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Babylon & Lippy Co.

One thing sure about our advertisements we always place on sale everything as advertised.

One feature that makes us most preferred among other stores is the fact that in every department you will find LOT AFTER LOT OF NEW GOODS, NEW FASHIONS for the present and for the coming season in all materials at prices as low and some lower than marked down and discontinued styles elsewhere. See the lots not advertised.

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We have all the new Spring Waist Materials including Grenadines, Marquisettes, Silk and Cotton Chiffons, Mulls, Voiles, Lawns, Batistes, Madras, Zepher Ginghams, Cupes, etc. White and Colored Linens and Waistings. This line is worth your inspection the largest and best we ever had.

Biggest Embroidery Values Ever Offered.

Embroideries from the narrow widths to the real wide widths in Swiss and Cambric to the 27 and 54 in Swiss Flouncing from 10c yard to $2.00 yd.

5000 yards new Wash Laces for 5c yd.
Real Linen Torchon and Cotton Torchon Edges and Insertions in match patterns worth 10c yd. for 5c yard.

Beautiful New Laces and Embroideries.

New Spring Laces and Embroideries are here. Point Venise Bandings, St. Gaul and Plainer Designs and Baby Irish effects.

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This is a sale of Shoes where quality counts. Shoes in this sale to fit everybody. Don't miss this opportunity they come but twice a year.
Prices range from 98c to $2.25.

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50c Men's Caps 10c.
15c " Collars 5c.
$1.50 " Coats 98c.
50c Boys Pants 25c.

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OYSTERS In and Out of Season.
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STABLE ROOM.
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Latest Prices.

Standard White Coal Oil	9c gallon.
Best Granulated Sugar	5c lb.
Good strong Coffee	19c lb.
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20c Chocolate Drops	15c.
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WESTMINSTER, Md.,
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REPAIR WORK SOLICITED.
dec 30 3m

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF

Horses, Cattle and Farming Utensils, near Finksburg, Carroll County, Md.

By virtue of a deed of assignment from William Walsh, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction on the Gray farm, 1 mile South of Finksburg, in said county, on

WEDNESDAY, March 8th,

1911, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following Personal Property:

Four Mules, 2 Horses, 2 Colts, 20 head of Cattle, 13 of which are Milk Cows; 5 Heifers, 2 Bulls, 1 Brood Sow, 2 Shoats, 3 heavy farm Wagons, 1 Lansing, 1 Shuttler, and 1 Home-made; 1 one-horse Wagon, 8 ft. cut Osborne Binder, Osborne Mower, Osborne Horse Rake, Ontario Grain Drill, Evans Potato Planter, Check Row Corn Planter, 3 Oliver Chilled Plows, No. 40; 2 Osborne Springtooth Lever Harrows, Osborne Smoothing Harrow, Horse Power, Ohio Feed Cutter, Chopping Mill, 2 large Hay Carriages, large Wagon Bed and Side Boards, Top Buggy, Wheat Fan and Sieves, Sled, Cutter, Sleigh, 2 strings of sleigh Bells, grain cradle, 2 sets buggy harness, 2 sets heavy breechband harness' 4 sets lead harness. 2 sets light wagon harness, DeLaval Cream Separator, Ormas Incubator, 5 sets fly nets, 3 log chains, fifth chain, spreader, carrying chain, double trees, thrible trees, 6 single trees, 20 cow chains, single shovel plow, 3 double shovel plows, corn coverer, 100 bags, 6 milk cans, milk strainer, 7 heavy bridles, 7 horse collars, wagon saddles, lead line, 2 lead reins, hitching straps, halters, &c.

16 Acres of growing Rye and Straw, 10 Acres of Wheat growing on the Myers' farm, near Glen Falls, Baltimore county; 11 Acres of Wheat growing on the Gray farm near Finksburg.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash for all purchases under $10.00, on all purchases of $10.00 and above a credit of 6 months will be given the purchasers giving their notes with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed from the premises until settled for.

MICHAEL E. WALSH,
Nicholas J. Walsh, auct. Trustee.
feb 10 4t

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE OF

HORSES, CATTLE, FARMING UTENSILS and HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

The undersigned, administratrix of Jesse W. Leppo, late of Carroll county, deceased, will sell at public auction at the late home of said deceased, near Snydersburg, in Carroll county, on

MARCH 16th, 1911, at 10 O'CLOCK,

A. M., the following personal property:

Mare 9 years old, with foal; horse, 7 years old; mare, 11 years old; colt 2 years old; colt, one year old; 2 milch cows, 2 heifers, bull, 2 years old; brood sow, 5 shoats, 2 four-horse wagons, 2 horse wagon, spring wagon, Osborn binder, mower, horse rake, Hoosier double row cornplanter, Superior grain drill, two feed cutters, one a Cyclone; 2 spring tooth harrows, smoothering harrow, hay knife, 2 furrow plows, 2 cultivators, 2 double shovel plows, 4 single shovel plows, spike harrow, 2 sets breechbands, 3 sets lead harness, collars and bridles, 18,500 feet of lumber, 1,400 feet roofing laths, logs and wood, 500 rails, 5,000 shingles, stone, bureau, 2 stands, 4 bedsteads, 50 barrels of corn, 100 chickens, wagon saddle, buggy harness, 325 bushels of wheat, 15 bushels of barley, 20 bushels of rye, 11 bushels of clover seed, top buggy, lot of carpenter tools, double trees and single trees, winnowing mill, lot of rye straw, lot of hay, lot of fodder, lot of timothy hay, 23 acres of wheat, 5 acres of rye, 2½ acres of barley, lot of building stone, 1 share of capital stock of Hampstead Fertilizer Co., cook stove, lot of household furniture, 2 barrels of vinegar, barrel of cider, 150 lbs. of lard and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale—Cash on all sums under $5. A credit of six months will be given on all sums of $5, and above the purchasers will be required to give their notes for credit payments with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale. No property to be removed from the premises till settled for.

RACHEL J. LEPPO,
Administratrix.
Nicholas J. Walsh, Auctioneer.
MICHAEL E. WALSH, Attorney.
feb 24 3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

LAURA B. ALLISON,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of September, 1911, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

JAMES B. ALLISON,
feb 17 4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JESSE W. LEPPO,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of September, 1911; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

RACHEL J. LEPPO,
feb 17 4t Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

ELSIE W. PICKETT,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of September, 1911, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 13th day of February, 1911.

HOWARD W. PICKETT,
feb 17 4t Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

CALEB D. HALE,

late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of September, 1911, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 13th day of February, 1911.

MARY ELSIE HALE,
feb 17 4t Administratrix.

FOR RENT.

A desirable Dwelling House, with all modern improvements. Willis St., near Centre. Apply to Dr. J. W. Hering, or Frank Z. Miller.
feb 3 tf

Our job-work is first class.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

—De Mar in Philadelphia Record.

THE GIRL AND THE HABIT

Tale of the Transition of a Restaurant Cashier

By O. HENRY

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Habit—A tendency or aptitude acquired by custom or frequent repetition.

The critics have assailed every source of inspiration save one. To that one we are driven for our moral theme. When we levied upon the masters of old they gleefully dug up the parallels to our columns. When we strove to set forth real life they reproached us for trying to imitate Henry George, George Washington, Washington Irving and Irving Bachelor. We wrote of the west and the east, and they accused us of both Jesse and Henry James. We wrote from our heart, and they said something about a disordered liver. We took a text from Matthew or—er—yes, Deuteronomy, but the preachers were hammering away at the inspiration idea before we could get into type. So, driven to the wall, we go for our subject matter to the reliable, old, moral, unassailable vade mecum—the unabridged dictionary.

Miss Merriam was cashier at Hinkle's. Hinkle's is one of the big downtown restaurants. It is in what the papers call the "financial district." Each day from 12 to 2 Hinkle's was full of hungry customers—messenger boys, stenographers, brokers, owners of mining stock, promoters, inventors with patents pending and also people with money.

The cashiership at Hinkle's was no sinecure. Hinkle egged and toasted and griddlecaked and coffeed a good

MISS MERRIAM WAS CASHIER AT HINKLE'S.

many customers, and he lunched on a good word as "dined"; many more. It might be said that Hinkle's breakfast crowd was a contingent, but his luncheon patronage amounted to a horde.

Miss Merriam sat on a stool at a desk inclosed on three sides by a strong, high fencing of woven brass wire. Through an arched opening at the bottom you thrust your waiter's check and the money, while your heart went pitapat.

For Miss Merriam was lovely and capable. She could take 45 cents out of a two dollar bill and refuse an offer of marriage before you could—Next!—lost your chance—please don't shove. She could keep cool and collected while she collected your check, give you the correct change, win your heart, indicate the toothpick stand and rate you to a quarter of a cent better than Bradstreet's could to a thousand in less time than it takes to pepper an egg with one of Hinkle's casters.

There is an old and dignified allusion to the "fierce light that beats upon a throne." The light that beats upon the young lady cashier's cage is also something fierce. The other fellow is responsible for the slang.

Every male patron of Hinkle's, from the A. D. T. boys up to the curbstone brokers, adored Miss Merriam. When they paid their checks they wooed her with every wile known to Cupid's art. Between the meshes of the brass railing went smiles, winks, compliments, tender vows, invitations to dinner, sighs, languishing looks and merry banter that was wafted pointedly back by the gifted Miss Merriam.

There is no coign of vantage more effective than the position of young lady cashier. She sits there, easily queen of the court of commerce. She is duchess of dollars and devoirs, countess of compliments and coin, leading lady of love and luncheon. You take from her a smile and a Canadian dime, and you go your way uncomplaining. You count the cheery word or two that she tosses you as misers count their treasures, and you pocket the change for a five uncomputed. Perhaps the brass bound inaccessibility multiplies her charms. Anyhow, she is a shirt waisted angel. Immaculate, trim, manicured, seductive, bright eyed, ready, alert—Psyche, Circe and Ate in one, separating you from your circulating medium after your sirloin medium.

The young men who broke bread at Hinkle's never settled with the cashier without an exchange of badinage and open compliment. Many of them went to greater lengths and dropped promissory hints of theater tickets and chocolates. The older men spoke plainly of orange blossoms, generally withering the tentative petals by after allusions to Harlem flats. One broker who had been squeezed by copper proposed to Miss Merriam more regularly than he ate.

During a brisk luncheon hour Miss Merriam's conversation, while she took money for checks, would run something like this:

"Good morning, Mr. Haskins—sir?—it's natural, thank you—don't be quite so fresh. Hello, Johnny—then, fifteen, twenty—chase along now or they'll take the letters off your cap. Beg pardon—count it again, please—oh, don't mention it. Vaudeville?—thanks; not on your moving picture—I was to see Carter in 'Hedda Gabler' on Wednesday night with Mr. Simmons. Scuse me, I thought that was a quarter. Twenty-five and seventy-five's a dollar—got that ham and cabbage habit yet? I see, Billy. Who are you addressing?—say, you'll get all that's coming to you in a minute. Oh, fudge! Mr. Bassett—you're always fooling—no? Well, maybe I'll marry you some day—three, four and sixty-five is five. Kindly keep them remarks to yourself if you please. Ten cents?—scuse me; the check calls for seventy—well, maybe it is a one instead of a seven. Oh, do you like it that way, Mr. Saunders?—some prefer a lump, but they say this Cleo de Merody does suit refined features—and ten is fifty. Hike along there, buddy; don't take this for a Coney Island ticket booth. Huh?—why, Lacy's—don't it fit nice? Oh, no, it isn't too cool—these lightweight fabrics is all the go this season. Come again, please—that's the third time you've tried to—what?—forget it—that lead quarter is an old friend of mine. Sixty-five?—must have had your salary raised, Mr. Wilson. I seen you on Sixth avenue Tuesday afternoon, Mr. De Forest—swell?—oh, my!—who is she? What's the matter with it?—why, it ain't money—what—Columbian half?—well, this ain't South America. Yes, I like the mixed best—Friday?—awfully sorry, but I take my jujutsu lesson on Friday—Thursday, then. Thanks—that's sixteen times I've been told that this morning—I guess I must be beautiful. Cut that out, please—who do you think I am? Why, Mr. Westbrook—do you really think so?—the idea!—one—eighty and twenty's a dollar—thank you ever so much, but I don't ever go automobile riding with gentlemen—your aunt?—well, that's different—perhaps. Please don't get fresh—your check is 15 cents, I believe—kindly step aside and let—Hello, Ben—coming around Thursday evening?—there's a gentleman going to send around a box of chocolates, and—forty and sixty is a dollar, and one is two."

About the middle of one afternoon the dizzy goddess Vertigo, whose other name is Fortune, suddenly smote an old, wealthy and eccentric banker while he was walking past Hinkle's on his way to a street car. A wealthy and eccentric banker who rides in street cars is—move up, please; there are others.

A Samaritan, a Pharisee, a man and a policeman who were first on the spot lifted Banker McRamsey and carried him into Hinkle's restaurant. When the aged but indestructible banker opened his eyes he saw a beautiful vision bending over him, with a pitiful, tender smile, bathing his forehead with beef tea and chafing his hands with something frappe out of a chafing dish. Mr. McRamsey sighed, lost a vest button, gazed with deep gratitude upon his fair preserveress and then recovered consciousness.

To the Seaside Library all who are anticipating a romance! Banker McRamsey had an aged and respected wife, and his sentiments toward Miss Merriam were fatherly. He talked to her for half an hour with interest, not the kind that went with his talks during business hours. The next day he brought Mrs. McRamsey down to see her. The old couple were childless. They had only a married daughter living in Brooklyn.

To make a short story shorter, the beautiful cashier won the hearts of the good old couple. They came to Hinkle's again and again. They invited her to their old fashioned but splendid home in one of the East Seventies. Miss Merriam's winning loveliness, her sweet frankness and impulsive heart took them by storm. They said a hundred times that Miss Merriam reminded them so much of their lost daughter. The Brooklyn

SAW A BEAUTIFUL VISION BENDING OVER HIM.

matron, nee Ramsey, had the figure of Buddha and a face like the ideal of an art photographer. Miss Merriam was a combination of curves, smiles, rose leaves, pearls, satin and hair tonic posters. Enough of the fatuity of parents.

A month after the worthy couple became acquainted with Miss Merriam she stood before Hinkle one afternoon and resigned her cashiership.

"They're going to adopt me," she told the bereft restaurateur. "They're funny old people, but regular dears. And the swell home they have got! Say, Hinkle, there isn't any use of talking, I'm on the a la carte to wear brown duds and goggles in a whiz wagon or marry a duke at least. Still, I somehow hate to break out of the old cage. I've been cashiering so long I feel funny doing anything else. I'll miss joshing the fellows awfully when they line up to pay for the buckwheats and. But I can't let this chance slide. And they're awfully good, Hinkle; I know I'll have a swell time. You owe me nine sixty-two and a half for the week. Cut out the half if it hurts you, Hinkle."

And they did. Miss Merriam became Miss Ross McRamsey. And she graced the transition. Beauty is only skin

"YOUR CHECK, PLEASE."

deep, but the nerves lie very near to the skin. Nerve—but just here will you oblige by perusing again the quotation with which this story begins?

The McRamseys poured out money like domestic champagne to polish their adopted one. Milliners, dancing masters and private tutors got it. Miss—er—McRamsey was grateful, loving and tried to forget Hinkle's. To give ample credit to the adaptability of the American girl, Hinkle's did fade from her memory and speech most of the time.

Not every one will remember when the Earl of Hitesbury came to East Seventy —— street, America. He was only a fair to medium earl, without debts, and he created little excitement. But you will surely remember the evening when the Daughters of Benevolence held their bazaar in the W—f—A—a hotel, for you were there, and you wrote a note to Fannie on the hotel paper and mailed it, just to show her that—you did not? Very well; that was the evening the baby was sick, of course.

At the bazaar the McRamseys were prominent. Miss Mer—er—McRamsey was exquisitely beautiful. The Earl of Hitesbury had been very attentive to her since he dropped in to have a look at America. At the charity bazaar the affair was supposed to be going to be pulled off to a finish. An earl is as good as a duke—better. His standing may be lower, but his outstanding accounts are also lower.

Our ex-young lady cashier was assigned to a booth She was expected to sell worthless articles to nobs and snobs at exorbitant prices. The proceeds of the bazaar were to be used for giving to the poor children of the slums a Christmas din— Say, did you ever wonder where they get the other 364?

Miss McRamsey—beautiful, palpitating, excited, charming, radiant—fluttered about in her booth. An imitation brass network with a little arched opening fenced her in.

Along came the earl, assured, delicate, accurate, admiring—admiring greatly—and faced the open wicket.

"You look chawming, you know; 'pon my word you do, my deah," he said beguilingly.

Miss McRamsey whirled around.

"Cut that joshing out," she said, coolly and briskly. "Who do you think you are talking to? Your check, please. Oh, Lordy!"

Patrons of the bazaar became aware of a commotion and pressed around a certain booth. The Earl of Hitesbury stood near by, pulling a pale blond and puzzled whisker.

"Miss McRamsey has fainted," some one explained.

THE DAY OF THE TRUMP

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

One evening after supper Silas Wiggs picked up his hat off the floor and walked out of the house without a word. Mrs. Wiggs did not ask where he was going. She knew. Every week day night for years and years Silas had gone down to the village to loaf and gab for two or three hours. Every night he inquired for mail at the postoffice, and every night he received a shake of the head.

On this evening, however, Silas did something he had never done before. He stopped for a moment to look at his wife and children, as if bidding them farewell.

Mr. Wiggs had come to be forty-eight years old. He had worked all his life. He hadn't broken his back at it, but he had done fairly well for a man who hated work. There were days when he was hoeing corn for some one for $1 a day that he got so mad he jumped up and down and whooped. He wanted to take life easy, but he couldn't. He wanted to have a whole sack of flour and three pounds of butter ahead of the appetite of the family and then go fishing, but the day had never come.

Neither the village postoffice nor the grocery nor the drug store saw Silas that evening nor for many long evenings to come. It was remarked that something must have happened to him. Something had. On leaving the house he had walked in the opposite direction from the village. He had walked all night and all the next day. In fact, he kept on walking until he was 100 miles away. Then he stopped and got work in a hotel barn for a few weeks. He finally found the man he was looking for, and after several interviews with him Silas put fifty more miles between him and home. Then he sat down in a hamlet in the midst of a rich farming community and got his breath. As soon as rested he announced himself as Abiljah, the prophet. He had come there to warn sinners and all others that the last trump was about to sound. He set the day for it to sound. The date had been given him in a dream.

Silas' hair hung down to his shoulders, and he had a venerable appearance and a deep voice. No one around there had ever seen a prophet, but it wasn't long before everybody was agreed that Silas at least looked like one. At first he was laughed at and ridiculed, but that only made him the more earnest. He spoke from the steps of the tavern, and he went from house to house and from farm to farm. He spoke to the women more than to the men. In two weeks he had half a dozen of them with him. Then he found male converts. This was in May. The last trump was to sound on the 4th of August.

In four weeks two-thirds of the population of a county were converts. In six weeks there were only a few outsiders. The weekly papers scoffed at Silas and his dreams and predictions, but he silenced them by asking, "How do you know that this thing won't come to pass?" They didn't know it. They couldn't declare it impossible. They couldn't sneer at the last trump business without offending their Christian subscribers. It was the same with lawyers and doctors. They jumped on Silas to jump off again.

"You believe there is a heaven, don't you?" he would ask.

"Oh, yes."

"Ever been there?"

"Of course not."

"Ever see any one who had?"

"No."

"Then why do you believe?"

"Because the Bible says so."

"But it also says there shall be a judgment day."

"Yes, but why on the 4th of August?"

"Why on any day? Why not on that day as well as another?"

"If the last trump is to sound what of our property?"

"It will be destroyed with the earth, of course," was the reply.

That suited some, but not the majority.

All day on the 3d of August the county held its breath. Farmer and villager put on clean shirts and did no work. It was said that children forgot to cry and that never a rooster crowed. Hundreds of people sat up all that night, going to their doors now and then to consult the heavens.

On the morning of the 4th there was a gathering on hills and knolls and a farewell shaking of hands. People spoke in whispers, and husbands and wives held hands. It was so up to 10 o'clock, to noon, to midafternoon, to sundown. Then Silas Wiggs stood up and said to the people around him:

"It has not come and we will disperse, but to hold ourselves in readiness for a week yet. It may be that Gabriel has mistaken the date."

Did they swarm for him? Did they bring out a rail and tar and feathers? Did they go to the courts and cast him into jail? Nothing of the kind for Silas Wiggs. They allowed that there was a mistake somewhere, but it might be Gabriel's fault instead of Mr. Wiggs'. He hung around for a week and then withdrew by daylight, as an honest man should. He said he would dream again and try and have the thing come off on time.

Silas hasn't worked any since. He doesn't have to. His share of the plunder permits him to go fishing all the time, and he never comes home empty handed.

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