

"THE DAYLIGHT STORE." "THE DAYLIGHT STORE."

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

SPRING AND SUMMER MERCHANDISE OF EVERY KIND AWAITS YOUR APPROVAL AT EVERY COUNTER.

Tailor-made Suits, Coats, Skirts, New Plain and Fancy Silks,

New Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, New White Goods, New Laces, New Embroideries, New Dress Trimmings &c., Unsurpassed.

The New Spring Silks.

Fine New Embroideries.

Whether for handsome Costumes, Waists, Etc., for street or evening wear these Silks excel all others in quality, style and lustre.

It is a gathering that is note-worthy for the most pronounced styles of fashion and we offer valuable values: 36-inch \$1.50 Superior Quality Black Taffeta for \$1.35. 36-inch \$1.15 Extra Quality Black Taffeta for \$1.00. 36-inch \$1.75 Beau-de-Soie Excellent Quality \$1.50. Fancy Dress Silks in the newest checks, hairlines, stripes and figures, worth 75c, our price 59c.

Newest Dress Fabrics of Fashion.

The new shadow plaid voiles of wool and silk, New Plain Panamas, Batistes, Mohairs, Etc., are shown by us in the most select weaves for Tailored Suits or Handsome Street Gowns.

25 Pieces Spring Dress Fabrics in all New Plaids, Stripes and Plain Colors, also Shepherd's checks in black and white of different sizes and combinations of Tan and Navy, Gray and White and many other stylish effects. Regular 36c values, our price today, 25c. 36-inch wide plain Suitings, a Superior Quality and extremely modish effect—Tans, Gray and White, Gray and Blue, also plain Panamas in the Newest Shades; worth 50c, our price 50c.

An Unusual Pre-Easter Event in Handsome White Fabrics.

Considering Quality and Varieties and these Exceptionally Low Prices, this sale offers very advantageous buying. An extensive array of the best Foreign and Domestic Fabrics now on display and sale for Spring and Summer Waists, Gowns and Dresses of every kind. These white Fabrics embrace all the newest designs in figures and stripes and plain India Linens, Batistes, Persian Lawn, Chiffonettes, French Lawn, Organdies, Plain, Dotted and Fancy Swiss; Plain and Mercerized Madras, Nainsook, Linens, Etc.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.,

"THE DAYLIGHT STORE,"

WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Byard Dorsey, Tax Collector vs. Charles Johnson.

Ordered this 4th day of March in the year A. D. 1907, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled case by Byard Dorsey, Collector of State and County taxes and for the Fifth Election District of Carroll County, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 8th day of April next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll County once in each of three successive weeks prior to the first day of April next, warning the said Charles Johnson, his heirs and assigns and all other persons interested in said real estate sold and reported as aforesaid to be and appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 8th day of April next and show cause if any he or they may have, why said sale should not be ratified and confirmed. The report states the amount of sales to be seventy-six dollars.

WM. H. THOMAS, True Copy.—Test. DAVID P. SKELESER, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the Personal Estate of MARGARET E. GRUMBINE, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscribers on or before the 1st day of October, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 25th day of February, 1907.

WILLIAM H. GRUMBINE, MARGARET E. GRUMBINE, Administrators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the Personal Estate of LYDIA A. GREENHOLTZ, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscribers on or before the 1st day of October, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 25th day of February, 1907.

FRANCIS L. MULLINIX, JOHN G. GIST, Executors.

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 ELENORA FRITZ, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of October, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 5th day of March, 1907.

MORDECAI FRITZ, Administrator v. a.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

One of the best Store Stands in Carroll County for sale or rent. Store for rent; store stock and fixtures for sale. Possession given April 1st, 1907. Apply to the ADVOCATE OFFICE, Jan 18

LYNCH & STEELE,

DEALERS IN Agricultural Implements and Machinery, Field Seed, Wagons, Etc., CORNER GREEN AND LIBERTY STREETS, WESTMINSTER, MD.

We have made our contracts for 1907, and as a starter will have on exhibition, for the inspection of the farmers, the following: International Gasoline Engines and Manure Spreaders, the simplest machines that are made; Brown Wagons, Ward and Oliver Plows, Perry Wood Frame Harrows, Steel Lever Harrows, Black Hawk Check Row Corn Planter, Sharpless Tubular Cream Separators, etc.

Many of these lines have been contracted for in car lots, which allows us to sell at close prices, thereby benefiting the farmer. Look us up when in need, as we can save you money, and will take care of your machines after you have bought them. Cloversed is high in price, but we will have some on hand at all times to accommodate those who want it.

C. & P. PHONE, 93 or 24.

PLUMBING, HEATING AND TINKING.

FRANK T. SHAEFFER

OPPOSITE ANCHOR HOTEL, WESTMINSTER, MD.

GENERAL REPAIR SHOP.

I am ready at all times to do any work in my line.

Bids on heating and plumbing cheerfully given. Give me a call and save money.

MY WORK SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

C. & P. PHONE, 93 or 24.

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 GUSTAVUS W. CRAPSTER, late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscribers on or before the 1st day of October, 1907; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 25th day of February, 1907.

JAMES A. C. BOND, Executor.

JOSEPH L. MATHIAS,

SUCCESSOR TO JOHN BEAVER, 126 EAST MAIN STREET, Westminister, Maryland.

Large Stock of Marble and Granite

Monuments and Headstones to select from.

Prices Moderate. Give Me a Call.

Mantel & Tile Setting a Specialty. C. & P. Phone 70 R.

SALE BILLS PRINTED AT SHORT NOTICE at this Office.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In Franklin District, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of the authority contained in the last will and testament of Richard Brashers, late of Frederick county, Md., deceased, and an order of the Orphans' Court of said county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on

WEDNESDAY, 3rd day of APRIL, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., all that Farm belonging to said deceased, containing

97 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS, being the same farm upon which Henrietta Hood and Basil Hood, her husband, resided, situated 1/4 of a mile from the county road leading from Westminister to Mt. Airy, and about 4 1/2 miles north of Mt. Airy Station, on B. & O. Railroad, and adjoins farms of Mrs. Mary Baker, Wm. Gosnell, Miss Bacon, Geo. Grimes and others. The farm is well watered, with pump at the house, and fine spring. The land is in fair condition, and is an excellent place for a home.

Terms of Sale, as prescribed by the Court: One-third cash on day of sale, or upon ratification thereof by the Orphans' Court, balance in 6 and 12 months from day of sale, the purchaser or purchasers giving his, her or their notes, bearing interest from day of sale, with good and sufficient security, to be approved by the executor, or all cash at option of purchaser. A cash deposit of \$300 will be required from purchaser on day of sale.

OWEN DORSEY BRASHERS, Executor of Richard Brashers, deceased, Geo. L. Stockdale, Solicitor. mar 4

HORSES! HORSES!

On Monday, March 25, 1907, I will receive a car load of Ohio and Kentucky Horses by express, consisting of drivers, work horses and saddlers. Call and see them before dealing elsewhere. Also will buy Fat Horses and Mules for Southern market. Always have on hand Broke and Unbroke Mules. Call and see them. H. A. SMITH, jan11 Hanover, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned, agent, will sell on the Manchester road, near Westminister, at Black Ankle, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1907, at 12 m., 3 Horses, 3 Cows, Brood Sow, 2 Spotted Shoats, 4 horse bread wagon, 2 horse wagon, 2-seated Surrey, falling Top Buggy and all kinds of farming implements. Credit of 6 months given. See bills. mar 3

WALTER M. GRAHAM, Agent.

SHEEP SHEARING DONE.

The time is drawing near for Sheep Shearing. To save wool and sheep, and save time, apply to the undersigned who has the experience. Highest cash price paid for FIBRES also.

GEORGE W. MAGIN, jan 25-2m Westminister, Md.

GONE ASTRAY.

A Red Steer with White Forehead. When last heard from was in the vicinity of Miller's Station, Manchester District. Liberal reward will be paid for any information that will lead to the capture of the steer. Address, J. R. HESSON, mar 16 3*

DO YOU realize that ROOFING SLATE is very CHEAP and that Smith & Reifsnider carry a large stock of assorted sizes and grades?

The stout man answered, "No doubt the

Select Story.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

The young pastor stood by the gate and shaded his eyes as he looked down the road. As the approaching figure came a little nearer, he understood the oddity of its appearance. There were two men, and one of them was carrying the other on his back. When they reached the pastor the burden bearer paused. "He's a stout fellow of more than medium height.

"Howdy, sir," he said in a deep voice. "I trust you are quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you," the young pastor replied.

The burden on the stout man's back squirmed uneasily. "Lemme down, Tom," it said.

The stout man's voice suddenly softened. "You ain't a bit heavy, Phil. Don't you get down unless you're tired of riding."

"I ain't tired," said the burden.

"Friend of mine who's a little bit under the weather," the stout man explained.

"Got a bit tired coming up that long hill, and that's how I happened to be totting him."

The pastor looked at the stout man's friend. He was only a boy of eighteen, perhaps, whose appearance showed the ravages of a wasting disease.

"What about what you'd call pretty robes?" the stout man somewhat hastily explained. "He's a little shaky about the legs and wants freshing up a bit. All he needs is a breath of two of this mountain air, and a plateful of good country feed.

The boy shook his head. "Tom knows better," he said in his hoarse tones. "I ain't a-goin' to get well, an' he knows it. It's my lungs."

"The stout man gave the boy a playful shake. "We want to find a boarding place, Phil and I. Just a quiet house where the air is good and the feed is good, and where we can see the sun rise and set. And we'll pay well for it."

The pastor reflected for a moment. "I think the place for you is the Widow Langley's," he answered. "She has plenty of room and I have no doubt will be glad to receive you. She lives just beyond the turn in the road. You can see her chimney through the trees there."

"Thank you," said the stout man. "Come, Phil."

The pastor stood in the roadway watching the two strangers until they passed around the curve. The stout man was merrily whistling and keeping step to the music. The sick boy's head drooped upon his bearer's shoulder.

That evening the pastor had a caller. It was the stout man. He came up the walk a little diffidently. The pastor was on the broad porch. "Come up," he said cordially. "I am glad to see you again. Take this easy chair."

The stranger hesitatingly accepted. "Thanky," he said. "You are very good. You see," he hesitated again, "you see I thought it would be well to know somebody in the neighborhood—and it struck me the parson was the very one I ought to know."

"The boy is in a critical state," said the parson.

"Yes, he is."

"There was a little silence. "Do you wish me to recommend a doctor?"

The stout man shook his head. "No. The boy's had all the doctoring he can stand. He's going to take his tonic out of the mountain air."

"Have you come far?" the pastor asked.

"From Amityville. My partner's there at the hot springs trying to boil out his rheumatism. We're show people, you see."

"No. The boy's in the show business, too?" the latter asked.

"Yes, he was born into it. His father was a trapeze performer and his mother a bicycle rider. The lad is a leaper and tumbler. Father and mother are both dead and since the boy got so sick he couldn't work, my partner and I have been looking after him."

"The sight of the boy clinging about the neck of the stout stranger arose before the pastor's eyes."

"You are a fine fellow," he said, "I am glad to know you."

The stout man flushed. "None of that," he abruptly said.

"We knew his father and mother. They were worthy people, and the boy is a good boy. Neither my partner nor I have been married, and the youngster sort of seems like a son to us. There's no question about money—we have all that's needed."

"I don't think that I ever met a circus performer before," said the young pastor.

"I guess we're all human," he said.

"We have all joys and sorrows, our laughs and our pains, very much the same as other folks. No doubt you're sort of prejudiced against us?"

"I was," said the young pastor. "It was a part of my bringing up."

"You stout man nodded.

"I'll pardon my saying so, parson," he slowly remarked, "but it seems to me that prejudice is often another name for ignorance."

"I'm a young man," said the pastor.

"I have much to learn."

Again the stout man nodded.

"You're going to it in the right way," he said. "And now I want to ask a favor. I want you to come up and see the lad. You'll know how to talk to him. He won't stand for any preaching, but there'll be a chance to put in a helpful word now and then."

He talked to the lad, and he read to him—and the boy was pleased at his coming. But the stout man seemed to keep aloof from the young pastor.

Early one evening the latter was hurrying through his gateway when he encountered the boy's friend.

"Where so fast, parson?" the stout man asked as he swung into step beside him.

"To the village. There is trouble there."

"Trouble! What sort of trouble?"

"A farmer on the west hill was shot this afternoon by some unknown person and badly wounded. A colored man was seen lurking in the neighborhood. He was taken to jail, and there may be an attempt to lynch him tonight. And the sheriff is away and isn't expected home until tomorrow. But he has been telegraphed to return at once. He knows how to handle them."

"Better keep away from this parson," the stout man counselled. "No doubt the

fellow is guilty and mobs are a bad proposition. Somebody is pretty sure to get hurt."

"The young parson shook his head. "I hope I am a good citizen as well as a clergyman," he said.

The stout man grumbled beneath his breath, but he kept step with the pastor.

"Where are you going?" the latter presently said.

"With you," was the curt answer.

The village seemed quiet as they crossed to the low building used as a jail. The jailer was alone there, an elderly man.

"The sheriff can get back inside of an hour," he told the pastor, "and I guess there won't be nothin' dreadful happen in that time."

So the pastor and the stout man stood on the jail steps and waited in silence. And then suddenly across the park they saw a confused rabble approaching. There might have been a hundred persons in this mob, but many of them were boys. As they neared the jail they uttered wild cries.

"Lynch him!" they shrieked.

"Give us the keys, Jim Ferguson," cried a voice, "or we'll burn the jail over your head!"

"Batter in the door, boys," yelled a fellow.

Then the pastor stepped out from the shadow, and the stout man was close at his side.

"Men," cried the pastor, "listen to me!"

"It's the parson," shouted a voice.

"Give the parson a chance."

And the young pastor, his voice full of feeling, besought them to reflect. His tones rang out clear and strong, his words were impressive. But a voice interrupted him.

"That's enough, parson. You've done your duty and now we'll do ours. Get to work, lads."

There was a roar from the crowd, but the young pastor was undaunted. As his voice arose again the ruffian in the van tried to howl him down.

"Quit your yawp!" he shouted.

"You've had your say. Come on, lads!"

The stout man had been leaning forward, his eyes on the mob. Now he suddenly leaped from the steps and struck the noisy fellow a swift blow across the mouth with his open hand.

"Take that, you loafer," he roared, and snatched from the fellow's hand a stout cudgel and fiercely menaced the mob.

"You seem!" he cried. "You've heard the parson—now listen to me! There are two men here, standing shoulder to shoulder for order and decency. They're not going to let you get into this jail without a fight—and somebody will get hurt. I'm good for any half dozen of you myself. Now get to your homes before it's too late."

He leaped back to the pastor's side, the cudgel in his hand, his eyes blazing.

For a moment the mob was still. Then a hoarse voice shouted "Kill him!" and a stone thrown from the outskirts of the crowd grazed the stout man's forehead.

Another missile flew by him and struck the jail door. There was a forward movement of the mob.

But the stout man leaped forward again and caught hold of the ringleader whom he had silenced. The fellow was wiping his bleeding mouth in a dazed fashion. The stout man caught him around the waist and quickly flung him on to the upper step. Then he followed him and helped him up so that he formed a sort of shield for the pastor and himself.

"Now fling your stones," he roared.

"Here's your own target for you. Bring on your battering ram. But I'll promise you it will go hard with this big loafer if you try any of your cowardly games."

"Smash him, Sam!" screamed a shrill voice in the midst of the mob.

"Yes, Sam, smash him!" said the stout man. He was behind the ringleader, holding him, by the wrist. "Sam couldn't be more helpless if he was a baby, could you, Sam?"

There was confusion in the mob. Here was an unexpected opposition.

The stout man noted their hesitation.

"Tell them to go home," he hoarsely whispered to the ringleader's ear, and the request was followed by a significant twist of the ringleader's wrist.

"Go home, boys, go home," roared the helpless leader.

"Once more," demanded the stout man.

"Go home, boys, go home."

The mob wavered—and just then a horse's hoofs were heard in the distance.

"The sheriff!" murmured the pastor.

"The sheriff!" repeated a half dozen voices.

The rider came nearer. The mob suddenly turned and fled.

Less than a week later the sick boy quietly fell asleep and the little town had seldom seen a larger funeral. All the pastor's friends were there, and the flowers were many and beautiful. The lad was laid away on the sunny hillside of the old cemetery.

"You've been very kind to me, and to the boy, parson," said the stout man as he stood on the station platform and waited for the train that was to bear him away.

"I'm afraid I may have said something that jarred on your feelings, and I'm sorry for it."

"Miss Kennedy, my name is Lynd Agnew. I am twenty-five years old and a native of Louisville, Kentucky. I am a marine engineer by occupation, and a graduate in medicine. I am receiving an excellent salary and I am fairly well to do. Miss Kennedy, I want you to marry me."

"But, sir, I do not even know your name, nor who you are, nor what you are."

"Miss Kennedy, my name is Lynd Agnew. I am twenty-five years old and a native of Louisville, Kentucky. I am a marine engineer by occupation, and a graduate in medicine. I am receiving an excellent salary and I am fairly well to do. Miss Kennedy, I want you to marry me."

"Miss Kennedy opened her beautiful eyes with surprise. She might truly have uttered that old, familiar phrase, "This is so sudden," but she did not, for she is not a conventional young woman and the situation was not conventional. The man's expression was so frank, sincere and heartfelt that she was carried away by it. She felt here was the one man who had been intended for her from all time. She was absolutely convinced that she could trust him, although she had known him but a few minutes. She realized, too, that she must make up her mind now or perhaps lose this opportunity forever. So, putting aside all maiden misgivings and desire to temporize, she looked him frankly in the eyes and said:

"I believe in you. I feel that you are sincere and I will marry you."

"Will you marry me immediately?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He pressed her hand warmly, for that was all that even Mr. Agnew dared to do in a crowded local train.

At this instant the guard put his head in and yelled:

"Alread!"

The betrothed pair rose hastily and hurried to the door. This time he carried all the bundles. Then they went out into

"Beg Pardon." And Half An Hour Later They Were Married.

The accidental jostling of a young woman by a man the other day led to a wedding almost on the spot.

This delightful romance illustrates the value of good manners and cheerfulness. The two young people who collided were so impressed with one another's happy way of treating the incident that they were convinced that they would be happy partners for life.

Miss Beatrice Kennedy, a very pretty and popular young society woman of Alameda, Cal., was returning home from San Francisco in one of the crowded local trains. She was laden with all sorts of little bundles, mostly articles of wearing apparel and finery. As she was hurrying forward to look for her seat in the crowded train a young man—a perfect stranger to her—jostled against her accidentally and caused her to drop several of her little bundles on the floor. She was highly embarrassed, for she still had so many bundles in her arms that she could hardly stoop down to pick anything up. The young man, however, proved very polite and cheerful.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he exclaimed. "I'm an awkward brute!"

But he did not stop at polite words. He immediately set to work to pick up the bundles, and while he did so he very dexterously kept back the crowding people from stepping on the fragile articles.

There were many other people who jostled against one another in that car, but in no case was the meeting attended with anything like such pleasant results as this. With all her bundles restored, Miss Kennedy found her way to a seat. Fortunately it happened that another seat was vacant beside. The polite stranger occupied it.

He inquired if any of the bundles contained breakables, and offered in the kindest and most unaffected manner to replace them if they had been damaged through his carelessness. Miss Kennedy replied quickly that they were not breakable and that she agreed that there was a splendid opportunity for a young man to begin business there, and to enjoy health and fortune in the glorious climate of California.

"The stores in Frisco are simply delightful," said Miss Kennedy. "I believe they are better now than ever. I can hardly tear myself away from them, they are so fascinating."

"Then how troublesome it must be for you to go shopping without anybody to help to carry the things. You could give your undivided attention to examining those useful bargains if you had somebody to look after all the bothersome details of paying for them and so on."

"Oh, but I understand that a man would rather go to prison than help a girl shop."

"Men are not all such brutes. I should enjoy helping you more than anything in the world."

"You seem to be a nice kind of man."

"Thank you. Now, don't you find shopping all alone