

HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

FANCY CHINA AND BRIC-A-BRAC AT HALF PRICES.

Having decided to close out this line of goods, and in order to do so quickly we have made this wonderful reduction. A chance to buy a present at half price.

A SALE OF NEW RIBBONS.

Values such as no other store can give. The ribbons are all Silk, double-face Satin Liberty, Satin Taffeta, Louisene, Moire and Washable Taffetas, in perfect shades of Pink, Light Blue, Yellow, Nile Green, Cardinal, Navy, Heliotrope, and Black and White, 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 inches wide, have been selling from 25c to 30c.

SPECIAL AT 19 CENTS.

Black Velvet Ribbons, with linen back and fast edges, Nos. 14, 13, 12 and 2, pieces of 10 yards, for 19c.

\$2.00 LADIES' OXFORDS \$1.50.

Ladies' All Patent Leather Colonial Ties, with Cuban heels; Ladies' 3 Strap Sandals in Patent Leather, with opera heels; Ladies' Dongola Kid, patent or plain tip, with Cuban or common sense heel. A rare chance to buy a pair of low shoes in the midst of the season at a great reduction.

\$5.00 DRESS SKIRTS \$3.50.

Just 4 Mohair Dress Skirts left, in Blue and Black, unlined, a big bargain at \$3.50.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminister, Md.

Original Poetry.

LYRICS OF THE OLD STONE CHURCH. No. 7.

COOLEY'S HAT.

Written for the Democratic Advocate, BY G. C. SHIPLEY.

He bought himself a new silk tie,
And proud of it he was, you know;
He dressed himself in latest style
And went to church, the hat to show.
For weeks and months he had not gone,
Perhaps a new hat spurred him on.

He placed a hymn book gently in
Placing his hat within the aisle;
In came Miss Nent, with flowing skirt,
Turned over the hat, then gave a smile.
Cooley with black look on his face
Lighted the treasure in his place.

He in the stinging, serious, grave,
And thus he did not see its fate
As it was trailed along the nave,
Neath ample skirts of strength and weight.
Till looking around he then espied
And rescued it from the farther side.

He placed a hymn book gently in
The gleaming treasure, 'tis anchored now,
Thought he, then settled back again
To hear the sermon; the plan how
We may be saved—how faith and grace
Will land us in the heavenly place.

Miss Hopkins, angular and slim,
Near sighted too, came tripping in;
Cooley didn't look around—no, not him,
Late comers to serve, he must be,
Should stay at home—nor a nuisance be.

Around her ankles was the new hat,
"Like I see, rolling rapidly!"
Miss Hopkins felt a something—scat!
She cried, in accents pitch of E,
Forgetting time and place, she gave
The hat a kick, a kind of stave.

It landed in the organ loft,
A better's wreck, poor Cooley, he,
Turned blue with rage, and then he coughed,
Then left the place excitedly.
His choice of words would make one sick,
And today he is a heretic.

Here with much of truth I've mingled chaff,
To try to make some sad one laugh.

Select Story.

SYBILLA.

Honors Daily in The Home Queen.

She wanted money, oh so badly! This was not the first time she had longed for it, deeply, ardently longed for anything in the shape of money—gold, silver, or crisp bank notes; but it seemed to her that the desire had never been so keen as now. Only a few dollars, just what would be sufficient to take her away from this dull, disagreeable place, and from this constant toiling and drudgery under cross old Cousin Jenima, who never gave her a pleasant word, and had only fault finding and sneers for all her earnest endeavors to please. Why, only this morning—But here the current of the young girl's thoughts was broken by the sound of a sharp, shrill voice from the next room.

"Sybilla," called Cousin Jenima, angrily; "Sybilla, are you never coming with those cakes?"

The cakes! Alas! she had quite forgotten them in lamenting over her grievances; but she dared not wait, so catching a plate from the hearth, she hurried in.

"What do you call these?" asked Miss Jenima, with a contemptuous sniff, as her eye fell upon the few pale, cold spheres which Sybilla was placing on the table.

"What do you call these things, I say?" "Cakes," murmured poor Sybilla, in unutterable confusion.

"Cakes!" repeated Miss Jenima, with another sniff; "I call them trash. Take them away instantly, and bring me some that I can eat."

Sybilla started to obey; as she reached the door Miss Jenima called out,—
"You may eat those for your own breakfast. Do not imagine that I will allow you to waste anything in my house!"

With swelling heart and eyes that were filled to overflowing, Sybilla turned away; but her head was held proudly erect, and her slight figure displayed all the haughtiness of which it was capable. Not for worlds would she have allowed Miss Jenima to see how deeply she was wounded; but quickly subduing her emotion, she prepared her cousin's favorite breakfast dish more carefully, and that lady condescended to let the meal pass without further comment.

"I'm going out," said Miss Jenima, stepping into the kitchen where Sybilla was deep in the mysterious of baking.

"I'm going away, and will not be back until supper time. Do you hear what I say, Sybilla?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the young girl, whose heart leaped joyfully at the prospect of having a long, quiet day to herself; but demurely though she spoke, she could not conceal her satisfaction from Miss Jenima's keen eyes.

"Want to get rid of me, do you?" said that lady, grimly. "Well, I'll try to find employment for you during my absence. Finishing all that baking, do up the dairy work, sweep and dust the house down, and then—"

Here Miss Jenima paused, and poor Sybilla hoped the catalogue was ended, but not so. "And then," continued Miss Jenima, "you may whitewash the kitchen."

"Whitewash the kitchen!" exclaimed Sybilla, in dismay, all her airy visions fading, as she was thus doomed to toil through the long, sunny hours. "Surely, Cousin, you do not mean that I shall do that! Why, it is only a few weeks since it was done."

"No matter for that," said Miss Jenima, shortly; "I mean exactly what I say. I do not intend, Sybilla, to let you do that is exactly what you would like to do."

"It is too bad!" exclaimed the young girl, while her eyes flashed and her cheeks burned at the insult. "It is too bad to speak in that manner when all the time you are making a perfect slave of me!"

spark lighted her cold blue eyes with smouldering fire.

What are you going to do about it? These words kept ringing in Sybilla's ears as she performed the numerous duties imposed upon her by her unsparring task-mistress, and they were uppermost in her mind when Hiram came in to dinner. Hiram was Miss Jenima's Irish factotum. He attended to the stock, farmed a few acres belonging to the place and performed all the necessary outdoor work. He was a tall, shy, awkward fellow, but was faithful, honest and industrious, and Miss Jenima was too well aware of his worth to venture on any sharp words or looks while he was present.

As Hiram sat at the table he was apparently engrossed with the numerous viands placed before him; but he was also carefully observant of Sybilla, who sat on the doorstep while the drooping honey-suckle surrounded her with an emerald frame, and with such a look of patient sweetness on her fair face that the kind fellow's heart was touched.

"Sure, Miss Sybilla, aren't you well, that you're so pale like?" he asked.

"Quite well, thank you," answered Sybilla, with a faint smile; "but oh, Hiram, I am so miserable! If I could only get away from here—but that is impossible," she added, sighing deeply.

"Now just hear the likes of that," said Hiram, sympathetically. "But sure, miss, I understand. The old maid's been up to some of her mane tricks—now hasn't she?"

"If she could hear you, Hiram."

"Ay, but she can't, responded Hiram, coolly. "Them ears, long as they are, won't catch sound a mile. But tell me, Miss Sybilla, what's set you at, and we'll see what can be done to circumvent her."

Grateful for his kindness and sympathy, and half hoping that he might help her in some way to attain her wishes, Sybilla repeated the occurrence of the morning. Hiram heard her in silence.

When it was ended he arose abruptly and said,—
"Come now, please, Miss Sybilla, red this kitchen right out, and I'll have the walls whitened in a jiffy."

"Oh, no, Hiram, that would never do," answered Sybilla quickly. "If Cousin Jenima should discover—"

"Doubtless she'd raise the roof; but she's not going to discover it," responded Hiram, composedly.

Accordingly Hiram's strong hands soon accomplished the task, and while Sybilla rearranged the furniture, he said,—
"It's too hard you have to work, miss, but sure, I don't know that you'd gain anything by lavin'."

"Oh, I'm sure I could," said Sybilla, very eagerly. "I should be able at least to secure servant's wages for servant's work. But it is useless thinking of it, as I have no money," she added despondingly.

"And if you had, miss, where would you go?" he asked.

"To the city," answered Sybilla. "Mrs. Henderson, a friend of my mother would, I feel sure, receive me into her house until I could secure some employment. I don't think that everyone would be so hard as Cousin Jenima," she said, her lip quivering.

Touched by the plaintive sweetness of her voice, and the tears shining in the dark eyes, Hiram shook his huge fist vehemently in the direction Miss Jenima had taken, and muttering an anathema on the "old maid," departed to perform his own neglected duties.

The next evening as Sybilla was sitting on the porch, Hiram approached, and having silently slipped a small package into her hand, hastened away as silently as he had come. Surprised at his singular manner, Sybilla hastened to her own room and having opened the parcel found therein several bank notes and the following lines:

"Miss Sybilla—Enclosed please find sum money which I hope will be enough to take you to the leddy you told me about. Nobody kin blame you, for lavin' this cross old cratur, who trates you so badly. Don't be too proud, miss, to accept this trifle from the likes of me, and may every blessing fall upon you. And when you are rich and happy, don't forget old Hiram."

With beating heart and tearful eyes, Sybilla examined her treasure, and then proceeded to make arrangements for leaving her uncongenial home. It would be best, she thought, to make no response to Hiram, as if ignorant of her plans, he could not be blamed by Miss Jenima. But some day, she doubted not, it would be in her power to repay his kindness, and he should then receive it back with four-fold interest.

At the dawn of day a slender figure might have been seen walking quietly and rapidly away from Miss Jenima's gate, and shortly afterward Sybilla was being whirled on the wings of steam toward the great city. She had formerly resided there with her parents, and although some years had elapsed since their death and her removal to Miss Jenima's, the city sights and sounds seemed delightfully familiar. She found Mrs. Henderson's residence without difficulty, and had ascended the steps for the purpose of ringing the bell, when the door suddenly opened and a tall, haughty looking girl appeared upon the threshold.

"Dear me," she exclaimed. "How you startled me. It is not at all polite to stand so close to one's door. What do you want?"

"Excuse me," said Sybilla, meekly. "I did not intend to alarm you; I called to see Mrs. Henderson. This is her house, is it not?"

"But will you not please tell me where I can find Mrs. Henderson?" said Sybilla, anxiously following the young lady who had descended the steps and was now walking along the pavement. "I am a stranger in the city, and have no other friend here."

"From the country, are you?" said Miss Harper, superciliously regarding the young stranger. "I thought so! You are as verdant as one of your own cabbage and it would be best for you to return and remain among those useful vegetables, for you will not find Mrs. Henderson here. She removed to the West some months since."

Sybilla's heart sank. What should she do? Alone in the great city with none to help befriended her! But she concealed her anxiety from her companion and only inquired if the young lady would inform her where a respectable boarding house was to be found.

"Indeed I will not," answered Miss Harper. "I know nothing of you. Why you may be an impostor or dishonest person of some sort. No, indeed, I will not be detained any longer." So saying, she walked hurriedly away.

Sybilla was young, but she possessed a brave spirit, and although she felt that it was hard to receive such treatment, she did not lose courage, but continued to walk slowly along the street observing the houses attentively, and was attracted by a large doorplate on one of them, which conveyed the information that "Mrs. Thompson kept boarders."

Sybilla lost no time in "applying with in," and was immediately told that she could be accommodated with a small third-story room, for which, board included, she was to pay the sum of six dollars weekly, always in advance. Thus settled, Sybilla earnestly endeavored to secure employment, examining the daily papers and applying for numerous situations, but without success.

Her little fund was almost exhausted, when one morning as she was listlessly scanning the columns of a paper, she perceived this singular notice:

"WANTED—A young person who is a good walker, who is not a good talker, and who is willing to accept a moderate salary, for the faithful performance of the duties required."

A moderate salary! Why, she would be glad to receive sufficient to supply her with the bare necessities; and Sybilla resolved to answer this at once. She had failed so often, however, that her hopes of success were very faint; and when she arrived at 1221 Linden avenue it proved to be such an imposing mansion that poor little Sybilla was tempted to retrace her steps. But she did not, and in a few moments found herself in a pleasant reception-room awaiting the master of the house.

He came in immediately—an elderly gentleman with a green shade over his eyes.

"Good morning, my dear," he said, kindly. "The servant said you desired to see me. What can I do for you?"

"I came in answer to your advertisement," said Sybilla, timidly.

"The advertisement!" repeated the old gentleman, with a mellow laugh. "Good idea, wasn't it? Did it on purpose to keep all the silly, giggling girls away, and would you believe it, you are the very first to respond!"

"Only saw it this morning," said Sybilla, "or I should have been here before."

"No doubt—no doubt. You're willing to subscribe to the terms or you wouldn't have come at all. How old are you, my dear?"

"Sixteen," answered Sybilla, her hopes sinking as she saw the old gentleman's expression.

"That's young," he said, thoughtfully, "very young. I am afraid—"

"Oh, sir," interrupted Sybilla, imploringly, "do not refuse to try me, please. I am young in years, but I have had much trouble, and that ages one, you know."

"It does indeed," answered Mr. Cassebury, gravely. "But let me inform you what will be required. My eyesight is, as you perceive, extremely weak, and as I am very fond of walking, I need an attentive guide. I am unable to read, and desire to have the papers, reviews, etc., read aloud to me daily. These duties are monotonous, but not very laborious. Now let us see if we can agree as to remuneration."

He then named a sum which seemed munificent in Sybilla's eyes, and it was finally settled that she should remove that afternoon to Linden avenue.

The young girl soon became accustomed to her new position, and it seemed to her that she had entered at last a beautiful pathway strewn with flowers. Her duties were trifling in comparison to the arduous labor required of her at Cousin Jenima's, and the kindness with which she was treated soon won her guileless heart. Mrs. Marlowe, a distant relative of Mr. Cassebury's attended to his household affairs, and she received Sybilla with motherly affection.

The eccentric old gentleman's advertisement having procured him a sensible attendant, nothing more was heard of his restrictions. He liked to converse with Sybilla, and was soon in possession of her history, in return for which he told her something of his own. He had formerly resided in Cuba, and had amassed a large fortune there. But he had lost his wife, and to whom he was devotedly attached, and had also met with a severe accident, which had resulted in his weakness of sight, and he resolved to return to his native city. Here he met only with disappointment. His friends and relatives were almost all scattered or dead, and he was more oppressed by feelings of loneliness than he had been in his foreign home. He had, it is true, some cousins residing in B—

from whose society he had hoped to derive much pleasure, but having discovered that his wealth was his only attraction in their eyes, there was now little sociability between them.

As time passed on, Sybilla endeavored herself still more to all the household and became more necessary each day to Mr. Cassebury's comfort. The servants also treated her with additional respect, as it was evident to them that she had become almost as a daughter of the house. On entering the reception room one day for a book which she had left lying there, Sybilla found it occupied by two strangers; one of whom she recognized as the young lady who had shown her such scant civility on the day of her arrival in B—. Greeting the ladies courteously, Sybilla informed them that Mr. Cassebury had ordered the carriage immediately after dinner, and was still absent.

"Mrs. Marlowe has already explained the matter to us," said Mrs. Harper, haughtily; "but we will await his return. I desire to speak to him on a subject of importance, concerning a pert mix whom I hear he has taken into his house." Sybilla was so much embarrassed by this address that Mrs. Harper's suspicions were confirmed. "Ah," she continued, "I thought so! I thought you were the creature the instant I saw your pet face."

"Madam," said Sybilla, "I do not know what you mean, Mr. Cassebury employed me some time since as an attendant, but—"

"Oh, I understand all that," said Mrs. Harper, sneeringly. "Could not Mrs. Marlowe have attended to him, or my daughter here? She would willingly have come to him for an hour or so each day; but he has taken an unfounded prejudice against her, and now I perceive the cause. You are trying to ingratiate yourself into his favor and inveigle him into leaving you a generous legacy."

"Such an idea was never entertained by me," began poor Sybilla; but she was again interrupted by the angry woman.

"Don't dare to be impertinent to me, miss!" she exclaimed. "I was absent from my home when you first intruded into this house, but so soon as I returned I commenced to investigate, and have discovered all about you. You ran away from a good home in the country, and doubtless the money which brought you here was stolen. Then—"

"What does this mean?" cried a loud voice at this moment, and turning toward the door, Mrs. Harper perceived Mr. Cassebury, who had entered unobserved.

"Oh, my dear cousin," she said in a honeyed tone, and advancing toward him with both hands extended. "I have come to warn you about this viper, whom you have so generously and unsuspectingly received into your house. I have discovered her antecedents, while you, poor man, have been kept in ignorance."

"You are much mistaken, Elizabeth Harper," said the old gentleman, vehemently. "I know considerably more of you than do about Sybilla Vernon, if it is she of whom you are speaking. Let me tell you, madam, that it would not be best for you to allude to her in that manner again. I understand your motives perfectly, however, and take pleasure in informing you that neither yourself nor daughter will ever inherit a penny of my fortune. Nor need you blame Sybilla for such a state of affairs, since I had resolved upon this course before she came to my house; although it must be admitted that her revelation of your daughter's selfishness on the occasion of her arrival in this city confirmed my resolution." Then drawing a roll of paper from his pocket he added, sarcastically: "As you seem to be so much interested in my affairs, Elizabeth, I will kindly inform you that this is the legal instrument which my lawyer has just prepared for the purpose of making Sybilla Vernon my adopted daughter and heir."

Overwhelmed by this announcement, Mrs. Harper and daughter precipitately left the house; while Sybilla went away all remembrances of their unkindness in her adopted father's arms.

Nor did the young girl now that prosperity smiled upon her, forget the humble friend of adversity; for not long after this Hiram received a letter which he read with many ejaculations of surprise. Then seeking Miss Jenima, whom he found in her spoolish kitchen, vigorously scolding the poor little drudge who had taken Sybilla's place as a maid of all work, he observed,—

"Well, Miss Jenima, I've come to give warnin', I'm about to leave you."

"To leave me?" repeated Miss Jenima in dismay. "Why, what has caused this dissatisfaction?"

"Well now, miss," was Hiram's response, "supposin' you was me and a rale young leddy was to write you a letter offerin' a first-class situation, with big wages and everything tip-top, wouldn't you go, now?"

"I suppose so," admitted Miss Jenima, with much reluctance. "But I don't understand, Hiram, how this came about."

"Oh, ma'am, I was able to render her a trifling service once, and she's kind enough not to forget it, as many would. You know miss, she was a poor girl once, and had to work for a cross old woman; but now she can have everything she wants, for her adopted father's as rich as a Jew."

"But where under the sun did you ever see this young lady?" asked the astonished maiden.

"Right here, ma'am," answered Hiram, his eyes twinkling as he beheld Miss Jenima's amazement; "just here in this very house."

"Surely, Hiram, you must be mistaken. I never knew any such person."

"Oh, yes, you did," answered Hiram, positively. "Her name's Miss Cassebury now, but it wasn't that, ma'am, when I helped the poor little soul to get away from here with a few little greenbacks."

"Who was it anyhow?" gasped Miss Jenima.

"'Twas Sybilla Vernon, ma'am," said Hiram, quietly. "Sure you remember your little cousin, Miss Sybilla?"

Miss Jenima, utterly overcome by this disclosure, sank without another word into her chair; while the little drudge gazed at her with open eyes and mouth, and hoped this transformation might be lasting. So Hiram left them and departed for Sybilla's happy home.

Typhoid And Summer Outing.

The Maryland Medical Journal has a grume article on "Typhoid as a Summer Diversion," in which are discussed the extra risks of the summer boarding house, the country cottage and "the Old Oaken Bucket That Hangs in the Well." The careful man who wishes to learn in advance whether the proposed summer home has good drainage and pure water is commonly regarded by his host, says our contemporary, as "overparticular," and is shunned as a disseminator of hurtful suspicions.

"The easy and popular way," says the Journal, "of determining as to drainage and water is to expose one's family for a season, when, if typhoid fever should be contracted, it is manifest that one should go elsewhere next summer. That one might have gone elsewhere this summer is a most unprofitable reflection."

Inquiries are sometimes made by the intending summer boarder as to drainage and water supply, but the landlord, not being an expert sanitarian, is usually well content with his accommodations. "What the landlord says upon the subject," the Journal observes facetiously, "is sure to be more satisfactory than the truth could possibly be." The sensible course, therefore, for the head of a family who does not wish to return to the city in the fall laden with typhoid germs is to go himself and inspect the source of the drinking water, drainage, etc., before engaging board.

There is an alternative, it is suggested by our medical contemporary, if one cannot go himself—to write to the local health officer. "The brand-newness of the question," says the Journal, "may take his breath for a time, but he will probably not lie, and may perhaps try to obtain the information which you desire. If he should be able to answer you at once and to give you detailed information, put your hand over his back and demand of him the word, for he, too, is an overparticular."

If one can get no reply from the local health officer and cannot himself go and investigate the proposed health resort it will be wise, the Journal suggests, to stay in the city and drink boiled water. If the city is too hot, one may safely betake himself to almost any summer resort, provided always that he will do there what he would do if he remained in the city—boil all the water he and his family drink.

Sometimes typhoid is contracted at the private residences of wealthy people who have taken every pains to insure good sanitary conditions about their homes. The Journal mentions an instance of a typhoid epidemic in a rural community of 400 persons having excellent sewerage and a water supply of known purity. Yet in this community three cases of well-defined typhoid and 25 cases of grave intestinal disorder suddenly developed in July, 1898, to the surprise of a hygienist who had examined the regular water supply on June 30 and found it good. On inquiry it was found that on July 4, by reason of the non-working of the pump at the water station, the superintendent of the water works got water into the tank for that one day from an outside source, namely, a well used by a family that had a case of typhoid in 1897. This discarded well was found on examination to be breeding the colon bacillus. Here the stupidity of the superintendent had nullified all the careful precautions of the community, with the result that using a contaminated well for one day caused much dangerous sickness, worry and expense. Another instance is mentioned of a summer cottage in Baltimore county provided with water from two sources—a good well and a cistern filled with rain water. The latter was to be used about the house, but for not drinking. But it was used for drinking "as soon," says the Journal, "as a lazy nigger preferred turning the spigot to working the pump handle." The result was that the illness of two children on the third floor, over the roof of the veranda, was communicated to 13 persons, including a number of guests. These cases of typhoid resulted, it is perceived, from excessive reliance upon the discretion and good faith of a servant. Unless all drinking water is boiled, nothing, it seems, but the absolute exclusion of the chance of contamination can be trusted to safeguard the water supply, whether in city or country.

Took Needed Rest.

"Yeakum, of Frisco," as he is known in the railroad world, is one of the workers. They say he never tires. One day a friend called at the Broad street office to see him. It was about 4 p. m. He found the President leaning back in a big chair, reading a newspaper, and smoking. In surprise he asked what was up.

"You see, I've worked pretty hard for the past ten years," said Mr. Yeakum, "and I think I need a long rest."

The next day the same friend dropped in again. Mr. Yeakum shook hands in his hearty way, but said:

"Glad to see you, but I'm up to my eyes in work. I haven't much time."

"I thought you were going to take a long rest!" exclaimed his friend.

"That's all right. I took it yesterday," said the President.

A FEW FACTS OF INTEREST TO CLOTHING BUYERS.

SHARRER & GORSUCH, WESTMINSTER, MD.

HAVE GOOD WOOL SUITS FOR \$5.

For \$7 and \$8 we give you Suits worth \$10. Our \$10 and \$12 Suits are perfect beauties in style, fit and finish. We have many splendid things left in Boys' Suits, \$1.00 to \$5.00. Special sale of 40 Boys Short Pants Suits, ages 14 to 17, exactly half price—\$2.00 SUITS NOW \$1.00. \$4.00 SUITS NOW \$2.00. Boys' Wash Suits and Pants good and cheap.

IF YOU WANT A SUIT MADE TO ORDER Don't fail to see our Handsome Patterns and Low Prices.

Genuine 50c Dress Shirts 25c. You have never seen such pretty Shirts as ours at 50c. If you want the best \$1.00 Shirts made buy the "Monarch" and Lion Brands—the styles are very handsome. A splendid Working Shirt for 25c. See our 50c quality Underwear selling 35c. \$1 Working Pants 55c. 10 doz. Sweet Orr's Overalls, last at old price, 75c pair.



YOU WILL DO WELL TO TRY Mitchell's Art Gallery WHEN YOU WISH A NICE, STYLISH PHOTO MADE IN CLEAR OR CLOUDY WEATHER. Give me a call. NO. 49 E. MAIN ST., (Over Bowers' Store) Westminister, Md.

ESTABLISHED 1897. JOHN H. SULLIVAN,

The Board of County School Commissioners for Carroll county, Md., hereby give notice that they will receive bids for Building a Public Schoolhouse, on a lot selected by the Commissioners, about two miles from Union Bridge in Election District No. 12, School No. 3, known as Middletown. These bids are to be filed with the Secretary of the Board on or before the 29th day of June, 1903. Contractors desiring to submit bids for the erection of said house can obtain a copy of the specifications by writing to the Secretary of the Board. The School Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all of the bids submitted. J. H. SULLIVAN, Secretary.

FOR Ice Cream Freezers, Ice Coolers and Harvest Field Pails go to Warfield's, Sikesville.

HERING'S Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root. THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY.

An effective cure for Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colic, Pain in Bowels, and Cholera Infantum. The best and oldest remedy known.

DOUBLE PIPE CREEK, CARROLL CO., MD. J. J. ROSE, Proprietor of Hering's Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root, and cheerfully confesses that it is the best remedy for Bowel troubles that he has ever heard of. I never knew it to fail. We are never without it.

Mr. Weybright is a deacon in the Dunkard Church, and a prominent farmer of Carroll county.

Sold by Druggists, Price 25 Cents. JOHN J. ROSE, Proprietor of Rose's Pharmacy, Westminister, Md.

NO. 3603 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Ex-Parte.

In the matter of the Trust under the will of Susan Gallaudet, deceased, for Julia W. Seon, et al. Ordered, this 6th day of June, A. D., 1903, that the second account of the Auditor filed in this case be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23rd day of June, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk. June 21 JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.