

The Democratic Advocate.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 49.

THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM.



THESE OPENING DAYS

Bring a splendid showing of all the favored materials and garments for ladies' and children's wear. This store makes a specialty of ladies goods and shows the most complete assortment of all that is new and beautiful. Special exhibits in

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This is really the most attractive display of wanted materials for fall wear we have ever brought to your notice. Notwithstanding the fact that these are all new. The prices are the lowest we have ever quoted for like qualities.

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Stockholders' Liability 50,000.00
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Special Rates for Deposits made for Definite Periods.

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L. A. HALLER, PRACTICAL MACHINIST, Westminster, Md.

Repairing of Engines, Boilers, Steam Pumps, Mill Work, Threshing Machines, Binders, Reapers, Mowers and Agricultural Implements

of every description, in the best manner. Shafting and all kinds of Brass and Iron Castings furnished. Bicycles Repaired. Bicycles, Sewing Machines and Signa Re-examined at short notice. Braising a Specialty.

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MAKE YOUR OWN DO-UGH

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and life will be a prosperous one. We do not want to exchange work and have constantly on hand

FLOUR, MEAL, HOMINY, CRACKED CORN and Feed of all Kinds. Also pay highest cash price for GRAIN.

Thanking our customers for their favors of the past and soliciting their trade in the future. We remain very respectfully,
HERING BROS.,
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Dealer in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, Segars, etc. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

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Buy WHEAT at all times at the HIGHEST MARKET PRICES, especially for Long-berry, and will at all times be glad to EXCHANGE FLOUR FOR WHEAT with our customers.

Mill Feed, Flour, Screenings, &c., constantly on hand, and at the lowest prices. We invite the farmers of Carroll and adjoining counties to give us a call. We guarantee kind and fair treatment. Yours Respectfully,

ROBERTS, ROOP & CO., Proprietors.

FRANK K. HERR, SAMUEL K. HERR, F. K. HERR & BRO., Manufacturers of COACHES, CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, JAGGER WAGONS, PHLETONS, &c.

Special attention given to Repairing. All orders promptly filled and work of every kind warranted.

Factory opposite the Monitor House, Main street, Westminster, Md. aug 19

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having purchased the stock of Stephan Bros., corner of Main and John streets, Westminster, (the old Morningstar stock), I would be pleased to see their former customers and my friends. Call and examine my stock which you will find the largest in Westminster.

FAMILY GROCERIES, CHINA, GLASS AND QUEEN-WARE, FLOUR, SYRUPS, TEAS, COFFEES, EXTRACTS, CAKES, CRACKERS, AND CANDIES, you which will find always fresh.

We take COUNTRY PRODUCE in Exchange and pay Cash.

Orders solicited and goods delivered promptly in the city limits.

All goods must be as represented. Come and see them and learn the prices. No trouble to show goods.

Yours,
W. H. DAVIS, (at the old Morningstar stand.)

On and after August 1st I will have a Bargain Counter that will pay you to see. July 30-31

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The September number will be issued soon, and each subscriber to the Advocate will receive a complimentary copy. After looking it over, those who desire to subscribe to it can get it for 50 cents a year.

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

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. Highly colored with his lips, risen to his feet, and with his arm raised above his head, had emptied his revolver into the silence of the night.

"They'll know there's a British officer where that revolver is," he said cheerily.

"Another word like that, my son, and I leave you for Mr. and Mrs. Patson and all the little Patsons to play with."

"All right—all right. I won't do it. Let me hold your boots—I can hardly see you. Oh, Warry, what a funk I am! all the bit of pluck I had run out of the leak in my pants—and I am beastly cold."

Warrington knelt beside him and cursed beneath his breath and felt his head and hands. The former was very cold and damp, the latter were very wet and warm.

"I must let them know they're wanted, Vic," he muttered.

The latter did not hear him.

"It'll be in to-morrow's dispatches," he murmured. "Missing—Lieutenant Beverley Warrington and Second Lieutenant Viary, of the ————"

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Select Story.

WARRINGTON, V. C.

CHAPTER I.

A pitch dark night in a rocky valley of Afghanistan; a few stars in the heavy, black, unclouded sky, only intensifying the almost palpable darkness. A mile or two southward, where the rocky valley swelled into rocky heights, little flashes of light, recurring at intervals, followed by sharp little cracks, showed where the late skirmish and retreat was fighting itself out around about the camp.

Where one of the innumerable broken ridges that seemed the valley made a darker wall across the darkness two figures were dimly visible (when you knew where to look for them), the one semi-recumbent, propped against a boulder, the other tall and straight beside him.

"Clear out, Warrington—please go, sir," the voice came faintly from the recumbent figure. "You can get back to camp and send 'em for me."

"Not likely, young 'un," observed the other. "What says the great R. K.?"

"When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan plains, And the women come out—to cut up what remains— Just—"

"Don't!" said the wounded man, and almost succeeded in stopping a groan between his clenched teeth.

"Poor old Viary," said Warrington, bending over him. "Let me undo your belt. . . . Now grab yourself with both hands."

"Follows in his," said the weak voice, drowsily, "never get hit in the tummy. . . ."

Altogether—head in a bandage—arm in sling. . . . Those Johnnyes that write books—ought to come out with us."

There was silence for a time; the far off flashes grew more rare. The wounded man shifted himself a little and spoke again.

"You're a brick, Warrington!" said he.

"Slightly different from Piccadilly and the Strand, this—eh, Vic?"

"I wish the water could see us now," said Viary; "she's going to be by just about now. She'd stick you pretty high up in the prayers of the knee."

"The next time you start taking nonsense," said Warrington, "I shall consider you delirious and past hope; and I shall turn tail and make tracks for camp."

A long silence.

"It's getting beastly cold," said Viary, with a shiver, "I shall never pull through tonight."

"Cheer up, lad," said Warrington, and pulled at his mustache and glared at the darkness; "only a few hours till daylight."

Pity your six feet long in your hole and sold in proportion. I'm not equal to two miles with you on my back, my dainty midgit."

"Can't see how you get me so far. Why don't you shoo off now and get back, and—Oh, God! No! Warrington, you're not going!"

"Another word like that, my son, and I leave you for Mr. and Mrs. Patson and all the little Patsons to play with."

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