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Babylon & Lippy Co.

This Special SEPTEMBER Sale

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Comforts and Blankets

has been arranged to meet a timely demand for such coverings, and prices are marked so low that you can afford to look well into your requirements NOW.

.75 Baby's Crib Blankets	.49
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$1.25 10-4 Blankets	.98
$1.50 11-4 Blankets	$1.25
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$1.50	Double size, cotton filled, figured Silkaleen	$1.50

Something DOING In Our SHOE DEPARTMENT

A rare chance to get School Shoes at BARGAIN PRICES. These lots embrace nearly every size, but one thing sure, they are cut in price to nearly one-half and in some instances down to one-half and less.

$4.00 Men's Dee Vee Shoes $2.98

only 8 pairs in this lot, some Patent, others Box Calf, to close out $2.98.

$3.00 Men's Best Vici Congress Shoes	$2.29
1.50 Men's Creedmoors	.98
2.00 Men's Satin Calf Shoes (button and lace)	1.39
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1.25 Youths' Creedmoor and Satin Calf Shoes	.79
1.50 Youths' and Children's Shoes	1.15

This lot consists of 3 or 4 different kinds, and say one price for any pair.

$1.75 Ladies' Box Calf Bluchers	$1.35
3.00 and 3.50 Dolly Madison Shoes	1.98
2.50 Ladies' Patent and Gun Metal Oxfords	1.98
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1.50 Ladies' Patent, Tan and Gun Metal Oxfords	.98
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None of these cut price Shoes returnable

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Shetland Pony

we are GIVING AWAY.

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Stockers and Feeding Cattle

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You want to buy where you can get the best cattle for the least money. Write or wire at once to

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UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO

Sound, safe, conservative, strict honesty and a square deal guaranteed.

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REFERENCES: Live Stock Exchange National Bank, Chicago
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We handle more stockers and feeders than any firm in the world. A big selection at all times. Sales, 40 to 50 loads daily.

Come to Chicago and we will sell direct to you, or order at once by mail or telegram and we will ship just what you want direct to you at lowest market prices. Write at once for our plan of filling orders. We can save you money. Write us for quotations of prices before you buy.

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Authorized agents will call

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Splendid Sept. Showing

of men's and boys' new clothing at special low prices. Handsome ready made suits that embody all the correct style ideas Let us fit your boys and young men for school or college, it will pay you.

In Our Tailoring Department

500 latest patterns, both foreign and domestic makes. Come in, look the goods over, (not samples but the goods) get our low prices, place your order and be ready with an elegant new suit when the cool days come. Carroll County's biggest and best CLOTHING STORE.

SHARRER & GORSUCH,

Westminster, Md.

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HANOVER FAIR

Silver Jubilee

Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17, 1909.

$4250 Racing Purses $4250

Trotting, Pacing and Running Races Every Day.

bigger show than ever before

new buildings - beautified grounds

FINE FREE ATTRACTIONS:

GRANADA AND FEDORA—Wonder Workers on the High Wire.
REX'S COMEDY CIRCUS—Beautiful Ponies and Bucking Mule.
MD'LLE OMEGA—Most Daring Artiste in the world.
CARL DAMMANN FAMILY—Gymnasts and Balancers, none better.
DOBLADOS TRAINED SHEEP AND PIG—The only act of the kind on record.

Fine Music Big Poultry Show

Admission 25 cents to all parts of the ground, except Race Track, Infield and Grand Stand.

Send for a Premium List.

M. O. SMITH, Sec'y.

R. M. WIRT, Prest. T. J. LITTLE, Treas.

TRY OUR **SCHOOL SHOES**

IF you are looking for good SCHOOL SHOES at the right prices come in and see us. A School Bag given away with SCHOOL SHOES

We are showing a greater variety of Dorothy Dood and Walk-Over shoes this season than ever before. See our window display of new fall styles.

Before buying your FALL Hat let us SHOW you the best selection of Men's and Boys' Hats and Caps in this city.

We have all the correct styles in

Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Gloves and Hosiery.

We hope to have you call and get prices.

Wm. C. Devilbiss,

22 W. Main Street, - WESTMINSTER, MD.

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From now until Seeding Our Warehouse Established 50 years

OUR

Peerless Brand THE FERTILIZER

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REV. T. H. LEWIS, D. D. L. L. D., President.

¶ A high grade College with low rates, $225 a year for board, furnished room, and tuition.

¶ Three courses leading to degree of A. B. Classical, Scientific, Historical, and a course in Pedagogy, entitling graduates to teach in Maryland without examination.

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Forty-third Year opens Wednesday, Sept. 15, 1909.

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Both Phones.

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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.

EDITORIAL.

A Specious Argument.

Dr. Hering's speech of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for Comptroller, delivered at the Eutaw House, Baltimore, on Thursday of last week, was in many respects a remarkable deliverance.

To those who know the candidate and his unfaltering, dyed in the wool loyalty to the Democratic party through all its devious ways, whatever its course to perpetuate itself in power, it [illegible] probable that he joins with

MAN IN THIS [illegible] TRACE OF NEGRO BLOOD IN HIS VEINS, BUT ALSO DISFRANCHISING EVERY WHITE REPUBLICAN AND INDEPENDENT VOTER by foisting on the whole State conditions as intolerable as those that now prevail in the so called Wilson law counties?

How coming before the people with such a specious argument, the candidate for Comptroller can ask a Republican in Carroll or elsewhere in the State to vote for a man who boldly announces his position as a Democrat, passes comprehension.

Times Have Changed.

A special writer in last Sunday's Baltimore American says:

"All the signs of the times and recent election figures point to the election of Messrs. Sloan and Urner to the appellate bench.

"Times and conditions have changed in Western Maryland since 16 years ago, when Judge A. Hunter Boyd, now chief judge of the Court of Appeals, was elected. He had many factors in his favor which will be missing this year. In fact, he was elected by Republicans. He was elected in 1893 over B. A. Richmond, of Cumberland, by the narrow margin of 183 in a total vote of nearly 20,000. Allegany county gave him a majority of 118. There is no prospect that Judge Boyd will carry Allegany this year. Garrett was a doubtful county in those days. Now it is safely Republican by majorities ranging from 800 to 1,000. Washington county was also a close county then. Now it seems to be safely anchored in the Republican column. The late William McKaig, Democrat, was twice elected to Congress in those days, in the Sixth district, of which Garrett, Allegany and Washington counties, which compose the Fourth judicial circuit, form the greater part. In recent years the district has given Republican majorities as high as 4,000.

"Mr. Hammond Urner, who has been nominated for chief judge of the Sixth circuit, was the Republican candidate for attorney general two years ago. He is an aggressive Republican who stands for the best policies of his party. He is a son of Hon. Milton G. Urner, who many years ago represented the Sixth district in the National House of Representatives, who was later his party's leader in the Maryland Senate and still later was naval officer of the Port of Baltimore. Mr. Hammond Urner is one of the leaders of the Frederick county bar. When a candidate for attorney general he exposed the evils of the Wilson ballot law and the Democratic plans to make Maryland a one-party state by disfranchising voters. His Democratic opponent is Judge Glenn H. Worthington, who was appointed by Governor Warfield to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Judge McSherry. Mr. Worthington was the author of that disfranchising amendment which Governor Warfield opposed and which was turned down by the legislature.

"The contest between Judge Worthington and Mr. Urner will be close, with the chances favoring Mr. Urner. Montgomery county is admitted to be a Democratic county. It is not admitted, however, that its majority for Judge Worthington will overcome the Republican majority which Frederick county will give Mr. Urner.

LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Special to the American Sentinel.
(By W. B. Seabrook.)

How the Italians Listen to Grand Opera—Mascagni Goes Out for a Beer and Keeps his Audience Waiting.

Florence.—When an American goes to the theatre in Italy, he gets double the worth of his money, for he sees two shows instead of one—and not infrequently the performance unconsciously enacted by the audience is of more interest to a foreigner than the scenes which take place on the stage.

Recently I read on a bill-board that Cavalleria Rusticana was to be sung, in Florence, at the Politeano Florentino. "Is it a good theatre?" I asked a native who was reading the poster at the same moment, and as he assured me it was the best and biggest in the city, I decided to go.

When I reached the play-house that evening, it was already filled from ceiling to pit with quite the vulgarest crowd of human beings I have ever seen gathered together in a public place of amusement—at least that was the first impression they created. The men, even when accompanied by ladies, kept their hats on, and everywhere people were smoking, drinking, whistling, yelling, spitting like wheezy asthmatic gasoline engines. All Italians, male and female, both of high and low degree, have the habit of expectorating, like Kentucky colonels. It is a national failing, so much so that in every church placards are hung with the inscription, "Si prega di non sputare." I was beginning to fear I had entered a third rate music hall instead of a first class opera house, when an orchestra composed of eighty pieces, including some fifteen huge bass violins appeared to set at rest my misgivings. Two minutes later Mascagni, the greatest living Italian composer, mounted the conductor's stand. It was Mascagni himself, the people's darling, the idol of the nation. The ovation given the world-famous genius by his fellow-countrymen was clamorous but not particularly dignified or respectful; when Mascagni grinned good naturedly, shook his shaggy mane, and waved his hand toward the crowd in a gesture which seemed to say, "Howdy friends," the scene somehow or other gave me the impression, which was strengthened as the evening passed, that he and his audience were not serious grown-up people, not men and women, but simply a crowd of light-hearted children, all out for a good time together.

However, when the great composer lifted his baton to begin the overture, the audience, a moment before so noisy and vulgar, relapsed into perfect silence, and listened throughout the first act with hushed, almost awestricken attention. When the last note had died away they changed into the same noisy children as before, yelling their appreciation and throwing their hats into the air while Mascagni was forced to appear three or four times before the curtain, and in hand with the prima donna.

The climax was reached at the conclusion of the melody which has contributed more than all the rest of his works to make Mascagni famous in every land where music is known—the celebrated intermezzo. As the violins lifted the harmony higher and higher, softly and more softly, the people seemed to cease breathing, but when it was ended, the audience, to use one of Bret Hart's expressions, "rose up on its hind legs," and stopped the proceedings right then and there without ceremony, stopped the opera and refused to resume their seats until Mascagni nodded his promise to repeat the passage. The whole scene was characteristically Italian. Americans appreciate music too, but we are built differently, we are of different temperament, and couldn't to save our lives listen with that keen, almost religious attention, nor could we afterward take the same rollicking, joyous, personal pleasure in the composer's triumph, we couldn't applaud with that real abandoned fervor, no matter how much we stamped and shouted. We haven't the faculty of affectionately patting our gods on the head as the Italians have done their popular idols, their geniuses, for generations. The Florentine populace four centuries ago treated Michelangelo, Donatello and their other inspired artists just as these modern Florentines treat Mascagni; I haven't a doubt that Michelange-lo used to grin and say "Howdy friends," just in the same pleased, casual way as Mascagni, while the butchers and bakers and candlestick makers stood around, expectorated and cried "bravo" when the sculptor unveiled his David or some other statue that struck their fancy.

But returning to the theatre: the curtain was ready to go up on the last act, the musicians were all in place, the hands on the big clock above the stage pointed to XI, and everybody was looking toward the little door from which the composer usually emerged to take his place on the platform. The bell rang once, twice, thrice, but no Mascagni! However, a genius has a right to be unpunctual, so nobody thought much about it until ten minutes passed, and ten more minutes, and then the crowd began to get restless, while the sleepyheaded laborers in the higher galleries, who had to be at work next morning before dawn, gave up waiting and left the theatre, cursing their beloved genius at every step. Finally, at exactly twenty minutes before midnight, when all of us were beginning to fidget, almost ready to give it up as a bad job and go home to bed like the laborers, lo and behold, Mascagni appeared, not from the little stageward door, but in the main aisle leading from the public street entrance. An overcoat was fluug over his arm; he strolled slowly down toward the orchestra, laid his coat on a chair, picked up his baton and prepared with the utmost deliberation to begin the score of the final act, apparently unconscious of the fact that he had been keeping the tenth part of all Florence on tenterhooks for nearly three quarters of an hour. But his exasperated compatriots were by no means willing to let him off so lightly, and I was amazed to hear a white-haired old gentleman of distinguished presence, who occupied one of the principal boxes, call out in much the same tones as a wrathful schoolmaster would use in addressing a tardy pupil.

"Now, what do you mean sir, by gallivanting off and leaving us in the lurch without a word of explanation?"

"Yes; aren't you ashamed of yourself!" cried a handsomely dressed lady in a front seat, protesting half in fun and half in earnest, and soon the whole audience was pouring a torrent of good-natured, ludicrously exaggerated abuse upon the leonine head of their adored idol.

"I went out to get a beer——" ventured the great composer, apologetically, "I met a friend——

"Basta! Basta!" cry the laughing people, interrupting him, (Enough! Enough!) and after a moment more of good natured chaffing, the orchestra begins to tune up, the curtain rises for the final act, the crowd settles down again to breathless silence.

A Candid Retrospect.

"Why are you in this prison, my friend?" asked the philanth opist.

"It was the result of my own folly."

"In what way were you foolish?"

"I didn't employ the right kind of a lawyer for my case."—Washington Star.

Think that to-day shall never dawn again. —Dante's Motto.

A sceptic is a man who has lost faith in himself.

STARS AND STRIPES AT THE NORTH POLE

Cook First; Then Peary.

(From Associated Press)

"Stars and Stripes nailed to the North Pole."

From out the Arctic darkness was flashed on Monday, Sept. 6, this message, which again stunned the scientific world and thrilled the heart of every layman. From the bleak coast of Labrador, Peary gave to the world the news that he had attained his goal in the Far North, while at the same moment, in far-off Denmark, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, was being dined and lionized by royalty for the same achievement. Undeniably Yankee grit has conquered the frozen North and a coincidence has been created such as the world will never see again. Two Americans have planted the flag of their country in the land of ice which man has sought to penetrate for four centuries; and each ignorant of the other's conquest has flashed within a period of five days a laconic message of success to the waiting world.

Cook in his first message to his country-men was brief, but noncommittal; Peary was even briefer, but specific. "Stars and Stripes nailed to the North Pole," he said. That was all, but never before have so few words conveyed to a peoples a greater meaning or a greater patriotic satisfaction.

Five days previous, on September 1, Dr. Cook sent out from the Shetland Islands the first message of his success—a message which has aroused a storm of controversy around the world. Now Peary lost from view in the land of ice and unheard from since August, 1908, startles the world by a similar message sent from Indian Harbor, Labrador. There was no qualification; it left no doubt. It announced unequivocally that he had reached the top of the world. Thus two flags with the Stars and Stripes of the United States are floating in the ice packs, proving the courage of intrepid Americans.

April 6, 1909, the date that Peary planted the flag at the Pole, and April 21, 1908, the day that Dr. Cook unfurled the Stars and Stripes a year before, consequently become the cardinal dates upon which exploration of the Far North will rest hereafter. Though separated by nearly a year, the same feat was accomplished by two Americans, neither of whom was aware of the movements of the other. Cook says that he found no trace of Peary in the moving ice and the American naval commander found no indications that the Brooklyn physician had preceded him farthest north.

Just as Dr. Cook notified his wife so Commander Peary took advantage of the brief stop at Indian Harbor to assure Mrs. Peary of his safety. This message, almost overlooked during a day of excitement over his achievement, reached New York Monday from South Harpswell, Maine, where Mrs. Peary has been spending the summer. It contained both a touch of patnos and a quaint reference to his success. "Have made good at last, says the explorer to his wife. "I have the old Pole. Am well, love. Will wire again from Chateau." The message is signed simply "Bert," an abbreviation of Robert, Commander Peary's first name.

Mrs. Peary sent a wife's characteristic reply, with love and a blessing and a request for him to "hurry home."

By another strange coincidence in this chapter of coincidences Mrs. Cook, too, was in South Harpswell, Maine, when she received the first news of her husband's success. Both she and Mrs. Peary had gone for months without word of their husbands, but had hoped and prayed first for their safe return, and, secondly, it may be guessed, for the planting of the flag at the Pole.

Historical Sketch of Street Lighting In London.

"A light there, maids hang out your light,
And see your horns be clear and bright,
That so your candle clear may shine,
Continuing from six till nine;
That honest men that walk along
May see to pass safe without wrong."

Less than two hundred years ago the watchmen of London Town, carrying horn lanthorns and halberds, dressed in long coats and knee breeches, walked up and down the cobbled streets of the world's largest city chanting this verse.

It is beyond our comprehension and imagination, in these days of flaming arc lamps and brilliantly lighted streets, to picture the streets of London in that lawless age when only a candle with a cotton wick was hung out here and there on dark nights. It was an age of lanthorns, of flambeaux and linkboys, when every one made his will and prepared for death when he ventured out at night. It is so written that it was a common practice in that city for a company of a hundred or more to make nightly invasion upon houses of the wealthy to kill and rob and it is recorded "that when night was come no man durst venture to walk in the streets."

The first attempt to light the streets of London was made in 1415 when the mayor, Sir Henry Burton, ordered householders to hang out lanthorns in the winter holiday season. During the next three hundred years the city ordinances and general laws are full of items reminding the citizens "on pains and penalties, to hang out their lanthorns at the appointed time." In 1668 all of the inhabitants of London were ordered "for the safety and peace of the city to hang out candles duly to the accustomed hour." In 1690, "when night darkened the streets then wandered forth the sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine," every housekeeper had to hang out a candle or a light on moonless nights.

About this time an ingenious citizen named Edward Heming obtained the exclusive right to light the streets of London. For a moderate consideration he was to place a light before every tenth door from Michaelmas to Lady Day, from six to twelve o'clock. Heming's lanthorns gave but a feeble glow but nevertheless he did much for the illumination and safety of the city. But he was severely criticized and in 1716 his license was withdrawn.

The city had again many districts where no light was to be seen. In 1716 every housekeeper whose house fronted any street or lane and was rented at £10, and every person having the charge of a public building, was required and obliged, on penalty of a fine of one shiling, during every dark night, from September 29 until March 25, to hang out one or more lanthorns with sufficient wick-candles lighted therein, and to continue the same burning in every such dark night, from the hour of six until the hour of eleven o'clock of the same night.

This method of lighting the streets at night was soon found to be very inadequate and insufficient because most of the inhabitants were not rated up to £10 and the limited period of time during which the streets were lighted was found to expose the citizens to the depredations of street robbers and housebreakers. After eleven o'clock the city was practically in total darkness. The shops, which were kept open till eight or nine o'clock in the evening, alone made the streets agreeable for these few hours so that Defoe in 1729 published a pamphlet wherein he demonstrated his plan, according to which "our streets were to be so strongly guarded and so gloriously illuminated that any part of London would be as safe and pleasant at midnight as at noonday, and burglary totally unpracticable."

Up to 1736 the lighting was done by contract, and the contractors by a singular arrangement, agreed to pay the city £600 a year for this monopoly. In return for this they were empowered to levy a rate of 6 shillings a year upon all housekeepers who paid poor rates and a larger rate from all who had houses of over £10 per annum unless they hung out a lanthorn or a candle before their doors.

As this private undertaking became a good job for the contractors, and the robberies increased in 1736, it was thought needful to apply to Parliament for powers to light the streets in a more effectual manner, and to take the lighting of the city out of private hands. An act was accordingly passed, by which the city was empowered to put up lamps where they might think fit, to burn from sunset to sunrise. Instead, therefore, of a thousand lamps, the number was now increased to 4679; but as these were not sufficient several of the wards made a considerable increase, so that the whole could amount to no less than 5000.

This, however, was only the amount in the "City and Liberties," and did not include the suburbs. In 1738 it was estimated that the whole number of lamps was about 15,000. The time of lighting also, which before had been only 750 hours annually, was increased. In 1739 and 1744 this act was enlarged, and made more stringent owing to the great number of robberies committed in the streets during the night. The street lamps were assisted by "the officious linkboy's smoky light," and the dim light of the theatres and taverns. This feeble glimmering light was only superseded by the introduction of gas, first adopted in London's streets in 1807.

With the advent of gas the streets of London were better lighted and consequently much safer for pedestrians and householders. The streets of the great city contiued to be lighted with gas for many years.

Sir Humphrey Davy, of London, was the first to experiment in electric lighting with any definite object in view. With wet batteries as a current source Davy produced the first arc lamp in 1810. In 1852 the lighthouses along the strait of Dover were equipped with the new electric lights. But it was not until 1879, when Charles F. Brush and Edward Weston, of this country, perfected series arc lighting that the cities of the world began to be illumina ed nightly by electricity. The Thomson-Houston system of arc lighting made its appearance in 1881 and since then this company, and its successor, the General Electric Company, have steadily developed street lighting by electricty until the London of today is one of the best lighted and safest cities in the world.—Electric News Spe-to the Sentinel.

DEFERRED LOCALS.

Freedom District Items.

Mrs. Robert T. Shipley entertained quite a number of friends ou Thursday August 26th. The evening was spent with instrumental music, singing and pleasant conversation. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bolgiano, of Baltimore; Mrs. Wm. Gibson, Wm. Murphy, Allie Gorsuch, Wm. Black, Roy Grossnickle and Mother Gibson, Misses Virgie, Eliza and Marjorie Murphy and Master Dale Townsend.

Miss Edna Jones, of Oakland Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo Barnes, of Louisville were the guests of Mr. Columbus Parker near Gist on Sunday, 29th.

Mr. Samuel Smith had his foot badly crushed by a 4 horse load of stone running over it.

Finksburg Items.

Mrs. Emma Best, of Frederick, and Mrs. Nettie Kemp, of Indiana, spent several days with their cousins, Ira Dorsey and Miss Annie Bradenburg, at Finksburg.

Mrs. Wm. A. Cassell, of Baltimore, has been visiting her sister, Miss Annie Bradenburg, of Finksburg.

Mr. Geo L. Brandenburg, rural carrier No 1, has returned from a two week's visit to relatives in Ohio and Indiana.

Mr. Wm. A. Cassell, formerly of Freedom district now connected with the Walbrook branch of the Baltimore P. O., after making a trip through one of the lower counties of Md. visited his brother in-law, Geo. E. Brandenburg. Mr Cassell says that having made a thorough examination of the agricultural conditions and prospects of lower Western shore counties he has no desire to locate there.

Spring Dale Items

Mr. Harry Babylon has painted the roof of his new barn.

Miss Mary R. Smith has returned home from visiting friends at New Windsor.

Miss Mae Harmon, of Hanover, Pa., Miss Mamie Bollinger, of Taneytown, Miss Mary Babylon and Miss Florence Nusbaum, near here, were the guests of Miss Myrtle Cummings recently.

Mr. Walter Snader has put a new tin roof on his house; Mr. Edgar Myers of Uniontown did the work.

Mrs. Dallis Blaxten and Miss Clara Tate visited Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dayhoff.

Mrs. Theo. Cummings entertained Mrs. James Robertson, Mrs. Edward Gilbert, Miss Mae Hamon, Miss Mary Babylon, Miss Ruthanna Babylon, Helen and Rodger Gilbert.

Miss Mary Babylon and Miss Mae Harmon spent a day at Frizellburg recently.

The potato crop is very large in this section.

Orphans' Court

Monday, August 30th, 1909—Mary E. Baile and John M. Baile, executors of David C. Baile, deceased, returned report of sale of real estate and Court granted order ni si thereon.

Ray H. Singer, executor of J. Hamilton Singer, deceased, returned inventories of personal property and debts.

Edna J. Feeser, guardian of Harry F., David M., and Catherine E. Feeser, infants, settled her first account.

The last will and testament of Adelaide McFadden Shriver, deceased, admitted to probate, and letters testamentary thereon granted unto Percy H. Shriver, who received warrant to appraise, also order to notify creditors.

Frank A. Niner, executor of John Niner, deceased, settled his first and final account.

Tuesday, August 31st, 1909.—Raymond W. Brashear, administrator of Wm. J. Krashear, deceased, returned inventory of personal property and received order to sell personal property.

James C. Hewitt, executor of Elizabeth C. Hewitt, deceased, returned inventory of personal property.

George F. Thieret, executor of Mary Thieret, deceased, settled his first account.

The last will and testament of George W. Devilbiss, deceased, admitted to probate, and letters testamentary thereon granted unto Howard H. Devilbiss and Clifton G. Devilbiss, who received warrant to appraise, also order to notify creditors.

Like a Mule.

"A man wif a bad disposition," said Uncle Eben, "is a heap like a mule. Yohs always havin' yoh doubts about whether his usefulness on some occasions pays foh his troublesomeness on others."—Washington Star.

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