

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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## DIRECTORY

### St. Mary's County,

#### CIRCUIT COURT.

The sessions of this Court begin on the third Mondays of March and September, and on the first Mondays of June and December. The March and September Terms being for the trial of causes wherein Juries may be required—those of June and December are the non-jury or intermediate Terms.  
Chief Judge—Hon. George Brent.  
Associate Judges—Hons Robert Ford and Daniel B. Magruder.  
Clerk—J. Frank Ford.  
Deputy Clerks—Robt A. Young and Jos F. New.  
State's Attorney—J. Parran Crane.  
Commissioners in Equity—James T. Blakiston and James S. Downs.  
Commissioners of the Land—J. Frank Bohanan (vacant).  
Auditor—Robert C. Combs.  
Sheriff—Benjamin Foxwell.  
Deputy Sheriff—George A. Simms.  
Jailer—A. J. Cott.  
Crier—James P. Wathen.  
Deputy Crier—Zach Latham and Jos Latham.  
Messengers—J. J. Graves.  
Deputy to Grand Jury—Thomas P. Guy.

#### ORPHAN COURT.

This Court meets on the 2nd Tuesday of every month.  
Chief Judge—Hon A. J. Spalding.  
Associate Judges—Hons L. H. Carter and Z. H. Tippett.  
Register of Wills—James T. M. Raley.  
Deputy Register of Wills—Wm B. Goddard.  
Clerk—Benj H. Swann.

#### COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

This Court meets on the 2nd Tuesday of every month.  
John B. Abell, (President), J. Parran Crane, Philip B. Dorsey, A. C. Tannison and A. F. Fenwick.  
Clerk—C. J. Durant.  
Messengers—Peter R. Graves.  
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Secretary—Benj Tippett, (County Examiner and Treasurer).  
MEMBERS OF THE ALMS HOUSE.  
Thos O. Spencer, (President), B. J. Abell, P. G. Love, Thos K. Langley and J. T. Parron.  
Overseer—J. Summerfield Clark.  
Clerk—John D. Yates.  
Physician—Dr R. T. Gough.

#### COLLECTORS OF STATE AND COUNTY TAXES.

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2nd do Wm Frank Ford  
3rd do Joseph T. Gough  
4th do James R. Alvey  
5th do J. J. Redmond  
6th do R. King Clarke

#### OFFICERS OF REGISTRATION.

1st District, G. M. C. Jones  
2nd do (vacant)  
3rd do Joseph S. Ford  
4th do Robert T. Barber  
5th do J. G. Spalding  
6th do Stephen Jones

#### JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

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2nd District, J. A. Wise, F. J. Thomas, J. S. B. Hammett, Thos Dent and Geo C. Loker  
3rd District, Jo E. Morgan, D. C. Hammett, Zach Tippett and J. Felix Morgan  
4th District, Thomas H. Fowler, W. L. Dent, J. C. Barry and C. J. Russell  
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6th District, Jas G. Spalding, Wm B. Tucker and Z. T. Spalding

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2nd District, James H. Saunders, R. M. Edwards and J. L. Milburn  
3rd District, George A. Simms and Joseph T. Gough  
4th District, James R. Alvey, Jos H. Shewell and J. J. Alvey  
5th District, James H. Alvey and J. J. Redmond  
6th District, R. King Clarke

#### JUDGES OF ELECTIONS.

1st District, Edward S. Abell, W. W. Brady and Louis N. Rollins  
2nd District, Charles L. Wise, Henry Watz and J. T. Duke  
3rd District, Y. P. Dawkins, Stephen Foxwell and Sebastian Thompson  
4th District, Llew J. Alliston, W. L. Dent and P. G. Love  
5th District, John Harrison, Thos Harrison and H. C. Dent  
6th District, J. G. Spalding, Henry Jones and H. C. Graves

#### CORPORATION OF LEONARDTOWN.

Dr Henry Law, (President), John F. Fenwick, Henry Neal, B. Harris Casanier and A. A. Lawrence.  
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## JOHN AND I.

'Come John,' said I, cheerfully, 'it really is time to go; if you stay any longer I shall be afraid to come down and lock the door after you.'

My visitor arose—a proceeding that always reminded me of the genius emerging from the copper vessel, as he measured six feet three—and stood looking reproachfully down upon me. 'You are in a great hurry to get rid of me,' he replied.

Now, I didn't agree with him, for he had made his usual call of two hours and a half; having, in country phrase, taken to 'sitting up' with me so literally. 'You are in a great hurry to get rid of me,' he said, 'but I know you would bring a troop rushing after it.'

He was a fine, manly looking fellow, this John Cranford, old for his age, which was the rather boyish period of twenty-two—and every way worthy of being loved. But I didn't love him. I was seven years his senior, and when instead of letting the worm of concealment prey on his damask cheek, he ventured to tell his father by my mature self, I remorselessly seized an English prayer book, and pointed sternly to the clause, 'A man may not marry his grandmother.' That was three years ago; and I added, encouragingly, 'Be-side, John, you're a child, and don't know your own mind.'

'If a man of nineteen doesn't know his own mind,' remonstrated my lover, 'I would like to know who should. But I will wait for you seven years, if you say so—fourteen as Jacob did for Rachel.'

'You forget,' I replied, laughing at his way of mending matters, 'that woman does not, like wine, improve with age. But seriously John, this is absurd; you are a nice boy, and I like you; but I suppose it must be so, but I don't care if you're forty. You look like a girl of sixteen, and you are the only woman I shall ever love.'

'Oh, John, John! at least five millions of men have said the same thing before in every known language. Nevertheless, when you fairly break down and cry, I relent—for I am disgracefully soft-hearted—and weakly promise then and there that I will either keep my own name or take yours. For love is a very dog in the manger, and John looked radiant at this concession. It was a com fort to know that if he could not gather the flowers himself no one else would.'

A sort of family shipwreck had waded John to my threshold. Our own household was sadly broken up and I found myself comparatively young in years with a half invalid father, a large house and very little money. What more natural than to take boarders? And among the first were Mr. Cranford and his son, and sister, who had just been wrecked themselves by the death of the wife and mother in a foreign land—one of those sudden unexpected deaths that leave the survivors in a dazed condition, because it is so difficult to imagine the gay worldling who has been called hence in another state of being. Mr. Cranford was one of my admirations from the first. Tall, pale, with dark hair and eyes, he reminded me of Dante, only that he was handsomer; and he had such a general air of knowing, that I was quite afraid of him. He was evidently wrapped up in John, and patient with his sister—which was asking quite enough of Christian charity, for Mrs. Shellgrove was an unmitigated nuisance. Such a talker! babbling of her own and her brother's affairs with equal indiscretion, and treating the father as though he were an incapable infant.

'You stand with us three years, and during that time I was fairly persecuted about John. Mrs. Shellgrove wrote me a letter on the subject, in which she informed me that the whole family were ready to receive me with open arms—a prospect that I did not find at all alluring. They seem to have set their hearts upon me as a person peculiarly fitted to train John in the way he should go. Everything I was told depended upon his getting the right kind of a wife. A special interview with Mr. Cranford, at his particular request, touched me considerably.

'I hope,' said he, 'that you will not refuse my boy, Miss Edna. He had set his heart so fully upon you, and you are everything that I could desire in a daughter. I want some one to pet. I feel sadly lonely at times, and I am sure that you would just fill the vacant niche.'

I drew my hand away from his ca-

## THE OLD FARM.

At the foot of the hill, near the gate, in a quiet, shady spot, Jean peeped through the lattice. She stands a little way from the door, and straying through the garden.

The day chair, all polished and bright, stood by the old house. With its wicker green, in the foreground, the evergreens are straggling. And pictures hang on the walls. And the old clock ticks in the hall.

How lovely still, on the hillside, by the way, his eye falling upon the rusty black dress, 'you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so.'

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars that he gave her; and the words she would have said were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her courteously.

'Good morning, madam.' 'Good morning,' she replied. 'I cannot stare. I must go. I can keep up my disfigure,' she murmured. Mr. Dayton, accompanied by a friend, arrived at his country house the middle of the ensuing week. Everything within and about the house was in perfect order. If the new housekeeper had made a few mistakes at first, they were soon rectified. Every room that she had touched showed a magical change.

Her predecessor had been one of the kind who believed in the sunlight never entering a room for fear of fading the carpets.

Mr. Dayton felt the change without knowing the reason of it. He looked around him with a satisfied air. It was not possible to find fault with the variety and quality of the food placed before them, nor the manner of its being served; and the table appointments were perfect; and Dayton congratulated himself upon having secured such a jewel of a housekeeper.

The weeks passed, and a holiday came. Mr. Dayton had gone to town the day previous, to remain the rest of the week. The housekeeper had given permission to the servants to go also. She felt it a welcome relief to have the house and the day to herself. She locked the doors carefully after the last servant. She would make the most of her day. She would have no dinner only a lunch. She had almost forgotten her real character in that which she had assumed, but to-day she could be herself without fear of intrusion or discovery.

She laid aside her cap and gray dress, washed the stain from her skin, and arranged her luxuriant hair in becoming curls, and donned a pretty, fresh muslin, which fitted well the slight, graceful figure; this done she entered the parlor and stood before the mirror as attractive a figure as one would often see.

'Truly I have forgotten my own looks! I am Kate Franklin after all!' she laughed. Removed from the long restraint, her spirits rebounded. She felt gay, light-hearted, and like committing any foolishness.

'Mrs. Franklin,' she said, in the mingling, affected tones of an exquisite, 'it would be inexpressible pleasure to hear the music of that long silent voice.'

'It would be a great pity to deprive you of it then,' she answered in her natural voice, 'and myself also,' she added; and going to the piano she opened it and played a few pieces with exquisite taste and skill, and then she sang after song, in a sweet, clear, cultivated voice. She chose at first the brilliant and triumphant, then the sad and plaintive succeeded. There were tears in her eyes when she rose. But to-day her moods were capricious.

'Mrs. Franklin, who is playing on the piano?' she asked, in an excellent imitation of Mr. Dayton's voice.

'It is only I, sir, during the keys.—They need dusting so often,' she replied, and she dusted them vigorously with her pocket handkerchief.

'Ah, me!' she said. 'Now what other foolish thing shall I do to prove myself that I am not an elderly housekeeper, but a young girl, who, by virtue of her age, should be gay, by right of birth, wealthy, and of consideration, visited by her manner pleased him at once. "Fallen fortunes," he commented to himself. She answered his questions readily, but in a few words.

'A silent woman—a good thing,' was his inward remark. 'I think you will suit me. Mrs.—what may I understand your name?' 'Franklin.'

'Mrs. Franklin, you will be required to go out of town about seven miles, to my country house, Old Grove—in the town of Embury, on the grand Central railroad. The salary I propose to pay is six hundred dollars per annum. Do my terms suit you?' She answered, quietly, that they did. 'Then it is all settled. By the way, I suppose you have references, though that is a mere matter of form.'

'Davenport? Robert Davenport? I know them. All right. If convenient, you will please go to-morrow, Mrs. Franklin, or next day. I shall not come until the middle of next week, and probably bring a friend or two with me. Have the chambers in the center and wings prepared, if you please. The housekeeper there now will not leave until Saturday. She will show you round.'

'Is Mrs.—is your wife there, or to go soon?' 'He laughed. 'Mrs. Edward Dayton? No, she is not there, and I do not know of her go-

## DAYTON'S HOUSEKEEPER.

'Wanted.—A housekeeper. No one but an elderly person, competent, and of the highest respectability, need apply. Call between the hours of three and four, Tuesday, April six, at No.—Michigan avenue.'

Kate Franklin read this in the paper which lay on the counter in the little grocery, while waiting to have an ounce or two of tea done up, and a roll of baker's bread.

She repeated the number of the house over to herself, as she received the change from the grocer.

She prepared the tea after she returned to the little bare attic, and ate her meal mechanically. She forgot how unsatisfied her appetite still was, in her busy thought.

A stranger in a strange place, successively she had tried to find a situation as teacher, copyist, in a store, sewing. She had failed on the last three, and was staring on the last.

She would apply for that place, but she would need references. Only one person she knew in the whole great city of sufficient influence—Mrs. Davenport, the rich, haughty step-sister who had ill-treated her gentle mother while she lived, and hated Kate herself.

Perhaps, Kate thought, she would permit her to refer to her, because glad to have her descend to menial employment.

Kate was competent for the situation, for during her mother's long illness, and her father's absence, she had entire care of their large family and splendid house.

But an elderly woman, now Kate was not an elderly woman, being only twenty, but she remembered, with a sort of pleasure, that in private theatricals in happier days, she had imitated the voice, and assumed the character of an old woman with great success. She knew how to stain the skin to give an old and wrinkled appearance, and she had, in the bottom of a box, some false gray hair and a muslin cap worn on one of these occasions. She did not need to look so old, only to present a mature and manly appearance.

Mr. Edward Dayton waited at home after his dinner to see the respondents to his advertisement. He was a handsome man, not yet thirty, with a gay, frank, good-natured countenance.

He leaned back in a nonchalant way, with his feet on another chair. 'There ought to be a Mrs. Dayton to manage these housekeeper matters.—Well, there's time enough.'

Two applicants were seen and dismissed in Mr. Dayton's gentlemanly way.

A third was ushered in. Mr. Dayton instinctively laid aside his cigar, and placed a chair for his visitor.

The lady-likeness and propriety of her manner pleased him at once. 'Fallen fortunes,' he commented to himself. She answered his questions readily, but in a few words.

'A silent woman—a good thing,' was his inward remark. 'I think you will suit me. Mrs.—what may I understand your name?' 'Franklin.'

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'Is Mrs.—is your wife there, or to go soon?' 'He laughed. 'Mrs. Edward Dayton? No, she is not there, and I do not know of her go-

ing at present.' Adding more seriously, 'I have not the pleasure, Mrs. Franklin, of having a wife, with a slight stress on pleasure.'

A vivid color came into the brown cheek of the housekeeper, and her manner showed evident embarrassment.

'I thought—I believe—I cannot—' and then she stopped.

He did not notice it. His mind had already turned to other things.

'We'll all settle, I believe. By the way, his eye falling upon the rusty black dress, 'you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so.'

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would have suspected, from the placid and dignified deportment of the housekeeper when they returned at evening, of what strange freaks she had been guilty.

The housekeeper, as usual, when Mr. Dayton was alone, sat at the table. It had commenced to rain violently, and the weather had grown suddenly cold.

Mr. Dayton, as he had done occasionally, invited her to the library, where a cheerful fire burned in the grate. He read the letters, and the papers which she brought with her from town, while she knitted.

An hour or more passed in silence; indeed the housekeeper seldom spoke except when asked a question. At length Mr. Dayton looked up at her, and said, abruptly:

'You must be a lonely life, madam. If it is not a painful subject, may I ask how long since you lost your husband?' Two hands suspended their employment, two eyes looked up at him with an alarmed expression. In the serious sympathetic countenance there was nothing to frighten or embarrass, but the red grew deeper in her brown cheek.

'It is a painful subject,' she said at last, falteringly. 'If you will please excuse me.'

One morning he was speaking of the great loss to children in being deprived of their parents.

'I never knew a mother,' he said.—'She died before my earliest recollection. I believe that, man as I am, if I had a mother, I should go to her with all my affection, and this would. I have sometimes thought of asking you to act as mother in the quiet evenings, when I have longed to confide in some one. My mother would have been about your age, I think.'

Again there was a vivid color in the cheek of the housekeeper, such as is rarely seen in the aged, but it was unaccompanied by a quiver of the mouth, and ended in a cough, but both mouth and cheek were quickly covered with a handkerchief, and quite a violent fit of coughing succeeded.

Mr. Dayton, however, did not seem to notice, though he had given her one curious glance, instantly withdrawn, and continued:

'For instance, respecting matrimony, whose advice is it of so much value a mother's? Who so quick to see through character, and make a good selection? Had you a son, whom about here would you select for a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin?'

'I am not acquainted with any of the young ladies, Mr. Dayton,' she answered faintly, after a pause, during which he seemed to await an answer.

'True but you have seen them all, and are, I should judge, a good discerner of character, from observation. Whom would you select from those you have seen?' he persisted.

She reddened and paled.

'I have heard the Misses Grandison highly spoken of. Their appearance would seem to prove the truth. I doubt not you agree with me,' she returned, quietly.

It was now his turn to color, which he did, slightly.

'I do agree with you,' he answered emphatically.

It was late in September. Mr. Dayton and the housekeeper were both in the parlor. He had been unusually grave all day. It seemed to the housekeeper that his manner was changed towards her.

'I have a few questions to ask, if you will permit me, Mrs. Franklin.'

She felt instinctive alarm at his tone. Certainly, with an effort.

There was an ominous pause.

'I have been told,' she said, 'that Miss Kate Franklin, a young girl, by disguising herself, palmed herself off upon me for several months as an elderly lady. Is there any truth in the story?'

She started to her feet, then trembling back into a chair.

'Yes, it is true,' she murmured, falteringly.

'I confess I fail to see for what object. My heart you could scarcely expect to gain in that character.'

'I have been told,' she repeated, scornfully. 'I had no such laudable ambition. I had never seen or heard of you till I saw your advertisement. Would you like to know for what purpose I took upon me a disguise so repugnant? You shall. To save myself from starvation. I had eaten but one meal a day for a week when I applied to you, and was suffering with hunger then. My money was all gone, except a few pennies, with which to buy a roll of bread for the next day's meal, and I had no prospects of more, for I had been refused further service. But why should you find fault?'

her pride rising. 'What matter if I were Miss or Mrs. Franklin, old or young, if I fulfilled the duties I undertook? Have I not taken good care of your house? Have I not made you comfortable? If I have not, deduct from this quarter's salary, which you paid this morning, whatever you like.'

'I have no fault to find, except for placing yourself and me in an awkward position, were this to become known.' Waves of color mounted to the poor housekeeper's temples.

'I thought—I meant, I meant, that no one should know, least of all you—besides I—I thought when I engaged to come, that you were married. Oh, what shall I do?' And she burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. Dayton's manner changed.

'Kate! Kate! I did not mean to distress you. Nobody knows but me—nobody shall know.' And he soothed

her tenderly. 'Kate, look up. I love you with my whole heart. I want you to be my little housekeeper—my wife always. Kate, what do you say?' taking her in his arms, and laying his cheek against hers. 'My own Kate, is it not?'

She murmured something between her sobs, that she must go away this minute.

'Nonsense, darling! Haven't you been here for months? What difference can a day longer make? You are safe with me, Kate. Oh, because I know you are Miss Franklin, will you give me the inexpressible pleasure of a song from that long silent voice? Oh, Kate, you bewitched me that day! I am afraid you will bewitch me always. But, Katie, let's off these trappings, untying her cap, and removing the gray hair, and with this action down fell the wealth of brown tresses.

'O, Mr. Dayton, you were not, surely you were not at home that day?' looking up, covered with confusion.

'Yes, Mr. Dayton was—in the library, with an accent on his name which Kate understood.

'Oh, Edward! and you teased me with all those foolish questions when you knew?'

'Yes, my Kate, why not?'

'But you looked so innocent.'

He laughed.

'I shall soon, I hope, have somebody, if not a mother, to confide in; and Kate, it is my duty and pleasure to give you a husband, so that in the future, you can answer without so much pain, when he is inquired after.'

'You are too generous.'

'I can afford to be generous,' he said earnestly, 'when I have had the precious gift of your love. Kate, bless forever the day that I first engaged my housekeeper.'

## FACT IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

While Hood was composing the 'Song of the Shirt,' and painting with the tints of despair the poor seamstress slaving in her garret, a mechanic almost equally poverty-stricken was working out in an American garret the means of her emancipation. 'In poverty, hunger and dirt,' Elias Howe, a native of Massachusetts, surrounded by a young family, for whom he was obliged to labor during the day, devoted his after-hours to the construction of a Sewing Machine. This was about the year 1841, and his career since that period up to the present time affords an episode in the annals of intelligent labor pregnant with incidents, and checked with the lights and shades, which afford another illustration of the old saying that 'fact is stranger than fiction.' Judicial investigations have demonstrated, in the clearest manner, that to Howe, and to him alone belonged the credit of inventing the first Sewing Machine. His latest achievement 'The New Improved Machine,' has created a demand almost beyond the power of the Manufactory to supply. J. P. Greenwell, Agent, Leonardtown.

A young lady of Bellair, England, about contemplating matrimony, was asked by her friends what kind of wedding presents she would like, and replied that she would prefer useful to ornamental ones. Her wedding journey consisted in going from the house of her parents to a cottage in the vicinity, and upon arriving there she found a barrel of flour, a jar of butter, a complete set of cooking utensils, a piece of merino, a set of crockery ware, knives, forks, spoons, and glassware, enough household groceries to last six months, and a year's rent for the cottage, with two £10 notes pinned to a paper, on which was written, 'to purchase something useful.' Was not this the right kind of utilitarianism for a young couple of limited means, about starting out upon their matrimonial career, and was it not more beautiful than duplicate plated fish-knives, and other trash usually given upon like occasions.

Once a careless man went to the cellar and stuck a candle in what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle burned low. Nearer and nearer it got to the black sand; nearer, nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand, and as it was sand nothing happened.

A Thomas street school boy had just got his face fixed to sing 'Let us love one another,' when a snow-ball hit him in the mouth and so confused him that he yelled: 'Bill Sykes, just do that