MANCHESTER

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Brilhart, on South Main St., passed peacefully away on Saturday evening, at the age of 6 years, 1 month and 24 days. Little Harold was a great sufferer from infancy and was a great care at all times, and though sorely missed the parents have the consolation to know that his sufferings are ended and that he is with Him who said "Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Funeral services were held in the home on Monday afternoon when the remains were taken to the new cemetery and laid to rest in a family lot. Rev. F. H. Blatt officiating. Masters Manchey, Sbultz, Maurice Ament, George Miller and Harry Lippy were pallbearers. Wink Brothers were funeral directors.

Mr. and Mrs. George Everhart and Mrs. D. G. Everhart, of Frederick, Mrs. George E. Lippy, of Westminster and Mrs. A. H. Geiselman, of Baltimore, attended the funeral.

The members of Trinity Reformed Church were disappointed in not receiving their service flag which they intended to dedicate at their evening servic on Sunday last, and an announcement made that it will be dedicated on Sunday evening 24th at which time Mr. Milton Reifsnider, Esq., of Westminster will be present to deliver an address, and unfurl the flag in honor of four members who are now in the service.

Mrs. Lawson whom we reported last week as falling down the stairway at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Folk on North Main street, with whom she had been spending the winter, is doing quite well at the age of 79 years and if the internal injuries are not too serious may recover.

The members of Trinity Reformed Aid Society are having a paper sale this week to the Baltimore Roofing and Asbestos Co. Mr. C. V. Lippy hauled them to Greenmount and loaded the car for Asbestos, Md.

Mrs. D. G. Everhart and children, of Frederick, are stopping at the home of their grandmother Mrs. Washington Musselman, visiting among friends, saying good-bye as they are on their way to Camp Green, N. C., to spend some time with the husband and father, Dr. D. G. Everhart, who is stationed there as dental surgeon.

Mr. A. H. Geiselman, Jr., of Baltimore spent Sunday here among friends.

Mr. A. Ralph Yingling, of Camp Meade, spent Sunday here with his parents, and enjoying the hand shakes of friends.

Messrs. Charles Deinst and John Lynerd got employment last week at the shell factory of Hayward & Co., Baltimore.

Mr. H. N. Burgoon, our expressman, we are glad to say is convalesing very nicely at this writing.

Mr. J. B. Lynerd cut himself loose from his duties at Cottage Home, last week, and after combining business with pleasure in Baltimore for several days, went to Washington, and took in congress and the senate and the many sights about the Capitol both above and underground coming home full of his visit.

Carrier No. 2 had 60 William's Catalogues on Tuesday morning besides his regular mail, packed in his buggy, giving him small seating room, he had the appearance of a traveling library.

The storm on Saturday night and Sunday was furious at times, and old fences and trees at many places fell a prey to its fury.

Miss Winnie Masenhimer teacher of the Bachman School gave a Spider Web Social, on Thursday evening, 7th, in the school house, which was quite a success financially and socially; the attendance was good, everybody went for a good time and had it. The spinning of the web was interesting and when finished, the promoter and helpers were congratulated for their work. A general social time was indulged in. Ice cream, cake and lemonade on sale was well patronized so that the hostess of the evening, after the good nights were said, had $27.10 for the Red Cross Society.

On Sunday afternoon when the storm was at its best a chimney at the home of J. C. Frankforter, on South Main street, took fire and created quite an excitement in that section for a time, as it was quite hard to put out. Water was poured in from the top when it was overcome.

Thirty or more friends from Hanover and McSherrystown by surprise captured the home of T. S. Smith, on York street, fully prepared for a good time, which they had. They came in a large truck and two autos.

SANDYVILLE

Owing to the wind storm there was no service held at Sandy Mount last Sunday.

Preaching this Sunday morning at 10.30.

Christian Endeavor at 7.30 Topic: "The Art of Living With Others."

A heavy rain fell Saturday, followed by a severe wind storm on Sunday, no particular damage was done.

Mrs. Ulysses Shipley was taken to Baltimore Sunday to the Maryland University where she was operated on for appendicitis on Tuesday.

Mr. Ulysses Shipley will not teach school here for a few weks, but has a young woman teacher substituting from Frostburg.

Mr. L. W. Caple is on the sick list, at this writing.

A number of people are suffering with heavy colds.

There are people who would pay five cents for those scraps of paper called German bonds, but there are not many of them around here.

Irish Eyes

By HILDA MORRIS

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When Bob Ellison was very young he had an Irish nurse. She was a pretty colleen, that nursemaid, her big blue Irish eyes fringed with lashes as black as the glossy braids of hair. Little Bob idolized his Maggie, and years afterwards, when she was but a memory, the sight of blue eyes rimmed with black would recall her dancing feet, her merry voice, her tales of goblins and the "wee folk." He never hoped to see Maggie again, of course, but he did hope, in some vague, subconscious way, to meet eyes like hers, in a face like hers, sometime, somewhere. All of us cherish ideals whether we know it or not, and most of them have curious foundations. No one could have been more surprised than Bob Ellison at the suggestion that the ideal of the girl he wished to marry was patterned after the bewitching Maggie of his nursery days. Nevertheless, it was so.

Bob went through school and college with none of the love entanglements from which his fellows suffered. There were girls, of course, some of them very nice girls with whom he liked to dance and swim and occasionally flirt, but—none of them looked like Maggie. The Irish ones were red-haired, or their eyes were brown, or they had too many freckles. It was not until Bob was twenty-six years old and a decided "catch" that he saw a girl with Irish eyes and blue-black hair, a girl whom even Maggie might have envied.

It was at a dance that he met her, a debutante affair to which his mother had bade him go with particular injunctions to meet Miss Wayne, "the Miss Wayne of Boston." Bob's mother was not unaware of the fact that her son was clever enough and handsome enough to marry whom he would, and she liked to fancy an alliance with some old aristocratic family. After Bob had gone to the dance, his mother sat at home, picturing to herself a daughter-in-law, tall, distinguee, a little aloof and awe-inspiring.

As for Bob, however, he shook off his mother's injunctions as soon as he had left the house. Miss Wayne of Boston, indeed! He knew all about those Boston girls; he had had them for teachers. They were mostly thin and wore spectacles and liked to talk about the English essayists. He had no intention of seeking an acquaintance with Miss Wayne.

And as soon as he reached the ballroom he saw the girl with the Irish eyes. She wore blue, a misty floating blue that matched the blue of her eyes, and her sleek hair was black as the twinkling slippers on her trim little feet. Some one called her "Maggie-Rose." Maggie-Rose, of all lilting Irish names! Some one introduced her to Bob and they danced off together. Maggie-Rose Flynn! He did not care who she was or where she came from, except that she seemed to have come from his land of dreams, his shrine of ideals. She danced divinely, and when she spoke her voice was divine, too, a merry musical voice such as only Irish maids may have. She was his Maggie to the life, only far more lovely. But of this Bob was entirely unaware. He had forgotten Maggie; it was only her essence that survived to weave the fabric of his heart's ideal.

Maggie-Rose seemed to like him, too. They danced together a great deal that evening, they had supper together, they sat for a dreamy half-hour in the conservatory. She talked a good deal, but Bob was not really conscious of much that she said; it was the sound of her voice that enchanted him, the curve of her red lips when she smiled, the blue of her eyes. If she told him anything about herself he was not aware of it, she remained to him a mysterious fulfillment of a long-cherished dream, a bewitching embodiment of all that was most charming in women.

Later some one else claimed her for a dance, and Bob watched her from the shelter of a doorway until some one reminded him that he ought to be dancing with another girl. Reluctantly he turned away his eyes from the graceful form of Maggie-Rose, and the girl with whom he danced found him very silent and stupid and a very bad dancer; in fact, she said that he never would look where he was going, but insisted on gazing over the heads of people as if he were looking for some one, which seemed to her very rude.

Afterwards he tried to find Maggie-Rose, but she had vanished. No graceful shape in floating blue appeared on the ballroom floor, that is, no shape that was graceful according to Bob's idea. Maggie-Rose had apparently disappeared as completely as if at the stroke of 12, her fairy godmother had changed her into another form.

"What's become of that Miss Flynn, the one in blue?" Bob asked several of his friends, but no one seemed to know. He hung about the place until almost the last guest had departed, but there was no further sign of Maggie-Rose. Stranger still, no one seemed to have even heard the name.

"Flynn?" they would ask. "Why no, I don't remember meeting any Miss Flynn."

Bob forebore to ask his busy hostess—a close friend of his mother's. He could do so later if he had to, but he resolved in the meantime to conduct his own search for Maggie-Rose Flynn.

After Bob reached home that night he looked up all the Flynns in the directory and marked the ones he thought most likely to be related in some manner to Maggie-Rose. Next day he tried calling them up from a public telephone booth, in each case asking casually for Maggie-Rose, and in each case being misunderstood, maligned and disappointed. By midafternoon he had ascertained that she did not belong to any of the Flynns listed in the directory of his native city. Perhaps she lived with an aunt, or perhaps—horrible thought, she had left town, gone back to some faraway place which she honored by her residence. There seemed but one thing to do—go back to his hostess of the night before and ask for full particulars regarding Miss Maggie-Rose Flynn, divulging, if need be, his reason for wishing to know.

Mrs. Banning herself was not at home that afternoon, but the debutante daughter was; peals of laughter from the library told that she was entertaining some young people at tea. Perhaps she could tell him about Maggie-Rose. Perhaps—

But as he entered the door the first person Bob saw was Maggie-Rose herself, sitting by the fire, her blue eyes blue as the shimmery frock she wore, her smile more bewitching than ever.

"Why, Mr. Ellison;" exclaimed little Miss Banning, much flattered by this visit. "Do come in and have some tea with us. I suppose you met Miss Wayne last night, didn't you? Maggie Rose has been telling me about some nice man who took her out to supper and from her description I couldn't think who it could possibly be but you. Now was it?"

"It was," confessed Bob, "only I didn't know—Maggie-Rose—was Miss Wayne—"

"And I didn't catch your name, either," confessed Miss Wayne. "Wasn't it stupid? I thought all the time that your name was Murphy because you look like a boy I used to know, years ago, whose name was Timmy Murphy. He had brown eyes and a nose like yours—"

"Good gracious, Maggie-Rose," broke in Miss Banning, "Mr. Ellison isn't Irish!"

"Well, I am," declared Miss Wayne, making a charming moue, "that is one of my grandmothers was. For the rest I'm plain American but I'm glad of a little Irish to balance the Puritan part."

"So am I," declared Bob Ellison devoutly. "I was wondering, Miss—Maggie-Rose, whether you wouldn't like to take a walk in the park this afternoon, or some time—"

At dinner that evening Mrs. Ellison, who had permitted herself to indulge in dreams of daughters-in-law for several hours during the day, asked her son what was, to her, a burning question.

"Did you meet Miss Wayne last night, the one from Boston?"

Her son looked slightly confused, as though roused suddenly from dreams of his own.

"Eh? Oh, Maggie-Rose? Yes, I met her last night. I meant to tell you—"

"Maggie-Rose! I mean did you meet Miss Margaret Roseborough Wayne, the Miss Wayne of Boston?"

"I met her," he nodded." Her name's Maggie-Rose, and she's the sweetest girl in all the world. and we're going to be married. I was just trying to tell you, mother."

Cinemas in Strange Places.

In Moravia, the capital of the negro republic of Liberia, there is a cinema in the house of representatives. The pictures are shown on two evenings a week, and they are invariably attended by the president, whose presidential chair is set aside for him as a free seat.

The "picture" craze has reached the Arctic regions, for at Haparanza, a little township in the extreme north of Sweden, and just on the Arctic circle, there is a handsome little cinema, patronized by Laplanders. It is frequently snowed up and unable to open.

The South Sea islands, another inaccessible part of the globe, have likewise succumbed to the lure of the "movies." In the island of Tahiti there are no fewer than three cinemas. The South Sea islander will sell his shirt or his girdle for the price of a ticket for the "pictures."

Glass Blowing an Ancient Art.

The art of glass blowing is also very ancient and had an existence probably 4,000 years before Christ. The art of blowing is plainly depicted upon the tumuli of Mastaba of Tib at Memphis, and these tombs were built more than 5,000 years ago. In the picture upon them the blower with tube in mouth, just the same as the present day, is seen squatted before his furnace, and from the detail and perfection of knowledge of the art evidenced in the ancient pictures it is readily seen that glass blowing was no new thing with the people of that time and region. The glass blower of that day made vases, beads, ornaments and bottles.

Didn't Need Sympathy.

"Look at the gray-haired office 'boy.' Isn't he a pathetic sight?"

"Oh, don't waste your sympathy on that old fellow. He's well satisfied with life."

"How do you know he is?"

"I was talking to him the other day. In a burst of confidence he piped: 'By cracky, I'm sixty years old, and this is the best payin' job I ever had in my life."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Use for Clothespins.

Clothespins make an excellent plaything for babies. They can be used for babies or soldiers, or to make fences, trees, log houses and many other interesting things. Playthings that can be taken apart and put together again are good to have; also blocks with which the child can build all kinds of objects—engines that he can push along the floor, balls to bounce and throw, doll carriages, washing sets, etc. Dolls with clothes that button and unbutton and come off may be used to teach the children how to dress and undress themselves.

The government has taken over the telephone business in Washington, and will now proceed to show a handsome profit by failing to make any charge for erection or maintenance of buildings to do the business in.

A favorite way to observe Lent is to hold balls and call them parties.

FARM STOCK

FEEDING SILAGE TO STOCK

No Better or More Economical Feed as Roughage for Finished Stock for Market.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

As a roughage for finished stock there is no better or more economical feed than silage for it produces large daily gains and aids in keeping the animals in a healthy condition so that they can handle other feeds more effectively. An advantage in feeding silage to beef cattle that is often overlooked, is that it enables the feeder to carry his stock for a long time so as to pass over a period of depression in the market.

Silage also can be profitably used to supplement pastures for steers during a time of drought, when they are being finished for market.

For many years the belief was general that cattle which received silage as a major portion of the roughage would have to be kept in warm barns and not exposed to the cold. While they do need protection from the cold winds and rains and need a dry place to lie down, it has been clearly demonstrated that warm barns are not only unnecessary, but that fattened cattle make both larger and cheaper gains when fed in the open sheds than when confined in barns. Stocker or thin cattle receiving silage will, of course, need more protection than animals which are being fattened.

The theory that silage-fed cattle shrink very heavily in shipping to market is erroneous. While the actual shrinkage during transit is sometimes greater, the fill taken at market is usually good, and if good judgment is used in preparing them for shipping the net shrinkage is no greater than for cattle which have been fed on dry feeds. For 36 hours previous to shipping nice bright hay and stover should be substituted for the silage in the ration.

The general impression that choice or prime carcasses cannot be made by the use of succulent feed is equally untrue, as the silage-fed cattle usually make more desirable carcasses than cattle fed a similar ration, except that silage was replaced by one of the coarse fodders. There is no appreciable



Superior Beef Type.

difference in the percentage of marketable meat that steers will dress out which have been finished on a silage ration and a dry ration. The meat seems equally bright and the fat as well intermixed with the lean.

If silage makes up the bulk of the roughage it will be necessary to haul large amounts of bedding into the sheds to keep the animals dry, as there is no waste in silage, or else make a cement floor and cover with bedding to absorb the urine and prevent the animals from slipping and to give them a warm place to lie down. When the enormous saving in the quality and amount of the feed is considered, this disadvantage does not seem so hard to overcome by the stockman who has the capital to put up the silo and pave his feed sheds or feed lots.

FEED WORK HORSES ALFALFA

Bad Practice to Fill Manger Morning, Noon and Night and Let Animals Eat All They Want.

The method practiced by a majority of those who have been feeding alfalfa to work horses has been to fill the manger morning, noon and night, allowing the horse to eat all he wishes. Prairie hay has been fed in this way without any serious results, but not so in the case of alfalfa hay. Alfalfa hay is very palatable and horses eat very large amounts. Excessive urination and soft, "windy" horses that are puffed in the hocks, stocked on the legs and unable to endure hard work result. This has been the experience of hundreds of horsemen. The trouble is with the method of feeding, not with alfalfa hay.

On Easy Conditions.

The widow sat beside the bedside of her dying friend.

"Now, Susan, when you go to heaven, will you tell John that I am longing to be with him?" she said.

"If I see your John I'll sure tell him," Susan said, "but if I don't I ain't a-goin' clickety-clackin' all over heaven lookin' for him."

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WITH OUR SPRING LINES OF

Ladies' Coats, Ladies' Suits, Silk Shirt Waists, Geo. Crepe Waists and Millinery.

OUR LADIES' COATS

This department is filled with the newest styles and colors of ladies' new spring coats. It will pay you to take a look before making the final purchase.

OUR WAIST DEPARTMENT

These waists are not camofluaged for style. They are the airships of perfection in their line. They come to us from the front in their newest garb: Geo. Crepe, Silk, Fancy Voile, Crepe de Chine. They are entirely new. Get in touch with this department. It will pay you.

LADIES' SPRING SUITS

These are right out of the trenches of styles. They come from the front of workmanship and are shot full of holes for low prices. They are here from the front in regular sizes, also extra sizes for those interested in their spring attire.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

The millinery tanks have been in action during the dull season. They have come to us filled with rapid firing novelties of styles. The prices have not advanced like you would suppose. We are on the job as usual for low prices on millinery. We have and will continue to save you money on your spring helmets.

OUR DISTRIBUTION CONTINUES

We continue to distribute our premiums which have been so popular with our customers. They are worth while. They are something worth having that costs you nothing. Our profit sharing plan. It helps you.

Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup is the only baby medicine that is always safe. Teething made easy. No bad nights.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. CLEASON,
(Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surface of the System. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
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Horse, Beef, Pole-Cat, Hides.
Furs of all kinds
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FRESH FISH, CRABS, ETC.,
at all times

PUBLIC SALE

on
THURSDAY, MARCH 14 1918

beginning at 1 P. M. on his premises located 3 1-2 miles from Westminster on the Bachmans valley road.

1 bay mare, about 14 years old and some fine heifers; Acme wagon, good as new, with bed and sideboards; home made wagon in good condition, the wagons are both 4 inch treads; 1 Syracuse plow, Superior double row corn planter, 1 single row Hoosier planter, 1 Adrance binder, 7 foot cut, good as new; 1 Superior grain drill, in good order; 1 spring tooth harrow, Gale riding cultivator, large sled, with bed, good as new; Chatham winnowing mill, good as new; grain cradle, only used short time, pair hay carriages, 18 ft. long; lot of Bolgianos prosperity potatoes, some fine seed oats and many articles to numerous to mention.

TERMS: on all sums of $10 cash; on all sums over $10, a credit of six month, bearing interest from day of sale.

THEO. H. BIGGS
John W. Reaver, Auct.

IN THE ORPHANS' COURT
OF CARROLL COUNTY:
February Term, 1918.

ESTATE OF ERNEST GROB, Dec'd.

On application, it is ordered, this 18th day of February, 1918, that the sale of Real Estate of Ernest Grob, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Geo. W. Grob, acting executor of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said acting executor, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 4th Monday 25th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 18th day of March, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,000.00.

SOLOMON MYERS
THOMAS J. HAINES Judges.
MOSES J. M. TROXELL

True Copy, Test:-
WILLIAM ARTHUR, Register of Wills for Carroll County.
2-21 4t

NO. 5042 EQUITY
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR CARROLL COUNTY

Elmer E. Jenkins, Mortgagee,
vs.
Mary J. Cook and Warren Cook her husband, Mortgagors.

Ordered this 18th day of February, A. D., 1918, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof were shown on or before the 11th day of March, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for two successive weeks before the last named day in some newspaper published in Carroll county.

EDWARD O. CASH, Clerk.
True Copy Test:
EDWARD O. CASH, Clerk.
2 22 3t

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FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

FOR RENT— My store property and dwelling in the town of Johnsville, Md. Possession April 1, 1918. Apply to Mrs. S.E.Devilbiss, Johnsville, Md. 1 25 4t

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