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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—\$2.00 per annum in advance. Single copies 5 cents. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements.—25 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Right lines or less constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until full paid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

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THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.

PROSPECTUS OF A NEW Independent Health Monthly.

The object of it is, to teach the people all that pertains to the preservation of Health, the prevention of Disease, and how to live in order to develop normally in body and mind.

It is not a Medical Journal, but Physiological and Hygienic, family magazine, containing just that practical information on the laws of Life and Health, useful to every member of the household, and cannot be worth many times its price to every family in which it is read.

Quack Medicines, and quack doctors will be exposed, and no advertiser will be allowed to impose on the people where the Science of Health is generally circulated.

This Journal will be the exponent of all known means by which Health, Strength, Vigor, and a Long Life, may be attained by using and regulating those agencies which are always present, and so vitally related to Health and the treatment of Diseases, including Air, Light, Temperature, Eating, Drinking, Clothing, Rest, Recreation, Exercise, Rest, Sleep, Electricity, Mental Influences, Social Relations, and all Normal agencies and Hygienic materials. All that is required to keep well and to preserve health, is a knowledge of the uses and misuses of these agencies.

The Science of Health will be the best exponent of the scientific principles of these subjects, and not the organ of any particular institution, or of the professional practice of any one, but devoted to the most liberal and rational use of the word "Health," in all its bearings.

Published monthly at \$2.00 a year in advance; single numbers, 25 cents. Clubs of ten at \$15.00 each, and an extra copy to agent; or five for \$7.50 each, and an extra copy to agent; or three for \$4.50 each, and an extra copy to agent. Local Agents wanted everywhere, and cash commissions given. Address all letters to SAMUEL J. CULVERWELL, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

April 25, 1872.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY.

Just Published, in a Stated Envelope. Price, six cents.

A Lecture on the Cause, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotence, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c. By R. J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c. The world-renowned Lecturer, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed, without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, hemorrhages, blisters, rings, or cauterizations, pointing out a mode of cure as simple, certain, and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically. This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

Sent, unsealed, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps, by addressing the publisher.

Also the Cultivator's "Marriage Guide," price 25 cents.

Address the Publishers, CHAS. J. & W. KLINE & CO., 127 Bowery, New York, Post-Office Box 4,586, July 25, 1872-73.

INDIAN Fever & Ague REMEDY.

No Quinine, Arsenic, Strychnine, or other deleterious drugs used in its preparation.

PURELY VEGETABLE! AND PLEASANT TO TAKE.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTION.

Has the only real cure. It will not injure the most delicate person.

Three Doses Cure

The worst cases permanently.

For sale by all Druggists and country stores.

SNYDER & SON,

No. 16 Bowry's Wharf, BALTIMORE, Md.

Orders promptly filled.

Aug 29, 1872-73.

PUMPS! PUMPS!!

BLANCHARD'S CUCUMBER WOOD PUMPS for any depth of well at reduced prices. Every pump guaranteed and fixed ready for the well. Call and examine our address.

J. T. BALLENGER,

Mechanicville, St. Mary's co., Md.

Aug 8, 1872-73.

MARBLED SLATE AND MARBLE MANTLES.

Warranted the best goods made. For sale, at reduced prices, by

JOHN DEER & SON,

Dealers in Builders and Cabinet Hardware, 24 South Charles Street, Baltimore.

Send for Catalogue and Prices, &c. Aug 22, 1872-73.

FARMER'S GIRLS.

Up in the early morning,

Just at the peep of day,

Straining the milk in the dairy,

Turning the cows away—

Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,

Making the beds up stairs,

Washing the breakfast dishes,

Dusting the parlor chairs,

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,

Hunting the eggs at the barn,

Roasting the meat for the dinner,

Spinning the stocking-yarn,

Spreading the snow white linen

Down on the bushes below,

Ransacking every nook and corner

Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching their cottons for Sunday,

Churning the snowy cream,

Rinsing the pails and strainer

Down in the running stream;

Feeding the geese and poultry,

Making the puddings and pies,

Joggling the little one a cradle,

Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,

Music in every tone,

Beauty of form and feature,

Checks that rival the roses,

Teeth the whitest of pearls;

One of these country maidens is worthy

A score of your giddy girls.

A MIRROR.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Piper,

"And do you go in to playing them off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of

confidence.

"So they played the fifth game, and he

lost out to pay for the five games.—

—was an exciting contest. Both made

mistakes, but in the end Albert was

defeated by three points; and with a little

more practice he would have been

able to pay the bill. Five games

more, and he would have paid out

for his own share; and never once

did he think of that he could not afford it.

"Yes," said Tom.

"They lighted their cigars and then sauntered

down the hall to watch others play.

"Albert soon found himself seated over

against a table, and his friends were

playing, and close by stood two gen-

tlemen, strangers to him, one of whom

was explaining to the other the mysteries

of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who

had been making the explanation; "and

certainly it is one which has no evil ten-

dency."

"I had heard the remarks very plainly

and he had a curiosity to hear what the

other, who seemed to be unacquainted with

billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any

game which calls for skill and judgment,

and which is free from the attendant of

gaming, is itself an evil," remarks the

second gentleman. "Such things are only

evil so far as they stimulate men beyond

the bounds of health and recreation."

"That remark can scarcely follow such a

game," said the first speaker, "but the

other shook his head.

"You are wrong here. The result can

follow in two ways: First, it can lead

men away from their business; it can lead

men to spend money, who have not money

to spend. You will understand me. I

would not cry down the game of billiards,

for if I understood it I should certainly

try you a game now; but whenever I visit

a place of this kind, I am led to reflect

upon a most strange and prominent weak-

ness of humanity as developed in our

sex. For instance observe that young man

who is just settling his bill at the desk. He

looks like a mechanic, and I should say

from his manner and from the fact that

he felt it his duty to go home at this hour,

that he has a wife and children. I see

by his face that he is kind hearted and

generous, and I should judge that he means

to do as near right as he can. He has been

beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty

cents for the recreation. If you observe

you will see that he pays it freely, and

pockets the loss with a smile. Happy

faculty! But how do you suppose it is in

the young man's home? Suppose his wife

had come to him this morning and asked

him for a dollar to spend for some trifling

thing, some household ornament, or some

bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and

suppose his little child had put in a plea

for forty cents to buy a paper and picture

book with, what do you think he would

have answered? Of fifty men just like

him, would not forty have declared

that they had not money to spare for

any such purpose? And, moreover, they

would have said so, feeling that they were

FARMER'S GIRLS.

But, one evening in the golden Octo-

ber, Nettie found herself obliged to

pass Harry's farm. It lay between

her father's house and the village, but she

had heretofore taken a round about road

in going to and returning from the vil-

lage. On the evening in question, how-

ever, she had been detained in the village,

unconsciously, till it was nearly dark; and

she determined to hazard this round road

home. It would be fully dark when she

would pass his house, and the chances

were that she would not see him. She

would not have him see her for the world.

When she arrived opposite the house,

she perceived that there was a light in the

little sitting room. Her first impulse was

to hurry by, but some more powerful in-

fluence prompted her to stop. She did so,

and stood timidly at the farther side of

the road, gazing longingly at the house

that had been a home for her—first of hap-

piness, then of misery. By and by she

felt an irresistible yearning to look at the

room once more. He was evidently with-

out, and there was no danger that he would

see her. So she walked hurriedly across

the road, opened the gate softly, and step-

ped into the lawn. Another moment and

she was at the window looking in. What

singular behavior! But she could not

help it. The little room was as neat as

when she herself had watched over it. A

cheerful fire was burning in the grate, al-

though it was not very cold, and a lighted

lamp stood on the table. It was there

that Harry was sitting. How her heart

bounded as she caught sight of him! He

held in his right hand a book from his

school library. She recognized it at once,

but he was not reading now. He had al-

lowed it to drop, with its pages looking

mutely to the ceiling—and his face was

supported, half concealed, in the left hand,

the elbow resting on a table. Was he

asleep, or was he buried in a sad reverie?

Nettie thought that the latter was the case,

and her heart was touched.

"I wish I had borne with him," she

said to herself.

But a moment later her heart was more

than that, when she saw that she was

tear roll down his cheek and drop upon

the book. The lonely man was not asleep;

he was crying. She could not help it.

All that was womanly in her heart was

aroused, and she was at the door in a mo-

ment. No ceremony, she burst into the

sitting room and was at his side.

"Oh, Harry?" Her voice quivered

with emotion.

"Why, Nettie?" he exclaimed, trying

to hide his tears—men are ashamed of

them. "Is it you?"

"Yes, Harry?" hiding her face in her

hands. "I was passing—I looked in—

I saw you sitting here so lonely, and could

not help coming in. I thought of the time

when we were happy here, and now I

Then her womanly tears could be re-pressed

no longer. There was no use trying to

hide them. Besides, her voice broke

down as she could say no more just then.

"Nettie!" He arose and took both her

hands from her face, and then held her

in his own. "I thought you had blotted

me out of your memory."

"No, no, Harry," she sobbed. "I

FARMER'S GIRLS.

Harry's home was on a little farm, a

mile from town. He owned it, but then

it was heavily mortgaged, and in another

year foreclosure was certain. It was not

likely his creditors would spare him, as

he made no effort to meet his obligations,

and spent his time in riotous and disgrace-

ful excess.

A week passed after that summer even-

ing on which all agreed in predicting his

early ruin—two weeks, three weeks, a

month or two. What strange mystery is

there? To the utter bewilderment of the

prophecying sages, Harry discontinued vis-

iting the tavern, and was rarely ever seen

in the village. When he did come to the

store in town, he speedily transacted his

business and went home sober. But won-

ders never cease, when they get a start. He

was next reported as actually at work

on his farm. Had but one man seen this,

and reported it in the village, he would

have been marked as a man seeking vac-

reacy; but a number of neighbors saw it,

and their continued testimony was worthy

of credence.

The little farm began to look healthier

as the summer wore on. The fences

strengthened up; the weeds disappeared;

the corn grew marvellously; the briars

and elders were rooted up from the fields

and fence-rows; the animals looked fat-

ter, sleeker and happier; the cottage

looked neater.

Time wore on, and the great change

was more strongly marked each day.

Harry's creditors called and told him they

would not be hard on him, seeing that

he was doing his best, and that his debts

were his own time about paying the