

# Saint Andrew's Beacon.

VOL. XV.

LEONARDTOWN, MD. THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1878.

NO. 38

## NEW YORK ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE,

No. 184 West Baltimore Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE startling reputation that marked the successful career of this House from the day it opened business for

**Fine and Perfect Fitting Clothing**

is still maintained and can be relied on in every department. Our establishment is filled to its utmost capacity with

## MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING

and each garment sold can be safely accepted to be what it is represented. We extend a cordial invitation to all to give us a call.

NEW YORK

## LEADING ONE PRICE CASH CLOTHING HOUSE,

No. 184 West Baltimore St.,  
BALTIMORE.

BRANCH 508 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Samples sent on application.

March 29, 1878—3m.

The reputation of our Philadelphia House is a Guarantee of the High Standard of CLOTHING of which we have an

## IMMENSE ASSORTMENT,

NOW READY FOR THIS

## Spring and Summer.

A FULL AND VARIED STOCK OF

## GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS

Place Goods for Order Work.

WANAMAKER,

166 West Baltimore Street,  
BALTIMORE.

April 1, 1878—1y.

## GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.

132 Light Street Wharf,  
(BURNS & SLOAN'S OLD STAND.)

## LUMBER.

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c.

LOW PRICES.

If You Need Any of the Above Please Write for Prices.

March 8, 1878—1y.

## Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

## CHANGE OF LOCATION.

The firm of BURNS & SLOAN having been dissolved February 16th, 1878, by mutual consent, the undersigned will conduct the

## LUMBER BUSINESS,

In all its branches, and offer a full and well selected stock of BUILDING AND HARDWOOD LUMBER, SHINGLES, FENCING, &c., &c. in lots to suit, and at lowest prices.

SAMUEL BURNS & CO., 104 LIGHT ST. WHARF, BALTIMORE.

March 8, 1878—3m.

## J. WEINMANN & SONS

## Marble Works,

4 and 6 North Front Street,

NEAR BALTIMORE STREET,

BALTIMORE.

## Monuments, Headstones, Statuary.

And all kinds of Carving and Sculpture in Marble and Sandstone, designed and executed in an excellent style, and at reasonable prices. We sell 25 per cent cheaper than any other House in Town.

Nov. 30, 1877—1y.

### Communicated.

"I hold the world, but as the world, I hold it as a stage where every man must play a part. And this is a part."

It is I who have ever yielded my pen in the defense of the weak and unfortunate—it is I who have ever sacrificed my interests and prosperity to aid the oppressed—it is I who have always extended an unfeigned hand of friendship to the laborer and the poor brown-bearded teacher, and while in the character of a good-natured justice, denouncing infamy and redressing wrong, I truly present to the mind of Observer the eccentricities of Don Quixote, but in the next breath he brands me as a stupid John Bull.

Of this strange bull, however, I know little, unless it be that Observer has his best, and while manifesting so much devotion for the masses it will be shown by the following, that:

"With wings of love he soars above  
And falls upon, *Dantes wood-pile.*"

In connection with the compulsory labor system of road repairs, Observer stated, that one-fifth of a man's taxes went for this purpose—does not cost a cent the fact that the other four-fifths go to run our county Court machinery and to educate the masses. Concedes that the State has been most liberal in appropriating \$100,000 for the education of colored children. He also declares that 30 cents per day is the usual hire of a day laborer.

As I have before said, Mr. T. pays \$40 taxes, outside of what he pays to the general government in the shape of indirect taxation, one-fifth of which is \$8. Now he employs three hands. The loss of one day's labor for each would amount to 50 cents, which Mr. T. would not stand, would lose. The result is, that Mr. T., excepting his own day's labor, would be enriched by the amount of \$7.10 annually, ignoring the benefits of good roads.

I have shown in one of my communications that, in considering the road question, the people of St. Mary's may very properly be divided into three classes, paupers, poor and rich.

The first class is bountifully provided for in the way of pensions and almshouses—the second, the farmer owning small estates and the hands he employs while there are but few of the third class. Is it not then plain to any sane mind that the interests of the poor and his

will declare the better, more pleasant surroundings of the laborer.

In the face of all this—in this hour of general depression and excessive need—at this time when the laborer cannot make his hire—when one dollar is worth four times as much as it was 13 years ago and salaried offices command the same—the great philanthropic spirit, this great observing Observer, who studies so deeply the interests of the masses whilst shaking the superfluity of liberty in the eyes of the world, cries, down with retrenchment. Oh, Observer, I am out of breath but cannot give you up just yet!

"We might prove drunkards." I see it. I started to say Galet—what say you, Kun-nie? I am afraid Druec. Rouse is safe—Kun-nie says he sees him. Observer, your intuition? Whatever may be my faults, Observer, you are at perfect liberty to state them in unequivocal language, with the express injunction that you do not magnify them.

Since Observer desires to know whether I ever vacated my school on a school day to attend any of my little sports, I will state positively that I never do, and refer him to my reports and the patrons of any school I have ever taught in order that he may be thoroughly convinced of the fact. Further, that I taught one week after the expiration of the last school year, closing with an examination and exhibition, and every rehearsal was held after the regular school hours and not during school time.

Observer in his last communication, as in one other, admits that the "non-tax-payers should add a little to the repair of public roads." How much less than 30 cents per annum does he think they should contribute?

He remembers having used the words "Thirty-five" and "The Ring," and having called the Convention a self-elected body, informally brought together. I would ask Observer, since he is such a strict disciplinarian, why it was he never objected to the informality of the Democratic Convention which met in Leonardtown in '75 and to which he was a delegate? To my certain knowledge one-third of the members knew nothing of their election until it was over and they were called upon to meet in Town on a certain day. I never objected, nor do I know that any one else did, but I am sure Observer remembers telling a gentleman on that occasion that he ought to put himself in the right position, and he (the gentleman) would be chosen a delegate to the next County Convention. These little facts, taken with many others which are in readiness, and the inconsistency of his letters and communications as a farmer and man of large family, prove beyond a reasonable doubt that "there is something rotten in all Denmark."

Let us consider his last communication a little further, and I hope that the controversy will be forever discontinued. Observer would like us to understand

that he has many relations and is connected throughout the county. He says they agree with him, but he has imposed upon others, but he is a brother, F., who, although he acknowledges the title of consanguinity, does not in any way ally himself with the Observer's delusions. He speaks of his own connections, in which Observer has been implicated, that some change of the matter, and seems clearly to favor the Observer, but the Convention of the gentlemen who are acquainted with F. know him to be an honest, intelligent man—one who has been the student friend of the Observer, and who has been a student of the Observer's views and opinions, and under the most trying circumstances, shown unwavering faithfulness. I am sure every one will believe that F.'s influence among his friends, connections and relatives will be as potent for good as the unscrupulous Observer can be for misleading them.

Mr. you propose to compromise by changing the emphatic "shall not" for the more modest and persuasive "do not." As there are many miles between us, I suppose we will dispense with the drink—at least you will and so will I if your "do not" agrees with my infirmities, but I am decidedly of the opinion from the tone of Justice's communication that there is a little trouble on hand for you yet, and as he conceals that he is so much clearer on the subject of local option than I am, I shall leave you to his kind attention.

### Was it Unnecessarily?

"Gussie, will you do me a favor?" "Yes, I have been waiting for you ever as long as I can wait, and you must tell me now, Gussie, what you have to say to me."

Will Hammond stood at one end of the long narrow table looking very handsome and very much interested as he watched the sunny, graceful way Gussie Greenleaf crossed the room and the bright color came warning her pretty cheeks.

It made a pleasant picture, the 'big kitchen in the Greenleaf farm-house, with its deep-set windows draped with spotted dimity; its dozen-fashioned rush-bottomed chairs, and one great coaly-cushioned rocker beside the cooking stove; with its snowy door, with here and there steps of bright rag carpet, its long white pine side table that was loaded down with cold frosty winter morning with toothsome dainties in a fair way of preparation for the table.

And prettiest of all was Gussie Greenleaf herself, with her bright brown and white calico dress, so neatly covered by a big bib-apron, her sleeves rolled up to her pink, dimpled elbows, showing small, exquisitely moulded wrists; with her pretty arch face, of clear brunette complexion; her well-shaped head with its shiny, dusky hair arranged neatly and becomingly with her sunny, roguish eyes, whose merriment hid the great depth of tender passion, of which she was so capable. Will Hammond looked at her for fully a minute, all his heart in his eyes, while Gussie went complacently on with the work in hand which, at that especial minute, consisted of spreading delicious-looking lemon custard on a layer of jelly cake.

A minute, two, three passed, and the young man waited, and the girl spread custard with her dainty brown hand as though life itself was dependent thereupon.

"Then he spoke." "Will you answer me, Gussie? Yes or no?" "And Gussie raised her roguish, coquettish eyes with a demureness that he might have known was dangerous.

"Really, I don't know which it is—There, now, Will, are you satisfied?" "Satisfied! And he thought, as he bit his monochrome in sheer vexation, that it took some magic skill he feared he never should possess to get her to answer him—

"And she sat the cake down with a little emphasis." "No!" he echoed, in a voice that was husky with the sudden end of the exquisite dream he had been indulging so long—ever since he had come to the Greenleaf farm-house in midsummer, and where he lingered now, out of all pretence so far as his business was concerned, at the beginning of December, simply and solely in vexation; Gussie Greenleaf were centered all the hopes of his life.

And she had deliberately said—no. She had coolly, almost coldly told him she did not love him, or his equivalent. "No! Gussie, you can't mean that—you never can be so cruel!"

"I mean just what I said—I have that habit. But I can offer you every encouragement in asking some other young ladies the same question who have other ideas than those of cake-making, who doubtless will be very glad of a chance to say 'yes.' Isn't this kitchen awfully hot?"

Certainly Gussie's cheeks were remarkably red, but whether or not it was the heat of the kitchen, Willard Hammond did not inquire—the had his answer.

And Gussie's fingers flew faster than usual, and the pantry doors slammed somewhat, and one entire pan of cookies were burned to small oval cinders while Gussie stood meditatively by the window.

### How They Died.

Over six hundred skeletons have already been exhumed from the ruins of Pompeii, but fortunately most of the inhabitants managed to escape, having heeded the warning of the bones remain of the victims, the flesh having mostly perished, but now and then a little tuft of mossy hair has been found clinging to the skull.

The positions of the bodies in every possible form of contortion all indicate a violent death, one of agony and suffering. A miser was found grasping a bag of gold in his hand.

In one room a family group embracing each other in death, in another the bones of dancing girls mingled with the broken instruments of music, can be seen; in another place the skeleton of a cook at his place near the stove in the kitchen. One house containing boxes scattered about bearing marks of being gnawed, while near by lay the skeleton of a dog, showing that the brute had survived and eaten his master's meat.

Here is a company of young and old, fleeing to the sea; there the remains of a mother vainly trying to shelter her three little children from the fiery storm. Outside of the gates in his sentry box stands a Roman soldier in complete armor, with the key of the city gate in his hand. After standing faithfully at his post for seventeen centuries, he was discovered "clad in rusty armor, the helmet on his empty skull and the spear in his bony fingers." In the city prison, not far distant, were found the prisoners, some with their "feet made fast in the stocks."

"The Game of Life.—Man's life is a game of cards. First, it is 'crab-age.' Next he tries to 'go alone,' at a sort of 'cut, shuffle and deal' pace. Then he 'gambols on the green. Then he 'rattles' the dice" when his mother 'takes a hand in,' and, contrary to Hoyle, beats the little 'joker' with her 'five.' Then, with his 'diamonds,' he 'wins' the 'queen of hearts.' Tired of 'playing a lone hand,' he expresses a desire to 'assist his fair partner,' 'throws out his cards,' and the clergyman takes a ten dollar bill out of him 'on a pair.' She 'orders him up' to 'hand her.' Like a 'knave' he gets 'high' which is 'low,' too. If he keeps 'straight' he is oftentimes 'flush.' He grows old and 'blots'—sees a 'deal of trouble, when at last he 'shuffles' off his mortal coil and 'passes' in his 'checks.' As he is 'raked in' by a 'spade,' life's 'stool game' is ended, and he waits the summons of Gabriel's 'trump' which shall 'order him up.'

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

"A little boy was asked if he knew where the wicked finally went to. He answered: 'They practice law a spell here, then go to the Legislature.'"

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