

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Publisher.

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EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1899.

NO. 39.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.
Facsimile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* The Kind You Have Always Bought. **CASTORIA**
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

THE WORLD OVER.

Over 11,000,000 fans are exported in one year from Canton, China. The sea coast line of the globe is computed to be about 136,000 miles. The Empire of Japan comprises today about four thousand rocky islands. Boston claims to have the longest paved street in the world—Washington street—which is seventeen and a half miles in length. In the town of Chile most shops are open till midnight, and during the hot afternoons, when everybody takes a siesta, they are locked up. In a recent book on China the author says the Chinese burglars are difficult to catch, as they oil their bodies all over and twist their pigtails into bunches stuck full of needles. The only soap which the Hindoos of the orthodox type employ is made entirely of vegetable products. But soap is little used in India, being almost an unknown luxury with the natives.

THE WOMAN'S DICTIONARY.

Man—An unknown quantity at an afternoon tea. At seaside places obsolete. Photography—A process only successful when it makes one better looking than one is. Clothes—The opportunity vouchsafed us by Mother Eve to try to outshine other women. Shopping—That which makes life worth living. Gossip—See "Conversation." Birthday—Obsolete. Hat—Something to be kept on straight. Equal Suffrage—An excuse for making one's self conspicuous. See "Woman's Sphere." Also, "The Down-Trodden sex." Mouse—An inspiration to agility and a stimulus to the vocal chords. Car Fare—Something to fight over. Intrigante—See also "Huzzy." "Frump," "Designing thing."

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Cures a Cough or Cold in one day! Why cough and risk Consumption? This famous remedy will cure you. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

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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, mar15-17

CASTORIA
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
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WATER GREASE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
WILL WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER
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VICK'S GARDEN and FLORAL GUIDE
The Golden Wedding Edition to celebrate our 50th year in business is a work of art. 24 pages lithographed in colors, a pages souvenir. Nearly 100 pages filled with fine half-tone illustrations of Flowers, Vegetables, Plants, Fruits, etc. It is too expensive to give away indiscriminately, but we want everyone interested in a good garden to have a copy. Therefore we will send a copy of the Guide with a Due Bill for 25 cents. We have a new plan of selling vegetable seeds, giving more for your money than any seedman, and also a scheme giving credit for the full amount of your purchase to buy other goods. Don't fail to get our catalogue, it will pay you.
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Digests what you eat.
Artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion.
Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.
T. E. ZIMMERMAN & CO

A XIX Century Doll's Entertainment.

As Supposed to Have Occurred in the Month of February, 1899, at the House of Master O. A. Horner, Emmitsburg, Md.

BY M. F. W.

Written for the Chronicle.

CHAPTER I.

Darwin, the ape, was cleaning up the bank floor with a broom borrowed from Rose Hill. He did honor to his name, having developed many human qualities since the time that the Brownie had captured him on his African travels, for the Brownie, you know, had travelled all around the world in charge of Palmer Cox. The Brownie had a great affection for Darwin and also for the cat and kittens for they were all made of the same material; that is, they were made of printed cotton cloth, stuffed with cotton wool. The Brownie, since his arrival in our town, had settled down to the banking business and amused himself with the news of the neighborhood, which was but a reflection of the news of the great world in which he once lived. Scotchy McElleman came in to deposit some money, for Scotchy sold goods in a window on Main street and if he hadn't drunk so much he would have been richer than the Brownie.

"Any news?" said the Brownie as he deposited the money.

"News!" said McElleman, "I should say so. Old Miss Isabel Witherow is going to remove to Green Castle; says she wants to see some more of the world before she dies."

Fol-de-rol, the fiddler, strolled in. "Give me a cent I'll play you a tune," said he. "Times are getting awful hard on us poor fellows."

"Here's a cent if you will tell us all you know about Miss Isabel's going over to Green Castle," said the Brownie.

"I think Miss Isabel has an idea there, and she wants to see a castle before she dies."

"Castles are mighty big things, I saw lots of them on my travels," said the Brownie.

"I guess," said McElleman, "it's a castle in Spain that Miss Isabel will be after seeing."

"Please don't say anything about the recent war," said Darwin, "I had a Moorish cousin in Spain and I'm afraid he's murdered."

"Well, then, castles-in-the-air which are one and the same thing," said McElleman.

"Green Castles—in-the-air! You'll have to blow Miss Isabel up in a soap bubble to get to it." "Do you really believe she's a hundred years old?" asked the Brownie.

"Well," said Fol-de-rol, "I don't exactly say she is a hundred but just look at her gowms and the way she wears her hair and tell me if she's less than seventy-five."

"That's so," said the others. Just at this point Lisbeth, Miss Horner's maid, came in to have a check cashed. She was a genuine Scotch lassie and wore a highland costume when she first came into the family, but afterward changed it for a commoner dress. Her hair was of a most unruly nature. "I hate to have you cook my food with your tangled hair streaming down your neck," said Miss Horner. "That's all right," said Lisbeth. "My hair is put in that tight it won't pu' out, let alone fa' out."

She was quite up to the times, having joined every club that was gotten up for dolls, particularly the cooking school. For this reason she called herself "Maid of all work." She could even handle money as was proved by the way she ordered the Brownie around the bank.

"Good morning, tangle head," said Scotchy McElleman.

"Good morning, bottle nose," said Lisbeth as she hurried away with the cash.

"Stop," cried the Brownie, "I have a piece of news; tell Miss Horner, Miss Witherow is going over to Castle Green."

"Castle Green," said Lisbeth to herself, "that must mean a castle in the auld country, for I never saw a castle in America."

Miss Horner was in her bed room brushing her long silken hair. "Guess who's going to the auld country?" said Lisbeth bursting in on her with the cash. "How should I know," said Miss Horner, as she counted out ten cents.

"Old Miss Isabel Witherow," said Lisbeth impressively. "She's going over to live in her own castle."

"Lisbeth" said Miss Horner, "do my hair up in a Psyche knot, I am going to make some formal calls." Miss Horner is what is known as a tailor-made woman. Her calling costume was of the nicest green camels hair made severely plain and finished with a fur tippet. Her hat was of green beaver trimmed in red and a dotted veil was carried around her face and pinned securely over her Psyche knot. "Bad for the eyes," said Doctor Annie who lived around the corner. This secretly delighted Miss Horner. "If somebody could only invent me a pair of gold eye glasses," she sighed.

A pretty phaeton stood before the door waiting for Miss Horner. All the friends on whom she called were much interested in Miss Witherow's European tour.

"She must be of nobility if she owns a castle, I suppose she's a Duchess," said Helen Josephine Rowe.

"She told Helen Josephine she was a Duchess," said some body else. So they called her the Duchess Isabel.

Black Tom, who lived with Miss Witherow, and was once her slave, fairly pranced when he heard of the rest of you. She never went up the Dutch lane to Church."

Finally Miss Horner called on the old lady herself to congratulate her on her good luck.

"But, my dear, I'm not a Duchess, I never said I was. I only said I was going to remove to Green-castle."

"Well, well, and I've been telling it all around, and we have all decided to give you a grand send off. Every body was to contribute her finest dishes and furniture and we were all to meet at my house. But you really are going away, you know, and we'll have our party any how. I'll send a carriage after you, if you'll come."

"If I don't get the grip between this and then I'll surely come," said Miss Witherow.

CHAPTER II.

Miss Horner sent her invitations on paper from a little Dresden finished box shaped like a book. Darwin took them around, riding on his hobby horse from door to door. Ever since the Philippine Islands had been conquered by the Americans some people thought it would be nice to eat and act like people of the East.

"Miss Witherow has a Chinese cook," said Miss Horner to Lisbeth, "I'm going to hire him for cook at the party."

"Just as if I couldn't cook!" said Lisbeth. "I'm sure I went to cooking school, and I expected to have cock-a-leeky and bannocks."

"But I don't want cock-a-leeky and bannocks, and I'm going to send for Snive Lee," insisted Miss Horner, so in due time Snive Lee came.

He brought his cook stove with him and Ida Adeline sent down a tin kitchen set.

"Bean-ees, bean-ees!" said Snive to Lisbeth.

Lisbeth found some beans in the seed bag.

"Honee, Honee," he said to Darwin.

Darwin brought some bees from Mr. Shee's hives and got some honey.

Then Snive Lee, got some gold paint from the store across the street, and made some butter from pea nuts, and broke up and battered some pigeon eggs. He ground the beans in a little tin coffee mill and mixed them all together and baked them in tin pans, and when they came out there were both bean-ee cakes and bean-ee bonbons. Then he sent Darwin to snip off

bits of palm from the pot plants and he made a savory green stew. A raw turnip was cut up into very small cats, and fish, and dogs and rats. They looked like carved ivory. Even Lisbeth said it was all bonnie and she was going to keep the cats off the table.

Meanwhile Miss Horner arranged the furniture with the help of Darwin and Brownie. Miss Witherow's black Tom went around town gathering up the finest and newest he could collect and brought them down in a wagon that had been stored in a garret thirty-five years, drawn by a rocking horse that had served as a coat rack for twenty-five years. Doctor Annie sent in a large Turkey rug that served as a parlor carpet. Cross wise in one corner Miss Horner arranged her sky blue enameled piano and a little green table from Miss Gillen served to hold a Baby Cleveland lamp, a Tom Thumb lamp, and a Baby Harrison lamp. Of course these were lit, for it is only in the dead of night that dolls dare act out their true natures. Around the lamps in circles were arranged all kinds of chairs sent in by the guests for the occasion. If any body failed she might have to stand the whole evening.

The dining service was arranged in the South-east bay window. Darwin had set a semi-circle of palms and ferns around the wall and in the centre he put a mighty India rubber tree and behind it a cocoon as a seat for himself when not otherwise occupied. By mean of moss and little pressed ferns he covered the crocks and made the whole look like a tropical out-door scene. Then Snive-Lee set a red table on the soil and cutting little paper doilies to decorate it. He also cut Chinese paper lanterns to hang on the palms. Then the Brownie arranged all the red white and blue flags back of the palms and crossed some tiny ones on the table. All the red and the blue chairs were put around the table. Miss Hunter brought on her own blue and white china ware. Miss Helen Josephine Rowe sent down the silver plated cutlery and fine little napkins in rings. Miss Azalia Patterson sent a filled caster. The glassware came from all directions. At the main entrance of the dining apartment on either side was an antique colored oak buffet with a dessert service of fine china set by Doctor Annie and Miss Alfonso Harvie. Among these were set green and red birthday candles in little cakes.

They bore the inscription Salie Shriver and Susie Shriver. Miss Helen Josephine Rowe sent the white enameled bed set for the dressing room. The bed with all its dainty coverings of snowy white was intended for those dolls whose eyes go shut sometimes. On a strip of hall carpet outside the dressing room were five or six more bureaus with mirrors for the dolls to see themselves in. It certainly did look beautiful but when it was all over Miss Hunter sat down in her bamboo rocker and fainted from exhaustion. Lisbeth ran over for Doctor Annie. That interesting young lady came in with a tiny homopathic pill in a ring box. She directed Lisbeth to bathe her head with a little handkerchief and water and to let her smell from a tiny bottle of cologne. So Lisbeth poured some water from a pitcher into a bowl belonging to Miss H. J. Rowe and then she pulled off her brown shoes and stockings and bathed her feet in a bathtub also belonging to Miss Rowe. After a little while Miss Horner revived and asked the Doctor if she was coming over to help receive. "No indeed," said that young lady. "I have some amputated arms and legs and cracked heads to look after. I'd like to come but business before pleasure. Good by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LA Grippe is again epidemic. Every precaution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. A. J. Sheperd, Publisher Agricultural Journal and Advertiser, Eldon, Mo., says: "No one will be disappointed in using One Minute Cough Cure for La Grippe." Pleasant to take, quick to act. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

GOLDEN-TIP TEA.

It Cost \$340 a Pound at Auction, and Ruined the Grower's Eyesight.

"Tea at \$340 a pound is a luxury not many families could afford as a steady beverage," said Harold Weddle, of London, at the Southern Hotel, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "Fabulous as the statement may seem, this enormous price was paid for tea in the London market a comparatively short time ago. But, then, it was wonderful tea, the like of which had never before been seen. It was tea whose price represented the sacrifice of the best part of a human life. To produce it the light of a pair of human eyes was extinguished. To understand the nature of this wonderful tea it is necessary to know some of the peculiarities of the tea leaf in its native state. The tip of each leaf is differently constituted from the remainder of the leaf. When the leaf is dried out it becomes black all but the very tip, which changes from green to a beautiful golden color. The golden tip is almost infinitesimal in size, and usually loses its identity in the black mixture that results from the final process of tea mixing.

"The high priced tea I told you of was made by a Ceylon planter, who cherished an ambition to place upon the market a tea whose beauty of appearance and richness of flavor would make him famous. His name I cannot remember, and probably if I did I could not pronounce it. His idea was to separate the golden tips from the leaves and pack them separately. He would trust no one else with his precious secret and undertook the task himself. It was a tremendous undertaking, for it must be remembered that the tip had to be separated from each leaf by hand, and it required great care to prevent some of the black tea from finding its way into the precious golden mixture. The planter worked day and night until he had fifty pounds of the golden tips, and was blind as a bat. He sacrificed his eyesight to his ambition. The news of the fifty pounds of the wonderful golden tea got to London, as news of commercial import always does, and there was hot rivalry among the tea brokers to get possession of the new mixture. In London tea can be sold to brokers only at auction, and the general public is excluded from the sales, only brokers being admitted. This insures a proper valuation, as the competition between the brokers is very close. When this particular tea was put up it seemed as if the bidding would never cease, and it did not until the wonderful product was sold at \$340 a pound or \$17,000 for the fifty-pound lot. Considering that the like of it would probably never again be obtainable, I do not think the price was extravagant, as was shown when the tea was retailed. It was sold to connoisseurs in all parts of the world, and in each instance at a handsome profit. The Indian planter received a handsome sum from his brokers, though millions would have been scant consolation to him in his sightless condition.

"I do not think any of the tea came to America. The highest price paid for tea in this country, so far as I remember, was \$80 a pound. This tea was the product of a Ceylon plantation, and was peculiar in that it had been so cultivated that a considerable portion of each leaf had the golden color, so much so that the mixture resulting was a beautiful black and gold. It was undoubtedly of fine flavor, as I can attest, for I was so fortunate as to taste some of it. Americans are becoming greater tea drinkers every year, but the Irish are still the heaviest tea consumers in the world."

PAUL PERCY, of Columbus, Ga., suffered agony for thirty years, and then cured his Piles by using De Witt's Which Hazel Salve. It heals injuries and skin diseases like magic. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

THE basis of the St. Lawrence River covers 530,000 square miles, of which 460,000 are in Canada.

To insure a happy new year, keep the liver clear and the body vigorous by using De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation and liver trouble. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

DIRECTORY FOR FREDERICK COUNTY

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Chief Justice—Hon. James M. Sherry.
Justices—J. P. Lee, John B. Motter and Hon. Francis B. Henderson.
State's Attorney—Wm. H. Hinks.
Clerk of the Court—Daglass B. Harzett.

Orphan's Court.
Judge—John W. Gruber, Wm. B. Young and Henry B. Wilson.
Clerk of Court—Charles E. Saylor.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—E. A. Dean, William H. Lee, Samuel S. R. Rosenberg, Geo. Z. Metz.
Sherriff—Albe L. Peterson.
County Treasurer—Geo. L. Kaufman.
Surveyor—Edward Johnson.
School Commissioners—Lewis K. Sawyer, John A. L. Ritzsch, David D. Thomas, E. H. Zimmerman, S. A. McElmer.
Recorder—E. L. Bobbitt.

Building District.
Notary Public—S. L. Adams.
Justices of the Peace—John Stokes, Francis A. Maxwell, Wm. P. Taylor, Jos. W. Davidson.
Registrars—Clas. J. Shuff, E. S. Tancy, H. P. Maxwell, Jas. B. Baker.
Constables—S. N. McNair.
School Teachers—John W. Ritzsch.

Town Officers.
Townships—William G. Blair, C. Manselton, Wm. H. Lee, George T. Gelwick, Assoc. E. Rowe, F. A. Dittendall.

Churches.
Rev. Charles Johnson, Services every Sunday morning and evening at 10 o'clock and 7:30 o'clock, and on Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock. D. M. School at 9 o'clock a. m.

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor—Rev. W. C. B. Shidenberger, services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School at 1:30 o'clock. D. M. School at 9 o'clock a. m. on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. David H. Riddle, Morning service at 10:30 o'clock, Evening service at 7:30 o'clock. We have lectures and Prayers meeting at 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:15 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. P. V. Karanovich, O. M. First Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Second Mass 10 o'clock a. m., Vespers 8 o'clock p. m., Sunday School at 2 o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. C. Courtney, Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer Meeting every other Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Quarterly Meeting, Friday, 10 o'clock. Class meeting every other Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Societies.
Massachusetts Tribe No. 41, I. O. R. M. Kinites her Council Place every Friday evening, 8th Run, Officers: Prophet, John P. Adelsberger; Sachem, Daniel Shorb; Sen. S. G. J. K. Byers; Jun. Secy, J. W. Dr. John W. Ritzsch; L. Gilliam; Wm. M. Taylor; Friday Star; Abraham Herring; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Officer of the Day, Wm. H. Lee; Weaver of the mail, Albert Dittendorf; Sergeant Major, John H. Metzger; Quarter Master Sergeant, Geo. T. Gelwick.

Emerald Beneficial Association.
Rev. J. B. Manley, Chaplain; F. A. Adelsberger, President; John Byrnes, Vice-President; H. P. Byrnes, Secretary; Charles Rosenstiel, Assistant Secretary; John M. St. Peter, Treasurer; E. Noel, Jas. Rosenstiel, Geo. Althoff, Stewart; D. W. Storer, Messenger; William Means, Marshal; Association meets on the first Sunday of each month at P. F. Burkitt's residence, East Main Street.

Arthur Post, No. 41, G. A. R.
Commander, Samuel Gamble; Senior Vice-Commander, J. B. Black; Junior Vice-Commander, Jacob Kump; Adjutant, George L. Gilliam; Quartermaster, Wm. M. Taylor; Friday Star; Abraham Herring; Chaplain, Jos. W. Davidson; Officer of the Day, Wm. H. Lee; Weaver of the mail, Albert Dittendorf; Sergeant Major, John H. Metzger; Quarter Master Sergeant, Geo. T. Gelwick.

Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets 1st and 3rd Friday evenings of each month at Fireman's Hall. President, V. E. Rowe; Vice-President, James A. Shagle; Secretary, Wm. H. Meyer; Treasurer, John H. Stokes; Capt., Jos. D. Caldwell; 1st Lieut., Howard Riler; 2nd Lieut., Andrew Annan; Chief, Nosterman, W. E. Ashbaugh; Hose Director, Thos. E. Frailly.

Emmitsburg Water Company.
President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, E. R. Zimmerman; Treasurer, J. Thos. Gelwick; E. R. Zimmerman, L. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, C. D. Eisebarger.

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Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Manley; President, A. V. Reeves; Vice-President, Joseph Horst; Secretary, George Kessner; Assistant Secretary, Wm. H. Meyer; Treasurer, John H. Stokes; Capt., Jos. D. Caldwell; 1st Lieut., Howard Riler; 2nd Lieut., Andrew Annan; Chief, Nosterman, W. E. Ashbaugh; Hose Director, Thos. E. Frailly.