AMERICAN [redacted]ENTINEL.

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THE GREAT MODEL EMPORIUM WEEKLY STORE NEWS.

Derr & Lamberd Head to Foot Outfitters

Great July Clearance Sale.

FOR PARTICULARS OF THIS GREAT SALE, SEE THE *ADVOCATE* AND *CARROLL RECORD.*

In Connection With

Our great daily specials we will inaugurate the grandest July Clearing sale ever known in the history of the Dry Goods Business. Every article in this house has been reduced, some 10 per cent., others much as half off. At any rate you should come often to this great Sale.

THE *ADVOCATE* AND *CARROLL RECORD* GIVE FULL PARTICULARS OF THIS GREAT SALE—SEE THEM.

SATURDAY, JULY 6TH, FINE SHOE DAY.

Several hundred pairs Ladies' fine Kid shoes, in Button or Lace, also Oxford Ties; not a pair in the lot that is worth less than $2, many of them $3, all new styles and every size, pick to-day at $1.35 pair.

MONDAY, JULY 8TH, SILK CHALLIE DAY.

15 pieces Silk and Wool Challie, in beautiful designs and light colors, one of this season's most popular materials and always fashionable for waists, dressing sacques and children's dresses, regular price and fully worth 50c yard, to-day at the ridiculous price of 18c yard.

TUESDAY, JULY 9TH, SUMMER BED SPREAD DAY.

This day we shall sell one hundred full size hemmed Bed Spreads, pretty Marseilles patterns, such spreads sell in many stores at $1.00 and have never sold here for less than 85c, but you shall have them(not over two to a customer) for 59c each.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10TH, LAWN and WHITE GOODS DAY.

To-day we have for you about 3,000 yards of stylish, pretty wash Goods, consisting of white corded Madras, also Dimities and Lawns, and French Cambrics, with polka dots, every yard worth 12½c, many were 15c, for this day we sell them at only 6¼c yard.

THURSDAY, JULY 11th, LADIES' HOSIERY DAY.

On the above day you may have what you want of a hundred and fifty dozen of those fine Hose. They are black, tan and fancies, all lace effects, every pair is worth 25c if bought in a regular way, but to-day they go for only 11c pair.

FRIDAY, JULY 12th, BLEACHED MUSLIN DAY.

To-day we will sell just 2,000 yards (not more than 25 yds. to one customer) of the best Bleached Muslin made, all standard brands, Fruit of the Loom, Androscoggin, Indian Chief and others, all worth regular 10c yard, today go for only 5¼c a yard.

DERR & LAMBERD, - Westminster, Maryland.

"THE WHITE PALACE."

IT'S EASY WORK.

In hot weather you want to make cooking as easy as possible. You can find here the best things to make a quick meal attractive.
We tell you about good things at fair prices. Some are canned, some partially prepared for the table. All help make housekeeping easy.

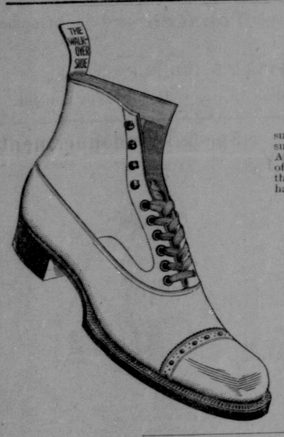
Sweet Enough.

You may think she is, but there is always room for improvement; and no doubt a box of our candy will make her still sweeter. Our confections are the purest and best that can be made—the perfection of candy-making. Try our matchless

"Whitman's" Chocolates.

One soda Water Ticket with every cash purchase of $1.00 except sugar.

JOHN D. FOWLES, OPPOSITE CATHOLIC RECTORY.
jan 23-01 1y-4 TELEPHONE C & P., 11-3. 47 East Main St., Westminster.



Everybody Desires to be Easy.

If the foot is easy the rest of the body is sure to be easy also. We accomplish this result in our Walkover $3.50 Shoe for men. Although the price is fairly large the value of the Shoe is even larger and gives more than full return for the investment. We have all the correct styles in

MEN'S, LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AND OXFORDS,

from the cheapest to the best grades.

Before buying your **Summer Hat** let us show you our line of **Straw Hats,** prices from 25c to $2.00.

We have all the newest styles in NEGLIGEE SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, FANCY HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, Etc. Give us a call.

WM. C. DEVILBISS, 22 W. Main St., Westminster.
jan-7-01-1y

The cheapest, best and most reliable place in Westminster to buy good Groceries, at a cheap grocery price. We mention no prices, but guarantee to give you better goods for the same money or the same goods for less money than any place in the city.
☞ A call will, we are sure, convince you of the same, as it has many others.
Hoping to be favored with a call from you in the near future, I am, Very Respt.,

J. J. ELLIS C. D. BONSACK.

ELLIS & BONSACK,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. J. ELLIS & Co.,)

305 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.,

General Commission Merchants for the Sale of Grain, Hay, Straw, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Dressed Hogs, Live Stock, Hides, Wool, &c. SHIP US YOUR PRODUCE.

TOP PRICES. Send for Market Report and Tags. QUICK RETURNS.

Cow Peas for Sale at Lowest Market Prices.
may-11-9m

Special Lots of Clothing

AT VERY SPECIAL LOW PRICES.

SHARRER & GORSUCH,

opposite Catholic Church, Westminster, Md.

$15.00 AND $18.00 SUITS TO ORDER FOR $12.00.

25 Handsome light and mixed Suit patterns made to order for $12. Don't miss this opportunity to get a fine $15 or $18 Suit to order for $12.

20 MEN'S $10.00 AND $12.00 SUITS REDUCED TO $7.00,

mostly stylish light Suits picked from our regular stock, where we only had one or two sizes of a kind left. 20 Youths' Suits, 15, 16 and 17 year sizes, $10 Suits $5, $8 and $6 Suits $3.50. 30 Boys' Knee Pants Suits, 13 to 16 year sizes, $2 Suits now $1.00, $3 and $4 Suits $2.00. A lot of Vestee and Blouse Suits at a great reduction.

SPLENDID BARGAINS all through our stock of Clothing, and if you wish to save money you will come here before you buy. Alpaca, Serge and Linen Coats for hot days.

REMEMBER, we sell Sweet, Orr & Co's., Overalls. A splendid working Shirt 25c. The best working Pants only 85c; good ones for 70c and 75c. Handsome summer Shirts 50c, 75c and $1.00, good Undershirts and Drawers 25c; the 50c kind, our price 40c. Try a pair of Servens' genuine Elastic Seam Drawers for comfort. The newest things in Neckwear and Collars every week.
sep-12-00-1y-8

Call and Get Prices of

WILLIAM N. KEEFER,

on Groceries and Feed.

Headquarters for WHITE FISH, MACKEREL, GLASS JARS, JELLY TUMBLERS, JAR TOPS, JAR GUMS, TIN CANS, WAX STRINGS, FLY PAPER, COFFEE, SUGAR,

Syrup, Tea, Spices, Rice, Raisins, Prunes, Peaches, Flour, Pepper, Beans, Hominy, Brooms, Matches, Coal Oil, Corn, Oats, Bran, Shorts, Chops,

Baled Hay and Straw, Fine and Coarse Salt by the Sack, Stock Foods, Chicken Powders, Louse Killers, Bug Death, Paris Green, Agent for Acme Laundry.

Western Maryland and Chesapeake & Potomac Telephones. Goods Delivered Free of Charge.

aug-11-00-1y-10 WM. N. KEEFER, 88 AND 92 E. MAIN ST., WESTMINSTER.

CLOSING OUT SALE OF BOYS' KNEE PANTS AND VESTEE SUITS,

beginning at once and continuing until the entire line is closed out.

Rare Bargains to the purchaser. These Suits will be sold regardless of cost. Boys' three piece Suits, double breasted Vests, that were $6.50 now $3.98. Boys' $4.50 three piece Suits now $3.48. Boys' Fine Blue Serge Suits, with fancy Vests, that were $5.00 now $3.48. Boys' $6.00 two piece Suits, in strictly all wool Cassimeres, now $3.89. Boys' $4.50 all wool Suits now $2.98. Boys' $4.00 Fancy Cassimere Suits now $2.69. Boys' $2.50, $2.75 and $3.25 Suits now $1.98. Boys' $2.00 and $2.25 Suits now $1.48. Boys' $1.50, $1.65 and $1.98 Suits now $1.25. Boys' $1.25 Suits now 89 cents. Boys' $1.00 Suits now 49 cents. All of our Vestee Suits will go at corresponding prices.

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING AT ALL IN THE ABOVE LINE, DON'T PURCHASE BEFORE SEEING THESE.

ONE PRICE CASH STORE. STOUFFER & ENSOR, New Windsor, Md.
march 31-1901-1y-5

A VALEDICTORY.

Following is the valedictory read by Miss Clara B. Coppersmith, daughter of Mr. Wm. H. Coppersmith, of this district, at her recent graduation at the Young Woman's School on the site of the City of St. Mary's, once the capital of the Province of Maryland. Her subject was, Traditions of St. Mary's City:

"The beauty which old Greece and Rome, sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home.
We only need the eye, the ear, to trace these markings of incarnate grace.
The hymns of gods to hear."

When those whom the years have taught to love St. Mary's come to bid her so long a farewell, as must the class of nineteen hundred and one today, it is not strange that her scenes so lavishly adorned by nature, seem never so beautiful before, and awakening to the sweetness about to be withdrawn from our lives, the heart fills with a sad sense of approaching loss, a grief that lies too deep for tears.

To-day for us is the dividing line between the future and the past, and ere we go hence we fain would take a last fond look at our girlhood's other home to graven forever on our memory each beloved feature there

See, the familiar wooded outline, the golden sandstrip of the farther shore losing itself in the dim blue distance, the long headlands jutting out picturesquely in the glassy mirror of the river, the smooth slope at our feet stretching to the nearer waters where the buttercups each spring render the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

Here, the sweet stately seclusion of our venerable Alma Mater, sacred to the memory of generations of scholarly women; hard by the little cross-crowned, ivy-wreathed church, in whose shadow "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Over all this scenic beauty lingers the strange atmospheric charm of history and tradition; that atmosphere which cannot be contained or conveyed in anything so material as words; and all this set for us to the daily music of birds and bells and the merry laughter of our young companions.

The favorite haunts of that consecrated enclosure, made more sacred still by the footprints of our forefathers, shall echo to our footsteps no more. What dreams of the future have we dreamed there? What pictures of the unrevealed past have we conjured up from the mists of tradition? How often guessed the life stories of those pathetically hidden from us beneath the green hillocks and mossy marbles at our feet; who once knew as we do now struggle and conquest, joy and sorrow, smiles and tears.

We have tried to people again in imagination the "Acre of God" with the activity of colonial life, beating with the pulse and stir of the little town, ringing with the sounds of coming and going, of buying and selling, of busy housewife plying her evening care, of homes, of loves, of marriage and giving in marriage; but the winds whispering through the cedars bear to us the prophet's sad lament, how doth the city sit desolate that once was full of people? and the ivy on the graves murmur back, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Robbed of her civic importance by the removal of the capital to Annapolis in 1694 St. Mary's steadily declined, until with the razing of the old Court-House to the ground there was literally left of her not one stone upon another. The hard-trodden paths of that little town the grasses of many seasons have overgrown, the ashes of her firesides the winds of a century have scattered, and the grave of the ancient city is only marked by the memorial stones of the old Court-House site, the monument to the noble founder, Leonard Calvert, and the clustered tombs of those who sleep in this City of the Dead.

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid.
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
Or waked to ecstay the living lyre."

Gone, and with them that other race who acted out life's drama before them on the same broad stage, the unfortunate Indian. That morn, auspicious for us, the Indian watchers marked in the distance the dark hull of the Ark and the white wing of the Dove, seeking rest as of old. No prophet of their people was there to foretell, that they bore as their freight to us the seeds of life, to them annihilation.

Save now and then when some plowman turns up from the sod a broken tomahawk or an arrow point or stone no trace remains of their existence, but history records that here they lived, loved and died. Where now the "Potomac" and the "Northumberland" proudly ply, there, the Indian chief once paddled his light canoe. The echoes that now rebound to their whistles were once only startled by the terror of the war-cry. Where the lights of civilized homes to-night will shine out welcome to the late returning, once, the wigwam fire blazed for the helpless and innocent, their sires' beacon guide. Down on one romantic terrace beneath the same moon that will rest to-night perhaps some dusky Hiawatha wooed his Minnie-Ha-Ha. In yonder lake he bathed at dewy eve and the brave and wise gathered to the council with the law of the Supreme Being written not on tables of stone for them, but on the fleshy tablets of their hearts. When we remember that to our forefathers the Indian was ever good and kind, that he gave them welcome, food, home and wisest counsel, we can but regret that somewhere here there is not one dark statue of bronze to tell the younger generation that the founders of St. Mary's and their children acknowledge the debt to the brave and generous Indian.

Thus far, every Marylander feels a common sense of interest and pride in St. Mary's. Read the history of the cruel religious persecution of the early part of the seventeenth century and then go forth upon the happy hills of Maryland and listen to the Sabbath bells pealing their invitation to every creed, and you will concede how great a debt our liberties of conscience owe to Calvert. This noble and courageous man, Leonard Calvert, arose as the bright morning star of that religious liberty which now encircles this enlightened country, made of Maryland in those troubled times the "land of the sanctuary" to all the oppressed of every creed and clime. Go read the beautiful inscription on yonder monument whichraises its declaration like truth forever upward to the skies and you will know the civil and religious principles of liberty which Calvert stood for has become the corner stone of Maryland government.

Of this institution founded in 1814 to commemorate the landing at St. Mary's our state may well be proud. Like a noble river she has gathered strength from the tributary years. Of all that is good, all that is beautiful, all that is ideal in womanhood she has added to her honored traditions, until at last she comes to this generation richly laden with every blessing, a stream of life on whose banks the fruits of wisdom and the flowers of beauty grow for those who'll come to pluck them, and of whose pleasant waters, all who will may quench their thirst. The education which she furnishes to the daughters of Maryland is the material which must be woven into the very woof and warp of this great nation's strength. Its fruit is not borne so much in books as in women, not more in the field of scholarship, than in the field of life. The high standard she has attained, the good she has accomplished are due in large measure to the wisdom of those good public spirited men who have in turn served as the guardian of her interest. To the influence and attention of those who now constitute that estimable body we owe the constant increase of comforts and conveniences which we now enjoy, and, because we feel and recognize our obligations to their disinterested labor, which like virtue has been its own reward, and, because we may never again have the opportunity, in the name of our principal, teachers, and schoolmates we desire to publicly thank our honorable board of trustees for their uniform kindness to us and warm interest in our beloved institution.

True to the spirit of the Toleration Act, this as a state school is non-sectarian. At her open door the religious stand not like the Furies of olden times warring with each other, but like the Graces with arms lovingly entwined bidding to all a welcome and a happy stay. Within this temple of learning for many a year the Muses have ever loved to haunt and to their service as ever come maids with hearts of gold and robes of snow.

The very place seems conscious with association. The walks whisper of a long procession of noble women and girls whose feet have gone out into the world "beautiful with glad tidings." These traditions of the past make our incentive to the future. The influences of both—like the angels Jacob saw—are in our vision to-day ascending and descending the ladder of time. The angels of the past bright with the glory of things achieved. The angels of the future radiant with hope and promise on their wings.

The happy years we have spent here have taught us to regard St. Mary's as another name for home and to her, as I have said, we come to say farewell. That word coming from the lips of a valedictorian has perhaps to you become trite and meaningless, to us it is still fraught with the same sweet sadness.

Teachers and schoolmates believe not the years have flown like angels unrecognized. I have been eager to complete my school days and enter life's battle but as the days of the past session have glided by, each one bringing nearer the desired end, I have felt reluctant to part with those who have been my companions so long, and to-day from my very heart it grieves me to leave you.

I shall carry away with me the memory of those days, the sweet faced, kindly voiced teachers, my dear companions, the pleasant walks we took, the songs we sang, the pranks we played, and at night when tired with study and play we gathered like little children around our mothers for the evening prayer, the lamp light shone down like a benediction on our young [redacted] again. Dear comrades of my girlhood if we be but true to the traditions of our school, to ourselves, to the principles we have so eagerly embraced, and live faithfully up to them, oh, we shall meet again, and we will find then as now that the day of harvest is better than the day of sowing and the fairest dream of youth is not to be compared with the pleasing memory of a life well spent.

Cherished and faithful teachers how can we ever thank you for all the zeal and patience that has this consummation to our hopes. Your words have cheered us in times of discouragement; your sympathetic joy in our success has been too generous too be soon forgotten and we would have our parting express all the gratitude and affection we so deeply feel. Of each of you it may be truly said, "her price is above rubies." May your contests be all conquests, and your conquests, even to the last, be rewarded with a crown.

Honored and beloved Principal, we fain would bid you farewell by the tender name of mother. You came here bringing with you the sweet spirit of home life and you have shared the mother love of your heart with us as with your own children. Your sympathy in our youth, your faith in our better selves, the mercy with which you have so sweetly tempered justice, shall not be given in vain. The proud traditions of our school were never placed in purer, safer hands than yours, and the daughters of other women shall arise and call you blessed. We pledge you our faith, the ideals you revere shall be to our lives a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

Farewell St. Mary's, farewell; I lay my heart's forget-me-nots at your feet.

HOLIDAYS.

If Dorothy her wish would speak
She'd have her birthday every week.
Just think! And when the year is through,
Her age would gain by *fifty-two!*

If Harriet could have her way
It would be always Christmas Day;
She wishes Santa Claus would come
And make her chimney-place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice;—
The time when all the boys rejoice;
But if that day were always here,
We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valontine
Would be the choice of Angeline;
But ah! I know if that were so,
The postmen all on strike would go.

So don't you think perhaps it's best
For holidays, as well, to rest,
And be on hand with joy and cheer
Just once in all the great long year?
Rose Mills Powers, in July *St. Nicholas.*

THE TWENTY-ONE CLUB.

BY MAY MCHENRY.

From the Independent.

On Old Man John Barton's eightieth birthday there was a family reunion at The Homestead. The Bartons are numerous and clannish, consequently they gathered in strong force at the big square white house on the site where their great-grandfather, John Barton, built the first log cabin north of the Wishshinky.

Family reunions are nothing uncommon with the Bartons, but there were features that distinguished this party from the other affairs of the kind, For one thing, it was Old Man John's first and last eightieth birthday. Then all the John Bartons were present. John is a good, solid, sensible name, and the Bartons rather like it; there is Old Man John, and John Junior, and John third, and Little John, and Johnnie K., and Danville John, and John the Blacksmith, not to mention John Barton Todd and young Johnny K. Barton Morton. But the great distinguishing feature of the party was the founding of the Twenty-One Club.

Old Man John was interested and moved when he counted up and found there were nine young men of the Barton family who would attain their majority before the year was out.

It was at the time of the Easter vacation, and all of the nine happened to be at The Homestead birthday party. They were gathered into the big parlor—three young farmers, a Harvard junior, a medical student, a law student, a musician, a telegraph operator and a drug clerk—all trying to look dignified and unconscious as grandfathers, uncles, cousins slapped them on the back and called them fine young roosters, and joked about beardless cheeks and mustaches like the down of a half-fledged pigeon.

"Nine new votes for the straight Democratic ticket!" said John Junior, who was a member of the State Legislature. "That ought to turn the scale in Christopher County next fall."

"I tell you it makes the old man's heart big with pride to see so many fine young shoots around the parent tree," said Old Man John in his loud, hearty tones. "The older generation is nothing but half-dead branches hanging on until a gust of wind snaps them off; and it is a comfort to know there is plenty of sound, sappy, heart-whole Barton timber coming on—good American timber, too, the sort the Government needs for props." Old Man John had been a lumberman in his day, so he used a lumberman's figures.

They were talking in that way, gaying, flattering and applauding the foolish-looking young men, when a pretty, brown-haired girl stood beside Old Man John's chair, her eyes bright and saucy.

"I, too, will be twenty-one soon, grandfather," she cried gayly. "Next Fourth of July, the nation's birthday. Why do you not call me a promising young sapling?—a *birch* sapling?"

The old man squeezed the plump little hand of the merry young schoolma'am, his favorite grandchild, and told her she was a moss rose, a honeysuckle and a rare white lilly. The boys, relieved to find themselves no longer the center of interest, laughed teazingly and told their cousin she was only a girl and had better pass herself off as a minor as long as she could—her coming of age amounted to nothing, for she would have no vote any way; she could never be an American sovereign and help rule ninety millions of people through the ballot box, the glory and the pride and the sacred responsibility of citizenship were not for her.

Pretty Marian, secure in the admiration and loyal allegiance due her as the only young lady in a family burdened with so many bothersome and ungainly young males, did not mind the laughter and teazing in the least. But when the misguided Harvard young student adopted a patronizing tone and hinted that she was a New Woman and intended to assert her equality at the polls as well as in the matter of birthdays, Marian stood up very straight, with a slight flush on her cheeks.

"No; I do not want to vote—not yet," she said calmly. I fear it might be taken for granted that I have no ideas of my own and might be counted upon to walk up like a sheep and vote the straight Democratic ticket just because the Bartons usually belong to that party."

"No," she went on, without noticing the laughter and applause, "I could not consider myself fitted for the glory and the pride and the sacred responsibility of citizenship while I boasted of a better acquaintance with the formation of the ancient Greek republics than with the Constitution and political history of the United States."

The Harvard man fell back and drew in his breath sharply as a sign that he had been hit; but the little school teacher went on undisturbed, and it was the good looking drug clerk who clapped his hand to his hand to his heart at her next shot.

"Being only a girl, I would lack courage to assume a share in the government of ninety-million people when I have never even looked at the instrument forming the basis of that government, the Constitution of the United States. If I was likey to become a voter I might consider it my duty to inform myself about some of the national questions and the attitudes of the parties, and about political methods. At any rate, I feel sure I would read something in the newspapers besides the baseball news, and in addition to being able to give biographies of all the crack players of the league teams I would know the names and the places of the members of the President's Cabinet; also I would find out whether or not the unit rule has anything to do with the way a Speaker of the House runs things.

"Why, do you know," and she threw back her head like her father, the Judge, when he gave a charge to the jury—"Why, do you know, if I had the prospect ahead of me of having a voice in the management of my country, if I, like you boys, should have the rights and the power of an American voter when I reach twenty-one, I would accept the responsibility with the spirit of the Czar of Russia receiving his crown on his knees, with tears running down his face; I would do as the knights of old did before they took the solemn vows of their knighthood; I would go off alone and strengthen my soul by fasting and prayer. That is what I would do if I was going to vote next fall!"

There was such a roar of applause and laughter that Marian darted out of the room in sudden confusion.

The next minute the dining room doors were thrown open and they all flocked out laughing and talking noisily—all except Marian; she disappeared into the kitchen and stayed there the greater part of the afternoon, making herself useful.

After dinner some of the boys met on the porch.

"Marian rather pitched into us, didn't she?" remarked Will Barton.

"The baseball and Cabinet members' stab was meant for me," announced Will's twin brother, Dan. "Wonder who was tripped up on the unit rule?"

The musician, who was dangling his legs over the railing and gazing off dreamily at the hills, turned without a word and screwed up his face into such an irresistibly funny wink that the others shouted with laughter, and Johnny K. and the Harvard man hurried up to join in the fun.

"I dare say it would not hurt any of us to know more about such things," the Harvard man observed thoughtfully. "I for one will admit that I ought to be better informed as to the duties and privileges of American citizenship."

They all appreciated the astonishing modesty of Jimmie in making such an admission, and showed their appreciation by agreeing with him promptly.

Then Johnny K. straightened himself up and threw away his cigar.

"Why do not you fellows do something?" he said. "There are nine of you who will vote for the first time next fall, and sixty or seventy others, possibly, throughout the county. While acquiring a little information yourselves you might influence some of the others to take a more intelligent interest in the institutions of the country. You know the theory: the higher the intelligence and virtue of the average voter the nearer we approach the ideal republic. Why

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

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