

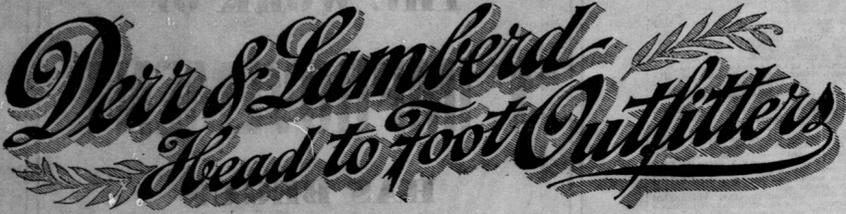
The Democrat Advocate.

\$1 PER ANNUM

WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1902.

VOL. XXXVII.—NO. 16.

THE MODEL WEEKLY STORE NEWS.



TODAY WE START OUR

....ANNUAL....

REMNANT SALE!

The extraordinary amount of merchandise sold during our January Clearance and Challenge Sales gave very little opportunity to work off our

REMNANTS AND ODDS AND ENDS.

But stock taking during the last week has brought these things all to light—in consequence our Annual Remnant and Odds and Ends sale will be larger and more attractive than usual.

Spring Goods are daily arriving and being placed on our shelves. Hence other goods must be disposed of quickly, and prices have been marked accordingly, which means a great saving to you on many wanted things.

EVERY DEPARTMENT IN THIS GREAT STORE

contributes to this sale, which will be one of unusual interest—goods have all been gathered in the center of store for easy choosing.

Yours to serve,

DERR & LAMBERD,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN IT? Our Semi-Annual Clearance Sale.

If not, we will take pleasure in showing you the most PRACTICAL, CHEAPEST and BEST ROUND STAVE SILO ON THE MARKET.

This is what the people say who are using them.

We are already stocking up for Spring trade, and our assortment of

Lumber, Sash, Doors and Blinds

will be larger and better than ever.

SOLD AT PRICES TO MAKE IT GO.

The best Coal the market affords; 2340 pounds for a ton; each load screened.

BEST BIG VEIN

STEAMING AND SMITHING COALS,

VERY LUMPY AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SELLING AGENTS FOR PARROT ROOFING, POLISH WALL PASTER, DAVIS COAL & OILS CO'S COAL.

SMITH & REIFSNIDER,

Local and Long Distance Telephones.

WESTMINSTER, MD.

The GROCERY for the People!

JOHN T. DERR

At Westminster's most progressive Grocery has the largest and choicest assortment of new seasonable goods to be found in Westminster. All we ask is give us a trial and be convinced as hundreds of others have that we lead in price as well as in quality of merchandise—everything reasonable; everything new. We are still giving to our customers those beautiful Hand Painted Gold Plated Brooches with every \$5 worth of cash trade. Your friend has one of them or is getting one; you should get one too; and the only way to get one for nothing is to purchase your Groceries from the progressive Grocery of

JOHN T. DERR,

W. Md. and C. & P. Telephones.

77 E. Main st.

All orders by telephone or left at the store thankfully received and promptly delivered free of charge.

P. S.—According to our custom at or near the beginning of the new year we will present to all of our customers a genuine Gruber Hagerstown Almanac free for the asking.

SALE BILLS, POSTERS AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

J. A. Edgerton, in the Denver News.

I have no creed.
The Universe wheels on,
I am but an atom 'mid the words;
And I feel the spirit of God within me
And I am satisfied.

I have no creed.
Creeds are but words,
Love is reality,
Love fills the heart
With charity, with peace,
With faith, with hope, with heaven—
Love to the Father,
Love to the Christ,
Love to our fellow-men.
This I feel within me and it shall guide me,
He who is ruled by love—
By spirit love, not lust,
By love it is that I live,
He who is ruled by love
Will not go wrong.

I have no creed,
Good is the only rule,
For what else live we?
Fame?
It turns to ashes in the grasp.
Riches?
They are wrung from the heart's blood of our fellow-men.
Knowledge?
It is but a bubble of words.
But Good—Love—Truth—Beauty—
These are eternal.

I have no creed,
And yet I fear not death,
Death is a shadow,
Wrong—Hate—Error—
All are but shadows;
But I am eternal.
Why should I fear the things that only seem?
I seek for the eternal;
And I will make my heart
A precious storehouse for them,
So that they may abide with me forever.

I have no creed,
But I have in me that surpassing word,
A faith in God as humbler as the sea,
A love that takes in all the human race,
I see good in all creeds,
Good in all religions,
Good in all men,
Good in all living things,
The only sin, to me, is selfishness;
O, let us drop these empty sounds and forms,
The letter that divides in warring sects,
And let us fill our hearts with love to men,
Construct a church as wide as human needs,
A church built round the spirit, not the book;
And henceforth have the race unfeignedly free,
To follow out its impulses divine;
For God is in us and will lead us on,
If we let our hates and turn to Him.

I have no creed,
Or, if a creed, but this:
I love humanity,
My life and all I am I freely give
To better make the world, to help mankind,
My only creed is love—I know no more—
The Fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of men.

Select Story.

A COLONIAL EPISODE.

Four generations back Carroll Place was one of those fine old Virginia manor-houses that bore mute witness to the aristocratic state and generous living of the Old Dominion planter. Part of it was built of bricks brought from England; it had been added to and increased according to the needs of an ever augmenting family of Carrolls, till with its slave-quarters and its ample out-buildings it resembled a village more than the residence of a single household. Great fires roared in its large chimneys, and the guest chambers were always tenanted. The Virginia gentleman of the eighteenth century prided himself upon his hospitality. It was the Carroll boast that the family never sat down to dine alone; there was always a guest to break bread with them. Newspapers were few, news traveled slowly, neighbors were miles away, and the stranger needed only to be personable and reasonably agreeable in manner to be not only welcome, but made free of his host's house and stables as long as he pleased to remain. He "paid his reckoning" in gentility and good company, and his host felt in his debt when he left.

During the early throes of the American Revolution, before discontent became armed resistance to British tyranny, the Carroll family consisted of five members—Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, two sons and a daughter. Colonel Francis Carroll was an aristocrat by birth and instincts. A king's favor had bestowed upon an ancestor the noble acres that swept around the place; it was his pride to keep the heritage intact, and his guest that demands gratitude as his reward for the benefits conferred. He espoused the Tory side, and King George's men were right welcome at Carroll Place. The "ragged rebels" who dare defy their lawful ruler need expect no countenance from Francis Carroll at Carroll Place.

Among all the dames and daughters of those days there was none in all Virginia who was prettier or more personable, or whose beauty and wit drew round her a larger following than Mistress Dorothy Carroll. The swains for miles around rode to King's Chapel and patiently sat the arch Dominie Travis' dreary sermons and interminable sermons on the bare chance of a glance, a smile, perhaps a word from Mistress Dorothy. Happy he who was permitted to assist her to dismount from the pillion behind her father, or hand her by the tips of his fingers from the lumbering old hack that was their state carriage. Thrice blessed he who chanced to be invited to dine and spend the afternoon with the family on the broad veranda.

There was generally a goodly mixture of society among soberer times worn by the young men of the place, and the Colonel's hospitality was very alluring to the king's men. Thus it was often a gay little cavalcade that entered back to the plantation, where the Colonel ordered his special brew of toddy and entertained the young men with tales of his youth. The Colonel had been "a sad dog" in his early days; it is to be feared his disease after Madam Carroll and Dorothy had disappeared, was not wholly effaced.

Of course Mistress Dorothy had many lovers—swains who sighed after her as the moth aspires to the star, worshipping afar off; those who sang their hearts in the fires of her dark eyes and rode away to offer the scorched remnant to some less accessible maid; and bolder ones, and those who loved too sincerely to give up hope while even one chance remained.

Among these latter was Arthur Arundel, a playmate of Dorothy's youth, here to a neighboring plantation, a good, sensible, honest, manly fellow whose heart had lain under Dorothy's feet ever since she had put her hair with a comb. The two had been comrades and friends through life. Love had burst into bloom in the young man's heart, and he reckoned her as his.

And then had come Major Charlton, of the King's army, a man of thirty-five, handsome in a bold, dashing way, debonaire, gallant, with an estate in England and interest at the court of St. James—

which he was perhaps overfond of boasting. He quite won the Colonel's ear, and he singled out Mistress Dorothy for particular attention.

Dorothy was flattered and pleased at being the object of such distinguished attention. It was very delightful, at the balls and parties that filled the winter, to have so gallant a cavalier at her command and to know that maid and matron envied her his attention. Nor was Arthur Arundel, biding his time in his disguise and watching her with black looks from the doorway as she flitted by under the Major's escort, wholly as unpleasing vision to the little coquette. She played them off one against the other with instinctive skill, greatly to the delight of the Major's army friends, who professed to be quite uncertain as to the outcome. They rallied him after the delicate fashion of their class, about his Virginia belle, his Poconahontas, his preference for plantation life.

"Egad, gentlemen," the Major would say, filling his glass. "You do me too great honors. The heiress of Carroll Place will be 'a belle sauvage' at the English court."

"What will you do about young Arundel, Major? Gad, the lad is green with jealousy. Nor is Mistress Dorothy unkindly of his distress. Zounds, Major, I believe the wench is playing you off against him."

"I'll wager a hoghead of the Colonel's best tobacco that she is mine—if I want her," he added significantly.

"Curse you! Take that, for a four-mouthed scoundrel!"

Arthur Arundel, white with rage and his eyes flashing fire, dashed a glass of wine full in the Major's face.

For such an affront only one expiation was possible.

The Major wiped the wine from his ruffles even as he drew his sword with the other hand. A ring was quickly formed and the clash of steel on steel was fast and furious. The Major was a practiced fencer, but anger and the wine he had drunk over the sparrow's fall—made his eye less true and his hand less steady than usual, and after a few passes Arthur sent his sword flying through the air, while his own point cut a gash in the Major's cheek.

Words cannot picture the Major's wrath. To be publicly affronted by "a boy," to be disgraced by one he had contemptuously called a scoundrel, and this in the presence of his comrades-at-arms more than his vanity could bear. His vows of vengeance were many and deep, and when Dorothy—who had been informed of the issue of the duel but not of its occasion—

with demure and sympathetic words, but with mischievous sparkle in her eyes inquired as to the nature of his hurt and regretted a stranger in Virginia should have been so discourteously handled "by a Virginia gentleman" he grew livid with passion and included "the jade" in his maledictions.

And then happened that clash of arms "heard round the world," when a handful of countrymen defied the authority of the King across the water—and ushered in a movement that became the birth of a nation. When the story reached Virginia it split the Carroll family in twain. The Colonel remained staunchly loyal, his sons, Francis and George took up the patriot side. So did Arthur Arundel, and the three young men hastened to join Washington's army. The Colonel's wrath at the defection of his sons was intense but unavailing. He entrusted and commanded by turns; finally he solemnly declared them neither sons nor heirs of his, and the young men went away upon what they themselves felt to be a hopeless struggle.

For how could an infant colony, without an army, with money, with no resources hope to win independence against the strength and power of England! Arthur Arundel, forbidden the house by the choleric old Colonel, managed to have a final interview with Dorothy, in which the girl, heart-broken over the wretched dissensions in her family, begged that she might remain. Arthur had barely tasted the wine when the swift gallop of a troop of horses was heard outside, and then a thunderous knocking at the door.

"Open, in the King's name!"

The bustling man in paper from among his tatters and with the other hand drew his pistol.

"Take this, Dorothy, and for God's sake get it to Washington, somehow. As for myself, I shall sell my life as dearly as possible. Dearest, I am sorry to have brought this upon you."

"No, no, wait! I have a plan," cried Dorothy, flinging open the door of a great clothes press that stood in one corner of the large, irregularly shaped apartment. Pushing bedding and boxes to one side she motioned Arthur to get upon the broad shelf that ran across it.

Major Charlton on Wednesday! Let me hear no prating of love or such folly."

"I am affianced to Arthur Arundel, sir. I have given him my word; and I shall not marry Major Charlton on Wednesday, nor on any other day."

And Mistress Dorothy, with head erect and the danger signal flaming on either cheek, courted low, not once but twice, and reached the door without turning her back to the enemy.

The Colonel swore and stormed and blustered and the Major set his teeth hard and swallowed wrath enough to choke him. To be flouted by a raw Colonial girl, to have his proposal thrown in his face—with a joke at that, what would the men of his race say? Arundel, who had already humiliated him, to be preferred before him! He drove the spurs deep in his horse's flanks as he rode away registering vows of vengeance against both.

Dorothy found her position at home difficult in the extreme. Her father rarely spoke to her, ignoring her presence as far as possible. His attitude of a Tory, was obvious to most of their neighbors, who in consequence ceased to visit at Carroll Place. They were made to feel their disfavor in more ways than one. Their tobacco plants were pulled up, outlying hayracks were burned. Once a stone was thrown at the Colonel as he passed on horseback through their market town.

Nor did the adjectives he hurled at the crowd that sheltered his assailant increase his popularity. Added to this was Dorothy's anxiety about her brothers, from whom letters came infrequently. She grew wan and nervous under the strain—though she did not speak of nervousness. Colonial women were not afflicted with nerves.

One evening in December as Dorothy sat in her own room late at night, nursing the sad thoughts she sedulously put from her during the day, when she was with her mother, she was startled by a pebble thrown against her window. With her heart in her mouth she listened, another, and another. She summoned courage to go to the casement, raise the sash softly, push the shutter back and ask, "Who's there?"

"Arthur," was the answer. "Come down and let me in. Don't rouse any one; but be quick."

Dorothy stole down the stairs, cautiously unchained the great door, and allowed her lover to slip out of the shadow of the portico into the dark hall, where Dorothy's candle twinkled like a glowworm. He blew it out.

"Dorothy," he said, I am in deadly peril. I sought the British camp as a spy, hoping to discover Tarleton's plans. I thought my disguise perfect, but I was betrayed. By chance I learned my peril and fled. I have traveled two nights, hiding by day; I lost my way, I am wounded; I dare not go home, for they are on my track and I should be taken. I would not grudge my life to my country, if I could place my information in Washington's hand. Unless you can help me and hide me I am lost."

"They will not look for you here, in the house of an avowed Tory," said Dorothy, reassuringly. "Fortunately, father is not at home tonight. The only fire is in my room; I must take you there, and will get you your food and wine."

It was a pitiful object that stood revealed in the freight. Haggard, gaunt, ragged, the young Continental dropped down in dead fatigue.

"Don't make a light, Dorothy. I would not bring you into peril for the world. I can wait till morning for food if I can only rest."

According to the Virginia custom the kitchen was apart from the house. Dorothy dared not venture to the servants' quarters, but she stole softly down to the dining room and secured a bottle of wine and a few of the beaten biscuit for which southern cooks, even in those days, were famous. These she bore to her room for her lover's refreshment.

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