

Saint Mark's Beacon.

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NO. 27

KELLER'S ROMAN



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TRADE MARK

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Time and money have been wasted in fruitless endeavors to obtain some embrocation that would prove a cure for this excruciating disease; but all have failed except KELLER'S ROMAN LINIMENT, and that has been successful in almost every instance where it has been employed, whether such has been of the inflammatory or chronic type. In Lumbago and Sciatica it affords instant relief.

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This excruciatingly painful disease is instantly relieved and rapidly cured by the continued application of this Liniment.

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The Roman Liniment has proved effective in all cases where it has been properly used. No instance is known where it has failed in giving immediate relief.

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This Liniment has proved itself to be one of the best remedies ever used for Burns and Scalds. Its quickness in alleviating pain when applied, gives it great superiority over all other preparations.

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Sprains, Foot Rot in Sheep, Bruises, Foundered Feet, Corns, Galls of all kinds, Scratches or Grass Pull Evid, Swellings, Itching, and many other Diseases.

KELLER'S Roman Liniment
Never fails to give satisfaction. It is incomparably superior to any of the so-called family Remedies, salves, etc., as a single trial will convince all.

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Price, Fifty Cents a Bottle.

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Jan 18, 1878—1m.

ONE NIGHT.

When I was a lad of twelve, our family lived at the far west, in a little log cabin, at a long distance from any other habitation. Our household consisted of my father and mother, my brother Mark, two years older than myself, my sister Grace, who was Mark's twin, myself and two noble dogs, large, strong, and fierce to strangers, but very gentle to us. Ours was a very happy life. We were not troubled with much school learning, except what was imparted in a very charming way by our mother, who had the happy faculty of making study appear like an entertainment. From our father we learned the arts of hunting and fishing, and we boys could handle a rifle as dexterously as our teacher. Grace was a lovely little girl, fond of her brothers, yet clinging to her mother's side as timidly as a child, and refusing to sleep anywhere but in a small room, literally only a closet, that opened from within a larger one where my parents slept. In the day time she would follow us out into the woods, a short distance, but the least sound of anything unusual to her ear, would send her, pale and quivering, to our arms, and we despaired of ever making her brave enough to enjoy our wild and restless lives.

So although missing us sadly, she was quite content to stay at home, with locked doors, whenever our father and ourselves were absent, and keep our mother company. It was not often that strangers visited our lonely dwelling; but with Grace, it seemed a fixed expectation that we should one day be annoyed, perhaps injured in some way, by unscrupulous men. Her terrors did not diminish with time; and at fourteen she was as timid as at six—so much so that my father thought seriously of removing to a settled district, two or three miles off, where we should have the society of a few neighbors. But we all loved our little home, and Grace would not consent to the sacrifice, just to humor her idle fears, she said.

One night, just at dusk, when we had set down to a plentiful supper, which had been kept more than an hour waiting for my father to return from the next town, where he had been selling an immense quantity of hops, and for which he had gone to receive the money, we were somewhat disturbed at the entrance of two stout men. Had they come in my father's absence, I believe Grace would have died with fright. As it was her terror must have been sufficiently manifest. She had eyed the strangers closely, her face growing whiter every instant. The men asked for food, and my father hospitably invited them to partake of our supper. They ate enormously, and drank large quantities of cider. They were not at all good looking, and their eyes met frequently as if conferring silently upon some subject which they had before spoken of. At least, such was the impression which Grace conveyed to Mark and myself in a hurried whisper, when we had escaped from the room.

"O, that father would see it as I do!" she whispered; "but he will only call it my foolish fears. I wish he would come out," she added, with a quivering lip, "that you might coax him into watching them." A moment after, she turned still paler, as she said, "O, Mark, Robert, think of the money! O, that is what they want. They have followed father home to rob him!"

Her agony was now so great that we feared she would faint. We assured her that we would not go to sleep that night if they stayed, as we supposed they would, as we knew that father would not refuse them a lodging by the kitchen fire. Our rifles were already loaded, and were in our little room which led from the kitchen, the door being close to the fireplace.

As we anticipated, they were to sleep there. Father, mother and Grace retired, and the men stretched themselves on some bearskins before the hearth, on which blazed some knots of wood, illuminating the rough ceiling. Their own rifles were placed near our door. It was not long before they slept heavily. Mark, who had left the door ajar, now reached out his hand softly for one of the rifles, from which he noiselessly removed the charge. The other soon shared the same operation. Our eyes were kept open unwinkingly until twelve, when one of the men awoke. Mark and I were snoring powerfully at that time, which seemed to reassure the villain, for he touched the other with his foot, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Now is our time! Take your gun, while the boys sleep, and make sure work of the others."

The others! O, Heaven, who were they? Our beloved father, our dear, beautiful mother, and the sweet sister, without whom we could not live—were they all to be sacrificed to these horrid wretches?

We saw them approach their door stealthily. It was barred from within. Grace had told us she would do it herself, as father was so careless; and we had told her, too, where to hide the money which we knew he would place in an unlocked drawer, as was his custom. We knew her eyes would be as sleepless as our own.

The men uttered a suppressed gasp when they tried the door. Their rifles were in their hands, and one propped, loud enough for us to hear, to go out and fire into the window of the bedroom.

"You are a fool," said the other. "Even if you could hit him, which there is not light enough for you to do, you run the risk of rousing the boys, and you saw they had guns as well as we." "We can kill them first with our knives," was the reply. "They can be disposed of without noise. You hear how soundly they sleep."

Our rifles were already in our hands. We opened the door wider and fired. One dropped instantly, and moved no more. The other staggered and fell, wounded in the right shoulder. Mark sprang to the drawer in which mother kept her clothes line, and bound the latter to a heavy oak table, while I went outside to Grace's bedroom window. I tapped on the glass, but she was, I knew, too much terrified to open it. She would, of course, think the men were breaking in.

"Grace, Grace! unbar the door. There is no danger now." I was imprudent, I know, for there might have been accomplices near who could hear me. I did not think of it then. She did my bidding, and came out into the room. She had not been undressed. She looked at the men with loathing, but with no surprise.

"Brave boys!" she said. "No, I will not call you boys, but men." She was going on, when she received a glance from the wounded man that again froze her into terror. "Mark, Robert, look! He has untied the rope with his teeth!"

At her words, I raised my rifle to shoot him. Mark put his hand on my arm. "No, no, Robert. His death is not needed. He must be given up to punishment. Stay! I will ride over to Conaway and bring the constable," he continued, tying the rope again firmly. "Grace, you must wake father, and tell him to come here and guard this man. Until he comes, you and Robert can watch him." And the brave boy, seizing his gun, was soon galloping off after the officer.

It is impossible to describe the emotions of my father and mother on coming into the room and hearing my relation of the events of the night. My father embraced us tenderly, promising never to call our courage in question again—not even Grace—for I told him her share of the adventure. My mother shuddered when she knew how near we had all been to death while she was sleeping quietly in her bed. Before we could have reasonably expected him, Mark was back again with the officers of justice—a magistrate and constable. Before they came, my father had bound up the man's wound, although he resisted stoutly; preferring, perhaps, to die than to be brought to justice. He confessed that they had watched my father from the moment he received the money, and had dogged him home, keeping a short distance behind him. The other man, he said, was in favor of an attempt to knock him from his horse, but the speed of the animal, and the sight of a stout rifle carried by his rider—for he never rode unarmed—prevented him. He confessed that their object was to murder the whole family; they had seen Grace's look of aversion and terror, and had determined to put her out of the way as he expressed it. It seemed that they belonged to a gang who had committed a great many crimes, although he declared that this was the first time that he had joined them for this purpose.

THE SONG OF THE MIND.

I walk down the Valley of silence,
Down the dim voices of the night,
And I hear not the fall of a wing,
Around me—save God's and my own.
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hushes where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of values
Whose music my heart could not hear,
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din,
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and the divine.

I walked through the world with the multitude,
I prayed what the world ever gave,
And I said "In the world each finds
That shines like a star on life's way,
And sleeps like a dream, in a grave."
And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true,
I sought and I found the human and the divine,
I sought and I found the human and the divine.

Do you ask how I live in the Valley,
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,
And about me a voice says "Be mine!"
And there from the depth of my spirit
An Echo! "My heart shall be thine."
Do you ask how I live in the Valley,
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,
And about me a voice says "Be mine!"
And there from the depth of my spirit
An Echo! "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask me the place of that Valley,
Ye hearts that are burdened by care?
It lies afar between mountains,
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footstep is scarcely heard,
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of that Valley,
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free and liberal thinkers. We are falling into bondage.

Now let us go back to the frogs and the fish. Let us divide the brain into two keyboards. The lower keyboard is matter; the upper keyboard is matter too. Matter is inert, and cannot originate force or motion. Now, then, we find by experiment that we can play the lower keyboard. The upper keyboard plays without our fingers touching it. There is some power there. It cannot be matter that is inert. Possibly, it may destroy the instrument, but not the musician. Perhaps Socrates was right when he said that his body was only to be buried.

Here in the brain, a nerve runs from the eye to the brain, another from the ear, the nostrils, and the mouth. Draper says the rest of the brain is thus specialized by nerves running to it. But, he says, the destruction of the eye does not destroy the thing that acts upon the eye. So the destruction of the brain does not destroy the soul, the exterior thing that sets the brain in motion.

The microscope finds in the body certain minute points called germinal points or bioplasts. Some of these spinal nerves, others muscles, tendons or bones. The microscope cannot find any difference between those points, and yet some weave one thing and some another. Is this matter? Is there not some power behind it all? In the center of the acorn and in the egg there exists one of these bioplasts. So the highest power of the microscope both are the same. Yet one makes an oak, the other a bird. Does matter do this? Life is the cause of organization, and not organization the cause of life. The scalpel or the microscope do not show the deep things of God, but if they show you that organization does not begin life, can you not believe that disorganization does not end life. And if death does not end all, what does or can? That organization does not begin life is admitted by Tyndall, Huxley and other materialists. If they prove this their theory of evolution would be established. Nature has made no half points. God has made no half-lives. There is planted within us something that as surely tells us that there is an immortality before us as the instinct in the bird guides it to the South when the migrating season comes.

I have shown you the stars and the moon. Here is the sun (here the lecturer held up a Bible amidst great applause). The fact of man's resurrection is attested in this book. Not only may we know of the resurrection of the body, but we may give one way in which it could be resurrected. The bones of a man form his skeleton; the muscles, if kept in their proper places, would do the same thing. But behind these there is the principle that controls them. Call it nervous force, life, or give what name you will. It is even more than the invisible; make a skeleton of this. It is visible; you may pass your hand through it; but you know it is there. Now, then, can this life be formed into a body? We have an illustration in the Bible, when Christ appeared suddenly in the body to a group of disciples, it was the same body with which he appeared upon earth. So we will not lose our individuality when we are resurrected.

A DIRECT ANSWER.—On one of the occasions when Lord Palmerston, a radical hater named Rowcliffe attracted the attention of the crowd at the hustings by calling out in a stentorian tone, "My lord, I want to ask you a plain straightforward question." "My good friend, Rowcliffe," was the reply, "I will give a plain, straightforward answer." (Immense cheering.) "My lord, will you or will you not vote for the 28 franchise?" "Friend Rowcliffe, I will not tell you!" (Roars of laughter, and an immediate collapse of the butcher.)

When Abraham Lincoln was a poor lawyer, he found himself one cold day at a village some distance from Springfield, Ill., and with no means of conveyance. Seeing a gentleman driving along the Springfield road in a carriage he ran up to him and politely said, "Sir, will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" "With pleasure," answered the gentleman, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh very easily," said Mr. Lincoln, as I intend to remain in it." "Jumpin'," said the gentleman, laughing, and the future President had a pleasant ride.

"CARAT."—Many persons use the word "carat" without knowing its meaning. When used in weighing diamonds it represents a weight of four grains. Pure gold is supposed to weigh twenty-four carats of twelve grains each. Thus, four of eighteen carats fine means that eighteen twenty-fourths are pure gold. Coin is usually twenty carats fine. The customary alloy is silver.

"SHE SAYS."—Oh, yes, I am very fond of little boys, and as a snow ball stuck in the back of her neck she added, "I feel as though I could eat a couple this minute."

For the Beacon.

A Sunbeam, a Word, a Frown, a Smile.

A sunbeam! the echo of the day-king's smile!
How sweet, how soothing is its influence!
How gratefully the timid violet basks in its presence and the bright rose receives with imperial grace its caress.
A sunbeam! message from God.
How softly it touches the sleeper's brow, bringing beauty to the sick room and filling the invalid's heart with memories of long ago, telling of Heaven and beguiling weary, lonely hours.
Of what priceless worth, what inexhaustible comfort to the captive's heart are the sunbeams that peep into his cell as if to bid him despair not. Little fairies are they, casting over him a spell, making him free once more. On the wings of imagination he is borne aloft; the shackles that bind alike his thoughts and form are cast aside and sweet thoughts make music in his soul.
Only a word—and what is a word?
A thought expressed.
Only a word, and yet perchance it snaped in twain the silken cord of Friendship, the golden bond of Love.
Weary years of anguish, lonely hours of gloom, broodings over "the might have been" are the effects of a little word in bitterness spoken. Banners that might have proudly waved with "Excelsior" inscribed on them are furled or trailed in the dust at the command of that Proteus—a little word of ill-timed reproof, of careless sarcasm or ungenerous suspicion.

Only a little word in kindness said, yet it made the sad eyes brighter, the pale cheeks flush, soothed the aching nerve, gave strength to the weary, renewed hope to the despairing and turned back the feet that were hastening to the tomb or even to destruction.
A little word, yet it unsealed the fountain, causing tears of penitence to bedew the faded virtue-flowers, making the soul once more a garden fair.
A little word, yet it stayed the murderer's uplifted arm. A little word, still it awakened sleeping Conscience. A little word, yet to starving hearts more precious than earth's goods. A little word, still it tired eyes revealing the glory of Thabor. Only a little word to be said.

And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs
And as silently steal away.
A word, a little word, talisman of good or evil. Angel-messenger of mercy or Attila-like, spreading ruin and desolation.
Only a frown, but it put out the light of joy in some heart; it made lips quiver, bowed some bright head; turned back the timid just entering the narrow path, transformed this beautiful world into a gloomy prison house; hushed the merry voice of the little child at play, making it tell its pain in tears. Only a frown, yet it transformed the roses into thorns, evoked discord in the soul and thrilled with pain irresponsible.
Only a smile, but oh! it cheered some care-worn heart, consoled the sorrowing, gave pleasure to the suffering, made the star of Hope to beam again, the earth beautiful again.

We all act upon each other, and each one can be a sunbeam bringing light and joy to our neighbor.
The brightest lives have some rainy days, some dark days in them. How precious then the privilege to let in the sunlight, to convert darkness into light, to change discord into melody, to replace the sign-manual of care by the smile of contentment.
To woman especially is given the exalted mission of luring hearts from the Scylla of pleasure, the Charybdis of Care; of teaching the beautiful lesson of Faith, of Hope and of Charity.
Her tongue should be sacred to the beautiful offices ordained by Heaven.
So pure should be her intentions—her thoughts as to be incapable of questioning the motives of others.
A true woman has no guile, thinks evil of no one, deems her sex sacred, scorns all that savors of deceit, never condenses to form an unfavorable judgment, especially of her own sex. She is, in a word, strong in her own integrity and innocence and thinks all others so.
Wonderful, almost divine-like, is her influence for good, and alas! equally powerful for evil, and yet it is not to be feared that some forget they possess this power! It is easier to accomplish the God-ordained mission, sweeter to let fall words of sympathy, of love, of kindness, of gentle counsel, of charity, of generous interpretation than to do otherwise. For those who turn aside from the path marked out by God, who stoop, must feel their degradation. An emotion of self-condemnation must take possession of them, expelling peace of mind, excruciating contentment and happiness and opening the soul-avenues to the hordes of jealousy, spite, of petty meanness that must bring a blush to their own cheeks.
Keep then the sunlight ever beaming. This world at best is dark, because we are only pilgrims sighing for our true homes. Let woman keep ever before her mental eye her true duty, her sublime mission.
If this were done there would be fewer wrecks, fewer discords in the beautiful song called—life.

(From Report of the State Board of Health.)

INFANT MORTALITY.

To the Mothers of Maryland: The observance of the following rules for the management of infants during the hot season, may afford some protection and security against the ravages of that frightful malady—cholera infantum—which is now prevailing so extensively and fatally in the city of Baltimore.

BATHING AND DRESSING.

Bathe the child twice a day in tepid water. If it is feeble, sponge it with tepid water or tepid water and vinegar. Let the clothing be light and cool, and so loose that the child may have free use of its limbs. At night bathe or sponge it and put on a slip in the morning to prevent the bathing or sponging, and dress it in clean clothes. Give the child plenty of fresh air. In the cool of the morning and evening send it out to the shady sides of broad streets, to the public squares or parks. Make frequent excursions on the water. It is excessive heat that destroys the lives of young infants.

SLEEP.

The child should sleep by itself. It should be put to bed at regular hours. Without the advice of a physician never give it any cordials, carminatives, soothing syrups, or sleeping drops. If the child frets and does not sleep, it is either hungry or ill. If ill it needs a physician. Never quiet it by candy or cake; they are the common causes of diarrhea and other troubles.

FOOD.

Breast milk is the best food for infants. Nurse the child once in two or three hours during the day, and as seldom as possible during the night. Avoid giving the breast when over-fatigued or over-heated. If the child must be brought up by hand it should be fed on a milk diet alone—that is warm milk out of a nursing bottle. Goats' milk is the best, and the next to it cows' milk. If the child thrives on this, no other kind of food should be given while the weather is hot. The nursing-bottle must be kept perfectly clean; otherwise the milk will turn sour and the child will be made ill.

If the milk is pure and unskimmed it should have one-third part of hot water added to it until the child is three months old; after this age, the proportion of water should be gradually lessened. Each half pint of this food should be sweetened, either with a heaping dessert-spoonful of sugar or a teaspoonful of crushed sugar. When the heat of the weather is great, the milk may be given quite cold. In very hot weather boil the milk as soon as received, and as once put it away in a cool place—upon ice if it can be afforded. Milk carelessly allowed to stand in a warm room soon spoils and becomes unfit for food. If the milk should disagree, a tablespoonful of lime-water may be added to each bottleful.

Whenever pure milk cannot be got try the condensed milk, which often answers admirably. It may be prepared by adding to a teacupful of boiling water, without sugar, one or two heaping teaspoonfuls of the milk, according to the age of the child. Should this disagree, a teaspoonful of arrow root, sage or corn starch to the pint of milk may be cautiously tried. If milk in any shape cannot be digested, try for a few days pure cream diluted with three-fourths or four-fifths of water—returning to the milk as soon as possible. Weak tea-leaf may also be used when the child is six months old and upwards.

CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness. Keep your house sweet and clean, cool and well aired. In very hot weather let the windows be open day and night. Do your cooking in the yard, in a shed or upper room. Wash the walls, and see that your cellar is clear of all rubbish and filth. Let no slop collect to poison the air. Correct all foul smells by throwing lime or a strong solution of sulphate of iron—copperas—into the sinks and privies. Make every effort yourself and urge your neighbors to keep the gutters of your street and the back yards of your houses clean.

CASES OF EMERGENCY.

If the child is suddenly attacked with vomiting, purging and prostration, and its feet and hands are cold, put it for a few minutes in a hot bath; then carefully wipe it dry with a warm towel and wrap it in a warm blanket. Five drops of brandy in a teaspoonful of water may be given every ten or fifteen minutes; but if the vomiting persists give the brandy in equal parts of milk and lime-water. If the diarrhoea has just begun, or if it is caused by impurity of food, a teaspoonful of camellia oil or of speared syrup of rhubarb may be given. The child should be allowed to drink cold water freely.

The above mode of proceeding is recommended until the arrival of a doctor, who should in all cases be sent for at once, and who will select the proper medicines and determine upon the future treatment of the patient.

One of Josh Billings' maxims: "Rise early, work hard and late, live on what you can't sell, give nothing away, and if you don't die rich and go to the devil, you may see me for damn'g."