

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Publisher.

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VOL. XVIII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 1896

NO. 14.

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. Hink.
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 Crowell, Franklin G. House, James H.
DeLaure, J. C. Thomas.
Sheriff—A. C. McBride.
Surveyor—Edward Albright.
School Commissioners—Lewis Kefauver, Her-
man L. Routzahn, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zim-
merman, S. Amos Umer.
Examiner—E. L. Boblitz.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—E. L. Annan.
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.
Burgess—William Blair.
Commissioners—Maj. O. A. Horner, Francis
A. Maxwell, J. Thos. Gelwick, G. Mead Pat-
erson, Peter J. Harding, John T. Long.
Tax Collector—

Churches.
Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinhardt. Services
every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock
a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday even-
ing lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at
9 o'clock a. m.

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor—Rev. W. C. B. Shulerberger. Services ev-
ery Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other
Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Saturday school
at 9 o'clock a. m. Midweek service at 7
o'clock. Catechetical class on Saturday after-
noon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. W. Simonton, D. D. Morning
service at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30
o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock p. m.
Meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath school at 8:45
o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. J. M. Lantry, C. M. First Mass
every Sunday at 8 o'clock. 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 2:30 o'clock. Prayer
Meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30
o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock p. m.
Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at
3 o'clock.

Malles.
Arrive.
Way from Baltimore, 3:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.
At 11:15 a. m., Frederick, 11:15 a. m., and
1:00 p. m., Gettysburg, 1:15 p. m., Rocky Ridge,
1:00 p. m., Eyer, 2:10 a. m.

Leave.
Baltimore, 3:40 a. m., Mechanicsville, 5:25
a. m., Hagerstown, 5:55 a. m., Rocky Ridge, 6:40 a. m.
Hagerstown, 7:00 a. m., Eyer, 7:10 a. m., 7:25 a. m.,
Frederick, 7:35 a. m., Mt. Airy, 8:00 a. m.,
Mt. Airy, 8:15 a. m., Gettysburg, 8:30 a. m., Eyer,
8:45 a. m., 9:00 a. m., to 8:15 p. m.

Societies.
Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M.
Klan has their Council Fire every Saturday evening,
8th St. Officers: Proprietor, William Mor-
rison; Sachem, John F. Adelsberger; Sen. S. G.
George S. Miller; Jun. Sag. Daniel Horst-
mann; C. R. George; Sec. J. W. D. Dr. John
W. Reigel; Trustees, William Morrison, John
F. Adelsberger and R. Byers. Representative
to Grand Council, William Morrison.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, L. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M.
Mott; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer,
O. A. Horner; Board of Directors, L. M. Mott,
J. Thos. Gelwick, E. R. Zimmerman,
I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, Nicholas Baker.

**The Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent
Association.**
Chaplain, Rev. P. B. Toney; President,
Chaplain, A. V. Koppers; Vice-President, George Althoff;
Treasurer, John H. Rosensteel; Secretary,
Paul S. O'Leary; Assistant Secretary, Martin
Lutz; Sergeant at Arms, John C. Shorb; Board of
Directors, Vincent Schold, John A. Beilord,
Wm. C. Taylor, Nick Vossler, Henry Taylor,
Joseph Martin, Jacob I. Topper, James A.
Rosensteel, John C. Shorb.

Emmitsburg Council No. 53, Jr. O. U. A. M.
Council meets every Tuesday evening at 7 p. m.
Counselor, J. Single Sheldy; Vice-Counselor,
P. M. Stansbury; Recording Secretary, W. D.
Colthover; Assistant Secretary, Wm. Stans-
bury; Financial Secretary, Chas. D. Stansbury;
Treasurer, Jos. D. Caldwell; Chaplain, Don-
ald A. Wachtel; Grand Master, Chas. D. Stans-
bury; Wardens, Holland Wentz, Inside Sentinel, Geo.
S. Spincer; Outside Sentinel, M. J. Whitmore;
Trustees, Harry A. Stansbury, John D. Over-
holtz, Wm. J. Stansbury.

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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 Syrup, 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 Cud, 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 are repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osborn,
Lowell, Mass.

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

"Our physicians in the children's depart-
ment 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.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,
The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.



LIVERY
I HAVE a first class Livery in connection with the Emmitsburg House, and am prepared to furnish the public with good and safe driving horses, with good carriages. I also make a specialty of furnishing first-class carriages for Wedding Parties, Funerals, etc. Charges moderate. Give me a call.
Respectfully,
JACOB S. ITH,
Emmitsburg, Md.
nov 16-ly

**—CALL ON—
GEO. T. EYSTER,
—AND—
See his splendid stock of
GOLD & SILVER
Key & Stem-Winding
WATCHES.
JACOB ROHRBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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Careful and prompt attention given to all Law, Equity and Testamentary business. Special attention to practice in the Orphan's Court for Frederick county, the Settlement of Estates and obtaining decrees in Equity for the sale of real estate.
nov 18-ly**

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

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Best in the World!
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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 a month. Address, MUNN & CO., Publishers, 361 Broadway, New York City.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.
NEAR EMMITSBURG, MD.
This Institution is pleasantly situated in a healthy and picturesque part of Frederick Co., half a mile from Emmitsburg, and two miles from Mount St. Mary's College. TERMS—Board and tuition per academic year, including bed and bedding, washing, mending and Doctor's fee, \$200. Letters of inquiry directed to the Mother Superior, mar 15-ly

Ripans Tablets cure nausea.
Ripans Tablets cure dizziness.
Ripans Tablets cure headache.
Ripans Tablets cure flatulence.
Ripans Tablets cure dyspepsia.
Ripans Tablets cure constipation.
Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.
Ripans Tablets cure biliousness.
Ripans Tablets cure indigestion.
Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tablets cure gentle catarrh.
Ripans Tablets cure constipation.
Ripans Tablets cure sour stomach.
Ripans Tablets cure liver troubles.
Ripans Tablets: pleasant laxative.

Hope When You Are Hard Up.
The hopeful phase is when we seek work for the first time. Possibly we are entire strangers to the great city and its ways. We have entered its gates without introduction, with little experience of life, less money, and yet with the grand idea of stepping into some lucrative appointment that may be had almost for the asking. If of an adventurous loving and enterprising spirit, we are prepared to enjoy this new experience. The nation city has a fascination for us. Its streets, its buildings, the faces of its inhabitants—all touch our fancy. We set off full of hope. We are sure that fate has something bright in store. We go from agent to agent, from editor to editor, from publisher to publisher, from one place of business to another. Agents are naturally pleased to pocket their fees as they smilingly assure us they will do their best to find us work. Editors receive us with a tired air and point to a pile of unread manuscripts. Poor editors! Publishers do us the honor of assuming that we have a book for inspection. Business employers scan us with a commercial eye. "No business capacity" is their inward comment. We read it in their faces.—Good Words.

Corrected.
Papa (just arrived from down town)
—Well, where's Bessie? Why isn't she running to meet me, as usual?
Mamma—Bessie has been naughty and disobedient. I have had to deprive her of her playthings, and she has been weeping bitter tears in her own room for the last half hour.
Voice of Bessie (from adjoining room)
—Tears ain't bitter. They're salt.—Chicago Tribune.

Ready to Do It.
Jimson—What's this I hear about insubordination in your class at college?
Young Jimson—Nothing at all in it. Jimson—But the president writes me that you refused to obey your professor.
Young Jimson—Bosh! He asked us to decline the verb to work, and we all declined.—Philadelphia North American.

CASTORIA.
The factually signature of
Dr. H. Pitcher
CASTORIA.
The factually signature of
Dr. H. Pitcher
CASTORIA.
The factually signature of
Dr. H. Pitcher
CASTORIA.

WE NEVER MEET.
We never meet, 'tis better so,
Thy pictured face I still retain,
If thou art changed I will not know,
Forever fair thou shalt remain.
Why to some summer scene return
When winter wraps the vale in snow
And over frosted blossoms yearn?
We never meet, 'tis better so.

We never meet, 'tis better so,
Then thou wilt mark no change in me,
If youthful pulses beat more slow
The paling cheek thou wilt not see.
If ever in our blissful past
Arose a dream of glowing glow
On memory strap its colors fast,
We never meet, 'tis better so.

We never meet, 'tis better so,
I hold more dear thy pictured face,
Sometimes, sometime perchance to know
Thy truest self shown in each grace.
A drop of dew reflects a star
As truly as a sea, we know,
I dream and love thee from afar,
We never meet, 'tis better so.

A. T. WARDEN.

Toying With The Texan Cowboys.

For a college boy to try to pay part of his college expenses by selling books during the summer is nothing unusual; but to pay for a whole college course by selling unabridged dictionaries to Texas cowboys is a scheme that few would have the audacity to conceive, and fewer still the energy to execute. However, it is what a young Texan named Tom Wallace has undertaken, and what he certainly bids fair to accomplish. For the last two years he has been a student at one of the colleges in Therman, Texas, and he expects, when September rolls around, to enter school again. Up to two years ago, Wallace was himself a cowboy boy in one of the Pan Handle counties, with no higher educational attainments or aspirations than such as are common to cow-boys. One day, however, while rummaging in the rubbish of the dugout occupied by a line rider friend, he came across an antiquated, much abused copy of Webster's Dictionary. How it had ever managed to find its solitary way into such unlikely quarters nobody seemed to know. Its back was gone and many of its leaves were missing, but there was enough left to show young Wallace that it was a valuable book. He easily got permission to take it home with him, and the result may well be stated in his own words: "The more I studied the thing, the more I realized what a big fool I was."

From that time on he became anxious to get an education. Moreover, he is getting it, incidentally, he is having such experiences and adventures as befall very few school boys in their quest of knowledge. At first thought the idea of selling unabridged dictionaries to Texas cowboys would seem about on a par with that of selling Milton's poems to Pennsylvania coal miners, or books on astronomy to the fish women of Billingsgate. However, Wallace was a cowboy himself, and understood their general condition. He knew that the average cow-boy of to-day is very different from his predecessor of twenty years ago. For the most part he is a man who recognizes his own limitations, and would really like, if possible, to improve himself. He is still a little reckless as to his finances and his morals, but he is far from being the wild, rollicking terror depicted in the alleged comic papers of the day. Wallace reasoned that he could easily sell dictionaries to men of this class by simply showing them the advantages of such things, and that by using the proper amount of keen mother wit and shrewdness, he might even sell to the survivors of the oldtime type of cow-boy.

The first thing he did was to save out of his wages money enough to get fifty copies of a cheaply bound reprint of the edition of 1850. These he got at the wholesale price of \$1 each. After some consideration, he decided to sell them at the moderate price of \$5 each. He was at first inclined to be satisfied with \$4, but realizing that he might lose some trade by his inability to change \$5 bills, he

decided to raise the price to accommodate the currency of his customers. In some manner he got hold of some circulars advertising a much later edition for \$10. These he carefully laid away, in order to prove to his customers that he was selling the books for just half what others were asking. When his books reached him, he had them hauled to his dug-out, and then waited until the second day of the month following. The wisdom of this course is obvious. Cow-boys, like some other people, are paid off on the first of the month, but do not always keep their money till the thirtieth. Tom knew of a dugout not far from his, where he could find four line riders. After supper on the day referred to, he took four of his dictionaries in a wheat sack, mounted his pony, and galloped over to the place in question. After entering, he told briefly the object of his visit.

"Turned book peddler, have you, Tom?" asked one of the men with a half sneer.
"Sorter."
"Think you'll make your stake out of the job?"
"I hardly know. If every ignorant cow-fellow that needs a dictionary to learn how to spell should buy one, I'd make a fortune."

The men resented the idea that they couldn't spell well enough for all practical purposes. They admitted that they might fail on certain long-tailed, hifalutin' words that nobody ever had any use for any way, but on good, old-fashioned, every day words they thought they were all right. As a result of the controversy, it was agreed that Tom was to give out some common words of only one syllable. Every fellow who spelled it wrong was to buy a dictionary. Every one who spelled it right was to have one given to him free. The dictionary itself was to be the standard of the spelling. Tom had prepared himself for just this emergency.

"Spell 'hough,'" he said, "the hough of a horse's leg, you know."
"H-o-c-k," shouted the first speaker, confidently. "Ask me something hard."
The other three spelled it the same way.

"You're pretty fellows," rejoined Tom, sarcastically. "Every kid ought to know that it's h-o-u-g-h. Now, suppose one of you fellows was to write your sweetheart something about your pony getting hurt in the hough, and was to spell it h-o-c-k, what do you reckon she'd say? She'd say: 'Darned if I'll have anything more to do with a low-lived, thick-headed, ignorant cuss that can't even spell hough.' You need dictionaries!"

The men were surprised, but there was nothing for them to do but to take their books and pay for them. The word had certainly been a familiar one, but the dictionary was square in favor of Tom's way of spelling. It never occurred either to them or to Tom to see whether their method might not be recognized also. Sales were not always made as easy as this, but enough were made to keep the salesman from being discouraged. He started out to read the book through at odd times, but on account of the vastness of the undertaking he resolved to confine himself mostly to the A's. Perhaps this was as good luck as any. One day he struck a young stockman, who was said to be somewhat interested in a young lady school teacher in an adjoining district.

tages to be derived from owning a dictionary secured a sale. Profit, about \$2.75, as usual.

One day he entered the shanty of a Mexican sheep herder and explained his business.
"I no spik moosh Americano, senor," politely answered the man.
"Then I've got the very thing you need," answered Tom enthusiastically. "This book has in it every word a civilized American man ever uses, and a good many more. Just look at this first page. 'A, ab, abba, abbe, abacus, aback, abast,' and all the rest. It tells what they all mean, to. If you want to learn to speak first-class American, all on earth you've got to do is to read this book through and remember what all the words mean."

The Mexican bought the book. How he succeeded in his little task of memorizing it, and thereby learning the English language, I do not know. The N. E. A. ought to send a special representative to find out.

One day Wallace struck a man who seemed proof against any of his usual blandishments. He did not want to learn how to spell, and didn't want to know what any words meant. He already knew all the cuss words in the language, and he didn't care to learn new words of any other kind. Finally Tom turned to the picture of a horse in the back of the book, with all the various parts of its anatomy named. He then began to question the fellow about these parts, and soon succeeded in showing him that he knew very little about a subject he thought he knew all about.

"What in the thunder is the use of having a horse, if you don't know the names of all its parts?" exclaimed the enterprising young agent in tones of deep disgust.

This man also succumbed. Wallace only worked at this venture the first two weeks of each month, on account of certain habits prevalent among his customers as to financial matters. The rest of the time he devoted to study. In two months he had sold all of his first consignment of books, and had cleared enough to pay his moderate expenses at college the next year. The next summer he had the same success, and there is reason to believe that this summer is being spent as successfully as the other two. His whole personality has been much improved by two years of schooling. If energy and enterprise can make a man succeed in life, Tom Wallace doubtless has a bright future before him.

He does not confine himself strictly to dictionaries, but as a side line handles anything he can make money out of. Once the young men of the college organized a brass band, and bought among other things one dozen music racks to hold their sheet music during their performances. The band was not a howling success—though it might fairly have been said to be a success at howling—and when the summer came these music racks were for sale very cheap. Tom bought the whole dozen for \$3.

The next summer he sold them to cowboys as dish dryers, at the rate of \$1 each. He showed how, after hurriedly washing your knife and fork and plate, you could put them on your open rack and leave them there until they drained dry. One of his customers, delighted with the success of the labor-saving device, exclaimed proudly:
"I'll bet there ain't many even of the big guns of Texas that put on such style as that!"

And with a clear conscience, Tom answered that doubtless there were very few.—Phila. Times.

A Princely Tip.
A Western Congressman who believes in discouraging the practice of tipping once gave a pullman car porter a penny after traveling on the train with him two days and a night. The negro, observing the denomination of the coin, said:
"I beg your pardon, sir, but haven't you made a mistake?"
"Oh, no," replied the statesman, blandly; "I never give less."
Washington Times.

Millionaires in New York and Brooklyn.

There are more millionaires in New York and Brooklyn than in all the rest of the country. The metropolis boasts forty-eight persons, each of whom is worth over \$10,000,000. She also has nine citizens who are worth over \$50,000,000, besides two estimates each of that value. There are however, only two residents who are worth over \$100,000,000, according to popular report. These are John D. Rockefeller and William Waldorf Astor. There are several who come very close to the \$100,000,000 mark, if they do not quite reach it. Among these are Russell Sage, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William Rockefeller, William K. Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor. Mrs. Hetty Green turns the scale at \$4,000,000, and the plan, every-day gentlemen who are worth anywhere between a million and a million and a half number in New York and Brooklyn over a thousand by actual count, and but very few of them are known by name to the general public.—Sun.

Pensive Pencillings.

Even when fortune knocks at the door some men are too lazy to get up.

The Boston girl is apt to think that the Chicago girl don't know much; but she knows enough to get engaged.

It has been noticed many times by keen observers that the man who lives next door to a church is generally a man who doesn't go there.

It is said that the Prince of Wales often pays \$25 for a single pair of socks—which is what might be called socking it to the long-suffering British tax-payer.

Perhaps, before the campaign is over, even some of the editors who are writing every day on on the financial question may learn something about it.

There's no doubt about it, this is the greatest country in the world. If it weren't, it couldn't stand the strain of a political campaign every four years.—Somerville Journal.

Waiting for the Bird.

A small boy who had a great dislike for school returned home for dinner a little earlier than usual.

"Tommy, you naughty boy, you have been playing truant," said his mother; "a little dicky bird came in at the window and told me so."

The next morning Tommy set out for school as usual. During the morning his mother heard a noise from the far end of the kitchen and, looking around there, saw Tommy crouched under the table.

"Tommy, you rascal, what are you doing there?"
Seeing that he was discovered he crawled out and, holding up a brick which he had by him, said: "I was waitin' to croak that dicky bird."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Real and the Poetical.

Sentimental Johnnie—"Brother, have you ever known at a time when all the world seems dark, when the midday sun cannot penetrate the gloom that gathers around you and all human aspirations are paralyzed for want of a ray of light?"

Unsentimental Johnnie—"Oh, yes, often."
Sentimental Johnnie—"Then tell me, tell me what you do to dispense the shadows that gather around you?"

Unsentimental Johnnie—"Light the gas, dear boy, and wait till the beastly fog dries up."—London Punch.

Wet Shoes.

Remove the wet shoes as soon as possible, wipe off the mud and then, with a bit of cotton flannel wet in kerosene, rub them well; when they are partially dry repeat the treatment. Put them in a moderately warm place to dry slowly and thoroughly. When they are quite dry, rub again with a damp cloth with kerosene.

CUGGINS—"What right has Blitzer to be applying for a pension?"
Muggins—"He claims he lost his voice in the Salvation Army."—Up-to-Date.

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

CATARRH IS SPEEDILY CURED BY
Dr. Hartle's Great Remedy.
The head, nose and throat soon experience the benefit of this matchless scientific treatment. The unhealthy secretions are effectually removed; a soothing sensation ensues and by its application the results are prompt, satisfactory and perfect.

Not a Salve or Snuff,
but a complete home treatment that will enable any person to effect a cure.
Sold by Dr. C. D. Hinkelberger and all druggists.

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28, 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 7.10 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 5.20 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.26 and 10.40 a. m. and 3.31 and 6.30 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 8.56 and 11.10 a. m. and 4.01 and 7.04 p. m.

JAMES A. ELDER, Pres't.

MR. PETER HOKK has had his store building repaired.

Gov. LOWMEYER has invited Li Hung Chang to visit Annapolis.

CHILDREN'S School Shoes at Low Prices. M. FRANK ROWE.

THE Public Schools in Frederick, county, will open next Tuesday, Sept. 1.

MR. JOSEPH D. CALDWELL has put new steps in front of his residence.

THE recent hot spell has greatly damaged the tobacco crop in Southern Maryland.

REV. GEO. B. RESSER, of Hanover, preached in the Reformed church last Sunday morning.

THE farmers of Frederick county will hold their annual picnic at Braddock's Heights on Monday next.

Mrs. Catherine Leipold, aged eighty-five years, cut herself on the left elbow at Hagerstown and nearly died to death.

ERNEST A. DUNAN, of Baltimore, was thrown from his wheel near Buena Vista Springs, and two of his ribs broken.

MISS FLORENCE RIEGLE, of this place, has been appointed assistant teacher in the Public School at Lewistown, this county.

THE body of an unknown bicycle rider was found in a pool near the Great Fall of the Potomac, in Montgomery, county.

WM. T. GRIMES died at Thurmont, Sunday. He was considered one of the wealthiest citizens of that town. He was ninety years old on the 6th inst.

Gov. LOWMEYER will issue proclamations designating September 7, Labor Day, as a legal holiday and extending the observance of the 12th of September over the whole State.

WE call the attention of our readers to the new advertisement of Mr. M. Frank Rowe, which will be found in another column. Mr. Rowe has placed on sale a fine stock of boots and shoes for the Fall and Winter trade.

AN infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bender, Boonsboro, was found dead in the arms of her mother upon the return of Mr. and Mrs. Bender to Boonsboro Sunday from a visit to Hagerstown.

HIRAM R. HALL, the five-year-old son of Hiram Hall, colored, fell from the third-story window of his home on West Fifth street, Frederick, Tuesday, and escaped with only slight injuries. He landed on his shoulders and head, and struck a wooden step on his way down.

HIRE ROOFER is strengthening, both to the nerve and brain worker, as well as to the physical athlete. Every household should have it. It is the most delicious, sparkling and effervescent drink in the world. A package makes five gallons. Campaign paraders will find it very refreshing.

A truck loaded with six trolley poles on the Frederick-Middletown Electric Railway ran away from the top of the mountain last Saturday and dashed down this side at a terrific rate, the brake having been accidentally knocked open. The poles were scattered along the track. The truck remained on the track, sounding several curves in safety.

WANTED.—A man to fill a good position. Permanent outside work. Salary or commission. For full particulars call or address.

H. G. MAGNAN Sp'c. Rep't. Now at 67 East 4th St., Frederick city, Md. aug. 14-4ts.

Court House Changes.

The Washington county commissioners have ordered the courthouse at Hagerstown to be remodeled according to the recommendation made by Judge Edward Stake. The improvements will include a new room for the judges on the second floor, a library-room, the removal to the lower floor of the school commissioners' room and the removal to the west side of the first floor of the sheriff's room on the east side. Fire-proof material will replace the woodwork. The work is to be done shortly, but will not be by contract.

The Shakers are a Happy Community

It is said, but the shaker who shakes because he can't help it is by no means a happy individual. So shakes the person troubled with chills and fever. The quivering and shuddering sensation is followed by no less a plague, namely, burning fever, which is followed by a perspiration that leaves the unhappy sufferer "as weak as a cat." A most unfortunate simile, by the way, as the cat, for its size, is a particularly muscular animal. Under the above circumstances vital stamina is soon used up, what will recuperate it? Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cures all malarial diseases in every form and repairs its terrible ravages upon the system. Derangement of the liver always accompanies malarial disorder. To the relief of this complaint, as well as constipation and dyspepsia, the Bitters is admirably adapted. No less efficacious and thorough is it for kidney trouble, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. A wineglassful three times a day.

Religious Notice.

In exchange with the Pastor, Rev. P. Rioseco, of Taneytown, will preach in the Presbyterian Church of this place, next Sabbath morning and evening.

New Street Lamps.

A new street lamp has been erected at Long's alley, on Gettysburg street, and also one in front of the Opera House. The old lamp which stood a short distance below the Opera House, has been moved further out the street, towards the depot.

Death from Hydrophobia.

John Ward, colored, aged eight years, living about two miles from Pocomoke City, Md., was bitten by a dog suffering from hydrophobia about a month ago. Last Friday he was taken with spasms and died Monday evening in great agony.

Navy Paymaster's Clerk.

John C. Palmer, of Lewistown, Frederick county, has been appointed paymaster's clerk in the United States Navy on the flagship San Francisco. Mr. Palmer will start for his post of duty September 12 at Genoa, Italy, where he will be stationed one year. Salary \$1,200 per annum.

Expenses of County Patients.

The Montevue Hospital officials, of Frederick, Md., have sent the county commissioners a bill of \$2,566.67 for the care of Baltimore county patients in that institution up to July 1, including \$1,665, balance due January 1, 1896. There are at present thirteen county patients in the hospital.—Sun.

Beaten and Robbed by Tramps.

While John Reynolds was going to his home in Mont Alto Saturday night he was set upon by a gang of tramps, beaten and left for dead. A track walker on the Cumberland Valley railroad found him lying along the railroad in a semi-conscious condition and removed him to a neighboring house. Warrants are out for the assailants.

An Afflicted Family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barger, who reside in Pleasant Valley, near Weverton, have had sore affliction in their little household. On Sunday, Aug. 2, they lost their little two-year-old daughter by death from whooping cough, and again on Tuesday, Aug. 11, their youngest child, aged seven months, died from the same affliction. Another child is ill from the same cause.

Judges and Clerks of Election.

The Election Supervisors for Frederick county in session on Wednesday, the 19th inst., appointed the judges and clerks for the election in November. Those appointed for Emmitsburg District are: Judges, Henry F. Maxell, republican, and Alexis Keepers, democrat. Clerks, George W. Bushman, republican, and Samuel Sheeley, democrat.

On Friday last, a quiet marriage was solemnized in Philadelphia, and the contracting parties were Charles Perry Levy, a bright, popular and promising young lawyer, of Frederick, son of the late C. V. S. Levy, and Miss Roberta H. Dixon, the pretty and accomplished daughter of Mr. C. Frank Dixon, also a resident of Frederick. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. R. Ferner, D. D., of Philadelphia.

The Bean Soup.

The Bean Soup under the auspices of Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R., which was held in Mr. Stewart Annan's woods east of town, last Saturday, was well attended. Although the rain in the afternoon greatly marred the pleasures of the occasion, and prevented many people from attending in the evening. A number of short speeches were made by members of the Grand Army. The music was furnished by the Emmitt Cornet Band.

A Dandy Windmill, Make It Yourself.

I have a neighbor that made one of the People's Windmills, and I have been watching it closely; it is the best mill I have ever seen and anyone can make one for less than \$10. I am going to make two immediately and don't see why any farmer cannot have a windmill which he can make himself for so little money. The mill is durable, powerful and runs easily. Any person can get diagrams and complete directions by sending two-cent stamps to E. D. WILSON & Co., Allegheny, Pa., and they will send you the plans and make money anywhere putting these mills up for others, and I see no use of paying \$50 for a mill when you can make one just as good for \$10.

A BROTHER FARMER.

Salvationists on a Crusade. Capt. Blanche Cox, Captain Hill, Ensign Thompson, Captain Valpin and Lieutenants Goble, Allett and McDonnell, of the woman's cavalry brigade, Salvation Army, arrived in Frederick Friday evening. They rode in an omnibus drawn by two horses and were followed by a single team, from which floated the Salvation flag. They are on a crusade against vice in Western Maryland.

Roadside Wolf.

A little girl, aged about six months, was found Wednesday afternoon alongside the public road leading from Pierson's Grove to the Cherry Hill road, three miles from Elkton, by Chas. Leffler. The little one was badly sunburned, and its identity is unknown. The infant was clad in a new dress, with a new pair of shoes on its feet, and was very respectable looking. Alongside of the little one was found a bundle of clothing, a bottle of milk and in an air-tight jar some milk.

Recaptured.

Samuel Ebels, the insane inmate who escaped from Montevue Hospital Friday, several days ago, and who had been roaming through the country since, was captured Tuesday afternoon and returned to the institution. Harry Parsons has also been recaptured and brought back. Ira Davis, of Salisbury, who escaped from the institution last Wednesday, is still at large, but the officers are on his track.

Disappeared From Home.

Mr. Wm. T. Stauffer, of Walkersville this county, left home Sunday night the 10th, instant, to take a party to Frederick Junction and has not returned, or been heard from since. He was driving a sorrel mare to a falling top buggy. Thus far no cause has been found for his disappearance. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gratefully acknowledged by his relatives and friends who are very anxious about him.

Romance of a Trip Abroad.

The following account of a romantic trip, which ended in the marriage of a resident of Emmitsburg District, is taken from the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, of the 22nd inst. Several names of places which appeared in the original article were wrong, these we have taken the liberty to correct:

Rev. Joseph Skretny, pastor of St. Stanislaus's Polish Catholic Church, on South Ann street, has as his guests a bride and groom who have just arrived from Europe.

The groom is Father Skretny's brother, Mr. Anton Skretny, a farmer, of near Mott's Station, on the Emmitsburg Railroad, near Emmitsburg. The bride was Julia Barabasz, of Cracow, Austrian-Poland. She is a sister of Rev. M. Barabasz, pastor of Holy Rosary Polish Church, on Eastern avenue, this city.

Their marriage was the result of a holiday trip made to Europe by Mr. Skretny in company with Father Barabasz. Last April they sailed from New York for the purpose of making a tour of the continent. They went to Paris first, where Father Barabasz met his two sisters, who were attending a convent school there.

Both sisters joined their brother, and in company with him and Mr. Skretny began a tour of Southern Europe before going to the home of their parents at Cracow. Between Miss Julia and Mr. Skretny it was a case of love at first sight. Miss Julia is a beautiful girl of eighteen years and has just completed her education.

About a month ago the party arrived at Cracow, and Mr. Skretny asked Miss Julia's parents for her hand. As the love of the young people for each other had the sanction of Father Barabasz, the parents gave their consent and the wedding took place at Cracow.

After a few days spent at Cracow receiving the congratulations of their friends and relatives, the young couple left for their future home in America, arriving in New York Monday. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Skretny arrived in Baltimore, and will remain with Father Skretny a few days.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Republican Delegates.

At the Republican primary meeting held in this place last Saturday evening, the following delegates were selected to attend the Republican County Convention, which was held in Frederick, Thursday: E. R. Zimmerman, A. A. Annan, C. F. Rowe, N. C. Stansbury, John A. Horner, Geo. L. Gillelan, H. G. Winter, John F. Adelsberger and W. H. Weaver.

At the same meeting a new Central Committee was appointed, as follows: Major O. A. Horner, E. R. Zimmerman, A. M. Patterson, Chas. F. Rowe, J. Thos. Gelwicks, Oscar D. Fraley, H. Maxell, John A. Horner, H. G. Winter, Geo. L. Gillelan and John F. Adelsberger.

Pic-Nics.

A picnic under the auspices of the colored people, will be held in St. Anthony's Grove, near Mt. St. Mary's, on Saturday, Sept. 12, aug 23-3ts.

A picnic will be held in Seabrooks' Grove, on Saturday, Sept. 12, 3ts.

A picnic will be held at Fountain Dale, Pa., Saturday Sept. 5, 2ts.

A picnic will be held in Stewart Annan's Grove, near the Littlestown road and about 1 mile east of Emmitsburg, on Saturday, Sept. 5.

The town council of Funkstown has accepted the resignation of Aaron D. Sager, burgess, and they have appointed William South in his place. The tax rate for 1896 was fixed at 18 cents on the \$100. Last year it was 20 cents. The resignation of Burgess Sager grew out of a riot case which he tried as a justice of the peace. The commissioners claimed he should have made a town case of it and put the fine collected into the town treasury, which is depleted.—Sun.

Nearly Bled to Death.

Mrs. Katharine Leibold, a widow, aged about eighty years, cut the arteries in her left arm with a sharp kitchen knife at her home, in Hagerstown. For some time she has shown symptoms of mental aberration. Her son, Lewis, who lived with her, found her lying in the yard half-conscious in a pool of blood. Her arm was badly mutilated and the bone was exposed in several places. The great loss of blood has made her condition very serious.

Christian Assembly.

On Sept. 5th there will be held in the grove close to Eyer's Valley church, in Eyer's Valley, a Christian Assembly. There will be addresses by a number of ministers, and music consisting of solos, etc. Everybody is invited to come and spend a day in nature's temple with us. No huckstering will be allowed on or near the ground, except by special permit of President. Don't forget the date. Sept. 5, 1896, on Saturday. Very truly, E. C. B. CASTLE, Pastor U. B. Church.

A Wonderful Churn.

I want to add my testimony to the list of those that have used the Lightning Churn. It does all that is claimed for it, you can churn easily in one minute, and get a large percentage more butter than with the common churns. I never took the agency for anything before but so many of my neighbors wanted churns, that I ordered 30 and they are all gone. I think in a year every farmer will have a Lightning Churn in fact they can't afford to be without one as they make so much more butter, and a good little bit of money can be made in every township selling these churns. By writing to J. F. CASEY & Co., St. Louis, Mo., you can get circulars and full particulars about the churn.

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.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Harry K. Danner, has returned to her home in York, Pa., after spending some time with friends in this place and vicinity.

Mrs. G. H. Grove, of Hanover, visited Mrs. Margaret Smith, of this place. Mr. Thaddeus Zimmerman, of Baltimore, is visiting his father, Mr. E. R. Zimmerman, of this place.

Rev. John J. Tierney, who went to Jerusalem about three years ago, has returned to Mt. St. Mary's College.

Mr. John Lagarde, of New Orleans, La., is visiting his parents, Prof. and Mrs. Ernest Lagarde, near Mt. St. Mary's.

Mr. Harry Troxell and wife, and Mr. Charles Cork and wife, of New York City, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fuss.

Mr. J. H. White, of Pittsburgh, is visiting his brother, Mr. W. Ross White, in Liberty township, Pa.

Mr. Clarence Martin, of Hagerstown, visited Mr. Charles Kretzer, this week.

Misses Manervia Weddle and Carrie Weems, of Baltimore, are visiting Miss Hannah Gillelan, in this place.

Maj. O. A. Horner, and wife, and three sons, Annan, Robert and O. A. Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Annan, will leave this place tomorrow morning for St. Paul, Minn., where they will attend the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Mr. Henry Lingg and wife, of near this place, visited friends in New Oxford, Pa.

Miss Emma S. Reinwald, of Duncansville, Pa., is visiting her brother, Rev. Chas. Reinwald.

Misses Eva and Rachel Shulenberger are visiting in Winchester, Va.

Mr. Tobias Newcomer and wife, and Mrs. Yinger, of Frederick, were the guests of Mr. Charles E. Gillelan, this week.

Mr. Camble Flaut, of Baltimore, is visiting his aunt, Mrs. Arnold.

Miss Florence Riegle is visiting at Table Rock, Pa.

Miss Katie Martin, of Graceham, is visiting Miss Bruce Morrison.

Miss Daisy Rhea, of New Oxford, Pa., is visiting at Dr. J. W. Riegle's.

Mrs. Maggie Arnold and son have returned home from Baltimore.

Miss Emily Slothower, of Baltimore, is visiting the Misses Winter.

Mrs. Charles I. Baker and son, have returned to Baltimore.

Mr. Wm. Gillelan is visiting in Frederick.

Mr. L. E. Higbee and sister, Miss Helen Higbee were in Baltimore this week.

Messrs. Wm. Morrison and J. Stewart Annan, were in Frederick, yesterday.

Obstructing Cars.

Last Thursday night shortly before midnight, some one attempted to wreck a trolley car of the Hagerstown Railway Company at a step incline about two miles east of Williamsport. Motorman Howard Olewine was making his last trip, and the car was running along at a very high speed when he saw ahead of him a dark obstruction on the track.

In his effort to stop the car quickly the passengers were badly frightened. The car was stopped just as it reached the obstruction, which proved to be a cross-tie over both rails. The tie was thrown off and the car again started toward Hagerstown, but another obstruction was met. The car was again stopped in time. The second obstruction consisted of several stout fence rails wedged beneath the rail on one side and on top of the opposite rail.

The car was again started and once more another obstruction in the shape of fence rails, placed like the second obstruction, was met with.

The three obstructions were about 300 feet from each other, and any one of them would have been sufficient to wreck the car, which was loaded with fifty-five persons, mostly ladies.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. At drug-gists or shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. aug. 7-4ts.

Three Men Badly Scalded.

While John Horine's traction engine was being run from one farm to another, near Burkittsville, this county, last Saturday, the cylinder head blew out.

Three colored men who were walking in front of the engine were deluged with the hot water and steam, and terribly scalded. One of them, Ed. Whalen, may die from his injuries. George Harper's injuries are also serious, he being so badly scalded that the flesh peeled from his body. Charles Hemp, the engineer, escaped injury.

Singular Fatality.

Theodore Knodle, head barkeeper in Job K. Sheppard's restaurant, Frederick city, dropped dead Saturday evening behind the bar. He had been ailing for several months. Death resulted from a ruptured blood vessel in the head. Shortly after his death the proprietor of the place, Job K. Sheppard, who had been suffering with Bright's disease for some time, expired from the shock. He was a well-known citizen and had been engaged in the restaurant business many years. He was about sixty-two years of age and leaves a widow and young daughter.

CASTORA

For Infants and Children.

It is the only safe remedy for all the ailments of infants and children. It is a pure, sweet, and pleasant-tasting syrup, and is the only one that can be given to infants and children without any danger. It is the only one that can be given to infants and children without any danger. It is the only one that can be given to infants and children without any danger.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

FAIRFIELD, Aug. 25.—Do not forget the bean bake at Fairfield on Saturday, August 29. Should the day be unfavorable it will be held on the following Saturday. All are cordially invited.

Mr. S. J. Barton, who keeps store at Fountaindale, has rented a store room in Fairfield from the A. C. Musselman heirs, formerly occupied by S. G. Hil-leary. Mr. Barton expects to occupy the room by the 15th of September. It will be a regular dry goods store. He's a man of experience in the business and will get his share of the trade.

The G. A. R. bean bake, which will be held on Saturday, 29th inst. will be in Mr. H. Landis' orchard, in Fairfield. The Fairfield band will furnish the music. Col. Stahley, of York, will be on hand. A good time is expected.

Mr. P. Weagly and brother, Charles, of Missouri, are visiting their friends at this place.

Harvey White, Esq., of Pittsburgh is spending a few days among his friends at this place.

Mrs. H. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Turbin, of Baltimore, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Sanders, of this place.

Mr. M. Kugler, of Fairfield, has some large potatoes, one weighing 24 pounds. Who can beat that?

Mr. Isaac Pecher, of Liberty township, is preparing to build a large house. Mr. John Hare is the contractor.

Mr. William Heyser is building a new house. Mr. H. Keener is the contractor.

Free School Books.

The County School Commissioners were in session on Tuesday, the 25th inst. The most important action taken was that relating to the introduction of free books in the public schools.

The appropriation by the State of \$6,674.33 will not be sufficient to supply free books in all of the grades unless patrons owning their books will consent to use them for the present, the School Board to supply other books as they may be required, free of cost to all, except in the High School Course. If the patrons will co-operate with the School Commissioners, as suggested, books can be made free in all of the grades except high schools, at once, otherwise, it may be necessary to use the option provided in the law, by supplying free books only in the lower grades, and requiring patrons to pay book fees or supply their own books in the higher grades.

It is to be hoped that all who are interested in the welfare of the schools will unite with the Board in the effort to establish free books at once in all grades, by using books which would otherwise be of little value to them, until others are required. Circulars will be mailed to all teachers explaining the plans of the Board in details. The ownership of books in the hands of patrons will not be affected, the books to be used and retained as private property by the children of patrons to whom they belong.

Sure to Win.

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sales in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely, permanently cures. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

Cure indigestion, headache. Do you wish to save 30 cents on railroad trip to Baltimore? Do you wish to save 30 cents on return trip to Emmitsburg? In other words, do you wish to save 60 cents on a return trip ticket from Emmitsburg to Baltimore? If so, then do the following: Buy your ticket to Glyndon, and from thence without leaving the car, pay your fare to the metropolis. The fare from Glyndon to Baltimore has been reduced to about half to compete with the new electric car which runs between these two points. On return do likewise, buy your ticket to Glyndon and pay the conductor on car fare home. Put this piece of information into practice on your next visit to the Monumental City, and you will find that it is worth knowing.

Poor Dogs.

It seems that last Wednesday night was very hard on some of the dogs of this place, although the night was cool. Therefore, it cannot be said that the death of these dogs was due to the excessive heat of that night. Three dogs died Wednesday night and Thursday morning, one belonging to Mr. John Florence, one to Mr. John Jackson and nobody's dog, which secured its living by traveling from house to house, and was known as the "tramp dog." The supposition is that the animals were poisoned. If such is the case, the law prohibiting poison being placed in public places should be rigidly enforced.

Gone Down with all Hands.

When we read such an announcement as this it sends a thrill of horror through our very being. And yet the number of lives lost by accidents at sea are very few compared to the number which are sacrificed to single diseases on land. Take consumption. Statistics show that twenty per cent. of all deaths are due to this fatal malady. It would be easier to reconcile ourselves to the fearful fact if there were no remedy. But there is. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands, and among them many whom the doctors have given up to die. If seeing is believing, then the marvelous efficacy in cases of this kind, ought to convince the most skeptical.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir.—Two of our best doctors pronounced my case consumption. I spent nearly \$300, and was no better. I concluded to try the "Golden Medical Discovery." I bought eight bottles, and I can now say with truth that I feel just as well to-day as I did at twenty-five, and can do just as good a day's work on the farm, although I had not done any work for several years. I give you all the thanks. Truly, your friend, WILLIAM DULANEY, Campbell, Ohio.

TROLLEY CAR DISASTER.

Many People Injured, but No One Killed Outright.

Electric car No. 10, of the Frederick and Middletown Railway Company, with 110 people aboard, jumped the track at Mercer's Curve, about three and a half miles from Frederick city, at 6:30 o'clock Sunday evening and was thrown down an embankment and badly smashed. No one was killed, but about fifty were injured, one or two of them very badly. The news was brought to Frederick city at about 7 o'clock while the people were on the way to their places of worship for the evening.

The news was brought by Mr. Harry R. Lease, and it was feared that many were killed, as some of the people were known to have been pinioned down by pieces of timber. Mr. Lease was on his way to Braddock Heights, driving over the national pike, when his attention was attracted by the cries and shrieks of men and children.

Drs. M. A. Sharretts, William G. McComas, Charles F. Goodell, Ira McCurdy and other physicians of the city hurried to the scene, but in advance of them was Rev. Father Pendergast and several priests from the noviate of Frederick ministering to the wounded and bleeding and speaking words of consolation and encouragement to the men and women who were injured. Those who were most severely injured were carried to the home of George Webster and laid upon the large porch that surrounds the house. Quickly the physicians set to work to relieve those who were most seriously hurt.

On the porch lay Thompson Anderson, aged about thirty years, of Frederick. A traveling salesman with his hip broken and his back badly injured lay next to him calling for a physician. Among the other wounded was Charles Schroedel Baker, of Frederick, with his left leg badly cut in several places. Beside him sat Albert Smith, tinner, of Frederick city, crying with pains in his head. He said his head hurt so he could not walk. Upon a sofa lay Miss Annie Buckles, formerly of Baltimore, now of Frederick city, with her head bandaged from scalp wounds and unable to move, suffering with internal injuries of the breast. In the parlor lay Mrs. Frank Brookey, of Frederick, with several deep cuts on the side of her head and suffering with internal pain.

Mr. Webster's house was practically converted into a hospital, as was also the houses of Major E. Y. Goldsborough, David Kenna and C. S. Kline, where people with minor injuries were conveyed.

All doing the afternoon the electric line was doing a splendid business. The two cars, Nos. 10 and 11, were unable to accommodate all those who wanted to visit the Heights. People assembled at the depot and filled the cars as fast as they returned from each trip and people along the street road were refused

A DREAM DREAMED OVER.

The music was throbbing and pulsing; The flowers, and the palms, and the light In smooth, waxed floors were reflected That glorious gala night. With the fragrance of roses about her, In her dainty, pure white gown, She was, as he whispered to her, "The prettiest girl in town."

Eho smiled and flushed and denied it, As a pretty girl must do, But by her heart's deep contentment She knew that he thought it true, And they danced to the thrilling music— Oh, life was rapture then!— When she was the prettiest girl in town, And he was the first of men!

BURIAL OF POPE PIUS IX.

The body lay in a temporary tomb until it is put in the crypt. Few saw the scene which followed when the good pope's body had lain four days in state and then placed in its coffin at night, to be hoisted high and swung noiselessly into the temporary tomb above the small door on the east side—that is, to the left of the Chapel of the Choir. It was for a long time the custom that each pope should lie there until his successor died, when his body was removed to the monument prepared for it in the meantime, and the pope just dead was laid in the same place.

The church was almost dark, and only in the Chapel of the Choir and that of the Holy Sacrament, which are opposite each other, a number of big wax candles shed a yellow light. In the niche over the door a nun was still at work, with a tall, thin, clearly visible from below. The triple coffin stood before the altar in the Chapel of the Choir. Opposite, where the body still lay, the Noble guards and the Swiss guards, in their breastplates, kept watch with drawn swords and halberds.

The Noble guards carried the bier on their shoulders in solemn procession, with chanting choir, robed bishops and trumpeting soldiers, round by the Confession and across the church and lifted the body into the coffin. The pope had been very much beloved by all who were near him, and more than one gray haired priest shed tears of genuine grief that night.

In the coffin, in accordance with an ancient custom, a bag was placed containing 93 medals, one of gold, one of silver and one of bronze for each of the 93 years during which Pope Pius had reigned, and a history of the pontificate, written on parchment, was also deposited at the foot of the body.

When the leaden coffin was soldered, six seals were placed upon it, five by cardinals and one by the archbishop of the Chapter of St. Peter's. During the whole ceremony the prothonotary apostolic, the chancellor of the apostolic chamber and the notary of the Chapter of St. Peter's were busy, pen in hand, writing down the detailed protocol of the proceedings.

The last absolution was pronounced, and the coffin in its outer case of elm was slowly moved out and raised in slings and gently swung into the niche. The masons bricked up the opening in the presence of cardinals and guards, and long before midnight the marble slab, carved to represent the side of a sarcophagus, was in its place with its simple inscription, "Pius IX, P. M."—Marion Crawford in Century.

TURNER, THE ARTIST.

Some Unflattering Pen Portraits of the Great Master of Landscape.

On the whole, the portraits of Turner after life cannot be said to be satisfactory or convincing. Turner was no doubt a baffling face, full of character, which was difficult to seize without caricature, showing little of the fine spirit and poetical feeling which were displayed in his works and becoming coarser and redder as he advanced in life—a face that rejected all attempts at idealization, at least in the hands of those who tried.

None of the written descriptions of him is very attractive: "A red Jewish face, with staring bluish gray eyes, the smallest and dirtiest hands on record; his complexion was very coarse and weather beaten; his cuticle that of a stagecoachman or an old man-of-war's boatswain"—this, according to Thornbury, was the impression he made on "less enthusiastic friends." "Turner had fine, intelligent eyes, dark blue or hazel," said Mr. Trimmer, his old friend; "but, as it is said of Swift's, they were heavy rather than animated." Leslie wrote: "There was in fact, nothing elegant in his appearance—full of elegance as he was in art. He might have been taken for the captain of a river steamer at first sight, but a second would find far more in his face than belongs to any ordinary mind." Unfortunately no artist has recorded that "second" sight. Mr. Watts, if he had tried, might have done so, but who else?—Cosmo Monkhouse in Scribner's.

Where Was He?

The Forthshire lairds of a remote day were wont to go weekly to great Dundee, not so great then, to dine early, but too well, and ride away home, not in every case very fit for the saddle. The road ran eastward for some miles on a height above the Tay, a steep grassy slope down to the Firth. One of the old gentlemen (they were gentlemen) rolled off his horse and rolled away down the declivity. The water at the edge was only a few inches deep at that season of the tide, and there he lay. By and by some one remarked that the laird's saddle was empty, though his horse was trotting on with the others. So the party turned back, looking for the missing man, and exclaiming: "Fare ye ye, Balaughwinn! Fare ye ye?" At length a voice was heard, coming from far below. "The Lord knows far I am. But I cannot be in hell, for here's water!"—Longman's Magazine.

An Example.

"You will kindly give us an example of the general law of averages, Mr. Peabody," said the professor of mathematics, after his lecture on the doctrine of chances.

"Um—why—there's the speed of the currents, and the lack of it in the messenger who delivers it," said Peabody, a vague, hesitating way.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DAWFUSKIE ISLAND.

IT HAS A HISTORY AS THE SCENE OF MANY INDIAN STRUGGLES.

The Extreme Southeastern Point of South Carolina—The Tragedy of Bloody Point That Wiped Out a Whole Tribe of Indians.

A new candidate for public favor is Dawfuskie island, one of the islands not far distant from Savannah and one of the most interesting historically. Dawfuskie is the Indian name of the island. It is some six miles in length and four miles in width, noted for its fish, oysters and crabs and famous of late years for its deer hunting. The Indians were very partial to that sport, judging from the mounds, tomahawks, arrowheads and other relics of that race which are still to be found on the island. It is the southeasternmost point of South Carolina, and directly opposite Tybee island, and in what was formerly known as St. Luke's parish, Beaufort district, but now legally designated as Yemassee township, Beaufort county.

The island was at one time the property of the Mongin family, who settled it about 1750, and up to the beginning of the late war it was divided into several plantations and had a population, in addition to the planter families, of about 1,600 slaves. Several places on the island are still owned by the descendants of the Mongins, Bloody Point by Mr. Mongin Stoddard and Melrose by Mr. Alfred H. Stoddard.

The following story of Dawfuskie island appeared in The Morning News of June 24, 1878, and is all of its early history that can be found:

"The massacre of Bloody Point, though previous to the Revolutionary war, is still interesting as relating to the ancient history of St. Luke. The islands of Port Royal and St. Helena were pretty thickly settled with white population when Hilton Head, Dow Dusky, Pinckney and the other neighboring islands were held in possession by a few isolated Indians or were altogether uninhabited. They formed a kind of neutral ground between the white and red men. The Indians from Georgia were in the habit of making frequent incursions upon the white settlements, killing the inhabitants and carrying off whatever plunder they could gather, to their remote homes in the farther south. They formed large war parties and would proceed as far north as Hilton Head. Here they would skulk about till a fair chance offered, when they would cross Broad river and ravage the neighboring settlements; hence the name of Skulk creek (and not Skull, as is now written).

"The Indians were in the habit of returning to Skulk creek after these incursions and would elude pursuit among its numerous nooks and windings. Upon one of these occasions, after having committed a number of murders and having loaded their canoes with whatever plunder they were able to collect, having secured a quantity of 'fire water,' it is presumed, from the sequel, they passed through Skulk creek on their return south without stopping in their old haunts and never halted until they reached Dow Dusky, where they thought they would be beyond the reach of the whites.

"A very strong and determined party of whites went in pursuit of them. On reaching Hilton Head they learned from a few Indians of a friendly tribe that their enemies had not halted, but had proceeded on south. Having induced these friendly Indians to join them as guides, they continued their pursuit farther south. When they had gone on as far as Dow Dusky, they discovered from the smoke of their camp that the Indians had halted at the southeast point of the island. The whites landed on the northwest portion and marched toward their enemies. The Indians had put all their boats a short distance up what is now known as New river, to avoid the surf which breaks upon the point. The Indians were at the extreme point, enjoying themselves in an unwonted round of conviviality and feasting. The whites approached cautiously and stealthily, and, having got between the Indians and their boats, effectually cut off their retreat. A shower of bullets was the first intimation they had of the presence of an enemy. They were shot down, bayoneted, sabred and were finally driven into the sea.

"The surprise was complete; the massacre was dreadful; the white sands were crimsoned with blood, and the earth was strewn with wounded, dying and dead. A few, very few, escaped by swimming, some to the opposite marsh, and one swam entirely over to Tybee, a distance of three miles. From the dreadful carnage at this spot it received the name of Bloody Point, which it retains to this time, it being the extreme southeastern point of South Carolina. After this decisive victory the settlements to the north of Broad river received no further molestation from the southern Indians, and soon after Hilton Head itself began to be settled by the whites. The Indians who escaped, having collected after a lapse of some time, returned to Hilton Head, and, finding only two of the tribe who had guided the whites in their pursuit, avenged the downfall of their own tribe by destroying both of them. They then returned south and were lost sight of ever after. Such is the tradition in St. Luke's."—Savannah News.

The Two "Dark Days."

There are two "dark days" mentioned in the annals of New England. The first occurred on Oct. 21, 1716, when it suddenly became so dark soon after noon that the people were forced to use artificial lights to do their ordinary work. This strange condition of the atmosphere lasted about 8½ hours. Again, on May 19, 1780, there was a remarkable darkening of the atmosphere, but the phenomenon did not come on so suddenly as that upon the earlier date. The darkness in this latter instance began between 10 and 11 o'clock on the morning of the day named and lasted throughout the day. The darkness extended from the northeastern part of New England westward as far as Albany and southward to Pennsylvania. The moon intense and prolonged darkness, however, was confined to Massachusetts, more especially to the seaboard. It is said to have come from the southwest, but there is no mention of it made in the history of Ohio or the Virginias. The exact cause still remains one of the unexplained mysteries.—St. Louis Republic.

FREAK FACTORIES.

Shownmen Have No Trouble in Providing New Attractions.

"How do you manage to find new freaks and curiosities?" was the question asked of the manager of a traveling show that had pitched its tent in a London suburb. "Don't have to find them," was the laconic response. "They find us. The freak business is as regularly established as any other and has its wholesale and retail firms, traveling salesmen, brokers, price lists, factories!"

"Factories?" queried the reporter, aghast. "Why, certainly, factories, of course. The freak business is divided into about three varieties—foreign, domestic and fake."

"In the first class the collectors travel all over the world in search of rarities, but the very best freaks come from India and the Malay peninsula. In these countries there are people who breed freaks. They buy young children and animals and deform them while their bones are soft by all manner of means. Then they are constantly on the outlook for genuine natural freaks, and in those hands the birth of a freak occurs very frequently. The headquarters of this business is at Singapore."

"Then there are any number of men who devote themselves to the discovering and placing of freaks of all kinds and varieties, and there is scarcely a day goes by that we do not receive packages of photographs and illustrated circulars from some freak merchant or other."

"Of course there are the faked freak men—a perfect host in themselves. If the proprietor of some little show needs an additional attraction, and does not have the money to hire something good—freak, for, like everything else, freaks have their price—he can get something for little money that will serve his purpose. 'The real, genuine live freaks always command high prices and travel all over the world in order to exhibit themselves. Most of them have regular routes mapped out by their advance agents, just like theatrical companies, and as they only appear at a place at long intervals they never get stale, and sometimes make bigger hits on their second or third appearance than on their first.'—London Mail.

AN AMUSING DEBATE.

The Subject Was Serious Enough, but the Situation Was Comical.

When, in the old days of trouble between the English and French, there was talk of sending Admiral Hawke to sea to keep watch over the enemy's fleet, there occurred a notable interview. It was November. The weather was stormy and dangerous for vessels and the government was not agreed as to sending them.

Mr. Pitt, who was in bed with gout, was obliged to receive those who had business with him in his chamber. This room had two beds and no fire. The Duke of Newcastle came to him to consider the sending out of the fleet, and had scarcely entered the room when he cried out, shivering all over with cold: "How is this? No fire?"

"No," said Mr. Pitt. "When I have the gout, I cannot bear one." The duke, wrapped in his cloak, took a seat by the invalid's bedside and began talking, but he found himself unable to endure the cold.

"I am positively determined that the fleet shall sail," said Pitt, accompanying his words with the most lively gesticulations. "It is impossible! It will perish!" said the duke, with equal emphasis. At the moment the discussion waxed hottest another dignitary of the realm came in and found it difficult to keep his countenance at the sight of two ministers deliberating on a matter of so grave importance from such a novel situation.

The fleet did not sail, and Mr. Pitt's judgment proved to be right. The enemy was crippled and a signal advantage gained.—Youth's Companion.

All About Love.

"Say, I'm in love," confided the fero dealer to the lookout during a lull in the play. "Why, you don't know what love is," laughed the lookout. "Don't you believe it?" retorted the dealer. "Love is a game that Cupid deals. He has a crooked layout, and the bank wins every bet. If you copper a case in his game it's sure to win; if you play a case open it loses, and you're in bad luck if you don't get whipsawed in every turn. If a man calls the turn it's a 1 to 10 shot he drops dead."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Royal Bridal Gift.

A good story is told of the late Baron Hirsch. A charming young girl, well known in London society, married an equally well known guardsman. Neither was overmuch. The baron's wedding gift—the instigation of the Prince of Wales—was a special train to Constantinople and back for the honeymoon and a three weeks' stay at the best hotel in Constantinople.—London Tit-Bits.

Candling eggs is the one infallible way to test them. This is done in a dark room with a candle, gas or electric light. When the egg is held close to the light, if fresh it will appear a pinkish yellow, and if otherwise it will be dotted with opaque spots or be entirely dark.

By doing good with his money a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.—Rutledge.

Faith is letting down our nets into the transparent deeps, at the divine command, not knowing what we shall take.—Faber.

Fun has no limits. It is like the human race and face. There is a family likeness among all the species, but they all differ.—Halibarton.

Strange bed warmers are used by Chikawa women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

All birds that live on seeds are furnished with strong gizzards.

BABY INCUBATORS.

A PHYSICIAN TELLS OF THE CONSTRUCTION AND OPERATION.

The Apparatus Is Very Simple and Inexpensive, but Attendance Is Costly—In Addition to Saving a Life, Each Incubator Contributes Useful Knowledge.

In sharp contrast to the lavish recklessness with which noble splendid lives are often sacrificed to some futile, ignoble cause, is the infinite vigilance and care, the ingenuity and skill that are sometimes expended upon preserving and fanning into flame a little spark that has hardly attained the dignity of being called a life.

Doubtless most are familiar with the model receptacle 4 by 2, standing on four legs about waist high, with a small water pipe and heating apparatus on one side and a cold air pipe and additional apparatus on the other known as the infant incubator. But perhaps few realize the patient skilled watching and the consequent expense necessary to the bringing forward of the little inmate, until it shall be able to take its place in the world as a real "live and kicking" baby.

At the first appearance upon life's stage of this speck of humanity "scarce half made up," it is swathed in a bundle of absorbent cotton and laid in its little nest, with nothing to distract its attention but a perfectly accurate thermometer, to which it, however, seems wholly indifferent. The glass lid is then almost closed. Experience has taught the physicians that it is better to leave it open a little space. A trained nurse at once takes her place by the side of this unique object and keeps constant guard over temperature, conditions of air, etc. Absolute quiet and a subdued light are among the requirements. The temperature may range from 90 to 98 degrees. In cases of low vitality it is kept at 98, and with the most robust is never allowed to go below 90 degrees. Then every hour the little charge must be fed. This is sometimes accomplished by means of a dropper, but more often a little rubber tube is passed through the mouth and esophagus into the stomach, and into this tube is slowly poured a dram, about a teaspoonful, of prepared food. Thus in the 24 hours about three ounces of food are absorbed. This food is made after a formula, arranged by a most expert chemist and changes from day to day according to the development of the baby.

Every 36 hours the little gown of absorbent cotton is exchanged for a perfectly fresh one of the same material. The food and clothing of this embryo personage are not, therefore, great bills of expense, but its lodgings, its physician and nurses make up a pretty sum for its indulgent parents.

It will easily be seen that the only requirements for raising a baby in an incubator are a perfectly even, high temperature, pure air and a food the closest approach possible to its natural food. But simple as this method is, it has taxed every resource of the best engineering and sanitary authorities, the finest bacteriologists and chemists in the country to arrive at the present state of advancement. An incubator is in no perfect costs about \$200. A few firms have them to rent, and as the demand for them is naturally small one may be rented at any time.

Dr. Rotch, who is responsible for many of the recent improvements of the incubator, has been very successful in its use. He insists upon having always two trained nurses, so that no moment may there be the risk of a change in conditions which might turn the scale the wrong way. This of itself means \$50 a week, and the time of incubation is usually from two months to ten weeks. But the baby so saved comes in time to be quite the equal of his fellows who followed the good, old fashioned ways.

Hospitals cannot boast as great success from their experience with incubators, although several include one among their appliances. In the first place it is often a case where the tiny Mohammed must go to the mountain, and it is almost impossible to accomplish this without some little exposure. Then in most cases the child has not only premature birth to struggle with, but the worst factor of having come from ill conditioned, badly nourished and often intemperate parents. Besides, no nurse in a hospital, no score of nurses, can so arrange that one shall always have an eye on the thermometer; and the 50 or more full blown babies will not upon demand refrain their voices from weeping out of consideration for the sensitiveness of their delicate little comrades.

The hospital people are sometimes asked why they make so great an effort to save the lives of these poor little creatures who, at the best, must enter the race of life fearfully handicapped. Their argument, of course, is that the chance of life in embryo has a right to its chance; but their interest is doubtless largely scientific. Physicians from Maine to California, from the St. Lawrence to the gulf, are constantly looking to these hospitals for the latest and best results of their researches and experiments, and by studying the treatment and watching the development of cases here, the incubating process included, they may be able to save many a life nearer home. Besides, who can foretell whether the tiny atom may not turn out a Lincoln or a Wagner as was a commonplace Smith or Jones?—M. D. in Chicago Record.

Exhausted.

"Si Hubbard told me that he got a heap of work out of you when you was working for him," said the farmer.

"Waal, I allow he did," said the hired man.

"Yaas. Fact is, I guess he jist about got it all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Life In the Deep Sea.

In many of the soundings made by Sir John Ross sea worms, or annelids, were brought up from depths varying from 119 to 1,000 fathoms. At a depth of 800 fathoms his nets caught a beautiful specimen of the Caput Medusa. The specimen was preserved and is now in the British museum in London.—St. Louis Republic.

Fault Finders.

There would not be half so many grumblers in the world if people did not think that fault finding was a proof of superior intelligence.—Milwaukee Journal.

The first applicant for an invention or device receives the patent in Great Britain, whether he be the real inventor or not.

Waiting a Shahn.

An amusing story is told of how the late shah fell asleep when he should have been the chief guest at a reception. In Persia they believe that an awakened person suffers grievous injury. What was to be done? A band was dispatched to the shah's resting place with special instructions to the big drum. The result was successful.

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