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Drusilla's Choosing

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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Gordon Keith and Tod Rogers were eating supper in what they called the "living room" of the shack when the stage, dust covered and lumbering, drew up in front of the door. There was a girl on the seat by the driver. She leaned forward impetuously.

"This is El Paso, Mr. Keith's ranch, isn't it?" she demanded by way of introduction. "I'm Drusilla Cameron, and I've come to surprise my brother Ned."

And before the astonished Keith could reply she had scrambled down over the wheel, while the stage driver grinned widely in delight at the situation and in admiration of the girl.

She was all in brown, from her pongee dust coat to her low shoes. Her hair was chestnut color, and so were the eyes that looked out frankly from under the rim of her smart traveling hat.

"Besides," she continued, "I knew that if I telegraphed beforehand you'd have everything all fixed up for me, and I wanted to see you just as you really are."

"You've certainly done that, Miss Cameron," laughed Keith, with a rueful glance at the helter skelter supper table and the walls, where leather saddles and skins and gayly colored magazine covers jostled for prominence. Rogers, who had sat speechless, coffee cup in hand, at her first entrance, now went to help the driver with her luggage, while Keith, rising to his duties as host, bade her welcome and hung up her hat and coat on a peg on the wall. He apologized profusely for the appearance of the supper table, the heavy china and the plated knives and forks, from which every vestige of silver was fast disappearing, but Drusilla laughed and said it was just as she hoped it would be, and, please since she was ravenously hungry, couldn't she begin right away?

And where was Ned all this time, she questioned, and when would he be

"I wanted to see you just as you really are." "Well, I wish I had remained a bachelor. There is so much expense and so many breakdowns."

"Expense and breakdowns? Gra, clow, old chap, perhaps you bought an automobile license instead of a marriage license?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"They do not!" said Keith decidedly. For an instant their eyes met, and Drusilla was conscious of the strength of a man who seemed as immutable as the plains themselves. He was above the average height, bronzed and deep chested, and his gray eyes had the di-

rect, searching gaze of those accustomed to looking at great distances. In the days that followed it was Gordon Keith who monopolized the greater share of her time and thoughts, and it was with him she talked and trumped and rode. Oh, those rides—with the horse's feet thudding under her, her face glowing with the exhilaration and her hair loosening and streaming out like a bright pennant!

"It's wonderful, isn't it?" she said breathlessly, reining in, that she might fasten her rebellious hairpins. "Nothing between you and the sky, or," with a wave of the whip, "nothing between you and the edge of the world."

"Keith turned to her. "Then you are beginning to feel the call of it," he said quietly, "as I hoped you would. And now I can say what I've been wanting to say ever since I first met you: Will you marry me, Drusilla?"

She shook her head. "I'm sorry," she said softly, "oh, so sorry! It would be venal to tell you how much your friendship has meant to me—you must have guessed that all ready. But what you ask is impossible."

"Then you do not—care?" "Care? Her voice wavered on the word. "Ah, you don't know how near I've come to loving you and how I've fought it down, for I knew I couldn't give up what's calling to me from the city I've left—all the collations and dinners and teas of the life I love. And you once belonged to it too. You've confessed as much. Why," she made a little beseeching gesture, "why did you ever give it up?"

"Because I was sick of being a puppet in evening clothes, because I was tired to death of the shams and the tinsel and the falseness, and I wanted to get out where I could breathe deep and look up to the stars and feel that I was a man. Drusilla—"

"No, no," she begged. "Don't ask me for I couldn't, I couldn't!"

In silence they rode toward the shack. The long light of the sunset glow was across the plains. Bright clouds were piled in the west. Against the molten sky of red and gold a cowboy rider loped in picturesque silhouette.

"It's big and free and beautiful," Drusilla murmured to herself, "but it's not for me!"

A week later she went east, and her going left a great gap in the lives of the three men at El Paso. Ned perhaps missed her least of all, for he was to go home in November. Rogers openly mourned her departure.

"Don't seem natural," he complained, "not to hear her step about the house or her songs in the evening."

But Keith, who felt her going most, kept silent, carrying with him a longing that would not be satisfied.

Drusilla had given her promise to write, yet she was slow in fulfilling it. Even Ned grumbled as day after day went by and no word came from her save a telegram saying she had arrived safely and a few picture postal cards covered with hasty scribbling.

Rogers made excuses for going to the mill oftener than was really necessary, and his persistency was at length rewarded, for one day he returned with three letters in Drusilla's handwriting. His was full of amusing incidents, Ned's of gossip and sisterly affection, but to Keith she wrote:

"You are right after all. I am smoother with conventionality and weary of riding my prescribed length in the park. It's all such a social circus. And it isn't the call of the plains that's drawing me. It's the call of the heart. Do you hate the metropolis too much to come here to marry me?"

"Well," observed Rogers, standing in the doorway a few minutes later and watching Keith galloping into the distance. "For sheer hustling that beats all I've ever seen. He sure deserves to catch that train."

Beards and Shaving.
Peter the Great once forbade beards throughout his dominions, but finding how dearly the Russian loved his beard, Peter allowed him to keep it if he was a noble on payment of a tax of 100 rubles (about \$51), and if he was a peasant or a priest, by paying a kopeck (half a cent) every time he passed the gate of a city. A large revenue was produced by the tax, in return for which the collectors gave a small copper coin called the "borodovnia," or "the beard," and every man who chose to wear a beard was obliged to produce this when he entered a town. In default he was thrown into prison. Dr. John Bulwer in his "Anthropometamorphosis, or Man Transformed," (1650), writes angrily: "Shaving the chin is justly to be accounted a note of effeminacy. What greater evidence can be given of effeminacy than to be transformed into the appearance of a woman? A shameful metamorphosis!" He declares it to be done "against the edicts of God, the oracles of the prophets, the placids of the councils and the judgment of learned men." But, in spite of these fulminations, the custom soon became universal, among soldiers as well as civilians.

Similarity.
"How do you like married life, Har-ker?" "Well, I wish I had remained a bachelor. There is so much expense and so many breakdowns."

Point Blank.
A traveler was startled by hearing on a lonely road one night this piteous appeal: "Will the kind gentleman please help a poor, unfortunate man? I have nothing in the world but this loaded revolver."—Harper's Weekly.

THE FLAG IN HISTORY

ORIGIN OF NATIONAL EMBLEMS OF THE OLD WORLD.

Joan of Arc and the White Banner of France—The Tricolor of Holland. St. Augustine, the Missionary, Introduced Flags into England.

The first western sovereign to adopt a flag was Clovis, king of the Franks. After his conversion to Christianity in the fifth century he took the "chape de St. Martin" as his standard. This according to some writers, was actually part of the cloak which the saintly bishop of Tours cut in two in order to share it with a beggar at Amiens. More credible authorities, however, assert that it was the blue flag of St. Martin's abbey.

After Clovis, the Merovingian kings seem to have returned to the ancient emblems. They were content to fight under eagles, flowers, crosses or the images of saints until the time of Charlemagne, who, if an old mosaic in the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome is to be believed, reintroduced the blue flag embellished with six red roses.

The color of the French flag was changed in 1124, when Louis the Fat carried the red oriflamme of St. Denis in his struggles against the German emperor Henry V. This continued to be the official French flag down to the battle of Agincourt in 1415. In the meantime the blue flag had again made its appearance, now decorated with the fleur-de-lis instead of the roses of Charlemagne. In this form it was carried at Acre and Crecy and Poitiers, until in the fifteenth century it became the banner of France.

The first white flag in French history was the banner of the Virgin Mary borne by Joan of Arc in her heroic campaigns for the defense of the dauphin. A pure white flag was occasionally used by Francis I. in his struggles against the Emperor Charles V., but it did not become the permanent royal banner until Henry IV., the first Bourbon, ascended the throne in 1589.

The tricolor of the French revolution was a compromise. The cockades of the revolutionists were composed of two colors, the red of the Paris commune and the blue of the ancient monarchy. In the troubled times just preceding the deposition and execution of Louis XVI., Lafayette, to signify the desire of the people for a reconciliation with their king, added the Bourbon white to the cockade. The tricolor as a national emblem was adopted by the convention in 1794.

Long before this, however, the tricolor had been the national flag of Holland. The Dutch were in fact the first to use it. When the United Provinces gained their independence from Spain in the sixteenth century, according to a favorite old story which cannot be authenticated, they invited Henry of Navarre to choose their colors, and he suggested orange, blue and white. Whether he selected this combination or not, such were the colors of Holland until some time in the seventeenth century, when the orange was replaced by red. When William of Orange became king of England in 1688 he crossed the channel under the red, white and blue.

The early inhabitants of England, like those of other countries, used emblematic devices of one kind or another, that of the Saxons being a white horse. The introduction of flags into England is ascribed to the missionary St. Augustine and his followers, who after the conversion of King Ethelbert, according to the Venerable Bede, entered Canterbury in procession, chanting and bearing small banners.

Since the fourteenth century the cross of St. George has been the emblem of the British nation. Before that time it was worn on the armor by the crusaders, among whom it came to be known as the "Jack." During the bloody civil wars of the fifteenth century it was practically superseded by the roses, white and red, and in 1606 by proclamation of James I. it was finally replaced by a red flag with the Jack in the upper inside corner. The red standard of Great Britain did not attain its present form, however, until after the union with Ireland in 1801. By parliamentary enactment in 1801 the present union Jack was brought into being by the addition of the cross of St. Patrick.

Waving flags are said to have been first brought to Spain by the Saracens. The present Spanish colors, red and yellow, came from the old shields of Castile and Aragon.

The Austrian black and yellow were the colors of the Holy Roman Empire. They were adopted, so the story goes, by Frederick Barbarossa, whose fancy was captured at a ceremony in Mainz by the black and gold flooring of the hall.

The crescent was originally the special mark of Constantinople, where for centuries it was used as a Christian symbol. There it was that the Turks first found it when they captured the city in 1453. Even today it may be found side by side with the cross on the churches in Moscow and other Russian cities, where it is used to indicate the Byzantine origin of the Russian faith.—New York Tribune.

The Audience Worse Than the Orator
John Bright was once asked how it was that Pitt made one of his finest speeches after drinking two bottles of port. John Bright was, as usual, equal to the occasion. He pointed out that verbatim reporting was unknown in those days, and he suggested that the other members of the house, on whose opinion Pitt's reputation largely depended, had probably drunk three bottles.

We live by reposing trust in each other.—Pliny.

A Compromised Fee

(Original.)

In antebellum days Oliver Otis, a young lawyer just admitted to practice, being physically delicate, concluded to take up his residence in Louisiana, where the climate is less rigorous than in the north. The slavery agitation was on, and the northerner found making an entry either socially or professionally slow work. But there is one field in which at the age of twenty-three progress is never slow—the field of love. Otis and Antoinette Le Bert, the daughter of a sugar planter, met, and their hearts fused as readily as if there was no war cloud gathering between their respective sections.

While Antoinette's father had no objection to Otis on account of being a northerner, he had serious objections to him on account of his poverty, for the young man on his arrival at his new home had not \$100 in the world. Nevertheless Mr. Le Bert was friendly to his daughter's lover, probably because Otis was too manly to pay court to a girl he was not able to marry. Indeed, Otis considered marriage with Miss Le Bert as impossible as did her father. Mr. Le Bert gave him what little law business he had and was impressed with the ingenious methods the young man employed to gain his ends.

One day Mr. Le Bert placed a collection for a goodly sum in the lawyer's hands and in doing so said to him: "Grand Bouvier, who owes me this debt, is a fire eater of the worst kind. He hates a northerner as he hates snakes. He is a duelist, a dead shot, and has killed several men under the code duello. There is no lawyer hereabout who will take the collection. The amount is \$13,000. If you will find a way to force or persuade him to pay it you shall have half for a fee. But remember you must exercise the greatest care not to offend him, for if you do he will challenge you, and if you refuse him satisfaction sentiment here will be against you, and you will have to go elsewhere. Besides, I do not care to antagonize Le Grand Bouvier myself—not that I fear him, but we southerners consider it beneath us to press a claim for debt, especially from one of our own class."

Otis took the papers in the case and said that he would look into it. He neither spoke to Mr. Le Bert about it nor Mr. Le Bert to him till one morning a week later when the client rushed into Otis' office with a letter in his hand and threw it down before him. It read:

"Sir—I have received an insulting letter from a young gutter snipe from the north demanding payment of my indebtedness to you, in which he uses the word 'dead-beat' and accuses me of having obtained your property under 'false pretenses.' I desire to know if you assume responsibility for the puppy's insults. I have the honor to be your most obedient servant, LE GRAND BOUVIER."

Le Bert expected to see Otis pale when he read the letter, but he did not. He wrote on the face of it:

"My note was written without the knowledge of Mr. Le Bert, and I alone am responsible for it. OLIVER OTIS."

Handing it back to Le Bert, he resumed the work at which he was engaged as if nothing unusual had occurred.

"Are you aware," asked Le Bert, "what this means?" "Perfectly."

"Very well. If you want to get a hole in you, go ahead."

That evening a gentleman with very black hair and eyes who spoke softly the creole dialect called upon Otis with a demand for satisfaction on the part of Bouvier. Otis asked if he would be expected to fight under the Louisiana code. The visitor said that his principal was so enraged that he would fight under any code, whereupon Otis said that in some states the code especially stipulated that there should be no meeting between two persons wherein one owed the other money; that he was personally interested in the debt due from Mr. Bouvier, therefore his challenger was his debtor. He could not accept any challenge from Mr. Bouvier until the debt had been paid.

The visitor departed, and nothing more was heard of the affair for ten days, when Mr. Le Bert received a check for the full amount of his claim with interest. The payment had not been made five minutes when Mr. Bouvier's second called at Otis' office. Mr. Le Bert came in at the same moment with his check. The second politely informed Otis that, there being nothing in the way of the meeting, his principal expected it would take place without delay.

Then Otis placed his hand on his heart, made a profound bow and said: "May I ask you to convey to Mr. Bouvier my sincere and humble apology? I supposed him to be what I called him, but I see I was mistaken. I have proof in the payment of this debt that he is an honorable man."

The creole looked surprised through his soft black eyes, bowed, turned and left the office. And that was the last of the prospective duel between Oliver Otis and Le Grand Bouvier.

That afternoon Mr. Le Bert sent Otis a check for \$6,988.74, exactly half the amount of the collection. Otis returned it with a bill for legal services for \$25. Mr. Le Bert strove in vain to induce him to accept the larger amount without success. Otis averred that it was not in the north considered at that time professional to take cases on shares. The matter was finally compromised by the check being drawn to Miss Le Bert for a present on her wedding with Otis. Le Grand Bouvier sent a clock of the time of Louis XV.

T. ANTHONY TWINING.

FAMOUS GAMBLERS.

Old Time London Betting Clubs and Their Methods.

There were three principal clubs—White's, Brooks' and Boodle's. White's was originally a "chocolate house" in William III's time, but became a private club early in the eighteenth century and was noted by the Tories. It was a club always used for high play and betting, and very curious some of their bets were, the old wager book being still preserved. Brooks' was the Whig club and was then conducted by that

Liberal Brooks, whose speculative skill is hardly credited and a distant bill; who, nursed in clubs, disdained a vulgar trade.

Exults to trust and bushes to be paid. Among the members of this club were the Prince of Wales, and, of course, his fidus Achates, Sheridan, besides the great Charles James Fox, who here played deeply and whose name is oft recorded in the wager book, which, however, is of older date and was kept when the club was held at Almaack's. "Lord Northington bets Mr. C. Fox, June 4, 1774, that he (Mr. C. F.) is not called to the bar before this day four years."

March 11, 1775, Lord Bellingbrooke gives a guinea to Mr. Charles Fox and is to receive a thousand from him whenever the debt of this county amounts to £171,000. Mr. Fox is not to pay the £1,000 till he is one of his majesty's cabinet. "April 7, 1791, Mr. Sheridan bets Lord Lauderdale and Lord Thapnet 25 guineas each that parliament will not consent to any more lotteries after the present one voted to be drawn in February next."—From "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century," by John Ashton.

HE DIED FIGHTING.

How Prince Louis Napoleon Was Killed by the Zulus.

How Prince Louis Napoleon was killed by the Zulus June 1, 1879, is told graphically in the book by Sir Evelyn Wood, who took part in that war. The little party which the prince accompanied was surprised and attacked. Sir Evelyn writes: "The Zulus in pursuit ran first after the two white soldiers who were on the flanks, three or four men, headed by Labanga, following the prince. His horse had jumped just as he was mounting, and his sword fell out of its scabbard. He was very active and was vaulting on his horse in motion when the wallet on the front of the saddle broke away, and he fell to the ground, being at this time only sixty yards behind the (British) fugitives. There were seven men who actually fought the prince. When Labanga, pursuing the fugitives, first saw Labanga, he was running away from the prince, who was rushing at him, Labanga, crouching in the grass, threw an assegai at him. The first assegai struck in the prince's thigh, and withdrawing it from the wound, he kept his foot at bay for some minutes. In the native's words: 'He fought like a lion. He fired two shots, but without effect, and I threw an assegai at him, which struck him, as I said at the time, but I always allowed Labanga's claim to have killed him, for his assegai hit the prince in the left shoulder, a mortal wound.'"

Some Old Wills.

One of the oddest documents of the will kind known was that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Goutram of Burgundy. The dying princess enjoined upon her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with her the physicians who had attended her. Another will was that of a husband who forbade his wife's marrying on pain of his returning to haunt her. This is quite different from that of a woman who instructed her executors to seek out "some nice, good, pretty girl" who would make an affectionate second wife to her spouse. It is a fact interesting in this connection that the first Napoleon actually bequeathed 10,000 francs to a fellow named Cantillon, who had been tried for attempting the assassination of the Duke of Wellington.

A Problem in Life.
They had met in the subway and in the interval of passing a few stations had fallen to talking of a lovely woman friend who had died.

"How did she die? Do you know?" he asked.

"She nursed a little niece through an infectious disease, then took it herself and died of it," said she.

"A strange Providence!" he mused sadly. "She, lovely, gracious, charming, everything to live for and a blessing to her friends, to die in order that a child might live. A strange and unaccountable Providence!"—New York Press.

Good and Osgood.
The subject of ancestors is often an interesting topic of conversation. A lady extremely proud of her mother's family created a sensation and made her listeners wonder a little when she remarked: "My father filled many responsible positions. We all have the greatest respect for him. My father was a good man, but—and a certain stiffening of the shoulders and an added expression of firmness in the good lady's face added importance to her conclusion—"My mother was an Osgood!"

Man to Blame.
Women are more prone to desert than men. From the time when Scheherazade told her lord 1,001 lies to keep the peace it has been the accepted way. And the men, not the women, are the most to blame. It is what they like, and they get it.—Good Words.

Love is intoxicating, it is said. What a good thing it is that marriage has a tendency to sober a man.—Terrell (Tex.) Transcript.

Love by Graphophone

By Alice Lovett Carson

Copyright, 1906, by Alice L. Carson

The office of Horwitz & Mallon, wholesale brass manufacturers, shone with polished fixtures and fresh white wood. A pleasant, cheery place to work in, Mabel Thurston thought as she entered. She had come early that morning because it was the last day of the month and a great deal of correspondence had to be finished up. She greeted Dick, the office boy, before going into her own little sanctum, for as the "graphophonist" of the firm, she was given a nook away from the rattle of tickers and other machines.

"The boss left a note for you, Miss Thurston," said the boy as he followed her in, carrying an armful of wax cylinders. "There it is."

Mabel read it as she opened and dusted off her typewriter. "No. 3 important—to be done first. Then 5, 4 and 2. C. H."

She nodded understandingly and fitted cylinder No. 3 into the graphophone that stood on the table at her elbow. Then she wound up and started the machine and, having fastened about her head the cap that held the tubes against her ears, sat down prepared for the work.

The instrument buzzed a few seconds, then started off. "Take this letter to Messrs. Curroll & Briggs, Middle Roxbury, Mass.," began the first voice of Carl Horwitz. She could almost see the sharp glances he gave from under his bushy eyebrows while he dictated. The typewriter began to rattle in a businesslike way. Other stenographers and clerks came in, laughing and chattering, and settled down to work, and the office quickly resumed its usual active appearance.

Hurrying, for he was a little late, entered Pierce Mallon, the junior partner. He was Horwitz's nephew, a bright young fellow of twenty-six. He hesitated a moment, with flushed face and embarrassed air, before Miss Thurston's door, then moved on to the inner office. Puzzling over the phrasing of a sentence, Mabel did not see him enter, though she always looked for his morning greeting and felt something lacking in the day when she missed it. Of late the handsome boy who blushed and stammered whenever he spoke to her had been often in her thoughts.

"No. 5 next," she thought pleasantly, handing Dick a sheaf of letters to be signed by Horwitz. "That cylinder always contained Mallon's correspondence and she enjoyed hearing his sympathetic voice.

"Please take this letter, Miss Thurston," it began deferentially—so different from his uncle's abrupt manner. "Mr. Henry S. Wright, 845 Main street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. My dear Mr. Wright," and so continued, the girl drinking in every word.

"If you're finished that, the next is a personal note," Mallon's voice went on. He stopped a minute, then continued with many halts and jerks of utterance. "Dear friend—no, my dear friend—just leave out the name, Miss Thurston. My dear friend, though I've wanted to do so many times lately—in fact, whenever I passed your door—I've never had the courage to speak to you of a matter on which I feel very deeply. I don't know how you'll regard this method of addressing you. No doubt it will seem to you as rude as it is unconventional, but I must run the risk of offending you. Miss Thurston—Mabel—I love you!"

With a sharp exclamation the girl started from her seat and tore the cap from her head. "How dare you!" she panted, her cheeks flaming with indignation. To take advantage of her position to insult her in this way! Of course there were always little jokes that the instrument permitted—things the men would not say to her face, but never anything of this nature. James Caté, Horwitz's secretary, began his letters by drawing out, "My dear girl, if you love me take this," and Steve Murphy, the business manager, sometimes interrupted his correspondence to tell a story in his inimitable brogue, ending in a lusty "Haw! Haw!" that always made her laugh. Horwitz frequently prefaced his dictation with remarks that consigned his correspondent to Jericho, but to think that Pierce Mallon, of all men, should be guilty of a vulgar practical joke like this!

She jerked the paper off her typewriter and tore it into bits. Then she stopped the graphophone and changed the cylinder for another. "If Mr. Mallon's letters are not all written today it's his own fault," she thought hotly, with a feeling of joy that she could punish him thus.

But a dull ache that would not cease remained in her heart, though she told herself over and over again that the fellow was a cad and a boor and she despised herself for ever taking him for a gentleman. Her bitter tears that night were wet with some bitter tears as she tossed sleeplessly on the narrow boarding house bed. It is hard to give up ideals when one is only twenty-two.

The same cylinder was frequently used more than once, for the surface could be shaved smooth ready for another impression, so No. 5 was brought in next morning by Dick, and, though Mabel instinctively dreaded it, she could not refuse to take it with the rest. Mallon's voice began at once without introduction:

"I have offended you deeply, I know. You thought it was a practical joke,

and a poor one at that. Pardon me for being such a boor; but, indeed, I meant every word. It wasn't a joke, but dead earnest, for I love you, love you, love you!"—His voice broke passionately. "Ah, forgive me," he went on contritely. "I am offending you again, but I can't be silent when the phone tempts me, and I dare not speak to you face to face. Can't you ply me at least?"

As she listened the girl's expression changed from indignation to surprise, then to doubt. "Perhaps," she said uncertainly, "he is speaking the truth after all. Perhaps I misjudged him. Oh, I hope I have!" With the sudden realization of her own feeling she hid her face in her hands.

Next day when she came to cylinder No. 5 in the routine of correspondence Mabel found herself hoping for the little personal message which should give assurance to her heart. It came abruptly, but decidedly:

"I'm going to stop this sort of thing, Mabel. It smacks of cowardice, and I want to be worthy of your respect. I mean to put my fate to touch at once, so expect me this afternoon."

The girl's heart sang its paeon of joy as her fingers flew over a heavy budget of letters. When the day was over she waited for his coming till long past her usual time of leaving and went home at last, sad and uncertain what to think.

"Say, you'll find some tall cussin' on the tubes today, Miss Thurston," said Dick as he brought her the cylinders next morning. "The boss chased Mr. Pierce off to Boston in a hurry yesterday, then ripped round all the afternoon 'cause he couldn't find some rush orders the young fellow put away. I tell you, there'll be fur flyin', you bet, when he gets back this mornin'."

Dick wondered why Miss Thurston beamed so on him and presented him with a rose she had just bought. He could not know that his news had put an end to a bitter heartache. It was Saturday, a half holiday, and her only fear was that Pierce would not return in time.

The clerks had all left and even the elevator had stopped running before she covered the instruments, and still he had not come. Slowly she adjusted her feet before the mirror. There came a rush of eager, impatient feet up the stairs, and the door of the office was burst open. He dropped his suitcase and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Oh," he exclaimed, breathless and relieved, "I was afraid you would be gone!" She did not turn.

"You know, don't you, why I didn't come yesterday? You understand it was not my fault—that I hadn't time to send you a note even?" She bowed her head in silence. "Ah, but you still think it was unmanly to talk through that old graphophone! Forgive me, dear, I didn't know what I was doing. But I do love you, Mabel." He would not be discouraged by her silence. "I love you and I want you. Tell me, can you forgive me and love me a little in return?"

Then she wheeled about, her face radiant, her eyes shining like gray stars. "Pierce, dear!" was all she said, but he was satisfied, for he read the answer in her eyes.

He Drew on Sight.
Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated commonwealth it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your credit is \$27.40. Draw on me at sight."

But Hoover was mad. He had expected his money, and none came. He felt he had been duped, and he treasured up the grievance. One time, about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus and started to walk down the street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His eye was fairly good. The bullet cut away the merchant's necktie and unfastened his collar.

Then Hoover put up his gun.

"That's expensive shootin'," said he, "but I reckon you're sorry as I am." "What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man. "He told me to," said Hoover, surprised.

"Told you to?" demanded the white checked city man. "I never did anything of the kind!"

"You did," said Hoover. And, drawing out the telegram, he read: "Draw on me at sight." "I done it," said he.

Curious Freaks of Razors.
The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back-Strand Magazine.

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STERLING GALT, EDITOR AND PROP.

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Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Emmitsburg Postoffice.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1907.

The distressing plight of the young man, a citizen of this district, who has been tried and found guilty of murder in the first degree, ought to bear its lesson to every well-meaning person in this community. It is true that the intoxicated condition of the man had something to do with the crime but back of this there is a deeper reason—the condition of a mind that makes the thought of such a deed possible. And, while the young man is by the law held responsible for the act of his passion, the weight of accountability rests not entirely on his shoulders. There is such a thing as the brotherhood of man and if by reason of environment, education, heredity or whatsoever may raise one above another, a man finds himself on a higher level of living than his brother; if by reason of any of these or other conditions the one is a man and the other a child then it is the man's part to protect his weaker brother, to place him in better surroundings, to educate him to better things, to give him the advantages he is unable to give himself. Where the responsibility of ignorance rests is not in our province to discuss; but when the facilities for education are lacking as they are in the community in question, then somebody is answerable. If a man is in any way influenced by his surrounding conditions, and these environments are not conducive of good living then again is there a wide responsibility. Education, religious development and moral betterment are more important aspects of patriotism than fleets and armies.

The finding of the coroner's jury, which has been endeavoring to fix the responsibility for the state of affairs that resulted in the frightful wreck on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad at Terra Cotta, constitutes, indirectly, a terrible arraignment of American railway operating management in general, and that of the Baltimore & Ohio in particular. For many years past observing people have been comparing the number of persons killed per million of passengers carried on American railroads with corresponding statistics from European roads and each year the result has been more and more to our discredit. And now, in the case in question, the jury after finding a defective block system, defectively manned, defectively timed, defectively operated by underqualified, underpaid and over-worked men, intelligently proceeds to fix the blame on the youngest and most inexperienced "kid" connected with the whole lamentable affair, instead of on the men "higher up," whose criminal negligence alone made possible the existing state of affairs. And to cap the climax the "superintendent of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad" after confessing that "all the rules for the operation of trains were violated" goes on to say: "I am surprised at their (the operating force's) disregard of their trust. I can only say that in operating a railroad you must depend upon the fidelity and trustworthiness of the employees. If they are lacking in that, I know of nothing that will compensate for it." If anything weaker and more puerile than this has ever been put out by a high operating officer on any railroad since steam engines ran on metal rails, it has never come to our notice. The morale of any body of men is that of those who hire, instruct and control them, and Mr. Gallo-way's last quoted sentence applies not so much to the operators and engineers as to himself and his associates.

Emmitsburg can and does take pride in the high honor bestowed by others on one of her former citizens.

MARKET REPORTS.

The following market quotations, which are corrected every Friday morning, are subject to daily changes.

Table with market prices for Wheat, Oats, Corn, New Corn, Hay, etc.

COUNTRY PRODUCE ETC.

Table with prices for Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Turkey, Ducks, Potatoes, etc.

LIVE STOCK.

Table with prices for Steers, Butcher Hefers, Fresh Cows, Fat Cows and Bulls, Hogs, Sheep, etc.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 9.

Table with prices for Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rye, Straw, etc.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9.

Table with prices for Butter, Eggs, etc.

ORDER NISI ON SALES.

No. 8113 EQUITY. In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1906. In the Matter of the Report of Sales filed the 3rd day of January, 1907.

Webster W. Sweigert, Mortgagee of Charles A. W. Clark, on Petition.

ORDERED, That on the 26th day of January, 1907, the Court will proceed to act upon the Report of Sales of Real Estate, reported to said Court by Webster W. Sweigert, Mortgagee in the above cause, and filed therein as aforesaid, to finally ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick county, for three successive weeks prior to said day.

The Report states the amount of sales to be \$808.00.

Dated this 3rd day of January, 1907. SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk.

Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick county. True copy—Test, SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk, Jan 4-4ts Vincent Sebald, Sol.

ORDER NISI ON SALES.

No. 8019 EQUITY. In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1906. In the Matter of the Report of Sales filed the 31st day of December, 1906.

ORDERED, That on the 30th day of January, 1907, the Court will proceed to act upon the Report of Sales of Real Estate, reported to said Court by Eugene L. Rowe, Trustee, in the above cause, and filed therein as aforesaid, to finally ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick county, for three successive weeks prior to said day.

The Report states the amount of sales to be \$322.00.

Dated this 31st day of December, 1906. SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk.

Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick county. True copy—Test, SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk, Jan 4-4ts Eugene L. Rowe, Solicitor.

Home-Made Bread EMMITSBURG HOME BAKERY, HARRY HOPP, PROPRIETOR. Cakes Rolls Pies. Deliveries made in new water and dust-proof wagon. Wedding and birthday cakes made to order. EVERYTHING IN THE BAKER'S LINE.

Fine Watches and Diamonds. Our large and complete stock of Fine Watches, Artistic Jewelry, Sterling Silver-ware, Fine Cut Glass, Leather Goods, &c., presents a most extensive and complete assortment for the satisfactory selection of appropriate gifts for all times. Special attention given mail orders. GALT & BRO., ESTABLISHED OVER A CENTURY, JEWELLERS, SILVERSMITHS, STATIONERS, 1107 Pennsylvania Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

For Your Next Suit Try LIPPY The Tailor 49 Chambersburg Street Gettysburg, Pa.

T. E. ZIMMERMAN DRUGGIST ZIMMERMAN'S WHITE PINE AND TAR. TRY IT FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

SPECIAL MEETING OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS. FREderick, Md., Dec. 17th, 1906. The January session of the County Commissioners will commence at their office in the Court House.

UNDERTAKER. M. F. SHUFF Modern Furniture, BEDS, MATTRESSES. Hospitals, Hotels, Institutions Furnished Throughout.

SEWING MACHINES. CABINET WORK, REPAIRING. BOTH PHONES. W. Main St., Opp. Presbyterian Church. EMBALMER.

OYSTERS FROM GEO. E. GLUTZ. NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

FIVE CENTS A DAY FOR Telephone Service. Gives the Farmer the advantages of City life. A constant convenience and protection all the year. Our Agent will gladly see you. THE C. & P. TELEPHONE CO. FREDERICK, MD. SOLID SILVER American Lever Watches, WARRANTED TWO YEARS, ONLY \$6. G. T. EYSTER.

The coroner's jury which has been investigating the death of 43 people in the wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Terra Cotta, a suburb of Washington, on December 30, brought in a verdict holding eight railroad officials and trainmen responsible for the disaster.

PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will sell at public sale on the premises in Emmitsburg District, Frederick County, situated on the turnpike, leading from Emmitsburg to Frederick, about 2 miles from the former place, and one-half mile from Mt. St. Mary's College, On Saturday, Feb. 2, 1907, at 2 P. M., the property known as the Peter Sebald property, containing about 4 ACRES OF LAND, more or less, adjoining lands of Edward Taney and Nicholas Baker's heirs improved with a 1 1/2 story BRICK HOUSE,

stable and necessary outbuildings. At the same time and place will be sold a mountain lot, formerly containing 16 acres; but a small portion has been sold, adjoining John Hoke and other property, the exact portion that has been sold will be made known on the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, on the first day of April, 1907, when possession will be given, the residue in six and twelve months, when a deed will be given for the property, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their note with approved security, bearing interest from the first of April, 1907, or all cash at the option of the purchaser.

A. V. KEEPERS, Agent for Heirs. VINCENT SEBALD, Counsel.

ORDER NISI ON SALES

No. 8010 EQUITY. In the Circuit Court for Frederick County, sitting in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1906. In the Matter of the Report of Sales filed the 31st day of December, 1906.

Joseph E. Wagner et al vs. Margaret S. Wagner et al

ORDERED, That on the 26th day of January 1907, the Court will proceed to act upon the Report of Sales of Real Estate, reported to said Court by Eugene L. Rowe, Trustee in the above cause, and filed therein as aforesaid, to finally ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick County, for three successive weeks prior to said day.

The Report states the amount of sales to be \$437.50

Dated this 31st day of December, 1906. SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk.

Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick county. True copy—Test, SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk, Jan 4-4ts Eugene L. Rowe, Solicitor.

TO SEE AN INTERNATIONAL GASOLINE ENGINE IS TO BUY IT. WE SELL THEM. Zimmerman & Shriver

At Breichner's Barber Shop A FINE LINE OF CHOICE CIGARS, SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCOES.

MASURY'S HOUSE PAINTS THE PAINT WITH THE LONG LIFE. MASURY'S House Paints are known the length and breadth of the United States as the paints that live the longest. They live the longest because they are made of carefully selected pigments ground in PURE LINSEED OIL

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FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Death of a Former Resident in Pittsburgh. Large Shipment of Turkeys.

Mr. Cheston Low, formerly of this place but now living in Pittsburgh, Pa., died on New Year's day after a long illness, in his thirty-first year. Mr. Low had been employed in the United States Pension office in that city until his illness incapacitated him for work.

Two months ago his father left here to take care of him and remained with him until his death. The remains were brought to Fairfield last Friday and interred in Union Cemetery. The service were conducted by Rev. C. L. Ritter in the Lutheran Church. The deceased is survived by his wife, father and one sister.

Mr. Charles Hoffman, of Smithsburg, was in this place last Friday attending the funeral of Mr. Low.

Mr. Harry Shulley and family, who have been visiting in this place for several weeks, have returned to their home in Reading, Pa.

Mr. Harry Waddles, the popular huckster, made a large shipment of turkeys last week. One consignment of 225 birds was sent to Reading.

Mrs. Alexandria McCleaf, an aged lady of this place, is very ill at her home.

Mr. F. Shulley has in his possession a half-penny coined in 1806. These coins have been out of circulation for over 50 years.

Mr. Milford Musselman who underwent an operation in the hospital at Chambersburg is rapidly recovering.

The Union Prayer Services held this week were well attended.

HARNEY.

No Arrests Made in Connection With The Shooting Of Mrs. Lambert.

The excitement aroused by the wounding of Mrs. A. G. Lambert, wife of Constable Lambert, has somewhat quieted down the disorderly element in this town. No arrest has been made of the person who committed the act. Mr. Lambert, profiting by his experience, has put outside shutters on his house as a precaution against a repetition of the act. Mrs. Lambert's wound is not all serious.

Mr. Harry Heck has been confined to the house for several days by illness.

Mr. John Tomppson has moved to York, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Heck, of York, spent New Year's day with Mrs. Heck's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fox.

The congregation of the Lutheran Church in this place have further improved the appearance of their auditorium by laying a new carpet.

Mr. Edward Valentine has gone to Waynesboro where he expects to find employment.

Miss Daisy Witherow, of Taneytown, spent last Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Lincoln Witherow and family.

Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Shriver visited in Hagerstown.

Miss Oneda Reck spent Sunday the guest of Miss Bruce Waybright.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[In this column "UNCLE BILL" will answer all questions of a proper character submitted to THE CHRONICLE. Readers of this paper should not hesitate to patronize this column frequently, as "UNCLE BILL" draws a big salary and loves to work.]

Uncle Bill: Where is home? WILLIAM.

William: Mount Hope.

Uncle Bill: What ails the weather. EPIZOOTIC.

Epizootic: The congestion of hot air at a certain city in the District of Columbia and the cloud, of a color the same as the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, has been responsible for existing weather conditions. The President will be urged to come to the rescue of the country by dismissing the responsible parties.

Uncle Bill: Has any reason occurred to your wise head why that bull tried to enter Mr. Hoke's restaurant? WITNESS.

Witness: The oft-told derivation of the word restaurant which I give below must have been in the animals mind. Res is the Latin for thing and taurus, in the same language, means bull, both together convey the idea of bully thing. The bull was seeking his own.

Samuel A. Groff, who was recently released from the Moundsville Penitentiary where he served a sentence on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Government in connection with the sale of letterbox fasteners, died of melancholia at his home in Washington, brought on by the shame he felt over his imprisonment.

ORDER NISI ON SALES.

No. 8089 EQUITY. In the Circuit Court for Frederick county, sitting in Equity.

NOVEMBER TERM, 1906. In the Matter of the Report of Sales filed the 1st day of January, 1907.

John E. Willhite and Alice Willhite his wife vs. Niles M. Willhite Executor et al

ORDERED, That on the 26th day of January, 1907, the Court will proceed to act upon the Report of Sales of Real Estate, reported to said Court by Vincent Sebald and Frank L. Stoner, Trustees in the above cause, and filed therein as aforesaid, to finally ratify and confirm the same, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown before said day; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Frederick county, for three successive weeks prior to said day.

The Report states the amount of sales to be \$6139.50.

Dated this 1st day of January, 1907. SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk.

Clerk of the Circuit Court for Frederick county. True copy—Test, SAMUEL T. HAFFNER, Clerk, Jan 4-4ts Frank L. Stoner, Sol.

BANK PRESIDENT.

Rev. Motter Elected President of the First National Bank of Frederick.

At the election of the National Banks of Frederick, held last Tuesday, Rev. I. M. Motter, formerly of this place, was chosen as president of the First National Bank. Rev. Motter will also succeed ex-State Senator Frank C. Norwood on the board of directors.

Mr. C. Albert Gilson, whose family formerly lived in this place, was appointed cashier of the Farmers' National Bank of Frederick, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Wilbur H. Duvall. Concerning Mr. Gilson's selection the Frederick News says, "The position which he has just assumed was won by the interest he has taken in the affairs of the bank, which he performed faithfully and diligently with credit to himself and to the advancement of the bank. He has the best wishes of a host of friends, who hope that he may live long to enjoy the trust and confidence of the officials of the bank."

NEW LAKE COMPLETED.

Another Sheet of Water To Enhance The Beauties of Pen Mar.

The work of constructing Lake Wastler, which is located 100 yards further up the stream from the head of Lake Royer, near Pen-Mar Park, has been completed. The new lake, like Lake Royer, is owned by the Buena Vista Ice Company, and has a surface extent of over eight acres, with a capacity of 5,000,000 gallons. It is 1,360 feet above sea level and 13 feet above the level of Lake Royer. Ice will be harvested from the lake during the winter and in the summer season it will be used for boating and fishing purposes.

SKILLED EYE RELIEF.

The care of your eyes should receive as much consideration as the care of your health. The eyes are delicate. They can't be trusted to every one who chooses to hang out his shingle and invite patronage. The best refractionists are the only ones to be consulted. We offer you the services of a graduate, who is capable of advising knowingly on any case that comes to him. His advice is free. If you suspect any eye ailment we're glad to have you consult him. It's simply a case of offering you the services of one of the best equipped men in his profession in the country without charge, and should you require the services of our specialist, Dr. O. W. Hines will be at the Emmitt House, Emmitsburg, Md. January 16th and 17th 1907.

CAPITAL OPTICAL CO.

614 9th St. N. W. Washington, D. C. Jan 11-2t.

The Fourth Street National Bank

building, of Philadelphia, was almost completely wrecked last Saturday by the explosion of a bomb thrown by a "crank" supposed to be from Lynchburg, Va. The cashier of the bank was instantly killed as was also Steele, the bomb thrower. Fifteen persons were injured.

The services in connection with the week of prayer have been largely attended.

The discourses have been exceptionally able. These services will be concluded next Sunday when Rev. Mr. Bayley will preach the sermon in the Presbyterian Church.

Dividend Notice.

The Board of Directors of the Emmitsburg Water Co., at a meeting held Jan. 3rd, 1907, declared a dividend of 3 per cent. payable on and after Feb. 1st, 1907. C. D. EICHELBERGER, Secretary.

Farm For Rent.

80 Acres—Under excellent cultivation. One mile north of Sabillasville. E. F. HARBAUGH, Sabillasville, Md.

Last Friday, Jan. 4, was the 75th birthday of Mr. Bennett Tyson.

THE CHRONICLE joins with Mr. Tyson's many friends in wishing him many more and happy returns of the day.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated on Sunday morning in the Reformed Church, at 10.30 o'clock.

Preparatory services tomorrow afternoon at 2.30.

A colt belonging to Mr. William Bollinger, hitched in front of Mr. Peter F. Burkett's store, became frightened at a tank wagon, on Wednesday afternoon, and tore loose, breaking the buggy.

A Company with \$50,000 capital has been organized to publish another daily in the city of Martinsburg, W. Va., to be known as the Evening Journal.

Five men at work on the Frederick and Middletown Railway were caught in a land slide last Monday, two of the men were injured.

On Sunday evening, Jan 6, Rev. Father Traggesser gave a Turkey supper to the altar boys of St. Anthony's Church.

A marriage license has been issued Robert E. Wetzel and Martha Ferguson, both living near this place.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim Eckenrode gave a dance to a number of their friends.

Maryland has 384 rural delivery routes in operation and 29 petitions for routes pending.

BANK LOSES.

Ex-County Treasurer Wins His Suit Against Frederick Bank.

The Court sustained the action of a jury of the last term which awarded George L. Kauffman, ex-county treasurer, a verdict of \$1,868 and interest against the Fredericktown Savings Institution.

The case was tried twice before a jury. The first time it was withdrawn by the plaintiff and at the next trial Mr. Kauffman was given a verdict amounting to \$2,050. The savings institution asked for a new trial, but the court overruled the motion, giving Mr. Kauffman judgment for the original verdict of \$1,868 with interest. The case was based upon an arrangement that Mr. Kauffman, as County Treasurer, is alleged to have made in 1893 with the bank, under which he deposited county taxes. He claimed that the institution agreed to allow him all the money he wanted at the rate of 5 per cent. interest, taking as security vouchers for taxes due. The savings institution claimed that the interest agreed upon was at the regular rate of 6 per cent., allowing him the privilege of depositing upon the amount borrowed at any time and calculating interest only upon the amount due the bank after deposits without regard to a loan for a specified time.

Much interest was taken in the case in bank circles, in as much as the county treasurers borrow large sums to pay taxes when due in order to get the benefit of interest and a 25-cent notice charged up to delinquent tax-payers.

HOBBES VS. FUSS.

Verdict Handed Down In The Road Case.—Fuss Petition Granted.

The case of Bernard J. Hobbs and Edward Hobbs vs. William H. Fuss and others which grew out of the action of the County Commissioners in granting the petition of the Messrs. Fuss was ended last Saturday. The jury returned with a verdict for the appellees, Messrs. Fuss, concurring in the action of the Commissioners.

The trial of the case occupied three days and was hotly contested. The Hobbs' brothers petitioned the County Commissioners to open a new road near this place; a counter-petition was filed by Messrs. Fuss and others for another road to answer the same purpose. The latter petition was granted and Messrs. Hobbs took an appeal from the Commissioner's order and brought the matter to Court.

Messrs. Sebald, Wood and Stone represented Messrs. Hobbs, and Messrs. Harp and Urner the appellees.

HERBERT F. STONESIFER.

Mr. Herbert F. Stonesifer, an esteemed citizen of this place, died yesterday morning at his home on West Main street after an illness of a few weeks. Bright's disease, aggravated by an attack of pneumonia, was the cause of the young man's death.

Mr. Stonesifer moved to this town last March and, associated with his father, conducted a bottling works. He is survived by two brothers, two sisters, four stepbrothers and one step-sister.

The funeral services will be held on Saturday at the United Brethren Church in Harney.

NOT A CHINA SHOP.

Bull Seeks Rest And Refreshments In Hoke's Restaurant.

One day this week a bull belonging to Patterson Bros., tired and worn out sought rest in Mr. Michael Hoke's saloon. It is not known whether it was the verdant smell of corn or just because that led the animal to walk down the narrow way, but whatever it was he made the attempt. After getting as far as the barroom door, upon the earnest solicitation of Mr. Hoke ably seconded by his son, Mr. Cleveland Hoke, and not being able to turn around, the bull politely backed out.

GUY MOTTER HONORED.

Elected Treasurer of Frederick County Agricultural Society.

At the annual meeting of the Frederick County Agricultural Society held last Saturday, Mr. Guy Motter was elected treasurer to succeed Mr. D. V. Stauffer, by the unanimous vote of those present.

Mr. Motter is well known in this place being the grandson of our esteemed citizen Mr. Lewis Motter, and son of Rev. Isaac M. Motter, of Frederick.

OFFICERS ELECTED.

Hagerstown Fair Association Officers For The New Year.

The following officers of the Hagerstown Fair Association were elected last week: President, Jown W. Stonebraker; vice-president, Geo. W. Smith, Jr.; recording secretary, D. H. Staley; corresponding secretary, Palmer Tennant; treasurer, Daniel W. Reichard; directors, Frank W. Misch, J. Ellsworth Stonebraker, William H. Howard, Lewis R. Schnebly, B. Abner Beits, W. Merrick Huyett, M. Finley Selbert, John W. Cable, Albert Heard, and George H. Hager.

J. Thos. Gelwick

EYLER TRIAL.

Sentence Is Pronounced By Judge Swope.

NEW TRIAL REFUSED.

Sentenced To Be Hung By The Neck Until Dead.—Case May Be Carried To The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

As far as the Adams County Court is concerned the final word has been spoken in the Eyer trial that has attracted such widespread attention since its beginning last November. Judge Swope, after refusing a new trial to the prisoner, and after the District Attorney had made a motion to have judgment pronounced, addressed the prisoner.

The jury have found you guilty of murder of the first degree of Howard Miller on May 30, last. Have you anything to say?

The prisoner did not respond even to a second question of the same nature. The Judge then continued. You were ably defended and fairly tried and the verdict of the jury is fully supported by the evidence in the case. We fail to see how you could expect or hope for a different result. You willfully, deliberately and with premeditation took a life and the law now exacts your own life. This is no time for advice; we can only commend you to the Author of Grace before whom the truly penitent never seek in vain. Nor is this a time for advice to others; this solemn arraignment and sentence is in itself the most solemn warning.

During these few remarks the prisoner seemed oblivious to the words of the Judge but when the final statement, the exact sentence, was delivered he was overcome and sank into his chair. These are the words that dazed him: "The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from here to the jail of the County of Adams and from thence to a place within the jail and that there you be hanged by the neck until dead and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul."

Eyer's attorney, Mr. Hersh, immediately made arrangements to take the case to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania sitting at Philadelphia. It is not probable that the case will be heard before next March.

The following is in part the opinion of the Court in overruling the motion made by the defendant's attorney for a new trial: "The verdict in this case we feel is fully justified by the evidence. Indeed we are impelled to agree with the jury that this was a wilful, deliberate and premeditated killing."

The defendant, William Eyer, is a young man twenty years of age.

The deceased, Howard Miller, was 31 years of age and previous to the day of the homicide, it does not appear that they were acquainted with each other. Howard Miller came to Gettysburg with his wife on the 30th of May last, Decoration Day, and they watched the parade together from the public square of the town. After the parade had passed Miller left his wife in search of a person he desired to see. This was in the afternoon about 3 o'clock. Shortly after this Mrs. Miller was apprised of the sad misfortune that had befallen her husband, and when taken to the Globe Hotel in the Borough of Gettysburg, she found him entirely unconscious in which condition he remained until his death, which occurred the following evening.

After leaving his wife in the public square, the deceased went to the Globe Hotel. There he got into an altercation and fight in the bar-room, with one William Long, a brother-in-law of the defendant. The fight between Miller and Long was a "square, fair fight"; blows were interchanged between them, the faces of both were bloody, but Miller got the better of the fight. The trouble between Miller and Long was ended. Long went into the wash room and Miller went into the hotel office. Miller was standing at the radiator in the office talking to two friends. He was in his bare head and was wiping blood from his face.

The defendant who had been drinking, evidently heard of this fight between Miller and Long and that his brother-in-law had gotten the worse of it. This seems to have greatly provoked him and he resolved to attend to Miller.

Miller was pointed out to the defendant while he was standing at the radiator in the hotel office talking to two friends as before described. The defendant at once, without any provocation or excuse, and without the pretense or claim of any, with the force of both hands (although one had been crippled since he was a youth) struck the deceased with the iron pump handle on the skull back of the left ear. The deceased fell to the floor. As testified to by several witnesses he struck him twice again, struck him after he was down. One or two witnesses, as we recall, speak of the deceased being struck the second time on the skull back of the left ear. And then without saying a word he left the office, went through the bar-room and he dropped the pump handle and remarked, "I said I'd fix him and I fixed him."

The defendant then hurriedly left the hotel and went through the streets of the town to the Emmitsburg road, which led to his home in the State of Maryland. This unfortunate occurrence happened between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Quite a number of witnesses on behalf of the Commonwealth testified as to this assault, and while their evidence differed in detail yet the corpus delicti was established beyond all question. The case was without any doubt:

1st. That the defendant struck the deceased with the iron pump handle on the head back of the left ear without any provocation or excuse.

2d. That by reason of this blow or blows, the skull of the deceased was fractured, and as a direct result of this injury, he died the following evening about 7 o'clock.

In fact, the counsel for the prisoner, very wisely and properly in opening the defense to the jury said, they would not deny that the prisoner inflicted the injury that resulted in the death of Howard Miller, but claimed that he could not be found guilty of murder of the first degree, because he did not intend to kill the deceased, and that by reason of drunkenness he could not deliberate and premeditate in reference to the act, so as to constitute a wilful, deliberate and premeditated killing, or murder of the first degree.

The facts of this case left but one serious question for the determination of the jury—the grade or character of the prisoner's guilt. Was it murder of the first degree, or murder of the second degree? Or was it voluntary manslaughter? This was left in the light of all the evidence in the case for the determination of the jury, after a full explanation of the different grades of homicide, and the burden resting upon the Commonwealth to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the killing was wilful, deliberate and premeditated, before a verdict of murder in the first degree could be returned.

The verdict of the jury was murder of the first degree. This verdict we are now asked to set aside and grant a new trial.

If we could see any proper reason for this action we would grant a new trial most willingly and without any hesitation, but after a careful examination of all the reasons assigned we fail to discover any justifiable cause for our interference and we must therefore refrain from doing so. The prisoner was ably defended and fairly tried and we fail to see how a new trial could or should result in a different verdict.

Concerning the question of admitting the testimony of certain witnesses as to the sobriety of the defendant the Court said that a witness, by reason of his observation, may be fully competent to express an opinion whether another was drunk or sober at a particular time. A child six years old may answer whether a man whom it has seen was drunk or sober. No opinion as to the defendant's intoxication was given except as it was grounded on what was seen and noticed at the time affording, in the judgment of the Court, sufficient opportunity for observation and inference.

The whole matter we think was fairly left for the determination of the jury, and under such circumstances that the defendant certainly has no just cause for complaint. The jury believed beyond all question that the defendant had been drinking and that he was under the influence of liquor. But they also clearly believed that his intoxication did not prevent him from consciously forming the intention to kill the deceased and from carrying that intention into execution with deliberation and premeditation. We fail to see how the verdict of the jury would have been different if the Commonwealth had offered no rebuttal evidence as to the defendant's intoxication.

In the Court's answer to the eleventh assignment of error, in reference to the terms malice aforethought, deliberation and premeditation, the Judge said that malice aforethought was fully explained to the jury as it is explained in Pennsylvania in homicide cases. And so was deliberation and premeditation, in the clear and precise language of Chief Justice Agnew in Com. vs. Drum 58 Pa. 17. "If an intention to kill exists, it is wilful. If this intention be accompanied by such circumstances as evidence a mind fully conscious of its own purposes and design, it is deliberate. And if sufficient time be afforded to enable the mind to frame the design to kill and to select the instrument or form to carry this design into execution, it is premeditated."

In answer to the allegation of error made against the statement in the general charge "If the jury believe that the pump handle in evidence was the instrument with which the prisoner attacked the deceased and caused the injury which resulted in his death, that it was a deadly instrument of attack, such as an ax, that it was used upon the body of the deceased at some vital part with a manifest intent to use it upon him and that it was likely to produce death, then the law presumes he intended the natural consequences of his act," the Court said that the facts of this case clearly called for just such a statement, which we feel is in full conformity with the rule of both reason and law. The same rule in substance and in the same connection was made by the lower Court and approved by the Supreme Court. It was left for the jury to determine whether the pump handle was a deadly instrument of assault, such as an ax. "A weapon intended to kill, and not merely an instrument which may kill." If the jury found it to be a deadly instrument of attack, and it was used upon the body of the deceased at some vital part, with a manifest intent to use it upon him, and that it was likely to produce death, then certainly the law would presume he intended the natural consequences of his act. If the jury would have found the pump handle but a dangerous instrument of assault, that might kill, then however used, the intent to kill would not be presumed but would have to be found.

Amplifying on his statement made to the jury that "The law will not allow a man to escape responsibility for crime simply because he has been drinking,

and the jury should not allow him to escape responsibility for the highest grade of crime unless they find he was drinking to such an extent that he was not only drunk, but incapable of forming the specific intent to kill," the court said that there is certainly nothing in the above, when considered in the reference to the entire charge, of which the defendant has any proper cause for complaint. Intoxication at the time of the homicide is a complete defense to the crime of murder of the first degree if it prevents a person from consciously forming the intent to kill or from deliberating and premeditating in reference to the act of killing. But although intoxicated, if the self governing power of the mind is not wanting, and he could form the conscious purpose and intent to kill, and did form it, and could deliberate and premeditate in reference to the act and did so then his intoxication is worthless as a defense.

None of the alleged errors in connection with the conduct of Peter Gouker, one of the jurors, was pressed. As to the new evidence found after the trial, constituting reason twenty-three, three witnesses were examined and corroborated the testimony as given by others.

In conclusion Judge Swope said "If we could see a proper cause for doing so we would not hesitate in granting the defendant another opportunity for his life. But to do this without a sufficient reason as we see it would be to do violence to society, for the execution of whose laws faithfully and fearlessly we have been chosen.

Believing the defendant was ably defended and fairly tried, that the question of his guilt and the degree of it was fully and fairly left to the jury under the law and the evidence, and that their verdict is fully supported by the evidence, and failing to discover any sufficient cause for our interference with their verdict we must refuse to do so. The motion for a new trial is therefore overruled.

A MEAN TRICK.

FORMS PIED AND TYPE DISARRANGED.

Office Of The Meyersville Monitor Entered By Vandals Who Put The Paper To Serious Inconvenience.

Last week the office of the Meyersville Monitor, a local county paper was entered by some person or persons who practically wrecked the plant. The miscreants left the office so crippled that Editor Ira Moser will be forced to abandon the publication for some little time and almost equip his plant anew as far as type is concerned.

When the workmen entered the office, the morning after the mischief had been done, they found the forms containing the matter for last week's issue broken and the type piled on the floor. The cases, containing the type, were broken and their contents hopelessly pied on the floor.

It was impossible under the circumstances to publish the paper and Mr. Moser stated that before he could resume publication he would be obliged to order new body type and that this might delay the next issue somewhat longer than a week.

"There is no clue as to the identity of those responsible for the deed but it is thought," says the Frederick News, "that the act was incited by a number of communications which have been appearing in the paper criticising the conduct of a number of young men, the last one having dealt with the high school scholars."

SUIT AGAINST E. R. R.

Not Enough Evidence for the Case to Go to the Jury.

The suit of the Block-Pollock Iron Company of Cincinnati, against the Emmitsburg Railroad Company for damages for refusing to deliver relaying rails which the Block-Pollock Iron Company claimed to have purchased, came up in the Circuit Court at Frederick last Monday.

After hearing all the evidence the court instructed the jury. On the ground that there was no legally binding contract, no delivery of any part of the goods and no earnest money paid the suit was lost. The question was over some 300 tons of old rails recently taken up and replaced by new and heavier steel.

Maulsby and Rohrback represented the plaintiff and Sebald and Stoner the Emmitsburg Railroad company.

DIED.

STONESIFER.—On Thursday morning Jan. 10, 1907, at his residence in Emmitsburg, Herbert P. Stonesifer, aged 29 years, 4 months and 12 days. Funeral services to be held in the United Brethren Church, Harney, on Saturday Jan. 12. Interment at Harney, Rev. Rice officiating.

SALE REGISTER

February 2, at 2 P. M., A. V. Keepers agent for the heirs, will sell on the premises, one-half mile from Mt. St. Mary's, the property known as the Peter school property. February 28, at 11 A. M. Allen Longenecker, at Zora, Pa., horses, cattle and farming implements. Jan. 5, at 1 P. M., Mrs. Agnes M. Waechter, near Waynesboro road, near Emmitsburg, household goods. Jan. 19, at 12 M., Mrs. James Glacken, near Zora, Pa., 1 horse, 4 head of cattle, wagons and other personal effects. Jan. 22, at 11 A. M., Grayson H. Anders, administrator, at late residence of John W. Anders, near Appold's Crossing, 1 horse, 1 cow and farming implements and household goods. March 9, Robert L. Troxell, near Lay's Station, horses, cattle and farming implements. March 12, J. T. Rosensteel, 1 mile south of Motters, livestock and farming implements. March 13, Martin I. Harbaugh, near Franklinville, live stock and farming implements.

GOODS STOLEN.

BICYCLE AND MEAT TAKEN BY THIEVES.

Patterson Bros. Robbed.—Sufficient Clew Left To Recover Stolen Property.—Thief Not Yet Apprehended.

Last Friday morning sometime after midnight thieves entered the smoke-house to the rear of Patterson Brothers' butcher shop and made off with four pieces of meat, and a bicycle belonging to Mr. Basil Gilson.

The robbery was discovered by Mr. Gilson early Friday morning and instant search was made for any clues that might lead to the apprehension of the burglars. It was soon discovered after a careful examination of the tracks made in the soft ground that entrance was first made in the warehouses to the rear of Joseph E. Hoke's store. From here the thieves crossed the street and finding the gate, leading to Patterson Brothers' yard, open they entered there and looted the smoke-house. After they had secured the meat and the bicycle they left by the way of the alley going down as far as Frederick street.

They followed this street until they came to the depot where they turned, retraced their steps to the alley, and followed it as far as Mr. Beam's livery stable. Again they doubled on their tracks turning off at the alley leading past Mr. Harner's property. Here the tracks were lost but was again found on Gettysburg street and followed to the house along Flat Run where the meat and bicycle were hidden.

It was thought advisable to leave the stolen property there it was hidden and Mr. Theodore Bollinger and William Daywalt remained until 2 o'clock Saturday morning watching for the thief but he failed to return.

LEFT IN THE WATER.

Two Men Rescued By Nevin Martin. Horse Left Them In The Creek.

On Tuesday evening at about 7.30 o'clock, Mrs. Harry Dern, living near the mouth of Tom's Creek, heard a team pass along the road near the house and suggested to her husband that he warn the drivers of the high water at the fording. This Mr. Dern thought unnecessary. A few minutes after Mr. Dern had occasion to go to the barn and while there heard some one call. He took a lantern and went down to the creek. The roar of the waters made it impossible for him to hear any call but far out in the creek, somewhat near the opposite bank, he saw something that looked like the top of a buggy. In a little while Mr. Nevin Martin, who lived on the opposite side of the stream, also attracted by the cries for help, came to investigate. Being much closer to the half submerged object he was able to distinguish two men standing on the seat of a buggy almost covered by water. Realizing the danger of their predicament Mr. Martin rode back to his stables, procured another horse and drove into the stream and rescued the men.

It seemed that after the men had passed over about half of the fording the horse, who was almost washed off his feet, plunged, broke the swingletree, and relieved of the weight of the buggy, swam to shore, leaving the two men helpless amidst the rushing waters.

PERSONALS.

Items of Interest About People You Know.

Miss Ethel Rogers is visiting her parents in this place. Mr. R. S. Knode made a business trip to Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley visited their relatives in Altona. Master James and Miss Alice McNulty spent the holidays in Baltimore.

Mr. Wilbert Knott spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. John Hoke. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Baker, of Greenmount, spent Tuesday in Emmitsburg.

Mr. L. Edwin Motter is visiting his brother Rev. I. M. Motter in Frederick. Miss Medora Elgin, of Brunswick, was the recent guest of Miss Bruce Morrison.

Miss Wilson and Miss Swink, of Hagerstown, visited Mrs. James Mitchell of this place.

Mr. Eugene Elgin, of Brunswick, spent a few days in this place the guest of Mr. William Rowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hannahs, of Philadelphia, have returned to Emmitsburg for the winter.

Mrs. William Rosensteel, of Baltimore, spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hoke.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Albaugh, of Westminster, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George Gillelan.

Messrs Joshua and Lawrence Gillelan have returned to Baltimore after spending the holidays in this place.

Mr. Samuel Gamble has returned to this place after a visit to his sons in Philadelphia. Mr. Gamble witnessed the great Mummer's parade on New Year's day in Philadelphia, attended the joint installation of officers of Dodge Post G. A. R. and the Women's Relief Corps and the election of officers of the Grand Army Club in Baltimore.

A train loaded with coal was raided at North Yakima, Wash., by citizens without fuel and almost twenty carloads were carried off. The engineer started to pull out, when the levers holding the false bottoms of the coal cars were pulled and the coal let down on the track.

YOU'LL HAVE A "HAPPY NEW YEAR" As far as Hats, Shoes and Gents Furnishings are concerned, if you buy at ECKERT'S STORE, "ON THE SQUARE," GETTYSBURG, PA. (AND WE HOPE YOU'LL HAVE IT.)

WOODWARD & LOTHROP, 107 1/2, 11th—F & G Sts. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our Twenty-Sixth January Sales Of Muslin Underwear.

The collection comprises complete lines of both regular and extra sizes in the several classes represented, and we direct the attention of intending purchasers to the general excellence of the goods. The standard this year is higher than ever before the cloth, the shape, the style, the sewing, the trimmings are better than we have ever been able to get together. The garments are absolutely procurable at the various prices from the lowest to the highest.

This sale also includes everything desirable in Infant Wear, Corsets, Silk Petticoats, and many novelties in Paris Lingerie, Bridal Trousseaux, Negligees, Matinees, breakfast Sacques, Kimonos, Boudoir Gowns, etc.—beautiful specimens of Parisian handiwork of our direct importation, in exclusive effects.

The few garments named below are the medium and lower priced goods, and merely suggestive of a stock of underwear that is intrinsically the best we have ever offered.

Skirts.

- Muslin skirts, trimmed with lawn ruffle.....50c. Cambric skirts, trimmed with hemstitched cambric ruffle.....75c. Cambric skirts, some trimmed with deep ruffle of lawn finished with featherstitching, some trimmed with ruffles of embroidery and tucks, and others with valenciennes lace insertion and tucks.....\$1.00 Cambric skirts, some trimmed with deep ruffle of tucking, others with lace and embroidery.....\$1.50 Cambric short skirts, trimmed with embroidery, lace and plain ruffle.....50c.

Drawers.

- Cambric and muslin drawers, variously trimmed with embroidery, lace and hemstitched ruffle.....50c. Cambric and muslin drawers, trimmed with hemstitched tuck ruffle.....25c. Cambric and muslin drawers, trimmed with ruffles of wide embroidery.....75c. Cambric and nainsook drawers, some trimmed with tucks and wide ruffle of embroidery, others with pretty laces.....\$1.00.

Corset Covers.

- Cambric and nainsook corset covers trimmed with embroidery, lace and ribbon.....25c. Cambric and nainsook corset covers, full loose front, variously trimmed with lace, embroidery, beading and ribbon.....50c. Nainsook corset covers, tucked back loose front, trimmed with valenciennes lace.....75c. Nainsook corset covers, tucked back, loose front, elaborately trimmed with lace, beading and ribbon.....\$1.00.

Chemises.

- Cambric and nainsook chemises,

- some edged on neck and sleeves, with laces, others trimmed with blind embroider.....50c. Nainsook chemises, trimmed on neck and sleeves with laces, embroidery, beading and ribbon.....75c. Nainsook chemises, trimmed on neck and sleeves with tuchon lace and ribbon.....\$1.00

Infants' And Little Children's Wear Gowns

- Cambric, Muslin and nainsook gowns, high, square, round and V necks.....50c. Nainsook gowns, round neck, elbow sleeves trimmed with lace, also with high neck, tuck yoke and edged with embroidery.....75c. Nainsook, Cambric and Muslin gowns, some daintily trimmed with fine embroidery, others with rich laces.....\$1.00

Infants' And Little Children's Wear.

- Children's muslin drawers, trimmed with hemstitched ruffle.....10c. Children's muslin drawers, trimmed with ruffle of embroidery.....25c. Children's cambric drawers, trimmed with lace and insertion, all sizes.....50c. Children's Masonville Muslin gowns, ruffle on neck and sleeves.....25c. Children's muslin gowns, Hubbard Style, fine tuck yoke, hemstitched ruffle on neck and sleeves.....50c. Children's muslin gowns, square neck, trimmed with embroidery and insertion.....50c. Children's muslin skirts, with fine tucks of deep hemstitched hem, 3/8c. Children's muslin skirts, umbrellastyle, cambric ruffle with fine tucks.....50c. Children's nainsook skirts, made on waist, with deep hem.....50c. Children's petticoats, trimmed with embroidery and fine tucks, made on band, sizes 2 to 8 years.....50c. Infants' nainsook long slips, trimmed with featherstitching and fine tucks.....75c.

SIDNEY WEST Shirt-Maker, Men's Wear, Hatter. WASHINGTON, D. C. Colorado Building, 14th & G Streets, Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

GOOD SPIRITS Are good at all times. I keep the finest Stillhouse Goods and sell in quantities TO SUIT THE TRADE. The best Wines, Liquors and Beers at prices that are right.

H. C. HARNER. Birthday Party. A very pleasant and enjoyable party was given last Friday evening at the home of Miss Ora Brown. The occasion of the party was the seventeenth birthday of Miss Brown. Quite a number of young people attended and were delightfully entertained. Last Monday was the hottest day on record for Winter since February, 1874, when the thermometer reached 78 degrees. The temperature here was 74 degrees at midday. On Tuesday last George B. Cortelyou announced his retirement as chairman of the Republican National Committee. etc. Also Agent for the Pittsburgh Perfect Fence.

DARREL of THE BLESSED ISLES

By IRVING BACHELLER,
Author of "Eben Holden," "Tri and I," Etc.

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"I do not understand you," said Polly. "Now, we heard of the shot and iron—how you came by them and how

one night you threw them into the river at Hillsborough. That led perhaps to most of your trouble. I'd like to know what moral law you broke when you flung them into the river."

"A great law," Trove answered, "but one hard to phrase."
"Suppose you try."
"The innocent shall have no fear," said he. "Until then I had kept the commandment."

There was a little time of silence. "If you watch a coward you'll see a most unhappy creature." It was Trove who spoke. "Darrel said once, 'A coward is the prey of all evil and the mark of thunderbolts.'"

"I'll not admit you're a coward," were the words of Polly.
"Well," said he, rising, "I had fear of only one thing—that I should lose your love."

Reaching home next day, Trove found that Allen had sold Phyllis. The mare had been shipped away.
"She brought a thousand dollars," said his foster father, "and I'll divide the profit with you."

It was a June day, and Trove was at Robin's Inn. A little before noon Polly and he and the two boys started for Brier Dale. They waded the flowering meadows in Pleasant valley, crossed a great pasture and came under the forest roof. As they came to Brier road the boys found a nest of hornets. It hung on a bough above the roadway. Soon Paul had flung a stone that broke the nest open. Hornets began to buzz around them, and all ran for refuge to a thicket of young firs. In a moment they could hear a horse coming at a slow trot. Trove peered through the bushes. He could see Ezra Tower, that man of scornful piety, on a white horse. Trove shouted a warning, but with no effect. Suddenly Tower broke his long silence, and the horse began to run.

"He did speak to the hornets," said Polly.
"Swore, too," said Paul.
Near sunset they came into Brier Dale. Mary Allen met them at the door.

"Mother, here is my future wife," said Trove proudly.
Then ruddy lips of youth touched the faded cheek of the good woman.

"We shall be married in September," said Trove, tossing his hat in the air.
"We're going to have a grand time, and mind you, mother, no more hard work for you."

CHAPTER XXXIV.
"DID ye hear the cock crow? By the beard of my father, I'd forgotten you and myself and everything but the story. It's near morning, and I've a weary tongue. Another log and one more pipe. Then, sir, I'll let you go. I'm near the end."

"Let me see. It's a winter day in New York city after four years. The streets are crowded. Here are men and women, but I see only the horses. You know, sir, how I love them. Well, here is a big stable. A tall man has halted by its open door and addressed the manager.

"I learn that you have a bay mare with starred face and a white socker." It is Trove who speaks.
"Yes. There she is coming yonder."

"The mare is a rack of bones, limping, weary, sore. But see her foot lift! You can't kill the pride of the Barbary. She fathers. Her driver lashes her over the head. Trove is running toward her. He climbs a front wheel, and down comes the driver. In a minute Trove has her by the bit. He calls her by name—Phyllis! The slim ears begin to move. She nickers. God, sir, she is trying to see him. One eye is bleeding, the other blind. His arms go round her neck, sir, and he hides his face in her mane. That mare you ride—she is the granddaughter of Phyllis. I'd as soon think of selling my wife. Really, sir, Darrel was right. God'll mind the look of your horses."

So spake an old man sitting in the freight.
"Trove went home with the mare," he continued. "She recovered the sight of one eye and had a box stall and the brook pasture—you know, that one by the beech grove. He got home the day before Christmas. Polly met him at the depot, a charming lady, sir, and a child of three was with her, a little girl, dark eyes and flaxen curly hair. You remember Bery? Eyes like her mother's."

"I was there at the depot that day. Well, it looked as if they were still in their honeymoon."
"Dear little wife!" said Trove as he kissed Polly. Then he took the child in his arms, and I went to dinner with them. They lived half a mile or so out of Hillsborough.

"Hello!" said Trove as we entered. "Here's a merry Christmas!"
"Polly had trimmed the house. There against the wall was a tapering fir tree, hung with tinsel and popcorn. All around the room were green branches of holly and hennock.

"I'm glad you found Phyllis," said she.
"Poor Phyllis!" he answered. "They broke her down with hard work and sold her. She'll be here tomorrow."
"You saw Darrel on the way?"
"Yes, and he is the same miracle of happiness. I think he will soon be free. Leblanc is there in prison, convicted of a crime in Whitehall. As I expected, there is a red mark on the back of his left hand. Day after tomorrow we go again to Dannemora. Sweetheart, I hurried home to see you."

"Night came, dark and stormy, with snow in the west wind. They were sitting there by the Christmas tree, all bright with candles—Polly, Trove and the little child. They were talking of old times. They heard a rap at the door. Trove flung it open. He spoke a word of curse. There was the old

Santa Claus of Cedar Hill; upon my word, sir, the very one. He entered, shaking his great coat, his beard full of snow. He let down his sack there by the lighted tree. He beckoned to the little one.

"Go and see him. It is old Santa Claus," said Polly, her voice trembling as she led the child.

"Then quickly she took the hand of her husband.
"He is your father," she whispered. "A moment they stood with hearts full looking at Santa Claus and the child. That little one had her arms about a knee and a dumb with great wonder gazed up at him. There was a timid appeal in her sweet face.

"The man did not move. He was looking down at the child. In a moment she began to prattle and tug at him. They saw his knees bend a bit. Ah, sir, it seemed as if the baby were pulling him down. He gently pushed the child away. They heard a little cry, a kind of a wailing 'Oh-o-o,' like that you hear in the chimney. Then, sir, down he went in his tracks, a quivering little heap, and lay there at the foot of the tree. Polly and Trove were bending over him. Cap and wig had fallen from his head. He was an old man.

"Father!" Trove whispered, touching the long white hair. "Oh, my father, speak to me! Let me—let me see your face."

"Slowly—slowly the old man rose. Trove helping him, and put on his cap. Then, sir, he took a step back and stood straight as a king. He waved them away with his hand.

"Nay, boy, remember, he whispered. 'Ye were to let him pass.' And then he started for the door.
"Trove went before him and stood against it.
"Hear me, boy; 'tis better that ye let him stand until the trumpet calls an' ye both stand with all the quick an' the dead."

"No, I have waited long, and I love—I love him," Trove answered.
"These fair young people knelt beside the old man, clinging to his hands. "The good saint was crying.
"I came not here to bring shame," said he presently.
"Ye honor and with all our souls we love you," Trove answered.
"Who shall stand before it?" said the old man. "Behold—behold how love hath raised the dead!" He flung off his cap and beard.

"If ye will have it so, know ye that I, Roderick Darrel, am thy father."

"Now, sir, you may go. I wish ye merry Christmas!" said that old man of the hills.

But the other tarried, thoughtfully puffing his pipe.
"And the father was not dead?"
"Twas only the living death," said the old man, now lighting a lantern. "You know that grave in a poem of Sidney Trove:

"It has neither dust nor stone;
It has neither dust nor bone.
He planned to be as one dead to the world."

"And the other man of mystery, who was he?"
"Some child of misfortune. He was befriended by the thinker and did errands for him."

"He took the money to Trove that night the latter slept in the woods?"
"And, for Darrel, returned to Thompson his own with usury. Thompson was the chief creditor."

"With usury?"
"Yes. For years it lay under the bed of Darrel. By and by he put the money in a savings bank, all but a few dollars."

"And why did he wait so long before returning it?"
"He tried to be rid of the money, but was unable to find Thompson. And Trove, he lived to repay every creditor. Ah, sir, he was a man of a thousand."

"That story of Darrel's in the little shop—I see—it was fact in a setting of fiction."

"That's all it pretended to be," said the old man of the hills.

"One more query," said the other. He was now mounted. "I know Darrel went to prison for the sake of the boy, but did some one set him free?"
"His own character. Leblanc came to love him, like the other prisoners, and, sir, he confessed. I declare, it's daylight now, and here I am with the lantern! Goodby, and merry Christmas!"

THE END.

Not Bird Built.
"There was a strange man here to see you today, papa," said little Ethel, who met her father in the hall as he came home.

"Did he have a bill?"
"No, papa. He had just a plain nose."

Vermont's Two Seasons.
One winter when Thaddeus Stevens had come back to his Vermont home he was the victim of a severe cold and could not leave the house for many weeks. One of his callers was Lewis Clark, a man of short stature, who in earlier days had been a playmate of the "Old Commoner" and was a near neighbor of the Stevens family in their Peacham home. Vermonters had just begun to wear buffalo coats, and Mr. Clark arrived at the Stevens home almost lost in a coat which reached to the ground. His upturned collar completely covered his ears and face, while a fur cap completed the disguise.

"Is that you, Lewis?" asked Mr. Stevens in an incredulous tone.
"Yes, Thad," he replied.
"Well, skin yourself and sit down," exclaimed the other.

During the interesting conversation which followed Mr. Clark asked Stevens if he wouldn't come back to his Vermont home and live.

"No," replied Stevens. "You have but two seasons here—winter and late in the fall."—Harper's Weekly.

An Anatomical Puzzle.
Behind the bridge of your nose is a little cavity in the skull, the origin of which appears to be unknown. It probably was a gland, consisting of two tiny lobes, joined together, and is named the Sella turcica. Physiologists believe that this is the remains of a sixth sense, with value of practical value to our antediluvian ancestors, but whether it enabled them to see in the dark in days before they possessed fire or helped them to find their way through trackless forests as wild beasts can today or what other purpose it may have served we do not know and probably never shall know.

The Prize Cow.
Take for yourself a well bred cow, get her on full feed, cram and feed and stuff and cram her for, say, a year. Go to the trouble of washing and currying and scrubbing and combing her twice a day, get down on your hunkers, my friend, sandpaper her hoofs, groom her legs, polish her horns and brush her tail, and by the time show season comes around you should have a very creditable looking show cow.—Sheridan (Mo.) Advance.

Hog and Boiled Turkey.
"The hog," said a Baltimore judge, "is the greatest animal in the world. Every part of him has a different flavor, and each flavor is better than that of any other animal in the world."
"Better than a terrapin?"
"I don't call a terrapin an animal. The terrapin is a creation. But to return to the hog, all of him is good, from his tail to his front feet. China is a great dish, but it doesn't compare with jowl. Jowl and turnip tops in the spring can be beaten by only one thing, and that is a bottled hen turkey. Nobody but a Yankee or a heathen would roast a hen turkey in the spring. Hen turkeys are fat before they lay, and the flavor is delicious. Properly cooked and served, such a dish is fit for kings, and nations have gone to war for less cause."—Baltimore News.

The Difficulty About Our Composers.
"Who is your favorite composer?" inquired the artistic person. "I can't say just at this moment," answered Mr. Cumrox, with an appealing glance at his wife, "but it's somebody whose name I can't remember and whose name I can't pronounce."—Washington Star.

The Crocodile's Strong Jaw.
Sir Samuel Baker in his "Wild Beasts" says that the power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific. Once he had the metal of a large hook, the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire, completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the shank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing seventy pounds bitten clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of a snap from the jaws of a crocodile. M. Paul Bert once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds exerted a force of 308 pounds in closing his jaw. The lion has an enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

Hog and Boiled Turkey.
"The hog," said a Baltimore judge, "is the greatest animal in the world. Every part of him has a different flavor, and each flavor is better than that of any other animal in the world."
"Better than a terrapin?"
"I don't call a terrapin an animal. The terrapin is a creation. But to return to the hog, all of him is good, from his tail to his front feet. China is a great dish, but it doesn't compare with jowl. Jowl and turnip tops in the spring can be beaten by only one thing, and that is a bottled hen turkey. Nobody but a Yankee or a heathen would roast a hen turkey in the spring. Hen turkeys are fat before they lay, and the flavor is delicious. Properly cooked and served, such a dish is fit for kings, and nations have gone to war for less cause."—Baltimore News.

The Difficulty About Our Composers.
"Who is your favorite composer?" inquired the artistic person. "I can't say just at this moment," answered Mr. Cumrox, with an appealing glance at his wife, "but it's somebody whose name I can't remember and whose name I can't pronounce."—Washington Star.

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Chief Judge—Hon. James McSherry.
Associate Judges—Hon. John G. Potter and Hon. James B. Henderson.
State's Attorney—Arthur D. Willard.
Clerk of the Court—Dr. Samuel T. Haffner.

Orphan's Court
Judges—Russell E. Lighter, Jacob M. Brady, William H. Peare, Arthur B. Cutsbail.
Register of Wills—William B. Cutsbail.

County Officers.
County Commissioners—Lincoln G. Dinterman, Lewis H. Bowens, H. Milton Kefauver, W. H. Hoagarth, David G. Zent.
Sheriff—John H. Martz.
County Treasurer—George W. Crum.
Surveyor—Rufus A. Eager.

School Commissioners—Oscar B. Coblenz, Secretary, Treasurer and Superintendent, S. N. Young, Assistant; Rev. Isaac M. Motter, President; Col. L. Tiernan Brien, Dr. H. Boteler Gross, J. Henry Stokes, Chas. W. Wright, William R. Young.

Emmitsburg District.
Notary Public—W. H. Troxell.
Justices of the Peace—Henry Stokes, Millard F. Shuff, J. M. Fisher.

Constables—W. H. Ashbaugh, School Trustees—Dr. R. L. Annan, M. F. Shuff, O. D. Fralley.

Ev. Lutheran Church.
Pastor—Rev. Charles H. Hennegan. Services every Sunday morning and evening at 10:30 a. m. and 7 o'clock p. m. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday School—9 o'clock a. m.

Reformed Church of the Incarnation.
Pastor, Rev. A. M. Gluck. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock and every other Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Midweek service at 7 o'clock. Late technical class at 8 o'clock Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church.
Pastor—Rev. Kenneth M. Craig. Morning service at 10:30 o'clock. Evening service at 7:00 o'clock. Wednesday evening lectures at 7:00 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9 o'clock a. m.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church.
Pastor—Rev. J. O. Hayden, C. M. First Mass 7 o'clock a. m., second Mass 10:30 o'clock a. m., Vespers 7 o'clock p. m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pastor—Rev. F. R. Bayley. Services every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Epworth League Devotional Service 6:30 p. m. Sunday School at 1:30 p. m.

Societies.
Emerald Beneficial Association.
Officers: President, Edwin Chrismer (Vice) silent, J. Edward Baker; Secretary, Chas. O. Rosensteel; Ass. Secretary, Albert Bowling; Treasurer, J. B. Burdett; Stewards, James Rosensteel, John Seeger and J. Edw. Baker; Messengers, Lowell W. Starnes, Branch 1, the fourth, Sunday of each month, in C. O. Rosensteel's house east end of town.

St. Mary's Catholic Benevolent Association.
Rev. Geo. H. Trappesser, Chaplain; president, A. V. Keepers; vice president, Geo. Allford; Treasurer, John H. Rosensteel; Secretary, Chas. Eckenrode; assistant secretary, Edward Rosensteel; sergeant-at-arms, John C. Shorb; board of directors, Geo. Wagner, John T. Peddicord, Albert C. Wetzel; sick visiting committee, John F. Kelly, chairman, James A. Rosensteel, Chas. O. Rosensteel, Geo. Allford, Harry Favorite.

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Vigilant Hose Company.
Meets the first Friday evening of each month, at Firemen's Hall. President, Charles H. Hoke; Vice-President, A. A. Horner; Secretary, C. B. Ashbaugh; Treasurer, J. H. Stokes; Capt. H. M. Ashbaugh; 1st Lieut., Clarence Eider; 2nd Lieut., Andrew Annan; Chief Nozzlemaster, W. B. Ashbaugh; Hose Director, Olin Moser.

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President, I. S. Annan; Vice-President, L. M. Motter; Secretary, C. D. Eichelberger; Treasurer, E. L. Annan; Board of Directors, I. S. Annan, E. L. Rowe, J. Thos. Gelwicks, J. Stewart Annan.

Emmitsburg Rail Road

TIME TABLE.
On and after Oct. 1, 1906, train on this road will run as follows:

TRAINS SOUTH
Leave Emmitsburg, daily, except Sundays, at 8:00 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:50 and 5:00 p. m., arriving at Rocky Ridge at 8:30 and 10:15 a. m. and 3:20 and 5:30 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH
Leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8:00 and 10:25 a. m. and 3:50 and 7:05 p. m., arriving at Emmitsburg at 9:10 and 10:55 a. m. and 4 and 7:55 p. m.

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