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NO. 5546 EQUITY
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT
FOR CARROLL COUNTY.

Union Bridge Banking & Trust Company, a body corporate, George L. Stocksdale, Attorney and Agent.

Jeremiah A. Costly and Birnie E. Costly, his wife Mortgagors.

Ordered this 15th day of April A. D., 1918, that the account of the Auditor filed in this cause be finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of May 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.

4 19 3t

NOTICE

The L. Needles-Brooker Company, of Westminster, is inserting this in denial of certain reports relative to their factory.

They are in need of operators and will employ them the year round.

On and after May 2nd, a bonus of 10 per cent will be paid the operators on their gross earnings.

Any young lady desiring a position can secure same by calling at the factory, No. 3 Johns street, Westminster, Md.

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Small Chevrolet, 5 passenger, 32 H. P., 4 cylinder, $685.00
Large Chevrolet, 5 passenger, 42 H. P., 4 cylinder, 935.00
Large Chevrolet, 5 passenger, 64 H. P., 8 cylinder, 1485.00

Mr. Prospective Buyer

Compare prices on above cars, service and quality considered, and I believe you will buy one as so many others have done. I have quite a number of used cars that will give good service and all have to be as represented.

Yours for business

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C. & P. Phones 58 and 25w.

Bark Wanted At Tannery Station

We will pay FOURTEEN DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS ($14.50) per ton of 2000 pounds for Prime Chestnut Oak Bark and EIGHT DOLLARS ($8.00) per ton of 2000 pounds for Prime Black Oak Bark, of this year's peeling, delivered in good order and condition at the Carroll Tannery, before the first day of July, 1918.

We will not buy any span oak bark this season.

The Carroll Oak Tanning Co.,

OF CARROLL COUNTY, MARYLAND

Tannery Station on the W. M. Ry.

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Do not waste money in buying so-called cheap clothing this season.

Buy only from reliable merchants.

Styleplus Guaranteed Suits

protect you and are the best clothing values. Our suits at

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BALTIMORE, MD.

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The people who claim this is a rich man's war might like it to live in a country where if you ask for higher wages you are put in jail.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of administration on the esate of

EZRA A. COPPERSMITH

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 subscriber, on or before the 31st day of October, 1918, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th, day of March, 1918.

BARBARA COPPERSMITH,
3 29 5t Administratrix

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters of administration on the estate of

HERSHEL E. ARNOLD,

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 subscriber, on or before the 31st day of October, 1918, they may otherwise by law be excluded all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 25th day of March, 1918.

EMMA R. ARNOLD,
3-29-5t Administratrix.

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

Parents of soldiers in camps are warned by the War Department of a swindle which has been successfully operated in various camps. A telegram is sent informing that the soldier has a furlough, and requesting funds by wire to come home, waiving identification. The rest is a mere matter of detail. Parents and friends should be warned of this game and of the similar one where the telegraphic request is to mail money to the soldier, care general delivery.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Kaiser Bill says the Americans won't do anything, but he is willing to throw away a million or two men to get the war ended up before any more of those Americans can get there.

Fate's Dark Instruments

By J. K. WETHERILL

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Little Black Lucy," so called to distinguish her from her mother, Big Yellow Lucy—was enjoying herself. Seated astride of the top rail of a fence which bordered a field on the "big road," she was pulling red haws from an overlopping bough and cramming them into her mouth. The fruit tasted all the sweeter that she knew she was playing truant from her duties at the big house"—picking up chips, chasing the hens out of the flower garden, and keeping flies off the table, to say nothing of the very active part she had to take as her mother's scullion.

"Um—um! these shore is good," she was mumbling, "when a voice from the road hailed her: "Lucy! Lucy!"

She turned around so suddenly that she almost fell off the fence, but was relieved to find it was not her avenging mother who had come in search



"Go 'Long, Cat!"

of her. It was only Mr. Cyril Heath, sitting on a panting and sweating horse.

"Here me, Mr. Cyril," responded Lucy, cheerfully, hopping down from the fence; for Cyril was associated in her mind with sundry nickels he had given her, when he came to see Miss Anne Pendleton at the "big house." Lucy's private opinion was that Mr. Cyril was "a mighty pretty geneman," and she guessed that Miss Anne thought so, too."

"Lucy," said Mr. Heath, "I want you to take this letter to Miss Anne. Now, don't lose it. I'm just leaving in a great hurry, and haven't a minute to stay."

"I don't los' it—thankee, sir," said Lucy, as she received the letter and a small coin in her little black paw.

Mr. Heath galloped townward, and Lucy hurried home.

"I wonder where at is Miss Anne?" she murmured as she peeped into the parlors. She went into the library, but it was unoccupied save for Tar Baby. When Lucy approached the table on which he was enthroned he laid back his ears and growled at her; for though as black as coal himself, he did not like negroes.

"Go 'long, cat!" said Lucy—"you ack jes like some colored folks that wants to pertend they ain't niggers."

Lucy always talked to Tar Baby as though he were a human being; and, in fact, he was something of a character. Having been brought up among dogs he had many of the ways of a dog—he came when whistled to, scratched at the door to get in, and used his teeth more than his claws. He enjoyed nothing so much as tearing paper, and when a rending noise was heard in some dark corner, everybody knew that Tar Baby was at work.

Just as Lucy was upbraiding Tar Baby for his unseemly pride, a furious voice called from the direction of the kitchen: "Lucy! You Lucy!" Lucy wasted no time. She laid the letter on the table and ran to answer her mother's summons.

"Where 'bouts you be'n all this time?" asked her mother.

"Well—you see—you know, Miss Anne's little blue hen with the short legs—well, she flewed over the fence an' made off to the fiel'—an' I runned to cotch her—an'—"

This explanation was invented on the spur of the moment; but Lucy's mother dismissed it curtly. "Don' b'lieve a word of it," she said, aiming a slap at Lucy who, skilful through long practice, dodged it successfully.

Presently Lucy slipped away to get Mr. Heath's letter; but when she went to the library table the missive was no longer there. She searched all over the room, and then went out on the gallery, thinking the wind might have blown it away; but it was not to be found.

"Now, what I gwine to do?" Lucy asked herself. It was no new thing for her to be in a scrape, and she usually "gave herself away" by ejaculating, before anyone knew that a misdeed had been committed, "'Clare to goodness, I nuver done it." But this was a matter demanding caution and silence. "Lucky I didn't tell Mammy 'bout that letter—she'd shore wear me out. 'Tain't likely it had money in it—young gen'elmens wouldn't send money to young ladies they's a-co'tin'—and 'tain't no very black sin to los' a letter what ain't got money in it."

Circumstances aided Lucy in her work of concealment. Mrs. Pendleton and Miss Anne were out driving, and Mr. Pendleton had gone to the county seat. When the family met at the supper table, Mr. Pendleton remarked: "Young Heath left today for Manila."

The pale pink roses on Miss Anne's cheeks turned pale for a moment. "Isn't it rather sudden?" she asked. "Yes, he had to leave on a moment's notice. His partner out there has been taken very ill and Heath had to go to attend to things."

"Dear, dear! how people do jump about nowadays," sighed Mrs. Pendleton. "Life used to be a great deal more pleasant and peaceful when there was not so much rushing about."

Lucy, who was bringing in relays of hot buttercakes, heard what Mr. Pendleton said, and silently thanked fortune that Mr. Cyril was safely out of the way.

For several days, however, she felt uneasy, and had to check herself on the brink of ejaculating: "'Clare to goodness, I never done it!" But as time passed, and nothing happened, she reassured herself.

Nothing happened, indeed, save that which goes on silently and secretly in the heart of a maid. Cyril Heath had returned to America for rest and change of climate after several years in Manila, and had been staying with some cousins of his who owned the plantation adjoining that of the Pendletons. The young people of both houses met often, and Cyril had begun by thinking graceful Anne, with her thick, ash-blonde hair and deep blue eyes, a charmingly pretty creature; but this mere attraction toward beauty gradually became something deeper and more earnest. He had given Anne every reason to believe that he loved her—in fact, they had reached the stage where a proposal might have occurred at any moment. And his sudden disappearance without even a word of farewell, was a severe blow to her. Even if he had been pressed for time he could at least have written a letter; and his failure to do so seemed to prove that, on his side, theirs had not been a serious love affair, but a flirtation. Anne kept her own counsel, but her pale pink roses became white roses. When Mrs. Pendleton worried over her daughter's pallor and languor, Anne said it was "just the hot weather," and meekly took the tonic prescribed, but her cheeks grew no rosier.

Three months had passed, when one day Lucy saw Tar Baby dragging a paper bag into the dark little brown closet under the stairs—one of his favorite haunts. He was just preparing to rend the bag to pieces with his sharp teeth, when a well-aimed whack from Lucy's broom sent him flying.

"Ain't that cat the beatines'!" mused Lucy—"jes' natchally loves to tear up paper, an' keep me sweepin' behin' him. Now what's this he's been a-tearin'?"

In one corner of the closet were some scraps of letter paper. Lucy gathered them up and examined them. She could read, and on the torn envelope she deciphered "Miss Anne"—then she remembered the "pretty blue paper" of the letter Mr. Heath had given her.

"What have you here, Lucy?" asked the voice of Miss Anne.

"'Clare to goodness, I nuver done it!" gasped Lucy.

"Well, what have you torn or broken, now?" asked Miss Anne, resignedly.

Then Lucy poured forth a confused tale about Mr. Cyril's letter, and how she had put it on the table when Mammy hollered for her, and that ole Tar Baby must a took and tored it, and she was skeered to tell—and—and—"

But Miss Anne did not hear the rest of the explanation. She had taken the letter into the library, and was piecing it together. Some scraps were lost; but enough was left to show that it was the proposal Cyril had not had time to make "by word of mouth." The silent contempt with which it had, apparently, been received must have created a very false impression. Was it too late now to answer that letter? Anne was not one of those heroines of romance who allow the happiness of a lifetime to be ruined by the want of a little common sense. She reasoned that so genuine a love as was expressed in Cyril's letter could scarcely be killed by three months' absence. Then, too, the pictures of "Manila Beauties" in the illustrated papers were reassuring. "They are so fat and dowdy," she mused, "and so dark, too—and he admired blondes."

So her letter of explanation was written and sent, and the answer which came justified her action. Cyril explained, in his turn, that he had intended putting his letter in the post office; but, seeing Lucy by the roadside, it had occurred to him to send the missive in what seemed a speedier way. He was amazed to learn of the curious combination of circumstances that had made it miscarry. "Fate's dark instruments," he styled Lucy and Tar Baby.

"Now, you see, Lucy," said Miss Anne, "how much trouble you can make by not being straightforward."

"But 'twan't me, Miss Anne," whimpered Lucy—"'twas that ole Tar Baby."

"But you know what you are doing, and Tar Baby doesn't—that's the difference."

"Don't you tell me 'bout that cat not knowin', Miss Anne," replied Lucy, darkly, "it's my belief he knows ev'ything, an' done it to spite me."

Finland's New Flag.

The Russian revolution will probably result in lengthening the list of the world's flags by several additions. Finland, which, since March, has ceased to be a grand duchy and has declared her independence and status as a republic, has now decided on her national colors. She will have three different standards: the national flag, the flag of the merchant service, and that of the pilot and customs services. The national colors are those which were acclaimed at the time of the revolution, the yellow lion of Finland surrounded by nine white roses on a red ground. The flag of the merchant service will have a yellow perpendicular cross on a red ground and in the top right-hand corner, nine white roses set symmetrically in three rows. The pilot and customs services flag will be the same, except that it will carry the yellow of Finland instead of the white roses.

LIKE HIS IMPERIAL MASTER

Von Buelow, Under the Wings of the German Eagle, Typical as of Ill-Omen to Mankind.

From Brand Whitlock's story of German oppression in Belgium in Everybody's Magazine, we take the following account of a single incident that occurred in May, 1914, just before the war. Mr. Whitlock, with other diplomats, was the dinner guest of Mr. Von Buelow, the German minister to Belgium.

"We were standing by a table in the corner of the room, and from among the objets d'art, the various trinkets, the signed photographs in silver frames, with which it was loaded, he drew forward a silver bowl that he used as a cendrier. As I dropped the ash of my cigar into it, I noticed that it was pierced on one side near the rim by a perfectly round hole, the jagged edges of which were thrust inward; plainly a bullet hole; doubtless it had a history. I asked him.

"'Yes, a bullet hole,' he said. 'In China it stood on my desk, and one day during the riots a bullet came through the window and went right through it.'

"Several of the guests pressed up to see; such a bowl with its jagged bullet hole and a history was an excellent subject for conversation; the German minister had to recount the circumstances several times.

"'I have never had a post,' he said, 'where there has not been trouble; in Turkey it was the revolution; in China it was the Boxers. I am a bird of ill-omen.'"

MAKE LIGHT OF ALL RISKS

British Aviators Think Little of Danger When There Is a Chance to Hurt the Enemy.

The daringly low flights of English airmen at the front are shown in the official notes to awards of the military cross:

Lieut. Richard Aveline Maybery, Lancers and R. F. C., after attacking two airdromes in succession at very low altitudes and inflicting considerable damage, attacked and dispersed a number of mounted men and then attacked a freight train. He next attacked and shot down a hostile machine at 500 feet, and before returning attacked a passenger train.

Second Lieut. Walbanke A. Pritt, R. F. C., in attacking a hostile airdrome dropped bombs from a very low altitude and attacked and destroyed two enemy machines almost as soon as they had left the ground. A machine gun then opened upon him from the airdrome, which he immediately attacked. Both on his outward and homeward journey he was under very heavy fire. Once he attacked a motorcar and shot one of the occupants from about fifty feet, afterward attacking infantry on the march and inflicting severe casualties upon them.

Second Lieut. Alexander A. N. Pentland, R. F. C., descended to within twenty feet of the ground and fired into eight hostile machines. On his return journey he attacked a train with considerable effect from low altitude. He has always shown fearlessness and devotion to duty in attacking enemy balloons and troops on the ground.

Fought With Owl.

An employee of the Helena Land and Lumber company near Perkins, a short distance north of Escanaba, Mich., had a desperate encounter with a huge owl while walking through the woods late at night.

His first warning of the attack was when he was struck on the head and his fur cap pulled off. The great claws of the bird next were fastened to his skull and his face.

After a desperate fight in the dark the man succeeded in securing a good hold on the owl and killed it by dashing its head against a tree. The owl is on exhibition at the camp and is said to be the largest ever killed in that vicinity.

$500,000 for Muskrat Skins.

The annual January fur auction closed at St. Louis with sales totaling aproximately $3,350,000.

A lot of 710,000 muskrats brought $500,000. Many of the skins brought $1.50 each, an average price for good pelts being 75 cents. A few years ago muskrat skins sold on the market at low as five cents each. A collection of beaver brought $25 per skin and the small lot of martin from Alaska set a record price of $57 each.

Extraordinarily high prices paid this year were said to be due to the high quality of the furs.

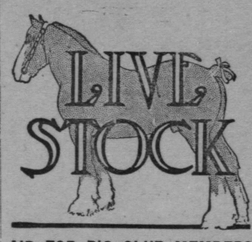
More than 350 buyers from all parts of the world attended the sale.

IRON FOUNDRY IN WAR AREA

How Women of France Are "Doing Their Bit" to Keep the Wheels of Industry Moving.

An interesting narration of operation under unique and difficult conditions of an iron foundry in the war area is given by the correspondent of a British paper writing from the firing line in France. He relates: One does not see much foundry work out here, but a few weeks ago I was billeted in a town near by, and actually saw a cupola in full blast. I at once got permission to have a look around, and was greatly surprised at what I saw. The foundry was a very primitive affair—just a little jobbing shop—and was mostly run by French women and girls, superintended by a few men. These women were making work up to three or four hundred pounds in weight, and in a little side shop some half dozen women were making component parts of machinery by the simple method of bedding-in. I afterward saw some of the finished work, and it would put to shame the work done by many of our so-called molders at home. The women work in ordinary dress, and work very clean and exact in both iron and brass, and also under shell fire and air raids. In the shop was a great hole where a German had dropped a bomb the night before, but the women still worked on.—Scientific American.

LIVE STOCK



AID FOR PIG CLUB MEMBERS

Increased Membership Will Be Great Help in Increasing Production of Needed Pork.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

One of the most potent ways of increasing the number of hogs is by encouraging more boys and girls to join pig clubs. In the past these clubs have been markedly successful. They have been the means of introducing purebred hogs into many communities and raising the standard of hogs as well as improving the conditions under which they are kept and the care given them. The number of pig clubs in the Northern states on June 30, 1917, totaled 1,037; in the South the number of community clubs is between 2,000 and 2,500, and in almost every club are found members of pig clubs. Although the number is large, it is possible to increase it greatly by forming more clubs in counties where there are agents to direct properly the efforts of the young people. In order to stimulate these activities, the department during the past year has added to its force several pig club specialists, and a number of the agricultural colleges have done likewise. In this work, it is of first importance that proper instructions be given to the members in regard to all phases of swine husbandry so that clubs will be successful in bringing to market a large percentage of the pigs under their care. Clubs should not be organized unless there is ample assurance that sufficient feed will be available to bring the pigs to maturity.

Swine breeders' associations have been active for a number of years in assisting pig club members to secure purebred hogs at reduced prices. This has made it possible for members to obtain good stock with which to lay the foundation for a herd of purebred swine. The result has been the introduction into many communities of desirable breeding stock and the stimulation of more widespread interest in good quality hogs. Swine breeders' associations doubtless will be willing to continue in the future the assistance given to club members in the past.

Bankers in many states have realized the value of pig clubs as a means of materially improving rural conditions and at the same time increasing



Enthusiastic Pig Club Member With His Prize Pig.

the production of meat and teaching the members good business methods. Not a few bankers have made it possible for worthy club members to secure pigs on their personal notes. In this way a well-bred pig is obtained through the efforts of a county agent or pig club leader or specialist and a banker. The member is given the opportunity to pay for it from the proceeds of the pig as a meat animal or from the sale of offspring in case of a breeding animal. Often the member enters into a business agreement (with the parents' consent) with the banker and thus secures a pig when otherwise it would have been impossible for the child to have joined the club.

In other instances the bankers have bought bred gilts to be bred and given them to club members with the understanding that two pigs were to be returned for the original gilt loaned. These pigs in turn are lent to other children. This plan is the so-called endless chain contract. Either plan has resulted in increasing interest in pig clubs with its accompanying expansion in the supply of pork products and the instruction in swine husbandry which is a part of the club work. The banker thus helps to lay a foundation for the prosperity which will be lasting. The money received from the sale of hogs will be expended in further developing the county. Every merchant in the county will profit, the banks will get more deposits, and the farmers will have more money with which further to develop their farms.

Cavite Flashes Time Over Pacific.

Since October 1 the radio station at Cavite, co-operating with the Philippine bureau of posts and the Manila observatory, has been sending the time signals of the 120th meridian east of Greenwich at 11 a. m. and 10 p. m. every day, says Science.

For the purpose of sending time signals, the transmitting clock of the Manila observatory is connected with the Cavite wireless station through the bureau of posts. Manila observatory time signals begin at 10:55 a. m. and 9:55 p. m., standard time of the 120th meridian east of Greenwich, and continue for five minutes. During this interval every tick of the clock is transmitted, except the 28th, 29th, 54th 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th and 59th of each minute.

The situation of Manila in the Pacific makes this service of the greatest importance to the mercantile and naval fleets that ply upon that ocean.

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