

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. VIII

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NO. 60

## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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**JAMES R. DOWNS.**  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$2.00 per annum to be paid in advance. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until arrears are paid except at the option of the publisher.  
TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less constitute a square. If the advertiser desires to be marked on the advertising bill, it will be done at an extra charge. All advertisements must be paid for in advance. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.  
Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.  
All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

## ENGLISH ROOFING FELT

Is found to stand well in all climates, being extensively used for Roofing Houses, Out-Buildings and Sheds; for Laying Flat Roofs, Gutters, Lining Granaries, Storehouses, or Walls, (either outside or inside), and for placing under Slates or Tiles. It is also a cheap and effective covering for the underneath side of rafters of a Slat-roofed Roof, and as a ceiling for Iron Roofs, constructing Halls, Frost, and Condensation of Moisture.  
The English Felt is put up in rolls of 25 yards in length, by 32 inches in width, and containing a surface of 260 square feet.

## THREE-PLY FELT

FOR ROOFING.  
In rolls, 26 inches wide, by 50 feet in length; each roll will cover a surface 10 feet square, or 100 square feet.  
It is to be laid across the roof, shingle fashion, with a lap of two inches and secured by nailing the edges with galvanized iron caps. When laid on the roof, it is to be painted with *Master Roof Coating*, and finished with the *Master Roof Coating* mixed, ready for use, and is applied with a brush.

## TARRED ROOFING FELT

Used extensively for Sheathing Houses, and for Tar and Gravel Roofing, also for placing under Slate, Tin and Shingle Roofing.  
It is used in parking Woolens and Furs to protect them from moisture. Manufactured by *Master Roof Coating*, and finished with the *Master Roof Coating* mixed, ready for use, and is applied with a brush.

## TWO-PLY FELT

For Sheathing Houses, roofing Temporary Buildings, making Water Tight Floors, and for placing under Slate and Shingles.  
Each roll will cover a surface 10 feet square, or 100 square feet.  
For Sheathing it can be nailed upon the framing, making perfectly air tight sheathing, and sure protection from dampness. Rats, mice or vermin will not go near it.

## MICA CANVAS ROOFING

In rolls containing 250 square feet. It is to be laid across the roof, and napped in the fashion with a lap of two inches, and secured by nailing the edges with 20 oz tacks.  
This is the only waterproof Roofing that does not require a finishing coat of paint or cement.

## UNTARRED SHEATHING FELT

For Carpet Lining, Sheathing Floors, and for putting under Slate, Tin and Shingle Roofing.  
Put up in rolls weighing 100 pounds.  
10 pounds Felt will cover a surface 10 feet square, or 100 square feet.  
Manufactured by the **PENNY ROOFING CO.**  
105 South second street, Philadelphia.  
Aug. 24, 1871—1f.

## To Tobacco Planters.

Our experience in the successful manufacture of Tobacco Fertilizers and Compounds, especially adapted to the growth of the Tobacco Plant, has induced us to present to our Tobacco Planters a most excellent mixture, based on practical results, and we invite them to try it.

## PLAYERS TOBACCO FERTILIZER

alongside the best and most known Fertilizer of that class.  
The high percentage of Ammonia and the capability of this Fertilizer to generate the Ammonia in various periods during the growth of the plants.  
The mixture of Potash, Alkaline Salts and the high percentage of Soluble Phosphate of Lime, make it a compound not equalled by any other. The results obtained will introduce this article by itself.

Our Planters' Ammoniated Soluble Phosphate has given entire satisfaction on Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Garden Vegetables, Potatoes, &c., &c., and we are satisfied that the above Fertilizer on Tobacco will give the same results.

## LORENTZ & RITTLER,

Manufacturing Chemists,  
Planters' Tobacco Fertilizer, per ton, 2,000 lbs. \$60.00  
Planters' Ammoniated Soluble Phosphate, per ton, 2,000 lbs. 50.00  
J. L. OYER, HILL & CO.,  
Grocers and Tobacco Commission Merchants,  
49 Light Street, Baltimore,  
Sole Agents.  
May 4, 1871—1y.

## S. O. N. G. H. O.

Perkins' New School-Book, "The Sove Echo," is pronounced the best work of its class for the following reasons: The Music is all new and fresh; every piece is a well-known Household Melody—such as "Driven from Home," "Write me a Letter," "Little Brown Church," etc. It contains twice as many songs as can be found in other works. The Music is selected from sixty-four authors, and is all of the highest quality. Price, 75 cents each. \$1.50 per dozen. Sample copies mailed to Teachers for 45 cents. Liberal arrangements for introduction. Address: J. L. PETERS, No. 311 Broadway, N. Y.

## Boarding School for Young Ladies.

THE LADIES OF THE SACRED HEART will open a BOARDING SCHOOL for Young Ladies at BOARDMAN on Wednesday, the 6th of September.  
Books and Tuition, \$150 per year. Post Office, St. Inigo's, St. Mary's County, Md.  
Aug. 31, 1871—1f.

## THE PAST.

The Past is past! with many a hopeful morrow,  
Its errors and its good works live with God;  
The spiny is o'er of joy or sorrow,  
The flowers lie dead along the path we trod.

The Past is past! in solemn silence taking  
Alike the sunny and the rainy day,  
The life of labor of the fond heart breaking  
Full many an idol built on feet of clay.

The Past is past! in certain still rotation,  
Revolving and revolving, as it passes by,  
Each hope that blossoms in glad anticipation,  
Each vivid passion and each tender tie.

The Past is past! and our young selves departed  
Upon the flashing whirl of its swift years;  
Its lessons leave us sadder, stronger-hearted,  
More slow to live, less prodigal of tears.

The Past is past! and knowledge taught suspicion  
To dim the future with its foot, cold shins;  
Its lessons leave us sadder, stronger-hearted,  
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The Past is past! and knowledge taught suspicion  
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The Past is past! and in that twilight valley  
Dwell slow repentance and the vain regret;  
Fears for the future from those shadows rally,  
And hang around the path before us yet.

The Past is past! and oh! how few deplore it,  
Or would re-live the life that they the power;  
Yet Nature sometimes weakly weepeth o'er it,  
At memory of some wrong, or happier hour.

The Past is past! there's bitter joy in knowing  
'Tis gone forever, dead and buried deep,  
And in life's sands are flowing,  
To where the waters of the Dead Sea sleep.

The Past is past! in faith and patience taking  
Its lessons, let us take them on our hearts;  
The chain's attenuated links are breaking,  
Be earnest! use the Present ere it parts.

## THE GIPSY'S GLASS.

Cissy Thorne was sitting at her toilet table, skipping a novel, when her maid Emma brushed her long, thick, silky hair. Some people said it was false, because there was so much of it; other Christians were certain it must be dyed, seeing that it had that particular bright, golden tint which is so often due to art; but Emma knew better. That exemplary girl took the same pride in her mistress's hair that a good groom does in the coats of his master's horses, and was never tired of currying—i mean brushing it. Fortunately, the young lady took an equal pleasure in her passive part of the performance, and so both were satisfied. When the spoiled beauty did not know what else to do, she went to her room, took off her dress, and had her hair brushed; it was a lady like substitute for smoking a pipe.

I wonder that Darwin has not instanced the pleasure we feel in being stroked the right way, in favor of his last theory. I believe that Cissy was often very near purring, especially in thundery weather, when her hair crackled like an experiment.

"Well, Emma, did you go to the fair?" asked the brusher, laying down her book.

"Yes, miss, I did."

"And what did you see?"

"I saw a horsemanship, where they rode standing, and jumped through hoops; wonderful!"

"And did you go on one of the roundabouts that are worked by a steam-engine which plays an organ?"

"No, miss," replied Emma, with an emphasis.

"Do you know, Emma, I should like to, if I no one saw."

"Lor, miss! they are crowded with such a lot of, they are."

"Low lots, as you call them, seem to have all the fun," said Cissy, with a half-sigh. "And what else did you see?"

"I went to a fortune-teller."

"No! In a tent?"

"There were little tents about, but it was a yellow cart I went into; not in the fair, exactly, but in the clump, before you come to it. She's wonderful!"

"Is she, though. What did she say? Tell me," cried the excited Cissy, who was troubled with yearnings after the supernatural.

"She told me all sorts of things which she could not have known natural; a mole on my neck; how long I had been in service."

"Yes, yes, but the future; did she say anything about that?"

"She did more, miss, she showed it to me."

"No."

"In a round glass; as if I'm standing here I saw him plain."

"Your future husband?"

"As is to be; yes, miss."

The two girls had been playmates when very little, and there was much more familiarity between them than is customary with mistress and maid. So Emma had to enter into all the mysterious details of the cabalistic ceremony.

"What fun!" cried Cissy. "I should like to go; I will go! The fortune-teller, the caravan is not actually in the fair, you say; and there will not be many people about if we start early."

"Lor, miss! what will your pa and ma say?"

"I do not know; I'll do it first and ask them afterward, for fear they might object. We'll go to-morrow morning, directly after breakfast, if you like."

lies were patronizing, and she would not be patronized.  
Cissy was their only child, and they thought much of her, honestly believing that there never was such another baby-child-maiden. Of course the girl was never to be sent to school, and her governesses were selected principally with reference to their power of appreciating her merits.

Nevertheless, she was very charming, and had two lovers; I don't mean mere admirers, but two men who were ready to marry her, if she would but choose one of them. But she could not make up her mind which of the brace to select.

"If the gipsy would only show me what I am to take, it would save me a world of trouble," she said to herself, with a smile; "but of course that is all nonsense. Yet if she did, I would take it guided by it."

One evening was Puddin Frogmore, a landed proprietor in the neighborhood, very poor; for although his rent-roll was a fair one, his debts were enormous; but very handsome, and well set up. Indeed, he had been in the Blues; I don't mean in bad spirits, but a man in armor, commanding men in armor, and his wife would be undoubtedly on a par with the county families.

Charles Wilson was the name of the other. He was a young London solicitor, who had just been taken into a good firm, and was now on a visit to his mother, an Indian colonel's widow, who resided at Littleton. Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Thorne were good friends, so all was smooth there. Mrs. Wilson had murmured, indeed, when she first saw her son's inclination.

"Would she be a companion for you, Charles? Would she be able to take an interest in the same things you do?"

"No, mother; and that is just what I want. I should hate a wife who was as clever as myself. But how can you fail to see her merits? She is such a very nice little party!"

"Partie, Charles, partie. How dreadfully bad your French accent is! I grant that she would not be a bad match for you from a worldly point of view."

Frogmore was the more handsome. Wilson was the more pleasant. Really, if fate would settle the matter for her, it would save Cissy Thorne a world of trouble.

So the pretty bond of contention commenced, as she started with her maid Emma for Littleton Hurst at nine A. M. for Mr. Thorne breakfasted early, and his daughter, Mrs. Thorne being a laugher. Not a drum was heard, not a pan-dance note, as they stepped briskly along; the ginger-bread husbands were covered up from the dust; the merry-go-rounds were still; the clown was darning his dress; the donkeys breakfasted frugally on each other's manes; the fire-eater was trying a diet of bacon, bread and garble; for a change. Business never commenced in the fair before the afternoon. But Miss Thorne's visit was not to the fair; to the right, some five hundred yards from the common, there was a clump of sparse trees, and sheltered beneath them stood one of those yellow hats on wheels which set so vividly upon the imaginations of village children. This was the abode of the sly, and the adventuress turned aside toward it.

Emma went first up the steps, and tapped with the bright brass knocker; the door opened immediately, and a mystic face, appeared—young, handsome as a Spaniard, though her splendid black hair was rather coarse, if you came to examine it too closely. Emma drew back, to let her mistress enter first.

"Walk in, my pretty lady," said the gipsy; "don't be afraid; I am quite alone here."

Although the fun of the fair did not commence till late in the day, it was evident that custom came better to the sly, for all traces of night disorder had disappeared from the miniature interior, which was spick and span, neat and clean; obviously prepared for visitors. The small apartment was still further reduced by a curtain, which ran on brass rings along a rod, inclosing a portion of the space.

The gipsy examined Cissy's hand, and began making shots—centers, though most; bull's-eyes, some, and your father, and mother would give you gold to eat, if you wanted it; you had a bad illness four or five years ago; when a child you were in great peril from a dog. A lot more to the same effect, couched in vague language, but very correct. Cissy began to be sorry she had come. "There's two gentlemen as is very sweet upon you, my pretty lady," continued the unpoetic sly; "if you marry one you will be unhappy all your life, but if you take the other you will be lucky and live to be eighty, and ride in your carriage and pair all the time."

The idea of this very protracted drive amused Cissy, and that revived her courage. After all the woman might have made inquiries about her on the chance of her coming.

"And how am I to know which of these gentlemen to choose?" she asked in a bantering tone.

"Ah, that I cannot tell, my lady; but you can look in the magic glass for yourself, and see if it shows you aught."

"Let me see it, then," said Cissy bravely, though the feeling of coyness began to return.

The gipsy said that Emma should have the caravan; but Cissy would not have that, so a compromise was effected; the maid was blind folded. Then the gipsy drew slides across the little window on either side, producing a deep twilight.

Then the curtain at the further end slowly parted, revealing a wall of black cloth, tightly stretched, in the center of which was fixed a circular mirror, about two feet

in diameter, and this gipsy, with increased force, and the hand of her blind folded maid.

A table separated the two; and whether it was the magic quality of the glass, or the light behind it, or the spirit evoked with the shadows, which gathered and obscured the whole of the scene, or the gipsy's eyes, which were usually cleared, and which grew upon it.

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