

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

W. H. TROXELL, Editor & Publisher.

Established by SAMUEL MOTTER in 1879.

TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance

VOL. XXII.

EMMITSBURG, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1901.

NO. 44.

CASTORIA

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Notes of a Trip to Mexico

BY E. MCS.

PART V.

PYRAMIDS.

July 13.—This was a rainy day such as Irving describes in his English sketches. However, we seized time by the forelock and visited the pyramids of San Juan Tedhuacan about one hour's ride by rail from city. With an old Indian guide we climbed the zigzag path of the priests to the top, perhaps three hundred feet high; there used to be an altar on top, and Mass on the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, but now there is only a mound of stones and a cross, the government forbidding the Mass. Although we were wet and in a most disagreeable inn, still a soldier who had the only decent room politely offered it to us and interpreted for us with the fierce-looking widow landlady. [How dreadful a sharp money-making woman is.]

A MEXICAN INN.

We took our meals alone in the one common room with three dogs and sundry cats, and were delighted in thinking of Don Quixote and Sancho in just such a place. How Cervantes helps us with a laugh still! Such is the power of genius.

We went into the passage in one of the pyramids, resembling those in Egypt, and probably intended for the same purpose, burial. The stone-faces of these we visited was almost all gone, but there are others better preserved; they are called "Teocallis," the word Teo seeming to approach "Deus" de, (the Gothic name for God.) We visited the parish priest, a decent looking gentleman with a poor congregation of 1500 scattered in several villages, mostly Indians. He has an assistant and they say three masses each every Sunday. He has to pay a per capita tax of one dollar as a priest. The bishop, he said, pays fifty. The government helps them not at all. They were fixing up thing for a festival. Very gaudy, tawdry, paste-board clouds on altar, etc., etc., and the national colors hanging in streamers from the ceiling.

THE PRIESTS OF MEXICO.

Mr. Guernsey, the correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, a Protestant New Englander, continues to enlighten Bostonians as to the real Christianity existing in Mexico. In the *Herald* of a recent Sunday he wrote as follows of the Catholic priests of that Catholic land:

"Then, too, there are hundreds of Catholic priests whose lives are a daily hymn of praise to the Creator. I know some of them, living in poverty, self denying men, up at early hours and off into the hills ministering to their humble flocks. Frugal in their diet, sleeping hard and not always any too warm in the chilly nights of a tableland winter, these men are moral heroes. I have been in their houses, have seen their meagerly furnished sleeping rooms, their pallets which could not be dignified as beds; have known of their angelic goodness to the poor and afflicted, their saintly counsel to the wrongdoer, their calm patience and their lives which redeem humanity.

"There is hardly a reader of the *Herald* who would care to live as do a half dozen young priests whom I know, and who lodge under the same roof, being of a fraternity. They long ago solved the problem of very 'plain living and high thinking.'

"One of these young priests came in from a journey into the Sierra not long ago and found a drunkard in his bed. The clergyman was wet and cold, weary to the point of exhaustion, and had consoled himself on his homeward journey on horseback with the thought 'I will go directly to bed and get warm.' But he uttered no reproach to the drunkard and prepared himself a place on the floor with a couple of rough blankets.

I have seen this young priest come back from a missionary expedition shaken with fever and ague and tortured by dyspepsia in-

duced by the poor food of the Indians. Before being fairly cured he would be off on another preaching tour in the wilds of Guerrero. To my knowledge, this young man's devotion has shattered his health.

"I know a poor priest, who, if you give him anything, never keeps it for himself. He can always find someone poorer than himself."

JULY 14.—Many stores are decorated with the noble tricolor of France. 'Tis the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, for which thank God! We visited the NATIONAL PICTURE GALLERY, and note in especial the following impressive ones:

PAINTINGS.

"Socrates before drinking the poison;" "The healing of the Canaanitish woman;" "Abraham and Isaac going up the mountain, he with the knife, he with the wood;" "Dante and Virgil looking into Hell;" "Job abandoned by his friends;" "Galileo explaining his system to a young monk;" "The Mexican chiefs having their feet roasted by Cortez." The elder man complained, to whom the younger: "Am I in a cool bath?" "The Senate of Tlaxcala," receiving the account of Cortez's arrival. "Visit of Cortez to Montezuma," who is accompanied by two officers. "The Roman woman giving suck to her father who is under sentence of death in prison." "Columbus and his little son at La Rabida," welcomed by Fr. Juan Perez. Of all these, perhaps, what impressed us most was the simple expression on Isaac's face as he asked his father "Where is the victim?" and the lofty confidence of the "Friend of God," in that greatest of trials.

RUBRICS.

In the churches I noticed two book-stands, each having one of the minor altar-cards set into it; also two pulpits for reading to the people of the epistle and the gospel; also cover over holy water font. ('T would be well to cover sanctuary lamps also from dust.)

STREET CARS.

On the street cars as on the trains three classes. People enter generally by front on street cars, and on trains bustle each other; no order.

RICH MEN'S HOUSES.

Visiting delightful West Mexico, noticed the high stone walls enclosing park of a rich citizen, Don Ignacio della Torre. It was like what they used to have even in Rome, and what seems so unchristian. Why not let your brother enjoy the sight of your grounds? Do you really treat him as a brother? Besides it blanks and spoils the streets of a town, making prisoners of all who walk along those interminable walls and cannot see about them. If we were an alderman of Baltimore we would try and have all such walls taken down, for they are found there too; we fear it spoils morals as well as depreciates property all around.

CHAPULTEPEC.

We visited Chapultepec, a rocky mound on which is the "White House" and "West Point" of Mexico. Enchanting sight, with the rich tree-green vega in sight, the hills and the perpetual snow mountains, that rise nine or eleven thousand feet above where you stand.

STUDENTS.

The students defended this place against Gen. Scott in 1847, and have a monument with inscription in Latin: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

COFFEE.

Coffee grows here, but as the Havanese don't smoke the best cigars, nor our farmers eat the best of their farms produce, nor the shoe-maker's wife wear decent shoes, so the Mexican coffee isn't much, as far as we have tasted.

SCHOOL BOYS.

Five carloads of school boys came to visit the President's wife, carrying many beautiful bouquets. She is a practical Catholic, her husband not practical—so they say.

GRACE IN RAGS.

Some of the poor people here are

indiscreetly ragged, but it doesn't look ungraceful, for they wear the tilma or poncho, nor hurt your feelings, for you know they don't deed clothing at all, and indeed we regard their simple attire as an approach to Adam's unclothed beauty. Surely God never intended us to wear clothes; the nearer we get to simplicity in this matter the more our grace increases.

PRICES.

Things are old in this country; the reservoir at Chapultepec was made in 1571. Prices are lower here; a first-class bath costs 19 cents; but according to rate of wages it should cost one third of that. Coffee and bread 7½ cents, street cars 2½, 3, 5 cents, according to class. Laborers on farms 8 to 12 cents a day. In town 18 cents. Mechanics 50 cents; but food is very cheap and clothing.

FUNERALS.

Street-car funerals very sensible. A hearse-car followed by a car for mourners.

STORE SIGNS.

Names of stores; Providence, Purgatory, Triumph of Mexico, Daughter of the Abyss, Surprise, New York Spring, Port of Liverpool, Hope Star, The Dog's Head, Jupiter, Burning of Troy.

VILLAGE BAND.

I was in a very poor village one evening but it had its little park and army station, and the band played at sundown "Dixie," "Old Kentucky Home," etc., as well as other airs.

PLAIN OF MEXICO CITY.

The plain of Mexico is like Holland, in this that being quite flat it gets flooded and has to build numberless ditches and canals and pump the water out when it is too high. The city is ruined by centuries of poor sanitation, the sewerage filtering into the soil; now they are laying sewers, but it will take years before the thing is perfected; then the city will be a paradise. "Papa" means potatoes down here.

PROF. IVISON, of Lonaconing, Md., suffered terribly from neuralgia of the stomach and indigestion for thirteen years and after the doctors failed to cure him they fed him on morphine. A friend advised the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and after taking a few bottles of it he says, "It has cured me entirely. I can't say too much for Kodol Dyspepsia Cure." It digests what you eat. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

DEMAND FOR POSTAGE STAMPS.

Another evidence of the great commercial activity prevailing in the country has become manifest in the enormous demand for postage stamps. This is so heavy and persistent that the reserve stock of stamps at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has become much lessened. The law requires that there should be kept constantly on hand at the Bureau 100,000,000 1-cent and 200,000,000 2-cent stamps. Heretofore there has never been any difficulty in supplying the current demand for stamps and at the same time maintaining the reserve required by law. Most of the time a good supply above the reserve has been kept on hand. Recently, however, the increased demand has drawn so heavily on the reserve that there are now only 150,000,000 of 2s and 36,000,000 1s in the stamp vaults. The Treasury Department has, therefore, decided to increase the hours of the employees in the stamp division of the Bureau and try to replenish the reserve. No extra force will be put to work.—*From a Washington Letter.*

Just Like A Man.

The great financier bowed his head in deep thought. "This morning," he said, "I must reorganize a railroad, buy out the stock in a steel combine and borrow a hundred millions to put through a new deal."

"Yes," exclaimed his wife, petulantly, "and I'll wager that if I asked you to stop in on your way down town to order me some new visiting cards you'd refuse to do it!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE UNITED STATES SEAL.

Was Designed By An Englishman After Six Years' Work.

Very few people, even of the learned profession, know that the Great Seal of the United States was designed by an Englishman, Sir John Prestwich, who also suggested the motto, "E Pluribus Unum." Our ablest men have failed to propose anything acceptable, Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Lovell, Scott, Houston and others wasting nearly four years on the task. Franklin proposed Moses dividing the Red sea with this motto: "Rebellion to Tyrants Is Obedience to God." Adams proposed the Choice of Hercules, and Jefferson the Children of Israel in the Wilderness. Doesn't it seem funny? Some of the suggested mottoes were: "Bello vel Pace" (for war or peace); "Semper" (forever); "Deo Favente" (with God's favor); "Virtus Sola Invicta" (virtue alone is invincible), etc. After six years the Englishman's device was adopted, and it yet remains the arms of the United States.

If one is familiar with the obverse of the Great Seal, ask him what he has to say of the reverse, and the chances are 100 to 1 that he cannot recollect the unfinished pyramid, the eye in the triangle, the glory proper, the motto over the eye, "Annuit Cœptis" (God has favored the undertaking), and that under all "Novus Ordo Seclorum" (a new series of ages). The obverse of the Great Seal, with its splendid eagle, the bundle of arrows, the olive branch, the 13 stripes, the 13 stars, the glory breaking from the clouds and the "E Pluribus Unum," is magnificently American; but the pyramid, the desert, the forbidding Egyptian sky and the eye in the triangle on the reverse are simply barbarous.—*Victor Smith in New York Press.*

"THEN you think it probable, professor, that the sudden blazing up of a star like the new one that has just appeared in the constellation of Persens, may mean that some distant sun, or perhaps an entire solar system, has been consumed by fire?"

"Yes. At least it is possible." "And that may mean the destruction of countless millions of human beings! How heart-breaking to think of!"

"Yes, miss, but it is also highly probable that your sympathy comes a million or more years after the catastrophe. I wouldn't feel too bad about it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. C. E. VanDeusen, of Kilbourn, Wis., was afflicted with stomach trouble and constipation for a long time. She says, "I have tried many preparations but none have done me the good that Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets have." These Tablets are for sale at T. E. Zimmerman & Co's drug store. Price, 25 cents. Samples free.

We have met drunkards in our day, and never yet met one who said "hic." The "hic" tradition should be called in.

Don't whistle; it takes away the attention of the people from their own affairs in wondering what tune you are trying to hit.

If you have a present to give a child, give it to the oldest; he will get it anyway, and by giving it to him you save him the trouble of fighting for it.

When a woman goes away on a visit, up to the time she reaches sixty, her letters home indicate that the men are paying a great deal of attention to her, and her husband has cause to be jealous.—*Albion Globe.*

"Now that you have found the North Pole," queries the faithful comrade, "what will you do with it?"

"Do with it?" echoes the distinguished explorer, his face aflame with the joy of discovery. "I will syndicate it!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

ALCOHOLISM HERE AND ABROAD.

Of all the great nations the United States have the least interest in the International Congress on Alcoholism called by the Austrian government to meet at Vienna, April 9-14. While every one of the European peoples is increasingly alarmed at the growth of drunkenness, of diseases from drunkenness, of crimes from drunkenness, the people of this country are growing more temperate.

Our consumption of spirits is one and a quarter gallons per year per head of population, and is about stationary, if not on the decline. Our consumption of wine is but a small fraction more than it was 20 years ago, with a tendency to decline. Our consumption of ale and beer shows only a trifling increase in the last seven years, though it has doubled since 1880. It is now only 16 gallons a year per head of population—less than a pint a day for all persons above the age of 18 years. Our consumption of all kinds of alcoholic drinks is, relatively to the population, little larger than it was 20 years ago and no larger than it was 10 years ago. Although the use of alcohol has spread, the abuse of it has decreased. The overwhelming mass of Americans are more temperate than any other people in civilization, except perhaps the Swiss.

Perhaps the explanation of this gratifying contrast is that while the European man looks upon work as a means to an end of pleasure, because he has so little hope of rising, the American man looks upon work as an end in itself. Depression and despair drink to excess. Hope is too busy to lounge in the temples, of Bacchus. And America is hope.—*New York World.*

LIKE Oliver Twist, children ask for more when given One Minute Cough Cure. Mothers endorse it highly for croup. It quickly cures all coughs and colds and every throat and lung trouble. It is a specific for gripe and asthma and has long been a well known remedy for whooping cough. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

The wife burst into tears. "You are devoid of love for me," she sobbed, pitifully, "or you would not come home in such a condition."

"You do me wrong!" protested the inebriate, her husband, with dignity. "For if I am devoid of love, what is it, pray, that makes the world go round the way it's going?"

Of course he was careful to intersperse numbers of "hics" here and there throughout his discourse, to soften the "s" and "sh" and otherwise to preserve the dialectical unities.—*Delroit Journal.*

FOND MOTHER—Jennie, did you kiss young Gaskins again tonight? Daughter—Yes, mamma; he's just lost an unele, and I was so sorry for him.

Fond Mother—Well, Jennie, let this be the last. I'm afraid if you keep on encouraging him with your sympathy he won't have a relative left in the wide, wide world.—*Tit-Bits.*

The Beginning.

Magistrate—Did you see the beginning of this quarrel?

Witness—Yes sir, I saw the very commencement. It was about two years ago.

Magistrate—Two years ago?

Witness—Yes sir. The minister said "Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?" and she said "I will."—*Tit-Bits.*

HEADACHE often results from a disordered condition of the stomach and constipation of the bowels. A dose or two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will correct these disorders and cure the headache. Sold by T. E. Zimmerman & Co., Druggists.

MRS. KINGSLEY—Wasn't your husband out late last night?

Mrs. von Blumer (sweetly)—Yes but I felt sure he would be. He told me he was going to meet your husband.—*Tit-Bits.*

