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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

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

ROBERT C. McKINNEY

late of Carroll county deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 17th day of February, 1918, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 17th day of July, 1917.

JOHN C. McKINNEY and
ANDREW B. McKINNEY,
7 20 5t Executors.

The regulation method of keeping the boys contented on the farm is to put them on the hottest and dustiest mow to stow the hay away.



You Can *Afford* Good Light

You up-to-date farmers who own your property—take pride in your home and love your good wife and children—**you** should have good light.

The day has passed when good light in the farm home could be considered a novelty or expensive luxury. Nor is it a matter of big investment. Today good light is an inexpensive necessity.

Pilot-Carbide-Outdoor
Lighting and Cooking Plants

have totally changed the old fashioned methods of house and barn lighting and cooking in the country home.

Hundreds of thousands of progressive farmers in all parts of the country have selected the PILOT because they were quick to recognize the value of good light—its safety and the convenience it brings them and their families. These country home owners—men like yourself—found they could easily afford the moderate investment for their PILOTS.

So can you afford it.

You can afford that new mowing machine, seed drill, and sulky plow. You can afford all the improvements that make your place a model farm, because they save *you* time and work.

Think of your good wife. She is your business partner. Her duty has been to make your home. She has done it well. She has contributed as much to your success as you have yourself.

The PILOT is going to save *her* a lot of hard work—dirty work—filling, cleaning and carrying lamps about the house—the meanest work a woman has to do. Think, too, what a gas cook stove will mean to her on hot days and when quick meals are wanted in a hurry.

If you can afford improvements for your farm, surely you can afford this one great improvement for your home—your wife—and your children. It is the one thing that you and your whole family will enjoy every night—365 times—every year.

Consider the PILOT from every standpoint—safety, comfort, convenience and better living. Your decision will be what 300,000 other country home owners have decided—*you can't afford to be without it.*

Write for illustrated catalogs and descriptive booklets giving all the facts. Find out, *today*, about the PILOT.

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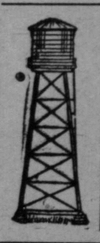
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Does not Pack, nor get Hard, Highest Grade, Most Comfortable and Economical Mattress made.

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A well filled Water Tank is a comfort as well as security from fire for home or farm.

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Medford Bargain Store
Medford, Md.

A grammar school education, a knowledge of the one step and fox trot and a dress suit will secure admission to quite exclusive circles at the summer resorts.

STATE FORESTER BESLEY AD VISES WOODLAND OWNERS TO REALIZE IN THEIR TIMBER AND WOOD.

Timber and wood have never been as valuable as they are now. The large quantitity of lumber required by the Government for war purposes, the great industrial expansions taking place in our cities, are rapidly using up the surplus on hand and creating a local demand for saw timber, railroad ties, poles, piling, and all products derived from the forests. Even cordwood, which heretofore has been difficult to sell, is now sure to be in demand this winter and next winter.

This affords an excellent opportunity for woodland owners to sell any mature timber and to utilize defective trees or those of poor species for cordwood. The present indications are that coal will be high in price and difficult to get, especially in the smaller towns, on account of shortage of cars.

Wood cut during August will probably be sufficiently seasoned to sell after January 1st. It is likely that timber prices will continue good after the war, so that woodland owners should cut conservatively now in order to have another timber crop in a few years from the small and middle-sized trees that have not yet reached their maximum value.

State Forester, F. W. Besley, Baltimore, Maryland, will advise any one how and what to cut for timber or for cordwood and how to find a market for it, if you will write to him at the above address.

He is now making an inspection trip through all of the counties of the State and will probably be able to visit your place and advise you on the ground, if requested to do so, and without charge.

CANNING ESTABLISHMENTS OF CARROLL COUNTY

A Iven H. Sayers, A. L. Duvall and Sons A. C. Rober, Smith-Yingling Co., Westminster. Joseph P. Yingling, Westminster and Pleasant Valley; B. F. Shriver Co., Westminster, New Windsor and Union Mills; Geo. W. Magin, Westminster and Taylorsville; C. Irving Kroh, Westminster and Silver Run; A. W. Feeser & Co. Westminster and Silver Run and Taneytown; A. E. Shipley, Mt. Airy; N. S. Wood & Son, Mt. Airy; Edmondson & Klee Canning Co., Finksburg and Lewisville; A. G. Gentz, Lineboro; Numsen & Son, Asbestos and Baltimore and Taylor & Co., Patapsco.

SHIPLEY

Mr. Henry Wagner, who was quite ill on Sunday, is much improved. His children all visited him. Mr. and Mrs. Mack Horten, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Porter.

Mr. and Mrs Joseph T. Hook and Miss Melvie and Reda Gibson, Mr. Monro Lambert and Earl Gibson, visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gibson, Jr., Sunday, near Gist.

Miss Marie Polster entertained Sunday Miss Birdie and Stella Wagner, Miss Edna Beaver and Lester Beaver.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Polster had as their guests Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ditman and son Lewis, of Westminster.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hughes had as their guests Sunday, Mrs. Mary E. Hughes, Miss Mamie and Carrie Hughes and Esther Shipley, of Freedom, and Miss Marie Logue and brothers.

Miss Catherine Hughes is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. Sadie Conner, near Gist.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zahn had as their guest, Sunday, Mr. Paul Zahn, of Baltimore.

Don't forget the picnic Saturday, August 11 at Zion M. P. Church. A welcome to all.

Misses Jane Blizzard, Louise Caple, Elizabeth Diffendal, Viola Caple and Master T. H. Diffendal, of Westminster, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Margaret Caple.

Mr. and Mrs. David G. Hook were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Baker also Misses Louise and Evelyn Hook.

Annual visitor's day was held at the M. P. Church Home on Wednesday. The members of the Summer Conference now in session on College Hill, attended in a body, and friends of the Home from Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Carroll county were present. The ladies of the Board served a fine lunch and numerous articles made by the inmates of the Home were on sale. A neat sum was realized, and a very pleasant social reunion was held The matron, Miss Kate Murray, and her assistant, Miss Amanda Stewart, did every thing in their power to insure the comfort and pleasure of the guests, and were highly commended for the neat way in which the Home is kept and the fine vegetable and flower gardens which flourish under their direct supervision. with the help of their "man of all work." Joseph Cooper, colored, who deserves mention for his faithfulness.

Any of the small boys can tell you how the big major league ball teams could win if they didn't play such bonehead ball.

Bachman's Union Sunday School will hold a festival on the lawn of Mr. Andrew Sullivan, at the Ore Bank farm, on Saturday evening, August 11th. The play entitled "A Visit to the Oil Regions, which was given at Krider's Reform picnic, will be repeated at the festival.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION

The seventh annual reunion of the Virginia Eldership will be held at Churches of God of the Maryland and Pen-Mar park on Wednesday, August 8th, at 1. 30 P. M. Plans have been made to make the reunion this year the most helpful and entertaining of all the reunions yet held by the Church of God. A splendid program has been arranged for the occasion. 1.30 P. M. the Pen-Mar orchestra will render a concert from 1.30 till 2.00, after which the program as arranged by the committee begins Rev. L. F. Murray, of the Church of God at Uniontown, presiding. Doxology by congregation; Hymn, America by congregation; Responsive reading, leader, Rev. G. W. Masser, Edgwood, Md.; Invocation, Rev. H. Dixon Boughter, Chambersburg, Pa.; Quartette, members of the Edgewood choir; address of welcome, Rev. H. C Gonso, Woodsboro, Md; response, Rev. V. K. Betts, Cascade, Md.; Duet, members of the Carrollton choir; Musical, members of the Uniontown choir; reading, The Kaiser's Dream, Miss Helen Shriner; Westminster, Md.; duet, Mr. Irving and Miss Alice Ebaugh, Baltimore, Md.; address, Importance of Instructions to the young people, Rev. S. B. Craft, Carrollton, Md.; Anthem, Westminster choir; offering; duet. members of the Edgewood choir; business and announcements; Trio. members of the Barkhill choir; hymn, God be with you, congregation; Benediction.

Rev. S. A. Kipe and Rev. John H. Gonso, Committee.

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A furnished house with large, shady yard for private family.

Mr. F. C. MOALE,
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OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN
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BOYLE'S DRUG STORE
WESTMINSTER
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
AUGUST 10th and 11th
for two days only

Eyes Examined Free

Glasses for reading as low as $1.00

The Siren Song

In an amazed way Bartley Morse leaned forward and stared. His fishing pole nearly slipped from his hand. He had fancied a vernal solitude all about him, intruded upon by none but himself, and lo! here was an intrusion that startled and thrilled him.

Back at the last outpost of Kentucky civilization, so to speak, they had told him not to lose himself by wandering too far, for an interminable labyrinth presented between the towns and the mountain lairs of the moonshiners and bandits. Morse, however, had gone beyond the bound set by his advisers. The scenery had charmed him. He had wandered on and on, into a seeming paradise of wild beauty.

And now—the Eve of that paradise! It was like a magic picture, the sudden appearance upon a rock across the stream and down its shore some fifty yards. The low boughs of a weeping tree formed a sort of screen, shutting Morse from view, but he could clearly see the girl, who stood like a statue.

Her dress was coarse, a single piece garment, her feet were bare. She had plaited a garland of bright wild flowers, which inclosed her neck and shoulders. She had gathered a handful of pebbles and shells, and one by one she was casting these slowly, with a rythmic, even motion of her graceful form, into the brook, pausing anon to watch the eddying circles they formed.

Then, suddenly, clear as the silver throated note of the lark, she began to sing. It seemed to be a melody of the wilderness, not devised by rote and rule, but free, unrestrained, gorgeous in its strong high notes, then sinking to plaintiveness and trills and coolings and a grand final burst of harmony.

And then in a flash the nomad became the naiad. As naturally as a soaring bird suddenly wings its flight, this woodland marvel of loveliness clasped her hands above her head and dove straight into the midst of the sunflashed waters, emerged on the opposite shore, and with a trilling laugh shook the water from hair and face and attire in a seeming shower of flashing jewels. Morse leaned forward. As she arose from the water a silken scarf loosely wound at the waistline floated free into midstream. Engrossed in wringing out her attire, the girl did not notice this loss of the one article of adornment she wore until Morse uttered a sharp exclamation.

"I've got it!"

For, as the vari-hued object came within his range, with a masterly fling of his line he hooked it, and the girl stood open-mouthed watching the maneuvers that landed her precious scarf to safety.

Instantly the girl dashed among the greenery, as if embarrassed at the discovery of unexpected human proximity. She must have been fleet of foot as the woodland deer, for in an incredible brief period of time her face protruded from the midst of some bushes twenty feet behind Morse, and her lips framed the words:

"It's mine."

"I know it is," Morse smiled and bowed, and he extended the scarf towards her, but the shy girl shook her head and lowered her eyes, glowing like star gems, and made a motion for him to throw it to her.

"You owe me a repetition of that beautiful song for that," he cried gayly, as the scarf, flung to the breeze, drifted straight into the clasp of the girl's extended hands. She gave him a grateful glance and vanished magically.

Morse would have stayed her. The novelty of this chance meeting fascinated him. He started towards the bushes. Once beyond them he halted summarily. He laughed at his folly. The figure of the girl was just discernible, flashing in and out among the shrubbery in a flight that derided pursuit. Morse resumed his piscatorial diversion, but he smiled once and again as the zest and oddity of this chance meeting occurred to his mind. He caught himself whistling low and melodiously a vagrant strain of the wild siren like song that had bewildered his fancy.

"I wonder who she can be, and where she acquired that superb voice?" ruminated Morse. "One thing sure—she is a revelation of beauty and grace."

The echoes of the riotous melody were fresh in his mind the next day. Almost at the same spot where he had met with his adventure the day previous, the following afternoon Morse came across two men, bearded, rough-looking, keen eyed, evidently mountaineers, guns across their shoulders, evasion and suspicion in their bearing.

Morse tried to engage them in a casual conversation. It was a difficult task. Then he drifted into inquiries as to the girl. She was Idalia, that was all, lived with her uncle. Morse expressed a vast interest in the superb voice of this same Idalia. The men eyed him with a certain aversion and went their way.

Every day for a week Morse haunted the lonely woodland stretch, hoping once again to come across the fair nymph who had so attracted him. One afternoon, hot and wearied, he flung himself under the grateful shade of a cloistered nook to slumber, and awoke to hear voices near him.

"The fellow doesn't seem to be in evidence today," sounded first in gruff tones.

"If he is, it won't do much good. The old man has locked the girl up and threatened all sorts of things, but she simply won't lure him to the old hut by singing that song."

"Why not pounce on him anyway and carry him there by force?" came the next words. "We can watch and hold him till he pays the ransom money."

In a flash Morse comprehended the situation. There was a plot to capture him and hold him for ransom. As the owners of the voices, two sturdy mountaineers, moved on, he followed them. The trail led past the hut he had been trying to locate for many days past. He waited until they had gone by it. Then he entered boldly. An old man sprang up from cleaning a rifle as Morse confronted him.

"I've come to put myself in your hands, or arrange for what money you want," spoke Morse plainly, "only, your niece must not suffer on my account."

"You're a plucky one and a real gentleman," responded old Abel Reeves. "The boys think you're a revenue officer, and you don't get away, now you're here," and he drew a formidable looking six-shooter. "What brought you around these diggings, anyhow?"

"Because the town is the one where my father once lived," replied Morse. "He was Judge Warren Morse."

In an instant the old man's manner changed. His eyes glowed. He threw down his weapons. His voice broke.

"Son," he said, almost affectionately, "if you are kin of the man who saved me from the gallows by a furious mob ten years ago, there's nothing here too good for you. Go, you are free, if that you choose. Stay, if you will, as an honored guest."

"And the girl?" pressed Morse urgingly.

"I'm ashamed of the trap I set for you, but we're poor, ignorant folks here, and pretty wicked," bluntly confessed old Reeves. "Not Idalia, though. I'm sorry I've treated her harshly."

One day a month later Idalia entered the hut to find Morse and her father engaged in serious conversation.

"Idalia," spoke the latter, "Mr. Morse has told me a story. It's about a gal he loves. That's you. He wants to marry you. Speak your mind, my child. I'll miss you, but you'll be happy. Do you want this man?"

"Oh, uncle!" fluttered Idalia, burying her flushing face in both hands.

Hasty Evacuation.

A tried Tommy, burdened with about five tons of equipment, climbed wearily into a bus outside a London railway terminus. There were no vacant seats and no one offered the weary man a seat. He was dead tired and so resolved to get a seat by strategy.

He flashed from his haversack a bomb.

"This is one of the things we use out there, you know," he remarked to the interested passengers. "See this pin here? When I pull it out like this it should explode 15 seconds later. They're pretty deadly, too. If I put it back again the thing's harmless." Then, beginning to search frantically, "Gosh! Where on earth did I put that pin?"

The passengers arose in a body and scrambled for the door, tumbling over one another to get off. Tommy watched them go. Then, putting the bomb back in his haversack, he stretched himself full length on the cushioned seat.

A Sick Angel.

Doctor—I am glad your husband is showing so much improvement, Mrs. Simp.

Mrs. Simp—Oh, yes; he is so much better. Why, he's taken to cussin' again.

Reassuring.

"Arthur, dear, did you say you were in the stock market?"

"Yes, on a margin."

"Oh, that's different. I was afraid you'd got excited and plunged all the way in."

J. LEO NULL SURPRISED

On Monday evening, July 30th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Grover R. Little, Pennsylvania avenue, was the scene of a most beautiful birthday party given in honor of the sixth birthday of Master J. Leo Null. At an early hour the guests began to arrive. The evening was spent by the children playing various games and the older folks in social conversation. At 10.30 all were invited to the dining room which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. where refreshments were served, to which all did ample justice.

Master Leo received many useful and beautiful presents for which he wishes to thank his many friends. At a late hour all departed for their homes after wishing Master Leo many more happy birthdays.

The large birthday cake was baked by Miss Lettie Neudecker, of Mexico.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Grover R. Little, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse H. Null, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Berman, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Neudecker, Mr. and Mrs. August Foster, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Kern, Mr. and Mrs. T. Guy Kiler. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hull, Mrs. Milton Bachman, Mrs. Margaret R. Shipley, Mrs Elizabeth C. Little, Mrs. A. Elizabeth Garber, Mrs. Albert Schubkagle, Mrs. Lydia Lauer, of Baltimore; Mrs. Maggie Cole, Mrs. Franklin P. Myers Mrs. William Long, Mrs. Laura Cook, Misses Mary C. Little, Margaret Kane, Margaret Little, Anne Zepp, Grace Wimert, Minnie Storms, Grace Barnes, Evelyn Stem, Elizabeth Starner, Mary Stultz, Hattie Rosenstock, Alice Whitmore, Marjorie Stultz, Mary Flohr, Alvina Welland, of Baltimore; Mabel Wimert, Ruth Barnes, Edna Lauer, of Baltimore; Sadie Rosenstock, Helen Wimert, Ruby Schubkagle, J. Marguerite Little, Evelyn Myers, Ruth Foster, E. Cleo Little. Evelyn Foster, Mary Engles, Dorothy Cook; Messrs. J. Leo Null, Arnold Flohr, Russell Hosfeld, Guy Neudecker, Adam Foster, Roy Wimert, Ralph Wimert, Thomas Cole. Herbert Hull, Russell Myers, Frank Hull, Charles Wimert, Deder Flohr, Lawrence Wimert, William Swinn and many others.

CARROLL REFORMED CHARGE

St. Benjamin's Krider's.
Sunday school, 9 A. M.
Holy Communion 10 A. M.
St. Matthews, Pleasant Valley:
Sunday school 1.30 P. M.
Divine Service 2.30 P. M.

J. W. REINECKE, Pastor.

One feels subtly flattered at the warmth of affection shown by the cat and dog when one gets home, but that may be due not so much to personal attachment as to weariness with a dry bone diet.

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