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### John D. Bowers,

Headquarters for Fancy and Staple Groceries. The freshest and best for the least money. All know of us in Carroll county. If there is any who does not know of us, call soon, as you do not know what you or your friends and neighbors have missed. Call and see and tell them. We have all

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at present. My Coffees you all know of. Whitman's Confections, which are as well known.

We give one soda ticket with every cash purchase of one dollar, except sugar, which entitles you to 1 glass of soda water free. Quick delivery is our motto.

JOHN D. BOWERS,

47 East Main Street Westminster, Md.

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Agent for two of the best lines of Shoes in the market for the money

DOROTHY DODD, for WOMEN, $3.00 and $3.50, AND WALK-OVER, for MEN, $3.50 and $4.00 per pair.

If you are looking for something good in WORKING SHOES we have them at the right prices. We are showing all the new shapes and shades in

## FALL and WINTER HATS.

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An Inspection Invited.

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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## NEW SALES STABLES OPENED.

Having opened a Sales Stable in the rear of 402 West Main street, will have at all times a number of first-class Horses for sale or exchange. Call and inspect stock before purchasing.

E. H. COPPERSMITH, Westminster, Md.

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## M. E. CAMPBELL, BUTCHER,

*Dealer in Fresh and Cured Meats.*

Highest Cash Price Paid for Fat Cattle, Hogs Sheep, Calves and Beef Hides.

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## Every Republican,

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FILL IN—CUT HERE—MAIL TODAY.

Please enroll me as a subscriber to the Sentinel for one year.

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## FOR SALE.

The Desirable Home of the late Nicholas D. Norris, at Eldersburg, this county, 3 miles from Sykesville. About 20 Acres of Land fronting on the Liberty road and improvements. All in good condition. Apply on the premises, or address

N. DORSEY NORRIS, Roland Park, Md.

jy 31 tf

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One 15 H. P. Stationery Engine, A No. 1 condition.

One 6 H. P. Portable Engine, good as new.

One 5 H. P. Engine, with Wood Saw, all mounted on same Truck.

One Small Grain Thresher, suitable for H. P., Steam or Gasoline.

### The W. H. Davis Co.

Cor. Main and John streets, WESTMINSTER, MD.

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## MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

### Fall and Winter Goods.

Children's Hats from 75 Cents Up.
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aug 21 3m

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SURGEON DENTISTS, are prepared to do all kinds of Dental Work, including ALUMINUM PLATE. First Friday and Saturday of each month J. E. Myers at Westminster office, J. S. Myers at Taneytown. Both Phones.

sept 25 08

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

JOHN T. KELBAUGH,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 2nd day of June, 1909; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 2nd day of November, 1908.

BARBARA A. KELBAUGH. MICHAEL S. BRILHART. Administrators.

nov 6 4t

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of Administration on the estate of

ELIZA A. FROCK,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 23rd day of May, 1909; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 23rd day of October, 1908.

JOHN H. FROCK, DANIEL P. FROCK, Administrators.

nov 6 4t

## Frank T. Shaeffer

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Respectfully solicits your patronage.

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F. L. H. GLENDMEYER,

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## HAIR.

Cut Hair and Combings made to Order by EMMA F. OGG, 99 W. Main St., Westminster.

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## Save Money BY BUYING YOUR FURNITURE AND Buggies OF J. W. Lockard & Son.

We are now showing the largest line of Furniture ever shown in the county. The styles are beautiful, the finish fine and our prices for 1908 will be lower than ever for quality of goods. As for Buggies we have a carload of special work here and set up for sale. We invite all to come and see our large stock before buying, as we are sure we can and will save you money.

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## Special Notice.

I will give 196 lbs of good Flour and 40 lbs of Feed in exchange for 5 bushels of good clean milling Wheat.

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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.

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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 9m

## Immortelles For The Tomb Of Heloise and Abelard

### In Pere La Chaise Cemetery

**Shut in by an Iron Railing. Unlawful to Climb the Fence, but a Silver Coin closes the eyes of the Guard, who Accommodatingly Turns His Back.**

(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Special to the American Sentinel.

Paris, France.

I shall never cease to regret visiting Pere La Chaise, the most famous cemetery in the world, for I buried there the lifeless remains of an ideal. The disappointment was in no sense the fault of the cemetery, but rather the result of a certain preconceived, erroneous mental picture I had formed after reading Guy de Maupassant and other authors, who use the historic spot as a background for their romances. I had imagined a dark, majestic garden with silent, shaded avenues, peopled by shadows odorous with the perfume of immortelles, and enshrined in some secluded spot the tomb of Heloise and Abelard sacred to illfated lovers. What I found was a literal "city of the dead," densely populated, with paved streets, only occasional lawns, interminable houses, a police system, and all the other drawbacks of the ordinary municipality; while the tall chimney of the crematory, smoking like a Pittsburg factory, seemed to carry out the illusion. It was difficult to recollect that the principal inhabitants of this community were corpses, for eight out of ten of the tombs were in the form of little houses, not vaults, but actual miniature dwellings, with front doors, windows, occasionally a chair visible in the "hallways," and for the most part topped by mansard roofs, although in the aristocratic quarters of the city flamboyant gothic and pure classic architecture predominated. Of course there were hundreds of statues, slabs and shafts, but these were in the minority. A moment ago I used the hackneyed phrase "aristocratic quarter," but perhaps it was well chosen, for here, as in any other city, the distinction of rank and caste are rigorously observed, not only preserved but emphasized so that he who runs may read. In one quarter are the marble mansions and brownstone fronts of the nobility and millionaires; in another the respectable bourgeoisie in their neat slate roofed homes, content to pass without pretense for what they really are; in another section are the parvenus, the neuveaux-riches, and how easy it is to distinguish them by their gaudy and ostentatiously expensive habitations.

Over the gateway of this city, as everywhere in France, appear the bitterly ironic words, "Liberte, Egalite, et Fraternite." Monstrous, mirthless mockery, true nowhere on earth, either in life or death.

In the northwest corner of the cemetery, in an isolated byzantine palace, surmounted by bulbous, gilded domes, dwells, I mean, lies—a Russian prince of the blood, and in a locality just to his right, the foreign quarter, as it were, the cross and crucifix disappear, and in their place is raised the Moslem crescent; by passing beneath a Moorish horseshoe arch, richly carved with arabesques, I entered an avenue reserved for the Musselmans, and strove, naturally in vain, to decipher the inscriptions. A sergeant de ville told me one of the tombs was that of a Turkish nobleman, uncle of the reigning Sultan. As everybody knows, the Pere La Chaise contains such illustrious citizens as Moliere, La Fontaine, Chopin, Cherubini, Thiers, Casimer Perier, la Duc de Valmy, Felix Faure, and numberless other great men—but the guide books and encyclopedias tell all that.

About some of the tombs there is a frankness, consistency and sense of the appropriate that is peculiarly French. Moliere's monument bears no symbol suggestive of grief, but is decorated instead by a series of laughing figures in bronze, embodying the soul of raillery and mirth. The tomb of a notorious alchemist and astrologer of the early eighteenth century, whose name I have unhappily forgotten, is embellished by death's heads, owls, cats and devices suggestive of the black art. More than one sepulchre bears the candid announcement that it holds the body of an atheist, a sceptic, an agnostic, a freethinker, or whatnot contrary to the Christian doctrines. Not exactly in any of these categories is a curious and impressive tomb on the slope below the Demidoff mausoleum. It was erected recently by the [redacted] maidens, not the rendezvous of pensive, love-sick, hungry poets. In lieu of lawns and weeping willows, I found hard cobblestone and gravel; instead of the expected circle of lovelorn damsels and long haired poets, there was nothing but a rusty iron fence. The spot was deserted.

If the romantic essayists are worthy of belief, it is a favorite French pastime to deposit wreaths of immortelles upon this tomb. Such is the particular function commonly assigned to the spot, just as the Alps is famous for mountain climbing, Coney Island for sea-bathing, India for elephant hunting, Heaven for climate, etc., etc. Little children hearing at their nurses' knees the pretty story of the monk and his charming pupil, gather huge bouquets of flowers and hasten toward the cemetery, school girls suffering from their first attack of puppy love weave fragrant garlands and fly to this sympathetic spot for consolation; yellow haired grisettes from the Latin Quarter, abandoned by their student lovers, deposit here the little pot of geraniums that bloomed in their garret windows, and then drown themselves in the Seine; gray haired couples totter hitherward arm in arm to drop a blossom and a tear in memory of their own departed youth; in fact all France, from the cradle to the grave, spends its idle moments in sentimental pilgrimage to this hallowed shrine. If you don't believe it, pick up at random any continental novelist and be convinced.

Judge then my consternation in beholding the tomb and its environs dry and barren as Sahara. Not a petal, not a tear. Was I, perhaps, mistaken in the spot? No, the inscription was distinct. It flashed across my mind that there might be two pairs of Heloise and Abelard, just as there are two brands of Baker's Chocolate in America, and that I might have happened upon the imitation. I decided to "insist on the original" and called a policeman.

"No," he had never heard that there was competition in the Heloise-and-Abelard business, and this tomb was the only one he knew of. Dissatisfied and disappointed, I lingered in the vicinity and marvelled at the mendacity of all the tribe of scribes and poets. The desolation palled upon me. Abelard in particular seemed sad and neglected. Reposing at full length in granite effigy, his disconsolate expression seemed to reflect the thought that he had loved and died in vain. A noble emotion stirred within my breast. I, a stranger, would lay my humble tribute at his feet, as an example to his forgetful countrymen. Moved by this lofty resolve, I hurried outside the cemetery gate, and sought an establishment dealing in floral decorations.

"A wreath of immortelles?"

"Certainly, for the price of one franc."

Diable, what had she handed me?

Blossoms, think you? Bricks. A terra cotta wreath, painted yellow and covered with bumps supposed to represent flowers, but really resembling warts on the back of a toad! A life preserver suffering from jaundice and smallpox! When power of speech was restored, I protested.

"But m'sieu asked for a wreath of immortelles, n'est ce'pas? Eh bien, c'est ca," and this vendor of flowers, this stonemason rather, explained that such was the species of funeral ornament universally in vogue. So I accepted the monstrosity and trudged back to find poor Abelard. A new difficulty presented itself, namely the iron railing. I reconnoitred but found no opening; the gate, fast locked, was rusting on its hinges. While collecting these discouraging data, I observed a detail that had previously escaped me. Abelard's feet, or rather the feet of Abelard's effigy, were encased in long pointed shoes, with the toes turned upward and on one foot was dangling a terra cotta "wreath" similiar to that which I held. Apparently, some admirer had stood outside the fence and skillfully launched his token through the air, like a country lad pitching horse shoes. This metnod of rendering homage to the most famous of all lovers seemed inappropriate, so I climbed the fence and laid my offering with a stony clang, upon the poor monk's breast.

It was at this moment that the policeman aforementioned arrived, in a state of perturbation terrible to behold.

"Mon dieu! Didn't I know it was against all rules to climb this railing?"

No, I didn't know it, but since he had told me. I offered profuse apologies, explained that I was a stranger, and expressed the hope tha I had done no serious harm. Then I essayed to clamber outside the anclosure, but the officer interfered.

"Pardon, m'sieu, but it is expressly forbidden to climb the railing," repeated he. Still supposing he referred to my original fault, I apologized again, but no, it was just as much against the rules to climb out as it was to climb in, and he, a sworn officer, might condone a fault committed in ignorance and with no guard in sight, but certainly could not permit another breach of the regulations to take place beneath his very eyes. I began to comprehend, and produced a small silver coin. The conscientious sergeant then discreetly turned his back, while I regained my freedom.

## —CHRIS—

BY Louise E. Thayer.

City editor Clarkson, of the Herald, found a note lying on his desk when he arrived at the office Thursday morning. He always found notes there, for that matter, but something about this one singularly attracted him. It had been very carefully folded, but the hand which had held it must have been far from clean for a dark streak showed plainly where the fingers had been drawn across the folds. It was addressed in a broad, irregular scrawl:

MISTER HENRY CLARKSON.

The city-editor unfolded it with impatience but, had he guessed its contents, he would not have begrudged the time it took to attend to it. He read: "Deer Mister Clarkson: The doctor said today I can't get well and I heard him tellin' father, on the sly, that I would peg out before tomorrow. Can't you come and see me? I know you're awful busy but I didn't know but what you'd come just to look at me. A feller hates to write 'good bye,' you know, when he's never comin' back again, and when he's goin' a long ways. If I should die before you see me, don't forget that I loved you and that there wa'nt nothin' I wouldn't have done for you. CHRIS,

No. 91 Mulberry street."

Clarkson put his hat on and left the office. As he rode down to the street in the elevator he found time to think how often the hand that had penciled the note, he still held, had rested on the rope at his side and governed the elevator until it landed him in safety on the seventh floor.

There was little sentiment about Clarkson, but he told himself he was sorry that Chris was so sick.

"Billie," the reporter of prize fights and hangings, had received just such another note as Clarkson's. Chris had always shown a particular fondness for these two and they had always been kind to him. They remembered this, now, with joy. Side by side these two entered the dirty hovel at No. 91 Mulberry street. Chris tried to raise himself on his pillow as they entered the room, but he lacked the strength. On the wall before him hung a crude lithograph of the crucified Lord.

"Halloo! Mr. Clarkson and 'Billie,'" was his greeting, "you didn't mind my sending for you, did you, as long as the doctor says I can't run the elevator no more for you?"

"No, we didn't mind," they said.

"You see," said Chris, "I've always loved you two and when a feller's dyin' he likes to have all his loved ones around him.

The newspaper men made no remark. They felt like leaving most of the conversation to Chris, who now continued:

"Besides, I thought you must both of you feel friendly to me, for I never played no tricks to bother you. I never filled your ink well with water nor plugged your typewriters so you'd wonder what ailed 'em. An then, too, you remember how eager I allus was to fetch in news."

"Yes," said the man who lacked sentiment, "we did feel friendly toward you."

"We loved you," said the man who reported prize-fights and hangings.

Here Chris strayed from his subject. Pointing to the picture on the wall, he remarked:

"I got that at Sunday-school for learning the names of all the books in the Bible. You see I went to Sunday-school every Sunday and that is why I ain't afraid to die."

Both men nodded.

"You see I learned all about God and how He loved me and allowed His only Son to get nailed to the cross there (pointing to the picture) to save me from sin. I'm goin' to Him. He ain't no respector of persons, but loves me even if I am a poor boy that ain t never done nothin' but run an elevator in the Herald building for $3 a week. And God'll take these hands, all sore and rough from pulling that elevator, and He'll teach them to play on a harp.

The men made no reply, but nodded to show Chris that they followed him. Suddenly Chris asked:

"Why don't you go to Sunday-School?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Clarkson.

"Used to, didn't you?" asked Chris.

"Once," answered Clarkson.

"Why did you stop, you must have had some reason?"

Clarkson did have a reason. He thought how he dropped into evil ways and bad companionship until he had been drawn away from the church and all the good influences of an early religious training.

"Why don't you go Billie?"

Billie shifted uneasily in his chair and looked at the little pinched face without making any reply. He saw the old family pew in a little country church and a blue-eyed little chap sitting there with his parents. Then he thought how worldly that same boy had grown.

"Religion does a lot for a feller," Chris went on. "It's made a new man outer me. Why! I used to swear once before I got in church."

Chris looked to see if his audience was duly impressed.

"I used to be just like other boys, but now I wouldn't swap places with any of 'em."

Clarkson and "Billie" rose to go. As they did so, Chris leaned forward on his elbow. "Good-bye," he said, "thank you for comin'."

Then he fell back on his pillow dead.

Clarkson, the man without sentiment, picked up one dirty hand and kissed is as he turned away. "Billie" sobbed and tenderly brushed the hair back from Chris' forehead.

"He's run the elevator for the last time" said Clarkson.

"Yes, but it didn't stop at the seventh floor," said the other.

This was "Billie's" crude way of saying things. He meant that Chris was in heaven.

### The Turkey Was Tame.

A gentleman who was buying a turkey from old Uncle Ephraim asked him, in making the purchase, if it was a tame turkey.

"Oh, yais, sir; it's a tame tu'key all right."

"Now, Ephraim, are you sure it's a tame turkey?"

"Oh, yais, sir; dere's no so't o' doubt 'bout dat. It's a tame tu'key all right."

He consequently bought the turkey, and a day or two later, when eating it, came across several shot. Later on, when he met old Ephraim on the street, he said:

"Well, Ephriam, you told me that was a tame turkey, but I found some shot in it when I was eating it."

"Oh, dat war a tame tu'key all right," was Uncle Ephraim's reiterated rejoinder, "but de fac' is, boss, I's gwine to tell yer in confidence dat dem 'ere shot was intended for me."—Youth's Companion.

### A Poor Time For Risks.

There was a sudden change in the wind, and the pastor of the Mount Zion Chapel saw that some of his parishioners drew their wraps about their shoulders.

"Brudder Wilding," he said, raising his voice and waking the old sexton in the rear pew, "Brudder Wilding, be kind enough to close all de winders on de eas' side ob de church. De wind has come round, an' we cyan't afford to lose a single lamb from dis fold, wid an outstanding debt on dis chapel an' two families moved out ob town."—Youth's Companion.

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