AMERICAN SENTINEL.

$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1897. VOL. 66--NO. 26.

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Naomia E. Steffey and Millard F. Steffey, her husband, to John W. Nelson, dated April 27th, A. D. 1889, recorded among the Real Estate Mortgage Records of Carroll county, in liber W. N. M. No. 28, folio 193, &c., and duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JULY 3rd, A. D. 1897,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., all those two several parcels of land, lying contiguous to each other.

1st. A parcel of land containing

ONE ACRE, MORE OR LESS.



The improvements thereon are a large and newly built Two-Story Frame Dwelling House, stable and other outbuildings, well with pump at the door; garden, choice fruit trees, etc.

2nd. A parcel of land containing

ONE ACRE, MORE OR LESS.

The land is in an excellent state of cultivation, and is enclosed by good fencing.

This property is on the public road, in the village of Gamber, Carroll county, Md., and is now occupied by David Jenkins. The buildings are in good repair and the parcel upon which the buildings are located is now used for public business and is well adapted to the same. The property will be offered in two separate lots and as an entirety, and will be sold as may appear for the best interest of the parties concerned.

Terms of Sale.—Cash; or, if desired, one-third cash, one-third in six and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, on notes, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale, or one-half of the purchase money will be left in the property on mortgage.

JOHN F. NELSON,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider, Solicitors.
ju-12-ts

ASSIGNEE OF MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of the power contained in a mortgage from Amelia T. Yeager and Wilhelm Yeager, her husband, to Elias Brothers, dated March 23rd, A. D. 1885, and recorded among the real estate mortgage records of Carroll county, in liber F. T. S. No. 21, folio 515 &c., assigned to Elizabeth R. Shipley, wife of John C. Shipley, and duly assigned to the undersigned, I will sell at Public Sale, on the premises, now occupied by Lewis Seipp, on

SATURDAY, JULY 10TH, 1897,

at 2 o'clock P. M., the several parcels of land by said mortgage conveyed.

First. A parcel of land containing

10 ACRES, MORE OR LESS,

being a part of a tract of land called "Cumberland." The improvements thereon are a substantial and comfortable two-



story Log and Frame Weather-boarded Dwelling House, with back building, large frame Barn, hog house and other necessary outbuildings, all of which are in excellent repair; water on the premises convenient to the buildings.

There is a large variety of choice fruit on the premises. The land is in an excellent state of cultivation, and is now in the occupancy of Lewis Seipp.

This property is in the Village of East View, in Woolery's district, in Carroll county, and adjoins the land of Nelson Yingling, Charles Kress and others.

Second. A parcel of land containing

24 ACRES, 3 ROODS and 34 Perches, more or less. This parcel is in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash, or if desired, one-third cash, one-third in six and the other one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the credit terms to be secured by the notes of the purchaser or purchasers, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHARLES T. REIFSNIDER,
Assignee of Mortgagee.
P. A. Gorsuch, Auct. ju-19-ts

LIST OF

Judges and Registers of Voters

For Carroll County, Md.

Office of the Board of Supervisors of Elections for Carroll County,
Westminster, Md., June 16th, 1897.

By virtue of the provisions of Section 10, Chapter 262 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at its January Session, 1896, notice is hereby given that The Board of Supervisors of Elections for Carroll County has appointed the following named persons as Judges of Election and Registers of Voters for the several Election Districts of Carroll county:

Special Notice.

Persons having Real Estate for sale or exchange and wishing to dispose of the same will do well in conferring with

GEORGE W. ALBAUGH,
Westminster, Md.
LOANS NEGOTIATED
dec-25-96-1y

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We propose selling out in a short time and in order to reduce our stock, will sell at

Reduced Prices

for the next two weeks. Call and see us.

IDA MORNINGSTAR,
LILLYE MORNINGSTAR,
38 West Main St., Westminster, Md.
ju-19 3t

WANTED

Every one to know that good southern or northern help of all kinds can be secured at our office. Persons out of employment can get situations by mailing us 2 cent stamp for reply.

MARTIN & HUBBALL'S
Employment Agency,
235 N. Frederick St.,
ju-19-3m Baltimore, Md.

Reifsnider & Reifsnider,

Attorneys-at-Law,
and Solicitors in Chancery,
232 East Main St., Westminster, Md.

We have this day formed a co-partnership for the practice of Law, under the firm name of Reifsnider & Reifsnider. All legal business will receive prompt attention.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER, Jr.
June 1894.

BICYCLES ON CREDIT.

Address in confidence Lock Box 322, Westminster, Md.

New York Bargain House,

Westminster.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

We offer some rare bargains in good Books for summer reading. Cloth bound 12 mo., printed in clear type, on good paper, 17c.

We offer you choice of such authors as George Elliot, Cooper, Dickens, Marie Correlli and others, any one 17c.

We have several of C. P. Roe's famous Novels in cloth binding at 35c. Some of them are: Barriers Burned Away, He Fell in Love With His Wife, An Original Belle and others.

A choice collection of paper bound Novels, 10c.

Among them are Mrs. Southworth's popular works, Bertha Clay, Alexander Dumas, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rosa Carey and others.

Also a number of choice titles at 5c. If we haven't what you want we can get it for you.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary large edition, cloth bound, only 79c.

SHOE BARGAINS.

We have a lot of Women's Tan Shoes, fine goods they are and the latest and most popular toe and color, that we are offering at $1.75. They are positively worth $2.25. You ought to see them. We also have them in Misses, sizes at $1.47 and Children's sizes at $1.19.

We still have most all sizes of those children's Canvass Tennis Shoes and Slippers which we are selling at 25c. Just the thing for summer wear.

OTHER BARGAINS.

Large size split Basket, 5c. Garden Trowels 5c. Good Meat Saws 25c. Brownie Overalls for boys, just the thing to play in the dirt in, will please them and save you lots of work, only 50c.

—Bicycle Bargains.—

Second hand Victor, splendid condition $20.

Second hand Eagle, looks like new, $30. Cost $100 and has only been used one season.

We have wheels for hire by the hour, day, week or month, at reasonable rates. Either Men's, Ladies' or Tandems.

Yours to serve,

NEW YORK BARGAIN HOUSE,
31 East Main Street, Westminster,
T. W. Mather & Sons. Opposite Catholic Church.



Osborne Steel Rake.

WHERE WILL YOU FIND ANOTHER RAKE THAT HAS THREE OF THE SEVEN?

1. Reversible wearing parts, One rake--two lives.
2. 57 in wheels. Will make a bigger windrow than any other rake on earth.
3. Bicycle wheels--three times as strong as single spoke wheels.
4. Adjustable dump, high or low, suit yourself.
5. Teeth can be raised or lowered to suit different kinds of land and crops.
6. Oil tempered teeth with coil spring and flattened points.
7. Floating teeth to prevent rolling of the hay or its sliding into wheels on hillside.

Send to D. M. Osborne & Co., 214 No. Broad St., Phila. for complete catalogue describing full line of Farm implements that are "winners"



This is the Load.

We are in a position to haul your Coal or Lumber at very moderate rates. At our yard you can always find a full line of White and Red Ash Coals free from dirt and slate. Crushed Coke for domestic use. N. C. Pine, Ga. Pine, White Pine, Hemlock, White Oak and Lousiana Gulf Red Cypress Lumber, Bangor and Peach Bottom Slate. We still have a few of those 4x20 Cypress Shingles, but then we have other Shingles.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER,
26 WEST MAIN STREET, WESTMINSTER, Md.

Sole Agents for "Universal" Waterproof Building Paper, and "Ruberoid" Felt Roofing, not Paper; this is Felt.

HARRY M. CLABAUGH. JOHN M. ROBERTS
CLABAUGH & ROBERTS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
ALBAUGH BUILDING,
COURT STREET, WESTMINSTER, MD.

IVAN L. HOFF,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him.
English and German spoken.
OFFICE: Main street near Court, Westminster, Md.

Wm. F. Derr. | Wm. F. Derr.

GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM,

Babylon Building, near Rail Road.

—:o:—

NEW SEASONABLE GOODS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

Good desirable useful Merchandise that you absolutely need now, at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Great Reductions in Millinery.

All our entire new stock of High Grade Millinery sacrificed in order to close out the Summer Stock.

One lot Children's 50c Hats now at 10c each.
All our Ladies' and Children's Untrimmed Hats, that sold for 75c to $1,00, now for 25c each.
The balance of our Ladies' and Misses' finest quality untrimmed Hats, $1.25 to $2.00 grades, for 45c each.
Pretty Muslin Roses, all colors, at 5c bunch.
100 bunches of fine 50c Flowers, in every variety, at the reduced price of 19c bunch.
All our very best Flowers, worth $1.00 and $1.50 bunch, now on sale at 25c bunch.
About a dozen pretty trimmed Hats at your own price. Come get them.

Magnificent Muslin Underwear.

Vast Sale of Manufacturers' Best Product.

Last week's success enforces a continuance.

Such Values are without a parallel. Thousands of elegant garments at less than cost of material.

Night Gowns of excellent Muslin, full lengths and widths, solid cluster of Tucks or Needle Work Insertion Yokes, only 48c.
Fine Muslin Drawers, ample widths, deep cluster of tucks, also trimmed with pretty edgings, 29c.
Skirts of best Muslin, very wide and full, some with embroidery and wide cambric ruffle, cluster of tucks above ruffle, only 65c.
Fine cambric Corset Covers, low, square, new, surrounded with beautiful edging, only 23c.
Children's muslin Drawers of good quality, trimmed or plain, every size, from 10c to 25c pair.

OUR $1.45 LOW SHOES.—These are the finest kind of custom made, Tan Oxfords, worth $2.00 and $2.50 pair, and are creating great enthusiasm in our Shoe Department.

The Great Model Emporium,
WILLIAM F. DERR,
Westminster, Md.

Select Poetry.

THE OLD TREE.

Wave not so sadly in the wind,
Thou old and leafless tree,
Nor sob that summer nevermore
Can beauty bring to thee,
That but a desolation thou
Must stand upon the lea.

The inspiration of the spring
Long years were at they heart,
Thou gav'st through many a summer space
Grand images of art.
Old tree, thou acted'st gloriously
Within the world thy part.

Then sigh not such a mournful dirge,
Yet if thy voice must be
Like anthems let the undertone
Be breathed exultingly,
For thine was not a wasted life,
Magnificent old tree!

Man, white haired man, if thou hast done
Bravely in life thy part,
If true humanity has made
It's music in thy heart,
Say why should'st thou at death's cold wind
In grief and terror start?

Oh, stand beside the grand old tree,
And, gazing on its dim,
Scarred trunk, lift bravely up
Thy last but fearless hymn,
For thou hast nobly done thy part,
What more can cherubim?

—W. R. Wallace in New York Ledger.

Select Story.

FARMER BELL'S BARGAIN.

BY MRS. A. G. LEWIS.

From the Ladies Home Journal.

Farmer Bell ate with a keen relish his supper of feathery griddle cakes, well sweetened with maple syrup. He didn't notice that the table-cloth was snowy white, and that the glasses and china were polished and lintless. He didn't stop to tell poor, tired-looking Mrs. Bell that she was the best cook in York county. He knew it, and boasted of it away from home; but then it wasn't his way "ter speak out a praisin' his own family." Besides, the griddle cakes and Mrs. Bell belonged to him; and he declared it as his policy "ter keep only the very best ev every kind er stuff, from the women folks in the house down to the primest pertater patch on the county roads."

Farmer Bell took his hat from its peg in the entry-way and saun'ered down the shady walk. At the foot of the garden he found his good neighbor, Deacon Bonus, attending to the weeds and potato bugs just across the garden fence.

Although the neighbors hadn't met before for several days, there was no conventional greeting, not even a "How dy." For farmer Bell wasn't in any way a conventional man. He claimed to be simply "square," and took pride in the sharp corners that stuck out on every side of his nature. He had no sympathy for any sensitive person who "couldn't stand the hard knocks they got round in his neighborhood." Yet, underneath all this rough masonary, inside which he encased himself, there was a soul that scorned every form of double dealing with God or man. He was just as "square" with one as the other.

He wasn't a religious man. He seldom, if ever, went to the church nowadays. "For," he said, 'I'll never make no truck an' dicker with the Lord jest ter make sure 'ev gettin' inter heaven. In the end He's likely to come out fust best. When the Lord calls I shall make it a pint ter be up an' dressed. But He'll hev to take me with my ev'ryday clothes on. I shan't hev on no Sunday fixings I want te pass fer jest what I'm wuth an' no more."

"Keeps yer purty lively, Deacon, a huntin' them calikerbacks, eh?"

"Yes, rather," replied the deacon as he snipped at a vine where a strong army of the destructive beauties were huddled together.

"There ain't no calkerlatin' on them chaps. They're a nuisance created for what purpose I never could make out," added the farmer, who went on to explain what he considered to be the best method of "squelchin' the derned things."

The neighbors chattered about crops, the weather and politics, and, just as all talk is likely to end, they fell to discussing religion.

"They say neighbor Green has got most through, Deacon, an' they've sent for Corliss to come home from college."

"Indeed! Is it true then that we must spare him? A good, Christian man, Ah, yes, neighbor Bell, there are few like him. Twill be pretty sad for the family to lose such a kind, indulgent husband and father. Well, well, this neighborhood can't afford to lose its best men. We haven't many like Brother Green; no, not many." And the deacon's face spoke the sincere sorrow of his heart.

Farmer Bell drummed a bit on the top rail, looked up and down the valley, and said nothing. He was thinking what the deacon would probably have said had he, Josiah Bell, been lying near to death, like neighbor Green. The thought wasn't very pleasant. He knew very well that no one would think of calling him "a good, Christian man," nor "a kind, indulgent husband and father." For the first time in his life the truth forced itself upon him that there would not be much about him that the people could praise, except, perhaps, that he was "square," and owed no man a cent.

Then a vision of a darkened room, and people moving about softly, with drawn faces such as are seen always in the house of death, came to him. There, in the front room, he, Josiah Bell, was lying, and the neighbors had come in to help at the funeral. Mary and John were there. But, somehow, there were few tears, if any. He could see the parson, too; but there was no ring of sorrow in his voice. And the singers, why they sang Old China as though it were a sort of Christmas tune, so gladsome-like and cheery. And, stranger still, he could hear the boys shouting in the play-ground just beyond his house, not thinking it worth while to stop their sport, "because such a disagreeable old codger was out of the way," even long enough to let the funeral go on.

Of course, this was only a vision But it meant a great deal to farmer Bell. It illumined his darkened understanding as no human voice or argument could do. He had spent many an hour with the deacon; when going the round of discussion time after time, the farmer would swing the outer circle with what he believed was this "clincher" that the deacon never tried to combat: "I never could stan' the idee of this livin' in the go-as-you-please style all yer life time, then buying up a lot of religious stock just in time fer the rise. Ef I'm goin' ter ask the Lord ter make a good Christian outer me, I've got ter make a bargain with Him as will hold me clus an' fast ter doin' 'bout right every day. I don't calkerlate that ef I should git down onto my knees an' tell the Lord what a lot I think on Him, an' how much I'm willin' ter do fer Him, an' then go out inter the barn an' trade horses crooked, that He'd be fooled inter believen' that I'd got religion. An' it's my opinion, Deacon, that the Lord aint a goin' to trust any man to go inter heaven, an' send him ter walk through the golden streets when He knows that afore he'd been there an hour, ner even a half-an-hour, he'd be down onto his knees a tearin' up the pavements an' tryin' ter stuff 'em inter his breeches pockets."

Still the farmer stood by the fence, and his silence and the frozen look upon his face forbade the deacon to address him further. The vision of that darkened room would not depart. It stood like an accusing angel, and burned letters of fire into the soul of its victim. His head dropped lower and at last rested upon his arms, crossed above the top rail of the garden fence. A strange tremor shook his frame, like the chill that forbodes sudden sickness.

The deacon questioned, "Are you ill, neighbor Bell?"

No answer; only a movement as of raising his bowed head; then it sunk again upon his arms.

"Do you feel a chill, neighbor? The air is damp. Will you throw my coat across your shoulders?" urged the deacon very gently, at the same time taking the garment from a post near at hand and spreading it protestingly upon him.

Still no answer: only the voices of the evening birds, and the low music of the merry Kedron, a little, swift-flowing brook that skirted the garden grounds.

The sun had sunk low in the west and touched with its last fiery gleams the summits of the Adirondacks, rising tier above tier along the eastern horizon.

At last, farmer Bell, as if rousing from deep sleep, raised his head slowly and turned toward the west.

Was it the light of the sunset that made his face luminous, and smoothed from his countenance all the hard, bitter lines that the deacon had been wont to see there?

"I'm a rough old feller, Deacon," said he, speaking in a strange, hoarse voice, "an' I don't suppose I ken make yer understan' jes how I happen ter be fixed. Ye and I hev had a great many talks tergether 'bout the way things ought ter be, and I allus got the best on ye in the argument. But sumthin' ye've said to-night has struck hum, Deacon—it's struck hum."

"Did ye ever hev a nightmare, Deacon, when somethin' clutched ye and it wouldn't let go till it had crushed yer life and yer breath and yer strength? I've hed such a one sense I've stood here. Ye see, Deacon, I've allus been a 'square man; I haint cheated nobody—no, never one cent. But Deacon, I ken see it now, I've cheated Mary an' John, an' most of all, I've cheated myself all along. I've cheated myself out ev the lovin' that belongs ter a man in his family; and, Deacon, the nightmare that's been upon me—mebby its God that's sent it—hes showed me thet ef I should die ter day there aint a single heart es would mourn fer me, an' there aint a man er woman er child es would remember anything good ev me."

"Ye've asked me a great many times ter try ter be a Christian, Deacon, an' I've told ye thet the kind o' religion thet folks was a gitten generally, wouldn't suit my case. But now I've come to thinkin' if ye ken make out some kind of a contract—some sort ev an insurance—not that kind es is lookin' fer a good chance in the next world, but one as will make me be lovin' an' tender an honest by Mary an' John an' all the rest, now, *before I die*, I want it. An' I'd be willin' ter give a medder farm fer it, Deacon—a medder farm an' more, yes—more, a deal more. For I haint done right by Mary. I've let her work jes es hard es if she's a poor man's wife. An' Deacon, I'm ashamed ter remember how I've let that dear woman do my prayin' fer me all the years sence we've been husbund an' wife. Many's the time I've waked up in the dead ev the night ter find Mary down onter her knees a prayin' soft like an' still. An' I've heard her askin' God ter bless her husband an' lead him inter the light. An' Deacon, I've laid there jest like a great, lazy hulk when I knowed I orter git down onter my own knees beside her an' do my share ev the askin,' because I needed it a powerful sight mor'n she did.

"An so, Deacon, when we fix up the dokiment, I want ye ter make sure that I be bound fas' an' strong ter try ter make up ter Mary, jest the best that I ken, all that I've starved out ev her life.

"An' now there's one thing more—an' I want this ter be the most bindin' of all, because ye know it's Mary's dearest hope—an' that is, that I shan't stan' in the way of John an' his hankerin' after bein' a minister. An I want the Lord ter get a strong grip onto my purse-strings an' not let 'em get shet up tight an' kinked inter hard knots when the call comes ter help along His work.

"Now, Deacon Bonus, do ye think ye can make out the dokiment in the right kind er fashion, an' make it strong, Deacon, make it strong and bindin'?"

"Thanks be to God, my brother! The compact shall be written in letters of living light. Let us kneel, that God may place upon it His sacred seal."

The farmers knees, so unaccustomed to bending, almost refused to do him that service; but his soul knelt in the depths of that divine humility which asks no outward sign.

Upon the soft sward, on either side of the garden fence, the two neighbors prostrated themselves. The evening breeze lifted gently the gray locks of their silvered heads, and, while the deacon prayed aloud, across the hills came the sound of the village bell. With slow and solemn strokes the years of neighbor Green's life were being measured off. The sound disturbed not the kneeling suppliants. When the prayer was ended, and the bell ceased tolling, farmer Bell said—

"For life and death is it, Deacon?"

"For life and death, neighbor Bell."

When farmer Bell arose upon his feet the twilight had shaded almost into darkness. His ear caught the sound of something moving softly just beyond the russet apple tree by which he had been kneeling. He thought at first it must be Rover; but he remembered that he left the dog chained to his kennel. It was some one weeping; but it sounded more like gladness than tears. It roused the old man for he knew it must be Mary. It was Mary.

After the supper had been cleared away and the last shining pail and pan for the dairy set to dry—these tasks had been hurried lest the oncoming darkness might force the wasting of a tallow dip, an extravagance that farmer Bell was wont to disapprove—weary in body and sick of heart, Mrs. Bell sat down by the window to rest. Bitter thoughts would come in spite of her longing to be content. Bitter tears would start as she remembered the long, thankless, drudging years through which she had "toiled without recompense" to make Josiah Bell a rich man. She looked out upon the hills, watching the darkening shadows creep slowly towards their summits, and thought of her young life, and of the bright, happy youth that had been hers. She couldn't help thinking how its light had been extinguished just as relentlessly as the darkness was quenching the last bit of the day's sunshine.

She thought, too, of John, her precious boy; and how his young, sensitive soul was going to be forced to grapple with work for which he had no heart, just because Josiah Bell—his father—her husband, was a tyrant and would have his own way; just because money was his God, and he demanded that his God should be worshipped.

The thought would come—it was a wicked one—"What if Josiah Bell should die? Then these broad acres would be John's and hers to do with as they pleased. How different everything could be! They could have their way then, and there'd be no more drudgery for her and John. Ah! John, her John, the dear, beautiful soul"——

Just then the first stroke of the tolling bell fell upon her ear. It roused her to life—to herself.

"What is it? Who is dead? Who is the bell tolling for? Can it be that Josiah—I've just been wishing it—Oh, my God, can it be that Josiah is dead?"

She never thought of neighbor Green. She remembered that she last saw her husband more than an hour ago, going down the garden path. Had he come in? If so, where was he?

She flew to his room. Perhaps he had gone to bed. He often did so earlier than this. He was not there She ran to the porch, then to the stable, and up stairs and down, calling all the while yet hearing no return, only the echo of her own frightened voice.

Then down the garden path she fled nor stopped a moment until, nearing the russet apple tree, she heard a voice—a voice in prayer; and there, upon his knees—could she believe her eyes?—she saw Josiah, her husband. Could it be possible? Josiah Bell whose will had never yielded either to the love of wife or children, giving up to God?

She knelt upon the grass; Josiah heard not the rustle of her garments, for his soul was uplifted in the first rapture of divine love. The bell tolled on, stroke after stroke, with solemn, measured sound, but each stroke for her was like the music of the heavenly hosts when the plains of Bethlehem resounded with the news of the Savior's birth.

"Are ye there, Mary?"

A voice—not Josiah's of this morning, yesterday or the long, hard, weary, grasping, grudging years of her married life—but the voice of the lover who had wooed and won her young heart and life.

"Yes, Josiah," she answered softly. "The tolling of the bell frightened me. You were gone so long, I was afraid—it—might be—be tolling—for—for—you." She answered half apologetically and quite timidly, as had been her wont to address him.

"It was, Mary; it was tolling for old Josiah Bell—a mean, miserable, old tyrant as hasn't been wuth yer worryin' fer, an' yer lovin.' Mebby ye havn't any objection ter havin' a new husband—one that's goin' ter live fer ye an' John an' the rest on' em accordin' the contract I've made with the Lord. If ye haint sorry fer it, we'll have a new weddin', an the Deacon here shall tie the knot.

"Here, Mary, give me yer right han', an' may the Lord hold me clus ter my bargain!"

With bowed heads, and hands tenderly clasped, the old couple stood while the deacon leaned across the top rail of the garden fence; the tears streaming down his cheeks: he invoked the blessing of the Father upon the waiting pair and the new life upon which they were about to enter.

The bridegroom's lips touched reverently the fair, though wrinkled forehead of the bride, and, as they walked hand-in-hand up the garden path the holy stars looked down upon the new and true wedding.

It isn't so much how much you do as how you do it that counts in farm work. The man who is thorough accomplishes more than the one who is radid.

MILLER BROS'.

POPULAR STORES.

Leaders, Originators and Promoters of Low Prices.

June Clearing Sale!

The unusual cool Spring has left us with too much Spring stock and we begin our clearance sale one month earlier than previous years.

WASH GOODS.

No. 1.—25 pieces (not the best styles) of our 12½c Lawns reduced to 5c a yd.
No. 2.—15 pieces, (next lot) that sold at 12½c and 15c, reduced to 10c a yd.
No. 3.—22 pieces Breton Lace Stripe Lawns, that sold at 16c, reduced to 12½c a yd.
No. 4.—12 pieces of our 20c Organdies reduced to 12½c a yd.
No. 5.—18 pieces fine Zephyr Ginghams, that sold at 12½c, reduced to 5c a yd.

Special Shoe Sale.

100 pairs Children's, and Misses' High Top Black Lace Bicyle Shoes, ventilated soles, worth up to $1.00 a pair, all sizes, choice while they last 25c a pair.

KEEP COOL.—Japanese Fans FREE for the asking.

COME QUICK.

MILLER BROS',

Popular Stores, Leaders, Originators and Promoters of LOW PRICES.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2299-0339