

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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TERMS—\$1.00 a Year in Advance

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NO. 8.



900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hathorn
In Use For Over
THIRTY YEARS
CASTORIA
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

NEW ASSORTMENT OF Spring and Summer Shoes and Slippers, Latest Styles.

Prices as Low as the Lowest. Call and examine them. The largest Assortment in this section. No trouble to show my assortment of Shoes and Oxfords, whether you intend buying or not. Respectfully.

M. FRANK ROWE.

CALL AT ANNAN'S

—AND SEE THEIR—

Pretty Shirt Waists,

For Dress, Pretty Pleated and Trimmed with Lace, made after a French model that we consider good. \$3.00 to \$1.35. And

MEN'S SUMMER SHIRTS.

The new Neglige are in bigger variety than usual. We expect a big season and prepared for it. All sorts of Patterns, very stylish, and made with one thought, "Your Comfort."

MADE UP MUSLINS.


It is neither wise or economical to buy cheap clothing. After the starch or stiffening has been washed out it looks coarse and open, and will not stand much wear or tear. We have a favorite make of Muslin, made into Sheets and Pillow Cases. The work is well done and costs about making. For Sheets and Pillow Cases are as cheap as muslin by the yard. Just received a new line of

SHOES OF ALL KINDS,

Come and examine before buying elsewhere. New Patterns, very pretty. We also have our usual stock of Canvas Goods. Our 12c. corn cannot be beaten. Pass, almost too nice to eat, 12c. 2 cans for 25c. We have just received a full line of the Celebrated Valentine Patterns, Oil and Varnish, which we are selling cheap. Among our stock of Mattings and Carpets just received you will find some choice patterns and low prices. If in need of any call and see what we can do for you, and don't forget you get 5 per cent. off on all cash purchases.

Butterick Patterns, Baltimore.

I. S. ANNAN.



ROLLMAN CHERRY SEEDER.
This perfect cherry seeder does not crush the cherry or cause any loss of juice. A practical machine for large, small or California cherries. The seed extracting knife drives into one dish and actually throws the cherry into another. The marks of the knife can scarcely be seen on the seeded fruit. Seeds from 20 to 30 quarts per hour. Ask your dealer for it. If he cannot furnish, we will send it anywhere in the U. S., express prepaid, on receipt of \$1. For further information write to the manufacturer, ROLLMAN MANUFACTURING CO., 150 Penn Avenue, Mount Joy, Pa.



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Sour Stomach
"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach."
J. M. KESTER, 1221 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.
CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens. Washes, or Grips, etc.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Sundry Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, etc.
NO-TO-BAC sold and distributed by all druggists to C. W. E. Tobacco Mfg. Co.

ORIGIN OF SURNAMES.

Batches Of People Took Same Name At Baptisms.

There is no very clear record of the time when surnames first came into regular use. No doubt the process was a very gradual one, and its epoch varied in different countries, but that they were general at a comparatively early period of the civilization of each nation needs no insisting on. To give but a single instance, in the year 1387 Christianity first became widespread in Poland, and great numbers of men and women were baptized at one time. To simplify and expedite matters with so large a concourse it became the custom of the officiating clergy to bestow the same name upon whole batches of people who came to be admitted to the church. At one baptism, for example, the name St. Maure, which, by process of time, has come to stand as Seymour; Valois, which we now know only in its English surname as Vallance, etc. Some of our names, again have a Netherland birthplace, as Gaunt, which was originally Ghent; St. Leger and Brydges, which last is a corruption in all probability, of Bruges.

It needs no pointing out how easily place names can become family names. To distinguish an individual by the name of his home, birthplace or residence was a ready means of securing his identity. In rural districts and among a population that continued for generations in the same homesteads, place names would be given from trivial features of locality, as Wood and Hill and Lane and Dale. In this connection we can find a number of ancient words for country objects which have long ago become obsolete and forgotten. "Cowdray" for instance, in olden days signified a grove of hazel; "Garth" is old English for a yard; "Hill" for a haven; "Garnett" for a granary; "Shaw" for a small wood. The common surname Head is really a place name, "Head" being a frequent term for a promontory or cape, as Beachy Head. The suffix "Bee," as in Ashbee, Holmbee, is a survival of the Danish "By," a habitation.

The name Dean is not from the chieftain dignity, but signifies a hollow or dell, whence we get Dean Forest and Arden. Another word still in common use in certain parts of England for the same thing is "bottom." Higginbottom thus means the dell where the "hicken" or mountain ash flourished.

"Becket" is a little brook, still called a beck in the North; "boys" is the English corruption of "bois," a wood. "Donne" means a down, "Holt" a grove and "Hurst" a copse. "Stead," of course, is a farmhouse and its surroundings. "Lynne" is a pool, "Law" once meant a hill and "Horne" a corner. "Townsend" would signify "the town's end," "Brook" was the old term for a badger—hence Broxborne and other similar titles; while "gos," as in Gosford and other examples, merely referred to a goose.

It is needless to say that a vast majority of English surnames, among which are to be numbered our very commonest, are derived from trades and callings—Smith, and Baker, and Turner, and Taylor and others past enumerating. Here, too, we may trace ancient words which have since completely dropped out. "Chaucer" and "Simor" are to us now perfectly meaningless, but long ago they both signified a shoemaker. A "Pilcher" formerly made greatcoats, a "Reader" thatched buildings with reeds or straw. A "Latimer" was a writer of Latin for legal and such like purposes.

An "Arkwright" was the maker of the great meal chests or "arks," which were formerly essential pieces of household furniture. "Tucker" was a fuller. "Lorimer" a saddler, "Laudner" or "Lavender" a washerman, "Topper" made tubs, "Jenner" was a joiner, "Barker" a tanner, "Dexter" a charwomen, "Banister" kept a bath, "Sanger" is but a corruption of singer or minstrel, "Boweher" of butcher, "Milner" of miller, "Forster" of forester. A Chapman was a merchant; the ancestor of the Colemans and the Woodys sold these indispensable

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Place names from Normandy and Brittany are very common, as might be supposed. D'Arey, Ney-ill, Ferrers, Deyereux, Warran, Percy, Marmion, Tankerville, St. Aubin, Lascelle, Morley—all these and many others can readily be referred to their original birthplaces. In others, through corruption of the word, the locality is not so easy to trace, though still there—as, for example, the name St. Maure, which, by process of time, has come to stand as Seymour; Valois, which we now know only in its English surname as Vallance, etc. Some of our names, again have a Netherland birthplace, as Gaunt, which was originally Ghent; St. Leger and Brydges, which last is a corruption in all probability, of Bruges.

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able commodities in former generations.

Wagners were wagoners and Naylor's made nails. A "Kemp" was once a term for a soldier; a "Varassour" held rank between a knight and a baron. Certain old-fashioned Christian names, or quaint corruptions of them, have given rise to patronymics which at first sight might appear hard to interpret. Everyone is aware that Austin is identical with Augustin, but the name Austice is not so generally known to be but a shortening of Anastasius. Ellis, too, was originally derived from Elias. Hood, in like manner, is but a modern corruption of the ancient Danish Odo. Everett is not far removed from the once not uncommon name Everard; while even Stiggins can be quite safely referred to the Northern "Stigand." — London Standard.

When the quantity of food taken is too large or the quality too rich, heartburn is likely to follow, and especially so if the digestion has been weakened by constipation. Eat slowly and not too freely of easily digested food. Masticate the food thoroughly. Let six hours elapse between meals and when you feel a fullness and weight in the region of the stomach after eating, indicating that you have eaten too much, take one of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and the heartburn may be avoided. For sale by T. E. Zimmerman & Co., Druggists.

DREAM OF A THIRSTY TRAMP.

It Was So Delightful That He Was Inspired to Emulate It In Verse.

A somewhat somnolent loiterer who said he was John Smith, was found by a policeman early yesterday morning reposing in the gutter before the borough hall in Long Island City, says the New York Tribune. When arraigned before Magistrate Connon in the Police Court he declared he was a jack of all trades, but as he did not belong to the union he was unable to get work. As an avocation he had turned to poetry. As a poet, he averred, he was able to cut figure eights and grapevines all around Rudyard Kipling, while Ella Wheeler Wilcox had once said that his verse was enough to bring tears to the eyes of the hardest hearted. To prove his right to wear the bays he produced a manuscript which, he said, contained a poetical account of a dream he had while sleeping peacefully in the pellucid stream which sometimes flows through the gutter before the borough hall of Queens. Here it is:

Last night I dreamed of a land so fair,
Where the rivers were Plumber beer,
Where fountains of rice-ies shot up in the air,
And everything else was queer.
Wide brooks of gin fizzed on every hand,
Great lakes of cold Rhine wine,
And pumps spouting cocktails to beat the band,
For the thirsty ones standing in line.

Crepe de menthe swamps of a beautiful green,
Whole islands of fine cracked ice.
Such a sight was never before seen,
Ah! but that dream was nice.

Mini juleps in paddles filled the streets
The gutters were flowing with booze,
In which tired hoboes soaked their feet
While enjoying a heavenly snooze.

Champagne flowed from fire plugs
In bubbling streams with a hiss,
And street cleaners drank it from deep stone jugs.
Ah! such was a dream of bliss.

Highballs galore rolled about on the ground,
And were chased by a thirsty crowd,
While the paralyzed grafters hanging around
In drunken glee shouted aloud.

Oh! this bibulous dream was a happy dream,
The result of an all-night bat,
Where the wet things flowed in a bountiful stream,
When they carried me home on a slat.

When he finished reading the magistrate looked at the prisoner a moment and said:
"Hot weather."
"Yes, your honor," was the response.

"Discharged," said the Court.
JAS. G. AMHERST, Della, O., writes: "I had an obstinate sore on my face which everything else failed to heal. After one application of BANNER SALVE it began to heal and after three applications it was entirely healed leaving no scar." T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

SALT WORKERS OF CADIZ.

Curious Ways of a Strange Class in That City.

A considerable part of the province of Cadiz, in Spain, is low, marshy ground, unfit for cultivation. Nevertheless, it is turned to good account by being utilized for the production of salt by evaporation. This is one of the most extensive industries and sources of revenue in the province. It gives employment to thousands of workmen and makes Cadiz an important seaport, as two-thirds of the 400,000 tons annually produced is exported to foreign lands.

The pans are dug out in the maddy soil. They vary in size, but are of a uniform depth of 10 inches. All the salt-producing land is intersected with innumerable small canals. From June to September is the season for salt production. During this period from three to four harvests are gathered.

The salt-workers form a distinct class of workmen. One generation follows another. They are born and bred to it, and form one huge family. No outsider need dream of getting work there.

It is a curious sight to see the men at work and the way they get about. The business requires considerable skill. The soil is muddy and is almost a quicksand. Any person unacquainted with the work setting foot on a salt pan would be drawn down and swallowed up in a very few minutes. The way the salt-workers get about this dangerous ground, one leg at a time, barely resting the toes and knee on the mud, is an art in itself.

All the work is done in the most primitive fashion, and it is useless to attempt to introduce innovation. The men will not tolerate new methods. In making sluices for the passage of water from pan to pan and from the larger canals they cannot be induced to use any other implement.

The salt as it is collected is piled up into pyramids about thirty feet square at the base and rising to a height of about fifty feet, and for at least twenty miles before reaching Cadiz and traveling by rail the traveler is struck by the sight of hundreds and hundreds of these pyramids wherever the eye can reach. At night the glistening pyramids form a scene at once fantastical and imposing.

The whole of the salt business is in the hands of the salt-workers, from the gathering of the salt to the putting of it into the hold of the ships. Dock laborers and harbor men who do all other kinds of loading or unloading are excluded. The salt-workers have their own special craft for carrying the salt from the pans to the harbor.

The process of salt loading is curious. The ships' holds are lined with matting, and as soon as a ship is ready to take in salt the craft come alongside laden down to the gunwale. A sheet of canvas is then put down from the ship's hold to the small craft alongside, and the men, with their special wooden shovels, start throwing up salt. Naturally, a ship of 300 to 400 tons in ballast is very high out of the water, and to see the men at work would give one the impression that as much salt falls back as is being thrown up. Nevertheless, the ship is laden in an incredibly short time and ready for sea, notwithstanding this primitive and apparently absurd process of loading.— Boston Journal.

WHEN you want a modern, up-to-date physic, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Sample free at T. E. Zimmerman & Co's drug store.

DARK pedestrian—And the last thing poor John did was to kiss me. Fair Cyclist—Ah, and then he died, I suppose.—Ally Soper.

Buy and Try a Box Tonight.
While you think of it, go buy and try a box of Cascarets Candy Cathartic, ideal laxative, tonight. You'll never regret it. Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, etc.

On The Wrong Scent.
First Little Girl (at a fashionable seaside resort)—I'm glad to get acquainted with you, 'cause you're nice.

Second Little Girl—So'm I with you. That's what we come for. Mamma says so herself.

"To get 'quainted?'"

"Yes, with nice people—people in society, you know."

"Why, that's just what mamma wants. We're to get 'quainted with people in society.'"

"Ain't you in society at home?"

"No. You are, aren't you?"

"No. We've been rakin' and scrapin' the whole winter to come here and get 'quainted with people in society, you know.'"

"Then your folks ain't anybody at home?"

"No."

"Neither are we."

"Then there ain't much use in us gettin' 'quainted, is there?"

"S'pose not."

"Good-by."—Baltimore Sun.

Dr. GEO. EWING, a practicing physician at Smith's Grove, Ky., for over thirty years, writes his personal experience with Foley's Kidney Cure. "For years I have been greatly bothered with kidney trouble and enlarged prostate gland. I used everything known to the profession without relief, until I was induced to use FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE. After using three bottles I was entirely relieved and cured. I prescribe it now daily in my practice and heartily recommend its use to all physicians for such troubles, for I can honestly state I have prescribed it in hundreds of cases with perfect success." T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

Couldn't Move Him.
It was late and getting later.

However, that did not stop the sound of muffled voices in the parlor.

Meanwhile the gas meter worked steadily.

The pater endured it as long as he could and then resolved on heroic measures.

"Phyllis," he called from the head of the stairs, "has the morning paper come yet?"

"No sir," replied the fanny man on the Daily Bugle, "we are holding the form for an important decision."

And the pater went back to bed wondering if they would keep house or live with him.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

You can never cure dyspepsia by dieting. What your body needs is plenty of food properly digested. Then if your stomach will not digest it, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will. It contains all of the natural digestants hence must digest every kind of food and so prepare it that nature can use it in nourishing the body and replacing the wasted tissues, thus giving life, health, strength, ambition, pure blood and good, healthy appetite. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

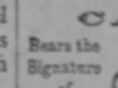
"Do you think that the trusts are capable of serving any philanthropic purposes?"

"I have hopes in that direction," answered the optimist. "I understand that a peanut trust has been organized, and I am waiting to see whether it won't put up the price so that you can't get enough for 5 cents to make you sick."—Washington Star.

"I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for lung trouble following a gripe. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health." Mr. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

PARAGRAPHER—Here's a funny paper with a lot of jokes you might use.

Minstrel Man (with dignity)—We never use printed jokes, sir.
"Well, but don't you think they are an improvement on the jokes that were got up before the art of printing was discovered?"—New York Weekly.



CASTORIA
The Best You Can Buy
Bears the Signature of
Dr. J. C. Hathorn

SHARPSBURG, one of the oldest towns in Washington county, and one of the most interesting from a historic standpoint, is 138 years old. The town was laid out by Colonel Chaplain July 9, 1763, and named after Horatio Sharp, the provincial governor at that time.

HAGERSTOWN'S LIBRARY.
The new public library in Hagerstown, which was endowed by the late B. F. Newcomer of Baltimore is nearly completed. The work on the interior of the building, it is expected, will be finished this week and the keys turned over by the contractor to the trustees. The building is the handsomest structure in Hagerstown. All possible haste will be made in preparing the library for the opening. Five thousand books are now ready for the shelves, and another instalment is awaited. The library will be opened with between 10,000 and 10,000 books, which number will be increased from time to time.

JONAH KENNEDY, watchman at the Loch Lynn Hotel, Oakland, died suddenly from a peculiar disease. He was swollen to double his usual size at the time of his death, and died in great agony.

THE piles that annoy you so will be quickly and permanently healed if you use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of worthless counterfeits. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

The Lutheran congregation at Williamsport, has decided to build a parsonage to cost \$2,500.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever.
Do not fail to get Cascarets.

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall
Wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Spargus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sam-

For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. A dark vertical strip is visible along the right edge, possibly indicating the binding or the edge of the book block.

Our Sun a Small One.

The sun is about 92,000,000 miles off. The only way of measuring the distance of a fixed star is by parallax, and scarcely more than half a dozen can be estimated that way. Suppose the sun is here, in space, on Jan. 1. On July 1 he will be 134,000,000 miles over there. This is the base of measurement. The observer who wants to estimate the distance of, say, the star Alpha Centauri notes its position with regard to the next star. In six months he notes again, and if they are separated by a different distance a so called parallax is established, and some calculation can be made of the distance of the nearest one. In the most favorable cases this parallax is extremely slight.

What is the sun made of? The lines of the spectrum give an idea of his chemical properties, but beyond that all is hypothesis. His substance, as a whole, is of much lighter material than the earth, but yet there may be a hard and heavy fiery pudding inside, for there is a light and thick outer coating, named the photosphere. Outside this, reaching away to an unknown distance, is the chromosphere, of hot air, so to speak. The spots are rifts through the photosphere, coming and going, and some are so large that our whole earth could be shot right through, with a thousand miles to spare all around.

When a total eclipse covers the sun, flames to the height of thousands of miles are seen out of the photosphere. The sun is a huge, glowing ball of fire, the center, an easy thing to say, and yet our sun is believed to be a rather small one. For instance, Sirius is at least nine times as big—imperial.

Ball's Campaign Story.

It is not probable that a better story teller than ex-Lieutenant Governor David A. Ball of Missouri ever stood before an American audience. In 1891 he was trying to persuade the Democrats that, notwithstanding the fact that they differed from the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many points that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows:

"How would a Mosbach Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike county an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bride. Just as he was about to end his life he was told that the old man rubbed his eyes and said, 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer I would have been in heaven.' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a device of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bride, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Mr. Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever."—Cham Clark in Saturday Evening Post.

Is a Good Breakfast Necessary? Yes, a good breakfast is the physical basis of a day's work. The American breakfast, regarded with so much horror on the European continent, has contributed largely to make the nation what it is today. It enabled our forefathers to do an amount of work which it appears foreigners to contemplate.

As a rule there is something wrong with the man or with his habits if he cannot eat a good breakfast. A man who works at high tension all through the morning hours without this substantial foundation is working entirely upon his nerves. That means disordered nutrition and sooner or later bankruptcy and collapse.

If a man gets up in the morning with a bad taste and no inclination for food, it is because his system is full of waste and his circulation of obstructions. Let him make a radical change in his habits and train his digestive organs to accommodate a nourishing morning meal—Medical Brief.

A Curious Error.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale told how a curious error crept into the translation of the Lord's Prayer into the Delaware Indian tongue. The English translator had as an assistant an Indian who knew English. "What is 'hallow' in Delaware?" asked the translator. The Indian thought he said "halloo" and gave him the equivalent. Therefore the Delaware version of the Lord's Prayer reads to this day, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallooed be thy name."

A Good Knight.

"Don't you think that if I had lived in the days of old I would have been a good knight?" asked the young man who had been talking ancient history from 8 to 11 p. m. "I don't care so much what you would have been then," wearily observed the young lady, "but you might see what kind of a good knight you can make right now."—Baltimore American.

Evolution of Corn.

Corn, with its 24 to 32 rows under cultivation, was once, but a coarse grass, hiding each seed it produced under a husk, as wheat and oats now do. Brought out to the light and sun, with a chance to get at enough plant food, it has worked his way up to eight rows of seeds, covering these with one husk. The farmer and nature together have added the extra 16 and 24 rows.

Willing to Help.

"The echo is much more effective," said the guide in the Alps. "If a shot is fired, has anybody a revolver?" "I don't happen to have my gun with me," remarked the Chicago man of the party, "but here's a knife."—Exchange.

Most of the dandies of the Georgian period took as great a pleasure in seeing themselves caricatured as our generation does in seeing their photographs in the shop windows.

The Lays.

Henry J. Byron, one of the witliest of English playwrights of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion: "A play is like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box; if it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
J. C. F. & Co.

THINNING FRUIT.

Profitable but Unusual Practice.

Does Away the "June Drop."

This operation is much recommended, is favored by many of the growers, but as a matter of fact is not generally practiced, though it is done more in some sections than in others.

A peach tree under normal conditions will assimilate a certain quantity of food material during the time it is developing a crop of fruit.

Peach trees are inclined to overbear—that is, set—more fruit than they can properly mature with the amount of food material it is possible for them to assimilate. Hence it is that the fruit all remains small, not reaching the size that would render satisfactory prices in the market.

Thinning the fruit will reduce the strain upon the tree. There will be, so to speak, a smaller number of mouths to feed, and the remaining fruit will be correspondingly larger.

As the severest strain upon the tree is occasioned by the development of the seed the thinning should be done before the seed begins to harden. This will be while the fruit is still quite small. It will be safe to begin as soon as the "June drop" is passed.

The objection that many hold to thinning is the expense of the operation. But unless there are severe storms very little of the fruit which remains on the tree after the "June drop" will fall off. It then follows that it is only a question between picking the fruit off in June and throwing it on the ground and picking it off a little later and putting it in a basket.

If the fruit is thinned to from four to six inches apart, it will be better than if it is closer. It is a common experience that trees so thinned will actually produce a greater bulk of fruit than unthinned trees, and the fruit from such trees is practically all first grade. Even if the bulk of fruit is somewhat less than from unthinned trees the amount of high grade fruit is sufficient to commend the operation.

The fruit may be thinned considerably by keeping the tops properly pruned, but much of it must be done by hand. In this way the imperfect fruit can be removed, leaving only that which is likely to develop into the best specimens. This method will greatly lessen the work of grading the fruit when it is marketed.

As a rule growers experience considerable difficulty in getting their men to thin their fruit sufficiently, but it is important that the matter be followed up closely.—H. P. Gould, Maryland.

The Buff Breeds.

The buff fowls of various breeds seem to be one of the poultry fashions of the present.

Buff Plymouth Rocks are a comparatively new variety, but one which has come rapidly to the front on its own merits. Beauty and utility combine to

make these a fine general purpose fowl for farmers. Weights and points are the same as for Barred Plymouth Rocks, but the plumage should be an even shade of golden buff.

Golden Wyandottes are newcomers and very popular, not in such numbers yet as the whites or silver laced. Their characteristics are much the same as those of the other Wyandottes and standard weights the same.

The buffs are probably the most numerous and best liked of the Cochins family.

Buff Leghorns, a comparatively new but very popular variety, have taken a foremost position solely on their merits. The eggs of the hens are large and white; chickens are quick growers.

Staking Tomatoes.

Some growers keep tomato plants tied to stakes from the start, tying them three or four times or more, as necessary. Others let them lie on the ground till the fruit is nearly grown and then lift and tie them, claiming that besides saving labor the lifting and disturbing of the vines tends to make the fruits ripen faster.

On clay soils this staking and tying is quite necessary, as in rainy seasons much of the fruit will rot before ripening where it touches the ground. On sandy land there is much less trouble from this rot from contact with the soil, and it is quite permissible to save the expense of staking and tying and let the plants sprawl on the ground.

Agricultural Brevelities.

In orchards badly infested with cankerworm late spraying with some form of arsenic, which is most safely used in bordeaux mixture, may do good if the worm is still feeding.

Bone is the thing to use on peach trees every time, says one grower.

A great deal depends upon how water is put on. If you begin your irrigation before it is very dry, you don't need so much water, but if you let your ground get very dry and then put on your water you need a great deal more of it.

For field culture for the canneries food strong tomato plants should be ready for the field from the middle to the latter part of June, the time which they are usually set in New Jersey and Maryland.

Dig out the peach tree borers and jar the curculio.

"I wish to truthfully state to you and the readers of these few lines that your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is, without question, the best and only cure for dyspepsia that I have ever come in contact with and I have used many other preparations."

—John Beam, West Middlesex, Pa. No preparation equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure as it contains all the natural digestants. It will digest all kinds of food and can't help but do you good. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
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Couldn't Find the Corkscrew.

They live pretty well out in a hand-made home, but not near enough to a fire station to be "handy in case of accident." As the house is their own and they all the husband had been somewhat in terror of a blaze for some time. So he laid in a stock of hand grenades, those little glass bottles which are supposed to put out any fire that may start.

One day the blaze came. The cook started it in the kitchen. Then she died howling to her room and began to pack her trunk. The wife prides herself on her ability to keep her head, so first she stepped to the telephone and turned in the alarm, and then she went for the hand grenades.

When the fire department did arrive, the men found her standing over the sidewalk, rummaging through the drawers. Copious streams of water now drenched the blaze and ruined the lower floor, and the department left. Still she rummaged. Her husband came, called by the phone girl. He saw her there.

"Why, my dear girl," he said, "why didn't you use the hand grenades and stop the fire as soon as it started? Then the whole lower part of the house wouldn't have been soaked."

"John," she responded icily, "if you would just keep the corkscrew where it belongs, I could use the hand grenades. But it is gone, and how was I to open them?"—Kansas City Journal.

The Grand Medicine Man.

The ceremony of the Grand Medicine is an elaborate ritual, covering several days, the endless number of gods and spirits being called upon to minister to the sick man and to lengthen his life. The several degrees of the Grand Medicine teach the use of incantations, of medicines and poisons, and the requirements necessary to constitute a bray.

When a young man seeks admission to the Grand Medicine lodge, he first fasts until he sees in his dream some animal, the mink, beaver, otter and fisher being most common, which he hunts and kills. The skin is then ornamented with beads or porcupine quills, and the spirit of the animal becomes the friend and companion of the man.

The medicine men have only a limited knowledge of herbs, but they are expert in dressing wounds, and the art of extracting barbed arrows from the flesh can be learned from them.

In olden times—yes, to within the memory of living Ojibways—the medicine man at the funeral ceremony addressed the departed, "Dear friend, you will not feel lonely while pursuing your journey toward the setting sun. I have killed for you a Sioux, (hated enemy of the Ojibways), and I have scalped him. He will accompany you and provide for you, hunting your food as you need it. The scalp I have taken—use it for your moosekins."—Open Court.

When Mayor Meets Mayor.

Civic characters of local fame imbued with a sense of their own importance are not wholly unknown in this country, a fact which may account for the familiar ring of the following story found in "Highways and Byways in East Anglia."

Mayor Wakefield one day set out for the next town with a load of hay. On the way a truss fell from the load, and he applied to a passerby for assistance in replacing it. The man addressed, instead of rendering willing aid, drew himself up to rather more than his normal height and said:

"Are you aware that you are addressing the mayor of Lynn?"

"Man," replied Wakefield, "that don't make no odds. I'm the mayor of Catfild Rising. Now will you lend a hand?"

"With pleasure," replied the mayor of Lynn.

Antique Clocks.

A common trick of clock makers and repairers of years ago, when the craze for antique "grandfather" clocks first showed itself, was to alter the names and dates of the original makers on such of these clocks as came to them. This trick has made it difficult to prove the exact age of an old clock now, even by experts, and still more difficult to learn the name of the real maker. Reputable dealers do not follow the practice in these days, having realized that it results in the end in injury to the business.—Jewellers' Circular-Weekly.

Lions and Tigers.

There is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungles and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unafraid or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

She Believed.

Hester—I hope you don't believe what Fred Saunders says. He has been in love with every girl in town, first and last.

Bertha—That's why I value his judgment. You know. A man of his experience may be trusted to know a good thing when he sees it.—Boston Transcript.

Not Needed.

He was obviously anxious, and she seemed almost willing.

"I shall refer you to papa," said she, with a becoming blush, "before giving you a final answer."

"But I am perfectly willing to take you without any reference," said he magnanimously.—Indianaapolis News.

No Possibility.

"Are you never afraid, Uncle Rastus," asked one of the scoffers, "of falling from grace?"

"Cunnell," replied Uncle Rastus, "how kin a pussen fall f'm de bedrock?"—Chicago Tribune.

Helping Him.

Mr. Backward—Well—yes, yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller.

Miss Coy—To find out whom you will marry, eh?

Mr. Backward—Why—er—yes. I—Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune teller's fee toward the price of the ring?—Philadelphia Press.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
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Europe's Ice Supply.

Few perhaps among the tourists who visit Norway for the pleasures of its scenery are aware that here they are at the headquarters of Europe's ice supply. To the mountain lakes of that country the continent looks for ice. The ice is of the finest quality, for the lakes are of crystal clear water, high up in the mountains, and are surrounded by very tall pines. The ice supply is controlled by syndicates.

After having been cut into great squares by plows the blocks of ice are sent down the mountainside on slides. On the way they acquire amazing velocity and plunge into an inclosed pool beyond which the ice ships await their frozen cargo.

It sometimes happens that through delay in the starting of the vessels or the cutting of unusual quantities from the lakes to supply exceptional demands the supply runs short. Then it is that ice becomes dear and even in winter time is a luxury that must be indulged in sparingly. But ice is used in Europe far less commonly than in America, and a deficient supply does not occasion the sense of loss that it would cause in this country.—Youth's Companion.

Gilbert Islands Tipped.

Neither tea nor coffee is drunk in the Gilbert islands, but liquor named kare, or toddy. It is the juice of the coconut tree, from which it is drawn daily at sunrise and sunset. To obtain it the natives climb up the tall trees and while extracting it keep up a constant yelling to let those below know that they are at work. The sap when fresh is a harmless and delicious beverage, but after it has been kept a day or two fermentation sets in, and it becomes intoxicating. Kantee does little, however, dry to the head, but a man who drinks it to excess loses the control of his legs. However, when this befalls a native he has sense enough to remain indoors and shows his face to no one, for if his chief should ever hear of it he would be tried and sentenced to hard labor and a heavy fine.

In former days a native found intoxicated was tied to a tree and received a hundred lashes, the blood fairly streaming down his back. Besides this, all his lands were confiscated to the king forever.—Overland Monthly.

Witty Barrymore.

Talking of Maurice Barrymore recently, a man who knew him well told this story of him:

Once a wine agent intruded upon a party of which Barrymore was one. The agent told Barrymore he was a man of good taste, and all that, and wound up by saying:

"When you want a bottle of wine in future, will you not gratify me by asking for my wine?"

"Why, of course," answered Barrymore most graciously. "I shall be delighted to ask for your wine. But, heavens! Suppose they should have it?"—Beverages.

LOCAL AND CLIMATIC.

Nothing but a local remedy for change of climate will cure CATARRH.

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Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Stomach Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.

Price 50c. and 1.00. Large size contains 2 1/2 times as much. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free.

Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

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See his splendid stock of

GOLD & SILVER

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WATCHES.

Emmitsburg Rail Road.

TIME TABLE.

On and after June 23, 1901, trains on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH.

Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7.10 and 10.40 a. m. and 4.50 p. m. arriving at Rocky Ridge at 7.40 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.20 and 5.13 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.20 and 10.20 a. m. and 3.31 and 6.32 p. m. arriving at Emmitsburg at 8.50 and 11.00 a. m. and 4.01 and 7.00 p. m.

WM. A. HINES, Pres't.

Western Maryland Railroad

Schedule in effect June 23, 1901.

MAIN LINE.

Read Downward. STATIONS. Read Upward.

A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.

7.10 8.10 9.10 10.10 11.10 12.10

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