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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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R. R. R. RAILWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one suffer from any of the following ailments: Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold, Croup, Ague, Chills, etc.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Information of the Radway's Ready Relief, containing the full particulars of its use, and the names of the proprietors, is sent free of charge to any person who sends for it. It is a most valuable remedy for all the ailments mentioned above, and is sold in every part of the world.

HEALTHY BEAUTY

Dr. Radway's Serravallo's Resolvent has made the most astonishing cures of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, and leprosy. It is a most valuable remedy for all the ailments mentioned above, and is sold in every part of the world.

DR. RADWAY'S PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS

These pills are perfectly tasteless, and are sold in every part of the world. They are a most valuable remedy for all the ailments mentioned above, and are sold in every part of the world.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER

R. EDWARDS, having qualified as an Auctioneer according to the laws of the United States, gives notice that he will attend to the sale of all real or personal property that may be offered at public auction. He is located at the corner of the main street and the old mill race, in St. Mary's county, Md.

(Written for the Beacon.)

We're prone to love our native place,
Wherever we may roam;
Even far away from home,
Our early childhood's home.

AND FROM SUCH A SOURCE

A good many years ago the regiment to which I then belonged was quartered at Aldershot. After a long absence from England, spent on a parading rock in the middle of the Red Sea, bleak and desolate, I had just returned to my native land.

The hotel servant who ushered me to the cab got a handsome gratuity for his pains.

"I didn't," replied Jack, "got it by himself."
"All right," I said, "stretching myself on the seat, I got into the next carriage, there, are there?"
"I've called no body," replied Billy, looking out of the window. "I'm sorry to hear that the train was on the point of starting. I stopped the cap on the bridge, and ran quickly up a narrow flight of steps which led directly on to the end of the platform known only to the initiated; the train was moving on, but I had just time, despite warning shouts of guard and porters, to open the door of the last carriage and jump in. The other compartments of the carriage I noticed were lighted, but this one was dark; that didn't affect me. I didn't want to read. I took out a box of wax matches and proceeded to light a cigar. As the glow of the match lit up the interior of the carriage, I saw in the corner a long dark object, quite black, and yet with some little metallic gleam about it; it was a coffin, reared up at the farther side of the carriage, a board being placed behind it, against which it leaned. As I looked steadily at the coffin it appeared suddenly to glow with a faint radiance. Every nail and every plate upon it began to gleam with strange mysterious light. Bah! it was the moon. We had just left the clouds of London behind us, and the great round moon, rising out of the river-mists, cast her glorious beams right athwart us. But I turned away from her in disgust. What was the beauty of the night to me—a ruined soldier, a card or a die, studied for the Staff College, passed a good examination; went to Sandhurst, came out with high honors, and having a little interest at headquarters, got an appointment as commissioner, to watch the operations of the American War of Secession, on General's staff."

IN TWENTY YEARS.

"And so you really think there is nothing serious in Margaret's naughtiness, my dear Sir," said a fashionable-dressed lady of five and forty summers to a gentleman fifteen years her junior, who stood behind the open library window, regarding her with an amused smile.

Oh! my dear master!

"Oh! my dear master!" she said aloud, and burying her head in her hands, she sank down upon the carpet and wept. "A step crossed the hall hastily, an arm was thrown around her waist; that voice, all hurried and agitated, was speaking in her very ear."
"My pupil! Oh, if I were younger or you older; if I were richer or you poorer, I would dare to say 'my Margaret,' and do my best to turn this little thing into a woman's pride."
"But I am thirty-five," she said in a low voice, "I see no gray hairs in your brown curls, but they begin to come in. Twenty years ago you would not kiss me, you bade me keep that first kiss for the man I was to love and marry. I have kept it for you twenty years. Will you take it now?"
He held her closely to his heart in silence. Thirty-five and fifty years of age! Does it seem absurd to you, young lady of sixteen? Ah me! I sometimes wonder if people ever really know to love before gray hairs begin to come to teach them.

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