

THE CARROLL RECORD.

VOL. 19.

Chesapeake & Potomac
Telephone, 3-R.

TANEYTOWN, MARYLAND, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1912.

Please watch the Date
on your Paper.

No. 20

BRIEF NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Gleaned from the County and State and our Exchanges.

Capt. R. W. Silvester has resigned as President of Maryland Agricultural College, due to failing health. Capt. Silvester has been named president emeritus of the College, and assigned to the position of the institution.

The lowest point of dry land in the United States is in Death Valley, Calif., 278 ft. below sea level. California also has the highest point of record, Mt. Whitney 14,501 ft., not counting Mt. McKinley, Alaska, 20,300 ft.

George March, postmaster of Hampton, Adams Co., Pa., was killed, last Friday morning, while in a tree awaiting the result of a deer drive. The trigger of his gun caught on a twig, and the weapon was accidentally discharged, the lead lodging near his heart.

All the Idaho Constitutional amendments voted on at the recent election were adopted, according to figures given out by the State Board of Canvassers. The vote in favor of the initiative was 38,921, against 19,377; in favor of the recall 36,827, against 14,094. Fewer than half the voters went to the polls.

A Republican "get together" dinner will be held in New York, early in January, likely on the 4th., and invitations will be sent to 1500 prominent Republicans. President Taft will be the principal speaker, and he has left it to be known that he will not permit his name to be used in connection with the candidacy of 1916.

The new administration building of the Maryland Agricultural College, erected in 1904 at a cost of \$75,000, and the old original barracks erected in 1855, were destroyed by fire, last Friday night. The fire is supposed to have originated from the crossing of electric light wires in the attic. The loss is estimated at \$150,000, covered by insurance.

The Federated Church Council, now in session in Chicago, had before it an extreme case, one day this week. There is in Indiana a village of 262 inhabitants, with 68 professed Christians and only 20 church members, attempting to support three churches. The 40 not members of the three churches are distributed among nine denominations. It is situations such as this that the Federation is trying to remedy.

In the current issue of *Farm and Fireside*, a telephone expert, writing an article on the construction and use of telephones in rural districts, says: "Don't use the instrument for a shelf, and above all don't put hairpins or other metals on top of it. I have more than once driven along road in winter to pick a hairpin or a handful of them off an instrument which they were short circuiting out of business."

Col. W. S. Powell, editor of the *Elliot City Times* has entered suit against former Senator Arthur P. Gorman for the sum of \$2,046.90, the amount claimed to be due for financing Gorman's campaign for the Governorship, last year. Col. Powell was placed in charge of the publicity bureau of the campaign, and claims to have personally advanced all the money needed, for which he has not been reimbursed.

Former Judge John C. Motter, of Frederick, has returned to the practice of law. He has several cases which will be heard during the December term of court, which begins next Monday. Having served 15 years on the bench, Judge Motter will be entitled to receive a pension of \$2,400 per year when he reaches the age of 70. He will be 68 on Wednesday, so that he will have two years to wait before he will receive his pension. As judge he drew \$3,600 per year.

Because Anne Arundel county is building a new jail on the site of the old one which has been demolished and there is, therefore, no proper place within Annapolis to hold such an affair, the hanging of James K. Cobbs, a negro murderer sentenced to die January 10, will take place in a large tobacco barn out in the country. Cobbs, together with other prisoners from Anne Arundel, is being boarded in the Baltimore city jail during the jailless condition of the county.

The jury inquiring into the cause of the Western Maryland, freight wreck at Blue Mountain on November 27 this afternoon brought in a verdict placing the blame on Conductor Isaac King, of westbound train No. 203, in that he failed to observe the entry of the green signal in the register at Highfield, which indicated that another train was on the way. The jury also found that the register at Highfield, that appears to be such an important factor in the movement of trains, is not kept in the safest manner, and believes that there is room for great improvement.

The high cost of living problem has been solved by Raymond B. Sanford, a student in the N. Y. State College of Agriculture, by adherence to the following menu daily: Skimmed milk, buttermilk, stale bread at three cents a loaf, peanut-butter, raisins, lentils, oatmeal and apples. Sanford believes he has qualified as the "champion cheap dieter of the college world." By following the above scheme since he entered college, last July, he has lived on 85 cents a week. He was spurred to the test by reading of a Harvard student who lived on \$1 a week. Sanford has gained weight, and declares he will continue the diet until he leaves college.

A Musical and Literary Treat.

(For the Record.)

The Lend-a-Hand Club met at the home of the president, Mrs. Jos. C. Wailes, Plum Tree Farm, near Finksburg, Nov. 21st. The ladies were entertained with a feast of good things in the musical and literary world. Mrs. Geo. Rice in a most charming manner said: "Do you know Greig? Edward Greig was born in 1843 in Bergen, Norway. Inheriting his artistic and musical temperament from his mother, who was his first teacher, he began to show signs of pronounced genius at the age of six years. Mme. Greig taught him her favorite composers—Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn and Chopin. At the age of fifteen he had a special inspiration for a musical career from Ole Bull the violinist. So impressed was the Bull with the natural gifts of the youth, that he advised the parents to send him to the Conservatory at Leipzig, which Mendelssohn had founded fifteen years before.

A picture of Greig at this age shows him a quaint old-fashioned figure. He grew to be genial, happy, and a friendly person. He gave himself up to hard work, devoting himself to composition. He has been placed among the masters of music, but by many persons not understood or appreciated. Greig, who was a typical Norwegian at heart, was deeply interested in all the ancient myths, traditions and customs of his country; his patriotism colors all his music. It is Norwegian in the core. His melodies are powerful, sweet and quaint, partaking of the spirit of the Northland and folk-melodies. They are full of passion and poetry, freshness and beauty.

He was sometimes unhappy that critics did not appreciate his art. Of his songs, one hundred and twenty-five in number, many were equal to the best of Schubert, yet only a dozen or so are well known. The *Minstrel Song* is deeply pathetic—and in speaking of it he said, "All is of my own invention—I borrowed nothing." As a matter of fact ninety-five hundredths of his music is absolutely and in every detail his own. No other musician of our time, except Paderewski was as certain of a crowded house wherever he appeared.

He never came to America, although receiving flattering offers. He always shrank from a sea voyage. To one of his American visitors, who begged him to visit the United States, he remarked he would do so if he could get a guaranty that the Atlantic would behave itself, "but," he added, it "must be a written guaranty!" The vein of humor indicated in that reply—crops out often in his music.

By nature he was retiring and averse to visitors—always avoiding tourists. In looks—short and frail—delicate, nervous little hands. His face unique, the face of a thinker, a genius, eyes keen and blue, hair long and straight, brushed back, like Liszt's. His wife accompanied him in his recitals and sang her husband's songs. He passed from this life Sept. 1907 leaving no children, one little daughter having died in infancy. Do we know Greig? To know him is to love his music. Some of us know his *Peer Gynt*. Mrs. Rice rendered two of his numbers with such a delicacy of touch that it was majestic. One, the *Song of the Nightwatchers*, written for a performance of Macbeth, is a real gem, this was followed by one of his songs.

Mrs. Palmer read a fine paper on the author of her book, *Hall Caine*. A description of this novelist and dramatist—born 1853—his education as an architect, his literary life, and at present his work in the Isle of Man, where he is Justice of the Peace. His recent visit to the United States, and stop in Baltimore where he made a notable reply when asked if he believed in the miracles of the Bible. "What, after all, does it matter whether on the shores of Galilee, nearly two thousand years ago Jesus gave one meal to five thousand persons by feeding them with a few loaves and fishes, when I know that all the world over, every day, every night, He is feeding countless millions of the poor, the oppressed and the broken-hearted making them forget their hunger and thirst, and all the sufferings of their earthly existence in the bread of the Spirit that is the bread of life." Mrs. Palmer was followed by Miss Martha Zentz in several musical numbers.

While sipping chocolate, with Saratoga wafers, Neufchatel, and cream puffs around the table with red-shaded candles, Mrs. R. F. Wells offered a toast to the hostess. Mrs. George Benson gave the lovely quotation: "Look up, not down; out, not in; forward, not back, and lend a hand." Inviting the Club to meet at her home, Mechanicsville, Dec. 28th.

FOR A
Christmas Gift
SEND
THE RECORD
ONE YEAR.
New Mission Church of the Brethren.

The Home Mission Board of the Eastern Dist., of Maryland, Church of the Brethren, has sent Elders W. E. Roop and A. P. Snader to investigate a site for a new church of the denomination near Pocomoke City. An acre of ground has been secured and with the approval and aid of the Mission Board a building 27x40 ft. already designed will be erected as rapidly as possible. The Sunday School at this place is self-supporting, with average attendance of 40.

Elder W. E. Roop is now in West York, Pa., conducting revival services, mostly before large audiences, giving Bible land talks before each service. The series of services which he held near Lancaster resulted in a number of conversions.

CORN PRIZES AWARDED AT GRANGE MEETING

To Increase Interest in Modern Methods of Corn Growing.

The monthly meeting of Pomona Grange, of Carroll county, was held in Westminster, last Saturday, both morning and afternoon. At the afternoon session, the questions of co-operative buying and selling were discussed, and addresses made by Chas. E. H. Shriner, Taneytown; Dr. D. H. Shipley, Westminster, and Harvey Morelock, of Silver Run. Prof. Nicholas Schmidt, of M. A. C. Experiment Station announced the successful competitors in the corn growing contests, as follows:

Greatest Yield Shelled Corn.
First Prize \$25.00, Wm. E. Schaeffer, Silver Run, 104.48 bu.
Second Prize, \$20.00, Guy Wilhelm, New Windsor, 94.92 bu.
Third Prize \$15.00, James C. Myers, Taneytown, 92.86 bu.
Fourth Prize \$10.00, Slingluff Beacham, Avondale, 92.64 bu.
Fifth Prize \$5.00, J. Ralph Shirk, Middleburg, 89.88 bu.

Most Profitable Crop.
First Prize \$7.50, James C. Myers, Taneytown, cost of growing 16.77 cents per bushel.
Second Prize \$5.00, J. Ralph Shirk, Middleburg, cost of growing 22.03 cents per bushel.

Best 12 Ears, Field Corn.
William E. Schaeffer, Silver Run, White Dent, \$5.00.
W. G. Shipley, Smallwood, Leaning \$5.
James C. Myers, Taneytown, Yellow Dent, \$5.00.
Chas. C. Walsh, Hampstead, White Cap Dent \$5.00.

Sweet Corn, B. F. Shriver, Contest.
First Prize \$25.00, Stanley Maus, Frizellburg, 8680 pounds.
Second Prize \$20.00, Leo C. Althoff, Taneytown, 6930 pounds.
Third Prize \$15.00, Slingluff Beacham, Avondale, 4315 pounds.

Smith Vingling Co.'s contest.
First Prize \$25.00, W. G. Shipley, Smallwood, 9720 pounds.
Second Prize \$20.00, Wm. H. Walsh, Hampstead, 2840 pounds.
Third Prize \$15.00, Slingluff Beacham, Avondale, 2556 pounds.

Democratic Advocate Contest.
For greatest yield in barrels.
First Prize \$25.00, William E. Schaeffer, Silver Run, 20.4 six-seventh bbls.
Second Prize \$20.00, Stanley Maus, Frizellburg, 19.5 bbls.
Third Prize \$15.00, Wm. G. Shipley, Smallwood, 18.7 bbls.
Fourth Prize \$10.00, Guy Wilhelm, New Windsor, 18.492 bbls.
Fifth Prize \$5.00, James C. Myers, Taneytown, 18.286 bbls.

For best 12 Ears of Field Corn:
Chris Schnable, Smallwood, Leaning \$5.00.
Joseph Althoff, Taneytown, White Cap Dent, \$5.00.
James C. Myers, Taneytown, Yellow Dent, \$5.00.
Wm. E. Schaeffer, Silver Run, White Dent, \$5.00.

There was no sweep stakes prize offered in either of the above classes but Prof. Schmidt announced that if there had been one Wm. E. Schaeffer would have captured it as the corn exhibited by him was the best he had seen for some years. In the opinion of the Prof., who is an expert on corn, it could not be improved upon very much.

"When A Man Marries."

The story that we have been talking about, begins in this issue and will run all winter. There are a few, we know, who think we could devote our space to better use than by running a continued story, and perhaps that is true, but we do not pretend to publish either a strictly religious paper, nor one free from the objections of all sorts of purists; therefore, we make no apologies for trying to produce a paper containing decent stories and interesting articles designed to meet popular moral acceptance.

This story is a recital of somewhat over-drawn events connected with a very plausible commonplace original situation, and notwithstanding the amusing difficulties created simply to make an entertaining story, a number of morals may be found in it, and we think it remarkably free from the "naughtiness" of so much of our modern fiction.

After the first instalment, we predict that our readers are going to enjoy the mishaps of the "Man who is Married," and that even those prejudiced against "Novels" will admit that this is not a very bad one, after all.

School Commissioners.

The Board of School Commissioners for Carroll held a regular meeting in their office on Monday, Dec. 2, 1912. All the members were present.

The meeting was called to order by the president at 8 a.m. After the reading and approval of the minutes of the preceding meeting the regular order of business was taken up.

The following orders were passed: All teachers are required either to attend the meetings of the Carroll County Teachers' Association or to teach on that day. Otherwise salary for that day shall be deducted.

All bills before being presented to the Board shall be endorsed by the Board of district trustees, or by the teacher of the school for which the bill was contracted.

A number of bills were passed and ordered paid.

The Board adjourned at 12.10 p. m.

Charles M. Schwab, the steel king, has just had his private car rebuilt at a cost of \$135,000. It outshines anything in the world for travel in splendor. The car is 85 ft. in length, and contains a library or drawing room, two bedrooms, bath, dining room and kitchen, and all up-to-date accessories.

Jackson Appointed Senator.

Wm. P. Jackson was appointed U. S. Senator, last Friday, by Gov. Goldsborough, as was generally expected. Senator Jackson, and his father before him—Wm. H. Jackson—have for years been prominent in the Republican party in Maryland, and its most liberal contributors.

To his friends and to the Governor's friends there has never been the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Jackson was entitled to the appointment from the Governor. It is claimed that not only is it due him because of the services he and his father have rendered the Republican party in campaign after campaign, but also because Mr. Jackson was as well qualified for the position as any one of the other available candidates mentioned. He is, it is pointed out, one of the strongest and most substantial business men of Maryland. His business judgment and common sense have enabled him to amass a very large fortune and have given him an experience and insight into practical commercial questions that cannot help but be valuable to any man in public life. He has a well-established reputation for integrity and square dealing.

Mr. Jackson is not an orator, but those who know him best are convinced that he will render a good account of himself in the Senate and justify the Governor's action in naming him as Rayner's successor. Mr. Jackson has many loyal and devoted friends in the party throughout the State to whom his appointment will be exceedingly gratifying. With those who know him well his selection is regarded as being a peculiarly good one, and it is contended that it would have been most surprising had the Governor turned to any other Republican than Wm. P. Jackson at this time. Neither his Republicanism nor his common sense has ever been questioned.

Roser—Nusbaum.

(For the Record.)

The home of J. D. Nusbaum, Avondale, on Nov. 28th, at high noon, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when their only daughter, Bessie, became the bride of Mr. Clay A. Roser, of Medford. Rev. L. F. Murray, of Uniontown, performed the ceremony.

The wedding march was played by Miss Ruby Rodkey, and the house was beautifully decorated with ferns and palms. The bride was becomingly gowned in white, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor was Miss Nora Baker, who wore a gown of white Swiss embroidery and carried pink carnations. The best man was Mr. Harvey Roser, brother of the groom.

After the ceremony, an elaborate luncheon was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Roser left for a trip south, and will be home after Dec. 15th. Quite a number of beautiful and useful presents were received.

Those present were Rev. Murray, wife and daughter, J. D. Nusbaum and wife, D. Nusbaum and wife, Mrs. G. Nusbaum, Mrs. Caroline Nusbaum, S. A. Roser and wife, U. G. Hollenberry, wife and sons, C. L. Schaeffer and wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Hollenberry, Mrs. Margaret Huber, Mrs. J. W. Legors, Mrs. M. D. Butt, Wm. Babylon and wife, S. Devilbiss and wife, Leonard Zile and wife, Dr. Foutz, H. H. Harbaugh, wife and son, J. W. Rodkey and wife, M. A. Sullivan, wife and family, Wm. Adams and wife, Wm. Shriver and wife, Scott Bollinger and wife, Mrs. Mammie Hare and daughter, V. M. Gladhill and wife, Mrs. Clara Owings, Mrs. Etta Taylor, Misses Goldie Owings, Florence Hull, Lucille and Lorretta Weaver, Gertrude and Grace Devilbiss, Gorinne and Romaine Hollenberry, Ruby Rodkey, Grace Stull, Bessie Zile, Nina and Jessie Roser; Messrs. Adam, John and Forrest Roser, N. E. Haines, E. B. Kauffman, John Harp, Thomas Devilbiss, Augustus Shriver, and Howard Hull.

Orphans' Court Proceedings.

MONDAY, Dec. 2nd., 1912.—Martha Jane Ecker, surviving partner and executrix of Mary Elizabeth Ecker, returned sale of personal property.

Annie D. Brumbaugh, administratrix of Daniel S. Diehl, deceased, received an order to transfer mortgages and mortgage notes, and bank stock; returned an additional inventory of current money and settled her first and final account.

Edwin D. Cronk, administrator of Jacob W. Costley, deceased, returned inventory of personal property and received order to sell the same.

Ira E. Whitehill, administrator of Elizabeth M. Smith, deceased, returned inventory of personal property.

TUESDAY, Dec. 3rd., 1912.—Sale of the real estate of Nehemiah Buckingham, deceased, Irvin E. Buckingham, executor, finally ratified and confirmed.

John S. Baile, administrator w. a. of Elizabeth Englar, deceased, received order to transfer mortgage note.

Hattie L. Weaver, guardian of Paul H. Markel and Helen V. Markel received order to use funds of said wards.

Automobile Tax is \$90,000 This Year.

The State of Maryland has to date licensed 2402 more automobiles this year than were licensed all of last year. While probably half of this increase comes from the District of Columbia, the net result is an increase of at least 1200 Maryland owned cars. There is still a month to go, but comparatively few cars are licensed in the last month of the year, except renewals for the next year.

The rate of increase in Maryland is about 30 per cent, while the increase in revenue is greater owing to a change in the law which raises the license fee. This year the total revenue will be about \$90,000. The total number of cars licensed this year is 10,697 against 8273 last year.

Please note the date on the name label of your paper! Do this every time you pay your subscription, and see that proper change is made—if not made, please notify us at once. 12-6-2t

THE 62ND. CONGRESS IN ITS THIRD SESSION.

The Last of the Taft Regime in Congressional Legislation.

Both houses of Congress met on Monday, and adjourned after a brief session, in honor of the dead, following long standing custom. In the Senate, in honor of Vice-President Sherman and Senators Heyburn and Rayner; and in the House in honor of Representatives Anderson, (Ohio); Utter, (R. I.) and Connell, (N. Y.).

Democratic members were naturally elated and the Republicans depressed, but there was a great deal of good-natured raillery, and several of the defeated Republicans—especially "Uncle Joe" Cannon—divided the applause with victorious Democrats.

Speaker Clark was accorded a reception that must have made him forget for the time the sting of the Baltimore Convention defeat. When he emerged from the hall and ascended to the Speaker's desk the whole Democratic side of the House rose as one man and shouted his name. He bowed time and again in recognition of the applause and then began pounding desperately for order.

Floor Leader Underwood was received just as uproariously. As he edged his way among the desks of the members on his way to his seat the Democratic contingent burst forth again. It was minutes before order could be restored.

Whatever was unusual in the scenes attending the opening of the Congress session was found in the great welcome to "Uncle Joe" Cannon. The cheers for the grim old warrior, looking rosy and not at all cast down by defeat, exceeded those given William Sulzer and three other members of the House who have been elected to serve as Governors of their respective States. Even Champ Clark, Mr. Cannon's successor as Speaker, did not get the rousing reception that came to "Uncle Joe." Democrats were as vociferous as Republicans in their efforts to let the deposed leader know that they had a mighty warm spot in their hearts for their venerable political enemy.

Representative Cox, the new Democratic Governor of Ohio, and Representative Sulzer, the new Democratic Governor of New York, received ovations. Minority Leader Mann was cheered as he came in. But all this noise came from the ranks of Democracy. The Republican hosts remained silent. Once or twice they essayed to clap together, but realizing that they had nothing after all to cheer they remained for the most part cheerless.

The first and only bill presented was by Representative De Forest (N. Y.) providing pensions for all future Presidents of the United States at a rate of \$2,000 a month; their widows at the rate of \$1,000 a month, and all minor children, in case their parents are dead, at \$200 a month. He also proposed a Constitutional amendment fixing the President's term at six years, and making him ineligible for reelection.

The President's message, which was received on Tuesday, was devoted almost entirely to a careful review of our foreign relations, and is generally regarded as an able document. The message is the first of a series that will be sent to Congress during this session.

A Variation from the Usual.

A man living in Newton, N. J., whose wife recently left him, inserted the following familiar "Notice" in a local newspaper.

"To Whom It May Concern: My wife having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her after this date."

The wife, instead of following the usual custom of silence, came back in the same paper, as follows, and so far has had the "last word."

"To Whom It May Concern: After reading a few lines contained in the columns of your paper in regard to myself, I beg to differ with the author. In the first place, how could I leave my beloved husband's bed when the faithful old bed on which I slept, including the ancient feather tick and a few board slats, are the property of his aged father?"

A straw tick is also included in the make-up, the covering of which I purchased myself with the income from my flock of chickens, which I worked hard to raise. If I am not awfully mistaken, my beloved husband furnished the few bundles of straw contained therein—hence I left his bed of straw.

I also beg to announce that I have furnished a greater part of the board for my father-in-law, for myself and for my "precious one" ever since his poor mother was laid in her grave. Therefore, how could I leave his board? I also took in sewing and kept boards to help sustain my faithful husband.

It is a well known fact that the greater part of what few cents he earns goes to pay for the "oh be joyful" that so sweetly quenches his thirst and improves his appearance in general. I will no longer be responsible for any debts contracted by my husband."

A Wedding Reception.

(For the Record.)

A wedding reception was given at the home of Joseph W. Brown and wife, near Taneytown, in honor of their son, Allen and bride, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26. The house was decorated with ferns, potted plants and chrysanthemums. Instrumental music was beautifully rendered by Miss Anna Galt and others.

At six o'clock, a turkey dinner was served and the evening was pleasantly spent in a social way. The bride received very pretty presents consisting of cut glass, china and linen. There were in all twenty-six present.

Card of Thanks.

The family of the late Samuel B. Furry desires to express their thanks to the neighbors and friends for the sympathy and kindness shown them in their bereavement.

Keep Even The Corners Clean.

As an evidence that the Record is very closely read, we have received a complaint from a member of the W. C. T. U. about the publication of a short recipe for "Topsy Bread," which appeared on the third page, down in the south-east corner, of the Record of Nov. 22, in a column of "plate matter" devoted to household topics. The evidence is "against" us, but it was the plate-maker's fault. This experience demonstrates pretty clearly that the editor can't afford to be careless, even in the filling up of the out of the way corners in his paper.

MARRIED.

HIVELY—SMITH.—Mr. Edward L. Hively, of Westminster, and Mrs. Nellie Cover Smith, of Keymar, were quietly married, on Nov. 28, by the bride's pastor, Rev. R. S. Poffenberger. Following the ceremony, accompanied by the bride's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Gardner, of Blue Ridge Summit, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. Hively were conveyed by auto to Frederick, from which place the bride and groom left for Washington, D. C., New York, Niagara Falls, Canada and Chicago.

DIED.

Obituaries, poetry and resolutions, charged for at the rate of five cents per line. The regular death notices published free.

URNER.—William J. Urter, aged 56 years, a retired shoe merchant of Baltimore, died last Saturday in Savannah, Ga., while on his way to Florida. Funeral services were held at his home in Baltimore, on Tuesday morning, followed by interment in the Lingoan, Frederick county, cemetery.

FREAM.—On Nov. 30, 1912, at Harney, Mrs. Sarah Fream, wife of George Fream, aged 76 years, 11 months, 12 days. Funeral services were held in the Harney Lutheran church, on Monday morning, by her pastor, Rev. L. B. Hafer, assisted by Rev. P. T. Stocklager. Interment in the Lutheran cemetery, Taneytown. Mrs. Fream was a member of the Taneytown congregation. Her husband and one son, John W., survives her.

NUSBAUM.—On Nov. 30, 1912, at Seneca Lake, N. Y., Mrs. Henrietta, wife of C. Edgar Nusbaum, of Westminster, aged about 30 years. She is survived by her husband and two children. Funeral services were held in New Windsor, on Wednesday, followed by interment in Westminster cemetery. Mrs. Nusbaum was a daughter of the late Alfred T. and Eliza Shreve.

LEESE.—Mrs. Edward Leese died at her home in Union Mills, on Tuesday morning, after an illness of three weeks of typhoid fever, aged 58 years. Mrs. Leese's maiden name was Brillhart, and she is connected with some of Carroll's most prominent families. She resided in Deep Run during her married life, having located in Union Mills last April. She leaves a husband and three daughters to mourn her loss: Mrs. John Starnes, of Deep Run; Mrs. Wilmer Frook, of Bachman's Valley, and Mrs. Arthur Hollinger, of Union Mills. Services will be held this Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, at the house. Further services will be conducted at St. Mary's Reformed church, Silver Run, and interment will be made in the adjoining cemetery. Rev. S. C. Hoover, her pastor, will officiate.

FURRY.—Mr. Samuel B. Furry died at his home in Taneytown, on Sunday evening, Dec. 1, having been stricken with apoplexy the Thursday night previous.

Mr. Furry had for 20 years been engaged in a large mercantile business in Johnsville, and removed to Taneytown, last March, after having purchased the Dr. Roop property on Emmitsburg St., for a home. He was unfortunate in the sale of his business, having recently been compelled to enter into litigation and take it back again, and during this Fall had been making arrangements to dispose of his Taneytown property and remove his family to Union Bridge, in order to be in closer touch with his Johnsville store. Mr. Furry was born at Fayetteville, Pa., 67 years ago, and moved into Maryland in 1873, first engaging in merchandising at Millstone, Washington county, and afterwards at Silver Run, Carroll county, then at Johnsville.

He was twice married, his wives having been sisters. There were three children by the first marriage, Edward, and Mrs. Mary Stoner, of Johnsville; and William, now deceased; also two by the second marriage, Mrs. Myrtle Ramsburg, of Johnsville, and Mrs. Mina Otto, recently of Taneytown. His wife also survives him, and a grandchild, daughter of William, who lived with them.

After a brief service at the house, on Wednesday morning, by Rev. L. B. Hafer, the funeral party drove to Keymar, there taking the train for Hancock, then driving to near Millstone, where services were held at the Church of the Brethren, attended by a very large crowd. Rev. Martin Schweitzer had charge of the services. Three brothers and three sisters of Mr. Furry were present, as well as many relatives of both families.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE

Of my dear Mother, Elizabeth Rebecca Shank, who departed this life, Nov. 24, 1912.

Sweet is the sleep our Mother takes,
Till in Christ Jesus she awakes;
Then will her happy soul rejoice
To hear her blessed Saviour's voice.

O, let us think of all she said,
And all the kind advice she gave,
And let us do it, now she's dead,
And sleeping in her lonely grave.
By her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Newcomer.

Church Notices.

The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip will meet in regular session Thursday evening, Dec. 12th, in East Reformed church. The Ladies' Aid Society will have a special meeting the same evening.

MARTIN SCHWEITZER, Pastor.

Harney—Sunday School at 9 a. m.; preaching at 7 p. m.

Taneytown—Sunday School at 1.30 p. m.; preaching at 2.30 p. m.

L. A. STANGLE, Pastor.

THE CARROLL RECORD (NON-PARTISAN.)

Published every Friday, at Taneytown, Md., by The Carroll Record Printing and Publishing Company.

P. B. ENGLAR, Editor and Manager.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

DR. C. BIRNIE, Pres. G. A. ARNOLD.
GEO. H. BIRNIE, V. Pres. JOHN S. BOWER.
F. H. SEISS, Sec. & Treas. P. B. ENGLAR.
E. E. REINDOLLAR.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum in advance. Six months, 50c. Trial subscriptions, Three months, 25c. Please do not receive this paper after your subscription has expired, unless you mean to pay for it. The label on paper contains date to which the subscription has been paid.

All subscriptions will be discontinued on their expiration, when requested to do so; and no credit subscription will be continued longer than one year after the time to which it has been paid. This provision is to be considered merely as an extension of credit, or a favor, to subscribers, and is not a fixed rule for all cases.

ADVERTISING rates will be given on application, after the character of the business has been definitely stated, together with information as to space, position, and length of contract. The publisher reserves the privilege of declining all offers for space.

All advertisements for 2nd, 3rd, 6th and 7th pages must be in our office by Tuesday morning each week; otherwise, insertion cannot be guaranteed until the following week.

Entered at Taneytown Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6th., 1912.

All articles on this page are either original, or properly credited. This has always been a fixed rule with this office, and we suggest the adoption of it by our exchanges.

THIS GOING it somewhat strong! A prominent brand of Philadelphia whiskey is being advertised in the papers of that city, in big type, as follows: "Upheld! For 55 years Uncle Sam has upheld our methods of making pure whiskey." Then in smaller type follows the qualifying sentence. "In all these years he has passed no law that necessitated any change in our whiskey, our methods or our label." Our "Uncle Sam" is a fanciful character, it is true, but he deserves to be protected from such associations, all the same.

How Many are Crazy?

How many people there are, in nearly every community, who are not sound mentally? is a question which is apt to cause considerable surprise, when gone into thoroughly. There are, of course, very few people actually "crazy" in the full sense of the term, who are unconfined, but a careful census of every town and community, is apt to show a considerable number who are "off" to some extent; and, while they are regarded harmless, or just "silly," they are, to some extent, a menace to the public.

There are also many who are, as we say, "cranky" on certain topics, and some may be so densely ignorant as to be practically unaccountable. Add to all of the above classes, those who are of an extremely nervous temperament, those who are very passionate under provocation, and those who befuddle their brain with intoxicants, and we will be compelled to admit that there are more "crazy people" abroad than we had imagined—persons not fully sound, mentally. Take a pencil and make a little calculation for yourself. All of these who are males, and twenty-one years of age, can vote. So can those who may be mentally sound and responsible, yet who, "having eyes, see not; and ears, hear not," and whose strong prejudices and extreme faults of character, certainly do not add weight to our proud boast of the honesty and integrity of the "voice of the American people."

With mental obliquity and obtuseness prevailing; with "brain storms," and the numerous "manias" likely to break out at any time, and with moral depravity an ever growing crop, both our public and private affairs need more care and forethought than we are apt to think.

Can't Eat A Cake and Have It.

The Baltimore *Sun*, which for a number of years has not been highly regarded for the purity of its Democracy by the "through thick and thin" element in the party, no doubt stated its position pretty clearly the other day, in discussing the appointment of Senator Jackson, when it said, "it is eager to see maintained in Maryland a healthy and vigorous opposition to the Democratic party. For that reason it regretted to see the split between the progressive and conservative elements in the Republican ranks, etc."

Aside from any question of the exact status of the *Sun's* Democracy, we agree with it—if we understand its position aright—that it is much better for the country to have two strong opposition parties, rather than divisions which but weaken; that new issues, however desirable, are not paramount to highly effective fighting party organizations; that the greatest good in legislation is apt to be accomplished within, rather than without, the ranks of old established parties.

The *Sun* is right, so far as Maryland is concerned, in "regretting" to see the split in the Republican party, even though such an expression does not appeal to Democratic "stand-patters," but the *Sun* is wrong when it intimates that in order to help to bring back party unity, the Governor should have appointed as Senator a man of the "modern type," and not such a pronounced "old guard" man as Mr. Jackson.

The *Sun* must remember that one can't both "eat a cake and have it." Party organizations can not be maintained by accepting all the work from the steady workers, and giving all the rewards to the kicking complainers. If a strong opposition party is a good thing, as the

Sun says, then those who work within a party to keep it strong, must be recognized when the fruit ripens. The principle of practical co-operation must exist within a party, if it is to remain strong—political parties do not thrive on the exercise of philanthropic fads and fancies.

More Voting Power For Cities.

The rapid growth of the cities and the practical stand-still of the rural sections, is precipitating a lot of new questions into our political policies and situations which as yet have not been clearly understood by our voters, though they have been clearly apparent to such close students of politics as those who have recently been active in promoting new political measures, on the "let the people rule" basis, and who know that political "influence" can the more surely be accomplished where voters reside in compact divisions. The advantage rests also in the rapidity with which plans and offers may be explained, and where the "delivery of the goods" is not made expensive and slow because of votes scattered over large territory.

The census of 1910 has shown that the city population—places of 2500 or over—exceeds that of the rural districts, and that the cities of most states are therefore in a position to override the counties in matters of National, or state-wide, importance, on a popular vote, whether it be at a general election or at a primary election. In Maryland, for instance, Baltimore city with its 558,485, together with the aid of the various 2500 class cities, totals a population of 658,192, against a rural population of 637,154. Therefore, assuming that voting strength is in the same proportion as population, it is very easy to see that the country sections of the state are subordinate, on any state-wide proposition, to the combined city influence, or practically to the centralized influence of Baltimore city.

An illustration of this fact was made in November, when the state, outside of Baltimore, gave President Taft a majority of 13,000 (round figures) over Roosevelt, while Baltimore city alone gave Roosevelt about 16,000 more than Taft, thereby outranking him in the state by 3000, approximately. In a matter of this sort, the country districts may not so much object to being over-ridden by the city, but there are many other matters which would present a quite different face over the same vote.

But, what of it? It is not a crime for cities to grow more rapidly than the counties in population. Whether we like it or not, we must stand it. This is true, very largely; but why fall in line and voluntarily give the cities a wider range of power? That is exactly what we do in our state-wide primaries, and in our direct voting for United States Senators. That is exactly what we propose to do through the adoption of the Referendum and all the other Progressive propositions. And the smart politicians whoop up the proposition under the catching cry of letting "the people" rule, while as a matter of cold fact it is letting the easily "worked" dense population of the cities rule the rural population.

Of course the cities shout for the scheme. Of course the city papers want state-wide primaries and direct election of Senators, and we would not be surprised if all of them would favor the Referendum, if it was separated from its companions. It will be wise for the country voter—and especially the farmer—to take a close look into the economic side of some of our new political bargain counter offers. The farmer may be benefitted by giving the cities a widened voting power, but we would like to be shown how. In our opinion, there is not as much disinterestedness manifested by our great "uplifters," as they would have us believe. Ex-Gov. Durbin, of Indiana, in a recent letter to the *N. Y. Tribune*, uses the following expressive paragraphs which we believe to be absolutely true:

"We are face to face now with the deplorable results of a conception of politics which seems to have been growing in favor for a decade, that conception being that politics is simply something to win with and not to serve the country with. The need of this country at this time is men in politics who, animated by patriotism, will weigh well our public problems, reach conclusions dictated by reason and not merely by what they believe a majority of the people will for the moment acclaim, and then will stand by these conclusions, come failure or success."

We are heroizing today the politician who figures out what he thinks will win at the next election and then advocates that thing regardless of his own conscience or judgment. We even call the politician who will do that thing courageous. The truth is that this kind of politics is cowardice. Bravery in behalf of truth leads men to contend against the current of public opinion, if that current is running in the wrong direction, and permit the future to pronounce judgment upon them. Political cowardice leads men to pander and not to educate, to trail and not to lead."

Drives Off A Terror.

The chief executioner of death in the winter and spring months is pneumonia. Its advance agents are colds and grip. In any attack by one of these maladies no time should be lost in taking the best medicine obtainable to drive it off. Countless thousands have found this to be Dr. King's New Discovery. "My husband believes it has kept him from having pneumonia three or four times," writes Mrs. George W. Place, Rawsonville, Vt., "and for coughs, colds and croup we have never found its equal." Guaranteed for all bronchial affections. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at R. S. McKinney's, Taneytown, and H. E. Fleagle's, Mayberry. Advertisement.

Christmas Shopping.

Already the warning is being sounded to shop early. They who shop early shop twice, for they get the best selection as well as the best attention. Selection of articles and the proper attention from those who have their sale, are the two most important elements in successful shopping. Figured out in terms of satisfaction, the early shopper has a 100 percent advantage over the late one. The department stores with their variety of colors, of fabrics and articles of one and another sort, resemble nothing so much as a bed of opals suddenly brought to view. The fire and the glow, so to speak, of a department store display, affords a color effect and a scheme that would interest an artist.

Mingling and merging in the aisles are the bright-faced women, with eager and anxious glances cast about them for the quick selection of the things that most appeal. The scene will change three weeks hence, when those met in the down town stores will carry feverish anxiety upon their countenances, petulance in their looks, asperity on the tips of their tongues. Back of the counters, instead of the rows of smiling and attentive sales ladies will be an exhibit of weary and worn young women without the energy and heart to perform their duties with cheerfulness as they would like.

Therefore, early shopping is impressed upon every one. It is humanitarian, it is sensible, it is practical. Those who say that they can't shop early are often hiding behind a weak excuse. By shopping early they not only avoid the rush, but they secure the best for their money under the most favorable conditions, therefore, early shopping is the modern system.—*Baltimore American*.

Last of the 62nd. Congress.

Today begins the last session of the Sixty-second Congress, which was elected in November, 1910. At that time the Democratic revolution began. The Democrats secured a large majority in the House and gained nine seats in the Senate, which put the Progressives in the position of holding the balance of power.

Naturally the situation has not been favorable for the transaction of business. There has been a Republican President, a Democratic House and a Senate of three parties, two of which had to unite to accomplish anything. In the Congressional election of two years ago the country expressed its condemnation of the present tariff law. An extra session of the new Congress was summoned by the President to pass the reciprocity legislation and this was accomplished by Democratic votes; a majority of Republicans could not be got for it in either branch of the present Congress or the one to which it was first submitted. But the Canadian election defeated the agreement, and so one effort to amend the tariff law and reduce the cost of living failed.

The Democrats of the House, however, passed several bills to reduce duties, acting under a mandate from the people, but the Republican Senators and the President refused to obey this mandate, and some of these bills failed in the Senate and some were vetoed. Neither on the tariff nor on other subjects could much legislation be expected from such party antagonisms.

This session will be even less favorable for legislation than the two previous ones, for the Republican party has been discharged, but the Democrats are not yet installed in power. The Republicans have neither power nor right to legislate. The Democrats have the right, but not yet the power. It is not desirable that Congress should attempt any action beyond the appropriation bills and routine matters. A special session of Congress will be called in the spring, and the orders the country issued last month can then be executed. In the meantime decency requires the Republicans to make no effort to secure general legislation. The money bills must be voted; other things should be deferred till the Government is Democratic in all branches.—*Phila. Record*.

Women in the Jury Box.

Kansas, having determined the problem of the rights of citizenesses, is now struggling with the problem of their duties. Nine women impanelled for jury service in one of the courts, have been excused because it would have been "ungallant" to have asked them to hear and sit the evidence in the case to which the panel was assigned. In another court women seeking release from jury duty on the plea of household duties were told that their excuses were not sufficient. In still another court a woman who declared that she did not believe in woman suffrage, was not a voter and did not desire either the privileges or responsibilities of citizenship was deemed to have proved her incompetence.

It is only a year or two since the first woman juror was chosen, but already what was considered a matter for the paragrapher's pun, has become a subject for serious consideration in suffrage States, or wherever the extension of the suffrage is anticipated. The Kansas incidents offer but a suggestion of the problems that are inevitable. Shall we have feminine and masculine juries, assigned to different cases, and if so where and how is the line to be drawn? Is the right of preference to be accorded to the taleswoman or shall the defendant have

a right to appeal his case to the intuition of the feminine and to protest against the prejudice of a jury drawn only from the male contingent of his peers?

Shall we have mixed juries, with the promiscuous association of men and women which would be a necessary consequence? If the right of women to the franchise and the full standing of citizenship is to be granted, her right to a seat in the jury box is not to be questioned. But men regard jury duty as an obligation, rather than as a right, and the majority of women seem likely to regard it in the same light. Heretofore women have been exempt; men have been gallant and have recognized the prerogative of women to be protected and saved from that which is offensive. When men and women become equal, and there is no distinction between the sexes in citizenship, women may have more "rights," but they also will have less privilege.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

The Effective Minority.

The figures of the popular vote for President are still far from complete, but those so far assembled show that Mr. Taft's and Mr. Roosevelt's votes were much more nearly equal than many have supposed. Mr. Taft led Mr. Roosevelt in nineteen out of the forty-eight states, and Mr. Roosevelt's plurality over Mr. Taft is reported as close to 550,000.

By the trick of the Progressives, the Republicans of California were practically deprived of the chance to vote for their candidates, and were either disfranchised altogether or driven over to Mr. Wilson in protest against the wrong. In South Dakota there was a combination on the electoral ticket whose supporters are all counted for Roosevelt. In Pennsylvania the Republican state organization under control of Flinn piled up a great vote for the Progressive electors, but the continued devotion of Flinn to Roosevelt and the idea of making this a better country for his children is much doubted.

In many states Republicans by the thousand, considering Democratic success certain, stayed away from the polls, while other thousands, seeing Roosevelt, undoubtedly voted for Wilson, though intending to remain Republicans. When these facts are taken into consideration it will be seen that for the practical purposes of future action the Republican party is the effective political opposition, entrenched in a firm position and certain of increasing strength.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

To the Credit of the Colored Race.

Nothing that the colored people of Baltimore, as a body, have done in a long time is deserving of so much praise as their action in raising \$25,000 for a new Young Men's Christian Association building. They were promised \$75,000 toward a \$100,000 fund if they raised the remainder. A campaign was systematically organized, the various teams went to work with enthusiasm, and when the campaign was closed Thursday night, \$31,000, instead of the necessary \$25,000, had been subscribed.

The race problem is a problem in Maryland, as in the States farther south. Because of that fact it is difficult at times to get a fair judgment upon any of the negro's acts, good or bad. But it ought never to be forgotten that the negro's problem is not his alone; it is the white man's problem also. If the negro is allowed to grow up in ignorance of the laws of morality and decency, the blight touches the home of the white man as well. If he is a criminal, the white man suffers from his crimes and pays the bulk of the cost of prisons and punishment. If he dwells in filthy neighborhoods or is surrounded by unsanitary conditions, the white man's home is infected by the direct or indirect contact. For good or for evil the two races to this extent are bound together.

For selfish reasons therefore, if not for philanthropic ones, the members of the white race should rejoice at the success of anything that tends to decrease poverty, ignorance, disease and crime among the colored people. And when the thing in question is brought to a successful issue not by outsiders but by the negroes themselves, showing that they themselves are aroused to the necessity of better modes of living and higher standards of morality, then indeed is it a matter for encouragement, congratulation and praise.

The lessons the Young Men's Christian Association teaches are preeminently the ones that it is essential the colored people should learn—the lessons of cleanliness and sobriety and thrift and honesty and right living. That splendid institution has long ago thrown off the bonds of sect and denomination and race. It is an interesting and significant fact that part of the contingent fund, conditioned upon this \$25,000 being subscribed, was contributed by a Hebrew of Chicago, Mr. Julius Rosenwald, and he has made a similar offer to the colored people of every city of the country. And the encouraging thing about it is that in the various cities which have taken advantage of his wonderfully generous offer—Chicago and Atlanta, as well as Baltimore—the way in which the negroes have taken hold of the movement and have raised more than the amount needed in each case is a gratifying assurance that they are not insensible to the appeal for higher standards of living and stricter standards of conduct.

That is something in which all right-thinking white as well as colored men will rejoice.—*Bart. Sun*.

HESSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

We Are Ready For Christmas!



We are Ready for Christmas with the Largest Stock of Holiday Goods of Every Description, ever shown.

Toys, Dolls, Books,
China and Glassware,
Pictures, Mirrors, Lamps, Rugs,
Bibles, Testaments,
Large Assortment of Silverware,
Table Linen and Towels.
And Thousands of Other Useful Articles.

Make Your Purchases Early and avoid the rush.

HESSON'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

Note the Progress we have made

The Birnie Trust Company

TANEYTOWN, MD.,

HAS MADE FOUR REPORTS TO THE STATE OF MARYLAND DURING THE PRESENT YEAR.

The 1st was Feb. 20th, showing deposits \$559,501.41

The 2nd was April 18th, showing deposits, \$579,649.94

The 3rd was June 14th, showing deposits, \$584,857.05

The 4th was Sept. 4th, showing deposits, \$598,035.49

WE SUCCEED

Because we give liberal treatment to everybody.

Because we are correct and accurate.

Because you can depend on us.

And because we are prompt, polite, courteous.

E. E. REINDOLLAR, President.

GEO. H. BIRNIE, Cashier.

SARBAUGH, Jeweler,

Wishes to inform the people of Taneytown and vicinity that we have made arrangements with Robt. S. McKinney, Druggist, whereby our patrons can leave at his store any repairs, such as Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., and same will be called for on Tuesday of each week and returned the following Tuesday. Orders for any goods will be received by Mr. McKinney, or you may send us a card, or letter, explaining what you wish, and our representative will bring a nice selection for you to choose from. All goods guaranteed as represented.

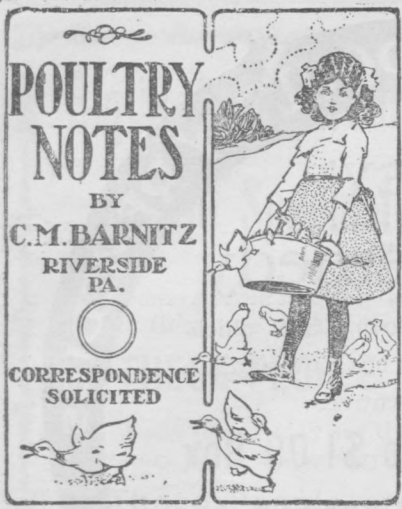
ALL REPAIRING GUARANTEED.

Our representative will be in Taneytown on Tuesday of each week, between the hours of 9.30 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.

CHAS. F. SARBAUGH,

Cor. Square & Broadway,

HANOVER, PA.



[These articles and illustrations must not be reprinted without special permission.]

THE ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN.

Our Canadian cousins up there where the zero winds whistle through their whiskers sure show horse sense when they breed Rose Comb White Leghorns in quantities, for they are great winter layers, and that low rose comb can't freeze off like the tender points on the single comb, a condition that so often knocks the egg record.

But our friends of the snowdrift land are not the only fanciers wise to this bird that matures so early and lays so late, for it is claimed there are 3,000 breeders of this variety in the United States, and the number is increasing. But whence that rose comb? That rose comb comes from the Hamburg as the result of a cross made in this country about fifty years ago, the Single Comb White Leghorn

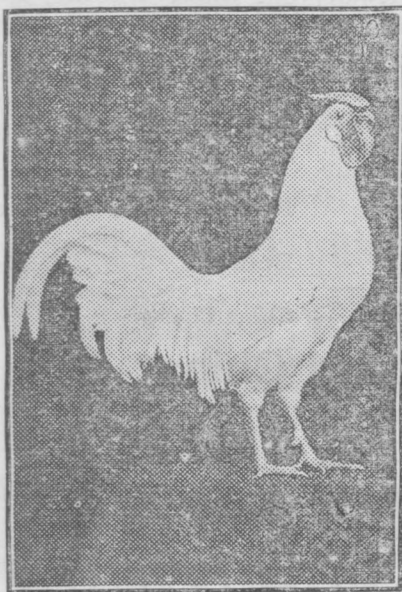


Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN COCKEREL, and White Hamburg being used, thus the Rose Comb White, which is half Italian and half Dutch.

At first the bird wasn't very popular, as it was small and had a big bunched comb that lopped over the eyes; but, coming from such remarkable laying ancestry on both sides, the new variety was bound to make good, and fanciers soon began to sit up and take notice that it was an egg phenomenon.

Its friends increased; they bred it by selection for size, shape and smaller, more regular comb, so that today it is a beautiful bon ton bird that lays lots of eggs—low cost eggs.

The larger the hen the larger the feed bill and the cost of the egg and the more room she occupies. For these reasons Plymouth Rocks and similar



Photo by C. M. Barnitz.

ROSE COMB WHITE LEGHORN PULLET. breeds are not the stock on the big egg plants, Leghorns being bred at most exclusively.

Of course the carcass is not so large, but it must be remembered that the Leghorn is an egg specialist.

She makes a good profit for her owner without her carcass being considered, and if bred to great size her laying ability is cut down.

Leghorns are not the butterfly birds they once were, the breeder by selection now trying to get his pullets to four and cockerels to five pounds at least, and for fine grained flesh these are not to be despised.

DON'TS.

Don't cackle loud unless, like the hen, you have something substantial to show for it.

Don't retreat, but beat defeat. A victory that has been won after failure is most precious and inspiring.

Don't expect every one to see as you do. You may be color blind or have an egotistic mind.

Don't kill time killing your prospects by starting a plant with bargain counter birds. To make good the best are none too good, and for these you must pay good money.

BAD BEGINNING—GOOD ENDING.

That judge who's so majestic
And handeth down the law
Was once the wildest boy in town
And got licked by his pa.
He tied the cans to yaller dogs,
Wore patches on his seat,
And for pure doggone cussedness
"His honor" couldn't be beat.

That preacher—now, I'll whisper this—
Was not always so pious.
I knew him when he was a kid,
And he was sure cut bias.
Ask him about that hen he swiped
From old Abijah Rue.
Of course I helped him pick her bones
And thus was tricky too.

That doctor who's so awful good
At healing maimed and sick—
Of all the fellows in our bunch
He surely was a brack.
Ask him who painted Tommy Jones
Till he was black as night
And bit Bill Johnson's ear half off
Down at the milldam fight.

But, last, there is that editor,
The booster of our town,
He had his tricks behind his ears
And did the thing up brown.
I'll not give all his tricks away,
But here's this on the level:
When he first started at his trade
He was the printer's devil.

I write these lines for folks whose boys
Play tricks and tear their breeches
That they may not despair of them
And blister them with switches.
Boys will be boys, girls tomboys too,
So let them rip and yell.
We find these kids so full of tricks
Most often turn out well.
C. M. BARNITZ.

KURIOS FROM KORRESPONDENTS

Q. Please tell me how some exhibitors manage to have their old fowls finish the molt before the fall fairs. A. About July 1 they put them on short rations and half starve them for two weeks; then they give them a large ration of nourishing food that contains much meat and once a week mix a tablespoonful of sulphur in the mash to every twelve birds.

Q. I have a hen here that is out of shape. She bags down behind and walks as if her back is broken. What are the cause and cure? A. Your hen is likely broken down because of excessive fat. You may get her back to form by cutting out corn and other fattener and making her scratch in litter for a short ration of oats and wheat. Such hens seldom get normal, are no good for breeders and most too fat to eat. If you kill her watch for tumors.

Q. Why do you suppose my Leghorn chickens get wry tails, crooked breast-bones and flop combs? A. Overcrowded chicks are sure to get bone deformities, while head lice or innutritious food generally causes weakness, of which flop comb is an indication.

Q. How about feeding tankage to poultry? A. Tankage is only fit for fertilizer.

Q. Is cockle seed good for poultry, and how much ought to be fed? A. Our poultry never touch cockle. Even sparrows refuse it, and what sparrows refuse your hens will not eat. Burn the cockle. It is a pernicious weed and crowds out the wheat.

FEATHERS AND EGGSHELLS.

When we purchased our land at Riverside, Pa., the ground had been farmed to death. It was almost as dead as a door nail. In a few years it was producing the finest crops of grain and hay in this section, and the puzzled farmers finally decided poultry fertilizer did it. This is true and a tip to you.

A Hanover (Pa.) fancier hatched a four legged chicken, and it is now growing a fifth leg. Such fowls might make a hit for garden rakers, but for market they are nil, as customers now kick at counting the two feet and shanks in the weight.

The Welsh Prince, a steamship plying between New York and Japan and the Philippines, has a big henhouse and chicken yard on the lower deck, and spring chicken and fresh eggs are served to officers and crew twice a week. The boat stocks up at the Philippines, where chickens are only 1½ cents apiece, and on its last 40,000 mile trip ducks, geese and chicks were hatched and raised en route. This helped to break the monotony of the trip and furnished delightful eats.

In writing that poultry advertisement give the facts in good style and use clear photographs for cuts. Extravagant language and painted up rooster cuts chase many a customer. Half tones are better than line cuts for illustrations, because the half tone tells the truth, while the line cut is often made by a hot air artist.

In an experiment to decide the cost of raising autumn and spring chicks the Harpers Adams college, England, found that it cost 2s. 7½d. (63 cents) to raise an autumn hatched chick to killing age, 1s. 7d. (38 cents) more than the spring hatched bird. This news is for those fellows who persist in the claim that August chicks pay best.

Scientists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are experimenting on a plan to produce eggs free from bacilli. Hope they don't monkey with the antediluvian haymow egg. It goes off when it isn't loaded if gonaded.

When a fellow gets the poultry bug it is not wise to let it inject his common sense. There is a legitimate enthusiasm, and there is an enthusiasm, or frenzy, we call it, that upsets the judgment and gets a man into all kinds of difficulty. When a man quits a good position and puts his earnings into poultry before he is wise to the business you may expect to see a failure and a sad one, and when he has a family it's worse.

The department of agriculture recently paid \$400 for 1,000 eggs for hatching, or 40 cents apiece. Now, if these eggs hatch as well as government seeds grow, wonder if they'll raise a row.

C. M. Barnitz



Anty Drudge Tells Mrs. Happywife the Best "New Way"

Mrs. Happywife—"Oh, Anty Drudge, do come in and see the new vacuum cleaner that Harry gave me for my tenth anniversary present! I declare, if it wasn't for the washing I would just love my housework nowadays!"

Anty Drudge—"That's a fine present, my dear. But I am surprised to hear what you say about the washing. Certainly any woman who uses a vacuum cleaner knows the easy way to wash! I couldn't get along if I washed the old-fashioned way. I use Fels-Naptha Soap, in the Fels-Naptha way, make my work easy, and get through in time to have a little pleasure."

New labor-saving uses for Fels-Naptha Soap are being discovered every day.

The right way to use Fels-Naptha Soap is the easy way. There are a great many new ways to help women in their work nowadays. Lots of them are very good. One is the Fels-Naptha way. It helps in the weekly washing, in dishwashing, in housecleaning—in every case where the busy housewife uses soap and water. Fels-Naptha Soap works for you and with you. It saves your time by working without you; if you put your clothes to soak in cool or lukewarm water with Fels-Naptha Soap, the dirt is loosened and ready to come right out without any hard rubbing, and your clothes do not need any boiling.

Follow the directions on the Red and Green Wrapper.



THE VOUGH PIANO IS THE LEADER

People can talk about which plan is the best, but anyone who wishes to know the truth about the matter, has only to compare the VOUGH, part for part, with the leading makes of the century. We are always glad to have anyone make these comparisons, as the wonderful strides of progress made in the construction of the VOUGH Pianos

Is A Revelation To All

who investigate. The best Piano to be had today, if actual construction and results are judged, is the VOUGH Piano. You can see and examine these Pianos at

BIRELY'S PALACE OF MUSIC,
Frederick, Maryland.

THE Taneytown Savings Bank OF TANEYTOWN, MD.

Capital and Surplus, - \$50,000.

Accounts of Merchants, Corporations and Individuals Solicited on Terms Consistent with Sound Banking Methods.

4 per-cent Interest paid on Time Deposits

D. J. HESSON, Pres. CALVIN T. FRINGER, Vice-Pres.

WALTER A. BOWER, Treas. GEO. E. KOUTZ, Ass't Treas.

DIRECTORS

JOHN S. BOWER.
CALVIN T. FRINGER.
LEONARD ZILE.
H. O. STONESIFER.
JOSHUA KOUTZ.

WALTER A. BOWER.
NORVILLE P. SHOEMAKER.
EDMUND F. SMITH.
LUTHER W. MEHRING.
DANIEL J. HESSON.

PUTTING UP PICKLES.

HOUSEKEEPERS ALWAYS DO, AND WILL, PREFER THEIR OWN.

Expert's Opinion of Preparing Small Onions for the Winter Dining Table—Proper Arrangement of the Delicious Cauliflower.

Despite the fact that excellent pickles may be bought in the stores at little expense, still, where there are vegetables in plenty and to spare housekeepers will always prefer to put them up for winter use rather than buy. It goes without saying the cost is less, while there can be no doubt as to their purity.

Some people have luck, as they say, putting up pickles cold, but the only real success in my experience has been with small onions put up the following way:

The outer covering of the onions is removed, and then they should be packed into clean, dry glass bottles and covered with cold vinegar, adding the usual pickling spices, whole.

The bottles should be filled brimming full, and then be sealed down. Onions pickled this way are very firm and have a fine flavor, but it is said they do not keep as well as the boiled pickles. They will keep during the winter, anyway. It might be well, however, to use them up first. They are so little trouble to put up that with the vegetables at hand a few may be preserved just as one found time for doing it.

To pickle cauliflower with cold vinegar, the vegetables should be cut into small pieces and sprinkled with salt. They should lie for a couple of days thus, and then be packed into glass jars and covered with cold spiced pickling vinegar.

Some housekeepers boil the cauliflower with salt until the vegetable is a little tender, instead of laying it in the salt raw. A bed of nasturtiums will supply enough seeds to make quite a number of jars of pickles.

I know a family where nasturtium seeds are used as a substitute for capers and are often used as an addition to sandwiches, salads and similar dishes.

A jar of vinegar, made rather sweet and quite spicy, is kept on hand and into this the seeds are dropped as they ripen.

To pickle mustard seeds in hot vinegar the seeds are put into a cooking pan and covered with salt and water. After lying there an hour or so the pan is put over the fire and the seeds brought to a boil. They should be removed carefully into a stone jar and then be covered with boiling hot pickling vinegar.

The pears peeled and halved are laid in a preserving pan in layers, alternating with one and one-half pounds of sugar. The brown sugar is the best. Pour over a quart of vinegar and drop in a thin bag containing half an ounce each of cloves and cinnamon and a little mace. A sliced lemon is considered an improvement. The whole should be gently boiled until the pears are tender. They are then placed in jars carefully and the syrup boiled for half an hour or so until thick. Fill the jars to overflowing and seal at once.

White wine and sugar vinegar are considered the best kinds for cold pickling, but if other vinegars are used they should be boiled first, then cooled, and perfectly freed—by straining—from any sediment, as this would cause the pickles to ferment.—Chicago Daily News.

Raised Rolls.

Warm raised rolls may be placed on the luncheon table that were mixed in the morning; they may even be baked and cooled before serving. Scald two cups of milk, add a level teaspoon of salt, three-quarters cup of butter and cool. When lukewarm add one whole yeast cake dissolved in a little cold water and flour enough to make a fairly stiff dough. Knead long and well, then cover and let rise very light. Mold and shape into rolls, place in a buttered pan and let rise. Bake in a rather hot oven.

Broiled Ripe Tomatoes.

There is much difference in the solidity of tomatoes. Some have large cavities and others are more solid and pulpy. Select the solid and pulpy ones for broiling. Cut them in halves, or if very large, in three slices. Lay them cut side down in a greased wire broiler and cook quickly over the coals, turning when brown.

Remove to a hot platter and serve with creamed butter, mixed with salt, paprika and lemon juice.

Mock Cream Pie.

Line a pie plate with rich crust and bake. Fill with a mixture made of the following ingredients: One cupful of milk, one of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, yolks of two eggs and vanilla to flavor. Cook until thick, then fill the crust with the cream. Cover with a meringue made of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and place in the oven until a light brown.

Crystal Palace Pudding.

Put one heaping tablespoonful powdered gelatine into a saucepan, add one cupful milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar and two teaspoonfuls cornstarch mixed with half a cupful milk. Boil eight minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the fire, add half teaspoonful vanilla extract and yolks of two eggs, mix well and pour into a wet 12" Turn out when set and decc

AS AN EXPERT PREPARES IT

Jellied Beef in the Only Way It Should Be Served—Spiced Grapes at Their Best.

For jellied beef, get a shank, and have the grocer cut it into three or four pieces, and crack the bone so that the marrow may cook in, with the meat; put on it just water enough to cover, and cook slowly until the meat will drop off the bones; take out the meat, and strain the liquor into a bowl, and let it get cold; if it is very fat, take it off. Chop the meat rather coarsely, season, put it into a mold, or baking pan, heat the strained liquor and turn it over the meat and set away to get cold and set.

Spiced Grapes—Here is Mrs. Telford's recipe for spiced grapes: To prepare them pick from the stem seven pounds of grapes, then press the pulp from the skins, putting each in separate kettles. Put the skins over the fire with enough water to prevent them from burning. Cook the pulp until the seeds are loosened, then press through a colander, to remove the seeds. Add to the skins with a cupful of sharp vinegar, three pounds of sugar and a tablespoonful each cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Cook until thick and put in jars or jelly glasses. If not sweet enough more sugar may be added, but if the grapes are perfectly ripe not so much will be required.

FOR THE LIGHTER REPAST

Cheese Dessert and Genoa Ramekins Meant to Follow More Substantial Dishes.

Cheese Dessert—Melt a piece of butter as large as an egg in a coffee cupful of milk. Pour this over three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs and half a pound of grated cheese. Soak 20 minutes. Add four eggs well-beaten and a pinch of salt. Put into a well-buttered dish and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Genoa Ramekins—Slice bread lengthwise the loaf; beat two eggs and one-half pint milk together; add level saltspoonful of salt; pour the custard over the bread and allow it to soak one hour; dissolve rich cheese in one-half gill (about one-quarter cupful) of cream—enough to cover the bread one inch thick; salt and pepper and stir over slow fire; when melted pour the cheese over the bread; put into the oven and bake until quite brown.

Cheese Puffs—Line patty pans with puff paste; put a cupful of cream into a double boiler with two ounces of grated cheese (one-half Parmesan if liked); add a saltspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, pinch of sugar and tablespoonful of butter; melt to custard and break in two eggs well whipped. Melt the cheese, but do not boil.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes.

Get tomatoes of uniform size. Cut off tops and scoop out a portion of the pulp. Butter a pudding dish and put the tomatoes in this. Fill tops of the tomatoes with bread crumbs, plenty of butter, a little sugar and pepper and salt. Put balls of butter, sugar and bread crumbs in spaces between the tomatoes as they lie in the dish. Chop the pulp which was removed from the tomatoes into these balls of stuffing. Put in oven and bake a nice brown. When done, put baking dish with the tomatoes on top of stove, pour three-fourths of a cup of cream over them and let boil up once or twice.

Red Tomato Ketchup.

Use tomatoes ripened on the vine. Wash, core, and cut into small pieces; cook slowly for two or three hours; strain into agate kettle and let stand over night. In the morning skim off all water. To every three quarts solid add one quart vinegar, one pint sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard; let boil one hour, then add one teaspoonful turmeric, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful white pepper, one-third teaspoonful red pepper. Boil down until thick with the cover off. Stir to prevent burning three or four hours. Stir with agate or wooden spoon.

Pear Marmalade.

Pear marmalade is nice for winter use. Pare, core and quarter ripe, juicy pears and to six pounds allow a pint of water. Cook slowly until reduced to a pulp, add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit and cook, stirring frequently until the mixture becomes very thick. If desired to vary the flavor some lemon or orange rind may be steeped in the water before adding to the pears. Can while hot.

Eggs and Cheese.

Allow one egg for each person and to every egg two teaspoonfuls of grated cheese, one-half teaspoonful of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Butter a pudding dish and sprinkle with half the cheese. Break the eggs carefully in a separate dish, one at a time and slip them on the cheese; sprinkle with salt and pepper; spread the remainder of the cheese over them and bake about ten minutes, or until the whites of eggs are set.

In the Laundry.

If one teaspoonful of peroxide of hydrogen is added to half a tub of the water in which white clothes are rinsed the result will be an agreeable surprise. It acts as the best bleaching agent known, for it gives a pure white color without any damage to the fabric. This may be applied to silk and wool as well as linen.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Latest Items of Local News Furnished
by Our Regular Staff of Writers.

All communications for this department must be signed by the author; not for publication, but as an evidence that the items contributed are legitimate and correct. Items based on mere rumor, or such as are likely to give offense, are not wanted.

The Record office is connected with the C. & P. Telephone from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. Use telephone at our expense, for important items on Friday morning. We prefer regular letters to be mailed on Wednesday evening, but in no case later than Thursday evening.

FRIZELLBURG.

There is still some corn to be husked, and it looks as though Santa Claus will get a job yet.

Frank Halfey is having a well drilled on his premises. This does not only mean convenience but it is sure to enhance the value of his property.

Edward Dutrow, one of our progressives, will also have a well bored on his premises.

Our public school now numbers 56 pupils, and there are still a few more to enter.

Sabbath School here next Sunday at 2 o'clock.

John Fowler and family are visiting folks in Baltimore this week.

There is still some ice to be found in Jacob Marker's ice house. How is this? Don't everybody speak at once.

Butchering is in full blast and our butchers are kept busy day and night.

The K. of P. Lodge is working to increase its membership. It seems that all have grasped the same spirit and are hustling some now, and will till the holidays. Already there are five applications in, and the probability is this number will be doubled. Boys, persevere and we will have some fun.

Mrs. Mervin Cashman was critically ill several days this week, but at this writing her condition is improved.

We are told that our cattle dealer, Edward Hively, is now in Chicago, on his wedding trip. There is sure to be a real send-off here when he returns.

Mrs. Annie Stoner is visiting folks near Littlestown, and has been here for several weeks. Her return is expected soon.

B. Fred Shamberger will deliver a lecture in the hall, on Friday, Dec. 13, at 8 o'clock. His topic is: "Some Phases of the Modern School Problem as Applied to Rural Communities." Mr. Shamberger is a very able speaker, and all are welcome to come to hear him. There will be no admission charge, but a collection will be taken.

UNIONTOWN.

Rev. L. F. Murray, closed his meetings here on Wednesday evening.

Rev. T. H. Wright, Rev. G. W. Baughman, Miss Annie Baist and several others have been the victims of grippe this week. Solomon Myers, who has been ill, is now able to be down stairs.

Mrs. Susan Myerly has returned from her stay with her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Fritz.

Myers Englar and wife, spent Thanksgiving with friends in Washington, and stopped over in Baltimore, to view the "pageant" at the Lyric.

Mrs. Amanda Fowler, of New Windsor, is spending some time with her son, Harry and wife.

Mrs. Harry Fowler visited in the City a few days this week.

Mrs. Charles Carbaugh was called to Baltimore, on Tuesday, on account of the very severe illness of her sister, Mrs. Preston Graybill.

Howard Brumbaugh, wife and son, Charles, of Orange, N. J., spent several days at Evergreen lawn, with Will Eckendorff and family.

Thanksgiving visitors were, Mrs. Elizabeth Kelly, Mrs. Gover Routson, at Frank Price's; Miss Ruth Crumbacker and brother Harry, at Frank Bowser's; Harlan Menter and wife, at Theodore Eckard's; Elmer Yingling at L. F. Eckard's; Howard Diehl, at Wm. Bankard's; Charles Lamb, of Baltimore, at James Cover's.

Baust C. E. Society will have their Thanksgiving service this Sunday evening, at 7.30 o'clock. There will be recitations and tableaux by the children.

Herbert Davis, son of William, and the late Mrs. Clara Davis, died at the home of Joseph Dayhoff, near town, on Thursday night, of tubercular trouble, aged about 17 years. Funeral services will be held at 1 p. m., Sunday, at the Bethel church.

BLUE RIDGE COLLEGE.

From the reports of both it is difficult to ascertain whether those who went to their homes or those who remained at school had the best holiday.

Miss Grace Williams entertained quite a number of the student body.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day Prof. and Mrs. Flora entertained all the boys who were at that time present at the college.

Because of Prof. Roger's recent visit to the schools, we hope to hear more melodious sounds from the piano.

It will be of interest to Blue Ridge students to note that our old friend Mr. Henry Snyder was last Sunday evening united in marriage to Mrs. King, of Union Bridge.

Miss Anna Shuey, of Washington, D. C., spent the holidays with Mr. Bonsack and family.

Miss Maude Hess was called home last Friday on account of the death of her mother.

The diligent students are now thrice diligent. Examinations on Thursday and Friday.

On Wednesday evening, December 18, Miss Parhurst's students will give a musical program.

The following evening December 19, the Literary Societies will render a joint program of a Christmas nature.

Famous Stage Beauties

look with horror on skin eruptions, blotches, sores and pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains; heals burns, cuts and bruises. Unequaled for piles. Only 25c at R. S. McKinney, Taneytown, H. E. Fleagle, Mayberry.

NEW WINDSOR.

Mrs. Annie Smith died very suddenly at her home at the edge of town, on Sunday evening last from paralysis. Funeral from her late home on Wednesday. Services at the M. E. church. Interment at Pipe Creek cemetery. She leaves the following children: John Smith, of this place; Mrs. Hattie —, of Baltimore; and Mrs. Arthur Zile, of Windfield.

The Missionary Society and the C. E. Society gave a joint social in the Sunday School room on Wednesday evening. A pleasing program was rendered, after which refreshments were served.

The funeral of Mrs. Henrietta Nussbaum, whose death occurred at Saranac Lake, N. Y., was from her late home on Wednesday. Services at the home by her pastor, Rev. T. Marsh, assisted by Dr. Fraser, also by Rev. L. E. Bennett, of Westminster, who held the services at the grave. Interment in the Westminster cemetery.

Mr. Dotterer and bride, of Silver Run, spent Saturday and Sunday last, with the bride's brother John Brown and her sister, Mrs. George Smith.

Miss Ruth Myers, of Pen-Mar, is staying with her uncle, Elder Snader.

Leslie Smelser and wife, entertained some friends from Baltimore, on Sunday last.

MAYBERRY.

People must be looking for starvation already, as they are beginning to steal such as corn and lap robes in time.

Mrs. Otto and son, Ira, of Pipe Creek, visited the home of Wm. E. Lawyer, on Sunday.

Preaching Sunday morning at 10.30.

All those who wish to take part in the Christmas exercises will please be present at Sunday School on Sunday.

Mrs. W. E. Lawyer is still suffering from indigestion.

O. E. Dodder is slowly improving from stomach trouble.

On Thanksgiving evening, Martin Koonitz had his robe stolen while attending the oyster supper, at Tyrone.

KEYSVILLE.

In the early part of Sunday night, fire was discovered in a fodder stack built against the barn belonging to Jacob Adams, along the Monocacy. The barn was burned with all the season's hay, fodder and wheat, except about a hundred bushels of wheat which had been hauled to the warehouse. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary.

Charles Young and wife, on Sunday, entertained Mrs. James Shilt and daughter, Mrs. Dorsey and son, and Edward Young and wife.

Edward Shorb and Mrs. Oliver Newcomer are on the sick list, at this writing.

Harry Stoner and wife spent Sunday evening, after preaching, with Edward Knipple and wife, and attended the W. C. T. U. service, at which Rev. Wolfe gave a very interesting discourse on temperance.

Ray Pittinger moved to Geo. Duttera's house, at Taylor's mill, on Tuesday.

Walter Myers and wife, and Miss Bessie Zimmerman, of Sell's mill, spent Saturday and part of Sunday with their uncle, Louis Wachter.

William Devilbiss and wife were in Emmitsburg, on Tuesday, on business.

FOILS A FOUL PLOT.

When a shameful plot exists between liver and bowels to cause distress by refusing to act, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end such abuse of your system. They gently compel right action of stomach, liver and bowels, and restore your health and all good feelings. 25c at R. S. McKinney's, Taneytown, and H. E. Fleagle's, Mayberry.

NORTH-EAST CARROLL.

Mrs. Harvey Maus made a business trip to Waynesboro, on Saturday.

Mrs. George Dutterer and little Miss Esther Hesson, spent Monday of last week at Middleburg.

Miss Clara Zahn, of Frizellburg, spent Sunday with Milton Study and family.

Frank Beachler and wife, John Maus and daughter Lillie, Miss Elva Bemiller, and G. W. Yeiser were in Baltimore to see "The World," last week. The fact that Mr. Yeiser had been to the old country made it more interesting.

Mrs. Geo. Dutterer, Mrs. Oliver Hesson and daughter, Esther, spent Wednesday at Hanover.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

The annual Christmas service of the Union Sunday School of this place will be rendered on Christmas eve, Dec. 24.

Miss Ada Geiman, who has been sick for the past fourteen weeks, received 91 postal cards on Thanksgiving Day as a souvenir of respect from Baltimore, Frizellburg, New Windsor, Westminster, Taneytown, Coppersville, Mt. Pleasant and Pleasant Valley.

Miss Annie E. Lawyer has returned from Baltimore after spending a week with friends and relatives.

Charles N. Myers and wife, and son, Gordon, of Baltimore, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents, Levi Myers and wife.

VEAL CUTLETS.

A slice from the leg of veal makes the best cutlet. Fry slices of salt pork in the frying pan, take out and keep hot; dip the slices of veal into beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs; fry them about 15 or 20 minutes in the pork fat; dish the cutlets, add a little hot water or soup stock to the gravy in the pan and let it boil up. If gravy is not brown enough, add one-half teaspoon vegetable bouillon. Pour gravy around cutlets on a hot platter and garnish with the diced salt pork. Serve grated horseradish for a relish with this dish.

Beefsteak Roll With Tomato Sauce. When possible have the third slice of round steak, as it is most suitable for rolling. Make a dressing as for fowl, spread thickly over steak, roll and tie. After browning on all sides cook in salt and boiling water at least two hours, or until nearly tender; then turn a quart of canned tomatoes into the kettle and boil one-half hour longer. Take out meat and set where it will keep hot, strain the contents of kettle, add thickening, let boil a few minutes and pour over meat.

Beefsteak Roll With Tomato Sauce. When possible have the third slice of round steak, as it is most suitable for rolling. Make a dressing as for fowl, spread thickly over steak, roll and tie. After browning on all sides cook in salt and boiling water at least two hours, or until nearly tender; then turn a quart of canned tomatoes into the kettle and boil one-half hour longer. Take out meat and set where it will keep hot, strain the contents of kettle, add thickening, let boil a few minutes and pour over meat.

Beefsteak Roll With Tomato Sauce. When possible have the third slice of round steak, as it is most suitable for rolling. Make a dressing as for fowl, spread thickly over steak, roll and tie. After browning on all sides cook in salt and boiling water at least two hours, or until nearly tender; then turn a quart of canned tomatoes into the kettle and boil one-half hour longer. Take out meat and set where it will keep hot, strain the contents of kettle, add thickening, let boil a few minutes and pour over meat.

Beefsteak Roll With Tomato Sauce. When possible have the third slice of round steak, as it is most suitable for rolling. Make a dressing as for fowl, spread thickly over steak, roll and tie. After browning on all sides cook in salt and boiling water at least two hours, or until nearly tender; then turn a quart of canned tomatoes into the kettle and boil one-half hour longer. Take out meat and set where it will keep hot, strain the contents of kettle, add thickening, let boil a few minutes and pour over meat.

Beefsteak Roll With Tomato Sauce. When possible have the third slice of round steak, as it is most suitable for rolling. Make a dressing as for fowl, spread thickly over steak, roll and tie. After browning on all sides cook in salt and boiling water at least two hours, or until nearly tender; then turn a quart of canned tomatoes into the kettle and boil one-half hour longer. Take out meat and set where it will keep hot, strain the contents of kettle, add thickening, let boil a few minutes and pour over meat.

Beefsteak Roll With Tomato Sauce. When possible have the third slice of round steak, as it is most suitable for rolling. Make a dressing as for fowl, spread thickly over steak, roll and tie. After browning on all sides cook in salt and boiling water at least two hours, or until nearly tender; then turn a quart of canned tomatoes into the kettle and boil one-half hour longer. Take out meat and set where it will keep hot, strain the contents of kettle, add thickening, let boil a few minutes and pour over meat.

Beefsteak Roll With Tomato Sauce. When possible have the third slice of round steak, as it is most suitable for rolling. Make a dressing as for fowl, spread thickly over steak, roll and tie. After browning on all sides cook in salt and boiling water at least two hours, or until nearly tender; then turn a quart of canned tomatoes into the kettle and boil one-half hour longer. Take out meat and set where it will keep hot, strain the contents of kettle, add thickening, let boil a few minutes and pour over meat.

THAT THANKLESS JOB

SOMETHING THAT SEEMS TO BE
ALWAYS WITH US.Evidence of Its Presence to Be Noted
Wherever You May Look—Some
Comfort in Remembering
Words of Ruskin.

One of the most constant and distressing quantities in everyday life is the thankless job. It is firmly fixed in the established order of things that while we often rebel, we continue to accept. It seems immutably placed, and is illustrated in every circle of friendship or business.

The mother who sacrifices, oh, so much, for her children and is immediately relegated to second place, if not utterly neglected, when Tom, Dick or Mayme decides to marry; the daughter or son who after years of faithful, tender service in the home, is accused of ingratitude when opportunities for a life of wider effort present themselves and are accepted; the generous hearted sister, who, having refused to listen to her own love story and having kept house for years for brother Bill and brother Bill's brood of motherless bairns, is told nonchalantly one morning that he, Bill, is to be married and "the boss of that particular ranch" hereafter will be the new wife; the white haired clerk who is either discharged or placed in a position that is an insult to his years of service, not to mention his intellect—these are but a few examples of the little thanks that loyalty commands.

Here's what Ruskin says on this subject:

"Generally, good, useful work, whether of the hand or head, is either ill-paid, or not paid at all. I don't say it should be so, but it always is so. People, as a rule, only pay for being amused or being cheated, not for being served. Five thousand a year to your talker, and a shilling a day to your fighter, digger, and thinker, is the rule. None of the best headwork in art, literature or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his Iliad or Dante for his Paradise? Only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope and first saw heaven was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope and first saw earth died of starvation, driven from his home; it is indeed very clear that God means all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing. But, the scribe, did not get a penny a line for writing Jeremiah's second roll for him. I fancy; and St. Stephen did not get bishop's pay for that long sermon of his to the Pharisees; nothing but stones."

True, work earnestly and loyally performed brings to a degree its own reward. The sweetness of doing something for either one's very own or the people out in the great, busy world is real and heart-warming but, even so, it doesn't satisfy any kind of man or woman outside of the ultra-saintly and excessively humble who, by the way, are few and far between. Men and women of everyday life need a tangible evidence of gratitude.

Napoleon at St. Helena.

Describing the food which was placed on his table by his physician, Doctor Antommarchi, he said: "Physicians have the right of regulating the table; it is fit I should give you an account of mine. Behold what it consists of: A basin of soup, two plates of meat, one of vegetables, a salad when I can take it, compose the whole service; half a bottle of claret, which I dilute with a good deal of water, serves me for drink; I drink a little of it pure toward the end of the repast. Sometimes, when I feel fatigued, I substitute champagne for claret; it is a sure means of giving a fillip to the stomach."

The doctor having expressed his surprise at this temperate mode of living, he replied: "In my marches with the army of Italy I never failed to put in the bow of my saddle a bottle of wine, some bread and cold fowl. This provision sufficed for the wants of the day; I may even say I often shared it with others. I thus gained time; the economy of my table turned to account on the field of battle. For the rest I eat fast, masticate little; my meals do not consume my hours. This is not what you will approve the most; but in my present situation what signifies it?"

No Amusements in Zanzibar.

There would appear to be no present market in Zanzibar for merry-go-rounds and other amusement devices. There are no public resorts in the American sense of the term. On the occasion of the various Mohammedan feasts and festivals and at other times flimsy wheels and merry-go-rounds are set up on the beach near Zanzibar, and perhaps for two days these are well filled by natives who pay one-half cent for a rather long ride. The equipment, however, is of the poorest character, and, while evidently popular, the patronage apparently does not warrant owners in continuing to run them after the day or two of feasting is over. Furthermore, the various tribal dances which obtain all over the district hold first place in the hearts of the natives, and the extreme simplicity of their life and the absence of money are further deterrents to the introduction of up-to-date amusement devices.—From Consul Alexander W. Weddell, Zanzibar.

SEE VALUE OF CHEESE

AMERICAN HOUSEWIVES HAVE
COME TO USE MORE OF IT.

Should Always Be Only an Accompaniment to the Meal—Innumerable Ways in Which It May Be Temptingly Prepared.

Formerly cheese only appeared on American tables in homes away from the big centers, served in small uncooked portions as an accompaniment to apple pie or doughnuts. Today American housewives are using cheese in their daily menus. They have begun to recognize its food value and also the digestibility of cooked cheese. Toasted cheese is sometimes given to children and invalids today. Formerly this would have been considered equivalent to signing a death warrant. Cheese should not be taken as an entire meal, however. It is an accompaniment to a meal. It is not wise to serve it with heavy meat dishes. It contains only 30 per cent. of water and is, therefore, a highly concentrated food. Compared with meat it contains twice the amount of solid food. Casein is the principal element of cheese, and analysis proves that it has all the fat-forming and heat-giving elements that meat has.

The grated cheese seems to go best with onion soup. A recipe for a very simple onion soup is:

Put six medium-sized minced onions into a stewpan with three ounces of melted butter, place over a slow fire and shake gently until the onions are soft and slightly browned. Add one quart of boiling water. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Put two well-beaten eggs into a tureen and pour the soup, which should cook about thirty minutes, over them. When served, pass the grated Parmesan cheese in fancy cup or bowl with spoon. A little sprinkled into the soup adds greatly to its flavor.

A rich cheese bisque is made by adding one-half cupful of grated cheese to a soup made of one pint of milk and a cupful of chicken or lamb stock. Season by boiling an onion therein and thicken with flour and butter blended as for white sauce. When boiling, strain and add the cheese. Return to the fire until the cheese is melted. Have two well-beaten eggs in a bowl and pour the hot soup over these, beating to keep from curdling. Season with salt and white pepper.—Marion Herrick, in the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

LOBSTER BUTTERED.

Pick the meat from a large freshly boiled lobster. Mince it finely, put into a stewpan with an ounce and a half of fresh butter rolled in flour. Stir it over a gentle fire until quite hot, then add one-eighth of a nutmeg, grated, a dessertspoonful of chili vinegar, or if this is not at hand, common vinegar may be used; three grains of cayenne with large saltspoonful of white pepper in it. Two tablespoonfuls of rich gravy are a great improvement to this dish. Stir the mixture gently over the fire until quite hot. Serve in the shell of the lobster with bread crumbs over the meat. Time to simmer, ten minutes. This recipe is sufficient for six or seven persons.

Holiday Requisites.

Perfumes, Brushes,
Toilet Articles,
Box Paper,
Christmas Cards
and Booklets,
Calendar Pads, &c.

Flavoring Extracts and Spices.

ROBT. S. MCKINNEY
DRUGGIST
TANEYTOWN, - MARYLAND.

Because they are made better and wear longest, we recommend

BALLO-BAND

Rubber Footwear

as the real thing when it comes to service. You'll find them the cheapest in the end. Come while our stock is complete.

For sale by

C. E. SIX
KEYSVILLE, MD.

CONKEY'S POULTRY REMEDIES

CONKEY'S Roup Remedy

will rid your flock of Roup. Sick chickens don't lay. Buy a box now and use either as a cure, or preventive.

Prices, 25c, 50c \$1.00 Box

REINDOLLAR BROS. & CO.

Don't Worry!
CONKEY
Will Cure Me

Christmas Suggestions

If it is anything in Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass, Watches, Precious Stones or kindred lines, that you want, you will find it in this Store. We mention a few articles:

Watches, Clocks, Seal Rings, Bracelets, Gents' Chains	Rings, Toilet Sets, Cut Glass, Ink Sets, Smoking Sets, Shaving Sets, Jewel Boxes, Silver Hat Brushes, Silver Novelties,	Ladies' Silver Comb Sets, Community Silver Knives, Rogers' Knives and Forks, Beautiful Ivory Clocks, China Clocks.
---	---	--

Fine Hand-Painted China.

A SPECIAL IN WATCHES AND DIAMONDS DURING
THE HOLIDAYS.**GEO. Z. GITT, Jeweler,**
Baltimore Street, LITTLESTOWN, PA.

SHE TALKED ABOUT IT.

A very good thing to do, especially when it was her own doctor that she talked with. She wanted to know about Hall's Hair Renewer for falling hair, dandruff, and for promoting growth of the hair. Now she is going to use it, will have every confidence in it. No coloring of the hair, not in the least. Advertisement.

TAKE OUR ADVICE

Before You Buy a SUIT or
OVERCOAT, See**Sharrer & Gorsuch**
Westminster, Md.1000 Handsome Garments to
select from, and at prices
which mean dollars saved.Suits to Order
At Low Prices.REPORT OF THE CONDITION
—OF THE—
TANEYTOWN SAVINGS BANK
at Taneytown, in the State of Maryland,
at the close of business Nov. 26, 1912.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 82,615.79
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	610.40
Stocks, Bonds, Securities, etc.	181,978.19
Banking House, Furniture & Fixtures	4,079.80
Mortgages and Judgments of record	67,533.66
Due from National, State and Private Banks and Bankers and Trust Companies, other than reserve	31.21
Subject to check—Reserve Agents	5,811.25
U. S. Currency and National Bank Notes	\$358.00
Gold Coin	95.00
Silver Coin	956.00
Nickels and Cents	53.91
Total	\$347,251.31
LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock paid in	\$ 25,000.00
Surplus Fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses, interest and Taxes paid	9,653.77
Due to National, State and Private Banks and Bankers and Trust Companies	2,845.81
Dividends unpaid	3.90
Deposits (demand)	\$27,519.20
Certificates of Deposit	22,747.61
Deposits (time)	183.00
Savings and Special	256,737.33
Certificates of Deposit	277,001.02
Total	\$347,251.31

State of Maryland, County of Carroll ss.

I, Walter A. Bower, Treasurer of the above-named Institution, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

WALTER A. BOWER, Treasurer.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of December, 1912.G. WALTER WILT, Notary Public.
CORRECT ATTEST:
D. J. HESSON,
CALVIN T. FRINGER, Directors
E. F. SMITH.

Floral Antiseptic Tooth Powder for clearing and beautifying the teeth. Make the teeth white and purifies the breath. 10c bottle.—Get at MCKELLIP'S. Advertisement.

LEARN THE AUTO BUSINESS

\$18 TO \$35 PER WEEK

Take a 4 weeks Course in car Up-to-Date Repair Shop. Big demand for competent men.

Write for Catalog

AUTOBULE COLLEGE
2 West Preston Street
Baltimore, - Maryland

WHEN A MAN MARRIES

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE—
THE MAN IN LOWER TEN, ETC.

Copyright, 1909, by THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY
Needles and pins.
When a man marries
His trouble begins.

CHAPTER I.

At Least I Meant Well.

When the dreadful thing occurred that night, every one turned on me. The injustice of it hurt me most. They said I got up the dinner, that I asked them to give up other engagements and come, that I promised all kinds of jollification, if they would come; and then when they did come, and got in the papers, and every one—but ourselves—laughed himself black in the face, they turned on me! I, who suffered ten times to their one! I shall never forget what Dallas Brown said to me, standing with a coal shovel in one hand and a—well, perhaps it would be better to tell it all in the order it happened.

It began with Jimmy Wilson and a conspiracy, was helped on by a foot-square piece of yellow paper and a Japanese butler, and it enmeshed and mixed up generally ten respectable members of society and a policeman. Incidentally, it developed a pearl collar and a box of soap, which sounds incongruous, doesn't it?

It is a great misfortune to be stout, especially for a man. Jim was round and looked shorter than he really was, and as all the lines of his face, or what should have been lines, were really dimples, his face was about as flexible and full of expression as a pillow in a tight cover. The angrier he got the funnier he looked, and when he was raging, and his neck swelled up over his collar and got red, he was entrancing. And everybody liked him, and borrowed money from him, and laughed at his pictures (he has one in the Hargrave gallery in London now, so people buy them instead), and smoked his cigarettes, and tried to steal his Jap. The whole story hinges on the Jap.

The trouble was, I think, that no one took Jim seriously. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to. His art was a huge joke—except to himself. If he asked people to dinner, every one expected a frolic. When he married Bella Knowles, people chuckled at the wedding, and considered it the wildest prank of Jimmy's career, although Jim himself seemed to take it awfully hard.

We had all known them both for years. I went to Farmington with Bella, and Anne Brown was her matron of honor when she married Jim. My first winter out, Jimmy had paid me a lot of attention. He painted my portrait in oils and had a studio tea to exhibit it. It was a very nice picture, but it did not look like me, so I stayed from the exhibition. Jim asked me to. He said he was not a photographer, and that anyhow the rest of my features called for the nose he had given me, and that all the Greuze women have long necks. I have not.

After I had refused Jim twice he met Bella at a camp in the Adirondacks and when he came back he came at once to see me. He seemed to think I would be sorry to lose him, and he blundered over the telling for 20 minutes. Of course, no woman likes to lose a lover, no matter what she may say about it, but Jim had been getting on my nerves for some time, and I was much calmer than he expected me to be.

"If you mean," I said finally in desperation, "that you and Bella are in love, why don't you say so, Jim? I think you will find that I stand it wonderfully."

He brightened perceptibly. "I didn't know how you would take it, Kit," he said, "and I hope we will always be bully friends. You are absolutely sure you don't care a whoop for me?"

"Absolutely," I replied, and we shook hands on it. Then he began about Bella; it was very tiresome.

Bella is a nice girl, but I had roomed with her at school, and I was under no illusions. When Jim raved about Bella and her banjo, and Bella and her guitar, I had painful moments when I recalled Bella learning her two songs on each instrument, and the old English ballad she had learned to play on the harp. When he said she was too good for him, I never batted an eye. And I shook hands solemnly across the tea table again, and wished him happiness—which was sincere enough, but hopeless—and said we had only been playing a game, but that it was time to stop playing. Jim kissed my hand, and it was really very touching.

We had been the best of friends ever since. Two days before the wedding he came around from his tailor's, and we burned all his letters to me. He would read me and say: "Here's a crackerjack. Kit," and pass it to me. And at 7:15 I had read it we would lay it on the firelog, and Jim would say, "I am not worthy of her, Kit. I wonder if I can make her happy?" Or "Did you know that the duke of Bedford proposed to her in London last winter?"

Of course, one has to take the woman's word about a thing like that, but the duke of Bedford had been mad about Maude Richard all that winter.

You can see that the burning of the letters, which was meant to be reminiscently sentimental, a sort of how-silly-we-were-it-is-all-over-now occasion, became actually a two hours' eulogy of Bella. And just when I was bored to death, the Mercer girls dropped in and heard Jim begin to read one commencing "dearest Kit." And the next day after the rehearsal dinner, they told Bella!

There was very nearly no wedding at all. Bella came to see me in a frenzy the next morning and threw Jim and his two hundred odd pounds in my face, and although I explained it all over and over, she never quite forgave me. That was what made it so hard later—the situation would have been bad enough without that complication.

They went abroad on their wedding journey, and stayed several months. And when Jim came back he was fatter than every. Everybody noticed it. Bella had a gymnasium fitted up in a corner of the studio, but he would not use it. He smoked a pipe and painted all day, and drank beer and would eat starches or whatever it is that is fattening. But he adored Bella, and he was madly jealous of her. At dinners he used to glare at the man who took her in, although it did not make him thin. Bella was flirting, too, and by the time they had been married a year, people hitched their chairs together and dropped their voices when they were mentioned.

Well, on the anniversary of the day Bella left him—oh, yes, she left him finally. She was intense enough about some things, and she said it got on her nerves to have everybody chuckle when they asked for her husband. They would say, "Hello, Bella! How's Bubbles? Still banting?" And Bella would try to laugh and say, "He swears his tailor says his waist is smaller, but if it is he must be growing hollow in the back." But she got tired of it at last. Well, on the second anniversary of Bella's departure, Jimmy was feeling pretty glum, and as I say, I am very fond of Jim. The divorce had just gone through and Bella had taken her maiden name again and had had an operation for appendicitis. We heard afterward that they didn't find an appendix, and that the one they showed her in a glass jar was not hers! But if Bella ever suspected, she didn't say. Whether the appendix was anonymous or not, she got box after box of flowers that were, and of course every one knew that it was Jim who sent them.

To go back to the anniversary: I went to Rothberg's to see the collection of antique furniture—mother was looking for a sideboard for father's birthday in March—and I met Jimmy there, boring into a worm-hole in a seventeenth century bedpost with the end of a match, and looking his nearest to sad. When he saw me he came over.

"I'm blue today, Kit," he said, after we had shaken hands. "Come and help me dig bait, and then let's go



"Look at That Infernal Hand."

fishing. If there's a worm in every hole in that bedpost, we could go into the fish business. It's good business."

"Better than painting?" I asked. But he ignored my gibe and swelled up alarmingly in order to sigh.

"This is the worst day of the year for me," he affirmed, staring straight ahead, "the longest. Look at that crazy clock over there. If you want to see your life passing away, if you want to see the steps by which you are marching to eternity, watch that clock marking the time. Look at that infernal hand staying quiet for 60 seconds and then jumping forward to catch up the procession. Ugh!"

"See here, Jim," I said, leaning forward, "you're not well. You can't go through the rest of the day like this. I know what you'll do: You'll go home to play Grieg on the piano, and you won't eat any dinner." He looked guilty.

"Not Grieg," he protested feebly. "Beethoven."

"You're not going to do either," I said with firmness. "You are going right home to unpack those new draperies that Harry Bayless sent you from Shanghai, and you are going to order dinner for eight—that will be two tables of bridge. And you are not going to touch the piano."

He did not seem enthusiastic, but he rose and picked up his hat, and stood looking down at me where I sat on an old horse-hair covered sofa. "I wish to thunder I had married you!" he said savagely. "You're the finest girl I know, Kit, without exception, and you are going to throw yourself away on Jack Manning, or Max, or some other—"

"Nothing of the sort," I said coldly, "and the fact that you didn't marry me does not give you the privilege of abusing my friends. Anyhow, I don't like you when you speak like that."

Jim took me to the door and stopped there to sigh.

"I haven't been well," he said, heavily. "Don't eat, don't sleep. Wouldn't you think I'd lose flesh? Kit"—he lowered his voice solemnly—"I have gained two pounds!"

I said he didn't look it, which appeared to comfort him somewhat, and because we were old friends, I asked him where Bella was. He said he thought she was in Europe, and that he had heard she was going to marry Reggie Wolfe. Then he sighed again, muttered something about ordering the funeral baked meats to be prepared and left me.

That was my entire share in the affair. I was the victim, both of circumstances and of their plot, which was mad on the face of it. During the entire time they never once let me forget that I got up the dinner, that I telephoned around for them. They asked me why I couldn't cook—when not one of them knew one side of a range from the other. And for Anne Brown to talk the way she did—saying I had always been crazy about Jim, and that she believed I had known all along that his aunt was coming—for Anne to talk like that was sheer idiocy. Yes, there was an aunt. The Japanese butler started the trouble, and Aunt Selina carried it along.

CHAPTER II.

The Way It Began.

It makes me angry every time I think how I tried to make that dinner a success. I canceled a theater engagement, and I took the Mercer girls in the electric brougham father had given me for Christmas. They chauffeur had been gone for hours with their machine, and they had telephoned all the police stations without success. They were afraid that there had been an awful smash; they could easily have replaced Bartlett, as Lollie said, but it takes so long to get new parts for those foreign cars.

Jim had a house well up town, and it stood just enough apart from the other houses to be entirely maddening later. It was a three-story affair, with a basement kitchen and servants' dining room. Then, of course, there were cellars, as we found out afterward. On the first floor there was a large square hall, a formal reception room, behind it a big living room that was also a library, then a den, and back of all a Georgian dining room, with windows high above the ground. On the top floor Jim had a studio, like every other one I ever saw—perhaps a little mussier. Jim was really a grind at his painting, and there were cigarette ashes and palette knives and buffalo rugs and shields everywhere. It is strange, but when I think of that terrible house, I always see the halls, enormous, covered with heavy rugs, and stairs that would have taken six housemaids to keep in proper condition. I dream about those stairs, stretching above me in a Jacob's ladder of shining wood and Persian carpets, going up, up, clear to the roof.

The Dallas Browns walked; they lived in the next block. And they brought with them a man named Harbison, that no one knew. Anne said he would be great sport, because he was terribly serious, and had the most exaggerated ideas of society, and loathed extravagance, and built bridges or something. She had put away her cigarettes since he had been with them—he and Dallas had been college friends—and the only chance she had to smoke was when she was getting her hair done. And she had singled off quite a lot—a burnt offering, she called it.

"My dear," she said over the telephone, when I invited her, "I want you to know him. He'll be crazy about you. That type of man, big and deadly earnest, always falls in love with your type of girl, the appealing sort, you know. And he has been too busy, up to now, to know what love is. But mind, don't hurt him; he's a dear boy. I'm half in love with him myself, and Dallas trots around at his heels like a poodle."

But all Anne's geese are swans, so I thought little of the Harbison man except to hope that he played respectable bridge, and wouldn't mark the cards with a steel spring under his finger nail, as one of her "fnds" had done.

We all arrived about the same time, and Anne and I went upstairs together to take off our wraps in what had been Bella's dressing room. It was Anne who noticed the violets.

"Look at that!" she nudged me, when the maid was examining her wrap before she laid it down. "What did I tell you, Kit? He's still quite mad about her."

Jim had painted Bella's portrait while they were going up the Nile on their wedding trip. It looked quite like her, if you stood well off in the middle of the room and if the light came from the right. And just beneath it, in a silver case, was a bunch of violets. It was really touching, and violets were fabulous. It made me want to cry, and to shake Bella soundly, and to go down and pat Jim on his generous shoulder, and tell him what a good fellow I thought him, and that Bella wasn't worth the

dust under his feet. I don't know much about psychology, but it would be interesting to know just what effect those violets and my sympathy for Jim had in influencing my decision a half-hour later. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that for some time after the odor of violets made me ill.

We all met downstairs in the living room, quite informally, and Dallas was banging away at the pianola, tramping the pedals with the delicacy and feeling of a football center-rush kicking a goal. Mr. Harbison was standing near the fire, a little away from the others, and he was all that Anne had said and more in appearance. He was tall—not too tall, and very straight. And after one got past the oddity of his face being bronze-colored above his white collar, and of his brown hair being sun-bleached on top until it was almost yellow, one realized that he was very handsome. He had what one might call a resolute nose and chin, and a pleasant, rather humorous, mouth. And he had blue eyes that were, at that moment, wandering with interest over the lot of us. Somebody shouted his name to me above the Tristan and Isolde music, and I held out my hand.

Instantly I had the feeling one sometimes has, of having done just that same thing, with the same surroundings, in the same place, years before. I was looking up at him, and he was staring down at me and holding my hand. And then the music stopped and he was saying:

"Where was it?"

"Where was what?" I asked. The feeling was stronger than ever with his voice.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and let my hand drop. "Just for a second I had an idea that we had met before somewhere, a long time ago. I suppose—no, it couldn't have happened, or I should remember." He was smiling, half at himself.

"No," I smiled back at him. "It didn't happen, I'm afraid—unless we dreamed it."

"We?"

"I felt that way, too, for a moment." "The Brushwood Boy!" he said with conviction. "Perhaps we will find a common dream life, where we knew each other. You remember the Brushwood Boy loved the girl for years before they really met." But this was a little too rapid, even for me.

"Nothing so sentimental, I'm afraid," I retorted. "I have had exactly the same sensation sometimes when I have sneezed."

Betty Mercer captured him then and took him off to see Jim's newest picture. Anne pounced on me at once.

"Isn't he delicious?" she demanded. "Did you ever see such shoulders? And such a nose? And he thinks we are parasites, cumbers of the earth, heaven knows what. He says every woman ought to know how to earn her living, in case of necessity! I said I could make enough at bridge, and he thought I was joking! He's a dear!" Anne was enthusiastic.

I looked after him. Oddly enough the feeling that we had met before struck me. Which was ridiculous, of course, for we learned afterward that the nearest we ever came to meeting was that our mothers had been school friends! Just then I saw Jim beckoning to me crazily from the den. He looked quite yellow, and he had been running his fingers through his hair.

"For heaven's sake, come in, Kit!" he said. "I need a cool head. Didn't I tell you this is my calamity day?"

"Cook gone?" I asked with interest. I was starving.

He closed the door and took up a tragic attitude in front of the fire. "Did you ever hear of Aunt Selina?" he demanded.

"I knew there was one," I ventured, mindful of certain gossip as to whence Jimmy derived the Willson income.

Jim himself was too worried to be cautious. He waved a brazen hand at the snug room, at the Japanese prints on the walls, at the rugs, at the teakwood cabinets and the screen inlaid with pearl and ivory.

"All this," he said comprehensively, "every bite I eat, clothes I wear, drinks I drink—you needn't look like that; I don't drink so darned much—everything comes from Aunt Selina—buttons," he finished with a groan.

"Selina Buttons," I said reflectively. "I don't remember ever having known any one named Buttons, although I had a cat once—"

"Damn the cat!" he said rudely. "Her name isn't Buttons. Her name is Caruthers, my Aunt Selina Caruthers, and the money comes from buttons."

"Oh," feebly.

"It's an old business," he went on, with something of proprietary pride. "My grandfather founded it in 1775. Made buttons for the Continental army."

"Oh, yes," I said. "They melted the buttons to make bullets, didn't they? Or they melted bullets to make buttons? Which was it?"

But again he interrupted.

"It's like this," he went on hurriedly. "Aunt Selina believes in me. She likes pictures, and she wanted me to paint, if I could. I'd have given up long ago—oh, I know what you think of my work—but for Aunt Selina. She has encouraged me, and she's done more than that; she's paid the bills."

"Dear Aunt Selina," I breathed.

"When I got married," Jim persisted, "Aunt Selina doubled my allowance. I always expected to sell something, and begin to make money, and in the meantime what she advanced I considered as a loan." He was cying me defiantly, but I was growing serious. It was evident from the preamble that something was coming. "To understand Kit," he went on

dubiously, "you would have to know her. She won't stand for divorce. She thinks it is a crime."

"What!" I sat up. I have always regarded divorce as essentially disagreeable, like castor oil, but necessary.

"Oh, you know well enough what I'm driving at," he burst out savagely. "She doesn't know Bella has gone. She thinks I am living in a little domestic heaven, and—she is coming tonight to hear me flap my wings."

"Tonight!"

I don't think Jimmy had known that Dallas Brown had come in and was listening. I am sure I had not. Hearing his chuckle at the doorway brought us up with a jerk.

"Where has Aunt Selina been for the last two or three years?" he asked easily.

Jim turned, and his face brightened. "Europe. Look here, Dal, you're a smart chap. She'll only be here about four hours. Can't you think of some way to get me out of this? I want to let her down easy, too. I'm mighty fond of Aunt Selina. Can't we—can't I say Bella has a headache?"

"Rotten!" laconically.

"Gone out of town?" Jim was desperate.

"And you with a houseful of dinner guests! Try again, Jim."

"I have it," Jim said suddenly. "Dallas, ask Anne if she won't play hostess for tonight. Be Mrs. Willson pro-



"It's Like This, He Went on Hurriedly."

tem. Anne would love it. Aunt Selina never saw Bella. Then, afterward, next year, when I'm hung in the Academy and can stand on my feet—" ("Not if you're hung," Dallas interjected.)—"I'll break the truth to her."

But Dallas was not enthusiastic.

"Anne wouldn't do at all," he declared. "She'd be talking about the kids before she knew it, and patting me on the head." He said it complacently; Anne flirts, but they are really devoted.

"One of the Mercer girls?" I suggested, but Jimmy raised a horrified hand.

"You don't know Aunt Selina," he protested. "I couldn't offer Lella in the gown she's got on, unless she wore a shawl and Betty is too fair."

Anne came in just then, and the whole story had to be told again to her. She was ecstatic. She said it was good enough for a play, and that of course she would be Mrs. Jimmy for that length of time.

"You know," she finished, "if it were not for Dal, I would be Mrs. Jimmy for any length of time. I have been devoted to you for years, Billiken."

But Dallas refused peremptorily. "I'm not jealous," he explained, straightening and throwing out his chest, "but—well, you don't look the part, Anne. You're—you are growing matronly, not but what you suit me all right. And then I'd forget and call you 'mammy,' which would require explanation. I think it's up to you, Kit."

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" I snapped. "It's ridiculous!"

"I dare you!" said Dallas.

I refused. I stood like a rock while the storm surged around me and beat over me. I must say for Jim that he was merely pathetic. He said that my happiness was first; that he would not give me an uncomfortable minute for anything on earth; and that Bella had been perfectly right to leave him, because he was a sinking ship, and deserved to be turned out penniless into the world. After which mixed figure, he poured himself something to drink, and his hands were shaking.

Dal and Anne stood on each side of him and patted him on the shoulders, and glared across at me. I felt that if I was a rock, Jim's ship had struck on me and was sinking, as he said, because of me. I began to crumble.

"What—what time does she leave?" I asked, wavering.

"Ten; nine; Kit, are you going to do it?"

"No!" I gave a last clutch at my resolution. "People who do that kind of thing always get into trouble. She might miss her train. She's almost certain to miss her train."

"You're temporizing," Dallas said sternly. "We won't let her miss her train; you can be sure of that."

"Jim," Anne broke in suddenly, "hasn't she a picture of Bella. There's not the faintest resemblance between Bella and Kit."

Jim became downcast again. "I sent her a miniature of Bella a couple of years ago," he said despondently. "Did it myself."

But Dal said he remembered the miniature, and it looked more like me than Bella, anyhow. So we were just where we started. And down inside of me I had a premonition that I was going to do just what they wanted me to do, and get into all sorts of trouble, and not be thanked for it after all. Which was entirely correct. And then

Ayer's Pills

Gently Laxative. Sugar-coated.
Dose, one pill, only one.
Sold for 60 years.

Ask Your Doctor.

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Lella Mercer came and banged at the door and said that dinner had been announced ages ago and that everybody was famishing. With the hurry and stress, and poor Jim's distracted face, I weakened.

"I feel like a cross between an idiot and a criminal," I said shortly, "and I don't know particularly why every one thinks I should be the victim for the sacrifice. But if you will promise to get her off early to her train, and if you will stand by me and not leave me alone with her, I—I might try it."

"Of course, we'll stand by you!" they said in chorus. "We won't let you stick!" And Dal said, "You're the right sort of girl, Kit. And after it's all over, you'll realize that it's the biggest kind of lark. Think how you are saving the old lady's feelings! When you are an elderly person yourself, Kit, you will appreciate what you are doing tonight."

Yes, they said they would stand by me, and that I was a heroine and the only person there clever enough to act the part, and that they wouldn't let me stick! I am not bitter now, but that is what they promised. Oh, I am not defending myself; I suppose I deserved everything that happened. But they told me that she would be there only between trains, and that she was deaf, and that I had an opportunity to save a fellow-being from ruin. So in the end I capitulated.

When they opened the door into the living room, Max Reed had arrived and was helping to hide a decanter and glasses, and somebody said a cab was at the door.

And that was the way it began.
(To be Continued.)

Could Shout For Joy.

"I want to thank you for the bottom of my heart," wrote C. B. Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for the wonderful double benefit I got from Electric Bitters, in curing me of both a severe case of stomach trouble and of rheumatism, from which I had been an almost helpless sufferer for ten years. It suited my case as though made just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice, and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism. Electric Bitters have no equal. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c at R. S. McKinney's, Taneytown, and H. E. Fleagle's, Mayberry, Maryland. Advertisement.

Classified Advertisements.

Dentistry.

J. S. MYERS. J. E. MYERS
Westminster, Md. New Windsor, Md.

Drs. Myers,

SURGEON DENTISTS,

Are prepared to do All Kinds of Dental Work, including ALUMINUM PLATES.

DR. J. W. HELM,

SURGEON DENTIST,

New Windsor Maryland.

Will be in Taneytown 1st Wednesday of each month.

I have other engagements for the 3rd Saturday and Thursday and Friday, immediately preceding. The rest of the month at my office in New Windsor. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered.

Graduate of Maryland University, Baltimore, Md. C. & P. Telephone. 5-1-10

The Home Insurance Co., NEW YORK

Total Assets, \$32,146,564.95
Surplus to Policy Holders, \$18,615,440.71

Fire and Windstorm Policies on the paid-up insurance plan. No Premium Notes and No Assessments. Prompt and fair settlements of all losses. No better insurance in the world. For full information, call on—

P. B. ENGLAR, Agent,
Taneytown, Md.



Popular Mechanics Magazine

"WRITTEN SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT"

A GREAT Continued Story of the World's Progress which you may begin reading at any time, and which will hold your interest forever.

250 PAGES EACH MONTH 300 PICTURES
200 ARTICLES OF GENERAL INTEREST

The "Shop Notes" Department (20 pages) gives easy ways to do things—how to make useful articles for home and shop, repairs, etc. "Amateur Mechanics" (10 pages) tells how to make Mission furniture, wireless outfits, boats, engines, magic, and all the things a boy loves.

\$1.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES 15 CENTS

Ask your newsdealer, or
WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE COPY TODAY

POPULAR MECHANICS CO.
318 W. Washington St., CHICAGO

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Fourth Quarter, For
Dec. 15, 1912.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. xviii, 21-35.
Memory Verses, 21, 22—Golden Text,
Eph. iv, 32 (R. V.)—Commentary
Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

In last lesson we were warned against being an offense to any one belonging to Him, for in touching those who are His He is touched, even as it is written, "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye" (Zech. ii, 8), and as he said to Saul when persecuting His people, "Why persecutest thou me?" (Acts ix, 4). Now he teaches us how to deal with those who offend us (verses 15 to 20)—first of all, a heart to heart talk with the offending party alone (verse 15) in many instances that would without doubt settle the difficulty, and the two or three, or the church, would not be needed. Contrast the ordinary way of telling others first and the general result of increased separations and misunderstandings. When we work in God's way we can count on God working in and with us (Isa. xvi, 12; Phil. ii, 13; lesson verses 18, 19). The precious assurance in verse 20 is not often used in its connection, but it is precious in any connection with the work of the Lord and for many years has taught me never to ask the Lord to be in our midst when we meet in His name, but to rest on His own assurance that He is present.

Peter had been paying attention and wondering if he should go to a man who had offended him more than once or twice and probably thought that he was stating an extreme limit when he asked if he should forgive him seven times. Great, indeed, must have been his surprise at the Lord's reply, "Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven" (verses 21, 22), which was equal to saying, "Continue to forgive till the kingdom comes."

If we would understand the teaching of the Spirit we must notice what He has said elsewhere upon any subject, and I remember that Daniel was told that after seventy sevens the kingdom would come, bringing in everlasting righteousness (Dan. ix, 24). After sixty-nine sevens from the appointed time Messiah was cut off and had no kingdom to show, just, as foretold, the seventieth week is yet future, but will surely come. We must therefore continue to forgive those who give us occasion to do so unceasingly (Dan. ix, 25-27). "He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity and destroyed them not—yes, many a time turned He His anger away. * * * for He remembered that they were but flesh" (Is. lxxviii, 38). That our Lord was thinking of the kingdom in its present phase of mystery and future manifestation seems clear from His illustration of the king taking account of his servants. The main point of the lesson seems to be that those who are forgiven so much should readily forgive the comparatively small offenses of others against them.

The contrast between the debt of the man to his master and that of the other servant to him would be something like the difference between \$1,000 and 15 cents. What kind of a man, being forgiven freely the large amount, would fail to forgive his fellow the trifle? And yet many are just like that.

Our indebtedness to God cannot be reckoned, it is so great. Our iniquities cannot be numbered, yet He freely and fully forgives all who, with true penitence, turn to Him, saying, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "I, even I, am He that blot out thy transgressions and will not remember thy sins" (Isa. i, 18; xlii, 25). Compared with the mountain of our transgressions against God, which He freely forgives, the offenses of others against us must be the veriest trifles, which should be as freely forgiven by us, enabling us to pray sincerely, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" (Matt. vi, 12). To obtain the forgiveness of our sins the only condition is that we come with true penitence to Him who has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Thy sins are forgiven. Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace" (John vi, 37; Luke vii, 48-50).

But, having become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus and having the assurance of the forgiveness of our sins, there is need of constant forgiveness because of constant defilement and shortcomings, the difference between the forgiveness of the rebel, the unsaved sinner, and the forgiveness of a child in the Father's house. The "My Heavenly Father" and "Your Heavenly Father" of verse 35 of our lesson and Matt. vi, 14, 15, show that "if ye forgive" and "if ye forgive not" refer to disciples and communion.

If a child of God, as Peter was, and the disciples to whom He taught that prayer should cherish an unforgiving spirit toward any one, such could not enjoy the conscious forgiveness of their Father. There would be a cloud between, as when children are conscious of disobedience to parents they do not cease to be children, but there is a lack of communion. The Lord, who delivered the formerly forgiven debtor to the tormentors (verse 34), was the man's Lord, as in Luke xvi, 8, not our Lord Jesus Christ, for it was never recorded that God ever withdrew forgiveness from one to whom He had given it.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer Meeting Topic For the Week
Beginning Dec. 15, 1912.

Topic.—Teachings of this year's Sunday school lessons that have impressed themselves upon me.—Ps. cxix, 9-16.

The Sunday school lessons of the past year have had to do with the life and teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ. And surely if the psalmist could delight in the ancient Scriptures of the Jews, hide them in his heart to be kept from sin, desire to be taught by them and meditate upon them with profit we should much more do so concerning the gospels of the New Testament scriptures, which reveal Christ, the fullest revelation of God—indeed, God Himself manifested in the flesh.

The conditions that surround us today should deeply impress certain great lessons upon us as a result of the past year's study in the Sunday school.

1. We should be impressed with the deity of Christ. The gospels teach nothing if they do not teach that Christ is God, not simply divine in the sense that all men are divine, but "very God of very God." Many today doubt or even deny the doctrine of the deity of Jesus. They are prepared to grant that He was an exceedingly good man, even the most nearly perfect man who ever lived. But they refuse to do more. But such a doctrine does violence to the plain teachings of the gospels. They set forth His immaculate conception, the supernatural events that surrounded His birth and attribute to Him powers and attributes that no mere man ever possessed. Shall we accept the opinions of the skeptics or the testimony of God in His word? On this question there should be no hesitation. "Let God be true, though every man a liar."

2. We should be impressed with the humanity of Christ. As clearly as He is God He was also man. He came into the world as a little child, after the fashion of man. He grew as men grow and lived among men as men live. His actions, His feelings, His affections, were intensely human. To reconcile the problem of "two distinct natures in one person" is, of course, beyond the power of the human intellect. But the facts cannot be denied. All we need to do is accept the facts and to leave their reconciliation to God, where it belongs. What may be hard for us is easy for Him, for "with God all things are possible."

3. We should be impressed with the power of Christ to save and should accept Him as our Saviour. "The Son of Man came to seek and to save." He did forgive sins. He did save the souls of men. His mission was accomplished. Moreover, He still saves and can save us if we will only accept Him as our Saviour.

4. We should be impressed with the beauty of Christ's life and be inspired to imitate it. Christ's bitterest enemies find no fault with His life. Instead they praise it. He was loving, forbearing, forgiving, self sacrificing, gentle and helpful to all about Him. As He lived we should live, trusting in His strength to resist evil and to do good.

BIBLE READINGS.

Matt. i, 20-25; ii, 1-16; v, 1-12; x, 1-8; xvii, 1-9; xxi, 1-14; Mark i, 9-18; vii, 33-37; ix, 41; Luke xv, 1-10; xxiii, 33-43; John xiv, 1-12.

A Candle Meeting.

One of the brightest plans for a Christian Endeavor prayer meeting is that of a candle meeting. All the lights will be put out except that on the piano, which will be only a candle. After the leader has taken part he will light a candle that is on the table. Each Endeavorer will have a candle and a match, and after he has taken part he will light his candle (sometimes from a neighboring candle or, if there is none near, then with the match). Gradually, as one after another speaks, the whole room will be flooded with light. Try it. It makes a beautiful and true illustration of the subject, and the little ceremony will in itself give rise to many thoughts that will be expressed.—Amos R. Wells.

The Christian Endeavor Vine.

[Copyrighted. Used by permission.] The marvel of the world of thought, of matter and of deed. All promises and potencies lie hidden in a seed. And this of ours, in wintry soil laid prayerfully away. How has it grown and spread abroad since that fair omened day! How deep its roots have pierced the ground! How far its tendrils run! How broad the shadow of its leaves beneath the circling sun! To north and south, to east and west, the glorious vine extends. Around the sweep of all the earth its graceful fruitage bends. Till China feels its hopefulness and India owns the spell. And all the islands of the sea its gladness praises tell. And Europe's lordliest of lands, and Africa's distant plains, And where the tropic splendors glow or arctic stillness reigns, By all of heaven's sunshine cheered, by all its nurture fed. Wherever men have built their homes this noble vine has spread. The clusters of its glowing fruit are full and fair and free. And hanging low where all the world may haply taste and see. And some are prayers, some are words of helpful kindness, And some are deeds of loving hearts that quicken, heal and bless. For He who is the living Vine, whose life in all its veins Was beating in the earlier days and yet in strength remains, He planted it, He nourished it, and He will tend it still. The flower of His perfect love, the fruitage of His will.—Amos R. Wells in Christian Endeavor World.

HER MAGAZINE STORY

How Bob Found His Long Lost Ruth.

By ADELE MENDEL.

"Come on to bed, Robert; it's past midnight," said his roommate, Kenneth, as he knocked the ashes from his curved meerschaum pipe.

"Just want to read one more story and then I'll be with you," answered Robert, settling himself comfortably in the huge leather arm chair.

"One would think you were a love-sick maid, the way you devour those magazine stories," growled Kenneth.

"I'm not a love-sick maid, but maybe I'm that kind of a man," said Robert with a quizzical air and throwing down his magazine.

"I've no doubt of that, none at all," emphatically answered Kenneth. "Any fellow of twenty-eight who refuses to call on girls, declines all invitations to dances, dinners and parties, who never changes the color or style of his necktie, has something wrong with him, mark my word."

"Her name is Ruth Wilson," began Robert, as if he were repeating a well-known lesson. "She was a little pen-and-ink sketcher and sold some of her work to our firm; that is how I first became acquainted with her. But our acquaintance soon grew to friendship, and then it wasn't many months before we both knew we were in love with each other. I wanted to marry at once, but Ruth insisted upon waiting a year, as she felt she had a future in her artistic career and was not as yet willing to give it up. Patiently I agreed, and at the end of the allotted time she begged for six months more. And then another and yet another delay, until one evening, as we were seated in her two-by-four hall-room studio on the third story of a second-class boarding house, irritated by her seeming preference for her profession when she again asked for a postponement of our marriage, I lost my temper and hurled unkind, angry words at the girl. Naturally, she resented my attitude. One word led to another, I banged the door and dashed like a madman down the stairs and out of the house. I walked miles and miles,



"By George, Ken, I'm in Love."

not caring where, until, exhausted, I finally reached home. That is the last time I ever saw her. Only God knows how I love that girl!"

"Don't tell me you never went there again; it's unbelievable!" interrupted Kenneth.

"She, dear little forgiving angel," went on Robert, "had written me a note saying: 'I surrender. Name the day.' Through the stupidity or carelessness of the maid I never received it until four weeks later, when I chanced across it unopened in a book that was lying on my library table."

"I rushed to her home without delay. Everything on the way seemed to say, 'Ruth is going to marry me, Ruth is going to marry me.' I was fully prepared to tell her what an all-fired fool and idiot I thought myself for losing my temper. Bounding up the stairs, my pulse throbbing, imagine my feelings when the landlady informed me that Ruth had moved the day before and had left no address. That is two years ago, and although I have tried incessantly, I have been unable to secure the slightest clew to her whereabouts. Naturally, I suppose she thought I received her letter when written and didn't care to respond."

"It's certainly hard lines, but you'll find her yet. Brace up, old boy," comforted Kenneth.

A few weeks after this conversation, as Robert entered the room, he found his friend excitedly walking up and down.

"Bob, Bob," he exclaimed, "I thought you would never come. I have found her, I've found Ruth—at least, I have a clew."

Robert gazed at him, speechless. "Coming home," continued Kenneth, "I picked up this magazine from a news stand. I turned to the story entitled 'Unfinished.' It's almost word for word the story of Ruth and yourself. The name signed is doubtless fictitious, for Ruth, and no other, can have written it. Write to the publisher, secure her address, and then your troubles will be over."

Early the next morning, after a sleepless night, Robert reached the publisher's office, where he discovered that the name signed to the story was the author's real name, and that she lived in a small suburb in the outskirts of New York. Jumping on a train, after two impatient hours he reached his destination. A pretty girl, with a twinkling eye and sympathetic voice, answered the bell. He introduced himself, explained his mission, and added:

"Tell me, please, where I can find your heroine, for find her I must."

"I'll gladly give you her address, but first I wish to explain how I came to have the story published. Ruth, after leaving New York in an unhappy state of mind, came here to visit and rest with me. Poor thing, she was so distressed that I begged her to tell me the cause. I never intended to use the story for material to sell, but just wrote it up because its dramatic possibilities appealed to me. Last fall I sprained my arm, and mother, addressing some manuscripts to my publishers, in mistake inclosed this story. I felt dreadful at the time to think that it might appear as a breach of confidence. But now, if it will be the means of bringing Ruth and you together again, I will be the happiest of girls."

Robert thanked the girl, boarded his train, and lost no time in reaching his office and writing a passionate appeal to Ruth for forgiveness.

Many and weary were the weeks that followed. Hope and despair alternated in Robert's breast, but no answer came.

"It's no use," he remarked one evening to Kenneth. "Ruth has received my letter long before this, and it is evident that she no longer cares enough for me to answer it. I don't."

The telephone rang, and Robert stepped to the phone. He heard a soft voice say, "Is this you, Robert? I just received your letter, returned to me from England. I am stopping with my aunt, Mrs. Davenport, who, strange to say, lives in an apartment next to yours. Would you care to come over?"

"Would I care to?" cried Robert. "Oh, girl, just wait two minutes and see!"

As Robert bounded down the stairs, Kenneth said to himself: "I guess the little authoress won't be able to call her story 'Unfinished' any more."

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

HIS FIRST USE FOR WEALTH

For a Millionaire, Mose's Aspirations Would Seem to the Ordinary Man Singularly Modest.

E. F. Swinney, president of the First National bank of Kansas City, was born in the south, says the Saturday Evening Post. He goes back home once or twice a year and it is part of the homecoming program to have Old Mose polish his shoes. Old Mose prides himself on the fact that he has known "Misteh Eddie" since he was born—and "his daddy befo' him."

When Mr. Swinney was there recently Mose was polishing his shoes. He stopped and asked:

"Misteh Eddie, how much is a million dollars?"

"Well, Mose," Mr. Swinney replied, "you have seen ten silver dollars, haven't you? Now, imagine ten of those stacks and you have a hundred dollars. Then ten times that and you have \$1,000. Then ten times that and you have \$10,000—and 100 times that and you have a million."

"Misteh Eddie," continued Mose, exceedingly troubled, "would all them silver dollars go on that table yondah?"

"No, Mose—not if they were piled to the ceiling. What would you do if you had a million silver dollars, Mose?"

Mose stopped shining. He pondered for a minute. Then he said:

"Well, Misteh Eddie, I reckon I'd have mah cistehn cleaned out."

Deceived by Appearances.

John Melpolder, superintendent of the Boys' club, is very fond of walking. Melpolder was camping recently north of Broad Ripple and decided to walk to Indianapolis. The roads were dusty and the sun beat down unrelentingly. When Melpolder reached Broad Ripple he had covered ten or twelve miles and looked like a tramp. Coming to a fork in the road, and not being sure of the correct route, Melpolder approached two girls and a young man sitting in the shade.

"Can you tell me how to get to Indianapolis?" he asked. The correct road was pointed out and as he started to plod on one of the girls said:

"Why you are not going to walk, are you?"

"Why, yes," said the pedestrian, "I thought I would."

The young man fumbled in his pocket. "Here," he said, fishing out a dime, "you better ride the street car in. You can catch it about a square up the road."

Then each girl handed him a coin. Melpolder thanked them kindly for their proffered assistance, but declined the offer, saying that he preferred to walk. When he started on they looked after him in open-eyed astonishment.—Indianapolis News.

Real Comeback.

"Why do you spend so much care on the crease of your pants, hey?"

"It is important, dad, not to wear baggy trousers."

"Important, is it? Why, you young cub, look here. Did you ever see a statue to a man who didn't wear baggy pants?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dropped Into Poetry.

"Our office boy dropped into poetry yesterday."

"How was that?"

"The literary editor kicked him into the wastepaper basket."—Tit Bits.



THIS PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Will Heat Your Spare Room

It means a lot to your guests to find a cosy, well-warmed room awaiting them.

A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is the very thing to drive away chill and damp in a hurry.

No smoke or smell with a Perfection. Just clean, glowing warmth at a minute's notice.

A Perfection Heater gives nine hours' comfort on a single gallon of oil. Handsome, yet inexpensive. Dealers everywhere, or write for descriptive circular.

Get a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater now, and be comfortable all the rest of the winter

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated in New Jersey)
Newark, N. J. Baltimore, Md.

Try Our School Shoes

If you are looking for good School Shoes, at the right prices, come in and see us.

This season we are showing a greater variety of **Dorothy Dodd and Walk-Over Shoes** than ever before. We have unusual values in Ladies' \$2.00 Shoes, in all leathers, both low and high heels.

You will always find correct styles here in **Hats, Caps, Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Gloves and Hosiery.**

WE WANT YOUR TRADE!

Wm. C. Devilbiss,
22 W. Main Street,
WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

Challenge Flour

— IS —

**PURE RELIABLE
ECONOMICAL REPUTABLE**

and is not excelled by any Flour made in America.

MANUFACTURED AT FREDERICK, MD., BY

THE MOUNTAIN CITY MILLS,
CAPACITY 1000 BBLs. DAILY.

11-18-10tf

\$53,000.00

BEING GIVEN AWAY

to those who act as the local representatives of **EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE** and **THE DELINEATOR**—all in addition to liberal commission. Let us show you how you can

SECURE A SHARE

simply by forwarding the subscriptions of your friends and neighbors and collecting the renewals of our present subscribers. Try for THIS month's prizes. There are lots of prizes that can be won only by persons living in towns same size as your own. Write at once to the

BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Butterick Building, New York City. 11-22,6t

J. N. ZINN & CO., Inc.

Heating Contractors and Sanitary Plumbers.

PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL WORK.

When in need of Heating with Hot Water, Steam, Vapor, Vapor Vacuum, or Hot Air, let us make you an Estimate (which costs nothing).

Call on, or write—

J. N. ZINN & CO., Inc.
CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.
Phone 86. 8-16-6m

Economy is Wealth.

Clean your soiled grease spot clothes with Lum-Tum Clothes Cleaner. Price 15c per bottle, at McKelip's Drug Store. Advertisement.

Littlestown Carriage Works.



S. D. MEHRING,

— Manufacturer of —

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, TRAPS, CARTS, CUTTERS, ETC.

DAYTON, MCCALL AND JAGGER WAGONS.

Repairing Promptly Done.

Low Prices and all Work Guaranteed.

LITTLESTOWN, PA.,

Brief Items of Local News of Special
Interest to Our Home Readers.

Pure Charcoal Tablets for Dyspepsia
Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Constipation.
10c and 25c.—Get at McKELLIP'S
Advertisement.

M. D. Hess, Clerk. 11-29-2t

have me innocently inquire: 'What is the name, please?'

Rye.....	70@70
Oats	35@35
Timothy Hay,	10.00@11.00
Mixed Hay.....	8.00@9.00
Bundle Rye Straw.....	10.00@11.00

L. R. VALENTINE, - - Taneytown, Md.