

\$2 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888.

VOL. XXIII.-NO. 37.

SPRING IS HERE

And so is our Spring Stock of Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Men's Furnishing Goods.

We aim to show a better line of these goods than has ever been shown in this county.

Beautiful Cassimere and Cheviot Suits for \$6, \$8, \$10.

Elegant Black Corksore Cutaway Suits for \$7.50 and \$10. Best \$15.

Just look at our Nobby Stiffened Crush Hats for Men and Boys. We sell the Best Shoes for Men, Ladies and Children sold in the County.

Look at our Men's Neckwear. We guarantee every article.

FRED D. MILLER & BRO., 9 E. Main Street, Albough Building, Westminster, Md.

E. O. GRIMES & CO., THE PRINCIPAL DEPOT, WESTMINSTER, MD.

Have as complete a stock of CHOICE GROCERIES as can be found in our city.

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, SYRUPS, NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES, CANNED GOODS OF ALL KINDS, CIGARS, TOBACCO, &c.

HAWKES' CRYSTALIZED LENSES Combined with Best Refracting Power.

THEY ARE AS TRANSPARENT AND COLORLESS AS LIGHT ITSELF.

WHOLESALE DEPOTS AT ATLANTA, GA. and AUSTIN, TEX.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE, Main Street, Westminster, Md.

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, Scissors, &c.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

NOTICE: Having associated with me in the Lumber and Coal business my son, JOHN LYNCH, the business will, after the 1st day of March, be conducted under the firm name of E. Lynch & Son.

PROPOSALS FOR BUILDING: Sealed proposals will be received for the building of a private residence in Westminster, Md., up to July 21st.

HARDWARE AND STOVES OFFERED LOW.

Excelsior and Albion Cook Stoves and Ranges.

Carpet Sweepers, Tubs, Churns, Buckets, Knives and Forks, Sad Irons, Coffee Mills, Tinware, Wire and Cotton Wash Lines, &c.

TRACE CHAINS: All Grades; Tongue, Breast, St. Haller, Log and Fifth Chains; Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Rakes, Spades.

SAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Gridstones and Hangers, Vises, Anvils, Belows and Blowers; Steel Shovel Blades of all sizes.

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Coach Goods: Wheels, Leather, Glass, Oils, Paints, &c.

CUCUMBER PUMPS, Ready-Mixed House Paints, BARK FENCE WIRE, London Horse and Cattle Food.

SLATE MANTELS IN STOCK. PLUMBING AND GASFITTING, ROOFING AND SPOUTERS.

Done at short notice. Plain, Galvanized, Cast Iron, Lead and Terra Cotta Pipes, and all plumbers' supplies constantly on hand at lowest market prices.

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING AT J. T. WAMPLER & CO'S. NEW STORE, No. 1, Carroll Hall, or 181 E. Main Street, and at the OLD ESTABLISHED STAND OF J. T. WAMPLER, No. 90 W. MAIN ST.

A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK OF Dry Goods and Notions, Hosiery, Underwear and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES GUARANTEED.

HORNER'S ABSOLUTELY PURE ANIMAL BONE FERTILIZERS.

WARRANTED. Prices Lower by Comparison than any Goods in the Market.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. JOSHUA HORNER, JR., & CO., Bowly's Wharf and Wood St., Baltimore, Md.

WAKEFIELD ROLLER MILLS: Manufacture and keep constantly on hand, FLOUR, FEED, HOMINY, MEAL AND CHOP OF ALL KINDS.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Grain, Longberry a specialty. DAVID ROOP & SON, n 14 ft

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC: Zion M. P. Sunday School will hold its annual picnic on Saturday, July 28th, in Ice Cream and Confectionery in abundance.

FOR SALE: The subscriber offers for sale a TRACT OF LAND, formerly a part of "Clover Hill," lying near Patapsco Falls. It is of a very excellent quality.

Original Poetry.

RESURRECTION. Written for the Democratic Advocate by J. W. SLAUGHTER.

How clearly shines the morning star serenely bright in the blue sky, With a misty light to mark That's beaming lustre from on high.

See! see! a lighter star appears Among the scintillating gems; And then this mundane sphere it nears And like a flashing meteor streaks.

Down from the sky the star descends, Toward the sepulchre it sweeps; And then a radiant angel stands Before the place where Jesus sleeps.

The guards forget their vigilance, And fall in terror to the ground, And lie as dead in dreamless trance Sightless, and deaf to every sound.

The angel rolled the stone away, And then the winding sheet he laid Before the place where Jesus lay.

Forsoke, O death, thy pale domain, And fly away on wings of doom; O shadowy King! thy reign is o'er, Is ended—from thy kingdom turn.

The fish of life again regains The life-blood on Jesus' face; His eyes beam with his former grace.

Lord of all life, and Prince of peace, Come forth victorious from thy grave; Thy way supreme shall never cease, Life to the death thy dying gave.

Joy to the world's remotest bound! Joy to the world's remotest time! The Conqueror supremely crowned, King of all every age and clime.

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Select Story.

THE DUKE'S SHARES. J. Crawford Scott, in The Gentleman's Magazine.

CHAPTER I. Mr. Heriot Brooke had a reputation for caution which was unenviable, as his exceeding wariness, especially in money matters, afforded his acquaintances frequent matter for jesting.

From his father he had inherited a considerable fortune, which must have increased greatly during the seven years it had been in his possession, as he had lived far within his income.

Though the bulk of his money had been accepted in trade, Mr. Brooke had never himself engaged in business, and was rather a swell in his way, as he was a member of a very select club and had a large circle of aristocratic friends.

But for his parsimony he might have been in Parliament, and as he did not lack ability, he might have taken a far more prominent position in society than he did.

He was also debarred from close intimacy with many members of his club, who would gladly have cultivated his friendship, but he could never be induced to back a horse for more than five pounds or play what he called half-crown points.

So foreign to his nature were expenditure and speculation of any kind, that, though nearly thirty-seven, he had hitherto refrained from taking a venture in the matrimonial lottery.

In an elderly man his extreme caution and his old man's extreme parsimony were not only remarkable, but when thirty-five he had the prudence of three-score and ten.

One afternoon Mr. Brooke was waiting at a crossing near the Piccadilly entrance to Hyde Park till the traffic would permit of his getting to the other side of the road, when his attention was attracted by a gentleman who was standing close by him, with apparently the same object as himself.

He was a fine-looking man, a foreigner apparently, and clearly a man of rank. Just as Mr. Brooke's eye fell upon him for the second time, the old gentleman turned round and ordered a cab to stop, for there was a temporary block in the line of vehicles; but he had not observed a rapidly advancing hansom, and in his efforts to avoid it he fell, and the next moment he was under the horse, which the driver had failed to pull up in time.

Uttering an exclamation of surprise, Mr. Brooke rushed to the rescue. He was the first to reach the place, and succeeded in extricating the old gentleman from his perilous position. Fortunately he did not seem to have received any injury.

A crowd soon gathered, and when a policeman came up to take the cabman's name, the old gentleman protested that the fault had been entirely his own, and that it was impossible the driver could have seen him.

On finding that there was nothing to look at the people began to disperse almost as quickly as they had collected. Though he had received no injury, the old gentleman told his deliver that he felt slightly stunned by the fall; so when they reached the pavement he walked along leaning on the arm which Mr. Brooke had offered him.

They had not gone many steps when Mr. Brooke suggested that he should hail a cab; but in reply his companion said that he had only a short distance to go and would prefer to walk. So they went together in the direction of Victoria.

Owing to the opinion which he held regarding the old gentleman's position in life, Mr. Brooke was almost certain that a friendship formed so favorably and progressing so auspiciously would continue; and when he was invited to their ancient home, then as a guest of the Duke of Macclesfield, he was not surprised to learn from him that he was staying at the Grosvenor Hotel.

When they reached the hotel entrance, after a few courtly words of thanks, he begged Mr. Brooke to do him the favor of accompanying him within, and after a slight hesitation Mr. Brooke consented. He was then conducted to a luxuriously furnished private drawing room, which evidently belonged to one of the first suites.

Mr. Brooke sat down at the bidding of his host, and as he spoke he pointed to the dust that adhered in several places to his dress. When Mr. Brooke found himself alone he looked curiously around. In addition to the costly furniture which belonged to the room he could see numerous articles which were evidently the property of the occupant; and in the elegant and tasteful though unostentatious arrangement of certain nicknacks and fancy work there was plainly revealed to Mr. Brooke the touch of a lady's hand.

On a small davenport in the room he noticed some notes of paper, which were stamped a coronet. Suddenly he started, as his eyes fell upon the most beautiful face he had ever seen. It was a portrait on porcelain, of large size, which stood framed upon a small occasional table in a corner. The picture was that of a girl not more than nineteen or twenty; her hair clustered thickly over a low brow, that was wide and instinct with intellect, and the charm of her exquisite high-born features was enhanced by the grave, passive expression of the poetic eye.

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Down from the sky the star descends, Toward the sepulchre it sweeps; And then a radiant angel stands Before the place where Jesus sleeps.

The guards forget their vigilance, And fall in terror to the ground, And lie as dead in dreamless trance Sightless, and deaf to every sound.

The angel rolled the stone away, And then the winding sheet he laid Before the place where Jesus lay.

Forsoke, O death, thy pale domain, And fly away on wings of doom; O shadowy King! thy reign is o'er, Is ended—from thy kingdom turn.

The fish of life again regains The life-blood on Jesus' face; His eyes beam with his former grace.

Lord of all life, and Prince of peace, Come forth victorious from thy grave; Thy way supreme shall never cease, Life to the death thy dying gave.

Joy to the world's remotest bound! Joy to the world's remotest time! The Conqueror supremely crowned, King of all every age and clime.

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