

# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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## The Salsey Regatta.

Mr. Richard Davis a married man with a family, had lately retired from business upon a substantial competency. Office life had given him no opportunity of developing his muscles. He looked a frail figure as, standing upon his fingers, "Shall I settle here, in Salsey?" he reflected. "The town seems pleasant enough. The house! It is somewhat small; but the garden borders upon the river exactly as I want it. The schools! Everybody says that I can't do better for the children. There remains the river to be considered. And that—" Mr. Davis looked round with a peculiarly critical glance. "That ought to do. There is not too much current for what I shall want."

Yes, Mr. Davis had a fixed intention to devote himself to a certain aquatic hobby. It would keep him in the open air, while filling up his time and providing him with amusement. "Aye, and it won't be half such hard work as handling these sculls," he reflected to himself, whilst rowing on. The pleasures of anticipation kept Mr. Davis company till he stepped from the boat upon the wharf of Bonson's boathouse.

"I have had it out for an hour and a half!" said he, interrogatively. The waterman referred to a memorandum book. "Ninety-nine, sir," he replied.

"There you are," said the stranger, taking the money from a purse. When Bonson's is not busy it goes to Mr. Davis, who yields himself to the atmosphere of the place, sitting himself down upon a wooden trestle to watch and listen. Five minutes passed—

"Ere they come!" said the waterman, admiringly. "Now, mister, you'll see 'im—'e's coachin' 'em to-day ready for the regatta."

The sharp nose of a racing boat had just appeared under the central arch of the gray bridge. Scarcely a second elapsed before an eight-oar came into full view with a splendid crew of back and blade. Steering by the boundary walls and gardens of the reached, the "Town eight" traveled rapidly toward the boat yard with a rhythmic rise and fall of its green and white jerseys.

"Easy all!" the coxswain shouted. His voice was manly and authoritative. In an instant the powerful "clock" of the oars ceased, their blades floated flatly upon the surface of the water. The green and white boat, steadying of its throbs, hissed slowly into rest along the yard.

Edward Foster, the coxswain, who now stepped ashore, was an old "Blue" and president of the Salsey Rowing Club.

The Londoner eyed the local celebrity all over, taking in the green cap, the green blazer and the short flannel breeches reaching just above the knee. "I wouldn't expect a rower to be half out of him," he remarked, after a pause.

"I shouldn't think you would," the waterman replied, glancing with a scarcely concealed disdain at the whiffy figure of the Londoner.

Bonson's is approached by a name running, first, through an open space, and afterward between high brick walls to the gate of the boathouse. Some weeks after the conversation recorded above, a bathchair was being drawn along this lane by a boy in buttons. Its occupant was a young lady—a cripple—for she was not noticed till she entered the gate of the boathouse. There was an immediate stir among the watermen, and one ran forward.

"Yes," said the young lady, "tell my brother that I am here, please."

If Edward Foster, with his physical strength and popularity, was occasionally dictatorial with people, he was never so with his sister. Pulling on his blazer, he descended the ladder. A few seconds later Edward Foster had gathered his sister tenderly up in his arms and was carrying her to the boat. It was a feat of strength that the yard liked to see.

The environs of Salsey were soon left behind, and the brother and sister found themselves meandering with the river through some flat green meadows.

The invalid did not talk much. Lazy rowing, with its frequent stony pauses here and there for a flower, made the president of Salsey Rowing Club grow drowsy. His eye began to watch the smooth, oily flow of the current, his ear to listen to the water rippling and splashing, and his hand to feel the rhythmic stroke of the oars.

Soon the meadows were hidden, and the river was twisting and turning with the short reaches toward the green-gray bulk of a distant wood. Suddenly there came a strange mixture of rattle and splash; and a man seated upon an object like a cumbersome tricycle came swiftly round a curve of the river. There was just time for Edward Foster to unship his left scull.

"Sorry! Sorry!" said the stranger, spasmodically. The president of the Salsey Rowing Club had no sympathy with the muscle-saving machine. They appeared unmanly to him. For a moment he was dumb with indignation at the sight of his sister being exposed. Then he blazed out:

"Sorry—are you? You ought to be. I have head complaints of my brother, sir. You're a nuisance upon the river."

The stranger seemed taken aback. He stared, making no reply. "Take my advice," the president added, gruffly. "Learn how to row like a man instead of trudging away like an old woman at a sewing machine. You'll save yourself from getting into trouble with the law. If you had run up down I should—"

The stranger smiled sarcastically. With a bow to Miss Foster, he touched a lever to his machine and moved away.

The incident left a strongly unpleasant impression upon Edward Foster's mind. The president's authority over all aquatic matters connected with the Salsey had long been unquestioned. The stranger's assertion of independence came as a shock. He felt that he had been "set down" and called to order over an elementary law regulating the traffic of the river—actually told by implication to keep on the right side.

For a while Edward Foster let things drift, fervently hoping that the tricycle might come to a smash and the river be freed of a nuisance that he could not bring to check. Then people began to make a grievance of the president's inaction. The finest regatta that they had had for years was rapidly drawing nigh. Everybody knew that the attendance would be exceptional owing to an unusually valuable prize list and the country crowd that would be attracted for the menagerie and circus advertised to arrive in Salsey upon the same date. It would be a disgrace if the Salsey Regatta were allowed to be a failure. Mr. Davis was allowed to tricycle here, there, and everywhere over the river, as he affirmed that he intended to do. There would be an accident. There must be an accident. Mr. Foster should really move in the matter.

"All very fine! But how! What can I do?" the president grumbled. "The man does not care a tinker's curse for you, or me, or anybody. People being irresponsible, we were not satisfied. The president, being president, ought to move somehow in the matter. At length Edward Foster determined to send an official letter to the delinquent. An answer came back in a few days.

Mr. Davis was of the opinion that people were envious of his novelty, and that they exaggerated. If Mr. Foster was not aware of the fact, as his letter would seem to imply, and would refer to the Regatta Sub-committee, he would find that Mr. Davis was a subscriber, and so had a moral right to be present at the regatta.

The president of the Salsey Rowing Club brooded over this reply for two days. Then he went to Bonson's and called on the waterman. "Bill," he said, "I am hiring the Jane for regatta day. I shall want you just before the Salsey Schools' race comes off to row Miss Foster in her away from this part of the river down to the boathouse."

The Schools' race is, for local reasons, always the great event of a Salsey Regatta. It attracts the attention of the crowd more than any other detail of the programme. At the extreme end of the river, where the water is shallow, the course was opposite to Bonson's was about to be cleared for the great race the president intended to foul Mr. Davis's tricycle with a dinghy, so skillfully that the cockney would be covered with public obloquy as a careless, reckless fool who has at last received what he deserved—a well-merited upset and ducking.

A gray stone bridge, with several arches spanning the river at hundred yards below Bonson's boathouse, the stream widened beyond the bridge, running by a fine promenade upon the left to a terminal lock. Half-way between the bridge and the latter another side lock was reached, and the water was lower river. It was toward this side lock that Bill, according to his orders, began to row Miss Foster upon the day of the regatta, just before the course was cleared for the Salsey Schools' race. The water was crowded with pleasure boats. Their progress was slow as Edward Foster watched them from the midst of a gayly-dressed crowd at Bonson's. At length the waterman's dinghy, with its crew of two, came within reach of the arch of the bridge and, Edward Foster immediately stepped into a dinghy that was being held ready for him at the wharf by a waterman.

"Shall I shove you off, sir?" the man asked.

The brass band of a circus and menagerie was playing noisily and in a field behind Bonson's yard. "What? No, not yet. Hold on a bit," the president replied.

A minute passed. Suddenly, Mr. Davis's motor tricycle rolled forth from an arch of the distant bridge, trumpeting discordant staccato warnings to the crowd of boats and began to dodge its way in and out of them warily. Bonson's, all right. Shove off," said the president, sharply, catching sight of it.

The waterman obeyed, pressing hard upon the outrigger, and afterward hand over hand along the length of a scull. The light craft yielded obediently to the waterman's touch, and landed upon a low bank some hundreds of yards beyond a lock on the right. A few seconds passed amid the agony of indecision. Then Mr. Davis's head went resolutely to the machine's brake. He began to press it harder and harder, looking over his shoulder. Suddenly the awfully critical moment, that he had anticipated, came. The hippopotamus was almost upon him when, with a clever touch of the steering-rod, Mr. Davis deflected the machine aside. It was the commencement of a second duel between man and brute.

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roofs. Immediately afterward the carcass entered the narrow aperture before it. There was a splintering crash. The gate buckled up like matchwood. And upsetting the table of a ticket collector, dispersing the bowls of coins in a clinking shower, the animal entered the yard. For a brief second it seemed that the thick-lipped brutal head would run itself in its mad fury against a red brick wall. But the four feet came together like a pivot. The enormous body swung round. There followed a moment's frightful expectation when the pig-like eyes examined the shadow of the sheds where women were crouching. Afterward a dreadful, many-voiced cry arose from the boats upon the river, as, with one tremendous curve—a veritable caricature of animal motion—the hippopotamus made straight for the river, entering it with a tremendous splash.

The tricycle sank deeply under. As it reappeared with dripping tusks, the crowd of pleasure boats began to flee, some up, some down the river, with frantic strokes of their oars.

"Shush!" Edward Foster hissed, holding his position amid the panic with a superb bravery, and splashing wildly with his sculls in an endeavor to drive the beast back to land.

The chase very soon began to tell upon the crowded, festal boats. The interval between them and the powerfully swimming brute diminished and diminished. Presently the peril of a boat, containing women and children, was becoming fearfully evident. It was falling behind the rest. It was yawning decidedly from a straight course, giving the pursuing animal greater and greater advantage. A man was watching the terrible sight from where he had halted after the first panic. Suddenly he touched a lever. There was a whirling, rattling splash. And putting on full oil power, Davis began to steer his tricycle after the hippopotamus. It was an impulse of gallantry, taking him to do he scarcely knew what.

The tricycle gained up to a few yards astern of the hippopotamus before the clear idea came to Mr. Davis that he was going to try and alter the tricycle's direction. He began to himself. He began to hiss and halloo, at first faintly, but soon with the growing passion of desperate man entering his whole energy and heart into a splendid attempt to save life.

The monstrous, snorting, barrel-like bulk was not to be diverted from the boat! The curved white tusks traveled closer and closer to its trail stern. A catastrophe seemed imminent. Suddenly Mr. Davis removed his hand from the steering-rod, and with his whole force. The ragged edge of the straw caught the brute's eye painfully. The hippopotamus swerved and turned. In a second the tricycle was following round on a wide curve, flashing up the surface of the river into treble lines of foam.

"Come on, you beast!" the man shouted tauntingly to the brute passion glaring at him. "Come on!" The challenge seemed understood. The small pointed boat, when he saw himself cunningly. With a surging leap that exposed its shoulders, the hippopotamus began to chase Mr. Davis down the river toward the bridge.

The tricycle gained palpably upon the savage brute. In its wake, approached the town bridge at full speed. A dense crowd was standing upon the latter their faces peering red and white through the stone balustrades. It was no sooner evident that Mr. Davis intended to shoot the central arch than there was an agitation amid this mass of people. They began to shout. The confused babel of shrill cries seemed to reach a warlike note. What? Mr. Davis looked affrightedly over his shoulder. No, it was not that! He was still gaining. Immediately afterward, with a glance up, he swept unlightened under the up-roar of the crowd.

Again he flashed out into the sunshine beyond the arch a sight met his gaze which explained.

Straining along the foot of a promenade was the crowd of pleasure boats that had fled down the river from Bonson's when the hippopotamus had first appeared. They were some two hundred and fifty yards away. It was a necessity, of Mr. Davis, to save them, that he should keep the hippopotamus in play till they could reach and land upon a low bank some hundreds of yards beyond a lock on the right. A few seconds passed amid the agony of indecision. Then Mr. Davis's head went resolutely to the machine's brake. He began to press it harder and harder, looking over his shoulder. Suddenly the awfully critical moment, that he had anticipated, came. The hippopotamus was almost upon him when, with a clever touch of the steering-rod, Mr. Davis deflected the machine aside. It was the commencement of a second duel between man and brute.

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## BALES OF CORK.

They Come From Spain and Are Turned Into Stoppers.

On the sunny slopes of Catalonia, in Spain, there are groves of cork-oak, where the trees (a species of oak—Quercus Suber) are evergreen, bearing an acorn which tastes like our chestnut. They live well into the second century, attaining a height of 40 feet.

During the first 50 years of the tree's life the outer bark loses its vitality, becoming an encumbrance which would naturally peel off, but which is most carefully stripped off a year or so earlier by cutting with curved knives into squares of three feet, the bark varying in thickness from one to three inches. The cutting is done during July and August, and, after a process of drying—boiling and then pressing under heavy weights for flattening—the pieces of cork are packed in square iron-bound bales for home manufacture and shipment.

The first cutting; from the trees is coarse and inferior, as is that grown in wet, low districts, but every eight or ten years of its later life the tree yields a better quality, that arriving latest at maturity, under best conditions of soil and climate, being of finest, firmest grain.

The largest cork factories in the world are those of the Armstrong Company in Lancaster and Pittsburg. But at one of the smaller ones down on busy old Pearl street, in New York, served the passing of the sheets of cork from the bales to the quaint foreign-looking baskets filled with beautifully finished stoppers in various sizes.

The machines for cutting the strips, for punching the shape and for smoothing and tapering (this last at the rate of 45 per minute) are a great advance upon the old methods of hand work, and it was only after many trials that machinery could be kept sharp, as the soft substance dulls it much more rapidly than many harder, tougher materials.

The corks used for bottling champagne are still cut by hand. The best of the material is used, and they are tapered nor cut quite round, thus swelling and fitting more perfectly in the bottles.

When a cork is tossed into the waste basket it is by no means the end of its usefulness as it is probably picked out of the refuse by a man who gleams his best harvest from hotels and saloons. He sells the contents of his bag to dealers in "seconds" on the East Side. These old corks are washed, dried, recut by hand at every stroke the workman running the knife across a leather strap—and then sold again for bottling, blacking and other liquids.

The waste—shavings, etc.—is formerly hard to dispose of, as it does not burn readily, but it is now ground, and as a non-conductor of heat enters into the manufacture of artificial limbs, bicycle handles, soles of boots, etc. Improvements in machinery have rendered indispensable for life-preservers and buoys, and is one of the ingredients of asphalt pavements.—N. Y. Post.

## Youngest Woman Preacher.

Melvin K. Sowles, a girl of sixteen years, is probably the youngest woman preacher in the world. In June of this year she preached the opening sermon in the yearly meeting of the Baptist church, Honey Creek, Wis., and she has been preaching ever since. Her father is in charge of the Baptist church in Prospect, Wis., where her father is in charge of the Baptist church. Miss Sowles has frequently during the summer spoken from her father's pulpit. Before she was 10 years old she evinced a great interest in theology and, unaided, continued a sermon.

"I HAD dyspepsia for years. No medicine was so effective as Kodak Dyspepsia Cure. It gave immediate relief. Two bottles produced marvelous results," writes L. H. Warren, Albany, Wis. It digests what you eat and cannot fail to cure. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

One of the most celebrated of the Alpine guides, Jean Payot, died at Chamounix not long ago in his 94th year. He was one of the best known of all his class, and has piloted many distinguished persons up the Alps. He was the last survivor of the companions of Jacques Balmat, who was the first to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and who perished in Glaciers de Sixt in 1834.

When a woman makes a mistake she sits down and cries about it; when a man makes a mistake, he looks around for some other fellow to lay it on.—Florida Times Union.

"Mrs. Trickett is very ill," said Mrs. Hojack to Mrs. Tomdik. "What ails her?" "She has been living on health foods for several months."—Harper's Lazarus.

T. E. ZIMMERMAN & Co., Druggists, guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for a gripe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

He—I don't believe Miss Howell will ever learn to sing. She—Well, that wouldn't matter much if she wouldn't only not attempt it.—Chicago News.

"Then you didn't lift him to the seventh heaven of bliss." "No," replied him "I remarked the other girl go."—Puck.

## CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Dr. J. C. Ayer*

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Legions today of banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly yellow complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, and by mail, guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.



AN ENLIGHTENED AGREEMENT.

A most important international convention is that just signed at Washington between England and the United States, as a substitute for the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It is not merely a mark of friendly feeling between two nations; rather it marks a stage in the commercial development of the world and in that broader conception of world interests that this development has brought about.

There has recently been no reason to suppose that England would insist upon the terms of the former treaty, by which each country bound itself not to acquire any exclusive rights in the proposed Nicaragua canal. This agreement was no longer necessary to protect the interests of either party. Its purpose was to prevent territorial aggression and to secure the neutrality of any canal that might be constructed. There is now no danger of the former, and the latter is absolutely assured by the very necessities of the case.

England is therefore making no practical concession, though the moral value of the new convention is very great, and it was necessary that the former agreement should be waived before the United States could honorably enter upon the present enterprise. The Clayton-Bulwer agreement looked to the possible construction of the canal by British and American capital jointly. It is generally recognized now that the work must be done by the United States, if done at all, and as the commercial interest of Great Britain in this short-cut to the Pacific is at least equal to our own, the policy of that country is clearly to encourage and not to hinder its construction.

On the other hand, this country makes no practical concession in pledging itself to hold the canal always neutral and open to the commerce of the whole world, for the obvious reason that it would be impossible to maintain it otherwise. No nation could undertake to hold such a canal, as it would have to be held, against all the world, except by destroying it. None the less, the incorporation of this guarantee of neutrality in a formal treaty embodies a broad conception of the free and open commerce of the seas that is worthy of the United States as a great world power.

There can be no doubt that all the other maritime nations will gladly subscribe to this agreement. It secures to the United States the unchallenged ownership and control of the canal—assuming the necessary treaties with the local governments—but it places the safety of the canal practically under the protection of all the powers, since any infraction of its neutrality by one would be an offense against all the others.

While the great work is still in the future, events have so prepared the way for it that it is no longer a subject of speculation. Time has gradually sifted out all counter-propositions and brought the undertaking to a definite shape in which it may be entered upon with universal concurrence. The construction of the canal must have enormous influence upon the commerce of the world, and the international agreement that prepares the way for it will be recognized in history as a significant step in the advance of the world's civilization.—Phila. Times.

At South Bend, Ind., William H. Stiles, seventy years old, was arrested, charged with embezzeling \$40,000 from the estate of the late Samuel Halstead, of New York.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Jull's Family Pills are the best.

WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Representative Kahn received a letter this morning from a constituent in California who informed him that after four years work he had at last secured the consent of the church wardens of a church in Wiltshire, England, where the great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother of George Washington are interred, to remove the monumental tablet from the church and present it to the Smithsonian Institution.

Four years ago this Californian was touring in England, and in the church noticed the slab to the memory of Lawrence and Elizabeth Washington and bearing the date of 1645. It has the Washington coat-of-arms and an inscription setting forth the virtues of the two Washingtons. He wanted to bring the slab to this country at the time but the wardens said the church was to be rebuilt and the tablet placed in the wall and suitably inscribed. He learned later that the church had been rebuilt, but that the tablet was still in the chancel. He therefore corresponded with the church wardens and secured permission to remove the tablet and present it to the Smithsonian Institution.

At the request of Mr. Kahn Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Spaulding has consented to take the matter of transporting the tablet to America in charge.

"Doing nothing is doing ill." Impure blood neglected will become a serious matter. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and avoid the ill.

FATHER'S RASH ACT.

BLACK HAWK, COL., Feb. 7.—W. M. Allen, a carpenter, shot and killed his daughter Lulu, aged 16 years, in her bed today, then shot his wife twice, and finally shot himself in the breast.

The father and mother are both dying. The cause assigned for the shooting is dissatisfaction expressed by Mrs. Allen because she was compelled to live at Black Hawk.

DEEPEST OIL WELL.

It is claimed that the deepest oil well in America is situated in the Monongahela River Valley, about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh. The hole has been drilled to a depth of 5,532 feet, but work has been suspended, owing to a break in the 2,000-foot rope used. As a result, 18,000 feet of rope and a string of tools are at the bottom. Experts are at work, and hope to be able to resume drilling soon. It is proposed to sink the well 6,000 feet.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder that cures Corns, Bunions, Painful Smelling Feet, Swollen Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Name FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

GEN. BULLER commenced the advance on Ladysmith on Monday, and has since been fighting the Boers. The British surprised the Boers and captured a hill called Krantz Kloof. The Boers admit the capture, giving their casualties at four killed. Subsequently Gen. Buller wired that further advance was temporarily checked, as the Boers were enfilading his position.

"I THINK I would go crazy with pain were it not for Chamberlain's Pain Balm," writes Mr. W. H. Stapleton, Herminie, Pa. "I have been afflicted with rheumatism for several years and have tried medicine without number, but Pain Balm is the best medicine I have got hold of." One application relieves the pain. For sale by T. E. Zimmerman & Co., Druggists.

GOEBEL DEAD.

William Goebel died from the assassin's bullet at Frankfort, Ky., last Saturday evening, and J. C. W. Beckman, who was promptly sworn in, is now governor of Kentucky, according to the Democratic theory.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY appointed Judge William H. Taft, of Cincinnati, president of the new Philippine Commission to establish a civil government in the islands. It is said Judge Taft will probably be the Governor-General. Other appointments to the commission are under consideration.

The text of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty concerning the Nicaragua canal was made public. The United States is prohibited from constructing fortifications on the canal when built. The Government is said to have begun negotiations for the purchase of islands in both oceans having strategic positions.

THE Democratic Legislature of Kentucky met at Louisville and the Republicans at London. Neither side had a quorum, so they adjourned.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Pixes to the number of 3,500,000 are used throughout the world every day in the week.

IN DR. KERSCHNER'S BEHALF.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Senator McComas today introduced a bill to restore Dr. Edward Kerschner, formerly of Washington county, Maryland, but now of New York, to his former rank of medical director in the navy.

Dr. Kerschner rendered distinguished services during the Civil War. He was a surgeon on board the Cumberland when she was rammed and sunk by the Merrimac in Hampton Roads. While the ship was sinking Dr. Kerschner devoted all his attention to the wounded and displayed conspicuous gallantry. He served in the navy for a number of years, but was court-martialed a few years ago at the instance of Rear-Admiral Meade, there being a question of veracity between them.

President Cleveland held up the verdict of the court-martial for nearly a year before he approved it. Dr. Kerschner's friend in New York and Maryland are quite anxious that he should be restored to the rolls and retired.

JOHN DIARR, Poseyville, Ind., says, "I never used anything as good as One Minute Cough Cure. We are never without it." Quickly breaks up coughs and colds. Cures all throat and lung troubles. Its use will prevent consumption. Pleasant to take. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

WHAT WAR DEPARTMENT SPENT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Responding to a Senate resolution, the Secretary of War reported today the expenditures of the War Department of the \$50,000,000 defense fund. The War Department expended \$16,525,564, divided among the different bureaus, the principal amounts being ordinance, \$6,849,459; engineering, \$5,576,083; Quartermaster's Bureau, \$1,987,427; Pay department, \$1,477,872.

"Great Haste is Not Always Good Speed."

Many people trust to luck to pull them through, and are often disappointed. Do not dilly-dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles. Without it you are "no good."

Keep the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood healthy by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the faultless blood purifier. Dyspepsia—"I know a positive relief for dyspepsia and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured me. My neuralgia also stopped." W. B. Baldwin, 164 Oak Street, Birmingham, New York.

Tired Feeling—"My appetite was gone, my liver disordered and I was tired. Hood's Sarsaparilla relieved it all. It cured a friend of mine of female weakness." Mrs. Jessie A. Means, Clayton, Del.

A FIRE IN ALTOONA.

ALTOONA, PA., February 7.—The Wolf block, a five-story structure in the heart of the business district, was destroyed by fire early today, entailing a loss of nearly \$35,000. The heaviest loser was J. H. McCullough, a dealer in novelties, who occupied the first floor. He estimates his loss at \$15,000. The damage to the building amounts to \$12,000. Charles L. Greek, broker, on the second floor, places his loss at \$2,000, and the Keystone League's rooms were damaged to the extent of \$5,000. All insured. A defective electric light wire is said to have caused the blaze.

Stubborn COLDS

A stubborn cold is easily taken; it sticks to some people all winter and very often develops into bronchitis or consumption. You should cure a cold promptly by taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This celebrated remedy is acknowledged to be most efficient and reliable for all affections of the throat and lungs. It cures a cold at once.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Promptly cures Stubborn Colds. Does not irritate. Pleasant to take. Druggists recommend it. Price 25 cents. At all druggists.

Let Me Protect Your Eyes Before It Is Too Late. I Will Save Them For You.

Do not allow ANYONE to put Eye Glasses and Spectacles on you, unless they are Experts.



PROF. F. R. MAYER, EXPERT OPTICIAN.

15 years experience in the business. Room 11, Kupp building, York, Pa. Hours from 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. m26-1y

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quantity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act its part.

Do you know this?

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Notice to Creditors.

The undersigned, Receiver in 6970 Equity, pursuant to an order of the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed on the 24 day of February, 1900, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against the Charlotte Milling Company of Frederick County, Maryland, a body corporate, to file their claims, duly authenticated, with the clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick County, on or before the 5th day of March, 1900.

NICHOLAS C. STANBURY, Receiver.

Notice to Creditors.

The undersigned, Trustee in No. 6963 Equity, pursuant to an order of the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed on the 24 day of February, 1900, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against David Ling, deceased, to file their claims, duly authenticated, with the clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick County, on or before the 5th day of March, 1900.

EUGENE L. ROWE, Trustee.

A REGULAR MEETING

BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS FOR FREDERICK COUNTY, Will be held in their Office in the Court House, on

Wednesday and Thursday, February 7th and 8th, 1900.

Teachers' salaries will be paid on and after Saturday, February 17th. By order of the Board, EPHRAIM L. BOELITZ, Secretary.

EMMTSBURG MARKETS.

The following market quotations, which are corrected every Friday morning, are subject to daily changes. Corrected by E. H. Zimmerman & Son.

Wheat (dry)..... 62  
Rye..... 48  
Oats..... 27  
Corn, shelled per bushel..... 42  
Hay..... 6 00 @ 9 50

Country Produce Etc.

Corrected by Jos. E. Hoke.  
Butter..... 16  
Eggs..... 12  
Chickens, per lb..... 6  
Spring Chickens per lb..... 6  
Ducks, per lb..... 6  
Potatoes, per bushel..... 50  
Dried Cherries, (seeded)..... 8  
Raspberries..... 7  
Blackberries..... 3  
Apples, dried..... 3  
Peaches, dried..... 3  
Onions, per bushel..... 40  
Lard, per lb..... 6  
Beef Hides..... 80 1/2

LIVE STOCK.

Corrected by Patterson Brothers.  
Steers, per lb..... 40 @ 45  
Fresh Cows and Bulls, per lb..... 30 @ 35  
Hogs, per lb..... 5 @ 5 1/2  
Sheep, per lb..... 3 @ 3 1/2  
Lambs, per lb..... 4 1/2 @ 5  
Calves, per lb..... 5 @ 5 1/2

CAN YOU SEE ALL THE LINES PLAINLY?

Glasses Are Needed

When you reach the age of 42 or thereabout. Even if your eyes are all right in other respects, Nature demands assistance in the form of glasses.

Double Glasses

Better known as Farsight and Nearsight glasses, are not a luxury, but a necessity to any person who is compelled to wear two pairs of glasses. It is like getting back your eye-sight. After a short time you do not know you have glasses on. Thousands of our customers who wear them testify to what a blessing they are.

Suffer From Headache?

Perhaps your eyes cause it. Have them examined free at

McAllister & Co's,

OPTICIANS,

NO. 3 N. CHARLES STREET,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

THERE ARE PIANOS AND PIANOS—Good, bad and indifferent—but wherever you go, among rich or poor, you'll always find

**STIEFF PIANOS**

Make friends—life-long friends—for they're life-long lasting, but don't cost any more than many that don't give as great service. Convenient terms. Catalogue and book of suggestions cheerfully given. Pianos of other makes at prices to suit the most economical.

CHAS. M. STIEFF,  
WAREHOUSES, 9 N. LIBERTY ST.  
FACTORY, Block of East Lafayette Avenue, Aiken & Lanvale Sts.,  
Oct 9-1yr. BALTIMORE, MD.

**CHARLES R. HOKE'S Marble Yard,**  
EMMTSBURG, - MARYLAND.  
Monuments, Tombstones and cemetery work of all kinds. Work neatly and promptly executed. Satisfaction guaranteed  
may 29-1yr

New Advertisements.  
DAUCHY & CO.  
SENT FREE  
to housekeepers—  
**Liebig COMPANY'S**  
Extract of Beef  
**COOK BOOK**—  
telling how to prepare many delicate and delicious dishes.  
Address, Liebig Co., P. O. Box 2718, New York

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Clears and beautifies the scalp. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures itching scalp, dandruff, and all scalp diseases. Sold by all Druggists

Buy A Bissel, The Sweeper That Sweeps Clean.

The Bissel Cyco Bearing Carpet Sweeper.  
It saves carpet, curtains, time and health.

**GETTYSBURG.**

**Extraordinary Offer.**

We take inventory in the Cloak and Suit department on February 1st, and in order to clean the department of all wraps by this date, we will sell every Jacket, Ladies' and Childrens' new this season

**At 1-2 Price,**

That means a \$5.00 JACKET for \$2.50.  
That means a \$10.00 JACKET for \$5.00.  
and so on.  
COLORS ARE BLACK, CASTOR AND BLUE.  
—ALL—

**CAPE**

Plush, Cloth and Astrakan at 1-3 to 1-2 off.

**ALL SUITS AT 1-4 OFF.**

These goods are all new this season, and of our regular stock, not bought for the purpose of a sensational sale. The general stock is still large but sizes will soon be broken. So come early to avoid disappointment.

A few Jackets of Season 1898 at a Song

**THE LEADERS,**  
**G. W. WEAVER & SON.**

**WINTER IS HERE**

with its long chilly nights. Make yourself comfortable by buying a Nice Comfortable Spring and Mattress of

**M. F. SHUFF,**

where you can get anything you want in the furniture line

**FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS.**

Undertaking and Embalming.

Everything up to date in this branch of the business. Nice selection of Caskets, Coffins, Robes and Trimmings always in stock. I always carry in stock the Boyd Patent Steel Grave Vault which is one of the finest things there is on the market for laying away your dead. Calls promptly answered at any and all times.  
dec 1-tf.  
West Main Street.

**M. FRANK ROWE**  
will give from  
**10 TO 25 PER CENT. OFF**  
—ON ALL—  
**WINTER BOOTS AND HEAVY SHOES.**  
**MANY BARCAINS.**  
Reduction on all winter Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Felts cheaper than you will find at many places, from 10 to 25 per cent. off.  
Respectfully,  
**M. FRANK ROWE.**

**Acme Bakery!**  
Fresh Bread and Rolls, Cakes of All Kinds, BUNNS AND PRETZELS.  
**FINE FRUIT CAKES**  
baked to order at 25 cts. per pound. Persons making their own cakes can have them baked in my oven at a low price. All orders promptly filled and delivered to all parts of town. Soliciting a continuance of the public patronage, I am  
Respectfully,  
JAMES A. SLAGLE.  
dec 15-3m.

**EMMIT HOUSE,**  
**GEORGE M. RIDER, PROPRIETOR,**  
**EMMTSBURG, MD.**  
The leading hotel in the town. Traveling men's headquarters. Bar supplied with choice liquors. A free buss from all trains. I also have a first-class livery in connection with the hotel. nov. 26-1yr

**VINCENT SEBOLD,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
**EMMTSBURG, MD.**  
Office on East Main Street, near the Public Square. At Frederick on Mondays and Tuesdays, and at Thurmont on Thursdays of each week. Special attention given to proceedings in Equity for the sale of real estate. jan 29-1yr

**SOLID SILVER**  
**American Lever Watches,**  
WARRANTED TWO YEARS,  
**ONLY \$6.**  
G. T. EYSTER.







