©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2900_scm2302-0639

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

was no station at the mine siding; but a clumsy 'pung' sled, drawn by the sire of all the grasshopper-headed bronchos in the mountains, was waiting for her.

Harding held the train a second or two while he put her in the pung, tucked the buffalo skins around her and handed her the small Gladstone, with the remark that it was heavy enough to be loaded with money.

Whereupon, she gave him a look that was beyond all his powers of interpretation, and her reply fairly stunned him.

'It is money,' she said coolly. 'Pardon me if I say that you are dreadfully and wonderfully indiscreet, Mr. Harding. Good-by.'

The driver of the pung gathered his reins, and the clumsy sled crawled slewing up the steep trail, leaving Harding with a cold hand clutching at his heart. Had he been duped, after all? It was beginning to look very much like it.

Having such good soil to grow in, the plant of suspicion throve like a weed. The young woman with the persuasive eyes was not on the return train that evening; and inquiry of Targis, who ran opposite Harding, elicited the fact that she had not gone down on the day train.

That settled it in Harding's mind, and when he made out his report for the up-run, he included one cash-fare, Denver to the Mary Ellen Mine, ten dollars of which he paid out of his own pocket, with a little prayer that the loss of the money would prove to be the worst feature of the case. Unhappily it did not. Two weeks afterward—an interval during which the little lady in black had been seen by no man on the division—Harding found a blue envelope in his mail box. It contained a curt dismissal from the company's service, no reason assigned.

With good friends in the local treasurer's office to demand justice for him, Harding fared rather better than the majority of his fellow-sufferers; by dint of importunate urgings Auditor Cairns was finally induced to divulge the facts in Case No. 29. On the night of December 7th, Conductor Harding had carried a young woman from Denver to Mary Ellen Mine Siding, collecting only five dollars, for which no receipt was given.

Realizing that he had no case in Auditor Cairn's court—that the Auditor would only laugh at him if he should assert that Cash Fare Slip No. 22,132, issued for full fare with the shortage made up out of his own pocket, covered the case in question—Harding gave up the fight before he began it. So for a week his "taking of it hard," as Targis phrased it, was the talk of the division; and then he dropped out between two days.

The dropping-out process simplified itself thus: He had a friend who was reopening an abandoned mine in a forgotten gulch in the farther Saguache. An all-round mechanic was needed; and Harding, whose railway experience began in the shops, took the place thinking of it chiefly as a deep grave in which he might bury his unearned shame.

His flitting was on the night express; the train which had so lately bsen his own; and he hid himself in the smoker lest some one should recognize him and point the finger of scorn. But before midnight the tobacco-thickened air of the second-class car drove him out, and pulling his hat over his eyes he went back to the chair-car.

He meant to take the first vacant seat he came to, but an impulse as indefinable as it was insistent sent him on down the aisle. Half-way to the rear he stopped short and stared like a man in a dream. She was there the young woman in black, sitting in the same seat as she had occupied on that other night three weeks before, with her small hand-bag in the vacant seat beside her. And behind her sat a man in soiled working clothes—the man with the hay-colored beard cascading to the third button of his vest.

She recognized him at once, as her little cry of dismay or surprise sufficiently testified. His first thought was to pass her by in silence; the next was a vindictive prompting to shame her, if shame there remained in her. So he sat down beside her in sullen rage; and if there were fear in the gray eyes, there was sombre wrath in the little black to account for it.

She was the first to break the silence.

'Oh, Mr. Harding—will you ever forgive me!" she began; and he broke in upon her roughly:

'No. What you have done is pretty well beyond forgiveness. I wonder if you realize what a despicable, contemptible thing it was. You led me to believe it was your necessity—the necessity of a woman in distress—and you made it a club to brain me with.'

'Oh, but I didn't!' she protested, and there was a sob at the catching of her breath. "How can you say such cruel things!'

'A broken man is privileged to say what he pleases to the woman who has smashed him,' he retorted.

She did not reply at once. The night express was ten minutes late, and Moriarty was apparently doing his best to make it up. They were out of the canyon now; had climbed the six-mile mountain at its head and were rushing down the long swinging curves in the snow-drifted park. Seasoned trainman as he was, Harding nervously caught the arm of his chair when the Irishman slammed the 215 around one of the curves in a way to make the cars heel and groan, and the flanges to squeal shrill against the outer rail.

But his companion seemed not to heed the quickened train clamor. She was sitting silent, and the gray eyes were swimming. Harding stole a glance at her, and all at once it was driven in upon him that he was this woman's lover; that he had been loving her from the first.

It made no difference that she had proved herself unworthy of any honest man's love; that she was a paid temptress who had deliberately wrought upon his sympathies to his utter undoing, and was anxious now only to lie out of it. Nothing would make any difference, he was thinking, when another surge of the car once more roused the train-man in him.

But now she was speaking again.

'You are hard—terribly hard, and a little unjust. Can't you think of any possible excuse for me?'

'No; none that a good woman could confirm. I suppose you will say that you have to earn your living, and that thief-catching is at least a legal trade. But I——'

He stopped in deference to the look of helpless anguish that was growing in the great-pupilled eyes.

'There must be—some—mistake,' she faltered. 'It was two days before I could return the money; my father was worse—they told me he could not live. I—I was afraid you might have trouble; but it was only a few hours ago—late this afternoon—that I learned what happened. Don't you know now—haven't they told you?—that I did what I could to make it right?'

His smile was a mere face-wrinkling of bitter incredulity. 'Did no one ever tell you how wretchedly you have missed your vocation? The theatrical syndicates are out with lanterns looking for such talent as yours.'

'You mean that you don't believe me?'

'Of course, I don't—though you'd make a man doubt the evidence of his own senses. But the facts are too much for you. There was a little transaction between us by which I tied a rope around my official neck. The details were known only to you and me. Yet they were reported in all their exactness to the auditor of the company.'

'No, no!" she cried. 'I told Mr. Cairns——'

Her eager protest was broken in the midst by a series of sharp calls from Moriarty's whistle. The car was lunging from side to side like the basket of a storm-driven balloon. Harding knew what had happened and tried to get upon his feet. The air-brakes were refusing to work, and Moriarty had lost control of the train.

One glance out of the window at the moonlit panorama hurtling past showed him where they were. One minute more and they would be at the lowest point in the grade, with a hill ahead to help to check the terrific speed. But a curve intervened; the sharpest west of the canyon. Would the string of lurching coaches pass it in safety?

Even as the query framed itself he felt the chair-car going. With the presence of mind born of other catastrophes, he snatched his companion from her seat, flung her into the aisle and covered her with his own body, anchoring himself by whatever death grip he could seize on chair-bases and foot-rests. In the act the crash came, and in the echo of it the world of consciousness vanished.

When Harding opened his eyes, chaos and old night seemed to have come again. They two, and none others beside, so far as he could see, were shut in the little cavern of broken timbers beneath a mountain of wreckage; a lurid mountain that was beginning to blaze and smoke and crackle as the fires spread from the smashed heaters.

His first thought was an unselfish one. 'Are you hurt?' he asked feebly.

'No; neither hurt nor greatly frightened,' was the answer, and there was a ring of courage in the low voice. 'But your head is bleeding. Can you turn it a little so I can get at it?'

He moved, feeling for space in the lurid gloom.

'I can't see,' she said. 'But perhaps I can tie it up.' There was a ripping of cloth, and a bandage was deftly knotted about the broken head. Harding sat up.

'Where are the others?—all dead?' he asked.

'No; they have taken them out from the other end of the car. Don't you hear the axes?'

Harding peered into the gloom beyond the little covert that sheltered them. Just then the flames leaped higher and he saw the body of a man—a man with a hay-colored beard—pinned in the wreckage.

'Not all of them,' he amended. 'There is one who will die with us—if he isn't dead already.'

'That man!' she shuddered, drawing back.

'Yes. Do you know him?'

'He—he annoyed me; that night when you helped me.'

'He won't annoy anybody any more. Tell me, little one; are you afraid!'

'Afraid of death?—no.'

'It's pretty sure, you know. The fire will probably get to us long before the axemen can cut us out.'

'I know,' she said, softly. 'I was hoping you wouldn't come to; it would have been easier for you.'

Harding looked at her with blood-shot eyes.

'Did you care that much?'

'Yes—and more.'

He set his teeth against a groan and measured the distance of the advancing flames. As he turned, the glass of a window crashed under his hand, and hand and arm sank in a snowbank. He cleared away the broken glass and scooped up a little mound of snow.

'We needn't die thirsty, anyhow,' he said, grimly. And then: 'Would you mind going on with what you were saying when Moriarty's runaway stopped you? It can't make any difference now, you know.'

'I don't remember what I was saying. It was all so terribly sudden.'

'You were going to tell me what you told Mr. Cairns.'

'Oh, yes. But first let me ask you: have you been thinking all this time that I reported you for helping me when I was in trouble?'

'What else could I think?'

'Yet, when you felt the car going over, you tried to save my life.'

For a single instant he held his peace. Then the hot breath of the fire swept through the wreck to warn him that the time was short.

'I guess there is no reason why we shouldn't be frank with each other for the few minutes we have left,' he said slowly. 'I know your business, and I don't know anything more about you—not even your name. But I've loved you pretty hard ever since that first night when you made the run on my train to the Mary Ellen. Sounds idiotic, doesn't it? But it's the fact, as nearly as a dying man can tell it.'

It was light enough now so that he could see the great pupilled eyes, and they were shining like stars.

'In spite of what you still believe I did?'

'Yes; in spite of everything.'

'Then listen: 'I didn't report you; I would have died first. It was that man,' she pointed to the unconscious one. 'He asked me a lot of questions after you left me that night. I tried not to answer him, but he had seen and heard enough to make sure of what you had done.'

By this time the crashing axes were running a frienzied race with the flames and voices from above were crying: 'Any more of you down there?'

Harding yelled his reply, and almost resented the interruption.

'If you were safely out of this, I think I could die quite comfortably now,' he said. 'You can never know what it is worth to a man to be sure that the woman he loves is an angel—the kind of an angel he's been picturing her. Go on and tell me the rest of it.'

But the gray eyes were full of horror, and she was once more pointing at the pinned figure an arm's-length away.

'See!' she said! 'the fire has reached him!' And as she spoke, the man came alive with the pain, let out a shriek of terror and lapsed into unconsciousness again.

'He is only getting his just dues a little ahead of time,' said Harding vindictively. None the less, he fell to work like a madman, digging out the snow through the broken window and heaping it on the helpless one. 'Now, go on,' he repeated, when the danger to the man with the beard was stayed for the moment.

'There isn't much to tell,' she said hurriedly. 'My father was the discoverer of the 'Mary Ellen'——.' 'That is your name?' he broke in; and she nodded and went on: 'The vein pinched out, and he wouldn't give up. Then he was taken sick, and would have lost the mine if some good friends hadn't helped us. With the money they have advanced I have gone up every week or two to pay the the men: you understand now why it wasn't my money I was carrying.'

'Oh! sure!' said Harding. He was making snowballs as she talked and hurling them into the nearest flames. It helped a little.

'Well, the night I went up with you father was taken worse. To save time I went back on the Utah Short line—they telegraphed me at the mine, you know—and until this afternoon I haven't been able to leave him. As soon as I got home I sent the money down to the depot for you——.'

'I didn't get it,' said Harding; 'but that doesn't matter—nothing matters now. Go on.'

'This afternoon Mr. Lightner, the depot ticket agent, came up to see father. He told me all about your trouble, not knowing that I was the cause of it. I went straight to Mr. Cairns—he knows my father, too—and told him all about it; told him I was the one who ought to be disgraced. He said he'd make it all right for you; and I waited till he wrote the letter——Oh-h-h!'

One of the axemen had slipped in the wreckage about, and his axe came shearing down to miss Harding's head by a hand's-breadth. As before, the lover's thought was first for the woman beloved.

'Duck under that beam as far as you can,' he commanded. 'I believe there is half a chance for us yet—if we don't stifle to death in the next two minutes.'

'But they'll kill you if they break through with their axes!' she gasped.

'Small loss—so long as they don't hurt you. After all the miserable things I've been thinking and saying of you I don't deserve to live.'

He snatched up the fallen axe, and since there was no room to swing it upward, he utilized it in enlarging the opening into his snow mine. Then with a panel for a shovel he fought the advancing fire with snow until he had burrowed leg-deep in his pit.

It was a desperate battle against odds, and they were both in the agonies of suffocation when the rescuers finally broke through from above.

'Now, thin; pass 'em up!' roared a rich Irish voice which Harding knew for Moriarty's; 'women and babies first! Quick wid yez; the fire's atin' into me bones!'

Harding would have passed his companion out, but she drew back and pointed to the motionless figure of the man with the hay-colored beard. At which the barbarian in Harding leaped to the fore again.

'No let him burn; it's good enough for his kind.'

She was choking in the dense smoke, but she found breath to cry out: 'You shall not have his blood on your head. Take him out, I say!'

'After you.'

'No; before me.'

'Are yez all dead down there?' This from Moriarty.

Harding groped blindly and laid hold of the spotter. 'If I save this carrion you'll have to marry me,' he said, doggedly. 'I wouldn't do it for anything less.'

'Oh, be quick!' she cried; and he tugged manfully at the pinned figure, dragged it free, and passed it up to the down-stretched hands above.

A stifling heartbeat later he had done a like service for his companion; and presently they stood with the other rescued passengers on the embankment, drinking in deep draughts of life-giving night air, and looking down into the roaring fire pit out of which they had just emerged.

'Oh, how terrible!' she quavered, breaking down like any woman, now that the strain was off. And then: 'Whatever shall we do now? We'll freeze if we stand here.'

'There is a hay ranch half a mile down the line. I'm going to take you there before the others find out about it and rush it,' he whispered. 'Come.'

She went with him, unquestioning; and half the distance was traversed before she noticed that he was carrying the money-laden handbag.

'Wherever did you get that?' she asked.

'I felt around and found it after I passed you up to Moriarty. It would never do for you to show up at the 'Mary Ellen' without it. The men would lynch you.'

'You are always good to me—thoughtful for me,' she murmured.

'No, I am not; I've been all kinds of a brute. Haven't I been suspecting you of a thing—but, never mind; I love you just the same. That's what made it hurt.'

'Really?'

'Yes. Don't mock me, please. I'm going to put my future in your hands. An hour ago I was on my way to bury myself in the mountains. Shall I do it now, or shall I go back to Denver, take the place you've saved for me, and use my off-time in getting properly acquainted with you? Don't answer too suddenly. It means a lot to me.'

She slipped a loving arm in his.

'Of course you'll go back to Denver and take your train. If you run away, people would say you had done something to be ashamed of.'

But Harding would not let it stand upon the leg of reinstatement.

'I care as much for such things as an honest man ought to. But that isn't the point: do you want me to go back?—just you, individually, Mary Ellen?'

Her 'Yes' was no more than a whisper; and then, lest he should be too happy, she added; 'Of course; father will be so glad to know you.'


# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



CASTORIA.

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


Perfect repose of manner is simply conserving vitality.

White vaseline is excellent for keeping the lips soft and smooth.


# SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCKS OF

SHOES, HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

in Carroll county and invite you to look us up before buying your Fall and Winter Goods.

Special strong lines of boys' and girls' School Shoes; also men's and women's Heavy Shoes. Agents for Walk-Over Shoes for men, $3.50 and $4.00. Dorothy Dodd Shoes for women $3.00 and $3.50.

All the new and up-to-date styles in men's and boys' Hats and Caps. Always the newest things in Shirts, Collars, Neckwear, Gloves, Hosiery and Suspenders. Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.

dec-23-04 1y



ORDER YOUR COAL TODAY FROM

# Smith & Reifsnider,

AND GET THE

Best Grades of Anthracite Mined.

All Coal Screened and 2240 Pounds for a Ton.

"ELK GARDEN" COAL helps to make the Home a Blessing. Try one Load.

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Slate, Roofing, Plaster.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.

jan-1-99 Local and Long Distance Telephones. Call us up at our expense.



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



# 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.



Machine Shop.

THE ATLANTIC

MACHINE WORKS,

Westminster, Md.

All Kinds of Machinery Repaired.

(C. and P. 'Phone.) sep 2 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



CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WESTMINSTER, Md.

Office No. 7 Court Street. 12 tf



WE will print you Sale Bills, Posters, and all kinds of Job Printing at low prices.



Up To Date. What?

J. W. Lockard & Son's

LINE OF

FURNITURE, CARPETS AND Buggies

We are showing the most complete and up to-date line of Furniture and Carpets ever displayed in Wesminster, and at prices so low as to be surprising, for the quality of goods. We invite all to visit our store before buying, and prices and goods will do the rest.

Yours for business.

J. W. LOCKARD & SON.

13 and 15 Liberty Street, Westminster.

C. and P. Phone. au 16 1y



Herr & Babylon

MANUFACTURERS OF

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

PHAETONS, RUNABOUTS TRAPS, JAGGER WAGONS ETC.,

announce that they are now taking orders for Spring delivery. Write us for prices before placing your orders.

WE PUT ON OUR OWN RUBBER TIRES

Orders Filled Promptly. All Work Warranted

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

AGENTS FOR SUNSHADE CANOPY TOPS

No. 56 W. MAIN St., WESTMINSTER Md.

Both 'Phones. feb 10 05



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-14-01-1v



Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS: Behr Bros & Co.,
Chickering, Blasius & Sons,
Hobart M. Cable,
Newman Bros.

ORGANS:

ESTEY

and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

☞ Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER.

West Main Street, Westminster, Md.

oct 16 tf



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 1v Westminster.



Regular Dinner 25 cts.

STEAKS AND CHOPS TO ORDER.

OYSTERS.

THE CARROLL DINING AND QUICK LUNCH ROOM,

WALTER R. DEVILBISS,

formerly of Carroll County,

118 PARK AVENUE, near Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

DAIRY LUNCH oct 28 6 mo



Charles E. Hering,

Fire AND Life Insurance

AGENCY,

No. 14 W. Main St.,

Westminster, Md.

(NOTARY PUBLIC.) ap 7 tf



Dr. JAS. E. SHREEVE, Jr.,

Surgeon Dentist,

WESTMINSTER, Md.,

Has opened an office opposite the Montour House, at No. 62 W. Main street.

He solicits your patronage.

Extraction, Plate, Crown and Bridge Work guaranteed.

Porcelain Fillings a speciality.

aug 12 1y


### Roast Partridge.

Pluck, singe and draw the birds; wipe carefully inside and outside; cut off the heads and leave enough skin at the necks to skewer them securely.

Put one tablespoonsul of butter into the body of each and sufficient salt, pepper and cayenne.

Truss neatly and cover the breasts with slices of fat bacon; after roasting for twenty minutes remove the bacon and roast ten minutes longer.

Dish each bird upon a slice of buttered toast and send to the table with brown gravy and bread sauce, or with cooked rings of apples filled with aspic jelly.

### Stewed Partridge.

Is a favorite dish for an invalid, as it is lighter cooked in this way.

Cut the bird into nice joints and fry with one teaspoonful of butter in a small pan about five minutes.

Sprinkle in one teaspoonful of flour and also fry; then add salt and pepper to taste, a few drops of lemon juice, a blade of mace, two bay leaves and a cup of water.

Allow to boil, then draw to the side of the fire and stew slowly till tender; it will take about forty minutes. Serve with apple and barberry jelly.

Two cows cost $40 each per year to keep. One of them yields you 4,000 quarts of milk a year, that bring you $86. The other yields 1,200 quarts, that bring you $26. The latter loses for you about $14 and reduces the gain on the former from $46 to $32. Why do you keep the 1,200 quart cow? You would be better off with the one that clears $46, for you would have only half the investment, half the work, and half the feeding, and you would gain $14 each year. There would be no surplus butter on the market for years to come, and prices would rule strong if the cows were eliminated which are kept at a loss. Dairy farmers have not yet half waked up to an understanding of the great practical importance of weeding out the unprofitable cows from their herds. Many a man would make a fair profit, that now faces constant loss, if he would keep only such cows as pay a profit on their keep.


CASTORIA.

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



THE PROTECTION OF THE TELEPHONE

Our service connects you immediately with store, market, city, physician and friends. It is always on duty, and the rates are very low.

THE C. & P. TELEPHONE CO.



50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.



Dr. J. W. Helm, New Windsor, Md.

Surgeon Dentist.

Crown and Bridge Work, Plate Work, Filling Teeth, and Teeth extracted without pain.

I will be in TANEYTOWN, 1st WEDNESDAY of each month. Engagements can be made with me by mail, and at my office in New Windsor, at all other times except the 3rd Saturday, and Thursday and Friday, immediately preceding that day. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

J. W. HELM, D. D. S., Graduate of Maryland University, Balto. C. and P. Phone.

jn 10 1905.



Protect Yourself From Loss

BY WIND-STORMS.

Wind-Storm Insurance Policies Issued very low and losses promptly adjusted. No charge for Policy to persons who have their Fire Insurance in this Agency. Drop a postal card to or call on

JAMES E. SMITH,

General Insurance Agent,

No. 7 Court Street,

ap-28- Westminster, Md.



Dr. G. E. Baughman,

Surgeon Dentist,

WESTMINSTER, Md.

All kinds of Crown and Bridge Work Teeth extracted; also Filling. All work guaranteed.

OFFICE 114 EAST MAIN STREET. OPPOSITE UNION NATIONAL BANK

sep 11 93



Charles Roberts Seabrook,

ARCHITECT.

102 CHARLOTTE STREET,

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

If you intend to erect a residence write to me for plans and estimates. Residential work specialty. feb 16



E. Oliver Grimes, Jr.,

Attorney-at-Law, and Solicitor in Chancery.

Office.—No. 186 East Main Street, Westminster, in the office formerly occupied by the late Judge Wm. N. Hayden.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to me. may 19 tf.



CHARLES H. MEDDERS, M. D., LL. B

1609 MADISON AVE., BALTIMORE.

Eye, Ear and Throat Specialist. Can be consulted SATURDAYS, at 98 East Main street Westminster, Md.

mh 10 tf



GEORGE O. BRILHART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

Office with Chas. E. Fisher, Esq., Court St. Residence New Windsor.



GUY W. STEELE,

LAWYER,

No. 21 Court St, Westminster

au19-9


### Mother. Home and Heaven.

There are three words that sweetly blend,
That on the heart are graven:
A precious, soothing balm they lend
They're mother, home and heaven!

They twine a wreath of beauteous flowers,
Which, placed on memory's urn,
Will e'en the longest, gloomiest hours
To golden sunlight turn!

They form a chain whose every link
Is free from base alloy;
A stream where whosoever drinks
Will find refreshing joy!

They build an altar where each day
Love's offering is renewed;
And peace illumes with zenal ray
Life's darkened solitude!

If from our side the first has fled,
And home be but a name,
Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
That we the last may gain!

—Mary J. Muckle.

### Philosophy of a Dyspeptic.

At a certain age a woman begins to worry for fear she won't get married, and a man for fear he will.

A flirt is a woman who gives a man the key to her heart, knowing the lock is rusty.

No man forgives unless he also forgets.

Happiness is the reward for being commonplace.

When misery loves company, the company may be pardoned for packing up and going home.

Whiskey improves with age, but the trouble is we won't let it.

Second thoughts may be best, if they are on time.

It is often the under dog that starts the fight.

The girl who marries her ideal generally lives to realize that there isn't any such thing.

After wandering through a cemetery and reading all the tombstone inscriptions one is apt to wonder where all the sinners are buried.

A man's age commands veneration; a woman's commands tact.

The social climber naturally wants to go to heaven because that is where all the best people go.

The size of a dollar depends upon how many you have.—New York Herald.

### Eggs and Egg Farming.

Changing the layers to a new house is apt to check egg production.

Eggs are made rich by food only; the hens has no other control over the flovor.

Overfat pullets are slow at beginning to lay, and then they do start are very irregular.

It requires at least fifty eggs for a hen to pay her board for a year.

Fowls that exercise consume more food than idle ones, but they likewise give us a better egg record.

For a continual egg supply, there must be early and late hatched pullets, as well as 1 and 2 years old hens, so that there will be some layers when others are broody or molting.

The egg farmer must be careful what he sends to market. His fate may lie in one bad egg.

After her second year, a hen's value as a winter egg producer lessens.

### This Language of Ours.

Baby Powder—Powder to put on babies after bathing them.

Insect Food—Not a parallel case.

Fish Food—Food for fishes to eat.

Sea Food—Different.

Horseshoes—Shoes for horses to wear.

Kid Gloves—Rule doesn't hold.

Baby Buggy—Buggy for baby to ride in.

Top Buggy—Not a buggy for a top to ride in.

Boot Tree—A tree to shape boots on.

Apple Tree—Not a tree to shape apples on.

Milk Cart—A cart to haul milk in.

Pushcart—Not a cart to haul the push in.

Kitten—A small cat.

Mitten—Not a small mat.—Chicago News.

### Household Notes.

Pumpkins are much better when steamed than when boiled.

Cheap kerosene used in cleaning windows make them smeary.

Dish towels should be washed and hung in the sun to dry after each using.

A few cloves added to coffee while roasting it will give it a good aroma.

If suet which is to be chopped is first sprinkled with ground rice it will chop more easily.

Dried and hardened lemons will become quite soft again if allowed to soak in cold water for a time.

Don't form the habit of running up bills; they only lead to overcharges and accumulative debts.


CASTORIA.

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


A bad-tempered woman is not beautiful.

Giving away to fits of anger will injure health.


A HAPPY HOME

Is one where health abounds.
With impure blood there cannot be good health.
With a disordered LIVER there cannot be good blood.

Tutt's Pills

revivify the torpid LIVER and restore its natural action.

A healthy LIVER means pure blood.
Pure blood means health.
Health means happiness.

Take no Substitute. All Druggists.


### Mother. Home and Heaven.

There are three words that sweetly blend,
That on the heart are graven:
A precious, soothing balm they lend
They're mother, home and heaven!

They twine a wreath of beauteous flowers,
Which, placed on memory's urn,
Will e'en the longest, gloomiest hours
To golden sunlight turn!

They form a chain whose every link
Is free from base alloy;
A stream where whosoever drinks
Will find refreshing joy!

They build an altar where each day
Love's offering is renewed;
And peace illumes with zenal ray
Life's darkened solitude!

If from our side the first has fled,
And home be but a name,
Let's strive the narrow path to tread,
That we the last may gain!

—Mary J. Muckle.

### Philosophy of a Dyspeptic.

At a certain age a woman begins to worry for fear she won't get married, and a man for fear he will.

A flirt is a woman who gives a man the key to her heart, knowing the lock is rusty.

No man forgives unless he also forgets.

Happiness is the reward for being commonplace.

When misery loves company, the company may be pardoned for packing up and going home.

Whiskey improves with age, but the trouble is we won't let it.

Second thoughts may be best, if they are on time.

It is often the under dog that starts the fight.

The girl who marries her ideal generally lives to realize that there isn't any such thing.

After wandering through a cemetery and reading all the tombstone inscriptions one is apt to wonder where all the sinners are buried.

A man's age commands veneration; a woman's commands tact.

The social climber naturally wants to go to heaven because that is where all the best people go.

The size of a dollar depends upon how many you have.—New York Herald.

### Eggs and Egg Farming.

Changing the layers to a new house is apt to check egg production.

Eggs are made rich by food only; the hens has no other control over the flovor.

Overfat pullets are slow at beginning to lay, and then they do start are very irregular.

It requires at least fifty eggs for a hen to pay her board for a year.

Fowls that exercise consume more food than idle ones, but they likewise give us a better egg record.

For a continual egg supply, there must be early and late hatched pullets, as well as 1 and 2 years old hens, so that there will be some layers when others are broody or molting.

The egg farmer must be careful what he sends to market. His fate may lie in one bad egg.

After her second year, a hen's value as a winter egg producer lessens.

### This Language of Ours.

Baby Powder—Powder to put on babies after bathing them.

Insect Food—Not a parallel case.

Fish Food—Food for fishes to eat.

Sea Food—Different.

Horseshoes—Shoes for horses to wear.

Kid Gloves—Rule doesn't hold.

Baby Buggy—Buggy for baby to ride in.

Top Buggy—Not a buggy for a top to ride in.

Boot Tree—A tree to shape boots on.

Apple Tree—Not a tree to shape apples on.

Milk Cart—A cart to haul milk in.

Pushcart—Not a cart to haul the push in.

Kitten—A small cat.

Mitten—Not a small mat.—Chicago News.

### Household Notes.

Pumpkins are much better when steamed than when boiled.

Cheap kerosene used in cleaning windows make them smeary.

Dish towels should be washed and hung in the sun to dry after each using.

A few cloves added to coffee while roasting it will give it a good aroma.

If suet which is to be chopped is first sprinkled with ground rice it will chop more easily.

Dried and hardened lemons will become quite soft again if allowed to soak in cold water for a time.

Don't form the habit of running up bills; they only lead to overcharges and accumulative debts.


CASTORIA.

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


A bad-tempered woman is not beautiful.

Giving away to fits of anger will injure health.