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ANTHONY WAYNE.

The Revolutionary Hero Was a Soldier Even as a Boy.

Wayne was one of the leading spirits of the American Revolution. He served throughout the war, most of the time with the rank of general. What he was as a boy will interest readers, and this they may learn from his biography, written by Mr. John R. Spear.

When he was about fifteen years old Wayne was attending a school taught by his uncle, Gilbert (or Gabriel) Wayne, and this uncle, exasperated at the boy's conduct, wrote the following letter to Anthony's father, Isaac Wayne: "I really expect that parental affection blinds you and that you have mistaken your son's capacity. What he may be best qualified for I know not. One thing I am certain of—he will never make a scholar. He may perhaps make a soldier. He has already distracted the brains of two-thirds of the boys under my charge by rehearsals of battles, sieges, etc.

"They exhibit more the appearance of Indians and barlequins than of students—this one decorated with a cap of many colors, others habited in coats as variegated, like Joseph's of old; some laid up with broken heads and black eyes. During noon, in place of the usual games of amusement, he has the boys employed in throwing up redoubts, skirmishing, etc. "I must be candid with you, Brother Isaac. Unless Anthony pays more attention to his books I shall be under the painful necessity of dismissing him from the school."

WORSHIPED AS A GOD.

An English General Who Was Deified by East Indians.

John Nicholson, British colonel and brigadier general, was once worshiped as a god. He was the eldest son of Alexander Nicholson, a physician of Dublin. This gallant soldier distinguished himself in the Punjab campaign of 1848-49, when he was appointed a deputy commissioner of the annexed Punjab under Sir Henry Lawrence. At Bannu, dealing wisely with an ignorant and bloodthirsty people, he evolved in the course of five years such order and respect for law that murder and highway robbery, previously so rife, were unknown in the district.

He so impressed his powerful personality on the natives that he became to them a demigod, and in Hazara a brotherhood of fakirs in 1848 instituted a religious cult for the worship of "Nikhil-Seyan," which continued to flourish in spite of Nicholson's efforts to suppress it even by punishment.

At a moment of victory during the siege of Delhi in 1857 this hero fell mortally wounded in the street while leading his men. He died a few days later on the 23d of September, 1857, and was buried in front of the Kasimil gate.

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

The Practice of Consulting Scripture as a Book of Fate.

The practice of consulting Scripture as a book of fate was generally condemned by the church. A council at Vannes pronounced against it in 461 A. D. So did one at Agde in 506 and one at Auxerre in 585. Charles the Great forbade it in his capitularies, and so did Pope Gregory II. Nevertheless curiosity as to the future was so strong in men's minds that the custom continued.

An old chronicle is that the cathedral chapter at Orleans in 1146 appeared to a prognostic of this sort in a supplication addressed by them to Pope Alexander III. against their bishop. At his consecration, when the gospel was opened above his head, the finger of the deacon rested upon the words, "And he left the linen cloth and died from them naked." This was a token that the bishop Elias was to be turned out of his see.

The practice of observing the book when opened over the head of a prelate at his consecration was very common. It was thought that a sure augury could thence be drawn as to what sort of a bishop he would prove.—Chambers' Journal.

England's First Railroad.

The traveling on the first railroad in England was not very comfortable undoubtedly. The coaches were at first only coupled with chains, as wagons are now, so that they jerked the unfortunate passengers nearly off their seats at starting and clashed violently against each other when the driver put on his brake. When fairly in motion, if the speed was any but the slowest, the very short wheel base produced a pitching action so trying that if the journey had not been a short one it would have seriously affected the popularity of the railway as a means of passenger transit.

A Cure for Eczema.

My baby had eczema so bad that its head was a solid mass of scabs, and its hair all came out. I tried many remedies but none seemed to do any permanent good until I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. The Eczema is cured, the scabs are gone and the little one's scalp is perfectly clean and healthy, and its hair is growing beautifully again. I cannot give too much praise to DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.—Frank Farmer, Bluff City, Ky. In buying Witch Hazel Salve look out for counterfeits. DeWitt's is the original and the only one containing pure Witch Hazel. The name E. C. DeWitt & Co. is on every box. Sold by all Druggists.

THE SLED BOAT.

Ingenious Combination Devised by the Fire Island Life Savers.

The life savers attached to Uncle Sam's stations on Fire Island encountered great difficulties and dangers in crossing the Great South bay to the Long Island shore, either by water craft or ice craft. Still, naturally enough, they had a longing to visit family and friends when the great island sea was choked with drift ice or partly frozen over. These ingenious people long ago realized the needs of a vehicle capable of traveling on either ice or water safely, and years ago they launched the first "scooter," a boat constructed to travel on both ice and in water. It was a small boat, made fast to a sled, which was pushed on the ice and towed on the water. This crude mode of travel, with the wind against or across the boat, made the trip one of tremendous exertion. In the course of time a sail was tried, at first square rigged and very small, but it was used only when the wind was fair. Then a special boat was built which was partially decked, and the sled was made lighter until at last the scooter of the present day came about, with nothing left of the sled but the bottom of the runners, shod with iron, or better still, as experience has shown, with brass. And so has developed the wonderful scooter of the Long Island lakes and bays, a swift leech that will sail in the water and from one element to the other quickly without a jar.—Exchange.

GOLD NUGGETS.

The Process in Nature by Which They Are Formed.

That gold is formed from solution is generally recognized. The miner receives the theory because it explains the making of gold to him, but he often wonders how it is done, so here is what has been seen: Daintree once prepared a solution of gold and left it in a small piece of metallic gold. Accidentally a small piece of wood fell into the solution. The solution decomposed, the gold assumed a metallic state and collected and held to the small piece of undissolved gold, which increased in size. Another investigator heard of this and made a dilute gold solution, in which he immersed a piece of iron pyrites and left it there a month. He added also organic matter, and at the month's end the pyrites were covered with a film of metallic gold. Pyrites and galena were next tried, and each was covered with gold. Gold, copper pyrites, arsenical pyrites, galena and wolfram were also tried, with similar results. Metallic precipitates were tried, and while they threw down the gold as a metallic powder they did not cause it to cohere nor to plate any of the substances tried. Organic matter thus seemed the necessary chemical agent. Through the wood used in these experiments gold was disseminated in fine particles. Imagine these experiments conducted by nature through ages and the result could be a nugget.—Mines and Minerals.

The Cook Approved.

Out in Columbia road lives a gentleman of ample means, who recently advertised for a cook. The establishment is entirely in accord with an excellent social position, but is by no means pretentious, so when a well recommended cook called and mentioned her price as \$40 a month the lady of the house answered that a wage of that figure was quite out of the question.

The cook dwelt a little on her superior ability in the matter of getting up smart luncheons and dinners, but the mistress of the house answered that she wouldn't think for a moment of paying \$40 for a cook. The chef-lady rose to depart. She was perfectly affable, and the gentleman's determination evidently impressed her as most commendable.

"I see how it is," she said approvingly. "You are trying to live within your income."

And she departed, doubtless to find somebody who isn't making that effort.—Washington Post.

Kean and Macready.

When Edmund Kean and Macready, intense rivals, played in the same pieces, at Drury Lane it was usual to consult them in the course of the evening as to what they would appear in next. One night when the prompter was sent to ask Mr. Macready what he would play with Mr. Kean the great tragedian frowned upon him till he blushed. "Sir," he roared, "how should I know what the man would like to play?" The prompter retired to seek the desired information from Mr. Kean. "Sir," said Mr. Kean sharply, "how should I know what the fellow can play?"

Shaking Hands at French Funerals.

A most painful custom at French funerals is the posting at the exit door of the church wherein the ceremonies take place of the male head of the deceased person's family, the widower or the eldest son or brother, whose duty it is to shake hands with every person who has been present at the obsequies when once they are over and the people are going away. It is not etiquette for the gentleman to speak to anybody, but if he is moved to tears his weeping is considered a most appropriate action.

Precocious.

"Oh, yes, we were a very young couple—mere children, in fact. I was but a smirking schoolgirl in short skirts, and George was just a boy in jackets. I remember how pleased he was when he cast his first vote."

"But he didn't vote until he was twenty-one?"

"George was very precocious. He voted much earlier than they usually do."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BURNING A WIDOW.

The Story of a Witness of This Cruel Indian Custom.

I had the opportunity of seeing a young widow burn herself by the side of her deceased husband. The funeral pile was about ten feet high. In the middle of the pile lay her deceased husband, an old and miserable looking man. The devoted victim was a young creature about seventeen, dressed in white, with all her jewels on. There was a confused noise of singing and shouting, interlarded with the sound of tom-toms and at intervals the hollow and sonorous sound of gongs and trumpets. The priests and her friends crowded round her, all speaking to her at once, appearing to distract her attention and to prevent her shrinking at the last moment from sacrificing herself.

There was a small tank of water close to the funeral pile. They led her to this. I was very near her when I saw her quietly take the jewels from her ears, her nose, unclasp her gold bracelets as well as the bangles from her ankles and every ornament she had on, which were received by her relations.

She then stepped into the water, divested herself of her clothes of pure white and replaced them with clothes of a yellow color. She then performed her ablutions, came out of the water and, unassisted, walked three times round the pile, followed by the priests and her friends, who at this period appeared to be more urgent and loud in their discourse to her to distract her attention. She then, unassisted, mounted the pile, laid herself down by the side of her husband and put his head under her arm, turning herself toward him. Then they sprinkled large quantities of oil and straw on the pile. The fatal fire was then applied, and amid loud shouts and while the fire reached her I distinctly heard her utter the words "Nirva! Nirva!"

I was very near her during the different parts of the ceremony and could have saved her life by merely touching her, as she would then have been defiled and would not have been permitted to have the honor of sacrificing herself.

But in saving her life I stood the chance of being torn to pieces, and I certainly should have been brought to a court martial for disobedience of orders, for the English in those days were strictly forbidden to meddle with the customs and prejudices of the natives.—George Ebers' "Memoirs."

PITH AND POINT.

In order to be popular forget to say a good deal.

Wisdom is always conceded to a rich man until he loses his riches.

Do not emphasize your own virtues by enlarging on the failings of others.

A safe way to judge a man is to ascertain just what friends he doesn't make.

A genius is a man who refuses to believe in the impossibilities of other people.

The claims to wisdom of owls and a multitude of men rest upon their looks, and nothing more.

To get rid of a bore ask him to repeat his longest and favorite story twice. Even he cannot stand that.

Only a smart man can conceal from a woman the fact that he isn't as smart as he would wish her to think he is.

One of the curious things about a man who wants to borrow money from you today is his eager determination to repay it tomorrow.

There are three stages in the existence of the average man when he is of particular interest to his community—viz. at his birth, marriage and funeral.—Success.

Another Way Out.

In one of Glasgow's finely laid out cemeteries a rich citizen, who was notorious as a skeptic, had erected a massive mausoleum on what he terms "his ancestral plot." One day he met a worthy elder of the kirk coming away from the vicinity of the imposing mass of masonry, so he said to him, "Well, brother, you've been up seel' that grand erection o' mine?"

"Deed, Sir, I sir."

"Gee, strong place that, isn't it? It'll tak' a man a' his time to raise out o' you at the day o' judgment."

"Hoof, ma mon," said David, "ye can gie yerself little fash about risin' gin that day comes. They'll tak' the bottom out o' o' the let ye fa' down."—Spare Moments.

Forestalling Trouble.

Sain Tate at one time owned a big cotton plantation on the Mississippi river. Once Tate called on the governor of Arkansas and said, "Governor, if you're not too busy this morning I'd like to have a pardon."

"Who for?"

"For myself."

"Ah, for yourself! And what for?"

"Killing a nigger."

"When did you kill him?"

"Oh, I haven't killed him yet—thought I'd get a pardon in advance, so there wouldn't be any trouble about it."

Publicity Has Its Disadvantages.

"You weather prophets make a great many mistakes," said the man who sneers.

"Yes," answered the observer, "and if other people had all their mistakes published in the daily papers as we do I suspect that our record would seem pretty good."—Washington Star.

Two of His Strong Points.

The Young Man—I don't take any credit to myself for being able to spell better than other people can. Spelling is a gift.

Miss Snappleigh—You acquired your modesty, I presume, by diligent application.—Chicago Tribune.

MEETING AN AUTHOR.

Robert Barr's Visit to His Friend Captain Mayne Reid.

Robert Barr, the author, told with glee how Captain Mayne Reid, who was a friend of his, came to London and sent his address to Barr. The latter started to call on Reid. He did not know the street and, asking a bus man if his vehicle passed such and such a street, was assured that it did. In due course he came upon the street. In his letter Mayne Reid said he had taken a corner house in this street and added that he had a delightful garden and a high wall. "When I got down from the bus," says Mr. Barr, "I found that the corner house had a high wall and doubtless behind it a delightful garden, which answered perfectly the description which Captain Mayne Reid had given me."

"I said to a policeman, because I wanted to be sure, 'Could you tell me where Mr. Reid lives?' And he answered, 'Do you mean Mr. Reid, the author?' And I replied, 'Yes.' So the policeman pointed to the premises I had already selected as the residence of my friend. Therefore I went through the gate without fear and rang the bell at the residence, which stood some distance back in the garden. I was admitted and asked if Mr. Reid was at home. I was told that he was and was shown into a room on the left hand side of the passage. Waiting there some time, an old slippered man came in, whom I did not recognize.

"Do you wish to see me?" he asked. "I beg your pardon," he said very frigidly. "I am Charles Reade," with which he turned his back upon me and left me there alone. That was the only time I had the pleasure of meeting one of England's greatest authors. Captain Mayne Reid had taken a corner house in a street of the same name in Maida Vale, some miles from where Mr. Charles Reade resided during his last days."

THE MODEL GUEST.

He Knows Just When, What and How to Do or Not to Do.

A really fine specimen of the guest who does his best has a spirit which cannot be broken by weather or weariness. He can manage to talk to any one, even if he should discover with a shock that he is sitting next to his worst enemy. He knows how to come into any discussion and how to keep out of it. He does not seek his own amusement, yet he never fails to show that he is amused. He is tolerant of every opinion, and though he may have many convictions of his own and may state them so as to do them justice he never tries to proselytize.

His visit is not a mission, and he never for a moment forgets himself or the hostess. In a debating society, a public or a court of justice, above all, he has a good opinion of himself. Good wine needs no bush. He has no desire to boast, but he is certain that he will not be slighted. If his hostess assigns to him a dull job he is sure it is because she thought he could do it well, and if he feels it to be really below his powers he takes her mistake into account not while he is under her roof, but when he next receives her kind invitation. He is not plagued by that craving of the over-sensitive to be like their company nor does he belong to that race of born dissenters who would always rather be different.

But, alas, conscience and talent do not always go together. There are some high principled guests who are terrible bores. In their solitude to be agreeable they never stop talking, but pursue their garrulous ideal like a dog following a carriage. To every interruption they give immediate but momentary attention and run breathless on.—London Outlook.

Evolution of the Folding Bed.

Mrs. De Plat—Have you anything new in folding beds?

Dealer—Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a washstand and bathtub.

After your bath, you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast, you press these three buttons at once and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin.—New York Weekly.

She Won.

He was a philosopher and a talker. She was a woman of action. They stood together on the bridge and watched a tug that was hauling a long line of barges up the river.

"Look there, my dear," said he. "Such a life. The tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like the women, are—"

His wife gave him no time to finish the sentence. "I know," she said. "The tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden."

The Official Time.

Jerrold—As I was saying, I had \$50 in Topnotch at 100 to 1. The race was six furlongs and Topnotch won.

Harold—What was the time?

Jerrold—Why—er—I heard the clock strike 2 just as I woke up—Puck.

To Avoid Publicity.

Young Author (who thinks himself famous)—I believe I should enjoy my vacation better if I could go incognito.

Friend—Good idea! Travel under your nom de plume.—New York Weekly.

Girls have a way of getting a lot of special scenery on when they wait on table at a church social.—Atchison Globe.

GERMAN WORK PEOPLE.

Their Amusements Are Few and Mostly Confined to Sunday.

Amusements play a comparatively small part in the lives of German work people, and such as they have are mostly confined to Sunday. Games have not taken hold of them; they go to no football or cricket matches, although there are matches, and other classes in Germany show a growing taste for games and sports. I went to see a football match between Dusseldorf and a neighboring manufacturing town. A similar match anywhere in manufacturing England would have attracted from 10,000 to 20,000 sons of toil, who would have shouted themselves hoarse from beginning to end. At the German match not one put in an appearance. When I left the field toward the close of the game the spectators, who had slowly increased during the afternoon, numbered exactly sixty-five. They were not workmen, and they showed no excitement whatever. They played the association game, not very well. The national game in Germany is kugel, a kind of skittles, and it is played at public houses, but not by workmen or seldom by them. They play cards sometimes, but not a great deal. In short, games may be ruled out as an item in industrial life. Theaters and music halls count for more, but for nothing like so much as in England and in America. They are less numerous in proportion to population and are only visited by the working classes to a limited extent on Saturday and Sunday.—Detroit News and Tribune.

HERBERT SPENCER.

He Was a Great Phrase Maker and Had Some Odd Ways.

Herbert Spencer was no linguist. Because of eye strain which affected his health he did not even know German. His pamphlet on education was, however, translated into fifteen languages, including Japanese.

Spencer was a great phrase maker. It was he who popularized the word "evolution" and explained one of the phases of the Darwinian doctrine as "the survival of the fittest." He also introduced Comte's coined word "sociology."

He was a bachelor and long lived in boarding houses. Finally he set up an establishment of his own, where he could have about him people of his own choosing. A favorite relaxation in his later years was to sit in the open doorway of his house and listen to a piano played in a distant apartment. He had the player trained. A thump of his stick was the signal for her to stop, another thump for the music to proceed where it broke off.

Spencer was fond of playing billiards. Once at Brighton he invited a smart youth to a game. The philosopher had four strokes and scored two while the youth ran out. Mr. Spencer put away his cue with deliberation and said to his opponent: "A moderate degree of expertness in a game of skill is agreeable and even creditable. Such dexterity as you show is evidence of a mispent youth. Good afternoon."

Drinking Health.

This was a Roman custom. The drinking was accompanied by some such words as "Here's to myself," "Here's to you" and "Here's to I shan't say who." The ancient Greeks also drank healths. When Thersander was condemned to drink hemlock he said, "Toe puerio Cidice."

The ancient Saxons also had the same custom. Hengist invited King Vortigern to a banquet to see the new levies. After the dishes were removed Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist, appeared before the scene holding in her hand a golden cup full of wine. She then made obeisance and said, which in modern English means, "Lord king, your health." The king drank and replied, "Here's to you."

The Greeks handed the cups to the person they toasted and said, "This to thee." Our custom of holding out the cup comes to us from ancient Greece.—American Queen.

Thistles.

In the fourteenth century thistles were used as food for cattle, and they were considered as a crop. In the old priory of Lindisfarne there is a note in the archives of 1344-45 of thick leather gloves required for the harvesters of the thistle crop. It is curious that, though the thistle is the emblem of Scotland, the Scot never seems able to say which kind of thistle is the true national emblem. It is said that a thistle which resembles Cardus marianus was figured on the old coinage of the day of James V., who was first to put thistles on the Scotch money. The horn spoons sold in Edinburgh sometimes have little silver thistles on the end of the handles.

The Hedgehog.

The hedgehog runs the roads in England freely. He is a quaint little fellow, our hedgehog, having far more intelligence than people give him credit for. It is curious, as you stand perfectly still in the middle of the road, to see him come running along, then stopping to sniff and whine and examine the high, strange object that hardly breathes lest he startle the little creature. Then, with a gentle grunt, he will pass you by. A very low yet decided grunt he gives, and he whines as well.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Definition of Greyness.

"Don't you sometimes think you would be a greater man if you were to cultivate the art of oratory?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "A great man, as you know, is one who gets mentioned in the school books after he is dead instead of the financial columns of the newspapers while he is living."—Washington Star.

MODERN UTOPIAS.

European Countries in Which Pan-perism Is Unknown.

Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her domain who cannot read and write. On the northeast coast of New Guinea the island of Kutaba, surrounded by a wall of coral 300 feet high on one side and from 50 to 100 feet on the other, maintains thirteen villages of natives, to whom war, crime and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions. The most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe is the commune of the Canton Vaud, in Switzerland. Nearly every one is well off, and there are no paupers. Finland is a realm whose inhabitants are remarkable for their inviolate integrity. There are no banks and no safe deposits, for no such security is essential. You may leave your luggage anywhere for any length of time and be quite sure of finding it untouched on your return, and your purse full of money would be just as secure under similar circumstances. The Finns place their money and valuables in holes in the ground and cover them with a big leaf. Such treasure is sacredly respected by all who pass it, but in the rare event of a man wishing to begrow of his neighbor during his absence he will take only the smallest sum he requires and place a message in the hole telling of his urgent need and promising to repay the amount on a specified date. And he will invariably keep his word, for the Finn is inviolable in his independence.

Agnetta Park, near Delft, in Holland, is another Utopia example. A tract of ten acres has upon it 150 houses, each with its little garden and with certain common buildings and common grounds. The houses are occupied by the employees of a great distilling company, who form a corporation which owns the park. Each member owns shares in the corporation and pays rent for his house. The surplus, after all expenses have been paid, comes back to him as dividend. If he wishes to go away or if he dies his shares are bought up by the corporation and sold to the man who takes his place.—Detroit Free Press.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Life is short—avoid causing yawns.—Eleanor Glyn in "The Damsel and the Sage."

A man's conscience is the best barometer of his ability.—Owen Kildare in "My Mamie Rose."

Women's counsel may not be worth much, but he who despises it is not wiser than he should be.—Amelia E. Barr in "The Black Shilling."

Human nature is not always at its highest level, and heroic sacrifices arise only from heartfelt motives.—Sir George Trevelyan in "The American Revolution."

Life is the only real counselor. Wisdom unfiltered through personal experience does not become a part of the moral tissues.—Edith Wharton in "Sanctuary."

Do not attempt to do a thing unless you are sure of yourself, but do not relinquish it simply because some one else is not sure of you.—Stewart Edward White in "The Forest."

Don't be fooled by a cheer or by a crowd. Cheers are nothing but a breeze, an' as for a crowd, no matter who you are, there would always be a bigger turnout to see you banged than to shake your mitt.—Alfred Henry Lewis in "The Boss."

THE HONEY BADGER.

He Is a Tough Beast and Is Exceedingly Hard to Kill.

Badgers belong to the great weasel tribe, although they are also allied, as many people know, to the bears. Among their more or less distinguished relatives may be named the wolverene, otter, skunk and marten. In Africa and India, says a writer in Loughman's Magazine, are to be found the curious rats, a remarkable branch of the family, distinguished by their extraordinary fondness for honey. To obtain this luxury they spend most of their time hunting for the nests of wild bees.

They are absolutely oblivious, as are English badgers, of the stings of the infuriated bees, their tough, thick and loose coats protecting them from any serious injury. Rats are strong and very courageous beasts. The Boers of South Africa hold them in high respect, as do the natives, and assert that a pair of these beasts will occasionally attack a human being. I have heard of men being treed by these animals, but whether the tale was true or false I am uncertain. What is certain is that the rat, or honey badger, of South Africa is a beast extremely difficult to kill by reason of his tough constitution, good defensive powers and extraordinarily loose coat and that he is when meddled with or put out a beast of very high courage and unpleasant manners.

Look Higher.

Never cultivate second or third rate folk except for artistic purposes. Meet them, if you must, leave them when you can. You need expect nothing from them that they can conscientiously withhold, for they are after your goods while keeping a strict and jealous watch upon their own. All you can get from them is material, never any spiritual, intellectual, wise, sane or moral or helpful messages.

Just Like a Woman.

"She's running a correspondence school; teaches the secret of success." "Just like a woman to tell secrets."—Detroit Free Press.

You might shed your blood for some fellows, but they would never understand the sacrifice.—Schoolmaster.

VEGETABLE PORCUPINE.

Wild Cattle Eat Its Sharp Spines as With Ironed Nails.

The best hated cactus in America is the cholla. The Mexicans say that if you go near a cholla joint it will jump at you. Certainly if you touch one it will stick, and when you try to free yourself it will pierce your other hand as well. Each pendent joint seems to reach out for the passerby, and the ground beneath the broad cholla trees is strewn with fallen fragments, many of which take root and grow.

After one has felt the sharp spines through heavy boots and seen their needle points it is a source of continual wonder to see the wild cattle of Arizona quietly browsing on chollas. The phrase "cactus fed" as applied to Arizona is not a figure of speech. During the years of drought thousands of cattle carry themselves over until the next grass by eating chollas. With their leathery tongues and lips they strip the spiny joints from the trunk and leave the wide spreading cactus a bare and woolly skeleton. It is only the range cattle, whose mouths have been hardened on the thorny mesquite and ironwood browse, that will undertake to eat cactus, and cattlemen therefore often burn the thorns from chollas and nopals in order to tempt their more fastidious animals to eat.—Country Life in America.

MYSTERIES OF SAP.

How the Circulation From Roots to Leaves Is Maintained.

To illustrate the modern view of sap circulation, which is not thoroughly understood, it is necessary to explain that the chief food of the plants, consisting of

Emmitsburg Chronicle.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

NOTICE.—All announcements of concerts, festivals, picnics, ice cream and cake festivals, and similar entertainments, 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, FEB. 5, 1904.

FREDERICK COUNTY PHONE 33

Communion services will be held in the Reformed Church on Sunday morning, February 14.

In Baltimore during the month of January there were 959 deaths, and during the same month there were 674 births.

The Washington County Medical Society has inaugurated a movement to establish a general hospital for that county.

The Aberdeen basket and box factory, with all its equipments, was sold to Mr. J. W. Reynolds, of Havre de Grace for \$9,000.

Graduating exercises were held at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. The diploma were presented by Secretary of the Navy Moody. Governor Warfield delivered an address to the midshipmen.

Now that the Groundhog saw his shadow on Tuesday, what kind of weather will we have for the next six weeks? Can it be much worse than the kind we have had during the past six weeks?

The wind pump on the farm of Hamilton Shafers, at Burkittsville, became frozen, and in attempting to thaw it, the frame work took fire and was consumed.

FOR RENT.—Rooms with other conveniences. Apply to Mrs. A. Hoover, East Main Street. Jan 22-23.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The property known as "The Willows," along the Bruceville road. Apply to Mrs. THOMAS BARRY. 22-4ts

A verdict has been rendered in favor of Hugh Tighman against the Eastern Commissioners for \$72.92, being the balance due to the plaintiff for nursing a smallpox victim.

The Baltimore Sun Almanac for 1904 has been received. This little "Blue Book" is a storehouse of a vast amount of valuable and useful information found in no other publication of a similar kind.

The Board of School Commissioners of Montgomery county decided to close colored schools of the county on March 4. This was found necessary because the money received from the State for the support of the schools was over \$3,000 less than formerly.

Hippoon Baby Dead.
The third death from smallpox for 1904 has been received. This little "Blue Book" is a storehouse of a vast amount of valuable and useful information found in no other publication of a similar kind.

Cold Storage Company Incorporated.
The Crystal Plate Ice and Cold Storage Company of Frederick was incorporated January 28, by Dr. P. Fahrney, Frank L. Stoner, George W. Heinlein, E. S. Fahrney and Casper E. Cline.

The company will manufacture ice under the plate system, and will erect a new plant on East street. The capital stock is \$25,000.

Death From Eating Corn.
George Forney died Sunday night in Brunswick. A few days ago he pared his corns with a razor and blood-poisoning developed, which caused his death. Mr. Forney was 84 years of age and was chief inspector of cars of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Brunswick. He was a native of Winchester, Va. Five children survive him.

THE RANGE EXPLODED.
A little child of Horner Agnew and a domestic in his family narrowly escaped injury by the explosion of a range in the kitchen of his residence on Pennsylvania avenue, Westminster, about noon Tuesday. The range was rent to pieces by the force of the explosion and damaged the ceiling and walls of the kitchen considerably, besides wrecking some furniture. The apparel of the domestic was torn by the flying fragments of iron, but she was only slightly injured. The child escaped unhurt.

CUSHWA—MOORE.
Mr. Victor Cushwa, a leading resident of Washington county, and a man of extensive business interests in Hagerstown and Williamsport, celebrated two important events Tuesday while on a trip to Baltimore—namely, his seventy-first birthday and his marriage to Miss Katherine E. Moore, of Hagerstown, daughter of Mr. Thomas H. Moore. The ceremony took place at 7 o'clock in the morning at the Cathedral, Rev. William T. Russell officiating, and Cardinal Gibbons pronouncing the benediction.

Only members of the two families were present. After the wedding the couple started for a trip South and West. They will return to Williamsport where they will live.

Mr. Cushwa is the senior member of the firm of Victor Cushwa & Sons, wholesale and retail dealers in coal, etc., and operators of brick works under the title of the Conococheague Brick and Earthware Company. In 1890 he was appointed a receiver of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company for the District of Columbia. His first wife, who was Miss Mary Ann Kreigh, died several years ago. Miss Moore has for a number of years conducted a fashionable dressmaking establishment in Hagerstown, her patronesses being leading society women of the town and county.

SLAIN BY A NEGRESS.

Miss Minnie Frickline a Young White Girl Was the Victim

Miss Minnie Frickline, 22 years old, who has been a clerk in the Boswell postoffice, in the Myersdale region for near a year, was shot and instantly killed Tuesday morning while on her way to work by Mary Simpson, a negress, the wife of a barber, Frank Simpson. The shooting occurred in front of the building in which the postoffice is located.

The negro woman pounced upon her victim and, drawing a revolver from under her shawl, fired. The bullet went through Miss Frickline's brain. The murderess has been arrested. Ten days ago the negro woman publicly slapped Miss Frickline's face repeatedly. It is said that jealousy was the cause of the crime.

Miss Frickline was the daughter of Isaac Frickline, a furniture dealer and undertaker at Boswell. She formerly had charge of the telephone exchange at the Boswell office.

SURPRISE PARTY.

For The Chronicle

A most pleasant and enjoyable surprise party was held on Monday, February 1st, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bell, in Freedom township, in honor of their son's 15th birthday. The evening was spent in playing games, social intercourse, and a good time in general. At a late hour they were invited to the dining room for refreshment, such as ice cream, cake and candy. Among those who were present at the party were: Mr. and Mrs. John Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Overholzer, Misses Mary Reid, Minnie and Grace Harner, Effie Kaylor, Cora Kuglar, May Protzman, Annie and Mary More, Messrs. Wm. Rock, Charles Harner, William Eckenrode, Dora and John Eyer, Lewis Kuglar, Charles Miller, Charles Reid, John Protzman and Lewis Bell. A GUEST.

THE SUSQUEHANNA SITUATION

There has been no noticeable change in the condition of the ice-gorged river at Havre de Grace for several days, except that the continued cold weather has served to freeze the pack of ice together and, if possible, make it capable of greater resistance when the final break comes. The river is blocked and jammed to the bottom from Port Deposit to a point two or three miles outside of Point Concord lighthouse, which marks the western mouth of the Susquehanna. The older inhabitants say the river is in a condition more nearly like that of 1852 than at any time since, this being the year that tracks were laid on the ice and cars were hauled over it for 30 days.

An Early Rise.

A strong, healthy, active constitution depends largely on the condition of the liver. The famous pills known as De Witt's Little Early Risers not only cleanse the system but they strengthen the action of the liver and rebuild the tissues supporting that organ. Little Early Risers are easy to act, they never gripe and yet they are absolutely certain to produce results that are satisfactory in all cases. Sold by all Druggists.

TOOK TOO MUCH POISON

Mrs. Ida Mackey, wife of E. J. Mackey, of Roxbury, attempted suicide by eating poisonous laurel leaves and drinking laudanum. She either took too large a dose of laudanum or the combination of the drug with the laurel leaves counteracted the poison in each, as the physicians succeeded in saving her life after working with her with a stomach pump and emetics for several hours. The laurel by itself or the laudanum alone was sufficient to cause death. She was married less than a year ago. She was about 22 years old. Domestic troubles and ill health caused her to take the poison.—Sun.

HON. ISADOR RAYNER ELECTED U. S. SENATOR.

At the Democratic caucus held in Annapolis, Wednesday night, Hon. Isador Rayner was nominated for United States Senator to succeed Hon. Louis E. McComas. Mr. Rayner received 50 votes; ex-Gov. Smith, 29, and Mr. Carter, 16. Mr. Rayner was elected United States Senator yesterday.

Nearly Forfeits His Life.

A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Bucklen's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for Burns, Bruises, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c. at T. E. Zimmerman's Drug Store.

DELIGHTFUL EVENING.

A most delightful evening was spent at "San Marino," the home of Mr. Daniel Roddy, by a few friends from Emmitsburg and vicinity on Tuesday night. After enjoying an interesting game of Progressive Euchre, and the awarding of prizes, the guests were ushered into the spacious dining room where a tempting treat greeted their eyes. The tables were most artistically arranged and all present proclaimed Mrs. Roddy a charming hostess.

HORSES AND DOGS.

In Adams County, Pa., there are 9,676 horses, mules and geldings, and 3,734 dogs. At 35 cents each the tax on the dogs amounts to \$1,306.90. In Liberty township there are 268 horses and mules and 119 dogs, and Freedom township has 240 horses and mules, and 91 dogs.

PERSONALS.

Misses Lillie and Fannie Hoke, of this place, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Minnich, of Carlisle, Pa.

EX-JUDGE JOHN A. LYNCH.

Death of A Venerable Jurist in Frederick.

Frederick, Md., Jan. 31.—John Alexander Lynch, late an associate judge of the Circuit Court of the Sixth Circuit, died at his residence in Frederick city, Sunday.

Born near the village of Jefferson, in Frederick county, October 2, 1825, he was over 78 years old. His father was William Lynch, a former member of the Legislature of the State, and his mother was Eliza Boteler. His paternal and maternal grandfathers were both soldiers of the Revolutionary War. Judge Lynch was educated at the old "Union school-house," near where he was born, and at Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, from which institution he received the degree of master of arts.

On account of delicate health in early life he for a time made his home in Alabama, returning in 1849, when he began the study of law under Montjoy B. Luckett, afterward practicing his profession in Frederick city. In 1855 he was elected State's Attorney for Frederick county, and, being re-elected to the same position in 1859, he was one of the few incumbents of that office in Frederick county to hold it for a second term.

In 1867 he was elected Associate Judge of the Sixth Judicial Circuit, and was re-elected in 1872. As by reason of his age he would have been retired in 1895, the Legislature, with almost literal unanimity, suspended the disability of age, so that he served his full 30 years on the bench. On his retirement, complimentary banquets were given him by the bar of Montgomery county and by the bar and citizens of Frederick, irrespective of profession or trade. His standing as a judge was high and his decisions were singularly free from reversal by the higher court, and commanded the confidence of litigants as being honest and rendered from a sincere desire to do justice and right.

For over 44 years Judge Lynch was a member of the Masonic fraternity, active and prominent in the order. He was a Royal Arch Mason, a Knight Templar and had been Eminent Commander. Lynch Lodge, of Frederick was named in his honor. He was an old-fashioned Democrat, but without partisan narrowness. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, one of the vestry of his parish and invariably represented it in church conventions. He was a director of the Fredericktown Savings Institution and for years was on the Board of the Central National Bank.

In November, 1856, he married Isabella C. Beckenbaugh, with whom he lived a happy, peaceful, devoted married life until her death, about three years ago. They had the joy of four children, during the last two years, but was active and in full possession of his vigorous mental faculties. A fall upon the ice, breaking his hip, and which caused his death, occurred on the 19th day of January, this year.

Relief In One Minute.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief in one minute, because it kills the microbe which tickles the mucous membrane, causing the cough, and at the same time clears the phlegm, draws out the inflammation and heals and soothes the affected parts. One Minute Cough Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off pneumonia and is a harmless and a never failing cure in all curable cases of Coughs, Colds and Croup. One Minute Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless and good alike for young and old. Sold by all Druggists.

SURPRISE PARTY.

For The Chronicle

A very pleasant evening was spent on Wednesday, Jan. 27, at "Bellview," the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Grider, near town. The merry sleighing party was quite a surprise to their host and hostess. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Grider, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Long, Mrs. Frank Topper, Mr. and Mrs. John Salter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stoner and son, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob L. Topper, Mr. and Mrs. George Althoff, Raymond, George, Harry and Mary Althoff, Mr. and Mrs. James Slagle, Mr. and Mrs. John Topper, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Long, Mr. and Mrs. John Florence, Mrs. Mary Nussear and Mrs. Mary Slagle.

Escaped An Awful Fate.

Mr. H. Haggins of Melbourne, Fla., writes, "My doctor told me I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. I was given up to die. The offer of a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, induced me to try it. Results were startling. I am now on the road to recovery. I am sure I saved my life." This great cure is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by T. E. Zimmerman, Druggist. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

THREE FUNERALS.

All Took Place From Same Church Tuesday Afternoon.

Three funerals took place at Christ Reformed Church, Middletown, Tuesday afternoon, something that has not occurred but once before since the organization in 1856. All three deaths occurred on Sunday morning. The first funeral, shortly after noon, was that of Mr. Russell R. Alexander, aged nearly 25 years, principal of the Male High School at Frederick, son of Mr. Franklin Alexander, of near Middletown.

The second, shortly after 1 o'clock, was that of Mrs. Alice L. Delander, wife of Mr. John P. Delander, of Franklinville, Baltimore county, who died at a Baltimore hospital.

The third, shortly after 2 o'clock, was that of Miss Alice Remsburg, aged about 38 years, daughter of Mrs. J. Harman Remsburg, of Middletown, who died suddenly from a stroke of paralysis.

LETTER TO H. F. MAXELL

Emmitsburg, Md.,

Dear Sir: There are these five ways of badness in paint:

- (1) stuffed out with chalk, or something like that;
- (2) larytes, better than chalk, but no covering to it; nobody knows its there;
- (3) benzine in the oil, or water, or other such stuffings;
- (4) to thin—too much liquid, whatever it is, for the solid;
- (5) short measure;

Now will you buy by the price per "gallon"? We furnish our agents with a state chemist's certificate of analysis that tells what's in Devoe. Yours truly F. W. Devoe & Co. New York

THROWN BY RUNAWAY CARS.

One Workman Killed And Six Others Wounded.

Joseph Benson, aged 18 years, son of ex-Postmaster John N. Benson, of Frostburg, died last Saturday night, at his home from injuries sustained in being thrown from runaway cars down the incline at the big Savage Mountain firebrick works, of which his father is manager. The young man operated a ventilating fan at the mine. With him were a number of employees returning from work, and all were more or less injured. He lived a short time after being taken home. The men injured in the accident were as follows:

Joseph Maury, mine foreman, ankle sprained and injured about the body. Calvin Arnold, leg injured. Hardin Daughtrey, colored, wrist dislocated and sprained. Harry E. Kendal, injured about hips. C. H. Keddall, ugly cut on head. Charles Devore, cut and bruised.

Archibald College, Jesse Rizer and Clarence Workman were also on the trip, but escaped with a severe shaking up and a few minor bruises and scratches. The trip consisted of four cars, three loaded with coal and one with timber. It is not exactly known how the accident occurred, but the theory is that the drop bottom fell out of the first car, throwing it off the track. The fourth car did not leave the track, the hitching between the several cars having been snapped off.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Fairfield, Feb. 2.—Mrs. Carney Reid, who was thrown out of her buggy a few weeks ago is improving. During her illness many of her friends showed their kindness by calling to see her. 144 friends and neighbors came to cheer her in her affliction, and she appreciated their visits very much.

Mr. Harry Walter made a business trip to Gettysburg on Monday.

One of Mr. Walter's children, a small girl, about one year ago, told her mother that a piece of rubber that she was playing with slipped up her nose. She complained somewhat but the doctors could not see anything in her nose. On last Tuesday she sneezed and the rubber came out relieving the child of her trouble. Parents should be careful what they give their children to play with.

Mrs. John Butt, of Orttanna, who was sick, threatened with pneumonia, is somewhat better at this time.

Mrs. John Manherz, of Fairfield, is reported being sick.

Mr. Zac Sanders continues about the same. No better or no worse. He is very weak.

A great many people are sick with colds. Our doctors are going out every day to see some one.

Mr. Mervin Marshall and family, of Blue Ridge Summit, were recent visitors at Fairfield, the guests of his father, Mr. John Marshall.

Mr. M. Patterson is shipping a car load of live stock from Fairfield station—hogs, calves and sheep.

Fairfield stores are paying 30¢ per dozen for eggs. 18c for butter.

Sleighing seems to be the order of the day. There is lots of it done. A congregation of disciples are holding services in the Methodist church in Fairfield during this week.

A sled load of citizens of Fairfield took a pleasure ride on last Monday night, going to Emmitsburg and stopping at Mr. Ruel Musselman's hotel for supper. The party was composed of preachers and their wives. Also doctors and their wives. They enjoyed the sled ride very much, also the supper. Mr. Musselman knows how to get up a good meal.

Mr. James Watson, an aged citizen of this place, died last Friday night. Mr. Watson is the last of the family. His father and mother both came from Ireland. He is survived by four children, two sons and two daughters: Robert, of Waynesboro, and William, at home; the eldest daughter resides in New York, and the youngest, Mrs. E. Swope, in this place. Mr. Watson was about 83 years old. Funeral Tuesday. Interment in Union Cemetery.

Mrs. F. Shulley and son, Parke, are visiting at Orttanna, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Bell.

Miss Jennie Sprinkle, of Franklin county, daughter of Mr. Oscar F. Sprinkle, died last Tuesday of neuralgia of the heart. Funeral Friday. Interment at Waynesboro, in the Menonite cemetery.

Mr. John Naugle died on last Wednesday, being in poor circumstances. Mr. Wm. Rowe, who wheelwright, made the coffin gratis. Funeral Sunday. Interment in Union Cemetery, where his son was buried last week.

CLIMATIC CURES.

The influence of climatic conditions in the cure of consumption is very much overdrawn. The poor patient and the rich patient, too, can do much better at home by proper attention to food digestion, and a regular use of German Syrup. Free expectoration in the morning is a good sign by German Syrup, so is a good night's rest and the absence of that weakening cough and debilitating night sweat. Restless nights and the exhaustion due to coughing, the greatest danger and dread of the consumptive, can be prevented or stopped by taking German Syrup liberally and regularly. Should you be able to go to a warmer clime, you will find that the thousands of consumptives there, the few who are benefited and regain strength are those who use German Syrup. Trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c.

Crushed Under Falling Tree.

While felling trees on the mountain Jan. 27, near Brownsville, Isaac Carter was probably fatally injured by being caught by a falling oak and crushed to the ground. One of his legs were broken, and he is believed to be injured internally.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson, Jr.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. James W. Troxell, of this District, Died of Paralysis of the Heart.

Mr. James W. Troxell, a highly respected and widely known citizen and farmer of this District, died suddenly on Tuesday morning. The sudden and unexpected announcement of his death was a great shock to his family and the community at large.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Troxell went to Motter's Station where he boarded the train on the Emmitsburg Railroad for Rocky Ridge, where he intended to get on the Western Maryland train going east. About two miles this side of Rocky Ridge the Emmitsburg train ran into a heavy snow drift and was unable to get through it, until part of the snow was shoveled from the cut. At this point the passengers started to walk to Rocky Ridge in order to meet the Western Maryland train. Mr. Troxell was among the passengers who started to walk through the deep snow, but becoming fatigued was unable to keep up with the other members of the party, and finally was lost sight of. The drift having been opened the engine on the Emmitsburg road was run to Rocky Ridge, and when on the return trip, the men on the engine found Mr. Troxell lying in the snow along side the railroad. He was unconscious when found. He was put on the engine and taken to Rocky Ridge, where a physician examined him, but he was beyond medical assistance. Paralysis of the heart caused his death. His remains were taken to Motter's station on the 11 o'clock train, from which place they were conveyed to his late home.

In the death of Mr. Troxell this community loses one of its most worthy citizens. He was born in this county, April 1, 1831, and graduated from Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa., in 1850, and four years later received the degree of master of arts from that institution. He taught school for several years in Augusta, Ga., and later returned to Frederick county, and engaged in farming and surveying. In politics he was a democrat, and during his career held several important positions under his party, all of which he filled with credit to himself and the people he represented. He was a member of the Board of County School Commissioners for eight years. In 1899 he was elected county surveyor, and after the expiration of his term of two years, was appointed a member of the Board of Charities and Corrections, which position he held at the time of his death.

In 1866 he married Miss Mary E. Zacharias, who survives him, together with seven children, six daughters and one son. The funeral services were held at his late residence at 12 o'clock, M., to-day. The interment was made in Mountain View Cemetery, this place.

DIED.

Troxell.—On February 2, 1904, suddenly, Mr. James W. Troxell, of this district, aged 72 years, 10 months and 1 day.

Get the Most Out of Your Food
You don't and can't if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that it ordinarily takes into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are: uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla at different times for stomach troubles, and a run down condition of the system, and have been greatly benefited by its use. I would not be without it in my family. I am troubled especially in summer with weak stomach and nausea and find Hood's Sarsaparilla invaluable." E. B. HICKMAN, W. Chester, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills
Strengthen and tone the stomach and the whole digestive system.

SALE REGISTER.

February 6, at 1 p. m., Mary C. Sweeney will sell at Willvill building, West Main Street, household goods.

Feb. 6, at 1 p. m., John Dubel will sell at his residence at Motter's Station, 1 horse, buggy, farming implements, etc.

February 13, at 1 p. m., James T. Hays, assignee of mortgage, will sell in front of Hotel Stranahan, the Emmitsburg, the 30 acre farm, situated near Mt. St. Mary's, belonging to the late John E. Cretin, deceased. See adv.

Feb. 18, at 1 p. m., Isaac F. Bowers will sell at his residence one-half mile northwest of Emmitsburg 2 horses, wagons, farming implements and household goods. See adv.

Feb. 20, at 10 a. m., Jacob Smith will sell at his residence on the Waynesboro pike, near Bell's Mill, Horses, Mules, Cows, farming implements and household goods. See adv.

February 27, at 12 M., F. Shulley will sell at his residence 1 mile south of Fairfield, farming implements and household goods.

February 29, at 9 a. m., J. Francis Topper, administrator of the personal property of Jacob L. Topper, deceased, will sell at the late residence of said deceased, the mill north of Emmitsburg, a short distance from the railroad, a double lot leading from Emmitsburg to Fairfield, 5 horses, 1 cow and 1 square perches of land situated at Rocky Ridge. See adv.

March 3, at 9 a. m., Garfield Jacobs will sell at his residence on the old Michael Loch Farm, on road leading to the pike to Black's Mill, Horses, Cattle and farming implements.

March 7, at 12 M., J. Rowe Oiler will sell on his Locust Grove farm, at Kunk's Mill, 2 horses, 2 cows, 2 hogs, farming implements and household goods. See adv.

March 9, at 9 a. m., John A. Bollinger will sell on the Hammett farm, along Owen's Creek, and about 1 1/2 miles north of Thurmont, Horses, Cattle and farming implements.

March 10, at 10 a. m., Washington S. Clinegan will sell at his residence on Mr. William Koonitz's farm on the Keyville road, 3 miles south of Emmitsburg, 1 horse, 1 head of Cattle, Hogs and farming implements.

March 11, at 12 M., Henry Lingz will sell at his residence on the old Frederick road, about 1 1/2 miles south of Emmitsburg, horses, cattle and farming implements.

March 15, at 9 a. m., Annie B. Dorsey will sell at her residence on the road leading from Annapolis School House to Bell's Mill, 2 horses, 2 cows, 2 hogs, farming implements and household goods. Also at same time W. C. Trevel will sell 12 acres of land with improvements, and known as the Jas. S. Musgrave property.

March 17, at 9 a. m., E. G. Eckenrode will sell at his residence 1 1/2 miles south of Motter's Station, 1 horse, 1 head of Cattle, Hogs, farming implements and household goods.

March 22, at 9 a. m., James W. Troxell will sell at his residence on the Keyville road, near Mayell's Mill, horses, live stock, farming implements, etc.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By Virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from John T. Cretin and Emily R. Cretin, his wife, to Clayton F. Maynard and Fanny Noonan, dated the 24th day of May, 1889, and assigned to James T. Hays, said mortgage and said assignment being duly recorded in Liber W. L. P. No. 8, folio 545, &c., one of the Land Records of Frederick county, Maryland, the undersigned, assignee of said mortgage, will sell at public sale at the Western Maryland Hotel, now Hotel Spangler, in Emmitsburg, Frederick county, State of Maryland,

On Saturday, February 13, 1904

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the real estate described and conveyed in said mortgage, being all that real estate situated, lying and being in Frederick county, State of Maryland, about 2 1/2 miles south of Emmitsburg, on the Frederick and Emmitsburg Turnpike, near Mount St. Mary's College, known as the Clairvaux Farm, described in a deed from Charles M. Dougherty and wife to the said John T. Cretin, dated on the 11th day of October, 1876, duly recorded in Liber T. G. No. 9, folio 196, &c., one of the Land Records of Frederick county, containing

200 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, and improved by a large

BRICK GOTHIC VILLA,

or Dwelling House, well located on an eminence commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country and sheltered by fine old shade trees. A good

FRAME TENANT HOUSE,

a Large Bank Barn, Wagon Shed, Ice House, Wood Shed and other outbuildings, all in a fair condition of repair.

A FRAME DISTILLERY,

which has been newly built and equipped for distilling whiskey by steam process, not more than 20 barrels of whiskey being made since rebuilt. Located some distance from the dwelling and other outbuildings. Also a small

DWELLING HOUSE,

near the distillery, in good condition. The dwellings, barn and distillery are furnished with a constant flow of fresh Mountain Water supplied by gravitation from a spring at the foot of the mountain, a short distance from said buildings. About 175 acres of the above described land is in a high state of cultivation and fairly well fenced, and the remainder is timbered with oak, locust, chestnut and other valuable timber. A good apple orchard is on the premises, as well as other fruits of choice varieties, such as Peaches, Pears, Grapes, &c. This property was originally built for a Summer Boarding House and is an ideal place and well fitted for the same. The said mortgage excepts that portion of the said 200 acres described in a deed from the said John T. Cretin and wife to the Mt. St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association, duly recorded in Liber W. L. P. No. 6, folios 39 and 40, one of the Land Records of Frederick county, containing 46.98 acres of land, and also excepts all that portion of the same containing One Acre of Land, more or less, known as the old Elder Burial Grounds, described in a deed from the said John T. Cretin and wife to Rt. Rev. William Elder, dated the 24th day of May, 1889, with the right of ingress and egress to the same, and also excepts all that portion of the same containing One Acre of Land, more or less, known as the old Elder Burial Grounds, described in a deed from the said John T. Cretin and wife to Rt. Rev. William Elder, dated the 24th day of May, 1889, with the right of ingress and egress to the same, and also excepts all that portion of the same containing One Acre of Land, more or less, known as the old Elder Burial Grounds, described in a deed from the said John T. Cretin and wife to Rt. Rev. William Elder, dated the 24th day of May, 1889, with the right of ingress and egress to the same, and also excepts all that portion of the same containing One Acre of Land, more or less, known as the old Elder Burial Grounds, described in a deed from the said John T. Cretin and wife to Rt. Rev. William Elder, dated the 24th

