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$1 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD., FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 1, 1909. VOL. 78--NO. 1.

BABYLON & LIPPY CO.

Our Third

Jan'y. Clearance Sale

Begins

Saturday January 2

and will continue until

JANUARY 31.

This JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE we will try to surpass any of our former sales. We must reduce our stock before inventory February 1st.

This sale will take in every department in our stores. Hence you will not be disappointed if you want Carpets, Rugs, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Ladies Tailored Suits, Coats and Skirts, Muslin Underwear, Glassware, Toilet Sets or China, Pictures, Mirrors, or Household goods of every kind. India Linons, Killarney Linens, Table Linens, Napkins, Ginghams, Muslins, Outings, Flannelettes, Blankets, Comfortables, Underwear, Sweaters, Fascinators, Embroideries, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, and Linings. Hats, Caps, Clothing and Shoes.

Ladies Tailored Suits

In this department we only have eighteen Suits left. They must go regardless of cost. They are nobby suits, nicely trimmed and the latest models. Worth from $15.00 to $25.00. Our clearance sales prices $7.50 to $15.00.

$20.00	Ladies Coats	$12.50
10.00	" "	6.75
7.00	" "	4.75

Childrens Coats at almost half price.
Ladies Skirts $3.75 worth $6.00.

Muslin Underwear

$1.25	Ladies Cambric Skirts	98c
1.25	" " Gowns	98c
50c	" " Corset Covers	39c
39c	" " Drawers	25c

$1.25 Ladies Flannelette Wrappers 79c

ONE to a customer ONLY.

Mattings and Floor Coverings

Special purchase of Jap. Mattings, we offer for this sale only at 19c that can not be duplicated elsewhere for less than 25c. quantity limited, good patterns.

Short ends of Matting, some large enough for rooms, 10c yard.

$1.25	Linoleums 2 yards wide	$1.09
1.00	" " " "	98c

Fascinators and Sweaters

Clearance sale of Fascinators and Sweaters ⅓ to ½ off. This will be one of our best offerings, don't miss this counter. $2.00 Sweaters 98c.

Furs - Furs - Furs

Clearance sale price in Fur Sets, Neck pieces and Muffs, we offer you many rare inducements to close out during this sale.

Childrens Fur sets at $1.25 worth $2.50.
Ladies Neck pieces as low as $1.50,

15c Killarney Linens 12½

For 30 days only or during this sale we offer you the best Killarney Linen, not an imitation but the genuine. It is the neatest goods made to take the place of Real Linen, the exact weight. This sale only - - 12½c.

15c	India Linons	19½c.
12½c	" "	9c.
10c	" "	7½c.

Great Reductions in Table Linens and Napkins

8c Muslin, Ginghams, Outings 5c

Special purchases enable us to offer for this sale in Muslins, Ginghams and Outings, their real value is 7½ and 8 cents a yard.
Sale price 5c yd.

12½c Flannelettes 7½c

20 pieces of 1st quality Flannelette in all colors, usually sold for 12½c, this sale we offer them at 7½.

39c Underwear 25c

25 dozen Ladies Vests and Pants in all regular sizes 39c quality this sale 25c.

Laces, Embroideries and Ribbons

Clearance sale on Laces, Embroideries and Ribbons in short lengths, Remnants and full prices ½ off.

5c Handerchiefs 2½c

50 dozen assorted Ladies and Mens Hankerchiefs, some slightly mussed, others strictly clean and fresh in every way, to clean out these odds and end lots we offer at 2½c each.

$1.25 Shirt Waists 79c

15 dozen Ladies Shirt Waists assorted, long and short sleeves, white and figured, Madras and Linens, clearance sale prices only 79c.

Comforts and Blankets

In this department you will find prices have almost been cut in twain, Come see them, quality will tell.

Dress Goods

We have carefully gone over our Dress Goods and Linings and cut here and there until we have quite a Table of values for your consideration. Some in pieces, others in short ends.

We advise early shopping to get the choice of our special offerings.

Now For The Holidays.

John D. Bowers,

A fine line of CONFECTIONS 10 cents to 80 cents per pound.
WHITMAN'S CONFECTIONS.
The best to all who know them.

NUTS, FIGS, RAISINS, CURRANTS, DATES, all Fruit for Fruit Cake.

Fancy and Staple Groceries

The advantage you have in dealing here is the best quality of goods that does not cost you ONE CENT EXTRA, which is the best advertisement I can offer, and will interest all. We have new CANNED GOODS and EVAPORATED FRUITS.

COFFEE Our own brands of COFFEES all should use—four
COFFEE cent better quality than elsewhere.

FREE We give one Soda ticket with every cash purchase of
FREE one dollar, except Sugar, which entitles you to one glass
FREE of SODA WATER FREE.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, will endeavor to please you in the future, by keeping to the STANDARD heretofore maintained.

JOHN D. BOWERS,

47 East Main Street Westminster, Md.

feb 10 06 14 Both Phones---C. & P. 72-F

Photos for New Year.

Made Clear or Cloudy Weather.

SPECIAL—One large 11x14 Portrait with every doz. Cabinet size.
Pictures on Post Cards $1.00 doz. Beauty Oval Panels 75c half dozen.
All kinds of Copy Work such as from old tintypes or photographs.
Pictures made by Electric Light. OPEN SATURDAY NIGHTS.

J. D. MITCHELL, Photographer, Westminster, Md.

Above Bowers' Store.

FREE EXHIBITION

AT

Cassell's Jewelry Store

OF

EVERYTHING FOR NEW YEAR.

C. and P. Phone 196-R. jy 5

DOYLE & MAGEE,

Westminster, Md., Headquarters for

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE as well as VEHICLES and FARM MACHINERY.

Be sure to call and inspect our stock of MORRIS CHAIRS, QUARTERED OAK and MAHOGANY ROCKERS for holiday presents.

We have just received a new stock of Winter LAP-ROBES and HORSE BLANKETS. Call and select the SLEIGH before it is too late.

We want 1000 bushels home grown CLOVER SEED. Bring in a sample of your Seed and let us quote you prices.

Be sure to call and get one of our 1909 CALENDARS. If you cannot get in town write us and we will gladly mail you one.

jan 25 tf DOYLE & MAGEE.

Goods

THAT WILL BE APPRECIATED.

JUST A FEW HINTS.

A pair of Warm, Comfortable SLIPPERS for Her or Him; lots of style to select from.

Fine Silk Neckwear, Dress and Soft Shirts,
Stylish Kid Gloves, Silk Suspenders in boxes,
Men's White Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, the kind that wears,
Dress Suit Cases, Men's Umbrellas, Coat Sweaters, all sizes,
NOBBY HATS, Green and all shades,
SHOES, all kinds, all sizes, all prices, and for all ages.
RUBBERS, all kinds. FELT BOOTS.
DOROTHY DODD SHOES, for Women.
WALK-OVER SHOES, for Men.
GIVE US A CALL.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.

dec 14 07

YOU CAN GO EAST,
YOU CAN GO WEST,
BUT ALL GO TO
GEO. R. GRUMBINE'S
TO GET THE BEST

Raisins, Currants, Citron, Figs, Dates, Prunes, Peaches, Apricots, Oranges, Lemons.

GRUMBINE'S MEATS are fit to eat.
He drives his cattle through the street.

Nuts, Confectionery, Cakes, Crackers, Coffee, Teas, Spices, and all goods suitable for Christmas.

Both Phones. WESTMINSTER, MD.

WM. H. H. ZEPP,

LEADING HARNESS EMPORIUM.

You will now find on display the finest line of Winter Goods ever shown, consisting of

Fur and Plush Robes, Square and Stable Blankets. Prices to suit everyone.
Sleigh Bells and Chimes.

Our Harness Department is complete, consisting of

BUGGY, SURREY AND RUNABOUT Harness, Saddles and Bridles. Team Harness of all kinds, at the old prices.

Soap, Oil, Collars, Halters, Whips, Chains, and in fact everything to furnish a horse complete, Baseball and Turf Goods.

Repairing done at short notice.

WM. H. H. ZEPP, opposite the Forks, 113 W. Main St., Westminster, Md.

sept 14 07 1y

Hotel Main-Court,

Formerly Westminster City Hotel,

Respectfully solicits your patronage.
Special Rates for Winter.
Cafe and Raw Bar Attached.
Also Livery and Garage.

F. L. H. GLENDMEYER,

oct 31 tf

PEACH Bottom and Bangor Slate kept in stock by Smith & Reifsnider.

LOUIS SACHS,

THE LARGEST LIQUOR HOUSE IN THE CITY.

73 E. Main St., Westminster.

I am now ready for Christmas with a large stock of

WINES, LIQUORS, RUMS, GINS, BRANDIES, &c.

The best $2.00 per gallon

WHISKEY

sold in Carroll county. No charge for Jugs or Bottles. A fine line of Cigars and Tobacco on hand.

Some large Imported Tray will be given to each and every customer who will purchase $2.00 worth of goods and over.

All out-of-town orders will be promptly attended to.

sept 14 07 C. and P. Phone 51 R.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Md., letters Testamentary on the estate of DOROTHY SAUBLE.

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscribers, on or before the 15th day of July, 1909; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 15th day of December, 1908.

R. VIRGINIA McCORMICK.
GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE.
Executors.

dec 18 4t

A full line of Building Papers and prepared Roofings kept in stock by Smith & Reifsnider

Sacrifice of Frere Miron For Montmajour Brethren.

A Second Frankenstein.

Wandering through the Ancienne Abbeye at Les Baux—The Concierge Relates the Legend of Frere Miron and how His Cordial Saved the Community.

Special to the American Sentinel.

(By W. B. Seabrook.)

Les Baux, France.—Three miles from Arles, at the end of a poplar-shaded lane, surmounting the crest of a hill, whose flowery slopes are the delight of botanists and artists during all seasons of the year, rises the Ancienne Abbeye de Montmajour. This venerable monastery, founded by Saint Cesaire in the sixth century, survived the stormy period during which Provence was ravaged by rapacious robber lords, and eventually became the largest religious community in southern France. Its name is intimately connected with the real legendary history of the Midi during the Middle Ages, and the dramas enacted within its walls formed a favorite theme for mediaeval troubadours and poets. Among the ancient romances preserved in the library of manuscripts at Avignon, one encounters frequently the following phrase, usually terminating some tale of unrequited love, "Ainsi il se rendit moine a Montmajour." (So he became a monk at Montmajour.)

The concierge or guardian of the abbey is a dear little woman, whose tiny, wrinkled face beamed with pride and pleasure when she learned from my questions that I was already somewhat familiar with the wonderful past of "her monastery."

Armed with a bunch of gigantic keys and followed by a yellow dog—a solemn, silent beast, whose temperament had evidently been affected by countless promenades in monkish cells and cloisters, not to mention the fact, which I discovered by chance, that it was his regular custom, when thirsty, to drink the holy water from a dismantled baptismal font in the court-yard, we entered the chapter hall and descended into the crypts, a series of chambers hewn in the living rock, from which rise the columns supporting the colossal superstructure. Nowhere, except at Mont Saint Michel, have I seen such heavy pillars, such noble, massive arches. Most of the subterranean apartments had served as chapels, mortuary vaults, or simple rooms, but there was one dismal cavern that had, beyond question, been a prison and torture chamber; its locality is too definitely indicated in the chronicles of the abbey to leave any doubt; roughly carved in the rocky wall, there still exists the famous "lit de penitence," a coffin shaped bed of stone, with the bottom intentionally left irregular and jagged, upon which the unhappy prisoner was chained at full length, and left for days at a time to "meditate" upon his sins. The holes through which the chains were passed are still intact.

After visiting the donjon tower and the beautifully sculptured cloister, during which excursion the concierge and I had become fast friends, we repaired to her kitchen, and she produced a bottle of rich, golden wine, manufactured with the aid of herbs and simples on adjacent hillsides. We had been talking of the curious traditions clustering around the abbey, and while we drank our cordial the good dame, chuckling over some evidently amusing recollection, launched into the story, which I will endeavor to recount. Variations of the same tale, I have learned, are mingled with the legends of several other abbeys in Provence, and Alphonse Daudet has given one of them a place among his humorous contes, but I doubt if the curious recital which follows has ever found its way into English print.

During a certain epoch, so runs the legend, the country round-about was kept in a state of continual terror by marauding bandits, and the helpless farmers of the district, more intent on saving their mortal skins than their immortal souls, began to stake their faith upon the sword of some powerful protecting baron rather than on the crucifix of the good father abbott. As a natural consequence, the monastery fell upon hard times; the poor monks watched in vain for the procession of donkeys which had formerly wound its way up from the valley, loaded with tithes of grain, oil and wine; fasting became a necessity rather than a virtue, and every day was Friday for the hungry brethren; the bells rang for mass, but nobody came; broken window panes were left unrepaired, and soon winter winds were whistling through the chilly corridors, putting out the tapers on the altar and blowing the holy water from its shallow basin to scatter it upon the shivering bare legs of the devoted band.

Driven to desperation, the unfortunate men of God began to take counsel among themseves if it were not better to disperse in order that each might seek for himself more fertile pastures. It was while this grave question was being discussed in the assembly room—the very chapter hall through which I had just passed with the concierge and her pious dog—that Frere Miron timidly appeared in the doorway and begged permission to be heard. Now Frere Miron was the cowherd of the community, simple soul, kind of heart and thick of head, who had never penetrated deeply into the holy mysteries and whose duties consisted solely of driving his cows to pasture and reciting his pater nosters. But his cows had all been eaten, and his paternosters had grown wearisome by force of continued repetition. Finding himself without occupation, he set himself to thinking—probably for the first time in his hitherto tranquil life, and finally, by dint of thumping upon his shaven bullet head, had hit upon an idea, an idea that he was about to communicate to the assembly and which was destined to deliver the community from poverty.

At an early age, said he, he had been confined to the care of an aunt, an old she-goat, who knew the secret virtue of every herb on the mountain side and who possessed the unwritten formula of an incomparable cordial which she manufactured by mixing six or seven of these simples. With the aid of Sainte Marie and the permission of the father abbott, Frere Miron believed he could recollect the formula of that mysterious liquor, it could be bottled, sold at a good price, and soon Montmajour would be as rich as Chartreusse or La Trappe. The abbott fell upon his neck and wept, and the brethren, not deterred by certain stains and odors reminiscent of the barnyard, kissed the hem of his threadbare robe,—after which Frere Miron hied him to the mountains.

At the end of six months the marvellous elixer was on every shelf from Arles to Baux, the monks were fat, and Frere Miron, the cowherd, who had now become the Reverend Pere Miron was shut up all day in an abandoned chapel, which had been converted into a distillery, while a score of monks scoured the mountainside for herbs and simples. All was well.

But one evening during vespers Pere Miron entered the church in a state of extraordinary agitation lurching from side to side like a sailor, wetting his arm up to the elbow in the holy water and bowing before the organ instead of the altar. During the psalm, in lieu of chanting the usual response—he launched into a rollicking, licentious ballad. The reverend father then toppled over on the floor and was dragged to his cell by the neck and heels, summarily but respectfully withal, as was befitting for the saviour of the community.

The next morning he confessed. Tipsy on his own liquor. The victim of his own invention. The father abbott scratched his head, meditated on the splendid revenues which were pouring into the monastery treasury, and granted his unqualified absolution. The case was simple, said he, Pere Miron was compelled to taste the liquor in order to give it the proper flavor, and he had tasted too freely, henceforth it would be necessary to count the drops. Voila tout. But in order to forestall trouble he excused Pere Miron from attending vespers in the future.

Like Frankenstein, Pere Miron found himself overpowered by the creature he had brought into being. He prayed and wrestled with the temptation, and in the end he counted by goblets and not by drops. Several weeks rolled by, and then, one evening, he staggered into the chapter hall where all the monks were assembled to render their accounts to the father abbot.

"It is finished," cried the unhappy Miron. "Not another drop of this accursed liquor will I distill. Its odor has driven from my mind the fear of perdition. I have become a disgraceful drunkard, and have been preparing for myself an eternity of flames."

"And what is to become of us, if our only source of revenue is cut off" cried his brethren. "You will ruin the monastery."

"Do you prefer that I damn my eternal soul?" responded Pere Miron.

But the father abbot was equal to the occasion.

"It is only in the evening that the demon tempts you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, henceforth every evening after vespers we will recite in your behalf the Oraison de St. Augustin, which has the virtue of granting absolution during the commission of the sin."

Each day thereafter Pere Miron distilled his marvellous elixir, and each evening fell a victim to its seductive odor, while this invocation ascended from the lips of his thankful brethren.

"O Lord, we pray for our poor Father Miron, who is sacrificing his soul in the interest of the community."

A Happy Greeting.

The following cheery greeting to readers was written by the late genial and happy-hearted Eugene Field, and was published in the Chicago Daily News:

A happy New Year to you, child of today! May you know more of sunshine than of cloud, and more of glee than of sorrow; may your tumbles and bumps be few, your laughter be frequent and long, your play be unrestrained, your sleep refreshing, your dreams pleasant.

A happy New Year to you, bright youth of our city and country—all happiness in the ambition, the joy, the friendships, the competitions and the rewards of school life. Success to you in the endeavor whereby the firm, enduring basis of true manhood and of noble womanhood are laid; with what success comes two-fold happiness—happiness to others and happiness to yourselves. Go forth gaily and confidently into the new year, O, you who are beautiful in the fresh vigor of your youth!

A happy New Year to you young man! We know your secret! Your faltering speech, your diverted glances, your smart attire—these and other telltale signs have betrayed you, and there is uncommon sympathy in our hearts as we bid you a happy New Year. But to be happy you must be brave. Go, like a man, and speak your mind to her; pour out into her willing ear the full measure of your soul; she has a gentle heart and she will requite you. It is not well for you twain to live apart; but your happiness is within your comprehension. Fate is propitious, the time is ripe and the girl is willing.

And why do you blush, coy maiden, as we address to you the compliments of this happy season? Can it be that a qualm oppresses your tender conscience? Have you been playing the coquette—O! monster of ruthlessness; have you been reveling in the anguish which your bright eyes and pretty face have entailed? We cannot bid you be happy when we know that you are undeserving, should not, cannot be blessed with happiness until you have made reparation. Hasten to pluck the brand from the burning; save the callow but honest William ere he altogether perish in the delightful torments which your charms inspire.

To you whose lives are hallowed with the grace of maternity, not one but many, many years of happiness! Live long, wives and mothers of this land, to see the little lives you have cherished so tenderly expand into beauty and usefulness; live long to know and feel the sweet rewards of gratitude, of veneration and of love. Survive those hours of pain, of cruelty, of watching and of sacrifice—live through it all, dear, patient martyrs, to share the peace, the repose, the contentment, the compensation of the future that surely wait for such as you.

We wish a happy New Year to him whose life is inspired by honorable purpose and whose strength is expended in honorable endeavor. Whatsoever his condition, whatsoever his environment, long life to him, we say, and may this New Year, if it do not find him already advanced in the way to success and happiness, point and conduct him thereunto.

A happy New Year, too, to you, grandmothers and grandfathers everywhere! Look out upon all around you and see how passing fair the evening is; and all that is to be heard invites contentment and repose. You hear voices, too, that we do not hear—that have never been quite forgotten, and they speak to you in the sweetly solemn twilight of the morning that followeth the evening, and of the waking that cometh after the folding of the hands to sleep.

Yes, to all—the young, the old, the high, the low—a happy New Year, happiness rising from and tempered with wisdom, faith, hope and charity.

He Educated The Judge.

This anecdote is told of Chief Justice Marshall. Returning one afternoon from his farm near Richmond, Va., to his home in that city, the hub of his wheel caught on a small sapling growing by the roadside. After striving successfully for some moments to extricate the wheel he heard the sound of an axe in the woods and saw a negro man approaching.

Hailing him he said: "If you will get that axe and cut down this tree I'll give you a dollar."

"I c'n git yer by 'thout no axe, ef dat's all yer want."

"Yes, that's all, said the Judge.

The man simply backed the horse until the wheel was clear of the sapling and then brought the vehicle safely around it.

"You don't charge a dollar for that, do you ?" asked the astonished Chief Justice.

"No, massa; but it's wuf a dollar to larn some folks sense."

The darky got his dollar without further questioning.

Her Predicament.

A celebrated divine was to preach in a small village one Sunday where he had been several times. The family who entertained him had a little daughter who was usually fond of attending service. When the other members of the family were ready to go little Nellie firmly refused to go with them.

"I do not want to go to church," she declared.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked her mother, very much surprised. "Are you ill?"

"No, but I heard Parson D. before, and I do not like him," said little Nellie. "Oh, Nellie, that is a very wicked thing to say!" replied her mother. "Tell me why."

"Well," said Nellie, rather confusedly, "he preaches so long that I cannot keep awake, and he preaches so loud I cannot go to sleep, so there!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Modest Request.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round to discover her father in the doorway clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now. But for goodness' sake stop leaning against the bell push and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

Glad He Wasn't Mad.

A notorious mountain moonshiner familiarly known as "Wild Bill," was recently tried before a Federal Court in Georgia, and was adjudged guilty.

Before pronouncing sentence the judge lectured the prisoner on his long criminal record, and at last informing him that the court entertained no feeling of anger toward him but felt only unmixed pity, sentenced him to spend six years in the federal prison at Atlanta.

Bill stolidly shifted the quid of tobacco in his mouth, and turned to leave the court-room with the marshal. Once outside the only thing he said was this:

"Well, I suah am glad he wa'n mad at me!"

His Sleeping Place.

To illustrate the text—"Love not sleep lest thou come to poverty," a pastor tells the following:

A boy had been away from home for several weeks, so the mother wrote to his employer:

"Dear Sir—My son is no hand at writing letters. Will you please tell us how he is getting on. And do tell us where he sleeps nights."

The employer, who in this case was a grocers sent an immediate reply:

"Your son," said he, "sleeps in the store in the day time. I don't know where he sleeps at night."

"Kitty," said her mother, rebukingly, "you must sit still when you are at the table."

"I cant, mamma, protested the little girl, "Im a fidgetarian."

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