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jan 10 08 1y

A CALL IS SOLICITED
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We open the season of 1908, with an Up-to-Date stock of Goods, bought direct from Factory, in advance, at old prices for spot cash and will be sold on same terms. We name in part:
HARNESS OF ALL GRADES,
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FLY NETS AND LAP DUSTERS
Trunks, Suit Cases, Grips, Baseball Goods Dressing Oils, Soaps, Leather, Hames and Chains and all accessories found in a first-class Harness Establishment, with no advance in price. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. We invite inspection.
OPEN AT NIGHT.
Respectfully, J. W. SHUNK'S
New Store, Bowers Corner, 43 E. Main Street, Westminster Md. sep 20 07

CHAS. L. THOMSON,
wishes to announce to his friends and the public generally that he has purchased the Bar ...tures and the Bowling Alleys of the
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Get on the Right Side of the Street
IT is a strange fact that one side of a street is always more frequently used than the other. Any storekeeper will tell you that.

Men's Summer Straw Hats now ready and on sale

$1.25 Wrappers now 98c
We are glad to announce the price of our Ladies' Percale Wrappers to their former price, - - - - 98c

75c Damask 59c
Another fortunate purchase of 72-inch Linen Damask, fully worth 75c. For one week only, we give you the benefit of this special price, - - - - - 59c

50c Japasine Silk 39c
To more fully appreciate this new Japasine Silk you must see the quality and colors. It is a new importation from Japan and we were fortunate enough to secure a variety of colors. This silk is 27 inches wide and worthy of your attention. See center table. - - - - - 39c

Vests! Vests!! 12½c Ladies' Vests 7½c
25 doz. Ladies' Vests, special value, taped neck, - 7½c

7 and 8c Calicoes and Ginghams 5c
This is a special lot bought last week. We offer, until sold, at - - - - - - - - 5c yd.

Hosiery for Everybody
Stockings for Women
35c Black Lisle 25c pr. 50c Black Lisle Comfort 3 prs. $1.00
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35c Tan Hose 25c 15c Black Hose 2 prs. 25c
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12 qt. galvanized Pails, extra heavy made, regular 25c sellers, our Saturday price - - - 12½c



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Important Clothing news for the men and boys of Carroll county, who appreciate and want style, quality and fit in their new Suit, and want also lowest prices. It will be your loss if you don't inspect our tremendous stock of handsome Clothing before buying
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We want you specially to see our $12 and $15 lines of handsome Suits. We have made a great effort to give biggest values ever known at these prices. Remember, we sell Strouse Bros. and David Marks Suits, two of best and most famous makers of fine Clothing.
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Buy your Working Shirts and Cotton Pants here. Will guarantee better goods and lower prices.
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FOR YOUR SHOES HATS AND
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We can show you the largest selection of
STRAW AND FELT HATS
we have ever shown at the right prices. Come in and look them over before buying. Remember, we have all the new things in
Neckwear, Hosiery, Shirts, Underwear, Suspenders and Collars.
GIVE US A CALL.
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dec 14-07 1y

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

President Abraham Lincoln's Speech at the dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery, Gettysburg, November 19, 1863.



Fourcore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little know, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

A Memorial Day Story by Junius Henri Brown.

"You say you love me, Clarence, and yet you refuse to join the south in her great crisis. We are pledged to one another and yet you would desert me and the cause I hold so sacred." As she spoke she disengaged herself from his embrace and burst into tears.

"Do not weep, dear Clarisse. It makes me wretched. I love you passionately, devotedly; but I cannot abandon my country, even for you. Patriotism, honor demands that I should not. You could not love me if I were dishonorable."

"Dishonorable? Honor should follow your heart. If you're not with the south you're against me. You must decide between me and the north. I am a true daughter of Louisiana. I will sacrifice my love on her altar. Decide!" As she spoke her anger arose; her dark eyes flashed.

"This seems more like temper than love, Clarisse. Do you really mean what you say?"

"Absolutely. Decide!"

He looked her in the face, pale with emotion and steadily hardening with intense resolve. The tears had gone, but their stain was on her cheek. She stood firm as a statue, her eyes all ablaze. No sign of relenting there.

Still gazing at her fixedly, he said slowly, "I have decided." Then turned on his heel, quitted the drawing room, stepped into the hall and into the street, closing the door behind him. As the sound fell on her ears she threw herself on the sofa, and burying her face in her hands sobbed out, "O God! O God! my heart is breaking!"

This happened in a private residence in New Orleans, in January, 1861, just after Louisianna had passed the ordinance of secession. It was one of a number of similar scenes that had occurred between Clarisse Dunoyer, aged twenty, whose great-grandfather had emigrated from France and settled in the province of Louisiana, and Clarence Burley, a native of New York state, who had been educated in Cincinnati and had gone to New Orleans six years before when he was twenty-three, to pursue a mercantile life. He had entered the counting room of Pierre Dunoyer, a commission merchant, and had risen to a confidential place and had become an intimate friend of the family, with every prospect of being a partner in the firm of Dunoyer & Co.

Thrown into close relation with Clarisse, a handsome, intense brunette, with many traits of her ancestral race, though distinctively an American, he and she had naturally fallen in love with each other; how or when neither of them could have told. She was a fiery little creature, enthusiastic in any cause she espoused, and a Louisianian, as she had often said, to the core of her being. He had sympathized with the south, especially since he had determined to make his home there, and had convinced himself that the north had, to an extent, invaded her rights. He did not believe, however, that there would be civil war, even after half a dozen states had formally seceded from the Union. If there should be he felt that he could not ally himself against the government. And when ordered, in an imperious manner, to decide between the south and the girl to whom he was engaged, he had decided as we have seen.

His course had been quickened by his consciousness of what seemed of late to be an overbearing disposition on herpart toward him. Aware that her father was rich and that he was compartively poor, he may have been suspicious that this was the cause of her arrogance. At least he thought he had given her ample opportunity to recall her dictatorial speech, and she had scorned him. "She cannot love me, after all," he said to himself, as he walked briskly away from her father's house. "If she did, she would not have driven me away so."

Clarisse would have run after him to beg him to return three minutes following her outburst. But it was too late. The closing of the street door was the knell of her hope. Still lying on the sofa she groaned out: "I've destroyed my happiness. I shall never see him again —never never!"

* * * * * * *

Clarence Burley lost no time in adjusting his affairs with the firm. His expressed resolution to go north amazed and enraged the paternal Dunoyer, who was delighted to learn of the high and proper spirit his daughter had displayed to her recreant lover. Burley returned to Cincinnati, observing with deep concern, wherever the boat landed as she steamed up to Cairo, the excitement and belligerence in all the river towns.

He was in painful perplexity until the news of the firing on Sumter had electrified the land. That aroused every spark of patriotism in his breast, as it did in myriads of others, and he immediately volunteered. Within a few weeks he quitted the city as lieutenant of a company in an Ohio infantry regiment, and performed military service under General McClellan in West Virginia. During the campaign there, in which skirmishes were exaggerated into battles, he gained a little knowledge of the duties of a soldier, and was promoted to a captaincy. He learned one thing—that he could preserve his coolness under fire, and that what is called courage is largely getting accustomed to danger. At first he had imagined that every shot brought down a man, but experience taught him how many bullets are wasted, and how many men in imminent peril escape unhurt. His regiment was transferred with McClellan to Virginia, where he saw war in a grander and more terrible form, especially after the commander in chief had been superseded, than he had done before.

The hottest engagement in which he took part as major—I have heard him describe it—was that of Gettysburg, which, with the capture of Vicksburg, should have terminated the conflict, for after that the cause of the Confederacy was hopeless. If the enemy had been less desperate nearly two years' fighting and hundreds or thousands of lives might have been saved. The southerners, like all true Amreicans, did not know when they were beaten; or if they did know it they stubbornly refused to make acknowledgement. It was valor run mad, but it was supremely unwise.

Burley, who is a very good fellow, and was a gallant officer, said to me one evening when we were indulging in reminiscences of the war, that he had no expectation of surviving Gettysburg. "I had a kind of presentiment that I should die on that field, though I regarded presentiments as rank superstitions. Nevertheless, I could not throw it off. The idea was not nearly so unpleasant as I had fancied it would be. In fact, I doubt if the assurance of death troubles us much when we have once accepted it. To accept death is to die. So I may be said to have fallen then and there. I reflected that very rarely can a man perish in a good cause, and that when he does so perish he is very fortunate. He may be a very ordinary mortal, but death under such circumstances makes him a hero and embalms his memory.

"Gettysburg was a big fight, and no mistake. Lee had nearly 100,000 men, the best and bravest he had ever led. They were confident of victory and that victory would realize their long cherished hope. It was their first invasion of the north, which had repeatedly been urged by the southern press, and they were convinced that it would prove their crowning triumph. The 4th of July, 1863, as they fondly imagined, would prove their new day of independence—independence of the detested north."

* * * * * * *

"On the first day," said Major Burley, "my regiment was with Howard's command after Reynolds had been killed, and we were successful at the outset by our superior numbers, taking many prisoners, but when Hill came up from Chambersburg and Ewell from Carlisle, with their forces, they drove us by their vastly greater strength. It was very warm work, the heat intense, dust choking. Our brave fellows fought like tigers. They disputed every inch of ground, but they were fearfully overmatched. They were steadily beaten back by the power of numbers. The enemy kept up a terrific fire. Men were dropping all around me. A tall fellow near me, trying in vain to stem the martial tide, and crying: 'Stand firm! Sell your lives dearly!" was suddenly silent. I turned just in time to see that a cannon ball had carried away his head, and his shattered trunk fell, with a great gush of blood, under my feet.

"A Confederate colonel, mounted and cheering his regiment on my right, was blown to pieces by a bursting shell. It seemed as if no one could live in such a fire of shell. The enemy suffered as terribly as we. A musket ball tore through my cap; another passed through my sleeve at almost the same moment. 'When,' I thought,' will it be my head or heart?' Destiny must have miscarried or I should be lying among the slain. Order and discipline finally gave way. We retreated in wild confusion through Gettysburg, having lost enormously in prisoners, and reaching Culp's hill, south of the town, rallied our broken columns and occupied a strong position.

"The next day Meade, who had remained ignorant of the action at Gettysburg, came up with the bulk of his army, Hancock having decided that there was the place to give battle. Lee confronted us with the mass of his men, and the pounding was harder than ever. Our forces occupied most of Cemetery ridge, and Lee held Seminary ridge opposite. Between the ridge in the valley and on the slope of Cemetery ridge the battle raged that day and the next.

The day was spent in a series of desperate assaults and repulses, and the carnage was great, but nothing definite was gained by either side.

"The third day Lee continued his attack on our right and left, but evidently underrated our strength and determined to make his strong assault on our center. Meade very early took the initiative and drove Ewell from the place he had gained on our right. But as this important result was never communicated to Lee, his movements suffered in consequence. There is no rational doubt that a series of Confederate mistakes caused his retreat and the sacrifice of the southern cause. Pickett's charge was the crowning blunder, and Lee was avowedly responsible therefor.

"Much of Cemetery ridge, which we held, is so rough that we could not employ artillery to advantage, so that, with 200 guns, only eighty were used. Seminary ridge, on the contrary, was very favorable for artillery, and the enemy placed 120 guns there and directed them against us; but our infantry was so well protected by the crest that they mostly kept out of harm's way. Our chief of artillery after awhile stopped firing, except occasionally, awaiting the next movement of the enemy. Lee interpreted this as the silencing of our batteries, and ordered Pickett to charge with his 20,000 Virginia veterans, who had not been in action. Lee intended to support them with his artillery; but discovered too late to remedy the defect that ammunition was lacking.

"Pickett's division moved down the slope and across the valley, only to be met with a fatal fire from our batteries all along the line. Never did men show more intrepidity. They went steadily on in the face of certain death. They were nefiladed; great gaps in their ranks were made by the awful fire and they gradually melted away. Enemies as they were I pitied and honored the gallant fellows—unflinching to the last. They charged over a low stone wall, behind which Gibbons' men lay, into the mouth of our batteries, and fought for some time with pistols and clubbed muskets. But our troops concentrated upon them and drove them down the slope, completely commanded by our fire. Unable either to advance, retreat or stand still, the poor fellows threw themselves down and held up their hands as a sign of surrender. Very few escaped. It was a piteous sight, a horrible carnage. I forgot myself in that dreadful hour, thinking only of the needless slaughter. That was the last great action.

"On the second night the Confederate army began to retreat in the midst of a storm. While we held councils of war the enemy slipped away. We might have crushed him completely and shortened the conflict by two years. Gettysburg sealed the doom of the south."

* * * * * * *

Burley had confided to me his broken engagement with Clarisse Dunoyer, which made him very unhappy but which the stirring events of the long strife prevented from preying on his mind. The surrender at Appomattox came, and he had received but two flesh wounds; both soon healed.

He went soon after into business in Chicago, where I encountered him seven years later in Wabash avenue. He told me he was married, whereupon I spoke of Clarisse and the close of the comedy, which might have been a tragedy.

"You can't expect a man," he said, "to be loyal to a woman who has virtually thrust him out of doors." To which I agreed. He invited me to visit him, and I accepted. I found his wife gentle and interesting, and his two small children—a boy and girl—intelligent and attractive. They appeared to be a most harmonious family, and I ventured the remark that he was probably as happy as if he had married Clarisse.

"By the by," I continued, "your wife must somewhat resemble your Louisiana sweetheart from what you have told me of her. She is small, slight, dark eyed and a brunette. I imagine you may have been drawn to her on account of this resemblance. I have known such cases."

"My marriage was as romantic as my earlier courtship. By a strange coincidence my wife is also a Louisianian and I met her at the end of the war. Her father, once rich, had died poor; her nearest of kin had passed away, and she was earning her own livelihood by teaching music. I tried to help her—I could easily do so, for I had made money in cotton, and my sympathy soon ripened into love. Adversity had developed and enlarged her. She was as strong as she is noble, as you will see when you know her better."

"But what became, Burley, of poor Clarisse Dunoyer? I confess I feel a deep interest in her. You should have sought her out. I am sure she loved you."

"Clarisse Dunoyer was lost"——

"Poor girl! I had feared catastrophe for her. How was she lost?"

"In Clarisse Burley, the mother of my children."

The Colonel Obeyed.

An incident which occured at the battle of Dranesville, Va., had a mixture of the tragic and humorous that makes it worth relating. The color sergeant of Colonel McCalmont's regiment was Frank Alexander, a fellow not counted particularly clever, but one who was infatuated with his office and his flag. While the battle was raging and we were slowly advancing Frank in his enthusiasm got far in front of the regiment.

"Bring that flag back to the regiment!" again shouted the colonel.

"Gol durn you, bring the regiment up to the flag!" shouted Frank furiously, and the colonel obeyed the order.

When Frank was afterwards taken prisoner he managed in some way to wrap the flag which was so precious to him around his body under his clothes, and so carried it with him until he was exchanged.—Philadelphia Press.

Yankee Fires For Confederate Baby.

General Grant had been a dear friend of my husband ever since the Mexican war. At the time our first baby was born the two armies were encamped facing each other, and they often swapped coffee and tobacco under flags of truce. On the occasion of my son's birth bonfires were lighted in celebration all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported he said to General Ingalls.

"Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line? Why don't we strike a light for the young Pickett?"

In a little while bonfires were flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service engraved "To George E. Pickett, Jr., From His Father's Friends. U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley."—Mrs. Pickett in McClure's.

An Unreported Wound.

"Mr. Wappleson," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "has a heart of gold." "Dear me," replied her hostess, "is that so? I knew he'd got hurt in the army so he had to have a silver plate in his jaw, but I'd never heard about the other."—Chicago Record Herald.

THE OLD CANTEEN.

Some time ago, the American Type Founders Company printed, in one of its specimens, the opening verses of the following poem. Something therein appealing to printers (probably Grand Army men or their descendants,) numerous inquiries regarding authorship, and requests for the complete poem, were received.

The words, by Horace Eaton Walker, were published in his "Lady of Dardale and Other Poems," in 1886.

This author, having had limited educational advantages, was compelled to eke out a quite precarious existence, and most of his works were composed while he was tending a slasher in a cotton mill.

I tell you, Jim, it ain't no use,
A soldier can't forget,
Those bloody scenes are just as fresh
As on the day we met,
But all the relics of the war,
The broken sword, I ween,
E'en knapsack old, there is none like,
The dear old tin canteen.

You recollect as well as I
The hunger and the thirst,
The mad career of horse and men,
Where rebel shells had burst;
But after all, you gray old vet.,
The best remembered scene
Was when we stole a chance to drink
From out the old canteen.

I know, as well as any man
That wore the blue or gray,
That war is hardship, e'en at best,
Tho' Victory crown the day;
But yet, dear Jim, you gray old bat,
You know the freshest scene
Was when you drank the last dear drop
From out the old canteen.

We were in Libby! Yes dear Jim,
We were among the first,
And Marathon, Thermopylæ,
The bloody wars of erst,
Knew not the woe of rebel pens,
The guard of haughty mien
But even there, did we forget
To love the old canteen?

Oh, yes, I know, the bit of rice
The hoe-cake and the corn
Like orient viands seemed to us
From dear old Plenty's horn;
But still, you one-legged, gray-haired Jim,
No memory is so green,
As when we risked our lives to kiss
The lips of that canteen.

But in the dust together lie
The boys in blue and gray,
The war is but a memory gone
Of that eventful Day;
But as we wander 'mid their graves
Where willows softly lean,
We dimly see thro' veiling tears,
That holy old canteen.

And while we bow above the braves,
That death, dear Jim, made one,
We must forget there ever was
A battle fought and won;
But if we cherish in our hearts
Some dear and holy scene,
Don't let the hallowed memory go
Of that old tin canteen.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

It was in the later portion of the civil war, when great calls for troops were in process of being filled, that notice was served on the adjutant general of one of the smaller states of the north that the quotas of some of the towns were not full and that the men must be forthcoming. Orders to that effect were issued, with the result that when the matter was closed there were about enough men for a single company. It was organized and sent to the front and attached to one of the regiments from the same state.

The first time this little body of soldiers saw service was at the battle of the Wilderness. The action was going on during one of the terrible days of that battle, and the shells and bullets were getting in their work. The captain of our company felt called upon to make a speech to his men, and he said:

"Soldiers, we are now up against the enemy. When the orders are given to fire, do your best and kill all you can with the forty rounds of ammunition you have. When you have fired it all away, you had better retreat. I am a little lame, so I am going to start now."—Boston Globe.

The Woman's Relief Corps.

Two little children who had seen a Memorial day procession decided they would decorate the grave of a favorite pussy that had been buried under the pear tree in the back yard. So they marched toward the spot, one behind the other. The first child, who carried a drum, was the band, and the second, with a tiny flag, was the Grand Army.

Before they reached the grave a lot of old hens ran in front of the procession.

"Shoo, shoo!" cried the band.

"Don't do that, sister," said the second division. "Don't scare them away. They're the Woman's Relief corps."
—Judge.

He Brought the Cows Home,

A boy whose parents would not permit him to enlist in the Union army was sent one morning to drive the cows to pasture on his way to work, taking his lunch with him. He did not return at night. He had run away and entered the army. For three years he fought without a furlough and returned with the regiment unharmed by Confederate bullets. He arrived in the old pasture at home just at "cow time" and leisurely drove up the same old cows just as if he had never been away.

Not All Gone.

A Confederate soldier whose command had run two days from Nashville had thrown away his gun and accountrement and, alone in the woods, sat down and commenced thinking, the first chance he had to do such a thing. Rolling up his sleeves and looking at his arms and general physique, he thus gave vent to his feelings: "I am whipped, badly whipped and somewhat demoralized, but no one can say I am scattered."

A No Sider.

The possessions of a farmer in the vicinity of Culpeper, Va., were in a district where both armies foraged. The old chap one day, surveying the streaks in the soil where his fence had stood, remarked with much feeling, "I ain't took no sides in this here rebellion, but I'll be doggoned if both sides ain't took me."

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