FROM NEAR-BY TOWNS

CHRONICLE OF HAPPENINGS AMONGST OUR NEIGHBORS.

FRIZELLBURG.

In a ten inning game last Saturday the Linwood baseball club went down to defeat at the hands of the Frizellburg nine on the Linwood grounds. Our pitcher, Harry Myers, was in fine form, and owing to his effective pitching not a run was scored until the ninth inning, when the Linwood boys brought in two runs. Grinder the opposing pitcher proved no puzzle for our boys, as twelve runs were made off his delivery.

A game will be played here Saturday afternoon between Uniontown and the home team. It is probable that Babylon will be scheduled to pitch for Frizellburg.

The following persons were visitors to our town recently: Worthington Clabaugh and wife, of West York, Pa., and William Clabaugh and wife, of Ladiesburg, Md., at H. O. Harner's; William Yingling and sister Bessie, of Mayberry, at Jacob Marker's, and Jacob Warehime, of Baltimore, at Harry Rinehart's.

Walter Myers accompanied a few of his friends on a visit to the Gettysburg battlefield last Saturday.

Dr. Carleton Bates and wife drove to Baltimore last Saturday and remained there for a few days.

Joe Freeman and Mr. and Mrs. Scott, of Baltimore, spent last Sunday at John Sell's. They came here in an automobile.

Levi Maus and family and Harry Rinehart and family attended memorial services at Littlestown, Pa.

Harry O. Harner spent Memorial Day at New Windsor and Union Bridge on business.

WAKEFIELD.

The recent hail storm, which passed by this place on Thursday, did considerable damage to the raspberry and strawberry patches of I. N. Stoner.

G. G. Bixler and family moved their goods from their Baltimore home to their farm near this place on Tuesday.

Quite a number of our people attended the decoration exercises at Winfield on Saturday.

All-day services were held at the Brick M. P. Church on Sunday last and were largely attended. Rev. Sheridan, president of the Maryland conference, preached morning and evening.

Corn came up very badly in this section. Some of our farmers planted their entire crops over.

The Bethel Church of God will hold their annual strawberry and ice cream festival at the church on Friday and Saturday evenings, June 18 and 19. The Mayberry Band will enliven the occasion on Saturday evening with some of their choice selections. Everybody come.

Samuel Robertson has a goose which laid 49 eggs without wanting to set. I would like to know if any one can beat it.

Raymond T. Richardson, who has been home several weeks with rheumatism, is somewhat improved.

The Brick M. P. Church at this place will hold their children service on Sunday morning, June 13, at 10.30 sharp. All are welcome.

MILLER'S.

A large crowd of our people attended the Whit-Monday jubilee at Manchester.

Miss Fern Miller, who had been very ill with catarrahal appendicitis and who we reported last week as being convalescent, was taken with a relapse and was confined to her bed for another week, but at this writing is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Landes and daughter, of Baltimore, are visiting Geo. Hoffaffcker and family, near here; also friends at Manchester.

Miss May Landes, of Baltimore, is visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Oliver Bollinger, of York, Pa., is visiting her son Emory Bollinger and family, on Sweet Air Hill.

At last, after many weeks of anxious waiting, we now have the pleasure of a telephone in our community, which we are very proud of and we all wonder how we could possibly do without it all these years.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown, of Hanover, Pa., spent Saturday and Sunday visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, near here.

Miss Amy Miller, of near Lineboro, is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. George Barber.

Miss Abbie Brown is entertaining her friend, Miss Margaret Scott, of near Gettysburg.

MEDFORD.

There is an abundant crop of locust blossoms, indicating a large corn crop, if there is any truth in signs.

The wheat and oats are looking well, and promising to be a large yield, although the rust is in both, but more in the oats than the wheat.

Some of our farmers are planting their corn over, on account of the black birds taking it out, and the heavy rains washing so much out.

Don't forget the strawberry and ice cream festival at Winter's church this afternoon and night.

There will be a game of baseball played this Saturday afternoon, June 5, in Ed. Richardson's meadow by the Medford and Mountain View teams.

Miss Estella Bollinger visited her uncle, Thomas Hann, a couple days last week.

Miss Cora Englar, who had been sick for so long, was able again to visit her sister, Mrs. Ella Roberts, of Westminster.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

On Sunday afternoon our band, with the Sunday school and Camp No. 7, P. O. S. of A., marched to the cemetery and decorated the graves of the departed brothers. Prayer was lead by E. E. Ebaugh, of Carrollton, a few hymns were sung, and a statement was given of our cemetery since it was started. There are 200 persons buried up to this date, May 30, 1909, and the oldest person buried in the cemetery is Augustus May, who was 92 years. It is also estimated that there were more people here at the decoration than last year.

Mrs. Levi Myers is spending some time in Baltimore with her sons Howard and Charles and her daughter Mrs. Philip Fowler.

Mrs. Vernon Smith, accompanied by her father, David R. Petry, are spending some time at Harrisonburg, Va.

D. F. Peters, wife, son and daughter were the guests of Mrs. Rufus Starner Sunday and Monday.

Prof. Ernest Howard, wife and three daughters, of Baltimore, two of whom are beautiful twin sisters, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Upton H. Myers on Sunday.

Mrs. Emma Fowler and daughter Sallie Mae, of Baltimore, spent Sunday at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. George Graub, of Hanover, Pa., spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Edward J. Myers.

Wm. H. Yingling, of M., of Westminster, has the foundation and lumber sawed for his new house on the county road from Pleasant Valley to Stonersville, near John Masonheimer.

Services were conducted at the home of Charles Bittle, who has been bedfast for nearly three years, by Rev. John O. Yoder on last Sunday evening. Mr. Bittle is kind hearted and affectionate and is always glad to see any of his friends.

Dr. C. M. Brown, of Hanover, is spending some time at this place.

Henry T. Wantz, who was reported poorly in last week's issue, seems now to be in a critical condition.

Sunday school at 9 a. m., divine service at 10 by Rev. Jas. B. Stonesifer. Prayer and praise service in the evening.

MELROSE.

Wm. Menchey is building a large addition to his dwelling now occupied by his son-in-law, Mr. Simth. Menchey and Leese, carpenters.

The Melrose band has disbanded at last, we seldom hear a sound from a cornet on any of our streets.

At least a dozen delegates of Wentz's Union Sunday school attended the Sunday school convention at Bachman's church on Tuesday of last week.

Four large automobiles passed through town on Sunday. Surely that means rest for some horses, but drivers, especially women, do not feel rested by the sight.

A number of strange men passed over the B. V. Railroad with Mr. Findlay one day last week. Does it mean an extension of the railroad to Westminster.

There seems to be a blight ruining the potato crop in some localities. Theodore Triesh informed your correspondent that he planted eleven bushels of seed potatoes and will hardly realize the seed from the whole crop. The most of the potatoes did not sprout. Upon investigation it was found that one or two new potatoes formed from the seed potato planted, but no sprout appeared above or below the ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Tracey and sons George and Jesse started for Richmond, Va., on Thursday of last week to visit relatives and friends.

Some of the German Baptist Brethren are attending the annual conference at Harrisonburg, Va., which is in session now. The railroad fare is reduced to one-half.

The cherry crop will be a small one, but strawberries and raspberries will be plentiful.

An immense crowd attended the dedication of the new pipe organ at Sherman's church on Sunday afternoon.

A. R. Feeser, living north of here, has a cow that gave birth to three calves, all well formed and healthy.

Wentz's Union Sunday school has decided to have their annual celebration Saturday, September 4.

Maurice Leister and Miss Lila Reese, of near Silver Run, who were married about a month ago, spent Sunday last with J. Albert Zepp and family. We wish them prosperity and happiness.

George Gantz, a traveling salesman, of Washngton, D. C., paid his sister, Mrs. Nathaniel Shaffer, a flying visit on Tuesday of last week. He sold W. Berkman a carload of buggies and surreys.

On Monday last, while returning from Manchester, where Ollie Sholl, of Glenville had spent the day, some one accidentally drove into his buggy, demolishing a wheel and otherwise damaging the buggy, which was a new one, being used but the second time.

HOUCKSVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hering, Sr., of Finksburg, are guests of their son, Carroll Hering, of Meadow View Roller Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bonner and son William and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Shaeffer spent Sunday with Edward Bonner, Jr., of Gamber.

Mrs. E. J. Hoffman and son Luther have returned to their home after spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Hoffman, of Dorchester county, Md.

The Ladies' Aid and all who took part in furnishing the supper at the grave yard cleaning and decorating of graves last Monday deserve great credit. The supper was simply grand, a regular banquet. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The cemetery is now in fine condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Buchman and son Raymond were in Gettysburg Monday.

Samuel Elserode has improved his property by raising his back building to two full stories, reweatherboarding and other repairing.

George Wagner found on W. H. S. Allgire's new ground last Monday, May 31, a cannon ball weighing about one and a half pounds. The supposition is that it was used in the Revolutionary war.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy W. Spangler and son Eugene, of Pottstown, Pa., are guests of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Buchman.

Children's Day services at Wesley Sunday morning at 10 a. m. The music will be under the direction of Prof. John Houck, the leader of Carrollton Band.

The road leading from Henry Stump's farm to the mill road, better known as the Weaver's Lane, is now open to the public and will be put on the county as soon as possible.

The Ladies' Aid will meet June, the 17th, at the home of C E Elserode.

The singing class at Wesley seems to be progressing finely.

MOUNT OLIVE.

Our farmers are very busy plowing corn. Some few had to plant their fields over.

W. A. Harrison, our road superintendent, is very busy on the roads. The heavy rain last week did considerable damage to the roads and corn fields. Some hail fell, but did no damage in this section.

Children's services will be held at Mt. Olive M. E. Church Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. June 6. The trustees of same church will hold their annual festival on the lawn near the church June 5.

WARFIELDSBURG.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Duvall took place at Stone Chapel on Sunday afternoon last and was largely attended. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. L. E. Bennett, of Westminster, assisted by Rev. Gill, of New Windsor. The pallbearers were Jas. H. Pennington, J. Wash Robertson, V. B. Sellman and Edwin Stoner. Mr. Waltz, of Winfield, funeral director. The deceased was in her 83rd year.

A heavy rain and hail storm passed over this section on Thursday evening of last week, the hail doing considerable damage to growing crops and the rain washing the corn fields very badly. Many corn fields had to be planted over again.

Jesse Myers and wife, of Eldersburg, spent Sunday evening last with H. M. Koontz and family.

H. E. Royer and family, of Westminster, spent Sunday with H. R. Deardorff and wife.

Lewis Barnes, of Gamber, spent Tuesday and Wednesday visiting his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Phillips.

David Baile still continues ill.

Stone Chapel Sunday school is preparing a program for children service, which will be held June 20 at 2.30 p. m.

Geo. Harris lost a valuable horse recently by jumping over a wire fence and breaking its neck.

BACHELORS CAUGHT BY STYLE.

If Girls wish to Wed They Must Wear Pretty Clothes.

The girl who goes to the seaside with the intention of coming back engaged is generally well dressed. A pretty dress means so much when you are going to make an impression. Men are susceptible to good looks and nice clothes. And even to nice clothes without the good looks.

If a girl hasn't actual beauty but is well dressed, men will say, "She looks like a nice girl."

Love is ever in league with the dressmaker, and even beauty cannot afford to ignore the modes. It is natural for a girl to like pretty frocks, and what man is there that doesn't want a natural, human girl when he marries?

Besides, a perfect toilette explains so many things. There's the joy of life in a new hat, and the shining tresses that nestle beneath it. Good temper and vivacity lurk in the folds of crepe-de-Chine. The softness of love flutter in new laces and ribbons.

A pretty dress may mean a fortune if it is instrumental in bringing about an engagement. Everybody recognizes the importance of appearances. None better than the match-making mother.

It is always when Betty is looking 'lovelier than ever in he exquisite costume" that Billy decides to propose, and does so.

Really, men are much more sensible than is generally supposed. They appreciate the fact that a woman who takes a pride in her appearance is more likely to be a credit to them than one that just has her good looks to rely on.

Beauty fades, but new dresses go on forever.

Some women have a remarkable habit of dressing badly, and even a pretty face won't save them. The result is that, if they marry at all, it is some man who doesn't bother about dress. Such men are a blot upon our fair land.

How much are veils responsible for! Unpreposessing features take on a magic charm through a veil. By the time that a man discovers faults in a nose and mouth, the charms of a perfect costume have had their effect.

Cures for Sleeplessness.

In nearly all hospitals where there are patients in an excitable condition who cannot sleep and where it would be injurious to give narcotics the following method is adopted. A hot-water bottle is covered with flannel and placed at the feet. A thin tissue bag of thinnest silk rubber is partially filled with cold water and placed to the base of the brain. This is about ten inches long and six inches wide, as soft as silk and only half filled with cold water, so it does not feel bulky back of the head. In many cases the patient goes to sleep within a few minutes, because this draws the blood from the active brain, which is one cause of insomnia. When the patient is extremely nervous, a cracker spread with butter and sprinkled slightly with cayenne pepper is eaten. This heats the stomach. The stocking wound around the neck, not too close, yet rather snug, is an old method, for it does not retard the flow of blood from the head to the arteries, but it does retard the flow to the head, just as the cold water assists. All these methods are simple, effective and harmless.

Zeppelin's Achievement.

The latest flight accomplished by Count Zeppelin is of a significance that will certainly arouse world interest. To have remained forty hours in the air, with the machinery in continuous motion during the entire time, and with the ship answering to the will of the steersman completely and instantaneously, must be accepted as demonstrative evidence that Zeppelin has approximately succeeded in solving the problem of air navigation, in so far as it can be accomplished with the gas-bag type of airship.

The latest accomplishments of the Zeppelin ship do not, of course, settle the question as to whether the most controllable and dependable flying apparatus ultimately will be the steerable balloon ship or some heavier-than-air mechanism. The gas-bag ship now holds by long odds the time-aloft record, and the continuous distance record, but while comparisons will be drawn between the flights of the Wright brothers' aeroplane and the long-distance flight of the Zeppelin ship, it will be universally recognized that the tests are not final.

Man and His Dog.

He lies in front of me curled up before the fire, as so many dogs must have lain before so many fires. I sit on one side of that hearth as so many men must have sat by so many hearths. Somehow this creature has completed my manhood; somehow, I cannot explain why, a man ought to have a dog. A man ought to have six legs; those other four legs are part of him. Our alliance is older than any of the passing and priggish explanations that are offered of either of us; before evolution was, we were. You can find it written in a book that I am a mere survival of a squabble of anthropoid apes, and perhaps I am. I am sure I have no objection. But my dog knows I am a man, and you will not find the meaning of that word written in any book as clearly as it is written in his soul.—G. K. Chesterton, in London News.

Immigration is Large.

New York, June 2.—The total immigration to the United States through Ellis Island during May was 101,000 as compared with 112,000 for the month of April, according to figures compiled by the United State Immigration Commissioner today.

In May, 1908, the total immigration to this country through Ellis Island was 35,256.

The immigrants who entered in May this year came mostly from Southern Europe, Italy, and Austria leading the list.

THE OFF-SHORE WIND.

Whither and to What it Blew Amos Crandall, Capitalist.

(W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

The girl stopped rowing and looked back at the old man. He had been watching her with some anxiety. He noted that the boat was making little headway, despite her steady efforts.

"It's no use," she said.

He stirred uneasily.

"I must get back to shore," he said.

The girl studied the sky and shook her head.

"You can't get back until this off shore wind changes," she said. "At least I can't row you there."

He looked up eagerly.

"Can't you signal the people ashore? I'm sure they would send for me."

"We are too far west of the bluff to be seen from the landing place."

The old man groaned.

"This is too bad," he muttered. "I was a fool to get mysel into this predicament."

"I am going about," said the girl. "Steady. Perhaps you can help trim the boat."

The firm hands grasped the oars, the rounded arms swelled. With a fine display of skill the girl turned the boat, and while it listed dangerously for a moment she brought it about safely and let it run with the wind.

"Where are you going," demanded the old man. "Out to sea?"

She looked up at him and smiled.

"No," she answered. "Not if I can help it. There is an island off the point yonder. You'll see it presently. It is directly in our pathway."

He was silent for a moment and the girl, rowing easily, kept the boat before the wind.

The air was warm and pleasant, although the wind blew strong. It was an August day and the sun shone from a cloudless sky. Little white crested ripples ran across the land-locked bay and outside, against the far horizon line, a smoke trailing steamer was passing.

The old man, a dark frown on his wrinkled face, watched the girl. She was a fine young woman, there was no doubt of that. He had been prejudiced, strongly prejudiced against girls of the athletic type, but somehow this girl didn't seem to lose her feminine charm, even if her arms were strong and her hands firm.

"Who is to blame for all this?" he suddenly demanded.

The girl, bending over the oars, softly laughed.

"I very cheerfully leave that to you," she answered.

"I am not a man who shirks responsibilities," he said. "I came down to the dock because I had a little time to kill. The man I wanted to meet had gone somewhere—across the inlet, I think they said—and he would not be back for an hour. I came down to the dock and saw you paddling about. I spoke to you, I'll admit I admired the way you handled the oars. Perhaps I regarded you as I would regard a skilled boatman—only a little more so. Anyway, I spoke to you."

The girl laughed softly.

"You had forgotten the story of the Lorelei," she said.

"Anyway, I was wrong," he growled. "It was something I shouldn't have done. I asked you a question or two. You answered intelligently. You asked me if I would enjoy a ride on the water. I looked at my watch. I had forty minutes to spare. I stepped into your boat. That's where the blame is yours."

She opened her eyes a little.

"Why?"

"Am I a person you have ever met?"

She shook her head.

"Do you expect to ever meet me again?"

She shook her head once more.

"Don't you know it is wrong to be too free with strangers?"

She laughed merrily. She certainly had an attractive face.

"Aren't you a little hasty in your reference to the freedom of the affair?" she demanded. "How do you know that I do not row this boat about that harbor for the bread and butter I require? You have no reason to think that I am not charging you 50 cents an hour with the full determination of adding to it and collecting it."

"You may charge any thing you please," he retorted. "Only get me ashore."

"But you must not blame me for this predicament," said the girl. "You came to the dock and looked at my boat longingly. You asked me some questions in a very friendly way. Out of the goodness of my heart I invited you to enjoy a ride. You accepted the invitation readily. You seemed very much pleased."

She waited for him to utter a protest.

"Go on," he said. "I admit it all. I was pleased."

"I rowed you out a little way and along the shore," the girl continued. "Then I was about to turn back, and you said you wanted to go out farther. I called attention to the time, and you said, 'Bother the time. My man can wait.' I rowed out farther. No doubt I went too far. Then the land breeze suddenly sprang up and soon increased to a lively wind."

"And you couldn't row back."

"And here we are."

"Yes. And there's the island off the point yonder."

"Can you make it?"

"I think so. If the wind doesn't increase too fast."

He looked back a little anxiously.

"It's developing into a gale," he said.

"Steady."

She had turned the boat slightly and the sudden careening startled him. He gripped the seat firmly.

She looked up at him with a quick smile.

"Make yourself as broad as possible," she said. "The wind will take you for a sail."

She bent to the oars. As her face came into view he could see her white teeth clinched behind her parted lips. She was rowing with quick, deep strokes, and the boat helped by oars and wind was moving fast. The island was much nearer now, but the wind blew harder. It was a pretty face, and under other circumstances the old man might have enjoyed it. He told himself this, but couldn't at the moment imagine the circumstances. He drew a quick breath and his grip tightened. When he was a boy he could swim. But how long ago was that?

He wished his own boy was there—no, he didn't. Why should he wish him in peril? He was a fine boy, a splendid boy. He wondered if he had been as kind a father as he should have been!

A dash of water came over the side.

There would be a big sensation in the great city if those rounded arms gave out. To think that his life should depend on the nerve and the muscles of a mere girl—a girl of whose existence he had never known until an hour before. What a fine girl she was! And there he sat quaking and quite unable to lift a finger to help her. If she got him out of this peril he would give her anything she could desire.

And as her face came up she threw him a nod and a smile—a beautiful encouraging smile. He tried to smile back, but just then the boat staggered under a heavy puff of wind and the water poured in close beside him. His feet were covered by the water now, and it splashed about him as the boat rose and fell.

Suddenly the girl glanced over her shoulder. Then with a mighty pull she drove the boat up on the sandy beach.

The girl sprang from the seat and splashed into the water from the bow of the boat. She drew it by the rope further up the beach and then called to the old man.

"Come," she said and held out her hand.

He was a little cramped by long sitting, but he arose and hobbled toward her and was helped ashore. She drew the boat still farther up the beach, where it was safe from the waves. Then she took his hand again.

"Come," she said, "let's run."

Half dragging him up the little slope and across a level space, the girl paused before the door of a bungalow that stood in a grove of maples. She pushed on the door and it opened and she drew the old man in. The room they entered was simply furnished, with a big fireplace at one side. There was wood in the fireplace and after putting the old man in an easy chair the girl found matches on the mantel and lighted the fire which flared up merrily.

"Now," said the girl, "off with those wet shoes and stockings. Here, let me help you."

"No, no," he protested and fumbled with the strings. There was one that bothered him very much, until the girl, on her knees at his side, quickly

"You'll be hot and steaming in a few minutes," she said. "And I'll try to find you a pair of Captain Tom's slippers. Captain Tom is a sort of caretaker here you know. I'll be back in a moment."

When she came back she had a bottle of currant wine. She gave him the slippers and a glass of wine and pushed his chair a little nearer the blazing fire. She crowded a cushion behind his head and he nodded his thanks as he held out his hands for the grateful warmth. He was tired and his nerves collapsed; the fire was very soothing, and the wine made him drowsy. He let his eyes fall shut and soon was fast asleep.

The girl smiled down on him and then taking a low chair by the fireside drew off her shoes and stockings and dried them and after a time put them on again—and the old man was still fast asleep.

Presently he awoke and looked around and found the girl smiling down on him. He nodded at her.

"Shipwrecked and marooned, eh?" he chuckled. "I remember now. Just for a moment I thought it was all part of a bad dream—and then I woke up and saw you. Everything all right, eh?"

"I think so," she said. "The gale is still pretty lievly, but it can't harm us here. Now you may put on your shoes. They are quite dry."

"What would you have done if the boat had gone over?" he phesently asked.

"I can swim," she said, with a quick smile. "And I would have got you up on the overturned boat and held you there until help came."

The old man nodded.

"Guess you'd have done it," said the old man, "but I fancy it's better just as it is. Where are we?"

"You're in a bungalow," the girl replied. "It's a bungalow I built with the help of Captain Tom. It's comfortable, even if the comfort is a homely sort."

"It suits me at this moment quite as well as if the hghest priced architects of New York had planned the structure." He looked at his watch and chuckled. "That man I went to meet will wonder where I've disappeared. I only hope he won't worry."

"No doubt he'll be all the more glad when he finds you are safe," said the girl. "And now you are to have a cup of tea and some bread and jam. That's what they give convalescing bad boys who have run away and fallen in the water." And she laughed as she pushed a little table near him and poured out the hot tea and gave him the bread and jam.

"Say," said the old man, "this is a fine adventure. I woudn't have missed this for a good many dollars. That's tip top jam."

"My dear young lady," he cried as he lifted his teacup, "I am too much indebted to you to think of anything else. A little while ago I promised myself that I would give you anything you desired. I will admit that the stress of fear was heavy on me at the moment, but I'm not the sort of man who gets well and then plans to cheat the doctor. What can I do for you?"

She looked at him thoughtfully.

"Yes," he answered. "Don't be afraid."

"I've had a scheme in my mind for some time," she said, "perhaps this is the chance to work it out."

"Go ahead," he cried.

"Pretty soon I will show you an old wooden building on the north shore. It is a home for incorrigible boys. They are sent there from the eastern part of the State. They are not all bad boys. Some of them are only unfortunate. The building is not a fit home for them. It is more like a prison. Every little while some of them break out and run away. They need a better building, they need surroundings that will uplift them. I know about this, because once a week I visit there and sing and play for them. Now my scheme is this—to put up a modern building on this island, a building that isn't at all like a prison, and I would give the boys the run of the place. There are seven acres of land here and a pretty grove, and the waters of the bay would offer a much better form of restraint than stone walls and barbed wire. The island is mine."

"Yours!"

"Yes. It was given to me by my grandfather, Captain John Alerton, a famous old whaling master. I will give the island for this project if some one else will give the building."

She paused and looked into his wrinkled face.

"What do you estimate the building will cost?" he quickly asked.

She hesitated again.

"It could be erected for $50,000."

He frowned a little.

"But this does you no good," he said.

"Oh, yes it does," she cried.

"You are a very strange girl," said the old man. Then he drew a memorandum book from his pocket and pencilled a few words. "There is my acceptance of the conditions," he said as he tore the leaf from the book.

She took it eagerly and glanced it over. Then her face flushed and she drew a quick breath.

"Are you Amos Crandall?" she half whispered.

"Why, yes," he answered as he held his pencil poised. "And now, what is your name?"

She suddenly raised her hand.

"Hark!" she said. "Someone is coming to our relief. That was a launch whistle. Let us see who it is."

He followed her through the doorway and to the beach. The wind had gone down and a naphtha launch was coming toward them over the bobbing waves.

The old man shaded his eyes with his hand.

"I'll bet that's Jim there in the bow. See, he's waving his hat."

The girl touched his arm.

"Sir," she said in a low voice. "I will tell you my name now. I know why you came to Fairhaven. I know that you have been very angry at Jim and that you are here to take him away. I am the cause of this misunderstanding. I am the girl he wrote you about. I am Anna Holman."

He turned and stared at her.

"You!" he cried.

He was quite dumbfounded.

The launch was very near now. Its whistle piped up shrilly.

"You!" repeated the old man "Well, well!"

Then he suddenly put his arm with a fatherly gesture about the girl's shoulders and stood close beside her when the launch grated on the beach.

"Ahoy, there Jim!!" he laughingly cried to the dazed young man in the bow of the boat.

A Theory Of The Carroll Mdse. Co.

.....IS.....

That many satisfied customers at SMALL PROFITS IS BETTER THAN A FEW CUSTOMERS AT LARGE PROFITS.

A TRIAL OF OUR

COFFEE AND TEA

Will convince you that we give MORE STRENGTH AND BETTER FLAVOR for the money than you can buy elsewhere

DOUBLE TICKETS, worth 20c ON THE DOLLAR IN PREMIUMS, will be given from Saturday, 29th, to June 5th, inclusive.

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HEADLEY'S CHOCOLATES 30c lb. for 1 week only. They are fresh.

CARROLL MDSE. CO.,

Opposite Westminster Savings Bank.

Let Us Show You Our June Suit Bargains.

We have just bought a lot of stylish Suits from a manufacturer at a low price.

$18 Values $14.

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Also special low prices on all our fine Suits for men and boys this month.

We can sell you good suits $5 to $8.

Knee Pants Suits.

Some great bargains in Suits that sold $5 to $7.50.

In Our Made To Order Department.

Many new and choice patterns to select from at a special reduction this month. Select your pattern and we will make promptly just as you want it.

Real Bargains in Furnishing Goods.

50c value in Shirts and Drawers, 38c.
Splendid 25c Shirts and Drawers.
Full cut Madras Shirts 38c, worth 50c.
We sell the best 50c and $1.00 Shirts.
See our new line narrow 4 in. bands, 25c and 50c.
New Belts, new Collars, new Hose.
Dusters, Alpaca and Serge Coats for hot days.
Don't forget we sell the very best Working Pants and Shirts, and save you at least 10 per cent.

Sharrer & Gorsuch

WESTMINSTER, MD.

PUTTING OFF BUYING YOUR COAL

is risky business - risky to your pocketbook.

¶ It's no idle dream that prices will soon advance. You know it—so do we.

¶ Save money by letting us fill your bins NOW. The satisfaction is well worth both cost and trouble.

Try "Elk Garden" or the small vein Cumberland from

Smith & Reifsnider.

THE "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

of grandmother's day was a clumsy vehicle, but, almost unbreakable. Our carriages have no weak spots either, but they are models of modern elegance in design and as luxurious as they are safe for my Lady Dainty's ride. It's up to the man to provide a strong, good-looking carriage for his sweetheart or wife. Our repository is full of just such carriages. Let us furnish the rig for your next pleasure or shopping trip.

DOYLE & MAGEE

WESTMINSTER, MD.

For That Tired Feeling

.....GO TO.....

CASSELL'S Jewelry Store

And purchase a piece of

SILVERWARE,
CUT GLASS,
CHINA,
WATCH OR
CLOCK,
And get rested.

Yours,

JAMES H. CASSELL.

C. & P. 196-R.

LOST OR STOLEN—About 4 weeks ago, a small black dog with yellow marks above eyes and on feet. Will answer to call of "Nigger." Reward if returned to SAMUEL MILLER, Washington Pike.
june 4 1t*