

The Democratic Advocate.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

VOL. XXIX.—NO. 9.

WE
Are Ready for Business, with a full line of FALL and WINTER CLOTHING, SHOES and HATS in such a variety as to enable us to fit any

WANT
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The most critical customer may have. In choosing our stock, we have secured what we feel certain will meet with

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approval, and by this catering to your interests, consulting your taste and anticipating your requirements we feel that we are justified in soliciting your

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In our Custom Department we guarantee a Fit and Good Workmanship and Trimming.

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Opposite R. R. Depot,
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THE LARGEST VARIETY
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IN CARROLL COUNTY

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Next door to Der's Store,
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I name in part—12 grades of Whiskies, including the well-known

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10 grades of Brandy—Apple, Peach, Ginger and Blackberry Brandy; Holland and Domes Gin, White and Red N. E. Rum, Kimmel Port, Sherry, Catawba, Claret and Rhein Wines; imported and Domestic.

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I guarantee the Purity of our Liquors and the quality of our goods, and will use every endeavor to give entire satisfaction in regard to price.

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All I ask—examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. may 6-11

A. H. WENTZ,

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and

OPTICIAN.

Is now prepared to

EXAMINE

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EYES

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PROPER GLASSES.

If you have

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EYES

are constantly

ACHING,

you have no idea what

RELIEF

Properly Adjusted

Glasses

will give you.

EYES

Examined

FREE OF CHARGE.

Call if

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.

DECEMBER TERM, 1893.

Estate of David Wanz, deceased.

On application it is ordered this 11th day of December, 1893, that the sale of the Real Estate of David Wanz, late of Carroll county, deceased, made by Lavina J. Yingling and Ella Wanz, Executrices of the last Will and Testament of said deceased, and this day reported to this Court by the said Executrices, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 24th day of January, next; provided a copy of this order be inserted for three successive weeks in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county, next the 24th Monday, 8th day of January, next.

The report states the amount of sale to be fifty dollars (\$50.00).

LEWIS CASH, ALBERT SCHAEFFER, } Judges.
True copy.—Test: GEO. M. PARKE, Register of Wills.

NOTICE
To Those Having Land for Sale

The undersigned offers his services to those having land for sale, and believes from experience that he can be of service in dividing up and putting in shape for sale to advantage parties wishing to dispose of lands, especially near towns or cities.

E. LYNCH,
ian28-29
Westminster, Md.

JOSEPH M. PARKE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Will practice in the various Courts of Carroll county. Special attention given to Orphans' Court business. May be consulted, for the present, at the office of the Register of Wills, or at his residence, on Court Street, Westminster, Md.

TRIP
FREE.

We pay your Railroad fare with every Cash Purchase of \$20 or more. Show your Ticket and receive in Cash, amount paid.

Our prices are yours. A drop!! Prices never received such rough treatment before. They've been knocked down steadily until there's nothing more to knock off. There never was a better time to buy than now.

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS
That sold all season for \$12 and \$15.....now \$ 9.75
Your pick of some 2,000 Suits and Overcoats, were \$18 and \$20.....now 14.50
Serviceable Suits and Overcoats, were \$10 and \$12.....now 7.90
Finest Suits and Overcoats, were cheap at \$25 and \$27.....now 19.60

BOY'S CLOTHING.
Some 500 choice Knee Pants Suits, worth \$5 and \$6.....now \$ 3.50
Fine Dress Knee Pants Suits, were \$7 and \$8.....now 5.00
Fast-Black Hose 18 cents, worth 35 cents; Australian Wool Underwear... 48 cts.
Great reductions in our Hat and Furnishing departments.

Oehm's Acme Hall,
Clothing, Baltimore and
Hatters and Charles Streets,
Furnishers, BALTIMORE, del16
Maryland.

FREE! FREE! FREE!
A Beautiful Doll 27 Inches High,
This Doll is Positively Worth \$15.00,
and will be presented by us as a New Year's Present to some little girl under 15 Years of Age.

The Plan is this. For every Cash Purchase of \$1.00 you make at our store, you will be given a Ticket, and the girl under 15 years who can secure the greatest number of Tickets and bring them to us on

Saturday Before New Year, December 30th,
will be Presented with the

DOLL,
Absolutely for Nothing.
Now girls try for the Doll, you all have the same chance, bring your Pappas, Mamas, Brothers and Sisters, to see it. It is Exhibited in the Front of our Store. Welcome to you all. The Doll will be presented at

9 o'clock, Saturday Night,
by THEO. DEER & SON,
del16 St. Westminster, Md.

G. W. MORNINGSTAR,
38 West Main St.,
WESTMINSTER, MD.

Fine Line of
HOLIDAY GOODS.
Lovely Bric-a-Brac,
Beautiful China,
Fifty different styles of
LAMP.

Anything you want in the
Queensware Line
you will find here. We have the
Finest Stock
outside the city.

Choice Groceries,
California Fruits,
Raisins, Currants,
Citron, Confectionery,
and Canned Goods.

Call and examine STOCK. Am sure PRICES will suit you, as we will not be undersold. dec 9 11

MICHAEL E. WALSH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
aply 9 Court St., Westminster, Md.

Poetry.

What Will the New Year Bring?
"Oh, what will the New Year bring me?"
Sang a bright-eyed little boy,
As he passed 'mid his childish playthings—
The source of many a joy.
Say quickly, mamma dear:
Will it bring me toys and candies,
As it brings me every year?
The mother glanced at her darling,
And breathed a silent prayer
That the New Year's gift for her darling
Might be unmitigated care.

"Oh, what will the New Year bring me?"
Said a timid, happy bride
And she glanced with a look of pleasure
At the husband at her side.
"Oh, what will the New Year bring me,
As it speeds on its way?"
Will it bring fresh joys and roses
For each succeeding day?
But the mother's look was fearful,
As she glanced at her daughter fair,
For she knew, in the outward pathway,
Was hidden many a snare.

"Oh, what will the New Year bring me?"
Said a feeble, weak old man;
"I've tasted all earth's pleasures,
And life is but a span.
Oh, what will the New Year bring me,
Now I am growing old,
For my days are almost told?
Ah! what the New Year bringeth
Thy eyes may never see,
For a narrow moorland on the hillside
Is the only gift to thee.

Select Story.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

Mark heard a tapping on the window-pane, and turning saw his aunt beckoning anxiously. She raised the sash when he had drawn nearer, and said: "Where is Cora, Mark? Have you seen her?" "No, aunt; but I have just come from my room. It is a very tempting evening, and I dare say she is walking about the grounds somewhere."

It was a tempting evening; the melancholy hour of sunset was nigh, and the west, towards which she glanced, was a great mass of flames, and even old Aunt Alice, following his gesture, paused for a moment to admire. But the thin and slight old lady shuddered; the wind was rising and she felt the chill.

"Cora is very reckless," she said, still pausing. "I don't think she has any conception of fear—and Mark, I wonder if I might venture in search of her. You will give me your arm?" "We'll make her out without difficulty, I am sure, a little walk will do you good," said Mark Croxton, with alacrity. "It is almost a spring evening, and not a bit like Christmas holidays."

So persuaded, but still distrustful, Mrs. Croxton withdrew, and closed the window, and in a short while, well wrapped up, joined her handsome nephew on the lawn.

"I am vexed with Cora, and I think she might mention when she is going out; but young people don't pay their elders much respect nowadays. It was very different when I was a girl, and I don't think I was less independent. There are tramps and all sorts of characters in the neighborhood—some gypsies arrived yesterday I heard—and Cora's conduct is highly imprudent."

Mark, as in duty bound, defended Miss Cora Ailsworth, his betrothed, and avowed with truth that he was not at all alarmed about her. But Aunt Alice was not really relieved until she described the young lady in question approaching them.

Miss Ailsworth took her scolding with great good humor. She had been all the way to the village—Middlefield, the drowsy—for letters, and here was one from—guess whom? She extended the small envelope, which Aunt Alice seized impatiently and opened, and through her gold eye-glasses, read:

"From my graceless Mark," said the old lady, lowering the sheet to her side and looking away disappointed; "and of course he can't come. Can't spare me a day even at Christmas," she added, with something almost like a faint sob.

"Well, never mind, aunt," said her nephew. "Mark, you know, hates the country; so dull for a town man."

"So dull, dear? I don't see. We are to have dancing tonight and dancing to-morrow night, and those other amusements I heard you and Cora planning—and I thought there was a great deal in contemplation. Well, if he would not enjoy himself I don't wish him to come. I can't understand his enjoyments—they tell me very disagreeable stories about him. If he were like you, Mark, as much in nature as in names!" she said, looking sadly on her nephew. "You are more my son than he."

She had had her dream about that graceless young fellow who was a source of so much anxiety. If he and Cora had liked each other! But it was not to be.

"Like me in name he is indeed," laughed Mark; "but as unlike me in nature as possible. At school they called him the 'Black Mark,' and me, 'Mark the perfect man,' out of the Bible, you know, and that's how we were distinguished. I was an awful prig, I'm afraid—a sort of mixture of Quaker and Puritan, while he was as reckless and disorderly almost—as—as Cora here."

"What do you mean, sir?" cried Miss Ailsworth, and even Aunt Alice laughed. "It is a fair hit, Cora," said the latter. "You certainly need to cultivate more careful habits. I found your diamond earrings on the parlor mantel-piece this morning; and your watch—where was it Rosina found your watch last week?"

"I don't know; but it might be anywhere," replied the beautiful young lady, with a rather scornful smile in Mark's direction. "I should hate to be perfect. Some people's virtues are more hateful than other people's faults."

"Very well, Miss Ailsworth," said Mark, serenely. "Some day you will meet with serious loss, and though I don't usually rejoice at misfortunes, I shall on that occasion give my feelings free vent."

Swiftly the winter twilight approaches, and though the sun had not quite touched the western hills, there were already the signs and tokens of the coming night.

Mark Croxton accompanied the ladies back to the house, and then strolled about until dusk, smoking a cigar, and then up to his room he went to prepare for the company expected in the evening.

After a while came a subdued knock at the door. He was rather surprised to see old Tom Willis, coachman, gardener, factotum, and what not about the place, who smiling mysteriously, came in, holding a note between his thick finger and thumb, which, without a single word, he delivered and withdrew. The note astonished Mark, and very properly, for it read as follows:—"Mr. MARK CROXTON—I have followed you down here to Middlefield and will be at Briar Hill tonight, at the gate that leads into the orchard. I wish to see you, and it will be the worst thing that can happen to you if you refuse to meet me. I will be there between 9 and 10.

It was, as she said, an absolute promise, backed by all sorts of solemn oaths, that the writer, in spite of every possible opposition, would speedily make her his wife. And it was signed: "Your adoring Mark Croxton."

"One look at this," thought Mark, "would kill my aunt as certain as a pistol bullet through the heart. A dangerous thing in the hands of a frantic creature like this girl, whether my cousin means to keep his promise to her or not. I must have this letter at any cost."

"Well, sir," said poor Mary Loftus, with her hands clasped, as if he held her life in his keeping.

"Miss Loftus, you certainly don't know much about me; but I think you have confidence in me, or you would not trust a letter like this in my possession for a single moment. I have a proposition to make. Let me keep this letter for two weeks—until I can see my cousin—and I will give you a hundred dollars; and at the end of that time, on my honor, you shall have your letter again. You must decide quickly, for I must return to the house, or they will come here in search of me."

Cora's treasure and its casket comprised the only money he had about him; but the crisis did not admit of an instant's delay, and, of course, he could make up Cora's loss at any time—a still handsomer portmanteau with proper inclosure—and a severe lecture on the value of money and the evil of careless habits.

So he held out the temptation—the pretty pocketbook, the thick roll of notes—under the covert gaze of poor Mary Loftus, who, perhaps, had never owned ten dollars at any one time in her life.

"Oh, sir, you will give me my letter again?" she said, with a gasp, struggling but yielding with every passing instant.

He would, on his word as a gentleman, and the exchange was made.

With a hasty good night, he left the girl turning over the notes in a dream, and walked swiftly back to the house. As he entered the parlor he saw there was a commotion.

The dancing had ceased. People by twos and threes had drifted together and were conversing earnestly, and near a window his aunt was seated, and on an ottoman at her feet sat Cora Ailsworth.

He knew intuitively that by this time the money had been missed; but still he hoped they would not break up the party because a hundred dollars had disappeared, and he smiled at the reflection that Cora, in reality, thought as much of money as anyone.

His aunt, spying him, called him to her and hastily related what had happened. He was, of course, properly astonished and indignant, and began a homily addressed to Miss Ailsworth upon his favorite text; but that troubled young lady quickly cut him short.

"Pooh! It is not the money, but the portmanteau," she said, almost crying. "My poor mother's!" And with the greatest effort keeping back her tears, she told him how she valued it as a keepsake.

"Get them to dancing again, Mark," said Aunt Alice. "Cora is nearly overcome. We will return presently; and I depend on you to keep these people amused."

An appalling office for Mark. But before he could protest his aunt and Cora had retreated, and there was really nothing for it but to do what he could.

So assuming confidence that he by no means felt, he took charge as master of ceremonies, and soon had the music going as before, and his friends skipping and frisking and setting to each other in the giddy dance.

Meanwhile old Aunt Alice, who had had her theory about the robbery from the first, was not idle.

Inquiry among the servants showed that a woman had been loitering at the end of the avenue that evening. Sarah Billock, the dairymaid, had seen "something moving" near the spring house as late as half-past eight. So all the servants now at Briar Hill—foreign and domestic—were impressed into service and dispatched to search the grounds.

Mark Croxton, with a roll of music in his hand, was just in the midst of the Lancers, eloquently calling upon all to prepare for the "grand chain," when in burst Aunt Alice and Cora with the news that the thief of the pearl pocketbook had been found.

There was a rush to the door and a momentary pressure there; and then the crowd fell back and a group of servants—some grave and excited, some giggling—were seen surrounding a pale, frightened, slender and very pretty girl—our unlucky friend Mary Loftus.

Mark Croxton was thunderstruck. He followed his first impulse—a prudent at least and I am afraid, cowardly one—and stepping behind one of the two pillars, from floor to ceiling, at either end of this stately room, and so was effectually hidden, where at the same time he could observe all that followed.

Mary Loftus cried bitterly, and of her explanations those about her could make nothing, and practical Aunt Alice suggested a search. She was frightened and resisted, but this only made matters worse, and in a moment stout Sarah Billocks, after pushing and pulling at her garments, suddenly and triumphantly drew out the portmanteau and its treasure.

"Very good, young woman," said old Aunt Alice, with a decisive closing of the lips.

"You lodge in jail to-night," Mark Croxton could stand it no longer, and he cried, and threw himself on his bosom.

"I gave her the money and the pocket-book, aunt," he said, and quietly told how and where he had found both; and why he had taken them.

"This is incredible, Mark," said Aunt Alice, very pale and quivering nervously with the excitement of the scene and a certain distrust she had begun to feel since the girl threw herself into Mark's arms.

"No one, gives away so large a sum for nothing. I don't believe it," she added fiercely, for she hated a lie, and had believed this man the truest on earth.

"Well, there was a consideration of course, Aunt Alice," said Mark softly, himself very pale now.

"A valuable one," persisted the old lady. "I demand to know what it was."

"But—just, Aunt Alice," said the young man, just beginning to realize the actual horror of his position, "suppose I do not wish you to know?"

"Then I will believe you have lied," said Mrs. Croxton, with a snap; "and this girl goes to prison, and I will see her punished for the theft if I have to appear in the witness-box myself! Now tell me, nephew, what you gave her that large sum of money for?"

She waited, looking on him with a white and fiery stare—resolute and implacable. I think she believed he had lied, and for that moment hated him, recalling his long years of hypocrisy.

He was sorely distressed, and had not yet disengaged himself from the embrace of the bewildered and terrified creature who had caused all this mischief; but now he seated her gently in a chair, and stood erect and proudly, facing his aunt.

"I have told the truth, Aunt Alice," he said ever so gently, and yet with such a manly resentment of her humiliating imposition. "That money was a price of a compromising letter she held."

"Oh!" cried the old lady, seeing, all of a sudden, all that had passed in quite another light, and one certainly not more favorable to Mark. "A letter?"

I suppose they both forgot where they were and by whom they were surrounded. Cora also was oblivious, and stood, frightened and confused, with one hand on Mrs. Croxton's thin shoulder.

The crowd about them was, of course, profoundly interested; but in a still and well-ordered manner, and except the principals in this scene, scarcely anyone breathed.

"You will let me see and read the letter, perhaps," said Aunt Alice, dryly.

"Don't ask that, aunt! I beseech you!" pleaded the unhappy young man. "For your own peace and happiness I implore you!"

Her respiration became hurried and difficult, and she seemed almost on the point of fainting.

"Don't trifle with me Mark Croxton. I am an old woman, not able to bear much, and what I have always thought of you, you know, and you will show me the letter, nephew. I command you to let me see it."

To comply, or to refuse, a severe, perhaps a fatal blow either way. Mark would have given many years of his life to have spared the aunt he loved, and who had so long and tenderly loved and believed in him. But now there was no longer room for delay or escape, and with a deep sigh, he handed Mrs. Croxton the letter.

I doubt if she cared now what the people around her thought of the strange scene in progress before them. Through her glasses she deliberately read the letter from beginning to end, and then, with her thin lips curled into an expression of intense disdain, quietly handed the paper back.

"And you get that kind of letter which engaged to Cora, here? I don't wonder that it cost something handsome to buy it back. You are a villain."

Great heaven! he saw the truth; she did not suspect the real author—her own son! Poor Mark was sorely tried. He glanced toward Cora, and she met his look with a piteous gaze—a despairing entreaty for explanation, light, trust.

He saw that her trust was still unbroken—a single word would confirm it forever. What could he do? Should he speak? He had never dreamed how much he loved her until now.

But his aunt—poor Aunt Alice—always so kind to him, and who had endured so much! He alone besides herself could measure what she had suffered at the hands of her cruel and ungrateful son, and how much of her love and very life were bound up there.

A bad fellow he had been, but she had no idea how bad, and this letter, if Mark spoke but a word, would reveal the depths of his cousin's infamy, and pierce her withered heart through and through.

"Well, sir?" she said, with white lips.

He spared her, and was silent. It was martyrdom. She struggled for a moment before she could speak, and then, in a whisper with a kind of pant, she said:

"I am done with you, sir."

With a fixed stare, lasting for a second or two, of bitter anger and contempt, she turned her back upon him, and taking Cora's arm, went over to the musicians and engaged in conversation with them, though I do not think she knew one word of what she or they were saying.

Mark bowed gently and withdrew—stunned, though he smiled round him as he went out, seeing the circle of curious faces through a mist.

After a while he took his simple luggage and left the house, making a very quiet exit by the rear, where he encountered no one but Tom Willis.

From him he learned that the party was rapidly breaking up. Mrs. Croxton had been taken with some sort of fit—nothing serious, "one of them faintin' spells"—and the strange woman who was found in the grounds had been dispatched from the premises in the same unconscious state, one of the ladies having offered the use of her carriage to bear the poor creature to the village.

Miss Cora was crying and everything was in confusion, and altogether honest Tom never remembered such a disastrous New Year's party in all his born days.

Mark shook his hand and bade him good-night and took a round-about course for the railway.

Next day, five miles away, in the mournful solitude of his hotel, with a heavy heart, he sat at his traveling desk and

wrote Cora a letter and told her everything, with strict injunctions not to breathe a syllable to his aunt.

A few more days elapsed and his letter was returned to him—unopened!

He was frightened in spite of himself. How could he ever make the truth clear? To lose Cora!

He returned to Briar Hill and was refused admission; and in reply to his distracted message, circuitously conveyed to the woman he now loved madlier than he could ever have believed possible, came word—cruel, insulting—that his gentlemanly persistence could never accomplish anything, and that her resolution to see him no more was unalterable. So all was at an end.

With a sore heart and without hope, Mark Croxton went abroad and made a sort of Child Harold pilgrimage, and the next Christmas holidays found him in London—the most miserable man, I think, in all Her Majesty's dominions—without a purpose, without a hope.

It was a pretty day, and Oxford street was full of people buying their Christmas things; and Mark sauntered along, listlessly examined the shop windows, and all of a sudden he found himself face to face with his cousin, the other Mark—the man whose sin he had expiated and Cora Ailsworth.

Cora stopped, and was hastening to enter one of the stores; but he who loved her so well would not lose his chance, and, walking quickly to her he held out his hand.

"For God's sake, don't turn away from me! My cousin is here, and I will force him to tell you how to save him, I have crucified myself."

"I know. He has told me," she said softly and downcast. "I know how I wronged you."

But for the place he would have taken her in his arms. Mrs. Croxton's son came up.

"Mark, old fellow, I swear I didn't know you! Shake hands, and Merry Christmas! By Jove! you look awfully bad! What have you been doing with yourself? Why didn't you let me know you were in London? We've been here a fortnight. But you were a selfish dog, Mark."

Mark winced.

"Ay, a very selfish dog, always," he laughed sadly. "My aunt is here Miss Ailsworth, and well?"

"Quite well," said Cora softly, through her veil.

"Why don't you go home with Cora, and see her?" said the "Black Mark."

"I'm awfully tired of prowling about shopping, and if you'll relieve me, I'll—I'll remember you in my prayers—ha, ha!—when I say 'em."

They chattered a little longer; but Cora's escort was impatient to get away, and presently relieved them of his presence.

"He never thought of thanking you for what you did for him," said Cora, as she walked by Mark's side.

"What I did was for my aunt's sake, not his. How did it end? What became of the poor girl, Mary Loftus?"

"He married her, after all. She is with us?"

"And did it not kill my aunt?"

"No. The shock of the truth—the realization of how nobly you had acted served as—as—"

"As a counter irritant," smiled Mark, beginning to see. "So like poor Aunt Alice. She will see me now, I hope, and is Mark happy with his wife?"