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Again we were fortunate in securing a quantity of
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as it has been carefully tested by the largest Hatchers in Carroll county, and for producing an even temperature it cannot be surpassed. We can give you reference from the best people of our county, who claim it is the cheapest because it is

SAFE AND LASTS LONGER THAN THE CHEAPER OILS
We also carry a full line of FOODS AND SUPPLIES.

OUR GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY LINE IS ALWAYS COMPLETE.

at the Old Reliable Merchant's **GEO. R. GRUMBINE,** at forks of road, Westminster.

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Staple and Fancy Groceries, Cereals and Canned Goods.

A full line of California Peaches, Prunes and Apricots.

The noted PRIDE OF WESTMINTER COFFEE, 18c per lb.; PRIDE OF CARROLL COFFEE, 16c per lb. These Coffees are worth as much as any 21c or 20c Coffee in the market.

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The best sold this side of Philadelphia, Pa.

We give one Soda Ticket with every cash purchase of One Dollar, except Sugar.

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Everything in Lumber and Mill Work.

OUR STOCK IS MORE COMPLETE IN
LUMBER, SASH, DOORS,
BLINDS AND ROOFING SLATE

than it has ever been and it will pay you to look it over before you purchase elsewhere. Now is the time to have us figure on your material bill, none too large or small for us to quote you on. Remember we carry in stock

Porch and Stair Work

and can furnish any special or odd work on short notice and low prices.

2240 lbs. Screened Coal for a Ton.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER, WESTMINSTER, MD.
feb-10 05

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ORIGINATORS OF THE LONG TON WEIGHT OF 2240 lbs. Clean Coal for a Ton.

OUR SUMMER SCHEDULE is now in force and it would be to your interest to get our prices and place your order at once. We handle only the PHILADELPHIA & READING ANTHRACITE COAL, which is the BEST IN THE MARKET.

BITUMINOUS COAL. The genuine BIG VEIN GEORGE'S CREEK COAL for Smithing, Steaming, Cooking and Heating Purposes. Seldom Equalled—Never Excelled.

Best Stock all Kinds Lumber at Lowest Prices.

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ALSO CALIFORNIA REDWOOD.

CONGO ROOFING A SPECIALTY. ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.
BOTH PHONES. Yours to serve
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Both Phones Both Phones

DOYLE & MAGEE

HAVING BOUGHT THE STOCK OF **LYNCH & STEELE** we are now prepared to give you one of the largest assortments to select from ever carried by any house in Maryland. We not only have the lines of

Vehicles, Farm Machinery, Threshing Machines, and Household Furniture

that we have carried but have added to the already large stock. The different makes of Farm Machinery sold by Lynch & Steele, at their place on Liberty street. Remember we have everything useful for the farmer. Do not forget the fact that we are

Headquarters for FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS

All New Seeds, as we have just received a new supply of Garden Seeds direct from one of the best known seed farms. Ask for DOYLE & MAGEE'S SPECIAL LAWN MIXTURE prepared especially for us by the grower. Something that will not only keep fresh and green during the hot Summer months but will keep green till late in the fall. jan25tf

Tell 'Em "No"

When they ask you if you're wearied out with living,
Tell 'em "No."
When they ask you if there's folly in forgiving,
Tell 'em "No."
Tell 'em "No" with all your might.
Optimism's never trite.
Put the pessimists to flight—
Tell 'em "No."
When they ask you if the world is bound for ruin,
Tell 'em "No."
When they ask you if there's always trouble brewin'
Tell 'em "No."
Tell 'em "No" and say it loud;
Say it open-like and proud;
Howl it out before the crowd—
Tell 'em "No."
When they hint the world's a hotbed of injustice,
Tell 'em "No."
When they hold that folks are foolish when they trust us,
Tell 'em "No."
Say it so they all can hear;
Yelp it out without a fear;
Spread your gospel far and near—
Tell 'em "No."
When they claim the world's unselfishness has perished,
Tell 'em "No."
When they say the things are dead our fathers cherished,
Tell 'em "No."
Laugh whene'er you hear 'em croak;
Give their sore old ribs a poke;
Treat their growling as a joke—
Tell 'em "No."
—Herald and Presbyter.

By Special Request.

—:o:—

Albert Ferrars was dying. As he laid here, friendless and alone—save for the kind attention of his landlady, who had been more than a mother to him—thoughts of happier and brighter days would keep flitting though his brain. He had been an operatic singer, a humble member of the chorus. He had fondly hoped that some day he might become a "principal," but it was not to be. Death waits for no man, and Albert Ferrars was dying with all his hopes unfulfilled, all his ambitious projects unrealized.

It was the morning of the last day. The dying man had passed a restless night. Suddenly he turned to his ever-watchful nurse, whom he always addressed as "mother."

"What is today, mother?"

"Wednesday, dear; why?"

"Let me look at the paper for a moment," he replied. As he took it in his hands his face lighted up with a beam of pleasure, and he burst forth:

"'Faust,' 'Faust;' how glorious!"

"What is, dear?" asked his landlady. Then she remembered that there was only one thing in the newspaper that had any interest for him—the opera for the evening's performance.

"'Faust,' did you say?" she continued. "That's one of the best, isn't it?"

"One of the best, mother?—the best, the best beyond compare. Ah! I shall never hear it again, never again."

"No, no, don't say that, dear; don't say that. We live in hope."

"Hope! No hope for me, mother. I shall never listen to the sweet music again."

After a pause he exclaimed, breathlessly almost:

"Fetch me a pen and ink and some paper, mother—quick, quick."

"Pen and ink, dear?"

"Yes, quick."

"What are you going to write about?"

"My beloved opera—'Faust.'"

"Who to, dear?"

"Marguerite!"

It was a grand night at the opera. Innumerable carriages were bringing the elite of society to the most fashionable entertainment. Many well known faces in the world of art could be seen in the crush. The popular part of the house had long since been crammed to the fullest extent by enthusiastic amateurs, all anxiously awaiting the opening bar of the well known overture.

One need not be told that the opera was a popular one—"Faust."

But there was a double attraction on this evening. The celebrated prima donna, Mme. Madeline Lili, was about to make her re-entree.

She had just driven up to the stage door with her maid. As they passed through the little swing door a bundle of letters and telegrams was handed to the latter.

They were carried to the dressing room and laid upon the little table, which was already strewn with the choicest flowers. As the great singer was in plenty of time, many of the letters were looked through at once. All, or nearly all, were from intimate friends, and of a congratulatory nature.

How happy they made the recipient feel. Her friends were true, and their good wishes did much to cheer her, and gave her courage to overcome the great nervousness from which she always suffered. One letter, though, brought tears to her eyes. It was as follows:

"Dear Madam—I was once a tenor chorister, and as such have often sung in the same opera with you. But, alas! I shall never do so again. I am dying. Will you pardon me if I ask a favor of you? It is that I may hear your sweet voice once again before I die. I know it is more than presumptuous on my part, but will madame spare but a short space of her valuable time to soothe the last moment of one who could die happy listening to the sweet notes of her angelic voice?

"With dutiful respect, madam, I am, your obedient servant,

"Albert Ferrars."

With tears dimming her eyes, the great singer could only murmur to herself:

"How sad! Poor boy, poor boy."

Instead of making her feel more nervous than she already was, that letter, with all its sadness, semed to put new life into her.

That letter touched her heart. That letter told her there was one who, in his dying hour, could think of nothing but her voice—"her angelic voice"—God's precious gift!

What better use could she put it to then to soothe the last moment of him who had asked such a favor in such a delicate manner?

Yes, she would go. Go as soon as the curtain had fallen at the end of the opera, and—yes, why not?—go as Marguerite, go without changing her stage costume. It was a pretty whim—a dainty thought.

"Marian," she said to her maid, as she placed the letter of Albert Ferrars in the bosom of her dress, "be ready to leave directly the curtain is down, without stopping for me to change. I—have an appointment."

"But Mme. la Comtesse de Triville receives tonight, and madam is—is invited, and has accepted.

"Oh, yes, I had forgotten," replied madam; "but after, after; I cannot go there till later, perhaps not at all—there, never mind," as she perceived that her maid was about to remonstrate, "never mind—time enough for la comtesse."

There was no time for more conversation, for madam was wanted on the stage, reception awaited her. She sang superbly, as was her wont, and the audience was in raptures. Encore after encore was insisted on, which, instead of pleasing her, only made her anxious.

She feared that the opera would not be over in time, that she would be "too late." Her mind was full of the errand of mercy she had set herself to perform.

She could not help picturing to herself the dying man lying there, gradually sinking, becoming weaker and weaker, and she felt that, of all the vast audience in front of her, there was not one who, knowing what she knew, would wish to detain her.

It was nearly midnight before the curtain finally fell. Without stopping to change anything, she, with her maid, was one of the first to leave the opera house, merely pausing to gather up two or three of the floral tributes that had been showered upon her.

Her order to the coachman as she gave him the address of the man she was going to see was, "Drive as quickly as you can."

"Mother, mother, listen. There's a carriage stopping at the door. I'm sure it's somebody for me. I know; I can guess. I am sure I am right. Run, mother, quickly; it is Marguerite."

It was Albert Ferrars who spoke. His quick ear had caught the sound of wheels, and his instinct told him that his letter was answered.

He was excited and overcome with joy. The exertion of talking so rapidly had brought on a bad fit of coughing, which left him well nigh exhausted.

Just then his landlady returned, ushering into the room one of the greatest artists of the day—Mme. Madeline Lili. She was enveloped in a long cloak, which was kept tightly round her as she advanced toward the bed. She was alone, for her maid had, by her directions, remained in the carriage.

"My poor boy," she gently said, as she tenderly placed her hand upon the sick man's feverish brow. "I have come in answer to your letter. I have come to sing to you."

"Ah, madam, how kind, how good of you! What can I say to thank you? There, mother," turning to his kind nurse, "I told you Marguerite would come—God bless her."

"Look, are you fond of flowers? I'm so glad," as he answered more with his eyes than by word of mouth. "Take them; they can be put in water after I leave you."

"I will never part with them, never," the happy man fervently replied as he pressed them to his lips; "when I die they shall be buried with me."

"Now, you must not talk like that," gently replied madam. I will not hear of such a thing. Tell me; anything, anything."

Then the great prima donna, the woman famed in both hemispheres for her power of attracting crowds to listen to her sweet voice, sat down on a little low chair by that humble bedside, and sang air after air with as great a finish as if her audience consisted of all the crowned heads of Europe instead of a dying man and a half frightened woman, while the principal listener lay with his eyes closed and a sweet look of unalloyed happiness upon his wan, white face.

Ever and anon he would join in, as a familiar passage fell upon his ear, and while his voice was far from being robust, yet it still retained much of its old sweetness. Suddenly there was a pause.

Ferrars opened his eyes and said:

"How heavenly. I dreamt I was listening to angel voices. Madame, how good of you; how kind, how noble. Will you sing one more—but one duet?"

"Yes, oh yes; many more, if you like."

"No—only—one!"

"Which one, then?" she asked.

"The Tardi si-fa' duet. I will sing, if I may, with—Marguerite."

Then in the stillness of the night and in the presence of the dying, like an angel's voice, rose the sweet notes of the famous duet:

It groweth late, farewell!

Ferrars joined in. The occasion seemed to put life and artistic fire into his weak frame, and he sang with surprising energy and sweetness:

I but implore in vain.

But he paid the penalty of the exertion. By the time he had finished

From yonder sun that shines
O'er thy beauteous features,

Shedding its faint but glorious ray,

he was thoroughly exhausted, and sank back upon his pillow with the death-sweat upon his brow. Marguerite continued:

Oh, what silence reigns around,

when, just as she noticed the change upon the invalid's face, she was stopped by a cry of anguish from the other watcher, who, in a hoarse whisper, exclaimed:

"Look, madame, look; he is dead."

It was true. Ferrars had left this world of care. The sweet tones of that angelic voice had wafted his spirit home!

Madame was silent for a few seconds as the tears welled into her eyes. She bent over the bed, kissed the pale brow, placed the flowers on his breast, and rose to go. She gazed for a moment on all that was left of Albert Ferrars, murmuring:

"Poor boy, poor boy; God rest his soul."

Turning to the other woman, who was weeping as though her heart would break, she said: "Remember his wish—the flowers," and left the room without trusting herself to say more. Her directions to the coachman as she entered the carriage were brief—"Home!"

La Comtesse de Triville's reception was a failure, for it lacked the presence of the great singer, Mme. Madeline Lili, who was passing a sleepless night, with one air ringing in her ears that nothing could silence:

It groweth late, farewell!

"WHEN TWO STRONG MEN STAND FACE TO FACE."

A STORY OF LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

(BY WILLIAM BUEHLER SEABROOK.)

Augusta, Ga., May 20th 1908. (Special).—It seems a far cry from the neglected grave of an Episcopal clergyman in a New England churchyard to the desk of a Hebrew pawnbroker in Augusta. Yet from one to the other has come a message that reveals the story of a strong, brotherly love that sprang up strangely between two men of different races and opposed religious beliefs, a love that had its birth in an accidental meeting and outlived years of separation to manifest itself even at the moment when the blade of the Grim Reaper was raised to strike.

In the winter of 1895, the Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, of Newport, Rhode Island, came south in search of health, and spent several weeks beneath Augusta's sunny skies. With an eye and ear quick to appreciate the local color that has made the southern states such a rich field for song and romance, the visitor was struck by the melody of twanging banjo in the hands of a negro servant. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he decided to buy a banjo, and chance led him to a store and pawnshop at 968 Broad street, where musical instruments were displayed for sale.

Mr. Max Tunkle, a clean-featured young Hebrew, happened to be in charge of the place of business; in the time it took to drive a bargain over an old banjo the two men "sized each other up" and became fast friends. As the days passed, Mr. Stone returned to the little store, and when he went north shortly afterward the two men parted as brothers.

From year to year the friendship was renewed, although Mr. Stone never spent any length of time in Augusta again. Once Mr. Tunkle went to New York and spent a pleasant day or two in the company of the rector. Later the Hebrew took unto himself a wife and one of the handomest wedding gifs was from the New England preacher. Other luminous little incidents occurred from time to time, and the friendship was strengthened by the passing years.

A week or two ago at Newport the rector lay upon his deathbed. Crowding upon his last moments were duties to family and to church, home ties and ministerial labors interrupted by the call that all must one day answer. But in this moment the friend was not forgotten.

Yesterday morning the mails brought to Mr. Tunkle a package and a letter. In the package was a great, flawless pearl encircled by a band of sparkling diamonds. In the letter was a message from the dead. It was penned by the hand of Mr. Stone's brother, and its words were few:

"When Henry came to die, he bid me send you this pearl with the assurance of his love."

There are unexplained marvels on earth and untold mysteries in heaven, but none stranger than the heart of man.

Today one man sleeps beneath the sod of a Christian churchyard, clothed in the vestments of a priest; across the still shoulders is spread the white stole of the Easter-tide. The other man sits behind a desk, breeding his dollars after the manner of his kind; across his door falls the shadow of three golden balls. Yet these two hearts were attuned to some one common chord.

It was of such a case that Kipling said:

"Oh, East is East, and West is West,
and never the twain shall meet,
Till earth and sky stand presently at
God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
tho' they come from the ends of the earth."

Socialists versus Anarchists.

Some otherwise intelligent people unwittingly class Socialists with anarchists This is a serious mistake, and it does great injustice to the Socialists.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the merits of Socialism; and as to anarchism, it lacks utterly any redeeming trait whatever. Our purpose is to set forth as plainly as words can make it, the radical, distinguishing difference between Socialism and anarchism, that our readers may not make the mistake of confusing or identifying the one with the other.

To do this we need but quote the words of Robert Whitaker. In an article in the Home Herald on Socialism, he says: "The anarchist is against present laws because he is against all laws. The Socialist is against present laws because he wants better laws. The anarchist would have freedom from restraint for all. The Socialist would have freedom through restraint of all. The anarchist says, 'Every man for himself.' The Socialist says, 'Every man for his fellow.' Both are dissatisfied with what we have, but the anarchist seeks a cure for the ills of our present order in unlimited individualism, the Socialism in a perfected fellowship. One would disorganize to save, the other would organize. One would disband; the other would unite. To call them the same is either stupid or dishonest."

It will be seen by this, in so far as Socialism aims at brotherhood, protection, and fair play for all, it embodies in its creed the "Golden Rule," and is in accord with the fundmental principles of the Sermon on the Mount.—Ex.

Shakespearian Slang.

The power of Shakespeare over the public is shown by the extent to which his phrases and even his slang have become incorporated into our language, says an exchange. Among these are bag and baggage; dead as a doornail, hit or miss, love is blind, selling for a song, wide world, fast and loose, unconsidered trifles, westward ho, familiarity breeds contempt, patching up excuses, misery makes strange bedfellows, to boot (in a trade,) short and long of it, comb your head with a three-legged stool, dancing attendance, getting even (revenge,) birds of a feather, that's flat, Greek to me (unintelligible,) packing a jury, mother wit, killed with kindness, mum (for silence,) ill wind that blows no good, wild goose chase, scare crow, luggage, row of pins (as a mark of value,) vive voce, give and take, sold (in the way of a joke,) your cake is dough. The girl who playfully calls a youth a milksop is also unconsciously quoting Shakespeare, and even loggerhead is of the same origin. Extempore is first found in Shakespeare, and so are almanacs. Shakespeare is the first author that speaks of the man in the moon or mentions the potato, or uses the term eyesore for an annoyance.—New York Journal.

Small Souls.

A leading member of the New York City Fifth Avenue Baptist church, from which the Rev. Charles F. Aked declared he would resign if its finances were not more equably conducted, said of the famous clergyman the other day:

"Dr. Aked believes in the generous conduct of church affairs. The small salaries paid to ministers, especially those paid in England, make his blood boil. I heard him tell, at a dinner one night, a story on this head.

"An English minister, with a large family and a small income, went to one of his deacons to see if he could not have his salary raised.

"'Salary!' said the deacon—he was one of those grim, cold, close men. 'Salary! I thought you worked for souls?'

"'So I do,' said the minister, flushing, 'but I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take a good many of your size to make a dish.'"

Italians are said to be a light-hearted people. Yet we've seen many of them in the dumps.

New York has a policeman called Penny. A good name for a copper.

A Certainty.

I am no pessimistic crank
Who thinks all things are tainted,
But one thing's sure—our office towel
Is blacker than it's painted.
—Harper's Weekly.

Division of Labor.

'One time,' said Secretary Taft to some newspaper men not long ago, "three ministers wanted to cross the Mississippi River to attend a revival at a place which boasted of no regular ferry. Brother Syles and Brother Beamish were fine specimens of humanity—at least two hundred pounds apiece—but their companion was a mite of a man weighing scarcely one hundred and twenty-five. They got a boatman to take them over, but in midstream a wave threatened to capsize the boat

"'Brother Syles,' said Brother Beamish, 'I think we had better join in prayer.'

"'Do you, though?' shouted the boatman. 'Wall, I say you don't! You two big ones come here an' lend a hand at the oars—an' let the skinny fellow pray.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

Some Quaint "How D'ye Do's."

A French journal has been looking into the question of how different races express "How do you do," says the London Globe, and gives some curious examples. The Koreans, for instance, greet each other with the remark, "You do look old," and no offence is given or implied. Persians say, "May Allah preserve your beard and cover it with benedictions." Among the tribes of Fiji Islanders the correct form of salutation is to pull one's ear. A Caroline Islander kneels before his friend, whose foot he grasps and slaps hmself vigorously in the face with it. In the Soudan a traveller was addressed by a native chief as "Mighty Sun," the said chief finishing up with 'Glory to' thee, O splendid Moon!" the remark being accentuated by spitting in the traveller's right hand.

Measure Cigarettes' Work.

Sphygmographic records, which are made by clockwork-and-trigger mechanism adjusted at the radial artery, are being made at the Kansas State Agricultural College from cigarette smokers by Prof. William A. McKeever. In the college papers this week appear five plates, which look like zigzags of lightning across a black sky. The are the records of the heart beats of students who indulge in "coffin nails" and "dope sticks." Prof. McKeever concludes from his investigations and cites his records as proof, that the habitual cigarette smoker's heart is very weak, excepting for the few minutes during which he is indulging the habit, and the pulsations at this time are very excited.—Topeka Special to the Kansas City Journal.

Story About Kipling.

Kipling, as a lad, was noted for his pluck and audacity in mischief. When he was very small his father took him on a sea voyage. The father became quite seasick, although the boy suffered not at all. Late the first afternoon a sailor rushed dramatically to where the suffering father lay and pleaded:

"Please, sir; call your boy. He's crawled out on the yardarm, an' if he lets go he'll drown."

"He won't let go," feebly murmured the parent of the reckless youngster as he sank back on his pillow.

A Sort of "Milkshake."

A politician who was once making a canvass of a county of Arkansas stopped at a certain farmhouse for a drink of water. Said he to the woman who answered his knock:

"I observe that there is a good deal of ague in this country. A great drawback. It must unfit a man for work entirely."

"Gener'ly it do," said the woman. "Still, when my man, Tom, has a right hard fit of the shakes we fasten the churn dasher to him, and he brings the butter inside of fifteen minutes."

Spring Suits.



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