the houses are built of these silver bricks. (If he had

A LITTLE PINK SHOE.

Only a little pink shoe
That is stained and wrinkled and torn,
With a tiny hole where the little pink toe
Peeped out in the days that are gone.

The little pink shoe was the "big little pig"
That to market so often would go,
And over and over the legend was told
As I kissed the little pink toe.

"Piggy come more," the red lips would lie,
And the story and kiss were given
Again and again, so happy were we
In motherhood's forecast of heaven.

But there came a night, with desolate blight,
When death bore my idol away,
And no little toe ever peeps from the shoe!
To be kissed in the sweet old way.

But my tears have deluged the little pink shoe
And stained it a deeper stain,
And I long for the dainty that would chill me
In death.

If it gave me my darling again.
So, when I am dead, lay the little pink shoe
Near my heart that is silent and cold,
And perhaps above, in the sunlight of love,
I shall kiss the pink toe as of old.

—Kate Thysen Marx in New York Journal.

THE POOR WHITES.

ORIGIN OF A DISTINCT CLASS LIVING IN THE SOUTH.

The "Cracker of the Hills" Is the Direct Descendant of the "Sold Passenger" Who Came to This Country in the Seventeenth Century.

The notion that the poor white element of the southern Appalachian region is identical with the poor people generally over the country is an error, and an error of enough importance to call for correction. The poor white of the south has some kinfolk in the Adirondack region of New York and the Blue and Alleghany mountains of Pennsylvania, but he has few relatives anywhere else about the Mason-Dixon line. The states of New York and Pennsylvania were slave states until the early part of this century.

This poor white mountaineer descends direct from those immigrants who came over in the early days of the colonies, from 1620 to about or some time after the Revolutionary war period, as "sold passengers." They sold their services for a time sufficient to enable them to work out their passage money. They were sold, article to masters, in the colonies for their board and fixed wage, and then they earned the cost of their migration.

The laws under which they were article were severe, as severe as apprentice laws in those days. The "sold passenger" virtually became the slave of the purchaser of his labor. He could be whipped if he did not do the task set him, and woe to the unlucky wight if he ran away. He was sure to be caught and cruelly punished.

And though he was usually a descendant of the lowest grade of humanity on the British islands, he still had enough of the Anglo-Saxon spirit about him to make him an unsatisfactory chattel.

From 1620 forward—the year when the Dutch landed the first cargo of African slaves on the continent—the "sold passenger" was fast replaced by negroes, who took more naturally and amiably to the slave life.

The poor white naturally came to cherish a bitter hatred for the blacks that were preferred over him. He already hated his domineering white master. When he was free to go, he put as many miles as his means and his safety from Indian murderers permitted between himself and those he hated and hoped he might never see again. In that early time the mountain region was not even surveyed, let alone owned by individual proprietors.

The English, Scotch, Irish and continental immigrant who had some means sat down on the rich valleys, river bottoms and rolling savannas, and the poor whites were made welcome to the foothills and mountain plateaus.

These descendants of the British villain of the feudal era grew and multiplied, became almost as distinct a people from the lords of the lowlands as the Scotch Highlander was, as related to his lowland neighbor, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The stir of the period since the close of our civil war has made somewhat indistinct the line that separates the mountaineer from the plainman of the south, especially in the foothills and at points where the low have intermingled in traffic, in the schoolhouse and church, and especially where the poor whites have been employed at mining, iron making, etc. But go into the mountains far enough and you find the types as clear cut as it was 100 years ago, with its inimitable drawing speech and curious dialect, its sallow complexion, lanky frame, lazy habits and immorality—all as distinctly marked as they were when hundreds of these people found Cherokee wives in Georgia and Tennessee in the early part of the century and bleached the most of the copper out of the skin of the Choctaw as well as out of the Cherokee.

It is a pity that some competent anthropological historian has not traced the annals of this interesting and distinctive section of our population and made record of it in the interest of science, no less than in the interest of the proper education and elevation of the mountain people. It has become, especially in the Piedmont section of the south, a most important labor element. The cotton mill labor by thousands comes from the "Cracker of the Hills," and it is destined to become a great power, that labor population, social and political.

The redemption of the poor white being among his household an understudy, singularly like him in appearance, who shows himself at the windows of railway carriages and the like when his majesty does not wish to be disturbed.

The swallow has a larger month, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs it too, for he does all his feeding on the wing, and a big month is a great convenience.

Provided conceals itself in the details of human affairs, but becomes unwelcome in the generalities of history.—Encyclopaedia.

EFFECT OF TEA CIGARETTES.

They Give One a Sensation of Thickening in the Head.

One of the most injurious and dangerous of new fashions is the tea cigarette. That this is no empty, baseless story of a new craze is shown by the application made last week to the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington for permission to manufacture tea cigarettes in Michigan. The applicant was told that to engage in such manufacture he must comply with the law governing the manufacturing of tobacco cigarettes, tea being a substitute for tobacco; that he must register, give bond and so on, and that the cigarettes, when made, must be packed, stamped, banded and labeled, exactly as the tobacco cigarettes, before the government would sanction their removal from the factory for sale.

Several descriptions of the tea cigarette have been printed, but these have erred in the presumption that the tea was taken as sold, rolled up in a paper and smoked. This would be practically impossible, as the sharp edges of the tea would cut the paper in all directions, spool the draft and render the cigarettes unsmokable.

To make the tea cigarette one takes a grade of green tea which has but little dust, being composed of unbroken leaf, and dampens it carefully, just enough to permit the leaves to be unrolled without being broken, and so as to be left pliable and capable of being stuffed in the paper cylinder, while the dampness is not sufficient to stain the paper. The cigarettes are laid aside for a few days and are then ready to be smoked.

The feeling of a tea cigarette in the mouth is peculiar. The taste is not so disagreeable as might be supposed, but the effect on the eye is a sense of thickening in the head and a disposition to take hold of something or sit down. If the beginner quits them, that settles it, he will not try tea cigarettes again. If, however, the smoker sits down and tries a second cigarette, inhaling it deeply, then the thickening feeling passes and is succeeded by one of intense exhilaration. The nerves are stimulated until the smoker feels like flying, skit dancing or doing something else entirely out of the common way. This stage lasts as long as the smoke continues, which is until the reaction of the stomach sets in.

Words cannot describe the final effects of the tea cigarette. The agony of the opium fiend is a shadow to that of the nauseated victim of the tea cigarette. It will be hours before food can be looked at, yet the first step toward a cure is a cup of tea. An hour afterward comes the craving for the tea cigarette.—Cincinnati Tribune.

PORTUGUESE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

They Have Done Nothing to Explore or Develop the Country.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, long before the first Dutch fort was erected at Cape Town, Portugal had planted her settlers at various points along the east coast, from Delagoa bay to the Zambezi and Mozambique. They did some trading in gold and ivory with the interior, and they ascended the Zambezi for several hundred miles. But the pestilential strip of flat ground which lay between the coast and the plateau dampened their desires and threw obstacles in the way of their advance. They did little to explore and nothing to civilize the interior.

Three centuries passed, during which our knowledge of south central Africa was scarcely extended, and it was not till some 60 years ago that the Dutch Boers in their slow wagons passed northeastward from Cape Colony to the spots where Bloemfontein and Pretoria now stand; not till 1854-6 that David Livingstone made his way through Bechuanaland to the Victoria falls of the Zambezi; not till 1889 that the vast territories which lie between the Transvaal republic and Lake Tanganyika began to be occupied by the Mashonaland pioneers. All these farmers, explorers and mining prospectors came up over the high plateau from the extreme southernmost end of Africa, checked from time to time by the warlike native tribes, but drawn on by the lure of gold.

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THOUGHT THE WORLD SMALL.

When Her Comment in Europe Found Its Echo in America.

"I have known for some time that the world is small," complained a woman recently, "but I did suppose one could make a comment in Europe that would not echo in America. On the piazza of a little inn in the Swiss mountains last summer I chatted with two ladies of a party we had encountered at two or three places en route till we felt as if we had a little acquaintance with them. When they discovered we were from Minneapolis, one of them asked if we knew Mr. B. As he is a very intimate friend of ours, we cordially assented and fell to discussing his family. Incidentally I spoke of his first wife and commented on the fact that the present and second Mrs. B. refused to allow the picture of her predecessor to hang in the house. 'We never knew the first Mrs. B.,' I said, 'but we do know and are very fond of the second wife. There must have been something very peculiar about Mrs. B. No. 1 to make Mrs. B. No. 2 so persistent in her determination to keep all mention and memory of her out of the way.'

"My new friend smiled a little oddly before she said: 'There was something peculiar about the first Mrs. B., which, I believe, cannot be attributed to the second. She was a rarely beautiful woman, and her untimely death at 24 was a terrible blow to her husband. He married again after awhile—he was too young a man to spend a lifetime alone—but his young love has always been a tender memory to him, and her picture, painted by a famous artist, and wonderfully lifelike, undoubtedly attracted too much attention from every one who saw it to please the present wife, who must be a jealous woman. I know,' she finished suavely, 'for the picture hangs today in my own parlor. The original was my sister.' After a wild attempt to recall just what I had said about the first wife, I registered a vow that hereafter with strangers, though I encountered them in South Africa, I would never mention a name again."—New York Times.

ODD WAYS OF MAKING MONEY.

Rabbit Bones as Scurfins and Miniature Real Live Oaks.

In the backbone of a rabbit is a joint bearing a remarkable resemblance to a fox's head. Lightly painted brown, a couple of beads for eyes, a cheap pin affixed, and lo! a real sporting scurfin is produced at a nominal cost.

At the time of calling in the French coins, which were freely passing in England for pennies, many dollars were made by ingenious individuals converting them into rings as souvenirs, this being done by cutting out the center, turning the rim inside out, leaving the inscription inside. Many of these rings are still to be seen among the poorer folk, worn as wedding rings.

Acorn gathering may be the means of putting a few shillings in the pockets of the country folk by picking them up for the farmers, but it did not seem the quickest way to a fortune by one thoughtful son of toil.

So he planted a piece of his ground with thousands of acorns, and when they were small plants he carefully removed daily such as he wanted, with the mold round, and moss wrapped each root and started his father to hawk them in the nearest towns, and a remarkably good idea it turned out.

The request of the old man to "buy a real British oak, mum," generally secured a purchaser, the ladies being charmed with the plant and the prospect of watching its growth into a sturdy tree.—Odds and Ends.

MOONSHINE WHISKY.

Says a revenue agent: "There is a great popular misunderstanding about moonshine whisky. It is nothing but raw highwine—the crudest kind of whisky—and most of it is made right in the big cities. You take a barrel of molasses, some yeast and a still, such as many people use for distilling water, or even less than that, you can let the vapor pass through a glass pipe covered with cold water, and you can make all the moonshine you want. The foreigners in New York city make thousands of gallons of it for private use in this way. All whisky is white as water when first made. If kept in glass it remains white for years, as you see in the case of Irish and Scotch whisky. Put into wood it will in time darken, owing to the rotting of the oils. Moonshine is usually white because not kept long enough to darken, or, if kept, being usually stored in bottles or jugs."—New York Tribune.

HAIRSTORMS IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

The Orange Free State is very nearly as large as England, and just as large as the state of New York. It lies from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea and is mostly level, with some low ranges of hills. The surface is bare of wood, except in a few sheltered spots along the streams, but is well covered with herbage. The air is pure and bracing, much like that of Colorado or Wyoming. There are, happily, no blizzards, but violent thunderstorms are not uncommon, and the hailstones—I have seen them bigger than pigeon's eggs—sometimes fall during such storms some which kill the smaller animals and even men.—Professor James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

Early Mention of Tobacco.

The first account in which the tobacco plant was minutely described was sent from Haiti to Peter Martyr in the year 1496—400 years ago exactly—that by Hernandez de Oviedo, the man who introduced tobacco culture into Spain. In 1561 Nicot, the man for whom nicotine, the active principle of tobacco, was named, wrote to the notice of Catherine de Medici, to wit, as he presented some plants grown in his own garden from seed brought over from Florida. Nicot appears to have been the first European to use tobacco as a medicine, proof of which may be found in Arber's reprint of the famous tract issued by King James, and which bore the title of "A Counterblaste to Tobacco." The very earliest detailed account of the tobacco plant in the English language is by Mr. Arber (mentioned above), bearing date of 1577.—St. Louis Republic.

Knows No Fear.

"Are you afraid, Lily, when you go driving with Mr. Phillips, that the horse will run away?" "No, indeed, Mr. Phillips has trained his horse to drive without lines."—Detroit Free Press.

Nearly Out of It.

She—You said I had a face that would stop a trolley car in the middle of the block. He—I did. It takes a mighty good looking woman to get a conductor to do that.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

Stretching an Understanding.

What I want to know," he began after the chief clerk had been sent for and had arrived at the window, "is whether the money order department is open nights?" "No, sir."

"Not open at 10 o'clock at night, eh?" "No, sir."

"Should I receive a money order from my brother in Tawass at 10 o'clock at night I could not get it cashed?" "No, sir."

"I would have to walk around all night with that order in my pocket, would I?" "Not necessarily. You could go to a hotel and have it cashed next morning."

"I see. The idea is a good one. Even if the landlord did not know my brother in Tawass it would make no difference?"

"I can't see how it would."

"If I had a note from you, for instance," persisted the man, "stating that I expected a money order from my brother in Tawass tomorrow night?" "But you haven't a note from me."

"And I won't get one?" "No, sir!"

"And in case my brother in Tawass fails to send me a money order I cannot depend upon you?"

"No, sir!" "For a note?" "No, sir!"

"Nor the price of a bed?" "No, sir!"

"Thank you, I see. I wanted to know, you know, so there could be no mistake. Money order not to open at 10, no note, no price of bed. Brother in Tawass better bring the money down himself. Good day."—Detroit Free Press.

Developing a Cathodograph.

In developing a cathodograph picture it is noticeable that the development goes on all through the film, back as well as front. This is not the case with ordinary camera exposures, which develop from the front toward the back of the plate. The behavior noted is with the cathodograph an indication of the fact that the sensitive film itself is largely transparent to the cathode rays, and therefore lets them through without fully utilizing them. If they could all be absorbed and made to do chemical work, our time for making an impression would be much abbreviated.—Elmhurst Thompson in Century.

What to Do Before Bicycling.

First get a vial of arnica, some court plaster, two bits' worth of oil of sassafras and a pound of raw beef. Then prepare your soul for affliction, and as a matter of precaution see that your accident insurance is paid up and your peace made with heaven. This all done, and you are prepared to take your first lesson on a bicycle.—Galveston News.

Delaware people are called "Musk-rats," an allusion to the former abundance of these animals.

DIRECTIONS.

Apply a particle of the Balm directly into the nostrils. Draw strongly through the nose. Use four or five times a day, after meals, and before retiring.

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