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BABYLON & LIPPY COMPANY

The June Sale of Muslin Underwear

These Undergarments are of Extraordinary Economies

All of the garments are from one maker, an over lot which he closed out to us at our price.

The underwear is well made, tastefully trimmed, and generously cut, and you can save an average of ⅓ almost on every purchase.

Corset Covers

19c Corset Covers 12½c
50c " " 29c

Of cambric, trimmed front and back lace insertion, finished with beading and lace edges.

$1.00 Cambric Petticoats 79c

Trimmed with tucked flounce—and embroidery ruffle; another style trimmed with lace insertion and lace edged ruffle.

$1.25 Cambric Petticoats 98c
$1.50 " " $1.19

The laces and embroideries used in trimming this lot are of unusually good quality.

50c Cambric Drawers 39c

Open or closed, trimmed with cluster tucks, some with embroidery ruffles.

19c Children's Waists 9c

75c Cambric Gowns 39c

Square and round neck, trimmed with lace and insertion.

$1.00 Cambric Gowns 79c
$1.25 " " 98c

Special Saturday

$1.25 Shirt Waists 59c
$1.98 " " $1.29

QUANTITY LIMITED. (One Only To A Customer.)

Local Office

179 E. Main St., - Westminster, Md.

THE

FRANKLIN MERCHANDISE CO.

1417 North Charles Street

BALTIMORE, - MARYLAND.

Authorized agents will call and deliver a Catalogue.

Both Phones.

DOYLE & MAGEE

28 AND 30 W. MAIN ST., Westminster, Md.

Jobbers and Retailers.

BINDERS, MOWERS, RAKES, GASOLINE ENGINES, CREAM SEPARATORS, THRASHERS, BUGGIES, SURREYS, RUNABOUTS,

We are prepared to show the farmers the largest and best assortment of Vehicles, Farm Machinery and Household Furniture ever offered in Carroll, Co. If you are in need of anything in our line we will appreciate a call.

1000 Bushels Home Grown Clover Seed WANTED.

HARNESS, HARROWS, SEED PLOWS, GRAIN DRILLS, CORN CULTIVATORS, CORN PLANTERS, FARM WAGONS, POTATO PLANTERS, HAY TEDDERS.

HORSES AND MULES FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

I have arrived in Westminster,

with a Car Load of Horses and Mules,

as fine as ever came to this county, all well broke and to suit all purposes.

CHAS. W. KING.

BUY Your Shoes

Where you can get the correct styles as well as the right prices. We have by far the largest stock and greatest variety of

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes and Oxfords

in this city. Come in and look them over before buying.

OUR LINE OF

Men's Heavy Working Shoes

can not be surpassed for the money. If you are looking for something good we have them.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR

HATS, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR,

Shirts, Gloves, Suspenders and Suit Cases.

Giving us a call will please us, and our goods will please you.

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

dec 14 08

BARK WANTED AT TANNERY STATION.

WE WILL PAY EIGHT DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS,

($8.50) PER TON

OF 2,000 POUNDS FOR 2,000 TONS OF

Prime Chestnut Oak Bark,

AND SIX DOLLARS

($6.00) PER TON

For Black Oak Bark,

of this year's peeling, delivered in GOOD ORDER AND CONDITION at the CARROLL TANNERY, before the 1st day of JULY, 1909.

We will not buy any SPAN OAK BARK this year, and will only buy BLACK OAK BARK from parties who will sell as their ROCK OAK BARK.

The Carroll Oak Tanning Co.,

OF CARROLL COUNTY, MD.

TANNERY STATION, on W. M. R. R.

mar 12 3 m.

New Coal and ood Yard.

The summer schedule on prices is now in force.

Before purchasing we request coal consumers to give us a call, as we believe we can show the advisability of not only buying now, but that consultation with us will be advantageous.

We carry in stock

Lykens Valley, White Ash, and George's Creek Big Vein Coals.

We give 2240 lbs. screened coal for a ton.

GEORGE W. STAIR,

Office and Yard East Green St., near Railroad Bridge, Westminster, Md.

sept 18 1y C. & P. Phone.

To My Patrons.

I am compelled to announce that beginning with May 1st I will sell for cash only.

No book accounts will be kept except in following instances:

Chopping accounts, bills for which will be submitted every 60 or 90 days, and flour accounts, for which the wheat has been previously deposited.

Persons owing me on account are respectfully requested to settle within 30 days, either with the cash or grain of any kind, or by note.

Earnestly soliciting a continuance of your valued patronage and hoping this move will not inconvenience you as much as the credit business has inconvenienced me, I am

Your's Respectfully,

A. M. Swain,

Wakefield Roller Mills.

Pianos and Organs.

PIANOS:

BLASIUS & SONS,
LBRECHT & REGENT,
BEHR BROS & Co.

ORGANS:

ESTEY, WEAVER,
and Newman Bros.

All sold at MODERATE PRICES and on EASY TERMS.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.—Two Mahogany Case Upright Pianos, latest styles, slightly used. Regular price $250. Special price $150. Call and see goods and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

JOHN T. ROYER,

West Main Street, Westminster, Md.

oct 16 tf

THE Hotel Main-Court

wishes to announce to its friends and patrons that on and after January 30th, 1909, Masters Guy C. Williams and Julian F. Williams will render selections on

VIOLIN AND PIANO

every Saturday, from 6 to 10 P. M., and every Sunday, from 12 M. to 2 P. M.

I also wish to announce that the celebrated

CHERRYSTONE OYSTER

can be had here on the half (½) shell or in any other style. I will also deliver them to residences upon request in any style or by the pint, quart or gallon.

Your patronage is respectfully solicited.

jan 29 tf F. L. H. GLENDMEYER.

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

WE always have bargains to offer and just now it is sawed and Split Wood, by Smith & Reifsnider.



Why Wait Until The Very Last Minute?

Don't procrastinate. Don't be foolish. Take time by the forelock and

Get In Your Coal Now!

FROM

Smith & Reifsnider.

Use "Elk Garden" or the small vein Cumberland.

SOUTHERN TRANSFER AND EXPRESS COMPANY.

(INCORPORATED),

MAIN OFFICE AND STABLES,

203-205 South PACA St., Baltimore, Md.

MOTORPOWER WAGONS REPLACE THE HORSE AND MULE.

1,000 Work Horses and Mares 1,000
200 Young Blockey Built Mules 200

TO BE POSITIVELY SOLD.

HORSES, $35 to $85.
MULES, $75 to $150 A PAIR.

Ages 5 to 8 years old, weighing 1,000 to 1,400 pounds; all good, serviceable stock; right out of hard work. Also 20 young fat Mares, slightly pavement sore (will come sound in the country), and 3 Mares that have proven to be in foal very cheap. These horses, Mares and Mules will suit any business purposes or would make excellent farm animals.

P. S.—It will benefit buyers to call and see stock before buying elsewhere. Stock will be sold at the rate of 50 head weekly until entire number of horses and Mules is sold.

HALTER AND BLANKET FREE,

with every Horse and Mule. For further information see SUPERINTENDENT at Company's Stables 203—205 SOUTH PACA STREET, near PRATT STREET, 2 BLOCKS from B. and O. STATION. C. and P. Phone, 3653-M ST. PAUL. Branches—Richmond, Va., and all the principal cities South.

jan 22 4 mo

For Sale.

TEN Shares of Lumber, Coal and Supply Co. Stock at par ($25.00 per share.)

dec 4 tf D. L. FARRAR.

PEACH Bottom and Bangor Slate kept in stock by Smith & Reifsnider.

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

(Copyright, 1909.)

Special to the American Sentinel.

(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Father Jouet's Strange Museum—There are More Things in Heaven and Earth than are Dreamed of in our Philosophy.

Rome, Italy.

While seated one morning in the reading room of Cook's tourist office, in the Piazza di Spagne, with my elbow propped on a table littered with pamphlets advertising various attractive excursions that could be made in the neighborhood of Rome, such as a "Trip to Tivoli with Signore Tani," "Along the Appian Way in Automobile," "A Day Among the Alban Hills," etc., my eyes were suddenly arrested by a red-bound brochure entitled:

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO PURGATORY

Personally Conducted by

Father Victor Jouet.

I thought it must be a joke-book maybe a caricaturist's concentrated edition of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Men," but no: it was a sincere albeit friendly invitation to go to Hell; and I went. Instead of crossing the Styx in Charon's boat, I crossed the Tiber in a tram-car, and instead of passing through a gloomy cavern-like portal, guarded by Cerberus, I entered the infernal regions via a modern church in the vicinity of the new city court house. Doubtless I am not the first who has chosen a similar route to perdition.

Father Jouet is a priest who has devoted his life to the collection of objects bearing marks and finger-prints of alleged supernatural origin, tending to show that purgatory is a definite geographical spot in the universe and that the unhappy souls, who have been plunged therein to expiate their sins, live literally in a lake of fire. These relics he has preserved in a museum at No. 12 Lunge Tevere Prati, next door to the church above mentioned; visitors are shown the church first, as a sort of preparation for the extraordinary sights which are to follow. It is decorated with frescoes and paintings representing the torments of the lower regions, and above the altar is a realistic panorama illumined by red lights, showing a sea of flames, in which men and women are struggling.

Twelve years ago, beside the altar, an event occurred, which Father Jouet and many other Romans regard as a miraculous endorsement of the priest's project to prove to the world the material existence of purgatory. One night at an hour when no one was in the church a candle fell from the altar, setting afire some velvet curtains; the blaze crept along a wooden railing and finally scent itself against a plaster wall where the woodwork ended, without doing further damage.

Next morning, when Father Jouet and his confreres discovered the accident, they set about at once to clear away the ashes and have the place repaired. "This section of the wall will have to be replastered, see how curiously it has been discolored by the fire and smoke," remarked one of the priests, and then suddenly raised his hands in amazement toward the stain.

The flames had traced a picture on the wall! Not a grotesque, phantasmagoric, shadowy smoke-effect, requiring an effort of the imagination to discern, but a human face and figure outlined as clearly as if depicted by the painter's brush, an old man clothed in a red robe, wearing on his head a bishop's mitre, and standing waist deep in flames.

"A soul in purgatory!" cried Father Jouet.

"And a bishop!" whispered the others.

That same morning Father Jouet visited the Vatican and communicated his strange discovery to the Pope. Now as all the world knows, Leo XIII was strong on natural sciences and not much of a believer in latter-day miracles, so he turned the matter over to a committee of eminent painters for a cold, technical examination. The artists readily admitted that it was a real picture, and lost no time in arriving at quite a simple explanation of the phenomenon: it was an old fresco they said, representing a bishop or cardinal of the early church being burned at the stake as a martyr; it had been effaced by time or by a thin coat of plaster or white wash, and the sudden heat coming in contact with the wall had brought out these old outlines and colors.

It was a most extraordinary work of art, they said, and were beginning to analyze its style for the purpose of assigning it to a particular date and school, when Father Jouet calmly set their wisdom at naught by proving that the wall was only two years old, that he himself had superintended its construction and that it had been plastered with ordinary lime and mortar, by a common workman, who still lived in a neighboring street and who recollected having been paid 40c a day for the job.

"Astonishing!" exclaimed the learned artists, and gave it up.

Months passed and the fame of the miraculous picture was noised abroad; other artists came to marvel and persons of devout faith to pray; one day an eminent church historian from the Piedmont came to Rome and dropped in casually to see the picture; scarcely had his eyes rested upon the features when he turned pale as death and gasped in Father Jouet's ear,

"My God, man, don't you know? That face! Its Cardinal .... !" and he mentioned the name of a great prelate, who had been dead for more than a quarter of a century. I saw the mysterious picture with my own eyes. It is an awe-inspiring visage, a nightmare of a face, which haunts the imagination for hours afterward. It is no accident or freak of nature. It was executed by a master's hand, whether of man or spirit. It shows design.

From the church, Father Jouet conducted me to the museum. The objects it contains are difficult to describe. Imagine a piece of linen, a book or a wooden table upon which a red-hot human hand, a hand of flesh and blood, glowing with heat and yet not withered or consumed, has lain for a fraction of a second, just long enough to leave the scorched, blackened imprint of the fingers and palm but not long enough to set the object ablaze. The museum contains twenty or thirty articles bearing such imprints, collected from all parts of Europe, each with a separate terrible history of its own. Persons without faith in the supernatural are of course disinclined even after having seen these things, to credit the theory that they have actually been touched by souls returning from purgatory to earth, but no one who has seen the collection and the documents accompanying it, and who has afterward talked with Father Jouet, can harbor the suspicion that the fiery finger prints have been fraudulently fabricated with the deliberate intention to deceive, that they have been "faked," to use an American slang expression. Whatever is the real origin of these imprints, Father Jouet believes them to be exactly what he represents them to be.

The Reverend Mother Angela, a nun at the Ursuline Convent at Sommieres, of which the Abbot Leonard was the chaplain, died about two decades ago, at the age of 33 years. She was venerated as a saint by the whole community, and no one thought it necessary to say masses for her soul or pray for her deliverance from purgatory, because it was taken for granted that she went straight to heaven.

Shortly after mother Angela's death, a young girl from Clermont presented herself as a novice at the door of the convent; she was called Sister Maria; was pious, intelligent and full of zeal. One day she said to the Abbot Leonard, her confessor:

"Father, I am afraid to stay in my room alone at night!"

"Why, what's the matter, my child?" asked the aged priest.

"For several nights I have not been able to sleep; each night, just as the clock is striking twelve, a strange light enters my room and hovers above the stool on which I am accustomed to kneel before my little altar. It is like a candle flame surmounted by mist or fog. I am sick from fear."

The old chaplain patted the child on the head, laughed good-naturedly at her story and told her she must have been dreaming, but Sister Maria, who continued to be visited by the mysterious light, not getting any satisfaction from the chaplain, finally demanded and obtained permission to speak to the Mother Superior. The latter also treated the matter lightly, but as she had some writing to do that night and was anxious to calm the girl's fears she consented to sit up and watch with her. Neither saw anything that night, and the Mother Superior took advantage of the negative experience to ridicule the simplicity of Sister Maria and declare that she was the victim of her own imagination, but the child, certain as to what she had seen insisted that the Mother Superior return the next night, and midnight found the two again seated together in the cell, one trembling with expectation, the other sceptical. Suddenly the younger rose, panting and perspiring with terror, and stretched out her arms toward something which she wished to show her companion. But the latter saw nothing until Sister Maria cried out "Mother, it is a nun!" Then the figure became visible to both, luminously visible, yet dim of outline, like the white nuns who flit across the cloister court-yard in the shadows on a moonligh night.

The apparition began to speak:

"I have returned from purgatory to ask that three masses be said for my soul and that for nine days all the sisters of the convent pray earnestly for my deliverance." This said, the spectre disappeared. For nine days the regular life of the community was interrupted, special masses were said and perpetual prayers offered for the repose of the unhappy nun. But who could it be? The Abbott Leonad was inclined to think probably a certain sister Agnestina, who had died a month or two previous and who had possibly been sent to purgatory to temper her disposition, which had not been most gentle during her earth-life. During these nine days, the apparition did not return, and sister Maria slept soundly, but on the tenth night she was awakened by a mysterious light and found the spectre standing by her bed.

"Fear nothing!" it said, "its only I."

"But who are you?"

"I am Mother Angela: Thank the community in my name for their prayers. My condition has been greatly ameliorated though the oraisons of some of the sisters have been useless because they were offered with incredulity. Tell the Abbot Leonard not to reproach himself. It is not his fault that I have suffered so. I am condemned to nine more days of torment, after which I will be admitted to heaven. But listen, would you like to save your own soul and at the same time ease my pain by suffering in my stead?"

Sister Maria accepted the penance and for nine days remained fasting in her cell, daily inflicting upon herself severe bodily pains. When midnight of the last day came, the devoted girl lay prostrate on the floor of her cell, half unconscious, so weakened by her fasting and self-inflicted tortures that she was unable to drag herself to bed. Suddenly the little chamber was filled with a lurid, unearthly glare, and she felt a burning hand laid on her shoulder, and heard a voice which said:

"Tohight is my last hour in purgatory. Thanks to your willingness to share my suffering, I can already see afar the opening gates of Paradise."

.....Here Father Jouet closed his story, while I bent to examine with breathless interest Sister Maria's scorched sleeve. There, indeed, in blackened outlines, was the unmistakable imprint of a woman's hand.

"And the drops of blood?" I asked.

"A scourge with leaden pellets," replied the priest.

YES, IT WAS A BROKEN PROMISE.

By Judith Spencer.

They were sitting side by side on a bench in Riverside Park, under the now almost leafless trees. Her troubled eyes were bent upon the river, while his gaze rested on her white, wan face.

The two were old friends, and the young soldier of whom they had been speaking and who had met his death in the gallant charge of our troops at El Caney, had been the young man's chum and the girl's accepted lover.

None had known of their short engagement except this one friend. And it was he who had written her the dreadful news of his comrade's death, his brief letter ending with the words, "God knows, I wish I might have fallen in Tom's stead!" A wish which she had echoed in her heart.

He had seen her many times since his return from the campaign. Again and again he had graphically given her all the details of her lover's life in camp, of his splendid courage and his heroic death. He had made the dead man a hero in her eyes.

And now a silence had fallen upon them. Her eyes were bright with unshed tears, and her lips were trembling in spite of her efforts to steady them.

"Violet," he said at last "this dreary routine of continual study and teaching is killing you. You are working too hard, you give yourself no rest—except these short Saturday afternoons, which I have fairly insisted on—"

"There is no other way," she said piteously. "I am all alone, I must live, there is no other way."

"There is another way—if I could only make you see it. I hardly dare speak yet, but I love you so—you must have known it" as she started suddenly.

"Let me take care of you—try to accustom yourself to the idea. Try to think of me as one—"

"As one who is treacherous to his dead friend!" she said in scorn, rising as if to leave him.

He rose and faced her. "I would gladly have died to save his life," he said, "but that was not to be. He was taken and I was left. I loved my friend and I respect his memory—but I loved you before ever he saw you! He is gone now, and we must live out our lives. I love you, Violet, and you need some one to care for and protect you. I ask now only for the right to take care of you—the rest I will leave to time—"

"And time will only strengthen my contempt for the man who has proved false to his dead friend," she said bitterly. "I believed in your friendship for him, and now that belief has been taken from me. I ought to thank you for this self-revelation, but I can't. I would have been happier had you left me in ignorance of your pitiful weakness of character. I have lost both lover and friend! No, don't speak, I will not listen. I wish never to see or hear you speak again."

His bronzed face slowly flushed, but he bowed silently, and turned—when she withheld her hand—and left her without a word.

So she went back to her monotonous life of teaching and saw him no more.

But she missed his friendship, she missed those afternoons by the river and their talks together of the dead hero. Her life seemed a broken, dreary thing—yet she still cared to live. And while she hoped never to see his face again she was ever unconsciously looking for him as she went to and fro upon her way. And her heart would leap when she suddenly saw a tall figure among the crowd if it reminded her ever so faintly of him.

But she never caught sight of him and the long months dragged wearily away.

Then came a day when she once more heard his name. A terrible railroad accident had occurred and he was reported among the killed. She could not understand the emotion which overcame her then. She had thought she felt for this man only contempt and scorn—yet now—

Well once he had been her friend, and Tom's, and although he had afterward proved treacherous and false, he had loved her. And no woman could hear unmoved of the death of a man who had loved her—even though his honor had been so stained.

Two miserable, unhappy days passed by and then a letter came, a few words from a nurse in a hospital near where the railroad accident had been. It told her that the man reported dead was yet alive, but so badly injured that he would surely die. He lay unconscious and the only word he had uttered was the name "Violet." And when the nurse had found a letter addressed to a woman of that name, among the papers in his pocketbook, she had hastened to inclose it thus and send it on.

Tears almost blinded Violet as she took the inclosure up. The envelope was yellow and worn, and the writing upon it—her name—was in the once familiar hand of him who had been her lover, and who had met a soldier's death on the field of battle! What did he mean? She could not understand.

She drew out the letter with trembling hands. It was dated in the Cuban camp on the night before the fatal battle:

My Darling Violet:—Some strange foreboding tells me that this is my last night on earth, and I cannot face tomorrow's chances without writing to you once more and telling you again of my love for you and of my utter unworthiness of you, dear. I've always been an unstable, impetuous fellow, and Jack—God bless him!—has always stood my friend. He stood between me and punishment many a time at school, and between me and the consequences of my folly more than once since then. And how have I rewarded his friendship? I found out by merest chance that he loved a girl, and I, he jealous of his love, wished to know what girl, to see whether I thought her worthy of him. That girl was you—I saw you, fell in love with you, and—knowing what I knew, I strove to win your love and succeeded. I knew he had not spoken so I hastened to speak first. Violet, he never reproached me. He turned white when I told him I had won you, but he clenched his hands and kept back the bitter words. He only exacted a promise that I should try to be worthy of you from that time on. And I meant to try, but I am not worthy of you, dear, yet I love you so! And if I live I mean to marry you. But if I die I want you to marry him, for he is as noble a fellow as ever lived. I intend he shall read this letter which he is to deliver to you in case of my death. Should I live I shall destroy it on the day we leave Cuba. I hope I shall live my darling, yet I know the happier fate for you would be my death.

That God will bless you, Violet, is the prayer of your unworthy TOM.

P. S.—Jack has read this letter and has promised to send it to you if I am killed. He did not wish to give the promise, but at last I've made him do so.

As fast as train could carry her Violet hastened to the city where John lay in the hospital unconscious, perhaps dead.

She prayed that she might arrive—in time. She prayed that he might know her when she came.

She asked in trembling tones for the nurse who had sent her the letter. And of the nurse when she had come she could ask no question, she only named his name.

The nurse's kind face brightened. "Good news for you, my dear! He is conscious, he is better, the doctors think that he will live. Joy can hurt no one, come, I will take you to him at once."

The injured man lay staring at the doorway with dull eyes. He saw the nurse look in with pleasant face. She disappeared and another stood there in her stead. Was he dreaming? Was his mind wandering again?

The sweet white face in the doorway smiled tremulously upon him. The slender figure drew near and knelt beside him.

He murmured, "Violet!"

"Hush, do not speak," she said. "I have come to take care of you, dear, to care for you, alway, if you will let me. For, though you broke your promise, your faithful friend, the good nurse sent for poor Tom's letter. And I know, I know the truth at last, and how noble and generous you have been!"—Springfield Republican.

POLICE HUNT DRUG EVIL

Join Cocaine Crusaders to Demand Tariff Check.

Congress Can Shield American Homes By High Duty—Doctors Urge This Protection.

Special to the SENTINEL from Curran and Mead.

New York, June 8:—For the first time in its history the police department of this city has today organized and begun a special crusade to stamp out the alarming spread of the cocaine habit, which is now recognized to be one of the most serious sources of vice and crime throughout the country. Every effort is being made to enforce the new state law against the sale of excessive quantities of this drug for the uses of the "dope fiend" rather than the doctor. Fully 75 per cent. of the cocaine that passes through this city, the police admit, finds its way to the victims of the deadly drug through an underground system of traffic which draws principally from foreign sources.

With no duty upon coca leaves, from which illicit purveyors extract a rough form of cocaine for their drug-crazed customers and only a low tariff imposed upon the quantities of the drug that are shipped here for secret distribution throughout the country it is recognized that the chances for controlling the spreading cocaine curse are today very slim, even under the most strict state laws and police surveillance. Urging the recent recommendation of the American Health League for a "prohibitory tariff, internal revenue tax and other means which will restrict the use of cocaine, its substitutes and derivatives, to medical purposes," members of the medical profession, welfare workers, clergymen and the leading drug houses here are now looking to Congress to safeguard every community in the country by thus shutting off this chief source of the illegal supply of the noxious drug. Though restrictive laws can be and are being successfuly enforced by compelling the local manufacturers and wholesalers to keep records of their cocaine sales, it has been proven, unscrupulous retailers to whom the American houses refuse to sell excessive quantities are perfectly free to obtain a limitless and untraceable supply from abroad.

More cocaine is sold to drug victims from one of their supply stations in a single night than an ordinary drug store could sell for medicinal purposes in a year, the police declare. Medical men who are interesting themselves in urging congress to give the homes of this country this high tariff protection from the ravages of the drug assert that the comparatively small supply of cocaine necessary for professional purposes will still be readily availabe for their uses. With a tariff of $1.50 an ounce put upon the foreign cocaine supply and a duty of five cents on each pound of coca leaves it is proposed to decisively check the cocaine plague and place it firmly under government control by an internal revenue tax.

No power but that of the people can now induce the law makers at Washington to include in the Aldrich-Payne bill this necessary clause for the protection of every American family, the leaders in this movement declared today. If every philanthropic, medical and charitable organization throughout the land will recommend to its members an immediate appeal to Senator Lodge, who is presenting this matter or to their representatives in congress, it is believed these efforts to combat the curse of cocaine may succeed.

Western Maryland College Commencement.

Following is the program outlining the several events of the 39th commencement of Western Maryland College:

Friday, June 11.—8 P. M., closing exercises of the Preparatory School.

Saturday, June 12.—5-7 P. M., President's reception to faculty and students; 8 P. M., class receptions.

Sunday, June 13.—10.00 A. M., Baccalaureate sermon, by President Lewis; 8 P. M., sermon before the Christian Associations, by Rev. James Monroe Buckley, D. D., LL. D., New York, editor of Christian Advocate.

Monday, June 14.—10 A. M., and 8 P. M., Recital of graduates in music and elocution; 2 P. M., Society reunions in Society Halls.

Tuesday, June 15.—10 A. M., Annual meeting Board of Trustees and Freshman and Sophomore contests in elocution for Norment prizes; 3 P. M., recital by undergraduates in music; 4 P. M., annual business meeting of the Alumni Association, followed by acollation; 8 P. M., oratical contest of the Literary Societies.

Wednesday, June 16.—9.30 A. M., Commencement, when forty-three students will be graduated as follows:

Cuthbert Warner Bates, Inwood N. Y.; Thomas Gordon Bennett, Brooklyn; Gordon Atkinson Carver, Marion Station; Albert Buckner Coe, Oxford; James Ezra Fleagle, Baltimore; William Albert Gibson, White Hall; Fletcher Hanks, Violetville; Frank Trump Herr, Westminster; Calvin Luther Hine, Lander; Lewis Archie Jett, Avalon, Va.; Alfred Lee Jones, Brooklyn; Luther Reynolds Longfield, Oxford; Woodward Warwick Marcus, Atlantic City, N. J.; William Henry Mikesell, Wilmington, Del.; Jesse Eli Pritchard, Asheboro, N. C.; Henry Beeson Ramsburgh, Frederick; Arthur Eugene Rowland, Hagerstown; Dean Smith, Central, Pa.; Ronalds Taylor, Inwood, N. Y.; Thomas Martin Todd, Greenwood, Del.; John Samuel Turner, Baltimore; Stewart Edessa Arnold, Piedmont, W. Va.; Stella Nora Cathcart, Moscow Mills; Helen Elizabeth De Lashmutt, Buckeystown; Georgia Isabel Donaldson, Hereford; Alice Evelyn Evans, Baltimore; Griselda Pauline Fuss, Union Bridge; Edna Goff, Taneytown; Helen Irene Hand, Elizabeth, N. J.; Irene Neal Harrington, Annapolis; Edith Clift Holt, Elkton; Margaret Bell Kirk, Baltimore; Mary Thomas Molesworth, Ilsanville; Eleanora Louisa Mooyer, Baltimore; Nona Lynwood Parks, Parksley, Va.; Ethel Adelaide Parsons, Oxford; Elizabeth Cowan Somerville, Lonsconing; Bertie Lillian Stoll, Brooklyn; Letha Fay Stoner, Westminster; Ethel Moore Vail, Solomons; Anne Arline White, North East; Virgie Adams Williams, Federalsburg; Eolin Dorothy Witt, Mayo.

Mr. Wm. A. Gibson and Miss Virgie Adams Williams will be the salutatorians. Mr. Arthur Eugene Rowland and Miss Stella Nora Cathcart the valedictorians. Messrs. Jesse Eli Pritchard, Ronalds Taylor, John Samuel Turner, Misses Georgia Isabel Donaldson, Edith Clift Holt and Eleanora Louisa Mooyer, will have commencement parts for excellence in composition and delivery during the junior and senior years.

DEFERRED LOCALS.

Frizellburg Items.

The time is here when aspirants for county offices will begin to stir and push their claims. Something like this has come to our notice quite recently, but no emotional developments have yet been seen.

Jacob Null has added another convenience to his home by putting in a C. & P. telephone.

Joseph Freeman and wife of Pittsburg, Walter Scott and wife, and Clarence Scott, of Baltimore, spent last Sunday with John Sell and wife. The trip was made in an auto and they returned in the evening. Mrs. John Koons, of Hanover, and Wilbur Harmon and family were there too. Mrs. Koons returned home Monday accompanied by her daughter, who will be absent for a week or more.

Mrs. Sarah Dutterer is visiting her son and family in Baltimore and will protract her stay indefinitely.

Seldom does so much water fall in the same length of time as there did last Friday evening. The cornfields and roads give evidence of this. Some hail fell but did no damage.

Mr. and Mrs. Clabaugh, of York, Pa., visited their daughter, Mrs. Harry Harner, here this week.

Miss Mary Myers, of Hanover, Pa., spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Eckard, of near this place. On Sunday they entertained Harvey Eckard and wife and Miss Hilda Yingling, of near Westminster.

Melrose Items.

Mr. George Gantz, a traveling salesman, of Washington, D. C., paid his sister, Mrs. Nathaniel Shaffer, a flying visit on Tuesday of last week.

While Mr. Ollie Sholl, of Glenville, Pa., was returning to his home from the Whit-Monday celebration at Manchester, some one accidentally drove into his buggy, demolishing a wheel and otherwise damaging the vehicle.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Tracey and sons, George and Jesse, went to Richmond, Va., to visit relatives and friends.

An immense crowd attended the dedication of the organ at Shuman's church.

The cherry crop will be very small but strawberries and raspberries abundant.

Has the Melrose Band disbanded? We seldom hear the sound of a cornet on any of our streets.

Wentz's Union Sunday School has decided to have its annual celebration on Saturday, September 4th.

A number of strange men passed over the Bachman's Valley Railroad with Mr. Findlay, recently. Does it mean an extension of the road to Westminster?

Mr. Wm Menchey is building a large addition to his dwelling, now occupied by his son-in-law. Mr. Smith Menchey and Mr. Leese are the carpenters.

Mt. Olive Items.

Farmers are very busy planting corn, a few of them having had to plant their fields the second time.

Mr. W. A. Harrison, our road supervisor, is very busy repairing the roads, to which considerable damage was done by the heavy rains last week. The fields also were damaged considerably. Some hail fell but did no damage in this locality.

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