

THE CARROLL RECORD (NON-PARTISAN.)

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P. B. ENGLAR, Editor and Manager.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 30th., 1909.

SPRING IS RAPIDLY on its way—and let it come, the sooner the better. The best definition we have heard of our winters, is, that they are invariably variable.

The Sun Almanac has paid us its regularly appreciated annual visit, and has taken its place at our right hand, ready to give up its stores of valuable information, whenever called on to do so. Little Blue Book, we need you in our business!

THE PROTEST of Cardinal Gibbons against the disfranchising amendment is sure to have great weight with a large body of voters. It is an indication that the tide is bound to be very strong against the measure, and comes at a time when it will have the most bearing—at the formative period of public sentiment.

WHAT WILL happen when the Governor attempts to fence in the state persimmon tree, especially to guard it against colleges and various sectarian institutions? For many years, professionals have been marching up to the tree, with good long poles, knocking down the choicest fruit, and now that their continuing to do so is endangered, an assault on the Governor's fence may be looked for. Will he be able to keep 'em out?

Have the People the Right?
Most people, in discussing the work of the Anti-saloon League and its efforts before the legislature, fall into the error of thinking that they must now argue for or against Local Option. As a matter of fact, that is a purely secondary matter, or an entirely distinct question to come before the people, later, should the Bill be passed granting to voters the power to pass on it.

Just now, the only question is—shall the legislature pass a bill giving the voters this right? In other words, shall the principle of local self-government be extended to the liquor traffic? We now vote, directly or indirectly, on nearly all important matters pertaining to the public interests of the people. Is the liquor traffic a strictly private business, with which the people have no right to interfere, or is it one of such vital importance to the general welfare as to come under the heading of questions which the people have a right to settle for themselves?

If the liquor traffic is a mercantile business, the same as Dry Goods and Groceries, and, as such, a public necessity, then the people have no right to vote on it. If, however, it is a business so much abused, or detrimental to the peace and morals of a neighborhood, or which endangers the public safety and happiness, then the people have the right to express their preference, for or against such a business. This, we conceive, to be the only question, now before the voters.

It is quite possible that there are those who see the fairness of the effort of the Anti-saloon League to get the question before the people, and will favor doing so, yet who would vote against the adoption of Local Option. There is a question of governmental fairness involved, as well as a question of personal choice; a question of agreement to submit to majority rule, as well as the fear that the majority may not agree with us.

Evidently, national public sentiment is that Local Option is a legitimate public question. The friends and supporters of it argue, very forcefully and convincingly, that a business which is afraid to have its merits passed on by the people, is very likely to be a business which has a great deal to conceal. That there is no real danger to the liquor traffic, in taking a local vote, when the majority are in favor of the traffic, and that no business has a right to exist against the wishes of the majority, no matter what that business may be.

It will be well, therefore, to consider the Local Option question from its present proper standpoint; not as a "temperance" question, not as being for or against the sale of liquors, but as one having to do with the proper rights of the people—whether they have the right to be given the opportunity to vote on it.

The Lincoln Memorial.

The outlook for the construction of the Lincoln Memorial road, is not

promising, if the first legislation by the Senate is to be taken, as a criterion. One naturally expects opposition to the spending of so much money on one project, especially while the construction of the Panama canal is under way, and all departments of the government are calling for increased appropriations, not counting the fact that every Senator and member of the House is always wanting an appropriation for a "public building" in his district.

While the measure was discussed in the Senate in such a manner as to indicate strong interest in the general project to erect some great memorial to Lincoln, there still appeared a strong undercurrent against the road, evidenced in the fact that the Senate was unwilling to commit itself to any single project, and that more time was desired in which to give the whole question greater consideration.

The provision made for a survey of the road is more or less indefinite. The appropriation for a survey is not likely to be used unless the bill to construct the road is passed, as the word "may" is used, and not "shall," in speaking of construction. At best, the action of the Senate was merely introductory, and a "feeler" of Senatorial sentiment, which did not manifest itself positively, either for or against. There was not that strong enthusiasm for the highway which its friends desired to see, but rather a spirit of criticism, and unwillingness to seriously consider it.

Business-like Plans.

Governor Crothers named a number of special commissions, at the close of the last session of the legislature, the object of which was to have certain subjects investigated in order that plans might be devised, embodying certain reforms, from which bills may be framed and introduced at the next session of the legislature. Several of these committees have already reported, from which, legislation is likely to result. The most important of the committees—the one on appropriations—of which, Senator Beasman, of Carroll county, is chairman, has just submitted his report and recommendations, as follows:

First—To abolish all "continuing" appropriations and to compel institutions receiving State aid to ask for and receive that aid every two years.

Second—To create a State purchasing board, which shall buy staple supplies for State institutions in bulk, after advertising specifications and receiving bids.

Third—To develop in State institutions where it is possible, small, simple industrial plants looking to the employment, under medical advice, of the afflicted and to furnish revenue to the State.

Fourth—The refusal by the State to grant any appropriations for buildings on land to which the State has no clear title.

Fifth—To create the office of State architect, so as to avoid payment to private architects by the State of large fees, and to have for this purpose a State official whose interest will be to save the State money.

Apparently, these recommendations are all important, and entitled to support, especially the first one relating to "continuing" appropriations. Western Maryland College, for instance, gets \$15,800 a year, \$12,700 of which is provided by Acts of 1878, 1890 and 1898, and only \$3,100 by the last legislature.

It is proper and just that the public should know, at each session of the legislature, just how much each institution receives. In reading that Western Maryland College was given \$3,100, the average person would likely be under the impression that this was the whole amount the College was receiving, annually, from the state; but, when there are added the sums carried by "continuing" legislation from previous years, and the sum is thereby increased to \$15,800, that is "a horse of another color."

occupation, it is pointed out, is sufficient almost to drive a sane man insane. The fourth recommendation, Senator Beasman says, is a simple matter of business precaution. It is pointed out that there are in Maryland institutions to which the State annually gives money, and which could be sold by the private owners of the land upon which the state buildings stand and the state would receive not a cent, its whole investment being wiped out.

His final recommendation concerns the creation of the office of State architect. It is pointed out that the State now pays a large amount annually to private architects for work done by the State. Senator Beasman concludes his report by making the suggestion that the inmates of penal institutions of the State not otherwise employed be utilized by the State in the construction of the proposed system of State highways.

Mud Slinging.

Where does law criticism end and mud slinging begin? That Americans are almost unrivaled projectors of well-moistened earth is beyond denial. It is not magnificent, but it is war. War that wounds, war that sometimes kills. Worse still, like the rifle bullets in mob times, it is too frequently war that strikes the innocent. But how are we to tell whether criticism be just or unjust? "That," as Homer or was it Shakespeare, said, "is the question."

We once heard Mr. Roosevelt say, "If a man in public life does well, stand by him unflinchingly. If he does evil, drive him from office." Well and good; but a part of our people believe that Mr. Roosevelt has done well, and are standing by him as *per direction*. The remainder seem to think that he has done evil, and are doing their best or worst to make his term of office as short and unhappy as possible. *This also as per direction*. And there you are.

If all the good men wore white tags and all the bad men black, how simple life would be. But life is never simple; even bread and butter comes hard, and just judgment of public men, perhaps, comes hardest of all.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of selecting the sheep from the goats, there is a great big fact which should not be overlooked, and which cannot be denied. This country has never had a great man who was not subject to a torrent of abuse at some time in his career. This fact surely ought to act as a deterrent to hasty criticism.

When our great men are alive, first we wine and dine them, then we stone them; when they are dead, we collect the stones and build a monument in their honor.—*Newspaperdom*.

Lame Shoulder.

This is a common form of muscular rheumatism. No internal treatment is needed. Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely twice a day and a quick cure is certain. This liniment has proven especially valuable for muscular and chronic rheumatism, and is sure to give quick relief. Chamberlain's Liniment is also most excellent for sprains and bruises. Price, 25 cents; large size 50 cents. For sale by R. S. McKinney, Druggist, Taneytown, Md.

The Anniversaries of 1909.

The astrologers would have us believe that in certain years throughout the ages remarkable conjunctions of heavenly bodies and other celestial interrelations so influence the human character and physique that children born at these times become great and commanding in numbers far exceeding the appearances of genius in other years. If so, there must have been a remarkable manifestation of celestial phenomena in the year 1809, for a surprisingly large number of men and women who have commanded fame and greatness first saw the light in that year.

During these twelve months occurred the births of these American celebrities: Hannibal Hamlin, Park Benjamin, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Cyrus McCormick, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Abraham Lincoln and Edgar Allan Poe. President Andrew Johnson was born December 29, 1808, so he very nearly comes into this charmed period.

Mr. Taft's New Year Resolutions.

"If I am elected," Mr. Taft has said, "I propose to devote all the ability that is in me to the constructive work of suggesting to Congress the means by which the Roosevelt policies shall be clinched." And in that work he adds, "My conscience shall be my final political counselor."

I will conserve the interests of invested capital for the welfare of the country and of the workingman. Men who, to get rich, violate the law, moral or statutory, must be restrained. The statutory law should be amended where necessary so as to comprise the moral law.

I shall not interfere with legal combinations of capital that are beneficial and properly controlled; but I shall interfere with those made merely to control markets, fix prices, restrict output, kill competition.

I am against limiting the proportion of their output corporations may own, and fixing prices by government. I shall take no steps to destroy great organizations that have a large wage fund when prosperous, and that add greatly to the prosperity of the country; but I shall do my utmost to keep them within the law.

I am interested in legislation against the railroads, that it shall be just and only properly restrictive. The whole country depends upon the prosperity of the railroads.

The principle of competition between naturally competing lines must not be violated. And I should approve an amendment to the law permitting useful traffic agreements when approved by the interstate commerce commission.

It will be one of my most pleasant duties to construct legislation that shall give labor a square deal and not more than a square deal.

I shall uphold the right of labor to organize for the purpose of making itself properly a power in the community, to maintain its level in the struggle of life, and for dealing with capital.

I shall oppose labor when, exercising its right to strike, it injures the property of its employer, and when it attempts by "secondary boycott" to compel a third and unwilling person to join the controversy.

Non-union labor shall be secured absolutely the same rights as union labor. I shall endeavor to bring capital and labor into closer relations of confidence and interdependence, and shall seek peace between capital and labor by their mutual recognition of their respective unions and acceptance of the principle of mediation and arbitration.—From the January Circle Magazine.

What's In McClure's.

"Cleveland the Man," by George F. Parker, a paper containing some intimate reminiscences of a beloved national character; "Our Navy on the Land," by George Kibbe Turner, the story of the greatest waste of national funds in the history of the United States; "Work at the Rockefeller Institute," by Burton J. Hendrick, an article describing the wonderful experiments of Dr. Alexis Carrel in transplanting the organs of animals; "The Scientific Solution of the Liquor Problem," another paper of the series by Dr. Henry Smith Williams which has attracted national attention—these and other features make the February issue of McClure's Magazine an unusually strong number.

MISERY IN STOMACH

And Indigestion Vanishes in Five Minutes and You Feel Fine.

Why not start now—today, and forever rid yourself of Stomach Trouble and Indigestion? A dieted stomach gets the blues and grumbles. Give it a good eat, then take Pape's Diapiesin to start the digestive juices working. There will be no dyspepsia or belching of Gas or eructations of indigested food; no feeling like a lump of lead in the stomach or heartburn, sick headache and Dizziness, and your food will not ferment and poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapiesin costs only 50 cents for a large case at any drug store here, and will relieve the most obstinate case of Indigestion and Upset Stomach in five minutes. There is nothing else better to take Gas from Stomach and cleanse the stomach and intestines, and besides, one triangle will digest and prepare for assimilation into the blood all your food the same as a sound, healthy stomach would do it. When Diapiesin works your stomach rests—gets itself in order, cleans up—and then you feel like eating when you come to the table, and what you eat will do you good. Absolute relief from all Stomach Misery is waiting for you as soon as you decide to begin taking Diapiesin. Tell your druggist that you want Pape's Diapiesin, because you want to be thoroughly cured of Indigestion.

HESSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

Our Annual January Clearance Sale

We are now through stock taking and have found hundreds of Remnants in every department that must be sold with lots of new goods. We are giving the greatest bargains in the history of our business.

Every dollar's worth of Winter Dry Goods, Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats, Blankets, Comforts, Underwear, Outing Flannel, Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Furs, must be closed out in the next Twenty Days.

Dry Goods.
1000 yds of Good Calico, at 4c.
2000 yds 4-4 Good Muslin, 5c and up
1000 yds Good Gingham, at 5c.
500 yds 10c Flannel, at 7c.
500 yds Good Percale, at 7c.
9-4 Good Sheet, at 20c.

Dress Goods & Silks.
\$1.00 Dress Goods, at 50c.
.75 at 37c.
.50 at 25c.
.25 at 15c.
Silks at half price.
The above goods at half price are remnants.

Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets.
About 75 pairs of Bed Blankets and Horse Blankets that will be sold at a sacrifice.

25c and 50c Tam-o-shaners, at 15c and 19c.
25c and 50c Misses' Felt Hats, 15c.

Many Special Items in Every Department at Reduced Prices.

HESSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

LADIES SHOULD KEEP A BANK ACCOUNT

BECAUSE a check is a receipt for money paid, and no one can make you pay it twice. But if you pay cash you can trust only to your memory, and if that is wrong, you may have to pay twice or have a quarrel. It often happens so.

BECAUSE if you carry money you are liable to lose it, but there is no harm done if you lose your check book.

BECAUSE we have charming little check books the size of a small pocket book, that you can carry in your pocket—if you have one—and not feel it. The pocket book is covered with Alligator skin, and in addition to the Checks has a tiny deposit book in it. The checks are of the best bond paper, and have a beautiful Monogram on them. It is a pleasure to use them.

BECAUSE we have a handsome Bank with a nice Private Parlor, where you can rest, or write letters, or transact your private business, or chat with a friend. This room is always at your disposal.

BECAUSE, if you keep a SAVINGS ACCOUNT in addition to your check account, you will cultivate the habit of saving, and it will make you thrifty. As Robert Burns said, "Money a Mickle makes a Muckle!" We pay interest on Savings accounts, not on Check accounts.

BECAUSE we always try to pay your checks with nice clean notes and bright silver. And we will strive to be so polite and prompt that it ought to be a mutual pleasure for us to deal with each other. Won't you come and see us, and try it?

THE BIRNIE TRUST CO., TANEYTOWN, MD.

2-5-6t

The 1900 Water Motor Washing Machine

Is the Latest Washer out.

Just try one of the 1900 BALL BEARING or GRAVITY WASHERS. We don't ask you to buy before you have given the Washer a good fair trial. Don't hesitate to try all other makes at the same time you have the "1900" on trial. We will be pleased to furnish all kinds of cheap Washers and Wringers on application. But remember it always pays to buy the best, so try a 1900 Gravity—put out on trial, free of all charges. Send for circulars. LOCAL AGENTS WANTED. L. K. BIRELY, General Agent, C. & P. Telephone, Middleburg, Md. 9-15-tt

Littlestown Carriage Works.

S. D. MEHRING, MANUFACTURER OF Fine Carriages, Buggies, PHAETONS, TRAPS, CARTS, CUTTERS, & C. FINE Dayton, McCall, Jagger WAGONS. Repairing Promptly Done! Low Prices and all Work Guaranteed. LITTLESTOWN, PA., Opposite Depot.

Fiction

CALLED DOWN.

By DOUGLAS Z. DOTY.

By birth a gentleman, by force of circumstances a jack of all trades, by profession a raconteur.

Such was my record when I arrived in England, whither the fame of my stories had preceded me. Almost directly I received a letter from Lord Brower of Tentowers castle, in Surrey, requesting me to come down to his place, as he was entertaining a large house party.

The castle, founded as a monastery, was a most romantic pile, representing in its various towers and wings a succession of architectural periods. Its maze of winding corridors and hidden stairways suggested mystery and invited exploration.

My initial appearance before Lord Brower's guests was to be at dinner, and I spent the last moments before leaving my apartment in reading over the list of topics I had jotted down for use during the evening. A raconteur is expected to fill in every lull, every dull moment. Suddenly there fell upon the quiet of my room these significant words:

"We must run it up to £5,000 tonight! Do you hear? We must!"

I stared around the room. It seemed as if the sound had come through some dull tapistry in a small alcove. Perhaps the tapistry covered a secret door. But there was no time to investigate. A respondent footman was waiting to conduct me to Lord Brower's presence.

An interesting lot they were gathered around the dinner table of Tentowers castle that night—that is, they were interesting to me as types for study. As conversational subjects they were failures, for the only subjects on which they talked fluently were cards and horseflesh.

I selected my stories accordingly. The guests were apparently familiar with the customs of Monte Carlo, but I told them tales of our own wild west, of games of faro and poker that fairly made them gasp, and after dinner I must teach them our national game of chance.

Sitting opposite me at table was a broad shouldered, dark man, whose eyes, black and set rather close together, never left my face. His lips were thin and bloodless, and his long, rather aquiline nose had a cruel curve about the nostrils. But what most attracted my attention was his odd trick of drumming almost constantly with his right hand, now on the table, now on the arm of his chair and now on his square chin. The instant he spoke I recognized the voice back of the tapistry in my room. His name was Captain Marchand.

His wife sat at my right, a handsome woman, with a profusion of soft brown hair and beautiful blue eyes, which, I learned in a short time, were playing havoc with the mental peace of a young fellow named Chadwick who was plainly jealous of every smile the lady bestowed on me. He was a handsome, boyish looking fellow, one of those chaps who imagine themselves violently in love with every pretty face they meet.

Mrs. Marchand seemed to have caught her husband's peculiar trick of beating that devilish tattoo with her fingers. It fairly got my nerves on edge, but no one else at the table appeared to notice it. I caught myself recalling stories of telegraph operators who continued their work automatically after office hours, but surely these two guests of an English aristocrat knew nothing of a trade. In the course of my eventful and uncertain life I had been an operator for a short period.

After the ladies had withdrawn I told my choicest stag stories, to which the men drank freely, and by the time we rose to enter the drawing room it can be truthfully said that Captain Marchand and myself were the only men of the party who were thoroughly sober.

During the next hour I was kept busy explaining the intricacies of poker, after which I watched the guests yield to the fascination of the game. Soon little piles of sovereigns and notes appeared and disappeared at the various tables. Excitement grew apace, and the very faces of the players were transformed. The greed of gain was upon them. It was my first glimpse of the English aristocrat at his private gaming table.

Finally interest centered at the table where Marchand and young Chadwick held forth alone. At the beginning Chadwick had won, and with a triumphant gesture he would haul in his little pile of gold. The liquor had brought a sparkle to his eye and daring to his tongue, for he kept Mrs. Marchand close at his side, declaring her to be his mascot and casting such languishing glances into her perfect blue eyes that I wondered at Captain Marchand's calmness. When Chadwick won she clapped her hands in girlish glee, and once or twice I caught a cynical smile on Marchand's lips. Clearly her presence was going to Chadwick's head. He played recklessly.

"I'll make it £4,000!" exclaimed the captain.

A hush fell on the room. Then rose handsome Mrs. Marchand's clear, sweet voice:

"How exciting! Oh, Mr. Chadwick, do go on! Better! Do make it £5,000!"

The other guests rose and gathered

round the table. Lord Brower stood on the hearth rug, glancing toward the group with troubled eyes. I heard him say under his breath:

"The lad can't afford to lose that amount."

I joined the spectators just as Chadwick called for another card. Then I felt a thrill pass over me. The blood rushed to my face, and instinctively I clinched my fist.

Mrs. Marchand was gently tapping the back of Chadwick's chair, but it was no longer the tattoo of an absent-minded individual. Each tap meant something. She was telegraphing Chadwick's hand to her husband!

My first impulse was to denounce them then and there, but what was the word of a hired entertainer against that of distinguished guests, people of social standing, as any of Lord Brower's friends must be? Then came the inspiration. With something of the captain's cynical smile, I, too, commenced to drum on the back of a chair, and this was what reached the startled couple:

"You—are—caught!"

The captain turned rigid as he grasped the arms of his chair, and for a single instant his eyes, expressing rage, hate and fear, met mine. I smiled grimly, enjoying the situation. The coup had a different effect on Mrs. Marchand. She fainted away, at which the captain's composure returned. He sprang to her rescue, and the table was overturned.

When Mrs. Marchand recovered the guests clamored for the finish of the game, but Marchand shook his head, perhaps because I drummed a rhythmic warning, "Don't play!"

I sat in my room an hour later, cogitating whether I should inform Lord Brower that he was entertaining a pair of clever tricksters, when a servant brought me a message from Marchand asking an interview in his room. I found him waiting for me with an ugly scowl on his face, but his wife, pale and with her hair in artistic disarray, was charming in her new role of beauty in distress.

Marchand came directly to the point. "Well, what do you intend to do?"

"Nothing," I replied nonchalantly. "It is your play. If you and your charming wife are suddenly summoned to London tomorrow the matter ends. Otherwise I think Lord Brower—"

I shrugged my shoulders significantly.

"And, by the way, it might be just as well if you refunded to Chadwick the money you've won since he's been playing with you."

"And then?"

"Madam's hands were working nervously."

"And then I shall have one more good after dinner story—to tell all I return to America; that is all. Lord Brower shall never know."

"You are very generous," replied the lady, with tears in her eyes. "You can have no idea to what straits we, my husband and I, have been driven." She was playing her part well. "We were raised to love the good things of life. Both thought the other had money, and both have made the best of a bad bargain. We have lived upon the losses of our aristocratic friends until we met you, and now—"

With a well simulated sob she bowed her head among the pillows. Captain Marchand rose and opened the door. His politeness was elaborate.

"You will pardon Mrs. Marchand's lack of self control. As you say, I think a trip to London is what she needs, what we both need. Good night, my dear sir."

I stepped backward toward the door which he held open, my glance, which I know must have held some amusement at the clever acting of his wife, still fixed on the weeping lady. Then suddenly I felt myself going down, down. I clutched at space, and from above me came a mocking laugh, then a shock, a blinding light in my eyes and—blackness!

When I woke dim rays of light penetrated into a stifling cellar where I lay, practically a prisoner, for one leg was broken and I was bruised from head to foot. Rats ran along the ledges in the masonry, and bats hung from the rafters above.

It must have been hours before help came to me, but I lost all reckoning of time. When at last I was carried to my room and medical aid was summoned I learned from Lord Brower that my being alive was nothing short of a miracle. I had fallen three flights into a stone dungeon, one of the numerous pitfalls which abounded in this ancient pile. The captain had skillfully guided me to the secret door, which was one of his characteristic discoveries.

Lord Brower heard with amazement my tale of their treachery and trickery, but the scandal never became public. British pride stepped in at this point, the deeply annoyed master of Tentowers making ample reparation for my loss of time and suffering. And the only reason for telling of the story is that during my recent trip to London I recognized in one of the reigning stage beauties Mrs. Captain Marchand, who once telegraphed a poker hand to her fellow trickster at Tentowers castle.

GROWTH OF CARICATURE.

John Law's Wild Schemes Gave it a Tremendous Impetus.

Caricature is nowadays one of the principal methods of criticism. No movement can overreach the mark without eliciting dozens of works of art from caricaturists all over this and all other countries.

This branch of criticism and attack dates far back, but the greatest impulse it ever felt came from the age of tremendous speculation, when, in 1719 and 1730, John Law was manipulating things financial in France. Never before had the financial world been so carried off its feet as it was at that time. Members of the nobility were waiting for a chance to purchase shares in Law's schemes. Duchesses and ladies of high renown tried their most persuasive charms on Law in the attempt to get hold of shares. Men hired out their backs for writing desks, so great was the press of business in making contracts, and one hunchback is reputed to have made 100,000 francs in this way in a few weeks. The French went veritably mad over the schemes to become wealthy. Naturally the papers of the time, especially those of Holland, caricatured the state of affairs. There were pictures of all sorts caricaturing Law, the nobility, the schemes and everything connected with them.

It was this tremendous amount of pictorial work that first directed the energies of William Hogarth in London in this direction. Caricaturing began to be used more and more in the political field, and soon afterward it caused the shelving of Robert Walpole from the English ministry. Ever since then has caricaturing been one of the bitterest and most effective methods of checking public men and their schemes.

Another Knock.

"Hotel clerks are cold hearted," sighed the shabby tragedian, who was traveling with a toothbrush and a compass.

"Speaking from experience, pal?" asked his barnstorming chum.

"Sure!" I approached the clerk of the Red Dog inn and told him actors deserved special terms.

"Ah, indeed! And what did he say?"

"He said yes, they deserved six month terms in the county workhouse."—Chicago News.

Cured Sweeney and Removed a Spavin.

Dr. Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies are well known all over the country. They have saved the lives of many valuable horses and are a permanent institution in thousands of stables.

Mr. G. T. Roberts, of Resaca, Ga., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 43, writes:—"I have used your Liniment on a horse for sweeney and effected a thorough cure. I also removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. I regard Sloan's Liniment as the most penetrating and effective Liniment I have ever known."

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., R. F. D. No. 3, writes:—"Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used. I had a sore with an abscess on her neck and one 50c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock."

Dr. Sloan will send his Treatise on the Horse, free to any horseman. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., Station A.

SALE REGISTER

All Sales for which this office does the printing and advertising will be inserted under this heading, (37 lines) free of charge, until sold. All orders will be charged for four insertions and for each additional insertion, or \$1.00 for the entire term. For longer notices charges will be made according to length and number of insertions.

FEBRUARY.

Feb. 2-12 o'clock, Mrs. Geo. A. Mehrling, near Kump. Live Stock, Implements and Household Goods. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Feb. 6-12 o'clock, near Bruceville. Personal property of Jas. W. White, J. F. White and E. H. Sharts, Admrs. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Feb. 10-12 o'clock, E. Adams, near Taneystown. Stock and Farming Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Feb. 25-12 o'clock, C. F. Hohn, near York Road. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Feb. 26-10 o'clock, Jas. H. Weaver, near Harney. Live Stock and Implements. G. R. Thompson, Auct.

Feb. 26-12 o'clock, Amos O. Zentz, in Taneystown. Household Goods. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Feb. 27-12 o'clock, Harry Renner, 2 miles east Shue's Sta. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

MARCH.

Mar. 1-12 o'clock, Martin Bros., near Taneystown. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 2-12 o'clock, John E. Buntington, Middleburg dist. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 3-10 o'clock, Arnold Bros., near Bridgeport. Live Stock and Implements. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 4-12 o'clock, Mary J. Petry, near Baust Church Horse, Cow and Household Goods. Wm. E. Warner, Auct.

Mar. 4-10 o'clock, Chas. F. Hoffman, near Emmitsburg. Live Stock and Implements. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 4-10 o'clock, Mrs. O. A. Shank, near Otter Dale. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 5-10 o'clock, J. R. Ohler, bet. Harney and Emmitsburg. Live Stock and Implements. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 5-10 o'clock, Emmanuel Koontz, near Markers' Mill. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 6-12 o'clock, Frank Baumgardner, near Bridgeport. Live Stock and Implements. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 6-10 o'clock, Jacob Houck, near Bruceville. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 8-10 o'clock, Wm. Arthur, near Tyrono. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

March 9-12 o'clock, Walter A. Snyder, near Harney. Live Stock and Implements. J. A. Collins, Auct.

Mar. 9-10 o'clock, C. O. Hummer, near Detour. Live Stock and Implements. T. J. Kolb, Auct.

Mar. 9-10 o'clock, George Overholzer, near Taneystown. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 10-10 o'clock, Mrs. Geo. W. Weant and E. P. Myers, Admrs. Harney. Stock, Implements, Furniture. Wm. T. Smith, Auctioneer.

Mar. 10-12 o'clock, Sam'l C. Reaver, Valentine farm, nr Bridgeport. Live Stock and Implements. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 10-10 o'clock, J. T. Myers, near Union Mills. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 11-10 o'clock, Stewart Brandenburg, Union Bridge. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 11-9 o'clock, Harry B. Ohler, on Baumgardner farm, nr Taneystown. Live Stock and Implements. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 12-11 o'clock, Wm. T. Kiser, near Hobson Grove school. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 13-12 o'clock, John Newcomer, Jr., Taneystown. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 15-12 o'clock, Wash. P. Koontz, Kump's Station. Live Stock and Implements. T. A. Martin, Auct.

Mar. 15-12 o'clock, Frank Keefer, near Union Bridge. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 16-12 o'clock, Albert M. Rowe, near Taneystown. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 17-10 o'clock, Jas. H. Weaver, near Harney. Live Stock and Implements. G. R. Thompson, Auct.

Mar. 17-10 o'clock, Wm. Eckenrode, on Diehl farm nr Uniontown. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 18-10 o'clock, Geo. W. Hape, near Hape's Mill. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 18-12 o'clock, Mrs. Amanda Shoemaker, near Taneystown. Household Goods. Wm. T. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 19-10 o'clock, John C. Humbert, near Middleburg. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 20-12 o'clock, Lewis J. Henlor, near Taneystown. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 22-10 o'clock, Theodore B. Koontz, one mile east of Kump. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 24-12 o'clock, Isiah Lambert, Taneystown. Household Furniture. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 25-10 o'clock, Wm. Erb, Copperville. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 26-12 o'clock, John Aulthouse, near Palmer's Mill. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 27-12 o'clock, A. J. Graham, near Kump. Live Stock and Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

Mar. 29-1 o'clock, Mrs. Annie Wivill, near Otter Dale. Household Goods, Farming Implements. J. N. O. Smith, Auct.

D. M. MEHRING. CHAS. H. BASEHOAR

Prosperity to the Consumer

JANUARY BARGAINS.

We make you this first step by giving you a slaughter price on all Merchandise, for the month of January, 1909.

This is necessary, first of all, to prepare for stock-taking; second, to make room for Spring Goods, the orders for which have already been placed. This sale comprises all specials throughout the entire line.

Staples are equal to money in bank, at all times.

Among this sale is a line of Men's and Boys' Heavy Underwear, at 25c a piece. We mean to cut a hole in our stock, and we must do it so as to make room, for the Goods that are now in work to our credit.

Our Rubber Line

has the confidence of the people and has come to stay. Pure Rubber is CHEAP at a high price. Interior Rubber is DEAR at a low price.

Overcoats and Clothing

at a bottomless price.

Hanover Gloves

exceed all others in quality and price.

Our Fur Price

is divided by two, and we positively will not carry any stock over.

Now is your time to save money, and to prepare for future events. Don't miss the opportunity!

MEHRING & BASEHOAR.

How He Gets An EXTRA CAN A Day

Mr. J. H. Dillenbeck, Vernon, N. J., started feeding 34 Badger Dairy Feed, 1/2 Gluten. Read his exact words in a letter to us: "In ten days my dairy gained one can of milk, I then cut down on gluten and fed more Badger and my cows gained more milk."

The Reason Why Badger Dairy Feed is so much better than any other feed is because it gives so much better results, because Badger Dairy Feed furnishes all the necessary Protein, Fat and Carbohydrates in exactly the correct proportion for milk making and conditioning. That's why cows fed on Badger gain in their milk flow so nicely. Try it on yours—you'll be surprised.

Our Free Book is mighty interesting and shows clearly the profits to be gained by feeding Badger Dairy and Stock Feeds.

Badger Dairy Feed for sale by Taneystown Grain and Supply Company.

SHIP US YOUR PORK!

We have the best outlet for Pork in Baltimore, and can handle any quantity received. Highest Market Prices and Prompt Returns guaranteed to shippers.

Make Us A Trial Shipment.

We handle Country Market Produce of all kinds. Quotations promptly furnished.

J. Frank Weant & Son,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. FRANK WEANT.)
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J. J. ELLIS, President. J. L. McMASTER, Sec'y-Treas

The McMaster & Ellis Company,

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BEST LOCATION. BEST RESULTS. QUICK RETURNS.

BUTTER. POULTRY. PORK.

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McCall's Magazine

There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United States than of any other make of patterns. This is of account of their style, accuracy and simplicity. McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has more subscribers than any other Ladies' Magazine. One year's subscription (12 numbers) costs 50 cents. Latest number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a McCall Pattern Free. Subscribe today.

Lady Agents Wanted. Handsome premiums or liberal cash commission. Pattern Catalogue of 600 designs and Premium Catalogue (showing 400 premiums) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York

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A complete line. Highest Quality. Stock Guaranteed. Sprayers and Spraying Solution. Prices Inviting. Local Agent—JACOB B. FROCK, Harney, Md.

Westminster Nurseries,
Westminster, Md.

Wanted at Once

500 Horses & Mules

to ship to Southern Market.

I will pay the Highest Cash Market Price. Will also buy Fresh Cows and Fat Stock of all kinds. Parties having any of the above for sale, will please drop me a postal and I will be glad to call and try to buy your stock at any time.

HOWARD J. SPALDING,
LITTLESTOWN, PA

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.

PRICE 50c & \$1.00. Trial Bottle Free. GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Iowa Horses & Mules.

Will receive two loads of Iowa Horses and Mules, by Express, at my stables at Littlestown, Monday, Feb. 1st, consisting of chunks of mares with foals and Horses, weighing from 100 to 1200 lbs. also some trotters and pacers. Will pay the highest cash market price for fat Horses and Mules suitable for the southern market. I also have a fine young Jack for sale.

H. A. SPALDING,
Littlestown, Pa.

HORSES AND MULES!

500 Wanted at Once,

For Southern Market!

Highest Cash Prices paid. Also want Fat Stock of all kinds. Those who have any of the above for sale, please call or write, and I will promptly call and try to buy the same.

W. H. POOLE,
Taneystown, Md.

Painting and Paper-hanging

I wish to inform the public that I am in the Painting and Paper-hanging Business for myself.

House Painting and Coach Painting at Moderate Prices.

Paper-hanging A Specialty!

Any person intending to have Papering done this season will save money by buying Wall Paper from me.

All orders attended to promptly. Thanking you in advance for all orders.

Luther O. Eckard,
TYRONE, MD.
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1-23-3m

USE OUR Special Notice Column FOR SHORT ADS.

Dr. Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies

are well known all over the country. They have saved the lives of many valuable horses and are a permanent institution in thousands of stables.

Mr. G. T. Roberts, of Resaca, Ga., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 43, writes:—"I have used your Liniment on a horse for sweeney and effected a thorough cure. I also removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. I regard Sloan's Liniment as the most penetrating and effective Liniment I have ever known."

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., R. F. D. No. 3, writes:—"Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used. I had a sore with an abscess on her neck and one 50c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock."

Dr. Sloan will send his Treatise on the Horse, free to any horseman. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., Station A.

Doctored Blood Oranges.

In St. Petersburg a young girl eating a blood orange raised a cry and began to spit blood. She had swallowed the broken point of the needle of an injection syringe. It was removed and was found still to contain a certain quantity of red aniline dye. When the remainder of the packet of oranges was examined it was discovered that they had all been injected with a solution of saccharin and red aniline coloring. This process has long been known to give ordinary oranges the appearance of blood oranges.—Paris Edition New York Herald.

"How exciting! Oh, Mr. Chadwick, do go on! Better! Do make it £5,000!"

The other guests rose and gathered

OUR HOME DEPARTMENT.

Original and Selected Articles of Interest to the Home.

We invite contributions to this department from all readers who have something to say on topics which relate especially to home improvement, social conditions, or moral issues.

Some Bits of Verse Worth Preserving.

(For the Record.)

It is restful at times to drop into a column of scraps, especially if "the waifs and strays" are varied and interesting.

The discriminating scrap-book keeper delights in these choice bits, not only because they are fugitive, but because they are usually richer in tender, sympathetic expression than the more laborious efforts that find their way into books.

Here is one of A. L. Muzzey's little waifs that came our way. It certainly possesses considerable merit from a cold-blooded, critical point of view, and is as surely rich in healthful sentiment. It pictures.

The World Mender. A man who loves God with that holy zeal Which works for human weal; A man who knows himself God's instrument For faithful and eternal service meant.

Frank L. Stanton's poems are usually short and to the point. His humor is pleasing and his satire keen when he caricatures a fad or a fable, but it is his paths that has won for him his warmest friends and admirers.

Some of These Days. Some of these days all the skies will be brighter— Some of these days all the burdens be lighter; Hearts will be happier—souls will be whiter—

Among the pretty little poems sent adrift by James Whitcomb Riley there are few that surpass this triplet caught on the wing, as it were, by us at the time of its issue.

John Kendrick Bangs has won for himself quite a reputation as a humorist both in prose and poetry. Fortunately, however, he is not "a mere funny fellow."

Dull indeed must be the intellect, and cold the heart that cannot feel and appreciate this waif of Samuel Minturn Peck's. It is a gem worthy of a place in any poetical scrap-book.

He took a faded blossom And kissed it with a tear. A little faded violet, A bloom of withered hue;

Whatever else may be said of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored poet of Dayton, O., who died not many months ago, he certainly possessed in marked degree the lyric quality of song.

Whenever you find a bit of verse by the great Cardinal Newman clip it, for the chances are it will prove a gem. Here is one to begin on.

A Voice From Afar. Weep not for me: Be blythe as wont, nor tinge with gloom The stream of love that circles home;

This closing bit in the same vein is by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a writer possessed of an entirely different temperament from that of Cardinal Newman.

Death's Protest. Why dost thou shrink from my approach, O man? Why dost thou ever flee in fear, and cling To my false rival, life? I do but bring Thee rest and calm. Then wherefore dost thou ban

Since the reading and enjoyment of poetry is a fine art, it is worth while to cultivate it. Certainly nothing is so likely to produce true culture as the reading and study of the best poetry.

THE COMMON-SENSE PHILOSOPHER.

A TRIP TO TOWN.

(For the Record.) "Come little girl," said grandma Gray, As she brought out her hood and shawl,

The obliging clerk at Owen's store Showed shoes both large and small, But grandma thought a pair of arctics Would do the best of all.

Well, it was a mess; I must admit, For she gave a sudden pull, Then made circles with that sticky shoe 'Till the buggy was dripping full.

It is this period of years which offers real difficulties in building a library, says Frederic Taber Cooper in "The Reading Circle" of the January Circle Magazine.

Transplanting Organs of Animals.

In the February McClure's Burton J. Hendrick describes the experiments in the transplantation of animal organs conducted at the Rockefeller Institute by Dr. Alexis Carrel.

work of the Institute, they are undertaken for the purpose of accomplishing certain definite results.

"Great progress has been made in the last thirty-five years in the prevention and cure of contagious diseases—diseases, that is, of bacterial origin. But the numerous disorders of the kidney, liver, spleen, and other important viscera, which, in the opinion of most pathologists, are not caused by bacteria, baffle medical men almost as much today as they did fifty years ago.

"Another similar idea is the replacement of useless legs and arms with the more serviceable limbs of other people. In the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine the story is told of a pious saint who received, as an especial favor from heaven, the healthy leg of a negro in place of his own diseased member.

Poor Saint Valentine.

The paradoxical, not to say absurd, antics of Time were never more quaintly exemplified than in this matter of St. Valentine, says Richard Le Gallienne in the February Delicatore.

and to be grossly libeled by Charles Lamb as "a rubicund priest of Hymen, attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little loves!"

President Helps Orphans. Hundreds of orphans have been helped by the President of The Industrial and Orphan's Home at Macon, Ga., who writes: "We have used electric Bitters in this institution for nine years. It has proved a most excellent medicine for Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles.

Books for a Boy or Girl of Twelve.

It is this period of years which offers real difficulties in building a library, says Frederic Taber Cooper in "The Reading Circle" of the January Circle Magazine.

We must keep steadily in mind the basic idea that our library shall contain only books that will actually be read—and read with pleasure; the minute that we place on these shelves volumes the reading of which will be a conscious task

signed by the youthful reader to the category of school books.

The books that Dr. Cooper recommends for children of this second period are as follows: Stevenson's "Treasure Island," Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."

"The Pure Food Law. Secretary Wilson says: "One of the objects of the law is to inform the consumer of the presence of certain harmful drugs in medicines."

Useful and Valuable Information. The highest railroad in the United States is the Denver and Rio Grande, at Marshall Pass, 10,853 feet.

Impossible to be Well. It is impossible to be well, simply impossible, if the bowels are constipated. You must pay attention to the laws of nature, or suffer the consequences.

Woman's World

MME. MIRIELLE DE MONGIVAL

One of the Leaders in the New French Movement.

From the French capital comes the news of an individualist movement among representative women of Paris which is arousing considerable interest and will no doubt create discussion later on here in America.

Once a week this society or what you will publishes a four page journal containing their propaganda, which already has 3,000 readers.



MME. MIRIELLE DE MONGIVAL.

Religion and politics are both tabooed subjects at present, but the group contains a number of radicals. One of the active members of the "salon international" explains that the object of the club is not to break up the home, but to try to raise women to be the real companions of men.

The movement, which is international in some respects, is assisting artists regardless of nationality, and there is a lawyer paid to carry women's rights when abused before the courts.

Don't Get in a Rut. The woman who sinks into a domestic rut, says Woman's Life, is really the victim of her own sense of duty.

The Woman's Home Companion has established a reputation for beautiful illustrations, and the February Valentine number is even richer than usual in the display of pictures by well-known artists.

The fiction in this Valentine magazine is by such popular authors as Florence Morse Kingsley, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Irving Bachelier and Mary Hastings.

Anna Steese Richardson, one of the most distinguished authorities in America on the working-girl problem, in "A Substitute for Matrimony" presents the strongest indictment yet brought against woman work—the successful woman worker does not marry.

The centennial of the birth of Abraham Lincoln is celebrated in this magazine by Balfour Ker's portrait of "The Young Lincoln," painted especially for this occasion.

In addition to the stories and illustrations and special articles on important and interesting subjects, there are the regular departments devoted to women's special home activities—fashions, dress-making, cooking, and the rest—together with a special department for the children.

Or she may be a musician who can rhapsodize over naught but harmony and counterpoint, or a business woman whose heart is turned to additions alone, or a dressmaker whose world is bounded by tucks, gathers, seams and gores.

WHAT DREAMS MEAN.

Aids For the Raveling of Dreamland Lore.

Flying.—To dream you are flying is a very excellent omen. It foretells elevation of fortune. It also indicates that you will take a long journey which will turn out advantageous to you.

Injury.—To dream you receive an injury signifies that you have many friends and no enemies. If you dream of inflicting an injury you will both receive and dispense blessings.

Jockey.—If a girl dreams she sees a jockey riding at full speed she will have an offer of marriage made her very unexpectedly.

Legacy.—To dream of receiving a legacy denotes losing whatever you own that is in the hands of another.

Malice.—To dream that some one bears you malice foretells a pleasant prospect in your worldly affairs and that you will soon be advanced to some important station.

Money.—To dream of receiving money is a good omen, but to dream of losing it is a proof you will be deceived and unsuccessful in business.

Neighing.—To dream you hear horses neigh augurs that you will have new and powerful friends who will do you much service.

Paper.—To dream of paper is a good omen, but if it appears crumpled you will have to go through trouble of some kind.

Classified Advertisements.

Dentistry.

J. S. MYERS, D. D. S. J. E. MYERS, D. D. S. MYERS BROS., Surgeon Dentists. WESTMINSTER, MD.

We are prepared to do all kinds of Dental work. CROWN and BRIDGE work a specialty. PLATEWORK and REPAIRING will be given prompt attention.

GAS ADMINISTERED.

J. E. MYERS will be in New Windsor, every day except the first Friday and Saturday of each month. J. S. MYERS will be in Taneytown the first Friday and Saturday of each month.

DR. J. W. HELM SURGEON DENTIST, Maryland.

Crown and Bridge Work, Plate Work, Filling Teeth, and Teeth extracted without pain. J. S. MYERS will be in Taneytown the first Friday and Saturday of each month.

Banking.

TANEYTOWN SAVINGS BANK

Does a General Banking Business. Loans Money on Real or Personal security. Discounts Notes. Collections and Remittances promptly made.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

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MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, MAGISTRATE'S BLANKS.

These blanks always on hand at the RECORD office, for the use of Magistrates and others:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Mortgages, single copy (.10), Deeds, single copy (.05), Promissory Notes, 15 copies (.10), Bill of Sale, per copy (.20), Chattel Mortgages, per copy (.25), Summons for debt, 15 copies (.15), Commitments (same as Sum. for F. P.), State Warrants (.10), Sum. for Witnesses, 25 copies (.18), Notice to Quit, 25 (.15), Probates, 50 in Pad, (.15), Receipt Books, with stub, (.10), Type-writer paper, 8x10, in four grades, in any quantity.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—First Quarter, For Feb. 7, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts iv, 32, to v, 11
Memory Verses, 32, 33—Golden Text
Prov. xii, 22—Commentary Prepared
by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.
The greatest word in the last verses of chapter iv is found in verse 33, "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and great grace was upon them all." They realized and manifested something of the power of His resurrection in their daily lives and enjoyed a fulfillment of the grace of II Cor. ix, 8, which was grace that could be seen, as in Acts xi, 23. Grace is three-fold—that which saves us, that in which we stand and that which will be ours at the revelation of Jesus Christ (Rom. iii, 24; Eph. ii, 8, 9; Rom. v, 2; I Pet. i, 13). From first to last redemption is wholly of grace through the merits of Jesus Christ without any cause on our part. It is most simply and fully set forth in the words of II Cor. viii, 9, and other words suggested by that wondrous statement which when fully pondered in connection with His present ministry for us at God's right hand cannot fail to make us a people wholly set apart for Himself. But where shall we find today the fellowship and brotherly love and self renunciation of verses 32-35 and chapter ii, 44, 45? Where do any become poor for the sake of others in any sense such as He became poor for us? Where is there such affection for the house of God, the church of God, as David manifested when he prepared for the same with all his might or when, as in the days of Moses, the people had to be restrained from bringing? (I Chron. xxix, 2, 3; Ex. xxxvi, 5-7).

Instead of one heart and one soul for the good of all believers it is difficult to find such an attitude even toward one's so-called church or denomination, even though such zeal, if it could be found, would be a comparatively poor affair. I praise God that I do know not a few who almost literally manifest the Spirit of these first believers, but the common attitude of the vast majority has been strikingly set forth as follows: "And the multitude of them that professed were of hard heart and stony soul, and every one said that all the things which he possessed were his own, and they had all things in the fashion. And with great power they gave witness to the attractions of this world and the love of gold, and great selfishness was upon them all. And there were many among them that lacked love, for as many as were possessors of lands bought more and sometimes gave a small part thereof for the public good, so their names were heralded in the newspapers, and distribution of praise was made to every one according as he desired" ("Regions Beyond"). If Christians were Spirit filled this phraseology would not be true, but since it is too sadly true where are the truly spiritual who love not in words and tongues, but in deeds that all can see? (I John iii, 16-18).

This Barnabas is spoken of as "a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," and he proved himself a true son of consolation to Saul when the disciples at Jerusalem were afraid of him and for a time would not believe that he was a disciple (Acts xi, 22-24; ix, 26, 27). He felt led to sell his land and put the proceeds in the common fund. His sister Mary, the mother of Mark (Col. iv, 10; Acts xii, 12), who also had property, seems to have kept her home and used it as a place of gathering for the saints, and both were doubtless guided by the Spirit. In each case it was surely "unto the Lord" and "before the Lord." We must not fall on others in these matters, but calmly wait on the Lord with the prayer "What wilt Thou have me to do?" In gathering where under the excitement of the moment many give because others are giving there is danger of mere energy of the flesh which may prove to be wood, hay and stubble to be burned up.

For some reason Ananias and Sapphira seem to have been influenced by the selling and giving of the others and to have done likewise as far as the selling went, but professing to give all, as the others were doing, they agreed among themselves to withhold a part, and thus they lied to God. They need not have sold it, and after selling it they need not give all if they did not feel so led, but they did need to be honest about it. If they had said to the apostles, "Having sold our property, we gladly give the half or a fourth for the good of others," it would have been accepted and all would have been well, but their sin was hypocrisy and lying, which the Lord saw fit to deal with as He did in this stage of the history of the church, thus showing us what He thinks of such conduct. If He does not continue so to deal with all liars it is not because He hates the sin any the less, but He manifests His long suffering that they may repent. In verses 3 and 4 see a proof that the Holy Spirit is God. Let the question search us, Am I honest with God, or am I keeping for myself any part of what I have professed to give to Him? We read in I Cor. xi, 30, 31, that because of certain sins in that church many were sick and many had died, which did not necessarily prove that they had perished and gone out into torment, but they had been removed from the earth.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer Meeting Topic For the Week
Beginning Feb. 7, 1909.
By REV. S. H. DOYLE.

Topic.—Our Christian Endeavor comrades the world over.—Ps. xxviii, 1-9. (Christian Endeavor day.)

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 2, 1908, the Christian Endeavor movement was twenty-eight years old. On that date Dr. Clark and his band of faithful workers met together to organize a society simply for usefulness in their own church. But God had greater things in store for them. That little meeting was to become historic. The name of Francis E. Clark was to become a household word in Christian homes the world over. That one society was to have others added to it until it reached the thousands, and under their motto, "For Christ and the church," millions of young people throughout the world were to become enrolled. Thus Christian Endeavor after twenty-eight years is a world-wide organization, and in celebrating its twenty-eighth anniversary what finer suggestion could have been made than that we should think of all our comrades in Christian Endeavor.

To think of the Endeavorers the world over and to know that they are thinking of us is most inspiring. As we think of those in England, Europe, China, Japan, Africa and the islands of the sea they think of us in America, and may there be great blessings as the result.

And what shall we think of the other Christian Endeavorers? What better to think than just that we are comrades; that, though we have not seen each other, yet we are bound together by precious common ties, the ties of Christian Endeavor and, above all, the tie that binds us all to Christ and through Him to one another?

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Moreover, we are comrades in devotion, in prayers and in the reading of God's word—comrades of the Quiet Hour, whether so enrolled or not, for all Endeavorers pray at one common mercy seat.

Though sunder far,
By faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat.

Then, too, we are comrades in Christian service. What are Christian Endeavorers the world over doing? Doing what He would like to have us do—trying by His grace to lead Christian lives, to bring sunshine into the lives of those about us and, above all, trying to lead souls to Him that they may be saved. And in our prayer meetings and society work we are comrades.

We study the same topics, think the same thoughts, offer up the same petitions in prayer and engage in work on the same committees.

And as we think of all our numerous comrades let us strive to live a little closer to the Master, do a little more for Him, bring just a little more brightness into darkened human lives. Let us do it that we may not fall short of the standard of our comrades and, above all, through an increased love for Him "whom we are and whom we serve"—the greatest and best of all our comrades.

BIBLE READINGS.
Josh. i, 1-7; Isa. iii, 2-20; III, 7; John x, 11-16; xv, 12-17; Acts i, 8-14; ii, 41-47; Rom. xii, 10-21; Eph. ii, 19-22; iv, 1-6.

About the Builders' Union.

In the last report of Secretary Sharple of the Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor union is an earnest plea for the Builders' union. It contains the following striking sentence: "No more worthy tribute could be paid to our leaders of Christian Endeavor, who during the past twenty-seven years gave us their very best under various conditions while quartered in cramped offices preparing the helps and other literature so necessary to our work, than by co-operating with the board of trustees of the United Society, who represent the eighty denominations in Christian Endeavor, who are men of industry, integrity and loyalty to young people's work, who, in the opinion of the secretary, are men who would advocate nothing detrimental to Christian Endeavor and enjoy the confidence of the Christian world and unitedly press on as a state union so that we may help hasten the time when by our prayers, our work and our money we may witness the consummation of our plans and the erection of a headquarters building that will be a credit to the love, devotion and self-sacrificing spirit of worldwide Christian Endeavor."

Junior Work.
If in any church there is really need of a Christian Endeavor society for the young people, then in that same church there should also be a place for a Junior society. If the training that a Christian Endeavor society gives is good for the young people, much more is it needed for the children. Why wait till they are young men and women before you begin to train them for service?—Mrs. F. E. Clark.

Endeavor.
Blindly Endeavor went.
He had no path
Nor saw his way at all.
He went alone.
No other had been there.
The air hurried by in silence.
If he fell, who cared.
Save that the mocking face of his worst self
Seemed still before him?
Yet after days unfurled a legend.
He who entered first, they said,
By the mere shining of his eyes.
Had driven the darkness out.
—H. B. in Springfield Republican.

A Hero of Romance.

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.
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Enders had a penchant for new faces. He could always be depended on to play the gallant to a fair looking stranger within Hightown gates. He was twenty-seven, well born, master of a moderate fortune and head of a thriving business. Naturally the fair visitors felt flattered, even honored, by his attentions, though warned in the outset that no serious intentions lay behind them.

"Frank Enders is a goose—the most delightful goose in the world, but none the less a goose," said Mrs. Lawton, lady paramount of Hightown society. Saying it was her privilege. She had stood godmother to him and in a way mothered him after his own mother died.

"I've no patience at all with Frank," the lady would run on. "He is quick to see the charms, the virtues, of all the nice girls I trot out before him, yet aggravatingly expects to find every one of those charms and virtues combined in some 'impossible she.'"

When she said as much to Enders himself, it made him laugh heartily. He knew the root of Aunt Isabel's bitterness. She had been making matches for him since he left off



"IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME."

roundabouts. If he knew his own mind, he was abstractly rather anxious to be married, but so far had never seen exactly the woman he would choose as his mate.

He had a definite mental image of her. She must be slim and young, with eyes innocent, yet sparkling, and with a rosebud mouth; bright, but not bookish; well bred, of course; gracious, yet with dashes of temper; reverent, gay, even almost frivolous, she would one day dance into his heart and stay there always.

He believed it firmly; hence there was no thought of danger, of anything, indeed, but a new experience, when he found himself upon Hightown's main street very early in the morning confronted with a tall woman, slight and tired looking, who held up her hand in arrest, asking imperatively, "Will you take a lone woman stranded and stranger somewhere—anywhere—so she can get something to eat?" "Certainly," he said, with a reassuring smile. "How lucky that I came out thus before breakfast! If you don't mind, I'll take you home with me. My aunt will make you very welcome, and somehow I rather hate to think of you at our hotel. It's a disgrace to Hightown, but we dare not have it better. If it were better the summer boarder would descend on us."

"Oh! Is it possible any place has escaped?" the stranger interrupted. Enders smiled again. She had a delicious voice—soft, clear, vibrant, with the least possible drawl. She was dressed very quietly, but very well—even his masculine ignorance was aware of the fact.

"You are doing a dangerous thing," she ran on, "if you speak true. Hightown may never get rid of me. I'm so sick and tired of boarders and all their works."

They were approaching his own door. The stranger somehow sensed the fact. She shut the laugh from her eyes, the merry curves from her lips, stood very straight and held out a card to him, saying primly: "I hope that vouches for me sufficiently. Miss Maxwell is a respectable enough person. Your name is"—

"Enders—Frank Enders—at your service," Enders said quickly. She gave him a quick look. After a second or two she said softly, the whimsical smile again softening her lips: "I know a lot about you, Mr. Frank Enders. My name child, Doris Clare, makes you out a sort of cross betwixt a fairy prince and a paladina. For her sake and because you ask no questions I'm going to explain. I was on the express, which does not stop here, bound for Pallantra, a place, I take it, about twenty miles beyond. As I could not sleep I got up very early to find the train standing still, panting and snorting like mad, a mile or so from your station. A perfidious

person in uniform assured me it would not start for ever so long. Wanting air, I got off and surveyed the landscape in the dawning light. "Just as I had strolled a little too far—whisk went my train. Not only my train, but my worldly possessions. I had left even my hand bag in the berth. So you see me abjectly a pauper until I can overtake my possessions."

"They shall be overtaken. Don't worry about that. But, tell me, what did you think, feel, do, when you found yourself left?" Enders said, looking straight at her.

"Oh, I promptly forgot the landscape and looked for a milepost. The first one I found read 'Hightown, —miles.' Some malefactor had smudged the figures, but at least there was promise of finding something. It was not a false promise, you see. I tramped on and found—you."

"I wonder will you think you found anything worth while?" Enders murmured reflectively, as though to himself. Miss Maxwell laughed. "You don't know what case you are in, that is very evident," she said. "I hate to proclaim the fact baldly, but I make a living by writing love stories, and ever since Doris came home I've been wondering if you were fit for the place you are to occupy in the tale I am weaving about her."

"I defy you, defy anybody, to make me a hero of romance," Enders said, flushing deeply. Again Miss Maxwell laughed; but, after it, she shook her head, saying, "You truly won't do for the hero of my romance—except your own."

That was the beginning of it. The end came six months later. Doris Maxwell settled down easily upon a place she bought just outside Pallantra, then brought in her name child to keep her company while she experimented at homemaking.

So it had been the most natural thing in the world for Enders to fall in the way of haunting the Maxwell house. His new motor made nothing of the thirty mile journey. He found the two Dorises doubly delightful, and for three months at least lapped his conscience into believing that Doris, the girl, was the magnet.

Then came illumination—sudden and fierce. It took shape of a man, much older, much richer than himself, a power in the publishing world, no less the critical one, who came down upon the dovecote of a household, fully resolved to carry off Doris Maxwell almost whether or no.

Doris Clare almost chuckled while she confided to Enders the whole story. "It's so funny," she said. "At first Colonel Baker was quite condescending—courted Aunt Doris with the air of heaven is resolved to reward you, my child. Be duly and truly grateful." Then when she said 'No,' hardly troubling to say 'Thank you' after it, he got desperately earnest and remonstrated with her for standing so much in her own light.

"But it was comic—there's no other word for it—when he began to bluster. Still, do you know he almost frightened Aunt Doris? She ran away from him—she who is so brave. I think she was afraid he would wear out her resistance, he's such a fine, high old Turk, whom nobody ever crossed before. And to think he's metaphorically on his knees to her now!"

"If only she can bring herself to take him—but I won't talk of that. I don't let myself. It would mean such a lot to both of us."

"No doubt she will take him," Enders said, grinding his teeth as he walked away. He was a false prophet. Doris sent the colonel away more than ever disconsolate, but that did not hinder him from coming back next month, and the next, and the next.

"Why don't you put him out of his misery in some fashion?" Enders asked of Miss Maxwell upon the third return. She smiled a little sadly. "There's just one way to put him out of it," she said, "and I can't take that; it would be too ungrateful."

"Ungrateful! I don't understand," Enders returned. She looked over his head, saying softly: "I was a stranger, and you took me in. More, you gave me the best breakfast I ever ate. Wouldn't it be black ingratitude in me to turn the colonel's eyes to Doris? She could console him beautifully—be to him a hundred times all he hopes to find in me. And how she would revel in spending his money and tyrannizing over him! But I can't bring myself to take away your sweetheart—indeed, I'm holding the colonel neither on nor off until after you two—"

"We two can be left out of the account," Enders said almost hotly. "Doris! Doris! You are the wife I want. Let the colonel have the pretty child and welcome. I've waited all these years for you. Now I will have you, whether or no."

"You see I was right," Doris Maxwell said, flushing beautifully. "You can be a hero in our romance."

An Unexpected Reply.

A very demure little Frenchwoman, who teaches her native tongue in a well known southern college, learned recently, under embarrassing circumstances, that it is not always safe to accept as a final standard of correct English what one may casually hear. One night at supper the president of the college announced to the assembled young ladies and teachers that an informal musical program would be given presently in the college chapel.

Turning to the dainty Parisienne, who in addition to her other accomplishments plays the piano well, he said: "Perhaps Mme. Petit will be so good as to assist us." The lady addressed arose and coyly replied: "I will do my dullest, professeur!" —Lippincott's.

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