

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

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.



HEADQUARTERS FOR HOLIDAY GOODS

Vast Stocks and Low Prices Make This The Best Xmas Store.

With the characteristic thoroughness we have planned and prepared along such lines this year that will make this a more popular Christmas Store than ever. Stocks were never so large, and while early buying is best and advised, this will be a helpful store to the last minute.

Everything Pertaining to Christmas.

Toys of every kind, largest assortment of Games, fine selection of Books, Wagons, Sleds, Wheelbarrows, Writing Desks, Hobby Horses, Shoo-Flys, Velocipedes, Doll Carriages, Go-Carts, Iron Toys, Mechanical Toys, Wooden Toys, Dolls of every description, China Tea Sets, and a thousand of other things.

Our Kitchen—2nd Floor.

Gloves for Christmas.

This department is a complete store in itself. Everything that you can think of, and hundreds of things you can't think of will be found here. This department consists of the greatest floor space and largest assortment of its kind in Carroll county. Therein you will find an endless variety of articles of the greatest need in the kitchen—Enamelware, Tinware, Lace Curtain Stretches, Roasters of all sizes, Woodenware, Baskets, Foot Tubs, Pails, Wash Boilers, Pictures, Mirrors, Lamps, Chinaware, Japanese China, German China and Glassware of every description.

Have you given Gloves a thought? Put them on your Christmas shopping list, and for complete satisfaction get them here.

These Are The Furs

That have varied the standard of Fur Excellence.

Fur Sets, Scarfs, Stoles, Pelerines, Muffs are being shown in the most exclusive and favored styles.

All prices—\$2.50 up.

Christmas Linens.

Our line of Christmas Linens supercedes anything of its kind in our history. Therein you will find Table Damask of the various manufacturers, Napkins, Bureau and Stand Sets, Shams, Tray Covers, Lunch Cloths, Table Covers and Doilies, in Hemstitched, Battenburg and Mexican hand work.

Umbrellas Are Good Gifts.

This little Umbrella corner of ours sells Umbrellas that are somewhat better than the ordinary, and that's a very good feature. A Babylon & Lippy Umbrella is one that will be lastingly appreciated.

50c up.

For Christmas Remembrances could there be anything more appropriate or useful than

HANDKERCHIEFS?

This store has built through actual merit a very wide and worthy reputation for good Handkerchiefs. Now place yourself in our care and we will give you the greatest value that money can buy.

Footwear for Men and Women.

In style, in comfort, in service, in fit, in looks, Babylon & Lippy Footwear will meet your wishes precisely.

Special Prices Until Christmas In Clothing and Overcoats.

STORES OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM NOW UNTIL CHRISTMAS

FREE! BEGINNING MONDAY, DECEMBER 16th, FREE!

We will give to each and every customer purchasing \$1.00 worth of goods or more a very handsome embossed Calendar, as shown in our windows. Come early and make your purchases—quantity limited.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to Everybody.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.,

"THE DAYLIGHT STORE,"

WESTMINSTER, - - MARYLAND.

McGinnis Pure Rye

Maryland's Perfect Whiskey.

A. MCGINNIS CO., Distillers, Carrollton, Carroll Co., Md.

Our Whiskey complies strictly with The National Pure Food Law. It is Straight, Pure Rye Whiskey, a product of one of the Finest Distilleries in the State of Maryland.

Sold in same condition as received from the Distillery by

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BIG BARGAINS IN BIG BLANKETS AT SHUNK'S.

We have exercised great care in placing our order with the mills, six months in advance of season, so that we are thereby enabled to offer our patrons exceptional good values in the largest and best assortment of

Carriage Robes and Horse Blankets, ever shown in Carroll county. We have them from 75 cts. to the finest Wool Blankets, including Bear, Siberian, Dog and Goat Fur Robes, Water and Wind Proof Montana Robes, Sleigh Bells and Chimes. Also a full stock of all grades of

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Trunks, and Suit Cases, Club Bags, Baseball Goods, Dressing Soap, Oils, Leather, Hames, Chains and Harness Accessories. All bought and sold for CASH. Repairing done while you wait. A call is solicited.

OPEN AT NIGHT. Respectfully, J. W. SHUNK'S, New Store, Bower's Corner, 43 E. Main Street, Westminister, Md.

OUR REPUTATION THE LEADING DRUGGISTS OF WESTMINSTER.

Here is a store where you are sure to find prices as low as the lowest, and in many instances a saving of 25 to 33 per cent.

PATENT MEDICINES! We handle them all. No prices lower than ours. Come here for the advertised remedies.

\$1.00 Lydia Pinkham Compound,	74c
\$1.00 Pierce's Prescription,	74c
\$1.00 Swamp Root,	74c
\$1.00 Rheumacide,	80c
\$1.00 Peruna,	74c
25 Pierce's Pills,	20c

RUBBER GOODS! There is no question but what we lead in rubber goods. We have nearly everything in rubber—Fountain and Bulb Syringes, Hot Water Bottles, Ice Bags, Invalid Cushions, Nipples, Rubber Tubing, Etc.

TRUSSES! We carry a superior line of trusses. We guarantee them to give satisfaction or money refunded.

HAIR BRUSHES! Without question our line of hair brushes is the most complete; prices from 25c to \$2.50.

OUR TOILET DEPARTMENT Contains everything to satisfy the demands of the most fastidious. Our prices are always the lowest on Tooth Brushes, Tooth Powders, Tooth Pastes, Cold Creams, Perfumes and Toilet Powders.

Come to our store to rest from your shopping and enjoy a glass of Ice Cream Soda Water, or a dish of Ice Cream with the season's freshest fruit.

FREE to one of our Customers—A \$25.00 Gold Watch.

We will give away Tuesday, December 24th, 1907, a Lady's or Gentleman's Gold Watch to one of our customers holding the lucky number. Ticket given with every purchase.

FREE!

We will give away 500 STEREOSCOPIES WITH 12 PICTURES.

You will want one. Come early. See them in the Corner Window.

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CAS ADMINISTERED.

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

Dr. J. S. Myers will be in Taneytown the first Friday and Saturday of each month. W. M. and C. P. Telephones. jun-6

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Having rented the large of Frizzell's Restaurant, we will Board Horses at Moderate Rates, using the best feed, &c. Frequent auction of Horses &c., which will be announced later. 171 K. & C. P. LYNCH & CO. JOHN T. LYNCH, Manager, dec 8 if

THE WORLD OF FASHION.



Yellow is one of the most fashionable colors for evening gowns this season and it is also used to make the most charming cloaks of broadcloth. These soft, beautiful new shades of yellow are worn alike by blondes and brunettes, by society women, by young or old, and are more becoming by artificial light and look warmer than any other of the evening shades. Yellow fashions are also smart and with these costumes gilt slippers or pumps and silk stockings of the same rich tint are considered an appropriate finish. Every possible variety is shown in evening wraps from the simple circular cape which can be very easily and quickly made at home to the most elaborately draped cloaks and Japanese form of garments.

A STYLISH BUT INEXPENSIVE EVENING GOWN. Fashion is the very kind this winter to the woman with a slender income or the young girl with but a small amount of spending money for there are a great many styles of simple evening gowns that can be made at home very successfully at comparatively small expense. To begin with, the jumper costume is strikingly well adapted to this purpose. A successful frock lately seen, made in this style, was of pale blue nun's veiling with one of the new circular skirts trimmed with two deep folds of the material. The jumper portion consisted of two wide straps with the fullness held in on the shoulder, by three deep tucks, stitched down to yoke depth back and front. These straps were edged with narrow blue velvet ribbon and joined across the front and back with five straps of the same ribbon, trimmed at each end by a tiny cut steel button. The draped belt was of wider velvet ribbon held by a handsome steel buckle. This jumper was worn over a low necked blouse of fancy net with short sleeves coming just below the elbows. The same idea could be carried out in taffeta or China silk or silk and cotton eolienne and worn with an all-over lace or net waist.

A BLACK LACE FROCK. Pale blue, pink, light green and lavender are all popular evening colors this year in spite of the above mentioned tad for yellow. White is of course always worn and a great many black evening gowns have been seen at recent festivities. This sombre color is however usually relieved by touches of scarlet, pale blue or yellow or it is made with a lace or chiffon guimpe and sleeves. A fascinating frock of this style was of black Chantilly lace with the body of the waist and the Mikado sleeves cut in one and finished with a square neck edged with a hand of jet. A transparent yoke of all-over lace filled in this aperture, while short puffed sleeves of the same lace extended just a little below the Mikado sleeves of the Chantilly. The skirt was one of the new five gored models with pleated front and back and circular sides.

NEW ORNAMENTS FOR THE NECK. The old-fashioned black velvet band has been revived for evening wear and is at the present moment, the very height of fashion. This is worn high up on the throat under the chin thus hiding the least attractive part of the neck and revealing the curves at the base of the throat. The bands are seldom more than three-quarters of an inch or an inch wide and are often decorated with slides and ornaments of diamonds, paste or rhinestones. Often, however, the velvet band is left perfectly plain and fastened at the back with a handsome brooch. For the woman who cannot afford costly jewels this fashion will prove most acceptable and she can rest assured that it is the very latest mode. Field Syndicate, Station W. LUCY CARTER.

Select Story.

AN ARKANSAS GOLD MINE.

BY FRANCIS JAMES.

Christmas in 1865 was only one week in the future, and I was preparing for the enjoyment of the event, the first one I had spent at home in five years. My anticipation of what was in store for me, founded upon the memories of Christmas at home in my boyhood days, was sharpened to the keenest edge, for my four year's service in the Confederate army had taken me far from my Kentucky home into military camps, where our attempts to celebrate the birth of a Redeemer were only a poor fare at best.

I was disturbed in the midst of my fascinating dream, by the entrance of my father, who, with a troubled look on his handsome face, and a formidable letter in his hand, speedily wrecked my schemes for Christmas happiness, by hurrying me away on an errand of pressing business towards the pine forests of Arkansas, where some important affairs demanded immediate personal attention.

When I landed at Memphis, I was disappointed that no railway, or public conveyance of any kind traversed the wild and unfrequented part of Arkansas to which I was going.

By the advice of a soldier friend whom I met by a fortunate chance, I purchased a horse, saddle and bridle, and a pair of saddle bags into which I packed away my business papers, my revolver, such clothing as I could carry, not forgetting the pipe and tobacco which were to be my only consolation on the long journey, and with a few hints as to my course, nightily stopping out alone on the morning of the twenty-third. I crossed the broad Mississippi in a ferry boat, and turned my horse's head to the South west along a well beaten road, just as the sun's rays came slanting through the dense forests of Cypress which stood in close ranks on either side.

It was late in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth. My tired horse was walking leisurely along the not clearly defined path, while my thoughts were back in my Kentucky home, busy with the enchanting dream of Christmas morning, now so near at hand. The early darkening of the wood and sky had escaped my notice as had also the slowly rising wind which sighed mournfully far above my head in the tops of the resinous pines, when a blinding flash of lightning, followed instantly by a tremendous crash of thunder, awoke horse and rider to a lively consciousness of the situation. Gathering up the reins in my left hand, my horse waited for no other summons, but dashed through the now rapidly darkening forests in search of a place of shelter. I remembered that no signs of human habitation had been seen by me for some hours, and so pushed on with the hope of coming upon some place of shelter in the wood before me. My horse refused to be guided, and I let him have his wish, trusting to his instinct rather than to my own greatly perturbed judgment.

He seemed to know what we needed and where to find it, for a swift gallop of five minutes brought us out, suddenly, into an open clearing, in the centre of which was a house built of logs, and near the rail fence encircling it stood a white man and a negro. I addressed myself to the former, and presented my plea for shelter for myself and horse from the storm which threatened to break at every moment, but in vain. I was fain to accept from him that which he would give. "Ride on a half a mile," said he, in hoarse tones, "and you'll come across a vacant house with a stable alongside. I'll send this boy over with a life for both of you. Better hurry up stranger, the rain's comin' and that purty quick."

The first large drops fell heavily around us as he spoke, and tossing a piece of silver to the negro, and thanking the white man for his help, I galloped swiftly away. It seemed a long half mile, and when I had turned my panting horse into the stable, and myself towards the house, bearing in my arms the saddle, bridle and saddle bags, the rain was coming down like another deluge. I made my way through the tall, dead weeds which surrounded the house, indicating as much as its otherwise neglected appearance, how total and long had been its desertion.

When the negro arrived he found me standing in the middle of the one large

Select Story.

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room on the ground floor, and I do not look disconsolately into space for consolation. He set before me a basket containing, beneath a sheet of brown paper, I knew not what in the way of food, and busied himself to make me as comfortable as the limited means at hand would permit. I silently watched him arrange my saddle and the leather bags, unrolling and throwing over all my folded blankets, and form a most comfortable seat. Then going to and from a one story cabin which adjoined, and had since been the kitchen for the little house, he soon had a rousing fire in the great black fire place, and a plentiful supply of wood piled near by for its replenishment during the night. This done he looked at me with a bright smile, and said "dat's all I reckon' Kernel, an' I'll des rack back home."

In response to my question he said, "I'm name Tom." "Stay with me to-night Tom," said I, showing him a silver dollar. "I want some one to talk to, and this is a lonely place." "A sh'it," he quickly replied. "Why, Kernel," he continued, "dis is de mos' lonesomes' house in dis county. I wouldn't stay in dis house all night for de whole state. Why dey's ghosts hyah; dis hyah house is ha'nted." I tried in vain to laugh away his fears, and doubled my offer. He was not to be shaken. With a, "I done feed your hoss, sah," he was gone into the descending flood, and I was left alone.

"Here's a jolly Christmas prospect. This would fill to overflowing the measure of even Mark Tapley's desire for gloom and desperate conditions." I said to myself as I sat upon the seat Tom had arranged, and looked at the fire.

I slowly made my plans for the night, and then proceeded to their fulfillment. To the room in which I sat there were two doors, one in front and one at the back, and one window in front. There was a corner stairway rising to the room above, a door to which opened at the third step. This door was secured by a heavy chain and hook; the others by strong oaken bars dropped into iron brackets on either side of the doors, while the windows, from which the sash and glass, if there had ever been such things in them, had long since disappeared, were provided with solid wooden shutters, securely hooked on the inner side. Completing this inspection, dropping the wooden bars into place as I went, and seeing to it that the shutters were securely hooked, I then ascended to the room above, carrying a flaming torch from my fire. The room was entirely bare and empty, and its single window was guarded like those below. Completing the examination, I descended, closing and chaining the stairway door with a heavy metal ring, making a hearty meal of the coarse food in the basket, to which a hard day's riding and fasting imported a most agreeable flavor. I congratulated myself upon the comfort and security of my quarters. The storm without continued with unabated fury; and as I sat in mute enjoyment of my pipe after supper, the incessant patter of the rain, and the intermitting roar of thunder through the forest, were only regarded as auxiliaries, for those sounds added zest to the keenness of my enjoyment.

Stretching myself at length upon my unfolded blankets with my face turned to the glowing fire, my thoughts traveled to my distant home, and I revelled in the picture which my memory presented of that old fireside on Christmas eve. I dwelt long upon this, and when I was about to bid the family good, which my fancy had assembled around me, the usual affectionate good night, I was instantly summoned to alert and keen recognition of my present surroundings by the sound of a heavy body falling on the floor in the room above me. Lifting myself to a half reclining position I rested on my elbow and listened breathlessly. My fire had burned to a great heap of embers which shed a bright red glow over the room. A deep silence, and what seemed to me an interminably long one, ensued, during which I noticed that the storm had spent its energy, and all was as silent without as within.

The breaking of the silence came at length as suddenly as in the first instance what sounded to my sharpened ears, like the scrambling efforts of some one to rise to an erect position. When success had at length rewarded the attempt, to the sound of each alternate footstep across the floor above in the direction of the stairway, was added the clanging of a chain. No pause was made at the top of the stairs, but my visitor descended slowly, the chain rattling loudly as it dragged its length over the

bare wooden steps. I was standing erect with my pistol in my rather nervous right hand, gazing at the stairway door, when the bony hand of the intruder passed deftly through the narrow crack between the door and casing and unhooked the chain. The door swung open and the skeleton of a man walked down the three remaining steps to the floor.

Stooping, he lifted, and swung across his left arm, a long chain, one end of which was fastened about his ankle, and then walked quietly up to me. Standing besides me he turned his face to mine and stared at me. I endured this for a half minute, which seemed like an eternity, and then sprang from him to the opposite side of the fire place. He promptly followed me, taking the same position as before, and again turned his eyesless face to mine. Springing back to the other side of the hearth, I leveled my pistol at his head, exclaiming, as he again took a step toward me, "Stop, or I'll take one shot at you, whatever you may be." To my great surprise he spoke, "I want to tell you my story," he said, "I will listen to you if I could. Will you listen?"

I told him to proceed, and to be quick about it. My pointed pistol descended slowly as he proceeded with his narrative.

"Twenty-two years ago tonight," said he, "I was murdered in the room above, by the man and his wife, who then lived here. The man stabbed me to the heart while the woman, who seized me from behind, held my arms pinioned to my side. I was on my way on horse back from St. Louis to New Orleans, carrying with me in a pair of very heavy leather saddle bags, an immense sum of gold, the inheritance of a young girl in New Orleans. She is now a beautiful young woman, and she to my deep regret, shares the common belief that I am yet alive, enjoying the gold which was hers, and that I betrayed my trust by running away with it. While my own murder was never discovered, punishment came swiftly to the perpetrators. They fastened this chain about my ankle and dragged me into the forest where they buried me, concealing my grave so well, that the spot has never been discovered. The gold, they buried near my grave, and it lies there yet. The man and his wife quarreled about its disposal, and killed her, was detected and thrown into jail, where he hanged himself, leaving no confession or other clue to the missing gold, or his guilt.

"My mother died of a broken heart, grieving for the man who lost his life and reputation in an instant. Will you come with me to the spot, where the gold lies buried? It is in the forest not far from this house. I would have you restore it to its rightful owner, and clear the stain from my otherwise good name." He spoke the name of a famous beauty in New Orleans and then modestly gave his own. "Won't you come?" he asked pleadingly as he moved slowly towards the door; "this is the first opportunity I have had in all these years to make this request. I may never have another." "Yes," I replied, "I will go with you if I die for it. I will do all you ask of me. This is to be the roughest Christmas of my life, I think; I added, in a low tone to myself as, throwing my pistol upon the blankets, I followed my strange guide.

He spoke no more. Lifting the bar from the front door he swung it open, and passed out into the night. The moon, peeping occasionally through the slowly drifting clouds, threw a varying uncertain light upon our silent search. My guide turned frequently to beckon me on with graceful movements of his long right arm, and I followed as swiftly as I could. Stumbling over hidden obstructions, my clothes and flesh torn often by thorns and entangling brush, we at length came out upon the verge of a deep creek, filled to the brim with swiftly flowing water. My guide cleared it at a bound, and turning, beckoned me most pleadingly from the other side, occasionally pointing eagerly to the ground at the foot of a giant pine near him. I knew the gold was there. Walking back a few paces to give increased momentum to any spring, I ran swiftly to the very edge of the stream and jumped.

My fire was nearly out when consciousness saved me from what I saw was an inevitable plunge beneath the dark red waters of the creek, just as I was within a few inches of its rippling surface, and with a deeply drawn sigh of mingled relief and disappointment, I arose to put on some more fuel, after which I smoked and dozed alternately before the cheerful blaze until the dawn of another Christmas morning was peeping through every crevice.

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