

Saints & Sinners

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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HOW TO KEEP HOUSE ON A SMALL SALARY.

We shall do our readers service by copying the following from Scribner's for March:
"After many years of married life passed in comparative affluence, reverses came, and my husband was obliged to accept a situation in a large city, with a salary of eight hundred dollars a year. I felt that this could suffice for our maintenance only by the exercise of the strictest economy. A little over fifteen dollars a week! How many times I divided that eight hundred by fifty-two, and tried to make it come out a little more. Still I determined to solve the problem of the day—namely, whether one could keep house on a small salary, or whether boarding house life was a necessity, as so many clerks' wives assert. We had neither of us been accustomed to economizing, and I felt it was but just, if my husband worked hard for his salary, that I should make it go as far as possible.
Thirty replies were received to our advertisement for two unfurnished rooms without board. In a pleasant house and neighborhood, I found two adjoining rooms with closets and water conveniences, for twelve dollars per month. In one of them were two deep south windows where I could keep a few flowers in winter. I consulted with my husband and engaged them. We had one hundred and seventy-five dollars in hand. With this we bought bright but inexpensive carpets, a parlor stove, an oiled walnut set of furniture, a table, a student lamp, a few dishes, and some coal. With the few pictures, a pack of books, and some ornaments which we had, we decked the rooms tastefully, and began the serious business of keeping house on \$800 a year. From the first we decided to have no accounts, but to pay cash for everything we bought, and if we could not afford an article we did without it. After paying rent and washerwoman, we had fifty dollars a month left for other expenses. Twenty dollars of this furnished us food, and paid our fare. I learned to love my work. Strength came with each day's labor, and renewed health repaid each effort to make my little home pleasant and restful to my husband. And how we did enjoy that little home! Property to its proximity to one of the leading steamboat landings makes it peculiarly valuable to those wishing to engage in the oyster trade.
The location is healthy and convenient, and the neighborhood pleasant and agreeable.
This land is well watered, and the soil well adapted to the culture of fruit.
The Patuxent Fall fisheries have been extremely productive and profitable during the past several years, and no better location can be selected by any one desirous of engaging in them.
THE TERMS OF SALE,
as prescribed by the Deed of Trust, are: All the purchase money in cash on the day of sale.
When the purchase money shall have been paid, the Trustees will execute a deed to the purchaser, free and discharged from all the claims of the parties to this cause and those claiming by, from or under them.
JOHN W. MITCHELL,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
forethought and prudence will ensure us to live. We board, when a little resolute self-denial, a little thrift and management would give us homes.
Admiral Bailey was once summoned as a witness in a civil suit—a position altogether new to him. His anxiety was increased by the warning of his friends, who were constantly telling him to be on his guard, as the lawyers would bother him, and make him contradict himself and appear to be a liar. The old fellow had a sleepless night before the day of the trial, and when he entered the witness-box it was with a nervousness such as he had never experienced in going into battle. When the first question—"What is your name?" was proposed to him, his hands fidgeted tremulously about, and the preparation broke out on his brow. He was evidently in deep and perplexing thought and remained silent. The question was repeated with some emphasis, "I ask what is your name, sir?" With a mighty effort the old admiral jerked out the result of his deliberations:—"The-o-d-o-r-u-s Bailey"—adding impressively, "or words to that effect!"

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

They come in the quiet twilight hour,
When the early day is done
And the quick light leaps from the glowing heaps
Of wood, on the warm hearth stone.
When the household sounds have died away,
And the rooms are silent all,
Save the clock's brief tick, and the sudden click
Of the embers as they fall.
They come, these dreams of the twilight hour,
To me, with their noiseless tread,
A fearful band, by the guiding hand
Of a grasping spirit led.
There is no voice within the hall,
No footsteps on the floor,
The children's laughter is hushed, there is
No hand at the mother door.
Against the shattered frame,
Where the trailing rose its long branch throws
Best the great drops of rain.
But my heart beats not the rustling leaves
Nor the minstrel's fife bell,
Nor the wind's low sigh, as it hurries by
On its paucous path and feet.
For now in the dusk, they gather 'round,
The visions of the past,
Aching head, in the dim red glow,
By the burning pine brands cast.
My brow is calmed as with the touch
Of an angel's passing wing;
They breathe no word, yet my soul is stirred
By the messages they bring.
Some in their grasp impalpable,
Bear Eden-cultured flowers,
That spring in bloom from the tear-bathed tomb
Of hope's long buried hours.
Some from the fount of memory,
Lasting and pure and deep,
Bring water clear, though many a year
Hath saddened their first fresh sweep.
And some in their hands of shadowy hue,
From the shrine of prayerful thought,
A fragrant balm, that drives the breast,
With balm and healing balm.
The night weeps on the hearth burns low,
The dreams have passed away,
But heart and brow are strengthened now
For the toil of the coming day.

MACREADY.

Macready was born in 1793. His father was a manager of several provincial theaters, becoming peculiarly embarrassed, young Macready, when only sixteen years of age, was withdrawn from school at Rugby and placed in charge of one of his father's theaters. The year succeeding he made his first appearance on the stage. With this event begins the following extracts, taken from the long looked for "Diary and Reminiscences" recently published in London under the editorship of Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart.:
His father had selected "Romeo" for the character of his son's debut.
He said: "The emotions I experienced on first crossing the stage and coming forward in face of the lights and the applauding audience were almost overpowering. There was a mist before my eyes. I seemed to see nothing of the dazzling scene before me, and for some time I was like an automaton moving in certain defined limits. I went mechanically through the variations in which I had drilled myself, and it was not until the plaudits of the audience awoke me from the kind of waking dream in which I seemed to be moving that I gained my self-possession, and really entered into the spirit of the character, and I may say felt the passion I was to represent. Every round of applause acted like inspiration on me: I trod on air, because another being or a happier self, and when the curtain fell in the conclusion of the play, and the applause of the audience, it was received from him, in answer to the vehement inquiries, the assurance that Mrs. Siddons was alive and recovering from the temporary indisposition that her exertions had caused. They were satisfied as regarded her, but would not suffer the performance to be resumed.
The first rendition of "Virginius," in May, 1820, Knowles' play of "Virginius" was first produced, with Macready as Virginius, and Charles Kemble as Icelius.
On May 17th "Virginius" was first acted, and its early scenes were not attended with danger, Charles Kemble being so hoarse that not one word, spoken in the lowest whisper, could be heard; but the action of the scene told its story with sufficient distinctness to keep alive its interest. This grew as the play advanced, and in the third act, in "Icelius" great scene, Kemble's voice came out in all its natural strength, and brought down thunders of applause.
With the progress of the play the rapid attention of the audience gradually kindled into enthusiasm. Long continued cheers followed the close of each succeeding act; half stifled screams and involuntary ejaculations burst forth when the fatal blow was struck to the daughter's heart, and the curtain fell amid the most deafening applause of a highly excited auditory. The play was an unquestionable triumph, which Knowles had sat in the pit to witness and enjoy.
Forrest as "Mark Antony." After speaking of his first visit to America, and the satisfactory reception accorded him, Macready continues:
"A new theater in the Bowery was opened during my sojourn in New York. Messieurs Conway and Forrest were members of the corps dramatique, which was composed of the best actors in the country. Forrest, on the night of my visit, was the 'Mark Antony.' He was a very young man, not more, I believe, than one or two and twenty. They 'bowery lads,' as they were termed, made great account of him, and he certainly was possessed of remarkable

THE HOWE MACHINE.

Parton says, in his interesting history of the Sewing Machine, written for the Atlantic Monthly, and published in its May number of 1875: In the year 1854, after a long trial, Judge Sprague, of Massachusetts, decided that the plaintiff's patent is valid, and defendant's machine is an infringement. The plaintiff is Elias Howe, Jr., the real inventor, I. M. Singer, Judge Sprague further observed that "there is no evidence in this case that leaves a shadow of doubt that, for all the benefit conferred upon the public by the introduction of a Sewing Machine, the public are indebted to Elias Howe, Jr." How great that benefit is we can form some idea when we consider the vast amount of work necessary to be performed by the needle, and remember that of all the various branches of labor it is the most wearing upon the human system.
The Howe Machine is now offered to the public on such easy terms that persons of the most limited means can procure one with but slight economy, and thus the benefit conferred by the great inventor, at first confined to a few, is now within the reach of the poorest.
Bear in mind the "Howe" is the only Machine offered at five dollars per month and at New York prices. J. P. Greenwell, Agent, Leonardtown, Md.

THE WIFE.

The most essential thing in the welfare and happiness of the man and wife is confidence between them. And a woman who loves, desires above all things to be trusted. She would not be ignorant of his troubles, vexations or his anxieties; anything is better for her than to be excluded from the confidence and innermost thoughts of the life of one who should be dear to her as she is all his. There are many affectionate men who confide but little in their wives, except such matters as relate to their domestic comforts. The grievous troubles and annoyances of business are seldom spoken of in the family circle. The mistakes which may have led them into wrong and anxiety, the dread of failure and many other vexations, are never mentioned, and no sign of it, save, perhaps, in manner, which to the wife is ignorant of the trouble, is incomprehensible. The wife would gladly share the trouble and be sympathetic, but when they are met, with a clouded brow and silence, her imagination begins to work and she may possibly reason that it is a personal matter—that she is no longer loved, or that he has found some one else whom he fancies more. And here begins the first domestic misery which may end disastrously, and probably involve two families in difficulty and trouble. All caused in the first place by his secretiveness where he had no secrets which he might not have shared with his wife. The books of the partner, her interests are at stake, her peace and happiness interested as much as your own. She may know nothing of banking or speculation, but she does certainly feel every change; she may not be able to give counsel, but she will, if she be a true wife most certainly sympathize and assist, and feel more contented in knowing that she is a partner in all your affairs, and will, rest assured, find some ingenious way in helping you out and keeping the books of the firm as will please and reward you.
His Choice.—A good story is told of a Chicago dry goods salesman, who has the reputation of being somewhat of a wag. He recently sold a bill of goods to a country customer, who was believed to be a little shabby, and was expected to commit justifiable insolvency as soon as he had disposed of his stock. As it was the customer's intention to pay a small part of his account with notes, which might prove worthless, the salesman—so the story goes—added here and there a little to the price of the goods, so that when the purchase of some two thousand dollars' worth had been made, of which all but two or three hundred dollars had been paid in cash, there was no possibility of the firm losing anything, even should the notes go to protest. The transaction concluded, the customer besought the salesman to give him a present of some sort, and the generous salesman accordingly presented him with a valuable red silk pocket handkerchief.
"That won't do," said the customer; "give me a nice silk dress for my wife or something of that sort."
"Can't do it," responded the salesman; "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you your notes."
"No," replied the customer; "hold on, I'll take the handkerchief."

THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

A great many years since, when bright-eyed, fair-haired lassies were no so plenty in England as they are now, there dwelt in the town of P—, a pretty village, distant, there, some five and twenty miles from the Market town, a peculiarly comely and graceful maiden, who had a peculiarly ugly and cross-grained but wealthy father.
Minnie was Danforth's only child; and report said truly that she would be his sole legatee. The old man was a sturdy farmer, and was estimated to be worth full ten thousand dollars—at that period, a very handsome fortune to be sure.
The sparkling eyes and winning ways of Minnie Danforth had stirred up the finer feeling of the whole male portion of the village, and her suitors were numerous; but her father was particular, and none succeeded in making headway with him or her.
In the meantime Minnie had a true and loyal lover in secret. We would not have supposed for one moment that such a fellow would look on beauty and comparative refinement. His name was Walker, or, as he was generally called, Joe—Joe Walker, and he was simply a farmer, employed by old Danforth, who had entrusted Joe with the management of his place for two or three years.
But a very excellent farmer and a right good manager, was the plain, unassuming but good looking Joe Walker. He was young, too, only twenty-three; and he actually fell in love with the beautiful, pleasantly joyous Minnie Danforth, his old employer's only daughter. But the strangest part of the occurrence was, that Minnie returned his love earnestly, truly and frankly; and promised to wed him at a favorable moment.
Things went on merrily for a time, but old Danforth discovered certain glances and attentions between them, which excited his envy and suspicion. Very soon afterwards Joe learned that the old man's mind, indirectly, in regard to his future disposal of Minnie's hand, and he quickly saw that his case was a hopeless one, unless he resorted to stratagem; and so he set his wits at work to work.
By an agreement, an apparently settled coldness and distance was observed by the lovers towards each other for five or six months; and the father saw, (as he believed,) with satisfaction, that his previous suspicions and fears had all been premature. Then, by agreement also, between them, Joe absented himself from the house at evening, and night after night for full three months longer, did Joe disappear as soon as his work was finished, to return home only at late bed-time. This was unusual, and old Danforth determined to know the cause of it.
Joe frankly confessed that he was in love with a man's daughter, who resided less than three miles distant, but, after a faithful attachment between them for several months, the old man had utterly refused to entertain his application for the young girl's hand.
This was capital. Just what old Danforth most desired. This satisfied him that he had made a mistake in regard to his own child; and he would help Joe to get married and thus stop all further suspicion or trouble at home. So he said:
"Well, Joe, is she a buzzon lass?"
"Yes—yes," said Joe. "That is other

JOHN'S EXPERIENCE.

John says so. I'm not much of a judge myself.
"And you like her?"
"Yes, sir—yes."
"Then marry her," said old Danforth. "But I can't—the father objects."
"Push!" continued Danforth; "let him do so; what need you care! Run away with her."
"I hope!"
"Yes! Off with you at once! If the gal will—in all right. Marry her and bring her here; you shall have the little cottage at the foot of the lane. I'll furnish it for you; your wages shall be increased and the old man may like it, or not, as he will!"
"But no no buts, Joe. Do as I bid you; go about it at once; and—"
"You will stand by me?"
"Yes, for the last. I know you, Joe. You're a good fellow, a good workman, and will make anybody a good son, or good husband."
"The old fellow will be so mad though?"
"Who cares, I say? Go on quickly but quietly."
"To-morrow night, then," said Joe.
"Yes," said Danforth.
"I'll hire Colver's horse—"
"No you shan't."
"No?"
"I say no. Take my horse—the best one Young Morgan; he'll take you off in fine style, in the new phaeton."
"Exactly."
"And as soon as you're spliced, come right back here, and a jolly time we'll have of it at the old house."
"Her father will kill me!"
"Bah! He's an old fool, whoever he is; don't know your good qualities, Joe, so well as I do. Don't be afraid; a faint heart, you know, never won a fair woman."
"The old man will be astounded!"
"Never mind, go on. We'll turn the laugh on him. I'll take care of you and your wife at any rate."
"I'll do it," replied Joe.
"You shall," said Danforth; and they parted in the best of spirits.
An hour after dark, on the following evening, Joe made his appearance, decked in a nice new black suit, and really looking very comely. The old man bustled out to the barn with him, helping to harness "Young Morgan" to his new phaeton; and leading the spunky animal himself to the road, away went happy Joe Walker in search of his bride. A few rods distant from the house he found her, as per previous arrangement; and repairing to the next village, the parson very quickly made them one in holy wedlock. Joe took the bride, and soon dashed back to the town of P—, and halted at old Danforth's house, who was already looking for him, and who received him with open arms.
"Is it done?" cried the old man.
"Yes—yes," answered Joe.
"Bring her in, bring her in," continued the old fellow, in high glee; never mind compliments, no matter about the dark entry; here, here, Joe, to the right in the best parlor; we'll have a time now, sure!" and the anxious farmer pushed away for lights, returning almost immediately.
"Here's the certificate, sir," said Joe.
"Yes, yes—"
"And this is my wife," he added, as he passed up the beautiful bride—the bewitching and lovely Minnie Danforth!
"What!" roared the father, "Joe—your villain, you scamp, you audacious cheat, you—you—you—"
"It is true, sir, we are lawfully married. You advised me to this course, you assisted me, you planned the whole affair, you lent me your horse, you thought me, last evening, worthy of any man's child, you promised to stand by me, you encouraged me, you promised me the cottage at the foot of the lane, you—"
"I didn't! I deny it. You can't prove it, you're a—a—a—"
"Calmly now, sir," continued Joe.—"And the entreaties of the happy couple were at once united to quell the old man's ire, and to persuade him to acknowledge the union."
The father relented at last. It was a job of his own manufacture, and he saw how useless it would be finally to attempt to destroy it.
He gave in reluctantly, and the fair Minnie Danforth was overjoyed to be duly acknowledged as Mrs. Joe Walker.
The marriage proved a joyful one; and the original assertion of old Danforth proved truthful in every respect. The coming lover was a good son and a faithful husband, and lived many years to enjoy the happiness which followed upon his runaway match; while the old man never cared to hear much about the details of the elopement, for he saw how completely he had over-shot his mark!
"Why, Iehabod, I thought you got married more than a year ago."
"Well, Aunt Jerush, it was talked of, but I found out that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and so I just gave 'em all the mitten and let the thing drop."
What is the difference between the death of a barber and a sculptor? One curls up and dyes; the other makes faces and busts.
The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-men be shut.
Music by the handle—a street organ.

HE WAS "SMOKE."

"What I want to know," said a white-headed young man of twenty, as he stood before the sergeant in charge of the Detroit Central Station, "what I came here for was to get some advice."
"Proceed," said the sergeant.
"You know Nancy Thompson, don't you?"
"Never heard of her."
"Well she's a widow, over forty years old, and I've been boarding there."
"Yes?"
"And we were engaged to be married."
"When?" whistled the officer.
"I don't blame you," continued the young man in a broken voice, "I'm only twenty, and she's forty, but she can't always tell when she's going to make a fool of herself."
"And you fell in love?"
"I did that, and as soon as we got through talking I'm going out to hire some one to kick me over to Canada and back. Yes, sir, fell dead in love—loved a woman over forty."
"And what followed?"
"What followed? What allers followed? I'm human, same's anybody else, and when I love I love like a locootive on a down grade. What do you think I did in just six weeks by the watch. Went to the theater sixteen times, went out a sleigh-riding twelve times, had three parties, went to three lectures and took her out to eat oysters ten or eleven times. Fact, sir, cost me durm her \$200!"
"But it was all for love," replied the sergeant.
"I thought so, and what else did I do? Bought her a \$40 watch, a \$10 bracelet, a \$5 ring, a \$7 set of jewelry, a new dress, and gave her a \$5 gold piece with a hole in it! Yes, sir, I drew \$500 from the bank, every red I had, and used it all up on her!"
"And then?"
"She pertended to love back, and when I squeeze her hand she smiled and smiled and looked heaps of love at me. She'd lean on my arm, talk about Cupid, and get off poetry by the rod, and it was plainly understood that we were to be married in June. Oh, she knew her biz, and she slid around me as the Bengal tiger does around the lamb!"
"Did she break the engagement?"
"Last night," said the young man, swallowing the lump in his throat, "she told me she'd been trifling with me all along. She said she was engaged to another man, she could never be more than a sister to me! I tell you, sergeant, you could have knocked me down with a straw. I brooded up after awhile, and called her a hypocrite, when she called me a white-headed idiot, and the boarders threw me out of doors."
"Five hundred dollars gone, and I'm a wrecked man!"
He blew his nose, wiped his eyes, and continued:
"I don't want to drown myself; the water's awful cold, and perhaps I can get over this. I want them presents back, and I'll go to Muskegon and try and forget her. It's wretched me all to blame, and I can never love again—Were you ever shook, sergeant?"
"No, never."
"Then you don't know the anguish—the gripping around the heart. It cuts like a knife, and all I can think of is being laid out in a coffin, my right hand holding a bunch of roses, and my left resting on my heart."
"You are young—you may get over it."
"I may—I may, but it's so awful sudden, and hits so hard, that I feel as if I'd fallen from a house. Go to the house, sergeant, and see if you can't get them things back. If I'm alive I'll be round again to-morrow, and if I don't come you may keep the things for your kindness. I'm white-headed, but I'm tender hearted, want to retire behind some barn and think."
And he retired.

RE-PRODUCTION OF OLD THOUGHTS.

Nothing is more strange than the re-production of old thoughts under the guise of new and advanced opinions. It would seem as if the human mind, with all its restless activity, was destined to revolve in an endless circle. Its progress is marked by many changes and discoveries; it sees and understands far more clearly what lies along the line of its route, and the modes or law under which these facts occur; but this route in its higher levels always returns upon itself. Nature and all its secrets become better known, and the powers of nature are brought more under human control; but the sources of nature and life and thought—all the ultimate problems of being—never become more clearly intelligible. Not only so, but the last efforts of human reasoning on these subjects are even as the first—Differing in form, and even sometimes not greatly in form, they are in substance the same. Bold as the course of scientific adventure has seemed for a time, it ends very much as it began; and men of the nineteenth century look over the same abysses of speculation as did their forefathers thousands of years before. No philosophy of them can be said to have advanced beyond the book of Job; and Professor Tyndall, addressing the world from the throne of modern science—which the chair of the British Association ought to be—repeats the thought of Democritus and Epicurus, as the best guesses of the modern scientific mind.—Blackwood's Magazine.
Music by the handle—a street organ.