

The Democratic Advocate.

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WESTMINSTER, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

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HERING'S DEPARTMENT STORES.

Ladies' and Misses' Coats!

Our entire stock of Winter Coats to be closed out regardless of cost. We must have room for Spring stock. They have been divided in three lots to close.

\$5 AND \$6 GRADES, NOW \$2.75.

\$7 AND \$8 GRADES, NOW \$3.98.

\$12 AND \$15 GRADES, NOW \$5.98.

OPENING OF

New Embroideries, Laces and White Goods.

A fine collection of matched patterns on Swiss, Cambric and Nainsook, Medallions, Beadings, Galloons, and Allovers.

WHITE GOODS.

First Spring Showing in White Goods Novelties. Hundreds of Exquisite Novelties and New Designs and Weaves. Styles are represented that the coming season cannot surpass, and probably will not equal. Better buy now and meet the advancing season well prepared. Besides, you have the advantage of selecting from exclusive patterns which will not be duplicated. Our prices, as usual, assist you very materially to easy selections.

CHARLES E. HERING, Westminster, Md.

Seasonable Suggestions!

Our leading farmers of both Carroll and Howard counties use—

International Stock Food

With most satisfactory results. This is the season to use it; conditions and strengthen your horse for the spring work, adds weight to your feeders and increases the flow of your milk. We also offer

Flax Seed Meal,
Cotton Seed Meal,
Fine and Coarse Bran.

CLOVER SEED.

We have both prime Western and Choice Nearby Seed. Write us for samples and prices. We can save you money.

CALHOON SEED SOWERS are the best. We have them. Remember, we have a specialty of GARDEN & FIELD SEEDS.

We have already contracted for our

Seed Potatoes;

Northern, Grown, Maine Stock, the Snowflake, the Hebron, the Rose, the Green Mountain and the Burbank.

The Snowflake is the new Potato, and it is the largest yielding, whitest, fleshed and finest grained potato grown. With our POTATO MANURE and Northern Grown Seed a crop is insured. From 21 acres last year one farm sold \$240 worth of potatoes. Our seed and our fertilizer.

We have a new

SEED OATS

this year.

THE WHITE TARTAR.

We recommend it as the best, general, all round Oats. One that will thrive and mature properly in this section. For best results use Ammoniated Super Phosphate with your Oats.

We also urge you to use this same phosphate with your

Maryland Golden Dent Corn.

We had another variety of corn offered us this year, but refused it. The Maryland Golden Dent has repeatedly proved itself the best field corn on the market.

Field Seeds of All Kind.

KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS,
ORCHARD GRASS,
HERD GRASS
AND
PERMANENT PASTURE MIXTURE.

For early sowing sow the WEALTHY TOMATO. It is perfect in form, large and smooth—free from wrinkles and cracks; it ripens thoroughly from centre to skin; is free from rot, and above all, the delicious quality and flavor are its crowning merits. We only offer you the best seed from the most reliable growers. Seed by the ounce and pound a specialty.

Perfect Garden Fertilizer

in 100 pound bags gives splendid results.

Shell and Stone Lime

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Lumber & Building Material

of every description. Send us a list of your wants.

We buy and sell all farm produce. See Sykesville Market in this paper.

WADE H. D. WARFIELD & CO.,
Builders, Farmers' and Garden Supplies,
SYKESVILLE, MD.

Poetry.

THIS BAD OLD WORLD.

W. D. Nesbit in Baltimore American.

There's plenty of good in this bad old world,
In spite of what cynics say,
There's many a hand held out to help
Another on his way.
The world is selfish, the world is cold,
And its ideal is success;
Yet it often steps aside for fear
On the fallen it will press.
There's many a hero gives up his life
In humble duty done,
With no hope of glory to shrine his name
Past the setting of the sun.
Nearly the world loves dollars, and yet,
In spite of its grasp and greed,
There's many a dollar freely spent
On the widow and orphan's need.
Bad as it is, with its vice and sin,
This old worn world of ours,
It holds with awe before pure things,
And love and faith are powers.
It may follow the winner with homage and cheer,
Though his right lies in a dog,
But there's a special awe that'll boldly still
Stand up for the under dog.

Select Story.

EPH HOLLAND'S GUEST.

By H. E. Armstrong.

I had not seen a house for five miles,
And the light of the short November day
Was falling. A searching northeast wind
Chilled me to the marrow. My horse had
gone lame, and I was leading him. In
these mountain solitudes a man is a fool to
let himself be lost, but plainly I had taken
the wrong fork. I had begun to despair
when I came upon a clearing and in the
midst an unpainted house and a huddle of
barns. A figure in jeans was drawing
water at the well, one of the old fashioned
kind with a sweep.

"Can I put up here for the night?" I
shouted in my cheeriest accents. The
figure turned and stared at me, but there
was no reply. I saw before me an old
man with straggling locks and a beard
reaching to the waist. I repeated my
question with a quaver, for the wild
appearance of the old man and his singular
silence disconcerted me. He drew a
claw-like hand down the length of his beard,
and his eyes seemed to bore me through
and through, but still no word. With a
curse for his inactivity I turned away,
and my horse hobbled after me with drooping
head. Some impulse made me look back,
and lo, the old hermit—such I took him
to be—was staring me to return. We re-
traced our weary steps willingly enough.

"A raw evening," said I to my host,
with a desire to be sociable.
A jerk of the head, and it seemed to
me that I caught a wintry gleam of hos-
pitality in his eye, yet never a word he
spoke, but took the horse by the bridle,
pointing at the same time to the house.
It was not an inviting place. The fire
was almost at the last flicker. I sat down
in one of the chairs, and it gave way un-
der me. Somewhere in the uncertain
light a log rolled along, I recovered it,
and tried the seat gingerly. In a little
while my host staggered in with his arms
full of wood, which he let fall on the
hearth. I thought that I would let him
speak first this time, but down he went on
his knees and blew at the embers.

As the pine wood burst into flame and
a ruddy light filled the room the old man
lit an oil lamp. I then observed a shot-
gun on a rack over the mantelpiece and
above the shotgun a rude chromo of An-
drew Jackson in a gilt frame, the only or-
nament in the room. My strange host,
having replaced the lamp chimney, stared at
me, with hands on his hips. I did not
like his scrutiny. His eyes were very
large, with cavernous depths, and the
balls twitched as from a nervous affection.
I had an uncle once who thought he was
the grand mogul, and he had just such
eyes before they took him away to the
asylum. Once his eyes were off me I
fought back the shivers and said as care-
lessly as I could:

"Kind o' lonely up here."

The effect on him, for his hearing
seemed unimpaired, was to bring on a fit
of twitching, and what was worse and
very horrible in a mute, the whole right
side of his face moved violently up and
down, as if he had lost control of his nerves.
To hide his infirmity he turned his back
on me and for awhile seemed to be going
through a sort of spasm. The seizure
passed as quickly as it had come on, and
he left the room.

Returning with a black soap, he
wedged it in between the burning logs.
He disappeared again, and I placed her
grinding coffee. The pot he placed on
some side embers and then produced a
loaf of bread and felt to cutting off liberal
slices. These he toasted on a long fork.
I had expected nothing better than fried
salt pork, and lo, a savory rabbit stew
steamed before me! At first I ate like a
longshoreman. My host leaned against
the wall and watched me. He would not
eat. His eyes left my face only to fix on
space behind me with a startled expression
that made me turn in my seat several
times. I began to shake as with cold, but
I knew it was fright. The handle of the
cup slipped from my trembling fingers, the
hot coffee streamed over my legs, with dif-
ficulty I repressed a yell, and the cup
smashed into fragments on the floor. The
hermit's face worked fearfully, and I
leaped up.

"I didn't mean to do it!" I cried.
The remark was supremely foolish, but
I was terrified out of my wits. The effect
on my host was extraordinary. He bolted
out into the night so suddenly that his chair
was thrown down. I determined not to
remain longer as the guest of a madman.
Before I could get out he confronted me on
the threshold, and in his hollow eyes
there was a resolution that I should stay.

Heard Him Preach.

A hard featured man, dressed in a new
suit of very cheap black, called at the
house of a well known clergyman and upon
giving his name was invited to take a seat
in the gentleman's study.

"I have a few days to spend in town,"
said the visitor, "and I did not want to
leave without calling and paying my re-
spects to you. I have heard you preach
many a time."
"Yes," said the parson, beginning to
take an interest in the visitor.
"I like your preaching, and, though I
do not belong to your church, yet I must
say you preach the best sermon I ever
heard."

"I'd like to examine it," said I, stand-
ing up and holding out my hands. It was
a critical moment, and I remember that
I shook as with a convulsive chill.
The fiercer old man held out the gun,
and I grasped it, but before I could reverse
it, my intention being to cover him and
tell him to throw up his hands, he wrenched
the piece from me, his eyes rolling wildly
and his head inclined as if listening.

There was a sound without, the beat of
a horse's hoof on the roadway. I broke
past the lunatic and gained the wood shed
behind him, slamming the door and put-
ting my foot against it. Within reach
was a small window. I shook the sash
until it gave way, and I sent a cry for
help out into the night. Was it heard?
The horse was being urged up the bank,
as if the rider were in hot haste.

I peered out.
What was my amazement when my
host sallied forth, lamp in hand! By
its light I saw the horse pulled up and
a ragamuffin of a boy hand him a paper,
swing the horse's head round and plunge
down the bank. Raising the lamp above
his head, the old man read the paper.
He read a second time, as if to make sure
of the contents, and then, lifting his head
like a hound when it bays, he uttered a
series of yells that the ridge gave back
with many reverberations. The next
moment he was in the house, and the
next outside with the leap of a spring
bok. A report followed. He had fired
the gun. Bang! it went again. Rapidly
reloading, he discharged both barrels
and kept on firing until he had saluted the
wilderness and the night eight times.

"Say, stranger, come out o' thar," he
shouted at the wood shed. "I ain't
a-go'in' to hurt nary hair on yer head."
I came bewildered into the living room,
my face dripping with perspiration. He
seized me in his arms and hugged me until
I gasped.

"Look at that!" he said, thrusting
into my hands the paper the boy had
brought.
I read:
Eph Holland, Head of Beaverkill Creek,
Blaine counties New York to Cleveland,
He is elected beyond all doubt. Shake!
ED BARNES,
Editor Sullivan County Palladium.

And before I could say anything or ask
any questions Eph Holland broke into a
fit step, the while yelling like a Comanche.
"Licker up, you son o' a gun!" he
roared at me, stopping from shortness of
breath. He filled my glass and a tumbler
for himself.

"Here's to Grover!" he said. Drink
or down."
I did not know what my politics was at
that moment, but I drank, and the staff
sent the blood back to my heart.

"Don't you think it's up to you to ex-
plain?" said I, with a sickly smile, when
he had drained his tumbler.
The old man dropped into a chair, threw
back his head and guffawed until his mirth
ended into a violent fit of coughing.

"Oh, my!" he began and went off into
another explosion.
I did not laugh. The old fellow's
manner had changed so completely, he had
become so friendly, jovial and altogether
human with the recovery of his speech,
that I recalled my error of him with shame-
faced feeling.

"I thought you were a mute, and—
you—cray," I faltered.
"And that I wanted yer scalp," said
the old man, wiping tears from his eyes.
"But, great Betty, I can't blame you.
Well, stranger, it was this way: I was
very much worked up about the election;
hadn't spoke a word since Tilden was beat
in 1876, vowed I never would till a Demo-
crat was elected. That was eight years
ago."

"How about your hair and beard?" I
asked, getting interested.
"Them was to grow," said Mr. Hol-
land. "A right smart crop o' hair can be
raised in eight years, and I ain't very
pretty nohow. When you come long
here last night, I didn't want to take you
in—that's a fact—knowin' as how I
couldn't talk yet. But I hated to turn
man and beast away. It was mighty un-
comfortable for you, wasn't it?"

"Well, rather," said I, drawing a deep
breath.
"Dunno what'd ha' happened"—the
old villain's grin bespoke enjoyment for the
fight he had inspired—"if the boy hadn't
come long with Ed Barnes' rippin' good
news. But s'pose you could have crawled
out o' the wood shed window when I
wasn't lookin'."

He chuckled and filled my glass again
and his own.
Then we talked politics and drank more
whisky until a cock crew at the rising of
the moon, which was 2 o'clock.
Eph Holland's step was unsteady when
he piloted me up his crazy stairs to bed,
and he stumbled down with a falsetto
whoop for Grover which was eloquent of
his condition.

Expensive Walnut Wood.

From the Chicago Record.

Indiana timber land, which was con-
sidered the best in the country, is being
so rapidly denuded of the once splendid
forests of hard wood timber that specu-
lators are seeing the advantage of gobbling
up everything that may be got in the way
of timber tracts.

The walnut and hickory of Indiana and
Ohio are considered the best that can be
had and the monster poplars which once
formed the nucleus for the log heap fire
are now worth individually more as they
stand than the acres they occupy will bring
when cleared, many a poplar tree selling
for \$100 before the axe touches it.

The walnut that was once so plentiful
that barn timbers, house sills, fence rails,
etc., were made from it is becoming ex-
ceedingly scarce, and curled walnut stumps
have brought almost fabulous prices, while
hickory of the shellbark variety can scarcely
be found in some of the best sections.

Last year's purchase by a (Cohen, Ind.,
firm of fifty-five standing walnut trees
near the northern Indiana line for \$10,000
and the handsome sum they made out of
the handling of this rare chump of trees
have proved an incentive in the search for
timber in other directions. Grant county
furnished a notable instance in the sale of
1000 acres of virgin forest in the Wood
tract, the last large forest in Indiana, for
\$66,000. A New York firm bought the
walnut timber where it stood for \$55,000;
400 acres of land, the timber being re-
served by the seller, sold for \$20,000, and
there remain 630 acres of the best timber
in Indiana, the walnut alone being sold
from it. The buyers will clear \$50,000
by their deal in that timber.

Where deals in the lumbermen went
only for large tracts, they are now con-
tent with individual trees and wherever
there is a notably fine forest monarch of
the desirable variety, its whereabouts be-
comes widely known and the competition
to secure it is very sharp.

Keep Still
Keep still. When trouble is brewing,
keep still. When slanders is getting on
its legs, keep still. When your feelings
are hurt, keep still, till you recover from
your excitement at any rate. Things look
differently through an unguarded eye. In
a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent
it, and wished I had not. In my later
years I had another commotion, and wrote
a long letter; but I rubbed a little sense
into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket
against the day when I could look it over
without agitation and without tears. I
was glad I did. Less and less it seemed
necessary to send it. I was not sure it
would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness
I leaned to reticence, and eventually
it was destroyed.

Time works wonders. Wait till you
speak calmly, and then you will not need
to speak, it may be. Silence is the most
massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is
strength in very grandeur. It is like a
regiment ordered to stand still in the mad
fury of battle. To plunge in were twice
as easy.

She Was the Boiler.
Topnoddy made up his mind that he
was not going to be ruled any longer by
his wife, so when he went home at noon
he called out imperiously:
"Mrs. Topnoddy, Mrs. Topnoddy!"
Mrs. Topnoddy came out of the kitchen,
a dish rag tied round her head and a
rolling pin in her hand.
"Well, sir," she said, "what'll you
have?"
Topnoddy staggered, but braced up.
"Jane, I wanted you to understand,
madam, and he tapped his breast dra-
matically, "I am the engineer of this
establishment."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, Wil-
liam, I want you to understand that I,"
and she looked dangerous, "I am the
boiler that will blow up and throw the
engineer over into the next county. Do
you hear the steam escaping, William?"
William heard it, and he meekly in-
quired if there was any assistance he could
render in the housework.

A Hot Bath to Bring Sleep.
A hot bath will bring sleep. Suppose
a person be so tired out by overwork of
any kind as to feel nervous, irritable and
worn, to be absolutely certain that bed
means only tossing for hours in an unhappy
wakefulness (we all know this condition
of the body and mind), turn on the hot
water in the bathroom and soak in the hot
bath until the dressing feeling comes, which
will be within three minutes; turn on cold
water until it becomes tepid, then rub
yourself with a coarse Turkish towel until
the body is perfectly dry and then go to
bed. You will sleep the sleep of the just
and rise in the morning wondering how
you could have felt so bad the night be-
fore. The bath has saved many a one
from a sleepless night if not from a severe
headache the next morning.

What the Jury Found.
Some years ago the body of a well
dressed man was found in a field on the
outskirts of an English town. There were
no marks of violence, and it was doubtful
whether death had occurred from natural
causes or if the individual had committed
suicide.

In due course the body was identified,
and a gentleman who had been acquainted
with the deceased was called upon to give
evidence at the inquest.

Among other things, he stated that he
had always considered him to be a man of
marked idiosyncrasies, and his brain was
continually excited by his irresistible fani-
ciness for chimeras of various kinds.

The jury was evidently satisfied with
his statement and immediately brought in
a verdict that "death was caused by idio-
syncrasies forming on the brain in conse-
quence of excessive indulgence in chime-
ras," adding a rider that "it should be a
warning to people to refrain from that and
other intoxicating beverages."

Switzerland's greatest industry, the en- tertainment of tourists, has been officially computed to bring in 115,000,000 francs a year.

If It Rained Opportunities

Some people would stay indoors. But here are some bargains which you should not miss, and "it's up to you."

BARGAINS IN SHOES.

Ladies' \$2.75 Shoes at \$2.39.	Men's \$3.00 Shoes now \$2.49.
" 2.25 " 1.89.	" 2.75 " 2.20.
" 2.00 " 1.59.	" 2.50 " 1.99.
" 1.50 " 1.25.	" 2.25 " 1.79.
" 1.35 " 1.10.	" 1.50 " 1.20.
" 1.00 " .85.	" .50 Slippers 39.
Misses' 1.50 " 1.19.	Boy's 2.50 Shoes 2.19.
" 1.25 " 1.00.	" 2.25 " 1.99.
Infants' 1.06 " .79.	" 2.00 " 1.79.
" .90 " .69.	" 1.50 " 1.25.
" .50 " .39.	" 1.25 " .99.

HATS AND CAPS.

We have just received from a large hat house in New York city some up-to-date Hats, and we will be glad to have you call and inspect them. See our line of bargain Hats, which we are closing out at low figures.

UNDERWEAR MUST GO.

Wright's Health Underwear, worth \$1 per garment, now 75c. Glastonbury Underwear, worth \$1.25, now \$1 per garment. Men's 50c Underwear, 37c. Men's 35c Underwear, 25c. Boys' Gioro Fitting Underwear, 15c.

STATIONERY.

25 good Envelopes for 2c; 50 quires Note Paper for 10c; 8 rolls of Toilet Paper, 25c; lot of 25c Box Paper, 11c per box; 5c Pencil Tablets, now 4c each; 2 Penny Tablets for 1c. See our 25c Umbrellas, 89c Dress Suit Cases and 25c Telescopes. Yours for bargains.

THOS. H. BASLEY,

46 W. Main st., Westminster, Md.
Next door to Shaw Drug Co., corner Main and John sts. feb 7 '03

SELL WHEAT

TO
Roberts, Roop & Co.

HIGHEST PRICE.
HONEST WEIGHT.
FREE STORAGE.
WESTMINSTER, MD.

CLAUDE TILDEN SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
will give strict attention to all business en-
trusted to his care.
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ROBERTS & CROUSE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
Office near Court House. jan 27

Weak People

It's not what we eat, but what we digest that makes strength. The trouble with most weak people is, they can neither eat nor digest good food.

Such people can't work successfully. It takes fuel to make steam, and it takes food to make strength. A young fellow came in the store the other day. He was white and thin. "I'm afraid I'll have to give up my job," said he. "I'm tired before the day is half gone. I seem to be losing strength all the time."

The clerk said: "Fred, I know something that will help you. It's Vinol. The boss has got hold of a way to prepare cod liver oil so it tastes all right. He calls it Vinol. There is iron in it, and it's just the stuff for fellows like you. It'll give you an appetite. It won't hurt you anyway. Lots of folks round here are taking it, and they tell their friends, and they come and get it. If it don't help you, come back and get your money."

We endorse what the clerk said. We wouldn't have put time, money and reputation into Vinol, if we hadn't known it was different from the general run of medicines. About ninety-eight out of one hundred run down people, weak mothers, pale children, and old people find it helps them.

Mail Orders Supplied **FREE** Express Paid

SHAW DRUG CO.

INSURANCE AGENCY
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