Select Poetry.

THE HOUSE WHERE WE WERE WED.

:o:

I've been to the old farm-house, good wife,
Where you and I were wed;
Where the love was born to our two hearts
That now lies cold and dead.
Where a long-kept secret to you I told,
In the yellow beams of the moon,
And we forged our vows out of love's own gold,
To be broken so soon, so soon!

The sun went down as it used to do,
And sunk in the sea of night;
The two bright stars that we called ours
Came slowly unto my sight;
But the one that was mine went under a cloud—
Went under a cloud, alone;
And a tear that I wouldn't have shed for the world,
Fell down on the old gray stone.

But there be words can ne'er be unsaid,
And deeds can ne'er be undone,
Except perhaps in another world,
Where life's once more begun.
And maybe some time in the time to come,
When a few more years are sped,
We'll love again as we used to love,
In the house where we were wed.

Select Story.

A NIGHT ON MT. MONROE.

A gay party it was that rode out of the courtyard of the Crawford House that beautiful August morning, equipped for the toilsome ascent of Mount Washington.

The gentlemen were laughingly prophesying the speedy repentance of the ladies, when they should see how rough and frightful the bridle path would grow by and by, the ladies protesting that only the gentlemen were frightened; and amid the pleasant hilarity, the weather stained guides touched their hats to the crowd of loungers on the piazza, spoke to the little shaggy mountain horses, and the cavalcade was lost to view in the spruce and hemlock thicket which covers the first part of the Crawford bridle path.

There were but ten of the party—four ladies and six gentlemen—besides the guides. All were mounted on the tough, rough coated horses that are alone suited to this hard service, the gentlemen in nondescript suits of clothing borrowed at the hotel, the ladies in coarse riding habits and straw hats.

A few words will suffice for the introduction of the larger portion of the party.

Three were family men, New York merchants, with their wives; two were Harvard students, acquaintances of the families; one was a strange gentleman who had reached the mountains from Canada, and been recommended by the landlord to take this opportunity of ascending in company with the others, instead of waiting, as he had proposed, till the following day, and then going up with a guide himself.

He had been presented simply as Mr. Ridgewood, of Philadelphia, and this was all his companions of to-day knew of him. His appearance, however, was in his favor. He was indisputably handsome, but there was a certain look of ennui, varied at times by something reckless in the expression of his great dark eyes, that might have satisfied a close observer that Mr. Ridgewood had drunk deeply of what we call the pleasures of life, and had found them but the apples of Sodom.

The other member of the party deserves more than a passing notice. A beautiful woman like Constance Leach always receives more. She was a New York belle, in her third season, chaperoned to the mountains by Mrs. Randolph, the stately lady whose iron gray horse led the cortege.

Close behind Miss Leach rode Arthur Hurst, the only one of her satellites who had followed her on her northern tour. Mr. Hurst was just let loose from Harvard, two years advanced in his legal studies—an aristocrat, with wealth amply sufficient to keep up his state, and deeply in love with Miss Leach. The lady's mother favored the high-bred suitor; Constance said little on the subject. Mr. Hurst was an agreeable companion—she felt no particular respect or regard for him beyond that. She was content to let him remain as her friend.

Men called her beautiful. This morning she was more than that. The keen mountain air had flushed her cheek to a more vivid crimson, and threw the loose masses of her hair into ripples of ebon light. Her dark, earnest eyes glowed as she looked out over the magnificent picture opening around her—her soul stood dumb amid those altars built by the hand of the living God.

She took no part in the merry conversation going on around her. Indeed, it was doubtful if she heard it. She wanted to keep silence, and worship thus the infinitude of grandeur, in which all thought of self was lost.

The path grew rough and toilsome. The rugged brow of Mount Clinton was reached and passed, Mount Pleasant and Franklin were gained; and then they descended into the valley going through Franklin and Monroe, that twin brother of the imperial Mount Washington.

Constance was weary of riding, and despite the protestations of the guide, she would dismount and walk awhile. Mr. Hurst dismounted also, and the two scrambled over the rocks, gathering unique mosses, and burdening themselves with bits of stones as souvenirs. Hurst soon became fatigued, and returned to his horse; but Constance begged to go on foot a little longer, it was such a relief from the unsteady seat on her pony.

How it happened she hardly knew. She had only stepped aside over the rocks for a moment to gather a cluster of scarlet berries that hung from the cleft side of a huge boulder, and when she looked about her the entire party was out of sight. She started at a swift pace to follow them, as she thought; but it was growing strangely dark around her, and there was a cold mist over everything, like that which surges up at random from the heart of the ocean. The golden rift of sunshine that a moment before had illuminated the granite forehead of Mount Franklin was struck out, and only a dense white vapor remained in its place.

A terrible sense of desolation swept over her, as she hurried through the blinding fog, stumbling over sharp stones, and bruising her flesh against unseen masses of rocks.

A sudden turn brought her face to face with some dark object, and before she uttered the scream which rose to her lips Mr. Ridgewood addressed her.

"Pardon me if I frightened you. I knew the danger you incurred in turning aside from the beaten path for one moment, and I took the responsibility of following you. Let us go back."

She yielded her trembling hand readily—it was so pleasant to have his companionship in this dreary gloom. On they went, always ascending, across rocks so sharp that they tore the tender feet of the lady, and over chasms so wide that she had only to submit passively while this stranger lifted her across.

For an hour they proceeded thus, but no trace of the bridle path appeared. All was whirling mist and gaunt, black, shapeless rocks—nothing to tells that ever the foot of man had passed that way. Slowly the conviction forced itself upon the mind of Mr. Ridgewood that it was useless to go on—they were lost! He stopped under the shelter of a great cliff, and put his traveling shawl over the shoulders of his companion.

"Miss Leach," he said, "I think you have a brave heart. Can you bear to know that we are lost?"

"I have known it all along," she said, quietly. "What shall we do?"

"I judge it best to remain here until the fog clears. A single misstep in this uncertain light might send us to destruction. See!"

Even as he spoke the spray momentarily lifted, and showed them, lying at their very feet, the black, fathomless abyss of a vast ravine filled with clouds of seething vapor. Constance shuddered and drew back.

"Men have perished on these mountains before now," she said, reflectingly. "I wonder if their fate will be ours."

"I trust not. This is the forerunner of a mountain storm, perhaps; and at this season of the year such visitations are brief, I think. We shall hsve the sun out soon. We must be patient and wait."

Constance leaned back against the rock—Mr. Ridgewood stood near with folded arms. The wild desolation of the situation was terribly sublime. Below them, hundreds of fathoms away, they could hear the sullen cry of a mountain stream. All around them sounded the hollow wail of the wind in the stout trees, and afar off, over all, arose the ominous peal of thunder.

Then there fell a soundless calm. The very silence smote on the ear ten times more dreadful than the voice of the fiercest tempest. There was a blinding flash of lightning from the cloudy gulf below, accompanied by a burst of thunder almost deafening, echoed from cliff to cliff till the whole place seemed alive with the roar, and then the thick cloud swooped down and the rain fell in a torrent.

Ridgewood sheltered Coustance the best he could, but both were drenched. The shower lasted only a few moments, then rolled away in regal state, with its awe-inspiring panoply of lightning and thunder, to invest some other towering cliff. But the air did not clear. It was still vapory and indistinct, and the darkness grew slowly but surely, warning them that early night was at hand. Mr. Ridgewood sat down beside Constance, and looked at her with a strange expression of interest. It had been long since the man's heart had suffered itself to open to kindly sympathy.

"Miss Leach," he said, "it is inevitably certain that we must remain here to-night. There seems no other way. If I could only find the path, I might bring you assistance."

She clung frantically to his hand.

"Oh, do not leave me! I would rather die than be left here alone! You will stay, Mr, Ridgewood?"

"Certaiiny, if you wish it. But I had feared my presence might be objectionable. You know nothing of me. You would prefer the most utter solitude to my company, if you could look into all the secret sins of my past life. It may be a singular time and place for a confession of this kind, but I am impelled to tell you just how vile a man I have been, and then see if you will still tell me to stay. I was the son of poverty," he went on, rapidly. "My father died while I was yet a boy, leaving my mother to my care. She loved me—I loved her with my whole soul. Only the remembrance of her sweet love has kept me from utter ruin. After awhile another love came between us. I do wrong to call it love—I should say passion. Oh, Isabel! false and fair. To me she was the loveliest thing this side of heaven. For her sake I left my mother in her age, and went to a foreign land, that I might win gold to purchase the hand already plighted to me. Five years I toiled, cheered by her letters, made happy by the thought of what was to come; and then, a rich man, I returned to my native land—returned to find Isabel two years married, and ready to laugh at what she called our heartless flirtation. It was wicked, I knew, but then and there I cursed her, and the curse was not a vain one. To-day she is the wretched inmate of a madhouse, her husband perished by her hands, and her children blush at the mention of their mother's nams. Well, after that, I plunged recklessly into dissipation. My mother was dead—died without giving me her blessing. Whom had I to live for? Little a man like me cares for the approbation of those who do not love him. I tried every excess. I drank, I gambled, I sinned deeply and darkly; but, thank God! the memory of my mother kept me from wronging a single one of her sex. That, and only that, kept me back. For years I have been what the world leniently calls a 'man of fashion.' I have been flattered and caressed in society because of my wealth. Beautiful women have smiled on me, and innocent girls would have bound their white souls unto mine, so deeply stained. Lately I have grown restless; this kind of life is terrible. I have felt at times an almost unconquerable desire to end it off entirely, and I know what comes after death. But I weary you. I have told you what I am. Will you let me stay now?"

"You loved your mother—you love her still?" she said, slowly.

"Love her—my mother! A single word of hers, if she could speak to me out of heaven, would bend me to her will like a very child. My mother! But for my faith in her I had forsworn the God who made me."

Constance laid her hand on his.

"I trust the man who loved his mother, Mr. Ridgewood. I am not afraid of you. I want you to stay with me."

A strong emotion shook the frame of Guy Ridgewood. He bent down over the little soft hand, and when he lifted his face it was wet with something besides the rain.

"Will you help me to lead a better life? If we escape from this peril alive, will you be my friend afterward?"

"Afterward and always," she said, solemnly.

"And I—so help me, Heaven!—from this hour forth, will never think a thought or do a deed the knowledge of which would cause the cheek of Constance Leach to redden for him whom she had once called friend."

A little silence fell between them, broken by a wild, wailing cry, coming up from the pathless wilderness below. The blood in Ridgewood's veins grew cold. Once before he had heard a cry like that—the cry of the terrible caracal, in the forests of Asia. There was but one other animal of that kin, the dreaded Siberian lynx, which even the well-armed hunters shrinks from attacking. These creatures were very rare, and confined almost entirely to the tangled ravines in the heart of the mountains, where they preyed upon the smaller beasts; but sometimes, driven by hunger, they had been known to ascend to the highest cliffs and attack whatever came in their way.

Ridgewood's courage had been tried more than once in his life, and now he nerved himself for the contest. He was unarmed, his only weapon a keen pocket knife, which he drew forth and unclasped.

Constance, white as the fog itself, stood just behind him, waiting breathlessly the appearance of the unknown foe. She had but a moment of suspense. Through the gloom gleamed a pair of eyes like fiery coals, and over the rocks crept the long, lithe form of the lynx, swaying from side to side, lashed slowly with the cat-like tail.

Ridgewood cast one glance back at the girl, and then sprang forward, just in time to save her from the clutches of the animal. He put out his arm to ward off the savage paw, and it was crushed to the elbow in the powerful jaws of the brute.

Ridgewood's nature was brave and indomitable. He had never yet yielded—he scorned to now. He closed with the lynx in a deadly embrace, and though his flesh was fearfully torn and he was wet with his own blood, he never relaxed his efforts. Back and forth across the throat of his assailant he drew the fatal knife. It reached the vital part at last, and with a fearful cry, the monster rolled back among the rocks, dragging the man with him. There was a struggle, but it ended soon. Ridgewood had triumphed—the lynx was in the death agony.

Constance sprang to the spot, and with her feeble strength unclasped the grip of the dying beast from the body of her deliverer. Ridgewood, faint from pain and loss of blood, could but drag himself a few feet from the scene of the conflict, and then sank exhausted upon the ground.

She brought water from the hollows of the rock and bathed his forehead, she bound up his lacerated arm with her silken scark, she held his head in her lap and besought him to rally, if only to speak to her once more.

All the night through he lay in that deadly stupor, but when the morning broke, fair and calm, the first ray of sunlight aroused him. He rose to a sitting posture and looked around, realizing but dimly his situation. The dead lynx restored his memory.

Clear and distinct, marked by the white stones that that been thrown out in its construction, he saw the bridle path, not twenty rods distant. He pointed it out to Constance.

"Save yourself," he said. "Yonder lie safety and life. For me it matters little. Yot are young, beautiful and beloved. Secure your safety now, before another storm cloud sweeps down upon the mountain."

But she never moved from her old position. Smoothing back the soft hair from his forehead, she answered, steadily:

"No, I will wait to have my deliverance with you."

It came even sooner than they had dared to hope. A wild halloo far above them rent the air—the name of Constance, called in the voice of Mr. Hurst. She answered him back, strong and clear, and in a few moments later the whole party of the previous day was on the spot. Of course Constance was caressed and congratulated, and of course all the ladies admired and exclaimed over the bravery of Mr. Ridgewood.

For themselves they had little to tell, except the agony they had suffered on Miss Leach's account, and of the fruitless endeavors the guide had made to discover her. They had been all night at the search, assisted by the gentlemen of the party, while the ladies, ander the guard of a foot traveler who had come along opportunely, proceeded to the Summit House.

A rude litter of the boughs of trees was constructed, and they thus carried Ridgewood down to the Crawford House. A surgeon stopping there dressed his wounds, but all his efforts were not sufficient to ward off the fever that had already fastened upon him. That night he was in a raving delirium.

And that very night, sitting within the mountain shadows on the piazza of the hotel, Arthur Hurst asked the hand of Miss Leach in marriage, and was refused. Why, she could not have told. A week ago she might have answered him differently, but now there was no other course. Three days later the party left the mountains, but before they departed Constance went to the sick chamber of Mr. Ridgewood. He was not able to converse much, but he hoped to see her that winter in New York. She gave him her hand to kiss, said good-by, and went away.

That winter Constance Leach went down to the wharf to see a company of friends set sail for Europe. They were on board—she stood on the quay waiting for the boat to start. Some one brushed hastily past her. The indescribable thrill that passed through her frame made her turn to look after the stranger, but it was no stranger—she saw Guy Ridgewood. His eyes met hers—he came towards her. He was dressed for traveling, and the pile of baggage near by spoke of a long absence, perhaps. He touched her extended hand.

"Will you wish me bon voyage, my friend?" he asked, with agitation.

"Where are you going?"

"To the East." Something in her face must have encouraged him to speak, for he continued: "I shall never return. The whole continent is not wide enough to hold you and I, Constance Leach, unless we dwell together. I, even I, have dared to love you; and, as the only recompense I can make, I will put the ocean between us."

She laid her other hand on his arm.

"Oh, Guy," she said, "do not go. Stay with me. We will dwell together."

His fingers closed over hers—his lips murmured some low, impassioned words, lost to all ears but hers—and then the steamer sailed without him.

A week afterwards they were married. The fashionable world wondered and commented, but Constance Ridgewood cared but little. She was happy in her husband's love.

To-day there is no one more esteemed, more widely known for his benevolent humanity and Christian virtues, than Guy Ridgewood. But to his wife, under God, he attributes it all.

A SILVER DOLLAR THAT IS VALUED AT $6,000.

From the New York Sun.

A silver dollar of the issue of 1804 is owned by James Ten Eyck of Albany, N. Y., a Past Grand Master of Masons. He purchased it in New York city in 1888 for $100, and secured with it the necessary papers to prove its authenticity. Some time ago he refused $3,000 for the coin. A dollar of this issue has been stated to be worth over $6,000. Mr. Ten Eyck says the statement that there are only four of these coins in existence and that one of them is not accounted for is erroneous, for there is a reliable record of the existence of seven of them. He says the British Museum is not the owner of one, as stated. Mr. Ten Eyck has one of the best collections of rare coins in the country.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

The undersigned, trustees of Josiah Q. Stitely, of Carroll county, Md., hereby give notice to all persons having claims against the said Josiah Q. Stitely, to file said claims, properly authenticated, with the clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, on or before the 15th day of April, 1898; they may otherwise, by law, be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to the said Josiah Q. Stitely, in any manner, are hereby notified to make immediate payment of said indebtedness.

EMANUEL D. WHITMORE,
BENJ. F. CROUSE,
feb-12-4t Trustees.

NO. 3544 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

Francis W. Shipley, et al., plaintiffs, against Marshall R. Shipley, et al., defendants.

Ordered, this 11th day of February, A. D. 1898, that the account of the Auditor, filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28th day of February, inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
True copy.—Test:
JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
feb-12-2t

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DO you imagine that we cannot sell first-class Shoes and Hats for a small price? If you do a trial will easily convince you to the contrary.

YOU are the one to whom we wish to sell. We can guarantee you will be pleased with the fit, style and wear. We buy direct from the factory,

WEAR Our Shoes and Hats and you will be "In the Swim." They are made especially for us and we know just what they are. We tell you what we know.

SHOES are made now-a-days so that the aver[illegible] buyer can't tell anything about t[illegible] There's where the economy of buyi[illegible] some one that you know and can trus[illegible] in. Try us and be convinced that [illegible] what we are talking about.

We have opened the season wi[illegible]

Boots, Shoes, Hats[illegible]
Trunks, Va[illegible]
and Um[illegible]

that beats the record for beauty and [illegible] prices. Come in and be greatly benefitted by it.

U. L. REAVER,
Wantz Building,
fe-2-1v opposite Catholic Church.

OAK HALL,
NEW WINDSOR, MD.

Reduction Sales
ARE IN
Progress Now!

We don't propose to argue the pro and con of price cutting. We believe that prices need trimming at times just as surely as your razor needs sharpening. The motives for cutting prices are two-fold. The first is the moving out of goods that will not sell. The second is to show to our trade that we are not afraid to apply the knife when confronted with the fact that we have too much stock. Our surplus stock we have found in the following goods:

MEN'S CLOTHING, OVERCOATS, LADIES' COATS, CHILDREN'S COATS, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Blankets, Comforts, Lap Robes, Dress Goods, Hoods, Caps, &c.

All of the above goods selected have been cut in prices that will surely move them.

All our Christmas Toys to go at half price, Dolls included.

Ask to see our $3.00 to $5.00 Ladies' Coats, reduced from $8.00 to $9.00.

Ask to see our $5.00 Overcoats, reduced from $8.00 to $9.00.

Ask to see our $5.00 Suits of Clothes, worth $8.00 to $9.00.

We have the goods, if you have the money we are willing to exchange. Don't miss this opportunity.

We want to make this year a fruitful year by giving you bargains in the early part of the campaign.

Lots of Remnants to go at half price.

Come and see us.
Respectfully,
ap-16-96 GEORGE C. ANDERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Galvanized Fencing Wire at prices that have never been known to the trade.

Lead and Oil so cheap that anyone can afford to Paint, this season.

Ice is plenty. We have a large stock of the best make of Freezers and Refrigerators.

Don't you need a Gasoline or Oil Stove for summer cooking? We have them; they are cheap.

Door and Window Screens of various styles.

A full line of First-class Cooking Stoves and Ranges, of long established reputation, at reduced prices.

A call will soon convince you that the bottom has been completely knocked out of the price of Nails.

Glass, Oils, Paints and Putty, Plastering Hair, Cement, and in fact everything in the Building Hardware line can be found, as well as low prices, at the old established stand of

GILBERT & GEHR,
Cor. Main & Liberty Sts.,
Westminster, Md.

Plumbing, Heating, Spouting and Tin Roofing is our specialty. ja-20-1y

JNO. E. ECKENRODE,
MANUFACTURER OF
Coaches, Carriages, Jagger Wagons, Buggies, Phætons, &c.,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING.

All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

I have on hand a complete stock of

Harness of all Kinds.

Fine Light Driving Harness, Phæton, Buggy and Cart Harness, at prices that defy competition. Come and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I can save you money.

☞Factory Corner Liberty and George Sts.
no17 1v

Commissioners' Notice.

HEREAFTER, and until further notice the County Commissioners of Carroll county will meet at their office in Westminster, EVERY MONDAY, for the transaction of business.

By order, JNO. E. MASENHIMER,
jan-2-1v Clerk.

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

Western Maryland Railroad

CONNECTING WITH
P. & R. R. at Shippensburg and Gettysburg
Norfolk & Western R. R. at Hagerstown,
B. & O. Railroad at Hagerstown and Cherry Run; Penna. R. R. at Bruceville, and P. W. & B., N. C. and B. & P. Railroads at Union Station, Baltimore, Md.

MAIN LINE AND CONNEC[illegible]

Taking effect Sunday, October 3rd, 1897.

TRAINS WEST.

LEAVE	1. A M *	11. AM. †	15. AM. †	23. PM †	29. P M †	53. AM. ‡	55. P M ‡
New York Philadelphia							
Washington							
Baltimore	4.30	8.1[illegible]	10.17	4.[illegible]8	[illegible]19	9.[illegible]8	2.35
Arlington		8.35	10.29	4.30	6.[illegible]	9. 2	3.00
Mt. Hope		8.39	10.42	4.34	6 3[illegible]	9.[illegible]7	3 03
Pikesville		8.46	10.49	4.4[illegible]	6 45	10.04	3.1[illegible]
Owings Mills		8 57	11.02	4.54	6 58	10.15	3.[illegible]1
Glyndon	5.11	9.10	11.14	5.07	7 09	10.28	3 34
Emory Grove		9.11	11.15		7.[illegible]0	10.29	3.[illegible]5
Finksburg		9 21	11.25	5.16	7.2[illegible]	10.41	3.[illegible]7
Carrollton		9.37	11.38	5.28	7 40	10.56	4 00
Westminster	5.40	9.52	11.53	5.42	7 8	11.12	4.17
Avondale		9.59	12.00	5.49	[illegible]	11.20	4.[illegible]6
New Windsor	5.53	10.09	12.10	6.01	8.18	11.33	4.[illegible]8
Linwood		10.15	12.16	6.06	8.[illegible]5	11.40	4.4[illegible]
Union Bridge	6.00	10.19	12.20	6.12	8.[illegible]0	11.45	4.50
Middleburg		10.26	P M.	6.18	P M.	AM.	P M.
Bruceville	6.07	10.28		6.22			
D. P. Creek		10.32		6.26			
Rocky Ridge		10.40		6.34			
[illegible]	6.25	10.5[illegible]					

Shippensburg			6.00		1.25		
Chamb'rsburg			6.31		1.[illegible]0		
Waynesboro			7.07		2.19		
Edgemont	4.40		7.36		2.41		
Thurmont	5.16		8.16		3.21		
Rocky Ridge			8.26		3.31		
D. P. Creek			8.33		3.38		
Bruceville	5.38		8.37		3.44	6.45	
Middleburg			8.39		3.46	6.47	
Union Bridge	5.45	6.05	8.45	12.50	3.55	6.56	4.05
Linwood		6.12	8.49	12.54	3 59	7.02	4.09
New Windsor	5.52	6.20	8.54	12.59	4.0[illegible]	7.09	4.15
Avondale		6 34		1.09	4.17	7.23	4.[illegible]6
Westminster	6.06	6.47	9.11	1.16	4.24	7.32	4.3[illegible]
Carrollton		7.04	9.25	1.30	4.39	7.50	4.[illegible]9
Finksburg		7.18	9.35	1.41	4 52	8.05	5 02
Emory Grove		7.30		1 49	5.0[illegible]	8 15	5.[illegible]4
Glyndon	6.25	7.40	9.43	1 5[illegible]	5.[illegible]2	8.20	5.15
Owings Mills	6.43	7.52	9.52	2.0	5.1[illegible]	8.33	5.27
Pikesville		8.04	10.00	2.11	5 26	8.[illegible]4	5.39
Mt. Hope		8.11	10.05	2.18	5 33	8 [illegible]1	5 46
Arlington		8.14		2.21	5 36	8.54	5.[illegible]0
Baltimore	7.17	8.40	10.27	2.[illegible]2	5 59	9.20	6.15
Washington							
Philadelphia New York							
	P M.	AM.	A M	PM.	P M	AM	[illegible]

*Daily †Daily, except Sunday. ‡Sunday.

Passengers for and from Cherry Run, Williamsport, P. V. and intermediate points, from and for stations east of Hagerstown change at Hagerstown.

EMMITSBURG R. R. Trains East will leave Emmitsburg daily, except Sundays at 7.60 and 10.00 A. M. and 2.55 and 4.50 P. M., arriving Rocky Ridge at 8.20 and 10.30 A. M. and 3.25 and 5 20 P. M. Trains west will leave Rocky Ridge, daily, except Sundays, at 8.26 and 10.40 A. M. and 3.31 and 6.34 P. M., arriving at Emmitsburg 8.56 and 11.10 A. M. and 4 01 and 7.04 P. M.

FREDERICK DIVISION PENNSYLVANIA R. R. (Daily except Sunday.)—Trains for Frederick leave Bruceville at 8.38 A. M. and 9.35 and 10.40 A. M. and 5.38 and 6.30 P. M. Trains for Taneytown, Littlestown and Columbia leave Bruceville 9.47 A. M., and at 3.45 P. M.

Through Trains for Hanover and Gettysburg and points on Baltimore and Harrisburg Division leave Baltimore daily, except Sunday, at 7.22 A. M. and 3.32 P. M. Through cars for Gettysburg and intermediate points leave Baltimore also daily, except Sunday at 10.17 A. M.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager.
B. H GRISWOLD Gen'l Passenger Ag't.

Order of Publication.

NO. 3617 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Harriet Bollinger, plaintiff, against Francis M. Manahan, et. als., defendants.

The object of this suit is to obtain a construction of the last will and testament of Samuel Sauble, late of Carroll county, State of Maryland, deceased.

The bill states that Samuel Sauble left a last will and testament, dated April 2nd, A. D. 1881, and duly probated in the office of Register of Wills of Carroll county, on the 19th day of July, 1881:

That among other devises and bequests, he devised and bequeathed unto his daughter Cinderilla Manahan, (wife of Francis T. Manahan) and her heirs, 13 acres of land, more or less, and also a woodlot of 4 acres of land, more or less, to her, the said Cinderilla Manahan and her heirs.

That afterwards the said Cinderilla Manahan and her husband made and executed a deed thereof, of 13 acres, 2 roods and 44 square perches to Josiah Q. Stitely, at and for the sum of $1,300.00. And that afterwards, on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1898, George L. Stocksdale, trustee, conveyed the same land and premises to Harriet Bollinger, the plaintiff.

That the said Cinderilla Manahan has five children whose names are Francis M. Manahan, Samuel Earnest Manahan, George W. Manahan, Clara Manahan and Alberta Manahan. And that Francis M. Manahan resides in Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., and is above 21 years of age; and Clara Manahan, (now Scott, wife of Abraham Scott) resides with her said husband in Dixon, in the State of Illinois, and is above the age of 21 years; and that the said Samuel Earnest Manahan, George W. Manahan, and Ada Alberta Manahan, are infants, under the age of 21 years, and reside with their parents, at Fairfield, in Adams county, in the State of Pennsylvania.

That said bill further charges, that the plaintiff is now the owner in fee simple of all the real estate, conveyed by the aforesaid deeds, and which was by the last will and testament of Samuel Sauble, devised unto his daughter Cinderilla Manahan, but that the plaintiff is unable to make sale of the said land because of the threats and charges of the aforesaid children of said Cinderilla Manahan, that they intend to institute legal proceedings to dispossess the occupant and owner of said land after the death of their said mother, because of their charges and belief that she only took a life estate, in said land so devised to her, instead of taking the same in fee simple.

And said bill further asks that the said clause in said last will and testament of said Samuel Sauble may be construed by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, and said court decree therein of what interest the said Cinderilla Manahan became seized and possessed thereunder, and which the plaintiff is now entitled to therein, under and by virtue of the provisions of said will. And for such further relief as her case may require.

It is therefore on this 27th day of January, A. D. 1898, by the Circuit Court for Carroll county, ordered that the plaintiff by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Carroll county, Maryland, once in each of five successive weeks before the 7th day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and ninty-eight, giving notice to the absent defendants, to-wit: to Francis M. Manahan, adult, who resides in Gettysburg, Adams county, State of Pennsylvania; Samuel Earnest Manahan, George W. Manahan and Ada Alberta Manahan, all infants, and who now reside with their parents at Fairfield, in Adams county, State of Pennsylvania; Cora Manahan now Cora Scott and Abraham Scott, her husband, adults, residing in the city of Dixon, in the State of Illinois, of the object and substance of said bill and warn them to appear in this court, either in person or by solicitor, on or before the 23rd day of March, 1898, to show cause, if any they have, why decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
True Copy.—Test,
JAS. H. BILLINGSLEA, Clerk.
ja-29-5t

Wall Paper!
Wall Paper!

I wish to call the attention of my friends and the public in general to the fact that I now am ready to show one of the

Finest and Cheapest Lines of
WALL PAPER

ever exhibited in this county, bought direct from the factory, in full bundle lots, so you get it only from second hands, no two or three profits coming off it. Of course the consumer pays them all. Sam Jones says it takes a pointer pup nine days to get his eyes open. I have known some people to get their's open in fifteen minutes in a wall paper deal. They thought it was two pieces instead of one, and the border they did not understand, &c. That is always their plea. Remember I am the only paper hanger in the county that carries a stock and don't have the expense of running a store, therefore I have no opposition. If you think I can't save you money, come and see me and bring size of your room, or send size by mail and I will tell you what your job will cost, and send samples and convince you that Gladhill's is the place to save twenty-five cents on a dollar wall paper.

L. GLADHILL,
jun-28-tf Westminster, Md.

Headache and *Neuralgia* cured by Dr. MILES' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose."