

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

## BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

### OUR SECOND JANUARY Clearance Sale

WILL BEGIN

Sat., Dec. 28, AND WILL CONTINUE UNTIL..... Jan. 31

This January Clearance Sale will be one of the greatest sales in our history. We must reduce our large stock before taking inventory, Feb. 1st. Better bargains and more of them than ever offered before in Winter Dry Goods, Blankets, Comforts, Underwear, Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits, Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing of every description, at prices less than we could buy them direct from the mills today.

In every department you will find big bargains. Come early—Get them—Tell your friends.

#### Men's Hats One-Half Price.

Only a few of a kind left; some of these Hats were \$2.50, others \$2.00; lots too small to keep in stock, to close out we offer for 50c on the dollar.

#### 12 1/2c Hosiery, 10c.

100 dozen Children's Ribbed Hose, cheap at 12 1/2c, now 10c pair. Another lot worth 19c, at 12 1/2c pair.

#### Great Bargains in Shoes.

In looking over our Shoe Department we find here and there only a few pairs of a kind left. We cannot duplicate them for less than 25c to 50c pair advance; have made special prices to close these small lots out. Come and see them, every pair a bargain.

#### \$1.25 Bed Spreads, 98c.

Full size—excellent quality.

#### Bed Blankets and Comforts.

All Blankets must go regardless of cost. We offer you some very fine heavy Wool Blankets, large size, pretty and warm—\$5.00 Quality, \$3.98. 2.50 " 1.98. 1.25 " .98. .60 " .49. And so on throughout the entire line.

#### Heatherbloom Skirts.

Big bargains in Ladies' Heatherbloom Skirts. \$3.50 Quality, \$2.98. 2.50 " 1.98. Come and get the first choice.

#### Sale of Men's Clothing

That should attract the attention of every prospective purchaser.

This sale includes Suits and Overcoats for Men, Boys and Children in the newest styles, prettiest patterns and best fits. Every garment a bargain.

#### Great Reduction in Ladies' Coats, Suits and Furs.

To appreciate the quality of these startling bargains you must see them. Do not miss this opportunity. To give you an idea of these Clearance Sale prices, we offer you a \$16.00 Ladies' Suit for \$12.00. Come and see them. \$8.00 Ladies' Long Black Coats, \$4.98. Children's proportionately.

Special Bargains in Housefurnishing Goods, Glassware, Chinaware, Lamps, Jardinieres, and hundreds of other things in our kitchen, 2nd floor.

Our Stores will be Closed on New Year's Day.

Wishing You the Compliments of the Season,

## 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 a 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

LOUIS SACHS, Westminster, Md., DISTRIBUTOR FOR CARROLL CO.

#### 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 best 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 Mountain 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, Westminster, Md.

#### FREE!

We will give away

500 STEREOSCOPES WITH 12 PICTURES.

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

#### THE W. H. DAVIS CO.

Cor. Main and John Streets, WESTMINSTER, MD.

J. S. MYERS, D. D. S. J. E. MYERS, D. D. S.

#### 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. June 6

#### INSURANCE AGENCY

OF CHARLES E. GOODWIN.

96 East Main Street, WESTMINSTER, MD.

Represents the following Companies: Royal Fire Insurance Co. of Liverpool. Continental Fire Insurance Company of New York. Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society of England. Employers Accident Liability Assurance Corporation Limited of London. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes. Quick Cash Settlements. JAMES E. SMITH, General Insurance Agent, No. 7 Court St., (april 0) Westminster, Md.

#### Farms for Sale and Rent.

Several Valuable Small Farms for Sale and also a number for Rent.

The Geo. W. Albaugh Real Estate and Brokerage Co. J. EZRA STEM, Sec. & Treas., Westminster, Md.

#### TO THE PUBLIC.—If you want Fire Insurance, Life Insurance, Accident Insurance, Windstorm Insurance, Steam Boiler Insurance, give me a call. Lowest Rates. Best Stock Companies. No Assessments. No Premium Notes. Quick Cash Settlements. JAMES E. SMITH, General Insurance Agent, No. 7 Court St., (april 0) Westminster, Md.

#### M. E. CAMPBELL, BUTCHER, DEALER IN FRESH AND CURED MEATS.

Highest Cash Price Paid for Fat Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Calves and Beef Hides. ag16 yr

#### BOARDING AND SALE STABLES.

Having rented the large Stables in the rear of Fritzel'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. LYON, Manager, dec 8 if Westminster, Md.

#### Select Story.

#### New Year at Fenwick Farm

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Winter weather had fairly set in at Fenwick Farm.

And winter meant winter out in those wildernesses, where the giant pines lifted their green, wrestling arms high above the ravines, and the hand of the ice came down like iron fetters on the noisy little brook and the still, reed fringed river.

The peary slopes of the hills were muffled in snow; the wind, whistling through leafless woods, woke the tiny echoes of a million icicles, and the cold glitter of the December sunshine was like a mocking smile.

But the low-ceiled, brooding old kitchen in Farmer Lisbon's one-story farm-house was all aglow with ruddy firelight, on that gray, still Sunday, when the evening star shone through the tangles of the pine boughs, and Jack Frost was abroad in every deserted nook.

There were pink buds on Letty's monthly roses in the window, and waxy clusters of coming bloom on the dark-leaved oleander. The walls were yellow-washed, and casements curtained with bright chintz, and upon the board floor lay a bright-colored home-made rug—the work of Letty's own deft fingers.

And Letty herself, moving to and fro in the uncertain glow of the burning logs, was pretty enough for an artist's belle-ideal.

She was tall, and slight, and dark, with wavy, black hair, fastened loosely at the back with an antique bar of silver filigree, large, deep-brown eyes, cheeks as pink as her own rosebuds, and dewy, coral lips; and the dark calico dress that she wore, belted trimly around the waist, and edged at the throat with the tiniest of white dainty ruffles, fitted her as if it had come from Worth's own atelier.

She was singing softly to herself as she prepared the table for tea; but suddenly she paused.

"It's Uncle Kiah's step on the old bridge under the hill," she said aloud. "He has come back from the postoffice."

And, peeping over the roses in the window, she saw a stout, well-wrapped-up old man making his way along the winding path that led to the house. The next instant she was laughing and kissing her uncle.

"There, child—there, don't choke me," said Uncle Kiah, as he unbound his crimson wool comforter, and unbuttoned the coat which gave him such a close family resemblance to a grizzly bear.

"Well, Uncle Kiah," said breathless Letty, "and the letters?"

"Letters, child?" with a glance at the outstretched hand. "There ain't no letters tonight. Nothin' but a newspaper, and an advertiser's circular about paintings and organs."

"No letters, Uncle Kiah?"

"Hold on!" said Uncle Kiah, seeming suddenly to remember himself. "There was one. I put it in my inside breast-pocket, and I'm blest if I didn't clean forget all about it."

Letty jumped up and down with delight, like a child.

"I knew there was one!" she said. "I knew Cousin Eudora would write."

She carried the letter to the red illumination of the logs, and read it, eagerly, twice over. And then the hand which held it fell to her side, as she stood looking into the fire.

"Well," said Uncle Kiah, "and what does Eudora say?"

"Oh," Letty started from her reverie. "Say, she says she's very well. And the barrel of Spitzberg apples arrived all safe, and they're much obliged."

Uncle Kiah stared at his niece as he slowly pulled off his red yarn mittens.

"Ain't there no invitation to you to come there New Year's Day?" said he.

"No, uncle."

"Be ye sure, Letty?"

"Quite sure, uncle."

"Well, I declare," said Uncle Kiah, "if that ain't right up and down mean, after all they said last summer, when I treated you to that week at Saratoga Springs!"

Letty said nothing. Her deep eyes filled with tears and her lips quivered; but no word escaped her.

"Let me look," said Uncle Kiah, persistently, as he fitted on his round-bowed silver spectacles. "There must be a postscript, or something."

But there was nothing. Uncle Kiah's brawny countenance fell, as he saw Letty's new disappointment.

"Then you won't have any use for that 'ere new current-colored silk gown as cost twenty shillings a yard," said he. "It's most a pity you bought it, ain't it?"

"No, uncle, it isn't," said Letty, smiling bravely through her tears, as she stood on tip-toe to kiss his rugged face. "I'll wear the dress on New Year's Day, for you to see me in!"

"And there won't be one of your city beaux think no more of you than your old uncle does," said Uncle Kiah, giving her a bear-like hug.

And Letty, stooping to uncover the potatoes, which were roasting for supper, in the hot ashes, tried to persuade herself that she didn't care a straw whether Miss Euphemia Eudora Lisbon, of Martaga Square, invited her to pass New Year's Day with her or not.

But she did care. She could not but recollect Mr. Fabyan's dark eyes, as he stood above her in the great ball-room of the Grand Union Hotel, at Saratoga, and expressed a hope that, after their pleasant week of companionship, they should meet again.

"Of course, we shall all meet again," Miss Euphemia Eudora had said. "Letty is going to spend New Year's Day with me in New York."

flowers, and table all a-sparkle with cut-glass, silver, and decorated china, which had been her dream so long was no more than a dream. The current-colored silk dress, with the Spanish lace trimming, would not be needed now; and she should probably never see Mr. Fabyan again.

Poor little Letty! Uncle Kiah could easily comprehend that it was a sore disappointment, but he never knew that Letty cried herself to sleep that night.

Miss Euphemia Eudora Lisbon and the two Chicago beauties were gorgeously gotten-up that New Year's Day, as they stood smiling under the big smilax-wreathed chandeliers of the drawing-room in Martaga Square.

Full-blown roses were they, all three of them—so full-blown that any connoisseur in the floral world would scarcely have cared to gather them; but they were rich pink silk dresses, with gored trains that curled after them like highly-colored snakes, and diamond necklaces.

Their hair was powdered, and so were their faces; they wore thirty-two button kid gloves and French boots, with heels in the middle of the foot; and there was a white-gloved colored waiter to open the door, and another in attendance on the refreshment table in the back room; and, altogether things were arranged quite regardless of expense.

But Mr. Fabyan, as he entered this bower of camellias, japonicas, diamonds, gaslight and painted faencies, seemed to miss something. He looked over the heads of the Chicago beauties, and beyond Miss Lisbon's point-lace flounces.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but I don't see your cousin here."

"Oh—Letty?" said Euphemia Eudora.

"Yes, Letty didn't come to the city this year. My friends, the Misses Million, promised to visit me, and I really forgot to ask Letty!"

And Miss Lisbon smiled her sweetest smiles on Mr. Fabyan, whom, in her mind's eye, she had already promoted to the high station of prince consort to herself.

But Alured Fabyan went home and studied up the guide books and railway maps, buttoned on a seal-skin coat, and took the Shore Line into the wilderness of Connecticut.

"I will see her!" he said to himself. "All day long he rode, with folded arms, by the car window, the glittering landscape sliding by him like a dream of frozen pearl; and when the stars began to prick their golden points through the twilight sky, he stepped off at Fenwick Station—a solitary little shed, with forest of sighing cedars around it, and a frozen lake reflecting the orange west, below, and asked the agent where one Mr. Hezekiah Lisbon lived.

"Tain't far," said Jonas Stout. "Over that blue smoke a-twist-up 'see the edge of the hill? Well, that there smoke comes out o' Kiah Lisbon's chimney-stack. You can go around by the road, or you can save half a mile by the short cut across the meadow."

Letty was sitting all alone in the fire-light. She had put on the current-colored silk dress to please Uncle Kiah, and very lovely she looked in it; but the evening had closed in, and now she was alone—and very sad.

"I must go up stairs and take it off," said Letty to herself. "Oh, I wish I never had bought it!"

As then a knock came to the door, and Letty rose, listlessly enough, to open it.

"It's old Mrs. Capern," said she to herself; "or perhaps Deacon Goodall, come to borrow the weekly paper."

But it was neither Deacon Goodall, nor Mrs. Capern who stood there, darkly without, against the brilliant western sky, but a tall figure in a seal-skin coat.

"Miss Lisbon! Letty!"

"Oh, Mr. Fabyan!" she cried out. "You know I promised I would call on you New Year's Day," he said, taking both her hands in his, "and here I am!"

"But I didn't know," gasped Letty.

"You did not know how fondly I looked forward to that pleasure," said Mr. Fabyan, "and could not suppose that I loved you dearly enough to come all the way from New York to get one glance out of those sweet eyes. My dear Letty! My own darling! This New Year will not be a happy one to me unless it brings you as its initial gift."

And when old Uncle Kiah came in, Letty had to tell that she was engaged!

Miss Euphemia Eudora and the two over-blown Chicago roses had a tedious day of it. Their French-bee-fied feet ached sadly; their tongues were almost paralyzed with saying the same thing over again, and when the clocks chimed midnight and the colored servants extinguished the lights, they whispered one to another:

"What a bore it has been!"

But to Letty Lisbon, in the snowbound farm-house, a new life of love and brightness had dawned with the New Year—with the happy, happy New Year!

#### The Butler Broke the News Gently.

On his return from an extended trip abroad an English squire was met at the steamship wharf by his old and trusted butler.

"Thinking it strange that the old man should have come to meet him, the squire asked if there was bad news."

"Yes, sir," replied the butler; "very bad news. The old magpie is dead, sir."

"What did the bird die of?"

"Too much horseflesh, sir. Where did it get it?"

"The carriage horses, sir."

"What! Are they dead too?"

"Yes, sir. Died from overexertion drawing water the night of the fire."

"What fire?"

"The mansion, sir."

"You don't mean to say that the mansion is burned, John?"

"Yes, sir; it burned the night of the funeral, sir."

#### Evidence of The Witness.

The lawyer for the defendant was trying to cross-examine a Swede who had been subpoenaed by the other side as a witness in an ancient case.

"Now, Anderson, what do you do?" asked the lawyer.

"Sank you, Aw am not vara well."

"I didn't ask you how is your health, but what do you do?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work."

"We know that, but what kind of work do you do?"

"Putty hard work; it ees puddy hard work."

"Yes, but do you drive a team, or do you work on a railroad, or do you handle a machine, or do you work in a factory?"

"Oh, yas; Aw work in fact'ry."

"Very good. What kind of a factory?"

"It ees a very big factory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, addressing the court, "if this keeps on, I think we'll have to have an interpreter."

"Then he turned to the witness:

"Look here, Anderson, what do you do in that factory—what do you make?" he asked.

"Oh, yas; Aw un'erstan'; you want to know vat Aw make 'n fact'ry, eh?"

"Exactly. Now tell us what you make."

"Seven shillin' a day."

And the interpreter was called in to earn his salt.

The Most Observing Do not See All.

A man who had recently been in Europe was entertaining his friends with stories about Paris, and in the course of his talk mentioned several places which were unknown to his listeners, although they had all frequently visited the French capital.

"People go through the world with their eyes shut," was the story teller's comment. A quiet little man in the party then said that the most observing people did not always see, and addressing the traveler, said:

"You ride in subway trains twice a day. Can you tell me what is printed on them?"

"No."

"You look at your watch many times every day. Can you tell me the six on it's face a Roman or an Arabic figure?"

"Why, Roman, of course." And he looked, and found that there was no "6" on his watch dial.

"All of which demonstrates," said the little man, "that the most observing do not always see."

No Dispute About It.

Timothy Woodruff, according to Lippincott's Magazine, tells of the efforts on the part of a kindly-disposed man in Albany to arbitrate between a man and his wife, who were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening.

"Look here, my man," exclaimed the Albany man, at once intervening in the altercation, which was growing more and more violent, "this won't do, you know!"

"What business is it of yours," demanded the male combatant angrily.

"It's my business only so far as I may be of service in settling this dispute," answered the other mildly, "and I should like very much to do that."

"This ain't no dispute," sulkily returned the man.

"No dispute!" came in astonished tones from the would-be peacemaker. "Why, you—"

"I tell you that it ain't no dispute," insisted the man. "She thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't! That ain't no dispute!"

As It Strikes Us.

It is not what a man earns but what he spends that keeps the world moving!

Some women think that a marriage certificate is a license which entitles them to wear the trousers!

A man doesn't realize how near death's door he is until he reads the contents of a patent medicine advertisement!

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place, because the place is not there when the lightning makes another call!

A pleasure party never will get credit for having a real jolly good time unless there is at least one liar in the bunch!

It is almost as difficult for a man to get over a case of love sickness as it is for a woman to get over a barbed-wire fence!

The woman who looks good has a better chance of becoming a harp player in the next world than the one who is good looking!

The boy who is kept in ignorance of the ways of the world will be a good customer for the bucket shop man when he reaches manhood!

Why He Waited.

An old gentleman, rather portly and clad in a somewhat youthful suit of light flannel, sat on a bench in the park enjoying the day.

"What the matter, sonny?" he asked a small urchin who lay on the grass just across the walk and stared intently.

"Why don't you go and play?"

"Don't wanter," the boy replied.

"But it is not natural," the old gentleman insisted, "for a boy to be so quiet. Why don't you run about?"

"Oh, I'm just waitin'," the little fellow answered. "I'm just waitin' till you get up. A man painted that seat about half an hour ago."

Forewarned.

A well-known officer has a beautiful daughter. A young ensign, with no resources but his salary, fell in love with her, and asked the old gentleman for her hand.

The father at once told him that he had hardly enough to keep him in white gloves and to burnish his brass buttons.

"Well, admiral, what you say is true; but when you married you were only a midshipman, with even a smaller salary than mine. How did you get along?"

asked the ensign, who thought he had made a good defense.

But not so. The crafty old sea dog thundered forth:

"I lived on my father-in-law for the first ten years, but I'll be hanged if you are going to do it."

A local boy, suffering from eating too many hard apples, sat under a tree in a farmer's orchard, doubled up with pain. The farmer, a kindly man, and a recent convert to Christian Science, asked the trouble.

"Oh, I ache so in my stomach,"

remonstrated the follower of Mrs. Eddy.

"You only think you do." "That's all right for you to think," said the kid, "but I've got inside information."

#### OUR REPUTATION