

The Democratic Advocate.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

VOL. XXXV.--NO. 17.

Mr. J. Derr
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The Model Store News.

SHOPPING INTEREST

3000 yards
best quality 12½c
Seersuckers, in
new spring
styles, at only
8c Yard.



2000 yards
extra heavy
yard wide 7c
Unbleached
Muslin. Special
only
5c Yard.

Much interest surrounds our Wash Goods Counter. Today all the new Spring Styles are here in Gingham, Madras, Percales, Etc. Every yard sold at old prices, which is less than they can be bought today from first hands.

NEW PERCALES.

1000 yards best quality French Percales, new spring styles; regular price 12½c yard. Special at only 10c yard.

NEW GINGHAMS.

A hundred new and pretty styles. Tail de nord Gingham, fully worn 12½c, but here at only 10c yard.

SCOTCH ZEPHYRS.

50 pieces new Zephyrs, 27 inches wide, in beautiful styles, at only 12½c.

EMBROIDERY SPECIAL.

2000 yards handsome new Embroidery, worth up to 25c. Special price 15c yard.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Two cases of belated Underwear have just arrived, containing some grand goods at low prices. Many Corset Covers in the lot.

AT 25c—Corset Covers of fine Cambric, beautifully trimmed with lace or embroidery.

AT 50c—Drawers of fine Muslin, with tucks and deep ruffle of handsome embroidery; the material is worth more.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

The sale of regular dollar Black Goods continues today. This is the greatest opportunity ever offered to secure a handsome dress cheap—remember the price, only 69c yard.

BARGAINS FOR MEN.

Men's good Percale Shirts, in lovely new styles, splendidly laundered, with pair of cuffs, regular 50c kind; in this sale at only 39c each.

Men's handsomely Laundered Shirts, in fine Fancy Percales or plain white, regular price \$1. Special only 75c.

\$3 SHOES FOR \$1.95.

About fifty pairs of this great lot. Shoes still remain; every size in the lot. Come in, let us fit you—they are actual \$3 values for only \$1.95. All new styles yet. Shoe leather is higher.

CHILDREN'S SHOES 69c.

About 60 pairs Children's Shoes, in most all sizes, and ends from our regular \$1.00 goods, go on sale today at only 69c pair.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

The undersigned, Examiners, appointed by virtue of a commission to them issued by the County Commissioners of Carroll county, to locate or cause to be located and opened a public road in said county, commencing at a point at or near where the center of the "Old Fowler Road," or the road now called Myers Mill road, crosses the southeastern edge of the Baltimore and Reisterstown Turnpike Road, opposite the late Old Fair Grounds, and running thence, bounding by the center of said Old Fowler Road, through the lands of the following named persons: Charles T. Reiff, suitor, Philip M. Hinters, Joseph B. Baile, Wm. H. Yingling, U. L. Weaver, C. D. Barritt, John Zengraf, J. J. Koller, George W. Miller, A. Bowers, Westminster Water Company, William H. Brown, Granite Beaver, Robert Hunter, H. H. Hynellor, Nelson Weaver, Andrew E. Fowler, Mrs. A. M. C. Myers, James Turle, Wm. L. Corbin, thence through the lands of Bernard P. Fowler, John B. Shingley, James W. Hook, C. J. Woolery and others to the public road leading from the Washington Road at Mrs. S. Noll's lot, to the said Turnpike road, at 9 o'clock, a. m., at the place of beginning, to execute the trust reposed in us by the aforesaid commission.

LEWIS H. WISNOE,
JOHN SLORP,
EUGENE GREENE,
Examiners.

A BUSINESS CHANGE.

But the same Old Reliable Place. Having purchased the stock of
GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE
of M. W. Babylon, Westminster, Md., a call will convince you of my Glass and Queensware, Syrup, Coffee, Tea, Cakes, Crackers and Candies in the largest stock in city.

We take Country Produce in Exchange and Pay Cash.

No trouble to show goods. Also following

Brands of Wines and Liquors.

My specialties, Sherwood, Altamont, White Star, England Brand, Monticello, Woodstock and Fount.

BEST WINES \$1.00 per Gallon.

I solicit the former patronage of the wine and of the public in general. Fresh goods at all times and at reasonable prices.

JOHN L. ORENDORFF.

KEEFER'S

CASH PRICES.

COFFEE, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 20, 25, 35, 40, 50, 60, 80c pound.

BAKING POWDER 10, 15, 20, 25c pound.

TEAS 40, 50, 60c pound.

SYRUP 20, 25, 40c gallon.

CHOCOLATE 15, 18, 20, 25c.

RAISINS 7, 8, 10c pound.

PEPPER 15, 20c pound.

GINGER SNAPS 6c pound.

HAGERSTOWN ALMANACS 5c.

MINTON'S REMEDIES 20c bottle.

HORSE, OWB AND CHICKEN POWDER, CIGARS AND TOBACCO, FLOUR, SHORTS, BRAN, CORN, OATS, SCREENINGS, BAITED HAY AND STRAW.

WM. N. KEEFER,
Carroll County Telephone No. 36,
Opposite Wm. B. Thomas' 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 their houses.

Ice is plenty. We have a large stock of the best quality of Fresh and Refrigerators.

Don't you need a new 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 lot has been completely knocked out of the price of Nails.

Glass, Oil, Paints and Putty, Plastering, Hair and Cement, and fat everything in the Building Hardware line can be found at as low prices as the discount store.

GILBERT A. GERR,
Corner Main and Liberty streets,
Westminster, Md.

Plumbing, Heating, Spouting, Tin Roofing in its specialty. Tel. 30.

HUBER'S PHARMACY,

JOHN J. ROSE, Proprietor,
185 E. Main street.

Dealer in

Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Shoulder Braces, and Trusses, Cigars, Kodaks and Photo Supplies, Stationery, Horse and Cattle Powders.

and everything essential to an up-to-date drug store.

Physicians' orders promptly filled. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Parity of drugs, reasonable rates and accommodation to our patrons are our chief aim. Respectfully,
JOHN J. ROSE.

THE CARROLL FLOURING MILL,

Westminster, Md.

Buy WHEAT at all times at the HIGH-EST 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.,
July 14

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the Personal Estate of

WILLIAM H. PICKETT,
late of Carroll county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers therefor legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 27th day of August, 1900; they may otherwise be barred by law from recovering the same.

WILLIAM H. PICKETT,
Administrator.

MILK WANTED.

Wanted from 100 to 150 gallons best quality Milk per day, delivered either at Fulton or Calvert Station, Baltimore. Will pay best cash prices. Address Milk, Care Millstone Advertising Agency, 222-224 E. Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md. 6410-47

NEW AND IMPROVED WOODEN PUMPS.

FRANK E. PALMER, DISTRICT, Md., Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of PUMPS. Special attention given to Repair Work. Terms as reasonable as good work will justify. July 14

Select Story.

MISS MASON'S FIVE DOLLARS.

From the New York Times.

"Of course, you understand, Kate, that passing counterfeit bills is reprehensible, but it doesn't happen to me. I don't know what the penalties are, but they're severe. I'll look them up, if you think it worth while."

The Major, snug in the embrace of his big leather chair, chuckled softly at his own suggestion. His daughter shook her head. She was standing before the grate fire, with one foot resting on the fender, her wraps thrown back and her hands stretched toward the cheery blaze. She made a pretty picture, the Major realized, with the bright playing over her trim figure and the gleam of the gold of her hair, and with the little touch of languor about her which came as the reaction after brisk exercise in the open air.

"You're a victim of circumstances, certainly," he went on. "Naturally you believed yourself protected by the impenetrable feminine rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of bargains; logically you supposed that the \$5 bill you caught on the street was meant to furnish the sinews of war for your raid on the dry-goods stores. I'm afraid you didn't notice the magnifying-glass lying near the bill. Well, as it happened, I had been inspecting the note, and had discovered that it was not genuine. How did you succeed in passing it?"

"There was not the slightest difficulty," his daughter answered. "I hadn't a bit of change with me, and the street-car conductor took it. He was so clever and obliging too. He said, 'You're a little bit late, please don't joke about it; he was such a young man.'"

"I am not joking. It was a counter-feit, and a very dangerous one; it deceived me at first. Probably your friend has got rid of it long before this."

"But if he has it, suppose the company detected it, when he turned in his receipts—would he have to stand the loss?"

"I expect he would. But, don't worry about it. If had pennies are sure to turn up again, there need be no fear that had \$5 bills won't come home fast enough."

"That may be, but what can the conductor do? He doesn't know who I am, and I may not ride on his car again in months."

"Very true," said the Major. "I am very sorry for him, but, after all, he has to blame himself. You are entirely innocent of wrong intent, and it is his business to know good money from bad. I imagine, though, he has passed the bill easily, if he hasn't, and if he ever asks me to redeem it, I'll do so, so let's not fuss about it. Now, run along and get ready for dinner. Tom Herick dines with us to-night, you know."

"Very well, papa, I'll go," the girl replied. "But I'm not satisfied—not at all," she added, as she left the room.

"On the whole, I'll do so," the father reflected. "I like to see a woman scrupulous about such things. I dare say she'll bother her head over it for a day or two, but it can't be helped. Never knew a good woman thoroughly happy without something to worry about now and then. Besides, she'll confide in Herick, and—well, were I his age, I shouldn't ask anything better than comforting a girl like Kate. We'll be satisfied all around."

And, thus philosophically disposing of the subject, the Major sought his dressing-room.

Tom Herick's intimacy with Major Mason and his daughter was one of the young man's cherished privileges. He could remember only hearty friendliness in that house. Sometimes, of late, he had a little misgiving that his footing there was a little different—Kate was a young woman, and he was certainly no longer a boy. The Major showed little change, to be sure, but in some way Herick realized that that gentleman was honored with a smaller share of the thoughts he devoted to the Mason household. At this stage in his relations Herick generally forgot all about the Major.

After dinner the host left the young people to their own device. He had fallen lately into the habit of doing this upon a theory that if they desired his company, they would inform him of the fact. He was partly pleased, partly regretful, that they seemed reconciled to his absence. "I had my twenty-five years ago, it's their own," was a reflection which he found comforting.

Kate led Herick to her own "sitting-parlor," as she called it, a little room, bright, cozy, and always in dainty disorder.

"Tell me about your work," she said. "Do you find there is really so much suffering among the poor as the newspapers say there is?"

"The case is even worse," said Herick. "For the last two months he had given most of his time to the great charity organizations of the city, upon which a season of industrial depression had cast a heavy shadow, and he had never before been called upon to try."

"It seems out of the question to bear to meet the demands upon us by furnishing employment. The number of applicants has quadrupled, and many of them are absolutely destitute. We need money, money, money! A dozen times today I wished myself a rich man—the little I could do seemed so paltry."

"But, Tom, you're doing more than your share—far more. Don't tell me you are not, sir. I know you too well to credit any denial."

"If you had seen such terrible poverty as my cases present you wouldn't speak of any man's share. You would feel that each should give so much as lay in his power. Worst of all, we can see that the hard money we are bound to increase; the last week, in fact, has brought us a new class—people who were thrifty and had savings, but who had been forced to use them, and are now as badly off as the least provident. Then, too, among the latest applicants are men unaccustomed to the hard money which is the only thing we can hope to secure for them. There are book-keepers, clerks, and skilled mechanics asked to be put to work on public improvements—the Mayor, you know, is doing what he can for us in that direction. This afternoon I saw one of our men digging away at a trench and up to his knees in water; a delicate, consumptive fellow with a cough that almost shakes him to pieces. That man—he's been out of work at his trade for six months—has an invalid mother, a wife, and three children dependent upon him; he sold every stick of furniture he can spare, and will probably be evicted by his landlord before the end of the week. And his is not

more desperate than the cases of scores of others."

"Horrible! I never dreamed such things could be!" cried the girl. "Can't you something be done? There must be some way to relieve such misery."

"We are trying to find the way. Most of us never knew before the terrible need of it; we didn't realize what the 'other half' could mean."

"There was a little pause, and then Herick went on: "It is almost the same story all over the working classes. The railroads are laying off men, for instance, and even the street railroads have had to reduce their forces. I made inquiries about them today."

"And you found—?"

"That in the falling off in travel the number of cars run had been cut down. The employers have done their best to keep as many men as possible, but, of course, as the pay is practically based on the number of trips each man makes, the average earnings have decreased correspondingly. I think a conductor or driver who clears \$10 in seven days now is fairly lucky."

"That is very little."

"When you think of my man on the ditch, it is a good deal," said Herick, but his companion was not to be won over by his way of thinking.

"Street-car men run all kinds of risks. Ten dollars is not nearly enough," she declared.

Kate sat forth early the next afternoon, determined to discover the conductor she had unwittingly victimized. She had revealed her plan to neither her father nor the Major. The former was far more likely to object to the plan than to endorse it, and as for the latter, well—Kate was somehow influenced by the remembrance that the conductor was youthful. She told both of them the result of her expedition, however, that evening, when Tom called, ostensibly to confer with the Major on a matter of business, the importance of which a sceptic would have had reason to doubt.

"I found him," she said, "at the company's office—the place where the money is paid out. He was very kind and had just finished his day's work. He was very nice about it and didn't want to take the \$5 at all, but I insisted, and finally he gave in, but only on condition that if he received the bill and it proved to be genuine—and he thought it was, just as a matter of fact, magnifying glasses should be allowed to return it to me. He said it had passed out of his hands, but he could probably get it back. He is really far superior to his station. He can't have been a conductor always."

"Not in infancy, perhaps," said the Major. He was not enthusiastic about strange young men. Herick smiled.

"You're both prejudiced," protested Kate. "Really, he is as well-mannered as half the men one meets, even if he seemed bashful. He blushed when I spoke to him. Neither of you could do that."

"I trust there's no reason why we should," said the Major. "But I've no time to hear more of your prodigy in uniform. I'm going out this evening. You can free your mind to Tom."

"No," Kate declared. "I'll talk of something else. And she kept her word. Neither then nor on the several other occasions on which Herick met her in the next fortnight did she discuss the conductor. That person, in fact, had almost passed out of Tom's recollection when he heard of his again."

Herick was very busy in these days of endeavor. Before him and his associates in the organized charity work of the city was the problem of relieving want, which was becoming more and more pressing and more numerous. Ordinary means of dealing with poverty had long ago proved inadequate, and new extraordinary efforts were being made to open new sources of supply. From the churches the managers were already receiving considerable aid, with the prospect of much more, as the knowledge of the increasing destitution spread among the more wealthy congregations. In response to the somewhat tepid organizations of these affluent bodies, Herick was doing effective service, as his little talks before the various societies were winning him a reputation. There was nothing of the orator about him, but, being too full of his subject, he was charged with a fervor that struck the hearts of his hearers by the plain path of earnest directness. In the eminently respectable flock in which the Major was a leader, Herick found a readiness to join in the work which was most gratifying, but which he more than made good, due to the good offices of his friend, although Mr. Mason was ostensibly a sufferer at the methods of the charity organizations. Naturally, Tom counted upon Kate as a willing ally in the task of interesting the young women of the parish in his enterprise; and under his advice their sewing society was soon put to more practical uses than had previously marked its slightly frigid existence. Dividing themselves into little groups, each of which took charge of a poverty-stricken family, the girls threw themselves into their new labors with feminine enthusiasm, finding in the role of Lady Bountiful much that was novel and even more that was conscience-causing, for to many of them came a sense of expiation of past sins of omission.

Kate discovered, after the work assigned to the society had been parcelled out, that she was left without any particular charge. There was nothing of the shirk about her, and she felt that Herick would be deeply disappointed. No doubt her opportunity would come before long, but she would have liked to be in the van. The mesalliance part of it all was that some of her dearest friends, knowing her intimacy with Herick, found subjects, but still sharp-pointed enough to make her wince.

"Oh, don't worry, dear, if you haven't a body to look after," one of them had said, cheerfully. "Tom will do for your poor very nicely—he's with you always."

Kate was mollified over this at one time, but when she kindly says as she walked briskly along the street near her home one clear, wintry afternoon. So busy was she with her thoughts that she failed to notice a young man approaching her, and looking frequently at the numbers blazoned above the doors of the houses; and she was taken completely by surprise when she heard her name pronounced by this youth, who halted abruptly as he caught sight of her face.

"I've got you, Miss Mason," he said, as he stood, hand in hand, "but I was looking for your house. You said you would like to hear."

"Why, it's Mr.—Mr.—" said Kate. She recognized the conductor, but his name had slipped from her memory.

"Handy—I didn't think you would remember it," he said, blushing a little at the speech.

"Oh, but I did remember you, and your name was on the tip of my tongue. I hope you have had no trouble about that stretched bill."

"There isn't much to tell you, and yet I thought you would like to hear it," he explained.

"I should like it very much," said Kate, encouragingly. "It was very good of you to look me up. I am sure. I only wish you had come a little earlier, and had found me at home. But now I have an appointment I shall have to keep. Perhaps if you could walk a little way with me, you might tell me your news."

"Thank you," responded Handy, with a trace of relief in his tone, for he had dreaded a call at a house where he imagined he might be regarded as an intruder.

"I sent the bill away—to a town in the East, where I used to live. It is still in the hands of the person to whom I sent it. I haven't been able to get it back yet, but I will pretty soon. Besides, as I am sure it is genuine, won't you please let me pay back what you gave me?"

"Really, I cannot consent to that so long as there is a shadow of doubt. My father says it is a counterfeit, and he's an authority."

They had reached a corner, and Handy, she saw clearly, was meditating a retreat down the side street, now that his proffer had been made and declined. Such a course did not suit her at all. "You have traveled the hill," she went on, hurriedly. "Besides, I want to ask a favor. Can you not come with me a little farther?"

Handy abandoned his idea of flight with commendable alacrity, and as they walked on Kate rested her hand on his arm.

"Our church society," she explained, "has agreed to help some poor people. We had a list of families given us, and the other girls captured them all, and none was left for me. I don't think it fair to sit by idly, do you? And I thought that possibly you might know of some case in which I could do something."

"Just now I can't help you," he answered, regretfully. "You know I've been here but a short time. I came to this city to be a salesman. I had a good place, but the firm cut down expenses and I lost it. Then I was out in the cold till I got work on the road, and since then I've made few acquaintances. It seems very lonesome sometimes."

"I should think it would," said Kate, sympathetically. She believed she understood the case thoroughly enough to make fresh-flesh country towns, forced to labor of an ungenial sort, surrounded by persons with whom he had little in common. Perhaps she could do something for him; it might be that right here was work ready to be handed, work fully as useful as supplying the needs of some innocent claimant to her charity. Surely it was better to aid a brave youth in a gallant fight against adverse fate than to succor some craven who would not even attempt the battle.

His fallen fortunes had not made Handy morose or despondent. Looking at him out of the corner of her eye Kate realized that he possessed an attractive poise. He was quite presentable; he had his share of good looks, and though his garments were far from new, and they suggested their rural origin, they had yet to reach the stage of shabbiness. Moreover, there was a brightness about him which Miss Mason found pleasing, and which, in her own mind, gave ample excuse for taking him under her protective wing. Undoubtedly, he could, if he would, find many openings for the charitable work of the Young Ladies' Society among the poorer classes, with which he would be more or less identified so long as he remained in the employ of the railway company.

"I think, Mr. Handy," Kate urged, "you could be a great help to us. It would do you good to be assisting in the people who need assistance. You could assist us in picking out the really deserving cases; why, there's no end of the things you could do. You see our congregation?" she interrupted herself. "But perhaps, you belong to some other church?"

"I used to go to church regularly—in the country," said Handy, "but here it's different somehow. What with Sunday work and—well, you know, a fellow when he's down on his luck likes to be low. It seemed to me that afterward I wouldn't want to go to many folks to know what I'm doing now, although I'm not ashamed of it."

"There's no reason why you should be," said Kate, warmly. "Now, Mr. Handy, if you have time, I should be very glad to see you at our church—St. Matthew's—Sunday night. I think you will like the service, and after it is over we can talk about our charity work. Remember, I shall look for you."

The organist of St. Matthew's was playing the congregation out of church after the Sunday evening service, when Kate saw her new acquaintance again. He was standing alone in the space behind the speakers, watching the lines of people moving down the aisles. She went up to him at once.

"I am so glad you are here," was her cordial greeting. "Didn't you like the music? We think it is the best in the city. And our reciter is such a dear; didn't his sermon please you? And have you any poor families for us? We can take care of two or three more, for we've several now members."

"I have found two families," said the young man. "Both of them are desperately hard-up, and too proud to ask assistance. But they'll accept it, no doubt, if it comes to them, I have brought their addresses."

He gave her a slip of paper.

"That's a good beginning. I knew you could aid us wonderfully. I can't stop to say more just now; but Mr. Handy, I do wish you could come to a meeting we're to have in the lecture-room downstairs next Wednesday night, and I should like to tell you how we fare with the people you've found. You will find it interesting."

Of course, Handy, whose work left him free in the evening, and often in the afternoon, accepted the invitation. He heard agreed to relieve him of the task of arranging the programmes, had practically taken charge of the club, and left him at liberty to proceed with the organization of another. Handy, by this time, had come to be recognized as an efficient aid of the society, but he was no longer alone in the field, half a dozen other young men having suddenly awakened to the pressing need of assisting their friends and holding up their hands on as many occasions as possible. Her-

tion to several members of the organization. Handy fought for a time his prejudice against Herick, but it came back to him at the assembly broke up. Each member of the society he noticed, seemed to be provided with an escort, generally young and very brotherly. Once the integrating process was begun it went on rapidly, until Handy found that Miss Mason, Herick, and himself had one end of the room to themselves. At the other end half a dozen middle-aged or elderly men had drawn their chairs together and were conversing earnestly.

"It's too bad, Kate," Herick said, with a look at the group. "The committee's in session, you see, and I've got to join it. Can you amuse yourself until its business is over? I'll cut it as soon as I can."

"No, you mustn't do that. I know how important you think the committee's action will be. Besides, Mr. Handy will perhaps guard me home."

Handy grew very pale. "I shall be delighted," he managed to say, though just then one of his fits of bashfulness assailed him. Herick looked doubtful.

"Thank you," Kate said, with a little smile. "Don't waste any more time, Tom. Your committee needs you. Good night!"

She and Handy moved toward the door. Herick seemed about to follow them, but checked himself. A moment later he was with his committee.

As the pair stepped into the street, Kate took Handy's arm as unobtrusively as if she had not guessed that he was in an agony of doubt whether to offer it to her. They walked along slowly, but neither spoke for a little time. At last the girl began to question him about his investigations for the society, and Handy, more at his ease, found how to use his tongue again. It seemed to him that they reached the Major's house altogether too quickly.

"It is too late to ask you to come in to-night," Kate said in parting, but she put a delightful little emphasis on the word. "I hope you will come and tell me if you find any new cases for us. Don't wait for one of the meetings. You will almost always find me at home in the evening."

Handy was not a vain youngster, but he didn't believe that her interest in the starting post altogether accounted for the invitation. He walked to his boarding house that night in a more jubilant frame of mind than he had known in months.