

# 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 *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. 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 Story of a Hoodoo Hat.

Mr. John Cooper, one of Dooly county's most prominent citizens, is in the city on his way to Augusta to attend the old veterans' reunion. When he got off the train, he looked up Captain Warren Moseley, one of the bravest of the boys who went out in the sixties, and they immediately began swapping reminiscences about their army life in Virginia. Finally Mr. Cooper asked Captain Moseley if he remembered the Yankee hat. A reporter who was standing there heard the following story, which both men vouch for as being absolutely true:

On the first day of the battle of Winchester a Yankee was killed so near the line of battle that a soldier of the name of McLendon, Company I, Fourth Georgia, picked up the hat and put it on and wore it. He had not had it on his head for more than two hours when he was shot through the head, the bullet piercing the hat in almost the same hole that the bullet had entered that killed the Yankee.

Another soldier of the name of Wooten of Company H, Fourth Georgia, picked up the hat and put it on, and in less than an hour he, too, was killed, the bullet striking him in the head near the place where the other two bullets had entered.

The next day another soldier of the name of Kilpatrick of Company I, Fourth Georgia, was wearing the hat when he, too, was struck in the head and killed.

Although the hat was a fine one, it was left lying on the field, as there was no one who would wear it, as four men who had worn it were then cold and stiff, and each one had been shot through the hat in almost the same place.—Macon News.

### Cyclone Pranks.

A traveler in the west, the Rev. C. T. Brady, says that of all the manifestations of power he ever witnessed, from an earthquake down, a cyclone is the most appalling. The midnight blackness of the funnel, the lightning darting from it in inconceivable fierceness, the strange crackling sound from its bosom, the suddenness of its irresistible attack, its incredibly swift motion, its wild leaping and bounding, like a gigantic beast of prey, the awful roar which follows, all this but feebly characterizes that strange ravager of the plains. He continues:

The cyclone plays odd pranks. I have seen two horses lifted in air and carefully deposited, unharmed, in a field about an eighth of a mile away. I have seen chickens and geese picked clean of feathers and yet feebly alive.

One house, I remember, had a hole ten feet in diameter cut out of its roof, as if by a circular saw. I have seen the black, whirling cloud lift a building and shake it to pieces, as one shakes a pepper box. One of the worst cyclones I ever knew threw a heavy iron safe about as a child might toss a wooden alphabet block in play.

It is an irresponsible as well as an almost omnipotent monster, and it seems to love the hideous jokes of its own concealing.

### Boston's "Little Italy."

The Boston Transcript says that Boston's "Little Italy" is established in the very quarter where Paul Terrore lived and whence he bore the message of the belfry. The Old North square ripples with the color and music of foreign faces and tongues. The Old North church itself cannot have far to go to neighbor with Franciscan chapels and Roman Catholic cathedrals, the whole melody of a foreign world usurping that place where once Puritanism reigned supreme.

They say that the Boston Italians are very thrifty, that from being good rent payers they are becoming notable property buyers. They are a music loving and art loving people. "Go to the Museum of Fine Arts on the free days and see these same Italians, in their rags and hobnail shoes, men, women and children, standing before the finest things in the gallery and appreciating them."

And that sight reminds a writer in The Transcript of a shabby cabman in Florence who always carried his Gerasimova Liberta in his coat pocket and whose passion was for the preservation of the Italian tongue in its purity, "as only the Siennese now preserve it, signorina."

### A Water of Special Value.

While Sir William Harcourt was traveling in the highlands with Lord John Russell and other friends they were one day crossing a Scotch loch, and in course of some conversation with a boatman, from whom they were trying to elicit information as to his views on the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the man assured them that the water of the loch had a special value. When asked to explain what it was, he remarked that it had the reputation of making the finest toddy in Scotland.—Chambers' Journal.

### In the Interest of Accuracy.

At a meeting of the Mansfield House settlement Mr. Percy Alden, the ward, told a story of the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson. The widow of the novelist was telling how, in the island of Samon, the old lady had taken walks with a native chieftain "who had killed thousands and eaten hundreds." "Oh, Fanny," exclaimed the novelist's mother in horror, "you know it was only 11!"—London Chronicle.

### The Point of View.

The squire (sympathetically)—I'm very sorry to hear that your husband is at the point of death. Mrs. Hodge, but you must try and be cheerful, as you know it will be all for the best. Mrs. Hodge Ah, yes, indeed, sir; it'll be a blessing when 'e's gone. 'Tis able to live in comfort then, as I 'ave 'im in four different clubs.—Judy.

### King Richard in a Kitchen.

"Actors of the old school did not have the gorgeous stage settings of the present," said a veteran stage manager the other night as he gazed at the stage in Ford's Opera House while in a reminiscent mood. "I remember once we were playing southern towns with Edwin Booth and wanted to put on 'Richard II.' No special scenery was carried for this, and I was told to look over the stock at the theater to see if there was any that could be used. The second scene called for the entrance of the king and all his courtiers into a royal hall. I picked out a set of scenery that I thought would do for the palace, but cautioned the stage hands not to get it on wrong side out. Well, the first scene was finished, and when the stage was disclosed for the second there was the typical old kitchen scene, the one with hams hanging from the rafters, a candlestick on the mantel and all that. I was horrified and asked Mr. Booth if we should change it by ringing down the curtain. He said no, he would go on, but he cautioned the other players to keep your eyes on me; don't under any consideration look behind you at the scenery."

"Well, the scene went off, and afterward, when I asked some of those in the front of the house, they made no comment, and I was convinced that in the intensity of the acting they had not noticed that the king was in the kitchen instead of the palace."—Baltimore Sun.

### Kept the Bonnet Company.

The story of an elderly couple who lived in a Massachusetts town nearly 50 years ago is told by some of the oldest inhabitants with much unction.

The lady had been bereft of one helpmeet, and her second husband had twice been left a widower before the pair were united in the bonds of matrimony. They were both of that temperament which causes its possessor to be characterized as "set."

On the wedding day the bride found in the back entry, on a conspicuous nail, a sunbonnet which had belonged to her immediate predecessor. She removed it to oblivion in a closet.

Her newly wedded husband made no comment, but replaced the sunbonnet on its accustomed nail.

During the next few days the calico headgear vibrated with more or less regularity between the closet and the nail. Then there came a day when the bride approached her husband with a man's hat in her hand as he was in the act of re-installing the sunbonnet. "If you have that sunbonnet there," she said firmly, "I shall hang up my first husband's hat on the next nail."

She looked at the bridegroom and met the counterpart of her own expression. She hung the hat on the designated nail, and although the two people lived to be very old, neither the hat nor the sunbonnet ever moved again till the house came into the hands of a new owner.—Youth's Companion.

### He Didn't Write the Story.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that when the late R. E. A. Dorr was on the staff of the Baltimore American news came one day to the city editor that food in the Seven Foot Knoll lighthouse, out in Chesapeake bay, was exhausted and that the keeper and his family were starving. Dorr secured a custom house tug and loaded it with provisions. The weather was exceptionally cold, and the tug was stuck in the ice half a mile from the knoll. Dorr left the boat and started over the ice.

When he reached the lighthouse, he was warmly greeted. "Come in the dining room," said the keeper's wife after the rescuer had warmed himself. "Come in and have dinner with us."

Mr. Dorr thought that hunger had made her mad. "I heard that you needed food," stammered Mr. Dorr as soon as he could speak.

"Well, come to think of it," replied the housewife, "we do. We have plenty of meat and vegetables, flour and that sort, but the next time you are coming out this way we'd appreciate it if you'd bring over a few jars of quince jam," she added cheerfully.

Mr. Dorr took his provisions back to Baltimore, but no account of his trip was written.

### Appearances.

They have called to solicit the firm's assistance for a local charity.

Green—Suppose we ask this gentleman that is coming up the aisle.

Gray—No; he's dressed too well, and he has too much the air of enterprise and activity. He is undoubtedly an underling on a small salary. We will tackle that slovenly looking, weebegone little man at the desk. He is sure to be the head of the establishment.—Boston Transcript.

### A Necessity.

The sage has had his say against marrying in haste; here is the same thought with a prettier coloring.

A solemn and awe-inspiring bishop was examining a class of girls and asked:

"What is the best preparation for the sacrament of matrimony?"

"A little courtin', me lord!" was the unexpected reply of one of the number, whose nationality may be guessed.—Exchange.

### What Was the Use?

Mother—Goodness, how did you hurt your finger so?

Little Son—With a hammer.

"When?"

"A good while ago."

"I didn't hear you cry."

"No, mother. I thought you were out."—Stray Stories.

One day of sickness will do more to convince a young man that his mother is his best friend than 17 volumes of

### THIS GIRL HAS MADE A FORTUNE

HUNTING BEES.

Agnes Say is the most successful bee hunter in the West. For years she has daily risked her life in the pursuit of her vocation. The word fear seems to convey no meaning in the mind of this remarkably attractive frontier heroine. It is a common remark that she has no nerves, but it is more probable that she has schooled herself by careful training to disregard the particular character of danger that she faces every day.

Agnes Say is the only daughter of an old pioneer Indian fighter known from San Antonio to the deserts of Arizona as Old Sweetkiller, from the fact that he was always looking out for bee trees and bee caves, and it was seldom that he was found without a cup of honey or a piece of honeycomb in his shot pouch. He was a fearless ranger and a good trailer, but his comrades frequently intimated that the buzz of a bee was liable to set him off his guard. It was always conceded that Old Sweetkiller was the most expert bee hunter in the State, and on account of the invariable success that attended his expeditions in search of honey his services as a ranger were highly appreciated.

Whenever provisions became scarce Sweetkiller could always find a bee tree or a little crevice in some bluff where the harbingers of civilization were storing their food. A company of Indian fighters considered themselves well supplied when there was plenty of honey and venison in camp.

Sweetkiller achieved great notoriety and much praise while serving as a ranger and bee hunter under such famous old veterans as Bigfoot Wallace, Jack Hays and Rip Ford. After the Indians had been driven out of the country he settled in the Guadalupe mountains, and, knowing no other way to support his family he devoted his whole time to his favorite pursuit. There was always an abundance of honey in Sweetkiller's cabin, and his few neighbors were always well supplied with this delicious article of food.

The old Texan raised two sons and one daughter. These boys soon became as expert in their inheritance calling as their father, and as they grew older they became venturesome. Few bee caves in the lofty cliffs were beyond their reach. If they could not ascend the great natural walls by cutting notches in the rocks, they would soon find some other way to reach the bee caves.

Their sister Agnes frequently accompanied the boys in their expeditions in search of honey, and as she grew older she developed a taste for mountain climbing which led her to perform many feats that astounded the boldest mountaineers. She was much lighter in weight than her brothers, and she soon proved that she possessed steadier nerves and decidedly more activity than either of them. Other advantages which were early developed in the young girl's mind and character led her to take a deeper interest in the peculiar vocation that Sweetkiller had apparently transmitted to his children. She had learned to read and write, and she had made the discovery that money could be made by gathering and shipping honey. About four years ago this fearless young girl began the business of gathering and shipping honey systematically.

Thanks to her courage and good sense the family now owns a bee ranch worth \$30,000, and no young woman in Western Texas is better dressed than the one who has justly won the title of "Queen of the Bees."

Few people would be willing to take her wealth and fame at the price she paid for it. No cliff has been too high for her to scale if a swarm of bees were storing honey in the crevices of its walls. Time and again her brothers have suspended her by a rope from the top of some lofty precipice, and she has hung there for hours, often 300 feet above the waters of the river taking honey from the bee caves of the Guadalupe, the Hoosds, the Liano and many other mountain

streams, and curiously enough, during all her venturesome career she has never once been stung by a bee. Her brothers say that they have seen countless thousands of angry bees swarm out of a cave that they have perhaps uninterruptedly occupied for a century and literally cover the girl's body, while she was suspended several hundred feet above the earth. Trembling for her safety they would beg her to let them draw her to the top of the cliff, but she would only laugh at them and shout back: "My pets are not going to hurt me. Send down the bucket. I have found a lot of honey."

The Guadalupe river runs for some 25 or more miles through a deep canyon. The walls of solid rock on either side rise to dizzy heights. In many localities the summits of the cliffs are 300 or 400 feet above the waters of the river. The bees have literally taken possession of these lofty cliffs, and in many places countless swarms of them have been storing honey for centuries. They are so numerous in many places that they shade the earth like a vast cloud as they fly about the cavern. Many of these swarms have never been disturbed, and it is probable that they will remain in peaceful possession of their homes for all time, though experts like Miss Agnes, are of the opinion that some of them contain tons of honey.

"I have had my share of climbing," says the queen of the bees, "for it requires nearly all of my time to attend to our domestic swarms, but I sometimes descend upon a particularly rich swarm and rob the cliff dwellers of a few hundred pounds of their precious possessions. Some of these caves are rich. In one instance we took more than \$1,000 worth of honey from one cavern. I frequently visited some of the loftiest caves for the purpose of securing a vigorous queen to mix with my tame bees. I have found that the largest and best workers occupy the loftiest places in the sides of the bluffs."

This venturesome Texan girl has never experienced a fall or been seriously hurt, though she has been in great danger of losing her life. Upon one occasion, while suspended in the air 300 feet above the earth, she suddenly felt the rope that supported her give a little, and, upon looking up, was horrified to observe that a projecting ledge had already cut one strand. She was barely able to reach a little ledge with the toes of one foot, and by casting as much weight as possible upon these toes she was able to relieve the strain on the rope. Realizing that the least trepidation on the part of her brothers would result in hurling her to earth, but with great presence of mind she cut the bucket loose and quickly fastened the stout rope that had been attached to it about her own body. She then called to her brothers, and after warning them to hold the bucket rope firm she told them that it was tied about her body. They suspected that something had happened, and, obeying her directions explicitly, she was safely rescued.—Phila. Times.

PERSONS who suffer from indigestion cannot expect to live long, because they cannot eat the food required to nourish the body and the products of the undigested foods they do eat poison the blood. It is important to cure indigestion as soon as possible, and the best method of doing this is to use the preparation known as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and restores all the digestive organs to perfect health. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

BROWN—So you call yourself a hero? And you were shot in the back, I believe.

Black—What of that? There were lots of other fellows in the fight who weren't hit at all.—Brooklyn Transcript.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

### Life A Century Ago.

One hundred years ago a man could not take a ride on a steamboat.

He could not go from Washington to New York in a few hours.

He had never seen an electric light or dreamed of an electric car. He could not send a telegram.

He couldn't talk through the telephone, and he had never heard of the hello girl.

He could not ride a bicycle.

He could not call in a stenographer and dictate a letter.

He had never received a typewritten communication.

He had never heard of the germ theory or worried over bacilli or bacteria.

He never looked pleasant before a photographer or had his picture taken.

He never heard a phonograph talk or saw a kinetoscope turn out a prize fight.

He never saw through a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary with the aid of a Roentgen ray.

He had never taken a ride in an elevator.

He had never imagined such a thing as a typesetting machine or a typewriter.

He had never used anything but a wooden plow.

He had never seen his wife use a sewing machine.

He had never struck a match on his pants or anything else.

He couldn't take an anæsthetic and have his leg cut off without feeling it.

He had never purchased a 10 cent magazine which would have been regarded as a miracle of art.

He could not buy a paper for a cent and learn everything that had happened the day before all over the world.

He had never seen a McCormick reaper or a self-binding harvester. He had never crossed an iron bridge.

In short, there were lots of things that he could not do and lots of things that he did not know.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Cut this out and take it to T. E. Zimmerman & Co.'s drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, the best physic. They also cure disorders of the stomach, biliousness and headache.

ASKIT—Whatever became of that patient of yours you were telling me about last spring?

Dr. Soakum—Oh, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble.

ASKIT—Indeed! What is it?

Dr. Soakum—It's about the amount of my bill.—Phila. Press.

If troubled with a weak digestion, belching, sour stomach, or if you feel dull after eating, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Samples free at T. E. Zimmerman & Co.'s drug store.

LADY—I want a dog that will look terribly fierce, but won't ever bite.

Dealer (meditatively)—I guess you'd better get an iron one mum.—Sacred Heart Review.

PEPSIN preparations often fail to relieve indigestion because they can digest only albuminous foods. There is one preparation that digests all classes of foods and that is Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It cures the worst cases of indigestion and gives instant relief, for it digests what you eat. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

"My man, tell me how you came to be a tramp."

"Oh bless yer, they got me ter jine one o' these don't-worry clubs, an' I got so I didn't keer when I lost m' job."—Detroit Free Press.

"TALK about intelligence," said the Expert Liar. "My automobile actually ran in the barn and hid when an old iron dealer came along!"—Indianapolis Press.

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G. T. EYSTER







# Emmitsburg Chronicle.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

NOTICE.—All announcements of concerts, festivals, picnics, ice cream and cake festivals and similar enterprises, not up to make money, whether for churches, associations, or individuals, must be paid for at the rate of five cents for each line.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, JAN. 11, 1901.

The Washington County Teachers' Institute will be held the week of March 25.

The manual training department of the Rockville High School will be opened between January 15 and 21.

Miss Sadie Massenheimer, of Manchester, Carroll county, has been appointed a notary public by Governor Smith.

The very large locust tree in front of the Boonsboro Disciple Church was cut down last week after standing 120 years.

The Baltimore Police Board fined a patrolman \$25 for being asleep, when he should have been on duty. Expensive nap.

The total deaths in Baltimore last year numbered 10,700. Of this number 8,093 were white, and 2,607 were colored.

BECAUSE OF THE refusal of a young lady to marry him, on account of his bald head, D. P. Brown, a Church Hill bachelor, committed suicide.

The directors of the Woodsboro Savings Bank, this county, have decided to erect a new banking house, with all modern improvements in the spring.

On and after January 15 next the Baltimore Health Department will inspect all plumbing work in the city and place upon it the official stamp of the department.

WHILE Olley McCray, of Flintstone, Allegany county, was preparing to fire off a tomato can full of powder it exploded prematurely and injured him in a horrible way.

WILLIAM LLOYDSON, aged 31 years, a carpenter in the carpenter shop of the Consolidation Coal Company at Eckhart, fell dead in the arms of his wife while reading a paper.

GEORGE A. BUCKEY, oldest engineer in point of years and service on the Western Maryland Railroad, died at his home in Williamsport, aged 61 years.

The St. Michaels Manufacturing Company has been compelled to close down its shirt factory, because a sufficient number of operatives could not be obtained to run it on a paying basis.

The Carroll county military company of Frizzellburg was mustered into the Maryland National Guard Tuesday night. The company will form a part of the First Maryland Regiment.

The Harford County Commissioners decided to accept the Woolsey bequest, by which the county is left \$60,000 to macadamize certain roads, and appointed agents to act with the trustees named in the wills.

THE Standard Oil pipe line running through Franklin county, Pa., burst near Mount Alto, and 200 barrels of oil escaped. The employees plugged up the break in the pipe and set fire to the oil spread over the ground, causing general alarm.

HALF OF the younger population of Chestertown have been arrested and fined as a result of a too noisy celebration of Christmas. The citizens of the town are at logger heads over the matter, some being with the law officers and others siding with the boys.

THE stock holders of Frederick Elevator Company elected Louis Muller, of Baltimore, president; F. A. Myer, of Baltimore, vice-president; George R. Dennis, Jr., of Frederick, secretary and treasurer; William H. Turner, of Ijamsville, manager.

Mr. Thomas G. Pownall, superintendent of the United States Leather Company, has purchased of Clifford R. Laidlaw the "Loonst Land" property, Cumberland and Lee streets, Cumberland, for \$5,000.

THIEVES entered the stable of Levi Beachley, near Williamsport, Washington county, at night, and picking out one of the finest sheep in the flock, carried it 300 yards from the stable, killed and dressed it, leaving nothing but the hide and head.

THE Carroll County Commissioners decided adversely to the petition for the opening of the public road from Bloom road through the almshouse grounds to Westminster, over which public feeling has been running high, and their action may have a decided bearing on the next political fight.

The new armory being built at the Naval Academy is well under way, and is expected to be finished in time to accommodate the cadets in the annual ball to be held next June. This, of course will depend upon the weather. The contractor is also rushing along other improvements at the Naval Academy.

An important decision was rendered by the Circuit Court for Frederick county Wednesday in the case of Chas. E. Saylor, who sued his brother-in-law, Charles B. Anders, to recover on a promissory note given by Anders in 1882 for \$750, but who was adjudged a bankrupt two years later. Saylor claimed that the defendant, subsequent to his insolvency, promised to pay the note. After hearing the evidence the court awarded Saylor a verdict for the full amount, with interest.

## PERSONALS.

Mr. Hape, of New York City, and Mr. Otto, of Hagerstown, spent Monday afternoon and evening as the guests of Miss Ella Maxwell.

OFFICERS of the Frederick County Agricultural Society have been elected as follows: Charles N. Hargett, president; Arthur Potts, vice president; Harry C. Keefer, secretary; David V. Stauffer, treasurer; Harry B. Witter, chief Marshal. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand from the late fair of \$1,200.

THE Old town Bank, of Baltimore, which recently went into the hands of receivers, opened its doors again for business Wednesday morning. The Clearinghouse Association has come to the rescue of the bank, the receivers have been discharged and the bank now has resources which will enable it to meet any demand which can be made upon it.

THE Hagerstown Country Club, at the head of which is Miss Julia H. Hamilton, has engaged Mr. Demtworth, of York, Pa., to prepare plans for the new \$10,000 clubhouse to be built on Oak Hill Farm, owned by the heirs of William T. Hamilton, in the northern suburbs of Hagerstown. The clubhouse will be modeled after the York Country Club's house. The work of laying off the lawn tennis court and the golf links will shortly begin. A skating rink and swimming pool are also planned.

## A BRAKEMAN KILLED.

Clarence V. Pearce, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Pearce, of near Unionville, this county, was killed at Bradshaw, Md., while discharging his duty as brakeman on the Philadelphia division of the B. & O. R. R., on Friday morning last about 9 o'clock. His remains were shipped to Mount Airy B. & O. depot on Saturday morning and were taken in charge by Harry E. Siteley, undertaker, of Unionville, and conveyed to the home of his parents.

## SALE OF HAGERSTOWN BONDS.

The city of Hagerstown sold \$17,000 of electric light bonds, bearing 4 per cent. interest, to ex Mayor S. M. Bloom who paid \$18,030 for the lot. The bonds fall due two every year from 1924 to 1940, inclusive. They are registered bonds. W. J. Hayes & sons, bankers, of Cleveland, Ohio, bid \$18,029 for the lot. Mr. Bloom bid \$1 more and got the bonds. The city will issue in all about \$55,000 of bonds, the revenue to go to building the municipal lighting plant.

## HEAVY LOSS OF AN AGED MAN.

Lewis Chaney, aged 70 years and nearly blind, living at Plane No. 4, some days ago sold a piece of land at that place to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for its improvements for \$965. He placed the money in an old trunk and gave the key to his wife, who is 35 years old, for safekeeping. Tuesday his wife and her cousin, John Churcher, went away. Investigation disclosed the fact that \$715 of the money was also gone. Wednesday Sheriff Troxell was notified and went in search of the wife, Jacob Heller and Annie Heller, who boarded with the Chaney's, were arrested and committed to jail charged with having a knowledge of the affair. —Sun.

## THE BLESSING OF READY CASH.

Promptness in the payment of small debts as well as large ones will contribute at all seasons to the comfort of everybody, but more especially now, in the beginning of the year, when there are few who do not have something to pay or to receive. "Money makes the mare go" is an old proverb, originating very likely on the turf. It also makes business go in all its departments. Ready cash is the one essential, and when it circulates freely from hand to hand in the discharge of obligations it is as much of a blessing as the gentle dew, which descends alike upon the just and the unjust. Therefore "cash up" and help to make each other happy. Blessed are those who pay promptly, because they in their turn shall be paid. —Sun.

## MARYLAND COAL.

The total coal production for Maryland for the year 1900 was 3,900,000 tons, as against 5,080,248 tons during 1899. The value of this coal was \$4,173,000 and the value of the 1899 production was \$4,318,211. The coal last year was worth on the average of \$1.07 per ton at the mine, while in 1899 it was worth 86 cents per ton at the mine. The reduction in output in Maryland is due to the strike at the instance of the United Mine Workers, which lasted four months. This was the only State shipping to the Eastern seaboard that shows a reduction. The strike was a failure and the men who struck for 60 cents, after four months' idleness, returned to work at 55 cents a ton. After they resumed, August 1, inadequate car supply interfered with the shipment the remainder of the year.

## THRASHED A TOUGH.

Sunday evening Major Michael V. Tierney, Mayor of Hyattsville, thoroughly thrashed a Washington man on a car of the City and Suburban Railway for insulting his wife. The lady was returning home from Washington city. On the trip she was greatly embarrassed by the actions of the man, who had been drinking. She appealed to a gentleman sitting in a seat directly in front of her and he directed the attention of the conductor to the man's behavior. By this time the car reached Hyattsville, where Mayor Tierney was waiting for his wife. Mrs. Tierney complained to her husband of the fellow's ungentlemanly conduct, and before the car could get away, Mayor Tierney boarded it, and, rushing up to the intoxicated individual, proceeded to give him a sound thrashing.

## LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY.

With the new year there sprang into existence in this place a new company, which is known as the "Maryland Live Stock Insurance Company," of Emmitsburg, Md., with Dr. J. B. Brawner as President, and Dr. J. McC. Foreman, Secretary. The home office of the company is in this place. As indicated by the name, the company will carry on a general live stock insurance business, and have already issued quite a number of policies.

As the company has been organized on thoroughly business principles, with low rates, and a determination to issue no policies, except on healthy animals, it is the general opinion that the company will have smooth sailing, and will do a large and successful business.

The company not only issues policies on horses but also on cattle.

One of the special features of the company is the quarterly payment of a small premium on the amount of the insurance carried. This feature will, to a great extent, go away with special assessments, a means used by many companies to raise money to meet losses sustained by the death of insured animals.

This company will make no special assessments, except in the case of an unusually heavy death rate.

Owners of live stock would do well to call upon the officers of the company and acquaint themselves with the manner in which the business of the organization is carried on.

An advertisement of the company appears in another column.

## RECEIVER APPOINTED.

William F. Johnson, of the law firm of Purnell & Johnson, has been appointed receiver for the saw and flour mill and coal firm of Selby & Jones, of Snow Hill. The appointment was made late Saturday night upon the petition of Mr. Thomas P. Selby, of the firm, who alleges in his bill of complaint that the partnership between himself and the defendant, Mr. Jones, was formed in 1900 and the business conducted by them up to the time of the filing of the bill, but that now the defendant, from some cause unknown to the plaintiff, has publicly declared that the said partnership would be terminated and notified the plaintiff that on the 7th of January it was his intention to bring the partnership to an end, but would not inform the plaintiff of the means by which he expected to bring the dissolution about, and that he has refused orders from responsible customers, telling them that there was to be a change in the business. An injunction has also been granted restraining the defendant from interfering with the receiver in the closing of the business. It is said the firm is thoroughly solvent and that all debts will be paid in full. The receiver's bond is \$20,000. Messrs. Selby & Jones have just finished a large and very complete modern roller flour mill and were doing a good business.

## KILLED BY EXPLOSION.

John McBride, aged 52 years, boss of the Montevue Hospital quarry gang, was almost instantly killed last Thursday afternoon while quarrying stone on the farm of Mr. Frank Lakin. McBride had drilled the hole and put in the dynamite and was tamping the charge when a premature explosion occurred. McBride was standing almost directly over the charge when the explosion occurred and was hurled about 20 feet. The top of his head was blown entirely off and the right arm was torn off near the elbow.

A number of workmen were near when the charge exploded but fortunately for them they had moved back 30 or 40 feet before the explosion occurred.

McBride died a few minutes after being struck. He was taken to Montevue Hospital, Frederick, where the remains were viewed by Acting Coroner Eckstein. An inquest was deemed unnecessary, as death was purely accidental. McBride was from Pennsylvania and was known as a hardworking, industrious man. He leaves one sister, who resides in Denver, Col.

## SHOT IN THE HEAD.

In the village of Frizzellburg, Carroll county, four miles northwest of Westminster, Saturday morning Miss Mollie Warehime, aged 20 years, shot herself in the head, but the wound was not fatal. Dr. Jacob Rinehart was called in to make an examination. Miss Warehime was found in her bedroom on the second story of her father's house. She was lying on the floor, and although unconscious the blood was flowing freely from a wound in her head. A self-acting revolver of 32 caliber was found. She had placed it close to her right temple and fired. The bullet, however, did not enter the skull, but made a deep flesh wound, entering the scalp at the temple and coming out at the back of the head. The wound was dressed by Dr. Rinehart and there is no serious danger of ill results.

Miss Warehime is the only daughter of Mr. Charles Warehime, of Frizzellburg. She had been away from home for some time, and is said to have only recently returned home. She would give no information about the shooting or the motive.

## LITTLE CHILD BURNED.

Carrie Tatta, 6 years of age, was seriously burned on the head and body Tuesday morning by her clothing catching fire from a stove in the home of her mother, Mrs. Cecilia Tatta, at 818 Hammond alley, Baltimore. The child was playing in the kitchen, when she got so close to the stove that her dress set close to fire. Screaming she ran out of the room, fanning the flames to burn more fiercely, until the mother arrived and smothered the fire. Dr. J. Valentini was summoned to render medical aid. He pronounced the child's condition serious.

## FIRE AND A MYSTERY.

The burning of a two-story brick house and a log dwelling adjoining near Sharpsburg, Washington county, at an early hour Wednesday morning, it is thought may have included also the burning to death of Miss Betsy Shiffer, who was nearly 90 years of age and lived alone in the log house. Both houses were on the George Shiffer farm and both were completely destroyed.

Elmer Rohrer, tenant on the farm, who occupied the brick dwelling, was awakened by the fire from the log house, which was in a mass of flames before the discovery. He aroused his family and attempted to force an entrance into the log house, but was driven back by the fire. He shouted to Miss Shiffer several times, but got no reply.

By this time the fire had spread to the brick house, 30 feet away, and in a short time it, too, was consumed. Mr. Rohrer summoned the neighbors by ringing the farm bell. They saved much of the furniture. It was only by hard labor that the barn and several outbuildings were saved.

It is thought the fire was started by Miss Shiffer, with whom it was customary to rise about 3 A. M., and make a fire in the stove.

After the fire many people engaged in the search for the old lady in the surrounding country as well as in the ruins. Up to late Wednesday evening people were still searching the ruins, and had not yet found any human remains. Three feet of debris in the cellar was still undisturbed. Some think the remains may be under the debris.

The old lady was known to have hoarded up a large sum of money in coin, which she had hidden in the cellar of her house. About \$625 of this money was recovered by the searchers among the ruins, of which \$525 was in gold. Some of the coin was melted. The money was turned over to her brother, George Shiffer.

## GREEN MOUNT ITEMS.

Mrs. Jennie Guinn has sold a tract of timber to Musselman Bros., for \$300 cash.

A great deal of sickness is reported throughout the neighborhood. Grip seems to be the prevailing disease.

Miss Kate Sample was a visitor to Miss Jessie Wood last week.

Mr. D. P. Weikert and wife spent a day at Mr. L. Seabrooks' last week.

A very pleasant surprise was given Mr. Harrison Benchoff, last Tuesday evening, it being Mr. B.'s 60th birthday.

Mr. A. Herring and Mr. John Shank, were at Bieglerville on business one day this week.

Mr. John Bigham has built an ice house on his farm, near here.

Roads are in an unusually good condition for this time of the year.

The firm of Riley and Rider of this place has dissolved, and the business will be carried on in the future by James E. Rider. Jimmy is an all around good fellow and it is needless to say he will capture a good trade.

Mr. David Weikert is having a well drilled on his farm, near here.

Mr. Jerry Strawsbough visited his sister, Mrs. N. Lower, of Thurmont, Md., this week.

We acknowledge a very pleasant call of Mrs. G. W. Plank, this week.

Mr. John Shank, of Emmitsburg, has moved to James White's and intends to peddle dry goods, so we are informed.

Those who have ice houses are busy filling them. Mr. J. S. Felix has his house full of ice from six to seven inches thick.

Mr. White Plank, who has been selling butcher knives for E. Hartzel, is home on a visit.

Mr. D. P. Sentz has sold his lot known as the Hoofnagle lot, to John Currens, for \$600.

## FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

FAIRFIELD, Jan. 8.—The following is a list of those who are reported being sick: Isaac Harner, an aged man, grip; J. C. Shertzer, grip; Mrs. John Manber, pneumonia; Mrs. Andy Weikert, pneumonia; Joel Musselman, veridigo; Family of Mr. James Glacken, of near Zora, are afflicted with diphtheria, one child having died. There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood. The doctors are kept busy riding out.

The sale of Barton and McClellan's store goods ended last Saturday night. The store is now empty.

Mr. Cal. Mondorf, who was reported sick died on Monday morning. Funeral on Wednesday. He leaves a wife and three children and one brother, William, who lives in Fairfield. His wife was a daughter of Mr. Daniel Beard, who lived along Marsh creek.

Mr. Emert Hartzel, who manufactures the best knives that are made, will likely remove his shop to Gettysburg. He will convert the concern into a company, and as no one in Fairfield will invest any money in the business, he will leave. Gettysburg has made him an offer. They will build the shop and help buy machinery. We are sorry to lose Mr. Hartzel.

At a meeting of the Directors of the new Citizens' Bank of Gettysburg, held on last Friday, Samuel Birely, of Thurmont, Md., was elected Cashier, and Peter Sachs, ex Clerk to the County Commissioners, of Gettysburg, was chosen as Teller. The new bank expects to open for business about the first of next month in a room in the Danvers Building, Centre Square, Gettysburg, now occupied by Lewis E. Kirssin.

## SALE REGISTER.

January 10, at 10 a. m., James B. Elder will sell at his farm, 1 mile southeast of Emmitsburg, horses, cattle and farming implements. See advertisement.

January 10, at 12 m., Wm. H. Boyer will sell on the premises, 1/2 mile northeast of Emmitsburg, all that farm known as the Weigand farm.

February 16, at 10 a. m., J. E. Wolff will sell at his residence, 4 mile west of Emmitsburg, the farm lately owned by Jacob Smith, horses, cattle and farming implements. See adv.

## FULL CENSUS RETURNS.

The Population of Counties Given in Detail.

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin giving the population of Maryland by counties and election districts. The population of this and adjoining counties is as follows:

Frederick county, 51,920.  
District 1, Buckeystown, 2,589.  
District 2, Frederick, including Frederick city, 10,754.  
District 3, Middletown, including Middletown town, 1,992.  
District 4, Creagerstown, 1,107.  
District 5, Emmitsburg, 3,000.  
District 6, Catocin, 1,364.  
District 7, Urbana, 2,354.  
District 8, Liberty, 1,354.  
District 9, New Market, 2,925.  
District 10, Haveres, 1,423.  
District 11, Woodsboro, 2,475.  
District 12, Pottersville, 3,712.  
District 13, Mt. Pleasant, including Walkersville town, 1,702.  
District 14, Jefferson, 1,465.  
District 15, Mechanicstown, including Thurmont town, 2,586.  
District 16, Jackson, 1,362.  
District 17, Johnsville, 1,610.  
District 18, Woodville, 1,424.  
District 19, Linganore, 1,152.  
District 20, Lewistown, 1,192.  
District 21, Tuscarora, 1,133.  
District 22, Burkittsville, including Burkittsville town, 1,311.  
District 23, Ballenger, 720.  
District 24, Braddock, 609.

Carroll county, 33,860.  
District 1, 2,678.  
District 2, Uniontown, 2,409.  
District 3, Myers, 2,112.  
District 4, Woodley, 2,804.  
District 5, Freedom, 4,407.  
District 6, Manchester, 3,440; Manchester Village, 609.  
District 7, Westminster, including Westminster town, 6,408.  
District 8, Hampstead, including Hampstead village, 2,213.  
District 9, Franklin, 1,311.  
District 10, Middleburg, 1,188.  
District 11, New Windsor, including New Windsor town, 2,027.  
District 12, Union Bridge, including Union Bridge town, 1,400.  
District 13, Mt. Airy, including Mt. Airy village, 1,403.

Montgomery county, 30,451.  
District 1, Laytonsville, including Laytonsville town, 1,981.  
District 2, Clarksburg, including Hyattstown town, 2,013.  
District 3, Poolesville, including Poolesville town, 2,343.  
District 4, Rockville, including Garrett Park and Rockville towns, 3,488.  
District 5, Colesville, 2,192.  
District 6, Darnestown, 1,675.  
District 7, Bethesda, 2,027.  
District 8, Olney, including Brookeville town, 3,321.  
District 9, Gaithersburg, including Gaithersburg town, 2,333.  
District 10, Potomac, 1,630.  
District 11, Barnesville, including Barnesville town, 1,055.  
District 12, Damascus, including Damascus town, 1,770.  
District 13, Wheaton, including Kensington and Takoma towns, 3,943.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES.  
The population of incorporated towns and villages in 1890 and 1900 is:  
1900. 1890.  
Brunswick..... 2,471  
Barnesville..... 125  
Burkittsville..... 229 273  
Emmitsburg town..... 849 844  
Gaithersburg town..... 547  
Middletown..... 665 667  
Mount Airy..... 332  
New Windsor..... 430  
Rockville town..... 1,110 1,568  
Taylortown..... 665 506  
Thurmont..... 868  
Union Bridge..... 663 743  
Walkersville town..... 359 255

The merited reputation for curing piles, sores and skin diseases acquired by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, has led to the making of worthless counterfeits. Be sure to get only DeWitt's Salve. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

Many School Children are Sickly.  
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in the Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The most soothing, healing and antiseptic application ever devised is DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It relieves at once and cures piles, sores, eczema and skin diseases. Beware of imitations. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

DEPUTY United States Marshal Myers, of Philadelphia, has served notice on the United States Circuit Court on William H. Tipton, of Gettysburg, of the proceedings of the Government to condemn two tracts of land owned by him, which are wanted by the United States for the National Military Park, that a jury of seven is to be appointed to assess the value of the land.

Such Little pills as DeWitt's Little Early Risers are very easily taken, and they are wonderfully effective in cleansing the liver and bowels. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

JOHN Q. LOVEN, aged 59 years, a resident of Woodsboro, this county, was seized with apoplexy Wednesday while walking in his yard. He fell and struck his head against a post, dying soon after. He was vice-president of the Woodsboro Savings Bank and leaves a widow and one son.

QUALITY and not quantity makes DeWitt's Little Early Risers such valuable little liver pills. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

A MEETING of the business men and representative miners was held at Middletown last week to discuss street and house lighting. It was decided to call a mass-meeting and organize a lighting company.

## COLONEL NUTT WINS.

Plaintiffs Could Not Recover For a Gambling Debt.

The Circuit Court room at Frederick was well filled on Monday by an eager crowd to hear the case of Robinson and McGraw, the baseball magnates, of Baltimore, against Col. C. R. Nutt, of Frederick, on suit to recover on a check issued by him on November 3, 1899, for \$431, which they cashed at their place of business and on which payment was stopped.

It is alleged that Colonel Nutt became engaged in a game of poker with prominent Republican politicians of Baltimore city, at a clubroom over Robinson & McGraw's saloon, on North Howard street.

Colonel Nutt, who is a prominent Republican, had entertained Governor Roosevelt and his party at his home on his famous Western Maryland campaign tour in the interest of Governor Lowndes, and on arriving in Baltimore met a number of prominent Republican politicians.

In the game Colonel Nutt lost \$431. Not having the cash to meet his obligations, it was shown that he gave his check for the amount to Mr. Stump, the steward of the club, payable to "Cash" or order. Mr. Stump went down into the saloon of the plaintiffs, who, on Stump's indorsement, advanced the money on the check.

The money thus obtained was delivered to Colonel Nutt, who paid off his debt.

Subsequently he instructed the Central Bank, of Frederick, to stop payment on it.

Robinson & McGraw swore they had no knowledge of how the check was obtained or for what purpose it had been given.

Colonel Nutt, in his testimony, said he had no knowledge of the game after he had lost seventy or eighty dollars, as he was drinking, but that he stopped payment on the check because he was informed by his friends that he had been "done."

The most of the day was consumed in arguing the legal points in the case and in offering prayers to the Court.

The defendant's counsel asked for the Court to instruct the jury to find for Colonel Nutt on the ground that the check was given in a gambling game, and that payment could not be enforced under these circumstances.

Col. J. E. R. Wood, of counsel for the plaintiffs, asked for a verdict on the ground that the holders of the check were innocent parties to the transaction and had no knowledge of the check having been given for a gambling debt.

The Court took the prayers under advisement.

The case of Emanuel Jacobi, an ex-member of the Legislature, who holds a check against Colonel Nutt for \$278, was set for trial on Tuesday. It is alleged that this check was given in payment of a game which took place at the Columbian Club, and in which an ex-Mayor of Baltimore and a prominent bank examiner sat at the table.

Colonel Nutt is a prominent clubman of Washington and New York. He moved to Frederick about eight years ago and purchased Prospect Hall, a suburban residence, where he lives with his family.

The Circuit Court on Tuesday decided the suit of Robinson & McGraw, of Baltimore, against Col. Calvin R. Nutt, and in effect that the plaintiffs could not recover on a check in payment for a gambling debt.

Chief Judge McSherry, in rendering the Court's decision on the prayers of the opposing counsel, said in part: "The evidence given in this case shows that the check handed to Mr. Stump, the steward of the club, was for the payment of a gambling debt and was utterly void and frustrated and was of no effect, even in the hands of an innocent third party without notice, according to the statute of Ninth Anne. If the check had not been cashed Mr. Stump could not have sued on it or he would have been met by the prohibitions of that statute. As the check was worthless and not negotiable he did not deliver any value by transferring it to Robinson and McGraw. I must therefore grant the first prayer of the defendant's counsel and instruct the jury to render a verdict for the defendant," which it accordingly did.

Colonel Wood, of counsel for the plaintiff, noted an exception to the Court's ruling and will carry the case to the Court of Appeals, as was suggested by the Chief Justice.

The case of Emanuel H. Jacobi, of Baltimore, who holds a check from Colonel Nutt for \$278, alleged to have been given in a gambling game, was continued until the next term of court to await the decision of the Court of Appeals on the legal status of the first case.

## SUIT FOR SERVICES.

In the Circuit Court for Frederick county, the jury in the case of Mrs. Ida C. Lewis against William H. and Dennis Ramsburg, executors of the late Dennis Ramsburg, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$375. Mrs. Lewis, who had been a domestic in the family, on the death of Mr. Ramsburg and his wife sued the estate for \$1,450.50 for services rendered in nursing and caring for the aged couple for about four years. The court instructed the jury that the plaintiff could not recover for any services rendered prior to the 13th of September, 1897, because it was barred by statute of limitations, and the court further ruled that she could not recover any damages for nursing, because the testimony did not show that any such services were rendered. The verdict was for domestic help in addition to what she had received during her life, which was \$1 a week. Before the case went to trial defendants' counsel say they offered Mrs. Lewis \$500 to settle her claim, which she declined.

## TROXELL-WEDDELL.

Miss Effie Mary Weddell, of Thurmont, and Dr. Harry Louis Troxell, of Mount St. Mary's, were married on Wednesday morning, December 26, by Rev. Philip Walsh, of St. Gregory's Catholic church, Baker and Gilmore streets, Baltimore. The bride was handsomely attired in a brown traveling suit, with gloves and hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses. Miss Troxell, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Andrew Heck was best man. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at 1135 Gilmore street, after which the bridal couple left for a trip North. On their return they will reside on Fulton avenue, corner of Riggs avenue, Baltimore.

## THE MOTHER'S FAVORITE.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the mother's favorite. It is pleasant and safe for children to take and always cures. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, and is the best medicine made for these diseases. There is not the



PRESENTS FOR HIS WIFE.

The World's Story of How He Finally Came to Turn.

"Hello, old man! What have you in all those bundles?" asked a gay, airy young bachelor of a careworn, solemn looking young man as they met in a suburban railway train.

"Presents for my wife," was the sentimental reply. "It's her birthday."

"Well, what are you bringing your wife in that package from your tailor?" eagerly pursued the bachelor.

"Trousers," was the answer.

"What?"

"Yes, I repeat—trousers. Just you listen. On my birthday my wife got me three or four beautiful lace handkerchiefs, such as women carry at afternoon teas and such places, and a black velvet hat with high feathers, one of the three story kind that obstruct your view of the stage in the theater. They looked mighty well on her, and she asked me if I wasn't having a nice Christmas."

"Well, I didn't mind that very much, but when Christmas came I got another deal of the same sort. I gave my wife a pretty good ring. She gave me a turquoise ring too small to go over any of my knuckles, and she wears it now next to the one I gave her. But that wasn't the worst of it. She got her sister to give me some after dinner coffee cups and my sister to make me a lot of lace doilies. That was all I got for Christmas."

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday. In this package I am bringing her a pair of trousers which I shall wear. In this parcel is a pair of the very best patent shoes, size 8½, a good deal too big for my wife; in this package is a box of cigars, and in my pockets I have a new meerschaum pipe and a packet of tobacco. Now, I don't see how she can fail to have a happy birthday. Do you? I hope she'll enjoy it, for I want to get even for all the pretty things she has given me."—London Tit-Bits.

THEY WERE ALL SCARED.

A Case of Highway Robbery With a Peculiar Ending.

What the hero of this story kicks about is the fact that his wife forgot her sacred word never to say anything regarding it. His business keeps him out late, and he frequently forgets considerable money. When footpads are reported in evidence, he gets as near home as he can by street car and then takes the best lighted route to his house.

One night he had reached the front of his own place and had just drawn a long sigh of relief when the order "Hands up!" startled him into compliance. One man held a gun in the immediate neighborhood of his ear and another systematically robbed him of everything worth carrying around the block so as to defer the use of his telephone, and it was clearly stated that any attempt to turn back, run or call for help would result in his being assassinated.

Before he reached the corner it struck him that the voice of one of the men sounded familiar and then that his owner was a near neighbor greatly given to practical joking. Back he went on tiptoes, his revolver in his right hand, and surprised the footpads as they were dividing the spoils. He made them lay everything on the walk, and when they straightened up awaiting the next order he discovered that both were total strangers. His hand dropped from sheer terror, and then the robbers ran one way, while he sprinted the other. Half an hour later he, his wife and a lantern, a revolver and the hired girl went out and found his money, watch, papers and diamond pin. His wife simply ruined the story by telling it first.—Detroit Free Press.

A Clever Canary.

A lady who had lost a canary happened to be attracted by a bird that was hopping about in its cage in the front window of a house in New York. Thinking that it looked very like her own, she knocked at the house door and asked a few questions about it. She was told that it had been found one cold morning sitting on the window sill and was taken in and cared for. The lady said her bird could perform the pretty feat of picking up a pin and sticking it in the carpet. Being allowed to test this bird, the cage door was opened and a pin thrown on the floor. The canary at once flew down to it, picked it up in its bill and cleverly stuck it upright in the carpet, after which it burst into song, as if rejoicing at its success. The folk of the house, believing the lady had proved her ownership of the bird, permitted her, says Little Folks, to take the songster away to her home.

On the Edge.

A little boy, full of the bed at his home in Ireland some nights ago, and when his mother and some of the other members of the family teased him about it he felt very much as if he had done something disgraceful and cried as if his little heart would break.

His mother said that she was on the wrong track, so she ceased to tease him and made the others quit doing so and made a show of sympathy by asking:

"My child, how on earth did you come to fall out of bed?"

"I don't know, mother," he replied, "unless I went to sleep right where I got in!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Pocketed the Insult.

At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Broughman, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Broughman picked it up and after examining it said, "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compel me to pocket the insult, but I am looking grim. I should like to see the man who would dare to offend me."

A kitten has been brought up on an exclusively vegetable diet by a family of vegetarians. The result is that it will not touch animal food, and it pays no attention to rats or mice.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Signature of Dr. J. C. Felt.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT.

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The Wrong Text.

"Very few good speeches are really impromptu," said a New Orleans lawyer, who has a reputation as a clever offhand talker, "but it is generally easy to produce that effect by simply leading off with some strictly local allusion. Of course that's a trick, but it's a trick employed by a good many eminent orators. I was broken in it myself by rather a peculiar incident."

"One day some years ago I happened to be in a town where a large commercial college is located and was invited by the president to make a few remarks to the boys during the noon recess. I mentally framed a little talk on the subject of energy, and as I was going into the main hall I chanced to notice the word 'Push' in big letters on the outside of the door. 'By Jove,' I said to myself, 'that's the very thing I need for localizing my opening sentence.' So when I reached the platform I launched out something like this:

"My young friends, as I approached the entrance to this room a moment ago I observed a word on the panel of the door that impressed me as being an appropriate emblem for an institution of this eminently practical character. It expressed the one thing most useful to the average man when he steps into the arena of everyday life. It was—"

"Push!" yelled a dozen of the boys on the back seats. There was a roar of laughter, and I was so horribly disconcerted that I was unable to take up the thread of my remarks. The confounded door had 'Push' on one side and 'Pull' on the other. I had taken my text from the wrong side."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Each Great in His Own Way.

They tell a story about John Sherman and Bob Fitzsimmons, the prizefighter. During his triumphant tour after he had downed Corbett the great gladiator was in Washington and called at the state department. Then was seen a contest between brain and brawn, head and hands. Fitzsimmons looked sheepish and ill at ease, but Mr. Sherman evidently tried to make him feel at home.

"Your recent contest was a severe one, I believe, Mr. Fitzsimmons?" he said.

Mr. Fitzsimmons uttered a couple of inaudible words and grinned.

"It seemed to have pretty thoroughly aroused the country, the contest, didn't it?"

Mr. Fitzsimmons scrutinized the brow of his host attentively, blushed, grinned and said:

"The United States is a fine country, your honor," and backed out of the office, responding with short, sharp ducks of the head to the secretary of state's farewell bows. When the doors had closed upon the then world's champion, the wrinkles at the sides of Mr. Sherman's eyes contracted into a smile.

"A great man that, Babcock," he said to his secretary, and went in with his work.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

South Sea Superstitions.

In the south sea islands the old gods are still very close to present life, despite the vigorous profession of the newer faith which the missionaries have introduced. On village greens the stone churches rise into prominence. The people are unrepentant in their attendance upon the services, wearing clean white shirts and gaudy bonnets, according to the sex of the worshippers, and carrying their Bibles and hymnbooks wrapped in spotless handkerchiefs. But in the jungles and on the waters no Saman quite forgets his ancestral gods, the powers of nature, and in the domain of the hunter and the fisher these old gods reign supreme.

Moralists may not assume to blame them as untutored savages practicing absurd superstitions of an inferior race, for if any moralist will only go a-fishing with people of the infinitely superior Caucasian race he cannot avoid seeing a few practices which may not be superstitions, but which are certainly believed necessary to luck. What the boy does to the worm after it is on the hook and before it goes into the stream is proof that there is kinship in practice between the savage and the cultured sportsman.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Custom Indicates Language.

Pomologists, like botanists, find it impossible to enforce the rules of priority in names of fruits and flowers. In fruits the names of Bartlett for a pear and Telegraph for a grape have not been changed in spite of the efforts of leading pomologists and pomological societies to support prior names. Those who lead in these good efforts forget that the only law for language is the law of custom. In a famous grammar we are told "the English language requires the pronoun 'it' for all inanimate objects," but custom has so firmly made the sun a he and the moon a she that we have accepted it. Thus it will ever be. To secure the adoption of a prior name reformers must lead themselves before custom gets possession of the field.—Mechan's Monthly.

Care In Powder Mills.

The garments of workers in powder mills are pocketless, so that they can not carry knives or matches, or indeed anything, and are made of nonflammable material. No one is allowed to go about with trousers turned up at the bottom, because grit is collected in that way, and the merest hard speck is dangerous.

A Freak.

Bass-Styles' wife is terribly plain, and she does not appear to possess any compensating attractions, and yet Styles evidently thinks the world of her.

Fogg-Styles is an odd stick. When he was a schoolboy, he was actually fond of mental arithmetic.—Boston Transcript.

THIS season there is a large death rate among children from croup and lung troubles. Prompt action will save the little ones from these terrible diseases. We know of nothing so certain to give instant relief as One Minute Cough Cure. It can also be relied upon in gripe and all throat and lung troubles of adults. Pleasant to take. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

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Clothes and the Man.

If a Filipino enters the house of a European living in an unassuming way, he will not believe that the European is either wealthy or wise, and although his manner may be correct, it will not be humble. On the other hand, if he visits an ignorant man who indulges in great splendor, he will at once become exceedingly respectful.

Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, who in The Outlook gives his experiences in the islands, tells the story of a wealthy provincial visiting Manila for the first time, who asked to be presented to the governor general.

When he reached the palace, he found the governor taking coffee on his piazza, dressed comfortably in a white cotton suit. The Filipino was greeted that some favor I extended was granted. He then withdrew. The official who had procured the presentation asked him what he thought of the general.

"Why," replied the visitor in a tone of disappointment, "he is no different from any other white man."

It so happened that the general was told of the incident, and he gave orders that at his next reception the Filipino should be present.

Upon entering the throne room and the general in full uniform, surrounded by his brilliant staff, with the accessories of splendid tapestries, laced ushers and all the pomp and splendor of these Spanish functions, the provincial grew pale, and kneeling in deep humility, exclaimed:

"This is indeed my general!"

So impressed was he that the following morning he sent a pair of handsome horses to the general with a note which read:

"My general, yesterday I liked you so much in your uniform of gold that I sent you this pair of horses, but do not use them when you dress in a white suit."

Mirror Mad.

"What!" exclaimed the astonished reader, "is it possible that not one of our civilized persons on the face of the earth who are not in the habit of holding their visages reflected from time to time in a mirror of some kind? Surely this cannot be so." Wrong, quite wrong, gentle reader, for at the present time, strange as it may appear, there are hundreds of men and women in the United Kingdom who have not gazed into a mirror for years.

The convicts confined in British prisons form members of this community. From the moment of a convict's entrance to a jail to the moment of his exit he is not permitted to have the use of a mirror of any kind, the smallest piece of glass being rigidly denied him. To the women convicts this absence of a mirror forms one of the chief hardships of confinement, and many a female warder can tell piteous tales of women who have actually fallen upon their knees and sobbed out entreaties for the loan of a morsel of mirror—"just for a second." All these entreaties have therefore to be disregarded, and it therefore comes about that many a female convict passes three or four years without being permitted to gaze upon her own features.—London Tit-Bits.

He Got a Pass.

"Halt!" cried an alert patrolman in Manila as a beautifully caparisoned carriage drove up containing a portly gentleman. The driver reined his steeds, and the sentry, standing firmly in the center of the street, shouted, "Who is there?"

Not knowing what else to say, the occupant of the carriage answered, "Judge Taft, president of the civil commission."

"Advance, Judge Taft, to be recognized," bawled the sentry. The judge advanced, and the following dialogue took place:

Sentry—Have you a pass?  
Taft—No, sir, do I require one?  
Sentry—You do, sir, and it's my duty to run you in.

Taft—But I am the civil governor of the Philippine Islands.

Sentry—That doesn't cut any figure. You're a civilian and out after hours. I'll let you go by this time, but the next time I catch you you'll have to see the captain.

"Thank you," murmured Judge Taft as he drove away. And there and then he formed a resolution to put in an application for a pass. According to the Manila Freedom, he got it.

A Couple of Bulls.

An advertisement recently published in a newspaper in Ireland set forth that "Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, wagoettes, brakes, horses and other pleasure vehicles for sale or hire."

This is the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, announced that "Mrs. B. of G. sent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross."

His Pointed Remark.

"I frequently hear you say that money talks," she remarked.

"Yes; it is an old saying and a true one," he replied; "but, unfortunately, while money talks, all that talks is not money."

"Why do you say 'unfortunately'?" she asked.

"Because if that were so," he answered, "I would be married to a fabulous fortune."—London Fun.

The Equinoxes.

The equinoctial storms are no longer believed in by scientific persons. The equinoxes are the dates of the year when the sun crosses the equator at one of the equinoctial points. They occur about March 21 and Sept. 21, and though storms have been known to occur about those times, they are no longer considered as due to the perfectly natural occurrence of the crossing.

A Doctor's Wit.

As Horace Mann sat in his study one evening an insane man rushed into the room and after abusing him for all kinds of fancied grievances challenged him to a fight.

It would give me a great pleasure to accommodate you, but I can't do it. The odds are so unfair. I am a Mann by name and a man by nature two against one! It would never do to fight."

The insane man answered, "Come ahead. I am a man and a man beside myself. Let us four have a fight."

The Devil's Turnip Patch.

On the top of Bald Eagle mountain, just where the old turnpike breaks over the brow down into Black Hole valley, is a queer field of rock, which years ago was christened "The Devil's Turnip Patch." The rocks, which are of a reddish sandstone, have a striking peculiarity of all standing on end, thus forming a jagged, irregular surface, that won for it its queer name from the early settlers.

In bygone days, when the stages wheeled their way up from Northumberland to Williamsport, the four in hands traversed the old pike that skirts the turnip patch, and the strange character of rocks was a constant source of wonderment to the traveler. Added to its interest as a natural curiosity is a hidden stream of water somewhere beneath the standing stones, the noisy flowing of which forms a romantic song beneath one's feet. Nobody knows where the source of this stream is, nor can anybody find where it empties itself into Black Hole valley.

The Hollow Bones of Birds.

The hollow bones of birds are frequently cited as beautiful instances of providential mechanics in building the strongest and largest possible limb with the least expenditure of material, and this is largely true, and yet birds, like ducks, which cleave the air with the speed of an express train, have the long bones filled with marrow or saturated with fat, while the lumbering hornbill, that fairly hurtles over the tree tops, has one of the most completely pneumatic skeletons imaginable, permeated with air to the very toe tips.

The ungainly pelican is nearly as well off. Still it is but fair to say that the frigate bird and turkey buzzards, creatures which are most at ease when on the wing, have extremely light and hollow bones; but, comparing one bird with another, the paramount importance of a pneumatic skeleton to a bird is not as evident as that of a pneumatic tire to a bicycle.—Popular Science Monthly.

Trying a Donkey.

A newcomer in Africa has many surprises. A B. Lloyd, the author of "Dwarf Land and Cautious Country," narrates an amusing little experience of his own in purchasing a donkey in Zanzibar:

We had to procure donkeys, by no means an easy task. Of course each one had to be tried, as we were to use them for riding purposes, and in the course of the work we had various experiences. I had set my mind upon a fine female donkey and took her out for an afternoon's ride. I shall not forget it. At first when I mounted her she would not move, in spite of all my most tender persuasions, and finally she began to back.

Now, the streets of Zanzibar are very narrow, and coming up behind me was a large bullock wagon. My sweet tempered donkey backed right on to the horns of the bullocks. Then it was no longer a case of making her go, but of making her stop.

Away she flew, right along the Naza Moja road, and nothing I could do would check her headlong career. In fact, I soon tired of trying and let her go. On the next night, in among the cocoanut trees, regardless of everything until she came to a steep bank. Here she stopped. This showed that she had good sense, and I decided to keep her.

Queer Oaths.

The Isle of Man, like the soldier in Jacques's familiar speech, is "full of strange oaths." Mr. Shee, O. C., before beginning his judicial duties as special commissioner in connection with the Dumbell case was required to swear that he would administer justice as impartially "as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish." The Isle of Man is not the only place in the world in which the animal kingdom plays a part in the making of oaths. One of the many modes in which Chinese witnesses are impressed with the importance of telling the truth is slicing off the head of a fowl, a ceremony which is supposed to represent the unhappy fate of the perjurer. Many Indian witnesses were sworn on tigers' skins, in the belief that if they defile their lips with lies their bodies will become food for tigers, while others stand on lizards' skins and ask that their bodies shall be covered with the scales of the reptiles if they fail to tell the truth. A Norwegian witness asks that his meadows and cattle shall be cursed if he swears falsely. "Cursed be my cattle," he exclaims, "my beasts, my sheep, so that after this day they may never thrive or benefit me; yea, cursed may I be and everything I possess."—London Globe.

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