

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XVIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1896

NO. 7.

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. Grindler, Wm. R. Young and
Henry B. Wilson.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—William Morrison,
Melville Crounwell, Franklin G. House, James H.
Deaton, J. C. Thomas.
Sheriff—A. C. McBride.
Surveyor—Edward Baughman.
School Commissioners—Samuel Dattow, Her-
man L. Routh, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zim-
merman, Jas. W. Condon.
Examiner—E. L. Bobbitt.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—J. A. Baughman.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, Francis
A. Maxwell, Wm. P. Eyer, Jos. W. Davidson.
Registrar—E. S. Toney.
Constables—
School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNair,
John W. Reigel.

Town Officers.
Business—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Maj. O. A. Horner, Francis
A. Maxwell, J. Thos. Gelwick, J. W. Davidson.
Supt. Peter J. Harting, John T. Long.
Tax Collector—

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. C. H. Reinwald. 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. Shellenberger. 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. Midweek service at 7
o'clock. Musical class on Saturday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. W. Simpson. Morning
service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30
o'clock. Wednesday evening Lecture and Prayer
Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:45
o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. T. Landry, C. M. First Mass
7:30 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10 o'clock a. m.,
Vespers 3 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2
o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. M. H. Courtney. Services every
other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. At 7:30
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.

Malts.
Arrive.
Way from Baltimore, 9:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
At 11:15 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and
7:00 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. At 1:15 a. m.
and 8:15 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Leave.
Baltimore, 7:10 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. At 11:15 a. m.
and 8:30 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. At 1:15 a. m.
and 8:15 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

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At 11:15 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and
7:00 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. At 1:15 a. m.
and 8:15 p. m.

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Baltimore, 7:10 a. m. and 8:15 p. m. At 11:15 a. m.
and 8:30 p. m. At 1:15 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. At 1:15 a. m.
and 8:15 p. m.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Card.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

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

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

is on every

wrapper.

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I HAVE a first-class Livery in connection with the Emmit House, and am prepared to furnish the public with good and safe driving horses, with good carriages. I also make a specialty of furnishing first-class carriages for Weddings, Parties, Funerals, etc. Charges moderate. Give me a call.

Respectfully,
JACOB S. ITH,
Emmitsburg, Md.

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GEO. T. EYSTER,

—AND—

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GOLD & SILVER

Key & Stem-Winding

WATCHES.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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WORKMANSHIP &

DURABILITY.

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AND OTHER LEADING MAKES.

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THE BIRD WITH A BROKEN PINION.

I walked through the woodland meadows,

Where sweet the thrushes sing,

And found on a bed of mosses

A bird with a broken wing.

I healed its wound, and each morning

It sang its old, sweet strain;

But the bird with the broken pinion

Never soared so high again.

I found a young life broken

By sins' seductive art;

And, touched with Christ-like pity,

I took him to my heart.

He lived with a noble purpose,

And struggled not in vain;

But the life that sin had stricken

Never soared so high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion

Kept another from the snare;

And the life that sin had stricken

Raised another from despair.

Each loss has its compensation—

There is healing for every pain,

But the bird with a broken pinion

Never soars as high again.

—Hezekiah Butterworth

A NAVAL BATTLE ON HORSEBACK.

The Daring Deed of a Troop of Venezuelan Cavalry.

The recent international complications over the Venezuelan boundary recalls many interesting incidents about this strange country and its people. Within the territorial boundaries of the little Republic there has been more patriot blood spilt than in our original American colonies, and there is scarcely a city or settlement, a mountain peak or plain, that has not been at some time a scene of battle or violent skirmish between contending armies. In colonial days Spain treated Venezuela so brutally that the people were in a constant state of rebellion.

Seventy-five years ago the high-spirited Venezuelan under Simon Bolivar established their independence, but their history of war did not cease with this event. Her rulers and Presidents have more frequently been elected by bullets and bayonets than by ballots, her great men have died in exile, and the whole country has been an armed camp.

Venezuela has been appropriately designated as the Hungary, the Poland, of South America. Her lot has been an unhappy one, whether from her own mistakes, or from an unfortunate chain of circumstances, it matters not here. A hundred years of intermittent warfare produces scenes and opportunities for wonderful adventures and escapes, and if one is in need of stories founded upon facts he should turn to the pages of Venezuelan history.

When Simon Bolivar, the "liberator," waged war against the Spaniards in South America the iron rule of the mother country extended over a large part of the territory that is now divided into the small republics of Venezuela, Bolivia, Peru and Colombia. It was within this region that the ancient Spaniards located the mythical city of Manoa, the El Dorado which attracted the adventures of Europe to the mouth of the Orinoco.

Strange stories were told of this opulent city ruled over by a king who was sprinkled every morning with gold dust by his slaves, and his fabulous wealth allured many a stout-hearted Spaniard to his death in the fever-stricken forests along the banks of the Orinoco and Amazon. The nuggets of gold that were carried back by Sir Walter Raleigh, and which intensified the general belief about the city of Manoa, came from the now famous gold mine of El Callao, the discovery of which has helped to bring matters to a crisis between England and Venezuela.

On the banks of the Orinoco the Spaniards fought the Indians in many bloody encounters, and later under the leadership of Bolivar these sanguinary battles were renewed. The rank and file of the army has been largely composed of Indians, negroes and half-breeds, but some of the fiercest battles the world has ever known has been contested by them. They are faithful and obedient soldiers, while the officers, drawn from the best fami-

lies of Venezuela, have always been proud, good-looking, courageous and well educated. Military service has been their constant occupation, and they take naturally to it and enjoy it.

Probably the strangest and the fiercest battle recorded in history was fought on the upper Orinoco during the struggle of Venezuela for independence.

In that desperate war scenes were daily enacted similar to those reported from Cuba to-day. The Spaniards largely preponderated, and had all the machinery of war, but the Venezuelans were stubborn, determined and energetic. They carried on for a long time a guerrilla warfare, unwilling and unable to meet a superior force in a pitched battle. The tactics of Bolivar was to harass and wear out the enemy by petty engagements, and so well did he succeed in this that he finally achieved his desire.

The Venezuelans were familiar with the mountain fastnesses, and the hiding places in the almost impenetrable forests, and when they took shelter the Spanish army could not follow them. The Orinoco river was a strategic point, and the Spaniards kept it open by a fleet of gunboats. These gunboats paraded up and down the river continually and kept the enemy from crossing, thus separating two parts of the native army.

Bolivar wished to cross the upper Orinoco to proceed into the interior, and his army was encamped on the banks of the river for weeks, vainly striving to elude the gunboats. The latter with their heavy artillery easily kept the army from venturing across the water.

Once or twice attempts were made to cross, but each time the soldiers were driven back by the gunboats. The army was divided once to attract the attention of the gunboats further up the stream, but even then half the gunboats seemed sufficient to hold the larger force in check.

Bolivar had no gunboats, nor heavy artillery to return the heavy shots from the enemy. He could not cover his army's movements with batteries from the shore, and he felt himself almost helpless in the face of these disadvantages.

But in his army was a hardy set of Llaneros, or cow-boys, all mounted on good South American ponies. These rough soldiers of the plains were the best fighters in the army, and about three thousand of them under the command of General Paez had accompanied Bolivar's forces in their marches.

The Llaneros, like our fast disappearing Western cow-boys, were brought up in the saddle, and they could fight better on horseback than on foot. They made the finest cavalry troop that ever accompanied an army. The horses were animals accustomed to the wild, rough country, and they, like their riders, were ready to meet any emergency.

General Paez became so exasperated at the interruption of the army's march that he could scarcely control himself. His rough cavalry had never yet known defeat, and a check like this made the old veteran rude and choleric. But one night he brought matters to a crisis. Appearing before Bolivar one day he unfolded to him a plan of action that met with the hearty response of the commander.

Early that night when darkness wrapped everything on the river in deep gloom General Paez rode down to the shore completely armed and equipped for battle. Behind him came his officers and aids, and then a long troop of cavalry. Everything was quiet and the muffled tramp of the animals scarcely disturbed the peacefulness of the camp.

Out in the middle of the river the dark outlines of the gunboats could be faintly seen. The shores of the river were so overgrown with trees and wild reeds that the Spaniards could not see the movement of those on shore. Three thousand cow-boy cavalymen were concealed from view behind the fringe of trees all waiting for the word of their commander. Every rider knew the

desperate piece of business that lay before him, and every one felt a suppressed excitement.

The word was passed along the line in a low voice:

"All ready?"

"All ready, sir," was the low response.

"Then follow me."

General Paez spurred his horse forward and rode into the water, and the whole three thousand cow-boys followed. The river soon sloped down to a great depth and the horses had to swim. But this was nothing new to them. They had been taught to swim with riders upon their backs as well as to gallop, and they plunged forward readily.

Now the plunging of three thousand horses into the water cannot be made without attracting the attention of a watchman half a mile away, and in spite of all the efforts at concealment the movements of all the cavalry were instantly discovered by the men on the gunboats.

The alarm was instantly given on all the gunboats that the army was trying to cross the river under the darkness of night. The cavalymen heard the hoarse call to arms, and the loud clanking of chains and heavy guns. They knew what was coming, but they urged their horses onward more rapidly.

It took sometime for the gunners to get their artillery ready, and then when they aimed at the swimmers they found that their guns pointed too high. A loud crash, a flash of light, and the heavy charges whistled harmlessly over the heads of the swimmers. Had they been a longer distance off the shots would have killed hundreds of them.

The river was wide at this point, and the gunners probably thought that they would have plenty of time in which to kill the men when they got abreast of them. But in this they were mistaken. The swimmers, instead of heading across stream, aimed direct for the gunboats.

They were close to the boats before the Spaniards realized what was coming. A few abortive shots had been fired at them, and several riderless horses swam along with the others; but the rest of the small army were undisturbed.

"They are going to board us," some one shouted, hoarsely, from the nearest gunboat, and then a scene of demoralization followed. The unexpected danger completely bewildered the seamen, and the commanders had difficulty in obtaining discipline. There sharp orders rang out clearly upon the night air.

But at this moment a wild yell from three thousand throats counteracted any disciplinary effects that the cool commands of the Spanish officers may have given. The first horse had reached the side of the nearest gunboat, and his rider was grasping the anchor chain.

"Up and kill! Let your horses go; no retreat!"

These orders were understood beforehand, but they were repeated by General Paez and his officers. The cavalry separated into companies, each one going for the gunboat pointed out from the shore.

The Llaneros clambered from their saddles to the decks of the vessels like demons. Their horses were loosened then and every one turned and swam back to the shore. The cowboys saw retreat off, and like Pizarro's men when the ships were burnt behind them, they turned desperately upon the enemy. Every man realized that it was a question of win or die.

They swarmed over the sides of the gunboats fully armed, and with the determination to win in three hearts. They were led by brave officers, who did not flinch in the fierce encounter. Inch by inch they fought their way against the heavily armed Spaniards, and in less than an hour every gunboat was captured.

The loss on both sides was heavy, but the victory was a great one and the capture of the Spanish gunboats was an important factor in deciding the war.

Bolivar not only passed the Orinoco as he wished, but he had the satisfaction of transporting his troops in the enemy's boats.

Philadelphia Times.

At The Soda Fountain.

The girl with fluffy hair and a shirt waist was reading over the signs on the soda fountain.

"You have vanilla, have you?" she said.

"Yes, miss," the young man answered.

"Have you pineapple?"

"Any quantity of it, miss."

"Have you raspberry?"

"Yes, miss."

"I wonder if a sarsaparilla wouldn't be nice. Have you sarsaparilla?"

"By the gallon, miss."

"You have nectar and peach and banana and all the other fruits, I suppose?"

"Every one of them miss."

"Have you any chocolate?"

"No. I'm sorry, but we're out of chocolate. There has been such a demand that we find it almost impossible to keep enough on hand."

"Oh, dear! I am so sorry! I have been thirsty for chocolate soda water all day. But it doesn't matter. There is another drug store down the street."

And she was gone.—Detroit Free Press.

Buying a Wheel.

He fixed a passionate, yearning gaze upon her, and his words came slowly and with painful emphasis.

"I am about to buy a wheel," he said, "and I have come to you at this crisis in my life to ask your advice upon a matter that is more to me than life itself."

For the first time since she became accustomed to wearing bloomers a gentle blush suffused her cheeks, for she realized what was coming.

"Speak!" she said, and her breath came in abbreviated bloomers.

"Would you or would you not advise me to get a tandem?" he asked, and it was easy to see that his whole future was bound up in the question.

Her eyes rested on the ground as she answered softly: "Get one."

"Darling," he cried joyously, and for a minute or two their heads were so close together that it was impossible to say which was his Fedora hat and which was hers.

And thus they became engaged.—Chicago Post.

A New Light on the Subject.

"Come on," said Meandering Mike; "let's join in wit de pernicious spirit of de times."

"What yer talkin' about?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Talkin' 'bout gittin' away from de country an' passin' inter de already overcrowded city. Dat's somethin' dat hez worried some of de best sharps in de political economy line. Some says it's due ter one cause, and others say it's due to another cause. But I know what makes people so anxious ter git out in de country. It's de cause of my goin' right now an t'rowin' meself inter de dizzy vortex of a great city."

"What is it?"

"Too many people lookin' fur farm hands."—Washington Star.

By the Seashore.

"Miss Giggly doesn't seem at all afraid of the big waves."

"No; she knows she couldn't drown."

"Why not?"

"She is laced to tight to swallow any water."—Chicago Record.

The Proper Method.

Brown—"Have you read this article upon 'How to tell a bad egg?'"

Jones—"No, but if you have anything to tell a bad egg, my advice is to break it gently."—Up-to-Date.

There is going to be a wonderful eclipse of the moon next week. Well, keep quiet about it. If my wife finds it out, she will insist on having a new dress for the occasion."—Texas Siftings.

"Did you ever have any serious accidents while traveling?"

"Did I? It was while I was traveling through the South that I met my wife."—Harper's Bazar.

Zimmerman & Maxell!

—AT THE—

BRICK WAREHOUSE,

DEALERS IN

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COAL,

Lumber, Fertilizers,

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june 14-y

CATARRH IS SPEEDILY CURED BY

Dr. Hartley's Great Remedy.

The head, nose and throat soon experience the benefit of this matchless scientific treatment. The unwholesome secretions are effectually removed; a soothing sensation ensues and by its application the results are prompt, satisfactory and perfect.

Not a Salve or Snuff,

but a complete home treatment that will enable any person to effect a cure.

Sold by Dr. C. D. Eichelberger and all drug lists.

may 10/96

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1896.

Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7.10 and 10.00 a. m. and 2.50 and 5.50 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8.20 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.25 and 6.25 p. m.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.20 and 10.40 a. m. and 3.31 and 6.36 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 8.50 and 11.10 a. m. and 4.01 and 7.04 p. m.

JAMES A. ELBER, Pres't.

The steps in front of the Western Maryland Hotel have been repaired.

The wheat crop of Washington county is estimated at less than half an average.

The tenth annual Lutheran Reunion will be held at Pen Mar, Thursday, July 23.

Three prisoners made an unsuccessful attempt to escape from the Allegany county jail.

There are 26 milk wagons, 13 ice wagons 33 cabs running on the streets of Hagerstown.

A marriage license has been issued to Harry W. James and Mary J. Rideout, colored, of Emmitsburg District.

The contract for books and stationery for Frederick county has been awarded to the J. W. Bond Co., of Baltimore.

A number of fishermen from Waynesboro are camping at "Mumma's Hole", on the banks of the Monocacy.

Always in season, Hopkins' Steamed Hominy (Hulled Corn) Elegant lunch in Milk. Qts., can 10c. may 29-4ts.

Gov. Lowndes states that if the counties concerned do not take steps to punish the perpetrators of recent lynchings, he may do so.

A colored woman named Hawkins was badly hurt last Saturday by being run over by a horse and buggy, at Westminster.

Valentine Kriber, a prominent farmer near Waynesboro, received a sunstroke while riding on a load of hay, Monday afternoon, and died almost instantly.

Mrs. John N. Bell, of near town, set out a petunia stalk this spring, which contains 45 flowers in full bloom. Mrs. Bell is quite proud of her flowers.

A festival for the benefit of the Lutheran Church, will be held at the residence of Mr. H. F. Maxwell at Charlotte Milling Company's Mills, on next Thursday evening, July 16.

Messrs. Joseph and David Ohler, of near town, have painted their brick dwelling house and are making other noticeable improvements about their cozy home.

On last Thursday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob L. Hoke entertained a number of their friends at their hospitable home. The guitar, bango and mandolin club was present and rendered some fine music.

Helman offers his surplus summer goods at cost. Bargains in every department. Plenty of Perfection syrup, 25 cts.; Levering Coffee, 20 cts.; Outing goods very cheap. Call and see the inducements. July 10-4ts

A committee on profanity will be appointed by the Hagerstown Ministerial Association this week, to take steps toward arresting all persons cursing and swearing on the streets and in public places.

Large Cherry Tree.

Mr. Wm. Kooztz, of near town, informs us that he has one of the largest cherry trees in this section of the country. The body of the tree measures 104 feet in circumference, and contains limbs 30 feet long.

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.

A large new bell, made by the McShane Bell Company, Baltimore, has been placed in the tower of the Reformed Church in Burkittsville, this county. It is a memorial bell, presented to the church by Martin Shafer and Henrietta Biser, of this county.

Tux Blue Ridge Zephyr, that bright and breezy little daily paper, published at Waynesboro, by Mr. N. Bruce Martin, appeared July first, and as heretofore, will exist three months. Zephyr is published in the interest of Pen Mar and the surrounding country, and contains all the news pertaining to that delightful summer resort. And no doubt the visitors on the mountain will extend to it that support and encouragement of which it is so deserving.

Fanned by Rocking Chairs.

Mr. Wm. J. Ferguson, chief engineer of the Equitable Building, has invented a fan to attach to a rocking chair, which will fan the occupant of the chair as long as the rocking continues. Mr. Ferguson was led to make the invention in order to provide relief from the heat for his wife, who is an invalid. She spends much time in a rocking chair, and her husband fixed a fan so that the rocking motion would keep her cool also.—Baltimore News.

DEATH OF DR. ANDREW ANNAN.

The venerable Dr. Andrew Annan died at the residence of his son-in-law, Maj. O. A. Horner, in this place, on Wednesday morning, in the ninety-second year of his age. He retired Tuesday night in his usual health, and was found dead in his bed Wednesday morning.

In the death of Dr. Annan, Emmitsburg loses its oldest inhabitant, and one of its most highly respected and honored citizens. Considering his advanced age, he was a well preserved man, retaining nearly all his faculties until his death. Several years ago, however, he lost the use of his lower limbs, but otherwise he enjoyed remarkably good health.

Dr. Annan enjoyed the distinction of being not only the oldest graduate of the Maryland University, at Baltimore, but also the only surviving member of the class of 1827, being only 22 years of age when he graduated in medicine.

After graduating he returned to this place, and began practicing his profession with his father, the late Dr. Robert Landales Annan, and continued to practice medicine in this place and the surrounding country until some years ago, when he gave up the active practice of his chosen profession and led a retired life the remainder of his days.

During his younger years he took an active part in politics, being a staunch republican, and was on different occasions awarded offices of public trust, being a member of the Maryland Constitutional Convention of 1864, and later, in 1874, was one of Frederick county's representatives in the State legislature and was, at the time of his death, a member of the banking house of Annan, Horner & Co.

He married Miss Elizabeth Motter, who preceded him to the grave about twelve years ago. He leaves three sons and one daughter: Dr. R. L. Annan, Messrs. Isaac S. and Andrew A. Annan, and Mrs. O. A. Horner, all of this place.

The deceased was a prominent and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, where the funeral services were held this morning at ten o'clock. After the services at the church, his remains were laid to rest in the family burial grounds in the Presbyterian Cemetery, near town. The services were conducted by his pastor, the Rev. Wm. Simonton, D. D.

Death of Professor Leleup.

Charles A. Leleup, professor emeritus of French of Mt. St. Mary's, died at the college on Sunday. He was born in Baltimore in 1810, his father, Mr. Lewis Leleup, being French consul in that city at the time of his birth. He was educated at Mt. St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and graduated in 1828. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1832. He held several important positions of public trusts in the city of Baltimore. He was school commissioner there for several years and chairman of the ways and means committee of the First Branch Baltimore City Council in 1852. He was for a time engaged at Loyola College, Baltimore, and came to Mt. St. Mary's in 1872, where he taught until his health failed him. He was a genial, kind hearted gentleman of the old school, and all who knew him held him in the highest esteem. He was buried from the college Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock.

A New Church Building.

The new Methodist Protestant Church at Buckeystown, a thriving village along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, about six miles from Frederick, is an improvement of which the congregation may well feel proud. The entire walls from grade line to cornice are of Port Deposit granite, the roof and sides of belfry being of slate. The interior arrangement has been so planned that both the Sunday School and the main auditorium can be thrown into one room. The entire finish of the interior is of cypress, finished in hard oil.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. June 10-4ts

Destroyed by Lightning.

A terrific storm passed over the village of Union Mills, Md., Monday night, doing considerable damage. During the storm the large bank barn of Mr. B. F. Shriver was struck by lightning, destroying everything in it except the horses, which were gotten out by the tenant on the place. The barn was full of hay and straw and a lot of farming implements, which were all destroyed. The loss is estimated at about \$4,000; covered by an insurance of \$2,500.

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 constive 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.

Nearly Won a Game.

A game of base ball was played in Taneytown Monday afternoon, between the Emmitsburg and Taneytown teams. Our home team came very nearly winning the game, and possibly would have been victorious had all the innings been played. There seems to have been a good deal of kicking during the game, so much so that Umpire Eline called his men off the field in the seventh inning, thus bringing the game to a sudden close. The score was 19 to 19.

Another Lynching Affair.

Sidney Randolph, colored, who was in jail at Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., charged with the murder of Sadie Buxton and with murderous assault upon B. L. Buxton, Mrs. Buxton and Miss Maud Buxton, father, mother and sister of the dead girl, was taken from the Montgomery county jail at an early hour Saturday morning last, and hung to a tree near rockville. The men who formed the lynching party had everything well arranged.

The jailer, Charles Peyton, who lives at the jail, gives this account of the attack on the jail and Randolph's removal by the posse: "I was awakened about 2 o'clock by some one calling me to open the door, as there was a prisoner to be placed in jail. I got up and went downstairs. When I opened the door of the jail three or four men covered me with revolvers and said they wanted the jail keys. One of the men was blackened so as to represent a colored man. I demurred about surrendering the keys, but the men demanded them, and said, while they intended to have the keys. Then I surrendered them. The leader took the keys and opened the outer door leading into the jail corridor. When this was done they proceeded to the cell occupied by Randolph."

The negro heard the commotion on the outside, and when he heard their footsteps coming the direction of his cell he seemed to realize what was going to take place, Randolph began to scream murder and cried for help. The lynchers quickly unlocked the cell door, and when the door was pushed open, the negro went to the far corner of his cell and stood close up against the wall. The men rushed into the cell, when Randolph showed signs of resistance and made a hot battle with those who were trying to get hold of him. He fought, it is said, like a wild man, and it was not until a heavy blow was dealt him that he finally subdued.

When struck he fell with a groan to the cell floor, and in an instant a rope was placed around his neck and the crowd started for the jail yard.

The negro was placed in a covered wagon and driven about one and a half miles from the jail, where he was strung up to a tree.

A jury of inquest viewed the dead man's body before it was cut down. A number of persons testified before the jury, but no one could throw on who the lynching party were.

The sentiment of the best people of Rockville bitterly condemns the lynching.

Shooting Accident.

On Saturday evening, shortly before 4 o'clock, David Krise, of East Main street, McSherrystown, walked across the street to his neighbors, Geo. A. Ackerman, where he found John Bauer, alias "Dutch John," also a neighbor of his. The three gentlemen chatted pleasantly together for a few minutes, when their conversation drifted to Fourth of July supplies. Mr. Ackerman told Mr. Bauer about a revolver he had, then got the weapon, and after examination Mr. Bauer purchased it.

The weapon was loaded, and Mr. Bauer walked a short distance away and discharged what he thought all the bullets. He then returned to Mr. Ackerman's porch, where Messrs. Krise and Ackerman had seated themselves, and was in the act of laying the revolver down, when it discharged, the bullet entering the breast of Mr. Krise, about one inch above the heart. The wounded man walked home, the blood gushing from his wound, at a rapid rate.

Dr. A. H. Rice was summoned and bandaged the wound, and afterward, assisted by his father, Dr. Geo. L. Rice, endeavored to locate the bullet, but it was not found until Monday morning under the left arm.

Though the shooting was purely accidental, the strain was so much on Mr. Bauer, and he immediately disappeared, and has not since been heard from. Before he left he said: "If anything happens this man, I will kill myself."

—Gettysburg Star and Sentinel.

Mr. Krise is well known here, having formerly lived in this vicinity. According to late reports the wound will not prove fatal, and Mr. Krise is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

Purify Blood and Weakness.

"I suffered for many years with pimples and weakness and sometimes I was unable to attend to my housework and the pimples on my face were very disagreeable. Nothing that I tried did me any good, and I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the first bottle made me feel better. I continued its use until I was cured. I now have a good appetite and am able to do my work without any difficulty." Miss Sarah Banks, 2105 Maryland Ave., near 21st St., Baltimore, Md.

A Picnic will be held in Seabrook's Grove, on Saturday, July 11.

The packing factory of Emory A. and Aaron C. Fry, in the midst of their large peach orchards, two and half miles south of Keedysville, Washington county, was destroyed by fire Monday night. The loss is estimated at from \$5,000 to \$8,000; insured for \$5,000 with Alex. H. Mason, of Hagerstown. The building was of frame, 40x50 feet, two stories, single roof. A large number of hands were employed in the building during the fruit season making peach crates, packages, baskets, etc., and packing peaches. Ninety thousand peaches were burned, along with two peach separators, machinery, etc.

Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grown.

Is a line from the title old verse we used to recite in our 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, if it is assumed, will soon pass off, but is very apt to get worse, and in the end it is protracted with the attendant headache, nervousness, and then, if not entirely eradicated, is a constant annoyance and menace of worse consequences. For these reasons, it is better to use a remedy at once, than to resort to a course of hostess's stomach bitters at the outset of the trouble, than to temper with it at the start, or treat it with violent remedies in its maturity. Be on time with disease, or it may grow on you. Stomachs, rheumatic and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and nervousness are disorders of rapid growth and should be "nipped in the bud" by a timely resort to the Bitters.

Barn Burned by Lightning.

The large weatherboarded barn owned by Dr. A. H. Strickler, about one and a half miles east of Waynesboro, along the Baltimore and Cumberland Division of the Western Maryland Railroad, was struck by lightning during the severe thunderstorm, Saturday afternoon and totally destroyed, along with one horse, one cow and calf and one hog, together with a lot of hay, feed and farming implements. The loss will be about \$2,000; partly insured.

Afflicted With Abscesses.

"My little boy was afflicted with abscesses on his face. We doctored with him for two years and the doctors thought he could not live. We gave him two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and now his face is entirely healed. We are also giving Hood's Sarsaparilla to our little girl for inflammation in the eyes and she is now well." Mrs. Wm. A. Dennison, North East, Md.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

THE LETTER FROM FREDERICK.

Fourth of July Celebration at Brunswick.—Work on the Electric Railway.—Application for a Receiver for Catocin Mountain Iron Co.—Other News.

FREDERICK, July 8.—The glorious 4th was duly celebrated here by the firing of crackers and the display of fire works. No ceremonial demonstration was made.

Brunswick celebrated in fine style. After a parade through the streets, music and speech making occupied the attention of quite a large crowd of visitors from Maryland and Virginia. Addresses were made by Senator-elect George L. Wellington, and by Glenn H. Worthington and Hammond Urner, two members of the Frederick bar; also by Rev. John P. Yellott, of Brunswick.

The music was exceptionally fine. Several patriotic songs being rendered by a trained choir.

Wm. S. Gross was chief marshal, and Z. T. Brantner, Esq., conducted the singing. The Brunswick and Lovettsville, Va., brass bands furnished music for the parade. It was estimated that at least 2,000 strangers were in the town during the day.

Brunswick herself is a thrifty town of about 2,500 souls and promises to grow to still greater proportions.

The Frederick and Middletown Railway Company is laying tracks along Patrick street in this city. The street is dug up from one end to the other, nearly, and the work is being pushed rapidly. It is quite a strange spectacle to see railroad tracks in the bed of one of Frederick's thoroughfares and strangers still will be the trolley cars passing to and fro. The purpose to use South street instead of Patrick for the line of the road was abandoned at the last minute, and the route will be along Patrick street.

The directors deserve a great deal of credit for the energetic manner in which they have pushed the work along. Within ten days the line will be open as far as Braddock Heights, it is confidently predicted.

Application has been made to the Court here for the appointment of a receiver for the Catocin Mountain Iron Company, of Frederick county. If this application be granted, as it probably will be, the Furnace property will likely be sold and not put in blast again for many a long day. The application was made by Charles J. Doll, through John C. Motter, his attorney.

The School Board has awarded the contract to furnish books and stationery for the ensuing year to J. W. Bond & Co., of Baltimore. For many years the past contract has gone to J. W. C. Dulany & Co., who has invariably been the lowest bidder. This time, however, Mr. Bond under bid Dulany.

The Court has rendered its decision in the case of the Electric Light and Power Company against the City of Frederick, which was brought to test the right of the city to tax a plant which manufactures electricity over an ordinance exempting manufacturing plants for five years. The Court refused the injunction applied for to restrain the city from collecting the taxes on the ground that electricity was not a manufactured article. The plant being only an agency to collect and distribute a fluid that already existed. The decision of this court is in accordance with the opinion of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and contrary to a decision of the Court of Appeals of New York. Thus showing the question to be a nice one to decide.

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Mr. Eugene Sponseller, of this town, has been the victim of another horse thief. Mr. Sponseller keeps a lively stable in this city, and on Monday hired a team to a stranger to take a short drive. Not returning in a reasonable time, Mr. Sponseller instituted a search and traced the team as far as Emmitsburg, but could not find it. The stolen mare has a white spot on its forehead and one on its right hind foot. The stranger was apparently about 45 years of age and wore a stubby beard.

PERSONALS.

Miss Anna Hugg is stopping at Mr. Lewis Krise's, at "Meadow Valley Farm," where she will remain for several weeks.

Mr. Frank Klunk and Miss Nellie Krise of McSherrystown, visited at J. I. Topper's.

Mr. Elanath Kerschner has returned to Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Harry Sutton, of Baltimore, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. James H. Schriver, of Ann Arbor, Mich., is visiting friends near town.

Misses H. May White, Sarah Lott Hostetter, and Anna Danson, of Green-castle, Pa., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Maxwell.

Miss Mary Kooztz, of Baltimore, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Zimmerman.

Mrs. Samuel Fleagle, Miss Mary Derr and Miss Hunter, of Baltimore, are stopping with Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Gillelan.

Mr. E. B. Fockler, of North East, Md., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Ruth Agnew has gone to Hummelstown, where she will spend several weeks with her aunt Mrs. Snyder.

THE LETTER FROM FREDERICK.

Fourth of July Celebration at Brunswick.—Work on the Electric Railway.—Application for a Receiver for Catocin Mountain Iron Co.—Other News.

FREDERICK, July 7.—The Junior Christian Endeavor of Fairfield, went on a fishing expedition. About thirty small children of the society went to Mr. Irwin's dam, each taking with him a lunch. They went to have a good time. They ate their dinner and supper along the creek, and they certainly enjoyed themselves.

Rev. Moser and wife, of Shepherds-town, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler of this place.

Mr. George Trengle, of Fairfield, who was reported being very ill, died on last Wednesday. Funeral on Friday. Mr. Trengle was in his 55th year. He lived to see more than his three score and ten years.

Mr. Jacob Neely, of York, Pa., is spending a few days in Fairfield.

Mr. Joel Musselman, of this place, has several acres of spring rye, that is hard to beat. Why can't the farmers raise spring wheat. Then there would be no freezing out of wheat.

Mr. John McGeehan, of this place, is suffering from a swollen knee, which is very painful, being caused by rheumatism. Dr. W. G. Dub's liniment is being used, which relieves the pain somewhat, but like all rheumatism it takes time. It seems like it must wear off.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunkle, of Steelton, are visiting Mrs. D's parents, of Fairfield, Mr. and Mrs. Lient. Col. J. Sefton. Mrs. Oscar Riley and daughter, Carrie, of Gettysburg, are the guests of Mr. F. Shulley and wife, of this place.

Mrs. Anne Manhorz, of York, Pa., is a visitor to this place.

Mrs. D. B. Martin and daughter, of Fountaine, are the guests of F. Shulley and wife, of this place.

Last Saturday night, the 4th, reminded the soldiers of past times, owing to the fire rockets being put off by the people of Fairfield. Lots of money spent for fun.

Mr. George Wortz and daughter, Gertrude, of Hanover, are visiting among their friends at this place.

Mr. Ellis Musselman, who is in business at York, Pa., is spending a few days at his home in Fairfield.

Miss Helen Kneess, of York, Pa., is a visitor to this place.

Mr. James C. Sanders, of Jack's mountain station, has opened a grocery store at the west end of Fairfield.

Mrs. Zac Sanders, of this place is on the sick list.

Miss Druce King who was attending the S. N. School, at Shippensburg, is home.

Mr. Clarence King, who was at college at Lebanon is home.

On last Saturday the lightning struck a locust tree about fifteen yards from Mr. Trimmer Riley's home, near Fairfield Station, splintering the tree to the ground. Some of the splinters falling on Mr. Riley's porch. The family was considerably shocked.

Some of our Fairfield boys went to Hagerstown last week on their wheels to see a base ball game come off. What is the matter or how far would our young men go to see a game played is not known. Let her go Gallacher.

Viola Council, 545, U. S. A. M., elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Councilor E. Mondorff; Vice Councilor, O. Mickley; Recording Secretary, F. Shulley; Assistant Secretary, Wm. Mondorff; F. N. See, Cleason Musselman; Con. C. Musselman; Yarden, C. Wooding; Treas. Aaron Musselman; U. S. Sentinel, C. A. Spangler; O. S. Sentinel, E. Smagle; Trustee, C. G. Bigham; Chaplain, F. Shulley.

We are having lots of rain. Our trucks are being pleased, as their cantaloupe patches are doing nicely, everything will come on in due season. The potato bugs have not left as yet, neither have the agents and candidates.

ROCKY RIDGE NEWS.

The farmers are joyful over the record of crops, which have increased the hay crop. Harvest is over and the yield is much larger than was predicted early in the season.

Mrs. Archie Fogle and daughter, Pauline May, have returned to their home in McCollinsburg, Pa., after spending two weeks among relatives here.

Mrs. Calvin Cain and daughter, Miss Nettie, of Washington, D. C., who were recent guests of relatives here, have returned home.

The citizens of this place quietly observed the 4th of July. The only demonstration being the occasional shooting of fire crackers by the small boys.

Miss Alice Diffendal, who was attending school at the Convent in Frederick, has returned to Rocky Ridge, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. D. James Miller, of Graceland, died at her home, Friday, July 3rd. She leaves a husband and four children to mourn her death. The son, Charles, resides in Iowa, and her daughters, Mrs. Colliflower, in Graceland; Mrs. Carson, in Johnston, Pa., and Mrs. Pittinger in Philadelphia. She was suddenly stricken with apoplexy on Monday previous, while in her usual health, and never gained consciousness. She was born in Maryland, being a daughter of the late Jessie Olund. Mrs. Catherine Miller was a woman of fine talents, and endowed with many pleasing qualities of character, and was held in high esteem by her many acquaintances. The funeral services were held in the Moravian Church, at Graceland, on Sunday morning, July 5. After which her remains were laid to rest in the cemetery.

Mary and Her Little Pain.

Mary has a little pain. Comes from torpid liver. It follows her wherever she goes. Spite of all they give her.

Like Mary's lamb, we'll turn it out, Ensuring quick recovery. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery! Sure cure for biliousness, torpid liver, constipation, dyspepsia, scrofula, and all blood, skin and scalp affections. Only medicine so sure in curative action that, once used, it is always in favor.

Drowned in the Canal.

Thomas Edward Burns, a freeman on freight engine No. 1234 of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, whose home is at 1512 William street, Baltimore, was drowned about 10.30 a. m., Sunday at Brunswick, while bathing in the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

Mr. Burns left Baltimore with his engine Saturday at 11 a. m., and while his engine was lying over at Brunswick, he, in company with his two brothers, John V. and William T. Burns, and Howard Markey, went in bathing. John Burns said they were all inexperienced swimmers and that his brother started to go across the canal. When he got some distance from the shore they noticed that he went under the water, but thought he was ducking himself. He came to the surface, made a few motions with his hands and then went under again, never to come up alive.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

FAIRFIELD, July 7.—The Junior Christian Endeavor of Fairfield, went on a fishing expedition. About thirty small children of the society went to Mr. Irwin's dam, each taking with him a lunch. They went to have a good time. They ate their dinner and supper along the creek, and they certainly enjoyed themselves.

Rev. Moser and wife, of Shepherds-town, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler of this place.

TO MABEL.

"Though Mabel, scarce an hour is past
Since first you opened this romance
Alone to me, 'neath the stars
You turn a surreptitious glance
Why, surely soon enough you'll learn
The fate of those who love in vain
You've scarcely done with chapter one
Before you want 'to know the end.'"

The heroine's stupendous feats,
The hero's indignation fine,
At which the wicked duke retreats,
Quite rent all along the line,
The noble deeds, the stirring scenes,
To none of these will you attend
Till certain quite that all comes right
That marriage bells are at the end

Well, if the bard might marvelize,
He would remark I think, that man,
Throughout existence, ever tries
To imitate your simple plan
In guessing what is still to come
Long days with scant result you spend
We, too, would look throughout the book
We, too, would like to know the end.

And yet I venture to maintain
To read your stories through were best,
A course whereby their plots would gain
No inconsiderable zest.
So, Mabel, in the tale of life,
Whatever lot the fates may send,
I'll watch you, and I'll strive to know
Just how the story ends.

—Anthony C. Deane in Temple Bar.

A BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

It Was Terminated by a Bullet In a Frontier Town.

It was in the early days of a town in southwestern Kansas. The deadly "45" was the most respected law of the place, and daily and nightly, in the half dozen saloons which the embryo city supported, were congregated as rough a set of men as could be found in any town of that size west of the Mississippi, spending their time in gambling and carousing.

Monarch of all the roughs was Ed Prather. He had eight notches in the handle of his trusty 45, signifying that by his hand eight human beings had been sent to their long home. Prather's bosom friend was Billy Wells. He, too, was a "bad man" in the western acceptance of the term. Damon and Pythias were not more fraternal than these two desperadoes. When one was seen, the other was always near. If one got into trouble, the other was always on hand to assist him.

The tragic end of this friendship came one summer morning. Prather had just successfully "screwed off" a sheriff and his posse, and the crowd of roughs was congregated in his saloon, congratulating him, drinking to his health and celebrating the occasion by filling themselves up with what is known in western vernacular as "40 rod," preparatory to terrorizing the town. Suddenly Prather drew his revolver from the scabbard, and saying, "Boys, watch me put a hole through Billy's hat," fired.

There was a yell of agony, and Wells fell to the floor wounded to the death. "My God, have I killed him?" was Prather's first words. Then, throwing down his revolver, he sprang to the side of the wounded man, just as the last quiver came over the prostrate form and the soul went to render its account.

For the first time in years a solitary tear coursed down the hardened features of the man whose hands were newly stained with the blood of a fellow creature, but, ashamed of this momentary evidence of emotion, he hastily brushed away the tear, and turning to the bar called, "Drinks for the crowd." And the carousal went on.

Thus was one more chapter added to the history of frontier life.—Detroit Free Press.

AN INDIGNANT FISH.

One Burgall Deprived of Its Prey by the Reckless Interference of Another.

While the burgall, known also as the canner, is not altogether a bottom feeding fish, still it feeds mostly on the bottom, taking whatever it can find there, nipping the head off a clam when it gets a chance, and not neglecting the worms of many kinds which find a home there.

There were two burgalls in a tank at the aquarium. One day a nereis showed its head above the sand and gravel on the bottom of the tank alongside a little pebble. The nereis is a marine worm that lives at the bottom. This particular nereis might have been three inches in length by an eighth of an inch in diameter. One of the burgalls saw it as soon as it lifted its head above the bottom, and he began to make for it at once, but not precipitately. In fact, he did not seem to notice the nereis at all. He just loafed about in the water, and it just happened apparently that his general movement carried him in that direction.

The nereis was probably looking for food. Gradually it raised its head until it was half an inch above the sand. The burgall, which had started a foot or more away, was then within six inches of it. Then the other burgall saw the nereis, and this burgall made a rush for it. There was nothing for the first one to do now but to make a rush for it too. The two burgalls met head on with their noses right over the pebble alongside which the nereis had raised its head, but the nereis had disappeared.

The force of the collision threw the first burgall off its balance. For a moment he lay in the water at an angle of 45 degrees, but he righted himself quickly and instantly started for burgall No. 2, and chased him round and round the tank and finally up into a corner, where he held him for a minute, and then he swam solemnly away, indignant no doubt that the reckless interference of the other had cost him the prey he had so carefully planned to take.—New York Sun.

Two Laymen Have Been Popped.

It may be well to remark that the canon law does not prescribe that the pope must be a cardinal, or even a cleric. Nevertheless since the election of Urban VI in 1378 the successful candidates have belonged to the members of the sacred college, although as late as 1758 a noncardinal was voted for several times. At least two laymen—John XIX (1024) and Adrian V (1266)—have occupied the papal throne, and there is today nothing to prevent laymen from being created cardinals, although they are not entitled to vote in the conclave unless they can produce a special permit from the late pope. Up to the meeting of the conclave of 1823 Cardinal Albani never took orders, and there is still some doubt as to whether he did so. —V. B. D. in Rayner's.

An expert tea mixer in China commands high wages, being paid from 60 cents to \$1 a day for his work.

THEIR HONEYMOON.

CAME PRETTY NEAR STARVING DURING ITS FIRST WEEK.

A Diffident Bridal Couple's Experience In a New York Hotel—The Carte de Jour Was Too Much For Them, and Hunger Drove Them to "Light Housekeeping."

Starving amid plenty is a hard fate, yet such was the case of a diffident bridal couple that staid for a week at the Hotel Netherlands recently. They came up from the south, and the period of reconstruction did not seem to have left a mark upon their open and genial characters. He was raven-haired and athletic, and she was one of those typical southern girls who speak in the languorous dialect of Dixie Land when she does speak, but carries, on conversation mainly by the use of her eyes. The couple were well supplied with money and manifested a desire to have a good time, but showed a woeful lack of knowledge of the details of a great city. To the manager of the house the young bridegroom confided the information that his family had once been wealthy, but, like many others in the south, had been drained by the war. The girl also came of an old plantation family that had been left penniless by the war, and all either could boast of was a long line of fine ancestry, health and good looks. By dint of hard work and extreme economy the bridegroom had saved a few hundred dollars, and he intended to have a honeymoon that would be worthy of remembrance.

The couple came to the hotel about noon and passed most of the afternoon in looking over the house and admiring the furnishings. When it began to grow dark, the young husband seemed to get uneasy. He wandered around the corridors of the hotel and seemed to be at a loss for something. Finally his feelings mastered him, and he approached the clerk and asked: "Ah, say, can you tell me when the supper bell rings? Am getting sort of hungry."

The clerk was amused, but he explained to the southerner the mystery of living upon the European plan. "When the bridegroom learned that the \$4 a day he was paying for his room did not include meals for himself and his wife, he whistled softly and remarked: 'You all must make a heap of money chargin' like that fo' rooms. Well, we uns are going to have a good time, and I suppose we all might as well go in and get something or other to eat.'"

He walked off and went up to his room to get his wife. He manifested a peculiar liking for the elevator and insisted on riding in it at every occasion. He found his wife as hungry as himself, and under the tow of a bellboy he went to the dining room. Previous to entering this room his honeymoon had been a dream of joy, without a cloud to hide the sunshine. When he seated himself at the table the first "riff in the lute" came. A white aproned, obsequious waiter laid a carte de jour in front of the southern visitors and then hurried off to get glasses, plates and so on. A consultation at once took place. The card was printed in French, and after studying it from every side and reading it backward and forward the husband gave it up and passed it over ruefully to his wife. She looked in hopeless bewilderment at the card, and it was evident that she was at sea also, so far as French was concerned. They gazed hopelessly into each other's eyes, and then at the card, and then back into each other's eyes again. He was game to the last, and suddenly a thought struck him. He called the waiter to him and said softly, "Waiter, is this all you uns have for supper?"

The waiter replied that everything that had been prepared for the meal was on the card. The husband sighed and the wife looked glum. Then the young fellow said quietly: "Well, I guess we all don't want any of what you uns have got fixed. We uns will get something or other to eat later." Then he arose and went up to his room, his wife following obediently. For two days the young couple haunted the house. They did not seem to think that there was any more of New York than that which lay immediately within the range of vision from the hotel. They eyed the dining room longingly, but did not enter it. One day one of the maids came to the manager of the hotel and told him that the persons in the room occupied by this young couple were littering the place with cooking. The manager, who felt that something was wrong with the young fellow, called him aside and told him kindly that the management did not allow cooking in the rooms, as it interfered with the regime of the house and damaged the furniture. The young man blurted out: "Ah don't see what we all is to do then. Ah can't get anything to eat in the dining room, and we uns has got to eat."

When pressed for an explanation, he explained the trouble about the bill of fare, and confided to the manager that he and his wife had finally grown so hungry that he slipped over to a corner store and got some vegetables and other eatables and a frying pan. The couple had used the gas jet for a stove, and managed to get along pretty well, although he admitted that it was a rather poor makeshift. The manager explained the intricacies of a French carte de jour to him, and also gave him a broader idea of the city's resources. The young fellow was deeply grateful, and for the remaining few days that the couple were in the city they entered the dining room with the air of persons who knew all about it, and ordered the waiter to get them something to eat. They branched out over the city also, and paid visits to various points of interest. As he was leaving the hotel, the husband grasped the manager by the hand and said feelingly: "Ah'm 'bliged to you, sah. A person who don't ask questions should starve, and we uns came pretty near it."—New York Tribune.

The poet Wordsworth's grave in quaint old Grasmere churchyard was literally ablaze with spring flowers in commemoration of his one hundred and twenty-sixth birthday. There are still several old inhabitants who remember him and his devoted sister Dorothy. One of them told me an amusing story of the latter when they lived at Rydal. Watching a fight of wood pigeons one day, she half unconsciously exclaimed out aloud, "How beautiful!" An old woman laden with fags heard her. "Aye, but I like 'em better in a pie," she remarked as she passed.—Lady's Pictorial.

MONEY AND MUSIC.

How Some Famous Composers Were Paid For Their Brilliant Creations.

Handel, had it not been for his oratorios and his operatic speculations, would have lived and died as poor as the proverbial church mouse. Walsh, his publisher, paid him pitiful prices for his operas. For at least 11 of these works he received no more than 25 guineas each, and the largest sum he was ever paid was only £105, which he got for "Alexander's Feast." It must not be thought from these small prices that the composer's works did not sell. On the contrary, they always found a ready market, and proved a great source of profit to the publisher. From the proceeds of his first opera, "Rinaldo," Walsh netted a profit of over £1,500, whereupon Handel jocularly remarked to the music seller, "Well, you shall compose the next opera, and I will publish it." Handel, as everybody knows, lost a fortune in trying to establish Italian opera in London, and although he subsequently more than recouped himself by his oratorios, it was not the publisher, but the public, who put it in his power to do this.

Even when we come down to the time of Mozart, we do not find that the claims of the brain worker to a fair wage had been recognized. It almost staggers one to recall the fact that "Don Giovanni" brought to its composer no more than £20. For "The Magic Flute" he was paid just 100 ducats, and yet the manager of the theater at which the opera was first produced made a fortune out of it. No wonder Mozart had to be laid in a pauper's grave, the very site of which is unknown to this day. Schubert fared even worse. Some of his magnificent songs sold for less than a shilling, and at his decease it was difficult to raise enough money to bury him. Haydn's income would today be deemed small by a player in the theater or a chestnut, and his "estate" was almost a misnomer. Weber, who died about 70 years ago, received less than \$800 in all for his "Freischütz," one of the most popular operas ever written, while from his five other operas he made only £1,000 altogether. By "The Bohemian Girl" Balfe gained less than £1,500, although the "Marble Hall" ballad in that very popular work put some £3,000 into the pockets of the publishers.—Chambers' Journal.

A Grateful Man.

It was along in the seventies that I was living in a large western town and conducting a successful business. I am a lover of the good horse, and owned at the time a fine roadster, and had fallen into the foolish habit of spending my horse on every occasion regardless of time or place.

One day I had waited on the edge of a bridge for the draw to close. As soon as it did so I hurried my horse over ahead of the regular traffic, almost running him the three-quarters of a mile distance. There was a declivity on the farther side, and as we sped down a small boy darted across the street, and in a moment I had run over him. I could not stop my horse or turn him for a block farther, and when I did I saw that some workmen had picked the child up, and were taking him to the sidewalk. I supposed he was killed, and my heart almost stopped beating. Then I heard him cry. Oh, the music of that sound! He was not hurt at all, but merely stunned. I took him in my arms and drove with him to his mother, who lived near.

"Here," I said, putting him into her arms, "thank heaven with me that your child lives." And I told my story.

"Now, Billy," said his mother, wiping the dust from his face with her apron, "what did I tell you? It's a wonder you ain't killed a dozen times every day of your life! Thank the nice gentleman for bringing you home in his carriage, Billy, and keep off the street, you scamp!"

You can imagine the revulsion of feeling that took place in me.—Detroit Free Press.

Nervousness and Physical Injuries.

A certain proportion of the cases of nervous disease which the physician sees are due to physical injury. If a man be hit on the head with a club, the inevitable result, if the blow be hard enough, will be a break of the skull, bleeding from the torn vessels beneath and crushing of the substance of the brain itself. If the blow be lighter, the brain may still be injured, but the injury will be less severe. A blow upon the back may break the spine and seriously injure the spinal cord. The injury may be slight, merely a pressure upon a single nerve for a few hours, yet that may cause trouble for weeks. Between these two extremes the nervous system may suffer to almost any degree from injury. In none of these cases need there be any previous nervous weakness or overstrain. The effect is purely physical. If, therefore, we note in the neighborhood of Dromedary fair a great increase in nervous diseases, such increase may be due, not to the greater demand which the conditions of modern life make upon the human brain, but to the shillalah.—Dr. Philip C. Knapp in Century.

MARRIED OR SINGLE.

One of the ways of telling whether a man is a married man or not is to examine his pockets. In the pockets of a bachelor you will find:

Half a dozen letters from girls.
A tailor's bill.
Three or four old checks for theater seats.

Bills for supper.
Theatrical looking photographs.
A lot of invitations to dances, dinners and receptions.

A tiny glove scented with violet.
But the married man's pocket will contain:

An old bill.
A couple of unposted letters which were given him to post a week past.
A sample of impossible shade which he must match.

A newspaper clipping telling of a sure cure for crop.
A shopping list ranging from a box of blacking to three yards of lace.

More bills.—London Tit-Bits.

A Massachusetts Decision.

The decision of the Massachusetts supreme court that women cannot be made notaries public by the legislature, because they are not expressly named as eligible by the constitution, is illogical and unjust. But it is law so long as a majority of the judges maintain their present opinion. Fortunately judges, like other men, are mortal and will give place sooner or later to more enlightened successors.—Woman's Journal.

ANIMALS TOO RICH.

SOME OF THEM HAVE MORE ADVANTAGES THAN THEY NEED.

How Evolution Has Affected Certain Species—Frogs Are Poorly Equipped, Yet They Get a Living Easily—Cats Lead the Predatory Classes.

Certain snakes of medium size carry the most deadly weapon, whether of offense or defense, owned by any animal. In addition they have the perfect vertebrate structure which Sir Richard Owen so much admired, and can therefore swim, climb and make their way in places where no other animal of similar size can go. They are the best equipped animals of their kind. Side by side with these are found snakes of similar size and equal powers, except that they lack the invincible lethal weapon. They only carry blank cartridges in the battle of life. Evolution seems arrested for no reason. They not only fail to grow the poison tooth, but do not develop the power of crushing their prey as the constrictors do. It would be far easier for a common grass snake to kill a frog by poison before eating it, as the cobra does, than to have to swallow it alive. It would save it trouble to crush it, as a young boa constrictor of the same size would do, but it does neither, because it neither has developed, nor seems in the least likely to develop, the necessary equipment for so doing.

By the theory of evolution the grass snake ought therefore to go back in the world, while the other common English snake, the poisonous viper, armed with a weapon, powerful as a protection and a means of killing prey, increased in size and numbers and took its place. Yet this is exactly what has not happened. Grass snakes are larger and more numerous than adders, and there is evidence that the absence of the poison fangs in any way endangers the survival of the species.

It is difficult to account for the absence of any visible failure in life of insect feeding creatures competing for existence on the same food, but with such unequal physical means for obtaining it as are possessed by the swallow, the marmoset, the shrew, the chameleon and the frog. In this list of five creatures living upon similar food we find that the physical appliances for obtaining it range from the perfect development of speed in flight in the swallow, the addition of hands for capture in the marmoset, bodily quickness and activity in the shrew, the power of assuming color exactly similar to that of environment in the chameleon, supplemented by the tongue and capturing insects when motionless, to the absence of any special equipment at all, except that of a rather long tongue, in the insect eating frog.

Yet the frog, destitute of all these specialized appliances, lives just as well as the swallow, the shrew, the marmoset or the chameleon, and at least one species, the barking frog, finds that to get on in the world it has only to be still and wait till creatures walk into its mouth. It has acquired a skin color suited to its environment and a large mouth. But it is not, and could never be, considered well provided for getting its living.

Our estimate of the physical means and appliances necessary for the survival and well being of animals is probably set too high. We judge the needs of all from the perfect development and acquired powers of many, perhaps of most, which evolution has provided with appliances in excess of their real wants. Most animals are overequipped. Evolution has run riot and provided them with means and metal far in excess of their needs, just as it has provided them with an exuberance of ornament which delights us, but must already have passed beyond animal comprehension.

Probably the cats, great and small, would at once be named as the best equipped of all classes of predatory creatures, and the predatory creatures are by necessity superior in most forms of physique to those on which they prey. They are all "built" on one plan, with a special armament of teeth, sheaths to keep their claws sharp, muscles for springing suddenly to great distances, padded feet to deaden the sound of their movements and color adapted for concealment. These acquired appliances are in excess of their wants.

The polar bear, which cannot sprang and has little obvious provision to aid it in swimming, catches and kills animals larger than those killed by the tiger and can kill them in the water. The wolf, voracious or glutton, which is heavy, slow and has the feet of a ferret, gets its living as a carnivorous animal no less well than the tiger cats, which have a few more specialized equipment for their work.

There is actual evidence from the fossil bones of tigers that this excess of equipment once went further and has been discarded as superfluous. An extinct species developed canine teeth of such enormous size that it has been named the "saber toothed tiger." The teeth were too long for its jaws, and the modern species have shorter weapons. Judging of modern manacles are provided with lighter guns. The curling tusks of some of the mammoths and the palmated horns of the Irish elk were also in excess of requirements and are modified for use in the existing elephants and reindeer. Many monkeys possess a thumb, but some do not, and there is no evidence that they are therefore at a disadvantage for their nonprogressive life.—London Spectator.

A PUBLIC FURNER.

"My friend," said the solemn man, "have you ever done ought to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow beings."

"Ah," continued the solemn man, with a pleased air, "you distribute tracts?"

"No. I clean carpets."—London Tit-Bits.

North Carolina in colonial days was called the "Old North Colony," and the name, with state instead of colony, has been retained to the present time. It has also been called Turpentine State.

In the private schools of China a teacher is paid about 1 cent a day for each pupil.

Good nature is the very air or a good wind, the sign of a large and generous soul and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—Goodman.

'SHALL BOYS GO TO COLLEGE?

Some Are Fitted For Life, and Others Are Unfitted For College Training.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in his paper to young men in The Ladies' Home Journal, discusses "Shall We Send Our Boy to College?" answering the query with the assertion, "That depends a great deal on the boy." He announces himself to be a thorough believer in the college, but holds that "it might not be best for him (our boy) to go to college; it might not be best for the community that he should. College can fit a man for life, and also it can unfit him. There are styles of education that disqualify the student for doing what he is competent to do, without qualifying him to do that which he might like to do, but for which he lacks and always will lack the prerequisites. As a general principle, the more a man knows the better, but so long as the present order of things continues a great amount of very ordinary work will require to be done, and ordinary people will do ordinary work better than extraordinary people will and be a great deal more comfortable while doing it. Hundreds of both sexes are entering college for the reason that they do not enjoy doing commonplace things. The result is that commonplace things are left undone, and commonplace things fare still worse. Agriculture is the material basis of a nation's strength and prosperity. We could dispense with either lawyers, doctors or ministers better than we could with farmers.

"Probably we should not quarrel so much if there were fewer students of the law, should not be so much if there were fewer students of medicine, and should not be so wickied if there were fewer students of theology. All of these could contribute liberally to the ranks of the agriculturalists with advantage to the professions and to the grain and vegetable markets. I am not disparaging anybody, neither am I saying that it would not be a good thing, in itself considered, if every one, however material or mental his occupation, could receive all that the finest school or college training could confer, but that is not practical at present and never will be till people get over thinking that there is a disgrace attaching to the doing of ordinary things."

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