Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 20, 1878. NO. 40

BEWARE!

It having come to our knowledge that in numerous instances inquiries having been made respecting our place of business, either evasive answers were given, or some other shameful excuse made that we were absent for a time, thereby misleading and practicing deception; now, therefore, we would respectfully say to our numerous Friends and Patrons that under no circumstances to buy at any of the places claimed to be ours unless you distinctly see

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Sash, Doors, Felloes, [illegible], &c.

REDUCED PRICES.

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DISSOLUTION—The firm of BURNS & SLOAN dissolved Feb. 18th, 1878, by mutual consent. The Books of the late firm will be found at the Office of GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO., who are fully authorized to settle the same.

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March 8, 1878—1y

Reverie.

Below the headland, with its cedar plumes,
A lapse of spacious water twinkles keen;
An ever shifting play of gleams and glooms,
And flashes of clear green.

The sumach's garnet pennons, where I lie
Are mingled with the tansy's faded gold;
Fleet hawks are screaming in the light blue sky,
And fleet airs rushing cold.

The plump peach steals the dying rose's red;
The yellow pippin ripens to its fall;
The dusty grape, to purple fullness fed,
Droop from the garden wall.

And yet where rainbow foliage crowns the swamp,
I hear in dreams an April robin sing,
And Memory, amid this Autumn pomp,
Strays with the ghost of Spring.

JUSTIFIABLE FICTION.

It is absolutely essential to a Californian entering London society that he has slain at least one grizzly bear. This is expected and required of him. Once I became garrulous over my old camp and mountain life. Said an English lady, "But you must have been afraid of wild beasts, all alone in the forest."

I laughed a manly laugh of derision.

"Did you ever kill a wild beast?" asked the tender Briton.

I have never killed anything larger than a squirrel in my life. Several times before had I been asked this question. With an over-conscientious regard for veracity I had answered "Nay." At once I sunk in popular estimation. Here was the crisis again. Three young ladies were anxiously awaiting my answer—two of them lineal descendants of William the Conqueror. They expected me to be Nimrodish.

I said then to myself: "Strict veracity and I must part company for a while. Strict veracity keeps me from shining. The British public expect bold, startling deeds from a dweller in the western wilds of America. The British public shall not be disappointed. I must launch a slain wild beast upon them. It shall figure prominently at all social gatherings. I will tell the story so often that I will believe it myself. I will also hint vaguely of some dark and dreadful deed all my own. In social converse my countenance shall fall suddenly; I shall hesitate; a dreadful recollection shall, for the moment, seem to overwhelm me; I shall recover; I will shake it off; I will be myself again.

I commenced my new career that same evening. I said I had once killed a coyote. I brought the beast out modestly, as though to me there was nothing particularly brave or meritorious in the act.

"And what is a coyote?" asked the lady. Should I say that it was a mean, sneaking, cowardly animal, and thus rob myself of all my rising reputation?

I said that the coyote was a great, gaunt, powerful animal, with a roar like a lion, and more dangerous than a grizzly. I said that a single one had been known to put a whole village to flight, and that in his merciless career, he spared neither age, sex nor respectability. I told how I had slain one after a desperate fight. I showed one scar, where I had run a jack-knife into my hand when a boy.

My success astonishes and dazzles me. These innocent British maidens are so hungry for stories of this description, it is unkind to deny them. I am now a hero. I retouch and re-embellish the tale for every new party. Eventually I am to bring out a grizzly and an Indian—slain both in single combat. These little fictions are justifiable. They amuse, they interest, they are expected. The end justifies the means.

The American of the further West, in the respectable British imagination, is a reckless, bloodthirsty, impetuous, vindictive being, hung with six-shooters and bowie knives. Seated between two gentlemen one evening, at a social gathering, the conversation ran thus:

"You are an American?"

"I am an American—a Californian."

"Ah! and it is true that your people on the frontier have so many rows?"

"Much that is said is true."

"And have you ever killed a man?"

I started; I thought there was an intent to quiz me. No. The querists were two honest, innocent, English artists, who deemed that nearly everything in the universe worth knowing or seeing was to be found in London, and that all humanity living without the happy, blessed boundaries of England led a vague, wretched sort of existence.

I hesitated in my answer. Perhaps one of the gentlemen mistook that hesitation for the momentary confusion of remorse, as memory, agitated by such a question, ran over its long list of victims. He apologized. I said then that I had never killed anybody. I do not think I was believed. My delay in answering, and my apparent confusion, however, raised me in their estimation. They held me as a western desperado [illegible] to confess his crimes. The [illegible] have quite a passion for the Occidental [illegible].

I saw not [illegible] how great had been my neglect. I have lived full sixteen years in the [illegible] wildest, most lawless camps in California without killing at least one man. I [illegible] lived where the "shooting scrape" was a semi-weekly institution, where every one went "heeled" with derringers, knives and revolvers; where the [illegible] glass behind the bar at the Lone [illegible] saloon was trebled in value by the bullet holes in it, sent hither during a controversy between Dr. B. and the sheriff. I now mourned neglected opportunities. I could not truthfully say: "I, too, have slain a Peruvian!"

"But there is a great deal of shooting and cutting among your people?" remarked the gentleman.

I perceived that these men were hungry for a meal of wild, western bloody fiction. It was cruel to deny them.

I said: "Certainly. We shoot much. We shoot often. We shoot socially. If, for instance, the company are sitting about the stove in the rifle saloon, and the conversation flags, and things are generally dull, nothing is more common than for a gentleman to get up, stretch himself, draw his revolver, cock it, flourish it about his head, and proclaim himself the royal Bengal tiger of the southern mines. Then the sluggish blood begins to quicken in the veins of some other gentleman, and he gets up, stretches himself, draws his revolver, cocks it, flourishes it about, and proclaims himself another royal Bengal tiger of the southern mines.

"Then are heard ten or twelve short, sharp reports. The lights are blown out by the concussions. The rival Bengal tigers shoot about at random, in the dark, and hit everybody else but themselves. The unhurt portion of the company scramble behind the bar and under the billiard tables, and cry out, 'Don't shoot this way!' When the barrels of both revolvers are emptied, the combatants clinch, and, as they imagine, cut each other all to pieces with bowie knives; although, when lights are brought, it turns out to be somebody else. Then the two royal Bengals shake hands, fraternize over a drink, and go off together to the gunsmith's to get their pistols reloaded. The survivors pick up the dead and wounded. There is a great deal of talk over the affair several days. The bodies are kept until Sunday. Then there is a splendid funeral. The Odd Fellows, the Masons, the military companies and the temperance societies all turn out with music and banners. The Sunday school children, dressed in white, appear in the procession, singing, 'There is a happy land, far, far away,' etc.

"The minister preaches a very affecting discourse, and is very careful not to say anything which may wound the feelings of the two Bengal tigers, who stand in the front pew overlooking the coffins, as chief mourners, holding together by their left hands the same hymn book, while they sing out of it, while the right of either grasps his revolver, ready to send a ball through the clerical organizatian should he say anything in the funeral sermon personally offensive to them. Everybody for twenty miles around comes on horseback and in buggies. The saloons and shops do a good business, and the day commonly winds up with a grand ball and supper. All the young ladies are proud to dance with the two Bengals, all the young men envy them and resolve to kill somebody at the first convenient opportunity. Before morning there are probably two or three more 'fatal affrays,' and so the life and excitement peculiar to our free, easy, unconventional society is sustained from month to month and year to year.

"When all this is over, a subscription is generally set on foot in the camp for erecting monuments over the graves, and when the money is all raised, the man to whom it is entrusted goes to San Francisco to buy the marbles, and there he falls in with old friends, and drinks, sprees and gambles all the money away. If he comes back and makes confession, either we blow the top of his head off, or we say, 'No matter. If you had a good time it is just as well. Bob, Jim and Tom will rest just as easy without any monuments.' Then we put over them a cheap wooden tombstone, with a pretty verse printed on it. These boards, after a few years, rot away at the lower end, and the goats and cows pastured in our camp burying ground, rub against them and knock them over, and finally we gather and split them up for stove kindlings."

They liked this sketch of California life. They relished it. They picked its very bones clean.

At a certain social gathering, the name of Joaquin Miller was introduced.

"Miller has been engaged in some affrays I suppose," said a gentleman to me.

I said, "He has slain many men."

I burden Miller with every sort of crime. It does him no no injury, here. A little blood gives his poems a gamy relish.

"Do you know Miller?" he asked.

"I do. He was my friend; but—" Here I became agitated, and corrugated my brows. I continued, "I wish never to meet that man again. If I do—" Here my right hand traveled involuntarily toward my Derringer pocket. "The truth is, we once had fought, in California, with double-barreled shot guns, at six paces. We have not done fighting yet—the war has scarcely begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north—I beg your pardon! but if we meet again—and no matter where we meet—the affair must be brought to a final conclusion. I trust the coming affray may never occur in any quiet British household, because I cannot back down nor back out of the customs of my native West. With us, the contingencies involved by the doctrine of personal responsibility know no suspension by reason of time, place, circumstance, or company. We will fight, be it in the church, theatre, or by the hospitable fireside of the stranger. And among our people, upon such occasions, every one feels in duty and honor bound [illegible] all the chances of being hit by [illegible] bullets which the combatants [illegible] among the company."

British society insists on providing the bloody niche for the Western American. Why not fill it? The British public demand that we smell of blood, bowie knives and the sulphurous vapors of the pistol. When a man finds ready-made, for him, such a robe of dark and tragic hue, should he not wear it—especially when the public insist on admiring him wrapped, stern, bloody, vindictive and sanguinary therein; I like it. I never harmed man, woman or child; yet, now, I feel permeated by the reckless, life-scorning, murder-loving spirit of my countrymen. I count my victims by the score; I see them lying weltering in the usual gore; I travel through my private necropolis; I visit my own private dead-house, full of my slain, as yet unclaimed, unrecognized.—*The Overland.*

An Old Man's Melancholy.—We were impressed not long since with a brief experience of good old man who was slightly intoxicated for one night only, as related by himself: "I went home angry and ashamed," he said, "and half gone with horror in anticipation of what my wife Sarah would say about it. I took off my shoes and hung them on the gatepost in the excess of my caution and timidity. I got into the house with marvelous dexterity, and into the bed-room without making the slightest noise. Sarah always slept in front. The foot-board was unusually high, and I was never much of a gymnast, but my success thus far had impressed me so that I felt equal to almost anything."

His sadness was such that his hearers were sad, too, and one young person was so much agitated at his long pause and his deep sighs that he burst forth, "I see how it is; you probably fell and broke your neck."

"No, my young friend," replied the old man, "it wasn't that. I climed that footboard slowly, painfully, and with the utmost caution and secrecy. You have heard, perhaps, how excessively large and threatening every noise is in the stillness of a dark night, particularly when you are trying to keep still yourself and occasionally straining your ears in fear of some sound that is nevertheless expected and pretty sure to come. That was what ailed me. My heart beat like a drum, and the clock in the room ticked as if it would have liked to arouse the entire neighborhood. I got safely down into that bed and under the clothes. I laughed to myself till the bed shook. My fear had given place to an unnatural hilarity. I grinned and chuckled and was exceedingly absurd. I can never think of that time without shuddering and wishing that somebody would hand me a sponge wherewith to wipe it out. It struck me suddenly that Sarah was unnaturally still. I put my hand over to her side of the bed and—merciful heavens!"

"Was she dead?" inquired the young person, his jaw falling and his eyes standing out with intense anxiety.

"No, young feller," replied the good man, "she was not there. She had gone to a neighbor's to pass the night, and, insufferable idiot that I was! I had forgotton all about it." He bowed his head in his trembling hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers, and ran down his long gray beard.

A Settled Question.—Some years ago, as a Mississippi river steamboat came up to a river landing, a tall, ungainly, gawkish-looking fellow, leaning against a woodpile, attracted the attention of the passengers, one of whom, a talkative and conspicuous person, said to his friends: "I'm going to have some fun out of that fellow." So he jumped ashore when the boat landed, and with a great show of fierceness approached the fellow. Drawing a savage-looking bowie-knife, he said: "So, old fellow, I've found you at last.—You're the man that stole a dog of mine, and I've sworn to get square with you. I've been looking for you for a year." The gawky lazily opened his eyes in wondering amazement at first, as though he didn't understand it. Then catching sight of the laughing passengers looking on from the deck, he took in the situation. By the time "Smarty" had finished telling him how long he had been looking for him, he had taken out of his pocket a fist like a sledge-hammer on the end of the arm of a windmill. He swung it once and knocked the man who had been looking for him plump into the river. Then resuming his place against the wood-pile, he raised his eyes to the deck, and with a lazy drawl inquired: "Is there anybody else on this boat looking for me?"

☞ A little girl, whose papa was recently under the influence of Moody and Sankey, wanted a second tart at the supper table, and was refused it.

"Papa," she said, abruptly, "why do you sing 'Feed me till I want no more?'"

She got the tart.

☞ A Wisconsin constable levied on "the undivided half" of a gray mule.—He wasn't particular which end he took, and was thirteen days before he opened his eyes and recognized his wife.

☞ One reason why the Woman's Hotel came to grief was because there were not mirrors enough in the building.

Mr. Labouchere on Duelling.

I was once ordered to proceed to Stockholm, and at this town I found favor with my superiors for the curious reason that I challenged an Austrian charge d'affaires. Never was there a more absurd affair. There was an Englishman who had been challenged by a Swede, whom he declined to fight. A few days later the Englishman went with my Minister to a box in the theatre. The next day at a club the Austrian charge d'affaires said before me and others that Englishmen had odd ideas of honor, and more particularly English Ministers. I replied that Englishmen were not so silly as to fight duels, and that the English Minister was not a dishonorable man for appearing in a theatre with his countryman. As it was generally felt that I ought to challenge this Austrian, I "put myself in the hands" of the French and Prussian Ministers. A few hours later my seconds came to me. I expected that they were going to tell me that the Austrian had apologized. Not at all. With a cheerful smile they observed: "It is arranged for to-morrow morning—pistols." At 7 o'clock, a. m., they reappeared. Their countenances were downcast. "I have lost the mould for the bullets for my duelling pistols," observed the Prussian, "and we had to borrow a pair of pistols for whose accuracy of aim I cannot vouch." This inwardly rejoiced me, but of course I pretended to share in the regret of my seconds. We sat down to an early breakfast. "You are young, I am old," said the Frenchman: "would that I could take your place." I wished it as sincerely as he did, but I tried to assume an air of rather liking my position, and I grinned a ghastly grin. Then we started for the park. The opposition had not arrived; but there was a surgeon who had been kindly requested to attend by my sympathizing friends. "An accident may happen," observed the Prussian; "do you wish to confide to me any dispositions that you may desire to be carried out after?"——and he sighed in a horribly suggestive manner. No, I said; I had nothing particular to confide; and as I looked at the surgeon I thought what an idiot I was to make myself the target for an Austrian to aim at, in order to establish the principle that Englishmen have a perfect right to decline to fight duels. There was a want of logic about the entire proceeding that went to my heart. To be killed is bad enough, but to be killed paradoxically is still worse. Soon the Austrian and his seconds appeared. I never felt more dismal in my life. The Austrian stood apart. I stood apart. The surgeon already eyed me as a "subject." The seconds consulted; then the Frenchman stepped out twelve paces. He had very short legs and they seemed to me shorter than ever. After this came the loading of the pistols. Sometimes, I thought, seconds do not put in the bullets; this comforted me, but only for a moment, for the bullets were rammed down with cheerful energy. By this time we had been placed facing each other. A pistol was given to each of us. "I am to give the signal," said the Prussian; "I shall count one, two, three, and then at the word fire, you will both fire. Gentlemen, are you ready?" We both nodded. "One, two, three, fire!" and both our pistols went off. No harm had been done. I felt considerably relieved, when to my horror the Frenchman stepped up to me and said: "I think I ought to demand a second shot for you, but mind if nothing occurs again I shall not allow a third shot." "Ye-es," I said; so we had a second shot with the same result. Knowing that my Frenchman was a man of his word, I felt now that I might, at no risk to myself, display my valor; so I demanded a third shot. The seconds consulted together; for a moment I feared that they were going to grant my request, and I was greatly relieved when they informed me that they considered that two shots were amply sufficient. I was delighted, but I pretended to be most unhappy, and religiously kept up the farce of being an aggrieved person. Now, there is this curious thing about duels, which, I suppose, accounts for principals taking things so quietly. Before the duel one feels most uncomfortable, to judge by my experience, but when one has to fire one is so engaged in listening for the signal that it does not occur to one that one may be hit. A good shot would, I take it, be able to take a deliberate aim undisturbed by any nervous trepidation from his target also aiming at him, because the nervous tripidation, however strong it may be beforehand, by some curious disposition of nature disappears when you are actually firing. Much the same things occurs in battle. The unpleasant moment is, according to the experience of soldiers, that just before going under fire, or when the fire is not returned. So soon as soldiers are themselves firing, one idea excludes another, and their minds are so occupied with what they themselves are doing, that they forget the danger.—*London Truth.*

☞ "Bill, how did you and Tom end that dispute Sunday?" "Why, I called him a liar and dropped the subject."—"Called him a liar? Did he take it?" "Take it? Of course he took it. But I dropped simultaneously with the subject."

☞ An Illinois tramp hung himself the other day from the limb of a tree. He was a tramp of whom the nation has reason to be proud.

Curing Consumption.—In the last number of the Medical Record, a physician gives details of his method of treatment of this disease in extreme cases, with the happy result of curing from 60 to 75 per cent. The methods and the theory of the cure are in some respects quite new, they are published—as is the noble custom of the medical profession—so that other doctors can try and test them; and the benefit, whatever it may be is open to all. Six cases are described; all had been treated by good physicians according to customary methods. At least half of the patients had vainly tried residence at the west and south. Their lungs were deeply diseased. They were steadily growing worse, and seem to have been advised that their malady had become serious. Under the new treatment, four of these patients recovered, and are again actively engaged in their business pursuits. The time taken for recovery under the new treatment seems to vary from six months to a year, but relief from the more distressing symptoms was obtained in all cases in a much shorter period. The theory of cure is to clear the lungs by mechanical treatment, chiefly of manipulating the muscles of the throat so as to cause more forcible breathing; second, to establish perfect digestion; third, to promote a process of healing the tubercles, so that they shall become chalky or calcified masses; fourth, to compel the patients to take plenty of fresh air, sunlight, and outdoor exercise. To secure perfect digestion, a special diet is ordered in each case, and the food is changed as the power of assimilating it improves; that part of the treatment was fully successful in each of the six instances described. To promote the calcifying of the tubercles, the salts of lime, which are found in most vegetable and animal food, must be supplied in a soluble condition; the theory is that too much heat in ordinary cooking destroys the natural combination of these salts with albumen, and renders them insoluble to a weak digestion. In regard to outdoor exercise, this is regarded as so important that the patients must go out in rain, snow, dampness or even night air or dew; and in the twenty years of the doctor's practice, he knows of no instance of catching cold from such exposure. Only strong head winds and extreme hot weather need to be guarded against. The patients sleep with the windows open summer and winter.

Insurance on the Tiber.—"Marcus Cælius," Cicero said to his legal friend, meeting him one morning on the other side of a screen under the Capitol, "what shall it be?"

Cælius said he would take a little spiritus frumenti optimus, straight, and the orator remarking that that was about the size of his, went on.

"I wish you would get out the necessary papers some time to-day and bring suit for me against the Yellow Tiber Fire and Marine Insurance Company for the amount of its policies on my villa at Tusculum and my town house."

M. Cælius looked up in amazement.

"Why," he exclaimed, "when did they burn down? And what was it?—Accident? Mob? Some of Clodius's people?"

"No," Cicero said, "they are intact as yet, and, in fact, I havn't insured them yet, but I am going to do so to-morrow, and I want to bring suit against the company now, so that if they should ever happen to burn I won't have quite so long to wait for the money."

Cælius saw the orator's head was level, and brought suit that afternoon. Eleven years afterward the villa Tusculum and the town house were both destroyed by fire. The suit had by that time been in five different courts, and had been confirmed, and reversed, and remanded, and referred to the master to take proof, and stricken from the docket, and amended, and rebutted, and sur-butted, and impleaded, and rejoindered, and filed, and quashed, and continued until nobody knew what it was about, and Cicero was notified three weeks after the fire that he would have to prove willful and long-continued absence and neglect as he could not get a decree simply on ground of incompatability of temperament. And when he went to the secretary of the company, that official told him the company didn't know anything about the fire, and had no time to attend to such things. The company's business, the secretary said, was to insure houses, not to run around to fires, asking about the insurance. If he wanted any information on these points he would have to ask the firemen or the newspaper reporters.

The more a man reads in these old histories the more he is convinced that the insurance business in the days of the prætors was a great deal more like it is to-day.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

☞ One thousand shingles, says a newspaper paragraph, will cover one hundred square feet of surface. One shingle, by the way, will cover six square inches of a bad boy, and, if properly applied, will be productive of as much benefit and more noise than the one thousand shingles on one hundred square feet of surface.

☞ An Irishman being badly hurt in a railroad accident, on being asked why he did not sue the company for damages, he replied: "Sue them for damages? Bedad, I've had damages enough, I'll sue them for repairs."