

# The Democratic Advocate.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888.

VOL. XXIII.—NO. 9.

## CONSTABLE'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias, issued by Gustavus W. Crapner, one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Carroll county, at the request of William B. Thomas, assignee of John R. Stonebraker & Son, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Allen T. Stansbury, and John T. Stansbury, the said Justices have caused to be sold, in and to all that tract or parcel of land called "O'Brien's Ferry," situate in Carroll county, State of Maryland, containing 44 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS, being all the interest in said land that said John T. Stansbury obtained under the last will and testament of the said Allen T. Stansbury, recorded in Will Records J. M. P., No. 3, folio 9, &c. This land is situated in Woolery's district, adjoining lands of Asahel Gardner and others, and is improved by a DWELLING HOUSE, BARN and other buildings. And I hereby give notice that on WEDNESDAY, 18th of January, 1888, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Court House, in the city of Westminster, Md., I will offer for sale the said property, so as to be taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash. JOHN THOMSON, Constable.

## HAINES & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Grocers. Respectfully call attention to their large stock of Groceries, &c., at their Store, a few doors east of the Railroad Depot, Westminster, Md. Our facilities are such as to enable us to offer great inducements in prices, as we purchase for Cash and sell at Short Profits. Our stock consists of Choice Flour, Groceries, Queensware, Stoneware, Glassware, Willow-Ware, Woodenware, Fine Cutlery, Fish, Bacon, Lard, Salt, &c., &c.

## OUR LIQUORS

are the finest and best ever offered in this city, and for medicinal or family use are unexcelled. Sole agents for the well known Welly Whiskey. Ale, Porter and Beer, by the bottle or barrel. Sole agents for Briggs Bros. world-renowned Garden and Flower Seeds. The highest market price paid for Country Produce. feb 22, 1875 HAINES & CO.

## PUBLIC SALE OF A HOUSE AND TWO LOTS.

At Snyderburg, Carroll County, Md. Under a power of sale contained in a mortgage deed from Barbara E. Ruby and Alpha M. Ruby, her husband, dated May 7th, A. D. 1870, and duly recorded among the Real Estate Mortgages Records of Carroll county, in Liber J. R. B. No. 5, folio 64, &c., to Henry H. Keller, and by him assigned to Harrison H. Lamotte, which assignment was duly recorded in the Mortgage Records aforesaid, the undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of Harrison H. Lamotte, late of Carroll county, deceased, do hereby call at public sale, to the highest bidder, on WEDNESDAY, 18th of JANUARY, 1888, at 2 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, the land described in said mortgage, containing 2 ROADS AND 24 SQUARE PERCHES, more or less, situate at Snyderburg, in Carroll county, Md., on the road leading thence north to Brillhart's mill. The improvements consist of a 2-story Log Dwelling House, with kitchen, and a new stable, hog pen and other outbuildings. Terms of sale cash. HANSON M. DRACH, Executor of Assignee of Mortgage. dec31

## RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County, December Term, 1887. Estate of Peter Greenwood, deceased. On application it is ordered this 20th day of December, 1887, that the sale of the real estate of Peter Greenwood, deceased, in Carroll county, deceased, made by J. Winfield Snader, executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said executor, be ratified and confirmed. Provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, before the 3rd Monday, 16th day of January, next. The report states the amount of sale to be six thousand, eight hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-four cents (\$6,899.94). DAVID H. HOFFMAN, Clerk. JAMES P. SUMMERS, Judge. JAMES W. WHITE, True copy. GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills. dec24

## NO. 2563 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll county. Charles B. Roberts and James A. C. Bond, Plaintiffs, vs. E. C. Erbe and his wife, Defendants. Ordered this 30th day of December, 1887, that the sales of the land and personal property made and reported by Charles B. Roberts and James A. C. Bond, Trustees, under and by virtue of a Deed of Trust from Samuel Erbe and Ellen C. Erbe, his wife, finally ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 30th day of January, 1888; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county one week in each of three successive weeks before the 29th day of January, 1888. The report states the amount of sale of real estate to be \$10,969.68, and of the personal property to be \$1,296.32. Total \$12,266.00. J. N. SMITH, Judge of the Circuit Court. True copy. WM. N. MARTIN, Clerk. dec31

## J. H. TAVENNER.

Having purchased the store of William G. Beckey & Co., of Union Bridge, consisting of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c., &c. Will continue the business at the old stand, on Main street, and will add a nice line of New Goods. Have already added a large and nice stock of JEWELRY, WATCHES, CHAINS, RINGS AND SPECTACLES. Silversware by the quantity at low prices. Have the finest stock of new Holiday Goods in the county for presents. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Yours, J. H. TAVENNER, Union Bridge, Md. dec17

## PARR'S RIDGE SELECT SCHOOL.

This school will reopen on January 8, and the third quarter will begin on Monday, February 5th. Pupils in reading, writing and spelling will be charged \$2.50 per term, in stead of \$4, as heretofore. In addition vocal music lessons will be given the scholars without extra charge. The school room is in the Aleshall Building, corner of Main and Court streets, is well lighted and heated, and made attractive with flowers and pictures, thus helping to cultivate a refined taste among the pupils. Having a piano in the school room, the teacher is prepared to give lessons in instrumental music. For further particulars call on or address MISS MAGGIE McKELP, dec24

## SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES.

A limited number for Rent in the Vault of the Union National Bank of Westminster. W. M. HERRING, Cashier. dec 24:31

## Original Poetry.

### THE OLD YEAR'S WILL.

Written for the Democratic Advocate.

By J. S. G.

The old year's will is old and still, / His daughters are weeping under his will.

Love can't weep and hold him near, / But we will weep and hold him dear.

What he has written to his daughters seven, / We shall see him; come let us begin.

"To Prudence I leave, and so the will doth read, / 'To Prudence I leave a large estate.' / Of fertile lands, mountain and mead, / My finest jewels, and family plate."

To wisdom he willeth all his books, / Even all manuscripts that I own, / Some pleasant by-places, and quiet nooks, / Where she may sit undisturbed alone.

"To Faith, dear Faith, I leave but a dress, / A fine white garment, soft to touch; / But Faith is so strange, she will not, I guess, / Though she loved him, grieve for him much."

"To Memory, my daughter, who may hold Me in mind more of than her sister may, I leave all my joys and dreams of old, / When I was young, and the world was gay."

"But to Hope, sweet Hope, how shall I give, / For all the sorrow I've caused her to bear? / I will leave her all happy days to come, / And the future she thinks so wonderful fair."

"And Charity, my little Charity, / What shall I leave her? she hath no need / Of jewels or gold, I leave her only, / My flowers to tend, and my lambs to feed."

"To Love, my darling, more dear to my heart, / Than all the others, to her I leave / My blessing alone, for wealth may corrupt, / 'Tis love that makes a man's life true."

Thus ending we left the old year to repose, / The clock struck one, and the fire burned low, / The will was finished, his daughters arose, / But Memory, I saw, was the last to go. / Nov. 18th, 1888.

## Select Story.

### The Widows' Adonis.

From the London Argosy.

Fitzgerald Brandon was one of the lucky nuptials treated with maternal partiality by that fickle jade, Fortune. No stepmother frowns fell to his share, no chilling glances, no rebuffs. Everything went well with him. Did he speculate imprudently, the speculation, however unprosperous, was certain to do well; did he back a rank outsider for a great race, it was almost certain of a place. Fortune always befriended him. He generally rose a winner from his post-prandial rubber, not because his skill was extraordinary, but from sheer force of luck; and it was on record that on one occasion he broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

He was, besides, extremely handsome, though on a lippitian scale; for, Fitzgerald Brandon was not only one of the luckiest but also one of the smallest of men. He stood just five feet five in his boots, but his neat little figure, always dressed in the most perfectly-fitting chef-d'œuvre of Small-pigeon or Poole, was so erect, so dapper, and so well-proportioned, that any shortcomings of stature were readily forgiven and forgotten by his numerous admirers of the fair sex. For, whatever the lady novelists may say, women are not so utterly devoted to these lords of herculean build and superhuman physical strength who invariably figure in the pages of fashionable fiction.

Little Fitz was, in his way, quite a lady-killer, and as he was well-known to be a rich as well as a lucky man, his lines generally fell in pleasant places. His position in society was assured, and many a fair demoiseille moving in the very best circles would have been willing enough to share his fortunes.

But little Fitz seemed reluctant to don the matrimonial fetters; he married, preferring the mature charms of ladies who already wore the marriage ring and yet could enjoy a flirtation without fear of scandal.

In short, little Fitz was a devoted admirer of that privileged class, young and pretty widows.

Perhaps he fondly imagined that he was less likely to be "caught" by these beauteous sirens than by young debutantes still under the maternal wing.

At all events, he was nearly always to be seen with one or other of these fair ladies, who, having doffed their veils, had bloomed out again, in all their pristine brilliancy.

And that is how he won the sobriquet by which he was known in every club in London, of "The Widows' Adonis."

"Just look at the fellow! How any woman can take up with such a conceited little coxcomb, I can't imagine," said Maitland, of the 50th Dragoons—a "heavy" dragoon in more senses than one; for he rode fourteen stone and was more remarkable for breadth of shoulder than quickness of wit—to his fidus Achates one morning in the Row.

"There's no accounting for tastes," muttered the other, pulling his mustache and darting envious glances at little Fitz, who was seated between the two of the prettiest young widows in London and seemed mightily to relish the position.

I should have thought a charming woman like Mrs. Desmond—"

He did not finish the sentence, but glared fiercely at the dapper figure of little Fitz, who was laughing and chatting gaily to his fair companions. If looking could kill, what wholesale slaughter would go on in this highly civilized metropolis of ours!

Jack Carnforth, the impetuous offspring of an ancient family tree, would have given a good deal to secure pretty Mrs. Desmond and her fortune, which was said to be considerable. At one time she had accepted his homage with apparent pleasure, but since Fitzgerald Brandon had crossed her path, she had turned a deaf ear to the penniless young attaché's pretty speeches. Poor Carnforth, in spite of his good looks, felt that he was hopelessly out of the running, for, though Brandon might be, as Maitland said, "a conceited little coxcomb," it was impossible to deny that he possessed the art of making himself agreeable.

The two ladies, between whom this miniature Paris was seated, were antago-

nistic to each other as Maitland and Carnforth were to the object of their rivalry; for, the two pretty widows were rivals and hated each other cordially, through they called each other "dear Minna" and "dear Clementina," and before the eyes of the world posed as great friends and allies.

In appearance, the two ladies contested well, and each flattered herself that her friend was an excellent foil to her own charms. Minna Desmond was a tall, handsome brunette, with fine eyes, and magnificent black hair, while Clementina Somers was a fair-lyle blonde, with a dazzling complexion, bright blue eyes and a cherub-like of the most beautiful—dye; at least so her "dear Minna" said. Both were reputed to be wealthy and acknowledged to be charming, and both were bent on securing the affection of that fortunate individual, "the Widows' Adonis."

"Pshaw!" muttered Carnforth, as he watched the trio. "I suppose his money is the attraction."

"Of course, it is! You don't think any woman would admire his looks, do you?" retorted Maitland, squaring his broad shoulders and arranging the gardenia in his button-hole. "Women are always mercenary," he added, with a sigh.

He had only a couple of hundred a year and his pay. A good matrimonial venture would have set him firmly on his financial feet again, for it would have enabled him to bid defiance to a certain Jew money-lender who held more of his "paper" than he cared to think of. Besides, he really admired Mrs. Somers, and it enraged him to see her show this marked preference for Brandon.

Meanwhile, the latter, in serene unconsciousness of the wrath he was rousing in two manly bosoms, was thoroughly enjoying himself. The old adage did not hold good for once; he found three excellent companions. He admired both his fair companions, and their all but rivalry lent a delightful piquancy to their conversation. Each was so anxious to out-shine the other that their talk was almost brilliant, and little Fitz was kept well amused. Like many men who are not remarkable for wit, he admired women who could skillfully use that essentially feminine weapon, the tongue; nothing charmed him more than a ready retort or a neat epigram and even satire, if not leveled against himself, pleased him.

That morning both ladies had hoped to secure him for an hour's chat; it was unfortunate that the hopes of both should be fulfilled, and yet baffled.

Minna wished to have him all to herself; it was really most provoking that Clementina's wishes clashed with hers.

"Are you going to Mrs. Eaton's this afternoon?" asked the latter, in the soft, lisp-like tones her friends stigmatized as "absurdly affected" but which many people thought charming.

"Yes—that is if you and Mrs. Desmond will be there," replied the little man promptly.

Mrs. Somers' blue eyes clouded. This was not at all what she wanted. Minna's face brightened; evidently Brandon did not care much for dear Clementina's society.

"Yes, I shall certainly go," she said, shedding her brightest smile on Fitz. "I thought, Clementina, you meant to drive out to Richmond to call on old Lady Merryweather," she added, sweetly, at the same time darting a half-defiant glance across at Clementina.

"To Richmond!" echoed the other, arching her delicate eyebrows; "the dust would be simply intolerable, and the old Lady Merryweather is my aversion. Besides, I never like to miss one of Mrs. Eaton's matinees. You know how I dote on music."

"What a fib!" thought Minna, "I don't believe she knows Rulo Britanni from the 'Dead March in Saul.'" But she made no audible remark, and the three arranged to meet later at Mrs. Eaton's.

Clementina had a charming little house in Park Street, and she prided herself greatly on the artistic arrangement of her rooms. Her establishment was small, but the servants were admirably drilled and kept up to the mark by a young lady—a cousin—who acted as a sort of satellite or humble companion to the fair widow. In deed, much of the credit Mrs. Somers received for perfect-taste, both for personal and household adornment, should have been placed to this young lady's account.

On returning from her maternal airing in the Row, Clementina was not in the best of tempers, and Mary Grey had rather a bad time of it. Everything was wrong; the cutlets at luncheon were pronounced unpalatable, the chart cooked, the flowers faded, and the lap-dog's condition was anything but what it should be.

Fortunately, Mary had the command of temper proper to a dependant and a poor creature; she listened to all the complaints in silence and with eyes meekly downcast, and afterward went through her customary duty of dressing her patroness, for Mrs. Somers kept no maid; Mary was more skillful and so much cheaper than the ordinary run of Abigails without evincing a scintilla of the wrath that was smouldering in her bosom.

But when the lady had departed, arrayed in full war paint and feathers, as the irreverent Miss Grey put it, the humble companion performed a sort of post-dance round the room, looking at herself in the glass—she was very pretty, for her gray eyes were wonderfully bright and expressive and her complexion was simply perfect—she took her hat off, and sang a snatch of the popular French chansonette, and finally subsided into the most easy-chair in the room, and drew from her pocket a letter, which she read more than once.

"Ah, my dear cousin, Clementina," she said aloud, smiling maliciously, as she carefully refolded the letter and put it back into her pocket; "you are very well in your way, tolerably good-looking, when en grande tenue, but not clever. There's a great deal more on your head than in it. Why you are not even clever enough to—"

length she seemed to relent, and gradually glided into a friendly chat.

"Well, well! But I confess I should like to balance the social scales more justly," she mused thoughtfully, tracing out the pattern of the carpet with her pretty foot. "I do think it hard that Madames Somers, Desmond & Co. should have all the pleasure, and I all the trouble and worry. Why shouldn't I have my amusements, too? Of course, I can always have the fun of laughing at my dear cousin's weaknesses behind her back; but I have to do it so often that it palls. I really must strike out something new. Let me think."

For some minutes the young lady sank into a brown study, puckering her forehead into a thoughtful frown and drawing quite a network of designs on the carpet with the point of her shoe. At last a brilliant idea darted into her brain, and she started to her feet with a cry.

"Eureka! That will do. Nothing could be better. Ah, what fun I'll have! My dear Clementina, I shall be able to cry quits with you at last. You have made me pass many a bad quarter of an hour, in return for which I shall play you as pretty a trick as ever a woman's wit hatched. And she burst into a peal of merry, silver-toned laughter that the lap-dog roused himself from his afternoon siesta and barked a joyous response.

During the next few days, Miss Grey's manner was as demure as ever while in the presence of her patroness, but when evening came and Mrs. Somers betook herself to ball, reception, or theater, as the case might be, the young lady gave vent to her native spirits by mimicking her cousin before the long mirror in Clementina's dressing-room, waltzing with the lap-dog, who loudly reprobated the liberty, or singing sprightly chansonettes in her fresh, clear tones.

Mary had been educated in a first-rate Parisian school, and had contrived to imbibe a good deal of French esprit along with more solid accomplishments. But often she fell to needlework with painstaking ardor, and when thus employed her spirits rose higher than ever. She would often laugh aloud from sheer inability to keep her mouth to herself, as she pictured and repictured in her busy brain what Clementina would say and how Clementina would look when her humble companion's brilliant idea was fully matured and carried out.

The rivalry of the two widows did not abate as the days went on. Fitz was seldom to be seen without one or the other by his side. Beds were freely laid on the event, the odds varying as the blonde or brunette was in the ascendant. Clementina flattered herself that she would be in first at the winning-post, while Minna was equally confident that to her would fall the honor of carrying off the Brandon Sweepstakes.

Little Fitz could but feel flattered by the open admiration of these two charming ladies. When chaffed about it at his club, he only laughed and stroked his mustache complacently, for he was extremely good-tempered, and even the scowls of Maitland and Carnforth did not ruffle him. But he had evidently not made up his mind which of the two ladies was to be his side. Beds were freely laid on the event, the odds varying as the blonde or brunette was in the ascendant. Clementina flattered herself that she would be in first at the winning-post, while Minna was equally confident that to her would fall the honor of carrying off the Brandon Sweepstakes.

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