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$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 9, 1909. VOL. 78--NO. 15.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Spring Showing, Of the Latest Styles IN Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Oxfords

Our first exhibit of the famous "STETSON" Hat. (The name signifies quality.)



At the club or in the hotel, and you'll always find the

Stetson Hat

We handle it because it meets every occasion, for dress or for outing;—and it is the correct hat every time.

We have the Stetson Soft and Derby Hats in all the latest styles

Our first showing of Stetson Hats includes 15 various Styles and shapes and the celebrated self conforming featherweight.

Griffin Clothes are our Leader

More than 100 patterns to choose from. It will cost you nothing to come in and look at them if you do not want to buy. Perhaps our complete showing of ready to wear suits may suit your liking, from $10.00 up.



50 STYLES TO SELECT FROM. ALL LEATHERS IN STOCK

Dee Vee and Dolly Madison Shoes and Oxfords.

The popular priced kind that stand the wear and tear.

Special Saturday

25c	10qt Galvanized Buckets	12½c.
$1.25	Ironing Boards	79c.
$1.00	Linoleum	89c

STATEMENT of the condition of The Continental Insurance Co., of New York, Dec. 31, 1908.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 1,000,000.00
Total Assets	19,314,696.81
Total Amount of all Liabilities	7,997,946.33
Surplus as regards policy holders	11,316,750.48
Bonds and Stocks owned by company	16,092,065.00

State of Maryland, Office of State Insur. Dept. Baltimore, February 1, 1909.

I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract from the statement of the above named company.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Insurance Commissioner.
ap 2 3t

No. 4446 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County.

W. Frank Thomas, Assignee of Mortgagee, vs. Raymond P. Bankert, Mortgagor.

Ordered, this 2nd day of April, A. D. 1909, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause, be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of April, inst.; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.

True Copy Test: DAVID P. SMELSER, Clerk.
ap 2 2t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

CHARLES C. RICHARDSON,

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 subscriber, on or before the 29th day of October, 1909, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 29th day of March, 1909.

MARTHA ALICE RICHARDSON, Executrix.
ap 2 4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of

DAVIS MYERS,

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 subscriber, on or before the 16th day of October, 1909; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 16th day of arch, 1909.

WILLIAM PHILIP ENGLAR, Executor.
mar 19 4t

Transfers and Abatements.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons interested that the County Commissioners of Carroll county will sit for the purpose of hearing applications for transfers and abatements at their office, in the Court House, Westminster, Md., as follows:

April 6 for Districts Nos. 1 and 2.
April 7 for Districts Nos. 3 and 4.
April 13 for Districts Nos. 5 and 6.
April 14 for Districts Nos. 7 and 8.
April 20 for Districts Nos. 9 and 10.
April 21 for Districts Nos. 11, 12 and 13.

The Board will sit from 9 a. m. until 3 p. m. on each of said days, and notice is hereby given that after the sittings as aforesaid no transfers or abatements will be made to affect the levy of 1909.

F. L. HANN, Clerk and Treasurer.
mar 26 4t

CONDENSED STATEMENT

Showing the condition of the Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Dug Hill, Carroll County, Manchester, Md., December 31st, 1908.

Total Income during the year	$17,118 23
Total Disbursements during the year	17,710 61
ASSETS.	
Cash in Office and in Banks and Trust Companies	$ 497 04
Gross Premiums in Course of Collection	5,000 00
Building and Office Furniture	650 00
Total Assets	6,147 04
LIABILITIES.	
Salaries, Rents, Expenses, Etc.	800 00
Taxes	10 00
Office, Agency and Incidental Expenses	100 00
Total Liabilities	910 00
Amount at Risk in United States, December 31, 1908	5,930,679 00
Risks written in Maryland during 1908	297,899 00
Premiums on Maryland Business in 1908	278 71
Losses Paid in Maryland in 1908	9,585 28
Losses Incurred in Maryland in 1908	9,585 28

State of Maryland, Office of the State Insurance Department, Baltimore, February 15, 1909.

I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract, taken from the Annual Statement of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Dug Hill, Carroll county, for the year ending December 31, 1908, now on file in this department.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Insurance Commissioner.
mar 26 3t

FURNITURE SALE.

Having purchased of Edward Devilbiss his entire stock of furniture and tools, I am prepared at the old Chas. P. Baile stand, in

NEW WINDSOR,

to do promptly all kinds of

Repairing, Upholstering and Finishing.

In order to make room for a larger stock, I will sell the present stock, including

Beds, Mattresses, Springs, Chairs, Rockers, Couches, &c.,

at a sacrifice that will simply make them go. Remember I have the best

Five Dollar Rocker

in the county.

In connection with the above, I will continue in the

Undertaking Business

and as in the past will exert my best efforts to accommodate and please the public.

Thanking my patrons for past patronage, I remain yours for business,

jan 22 3m HARVEY BANKARD.

John E. Eckenrode Chas E. Eckenrode.

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SON,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

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

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

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

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

JNO. E. ECKENRODE & SONS, Cor. Liberty and George sts., Westminster Md.
may 04

FARMS FOR SALE.

Several nice small Farms for sale on easy terms.

Also several Farms for Rent.

For particulars apply to the George W. Albaugh Real Estate and Brokerage Company, Westminster, Md.

J. Ezra Stem, Treasurer.
oct 4 1 y

FOR SALE.—Residence on West George Street, Westminster. Good stable on premises. Desirably located. Terms to suit purchaser.



feb 26 tf DAVID E. WALSH.

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

An Amusing Incident tu a Naples Restaurant—One Result of the Phonograph Method of the Study of Languages—The most Improved Methods Cannot Supply the Would-be Linguist With Brains.

Special to the American Sentinel.

(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Naples, Italy.

The prospective European traveler, pressed for time, in a hurry to gain a smattering of French or Italian, is no longer compelled to waste precious moments in asking himself,

"Have you see the green umbrella of my aunt's grandmother?"

The old-fashioned grammarians, with their multi-colored parasols and ubiquitous female relatives, are merely a humorous tradition; the modern "methods" are scientific and practical, the modern "phrase-books" are crammed full of useful idioms and sentences, which come handy twenty times a day in dealing with hotel employees, guides, waiters, tradesmen and other people with whom the tourist is thrown in contact. But the best of teachers and most improved textbooks cannot supply the would-be linguist with brains. It is the same old ditty in a new tune,

"You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You can send a boy to college,
But you cannot make him think."

The complications which sometimes arise from the inherent stupidity of tourists, who have gained a parrot-like familiarity with two or three hundred "useful phrases," are even worse than in the old days.

Yesterday I was invited to dinner by a young American, a chance acquaintance whom I had first met at Capri and who was very proud of a certain knowledge of the Italian tongue, which he had recently acquired by the new phonographic method at Paris. To do him and the method justice, his accent was as nearly perfect as that of a foreigner can ever be—mechanically perfect—perfect as a talking machine—infinitely more nearly perfect than mine, which I had picked up from a clever but illiterate garcon-de-chambre in Marseilles. The difference was that I could say in impure Italian anything I chose, while he could say in pure Italian only what he had learned by heart. The way he ordered oysters on the half-shell made me think of a pianola. Besides, he did not care for oysters, cared no more for them than did the phonograph, which he had heard order the same dish twice a day successively for three months. The dinner was not a success. My sympathies were entirely with the waiter, who seemed to be a very decent young fellow. Certainly he was patient and long-suffering.

We were in a nice restaurant at Pausilipe, on a terrace overlooking the gulf, with Vesuvius in the background; it was a first-class establishment, and the service was, of course, immaculate, but my wooden-headed host had been accustomed to hear his blessed talking machine grind out complaints against everything, from napkins to finger-bowls, so he began to make a noiselike a tin horn:

"Waiter, this tablecloth is not clean, spread another."

It was the first time that I could recollect ever having been embarrassed before a servant, but I turned red as a beet and wished myself a thousand miles away. The waiter wilted as if he had been struck by lightning, but showed his splendid training by mastering his astonishment, bowing his deferential assent and bringing another cloth.

The next break was, if possible, still worse.

"Waiter," he cried, with a metallic twang in his voice, "this wine tastes of the cork."

Now, as he had ordered no special wines, we had been served with the ordinary red "vin du pays," which is conserved not in bottles but in large casks, from which it is drawn directly into the carafes for table use, and which consequently never comes in even momentary contact with a cork. Certain delicate and expensive French wines can, rarely, "scenter le bouchon," but common wine from last year's vintage never. Of course an abstemious phonograph could not have been expected to teach my host these little details, and when the waiter explained, with admirably suppressed irritation, my companion comprehended not a word. The thing that rendered the situation all the more trying was that he spoke with such a splendid accent that the persons whom he addressed were led to suppose him thoroughly familiar with the language.

Throughout the whole dinner, which was irreproachably served, he continued to make himself ridiculous. At one moment it was, "This knife is too dull; bring me another." At the next it was, "Bring us some fresh bread, this is too stale." With these outlandish demands, the harassed waiter gravely complied, and only once, after the incident of the wine did he permit himself to protest. It was in response to a request for a better quality of olive oil with the salade:

"This oil came from Aix-en-Provence, signore. There is no better in the world."

Among the dialogues this paragon of linguists had learned by heart was a droll little passage, which appeared originally, I believe, in the "Italian Conversations of Vergani," and which has since crept into nearly all the modern grammars.

The stage setting is a cafe; the dramatis personae are two gentlemen, Messrs. A. and B., and a waiter.

Mr A. begins:—Waiter, two coffees and two small glasses of cognac.

Waiter—Voila, gentlemen, will you take cream?

A.—Yes, thank you.

B.—Waiter, pour me out a great deal of coffee; presently I will tell you why.

Now pour me out a great deal of cream; I will explain my request presently. Ah, thank you. (turning away from the waiter). And now dear Mr. A., permit me to enquire after the health of your interesting family. (Then to waiter). Well, what are you standing there for, like a block of wood? We don't need anything. Waiter, (Apologetically)—You promised to tell me, sir, why you asked especially for a great deal of coffee and a great deal of cream.

B.—Yes, so I did, well, this is the secret: it was in order to help myself to a great deal of sugar. (Tableau: B. triumphant, W. discomfited, and A. filled with admiration for his dear friend.)

Probably every Englishman or American who has studied Italian has run across this truly remarkable witticism, and he with whom I was dining was no exception. Only, he had swallowed it without digesting it and when the moment arrived, he commenced, with a sheepish grin of anticipated triumph,

"Waiter pour me a great deal of coffee, etc., etc., etc., but the waiter, who had never studied Vergani's manual, and who was, furthermore, a model servant, naturally "missed the cue" and spoiled the comedy by retiring discreetly without expressing the slightest curiosity to know why "Mr. B" wanted an extra-generous supply of coffee and cream. He simply contented himself by making a double charge on the bill.

For the Sentinel.

STORY OF A CRUISE.

Westminster Boy Writes Entertainingly of the Cruise of the U. S. Flagship, Hist, from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to the Waters of the West Indies—Tells of a Court Martial and a Storm at Sea.

U. S. Cape Cruz Casilda Surveying Expedition.
U. S. S. Hist, Flagship,
Media a Luna, Isle de Cuba,
March 15th, 1909.

On the evening of the 13th of November, 1908, we silently steamed out of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, dodging the numerous ferry boats and tugs that ply about from morning to night in this vicinity, into the Harbor of Greater New York City.

The evening was very foggy and fearing to encounter the difficulties of ocean traveling under these conditions, the captain gave orders to drop our anchor off Tompkinsville, and soon we were snug for the night. The morning dawned on a glorious day and after swinging ship (this is a formality which must be undergone by every ship in Uncle Sam's Navy, in order to test the compass, before starting on any voyage of some distance) we pointed our nose to the South-East. The weather was beautiful passing Coney Island and Rockaway, in fact all that we could wish for until we were off the Jersey Coast, in the vicinity of Atlantic City, when old Father Neptune began to get in his hand and soon the "Hist" was trying in vain to stand on her head one minute and roll over the next to get rid of the mountainous waves that swept continually over her guard rails, washing her decks from bow to stern.

Our next difficulty was experienced in the engine room, which caused a consultation to be held between the captain and the navigator, the outcome of which was that we put out for the shelter of the Delaware breakwater four bells and about two o'clock the next morning we were snug in the shelter of her excellent anchorage. The next day we proceeded up the Delaware river, but it must have surely been our guardian angel's day out, as we had not gone a quarter of the distance when "full speed astern" to the engine room and a dull jar told us that we were stuck hard and fast on "Cross Ledge" bar, but an investigation showed us that it was not so serious as we had at first conjectured and rapidly throwing out a kedge anchor and "rolling ship," we were soon off again and proceeded on our way, this time more cautiously, up the river, dropping anchor off League Island Navy Yard at 11 o'clock of the morning of the 15th of November.

We laid here for exactly one month, during which time the engines were thoroughly overhauled and repaired and the captain, by virtue of the fact that the finding of the Court of Inquiry on the grounding, was that the captain was guilty of negligence, was tried by a General Court Martial and being found guilty of the charge preferred, was punci eratus, according to regulations governing the punishment of naval officers.

On December 12th, 1908, we decided once more to try our luck with the elements, and getting up steam slowly threaded our way down the river safely, until we reached a point almost abreast of the scene of the old trouble, when suddenly without the slightest warning we ran almost high and dry. This catastrophe proved to be after an investigation, of a more serious nature than the former one, and the combined efforts of the crew and propelling machinery failed to move her. We now were called upon to face even a more serious danger, for as the tide was rapidly going out the ship soon had a list to port, and when the list continued getting greater until it registered at 5 degrees, the captain gave orders to get everything ready for abandoning ship.

All the boats were lowered and brought around to the Port side of the ship and the more important papers and articles of equipage placed in them, but fortunately for us the incoming tide saved us and when the list had attained a maximum figure of 2½ degrees she slowly began to right herself until at high water we were able to safely steam off the point of grounding. The captain decided not to report this accident until he reached the Naval Station at KeyWest, Fla., as we were already over two months behind our schedule and as he had sent his family on to Cuba to anticipate his coming later on, he did not wish to be delayed by another Court of Inquiry and probably another Court-Martial.

The weather from this time on until we sighted the Coast of South Carolina was even more than we could have po sibly wished for. Even when passing the "Burial Ground of the Atlantic," grim old Hatteras, there was scarcely a ripple on the face of the Atlantic.

We steamed into Charleston on the morning of December 20th, passing historic old Sumter abeam at 10.00 o'clock. The first view of this city, visible from the lower entrance to the harbor, is probably the most beautiful scene to be looked on, entering the harbor of any city in the East. The grand old southern mansions vie with each other in throwing out their splendid welcome to the incoming mariner. The very air you breathe seems to be filled with the old Southern hospitality. However the scene fades rapidly as you go up the river and is soon lost to sight when you get in the vicinity of the Navy Yard. We lost no time here but coaled rapidly and got underway for Key West, Florida. The splendid weather remained unchanged and the long and dreary coast of Florida was passed by without a murmur from either wind or wave, and on the morning of the 23rd we sighted Key West. Here, as at Charleston, we lost no time but coaled and got underway on the morning of Christmas Eve, for Guantanamo, Cuba. Your first view of Key West, the principal city of Florida for years, makes the picture which you had portrayed in your mind a dismal failure and you find yourself saying that you could see enough of Key West from the guard rail of the ship.

If Father Neptune and the elements had forgotten us on our way from Philadelphia to Key West they certainly took special pains to look us up on the trip from Key West to Guantanamo, Cuba, and leaving Key West in the very teeth of a gale, by night we were doing stunts that would have made a circus tumbler turn green with envy.

Christmas Day, 1908, shall ever be remembered by the crew, oddly enough, of the U. S. S. Hist, for a sicker and more forlorn looking crowd you couldn't have found on that holiday by scouring forty states. The paymaster happily condescended to put off the annual dinner until we reached the Naval Station at Guantanamo, Cuba. Nor did Christmas Day finish it, but for five long days and five longer nights we were tossed about at the mercy of the waves, sometimes making progress against the heavy ground swells but oftimes being driven back if anything by the great wall of salt water that seemed determined that we should not go on. All day and the best of the night on deck, every wave washing her from bow to stern and giving the crew scattered about on the quarter-deck, with a good grip on some stancion, or other firm object, a salt-water bath up to their necks. A few were unfortunate enough to be on duty on the bridge in the roughest of it and these were soon soaking wet after they had gone on. To get any rest whatever it was necessary to lash yourself in your bunk and then you couldn't rest in reality unless you positively were worn out and slept from sheer exhaustion, as every large wave that would strike dead ahead would cause her to quiver from bow to stern.

On the glorious morning of January 1st, 1909, there was many a prayer went heavenward for our deliverance as we slowly steamed into the Bay of Guantanamo and were once more safe from the briny deep and Davy Jones' Locker.

Here, although turkey was forty six cents a pound, the paymaster held up to his promise and gave us our Christmas dinner, and I can honestly say that full justice was done to the same if justice was ever done to a dinner, as many a belt had been taken in a few holes on the trip down, speaking figuratively, as the belt does not form a part of the navy uniform. Here we first donned our white clothes as the change in climate made it necessary. We tarried here from 1st to 2nd inclusive and on the morning of the 3rd got underway for our headquarters, Media a Luna (Half-Moon) which we reached on the next day at noon and found barge 123 awaiting us, together with full complement of civilian surveyors, recorders, topographical draftsmen, etc.

Since that time up to the present time we have been surveying the Great Banks of Buena Esperanza and our progress up to the present time has been excellent and we expect to return to the States on or about the 1st of June. On the return trip we will round Cape St. Antonia instead of Cape Macey and stop at a small bay about 90 miles east of Havana for a preliminary survey to be completed next season.

There are no towns of any great importance on this side in our vicinity, with the exception of Santiago and Manzanillo. Numerous other small towns are scattered along the coast, but these are principally large sugar mills and the men who work in them. Among these are Niquero, Media Luna, San Ramon, Central Teresa, Campechuela and a few others. The climate here at the present time is very pleasant as a general rule, although at times the thermometer soars up to 100 degrees during the day, but the evenings are usually accompanied by a cool breeze from the sea and being on the water, it makes it much more comfortable for us than if we were on land, and by virtue of this same reason we are not subjected as much as those on land to the heavy dews which are so very evident in this part of the country and which are to a great extent responsible for the great amount of malaria that is contracted in this part of the world.

The people are generally dependent on what they can earn at the sugar mills and in the cane brakes, these being owned in a few instances by Americans, but as a general rule by either Englishmen or Scotchmen. These sugar mills are all powerful and issue their own currency, which is accepted at all the stores in the town and redeemed in turn by the sugar firm, at about ninety cents on the dollar.

The people live in huts that are made principally from the production of the palm tree, one story and no floors, although some of the better to do class in the small towns build their huts of boards and have floors in their houses but these are very infrequent. These huts however are only seen in these small towns and at Manzanillo you will find the old Spanish style of house, one story with unusually high ceilings, marble floors and bars in front of all windows give them the appearance of a long string of jails. They have a Plaza here and on Sunday nights a band renders some very nice music while the people promenade around.

The people in general seem very partial to Americans but there are a great many of the lower classes who seem to be in entire ignorance of all that we have done and are still doing for them, and in consequence are very unfriendly. This however may be the outcome of some ill treatment at the hands of our predecessors.

Finally of one thing I am positive that there will be no tears shed, except of joy, when the "Hist" breaks her homeward bound pennant on or about June 1st, and we are once more on our way to civilization, Le Grand Estados Unidos.

(The above article was taken from notes in the diary of the undersigned, written while undergoing the above mentioned trip.)

FRED R. BUCKINGHAM,
Yeoman 2nd Class, U. S Navy.

In the Grand Stand.

Shortly after Bob and Nellie became engaged, Nellie insisted on going to a ball game.

"I just dote on baseball," she told Bob.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" asked Bob, who liked to sit on the bleachers, where he could see better and seats were cheaper. When a fellow is engaged to be married he'd better be counting up the cost of everything—even baseball games.

"But you know, Bob, now that we're engaged and know we're going to live with each other all our lives, I must take an interest in the things which interest you."

Now wasn't that nice of Nellie?

So they went to the game and sat in the grandstand.

"What's that?" asked Nellie, as a batter popped up a little fly back of the catcher.

"That's a foul," said Bob.

"A foul? Oh, my. And what is that thing he's pounding with his bat"

"That's the plate—the home plate."

"Oh, Bob, what did he do then?" And Nellie clapped her hands joyously, as she saw the other ladies do.

"He pounded out a fly," said Bob.

"Baseball reminds me of the kitchen. I'm so glad I came."

"The kitchen?"

"Yes—the batter, the fouls, the plate and the flies."

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Bob. "Try to become interested in the real points of the game, dear. Keep your eye on the diamond."

"The diamond?" Nellie's eyes sought her left hand. "You didn't give me one, Bob—nothing but a plain gold band."

Bob kicked himself and wished he'd eft Nellie at home.

"Watch the struggle now, Nell; keep track of the hits, see how the men go out and finally, the difficulty some of them have in getting home."

"Oh, Bob, that's just like marriage, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Why, the men going out and the—the difficulty in getting home."

"Say, I'm tired of this game; it's no good," said Bob. "Let's go."

And all the way back to town Nellie was wondering why he looked so sour. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Tested.

The proprietor of a tanyard was anxious to fix a suitable sign to his premises. Finally a happy thought struck him.

He bored a hole through the door post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemnfaced man standing near the door, looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir!" he said.

"Good morning!" said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Do you want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Perhaps you've got some hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for nearly an hour, trying to find out how that calf got through that hole."

A Sympathetic Farmer.

A large touring automobile containing a man and his wife met a load of hay in a very narrow road. The woman declared that the farmer must back out, but her husband contended that she was unreasonable.

"But you can't back the automobile so far," she said, and I don't intend to move for anybody. Besides he should have seen us."

The husband pointed out that this was impossible, owing to an abrupt turn in the road.

"I don't care," she insisted. "I won't move if I have to stay here all night."

Her husband was starting to argue the matter, when the farmer, who had been sitting quietly on the hay, interrupted:

"Never mind sir!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "I'll try to back out. I've got one just like her at home."

Settled.

Two men in a restaurant were disputing as to what a pineapple really was. One insisted that it was a fruit and the other insisted it was a vegetable. The men finally decided to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called.

"Waiter," said one of them, "is a pineapple a fruit or is it a vegetable?"

"It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is a hextra!"—Harper's Weekly.

Light Diet.

A certain father who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations is often surprised by their mental agility. He recently asked them to tell him "what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment."

"The moth!" one of them shouted confidently. "It eats nothing but holes."—Youth's Companion.



NAPOLEON did things without MUCH TALKING

Let us therefore in a few words explain:

That We Sell Best Grades of Coal
That We deliver Promptly
That We Give Full Weight
That We Screen Our Coal
That We Want Your Trade

Yours truly
Smith & Reifsnider,
Westminster, Md.

Sawed and Split Wood.

STEWART'S

corner Main and John Sts., for

Groceries and Queensware.
The best Coffee for 16c per pound in the city.
Fine blend at 18c per pound.
Teas a specialty.
Colored Candles for Birthday Parties, Receptions, etc. Something new.
A large assortment of Chamber Sets, $1.98 to $10.00.
Lamp Goods of all kinds.
Electric Globes and Gas Mantels.

Agent for Victor Talking Machines.
FRANK S. STEWART,
cor. Main and John Sts., Westminster.
ju 26

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.,

HARTFORD, CONN.

Total Admitted Assets	$20,434,816.61
Total Liabilities	13,373,224.23
Surplus to Policy-holders	7,061,592.38

State of Maryland, Office of the State Insurance Department, Baltimore, January 22, 1909.

I hereby certify that the above is a true abstract taken from the Annual Statement of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., for the year ending December 31, 1908, now on file in this Department.

BENJ. F. CROUSE, Insurance Commissioner.

J. HOFFMAN FUSS, Agent, Westminster.
mar 26 3t

New Coal and Wood Yard.

I beg to announce to my friends and the public generally that I have added to my stock of

WOOD AND LUMBER

a complete line of

High Grade ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COAL,

which will be sold at rock bottom prices.

In addition it may not be amiss to say that I consider 2240 pounds to constitute a ton, and will deliver same accordingly.

Wood by the Cord, or Sawed and Split at a sacrifice for the next 30 days.

Yours to serve,
GEORGE W. STAIR,
Office and Yard East Green St., near Railroad Bridge. C. & P. Phone.
sept 18 1y

LET THE WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS DO YOUR FEED GRINDING

AND SUPPLY YOUR WANTS IN THE WAY OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, etc.

FLOUR AND FEED given in exchange for Wheat.

Makers of "Swain's Best" Flour.

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.

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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

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22 W. Main St.,
Westminster, Md.
dec 14 08

LICENSE NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons and bodies, corporate or politic, to whom it may concern, that they

MUST OBTAIN A LICENSE,

or renew the same, on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1909,

according to the provisions of the Code of Public Laws of the State of Maryland.

J. BELT TOWNSHEND,
mar 27 6t Sheriff of Carroll county.

Hotel Main-Court,

Formerly Westminster City Hotel,
Respectfully solicits your patronage.
Special Rates for Winter.
Cafe and Raw Bar Attached.
Also Livery and Garage.
F. L. H. GLENDMEYER,
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Shingles for Sale.

About 125,000 Chestnut Shingles, about 2 miles below Westminster one-eighth of a mile from Reisterstown turnpike.

E. H. DEVILBISS,
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