PLAYMATES.

Oh, cottage 'neath the maples, have you seen
those girls and boys
That but for a little while ago made, oh, such
pleasant noise?
Oh, trees and hills and brooks and lanes and
meadows, do you know
Where I shall find my little friends of forty
years ago?
You see I'm old and weary, and I've traveled
long and far,
I am looking for my playmates. I wonder
where they are.

—Eugene Field.

DIARY OF A VOYAGE TO BRAZIL.

BY PAUL REESE.

CONTINUED.

Tuesday, September 5th.

I find my ignornace of all things nautical so profound that I am becoming somewhat diffident about writing anything, even in this private diary, of which I am not certain beyond all doubt or peradventure. I have shivered with fear at things wherein there was not the slightest element of danger, and faced, the next minute, certain and sudden death, smiling complacently. But as the song says: "It's nobody's business but my own." However this may be, I cannot help thinking it unusual to be at sea fifteen days without seeing a sail, or, at night, the light of a passing vessel, especially when one considers the vast number afloat. Before day, during the morning watch, a steamer passed us going West, giving us the first evidence we have had that we are not the sole possessors of the North Atlantic.

Wednesday, September 7th.

"Isn't Hart rather young to be before the mast?" I asked the second mate, apropos of nothing at all, while sitting on deck with him last night after supper. "Unless he is younger than he looks, I should say he has started in rather late in life," he answered. "Most of us go to sea younger than he seems to be. I did when I was ten year's old. My father wanted to make a priest of me." "Well, you certainly have missed your calling," I said, "a man with your qualifications for the priesthood would undoubtedly have been a cardinal, at least, by this time." I did not know how he would take this, and did not particularly care, but, to my surprise, he answered, in all seriousness, that he was often of the same opinion too. Knowing that all this was introductory to a yarn, I managed, somehow, to keep my face straight. But if Mr. C—— had come to me with the assertion that he proposed becoming a Methodist preacher and going as missionary to the Cannibal Islands, it would not have seemed to me a bit more ridiculous than my mental picture of Mr. R—— in a miter and priestly robes. "But," he continued, "a boy of ten can hardly be supposed to know always what is best for him, and so I ran away from school and went to sea."

I have no intention of writing out all our conversation, or rather Mr. R——'s, for he did all the talking after I got him started, yet I think the main points are of sufficient interest to record roughly. At ten he ran away from school and shipped on a vessel in the French-African merchant service. Two years later he was shipwrecked on the coast of Morocco and was the only one of the ship's company who escaped drowning. After being on the verge of starvation he was picked up by a troop of wandering Arabs who in the course of time found their way to Algiers, where he escaped and took refuge at the French consul's. At a hotel in Algiers were many Europeans: here he was taken by the consul who excited such sympathy among them by a rehearsal of R——'s story that, at dinner, he was made to stand in the centre of the table while a collection was taken up for him amounting to 350 francs. Next day he was fitted out with European clothes from head to foot—he had been wearing up to this time clothing given him by the Arabs—and finally he was put aboard a vessel bound for home. * * * All the morning and most of the afternoon has been rainy and squally. Towards evening the weather cleared and we are now fairly flying along before the best and most favorable wind we have had so far.

Thursday, September 7th.

When I went on deck this morning we seemed to be taking a voyage on a farm. The scene looked like it might be the stage-setting for "Quincy Adams Lawyer" or "Pinafore" either one. A flock of chickens paraded the main deck; a colored man with a buck-saw was sawing up a pile of cord wood; the cook and the mess boy were picking over a barrel of potatoes; the man at the wheel wore overalls and a big straw hat; while, to complete the picture, somebody's "wash" was merrily flapping away over the forward deckhouse on a clothes line. While I was enjoying this composite picture of the "truly rural" and the marine, and wondering whether the introduction of some cows, or perhaps a hay-stack or a pig or two might not add to its realism, the scene was shifted quite as suddenly as the scenes in spectacular stage production shift, and the dark sky, howling wind, driving rain, and the roaring waves, mounting higher and higher as the gale increased, soon made it necessary for all hands to take part in a performance of "The Tempest," a drama which was decidedly too realistic altogether. As "Johnny Bull" remarked to me: "It looked like it were going to blow the bloody bloomin' sticks hout of 'er." There were four of these squalls this afternoon, all sudden, all severe, and each one gone in a hurry, leaving behind it a sea and sky as smiling and serene as one could wish to look at.

Friday, September 8th.

Sailors have certainly either a kind of second sight or a sixth sense, call it by any name we choose. There is something so incomprehensible to me in the way in which they see, or somehow perceive, things that are to me quite invisible that it savors of the weird and supernatural. Yesterday afternoon took the prize, so far, for nastiness, but the night settled in as beautiful as a cloudless sky and moonlight on the ocean could make it. Naturally I was surprised to see the second mate coming aft carrying his oilskins and sou'wester; but it occurred to me that he was going to take advantage of the bright moonlight to do some mending. However, he laid them to one side, remarking that he was ready for it now when it came. In reply to my question as to what "it" might be that he was expecting, he informed me that "it" was the "dirt," as he expressed it, which had passed us in the afternoon, and that, about the time the moon would set, the wind would veer round and bring "it" all back again. I must say I did not believe a word of this. I thought he was either joking or trying, for some reason known to himself alone, to make an impression. After a perfectly sleepless night, I will not hesitate to say that he was not only telling the whole truth, but a good deal more. Two more sails carried away. * * * A wisp of smoke on the horizon today again proclaims that there are others afloat besides ourselves.

Saturday, September 9th.

About midnight another squall came up lasting until noon. I should think that this voyage would be an expensive one for the owners. The upper topsail carried away this time.

Sunday, September 10th.

We have come farther in the last four or five days than all the rest of the time put together. The bad weather, coming as it did from the right point of the compass, has made compensation for its disagreeableness by helping us along on our course finely. Mr. R—— has just informed me that he could not swear at the men any more as his lungs had given out. I knew that he could not swear at the men any *more*, lungs or no lungs; that fact being self-evident. But I must not be too critical with a man's choice of language whose education stopped at the tender age of ten.

Monday, September 11th.

Last night was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, and, in spite of occasional shower baths, going below was not to be thought of so long as I could keep my eyes open. When I did go below, about two bells in the middle watch, my last look about me was on a view so perfect that it was with somewhat of a shock I was aroused later by the violent pitching of the ship. As I am schooling myself to sleep through the hullabaloo that goes with a squall, I did not turn out but lulled myself to sleep again with the pleasant thought that I did not have to be on deck or go aloft. But no sooner was I comfortably dozing when some dish pans in the pantry broke loose from their moorings and, going adrift, went dashing and crashing about from place to place with a smash, clatter and bang which, added to the noise the elements were already making, was simply deafening. Next, a rain water barrel got adrift and went careering about the deck over my head. This was the last straw. I got up, put on my clothes and went on deck. I may learn to sleep through a squall or even a storm, but only a deaf man or one in his grave could sleep through the uproar caused by this wind-wave-rain-barrel and dish-pan-combination.

A Widow's Gratitude.

A woman living in the village of Milford, N. Y., who lost her husband by death one week ago sent the following communication to an Otsego county newspaper:

MR. EDITOR:—I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily, in this manner, for their united aid and co-operation during the illness and death of my late husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death on Friday last while eating breakfast. To the friends and all who contributed so willingly toward making the last moments and funeral of my husband a success, I desire to remember most kindly, hoping these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I have also a good milch cow and roan gelding horse, 8 years old, which I will sell cheap. 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He plants his footsteps on the sea and rides upon the storm'; also a black and white shote very low.'

Seven Days In a Year.

At the examination of pupils in a primary school the inspector put questions at random to the scholars. Among the latter was a towheaded lad who on being asked how many days there are in a year answered, "Seven." When the tittering of the rest of the class subsided the inspector remarked: "I said a year, not a week. Now, try again. How many days are there in a year?" The lad appeared nonplussed and vexed for a moment, then ejaculated: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday; just seven. If there's others I never heard of 'em.

Willie's close uncle.—What would you suppose if I gave you five cents to buy some candy with, Willie?

Willie—I suppose I'd have to pinch myself to see if I was awake.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

How To Avoid Colds.

Dr. James Bosley, Commissioner of Health, was asked to give some rules for health in winter. He said that to avoid taking cold there are three important things to be observed.

First—Fresh air in sleeping rooms.

Second—proper clothing.

Third—Warm dry feet.

Too many persons are disposed in cold weather to sleep with their windows closed or only slightly raised from the bottom. Fresh pure air is as necessary during the night as during the day. When one or more persons occupy the same room, unless the windows are open, the air soon becomes vitiated and the blood is not sufficiently aerated. No matter how low the temperature may be, with a sufficiency of bed covering it is possible to sleep with comfort even if all the windows in the room are wide open. Always raise one sash and lower another, in order that there may be an abundance of pure air in the room at all times. Avoid however, sleeping in a direct draft. Our grandparents were wise in their generation when they wore their nightcaps. The custom is obsolete, but I believe many colds would be obviated if more nightcaps were worn.

"As to clothing, I believe that the use of heavy woolen underclothes is responsible for many colds. This is especially true of people who spend the greater part of their days indoors, in rooms heated to 70 or more degrees. They become overheated and when they go into the open, cold air there comes a chill which frequently results in a cold. It is wiser to use light underclothing, preferably cotton, but if wool is preferred use wool and cotton mixed. Then adapt outer clothing to the temperatures. A good plan is to have a reliable thermometer fixed to the window frame outside the room. A glance at the thermometer upon arising will show the outside temperature, and it will then be a simple matter to put on heavy or light outer clothing, as the condition requires.

"Keep the feet warm and dry. If by any chance the shoes and stockings becomes damp and wet, change both at once after thoroughly drying the feet.

"I do not believe in bundling up the the throat and ears in this climate. It weakens the power of resistance and lays the foundation for sore throats and colds.

"In cold and wet weather breathe always through the nose. The air is thereby heated to a certain extent, while the minute hairs in the nostrils serve as a filter to intercept many germs of disease that otherwise might find their way into the throat and lungs.

"In winter more meat and other heat-producing foods should be eaten than are required in warm weather.

"By the observation of these simple rules, I am satisfied, many colds and attacks of rheumatism in those who are susceptible would be avoided."

Birds with Lamps.

'As we rowed softly in the still, cold night,' said a nature student, 'we saw a number of faint blurs of light along the shore. They were like fairy lamps that had been swathed in some pale sort of gauze.

'What on earth can they be?' I asked.

'Them's kingfishers,' said my guide. 'Them's kingfishers a-fishin'.'

'But the lights?'

'The lights is the phosphorescence on the birds' breasts,' said the old hunter. 'In the soft down on a kingfisher's breast there is a phosphorescence that glows in the dark. The bird is aware of this here natural light o'hisn, and he uses it. He stands on the edge o' the stream, the same as them fellers there, puttin' his breast to the water, an' the faint light draws the fish to him, consumed with curiosity, an' he has no difficulty in pickin' up a square meal for himself an' family.'

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought Chas. H. Fletcher

Be not anxious about tomorrow. Do today's duty, fight today's temptation, and do not weaken and distrust yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them.

The Newspaper Away From Home.

While the well conducted newspaper is appreciated in the vicinity where it is printed, the full extent of such appreciation is felt by those who leave home. That distance lends enchantment is proven by the many words of praise found in the letters which contain the checks for renewal of subscriptions from the Carroll county folks living elsewhere.

When a man pulls up stakes and shakes the dust from his shoes, leaving the old home to seek pastures new, he naturally has a hankering to know what is going on in the place he has left behind,—who is getting married, the business changes, the improvements, and many other items of local interest which a well-conducted newspaper furnishes. The home paper forms an important connecting link between the home left behind and the present abode, and when the time comes for a visit home, the persons who have kept posted on the old home take keen enjoyment in looking up the changes of which they have been kept cognizant.

Broken Gently.

The cashier of a certain firm had absconded, and the staff of clerks were deciding on a fit and proper person to acquaint the head of the firm of the fact on his arrival.

Ultimately the matter was left in the hands of the head clerk, possibly because none of the others cared to undertake the responsibility.

There had been a dog fight in the street, and a small crowd was just dispersing as the chief's carriage dashed up.

'What's that crowd after, Jorkins?' demanded the head of the firm.

The chief clerk thought he recognized a chance of breaking the news gently and seized it.

'The vacancy sir,' he replied.

'Vacancy? What vacancy.'

'Cashier, sir.'

'But we want no cashier Jorkins.'

'Beg pardon, sir, but we've a vacancy for one!'

'Jorkins, are you mad?'

'No, sir. That is, sir, I don't know, sir. Fact is, sir, all the cash is gone, and—and'—

'Well?'

'The cashier's gone with it, sir!'

From the way the old man took it the clerk thought he might just as well have blurted it out at the start.

How to Reach a Publisher.

The road to publication lies all the way uphill to every new author who has not a powerful friend at court in the publisher himself or in an influential professional "reader," says the Omaha World-Herald. The statistics dealing with the number of new manuscripts, cast annually like so much grist in the hopper of every publishing house, is startling to the general reader. The percentage of accepted manuscripts is so small that the tyro in authorship unless exceptionally stout hearted is discouraged to despair.

Descending to details, if you have something really worth writing, something that puts the strong necessity of utterance upon you, set it down in nervous pure English, revise and rewrite until you can make it no better, have the manuscript typewritten, lay it between two stiff pasteboards (rolled manuscripts are never read) and send by express to a publisher who has the reputation of bringing out good novels. In the note accompanying it inclose stamp for reply and let the note be businesslike and brief; never personal. Then be patient.

Dramatic Temperance Story.

Irving Grinnell, treasurer of the Church Temperance Society of New York, told at a temperance meeting a dramatic story:

'A woman entered a barroom,' he said, 'and advanced quietly to her husband, who sat drinking with three other men.

She placed a covered dish on the table and said:

'Thinkin' ye'd be too busy to come home to supper Jack, I've fetched it to you here.' and she departed.

'The men laughed awkwardly. He invited his friends to share the meal with him. Then he removed the cover from the dish.

'The dish was empty. It contained a slip of paper that said:

'I hope you will enjoy your supper. It is the same your wife and children have at home.'—Chicago Chronicle.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought Chas. H. Fletcher

What Town Builders Don't Do.

Town builders don't buy their goods from mail order houses.

Town builders patronize home industry.

Town builders don't send away for their stationery.

Town builders don't knock on their town.

Town builders are willing to sell at the market price.

Town builders don't run the price of real estate so high that it scares people off.

Town builders entertain strangers and show them around.

Town builders get together and stand together.

Are you a town builder?

Solitude relieves us when we are sick of company, and conversation, when we are weary of being alone, so that the one cures the other. There is no man so miserable as he that is at a loss to use his time.

So Tired

It may be from overwork, but the chances are its from an inactive LIVER.

With a well conducted LIVER one can do mountains of labor without fatigue.

It adds a hundred per cent to ones earning capacity.

It can be kept in healthful action by, and only by

Tutt's Pills

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

An eastern editor says a man got into trouble by marrying two wives. A western editor says that many men have done the same thing by marrying one. A northern editor says that a number of his friends found trouble by merely promising to marry without going any further. A southern editor says his friend was bothered enough when he was simply found in company with another man's wife.

Johnny—I wish my folks would agree upon one thing and not keep me all the time in a worry.

Tommy—What have they been doing now?

Johnny—Mother won't let me stand on my head, and dad is all the time fussing because I wear my shoes out so fast.

If you expect a disagreeable thing meet it and get rid of it as soon as you can; if you expect anything agreeable, you need not be in such a hurry, for the anticipation of pain is pain—the anticipation of pleasure is pleasure.

Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. If Christian charity be in your heart your whole life may be a continual exercise of it.

Never be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here; and never fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord.

She—You've been out every night since I married you, and you swore you would be as true as the stars above.

He—Well, aint the stars above out every night too?

Miss Oldone—I wouldn't have refused Charley Banks if I'd been you.

Miss Sweetgirl—I don't believe I would either, if I'd been you.

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

COOK 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.

Plumbing, Heating, Spouting and Tin Roofing is our specialty.

Respectfully,

GILBERT & GEHR,
Corner of Main and Liberty Sts.,
ja 20 Westminster, Md.

REMOVAL!

Painless Dentistry.

DR. W. J. SELBY has removed his dental office from his country residence to the office of Messrs. Smith & Reifsnider, West Main St., Westminster, formerly occupied by Mr. Chas. E. Goodwin as an Insurance Office.

EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK.

All work previously done by me which is not satisfactory will be replaced free of charge. Teeth extracted positively without pain.

Sets of Teeth	$4.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Gold	1.00 and up.
Teeth filled with Silver	75c.
Teeth filled with Amalgam	50c.
Gold Crown	$4.00 and up.
Vitilized Air	75c.
Teeth cleaned	50c.

Bridgework at Reduced Rates. All work guaranteed.

DR. W. J. SELBY,
ap 15 tf Westminster Md.

John E. Eckenrode. Chas. E. Eckenrode.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BUGGIES, SURREYS, STANHOPES, RUNABOUTS, DAYTONS, TRAPS, STICK WAGONS, DELIVERY WAGONS, DEPOT WAGONS and all kinds of Vehicles.

NEW SHOPS, new tools and better facilities for quick and good work. Special attention given to repairing in all its branches.

We have a new Rubber Tire Machine, and can put on rubber tires at a very short notice at our factory. We put on the celebrated Kelly, Goodyear and Diamond, all high grade tires. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

We have on hand a complete stock of HARNESS and WHIPS of all kinds, for light and heavy driving, at prices that defy competition. Come and see our stock of Vehicles and Harness before purchasing. We can save you money.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,
Cor. Liberty and George Sts.,
may 13 04 Westminster Md.

CHARLES E. FINK,

Attorney at Law
And Solicitor in Chancery

Office—Court Street, Westminster.
All business promptly attended to.

JOHN D. BOWERS.

To the people of Westminster and Carroll county, I wish to say that I have got the

Best Grades of Coffee and Tea

in the county for the money—Coffee of 4c and Tea of 10c better quality than present prices.

My Flour is the WHITE ROSE, GEM AND PILLSBURY, at low prices. All kinds of CERRALS. A full line of

FANCY BOX CRACKERS.

CANNED GOODS, at prices to suit everybody.

Whitman's Confections:

You all know the rest. These goods are the best in the United States, as shown by statistics. Also the highest classed. Prices ranging from 20c to 80c per pound.

We have HOT AND COLD DRINKS at fountain. We give one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of ONE DOLLAR, which entitles you to Hot or Cold Drinks.

Call—we will please you.

JOHN D. BOWERS, 47 and 49 East Main St., Westminster.
jan 23 04 1y 11 Both Phones.

THE LUMBER MARKET

May go up or down according to trade conditions, but our customers know that they are getting the

Very Lowest Prices

obtainable and well graded Lumber, no matter in what condition the market maybe. You will find our stock as large and as well assorted as ever, with prices marked

WAY DOWN.

The sales of ELK GARDEN COAL are increasing all the time which is conclusive evidence the public appreciate a good quality of Bituminous Coal. We screen all Anthracite Coal and sell it to you in any quantity.

We can and will save you money on anything you want in

LUMBER, MILL WORK, ROOFING, SLATE, SHINGLES and COAL.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.
Jan-1-99 Local and Long Distance Telephones.

MITCHELL'S ART GALLERY,

FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN ALL KINDS OF

Photographs and Large Work.

J. D. MITCHELL, over Bowers' Store, Westminster, Md.
KODAK FILMS FOR SALE. feb 19 04 1y

U. S. SEPARATORS.

We Hold The World's Record For Close *SKIMMING.*



If you are thinking of a Separator or have Cows for either Cream or Butter you cannot afford to buy a Separator before seeing the United States. We are the Agents.

THE W. H. DAVIS CO.,
Cor. Main and John Sts., Westminster, Md.
YOU CAN HAVE ONE ON TRIAL.
feb 10 05



FREE TO ALL CHURCH SUPPERS AND SOCIETY DINNERS IMPORTED JAPANESE NAPKINS WITH PURCHASES OF CHASE & SANBORN'S HIGH GRADE COFFEE.

FOR SALE BY

George R. Grumbine, Groceries and Confectioneries,

at the Forks, West Main Street.
feb 10 05 Westminster, Md.

WOODPECKER

GASOLINE ENGINES FOR THE FARMER!

3 1-2 Horse Power.
6 1-2 Horse Power.

Save one-third in price.
Save cost of foundation.
Save cost of expert setting.
Save two-thirds in attendance.
Save three-thirds of trouble.
Save three-thirds of shut downs.
Save three-thirds of educational expense.
Save CASH in fuel expense.
Save three-thirds in repairs.
Shipped complete ready to run.

Write for circulars and full particulars, or, better still, come and see our engine, made by the same firm.

THE BEST REPAIR SHOP in the COUNTY.

THE ATLANTIC MACHINE WORKS,
Westminster, Md.
sep 2 1y (C. and P. 'Phone.)

Funeral Director.

I wish to inform my friends and patrons that I am still in the

UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,

and having purchased a new outfit am better equipped to give entire satisfaction. In my seven years' experience I have studied up new process

FOR EMBALMING

which, by careful study, has proved an entire success. (Carroll County Telephone.)

JAMES M. STONER,
Pennsylvania Avenue,
sp 23-1y Westminster Md.

PRICE 1 CENT.

THE SUN

(BALTIMORE, Md.)

NOW SELLS FOR ONE CENT, AND CAN BE HAD OF EVERY DEALER, AGENT AND NEWSBOY AT THAT PRICE.

All subscribers in District of Columbia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Delaware and throughout the United States can get THE SUN by mail at one cent a copy.

THE SUN AT ONE CENT
is the Cheapest High-Class Paper in the United States.

THE SUN'S special correspondents throughout the United States, as well as in Europe, China, South Africa, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and in every other part of the world, make it the greatest newspaper that can be printed.

Its Washington and New York bureaus are among the best in the United States, and give THE SUN'S readers the earliest information upon all important events in the legislative and financial centers of the country.

THE FARMER'S PAPER.

THE SUN'S market reports and commercial columns are complete and reliable, and each day put the farmer, the merchant and the broker in touch with the markets of Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other important points in the United States and other countries. All of which the reader gets for ONE CENT.

THE WOMAN'S PAPER.

The Sun is the best type of a newspaper, morally and intellectually. In addition to the news of the day, it publishes the best features that can be presented, such as fashion articles, and miscellaneous writings from men and women of note and prominence. It is an educator of the highest character, constantly stimulating to noble ideals in individual and national life.

The Sun is published on Sunday, as well as every other day of the week.

By mail The Daily Sun, $3 a year, including the Sunday Sun, $4. The Sunday Sun alone, $1.00 a year.

Address A. S. ABELL COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors, Baltimore, Md.

Something New,

BUT 3 YEARS OLD.

THE GREAT King Whiskey, $2.00 A GALLON.

The equal of any $4.00 Whiskey sold anywhere. Call and try it at

A. C. Strasburger's,

NO. 73 EAST MAIN STREET,
WESTMINSTER, MD.
C. and P. Telephone 222.
aug-25-03

WALL PAPER AND PAPER HANGING.

A complete line of up-to-date goods can be found at our store. Estimates on

Paper Hanging and Window Shades

given without extra charge. An inspection of

STOCK AND PRICES

will convince you that we are the leaders in the business.

☞ No extra charge for country work. Look us up.

Respectfully Yours,
MATTHEWS & MYERS,
No. 80 E. Main Street, Westminster, Md.
sept-14-01-1y

F. A. Sharrer & Son

Undertakers and Cabinet - Makers

A Fine and Assorted Stock of

Coffins & Caskets Always on Hand

We have just had completed one of the finest Hearses in the State with which all funerals entrusted to our care will be attended. We are manufacturers and dealers in

FINE & COMMON FURNITURE

Spring Beds, Mattresses, Fancy Chairs, &c., which we offer at lowest rates. An examination of our stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere, as you can save money by buying from us.

F. A. SHARRER & SON,
Main St., East End, Westminster, Md
jan-10-1y

New Tinning, Plumbing, Heating and Repair Shop.



I HAVE OPENED A NEW TINNING, PLUMBING, HEATING AND REPAIR SHOP

at Junction of West Main street and Pennsylvania avenue, Westminster, and am prepared to do all work in these lines promptly and efficiently. Give me a call. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. & P. Phone.
FRANK T. SHAEFFER,
mar 3 03 1y Westminster.

Millers Items.

Mrs. Charles Lippy, near here, is very ill at this writing, suffering with liver trouble.

Mr. John A. A. Miller, of this place, and Miss Jennie Heindle, near here, were married at the Reformed parsonage, Manchester, by Rev. S. M. Roeder, on Sunday evening, 4th inst. The people of this community extend their best congratulations.

Mr. Lewis Seipp and bride, of Baltimore, are visiting the former's parents, here.

Milton, the 4 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Miller, had a severe attack of membranous croup on Friday, 2nd inst., and was taken to Baltimore at once, to the home of Mrs. Miller's uncle, Mr. John H. Landes, and Dr. Chambers, of the City Hospital, was summoned. When he arrived the little fellow's throat was nearly closed. A gold tube was introduced in the child's windpipe and by that means kept the passage open, thus saving its life. At this writing the child is still in Baltimore and is improving nicely. The family expect to see him return home this week.

Mrs. Lewis Seipp and daughter Rosa have returned from a visit among relatives in Baltimore.

Miss Fern, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Miller, who had been very ill with liver trouble, is able to be about again.

Mr. Oliver Bollinger, of York, Pa., spent several days the past week with his son, Mr. Emory Bollinger.

Mr. John A. A. Miller and bride spent some time the past week visiting friends in Baltimore.

Mr. Wm. Hare spent Saturday last at Hanover, Pa.

Miss Golda Lawson, the assistant school teacher here, is confined to her home with the grip.

Mrs. Isabella Bortner spent Saturday and Sunday last visiting friends at Hanover, Pa.

Orphans' Court.

Monday, February 12th, 1906.—Letters of administration, with the will annexed, on the estate of Lucretia V. Coleman, deceased, granted unto James E. Coleman, who received warrant to appraise, and who returned inventory of money.

Letters of administration on the estate of Anna C. Simon, deceased, granted unto Mary Ebaugh, who received warrant to appraise, also order to notify creditors.

The last will and testament of Ephraim Sharrer, deceased, admitted to probate, and letters testamentary thereon granted unto William H. and Henry H. Sharrer, who received warrant to appraise, also order to notify creditors.

Letters of administration on the estate of John W. Tracy, deceased, granted unto Willis F. Tracy and Charles H. Tracy, who received warrant to appraise, also order to notify creditors.

Elizabeth R. Shank, executrix of Otho A. Shank, deceased, settled first account.

Charles H. Smith, executor of J. Thomas Smith, deceased, received order to sell real estate.

Susan H. Turfle and Arthur L. Turfle, executors, deceased, received orders of court to sell personal property and real estate; and returned to this court report of sale of real estate, and received order ni si thereon.

Tuesday, February 13th.—Mary D. Roberts, executrix of Francis M. Roberts, deceased, settled her first and final account.

Amanda Dell, executrix of John C. Dell, deceased, settled her first and final account

Robert Arthur and David M. Shorb, executors of John Arthur, deceased, returned report of sale of real estate and received order ni si thereon.

The sale of real estate of Uriah Fuhrman, deceased, finally ratified and confirmed by the court.

An Accommodating Witness.

From Galveston times.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"No levity," said the lawyer. "Now, sir, did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him at the bar."

"Answer my question, sir," roared the lawyer. "How long have you known the prisoner?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten inches."

"Will the Court make the——"

"I have, yer Worship," said the witness, anticipating the lawyer. "I have answered the question. I knowed the prisoner when he was a boy of two feet long and a man of five feet ten."

"Your Honor——"

"It's a fact, yer Worship; I'm under oath," persisted the witness.

The lawyer placed his hands on the table in front of him, spread his legs apart, leaned his body over the table, and said:

"Will you tell the Court what you know about this case?"

"That ain't his name," replied the witness.

"What ain't his name?"

"Case."

"Who said it was?"

"You did. You wanted to know what I knew about this case. His name's Jones."

"Your Worship," howled the lawyer, plucking his beard out by the roots, "will you make this man answer?"

"Witness, said the Magistrate, "you must answer the questions put you."

"Great Scott! hain't I been doing it? Let him fire away. I'm all ready."

"Then," said the lawyer, "don't beat about the bush any more. You and the prisoner have been friends?"

"Never," promptly responded the witness.

"What! Weren't you summoned here as a friend?"

"No, sir. I was summoned here as a Presbyterian: Nary one of us was ever Friends. He's an old-time Baptist, without a drop of Quaker in him."

"Stand down!" yelled the lawyer, in disgust.

"Hey?"

"Stand down!"

"Can't do it. I'll sit down or stand up——"

"Constable, remove the man from the box."

Witness retires muttering: "Well, if he ain't the thick-headest lawyer I ever laid eyes on!"

"Mrs. Upstart is insufferably snobbish, and she used to be so nice."

"Well, you see, she jumped from poverty to riches and it sprained her mind."

"Mr. Buggins," said the attending physician, gravely, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone."

"Well, I'm not surprised," replied Mr. B. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for 23 years, and she didn't have a whole lot to start on?"

'Can you lay this carpet so the children won't wear it out?'

'Where shall I put it, madam—on the roof?'

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2302-0463