The Taking of Lorena.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Although it was the second week in May, there were sudden and chill whiffs of wind from the north, accompanied by flying particles of ice and snow, grim warning that winter had not yet renounced its sway n the northland.

Floyd Jordan, striding down the steep mountain trial, halted irresolutely near the abrupt turning at Farrell's bluff. He appeared to be meditating deeply. Suddenly he threw up his head, squared his shoulders and hurried on, not in the direction of the boarding house in the gulch, but toward Farrell's cabin.

Farrell's cabin consisted of two log houses joined together and chinked with mud. There were other cabins of the same simple architecture scattered over the mountain side and nestled in the gulches, but white curtains hung at the Farrell windows, and the windward side of the living room was hung with gay Navajo blankets.

The brown fur of a mountain bear was on the floor, and its mate was spread luxuriously beneath the red pillows of a couch. And, set like a torch in the south window, a geranium, potted in a brilliant Indian basket, lifted its scarlet bloom.

But Jordan felt without seeing this harmony. He was looking into the face of the girl who had opened the door. It was a face of light and shade which spoke the swift thought before the voice found words, a face to hold a man's glance in a crowd. Closing the door, she resumed her seat by the fire without replying to Jordan's genial greeting.

He seemed to fill the room. Six feet two and broad shouldered, he looked even larger in the clumsy canvas coat, corduroys and high laced boots of the prospector. He whipped his hat against his knee, evidently disconcerted by the girl's hostile attitude.

"That you, Floyd Jordan?" inquired a voice from the inner room.

"Yes, Mrs. Farrell. How're you feeling?"

"Some better, I'm glad to say. Set down and warm yourself, Floyd. 'Tain't to be wondered at that people have rheumatism in a land where there is ten months' winter. If you'll shut the door, Loreny, I'll get up and dress."

Lorena closed the door.

"Floyd Jordan, what are you coming here again for?" she burst out suddenly.

"Wouldn't be very neighborly not to drop in with your mother sick and your dad away, would it?"

"Didn't I tell you that I never would speak to you again and that I never wanted to see you?" she said fiercely, taking a few steps toward him. Even in that critical moment, with her eyes blazing unjust and unreasonable anger, the miner's heart throbbed acknowledgment of the tall, pliant, reedlike grace before him.

"Yes, Lorena, but I have just a little hope that you don't always mean what you say."

"Don't you think I mean it when I tell you I've heard how you bragged to the boys at the store that you could take me whenever you got good and ready?"

"I never said it in that way. Some one has garbled my words to suit their own purpose. Why, I've loved you from the first time I ever set eyes on you. I've been thinking of building a cabin on my claim—if you'll have me, Lorena. If you won't I'll sell out and go to the States."

"You can't go any too quick to suit me," answered the girl, her voice tense with scorn. "And you can tell them loafers at the store that I'm not to be taken so easily. I'd rather die than marry you, Floyd Jordan."

"I reckon that settles it," said Jordan, rising and buttoning his coat. "Please tell your mother goodby for me," and he was gone.

"Loreny Farrell, what have you been and done?" demanded her mother, limping into the room in her stocking feet. "You know's well as I do that Floyd never said nothing to nobody about you! The Blake girls made it all up, jealous 'cause you'd caught the likeliest young feller in the camp. You've driven him away for good this time. "He'll keep his word—he always does—and go to the States."

She re-entered the bedroom for her shoes, and Lorena stealthily opened the door and looked after her lover's retreating figure. He had almost reached the bluff. If he passed it she knew she would never see him again. Something stirred in her throat. The long stretch of trail that ran away through the dreary landscape seemed like her life, and Floyd was going out of it. Her heart yearned for him. What would her life be without him?

"Loreny, where are you?" called Mrs. Farrell, emerging from the bedroom fully shod. The girl was not in the room. Her mother opened the door and looked out, but a wall of whirling white met her vision.

"My God!" she gasped. "The child's gone after him."

She knew the risk. All morning the storm had been brewing, and now it thundered by, a veritable blizzard, the sort that swoops down on the northwest territory as late as June and as early as August. It compels the settler to string a wire from house to stables; it sets men circling in the snow; it catches little children coming home from school and buries them in monstrous drifts.

A knock sounded on the door, and Floyd entered, noisily stamping the snow from his feet.

"Thought I'd come back and have another talk with Lorena," he began.

"Oh, Floyd, she's gone after you!" cried the distracted woman, wringing her hands. "I saw her footprints pointing toward the bluff. She got sorry right after you left."

"I'll find her," said Floyd quickly. "Don't worry." And he dashed back into the storm.

When Lorena softly closed the kitchen door she could just see Floyd rounding the bluff.

"Floyd! Oh, Floyd, come back!" she called, all her reserve gone, her fierce pride thrown to the stormy winds that blew the fringe of her shawl into her eyes.

Realizing that he could not hear her, she started after him, but by the time she had covered half the distance a sea of white swept in between and blotted him from view.

She hurried on, calling his name repeatedly, but the furious wind tore at her breath and walled her about with fleecy clouds. She never even made the bluff.

And when she found that she had missed it and tried to retrace her steps the drift had filled her tracks. If she could only strike the trail! In desperation she turned to the right and turned to the left, but one turn offset the other.

Thus she struggled on and on and still on until in spite of the biting cold the perspiration burst from every pore. This was well enough as long as she kept moving, but when the time came that she must stop she would freeze all the quicker for her present warmth.

This, being born and bred of the northland, Lorena knew, and the knowledge kept her toiling, toiling on until her tired limbs compelled a pause in the shelter of a bluff. She leaned panting against a rock, all unconscious of a pair of eyes which glared from a willow thicket near by.

While she rested the green lights in the eyes flared brighter, a long red tongue licked the grinning jaws hungrily, and forth from his covert stole a lank, gray wolf.

Lorena uttered a frightened cry. This was no coyote, to be chased with a stick, but a wolf of timber stock, a great beast, strong as a mastiff. He emitted low snarls as he slunk in half circles across her front. He was undecided.

So while he circled, preparing for a spring, drawing a little nearer at every turn, Lorena fell back—back toward the bluff, keeping her white face always to the creeping beast.

With sudden inspiration she took off her heavy shawl and threw it, blanket-wise, over the wolf's head and then fled desperately. Once clear of the shrub she ran on, plunging through drifts, stumbling, falling, to rise again and push her flight.

Of direction she took no heed. Her only thought was to place distance between herself and the famished brute. But when, weary and breathless, she paused to rest, out of the drab drift stole the lank, gray shadow.

With a terrified shriek Lorena ran and ran and ran as the tired doe runs from the hounds. At last she stopped, spent, unable to take another step. Looking around, she saw the wolf, licking his hungry jaws, crouching for the final spring. With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees and closed her eyes.

Just then two shots rang out in quick succession. Looking up, she saw Floyd Jordan, with his smoking revolver in his hand, standing over the prostrate beast.

"Floyd, oh, Floyd!" she sobbed as he came to her with eyes tender and anxious. He picked her up from the snow, wrapped her in his coat and held her against his breast.

The storm was lifting. Farrell's cabin could be plainly discerned not a quarter of a mile distant.

"I'm dead sure now I'll build that cabin on my claim," Floyd said as they started homeward.

Destroying the Point.

Every one knows the man who is notorious for so telling a story as to destroy its point. An English nobleman, Lord P., was noted for his success in thus ruining the prosperity of a story. The author of "Collections and Recollections" exhibits a specimen of his lordship's peculiar art.

Thirty years ago two large houses were built at Albert gate, London, the size and cost of which seemed likely to prohibit tenants from hiring them. A wag christened them "Malta and Gibraltar because they can never be taken."

Lord P. thought this an excellent joke and ran round the town, saying to every friend he met:

"I say, do you know what they call those houses at Albert gate? They call them Malta and Gibraltar because they can never let them. Isn't it awfully good?"

Some one told Lord P. the old riddle, "Why was the elephant the last animal to get into the ark?" to which the answer is, "Because he had to pack his trunk."

Lord P. asked the riddle of the next friend he met and gave as the answer, "Because he had to pack his portmanteau."

Decline of Billingsgate.

Billingsgate, whose decline in rhetoric has already been noted, has declined also in other ways since Queen Elizabeth appointed it "an open place for the landing and bringing in of any fish, corn, salt stores, victuals and fruit (grocery wares excepted)." Stow gives the list more fully, as including "fish, both fresh and salt, shell fishes, salt, oranges, onions and other fruits and roots, wheat and rye, and grain of divers sorts for the service of the city and the realm adjoining"—which suggests the contents of a village general shop. In William III.'s reign Billingsgate was limited to a "free and open market for all sorts of fish," and it was after this that its reputation for language grew up, alluded to by Pope:

There stript, fair Rhetoric languished on the ground;
His blunted arms by sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.

—London Chronicle.

Buried Treasures In England.

There must be a good deal of treasure in the form of church plate and so forth concealed in different parts of the country, as quantities of it were buried at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. There are two legends in Worcestershire regarding some silver bells, for instance, which have been handed down most persistently from one generation to another since the sixteenth century. One version of the story is that the bells were buried by the last abbot of Evesham, Abbot Lichfield, in a subterranean passage which formerly existed between the abbey and a house on the opposite bank of the river, while the other story has it that a peal of silver bells was buried at the same period (the dissolution of the monasteries) at Abbots Morton, a village ten miles distant from Evesham.—Wide World Magazine.

Elinor's Afternoon Off.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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It was the proud boast of Mr. and Mrs. James Regan that their flower-like daughter, Elinor, had never set foot in that plebeian vehicle, a trolley car.

To be sure, there had been a time when James Regan would have welcomed the chance to drive one of the good, old fashioned street cars, but those days belonged in the dark ages of Regan family history along with the momentous Sunday when that same flowerlike daughter had been christened plain Mary Ellen.

Today, thanks to a pocket of gold in the Sierras and a few lucky speculations made possible by those same glittering pockets, the fair Elinor had at her disposal a variety of private vehicles, from a tiny electric runabout to a sixty horsepower touring car, from a smart trap on their Long Island estate to a correctly equipped victoria for her daily drive in Central park.

The men who were glad to ride beside the girl in motor car or trap were equally glad to acknowledge their friendship with the blunt, shrewd Irish capitalist, for, though the Regans were counted among the newest of the newly rich, they were not of them.

A strain of royal blood had surely filtered through the dark ages of Regan family history, for both generations took to the newly found luxury as ducks had taken to the mudholes behind their cabin in the Sierras.

From the moment they had come east Elinor had been surrounded by irreproachable governesses, companions and chaperons. Her comings and goings had always been attended by chauffeur or footman or groom. And there had been times when, watching other girls flit fearlessly and unattended from ferry to trolley car, she had felt an odd twinge of envy.

Some things of life she had missed, and this something was vaguely represented by the trolleys in which she had never ridden, the city streets on which she never set foot unattended. Even more vague was her feeling that somehow her doting father had not quite played fair with her about Reginald Schuyler.

It meant something, of course, to marry into one of the old Knickerbocker families. Schuyler always let her realize this fact. He allowed his blue blood, which showed little enough in his pallid face and deep ringed eyes to do his wooing.

The other man—he was, like themselves, new as to wealth, fresh and vigorous in every vein—he might have been so different if given half a chance. Sometimes she wanted to give him the chance. Sometimes she wanted to please her father. And neither of the two men in the case nor her father dreamed of the vague unrest in the girl's heart.

All this to explain why Elinor Regan's eyes fairly danced when she stepped from the door of the ferry-house and reviewed the long line of public vehicles. Belden, the punctilious, was nowhere in sight.

Elinor's companion, Miss Greenleaf, was young, but keenly alive to her duties and very anxious to retain her pleasant and lucrative position.

"Something must have happened. I am sure I worded the telegram very carefully. Shall I call a hansom or an electric cab?"

Elinor shook her head.

"I've heard you can get smallpox riding in public vehicles. Don't they use them for funerals and that sort of thing?"

She was watching her companion from the tail of her eye and wondering just how far she might go.

Miss Greenleaf looked worried.

"Perhaps I had best telephone to the house."

"Oh, no," interrupted Elinor quickly. "We can reach home by trolley while they are sending down the car for us."

Miss Greenleaf hesitated—and was lost. A few seconds later she was swept, golf clubs and bags, into a crosstown car. It was crowded with suburban women bound for the shopping district. Elinor swung blithely from a strap and enjoyed Miss Greenleaf's discomfiture.

"If Mr. Regan ever hears of this!" thought the worried companion. And just then they alighted to change cars. Evidently there was a delay far down the street, for the two women stood some minutes on the corner, and then Elinor spied a drug store whose windows were filled with garish advertisements, beyond which loomed a soda fountain. Miss Greenleaf never knew just how it happened, but she found herself, feebly protesting, before a mahogany topped table which a white coated boy mopped up with a damp cloth.

"Chocolate ice cream soda for both of us," was Elinor's calm order. "Now, don't scold, dear," she added to her companion. "Even our maids have an afternoon off. Why not their mistress? I'm having the time of my life."

The white coated lad studied his stunningly gowned customers with profound interest. Never before had a young woman asked him to put 5 cents' worth more of ice cream into her soda. Then she had asked her companion, now entering into the spirit of the thing, whether she would have more soda or more ice cream. She might spend 5 cents more!

"Gee," said the boy as he dipped out the extra cream, "they act like two kids on a lark!"

As they sallied forth once more Elinor clutched her companion's arm.

"Let's make an afternoon of it, Miss Greenleaf. I've never, never ridden in the subway—please."

Something in the girl's tones made Miss Greenleaf turn suddenly reckless.

"We will, we will," and then she added under her breath, "if I lose my place for it."

In the subway Elinor turned a trifle serious. The noise, the confusion, the shouts of the guards, the crowding of the mob bound for a ball game, the flashing white pillars beyond the open windows—and this was how the girls who worked for their living rode back and forth each day. She thought of her trap and her runabout, her victoria and her touring car, and then she studied the faces of the women around her. A man had risen instantly on her entrance, and she had sunk behind a row of newspapers. But there were other women, older women, more plainly dressed women and more tired looking women, who swung from straps.

She leaned forward and peered around the screen of afternoon papers. Oh, that tired looking woman with gray hair and arms filled with bundles, who clutched desperately at a strap and swayed resignedly with the movement of the car! Elinor half rose in her place to offer the tired woman her seat, and then she sank back. Behind the screening newspaper directly in front of the tired woman she had caught sight of a face, a face she knew, Reginald Schuyler's.

And that man behind the paper was the real Reginald Schuyler, who could sit behind a paper while a tired woman swayed before him!

Elinor did not reason consecutively or logically. She had simply a vague feeling that if ever she became less radiant, less charming than she was today Reginald Schuyler was not the man who would forgive her defects. Reginald Schuyler would be a delightful companion so long as no sacrifice was demanded of him.

It was a subdued Elinor who a few stations farther along signaled to Miss Greenleaf that she had had enough of the subway. She slipped out of the car in dread fear that Schuyler might lay down his paper and see her.

Once more in the fresh air, she bade Miss Greenleaf hail a passing taxicab. Miss Greenleaf laid the girl's sudden quiet to the foul air in the subway and berated herself for yielding to her charge's nonsensical scheme.

That evening James Regan felt that never before had he fully appreciated his daughter's beauty and charm. She was so wondrous tender and womanly as they sat alone in his "den."

"Daddy," she whispered, her arms crossed on his knee, her face uplifted to his—"daddy," she repeated very softly, "if I were to ask you to buy the crown jewels of Patrovia or some other tiny kingdom for me to wear you'd get them, wouldn't you?"

Her father nodded and smiled down on her.

"And if I wanted to buy a prince and a palace I could have them?"

Regan frowned. He hated monarchical institutions. Then he smiled and patted her head. "I guess, yes—sure," he said.

"Or a new sort of orchid—and you'd send to the heart of Africa for it?"

"Now, what are you driving at, Elinor, girl?" demanded her father, his shrewd eyes twinkling.

Elinor flushed beautifully and gripped both his hands in hers.

"Such a little thing, daddy—and it will cost you just 5 cents."

The old man turned serious.

"Out with it, darling."

"I—want—you—to telephone Jack Boardman to spend the week end with us at Grey Towers."

For a few seconds silence reigned in the high ceiled room. Then Regan laid his hand tenderly on her bright hair.

"Elinor, if you want that more than anything in the world"—

He hesitated, and the girl said softly, "More than anything in all the world, daddy."

The man flung back his shoulders and said firmly:

"Then I'll phone him now, before I change my mind."

For Jack Boardman was—the other man!

Preventive Medicine.

In the current number of the Columbia Quarterly Dr. Ditman publishes the prospectus of a school of preventive medicine, sanitary science and public health, to be conducted in connection with Columbia University if the necessary funds can be raised. He makes a number of remarkable assertions about preventable diseases. The death of two-thirds of the human family before the age of five years, he holds, is preventable; the death of 106,000 people a year from pneumonia is preventable; 20,000 people are blind needlessly; 5,000 are crippled every year by preventable accidents, and so on. Dr. Ditman does not claim that our age has discovered the importance of preventive medicine. It has been a maxim from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," but the application of this principle to human life and the public health is a conspicuous feature of the medical practice of the present day. Dr. Ditman contemplates the emphasizing of the importance of prevention by special instruction and the promotion of it by special practitioners. He refers to the establishment of the Sage Foundation and the Rockefeller Institute as agencies of fundamental and extreme importance, but differentiates them from his proposed school as being practical instead of educational. The new school must be warmly welcomed, as it proposes to enter a field which cannot be overcrowded nor cultivated too assidiously. Modern medical practice already practically prevents cholera, smallpox, yellow fever and many other scourges of humanity, and if anything more can be accomplished in this line by special teaching and training it will meet with universal encouragement and applause.

Origin of the Newspaper.

The ancient news letter was written in manuscript and copied by clerks, who addressed the copies to the subscribers. The politician by whom it was compiled picked up his intelligence at coffee houses and often pleaded for an additional gratuity in consideration of the extra expense attached to frequenting such places of fashionable resort.

This Weekly Intelligencer, after it had gratified the subscriber's curiosity and that of the ladies of the family and the butler, was transferred from the hall to the rectory, from the rectory to the squire at the grange, from the squire to the steward of the estate, from the steward to the bailiff and thence through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.—Walter Scott in Printers' Ink.

New Advertisements.

IN order to close out our stock of lap robes and horse blankets we will sell them at less than cost while they last. DOYLE & MAGEE.

FOR RENT—

House, 8 rooms, hot water heat, gas, bath, and all convenience, on the park. Possession 1st of July. Apply to H. B. HOFFACKER, or O. D. GILBERT, Westminster, Md. june 20 tf

FOR SALE OR RENT—

FARM BETWEEN 70 AND 80 ACRES

Near Gamber, Carroll county, Md.

Improved with dwelling, barn, outhouses, etc. Terms to suit. Address Room 21, Franklin Building, Baltimore and North streets, Baltimore, Md.

CYPRESS Shingles at bargain prices to move them quick. Smith & Reifsnider.

FARMS AND COUNTRY PLACES WANTED.

Customers in fifteen states ready to buy or rent. Write full particulars.

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map1 tf

DWELLING HOUSE FOR RENT.

A six room house on Green Street, now occupied by Mrs. Bartlett. Possession will be given October 1st, 1908. Apply to CHARLES E. FINK, jun 12 tf Attorney.

PROTECTION Brand Gravel Coated Roofing is the superior article. Sold by Smith & Reifsnider.

BANK STOCK FOR SALE.

A number of shares of stock of First National Bank and Union National Bank of Westminster at private sale in lots to suit purchaser. Apply to BENJ. F. CROUSE, apr10-tf Attorney.

DIVIDEND NO. 184.

The Union Nat. Bank of Westminster, Westminster, Md., July 1, 1908.

The Board of Directors of this bank have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of Five Per Cent. upon the capital stock of the bank, less county and municipal taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 9, 1908.

july3 3t J. W. HERING, Cashier.

HORSES & MULES.

I will receive at my stables, at Hanover, on Saturday, July 11, 1908, one carload of Horses by express for sale or exchange. Also have on hand at all times a lot of Mules. Will buy fat Horses and Mules for Southern market. H. A. SMITH, apr 10 Hanover, Pa.

WANTED!

1000 bushels of home grown Clover Seed. Farmers bring in a sample of your seed and we will assure you the highest prices, according to the quality of seed.

DOYLE & MAGEE,
28 and 30 W. Main street,
Both phones. Westminster. Md.

PEACH Bottom Slate is the standard. Smith & Reifsnider keep them in stock.

25 Head of Virginia Horses.

Will receive 25 head of Virginia Horses Monday, May 11th, 1908, consisting of trotters, pacers and three fine mated teams; also some good farm chunks. Will also buy and exchange for fat horses and mules suitable for the southern market. H. A. SPALDING, may8 Littlestown, Pa.

DIVIDEND NO. 5.

The Sykesville National Bank, Sykesville, Md., June 30, 1908.

The President and Directors have this day declared a semi-annual dividend of

THREE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of this Bank clear of all National, State and County Taxes, payable to the Stockholders of this date, on and after July 1st, 1908.

WM. M. CHIPLEY, july 3 3t Cashier.

DIVIDEND NO. 4.

The Democratic Advocate Company, Westminster, Md.. June 22, 1908.

The President and Directors of the Company have this day declared a Dividend of

THREE PER CENT.

upon the Capital Stock of the Company, clear of all taxes, payable June 30th, 1908. Stock Book closes June 27th, 1908; reopens July 1, 1908.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, june 26 3t President.

50,000 feet Hemlock Boards at kindling wood prices. Smith & Reifsnider.

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48 WEST MAIN STREET,
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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 Kelley, 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.,
may 28 Westminster, Md.

IN order to close out our stock of lap robes and horse blankets we will sell them at less than cost while they last. DOYLE & MAGEE.

Sunday School Convention and Reunion.

The first annual Sunday School Convention and Reunion of the Sunday Schools of Carroll County will be held on

THURSDAY, JULY 23rd,

under the auspices of the Carroll County Sunday School Association, in the large and beautiful grove of Joseph P. Yingling, at Pleasant Valley.

The order of the day will be the election of officers of the Association, reports of the work of the county by the offices of the Association, and addresses on the best methods of Sunday School work by some of the ablest Sunday School workers in this State and county.

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, will deliver an address on the Temperance question of Maryland.

TWO BANDS OF MUSIC.

Singing by some of the best choirs and quartettes in the county. 100 of the Sunday Schools in the county will be represented by delegates. Be sure that your school is represented.

Every Sunday School scholar and worker should attend this the greatest gathering of the kind the county ever had.

Should the weather be very inclement on Thursday, the convention will be held the day following, Friday, 24th.

By order of the Executive Committee.
G. W. YEISER,
july 3 3t President.

J. F. RINKER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Derr Building, East Main street,
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"Mrs. Jones"—Are you going to the wedding?

"Mrs. Brown"—Of course I am going.

"Mrs. Jones"—Have you sent your present?

"Mrs. Brown"—I do not know what to get.

"Mrs. Jones"—That's easy. Go to CASSELL'S, the Jeweler, who has everything nice for weddings.

C. & P. PHONE 196 R.

Fidelity and Courtesy.

Every customer coming into this bank carries away the impression that he has been courteously treated, and that his business will have intelligent and faithful attention. This impression is not accidental, but results from the experience and practical knowledge of banking and painstaking efforts to please on the part of our officials.

We have money to loan and we solicit your business. All transactions strictly confidential.

Resources over a QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

The Sykesville National Bank,
SYKESVILLE, MD.

At a Sacrifice.

We have bought at a sacrifice from The Jewel Carriage Co., which we represent in this State, 6 JOBS which were shipped to a firm in Philadelphia and for which they were unable to get a satisfactory settlement, and for the NEXT 15 DAYS we will offer some of the Greatest Bargains in VEHICLES Ever Offered in Westminster.

DOYLE & MAGEE,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

LINE UP!

When looking around to purchase that LUMBER bill you may think you have seen complete lines, but you haven't until you see our stock. We have never shown a better line of Cypress, Hemlock, Poplar and Yellow Pine Sidings than we now have, in all the grades and four different patterns, and we are making prices to move the goods. Remember we sell COAL, and now is the time to buy if you want to save money.

We also sell Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mldgs., Casings, Porch and Stair Work, Roofing Slate and everything else in the LUMBER line. No order too small not to be appreciated, and we can also take care of the large ones.

Smith & Reifsnider,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

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