

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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

Orphan's Court.
Judge—John W. Grider, Wm. R. Young and Henry B. Wilson.
Register of Wills—James K. Waters.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—William Morrison, Wallace Cromwell, Franklin G. House, James H. Deaton, J. C. Thomas.
Sheriff—A. C. Mudd.
Treasurer—G. G. G. G.
Assessor—J. Wm. Bangham.
Surveyor—Edward Albaugh.
School Commissioners—Lewis Kofatver, Herman L. Rantzmann, David D. Thomas, E. R. Zimmerman, S. Amos Ureiz.
Examiner—E. L. Rorick.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—E. L. Annan.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, Francis Maxwell, Wm. P. Taylor, Jos. W. Davison.
Sectarian—E. S. Tasey.
Constables—School Trustees—O. A. Horner, S. N. McNaife, John W. Deigo.

Town Officers.
Burgess—William G. Blair.
Commissioners—Wm. D. Horner, Francis A. Maxwell, J. T. Taylor, G. Meade Patterson, Peter J. Harting, John T. Long.
Tax Collector—John F. Hopp.

Churches.
Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. Charles Reinwald. Services every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturdays at 2 o'clock.

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor—Rev. Wm. C. Shigler. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other day morning at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Musical class on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. Wm. Simonton, D. D. Morning services at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. T. Landry, O. M. First Mass at 8 o'clock a. m., second Mass at 10 o'clock a. m., 3 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. M. H. Courtney. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other day morning at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturdays at 2 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. M. H. Courtney. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other day morning at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturdays at 2 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. M. H. Courtney. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and every other day morning at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturdays at 2 o'clock.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* NEW YORK.

Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone 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.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

THE SNOW-BIRD'S SONG.

The hemlock twigs are decked in snow,
And wintry winds are blowing,
The flowers all faded long ago,
The hillside brook has ceased to flow,
In the field no herds are lowing.

The snow-bird, singing shrill and clear
Amid the branches swaying,
Each glad note echoing far and near
O'er wooded dell and dingle drear,
To all the world is saying:

"Hail to the snow-flakes,
Feathery snow-flakes,
Fairies of wood and wold;
Tripping it lightly,
Cheerily, brightly,
Dear little elves of old!

"List to the sleigh-bells,
Merry and gay bells,
Sweet is their jingle and chime;
Woodlands are ringing,
Schoolboys are singing:
'Long live the gay winter time!'"

JAMES I. PRIGGNOT, in *Pall Mall Times*.

The Man Who Was Not Lynched.

He Had a Rope About His Neck But Defied The Mob.

(From the *Atlanta Journal*.)

"I told that big duffer who put the rope around my neck and seemed so anxious to yank me up that I would live to see the geese pick the grass off his grave, and I'll do it, too."

The speaker was T. J. Sykes, the tramp who came so near being lynched by this city one day last summer and only saved himself by his remarkable coolness and nerve—a nerve which is not displayed once in a lifetime.

Sykes is no ordinary man. There is something about his every movement and word which naturally interests and mystifies one. He is clearly an enigma, and yet there is no apparent desire on his part to appear as such. This now famous tramp here is about 5 feet 5, weighs 140, has sandy mustache, wavy light hair, thin, tapering nose and large, clear blue eyes. His case is one of the most remarkable that ever occurred in Georgia.

On the day of his trouble a tramp called at the house of Mr. George Crouch, a farmer in the north western section of the city, and asked for bread. The staff of life was given him, and then a trade was made for him to pull some fodder. The tramp went off toward the field, and in a short time Louise, the little daughter, went running into the house and told her mother that the man had scared her. There came a storm when the mother gave the alarm, and in a very short time the report that a child had been assaulted flew rapidly over the city, and it was not long before there was a determined crowd of men armed with rifles, shotguns and pistols, scouring the city and county in search of the fiend. Later in the day the officers discovered a thin and gaunt-looking man walking about the city. This was Sykes. He was thought to be the man that had been to the Crouch home, and was told so.

"I am not the man you are hunting for," was the answer he gave.

The man's nerve struck the officer, and he did not believe that he had the right man, and when Sykes was asked if he would go with him he replied that he would go anywhere, as he had "been everywhere and a little bit beyond."

That queer citizen of the road was taken to the home of the little girl and there he was identified. It looked rather titillous for Sykes, but he held a tight grip on his courage and quietly remarked that he was as innocent as a man who had never seen the city of Columbus. The crowd, or at least some of them, were ready for the lynching, and a big butcher ran to a horse which was hitched near by and out the halter from his neck, and with a yell he made a dive for Sykes and placed it around his neck, while cries of "Hang him! Hang him!" went up from the infuriated mob. Sykes was as cool as a May morning, and he told them:

"I will die an innocent man, hanged by cowardly ruffians. If you have any spark of bravery you will give me a chance to show my-

self innocent of a crime which I detest and abhor as much as any man."

Looking the butcher squarely in the eyes, he told them the words which open this story. Standing there on the roadside with the rope around his neck, with not a tremor over his face, he looked the picture of a martyr. Certain death seemed to be staring him in the face, but he never flinched. But with wonderful coolness he read the riot act and defied them to do their worst, declaring that they didn't have the "guts" to come at him one at a time, and that if they did he would wipe up the whole "shooting match."

There were men there who then believed in the man's innocence, and these began to speak up. After a time it was decided to postpone the lynching and let the law take its course.

Sykes was carried to jail, quite a crowd following the wagon, and when the jail was reached it again appeared that the effort to get him might be renewed. Coolly Sykes said to Jailer Phelps:

"Just give me a good gun and I'll take care of myself, and don't you doubt it."

Sykes' preliminary trial was a remarkable one. There were two sets of witnesses, one which swore that they had seen Sykes in the vicinity of the Crouch residence early that morning, and the other that they had seen the same man at the union depot at the very time the crime was alleged to have been committed. It was not shown conclusively that an actual attempt at assault had been made. Sykes was bound over, but his attorney, Mr. H. V. Hargett, went out among the citizens and soon succeeded in making a subpoena bond. A man who had seen the truly wonderful bravery displayed by the friendless man did not believe that he could be guilty of the crime charged, and they were willing to back their judgment with their signatures to the bond for his appearance at court.

When the bond was signed and Sykes was released he thanked the gentlemen who had befriended him, and told them they need give themselves no uneasiness, he would be present when wanted. He went right out and began to hunt work, and succeeded in finding a job in the Southern Railroad shops, and there he has worked every day when there was anything to do ever since, and it is to his credit when Mr. C. W. Chears, well known in Atlanta and throughout the State, says that he is a faithful man.

Last week the grand jury failed to find a true bill against him and he was declared free. Sykes was the picture of happiness and said:

"I told some of those duffers that I would see them later, and I will. I expect to stay here just as long as I want to, and I want some of those frisky fellows to try any diodes with me and we will have a little fun sure enough."

"How does it feel to be lynched?"

"I have never feared death," Sykes said, "and I suppose I was about as near ready to go as I ever was or ever will be. I have never harmed a living creature, though a good many have done me—kin folks for instance. No, I was not bother-

ed about where I was going to land if they did put me out of the way. I was not thinking about that. I was thinking about what a disgrace it would be for an honest man to be yanked off by such hand-sawed specimens of humanity. Now, it is all right to be blown up in a mine, run over by an express wagon, starved for want of a bit of charity, but I didn't propose to be sent across the river by a mob of such men as charged upon me that day. I have too much respect for my good name for anything like that. I had the consciousness of knowing that I had never harmed a living creature, had never been in a place where I was afraid to go back, and the feeling of really being almost at the end of my earthly career did not give me the least concern. It was, as I say, the manner of going."

Indulgence Demanded.
The elderly Washington gentleman whose year does not lessen a genial interest in the affairs of life had an unfamiliar swagger in his gait as he came into the house. His wife observed it immediately. There was something in his manner when he merely served the butter at dinner which suggested the pompous.

"Richard," his wife said, "I hope you have not forgotten that pride goeth before a fall."

"My dear," was the reply, "I am perfectly familiar with that admonition. And I have reason to fear that in my case it applies in a literal as well as in a figurative sense. But I can't help it."

"You are not usually this way."

"I know it. When I was graduated at the head of my class in college I was as meek and modest as the last man on the list. When I was elected to office and ran away ahead of my ticket, I could have defied anybody to accuse me of showing the least elation. When I won my first big lawsuit I endeavored to bear success with the same philosophy which I should have felt was proper in defeat. When I got my picture in the paper as a leading citizen in my community I could have defied any of my old-time friends to detect the slightest difference in my behaviour. But this case is different. I hope you'll bear with me, but I've just ridden my bicycle three times around the block without falling off, and I just can't help putting on airs."—*Washington Star*.

A Stay-at-Home.
"Lived here thirty years, and yet never saw the city?"

"Never."

"Did you ever have a desire to go to town?"

"Well, yes, I reckon I has. But you see, 'fore the railroad come hit wuz too far ter travel on foot, an' the mule wuz too busy plowin'; an' after the railroad came, they went ter chargin' people fer travelin', an' so I jest thought I'd stay home an' not bother 'bout secin' the world. But what do you reckon happened ter us 'other day?"

"Don't know."

"Well, sir, my son John ackchully bought a ticket, jumped aboard of the railroad, went ter the lost cause could never be shaken. 'Did you ever in all your life, I asked, 'see so many Yankees before?"

"No," she promptly replied, "I never saw so many Yankees before, but I saw more Yankees behind at Bull Run."—*San Francisco Post*.

A Cruel Parent.
"I saw, pa," said Miss Jennie Chaffie, "it's a beautiful morning. We are going to gather autumn leaves and we want the horse."

"You shall have it, my dear, with the big box wagon with the rakes and all the fix'n's. Get in a couple of loads while you are about it."

"Oh, pa, how can you be so cruel? We want the leaves for decoration."

"So do I. Leaves are the best decoration for a horse's bedding that I know."—*Tear Sheet*.

Subscribed for the *Emmitsburg Chronicle*.

LIVERY

I have a first class Livery to connect 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 Wedding Parties, Funerals, etc. Charges moderate. Give me a call.

JACOB SMITH,
Emmitsburg, Md.

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 TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY.

Every Piano Fully Warranted for 5 years.

SECOND HAND PIANOS.

A large stock at all prices, constantly on hand, comprising some of our own make but slightly used. Sole agents for the celebrated

SMITH AMERICAN ORGANS AND OTHER LEADING MAKERS.

Prices and terms to suit all purchasers.

WM. KNABE & CO.,
22 & 24 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, July 5-17.

JACOB ROHRBACK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office, 18 West Church Street, Frederick, Md.

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 18-17.

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 15-17

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Special agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautiful illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms \$3.00 a year in advance. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free.

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

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

TOMMY CRUSE.

In Hard Luck When He Struck Drums Luminous and Bloomed Out.

When I met Tommy first, his only asset was a serious danger, for his five underfed and underbred ponies were to be seized for overdue taxes. I could not help Tommy with money, but I tried to wish advice. "Strike old Sam Ashby for a couple of hundred dollars," I suggested. Sam Ashby was one of the rich men of Helena, Mont., at that period and ran a small savings bank. Tommy Cruse "tried old Sam Ashby." All he got, however, was some pretty free talk, in which the banker assured Tommy Cruse that he would rather throw his money into the home of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow.

Tommy Cruse got the money, however. Three weeks later he located the great Drum Luminous gold mine. He knew he had a big thing, but somehow he could make nobody believe in his mine. For years he worked at it, however, living at times a dog's life.

Once, while talking to a friend of mine, he fell forward unconscious. He had not eaten a mouthful of food for 30 hours, and yet, with degenerated vitality, had worked on till he fell in his tracks. At last his day came. He opened up a big vein and had \$1,000,000 to his credit in a good safe bank. Hard times over, he decided to pass as a "solid citizen," so he opened a savings bank in Helena. One of the first men to apply to Tommy Cruse, banker, for a small loan was the one time banker, old Sam Ashby, now less prosperous. Then came to the old prospector the happiest moment of his life, one that wiped out all memory of starvation and privation. For Tommy Cruse, showing his would be customer to the door, assured that customer, in language too emphatic and graphic for English ears, that he would sooner throw his money into the house of his satanic majesty than loan it to such a drunken, shiftless fellow as Sam Ashby.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

Figures Bothered Him.

Lord Randolph Churchill never knew anything even of simple arithmetic, which is possibly why he was made chancellor of the exchequer. Sir Agnew West tells how Randolph said to a clerk who put some figures before him, "I wish you would put those figures plainly so that I can understand them," and when the clerk said he had done his best and reduced them to decimals the chancellor of the exchequer exclaimed, "Oh, I never could understand what those — dots meant!"

CASTORIA

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

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

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

Zimmerman & Maxell!

— AT THE —
BRICK WAREHOUSE,
DEALERS IN
GRAIN, PRODUCE,
COAL,
Lumber, Fertilizers,
HAY & STRAW.
June 14-17

CATARRH CURED BY Dr. Hartley's Great Remedy.

On the head, nose and throat soon experience the benefit of this matchless scientific treat-ment. The unhealthy secretions are effectually removed, a soothing sensation ensues and its application the results are prompt, satisfactory and perfect.

Not a Salve or Snuff, but a complete home treatment that will enable you persau to effect a cure.

Sold by Dr. C. E. Elehberger and all druggists.

SONG OF THE BURDEN BEARER.

Over the narrow footpath That led from my lowly door I went with a thought of the Master, As if I had waited before.

A SHOWER IN THE VILLAGE.

This Word Picture Somehow Awakens Pleasant Memories.

Over the whole village that stillness reigns which only a Sunday in summer can produce. It is hearing the noon hour, and there is a glare of sunlight everywhere.

The quiet of the streets seems to be intensified as one approaches the corner where the small stone church stands alone. There is a service going on inside, and the rolling music of the organ faintly wafts from within reaches the deserted streets outside.

Near the door of the church a horse and buggy stand, and now and again the animal, bothered by flies, stamps and splashes in the shallow puddle under him.

A dog trots lazily up the street and stops on his way to chase and bark at a few feebly chirping sparrows. One of the pigeons stalks with dignity across the roof, and another flutters into the air with a whirring sound and disappears.

The sound of the organ has died quite away and only the distant clucking of a disturbed hen breaks the quiet. The sunlight seems to have taken on a darker shade.

A sharp gust of wind sweeps up and down the street and rushes through the foliage of the alighting trees. The sparrows that occupied the air are not in sight. No living thing is to be seen, and the newly painted barn, that a moment ago looked scorched and blistered, seems to have taken on a cooler tinge. The breeze has died quite away, and there is a moment of supreme stillness.

Then a dull, sullen sound that steals upon the air. It comes again, and there is no mistaking it—it is thunder. A hurried hen runs across the lane and disappears behind a board just as three large drops mark the dust covered sidewalk. Drops are falling everywhere, and as they increase in number they decrease in size.

The rain ceases, and the sparkling trees gently shake themselves in the sunlight. The shower is over.—Walter M. Eginton in New Bohemia.

BIG CALIFORNIA FORTUNES.

Half of Those Who Inherited Them Are Penniless.

California has long had a reputation as the home of the bonanza king, and a recently issued document, based on the records of the San Francisco probate court, tells an interesting story of the contests and entanglements which have marked the first testament of many famous millionaires and the final disposition of the vast sums they left behind them.

The average number of persons provided for in each will was ten, though in a number of instances, the most notable of which was the case of Florence Blythe, the entire estates passed into the hands of single heirs.

Peter Donahue's \$2,708,312 went in equal parts to three heirs. Mrs. Theresa Fair's \$4,093,250 went to three persons—Charles L. Fair, Miss Virginia Fair and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs—while William P. Fuller distributed his \$1,771,203 to seven persons of his name.

Emmanuel Goldstein's \$1,000,000 went to six heirs. George Hearst's \$8,788,137 went in equal parts to his wife and son, while Walter S. Hobart's \$5,273,366 went in thirds to his three children—Walter Hobart, Miss Ella Hobart and Mrs. Winthrop Lester.

There are a few exceptions to the general course of estates, as in the case of Lick and Stanford. The \$5,000,000 of the Lick estate went chiefly to one heir and to a number of trusts of a public nature created before James Lick's death. Charles McLaughlin left his \$2,476,000 to his widow, while Alexander Montgomery's \$2,356,845 went to three heirs.

Jenny Lind's Debut. Never Has a Prima Donna So Charmed an American Audience.

Hon. A. Oakley Hall writes of "When Jenny Lind Sang in Castle Garden," for the Ladies' Home Journal. Of her first appearance—her first song—in America and the unprecedented enthusiasm she aroused Mr. Hall enthusiastically and graphically writes: "Hark to the voice! It is beginning the first hour of 'Casta Diva,' from 'Norma'."

"Trained musicians are praising the fluency and precision of Jenny's chromatic scales. One is emphasizing what he terms 'the inspired vitality of Lind's voice,' and the unanimous verdict seems to be that never were heard in concert room sweeter tones. Even white haired veterans who have listened to Malibran and her sister Viardot, or to Grieg, or to Adelaide Kemble, all pronounce Jenny Lind the superior of those old time song angels in realms consecrated by Saint Cecilia."

A CLANKING GHOST. A Wonderful Experience of a Chicago Man in a Missouri Hotel.

"The most disagreeable experience in my travels," said the man from Chicago, "was when I awakened in the middle of the night in a Missouri hotel and heard a chain clank in my room. I don't know whether it is the association of a clanking chain that makes the sound so dismal or the mere fact of being awakened by a noise that shows the presence of something living, but I don't know of a more unpleasant awakening."

ADVANCE IN SURGERY.

HOW IT DIFFERS NOW FROM WHAT IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Horror of the Knife Up to the Discovery of Anesthesia—Danger as Well as Pain in the Operation—First Use of Ether by Dr. William T. G. Morton.

One of the most interesting papers read at the celebration in Boston of the fiftieth anniversary of the first administration of ether in a surgical operation, says the Philadelphia Record, was that by Dr. John Ashhurst of this city on "Surgery Before the Days of Anesthesia."

"A study of the condition of surgery before the days of anesthesia," said Dr. Ashhurst, "reveals on the one hand a picture of heroic boldness and mastery self control on the part of the surgeon, and on the other a ghastly panorama, sometimes of stoic fortitude and endurance, sometimes of abject terror and humiliation—but always of agonizing wretchedness and pain—on the part of the unhappy victim who required the surgeon's aid."

"The pitilessness which Celcius urged as an essential trait in the operations of a surgeon was, before the days of anesthesia, a feature in the surgeon's career which impressed very strongly the public generally as well as those immediately connected with the operation. It is interesting to recall that Sir James Simpson of Edinburgh, shortly after beginning his professional studies, was so affected by 'seeing the terrible agony of a poor Highland woman under amputation of the breast' that he resolved to abandon a medical career and seek other occupation. Happily his intention was reconsidered, and he returned to his studies, asking himself, 'Can anything be done to make operations less painful?' and, as every one knows, in less than 20 years he became a high priest of anesthesia and the introducer into surgical and obstetrical practice of ether's great rival, chloroform."

Heavy Justice. It seems that abnormally stout people have their uses in this world as well as other things. The other day, as an exceedingly corpulent old gentleman was leisurely proceeding along Bepent street, a detected pickpocket, who was fleeing at the top of his speed from two myrmidons of the law, violently collided with him, and the pair rolled over in the gutter together, the stout gentleman on top.

The pickpocket made strenuous but unavailing efforts to extricate himself from under the mountain of flesh, but the corpulent gentleman remained a fixture until the pursuers came up and captured the rascal.

Then the fat man picked himself up, nothing the worse for his mishap and moved off with the remark that so long as he had breath in his body, his weight would "always be thrown on the side of law and justice."—Pearson's Weekly.

Ten Good Things. There are ten things for which no one has ever yet been sorry. These are: For doing good to all; for speaking evil to none; for hearing before judging; for thinking before speaking; for holding an angry tongue; for being kind to the distressed; for asking pardons for all wrongs; for being patient toward everybody; for stopping the ears to a talebearer; for disbelieving most of the ill reports.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

We Send it FREE! WEAK MEN, Young and Old. Rejoice with us in the Discovery.

When a man has suffered for years with a weakness that blights his life and robs him of all that really makes life worth living, if he can avail himself of a complete cure, why not possess the moral courage to stop his downward course.

HERALDRY.

One View of the Shortness of History and Chronology.

Heraldry can make the world a glorified world. It is a quarry where every one may dig his own, and if heraldry became again a fine art it could be once more the bride of history, while art with her tumult of enthusiasm alone can deck her fittingly. Without art heraldry is an uncut and dead thing; with art she liveth for every one and is truly a science.

Heraldry creates intelligent curiosity and stimulates historic imagination. She awakens interest in generations gone by and should be taught, says Mr. Ruskin, to the young men and maidens of the street and lane, for heraldry helps to decipher the forgotten handwriting on the wall and the glorious record of our ancestors' doings and strivings and progress and upward climbing in the long crusade against tyranny and slavery and ignorance and intolerance.

That heraldry is the shorthand of history and chronology seems to be now allowed, and heraldry, in a sense, should be the application of the fine arts of sculpture and painting to family history. It is the silent language which Christendom adopted and developed at the time of the crusades. In silence and in hope she spoke, through the eyes, to the heart of Christendom, of the noble deeds of her children, and she is altogether indispensable if the heraldic allusions in Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Scott, etc., are not to be entirely lost.

Heraldry has received the sanction of countries, and a herald of the train is neither envious, fretful nor faulty, but full of goodly joy and at times even of pious mirth. And if some peep and mutter at abuses, forgetting that the abuse of anything is no argument against its proper use, others see and learn that heraldry has educational value, is to many a race a wayside sacrament and blazes broad its potent influence—namely, that nothing must be done to tarnish the family escutcheon.

In England also, in the absence of hereditary rank, coat armor is the only distinctive mark of birth and high blood for the untitled nobility.—Nineteenth Century.

Heavy Justice. It seems that abnormally stout people have their uses in this world as well as other things. The other day, as an exceedingly corpulent old gentleman was leisurely proceeding along Bepent street, a detected pickpocket, who was fleeing at the top of his speed from two myrmidons of the law, violently collided with him, and the pair rolled over in the gutter together, the stout gentleman on top.

We Send it FREE! WEAK MEN, Young and Old. Rejoice with us in the Discovery.

When a man has suffered for years with a weakness that blights his life and robs him of all that really makes life worth living, if he can avail himself of a complete cure, why not possess the moral courage to stop his downward course.

We Send it FREE! WEAK MEN, Young and Old. Rejoice with us in the Discovery.

When a man has suffered for years with a weakness that blights his life and robs him of all that really makes life worth living, if he can avail himself of a complete cure, why not possess the moral courage to stop his downward course.

Old School Politeness.

"Uncle Simon, what is old fashioned politeness?"

"It is a way people used to have of asking a man about his health and then listening until he got through replying."—Chicago Record.

The crown of Rudolph II, chiefly remarkable for the lavishness with which it is adorned with uncut diamonds and other jewels, is preserved in the imperial treasure house at Vienna.

For Catarrh May-Fever Cold in Head. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 60 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples free, by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 54 Warren St., New York City.

Compliment Philadelphia Record. In recent years that those of their readers who have been so graciously

Wide Awake. Leader of Newspapers. The Foremost Position. News Concisely Published.

THE DAILY AND SUNDAY RECORD. With their several editions and always in advance of the morning papers, the Record is the most widely read newspaper in the city.

Baltimore American. Established 1773. THE DAILY AMERICAN. Terms by Mail, Postage Prepaid.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER. ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Six Months, 50 Cents.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK AMERICAN. Published. THE CHEAPEST AND BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Chas. O. Fulton & Co. FELLIX AGNUS, Manager and Publisher. American Office, BALTIMORE, MD.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Western Maryland Railroad.

CONNECTING WITH P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown, and Cherry Hill; Penna. R. R. at Briceville and Hagerstown; W. & A. R. R. at C. and D. & P. R. R. at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

Schedule in effect Dec. 10th, 1896. MAIN LINE.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS FOR 6 MONTHS.

ADVERTISING AT LOW RATES. We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing.

JOB PRINTING. We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing.

SALE BILLS. OF ALL SIZES NEATLY AND PROMPTLY PRINTED HERE.

ALL LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Pub. EMMITSBURG, MD. BUSINESS LOCALS.

THE BALTIMORE WORLD PRIZE OFFER. Let PRIZE—THE BALTIMORE WORLD will give a handsome gold watch, warranted genuine and a perfect timekeeper, to any boy who will send in the names of ten yearly subscribers or 20 six-month subscribers or 40 three-month subscribers along with cash, which will be \$10.

THE BALTIMORE WORLD PRIZE OFFER. Let PRIZE—THE BALTIMORE WORLD will give a handsome gold watch, warranted genuine and a perfect timekeeper, to any boy who will send in the names of ten yearly subscribers or 20 six-month subscribers or 40 three-month subscribers along with cash, which will be \$10.

THE BALTIMORE WORLD PRIZE OFFER. Let PRIZE—THE BALTIMORE WORLD will give a handsome gold watch, warranted genuine and a perfect timekeeper, to any boy who will send in the names of ten yearly subscribers or 20 six-month subscribers or 40 three-month subscribers along with cash, which will be \$10.

Western Maryland Railroad.

CONNECTING WITH P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg; Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown; B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown, and Cherry Hill; Penna. R. R. at Briceville and Hagerstown; W. & A. R. R. at C. and D. & P. R. R. at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

Schedule in effect Dec. 10th, 1896. MAIN LINE.

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING. \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS FOR 6 MONTHS.

ADVERTISING AT LOW RATES. We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing.

JOB PRINTING. We possess superior facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing.

SALE BILLS. OF ALL SIZES NEATLY AND PROMPTLY PRINTED HERE.

ALL LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Pub. EMMITSBURG, MD. BUSINESS LOCALS.

THE BALTIMORE WORLD PRIZE OFFER. Let PRIZE—THE BALTIMORE WORLD will give a handsome gold watch, warranted genuine and a perfect timekeeper, to any boy who will send in the names of ten yearly subscribers or 20 six-month subscribers or 40 three-month subscribers along with cash, which will be \$10.

THE BALTIMORE WORLD PRIZE OFFER. Let PRIZE—THE BALTIMORE WORLD will give a handsome gold watch, warranted genuine and a perfect timekeeper, to any boy who will send in the names of ten yearly subscribers or 20 six-month subscribers or 40 three-month subscribers along with cash, which will be \$10.

THE BALTIMORE WORLD PRIZE OFFER. Let PRIZE—THE BALTIMORE WORLD will give a handsome gold watch, warranted genuine and a perfect timekeeper, to any boy who will send in the names of ten yearly subscribers or 20 six-month subscribers or 40 three-month subscribers along with cash, which will be \$10.

THE BALTIMORE WORLD PRIZE OFFER. Let PRIZE—THE BALTIMORE WORLD will give a handsome gold watch, warranted genuine and a perfect timekeeper, to any boy who will send in the names of ten yearly subscribers or 20 six-month subscribers or 40 three-month subscribers along with cash, which will be \$10.