

# The Democratic Advocate.

\$1 PER ANNUM.

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1899.

VOL. XXXIV.--NO. 37.

*Wm. J. Derr* *Wm. J. Derr* *Wm. J. Derr*

## THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM.

OUR STORE CLOSSES AT 6 P. M. EXCEPT SATURDAY.

## OCCASION EXTRAORDINARY No. 2.

This second week of our Great July Bargain Sales we will make the banner week of the whole season. The values offered are the most powerful magnets this Great Store has ever held. Every item is new desirable goods and the prices are just half value.

BE WITH THE CROWD. BARGAINS LIKE THESE DON'T COME EVERY DAY.

## TWO IMMENSE SHOE BARGAINS.

Saturday morning we put on sale 500 pairs Women's Fine Custom Shoes, made in the newest styles, of fine Kid, some with patent leather tips, others kid tipped and common sense—every pair of these women's shoes are positive \$2 and \$1.50 kinds, some are button, others lace, and a goodly proportion of Oxford Ties—all sizes; pick quick.

AT 90c PAIR.

## GIRLS' OXFORD TIES.

There are not many in this lot—only 36 pairs, and a few pairs of button shoes, the Oxfords are spring heels and fine Kid, with patent leather tips, in all sizes from 9 to 2; every pair have been good \$1 values. Yours today.

AT 50c PAIR.

### Summer Hats \$1.50.

We have about twenty ladies' pretty light Summer Hats, in Leghorns, Panamas, etc., all beautifully trimmed; they have been \$4 and \$5. Today pick

For \$1.50 Each.

### Pretty Silks 25c.

We will sell today about 100 yards pretty Foulard Silks, dark blue grounds, with white printing, regular price 50c; but now reduced to

Only 25c Yard.

### Flower Sale 5c.

500 bunches beautiful Flowers, in every variety and color; they have sold from 25c to 75c bunch. Today they go on sale at

Only 5c Bunch.

### Fine Gingham 5c.

1000 yards lovely Scotch and French Dress Gingham open today, in pretty stripes and plaids; every yard has sold for 10c and 12c. Today yours

At 5c Yard.

### Tailored Suits \$5.

A dozen ladies' \$10 Suits are here today, in dark blue and black serge, splendidly made, and

Only \$5 Suit.

### India Linen 4c.

600 yards India Linen, worth 8c yard, at just half price, only

4c Yard.

THE ABOVE ITEMS WILL ALL BE READY AND ON SALE AT 9.30 SATURDAY MORNING. BE HERE EARLY.

## The Great Model Emporium,

*Wm. J. Derr*

July 8

WESTMINSTER, MD.

## THEO. DERR & SON.

SPRING OPENING SATISFACTORY STORE.

## INTERESTING SUMMER BARGAINS.

A thousand and one items of everyday needfuls to housekeepers are here; all marked at prices within the reach of everybody.

### SPECIAL PRICES ON FRUIT JARS.

Mason's best quality in Pints 35c; Quarts 45c; Half Gallon 55c per dozen. These are below market value. Jelly Glasses 18c dozen for small, 20c for large.

### YOU THINK OF BUYING A REFRIGERATOR.

Our stock is complete, and includes all the most reliable makes at very low prices. No home is complete without one.

### LAWN SWINGS \$5!

This is the most useful article you can buy at so small a price. We have the best ones made. See them.

### CROQUETTE SETS!

This is Croquette Headquarters; all styles of sets at little prices. 4 Ball Sets 55c. 8 Ball Sets 55c. 8 Ball Professional Sets \$2.

The Baby needs a CARRIAGE. Our stock is the largest and lowest prices prevail. Call and see them.

OUR STORE IS OPEN EVERY EVENING.

THEO. DERR & SON,

75 & 77 E. Main street, Westminster, Md.

## BRING IN YOUR HOUSE AND BARN BIDS

FOR US TO FIGURE ON.

We have the largest and best assorted stock of

## LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS and MILL WORK

ever before in the city. If you want a square deal, figure with us.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER,

Westminster, Md.

feb25 Selling Agents for "Eclipse Wall Plaster" and Ruberoid Roofing

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

## GRAND RAPIDS FURNITURE COMPANY OF BALTIMORE.

CHEAPEST CASH HOUSE IN BALTIMORE, ON

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTINGS, &c.

Courteous Salesmen, Low Prices always prevail. Goods well packed to please our trade in the country. Elevator to all floors.

Don't forget the number.

227 North Howard street, BALTIMORE, MD.

apex by Oehm's Acme Hall.

This house is backed by forty years of experience in the furniture business. It is a proud record, and where an improvement can be made in the service of our customers, we are not slow to make it.

Whatever you need for men or boys in wearing apparel can be found here, better and cheaper, without going all over town, it's complete under one roof.

Men's Serge Suits \$7.50, \$10 and \$12.50. Men's Overcoats, the best and worthiest, in weight \$15, \$20 and \$25. They're worth \$2.50 to \$5 more.

Men's Straw Hats. Jumbo Broad Straws 98c. Stylish Mackinaws \$1 and \$1.25. Fine English Suits \$15 and \$18.

Men's Summer Underwear. Fine Ballgowns, 10 colors, \$1 and \$1.25. Imported Bathing Gowns \$1 and \$1.25. The finest quality of high quality \$1 Silk Underwear \$1.50.

Men's Negligee Shirts. The Dollar Madras Shirts 68c. Fine Imported Madras \$1. Silk Front Shirts, with seam to seam \$1. Silk Room Shirts 50c. All in the latest and most desirable colors and patterns.

Meet your friends in our waiting rooms, check your baggage, receive your telegrams, every accommodation is at your service.

Oehm's Acme Hall, Baltimore and Charles streets, BALTIMORE, MD.

may: All Our Lines Pass Our Door.

WESTMINSTER DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, WESTMINSTER, MD.

Capital Stock paid in Cash \$50,000.00

Stockholders' Liability 50,000.00

Total Resources 100,000.00

Authorized to act as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Receiver and Trustee, and as a Legal Depository for Money.

Allows Interest on Deposits and makes Loans on Stocks, Bonds and Other Approved Security.

Special Rates for Deposits made for Definite Periods.

Fire and Burglar Proof Vault for the Safekeeping of Securities and for Storage of Silver, Cheques, etc.

Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent.

Boys and Girls' Lace Shoes from 75c to \$2.00.

Men's Dress Shoes in Tan and Black, Velour and Calf Shoes in all the Latest Style Tones, from \$1.00 to \$4.50.

Our Carriage Ladies' Shoes have no parallel in Footwear.

Our new Spring Stock of

SOFT AND STIFF HATS

Affords great attractions to buyers who can appreciate superior qualities.

We know what you want, it is good quality, the correct style and the low price.

In Dress Cases we have something new and cheap.

We keep a very complete assortment in all departments, and the best in our kind always. We are the oldest Shoe and Hat Store in Westminster, and have made a study of shoes and best prices for our customers. Don't handle shoddy goods.

Yours Respectfully,

G. L. REAVER,

Wants Building, opp. Catholic Church, mar25 th Westminster, Md.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Galvanized Fencing Wire at prices that have never been known in the trade.

Lead and Oil so cheap that anyone can afford to paint this season.

Ice in plenty. We have a large stock of the best make of Freezers and Refrigerators.

Don't you need Gasoline or Oil Stove for summer cooking? We have them; they are cheap.

Door and Window Screens of various styles. A full line of first-class Cooking Stoves and Ranges, of long established reputation, at reduced prices.

A call will soon convince you that the baton has been completely knocked out of the hands of the competition.

Glass, Oil, Paints and Putty, Plastering, Hair and Cement, and in fact everything in the Building Hardware line can be found, as well as low prices, at the old established stand of

GILBERT & GEHR,

Corner Main and Liberty streets, Westminster, Md.

Plumbing, Heating, Spouting, Tin Roofing is our specialty. feb 29

TALENT FESTIVAL will be held at Bigg's Chapel on Saturday Evening July 15, if the weather is favorable, if not, the following Saturday evening. A band of Music will be present. July 13

OFFICE—In the Advocate Building, Westminster, Md. may 11\*

## Select Story.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

Gertrude Atherton in Fall Mill Gazette.

CHAPTER I.

Miss Benham looked impatiently at the clock. Her last and most favored admirer was twenty minutes late, and being a belle, and somewhat spoiled, she was both irritated and astonished. It was her first winter in New York, and although she had four beaux, her heart had not taken fire as spontaneously as those of the still youthful and romantic South, she had found the belle of the winter.

She had met Maynard Bridges toward the end of the winter; he was a very busy man, and went little into society. In spite of her frequent complaints he was, in fact, more of a daily outsider; for he was the editor of a daily newspaper. He was a club man and one of the hardest working journalists in New York. He used to say frankly that he was ashamed of the sensational newspaper which paid him the largest salary received by any editor in the metropolis, but he had made a stupendous success of that newspaper on its own lines.

He had met Cora Benham at the house of a woman who was faithful to her old friends whether they poured riches at the feet of New York society or not. Since the night he had taken the Southern belle to dinner he had called on her daily, and although she had too much tact to show in the presence of her other admirers, her decided preference for his society, she managed to be alone when he called. To-night she had given up a ball for his sake.

But when Bridges entered he made no apology. His handsome face was brilliant with eagerness, and even his big frame made for repose, was manifestly under control of his nerves. He was often restless, but to-night something seemed on the point of bursting through. Miss Benham was essential and self-forgetful at once.

"I was afraid something had happened to you," she murmured in her sympathetic voice. "Take that chair—it is so comfortable. I see that something extraordinary has happened. Do tell me about it—that is of course, if you care to, and if I don't understand it."

"What couldn't a man talk to you about? And what couldn't you understand? By the way, there is a telephone in this house, isn't there?"

"Aunt has one in the upper hall."

"I was sure of it, and I shouldn't have ventured to come, but you see you are so kind as to suggest it, and I don't want to be left out of anything. I'll be right back."

"Oh, dear, dear, it is nothing so personal as that; but it is magnificent all the same. That is, if it is true, and our men are pretty reliable. A report has come out of the wire that the Blue Star liner Superbia has gone to pieces just off the Irish coast in a thick snow storm, and that the few people saved—mostly women—are clinging hand over hand up a perpendicular cliff in their night clothes."

Miss Benham had sprung to her feet. "How awful! Is there any one on board?" she asked. "No wonder you are excited. Oh, I wish I could do something. Delicate women clinging a perpendicular cliff in their night clothes—"

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ural. I may not approach the ideal you have cherished in your old-fashioned, High-tail South, but at least I am myself. I make no pretensions. Let that plead for me. Remember, also, that the true philosophy of life is to take people as you find them, and not to insist upon their being like somebody else.

He had touched her in a vulnerable spot, she looked at him with less of resentment. But she shook her head.

"My sympathies may be quick," she said. "I think they are; and I have had only admiration for you heretofore; but as you say, I must study this out. And I cannot begin my course until I know that the poor creature hanging to that cliff are safe."

"I'll return to the office at once and telephone you as the news comes in. There is no use for me to say any more now, and I shall not come here again until you send for me. I simply cannot face that cliff in your company. They look like fun, and usually \* \* \* Well, you have succeeded in blunting my news sense for once. I have practically forgotten the office for the last ten minutes. I must go now. Good-night."

"Good-night." But she did not turn her head again nor hold out her hand.

CHAPTER II.

The messages which travelled between the editorial rooms of the New York Eye and Murray Hill that night were very unsatisfactory, and the startling headlines of the great daily merely asserted next morning that the ladies were still clinging to the cliff. However, at 10 o'clock Mr. Bridges departed on his usual morning tour.

Miss Benham had not escaped from the ship had reached level ground and were being properly cared for.

When Cora recovered from the shock and the suspense, she unlocked her top drawer and took out a miniature bookcase containing a novel, the volume of which each volume was inscribed with the name of an ornament to the sex which did her homage, and the leaves were covered with written characters. She removed the one inscribed Maynard Bridges and wrote in it as follows:

"Journalism has developed a sixth sense (except news sense) which is under-nourished civilization while apparently developing it, for its votaries when of guard are nearly more so than savages. Query: Should a journalist be considered as a serious subject for matrimony, or merely as a specimen of a novelty, interesting to the passer-by?"

"I must dispose of this point before I shall see Maynard Bridges again. He both attracted and repelled me from the first, but until last night all my efforts to analyze his peculiar personality were futile. Now, however, I understand, as clearly as an abnormal development, a helpless victim of this modern monster."

"If I had not had this truly hideous revelation, should I have loved and married him? After referring to previous entries I have come to the conclusion that I should, for despite their repellent force, I was fascinated by his brains, his magnetism and his delightful manners—which he owes to his Southern blood, his mother was a Maynard. Am I safe now? That is the question. If not, I must go straight home, instead of going to Bar Harbor—for we are to visit at the same houses there."

"The thought of it the more I feel sure that I could not marry a man who is dominated by an artificial and meddling instinct; I should feel as if I were living with a sort of modern Frankenstein."

A few days later she wrote again:

"I have decided to let matters take their course. As we are leaving town at once, I should not see him here again in any case. We shall meet at Bar Harbor, but I am now quite positive that hereafter he will merely interest me as a curiosity."

CHAPTER III.

They met in Bar Harbor in July, and, as both were people of the world, there was nothing in their manner, even when alone, to suggest that a few weeks before they had been on the brink of matrimony. Nevertheless, for Miss Benham to resist flirting with an interesting man would have been as easy as to pinch to death the joye de vivre, and Maynard Bridges was an interesting man. In fact, he was distinctly the most interesting man at Bar Harbor, in the opinion of the women who were so suddenly, a week after his arrival—as he seemed to have forgotten the existence of journalism, she never even caught him reading a newspaper.

"I cannot make him out," she announced to the little book inscribed Maynard Bridges. "When I knew him first, before he let me see almost at once that he loved me. Now his air is simply, 'You are the most charming girl here, and moreover, a belle who commands the temporary devotion of any discriminating man.' Or is he playing a deep game? Trying to poppe me?" Doubtless, as he is giving certain other facilities the more effectively. If he would let it up by the roots I would marry him tomorrow—at least, I think I would."

"One morning they ran their canoe into the cove of a small island and wandered about in a cartony way. They were quite alone. Sullivan, on their right, with his solitary stroke, might have been an abandoned village awaiting its poet."

"Just think!" exclaimed Cora. "Sullivan is two hundred years old, and has never had a church—a New England village at that."

"I am going to marry you," said Bridges, by way of reply. He was smoking, his tones were unimpassioned and he was looking at her with eyes in which there was no trace of timid tentativeness.

"But if he had wished to take her by surprise he succeeded. She started, changed her position abruptly and colored. But she answered vehemently:

"Indeed you are not! Do not fancy I am a child of a girl to be captured off-hand by a 'masterful man.' I am twenty-four, and I long since learned to use my reason, and to balance it against my wishes. I would not marry you—not if I never married."

"Then you never will marry," he replied coolly. "For you love me. You belong to the old-fashioned Southern type that would go through life cherishing an unfortunate attachment rather than seek distraction and compensation in a brilliant man. Of course you could go on being a belle—but I doubt if you'd care about it. Do you like the prospect of the alternative?"

"Anything would be better than marrying a man I could not possibly be happy with."

She was so accustomed to dealing with men in their proposing moods that she was quite herself again.

"You jump very nimbly to the conclusion that you could not be happy with me."

"I have given weeks to thinking it all out; I know you would propose sooner or later; they always do. There is a terrible lack in you, and the original human instinct which should be there is replaced by a horrid faculty which you call the 'news sense,' and which certainly dwarfs all your others. I could never understand, as you say, 'between us' would be impossible. I should stifle."

"But you love me," she replied meditatively. "You attract me more—satisfy, in an elusive way, something in me—but it is only temporary. As soon as I am at home my experience will seem quite like a dream."

"It will boom up and haunt you as the one real experience of your life. I promise you that." He flung away his cigar, and before she could guess his intention caught her in a close embrace and kissed her repeatedly. She struggled out of his arms and sprang to her feet.

"Take me home this instant!" she gasped. "How dared you! Have you no respect for women up here? I hate you. If you had been brought up in the South—"

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"Hang the South!" cried Bridges, with blinding eyes. "I am going to marry you—do you understand? I haven't a half dozen failures to my account in all the forty years of my life—and those are too insignificant to remember. What is more, I never wanted anything that journalism could give me as much as I want you. I appreciate more than you can appreciate now. Journalism in New York is like a concert of Europe—a combination of superficial resemblance in thought and motives and of watchful hatred. Come. Let us go back."

CHAPTER IV.

She kept her room for two days. Her first instinct had been for precipitate flight, for she was terrified. Her only reason for dismissing the idea was the assurance that Bridges would follow. He loved her, of course; but she was no queen to him; he was too hard and practical, too self-centered and ambitious to spend his life on the steps of a throne. She resented this attitude with all the accumulated arrogance of long years of easy conquests. Then she reflected that, by all will laws of romance, she should be madly in love with this wonderful being, whom she could not dominate, who had not even taken the trouble to propose to her, and who looked before her six feet one and as sure as fate. But she was a woman of high and rather romantic ideas. He did not appeal to her imagination in the least.

She kept her room because she wished to consider the question in all its aspects and arrive at a definite conclusion before she met him again. At the close of the second day she wrote as follows in the little volume which bore his name:

"I am sure now that it is a pure question of personal magnetism. His influence on my mind invariably reverts with the accumulation of hours between us. That means that I have no sentiment for him, for if I had I should love him more when we were parted. I have now decided once for all. I will not marry him. I have a premonition that the wrench will be harder than I anticipate at present—my brain feels worn out on this now—and that I shall be on the point of sending for him again and again. If I don't love him I am closer to love than I've been before, because he has awakened fully my third of me. But I should be worse than a fool if I deliberately put out the light that has steadily grown in my brain, and which I have so carefully tended. If I wait long enough I shall find everything; or if I do not, better a thousand times to live alone with one's ideals."

There was a ball that night and she was engaged for every dance. It would be cowardly to excuse herself further, although she would have been glad to go to bed. The house where the ball was to be was on a cliff some distance from her aunt's house, and during the drive there she managed to ascertain that Maynard Bridges was still in Bar Harbor.

She was surrounded as soon as she entered the room, but Bridges was not present, nor did he appear later. The ball-room overlooked the water, and she could hear the roar of the ocean high above the music.

Toward midnight the room became insufferably hot and her head was dizzy with fatigue. She commanded her partner of the moment to take her to the dressing-room; then slipped out to the balcony. The rain had ceased. The moon was out, the Atlantic seemed hurrying itself over the bar. She turned her back on the shivering figures behind the windows and determined to remain there until it was time to go home, or until Maynard Bridges found her.

As she stood under a lantern she faced a man who lay in a long chair just beyond the next pillar. He rose in a moment and came forward.

"You are very pale," he said.

"I have been thinking for two days, and I have decided once for all. I shall not marry you."

"Her voice, her manner were convincing. "Very well," he said politely.

She stole a swift glance through her eyelashes. He had his hands in his pockets and was gazing out upon the tossing bay. He looked as if, he, too, had been thinking and was tired of it.

"I wish you'd take me out in a boat," she said abruptly.