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SHARRER BROS.
Clothing & Merchant Tailors.

Wants Building.
Main Street, Near Depot.

WESTMINSTER, MD.

WE HAVE AN USUAL
FULL LINE OF GOODS FOR
SEASONABLE CLOTHING.

IN GLOVES—
We have a fine line.

HANDSOME NECKTIES—
In all styles.

HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS, CUFFS,
SUSPENDERS, &c., &c.—

COME AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK

WE SHOW A LARGER AND MORE

VARIETY OF CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING

GOODS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE

COUNTY

STYLES AND PRICES

Will Astonish You.

SHARRER BROS.

STRAUS,

STRAUS,

FURNITURE,

FURNITURE,

The Season has started
and goods are going fast.

if you want any

FURNITURE,

FURNITURE,

CHAMBER SUITS,

PARLOR SUITS,

BUFFETS,

WARDROBES,

EXTENSION TABLES,

OR IN FACT ANY AND EVERY

STRAUS,

STRAUS,

STRAUS,

N. E. Corner Howard and Fayette

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE MORNING HERALD

for 1894.

Poetry.

THE ORCHARD ON THE HILL.

Maurice Thompson in St. Nicholas.

Grandfather's home—that dear old place,
Embossed in trees, a great red barn
With haystacks at its side,
A brook spanned by a rustic bridge,
A gloomy, rumbling mill,
And set against a dreamy sky
An orchard on a hill!

Oh, every summer I go there,
When school is out, to stay;
I look for hens' nests, drink new milk,
And tumble on the hay.
Grandfather is the best of men—
He lets me start the mill—
And oh, the pippins growing in
The orchard on the hill!

Grandmother's old, too, but so sweet
She's sprightly, though she's gray;
She feeds the chickens, milks the cows,
And churns, 'most every day,
Such yellow butter! And her pies
The pastry-cook would kill!
They're made of yellow harvests from
The orchard on the hill!

Across the farm I love to run,
Through fields of grass and grain,
And fight the thistles by the brook.
The meadows in the garden
I love the dear old lawn set
With rosemary, rue, and dill;
But best of all, and most of all,
The orchard on the hill!

Oh, the berries from the briars!
Oh, the melons green and gold!
We put them in the spring-house
To make them good and cold;
And from the beehives, now and then,
A honey-bowl we fill,
To sweeten our baked gingers from
The orchard on the hill!

At night grandfater tells me tales
Of long and long ago,
Grandmother knits and knits and smiles
To see her stocking grow.
While all outdoors it is so calm,
So dusky and so still,
And then the moon rolls up behind
The orchard on the hill!

At 9 o'clock we have our prayer,
And then I go to bed,
And away off in the darkest room,
And cover up my head,
Most sacred to death, and listen to
The lone voice whippoorwill
Calling to its mate across
The orchard on the hill!

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A loud "Hurrah!" went up, and "Three cheers for our plucky little conductor!"
Hopeful, smiling faces took the place of gloomy, frowning ones, and the murmurs of grumbling and discontent ceased. Meanwhile our little conductor had left us—had set forth without further delay on his brave, kindly errand.

We curled ourselves in our warm berth for a few minutes more, and thought shiveringly of the bitter cold without, and the terrible blizzard blowing. We decided that Conductor B—(we afterward learned the good man's name) was a hero. Think of what he was facing for us!

Then we realized we must dress. We managed to make our toilet—in a somewhat cramped position, it is true, as even the best of "Pullman" berths are not very wide—but then, every one else was up and dressed, and we have already said, and therefore, we could not make good our escape to the dressing-room as well as we might have done otherwise.

So, concealed by the heavy red and gold jarred curtains, we managed to avoid observation, until we could come forth properly attired.

We were dimly conscious that our over-skirt hung somewhat crookedly, and had grave doubts as to whether our hair was as smoothly and artistically arranged as it should have been, as we had had only a tiny hand-glass to view it by; but it was the best one could do under the circumstances.

On presenting ourselves we were greeted by a little derisive laughter near by, which was rather nettling, to say the least.

A well-known voice exclaimed in a rather convulsed tone—
"If you only could see yourself, child! You are simply irresistible!"

We deigned one scornful look in the direction of the voice, which emanated from a young man, who appeared so meekly innocent, whilst, that one would have never dreamed him guilty of sarcasm, and fled in the direction of the dressing-room. In the privacy and seclusion of that small room we determined husbands were not altogether agreeable—they were apt to be too frank occasionally.

It was nearly noon when our gallant conductor returned, struggling manfully with two huge, heavily laden baskets, his small, wiry form so whitened by the snow, through which he had waded, his red, weather-beaten face such a dull purple from the stinging cold, as to be almost unrecognizable.

Again the car was rent with cheers. Then the great baskets were seized upon with startling rapidity, and their contents stiffered in less time than it takes to write of. The somewhat tough steak between the thick slices of bread was cold, and the coffee, which had been brought in bottles, cold likewise, and quite innocent of milk; but, oh! how more than thankful we poor, famished mortals were to noble little Conductor B!

"Some one brought me back in a sleigh," he informed us cheerily, watching his goodly store of provisions vanishing with an appreciative smile, "so it wasn't so bad, you see, after all. If the wind hadn't blown so I'd have reached the station soon enough in spite of the snow; but 'twas pretty hard walking with that 'ere blizzard in your face all the way! And that 'ere Iowa town! (referring to the station) well, 'twasn't any credit to the State! If it had been, I'd have brought you something better—but, bless my soul, I was lucky to get what I did!" he ended, chuckling.

"It's good enough—good enough!" a chorus of voices protested, and the way the huge sandwiches and black coffee were disappearing would certainly testify that it was not bad.

All that day we were snow-bound. The hours seemed interminable—the day endless. The passengers read, dozed, talked by fits and starts with one another, stared aimlessly about the car, for they could see nothing out the windows for the drifts, yawned, slept a little more, played cards as a last resource, and grew depressed, cheerful, desperate, and hopeful by turns.

monopolizing the conversation. The elder man was intent, as the majority of others were, on the meal before him. How little did the young people know whether it was fried ham and eggs, or roast beef and mashed potato on their plates! And yet they were hungry like the rest of us, and ate heartily enough. But they evidently did not know just what it was they were eating.

"Cecil," we managed to whisper, "were we ever that oblivious?"
The grim, stern man addressed as "Cecil" struggled a moment with some very hot coffee, and the replied heartlessly—
"Yes; I guess we were just such folks." If it had not been that there was a certain kindly, tender smile lurking in his blue gray eyes, when he said this, what might the consequences not have been?

All through the night the train fed on at a fearful speed. We slept but little, and at Burlington sat up in our narrow berth, and looked out at the pretty, quaint-looking town sleeping so peacefully in the pale, still moonlight on the hill side, above the great, dark, rushing Mississippi.

In the morning a dining car was put on, and at breakfast we had the pleasure of sitting just behind our young couple at one of the little white tables.

The girl looked more blooming than ever. Certainly, a long journey did not lessen or injure her young beauty any! The dark eyes shone; the fair cheeks glowed; the pretty hair was brushed back from the white temples so smoothly it made one think of rich, amber-brown satin!

At coquetish brown hair, over whose brim fell countless little brown plumes, surmounted this shining hair.
"Papa," the owner of it was saying smilingly, quite audaciously, "Mr.—and I have decided we rather like being snow-blocked."

The young man looked an eager assent.
"Well, you didn't seem to mind it much," admitted the girl's father, at which both the young people blushed considerably.

We were on the outskirts of that great city, now—the "Queen of the West." Occasionally we caught glimpses of the blue, sun lit Lake Michigan. All about us were the pretty suburbs of the huge town—small attractive homes, surrounded by tasteful little gardens.

Surely, these dining cars were models of comfort! One could sit sipping one's coffee at the daintiest of white tables, with a most tempting and deliciously cooked little breakfast before one, and yet have one's eyes charmed by lovely scenery flashing past! How much preferable, this, to scrambling out at some forlorn little way station and snatching a hurried, miserable meal! Here one could eat as leisurely as one liked, with every want supplied, and the most perfect attendance.

"Our grinning 'Samba,' in his spotless saucy and apron, flitted hurried around us, so fearful was he lest we should not be as delighted as a child, when we praised the pretty little green and gold bill of fare."
"Keep one, Mistic—keep one!" he cried thrusting one into our hand, and when in return we slipped some bits of silver into his black palm, how starting that capacious grin became.

We found our young couple in front of us had already secured two of the dainty pieces of green and gold cardboard.
"I want you to keep yours in remembrance of our pleasant trip," we heard the young man saying, "I mean to keep mine."

The girl raised her luminous eyes for a moment to his face; then dropped them.
"I shall need nothing to remind me of it," she said prettily.

And while these little significant asides were going on, how obligingly absorbed the young girl's father remained in the Chicago Tribune, which, with other papers, had been brought on board at the last station! He, evidently, must have known the young man before, we determined. He appeared so perfectly at ease concerning his constant presence with his daughter.

SEX RELATIONSHIP.

A Calm and Dispassionate View of The Woman Question.

From the Westminster Review.

The rights and wrongs of women are now debated with a vigor and violence which increase every day. Those who demand for women not only all the privileges which men possess but also continued exemption from their responsibilities would carry the principle of female emancipation to a point which has aroused opposition on the part of many who in every great question of the day are admittedly leaders of the party of progress. While the contest rages as to whether women are to know, say and do everything that the coarsest of men can, or, on the other hand, be kept completely in the background, people are apt to forget what is really the crucial point of the whole question.

They forget that the position of women, and of men, too, for that matter, is inseparably bound up with the relationships between the sexes known as marriage; are apt to forget the importance of that relationship not only to individuals, but to the state; are apt to forget that too rigorous a subjection of women may bring us near to barbarism; too great an emancipation may lead to that corruption which has so often in the world's history been the outcome of a civilization which has not placed restraint on the passions and impulses.

The prosperity of a country depends on the proper maintenance of the relations between husband and wife quite as much as on its outer strength, and however great and powerful a country may seem to be, if these domestic relations are unhealthy, if the wife has not her place in the social polity, that country is rotten to the core, and its complete decay and demoralization are inevitable. Speaking generally, there are four aspects or ideals of the status of the wife—four ways in which her position is regarded by men.

There is the method of the barbarian, that of the oriental, that of western civilization, that of corrupt civilization, which last is practically the degraded form of the third. The barbarian regards his wife as a mere slave—a squaw to cook his food, carry his burdens, submit to his ill usage. The oriental sees in his wife a plaything to gratify his passions, to be kept in the strictest seclusion, and to be treated altogether as a brainless being, regarded by him, in fact, so far as any respect is concerned, much as the squaw is regarded by the savage.

From the third point of view the wife's position is very different. True, she is the mother of her husband's children; true, she has duties to perform which her husband would disdain; true, her husband is the head of the family, and she bears his name. But with all this she is looked upon as her husband's equal, is the sharer of his counsels, his intelligent partner and has a right to expect from him the fidelity which in the case of the savage or the oriental is so one-sided.

The credit of placing this view of married life before mankind has been claimed by Christian writers for their religion. But although we must admit that Christianity has done much to improve the position of woman, yet the high ideal which we have termed that of western civilization existed in a very strong degree in ancient Greece, still more strongly among the Romans and the nations of western Europe, whom they conquered and civilized long before Christianity was preached, and the noble qualities which we admire in those races may often be directly traced to the influence of wives and mothers.

But high as is this ideal, history shows that there are dangers which threaten those societies where it prevails; danger the outcome of that very civilization which it has done so much to perfect. Luxury, prosperity, too great liberty, want of mutual respect and continual striving after new sensations are too apt to destroy that wholesome state of things which has been the palladium of every great nation, and we too often have examples of the fourth ideal, which, though springing from the third, is so distinct from it that it deserves to be classed by itself. Where a wife is no longer content with taking her share in the battle of life, no longer content to recognize the fact that there are things which it better becomes the woman to do than the man, and vice versa; when she insists on aping and sharing the follies and vices of the man, on casting from her that modesty and reserve which are woman's greatest charms; when she spurns maternity and domestic duties as trivial or monotonous, then indeed the marriage state must fall into disrepute; then the fatherland must surely suffer.

It was this which led to the unspeakable horrors of imperial Rome; it was the unsexed women, their profligacy only equalled by their audacity, who were responsible as much as Nero and Domitian themselves for the downfall of Roman civilization. Otho and Silius would have been impossible but for Poppaea and Messalina. It latter times, too, and even in Christian countries, where the marriage tie was in theory held so sacred that if duly celebrated it could only be dissolved by death, we have seen a state of things as bad.

If a coal dealer sell a load of coal to another who refuses to pay him for them, will he sell to him the second time? If a farmer sell a crop of corn to another who refuses to pay him, will he sell to him again? If a merchant sell a bill of goods to another and the party refuses to pay him, will he sell him the second bill? If a physician sell his brain, leaves a warm bed, exposes himself to all weathers, loses time, wears out himself and team, to relieve the sufferings of humanity, would you call the man who refuses or will not pay him? It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. To be honest is honesty, to rob is robbery, and that's all there is in it. It pays to do right; it pays to be honest; it pays to pay one's debts when in our power to do so.

Newspapers and Their Readers.

There are three or four classes of people who never read the daily or weekly newspaper even in this enlightened nineteenth century, and, singularly enough, they have little in common save this one peculiarity. [That they are behind the age is not more evident than that some of them are missing the chance of obtaining a liberal education without the loss of time and the expenditure of money involved in a university course.

Men who cannot read would naturally be expected to care nothing for the newspaper. And yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that all men of this sort are thus indifferent. There are many illiterate men who are eager to know what is going on, and they are among the best patrons of public journals. While they cannot read, they listen to others, and usually have retentive memories. It is a great mistake to suppose that all the illiterate are also ignorant.

Some people are too parsimonious to patronize the newspaper. They imagine that their chief duty in life is to make all they can and save all they can, in order that their children may have a good time after they have gone to the cemetery. They indulge in no luxuries and no comforts with which they can dispense, and as they look upon the newspaper as a luxury they will have nothing to do with it. Their children grow up rude, uncultured, ignorant and starved in mind because of the folly of those parents.

There is a class of highly cultured people in the country who will not read any book which is less than a half century old, because they do not believe anything is literature which has not stood the test of time, and the newspaper, in their critical opinion, is not literature and never can be. They live in the past. They have only a vague idea of what the world is talking and thinking about and are of very little use to themselves or to anybody else.

How Not to Take Cold.

From the National Educator.

A little bit of really valuable advice for this season of the year: Keep your mouth shut. If people would only do this they would avoid colds and coughs, and sometimes serious illness. The prescription is a very simple one, and not even the merit of originality can be claimed for it; but it undoubtedly is efficacious. Mr. Catlin, the celebrated traveler among the North American Indians, discovered that they were free from many of the diseases which afflict civilized nations, and he attributed this exemption to the practice of keeping their mouths closed at almost all times, except when they are eating or talking. The mothers teach the children this from their earliest infancy. And does it not stand to reason that it is better to breathe through the nostrils the chilly air when leaving a heated room for the street, or even when going into a cold passage, than letting it go straight to the lungs in an ordinary way? Mr. Catlin declares that "Shut your mouth" is the most important motto which the human language can convey.

The example furnished by nature in the production of marble from chalk by water—the latter percolating gradually and steadily through the chalky deposits, dissolving the chalk, particle by particle, and crystallizing it, mountain pressure effecting its characteristic solidity—is it now found may be the basis of accomplishing similar results by a resort to chemical processes. Slices of chalk are for this purpose dipped into a color bath, staining them with tints that will imitate any kind of marble known, the same mineral stains answering this end as are employed in nature, for instance, to produce the appearance of the well-known and popular verde antique, an oxide of copper application is resorted to, and, in a similar manner, green, pink, black and other colorings are obtained. The slices, after they are placed in another bath, where they are hardened and crystallized, coming out, to all intents and purposes, real marble.

News Wanted.
News, news, news! It's enough to give a fellow the blues. Nobody mangled and nobody dead, nobody broke an arm or a head. Nobody came in to talk of the "crap," nobody got hoary and started a scarp, no one got run in for taking a horn, nobody buried anybody born. Oh! for a racket, a riot, a fuss, someone to come and kick up a muss; someone to stir up the peace laden air, somebody's comest to give us a scare. Somebody thumped within an inch of his life, someone run off with another man's wife, somebody's baby got choked on a pin. Someone to come in and pay up his dues; anything, anything, just so it's news.

Buttermilk for Silverware.
A correspondent in the Christian Union says:—I have discovered an easy method of restoring tarnished silver to its first appearance. Silverware becomes so blackened from the sulphur smoke that I was disgusted with mine. However, I forgot a little cream in a jug; it soured, and on cleaning it I noticed the bottom was like new silver. I immediately put all I had in buttermilk for a few hours. The lard became as fresh as first. Any kind of sour milk is just as good. No more scouring which did not produce the new appearance.

Those women who have been dowered with good sense wear easy, well fitting shoes, always of some inconspicuous color, usually black. That is one secret of diminishing the appearance of size. Black makes the foot look smaller, and an easy fit does not give the uncomfortable look of a foot bigger than the shoe, but suggests that the shoe is the larger of the two, a consummation devoutly to be wished. The short, wide foot is given a slender, patrician look by a shoe that is rather too long.

"My old man," said Aunty Chub, "is the worst man for chicken-pox ever. If he can't get a chicken no other way he'll go and buy one."

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