

Saint Mary's

LEONARDTOWN, MD. THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1872

VOL. X

ST. MARY'S BEACON

Published every Thursday

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

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Prospectus for 1873.—Sixth Year.

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Notwithstanding the increase in the price of subscription last fall, when The Aldine assumed its present noble proportions and representative character, the edition was more than doubled during the past year; proving that the American public appreciate and will support a sincere effort in the cause of Art.

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A GAME FOR TWO TO PLAY.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time each day spent in the company of Mr. Mainwell, the gentleman whom Miss Ellsworth's old friend Ned Whitaker, had introduced to her one morning along the shore on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing-rooms.

Miss Ellsworth was not a flirt, "she distributed her favors among many gentlemen, and she had found her ideal well realized in Mr. Mainwell. Only the evening before, their talk had withdrawn itself from the general topics to which each had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness, she had encouraged an approach to the personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now to find Mr. Mainwell this morning, with his coat off and a smith's apron on, engaged in mending a lock—He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza where the fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back towards her as she approached, leaning on the arm of Anna West. She recognized him, looked intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near, and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work, Mr. Mainwell?" she asked.

"I do, Miss Ellsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears very odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little. "Your trade?" she said, faintly.

"Yes, trade, Miss Ellsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him."

The party of girls came along just then. After wondering at Mr. Mainwell while laughing at him, they proposed a ride.

THE MARRIAGE.

"Do not say anything more about it. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being without you."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might otherwise put obstacles in our way."

"I am willing—this hour, this minute."

"They don't know my position in life."

"They still think that you are wealthy—as I did."

"Come, then, we will go out with Ned and become before the world what we are now in spirit, husband and wife, and then at once take the steps for the home law."

"I have for you—a home which, though lowly, will make you happy."

"Whither you go I will go."

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering place chapel, with the wicked Ned conning at the mischief.

The next train sped with them to the city.

"I will show you the shop where I work," said Mr. Mainwell, when the carriage they took at the depot in the city had drawn up before one of a long block of brown stone houses in a splendid part of the city.

A MARVELOUS EVENT.

Mr. James Mowbray and his four sons lived in 1828 on Harwick Hall, in Leonardtown, Maryland. Mrs. Mowbray was a tall, powerful woman of energy and bravery, in her fifty-fourth year. Her sons were aged respectively thirty-four, twenty-seven, twenty-four, and twenty-two. Her husband had been dead many years. Her two oldest sons were married, and their wives and families lived with her. The youngest, George, was a wild and dissipated, and had given her much trouble. He was deeply in debt, and had been repeatedly threatened with arrest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and kept in her bedroom, besides a quantity of valuable plate, a large sum of money.

On Christmas eve Mrs. Mowbray's sons and daughters-in-law paid a visit to the residence of her sister, Mr. Chalker, in Leonardtown. The domestic relations of the dwelling, enjoying the festivities of the season. The watchman, who was ordinarily on duty in kitchen garden, took a hasty survey of his beat, and joined the revellers in the kitchen.

On Christmas night they were to have a family gathering of friends and neighbors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to consider the necessary arrangements. She would require the old punch bowl, and the ladies and gentlemen which she kept in the closet of her bedroom. She went accordingly and entered the closet and took out the silver, and laid it on the shelf, ready for removal the next morning. At the same time she took out a large old-fashioned carrying-knife and fork of a quaint pattern, and deposited them on the shelf. She then returned to the parlor. After sitting and musing some time, she took up the Bible and fumbled for her spectacles. She could not find them, and at length remembered that she had left them on the shelf in the closet. She at once returned for them. Entering her bedroom, she placed the candle on the dressing-table, and lighted a small lamp, with which she entered the closet.

As she took the first step inside the closet, she heard the sound of some one breathing heavily. She looked up and saw a man before her face of a man. She was a brave, resolute woman. She advanced a step, and observed that a man's head, arms and body were through the wall of the closet at the end, as though he were wriggling himself through the opening of the door. She was so startled that she held a pistol and fired. Mrs. Mowbray was so startled that she held a pistol and fired. Mrs. Mowbray was so startled that she held a pistol and fired.

Being unable to reach himself out of the apartment, he raised the door, and burst in at Mrs. Mowbray. The courageous old lady made one step forward, and dashed the keen blade across the man's throat, laying it open from ear to ear. She then calmly retired, closed the closet door, blew out the lamp, and taking up her candle returned to the parlor. First having satisfied herself that not a drop of blood had stained her dress or hands.

Half an hour after midnight her husband returned home. They found their mother seated by the fire, solemnly reading the Bible. They greeted her affectionately, and prepared to retire for the night. Mrs. Mowbray said, "Boys, remain behind a little. I wish to speak to you. My daughters, can retire."

When she was alone with her children, she said, with a guilty and calmed face, "My children, I have killed a man. You will find his body flat in the small window of the closet of my bedroom."

Her sons stared at her in amazement. They at first imagined that she must be laboring under some mental disorder; but when she related to them, plainly and rationally, and in her own straightforward, simple fashion, the story as just told, they saw that she was telling them a simple fact.

"Go," she said, "make what arrangements you please. I will wait here, and you can tell me what course is best to pursue in this matter."

The sons took the light and went to their mother's room. They opened the door, and there, sure enough, was the body of a man, hanging flat through the window. The head was a pool of blood. With difficulty the oldest son got near enough to his body without stepping into the room to raise the head, which was drooping on the chest. He grasped the hair and lifted the head so that the light might fall upon the face. As he did so, a cry of horror escaped them all.

"Great God! it is our brother George."

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R. A. GOLDEN & BRO., GROCERS

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Washington D. C.

Announcement to the citizens of St. Mary's county and its contiguous territory, that they are prepared to receive the highest market prices for all the produce of the county, and to furnish them with the best quality of goods at the lowest prices.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 4th day of June, 1872, formed a co-partnership in the practice of their profession, under the name of

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