

The Democratic Advocate.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1902.

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15c HANDKERCHIEFS 7c.

THE MODEL WEEKLY STORE NEWS.

35c HANDKERCHIEFS 16c.

50c Cushion Tops 39c.
Dainty Art Squares or Cushion Tops, in the very newest and most beautiful styles—just the most wanted novelties have been reduced from 50c to 39c each.

Fine Violet Ammonia for the bath, 10c bottle.
Fairbanks Fairy Soap for the toilet, 3c cake.



All our 25c and 50c Good Books, 15c each.
Small lot of 5c Wash Cloths at 1c each.

25c Vases at 10c.
A lot of pretty little Vases and Ornaments from the bric-a-brac department have been selling for 25c, some even more, now reduced to 10c each.

LOTS OF THINGS HALF-PRICE; Other Things at COST. EVERYTHING GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE.

Isn't this most delightful news for you who have money to spend. Have you been profiting by this great closing out sale—remember, every dollar's worth of goods in this house must be sold and the time is not long any more. Get together all the money you can find, and come here prepared to reap your share of the greatest harvest ever known in Dry Goods history. Only a small portion of the good things are mentioned in the papers.

WASH GOODS ALL REDUCED

12c and 18c LAWNS AT 8c.
About 5000 yards of our newest and prettiest Lawns and Dimities in every fashionable design and color have been reduced from 12c and 15c to only 8c yard.
25c COTTON FABRICS 12c.
Just half price now for these very fine and stylish Scotch and English Madrases, they are this season's most wanted materials for shirt waist suits—regular price 25c, now only 12c yard.
18c FRENCH FLANNELS AT 10c.
These are all cotton to be sure, but they are exact copies of the very finest French Flannels—these goods are very stylish for all sorts of picnic and outing wear—reduced from 18c to only 10c yard.
50c FANCY HOSE 21c.
Today we offer a nice lot of pretty Fancy Hose for ladies in all the wanted styles, these stockings have sold always for 50c pair—now you may buy them at only 21c pair, or 5 pair for \$1.00.

GOOD 10c PER-FUMED TALCUM POWDER AT 5c box.

\$10 and \$12 Women's Suits at \$5.90.

Half price and less for these stylish Tailor Made Suits of Elegant Cheviot and Venitian—mostly black, some blue and castor, better hurry for them—they will soon be sold at only \$5.90 each.
\$5.00 LIGHT WEIGHT JACKETS NOW \$3.48.
Ladies Summer weight Jackets in Black and Castor, all new styles have been reduced from \$5.00 to \$3.48

BEST 10c PER-FUMED TOILET SOAP AT 5c cake.

Muslin Underwear Reduced.

25c MUSLIN DRAWERS 15c.
Ladies' Muslin Drawers—either open or closed—with hem and cluster of tucks, really 25c value at 15c pair.
23c reduced from 39c.—Nice Muslin and Cambric Drawers, Corset Covers and Chemise—neatly trimmed in lace and embroidery. All well made and perfect fitting.
39c formerly 50c.—Undergarments of fine Cambric, Muslin and Nainsook, prettily trimmed and made in the very newest styles—Corset Covers, Chemise, Petticoats and Drawers.
48c regularly 75c.—Night Gowns, Skirts, Drawers, Corset Covers of fine Nainsook and Cambric, elegantly trimmed in lace and embroidery, all the very newest styles—75c values for 48c.
Regular \$1 Garments for only 79c.—Same as above only finer materials and more elaborately trimmed.

\$1.50 Shawls at 79c.
Pretty little Shetland Wool Shawls, in white, blue and pink—just what every lady wants for cooler summer evenings. They have been reduced from \$1.50 to 79c each.

Men's 25c Underwear 19c.
Splendid quality of gauze Underwear for Men—just the kind you want for warm weather—Drawers, Shirts, long or short sleeves. Best 25c kinds at 19c.
50 JEAN DRAWERS AT 40c.
Men's finest Jean Drawers, with elastic seams; the most comfortable and serviceable Drawers made—now reduced from 50c to only 40c pair.
Men's very best Four Ply Linen Collars—all new styles and every size; regular 15, now 10c each.
All our regular 25c String and Box Ties—just new and desirable for summer—reduced to 18c each.

35c Box Paper 21c.
Choice of our very finest Box Paper and Envelopes—24 sheets and 24 envelopes, worth 35c, now 21c.
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35c TURKISH TOWELS 18c.
Just 10 dozen extra large and heavy Turkish Bath Towels. They are bleached and hemmed—size 20x40. Such Towels are always sold for 35c each—this lot we have reduced to only 18c each.

\$2.00 PORCH ROCKERS \$1.20.

Just 50 splendid serviceable Porch Rockers—large and comfortable—in either oak or green finish with double cane seats, regularly \$2, now reduced to only \$1.20 each. ALL OTHER FURNITURE AT ABOUT COST.

\$1.75 AND \$2 SHOES AT \$1.25.

Might as well get the children good shoes when you can have them for the price of the common kind. They come in all sizes, 8 to 13, and every good style—regular \$1.75 and \$2 values, reduced to \$1.25 pair.

35c JAP & CHINA MATTING 19c.

A great lot of splendid Japanese and China Matting, in beautiful colors and designs—in fact some of our very finest goods are in this lot. Have you ever bought so good a bargain; 35c Matting for 19c yard.

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24 inches wide—about twenty lovely styles, in all the wanted colors, including white and black—this is unquestionably the best silk bargain ever given. Come get yourself a dress. \$1.00 goods reduced to 45c yard.

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15c Embroidery 9c.

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Pride of Carroll Coffee at 14c pound, worth 20c pound.
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Our Feed Department consists of Shorts, Bran, Corn Chop, Shelled Corn, Oats, Wheat Screenings and Ear Corn. Fine or Coarse Salt by the sack. Call and get prices. Agent for Dr. Hess' Stock Food, Chicken Powder and Louse Killer. Call and get one of our latest Stock Books, worth \$5, which we give FREE. Agent for Agnes Laundry.
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Select Story.

WHY SHE REFUSED HIM.

"Are you anywhere near the place, driver?" inquired a handsome young fellow, thrusting his curly young head out of a stage window, as it rumbled along over an uneven country road.

"Yes, sir, there it is, that white house ye see back of the oaks."

"A fine old roomy mansion it is, I dare say; it looks as if it might be haunted."

"Well, sir, they do say they're ghosts about it, and that old Mrs. Farnsworth acts crazy like; but Miss Jessie, she's all right—as sharp as chain lightning, sir, and the handsomest girl in the country around; they are almost strangers in these parts, but our folks all love Miss Jessie—they do."

"I think I'll try my luck here, then," and dropping a gratuity in the hand of the garrulous driver, the young man disappeared among the trees.

Henry Ferrers was an artist of considerable merit, who had been spending part of his summer vacation in rambling over the hills and dales, industriously engaged in filling his portfolio with rough sketches as material for the winter's work.

Attracted by the picturesque surroundings of B— he determined to rusticate for a time, and therefore had inquired of the driver where he might find a desirable boarding place, and as they have seen—having been directed to Mrs. Farnsworth's, was soon knocking at the door of the stately white house that loomed up among the lofty oaks with so imposing an effect.

But when the door was quickly answered, and a young girl stood in the framing of the door, Henry Ferrers started.

"Why? Because, being an artist, he recognized beauty in any shape; here it was, in live flesh and blood—a delicious bit of a picture. He observed that her face was sweet as the Madonna's, a lovely blonde, with eyes as blue as an Italian sky; he could not decide at a glance which pleased him most, the clear cut profile, or the full, oval face, gazing at him from out the lustrous eyes.

He, however, recovered sufficiently from the embarrassment occasioned by this unexpected vision of loveliness and grace, to speak of every day matters, and after proper greeting references, it was soon arranged that he should make a temporary home at the Widow Farnsworth's.

The widow's means were limited—it was necessary to supplement their scanty income by receiving a boarder, therefore Henry Ferrers' advent was very acceptable, and ere long he became domesticated with them. As his acquaintance with Jessie Farnsworth ripened into intimacy, she won his regard daily, by her womanly virtues and graces; he was surprised to find her living so retired and quiet, and was curious to know why she so rarely left home.

Jessie understood with a woman's intuition the looks and tones of the handsome artist, for as the summer months glided by, and he became more familiar with the sweet disposition of the charming girl, he was ready to exclaim:

"I love thee for thy beauty, But not for that alone."

It was one of the brightest of June mornings—the quiet old house, with the hills for a background, nestled among green trees, and brightened by beds of gay flowers, made it a fine picture of rural loveliness; the air, too, was fragrant with the scent of the blossoms, and musical with the songs of birds—a charming scene truly—quite in union with the feelings of the two young people who were looking out from the board piazza, upon which they were standing.

This is a sylvan scene, Miss Farnsworth, but I must show you one quite unlike it—a view of wild and gloomy grandeur. He then left her for a moment, soon returning, however, with a sketch of a towering, frowning cliff, above it were piled masses of black clouds, while the plain below was green and fertile.

"Observe," he said, "how calm and peaceful the valley seems, and yet remember, that it was once the scene of a fearful tragedy—it happened a few years ago, and is still quite fresh in the minds of the villagers. A gentleman, Mr. Morley by name, was pushed over by his young husband; some sudden quarrel, what, I did not hear."

She took the picture, and bent over it with searching eyes, and he noticed that her fingers trembled.

"I don't mind the gossipers," she remarked, carelessly.

"I would like to group some figures in my weird picture," he said; "will you sit, Miss Farnsworth?"

"No."

"I think I could sketch you, without a sitting." "May I?"

"If you do, you leave this house," she replied, in a frigid tone.

He looked at her in astonishment; she was deadly pale, and extremely agitated; mistaking the cause, he exclaimed, impetuously:

"Jessie, let me tell you how much I love you, dearest; you have the sweetest and best of my heart. Oh! I hope it is not in vain. Can you love me enough to be my wife?" and he noticed a tear roll slowly down her cheek.

"That can never be," she said, in a low, measured tone.

"You love me, Jessie, I feel it; why then reject my suit?"

A wave of scarlet rolled over her face and neck, as she replied:

"Part, Jessie? Oh, it is too bitter thus to let the woman die out of my heart! I will not then give me a gleam of hope to carry away with me?"

"No," she said firmly, without looking at him; "harsh as it may seem, I repeat, we must part at once."

"Without an explanation, or even a word of hope? yet I cannot believe that you are a coquette, Jessie."

His sad eyes lingered upon her face with such penetrating earnestness that she dropped her eyes; it seemed to him a fare-

well to hope, and snatching her cold, trembling hand, he kissed it fervently; in another moment she was alone.

She stood immovable until the echoes of his footsteps died away, then she bowed her head and wept bitterly over the grave of love.

Did he pine away and die?

Not a bit of it; he packed his trunks and went to Paris, and there began a busy life; he was sketched and painted, until one day he suddenly became famous.

He was lionized, feted and flattered, but was not quite spoiled by it; the sweet face of Jessie Farnsworth haunted him; he would return soon with his newly acquired honors, and once more plead his cause, and oh! how happy thought, perhaps be successful this time.

There was to be a brilliant reception given by the American minister. "Would he go?" his friends inquired, for there was to be present a beautiful widow to whom he must be introduced, who would just suit his taste.

No, he would not go; he was bored by beauties, and detested widows. What a mood to be in, to be sure; nevertheless, he changed it, and went.

Although the belles of the season, and the fashionables were present in full force, and at their best.

Henry Ferrers was the lion of the evening; every one wished to make the acquaintance of the young artist.

The crowd at last became a jam, so he was forced to stand still, and while impatiently waiting for a passage through it, he heard a voice near him, saying:

"Yes, that is Mrs. Morley. She is decidedly the handsomest and wealthiest woman in the town."

Morley? surely he had heard the name before; oh, now, he recollected—it was that of the man who threw his father-in-law over the cliff—could this woman be his wife?

He turned, and saw Jessie Farnsworth. All the old love surged in his heart at sight of her, although two long years had passed since that memorable parting day.

While gazing, all his soul in his face, she also turned; their eyes met, and she smiled.

A crowd in no obstacle to a man in love. Somebody's corrus suffered, and the laws of politeness were altogether ignored by Ferrers as he made his way toward her.

"Was that smile that did all the mischief."

Just as he was about to greet her, he was stopped by a friend, who said, gaily:

"Whither away so fast, Ferrers? I have been looking for you for the last half-hour. Ah, Mrs. Morley! I happy to see you," he said, extending his hand to Jessie Farnsworth.

"Allow me to introduce my friend—Mrs. Morley, Mr. Ferrers."

Mr. Ferrers was completely mystified, for the Widow Morley and Jessie seemed one and the same person; he was so astonished that he could not utter a word. She alone was self-possessed.

"Will you assist me out of this crowd, Mr. Ferrers?" Then, as they moved on, she whispered:

"I owe you an explanation."

As soon as they could converse without being overheard, she said:

"Doubtless you remember showing me a picture of a singularly wild cliff that you sketched during your rambles, and remember too my agitation upon seeing it?"

"Yes, he replied. 'I have it still.'"

"Then do please destroy it, for the place is hateful to me, for there my kind indulgent father was cruelly murdered."

"You astonish me! pray who was the murderer?"

"Ernest Morley, my husband," she replied, with a tremulous voice.

"Your husband?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, he was tried for the crime, but acquitted—believing him guilty, I left him, rather than embitter my life by seeing daily my father's murderer, preferring to live alone, and suffer without companionship and sympathy. Besides, his temper was so unmanageable at times that I feared for my own life. Neither would I accept of his support; I changed my name, and as Jessie Farnsworth was introduced to you."

"And that is why—"

She interrupted him by laying her hand lightly upon his arm, saying, in a low tone:

"Mr. Ferrers, there was a pure corner in my heart, where reason and honor held steady council."

"My noble Jessie! But, tell me; what became of—of—your husband?"

"He died one year ago, sending for me at the last, and confessing his guilt."

"What motive had he for the commission of such a crime?"

"It was not premeditated. My father angered him by some reference to his careless expenditure. Hot words ensued, then blows, and in a moment of intense passion, Ernest pushed him over the frightful precipice."

"Dear Jessie—for this is the name I love best to call you—how is it that I find you here?"

"She gave a timid look at him, blushed deeply, as she replied:

"I was too low-spirited and restless to remain in the place where I had spent so many happy hours, and as Ernest Morley left me independent, I resolved to find in travel some solace from vexing thoughts."

"I, too, left home for the same reason, but I was now about to leave Paris and return. Dear Jessie, may I say again what I said long ago? If I remain here near you, it will only intensify the love I have carried in my heart ever since the day that I saw you standing in the door of the old white house. Decide for me, dear Jessie. Shall I go or stay?"

Jessie Farnsworth smiled, and whispered her reply in a voice that he thought was the sweetest music he had ever heard, and yet it was only the short, expressive word: "Stay."

He replied, "Always, darling."

There are 250 Americans at one hotel in Berlin, and other hotels are entertaining numbers of travelers from across the Atlantic. The hotel men think Americans are more numerous in Berlin this year than ever before.