

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

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NO. 28

THE NEED OF COURTESY.

It Is to Business and Society What Oil Is to Machinery.

If young people, especially in small towns, would form "courtesy clubs" or graft this idea upon existing organizations, it would result in great advantage not only to the young people belonging to such associations, but also to the towns themselves.

We find a great many men and women side tracked all along the pathway of life because they were not taught the value of good manners and of a fine, gracious courtesy in their youth. The result is that they have grown up hard and coarse and repulsive in manner and have not been able to win favor or attract trade or business. In other words, their bad manners and repulsive ways have kept them back and handicapped their careers.

It is astonishing how fine manners and politeness in children develop into ease and attractiveness in manhood and womanhood. Other things being equal the employee who is selected for advancement is the one with good manners, a fine, gracious demeanor, a good presence. These qualities are the best kind of capital, even better than money.

Everywhere we see young men and young women drawing big salaries largely because of their superior politeness. The fine mannered are wanted everywhere as superintendents, as salesmen, as traveling representatives, as clerks, as private secretaries or as credit men. In fact, agreeable deportment is the one indispensable quality sought after everywhere.

There is nothing else which will so quickly open the door to opportunities, to society, to the hearts of all.

Courtesy is to business and society what oil is to machinery. It makes things run smoothly, for it eliminates the jar and friction and the nerve racking noise—Success.

THE WINE EXPERT.

WE MUST BE AS TEMPERATE AS AN ATHLETE IN TRAINING.

By Sight, Smell and Taste He Tests the Quality of Liquors and Hence He Must Lead a Life at Once Rigorous and Ascetic.

Many hotels and restaurants of importance as well as many wholesale and retail liquor dealing firms employ a wine expert. It is the duty of this man to pass upon the quality of all wines, brandies, whiskies and other alcoholic beverages handled by his house. He works with an empty stomach, and he makes his tests through the three senses of sight, which tests the spirit's color and clarity; smell, which tests its odor, and taste, the most important sense, which tests its flavor. To keep these senses at once delicate and sharp the expert must not use tobacco, and in the use of liquors he must be temperate to the point of teetotalism.

If two glasses of champagne are set before a clever wine expert, one a champagne of the vintage of 1864, the other of the vintage of 1888, he will tell readily which is which. There are indeed a half dozen vintages which he can designate by their taste alone without the helpful presence of the labeled bottle.

The wine expert must also have a profound knowledge of red wines. Among the red wines of France he must be able to tell those of the Gironne from those of Burgundy and of Dauphiny.

In the white wines also he must be learned, and he should have no difficulty in distinguishing the champagnes of Sillery, of Ay, of Reims and of Epernay and in distinguishing also their best vintages. Among the other French white wines he must know those of Sauterne, Barsac, Preignac and Bonmme. And the Spanish white wines of Xeres, the German white wines of Johannisberg, Steinberg and Hockheim must be like old friends.

Whiskies and brandies are divisions of his work that are as important as the wines. He must tell at a glance whether a brandy has been aged in wood or in glass, and he must not only separate with ease the Irish, the Scotch and the American whiskies, but he even must designate the districts in which each was distilled.

Considering his knowledge of the salary of the wine expert is not great. It averages \$10 a week. Occasionally it falls as low as \$25, and occasionally it amounts to munificence.

The expert must not eat rich, heavy foods and pastries. He must not keep late hours. His life, in a word, must be as temperate as that of an athlete in training. This is in order that his senses of sight and taste and smell may be at their best always. Smoking is bad for the smell; rich foods are bad for the taste; late hours or any sort of dissipation, even the mildest, is bad for the health generally and for all the senses, sight in particular; hence the rigorous and ascetic life of the wine expert.

The wine expert works with stomach empty, for then his taste and smell are at their keenest. He works on bright days only in a room flooded with sunlight, for then he can best weigh a liquor's color and lucidity. He uses glasses of the oddest shapes—a different glass almost for every liquor—for these help him to distinguish the most delicate gradations of smell and color. The brandy glass, for instance, has a bowl almost as big as a washbowl. The bottom of this bowl the brandy covers in the thinnest layer. The expert puts his face down close and, with his nose inside the bowl, rolls the brandy about, thus getting the full bouquet of the liquor.

He must never swallow the beverages he tests. He holds them in his mouth about a minute, rolling them upon his tongue and letting them touch his palate, and that is sufficient for an accurate judgment. To swallow them would not aid him, for there are no nerves of taste in the stomach. To swallow them would, on the contrary, hinder him, sending him drunk to bed each testing day.

The expert of a large and fashionable New York hotel in discussing the other day his business said:

"What is more difficult than to describe in words the taste of anything? How, for instance, would you say what bread tastes like or meal or potatoes?"

"But red wines have, after all, a definable taste. The poor red wines are earthy. They have a flavor of fresh soil. The good ones taste like fine mushrooms, and the best ones taste like truffles. But the taste of whiskies and brandies and white wines is not to be defined in any such concrete way as this."

"The wine science is a nice one. Few men know it. Few men indeed can tell their eyes shut whisky from brandy or ale from beer. Few men who use liquor even know the wines that custom demands should be drunk with a dinner at which wine is served."

When asked what those wines were, he said:

"Sauterne with the oysters, sherry with the soup, Rhine wine with the fish, claret with the roast, champagne with the game, salad and dessert and cognac with the coffee."—New York Tribune.

The Amendment.

Wantano—Here, read over this feature of the proposed charter amendment and tell me what it means.

Dunzo (after reading it carefully eleven times)—It means that in any case of emergency the board of education may employ or remove any teacher or head of department if it can.—Los Angeles Herald.

THE FIRST WOMAN.

An Old Eastern Legend That Tells How She Was Created.

The last section "Of a Finger of the Moon Reddened by the Setting Sun" in the Sanscrit work called the "Surging of the Ocean of Time" contains a legend concerning woman's creation which is commonly credited throughout India, and which runs somewhat as follows: At the beginning of time, Twashtri, the Vulcan of Hindoo mythology, created the world. But when he wished to create a woman he found he had employed all his materials in the creation of man. There did not remain one solid element. Then Twashtri, perplexed, fell into a profound meditation. He roused himself to do as follows: He took the lightness of the leaf and the glance of the fawn, the gaiety of the sun's rays and tears of the mist, the inconstancy of the wind, and the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock and the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the harshness of the diamond, the sweet flavor of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay and the cooing of the turtle dove. He melted all this and formed a woman. Then he made a present of her to man. Eight days later the man came to Twashtri and said:

"My lord, the creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all and is always ill." And Twashtri received the woman again. But eight days later the man came again to the god and said:

"My lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember she danced before my singing. I recall how she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, that she played with me, clung to me." And Twashtri returned the woman to him. Three days only passed and Twashtri saw the man coming to him again.

"My lord," said he, "I do not understand exactly how, but I'm sure the woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg of you relieve me of her."

But Twashtri cried, "Go your way and do your best!"

And the man cried, "I cannot live with her!"

"Neither can you live without her," replied Twashtri.

And the man went sorrowfully away, murmuring, "Woe is me; I can neither live with her nor without her."—Collier's Weekly.

Sure of Applause.

That the theatrical clique is not confined to playhouses was demonstrated beyond all shadow of doubt to the teacher who was drilling the pupils for the exercises in one of the public schools.

The unresponsive bit of femininity over which the amateur "coach" worked and labored in the name of Sarah. Vivia Sarah began to talk all her vocal organs took joyful holiday and retired in favor of her nose. In vain the teacher begged and implored. Sarah still clung to her monotone. Then the teacher threatened.

"Sarah," he said, "if you don't try to do better you will fail utterly, and then how will you feel?"

"Oh, they'll applaud me, Miss Brown," returned Sarah easily. "My mother is going to give my little brother Andy 10 cents, and if he don't begin clapping the minute I sit down he's going to be strapped within an inch of his life."—New York Times.

A Measure of Distance.

A northern sportsman went alligator hunting in Florida, and as often happens with the uninitiated, he got lost. It was near night, and he was at a loss what to do. Presently he met a man riding a cow, says the Indianapolis Journal.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Miami?"

"Well, I reckon it's about two whoops," the man answered.

"Two-what?"

The man seemed to take this as challenging his veracity, for he looked questioningly at the palm-trees and prickly pears beside the path, then began to scratch his head.

"Praps hit may be a smitth funder," he admitted, "but I 'low hit ain't more'n two whoops an' a holler."

A Long Felt Want.

"I have here," said the long haired theorist as he was ushered into the presence of the railway magnate, "plans for a device that will warn the engineer when any one is crossing the track."

"Can't use it," replied the busy official. "What we want is something that will warn the person who is crossing the track when the engineer happens along that way."—Chicago News.

But Soon to Be.

Miss Ascum—Wasn't that Mr. Bonds I saw you talking with last evening?

Miss Coy—Yes.

Miss Ascum—He's a landed freeholder of the county, isn't he?

Miss Coy (blushing)—Well, er—he isn't quite landed yet.—Philadelphia Press.

Man's Influence.

The only responsibility that a man cannot evade in this life is the one he thinks of least, his personal influence. Man's conscious influence when he is on dress parade, when he is posing to impress those around him, is woefully small, but his unconscious influence, the silent, subtle radiation of his personality, the effect of his words and acts, the trifles he never considers, is tremendous. Every moment of life he is changing to a degree the life of the whole world. Every man has an atmosphere which is affecting every other man. So silently and unconsciously is this influence working that man may forget that it exists.—W. G. Jordan.

A QUEER PICTURE THING.

The Way One Art Treasure Was Rescued From Oblivion.

Few chapters in the world's history are more curious and interesting than that which deals with the fortunes of its art treasures. In the cathedral at Montreal, for instance, a few years ago, a large piece of tapestry which had been discovered in a back street of a New England town. The story is told in Mrs. Silsbee's "Half Century of Salem."

One day a certain Mr. Miller passing through Derby street saw a woman beating clouds of dust from a carpet. Something peculiar in its appearance made him stop and look closely at it. When he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a splendid piece of tapestry, with life sized figures wrought from Raphael's cartoon, "Feed My Lambs."

The woman was quite willing to tell how she obtained it. It was, in fact, a standing grievance to her. Her husband was a sailor, and when he went out on one of his voyages she had begged him to bring her a carpet for her best room. As it happened, he did not visit a port where he could buy a carpet, but rolled up in a little shop on the quay at Malta he had found the tapestry and purchased it, thinking it might answer the purpose. It was too large for the room, and the woman had to turn a big piece under. She folded the piece back, revealing part of the superb border of fruit and flowers, wrought in silk and gold thread, as fresh as when it was first worked. But the owner eyed it with content. She never did like the queer picture thing she had bought.

It was the opportunity of a lifetime. Mr. Miller promptly offered her the choice of any carpet in the stores in exchange for her "queer picture thing," and the woman as promptly accepted the offer. They went downtown together, and she selected, with unbounded delight, a hideous pattern of glowing reds and greens. Her face was full of triumph when she returned. The best room at last was to have a carpet that was a carpet!

It is safe to say that no bargain ever gave more complete satisfaction to both parties than the one made that morning in Derby street, Salem.

A GREAT WORRY CURE.

Common Sense Is the Best Remedy That Can Be Prescribed.

I once asked a physician what cure he could suggest for the worrying habit. "I would prescribe common sense," he said, "and if a man or woman hasn't got a stock on hand and cannot cultivate one the medical man is powerless." This worrying nonsense grows. The best means to cure it lies in the hands of the woman herself.

If she will just call a little horse sense to her aid, resolve not to borrow trouble, to be cheerful and think upon the right side of things, she will live longer and be able to retain her beauty. Every woman has the strongest desire to keep her good looks. Why, then, does she take the course which is sure to make her yellow skinned, dull eyed and thoroughly unlovely?

The Englishwoman is greatly admired for her utter refusal to worry or to be worried. Consequently she looks young at fifty. Undertaking no more than she can comfortably carry out and firmly believing in the coming of another day, she does not procrastinate, but simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill health and an early old age.

She is a frequent bather and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before everything else. She sleeps nine hours and also takes a nap during the day, arranging her work in the most systematic manner. Her little memorandum slip always shows two vacant hours—they are for rest. She eats heartily, but of the most digestible food, and would rather have a mouthful of good food and go partly hungry than eat a whole meal of cheaper things.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An Orphan?

A well known professor has a bright boy, who one day at the age of four appeared in his father's study clasping in his hands a forlorn looking little chicken which had strayed from a neighboring incubator.

"Willie," said his father sternly, "take that chicken back to its mother."

"Ain't dot any mudder," answered Willie.

"Well, then, take it back to its father," said the professor, determined to maintain parental authority.

"Ain't dot any fader," said the child.

"Ain't dot anything," but an old lamp!—New York Times.

It Makes Them Wild.

"I wonder why they always call them the 'wild waves'?" says the thoughtful one.

"I don't know, but I think I know what makes them wild," says the cynical one.

"What?"

"So many fools happen along, and as soon as they see the waves they ask, 'What are the wild waves saying?'"—Baltimore American.

Too Impetuous.

Tess—Why do you dislike him so?

Jess—Oh, he says such hateful things. He told me last evening that beauty was only skin deep, and—

Tess—And you immediately proceeded to show him how thin skinned you were.—Philadelphia Press.

The Influence.

Jerry—How do good clothes make a man a gentleman?

Joe—They make him feel as if he was expected to act like one.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't say "I wish." Anybody can wish.—Atchison Globe.

CORN BREAD.

Fond Recollections of the Days of the Hoe and the Flapjack.

With good meal and a cook following the lessons and traditions of the old regime delicious bread may be baked of Indian meal. But we have grave doubts whether it can be baked as well as a stove as in an open fireplace; but, alas, of the latter only a few remain.

The ashenike, of course, must have ashes. They are indispensable. As well try to produce a nut julep without nut. On the other hand, "day-jacks" need only a well greased frying pan, but skill is required to turn them. That is done by pitching them out of the pan into the air and making them come down flap on the other side. The corn pone may be cooked in a stove or range.

The hoe cake was originally cooked on a hoe in the fields and in the negro cabin. A skillet will do well enough for it, but must be well greased at the bottom. So, too, with respect to egg or batter bread. As for corn muffins, the appliances of a range are admirably adapted to them.

We wish some millionaire would fit up a Virginia country home in authentic style and among other things, have in it a big open fireplace, a black cook in a gingham dress, with a red bandanna on her head, and also have a half acre mint bed, an icheuse and an old time garden filled with raspberries and gooseberries, thyme, sage, currants and all the ordinary table vegetables.

When one of those old time homes and gardens and kitchens is restored and the host and hostess have entered into possession, we desire to be listed as a frequent guest, with a reserved seat in the chimney corner. Then all we shall want will be the zest, the appetite, the voraciousness we possessed when we could eat eighteen rolls and six eggs for breakfast and consume a whole watermelon between meals. But, alas, it would be easier to restore old walls and open fireplaces than to bring back the digestion and storage capacity of a youth that's gone, of a time that's past and never can return.—Richmond Dispatch.

THE COOKBOOK.

Put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water when boiling salmon. This makes it a beautiful red color.

When roasting fowls, put them into an intensely hot oven until carefully browned; after that cook slowly, basting frequently.

When gravy is being made from roast veal, lamb, beef or chicken, use milk instead of water added to the brown drippings left in the pan after the fat has been poured off.

Before baking a bluefish the creole cooks pour over it a sauce made from fresh or canned tomatoes in which garlic is chopped. It is then baked until the flesh of the fish flakes, admitting the sauce.

For a quick cake beat until thick four eggs; add four tablespoonsful of sugar, half a cupful of flour, a little cinnamon and lemon rind; beat well and spread on a baking pan; bake in quick oven and cut at once.

Cooking teachers say that the ingredients for pancakes, fritters and the like should be mixed fully two hours before the batter is needed. This, they explain, gives the flour a chance to swell, and the batter is better and more wholesome.

A Clever Horse.

A great many horses are fed on the streets from "catbags" drawn up over their noses and wobbling about in a manner which must make it very uncomfortable to eat one's dinner in that way. The Boston Herald tells of a bright horse down in "Die Alley" which had nearly reached the bottom of his bag. It wobbled awfully, but the oats were sweet and he was hungry. In front of him stood a wagon, and the wagon had a wheel. Happy thought! He walked up to the wheel, rested his canvas bag on the top of it and finished his dinner to the last oat in a comfortable, leisurely fashion and with a twinkle in his eye. If that was not a triumph of mind over matter, what was?

Lightning Precaution.

An electrical engineer declares that the center of the room is the safest place from lightning.

"There is a constant tendency on the part of the electricity in the sky to reach the ground," he says. "To do this it must have a conductor. Atmospheric electricity always follows the outside of the conductor or agency that leads it to the ground. That's why the middle of the room is safest during an electrical storm."

"I know of a number of instances where a bolt of lightning followed the walls of a room, burning it on all four sides, while the people in it, being away from the walls, were only slightly shocked. That is the only safe precaution known to science."

A State Dinner in Venice.

In 1552 the patriarch of Aquileia feted Ranuccio Farnese, the pope's nephew, in the palace on the Giudecca. The rooms were decked with extraordinary sumptuousness, cloth of gold, paintings and illuminations adding to the effect produced by the patriarch's cooks. Among the guests were twelve gentlemen in fancy marine costumes of green satin with red lining, wearing caps of the same colors and each accompanied by a lady dressed in white. This repast lasted four hours, varied by music and the professional entertainers of the day. It ended with the cutting up of certain large pies from which live birds flew out into the room. The guests strove with each other to catch these birds.

CATERPILLAR.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beare the Signatures of

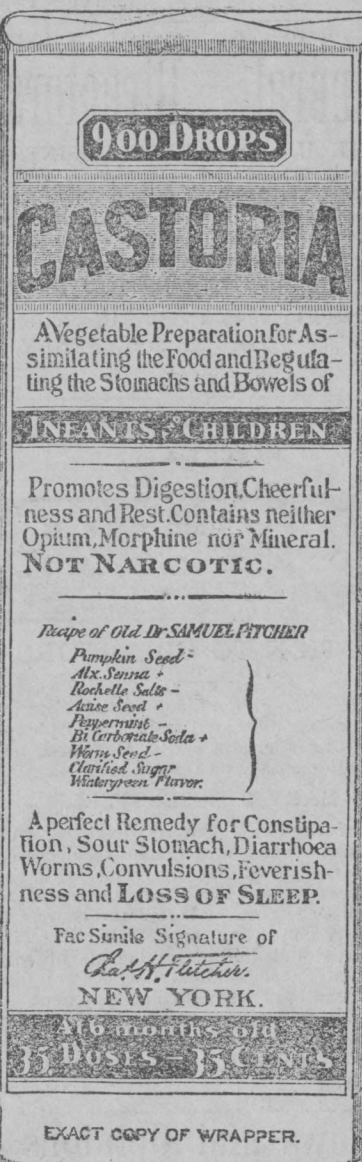
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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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all sizes, prices and kinds. A fine line of all kinds of Carpets, Oil Cloths and Linoleums, Hats and Caps. A full line of felt Boots. I handle the Watkinson & Co Brand of rubber and felt Boot, and Leather, Ladies over shoes, Dynamite, Fuse and Caps. And 5 per cent. off on all cash purchasers.



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WATCHES.

A GOOD CHANCE TO BUY.

But He Hadn't the Nerve to Pay the Price Demanded.

A handsome bachelor of Baltimore, well known in social and educational circles, acknowledges the truth of the following story: He was driving with a very pretty and attractive young woman when on the outskirts of the city they met a lad of about twelve years leading by a chain a singularly ugly but finely bred bull terrier. The pretty girl went into raptures over the dog, and her escort determined the animal should be hers.

"Say, sonny," he called, "what will you take for your dog?"

"Nawthing," replied the lad.

"Nonsense," cried Mr. Blank. "Here's \$5 for him."

"No, I won't. This here dog ain't for sale."

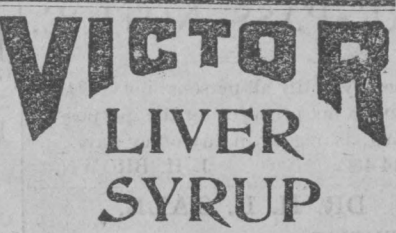
"Ten," said Mr. Blank, and then, growing desperate, "fifteen, twenty." But the owner still refused.

All the time the conversation was going on the youth, although talking to the man in the buggy, kept his eyes fixed on the other occupant of the vehicle, and at last he said gravely:

"I don't want yer money, but if you'll just give that lady there a kiss you may have the dog."

Mr. Blank was speechless. He stared at the boy an instant and then put the whip to his horse, starting him off at a run.

The story goes that a mile was gone over without a word being spoken, when as the horse's rapid gait became slower as it turned down a country lane the pretty girl turned over so slightly and said shyly, "Oh, Mr. Blank, why didn't you buy that dog?"—Baltimore Sun.



REMOVES YOUR TIRED FEELING.

MAKES THE OLD FEEL YOUNG.

PURIFIES AND RENOVATES THE LIVER

AND BLOOD. CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM OF ALL INJURIOUS MATTER.

IT CURES

"Blues", Nervousness, Sleepless-

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Constipation, Rheumatism,

Malaria, Female Trou-

bles, Etc., Etc.

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DOES THIS.

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"During ten successive terms of teaching I had been a constant sufferer from headaches, loss of appetite, and general debility. In a short time after I began using Victor Liver Syrup my headache left me, my appetite came back, and my languidness passed away. I became lively and strong, even to the surprise of my friends. Am increasing in weight and enjoy better health than for years. I owe this great change to Victor Liver Syrup and heartily recommend it to my suffering sisterhood."

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Infant-Relief, 25c.

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Liniment, 25c and 50c.

Liver Pills, 25c per box.

Headache-Cure, 15c.

Poultry Powders, 15c.

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Emmitsburg Chronicle.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

NOTICE.—All announcements of concerts, festivals, picnics, ice cream and cake festivals and similar enterprises, got 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, NOV. 28, 1902.

Horse Blankets at all prices at King's. Snow flakes were flying in the air this morning.

The recent election in Washington county cost \$798.54.

The cost of the Congressional election in Frederick county was \$3,269.05.

CHRISTMAS advertisements are now in order.

Eggs have become so scarce in Cumberland that they are selling at 37 cents a dozen.

The grand jury for Montgomery county found 78 indictments for violation of the Local Option law.

Samuel Winters, of Cavetown, fell from his wagon and was seriously injured while hauling wood.

The teachers of Lonaconing have organized an association, with John T. Walsh as president.

The Elegant Christmas Photograph in art folder. The finest made. By Tipton, Rowe Gallery, Emmitsburg, Saturday, December 6.

"Hello Central". Well. "Please give me phone line for Victor Syrup. It is a sovereign Remedy for Colds, Constipation, Indigestion and Headaches."

State Entomologist, Professor A. L. Quintance, has been investigating orchards infected with the San Jose scale in Kent county and instructing the farmers how to destroy the pest.

The Lonaconing authorities propose building a city hall to include a council chamber and room for officers.

The latest up to date styles in Photographs will be made at the Rowe Gallery, Emmitsburg, by Tipton, the Gettysburg Photographer, Saturday, Dec. 6.

Union Thanksgiving services were held in the Reformed Church yesterday morning. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. L. Orem, of the M. E. Church.

MANY sheep in Kent county have been killed by dogs recently. Tilden Cooper has lost 33 this month.

The public schools of Galena, Kent county, have been closed on account of the prevalence of diphtheria in the community.

Burglars entered the house of Mr. Thos. Hunt, at Elliott City, and stole three gold watches and a small amount of cash.

Justice W. T. Horton, aged 47 years, a surveyor, was killed by the Duquesne limited on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, near Rockville, Wednesday night.

Mr. John F. Rice's home on Flatland farm, Kent county, owned by Mrs. Jere Miller, was totally destroyed by fire Sunday evening.

Elbridge Kyle and Charles Knapp, of Baltimore, have purchased the site of the Hotel Stein, at Myerdale, recently burned, from John Stein for \$10,000 and will build a \$25,000 brick hotel.

Daily J. Hanson, aged 26 years, of Dam No. 4, attempted to commit suicide in front of Downs & Bloom's store, in Downsville, Washington county, because of domestic troubles.

A tramp who refused to give his name fell from a Western Maryland Railroad train down the 30-foot trestle near Cherry Run and was seriously injured.

Nina, the youngest child of William F. Fulton, of Elliott City, was frightfully scalded by another child of the family, who accidentally upset a kettle of boiling water on her.

George Hudson's meathouse, two miles from Rockville, was destroyed by fire. The dwelling was only ten feet away, and that was saved by the efforts of George Shaw and his daughter, Miss Mabel Shaw, near neighbors of Mr. Hudson.

Eugene Caroline, a negro, was lodged in Centerville Jail charged with shooting Ida Brown, a colored woman, on Kent Island last week. The woman says that Caroline shot her five times while he held her.

Mrs. Ellen Rouzer, wife of Vincent Rouzer, died Monday at her home, near Highfield, aged 51 years. She sustained a stroke of paralysis while visiting at the home of Samuel Detro Sunday night. Her husband and five children survive.

LARGE SUNDAY FIRE

Fire in Gans Bros.' umbrella factory and salesroom, 115 Hopkins Place, Baltimore Sunday afternoon, caused losses to that and adjoining property estimated at \$250,000. The losses are:

Gans Bros., stock of umbrellas and parasols, \$150,000 to \$175,000.

John King, of New York, building, about \$75,000.

Dobler and Mudge, stock of paper, by smoke and water, amount not given.

Baltimore Rubber Company, goods stored in Gans Building slightly damaged.

Straus Bros., 43 Hopkins Place, cotton goods damaged by water.

The losses are largely covered by insurance.

Charles Crews, a colored laborer at Woodstock, employed by Mr. John Caver, was killed on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad Saturday. It is supposed that he fell in jumping from a freight train. The body was decapitated.

The 4-year-old son of Mrs. Avis Davis of Chestertown, was kicked on the forehead by a horse and badly hurt. He would probably have died to death had it not been for a little companion of his own age, who dragged him to a place of safety.

John Burns, bookkeeper for the Allegheny Paint Company and son of Councilman Garrett Burns, of Midland, has been stricken with smallpox and has been removed to the detention house, near Cumberland.

Charles E. Huntzberg, manager of the postal Telegraph office at Frederick, has been appointed manager of the Postal office in Hagerstown, succeeding Paul S. Malsack, resigned to go with the Cumberland Valley Railroad.

The town authorities of Hyattsville are claiming \$2,100 from the Prince George's County Commissioners on account of back road tax rebate. The law specifies that all taxes levied within the corporate limits for road purposes shall be refunded to the municipality.

Mrs. Emma Pullman Hand of Elbery, Chautauque county, N. Y., has sold the Fairview mountain property, consisting of three tracts of land west of Clear-spring, embracing in all about 250 acres for \$21,000, to Dr. George N. Souter of Washington, D. C., who will put a sanatorium there.

Through the efforts of Congressman George A. Pearce, Michael McDonnell, a Union veteran and an ex-politician, has been appointed night watchman at the new postoffice and federal court building being erected in Cumberland. McDonnell entered upon his duties last Monday evening.

JOSEPH MORGAN, an employee of the Commonwealth Tanning Company, was killed at the company's works at Huttons, Md., Monday night. Morgan was on the top of a freight car which was being shifted under a bark shed and was caught between the car and the roof and was badly mangled. He leaves a widow and two small children.

Some miscreant attempted to fire the large flour mill of Asa J. Vansant and John Marsteller, on Deer creek, on Friday night. The fire was discovered in time to save the building. Two shoe tracks, evidently one of a woman and the other a man, were found in the morning in soft mud.

A number of captains just returned from the oyster grounds of the Choptank all gave very gloomy reports of the oyster supply and the chances of success for the season's work. With nine tenths of the scrapers the season will prove a failure. Some of these dredgers have discharged their crews and laid their boats up.

Harry Foltz and Samuel Adams, of Hagerstown, were held for the action of the grand jury by Justice Hawkins at Williamsport on the charge of shooting five turkeys belonging to Daniel Davis and one belonging to William L. Lowery in Berkeley county, West Virginia. Each gave \$200 bail. The young men claim they thought the turkeys were wild turkeys.

C. Frank Dotts of Jarrettsville died last Monday evening from the result of injuries received last Wednesday. He had taken a load of wheat to White Hall Station, on the Northern Central railway, and was returning to his home with a two horse team. It is thought that he attempted to go from the wagon to mount the wheel horse. His foot slipped and he fell under both animals' heels.

TRAFFIC on the trolley line between Cumberland, Frostburg and Midland is enormous. All cars are crowded. This line will be completed to Lonaconing this week, and it is expected it will reach Pekin this winter, but will not be completed to Westernport in less than a year. It will not run over into Piedmont, but will be continued on the county road on the Maryland side of the river up to Keyser.

The installation of the Rev. T. S. Wagner as pastor of the Reformed churches at Boonsboro and Funkstown, took place Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the Boonsboro church. The installation committee consisted of Rev. Dr. J. Spangler Keiffer, of Hagerstown; Rev. B. K. Carnahan, of Keedysville; Rev. G. W. Snider, of Boonsboro. Rev. Mr. Wagner, who came to Maryland from St. Paul's College, the Pittsburg Synod, preached in the Funkstown church at 10:30 o'clock Tuesday morning.

PERSONALS. Mr. Charles R. Hoke has returned home from Baltimore. Mr. George H. Mentzer, of Hagerstown, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Mentzer, in this place.

Mr. Richard Zacharias, of Frederick, visited his father, Mr. C. T. Zacharias. Mr. Joseph Rowe, of Gettysburg College, spent Thanksgiving Day, with his mother, in this place.

Mr. Robert Beam, of St. John's College, Annapolis, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beam.

A LITTLE GIRL SHOT.

The 6-year-old child of Jacob Bodman a farmer near Pooleville, was shot accidentally Sunday afternoon. An older sister was shooting at a target with a cat-and-rat rifle, when the little girl ran in front of the target. The bullet struck the child in the temple and entered the brain. Dr. Byron Walding is unable to extract the bullet, and it is thought the child will die.

CATS AS RABBIT HUNTERS

A cat belonging to Lamplighter William V. Boileau, of Middletown, Frederick county, has caught six large rabbits so far this season. Mr. Calvin Routzahn, also of Frederick county, reports that he also has a cat that has caught a number of rabbits this season.

A TEACHER ON HIS MUSCLE

Thomas J. Funkhouser, teacher of Pigsburg Ridge School, near Millstone, Washington county, was assaulted by James Shremaker, who entered the schoolhouse and said he would teach Mr. Funkhouser how to run a school. He objected to the teacher punishing several boys for swearing. He pulled off his coat and made a rush for the door, but he was kicked flat on the floor, with the remark that he was capable of running the school and wanted no help from Shremaker. The pupils, who were in a panic, were hastily dismissed. Mr. Funkhouser was summoned Wednesday before the grand jury.

FIRE IN JAIL

There was an exciting fire in the woman's department of the Allegheny County Jail at Cumberland, Wednesday morning. When the occupants, Ida Long, white, who was picked up in Baltimore some time ago and is now under sentence to the penitentiary for a year, and one Mary Hall, colored, charged with larceny, gave the alarm the flames were leaping to the ceiling. Before the firemen arrived the flames were extinguished. The wainscoting was badly burned. Shilly, a prisoner, believes that the women started the fire but after the flames had gained considerable headway and they were in peril of suffocation they gave the alarm. The fire was kindled in rubbish behind the bathtub.

WANT KEALFOER TO SUCCEED STAKE

At a meeting of the Democratic members of the Washington County Bar Association in the office of Alexander Neill, Hagerstown it was unanimously decided to induce the resignation of Alexander Neill, J. Clarence Lane, Col. C. A. Little, Alexander Armstrong and Lewis Yester was appointed to wait upon Mr. Kealfoer, and if the latter agrees to accept, to go before Governor Smith and urge his appointment.

J. E. S. Pryor was chairman of the meeting and D. C. Gilbert secretary. On motion of State's Attorney Hoffberger a committee consisting of Alexander Neill, J. Clarence Lane, Col. C. A. Little, Alexander Armstrong and Lewis Yester was appointed to wait upon Mr. Kealfoer, and if the latter agrees to accept, to go before Governor Smith and urge his appointment.

HUNTING ACCIDENT.

George Moser, aged 20 years, son of Isiah Moser, near Mount Tabor, Frederick county, accidentally shot and killed himself Monday afternoon of last week. He set his gun against a bank, and in quickly drawing it up to shoot a rabbit he discharged the weapon. The load passing through his right wrist entered his stomach. Dr. Davis, of Boonsboro says 23 shot penetrated the stomach. The young man's condition has become much worse and his death is expected.

TWO CHILDREN BURNED.

Four-year-old Benjamin Harding dying and Preston Joiner, a playmate of about the same age, burned nearly to death is the sad sequel to children playing with matches at Rock Hall. The little fellows crawled into an old organ case and set fire to a lot of inflammable material around the box. In an instant they were engulfed by flames. A colored woman was attracted by their screams and deluged them with water, but not until after they were horribly burned.

BEGGING BOY HER SON

A romance in real life was enacted at Hanover Monday, when a mother accidentally found her son after ten months' fruitless search. Last January James Clare ran away from his home in Trenton, N. J. His mother despaired of ever seeing her son again, but in search came to Hanover. While at a boarding house her son came there begging for food. She recognized the boy, rushed out grasped him and a pathetic scene ensued.

CLEVER CAPTURE OF ROBBIERS

The general merchandise store of Mr. A. C. Jackson, at Principio, Md., was entered Tuesday night by burglars and goods to the amount of \$400 were carried away by the thieves. Sheriff McAllister was notified Wednesday morning, and going to a "trap road" near Berryville, he arrested 15 of the "Wandering Willies," charging them with the robbery. The goods stolen were found in possession of a number of them, and the prisoners were taken to Elkton for a hearing.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD BOY LOST.

Lewis Lochman, the five year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lochman, of the Pigeon Hills, wandered away from his home between 12 and 1 o'clock on Saturday afternoon and was not found until 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. The little boy was finally found, he was footed and wore only a pair of thin trousers and a calico waist. The child seemed to have suffered no bad effects from the fact that he slept in the woods during Saturday night.

A BANK AT SMITHSBURG

A bank has been organized at Smithsburg, Washington county, with the following officers: R. B. Brown, president; S. M. Birely, vice-president; and W. D. Brenner, cashier. The bank will be operated as a State institution and will open January 1. The incorporators hold a charter for the national bank with a capital of \$25,000. The bank will be located in the Monah Metz property, which has been purchased for \$2,200.

DROPPED DEAD

Mrs. Malissa McDonald wife of Thos. McDonald, dropped dead at her home, five miles south of Romney, Va., after she had started to the barnyard to milk the cows. She was about 45 years old and a sister of Thomas G. Powall, a prominent Republican politician and superintendent of the United States Leather Company at Cumberland Maryland.

The passenger agents of the Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroads have been in Frederick arranging to transport the 143 members of the Society of Jesus from the novitiate to their new home, St. Andrew's-on-the-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. They will go to their destination in a special train. They will be in their new home by Christmas.

The matter of the dissolution of the Jeffersonian Library, of Gettysburg, may be taken to court. Rev. Dr. Lodge declared the library dissolved last week, and a committee was appointed to distribute to each contributor his proportion of the property. Those opposed to the dissolution have taken charge of the property and say the library shall be continued.

The fifth Annual Meeting of the Maryland State Horticultural Society, will be held in Dushane Post Hall, Baltimore, Thursday and Friday, December 18 and 19. Everybody is invited to attend these meetings.

LINE TO HAGERSTOWN.

Within the next three or four weeks the Frederick County Telephone and Telegraph Company will have a line to Hagerstown in working order. Connections will be made with the lines of the United Telephone Company of Hagerstown on the top of the mountain, above Myersville, and the connection will give the latter company a line to Baltimore, while it will give the local company connection with scores of places in Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia and Pennsylvania. The United Company has between 800 and 900 "phone in use in Hagerstown. On its entire system it has 12,000. Through a toll line reaching Winchester the United taps the rich country at the head of the Valley of Virginia. This line is being rebuilt and made up-to-date in every respect, beside its capacity being increased. Berryville, Martinsburg, Charlestown, Shepherdstown and Harper's Ferry are among the places that will be given Baltimore connection when the new extension is made. The local company has also made arrangements for the extension of its Emmitsburg line to connect with Gettysburg, Pa., and other extensions are contemplated.

HIS MOONMOON WAS SHORT LIVED

A German with a Weber & Fields' accent nearly threw the Baltimore Western Police district housemen into a panic on Monday night. Just as Lieutenant Rowe and his assistants were indulging in the perfect recreation of awaiting the dawn of day at the Teuton rushed into the station and cried: "I want my wife."

"Where is she?" asked the lieutenant. "I don't know," replied the German. "Do not worry I come here; I want you to find her."

"What's her name?" again queried Lieutenant Rowe. "I don't know replied the Teuton. "Dot is my I came here."

"I'll tell you just what she has done," said the visitor. "I ask her to marry me, and she said yes. Den she said give me \$10 to buy a dress. I give her the money—we get married. Dot was the last night. Dis morning ven I wake up she is gone and \$20 of my money is also gone, and I don't know where she is, yet."

Come tomorrow and see the 'squire, was the advice given by the lieutenant; but the Teuton with a grievance has not yet made his reappearance.—Baltimore Herald.

A YOUNG FARMER COMMITS SUICIDE.

Samuel Bromwell, aged 31 years, of Neavitt, Md., on Broad Creek, committed suicide Wednesday morning about 8 o'clock by drowning.

Bromwell, at the breakfast table, said he would go down to the shore, row out to his brother's boat and bale the water out of it. He cut off several feet of canoe anchor line near the shore. He tied the end about his neck and jumped overboard. He had previously set loose all the skiffs at or near the landing. About 10 o'clock he was missed by his brother.

The body was found near the canoe with his head gashed by coming in contact with the anchor. Bromwell was engaged in farming, and was a son of the late Robert C. Bromwell, of Neavitt. A mother, two sisters—Mrs. Susan Harrison, of St. Michaels, and Mrs. Thomas H. Jones, of Neavitt—and two brothers—William and Cornelius Bromwell—survive.

SICKLY screaming Babies are not pretty. If you want a sweet child and a happy home keep Victor Infants Relief and Victor Liver Syrup on hand for Baby.

If you want photographs for Christmas, have your sitting made Saturday, Dec. 6th, at the Rowe Gallery, Emmitsburg. Tipton will be there with all the latest styles.

GOOD CALIFORNIA PRUNES, 4 lbs. for 25 CTS., at KING'S.

COTTON GROWN IN MARYLAND

Simon I. Kemp raised on his farm, near Phoenix, Baltimore county, this year, an acre of cotton. Unfortunately, Mr. Kemp was late in planting, and his crop was slightly nipped by frost before it reached full maturity. Mr. Kemp is not discouraged, however, and will try again next year. "I did not get the seed in until about June 1," said he. "Next year I will plant about the middle of April. I have heard enough about taking the mills to the cotton, and now I am going to bring the cotton to the mills."

The cotton plants grew to a height of fully three feet and carried from 15 to 22 bolls each. These burst well, and show the white fleece well developed. An expert who has examined the field states that it would make from 600 to 700 pounds of ginned cotton. This expert has gathered a quantity of the cotton and will experiment to see if, even in its frostbitten condition, it is not of considerable value.

STILL AMONG THE LIVING

The New Oxford Item says: The many friends of William J. Noel, son of our worthy townsman, Mr. P. J. Noel, will be glad to learn that he is still among the living. William left New Oxford about 15 years ago and for the past nine years all trace of him has been lost. Last week his father received a letter from his daughter, (formerly Miss Mattie) now a Sister of Charity, stationed at Newark, N. J., stating that she had learned from the Mother Sister of the hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., informing her that William Noel, formerly of New Oxford, was an orderly, having charge over a department of the institution and was well and hearty. The Sister at Newark and the Sister of the institution were former class-mates and that is how the discovery was made of William's whereabouts.

Mr. Joseph H. Neff, of Gaithersburg district, Montgomery county, died suddenly in Washington on Saturday, aged 71 years. [Mr. Neff was an employee at the Government Printing Office in Washington when he died. He was also a deputy clerk in the Court of Appeals at Annapolis, having been appointed by Gen. Allen Rutherford while he was clerk. General Rutherford married his only child, Mr. Neff came to Maryland from South Carolina

GIRL ENDS HER LIFE.

Miss Carrie Benson, Despondent, Severs Windpipe.

Miss Carrie Benson, 25 years old, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor about 6:30 o'clock Monday morning at her home, 1831 Jefferson street, Baltimore. She died in a few minutes after drawing the weapon across her throat.

The windpipe, jugular veins and right carotid artery were severed. Coroner Hirsch was notified and, after investigating the case, decided that an inquest was unnecessary, as the wound was inflicted with suicidal intent.

The family of the dead girl are completely prostrated. She arose early Monday morning as was her custom, and assisted one of her sisters in preparing breakfast. She was soon joined by all the other members of the family except her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Benson, who remained in bed. While her sisters, of whom she has several, were at the breakfast table she left them to go into the kitchen, where Mr. Benson keeps his shaving paraphernalia. Without a word of warning Miss Benson snatched up the razor and drew it across her throat.

All those in the adjoining room heard her fall to the floor, and they rushed to her side at once. Their shrieks attracted the attention of Mr. Benson, who hurried to the room to learn what his daughter had done. Some of the family started for a physician and other attempted to stop the flow of blood. Death came soon, however, that there was no opportunity to save the life of the dying girl. Impaired health is the reason the family assign for Miss Benson's deed. Since August she had been complaining. Last Saturday she had a fainting attack and spent most of the day in bed. No one supposed that her condition was serious. Her long sickness had made her extremely nervous, and it is presumed that she killed herself while in an excited state of mind.

THE GOOD EFFECT OF BUILDING A MODEL ROAD IN HARFORD.

Extensive highway improvements are in prospect for Harford county, surveys for some of the work have already been completed. As the model road between Belair and Churchville, constructed for the County Commissioners by the Maryland Geological Survey, neared completion an interest in the improvement of roads extended generally through the county. That road was constructed under the bequest of Mr. Woolsey. Most residents of Harford know it as the Woolsey road and many of them drove over a section of it while the recent county fair was in progress at Belair. Now that it is finished, a strong desire has been manifested in other sections of the county for roads like it.

The Maryland Geological Survey, at the invitation of the County Commissioners, has accordingly prepared plans for a continuation of the same highway from Churchville to Havre de Grace. The Commissioners expect to commence the extension early in the spring and they will shortly invite bids for the work. Mr. A. N. Johnson, the highway engineer of the Geological Survey, has reported that it will be much cheaper to approach Havre de Grace through Aldino than by way of the village of Level. When the specifications are carried out the county will have 16 consecutive miles of the best modern construction on one of its main highways.

BEAVER CREEK'S SUPERB CHURCH.

The handsome new church which is being erected by the Christian congregation at Beaver Creek, Washington county, is now under roof and the work is pushing rapidly toward completion. Including the Sunday school annex the building is 56 by 84 feet in dimensions. The edifice is of brick, with Warsaw (Ind.) stone trimmings. It will be lighted with electricity and heated either by steam or hot water. Leaded glass of appropriate design will fill the large window frames. Between the church proper and the Sunday school there will be sliding doors.

Quartered oak, circular pews will be placed in the main auditorium, which will have a seating capacity of between 500 and 600 while the Sunday school room will seat 300. The cost of the structure will be over \$15,000, and when completed it will be one of the most complete and costly country churches in this section of Western Maryland and Cumberland Valley. A large part of the cost has been defrayed by the late B. F. Newcomer, of Baltimore, a native Beaver Creek, who bequeathed a considerable sum of money for the erection of this church. The edifice will be dedicated early next spring.

Rev John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

After using Ely's Cream Balm six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh.—Joseph Stewart, Grand Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cents or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

JUDGE STAKE'S ESTATE.

The first step toward settling up the estate of the late Judge Edward Stake was taken Tuesday when Messrs. John B. Stake and Melchior Stake, brothers of the deceased, and Col. C. A. Little, attorney, took out letters of administration in the Orphans Court at Hagerstown. The personal estate is estimated to be worth about \$40,000, and bond was given by the administrators for \$80,000. A thorough search has been made, but a will could not be found. The exact value of the realty owned by Judge Stake is not known. The entire estate is estimated at over \$100,000.

CLEMSON—Troxell

For The Chronicle.

Miss Naomi Troxell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James V. Troxell, of near Emmitsburg, was married on Wednesday, the 26th inst., at one o'clock, to Mr. Claude Cramer Clemson, of Union Bridge, Md., at the home of the bride's parents. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. H. J. McAllister, pastor of St. Paul's Reformed Church, Union Bridge, Md., took place in the rear parlor, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion with palms and chrysanthemums. The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chine over moire silk with accordion plaited flounce and trimmed with medallions of Duchess lace and white chiffon. She carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums.

Miss Marion Troxell, sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She was attired in white Paris muslin over taffeta and carried white carnations. Mr. Chas. O. Clemson, of the Westminster Bar, brother of the groom, was best man. Miss Janet Zacharias, of Chambersburg, Pa.; Elizabeth Troxell, sister of the bride, Lottie Englar, Linwood, Md., and Bessie Clemson, sister of the groom, who were attired in white mull, Whistler, Carlisle, Pa., who were green, froulaid, trimmed with liberty silk and applique, played the wedding march. A reception followed the wedding. An elaborate collation was served at small tables in the dining-room, which had been handsomely decorated. The bride carried the huge bride's cake with a large dirk knife which had been used aboard the Merrimac in the civil war.

A number of the friends and relatives of the bride and groom were present at the ceremony. The couple left on an evening train for Baltimore and other cities.

WHITE-KIEFFER

Miss Eleanor Spangler Kieffer, youngest daughter of Reverend and Mrs. J. Spangler Kieffer, was married to Mr. Samuel George White, of Hagerstown, formerly of South Carolina. The wedding took place at 7:30 o'clock Monday evening in Zion Reformed Church, Hagerstown, which was filled with the relatives and friends of the couple. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father. The church was decorated with palms, ferns and white chrysanthemums. Mr. Frank E. Cook played the wedding music. The choir chanted the responses and the Lord's Prayer.

The maid of honor was Miss Elizabeth Knisely, of Harrisburg, Pa. The bride wore a gown of white liberty silk.

The ushers were Messrs. Paul Kieffer, A. Kemp Keefer and Guy Motter, of Frederick; John Dietrich, of Lancaster, Pa.; J. Frederick Fechtig, of Hagerstown, and D. M. Karcher, of Philadelphia.

The bride entered the church with her brother, Mr. John B. Kieffer, who gave her away.

Mr. Henri L. G. Kieffer, a brother of the bride and a student of the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster, Pa., was best man.

MECKLEY—HARE.

On Thursday evening Nov. 20, at 5:30 o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob G. Hare, of Fairfield, their youngest daughter, Miss Eliza J., was married to Mr. Jacob Meckley, of York. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. McDermott, of Waynesboro. The bride was attired in blue silk and carried white chrysanthemums. The parlor was handsomely decorated with potted fern and cut flowers. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding supper was served. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and useful presents. At about 8 o'clock the Fairfield band gave the happy couple a serenade after which all the members were cordially invited to the dining room to partake of refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Meckley left Friday for their future home in Dubois, where the groom runs a large bakery establishment.

If you are bilious and seeking advisers, Take DeWitt's Little Early Risers, Just before going to bed.

You will find on the morrow, You are rid of your sorrow— That's all; just enough said.

These famous pills do not gripe, but move the bowels gently and easily, cleansing the liver. Their tonic effect gives strength to the glands, preventing a return of the disorder. T. E. Zimmerman & Co.

Tipton, the Gettysburg Photographer, will be at the Rowe Gallery, Emmitsburg, Saturday, Dec. 6th, prepared to make Photographs of all sizes and styles.

RAISINS, Currants and Citron, at lowest prices, at KING'S.

DEATH OF JOHN H. BLAKE

John H. Blake, a retired newspaper man, died at his home, in Hagerstown, Wednesday, of paralysis, aged 62 years. He began as a compositor on the Evening Star in Washington, D. C., and afterward became a reporter on that paper. During President Lincoln's administration he was assigned to the White House and the President took a personal interest in him. Mr. Blake told many good stories about Mr. Lincoln.

After 14 years' service on the Star he returned to Hagerstown and engaged in merchandising. Afterward he took a position on the Hagerstown Globe and then went with the Herald and Torchlight. He next purchased the interest of P. A. Wimer in the Daily News, which was run by Mr. Blake and John N. Adams, until the paper was consolidated with the Herald and Torchlight. After this he became a hotel clerk. He was an active democrat and served several years as Tax Collector of Hagerstown. He was a notary public at the time of his death.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"It has been a long time since we have been without Hood's Sarsaparilla. My father thinks he could not do without it. He has been troubled with rheumatism since he was a boy, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine he can take that will enable him to take his place in the field." Miss Ada Dorr, Sidney, Iowa.

Preserved in the Postal Museum at the National Capital.

One of the most interesting relics of absolute postal service to be seen at the museum in Washington, says the Washington Post, is an old time Rocky Mountain combination passenger and mail coach, built in 1853. This was among the first of its kind to carry the mails in Montana, the route of this particular coach being from Helena to Bozeman, the trip consuming a week. The residents along the same section now receive four mails daily. The coach was donated to the museum by S. S. Hunter, general manager of the Yellowstone Park Transportation company. It was captured by Indians in 1877 and recaptured after a hot pursuit by General Howard. Many distinguished persons have traveled in it, among them being General Garfield, before he was president; President Arthur, on a visit to Montana in 1883; and General Sherman, on a tour of inspection in 1877. The latter was a passenger when the coach made the distance from Fort Ellis to Helena, 108 miles, in eight hours, six horses being the team, with frequent relays.

This antiquated affair on wheels is the staid pure, typical stagecoach of the Beadle dime novel. The James Brothers and the Fords may have enriched themselves by looting this identical relic of the west. There are a front and rear boot, the former, under the driver's seat, being the repository of Uncle Sam's mail bags; the rear boot serving to carry baggage. Heavy leather spindles and rollers support the wheels from an inch thick enabled the vehicle to withstand the rough usage to which it was subjected. With a capacity inside for nine people, others riding on top and beside the driver, with slots in the sides of the coach through which rifles could be aimed, it seemed evident that a knight of the road had to be reckless mood to tackle one of these once a week "expresses."

POULTRY POINTERS.

Never give poultry water in the morning before feeding.

All the stimulants breeding fowls need is wholesome food and drink in proper quantities.

To fatten the cockerels rapidly, confine them in close quarters and feed cornmeal cooked in milk.

Short legged fowls fatten quickly. Long legs are hard to fatten. Those first hatched fatten quickest in a brood.

Fowls seldom tire of milk. They may eat too much grain or meat, but milk in any form is palatable and healthy.

The roosting poles should be on a level with each other. This will prevent the fowls all trying to roost on the top perch.

A fowl or animal in which an excellence is constitutional is apt to transmit all this excellence in all the developed power and beauty to its progeny.

In selecting for breeding the pullet should be at least a year younger than the cock. This will conduce to the strength and good health of the offspring.

A String to It.

Bridge and Norah Murphy, fresh from Ellis Island, had set out to make their "return call" on their cousins, the McGooligans, at service in an aristocratic part of the city. Upon arriving at the house, instead of being confronted by the usual bell knob, nothing but a stinky, mean apology of a knob in the shape of a little black button met them. Bridget got hold of the button and gave it a pull, but her fingers slipped before there was any audible ring from within. Again and again she tried with the same result, until she turned the job over to "Nannie." Then the latter yanked and twisted without success, until both stood on the landing gazing helplessly at each other. Then light came into Bridget.

"I'll tell you phwat it is," she said. "They're playin' th' joke on us fur greenhorns an' th' devils are within wouldn't th' shting?"—New York Tribune.

The Blue of the Sapphire.

The blue of the sapphire is seldom pure or spread over the whole substance of the stone. Sometimes it is a flaky appearance, sometimes with red, which, although unattractive by daylight, yet by artificial light gives it an amethystine appearance. Two sapphires which by daylight may appear of the same hue often differ extremely in color at night. If the stone be held in an ordinary pair of forceps and held beneath the surface of very clear water, the parts of the stone colored and discolored will be distinctly apparent. This remark applies to all other gems.

Realistic.

The Landscape Painter—Don't you know, I'm quite a realist.

The Animal Painter (sarcastically)—Well, well! Who'd have thought it?

The Landscape Painter—Fact, I assure you, I never smoke when I'm painting a hazy atmosphere.

How to Keep Young.

One of the secrets of keeping young, vigorous and supple joints is to continue to practice the activities of youth and to refuse to allow the mind to stiffen the muscles by its suggestion of age limitations. If men like Peter Cooper and William E. Gladstone, who kept up the vitalizing exercises of robust manhood when far into the eighties, had succumbed at forty to the thought of approaching age, how much of their valuable life work would have remained undone!—Success.

A Sarcist.

"Somehow," said the girl in blue, "I can't help wishing I had accepted him."

"Why, dear?" asked the girl in gray.

"Why, he swore that he'd never be happy again, and I'm afraid he is."

"Ah, yes," commented the girl in gray reflectively. "As matters are now you can't be sure that he isn't, but if you'd married him you could make sure of it."—Chicago Post.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

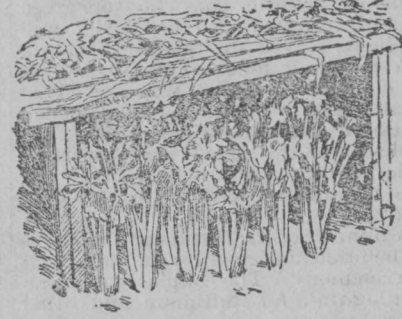
FARM GARDEN

CELERY STORAGE.

How Growers Store and Small Handle the Last of the Season's Crop.

Large growers handle the last of the celery crop by the method known as trenching. The celery is partially banked with earth and allowed to remain where grown so long as there is no danger from heavy frosts. The work of trenching will be greatly facilitated by setting up two parallel lines of twelve fish boards about eighteen or twenty inches apart, between which the celery is packed with the roots imbedded in the soil. When the space between the boards is filled, the soil is thrown up on the outside to the tops of the boards.

Another method of trenching is to excavate a pit (see first cut) to a depth



CROSS SECTION OF PIT FOR CELERY.

of about twenty-four inches and three feet wide and of any desired length. Thoroughly loosen the soil in the bottom or shovel in loose top soil to form a bed in which the roots of celery may be set. Pack this trench with fully grown plants, placing the roots close together with considerable soil adhering to them. As the celery is placed in the trench it should be well watered and the trench allowed to remain open long enough for the tops to become dried off. Unless the soil is very dry at the time of storing or extended warm weather should follow, it will not be necessary to apply any more water. Place a twelve inch board on edge along one side of the trench and bank up the surplus earth on the outside. Cover the trench with a roof of boards, sash, straw or poles or cornstalks from which the tops have been removed, placing the stalks across the pit with one end resting on the board and the other on the ground. Spread over this a light covering of straw or other close packing material, and as the weather becomes colder increase the covering to keep out frost. Celery stored in this manner will keep until late in the winter, and while the method is too laborious for application on a large commercial scale it is to be recommended for the use of the farmer and small grower because of its simplicity.

Almost without exception the larger northern growers have found it unprofitable to store celery for late keeping, and those who still adhere to the practice do so in order that they may control and supply a special trade. Even under special circumstances there is only a moderate profit in storing for late marketing. Where these circumstances exist the best form of storage is a broad and low structure with low walls and even span roof coming almost to the ground at the sides. The roof should be of heavy planks, with one end resting on top of the wall and the other on a ridge pole supported by a line of posts through the center. The cracks between the roof planks may be battened with old celery blanching boards and the whole covered to a depth of four inches with earth and sodded over or double roofed to keep out frost.

The ends of the house should be built double, with a dead air space between.

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LIKE TO BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Yes! Well, Here is One Man Who Would Rather Be Excused.

"We all say that we'd like to be young again, but I doubt if we really mean it," says Harvey Sutherland in Ainslee's. "We'd like to have as good health as we had when we cast our first vote, and we'd like to be able to visit the dentist so often and so expensively. But if it came to the point that the gent bounced off before us and said: 'What is your wish?' I will obey, I and the other slaves of the lamp, I fancy we should study quite awhile, with many a 'Why-ah, let me see now,' before we plucked up the courage to blurt out, 'Make me twenty-one again.'"

"Because, you know, you haven't any too much sense now, with all your experience of the world, and if you were twenty-one again it would have to be in mind as well as in body. The mind is what the body is. It seems a terrible price to pay for a new set of teeth and an undiminished appetite. What? To walk again that weary, tortuous road; to discover again how many kinds of a fool and a failure one can be, and not half try either; to have to take over again all those terms of old Professor Experience? Huh-uh! Not for me. You may if you like. Even if I could start anew with what I have learned of life, which would come far short of what I should really need, it seems to me that it would be a bore to have to sit through the performance again. I suppose if ever there was a successful man, a lucky man, it was Martin Luther, and yet when the electress of Brandenburg wished for forty more birthdays he told her he would sooner give up every hope of heaven he had than spend forty years more on earth. To be sure, he would have had to spend them in Germany, but that's a detail."

A Great Speech.
A lawyer whose eloquence was of the spread eagle sort was addressing the jury at great length, and his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Mr. B. is making a great speech," said a friend to the bored counsel.

"Oh, yes, Mr. B. always makes a great speech, if you or I had occasion to announce that two and two make four, we'd just foot me to blurt it right out. Not so Mr. B. He would say:

"If, by that arithmetical rule known as addition, we desired to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers, we should find—and I assert this boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetical formula before mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the two other integers would be four!"

Epigrams in Dialogue.
The following "bouquet" is picked from various plays, successful and otherwise:

Nothing can work such havoc as a fool.—"Sowing the Wind."

We may scale a mountain only to trip over a mole hill.—"Queen's Favorite."

Those who wait for other men's shoes must tread roughly sometimes.—"Alone."

Life's like bacchanal. Chance gives the cards. We only play what's dealt us.—"John Dunford, M. P."

Joy, joy—one cannot touch joy every day. One must take things as they are.—"Pelleas and Melicande."

Wrinkles, you know, my dear, are the diary of a woman's life in cipher.—"His Excellency the Governor."

In a woman's word book "I hate you" often means "I like you." That's worth remembering.—"The Tormagant."

Ladies, like bills of exchange, are allowed a little grace and, unlike bills of exchange, are much pleasanter to meet.—"Her Own Rival."

I suppose honesty's like the goat. It runs in certain families for several generations, and then it skips a generation.—"The Rogue's Comedy."

Oh, isn't there one perfect world out of all the millions, just one, where everything goes right and fiddles never get out of tune?—"The Masqueraders."

An Essay on Rain.
"In a general way I approve of rains," said the grumpy person when he reached home after a drenching.

"They are a fine thing when they come decently and in good order," as he placed his umbrella where it would drip on the parlor carpet—"but I want cracks between the roof planks may be battened with old celery blanching boards and the whole covered to a depth of four inches with earth and sodded over or double roofed to keep out frost."

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ELEPHANTS.

How Grow Nine Feet High, the Male's Joints Being Under Eight Feet.

The average term of an elephant's life, although there is no precise information on the point, is seventy or eighty years. The elephant is not in full vigor and strength till thirty-five. The most ready way of forming an approximate idea of the age is by the amount of turn over of the upper edge of the tusk. In young animals, sometimes up to the age of eight or nine years, the edge is quite straight. It, however, then begins to turn over, and by the time the animal is thirty the edges lap over to the extent of an inch, and between this age and sixty this increases to two inches or slightly more. Extravagant ideas are held as to the height of an elephant. Such a thing as an elephant measuring ten feet at the shoulder does not exist in India or Burma. Sanderson, who is admitted to be the best authority on the subject, says the largest male he ever met with measured 9 feet 10 inches and the tallest female 8 feet 3 inches. The majority of elephants, however, are below eight feet, and an animal rarely reaches nine feet, the female being slightly shorter than the male. The carcass of an elephant 7 feet 4 inches tall weighed in portions gave a total weight of 3,000 pounds, so an elephant weighing two tons should be common enough. The skin was about three-fourths of an inch thick.

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THE CATARRH

CLEANSING AND HEALING CURE FOR CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Easy and pleasant to use. Contains no in-
dustrial drugs.
It is quickly absorbed.
It is the best remedy for
COLD IN THE HEAD
It cures and cleanses
the nasal passages.
It relieves inflammation.
It heals and protects the membrane.
Restores the
Senses of Taste and Smell. Large Size, 50 cents,
at Druggists or by mail; Trial, 10 cents, by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 55 Warren Street, New York

Emmitsburg Rail Road.

On and after Sept. 28, 1902, trains on this road will run as follows:

TIME TABLE.

Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 7.50 and 10.00 a. m., and 2.55 and 4.50 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8.20 and 10.30 a. m., and 3.25 and 5.30 p. m.

Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.20 and 10.30 a. m., and 3.25 and 5.30 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 8.55 and 10.00 a. m., and 4.01 and 7.04 p. m.

WM. A. HIMES, Pres't.

Western Maryland Railroad

MAIN LINE

Schedule in Effect Sept. 28th, 1902.

Read Downward	STATIONS	Read Upward
9:10 A. M.	Le Cherry Run at 9:40	A. M. P. M.
9:30 A. M.	Big Pool at 10:00	8:45 A. M. 8:45 P. M.
9:50 A. M.	Clear Spring at 10:20	8:55 A. M. 8:55 P. M.
10:10 A. M.	Charlton at 10:40	9:05 A. M. 9:05 P. M.
10:30 A. M.	N. Williamsport at 11:00	9:15 A. M. 9:15 P. M.
10:50 A. M.	Ac. Hagerstown at 11:20	9:25 A. M. 9:25 P. M.

Read Downward	STATIONS	Read Upward
1:10 P. M.	Le Hagerstown at 1:40	A. M. P. M.
1:30 P. M.	Chowchilla at 1:50	1:05 P. M. 1:05 P. M.
1:50 P. M.	Smithsburg at 2:10	1:15 P. M. 1:15 P. M.
2:10 P. M.	Elkton at 2:30	1:25 P. M. 1:25 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	Pen-Ma at 2:40	1:35 P. M. 1:35 P. M.
2:50 P. M.	Bennett's Springs at 3:00	1:45 P. M. 1:45 P. M.
3:10 P. M.	Ac. Hagerstown at 3:20	1:55 P. M. 1:55 P. M.

Read Downward	STATIONS	Read Upward
3:30 P. M.	Le Hagerstown at 4:00	A. M. P. M.
3:50 P. M.	Chowchilla at 4:10	2:05 P. M. 2:05 P. M.
4:10 P. M.	Smithsburg at 4:30	2:15 P. M. 2:15 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	Elkton at 4:40	2:25 P. M. 2:25 P. M.
4:50 P. M.	Pen-Ma at 5:00	2:35 P. M. 2:35 P. M.
5:10 P. M.	Bennett's Springs at 5:20	2:45 P. M. 2:45 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	Ac. Hagerstown at 5:40	2:55 P. M. 2:55 P. M.

Read Downward	STATIONS	Read Upward
5:50 P. M.	Le Hagerstown at 6:20	A. M. P. M.
6:10 P. M.	Chowchilla at 6:30	3:05 P. M. 3:05 P. M.
6:30 P. M.	Smithsburg at 6:40	3:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M.
6:50 P. M.	Elkton at 7:00	3:25 P. M. 3:25 P. M.
7:10 P. M.	Pen-Ma at 7:10	3:35 P. M. 3:35 P. M.
7:30 P. M.	Bennett's Springs at 7:20	3:45 P. M. 3:45 P. M.
7:50 P. M.	Ac. Hagerstown at 7:40	3:55 P. M. 3:55 P. M.

Read Downward	STATIONS	Read Upward
8:10 P. M.	Le Hagerstown at 8:40	A. M. P. M.
8:30 P. M.	Chowchilla at 8:50	4:05 P. M. 4:05 P. M.
8:50 P. M.	Smithsburg at 9:00	4:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M.
9:10 P. M.	Elkton at 9:20	4:25 P. M. 4:25 P. M.
9:30 P. M.	Pen-Ma at 9:30	4:35 P. M. 4:35 P. M.
9:50 P. M.	Bennett's Springs at 9:40	4:45 P. M. 4:45 P. M.
10:10 P. M.	Ac. Hagerstown at 9:50	4:55 P. M. 4:55 P. M.

Read Downward	STATIONS	Read Upward
10:30 P. M.	Le Hagerstown at 11:00	A. M. P. M.
10:50 P. M.	Chowchilla at 11:10	5:05 P. M. 5:05 P. M.
11:10 P. M.	Smithsburg at 11:20	5:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M.
11:30 P. M.	Elkton at 11:30	5:25 P. M. 5:25 P. M.
11:50 P. M.	Pen-Ma at 11:40	5:35 P. M. 5:35 P. M.
12:10 A. M.	Bennett's Springs at 11:50	5:45 P. M. 5:45 P. M.
12:30 A. M.	Ac. Hagerstown at 12:00	5:55 P. M. 5:55 P. M.

Additional trains leave Hagerstown for Union Bridge and Intermediate Stations at 10:15 a. m. and 2:15 p. m., and leave Union Bridge for Hagerstown and Intermediate Stations at 10:45 a. m. and 2:45 p. m., daily, except Sundays.

Sundays Only.—Leave Hagerstown for Union Bridge and Intermediate Stations at 10:15 a. m. and 2:15 p. m., and leave Union Bridge for Hagerstown and Intermediate Stations at 10:45 a. m. and 2:45 p. m., daily, except Sundays.

Baltimore & Cumberland Valley R. R.
Leave Hagerstown for Shipping and Intermediate Stations at 7:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., and leave Shipping for Hagerstown and Intermediate Stations at 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., daily, except Sundays.

Trains Via Altoona and Cat-O-Hat.
Leave Hagerstown for Cat-O-Hat and Intermediate Stations at 7:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m., and leave Cat-O-Hat for Hagerstown and Intermediate Stations at 7:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., daily, except Sundays.

Leave Rocky Ridge for Emmitsburg at 8:20 and 10:30 a. m., and 3:25 and 5:30 p. m., and leave Emmitsburg for Rocky Ridge at 8:55 and 10:00 a. m., and 4:01 and 7:04 p. m.

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