

"CATOCTIN CLARION."

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, containing a carefully prepared abstract of News of the Day; a Historical and Domestic Intelligence; Topics of Interest, political or otherwise; Social Intelligence, and a rare selection of interesting Reading.

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Catoctin Clarion.

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MUSIC. I take great pleasure in informing the citizens of Frederick county that I have been authorized to sell the Matchless Estey Organs at the lowest prices for cash or easy payments. Also orders for sheet music and musical merchandise will be promptly filled. Call and see me at Mechanicstown Md.

CHANGE OF TIME, WESTERN MARYLAND R. ROAD. On and after Thursday Dec. 1, 1881, Passenger Trains will run as follows: LEAVE MECHANICSTOWN For Baltimore and Westminster at 9 10 a. m. and 3 50 p. m. For Hagerstown and Williamsport at 10 20 a. m. and 4 37 p. m. For Blue Ridge on Saturday at

ARRIVE MECHANICSTOWN From Baltimore and Westminster at 10 20 a. m. and 6 57 a. m. From Williamsport and Hagerstown at 9 10 a. m. and 3 50 p. m. For Blue Ridge on Monday at

EMMITTSBURG ROAD. Trains south will leave Emmittsburg at 8 40 a. m. and 3 50 p. m. Arriving at Rocky Ridge at 9 20 a. m. and 4 00 p. m. Trains north will leave Rocky Ridge at 10 03 a. m. and 4 22 p. m. arriving at Emmittsburg at 10 30 a. m. and 6 50 p. m.

TRAINS FOR FREDERICK Trains for Frederick leave Junction at 8 55 and 9 55 a. m. and 1 28, 5 38 and 6 15 p. m. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and York leave Junction at 9 17 a. m. and 4 36 p. m.

B. & C. V. B. R. Trains east leave Shippensburg, Pa., at 6 40 a. m. and 1 20 and 3 50 p. m. Arrive at Edgemont at 7 32 a. m. and 11 10 and 7 45 p. m. Arrive at Shippensburg at 9 20 a. m. and 12 59 and 10 p. m. J. M. HOOD, Gen. Manager. B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

Selected Poetry.

VANISHED.

Gone are the beautiful dreams of the past. Vanished and buried from sight, I knew they were all too happy to last. Still I clasped them to me, close and fast Till they perished in darkness and night.

O, life was so pleasant and love was so sweet. The days so long and bright: I love your outstretched hand to meet While my heart with love and laughter beat. You—you were my life and light.

But now you are calmly at rest, Your hands so white and chill. Are folded peacefully over your breast While I, with a spirit of sad unrest, Wander up to your grave on the hill.

I think how I saw you last, as you lay So calm and stately and fair. Your memory maketh all my day, I see your clear blue eyes all day, And your milky golden hair.

Oh, I hear your voice, I clasp your hand— But awake—the dream has fled. Am I dreaming in this desolate land This dreary desert of burning sand, And you, my darling, are dead.

Fiction.

My Cousin Charlie!

My mother and I lived all alone in the tiny cottage which was almost the sole property my father had left us.

We had been living some years in this lonely way, for the friends of prosperous days had nearly all fallen away from us, when a letter arrived from my aunt Martha, in India, which was destined to change the whole current of our lives.

The letter was not such as we had expected. Aunt Martha wrote that she had received the tidings of her brother's death while watching by the dying bed of her husband—that she, too, was now a widow, and her child fatherless—that our grief must have been hers in any case, but was now the more deeply felt because a similar bereavement had fallen upon herself.

We, she supposed, were in our own home, surrounded by troops of friends, while she battled with her sorrow among strangers in a far land, and with her son's love for her sole consolation.

Thus bereaved, she wrote, she felt it impossible longer to remain in India. She should come home, reaching New York in the spring of the following year, and she and her son would gladly take up their abode with us for a while.

My mother and I looked at each other in dismay. It was already the spring of the year following that in which my aunt's letter had been written, that letter had evidently been delayed, and she and her son might have been passengers upon the very ship that brought it to our shores. How were we to provide for their accommodation in our tiny cottage? How dispose of the train of foreign servants they would doubtless bring with them?

We had little time to spend in uncertainty, for the evening mail brought us a letter from my aunt, dated at New York, in which she announced that she and her son would be with us by the latter part of the week with two servants and the bulk of their luggage. So the question of ways and means must be discussed, in committee of the whole, at once.

"By the way, mamma," I asked, how old is Cousin Charlie? I thought Aunt Martha had lost all her children in that unhealthy climate. I don't think I ever heard of Charlie before.

"And I am sure your father told me she had lost all. I seldom read her letters myself, but I think this one must have been born since she wrote last, for I am very clear that all her older ones are dead. He cannot be more than four or five years old, I should think."

"What a dear little pet! I shall be so glad to have him here. It must be very pleasant to have a little child to caress and care for."

"Yes dear, home is not half a home to a true woman without children. I thought four years ago that I should have been grandmamma by this

time."

Dear mamma, she was the kindest of mothers, but she lacked tact. She never knew the sore aching of my heart that had followed the earliest storm of my grief and indignation, when Julian Howard deserted me in my poverty and bereavement. She thought the wound was healed, because it no longer bled outwardly. A cold pang shot through my heart at these words and I hastened from the room, lest she should see how she had wounded me.

But better thoughts came to me in the busy solitude of the rooms I was preparing for our guests. If I was to live unloved, it was by no means necessary that I should also live unloving. I had mamma's declining years to watch over and make happy, and now, just as the monotony of my life was beginning to wear upon me, my aunt and little cousin were coming to give me new objects of interest. I shall be one of the sisterhood of single women, I said to myself, but I will find my happiness in being useful—husband and children may not be mine, but I can create for myself a sphere as honorable, if not as completely happy as that of domestic life.

I was but twenty four years of age, and life stretched far and long before me. I glanced at the mirror and saw a complexion that a simple, quiet life had made fresh and healthful as in early youth, undimmed eyes, tresses of golden brown hair without a lining of silver in all their shining folds, a form in all its youthful roundness, I did not look much like the conventional "old maid," but I had so long taken it for granted that such was to be my lot that I wondered from whence sprung the little sigh that parted my lips and seemed to come quivering from the depths of that heart where my early disappointment still rankled. I believe those were tears that fell upon the snowy toilet cover I was spreading on the table of the guest-chamber, but I hardly know to which of the vague griefs that oppressed me, they were due. And these all fled away when, with Jane's assistance, I brought down the crib in which I had slept a score of years before, from its long rest in the garret, and placed in the room that had been mine, and heaped it with snowy pillows, meant for the rosy slumber of the little cousin I expected.

I was very happy all that day and the next and the next, preparing for the new comers, and looking forward to the life that had so suddenly acquired new hopes and interest.

Mamma was restless and fretful. She had begun to settle quietly to the humble circumstances of her changed lot; she was an invalid and loved quiet, she was a proud woman and valued wealth and its accessories, and all this bustle, this anxious calculation of means, this adaptation of our narrow surroundings and scanty room and furniture to the accommodation of these stranger relatives worried and annoyed her.

On the third day, after we had completed our frugal, mid-day meal, our preparations being all ended, and our guests scarcely expected until the next day, I persuaded her to lie down for a long rest in her own room, while I tied on my garden hat and cloak, and taking a little basket of delicacies from my arm, set off to visit an humble friend and former servant of ours, who lived at the distance of a mile, and was lying ill.

I found poor Janet much worse than I had expected. She was quite alone, for her husband, an idle, reckless fellow, without either feeling or principle, had not provided her with an attendant, and was himself absent. Common humanity, had I not been, as I was, truly attached to the poor woman, would have prompted me to remain beside her until I had made every possible arrangement for her comfort, and the afternoon was well advanced when I was at last at liberty. Afterwards I called at a neighboring farm-house to procure the at-

tendance of some one there, upon the sick woman, so that by the time I rived, so, after our late tea, Charlie came in sight of my home the evening shadows were falling low and long.

The sight I saw there quickened my steps, and made my heart beat with unwonted agitation. A large traveling carriage stood before the gate. The driver, assisted by one man, was carrying luggage into the cottage, and a dusky, shrill-voiced maid was busily unpacking its interior, and talking all the time in scolding tones to a burly, red-faced man of middle age, who leaned idly against the garden palings.

"Here's your master's dressing-case," I heard the brown maid say, as I approached. "I suppose you won't feel above carrying that into the house—suppose it is not too heavy for your delicate hands?"

The man moved lazily from his place, took the dressing-case, which he deposited under one arm and then, as he turned, caught a glance of me standing almost by his side and lifted his hat, while the girl stared at me an instant with her large, unrolling eyes and dropped a white courtesy.

There was no need of questions, I knew my aunt had come, and though I wondered what a child of four could want of that splendid dressing-case, I presumed that I should soon have my explanation; and as I followed the man, wondering that it had not occurred to me before that it had been the property of my deceased uncle.

The traveling room was almost dark as I entered it. My mother, bewildered by being suddenly roused from her sleep and with all her grief renewed by the sight of my aunt, was sobbing upon the sofa where the two widows in their sable garments sat encircled in each other's arms.

My aunt rose as I approached her and folded me in her embrace. A sunbeam entering between the quivering vine leaves showed me her noble face—a softened reflex of my father's, yet with a calm, steadfast strength shining from all its lineaments, such as I had never seen in his. My heart went out to her in deep love and trust at once, and the kiss that we exchanged was the kiss of heartfelt adoption. My mother had always leaned upon me, but suddenly the strength that had almost failed beneath the burden was renewed. A stronger and more steadfast nature had come to my aid.

"But where is my cousin?" I asked when the first sentence of welcome and inquiry had been uttered. "Dear boy, I am so anxious to greet him."

"Here he is—by your side, and waiting for his welcome," said a rich, manly voice to my ear.

I turned and confronted—not the child I had pictured—not a baby Charlie, a pet and plaything, but a tall young man, whose years probably exceeded mine by three or four, whose dark, handsome face was brilliant with smiles and whose outstretched hand waited to press my own. I was positively ashamed of the embarrassed greeting which alone, in my surprise I was able to ejaculate, and the laugh that followed my words taught me that the cause of my embarrassment was understood.

"Your mother, my good aunt, inquired very kindly for 'the baby' as soon as we arrived," continued the pleasant voice. "I am sorry for your disappointment, but if a full-grown cousin Charlie will in any degree compensate you for the loss of your expected pet, here he is, quite at your service, and ready to receive and to bestow all the affection which he learns you have been anticipating. We shall be friends as well as cousins, I trust."

He looked so handsome and winning as he said this, that I could not resist putting my hand again in his, nor turn from the kiss he pressed upon my cheek as the seal of our compact. I believe I was, even then happier than I should have been with a baby cousin.

Our tiny cottage could not, by any means contain the party that had arrived, so, after our late tea, Charlie and his valet went away to the village tavern and the next day found lodgings at a farm-house near by.

The crib, stripped of its snowy covering, was again consigned to the garret. I returned to my own room, and the brown maid found another lodging for my aunt liked me to be near her, and was never tired of telling me, in her caressing tones how much I reminded her of the daughter she had lost.

Cousin Charlie lost his title long ago. He is my husband now, and we live in the great house which was the home of my childhood. My mother and aunt choose to live together in the tiny cottage. The white-covered crib stands always in my old room; and when our babies are sent to visit their grandmothers they take rosy slumbers beneath its snowy canopy. I have found my true sphere—one of love and duty—and my home is a whole home, a real home; for a dear husband and children dwell there with me in a sweet household band that love unites, and perfect content makes lovely beautiful.

A Humorous Incident of the Late Flood.

A certain boat coming up the Mississippi the other day, lost her way and bumped up against a frame house. She had not more than touched it before an old darkey rammed his head up through a hole in the roof where the chimney once came out and yelled at the captain on the roof: "Whar de hell is yer gwine wid dat boat? Can't yer see nuffin? Fust thing yer knows yer gwine ter turn dis house ober, spill de ole woman an' de children out de door an' drown 'em. Whar yer doin' out here in de country wid yer damn boat, anyhow! Go on back wader from de ole fields an' git back into de ribber whar yer belongs. An't got no business a no miles out in de country foolin' round peoples houses no how!" and she backed out.

PRINTERS' LANGUAGE.

The following orders from the foreman in a newspaper printing office do not mean half as much as it would seem to the uninitiated.

"Jim, put Gen. Washington in the galleys, and then finish the murder of the young girl you commenced yesterday. Set up entire, the ruins of Hercules, distribute the small-pox; you need not finish that runaway watch; have the high water in the paper this week. Let the pi alone until after dinner, but put the political bar due to press, and then go to the devil and he will tell you about the work for the morning." No wonder Dr. Faustus was burnt for inventing such a diabolical art.

"If I had a boy to bring up I would not bring him up too softly!" began Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shin finally quit pokin the fire. "Every day of my life I meet men who were brought up soft. As boys dey were kissed an' petted an' stuff'd wid sweet cake an' cri'd ober. As young men dey had nuffin to do but to spend money, dress like monkeys, loaf on de streets an' look down on honest labor. As men dey am a failure. People who don't hate em and avoid 'em fall to pity 'em an' dat's just as bad. When I see a man whom every body dislike, I realize dat he was bring up on de goodly good plan as a boy."

Old Aunt Sukev, who lives on Austin Avenue, is known to be the stingiest woman in the city. Old Mose cut up a load of tough oak wood for her a few days ago and she refused to pay more than a quarter, about half the usual price. "Aunt Sukev," said Mose, "I wish you had been in de garden ob Eben instead ob Ebe."

"What do yer mean, Uncle Mose?" "Nuffin, cept you are so stingy, ef you had been Ebe yer would hab' eat de hull apple yerse f an' not gib Adam none, an' we would hab' escaped de cuss."

There are not many colored lawyers, unless you count noses.

All sorts of sleeves are admissible for ladies' dresses, but the coat sleeves, around the waist, remains the favorite.

Drink, says an exchange, weakens the system. Yes, but just think how it strengthens the breath.

All flattery is dangerous. So people always think if it is addressed to others, but never when addressed to themselves.

Any fool can criticize a good work. It is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself.

An Irish editor says "that in the absence of both editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper this week."

A traveling printer, who, for the want of employment at his trade went to work on a farm, came in one day to ask his employer if a hen should be set solid.

Arrang me and conceit find numberless ways of expression among us. Let us each look to our own particular way before we sneer at that of our neighbor.

A certain doctor of divinity, said every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by clipping his lawn, when a parishoner said, "That's right, doctor—cut your sermons short."

A student at Oxford University on being asked "Who was Esau?" replied: "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold his copyright for a mess of of potash."

Mike was asked if he believed in second love. "Faith, an' I do!" said he. "If you have a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? And when that is gone, don't you want another; and isn't that swate, too?"

The man who becomes acquainted with a young lady through a street flirtation is not the man she should desire as a warm friend. If he will flirt with one girl he will flirt with another. Girls, paste this in your new spring hat.

Her veto: They had been seated on the sofa where they had been for four long hours. "Augustus, do you know why you remind me of the Chinese?" "No, dearest; why?" "Because you won't go." The meeting the adjourned sine die.

A youngster made a drawing of a team and wagon piled with boxes. He showed his work to his mother, who asked him what it represented. It is a man peddling apples," said the boy. "But where is the man?" "Gone to a house up the hill to see if they want any apples," said the boy.

It didn't follow: "How are you getting along?" asked a widow of her late husband, who appeared to her at midnight as a ghost. Ghost—"Very well, indeed—much better than during my twenty years' married life on earth." Widow (delighted)—"Then you are in heaven?" Ghost—"Oh no."

Why she cast him off: "How profoundly still and beautiful is the night," she whispered, resting her finely veined temple against his coat collar and fixing her dreamy eyes on the far-off Pleiades, "how soothing how restful." "Yes," he replied, toying with the golden aureole of her hair, "and what a night to shoot cats."

A little boy had been swearing, and mamma, to punish him, washed thoroughly the inside of his mouth with soap-suds, "to," as she explains to him, "clean away the naughty words." A few days later, while passing the bathroom, she sees the youngster with his face one mass of suds and his mouth so full that she barely understands his spluttering exclamations: "Getting than all out, mamma! Swore five times yesterday!"