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NO. 21.

Don't Wait to Select Your Christmas Goods Until Christmas Week. Come at Once And Get The Pick Of the Lot.

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS.

Santa Claus' HEADQUARTERS

—AT—

JOSEPH E. HOKE'S.

SECOND FLOOR.

SECOND FLOOR.

Beautiful Chinaware,

Salads,

CHOCOLATE POTS,

CELERY TRAYS,

CRACKER JARS,

Water Sets, Etc.

All at very reasonable

Prices.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS,
ALL SORTS OF TOYS.
BRING THE CHILDREN.

Dolls, Toys and Games.

This Department is packed with everything that will please, delight and make the children happy at this Yuletide. Come and see. Bring the children.

We sell Kid Body Dolls at 25 cts.
Jointed Dolls, 10, 15, 25, 50 and \$1.00.
Kid and Jointed Dolls, 25 cts.
Playmate Dress Dolls, \$1.00.

Dressed Dolls, the greatest variety shown anywhere, at prices ranging from 5 cts. to \$1.00.

Doll Houses, Blackboards, Trains, Mills, Building Blocks, Chimes, Watches, Horses, Horns, Dishes, Books, Pastry Sets, Games, Blocks, Toppins, Wagons, Baby Carriages, Ranges, Balls, Rubber Slates, 20, 25 and 30c.
Everything that will please a child.

OUR TOY DEPARTMENT IS A WONDERLAND.
NOTHING BUT WHAT'S NEW.

TRAINS and WAGONS.

Iron Trains from 25 to 50cts.
Toy Pianos 50 to 75cts.
Game of Pit, 10cts.
Drums 25 and \$1.25.

Harmonicas.

Mouth Harmonicas in great variety, ranging in prices, at 5, 10 and 25 cents.

NOVELTIES IN LAMPS.

Beautiful Red Lamps for 35 and 60 cents. Nickel Alladdin Lamps for \$1.75.

NEWEST NECKWEAR
For Ladies.

Dainty neckwear is ever dear to the feminine heart. A wealth of pretty "fixings" are here priced for easy ownership.

Fancy Stock Collars in many novel designs and all colors, with and without tabs. Many are daintily wrought with hand work. 15 and 25 cents.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' Swiss Embroidered Handkerchiefs, scalloped and hem stitched borders, in a variety of neat and showy designs. Prices, 5, 10, 15 and 25cts.

Children's Pictures & Toy Books.

Colored Picture Books, Fancy Tales, A B C Books, Animal Stories from 5 to 25 cents. Pure Linen Picture Books from 10 to 30 cents.

STATIONERY.

Excellent variety of Stationery. Tablets at all prices. Calendars, Novelties, Etc.

Perfume in Boxes For Christmas Presents

The Elysian Perfumes from 25 to \$1.25 a bottle. All sorts of Toilet Waters and Cold Creams.

TABLE LINEN.

58-inch Bleached Damask, choice patterns, 25c. 72-inch Satin Damask "Irish" Table Linen, yard, 60c. 20x20 Napkins, per dozen, \$1.00. Towels, Pure Linen, at 25c. Fine Damask Towels 50 and \$1.00.

EMBROIDERED PILLOW COVERS.

Embroidered Pillow Covers in a variety of good designs for 50 cents and \$1.00.

Also Cushion Tops at 25 cents.

UMBRELLAS.

We have a large lot of Silk and Gloria Umbrellas, at exceedingly low prices. 50 cents to \$1.50 buys a very good umbrella.

Men's Underwear Department.

Men's Fancy Neckwear, especially and carefully selected for the holidays. Prices 25 to 50 cents.

Men's Fine Suspenders, in single boxes for the holidays, beautiful designs and patterns, 25 and 50 cents.

Men's Fleece Underwear, price per suit, 90 cents.
Wright's Health Underwear, the suit, \$1.30.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

A very fine assortment of Ladies' Underwear at prices ranging from 50 cents to \$1.00 the suit.

HOSIERY.

Ladies Fleece Lined Hose, 15c. Silk Finished Hose, 25c. Hermsdorf Stockings, 25c. Men's Hose, 5c. to 25c. Children's Ribbed Hose, 10 and 15c.

Leggins For Boys and Men.

We have quite an assortment of Leggins for both boys and Men. Price, 50 and 75c. A fine line.

Fascinators and Underskirts.

Fascinators..... 25 and 50c. Toboggans..... 25 and 50c. Ways Mufflers..... 25 and 50c. Fine Knit Underskirts..... 50 and 75c. Sateen Underskirts..... 50c, 75c and \$1.

BLANKETS AND COMFORTS.

The time to buy these household necessities is now—when the weather is cold and keep warm. We have a fine assortment of Blankets. Prices, 80c to \$1.50 a pair.
Good Comforts, at \$1.00 to \$1.25.

CANNED GOODS

Cheswago Sugar Corn..... 10c. Dried Corn, per quart..... 15c. Pearl Drop Peas..... 10c. Tomatoes..... 10c. Peaches..... 10c. Canned Sweet Potatoes..... 10c.

Oysters
AT ALL TIMES

ALL KINDS OF
Breakfast Foods.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, HARDWARE

We keep in stock at all times a fine line of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, etc.

POULTRY.

We pay the highest market price for Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

We handle butter and eggs, for which the prevailing prices are always paid.

BEEF AND CALF HIDES.

Before selling your Beef and Calf Hides, call and get my prices. It will mean money in your pocket.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

For all kinds of Country Produce we pay the highest market prices. You cannot afford to sell your produce without first calling and learning my prices.

FURS.

We buy Marketable Furs of every description.
Come; give us a call. We are sure the prices will suit you.

OUR CANDY DEPARTMENT

Leave Your Christmas Order "Now"

Fine Chocolates, Bon Bonns, Conserved Fruits, Raisins, Figs. In fact everything in the Candy Line at prices ranging from 5 to 60cts., a pound.

NUTS of ALL KINDS.
FRUITS

Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Figs, Dates, Grape-fruit, Etc.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY

OUR CHINA DEPARTMENT,
The Largest and Finest Display in Town.

Dainty China Novelties, Fine Bric-a-brac, Ice Cream Sets, Dainty designs in Toilet Sets, Large and beautiful display of Table Glassware.

OPENING DAY EVERY DAY.

Handsome Parlor
Vase Lamps, with large decorated globe; best center draft burner. Gold plated trimmings. Prices \$2.75 to \$3.25.

A CHRISTMAS CRIME.

A YULETIDE TALE OF TWO HOMES

Ridgewood had a thief! When I, Detective Martinet of the Metropolitan Secret service, was called out there, I found the town in a state of excitement over the robberies. The principal ones had taken place in the mansion of Colonel Payne, the richest man in Ridgewood.

There had been four burglaries at the Payne mansion. The first night silver was taken—small pieces consisting of spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives.

The second night a small rocking chair disappeared and several velvet covered footstools and nice little articles of bric-a-brac designed for Christmas gifts. The third night all the children's Christmas toys that had been carefully stored away in a Santa Claus cupboard by Colonel Payne and his wife, ready for Christmas eve, disappeared, and the fourth night the cellar was pillaged of its wine and fruits.

"Looks as if it was somebody inside the house," said the Colonel after we had been over the grounds pretty well.

"Not exactly," said I, "or why would they take a rocking chair?"

The party that accompanied me through the house consisted of the colonel and his wife, the oldest daughter, a girl of fifteen, and the colonel's private secretary, William Winter.

"This is the window that they got in at the first night," said Winter, pointing to a bay window on the ground floor leading out of the dining-room. "And this is the one they got in at the other nights," pointing to another big window that was in the staircase hall alongside the front door.

"Why didn't they always enter at the same window?" I asked carelessly.

"That's what bothers me," said Winter, "but you can go see for yourself that they didn't," pointing to trampled places under both of the windows.

"You see it was this way," said the colonel. "We were greatly alarmed the first night when the silver was taken, and we set a watch over the things. From that night to the present this house has been steadily guarded from the inside every night, from dark until daylight. And yet we have had three robberies during that time. It is the strangest thing I ever saw, and I'd give \$500 to catch the burglars."

"Are they operating anywhere else in Ridgewood?"

"Yes, said Winter promptly, "they tried to steal some things out of the church last night, and a week ago they broke into the office of the gas company."

"Are you familiar there?" I asked.

"Yes," said Winter.

"One thing more, colonel, before I go," I said. "Will you tell me the name of the person who was on guard in your house the last three nights?"

"I was the person," said Winter. "All right, colonel," I said. "I am going back to the city today to stay about a week, but I will be back Christmas eve, and then I will look up your thief for you. And, by the way, you might get ready for your Christmas tree, for I expect to give you all your things back in time for your Christmas celebration."

The colonel looked skeptical and Winter shook his head sadly. "Don't you think you had better stay here if you are going to look for him?" asked the colonel.

"No," I said. "It isn't necessary. Good day, you can look for me Christmas eve."

I said goodby, but I didn't leave Ridgewood after all. I only went away far enough to hide myself in a certain little hotel in the little town, and there I waited and watched—did as slick detective work as I ever did in my life, even in a big city on the biggest robbery I ever had.

Christmas eve found me, not in the colonel's home, but out in the cold, frosty air, looking into the window of a little cottage. The cottage was the end one in a row of wooden houses, each with a grass plot around it. It belonged to William Winter, private secretary to

Colonel Payne; and in the cottage lived Winter and his wife and Winter's wife's mother; also six little Winters varying in age all the way from four to twelve years.

"I never saw anything so lovely in all my life, papa," the oldest Winter girl was saying as I pressed my nose against the glass and peered in through the narrow strip between the window sash and the case-ment.

There inside of the room stood a little Christmas tree upon a big box, and upon the tree and all around the foot of it stood dozens of beautiful Christmas gifts. Such a Christmas tree you never saw! There were little things in silver—spoons, forks, after dinner coffees and knives and there was a rocking chair, also several footstools and little articles of bric-a-brac, all newly covered with cheap chintz. And there were toys. Oh, so many toys! And upon the table at the side of the tree stood the best of wines and Christmas fruits.

"How sweet of you, Will!" Winter's pretty wife said as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "How did you ever guess that I wanted all those silver things for the table."

"And did any one ever see such a son-in-law?" cried the old lady as her eyes fell upon the table with its wine and fruits.

"I have got the goodest papa in

the world," yelled the six-year-old, while the others chimed in "Yeth," as they made a dive for the toys.

"I could sit in this rocking chair for a week," murmured Winter's wife, rocking herself back and forth with her foot on the gaily covered footstool, "if it wasn't that I felt as if I wanted to get up and kiss you again," she said to Winter for the twentieth time as she looked around.

"Now go to bed all of you," cried Winter, "and something extra for the one who starts first. Don't let me hear a word from you again until tomorrow morning at breakfast, and then we'll have Christmas all day."

He hustled them out of the room, and when I tapped on the door there was no one left downstairs to open it but he.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked, stepping into the room and pointing to all the Christmas things.

"I don't know," said he, dropping down by the table and hiding his face in his hands. "I don't know. I am sure, it will kill her if I tell her."

"What made you take them?" I asked.

"Because he's got so much he doesn't know what to do with it," said Winter. "So I took them all easy like and thought it would blow over in a few days. You see, we have so many babies in our family," he added, "that there wasn't much left this year for Christmas, and the children have been talking about it every day for the last three months. It broke my heart to think I'd have to disappoint them, so I did the best I could for them."

"You watched the house all night

for the colonel, did you?"

"Yes, except for about an hour; long enough to slip over here with an armful."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"God knows; I don't," he repeated. "It will kill her if you tell her."

"Do you want me to arrest you tonight, or will you wait until morning?"

"Christmas day!" he exclaimed, breaking down and beginning to cry like a baby. "I know I'm a wretch. Only kill me—do anything; but don't tell her."

It might have been that the spirit of Christmas was in the air. Perhaps the thought of those six little children and that sweet faced wife had a stronger influence than they should have had over a detective's heart. But I said to him, "Well, bundle up the things and come along with me, and we'll see what we can do about it."

We looked like two Santa Clauses ourselves as we slipped along the streets, choosing bylanes and cross paths to the Payne residence.

We got into the triangular lawn by a rear path and stole softly up to the house. There was the dining room brilliantly lighted and in the middle stood a tree all bare and waiting for gifts, just as I told the colonel to arrange it.

There was no one in the room, and after I had pried up the sash we stole in together. There was only just time to drop our packages on the floor at the foot of the tree and to rush away again before the colonel's daughter came in.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "there are some presents for us."

But I heard no more just then,

for I was busy helping poor Winter get away. An hour later I rang the colonel's front door bell. He opened the door himself.

"Come right in," said he. "I guess you are a wizard tonight. Just after we got the Christmas tree set up and while we were upstairs getting our presents together to hang on the tree the thief came back and left the Christmas presents."

"Everything there?" I asked.

"Everything," said he, "down to the last teaspoon. We have counted them all. Poor fellow, he must have a guilty conscience, and when it came Christmas eve he squared it with himself by sending back all he had stolen."

"Strange!" said I.

"Very strange," said the colonel. "I'd like, if I knew who the thief was, to send him something for a Christmas present, just as a reward for his conscience. As it is I ask you, detective, not to look him up. He had evidently turned over a new leaf this Christmas eve."

"Evidently," said I.

"Now detective," said the colonel, "I am going to ask you to stay with us over Christmas and enjoy a nice holiday. And so that we can all have an extra fine day I am going to send one of the boys over to Winter's house tonight with these things, so that he can have a merry Christmas as well as the rest of us."

Mothers, Be Careful

of the health of your children. Look out for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough. Stop them in time—One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy. Harmless and pleasant. Sold by T. E. Zimmerman.

