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SHERIFF'S SALE OF

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By virtue of two writs of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Carroll County, Maryland, at the suit of the Union Bridge Banking and Trust Company, a body corporate, and to me directed, I have seized all the right, title, interest, claim and demand, at law and in equity of the said Lewis E. Zahn and Annie L. Zahn in and to all the following personal property as follows:

One-half interest in 29 acres of wheat; one-half interest in 5 tons of hay; one-half interest in 10 acres of rye; one-half interest in 2 acres of oats; one-half interest in 13 acres of clover hay; one-half interest in 19 acres of field corn; one-half interest in 9 acres of sweet corn; one-half interest in one and one-half acre of potatoes; 1 black horse; 1 rubber tire buggy; 3 fattening pigs; 1 black sow and seven pigs; 1 speckled sow and eight pigs; 1 wheelbarrow.

And I hereby give notice that the said property will be sold by me at Public Sale to the highest bidder on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1917 at 12 o'clock M. on the farm of Geo. W. Albaugh, situate at Eldersburg, on the state road leading from Sykesville to Westminster, about four miles from Sykesville.

TERMS OF SALE—CASH.

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October 9, 10, 11 and 12, 1917

Just to bring back the memory of Your gorgeous time at last year's fair and to let you know that the big fair of 1917 is to out-shine every fair ever held in Hagerstown.

There will be nothing missing from the fairs of other years and new features never before seen there. A bigger, better fair for 1917.

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Loved and Lost

By A. G. Sherwin

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"Free!"

It was an ecstatic word to utter, and under conditions that thrilled the soul of a forlorn refugee, who for the first moment in seventy-two hours felt that he had crossed the boundary line of imprisonment and misery.

Plainly, Richard Dale was an escaped convict. As he skulked in and out among lines of freight cars at a railway junction center, he still wore the striped garb of the penitentiary. Looking back, his break from a gang working in a quarry outside of the penitentiary walls, his dodging of shots from the prison guards, his leap through the open doorway of a moving freight car seemed like parts of some vivid movie set of scenes.

In a dark corner of the car only half loaded he had cowered. The train was not searched. Finally it halted alongside a storage warehouse. Here some additional freight was loaded into the car. Then its doors were doubly locked and the train began a long, steady journey.

"A stowaway, and safe," soliloquized Richard Dale, alias Convict 5987, and there was a thrill of immense relief



Glanced Up and Down.

and only half suppressed exultation in his tones. "After all the years I have earned it—freedom!"

Yes, by every rule of right and equity this unfortunate atom on the scrap heap of rejected humanity was entitled to his liberty. He had been amazed, stupefied eight years previous, to awake from a night of revelry to find himself the scapegoat of a band of criminals he had never suspected. He had been sentenced to prison for 15 years. Friendless, helpless, he had mutely accepted his fate. His previous life had been uneventful; he did not know of a living relative in the world. Luckily, his cellmate was a gifted and intelligent man—true, a forger, but making his sentence bearable by reading whenever he had time the library books of the institution.

So, to Richard Dale, engrossed in the delights of acquiring knowledge, the prison rot and degradation never marred his naturally simple and honest nature. He was a model prisoner, until that day near the quarry the circling birds overhead seemed to warble to him of the joys of unrestrained liberty—the waving trees and nodding flowers appeared to beckon to him to join the fearless, flaunting votaries of nature pulsating with unshackled glory.

For three days Richard Dale was a close prisoner in the freight car. The main doors were of solid iron-studded timber, the small window at one end barred. Hunger and thirst came to him and he spent hours striving to pry apart the bars. It was vain. Then he made a rapturous discovery. He chanced to open a case among the many stored in the car. It contained 48 bottles of ginger beer. It was scarcely theft to help himself, under the circumstances. A second case he found to contain packages of a breakfast cereal. He feasted like a prince.

How far he had gone, what distant point he had reached, Richard Dale did not know, when, one dark night, the train arrived at its terminus. He could trace the breaking up of the train. The car he was in was switched alongside a freight shed. The side door was opened and light streamed in.

Dale crouched in a far corner of the car, fearing discovery, but it did not come. He heard some orders given, and the two freight handlers thus instructed, moved down a long platform after a truck. Dale clambered over the heaps of freight, glanced up and down the dimly lighted platform, made a run of it, dropped over the edge of a plankway and darted across a vacant space—free.

He was still in his prison uniform, and knew that safety lay only in getting away and evading the haunts of men, at least until he could secure new apparel. He enjoyably drank in great inspiring drafts of the sweet, balmy air as he struck a deserted country road. He must have gone as far as twenty miles, before utter weariness impelled him to enter a half-open barn behind a small, dilapidated cottage. He climbed to its loft and the newly cut hay was to him a bed more inviting than the downiest couch.

It was bare daylight when Dale awoke. The first objects that attracted his attention were some rough farm working clothes hanging over a rafter, doubtless belonging to the owner of the place.

"What luck!" he breathed. "Oh, I can face the world now," and rolling his rejected convict garb in a bundle, intent on sinking it out of evidence in the first pond he came to. Dale descended to the ground floor of the barn and stepped into the sunlight.

"Who are you?"—clear and definite the challenge halted him as would a shot. A fair, earnest-faced girl, a rake in her hand, confronted him. She stared askance, and, as he shrank back, she added keenly:

"And what are you doing with my father's working clothes?"

Dale quivered. He was shamed, embarrassed. Then something in the womanly eyes of the other impelled him to a quick action.

"These are mine," he said brokenly, spreading out the striped garb. "Lady, on the verge of a new life, I ask you to believe that I shall make it a worthy one, unless you hinder."

She understood. For a moment she reflected. Then she said:

"You are welcome to the clothes, and as the early riser of the house I shall be the only keeper of your secret. We are poor, but you can have the clothes as a free gift and you shall share my breakfast, and then God speed you on a safe journey."

One year later a new Richard Dale approached the old cottage at dusk. He was well dressed, erect, manly in form and feature. All through a year he had shared with a clay worker with a large family, one hundred miles away, work that was fairly remunerative and he had saved money. All that time, day and night, a single thought, the memory of one face, had filled his mind—the girl who had befriended him.

Dale glided to an open window. Within he saw the girl of his dreams, her aged father, a young man, whom he soon knew to be the lover of the girl he loved as no other being on earth.

She was lost to him. He bowed his head in pain. Then he listened, to learn that the marriage of the loving twain was hindered because of a small mortgage on the place. He reached within his pocket, withdrew over three hundred dollars, the savings of a year, gave it a studied fling squarely into the lap of the astounded girl, and ran.

It was a dreary place, the clay yards to which Richard Dale returned. The half-formed home of love had been crushed, yet his was the peacefullest face, as, two days later, he resumed his monotonous toil.

He had given happiness to the girl who had been his friend, and was content. Only, for long after that a certain sadness would come into his eyes as, in handling a lump of clay, unconsciously he would model the faultless contour of a comely face, suggesting the cherished being he had loved and lost.

IS MONARCH'S OFFICIAL HOME

Old Usage Accounts for Ambassadors Being Accredited to the Court of St. James.

The British court is known as the Court of St. James because the official residence of the king of England was at St. James' palace from the reign of William III to the year 1837, in the reign of Victoria. In that year the queen and all the rest of the royal family moved to Buckingham palace, so far as concerns board and lodging, mere physical facts. In theory the court still resides at the squat and ugly edifice of St. James', and levees and drawing rooms continue to be held there in support of the legal fiction. The name of St. James appears in connection with the present edifice because a hospital for lepers was occupied on the site before 1190 under dedication to St. James the Less. In 1532 Henry VIII took over the property from its monastic possessors, destroyed the buildings and erected the palace, of which Hans Holbein is said to have been the designer. While little of the old Tudor palace survived the fire in 1809 the chimney piece in the presence chamber displays the initials H. A. as a reminder that at the time it was constructed Anne Boleyn was queen.

"Safety Clothing" for Workers.

The insurance companies which sign blanket policies for employers' liability in big factories find that most of the accidents for which they have to pay compensation are caused by the clothing of the workman catching in some revolving gear or wheel. Some projecting fold or slackness in the clothing catches first and an arm or a leg is drawn after it. At the instance of these companies so called "safety clothing" is being designed to minimize this danger. Not only are all unnecessary folds removed, but necessary aprons, smocks, etc., are being made so that if caught in the machinery they tear apart, instead of dragging the wearer after them. This result is achieved by using snap fastenings instead of sewing the parts of the garments together.

Scientific Bomb-Dropping.

The Germans have apparently taken the lead in the scientific phases of bomb-dropping from airplanes. According to reports from abroad, a recently captured German plane included an elaborate instrument for aiming the bomb in such a way that it would strike any given object on the ground below. The essential features of the device were a telescope so adjusted that it swung always perpendicular to the ground and a prismatic reflector which brought the country ahead of the line of flight into the field of vision. By the use of these two instruments, and by allowing for the altitude as determined by a barometer, the weight of the bomb, which fixes its speed of descent, and the speed of the airplane, which could be determined from the speed of the engine the aviator is enabled to aim and release his bomb in such a way as to strike close to any given objective.

ANNISTON SOLDIERS LONG ON ETIQUETTE

Camp McClllan, Ala., Sept. 21 (By Mail).—The Twenty-ninth Army Division will be an outfit of sartorial "bears" after a few more weeks of this new discipline. Its shoes will always be shined; its pocket flaps buttoned up; it will wear blouses at the proper functions and olivedrab shirts at the proper times, and it will salute punctiliously and with snap. It performs that rite now with enough snap and punctiliousness to keep its elbows as active as a lot of town pumps on a hot day.

First Regiment men swarmed into Anniston Saturday night, their first night off since they arrived. The town was alive with soldiers. Group after group passed the Maryland officers, snapping their hands to their hat brims, and the officers were as busy as the well-known one-armed man with the hives.

Lieutenant Storm tried to light a cigar, but it was no use. Three times he got so far as to strike a match and each time he flicked it out to answer an enlisted man's salute. He was finally able to duck into a shoe repair shop, where he got the cigar going and bought a pair of oak soles for Major D. J. Markey.

It is in matters of dress, however, that the soldiers have more to learn, and those who must teach them are not letting the greensward beneath their feet assume a state of undue luxuriance. So they are learning rapidly. Lieutenant Berwager, of Company H, having heard that mental ailments are often cured by the use of the knife, has resorted to surgery to impress upon his men the necessity of keeping their pocket flaps buttoned. He sees a man in his outfit with the flap hanging loose, he whips out his pocket knife opens a blade, advances toward the victim and —slah!—yank!—he cuts off the button and puts it in his pocket. Whereupon the man must immediately find another button and have it sewed on, experiencing enough difficulty in first finding one and then getting it sewed to make him remember for the rest of his life that the button is there and that it is there for a good purpose.

Before General Morton arrived, and even after he arrived, and before he promulgated the new discipline regulations, the soldiers used to uproot cotton and level corn fields and hack stumps attired from the waist up in undershirts or less. They looked like a lot of trousered debutants in their first decollete gowns, unless they happened not to wear even undershirts. Then they looked like stokers in the firehold of a ship. But they were very comfortable and very cool, and their bodies assumed the hue of polished mahogany.

Now the man who works in an undershirt or less gets court-martialed. In this man's army you must keep your olive-drab shirt on all the time. When you go to town you must wear the regulation black necktie, and if your back hair tends to drape over the edge of your collar, you either visit the nearest barber shop or you visit the commanding officer later on. The regulations call for a haircut between the twentieth and thirtieth of every month, but Maryland soldiers at one fell swoop of the horse clippers have gone the regulations one or two better.

Their motto is "Back to the barber's by Christmas," and they have adopted the "trench haircut," which bares to view the graceful lines of the soldierly "bean," contrasting them sharply with the pictures their mothers like to show visitors, portraying them at the age of 3, seated on a soap box covered with a hair rug, at the edge of an artistically painted forest in the photographer's studio—their chubby fingers wrapped around rubber rattles and their heads covered with mops of flaxen curls.

WINFIELD

At the monthly meeting of the Carroll County Chapter of the American Red Cross which was held at headquarters in Westminster on September 14, representatives of all the branches and auxiliaries throughout the county were present. Besides bringing in a quantity of finished work, each chairman brought in a generous supply of canned fruits, Jellies, jams and pickles which were contributed by the people of her neighborhood. Three long shelves were filled, three and four-deep, with jars of the most lusious looking peaches, pears, strawberries, cherries, lums, etc., jellies and jams of all kinds and pickles of every variety. That these will gladden the hearts of the boys from home goes without saying.

Winfield Auxiliary, of which Mrs. Abram T. Cronk is chairman, contributed fifty-eight jars and Mrs. Cronk takes this opportunity to thank those who responded so generously to her appeal, particularly the ladies of Mount Olive who, although not in Franklin District, are ever ready and willing to aid any good cause.

The principal result of the Save Paper campaign appears to be that the paper makers have profited by having a more extensive supply, without having had to reduce the price except to the government.

The German language papers are to be required to print their editorials in English, but if some of our statesmen would confine their remarks to the German language no objection would be offered.

THE GOVERNMENT AND OUR FOOD SUPPLIES

Why is Uncle Sam like george Washington?

Because he cannot tell a lie.

So, when he assures us—as he did last week, through the State Agricultural College in its letter to Mr. Kinzy, (Agricultural Agent for Carroll County-) that he absolutely has no intention of commandeering or ing away from us, or [illegible] way dictating as to the private such as preserved fruits, jellies, vegetables etc., put up by our women of Carroll; and when he goes to the trouble to repeat this statement through the Council of National Defense this week, let us believe him. And if the time ever comes when we cannot put our trust in Uncle when his written word becomes the German treaty with Belgium a scrap of paper"—in other words when these United States have wrong too—well, this old world wont be much of a place to live in; that is all.

But until then let us believe in Uncle Sam implicitly; for through such a national attitude and no other, can we cooperate with him in the best sense; and without this universal cooperation, the war is best. And do we stop to figure just what that would mean to us. It would mean not only hundreds of thousands of American lives sacrificed, but, authorities tell us, that it would also mean the paying over to Germany by our Government (that is you and I) an indemnity of $125,000,000,000.

So it will repay us in more senses than one to take no stock in that idea—which the German propaganda in this country is trying to foster—of Uncle Sam's confiscating our conserved food, live stock or grains.

That which is now ours, will remain ours—except as contributions come to Uncle Sam voluntarily from us. So keep your potatoes, turnips and apples in plain sight—so far as Uncle Sam is concerned; for remember, the old gentlemen is as good at that game of Hide and Seek as you—in case he cared to take the trouble to look you up.

To attempt to hide our belongings in war times in unworthy, in two ways. In the first place, it is unpatriotic toward a government which is straining every effort to protect you, your home and those very belongings; secondly, it is hoarding, which is unfair, for the simple reason that if it is right for one person to hoard, it is equally right and just for everyone possessing foodstuffs to hoard them, and if all did so, it is easy to perceive that famine would quickly spread over our land, because of the fact so large a percentage of the consumer of food, must exist upo food purchased from the —comparatively— few who are producers of it.

So "Play fair" with Uncle Sam, for your conscience's sake as well as for your pockets; as a nation's prosperity affects the prosperity of every individual of that nation.

So let us in the few canning weeks left, load up our shelves until they groan with every perishable fruit or vegetable that can be put into a jar.

. . . the drying habit too, if you haven't it already; this means economy of both space and receptacles. What is the use of conserving a lot of water? Or why use a glass jar when the dry product may be kept in any tight box or bag? Let us win the war "in our kitchens" as the English now say.

If you should find that your generous stores were over lapping into the winter of 1918 and 1919, never mind; remember you may not have as many hands to help you produce the foodstuff next summer as you have had this. You may be glad of those extra jars.

Then too—while Uncle Sam does not ask it of us—it is hoped that every women will reserve a generous shelf for him, just the same; he may need it for the families of soldiers and sailors, or indeed for any needy ones of our communities before this awful war ends; for while the poor "ye always have with you" they are especially our responsibility in war time.

And now just one more important thing. Please, housekeepers, send in a list of the number of quarts of food canned or dried by you, this summer—sending it to the Leader District as mentioned below; for listen to the good news; word has come from the Food Administration in Washington, to the Headquarters in Baltimore, that Maryland stands at the top—think of it—in this war emergency thrift movement. Not only is Uncle Sam not going to take away your food preserves but he wishes to encourage you to increase them by this competitive registration.

District leaders from the several districts, and the principal towns in each district: Miss Anna Galt, Taneytown; Miss Ida Mehring, Uniontown; Miss Treva Yeiser, Silver Run, Myers; Mrs. M. Bentz, Finksburg, and Mrs. George B. Knox, Gamber, Woolery's; Mrs. C. Lowndes Bennett, Sykesville, Freedom; Mss. Thos. Land, Manchester; Mrs. J. Pearre Wantz, Westminster; Mrs. J. H. Allender, Hampstead; Mrs. Abram Cronk, Taylorsville, Franklin; Mrs. R. W. Walden, Middleburg; Miss Lina Dielman, New Windsor; Mrs. W. O. Ibach, Union Bridge; Mrs. Charles E. Poole, Mt. Airy; Mrs. Harry B. Pickett, Woodbine, Berrett.

By request Council of National Defense,

MRS. AUSTIN GALLAGHER,
Chairman, Carroll County.

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