The Democratic Advocate.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 29, 1906. VOL. 41.--NO. 37.

THE NEW STORE. **BABYLON & LIPPY CO.** THE NEW STORE.

MID SUMMER SALE OF

SEASONABLE GOODS.

We offer you special goods in different lines at ODD and END prices while they last.

25c white figured Madras,.....19c
15c " " " 09c
25c French Dimities, (excellent patterns).....19c
Regular 39c white India Silk,.....29c
" " " Cashmere,.....29c
" 19c " Linen finished Suitings,.....12½c
Many bargains in shirts and dress goods.

SPECIALTIES.

15c Misses' Black Lace Hose,.....10c
12½c Ribbons, all colors,.....10c yd.
7c Ladies' Black Hose,.....5c pr.
12½c " Vests,.....10c
5c " white Hemstitched Handkerchiefs.....3c
Special values in Embroidered Belts,.....10c

BARGAIN IN PARASOLS.

Extra wide, good qualities Flouncing.....25c
Regular 10c Pearl Buttons (extra value).....5c doz.
Splendid assortment of Ladies' Collars.....10cts to 25c
15c quality Children's Waists.....10c
75c Lace Baby Caps,.....50c
50c " " " 39c
39c " " " 25c
25c Ladies' Sun Bonnets,.....15c

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$12.00 Cream Brilliantine Suits; only a few left; every one a bargain—to close out we offer them to you at $8.98
$8.00 white Linen Suits—only 3 left—to close out...$5.98
50c Ladies' Seersucker Shirts,.....29c
125 " extra quality Wrappers,.....98c
Many more bargains throughout the entire line—sizes broken

MATTINGS.

Sale of short ends of mattings less than cost. Remember, these mattings are good lengths, and good qualities—have slashed the price. Only there by, this sale of mattings will enable you to cover your floors less than importers prices. This is your opportunity, don't forget it.

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50c Men's Working Shirts,.....39c
39c " Underwear,.....25c
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All sizes and good patterns. Largest assortment 4 in hand Ties,.....25c
Special offerings in Suit Cases,.....98c
Steamer Trunks, Hand Bags, etc.

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12qt. Flintstone Preserving Kettles, won't scale off by falling, only.....75c
Large Tin Watering Cans,.....15 and 25c
Large Flintstone Roasters, the best you have ever seen, only.....$1.50
12 qt. Chamber Pails,.....35c
12 " Dish Pans,.....10c
The handy Fruit Jar Filler,.....5c
Loose bottom Jelly Cake Pans,.....5c
15c Stove and Shoe Brushes,.....10c
Good assortments of Fibre Cuspidors, Basins, Mats and Pails, always on hand. 19c Whisks Broom,.....10c
Fancy Waste Baskets,.....25c
Egg Poachers, good value,.....10c
Wire hanging Baskets,.....15c
Tin Pot Lids, all sizes.....5c
Medium size fancy Jardineirs,.....19c
Large enamel Dish Pans,.....25c

SAVE MONEY BY DEALING WITH BABYLON & LIPPY COMPANY.

STORES CLOSED JULY FOURTH.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Cash Department Stores,

BABYLON BUILDING, Opposite Liberty street, WESTMINSTER, MD.

April 27

Right Paint at the Start

Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil should always be used for the first or priming coat. No other paint has the same affinity for the surface—marrying and becoming a part of the wood.

Yellow ochre, barytes, zinc or any other substance than Pure White Lead fails to unite with the wood and serves only to form a cushion, which will prevent even Pure White Lead from attaching itself when finally applied.

Satisfactory results can never be obtained so long as a surface is coated with a *veneering* (for that is all it is) of yellow ochre, barytes, zinc, etc. Such a coating is bound to crumble, crack and peel, and must be burned or scraped off, *down to the wood itself*, before a good job can be done—an expensive process, and not without danger of fire.

A house owner can scarcely make a more costly mistake than to use a substitute for Pure White Lead in the priming coat. Avoid all risk by using

LEWIS
Pure White Lead
(Made by the Old Dutch Process)

Send for a booklet containing several handsome reproductions of actual houses, offering valuable suggestions for a color scheme in painting your house. A test for paint purity is also given.

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO.
231 South Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Galvanized Fencing Wire at prices that have never been known in the trade.

Lead and Oil so cheap that anyone can afford to paint this season.

Ice is plenty. We have a large stock of the best make of Freezers and Refrigerators.

Don't you need Gasoline or Oil Stove for summer cooking? We have them; they are cheap.

Door and Window Screens of various styles.

A full line of first-class Cooking Stoves and Ranges, of long established reputation, at reduced prices.

A call will soon convince you that the bottom has been completely knocked out of the price of Nails.

Glass, Oils, Paints and Putty, Plastering, Hair and Cement, and in fact everything in the Building Hardware line can be found, as well as low prices, at the old established stand of

GILBERT & GEHR,
Corner Main and Liberty streets,
Westminster, Md.

Plumbing, Heating, Spouting, Tin Roofing is our specialty. feb 20

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ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY REPAIRED.

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MYERS BROTHERS

Surgeon Dentists.

We are prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work.

CROWN & BRIDGE WORK
a Specialty.
PLATE WORK & REPAIRING
will be given prompt attention.
CAS ADMINISTERED.

J. E. Myers will be in New Windsor Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, and in Westminster the remainder of the week.

J. S. Myers will be in Taneytown the first Friday and Saturday of each month.

W. M. and C. & P. Telephones. june6

NO. 4268 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Charles Magin et al. vs. Henry Magin et al.

Ordered, this 13th day of June, A. D. 1906, by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale of the Real Estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Charles Magin and Frederick Magin, Trustees, appointed by a decree of said Court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of July, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once a week in each of three successive weeks before the 9th day of July, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2500.00.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True copy :—Test.

june15 3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

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FRANK K. HERR. GEO. W. BABYLON.

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Manufacturers of

Coaches, Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, Jagger Wagons, Traps, Runabouts, &c.

WE PUT ON OUR OWN RUBBER TIRES.

Special attention given to Repairing. Orders filled promptly. All work warranted.

Factory opposite Montour House, No. 56 W. Main street, Westminster, Md. feb7 Maryland Telephone.

Select Story.

IN THE DARKROOM.

Bailey Millard in Cosmopolitan.

Dear, me! I forgot to dust that last holder, and the plates will be as freckly as Mattie Freeman. There's always something wrong with this fussy photography, but it's perfectly fascinating, anyway."

Tripping back to the darkroom, Rose Tenny, as dainty a piece of Dresden china girlhood as you might see in a long day's auto drive, lit her ruby light, banged the door, stepped to the table and slid the black panels off her plate-holder. She was in a hurry, for the Colorless Miss Coe was waiting for her on the north veranda. The darkroom was an isolated little affair in a corner of the grounds, where it had been built according to Rose's plans by rich, indulgent Papa Tenny, who denied her nothing, though this photographic fad was vaguely unsatisfactory to him.

"Girls like Rose," his thought ran, "ought'n't to coop themselves up in dark little holes like that. It'll be taking the bloom off her cheeks."

But to Rose nothing was more delightful than the darkroom, with its air of mystery and its smelly "hypo" and hydrochinone.

She dusted the plates and the holder with her little camel's-hair brush, clicked them together under the ruby light, slid them into her black box and trotted up the gravel walk, slipping the camera-strap over her shoulder as she went.

She was going out snap-hunting with the Colorless Miss Coe, not because she loved her, for she was coldly impeccible, but because photography makes strange fellowships, and where there are only two real enthusiasts in the same village they are bound to get together and compare prints.

When Rose neared the north veranda Miss Coe's gray eyes gazed at her through their clear unrimmed glasses with the same impassive look that she gave everybody. The two girls walked down the driveway over the little bridge and up to the old grass-grown road through the flaming fall woods. Under the actinic October sun the forest was a great place for snap-hunting adventure.

"If only we could get those autumn shades into our pictures," sighed Rose, her old passion for colors vibrant in her tone.

"Yes," said Miss Coe, uninspired. Enthusiasm was alien to her temperament.

"Wouldn't it be just splendid to be able to take all the rich tints in that maple there?"

"Yes, splendid," echoed Miss Coe.

They had walked and snapped about a mile when a derby hat topped the rise ahead, and a pair of swinging legs in tweed trousers strode toward them.

"Why, there's Raisley Calvert!" cried Rose, her face going a bit redder. "Making a short cut to the train, I guess. Commuters are always in a hurry."

"Yes, catching the train," said Miss Coe.

Was her tone a note less drawly? Was there the slightest gleam behind her glasses? Did her cold face take on the least, the faintest tinge of pink? If so, nobody could possibly have noticed it. Miss Coe knew that Raisley Calvert had been Rose's tennis partner suspiciously often, and that on her dance-card the vague scrawls that stood for his name had occurred far more frequently than other scrawls; so that she understood the Rose Tenny blush of the instant and the Rose Tenny head-droop and side-glance.

"Good morning, girls!" Rose thrilled to the rich sub-bass. "Going gunning rather early, aren't you?"

"No, not early—you are late," said Rose, in a challenging little tone. "Why, we've been out an hour taking snaps. Going back soon."

"Sorry I can't stay and pose for you," he said, watch in had, "but the ten o'clock train has an unfortunate habit of leaving on time."

"It is rather punctual," affirmed Miss Coe.

"Oh, we weren't hunting for people to pose," said Miss Tenny, laughing.

"Well, I'll help with the flashlight, if you'll let me come down tonight," he suggested over his shoulder, as he moved on.

"Yes, do come, and I'll show you the result of my day's work." All the blithe and winsome Rose Tenny way went with the words.

"All right—be there at eight, if you don't mind." And he eliminated himself from the immediate landscape in a half-run down a twist in the road.

It seemed natural that they should turn back just then and walk in silence for a little while. Then Rose ventured:

"Don't you think he's—he's——?"

"He certainly is," said Miss Coe, in even, unimpassioned tones.

There was another silence. Then Rose said:

"I want to tell you something—something awfully secret." She was so full of it that she would have confided it to the nearest tree, and Miss Coe certainly could be as sympathetic as any tree alive or dead. "It's about Mr. Calvert and me. We're engaged. Nobody knows it yet, but papa and mamma and Cousin Kathryn. It happened only Thursday. This is Saturday—three days. Why, Miss Coe, you've dropped your camera! You ought to keep the strap over your shoulder. Let's see—anything smashed?"

Rose picked up the black box, opened it, glanced at the lens, set and snapped the shutter and shook the holders, while Miss Coe looked on with as much interest as she ever evinced in anything.

"It's all right," said Rose, "but that thumb-screw's a little loose."

She tightened the screw and they walked on, Rose saying many nice things about Raisley, and Miss Coe echoing some of them quite audibly, though for the most part her flat voice seemed to contain, if that were possible, less of conviction than usual.

"She shows almost human interest in the affair, doesn't she?" was Rose's querulous thought. "That's what you get for unbosoming yourself to a glacier."

After all, photography was futile that morning. To Rose it had seemed an impertinence to snap her little camera in the face of Nature in this her most poetic season. Nor had Miss Coe—now singularly absent and reserved, even for her—made more than a half-dozen exposures. So that on the return walk there were three or four unused plates remaining in their holders.

Coming down by the old mill-road, a dogcart passed them. In it was a stagy-looking young woman.

"The Hamilton Sisters," said Rose. "Which one is it?"

"Lulu," said Miss Coe. "They're making a great hit in 'The Runaway Girls' at the Columbia. The papers are saying a lot about them."

"Yes, it's Lulu. Look at the make-up! And that hat! Purple ostrich-plumes to go with a red jacket. No, don't look! She wants to bow and I won't let her. She was at the Larchmont hotel last summer and she worked her way into our set. There, she's driven on."

"Mr. Calvert knows her, too, doesn't he?" was the mild-toned, inocuous interrogation. "They were——"

"Oh, yes, he knows her," admitted Rose, "but only as a man like him knows a forward, flaunting thing like her."

"Why, I thought——" Miss Coe began.

"What did you think?" The tone was a little sharp for Rose.

"Nothing. Of course, one hears all sorts of things, don't you know? See that rustic bridge with the old man leaning on the rail. Don't you want to snap it?"

"No; take it if you want it."

But Miss Coe did not take it.

They walked along a side-road, and suddenly Rose cried: "There, I forgot my French teacher. I must run right home. I suppose you're going by the academy. Good-by!"

Miss Coe waved her white hand and walked along, a very somber Miss Coe indeed. She took a side path homeward, and coming down into a shady ravine, she stopped of a sudden at a turn. Before her and a little to the right, upon the side of a bank, sat Miss Lulu Hamilton, of "The Runaway Girls," and before the actress stood Raisley Calvert. Instantly Miss Coe's pale face came as near to actual illumination as it had ever come.

"She wouldn't believe it of him, would she? She wouldn't if she saw it now? I wish she were here. Oh, I wish that self-satisfied, red-faced, overdressed, little doll were here, to see her husband-to-be. May-be he wouldn't be. Ah!"

With the "Ah" she slipped her camera-strap from her shoulder, opened the box, whisked about, focused the lens and set the shutter. At that moment, Miss Hamilton, seeing the camera pointed her way, and ever alert for spot-light effects, sprang up, and throwing her arms about Raisly, gave him a stage embrace that would have electrified the gallery had there been a gallery there to electrify, at the same time murmuring words of endearment which, so far as Miss Coe's understanding went, may or may not have been echoed by the impromptu hero. Miss Coe pressed the rubber bulb with what might have passed for a smile of triumph. The click of the shutter made Raisley turn his head. He saw the camera, realized the ambuscade and instantly he was in a panic. He stood stock still for a moment, then thrusting away Miss Hamilton's red-sleeved arms he turned and ran precipitately down the ravine through the trees.

As he ran, the thought gathered in the nebulous haze of Raisley Calvert's mind that this fleeing from a photographic fixity was not the wisest move in the world. He came slowly to realize that the thing had been done—the seeing eye of the camera had witnessed his real or apparent transgression, and upon its retina had been registered the awful evidence of the fateful embrace. What Rose would think and how she would act if she caught sight of the picture, was to him the torturing menace of the moment! It would be impossible for him to soothe her outraged sensibilities by explaining how he had met Miss Hamilton in the road, how she had invited him to go for a drive and luncheon, how angry she had been because of his refusal, how she had dropped her reins, how the horse had bolted down the road and through the trees until the cart had been overturned at a stump and she had been thrown out. It would be impossible for him to tell how the theatrical young woman had made a pretense of injury in nearly every part of her body and had clung fiercely to him as to her "natural protector," but had finally owned to the imposition when charged with it. It would be absurd to explain the application to him of her arts of footlight love with the Circean tang in it, to tell how it had ultimated in his vigorous scolding of her, how he had given her to understand that nevermore must she assail him by an odious acquaintance that had found and left him free from the lure she had fancied herself to be to him. Nor could he tell how scornfully she had used Rose's name in retort, how she had reveled sardonically in the opportunity for the lover like pose which she, with her acute sense, must have known would reach the eyes of the woman whom she regarded as her successful rival.

The picture—the picture! What of the picture? Then came the saner reflection, Why should Rose ever see it? Evidently Miss Coe had been alone. She had taken the fatal exposure in a girlish freak, and no doubt might easily be persuaded to let him have the plate before it was developed, or, if developed, the negative. How he should delight in shivering that particular piece of glass into ten thousand little bits!

When he had thus overtaken himself, as it were he immediately turned about and made all haste back to the dread place of ambush, but no one was there. He followed along toward Miss Coe's house. Of a sudden he caught sight of Miss Hamilton, whose French heels angrily punctured the path on the way to her dogcart. Wishing to get by her as quickly and safely as possible, he made a detour through the woods, and of a sudden nearly bumped into Rose, who was walking thoughtfully along, her plea of the French lesson having been an easy ruse to rid herself of the boredom of the company of the glacial girl who was not moved by her mighty confidences. But Rose's eyes were turned aside so that she did not see him, and by making another and wider deteur he managed to get away from her precious vicinity. Coming around by the road, he swung on so fast toward the Coe place that when he reached the gate he was adrip from exertion, and realized that he was tempestuously in earnest. He wiped away the sweat, but his face was very red when he fingered the bell. The servant said that Miss Coe had gone out for an auto drive with her brother, whom she had met at the gate. Did she leave her camera at home? No, she hadn't brought it in. Well, he would wait. No, he would not wait. He would go down to the village and meet the Coes at the garage when they returned there.

He had a long wait at the garage, but the Coe auto did not appear. So about two o'clock, without having taken any lunchen, he strode back to the Coe house. Miss Coe had just come in. There was ice in her answer to his prayer for the photographic plate.

"Oh, I haven't it," she said, simply.

"Where is it?"

"At Miss Tenny's. I was going to develop it myself, with the rest, but I found I was out of developer, and Miss Tenny kindly offered to put the batch through with hers."

"You don't mean," groaned Calvert, "that is she going to develop that awful picture of me and——? What made you do it? What possessed you to——?"

Oh, I thought it was a pretty pose," said Miss Coe, with a cold smile. "So dramatic!"

"Dramatic!" bellowed Calvert, with dynamic gestures. "Why, do you know——? But of course you don't know. Oh, this is—this is awful!"

He walked up and down the porch, and then thrust his hat upon his head, determinedly.

"Good afternoon," he said, shortly.

"Oh, won't you stay to luncheon? Bob will tell you a lot about his new bubble. Please stay."

But Calvert was down the walk and away. He almost ran toward the Tenny place.

He was not blind. He could see the hinges on which Miss Coe's diabolical act swung so gratingly. For her own selfish reasons she wanted to break up the match, and so she had quietly slipped her plates—the fatal one among them—into Rose's friendly hand, that that hand itself might work, by chemic agency, the death of their love. But might there not yet be time to put that amorphous picture under his heel—to crush it out of sight of the tender, confiding blue eyes of his betrothed?

Nearing the Tenny house, he did not dare go in and meet Rose. For perhaps she had already developed the plate. He knew that it was the habit of the methodical girl to keep all that pertained to her amateur art in the darkroom, and that, whether developed or undeveloped, the plates were doubtless in that little house of mystery in the hedge corner. It was his desperate thought that he might be able to steal around by the adjoining wood-lot, creep through the hedge and enter the darkroom. Then he could seize and carry away the terrible plate. And, oh, the joy of the thought that within the next ten minutes he might be splintering it to atoms in the forest depths! He knew Miss Coe's holders and would delight in emptying them all and smashing every one of the plates they contained, if the one—the tragic exposure—might be forever obliterated. So, furtively, and with tremendous tension, he made his way around through the trees and under the hedge, risking the few feet of open, across which he darted to the darkroom door. There, for a heart-heaving moment, he listened. No one was within. He tried the handle. The door was unlocked. He entered quickly, closed the door, and stood in a blank darkness. Then he struck match after match, and by the intermittent flashes of light searched about for the plat-holders. They were not on the table. They were not on the shelf above it. They were not on the side-shelf. He searched intently among some negatives in a rack. The fatal exposure was not there. Might it not be in that long brown box on the floor? He lifted the lid. Just then he heard a step on the gravel outside. Rose! He darted under the developing-table, snuffing out his match, and crawled into an angle of the wall. There came a sharp gleam of light and a rustle of skirts. Something hard was laid upon the table just above his head. The plate-holders! There was the scratching of a match, and he crouched lower under the table while Rose lit her ruby lamp, put on her apron and closed the door.

"Couldn't she have done them herself?" she undertoned. "But how sweet she was when she handed them to me! 'It would be a great favor.' Great favor! I think the favors are—where's that tray? Wonder if the developer's too old. It's awfully smelly."

There was a sound of liquid gurgling out of a bottle, but the immediate strain was relieved when he heard her say:

"I'll develop my own first. Her's can wait. Let's see—is this the cow in the fence corner?"

It was still in the darkroom, and he was so near to her that he could hear every swash of the liquid and every little movement she made while she sat rocking the tray.

"Why, this isn't the cow!" he heard her say. "It isn't any of mine—it's one of hers."

"Heavens! Which one!" was the under-thet able agony.

A rippling Rose Tenny laugh broke the silence, and it was repeated again and again. The laugh reassured Calvert. The plate was one of Miss Coe's, but it was not the one.

He heard her turn the faucet in the bath, and then heard her lay the negative in the hypo-tray. Soon she was washing it again. Then she stood up and held it under the ruby light, while she laughed again and again.

"It's too funny," he heard her say; "too, too funny."

She put the negative back into the running water in the little sink to her right and sat down again at the table, laughing quietly. As she did so, she put her foot down upon the spread-out hand upon which he was leaning in all fours position. He jerked the hand away quickly. As he did so, the laugh ceased with a spasmodic gulp, and he knew that she knew that something alive was under the table. He was intensely angry with himself for giving her this terrible scare, but he thought it would not do to frighten her any further. His best course, as he saw it, was to remain perfectly quiet. No doubt she would scamper away to give the alarm; then he might spring up, seize the remaining plates and dash through the hedge into the woods.

There was a long and savagely ominous silence, during which Calvert thought his ear-drums must break, so strained were they by his bated breathing and the strange, wild surge of his blood. He could hear his watch ticking in his pocket, and wondered if she could not herself hear it. Every muscle in his corporate frame was tensely fixed. His hands were held well out from the sweep of her skirt. The watch ticked off the slow seconds that made the interminable minutes of this insufferable situation. The ticks punctuated the awful silence. Of course she heard them—she must hear them—and must feel that there was a man under her table—right at her feet—within close touch of her skirt—a live, breathing, horrid, menacing man!

"Sweet situation for a pair of engaged lovers!" ran his frenzied thought. "Doubtless she is thinking, 'Oh, if Raisley were only here to help me!' And he is here—damn him!—so miserably, compromisingly here, that he would give the world and the Pleiades chucked in to be anywhere else."

She must have sat for five hour-long minutes, so rigidly still that he could not hear the faintest rustle of her gown. Had she fainted? That would have been a mercy to her. The air was close in the little darkroom—it would have helped along a syncopal condition. Had she fainted?

He waited a little longer in the blank stillness and the thick blackness. Yes, she had fainted, and he must restore her. He would first spring up and open the door, then he would rush to the faucet and get some water. He moved his hand quickly to make the dash, and it struck the beg of her chair with a harsh thwack. There was a sudden swish of skirts and a patter of little feet, the door was flung open, and a sweep of searching sunlight illumined the room.

Rose stood in the doorway, blinking back upon him where he crouched in phrenetic hesitancy, half out from under the table.

"Why, Raisley Calvert!" she cried in lustrous relief, "what on earth are you doing there?"

"I heard you coming and I—I hid under the table."

"So I see," she said severely, and with a bright uprush of blood where a deathly whiteness had been, "and I think it a mean kind of hide-and-seek to frighten me so. I sha'n't speak to you again today. I——"

She saw his eye searching the table and the plate-holders. "Oh, I know what you came for. This negative." She held it up between them and the door.

It was the fatal—the awful one of his search.

"Yes," he confessed, with a groan. "And now, of course, it's all off."

"What's all off? Our engagement? Why, you don't suppose I'm jealous of that miserable little spotlight-hunter, do you? I was there behind the big oak and I saw and heard it all. I heard what you said to her—how you scolded her for following you and forbade her to come near you again, and I saw her make that theatrical rush at you just as Miss Coe pointed her camera your way. It was just like this." And she sprang toward him and threw her arms about him, while he quivered with the precious pressure of them.

And then? Why, then he kicked the darkroom door to with a click and it was his arms about her form and his lips to hers, under the ruby light.

"Oh, Raisley!" she said, after a moment. "Open the door; I believe I'm going to faint after all.

But she didn't, and her next words were:

"You can smash the negative now, Raisley—smash it into little bits in the tray. And as for the Colorless Miss Coe, she can have the pieces back, with my compliments. Come to think of it, she isn't so colorless after all."

Dog Lived Through Fire.

During the early hours of Thursday morning, April 19, while the flames were licking up everything inflammable within the walls of the Hotel St. Francisca, a little fox terrier remained locked up in the wine cellar of the hotel, deserted and forgotten by the attaches of the hotel when they were forced at midnight to abandon the doomed structure. When the beautiful and costly building on Union Square became a blackened ruin and the conflagration was fighting its way toward the Western Addition the little fox terrier still lived, unharmed, though terror stricken from the tortures to which it must have been subjected.

But with the dying out of the flames that consumed everything within the four walls of the building, save the little fox terrier, the dog's troubles were by no means at an end. James Hall, who had charge of the wine cellar of the hotel, was the owner of the little animal, and he remembered while the hotel was still a seething furnace that the dog was locked in the cellar.

Though powerless to rescue it, he lost no time in getting back to the hotel after the fire to discover the dog's fate. But he could not get near the wine cellar. For days afterward the ruins were so hot that all thought of probing about in them was out of the question. Five days later Hall succeeded in getting into the wine cellar, and one of the things to greet his startled gaze was the little fox terrier crouched beneath some machinery. The heat in the wine cellar must have been intense, but the little animal had managed to escape the flames, and came out of the ordeal unsinged, although nearly dead from thirst and hunger.

With tender care, Hall nursed the dog back to health and spirits, and not many days after his rescue he was as cheerful and lively as before the fire.

Hard-Luck Suitor Sued.

A rich widow at Koloczvar sued a wealthy land owner named Szabo for damaging her reputation by a long courtship without proposing marriage. The defendant admitted that he courted the widow, but pleaded that fate had prevented him from proposing to her, and he told the court a touching hard-luck story.

He said he had made strenuous efforts to ask the widow to marry him, but all were unsuccessful. The first time he was just on the point of proposing he stepped on the tail of the lady's pet dog. The consequence of this misadventure so upset him that he did not dare suggest marriage.

Subsequently his courage again reached the sticking point, and he drove to the widow's house in a carriage drawn by four horses. He was determined that nothing should prevent him from proposing this time, but fate again reached out its hand and his courage and determination availed him nothing. The carriage upset and he was thrown into a muddy puddle. His plight caused his bravery to ooze and he returned home to await a more favorable opportunity.

The third time he started to walk to the widow's, but, heedless of the ill-luck that is bound to follow such a foolhardy venture, attempted to pass under a painter's ladder. Fate again had its eye upon him, and just as he got under the ladder the painter upset a pot of green paint all over him. Szabo took this last warning to heart and concluded that the widow was not for him. He produced witnesses to prove his statements, which the court accepted, and he was acquitted.

Remembered the Text.

A little Topeka girl came home from church the other day and was asked what the minister's text was. "I know it all right," she asserted. "Well, repeat it," her questioner demanded. "Don't be afraid and I will get you a bedquilt," was the astonishing answer. Investigation proved that the central thought of the sermon had been, "Fear not, and I will send you a comforter."

THE WESTMINSTER FERTILIZER CO.

On the 3rd of February last the well known Fertilizer Business of Chas. Schaeffer passed into possession of the Westminster Fertilizer Company, an organization incorporated that day under the General Laws of the State of Maryland. This company is composed of citizens of this county, all of whom are more or less well known. The business of the new company will not only be conducted upon the same general and conservative methods carried on by its predecessors, but special care will be taken in securing pure material for its patrons. The celebrated brands of

BIG GUN, GOVERNOR,
LEADER AND SUPER A,

made by Mr. Schaeffer and before him by the H. S. Roberts Co., will still be continued, and the same care exercised in their mixing will be carried out, so that practically the only change is in that of the name of the firm.

The company is now prepared to meet the wants of any of its old or prospective patrons, whether in the line of MIXED BRANDS OR MATERIAL IN BULK, and at the very lowest prices to be had in the county for the same quality of goods.

Particular attention paid to the mixing of PRIVATE OR SPECIAL FORMULAS.

A full line of the celebrated ASHLAND STOCK & POULTRY FOOD kept in stock.

THE WESTMINSTER FERTILIZER CO.,
Successors to Chas. Schaeffer,
GREEN ST., near Depot, W. Md. R. R.,
Westminster, Md. mar30 3m

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John E. Eckenrode & Son,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Buggies, Surreys, Stanhopes, Runabouts, Daytons, Traps, Stick Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Depot Wagons and all kinds of Vehicles.

NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.

We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly, Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.

JOHN E. ECKENRODE & SON,
Cor. Liberty and George Sts.,
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TO THE PUBLIC.

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FIRE INSURANCE,
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WINDSTORM INSURANCE,
STEAM BOILER INSURANCE,

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Lowest Rates. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes. Quick Cash Settlements.

JAMES E. SMITH,
General Insurance Agent.
No. 7 Court Street,
ap1 tf Westminster, Md.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

From this date we will discontinue the practice of furnishing Sacks for Grain. We will, however, keep Grain Sacks for sale, to farmers only at actual cost to us.

ROBERTS, ROOP & CO.
N. I. GORSUCH SON CO.,
june 15 3t Westminster, Md.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Sitting as a Court of Equity.

NO. 4281 EQUITY.

Emma Brown, Plaintiff, vs. Amos Brown, Defendant

The object of this suit is to procure a divorce a vinculo matrimonii by the Plaintiff from the Defendant.

The Amended Bill of Complaint states that the said Plaintiff, Emma Brown, was married to the defendant, Amos Brown, in the month of April, in the year 1879, in the City of Cumberland, in Allegheney county, and State of Maryland, by the Rev. S. R. Tredway, a minister of the gospel.

The Bill further states that Emma Brown, the Plaintiff, is a resident of Carroll county, and State of Maryland, and has been for some time prior to the filing of the Bill.

The Bill further states that the said parties to this cause had two sons, James Arthur Brown and George Brown, both of whom are now living, aged respectively twenty-three and twenty-two years.

The Bill further states that the said Plaintiff and Defendant lived together in Carroll county, and State of Maryland, as man and wife from the time of their marriage until about thirteen years prior to the filing of said Bill.

The Bill further states that though the conduct of the said Plaintiff towards her said husband has always been kind, affectionate and above reproach, the said Amos Brown has without any just cause or reason abandoned and deserted said Plaintiff and declared his intention to live with her no longer, and that said abandonment has continued uninterruptedly for over twelve years and is deliberate and final and the separation of the parties to said suit is beyond any reasonable expectation of reconciliation.

The Bill further states that the said Amos Brown departed from the State of Maryland about thirteen years ago, and is a non-resident of said State, but that his present place of residence is unknown to the Plaintiff.

The Bill further states that the said Amos Brown has for the past thirteen years failed to aid or support the Plaintiff and his said two sons, during their infancy, and that through said failure the said Plaintiff was compelled to work for her living and the support of said two sons during their infancy.

The Bill further prays for a divorce a vinculo matrimonii for the Plaintiff from the Defendant and for such other and further relief as her case may require.

It is thereupon, this 20th day of June, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Six, ordered by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the Plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, and State of Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 30th day of July, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Six, give notice to the said non resident defendant, Amos Brown, of the object and substance of this Bill, warning him to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 14th day of August, next, to show cause, if any he have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed. DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
june22 5t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

NO. 4291 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

J. Ezra Stem, Assignee of Mortgagee, vs. Kenley E. Carr and Alice C. Carr, his wife, Mortgagors.

Ordered, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1906, by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by J. Ezra Stem, Assignee of Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of July, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county once in each of three successive weeks before the 9th day of July, next.

The report states that the sale of real estate amounted to $1419.96, and of personal property $235.10.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
jun15—3t DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

A CARLOAD OF FINE

KENTUCKY HORSES

Will arrive at my stables, in Littlestown, on Monday, June 25. The undersigned will receive on the above date, at his sale and exchange stables, Littlestown, a carload of fine Kentucky Horses. A call will convince you that this is a superior lot.

H. A. SPALDING,
jun22 Littlestown, Pa.

FOR threshing, smithing or domestic use, Elk Garden Coal takes the lead. You can get it from Smith & Reifsnider. mar17

THE NAME PLATE OF QUALITY

DOLLY MADISON

The value of a name depends upon what is behind it. The name DOLLY MADISON on a woman's shoe means the acme of excellence in style, comfort and service. It means the best effort possible to duplicate the virtues of $5.00 and $6.00 footwear in popular priced shoes.

Sold by representative dealers.

Oxford & High Shoes
$3.00 & $3.50

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the Personal Estate of

JOHN W. SCRIVENOR,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of January, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 11th day of June, 1906.

JOHN ROBERT HUGHES,
june15 4t Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the Personal Estate of

ALFRED G. HOBBS,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of January, 1907; they many otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 11th day of June, 1906.

NORVAL W. HOBBS,
june15 4t Administrator.

ELK GARDEN COAL has become a household word for all that is good Smith & Reifsnider sell no other mar17