Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XVI. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1879. NO. 22

THE

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & T. F. YATES.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.0 (per annum. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines or less of Brevier type constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author or no attention will be paid to them.

Hereafter the cash must accompany al announcements for public office.

Fall & Winter Supplies!

GREENWELL & FENWICK,

LEONARDTOWN.

A Full Assortment of Goods of all Kinds at

Lower rates than ever!

OUR FALL and WINTER STOCK, having been bought for CASH in the cheapest markets, we can afford to sell and are prepared to sell at figures astonishingly low. Give us a call. You can always get what you want, if in season. If not on hand, as we are in daily communication with Baltimore and other cities, we will promptly supply you.

READY-MADE CLOTHING, a heavy assortment, and of much better make and quality than is usually brought to this market;

SHOES and BOOTS, of Baltimore custom make and quality, with all the Eastern varieties of this Stock;

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, and all articles of gentlemen's wear;

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, a heavy and varied assortment, embracing all the grades from the most fashionable articles of wear to the plainest;

We invite special attention to our stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,

which we have renewed this Fall and greatly increased. We keep also on hand a large assortment of ladies' and children's HATS, trimmed and untrimmed.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, etc., QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, STONEWARE, WOODENWARE, TIN-WARE, HARDWARE, etc., FARMING IMPLEMENTS, etc., etc., etc.; STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, FLOUR, MEAL, PROVISIONS, etc.

☞ Young people are notified that we have been made the special agents of their old friend, Kriss Kringle, and expect to have a large assortment of all his different wares on hand in full time for distribution before Christmas.

GREENWELL & FENWICK,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Dec 12, 1878

HEADACHE NEURALGIA PILLS

CELERY "DR. C. W. BENSON, a practicing physician, at 106 N. Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., (who has paid much attention to nervous diseases), has discovered that Extract of Celery and Chamomile combined in a certain proportion invariably cures either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50c. per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore."—*Epis. Meth.* PILLS

CELERY BALTIMORE, July 27, 1874. Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have cured my wife of sick and nervous headache of ten years' standing; she had it every week or ten days, and suffered almost everything but death with it. We think these pills worth their weight in gold. REV. H. SCHLICHTER, Pastor Salem Mission. PILLS

CELERY For sale by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists in this town. Price 50c. a box. Mailed to any address postage free. Office No. 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md. PILLS

CELERY Nov 7, 1878—1y. PILLS

NOTICE.

Office of County Commissioners,
Leonardtown, Md., Dec. 30, 1878.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all Supervisors cease operations on the public roads, without first having obtained an order from the Board, and that they return their reports for work done to the next meeting, January 14th, 1879.

Notice is also given, to all parties whose fencing encroach upon the public roads to remove the same to the proper limits before the 1st day of May next, or the Supervisors will be instructed to remove the same.

By order,
JO. F. MORGAN, Clerk.

Jan 2, 1879—2t.

STARTLING REDUCTIONS!!

Mrs. Irene F. Hammett's CHEAP CASH STORE,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Christmas Presents

AND

TOYS OF ALL KINDS.

MILLINERY

OF THE

LATEST STYLES.

FANCY GOODS! DRY GOODS!

And a fine assortment of

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S SHOES!

DOMESTIC GOODS OF ALL KINDS;

Also a Beautiful Assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

WHITE GOODS, a Specialty!

CONFECTIONERY!

Bonnets and Hats Made to Order.

REPAIRING PROMPLY ATTENDED TO.

OLD HATS RESHAPED.

As evidence of my reduced rates, I am selling for cash Bleached and Unbleached Cottons at 5cts. a yard.

Calicoes from 5 to 8 cts. per yard.

Ladies' Dress Goods from 10 to 25 cents per yard.

Whalebone Corsets 25 cents a pair.

Fine Black Alpaca only 25 cts a yard.

Good shaws for $1.

Splendid Shoes for $1.25.

☞ Give me a call. No trouble to show goods.

Nov 28, 1878.

Official Order from Number 96.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

WE have made another reduction on the price of all our

STOVES AND TIN WARE,

making them cheaper than any house in Baltimore.

We still sell the celebrated TIMES COOK, which is undoubtedly the leading cooking apparatus ever invented by human genius. There are many envious dealers, who cannot secure an agency for its sale, who will try to persuade you to buy some other kind. In order to get the genuine article go direct to the manufacturer,

W. J. H. GLUCK,

96 N. Gay St., bet. the Bridge and Front Sts., Baltimore, Md.,

and no where else.

We have every variety of STOVES in the market, at the *very lowest cash prices.*

All we ask is come and see the quality and prices of our goods.

No Penitentiary made Stoves sold by me.

W. J. H. GLUCK,
96 North Gay Street,
betw. the Bridge and Front Streets,
Baltimore, Md.

Sept 19, 1878—1y.

STEAM SAW & GRIST MILL.

F. M. DYER.

LEONARDTOWN MD.

Hard Wood sawed for $7 50 per m. feet
Soft " " 6 " "

Grist Mill day TUESDAYS in each week until further notice. Only one-eighth toll taken.

☞ A share of public patronage solicited.

Dec 5, 1878—1y.

Near the Wharves. Near the Depots.

LOUIS MEYER,

NO. 72 HANOVER STREET,

(near the market,)

BALTIMORE, MD.

MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, KID GLOVES,

which he is prepared to offer at lower prices than ever.

☞ TRIMMED HATS AND BONNETS constantly on hand.

June 1y. 9 1878—

Steadfast.

As one entranced will sometimes gaze afar
Into the deep blue night,
At the sweet radiance of some special star
That shines supremely bright;
His look concentrated—all the rest unrecked
Their glowing courses run—
Though by ten myriad gems the heavens are decked,
To him there is but one.

So I look up into a glorious face,
Into a calm, kind eye,
Radiant with queenly nobleness and grace,
Clear as a cloudless sky.
Not bright—as brooks that o'er the shallows roll,
But oh! so pure and deep,
With fathomless serenity of soul—
Like ocean in a sleep.

There might be faces fifty times as fair,
Oh, dear-loved lady mine!
But though there were, I'd neither know nor care:
I'm blind to all but thine.

HOW MAXIMILIAN DIED.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* writes as follows concerning the execution of the Emperor Maximilian:

The troops, under command of General Escobedo, formed a short distance from the city, where the execution of the captive Emperor was to occur. Thousands poured out of Queretaro to the scene, all eager to catch a glimpse of the distinguished prisoners. At seven o'clock the bells of the city tolled. It was the signal that the prisoners had left their prison for the last time, and deep silence fell on the expectant multitude as the cortege containing the Emperor and his late Generals appeared. The carriages in which they sat were surrounded by a strong guard. Maximilian came first, Miramon next, lastly, Mejia. The carriages stopped and the prisoners alighted, while sobs burst from the crowd, and there was not a dry eye in that vast assemblage. The three doomed men were neither bound nor blindfolded. The Emperor, in an easy and graceful manner, made a regal bow to the multitude, and, with a light step, led the way to the fatal spot.

The Emperor, like the other prisoners, was attired in a plain manner. He addressed the crowd in a clear voice and firm manner, which partook not of bravado. He stated that when first waited upon at home by a deputation of Mexicans, who came with credentials offering him the throne of Mexico, he refused. Subsequently the proposition was renewed. He replied that if convinced that a majority thought it to their interest to place him at the head of the Government, he might consent. Another deputation brought him additional testimony, and upon advice of the Powers of Europe, he had accepted the call. Said the Emperor: "I deny that the Court that tried me had the power to do so. Mine has been a case of good faith. The nations of the world have pledged their faith to me. I would never have done the act had it not been for the good of Mexico. I hope my blood will stop the effusion of blood in Mexico."

Miramon spoke, and when he ceased there was a murmur and a buzz among the crowd. The guard was drawn up in line. The prisoners faced them. The Emperor called to him the sergeant. He then drew from his pocket a handful of $20 gold pieces. Handing them to him, he requested that after his death the money be divided among the sergeant's companions. In return, the Emperor requested as a favor that the sergeant would aim his bullet at his heart. A moment of deep and dreadful silence ensued. The officer was about to give the signal. The military figures of the prisoners were erect, motionless—not a muscle quivering—their faces calm as though death were still far off. Maximilian, the centre figure, maintained to the last an imperial composure which eminently became that unfortunate prince. The soldiers' pieces are aimed. The word is given. Bang! The Emperor, Mejia, Miramon have all fallen to the ground, on which each lays stretched. Miramon and Mejia were killed at the first volley. Four balls entered the breast of each. The Emperor did not instantly expire, though he had fallen unconscious. Five balls had pierced his bosom. There were some convulsive movements of the muscles and quivering of the flesh. Seeing this, two soldiers were ordered to step from the ranks. They each aimed their pieces at the fallen Emperor, and two more balls were sent into his prostrate body. Then he was still. The physician who was to embalm his body approached and threw a sheet over the face of the dead monarch. The troops returned to their quarters, but the multitude for some time, as if by a supernatural instinct, remained rooted to the spot.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Life's Struggles.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

[illegible] short indeed and how necessary [illegible] before [illegible] to improve every moment [illegible] the b[illegible]riod, and

"—[illegible] doing
With a heart [illegible]"

How necessary for us to wage an unceasing and relentless warfare against those empty dreams that exist so plenteously within us—dreams that toy with our imagination and lead us unresisting along; that seem to have gained such complete mastery of our very being that the soul does indeed seem to slumber, and it is a Herculean task to regain the dull routine of stern reality! Life is brimful of earnest endeavor and must be met bravely and cheerfully. He who occupies his days in idly dreaming will awaken at the end and exclaim, not with the Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day," but with a despairing cry, alas my *whole life* is a dreary waste, upon which he can look back and scarce find a single day of earnest, soulful work. Our lives are given us not to waste in dissipation or frivolous pursuits, not to be useless drones, but that we may be earnest, hearty workers

"In the world's broad field of battle,"

and make of ourselves useful men and women, so that when we reach the end of our pilgrimage on earth we can look back without repining at the earnest brave fight we have fought.

If we wish to gain any advantage, howsoever small, think you it can be had without effort? Can it be obtained for the mere asking? Can you accomplish it without any previous training? Even the ignorant ploughman must be educated to his work. He must know how wide a furrow his plough will cut, how to handle his team to the best advantage. If you apply for a position, you are at once required to show your fitness for it.

Let no one expect to go through life without earnest effort. Cast aside all idle dreams and profitless musings; stop building your castles in the air lest they tumble about your ears and overwhelm you in the ruins; concentrate all the power of your mind and body upon hard work.

Life may be aptly compared to a mountain; at first the incline is soft and easy; many, I fear the majority, never get beyond this gentle slope; the first rock causes them to halt, they turn aside hoping to find an easier way to the summit and spend their days in the fruitless search; others climb over the easier difficulty and pass further on, but stop at sight of a mightier obstacle. They are brought to a stand still in the middle of the ascent; they give up despairingly and cry out, "this obstacle is too great to overcome now, I will wait awhile and rest, I will begin afresh to-morrow." Alas! the morrow never comes. A few, the very small minority, reach the highest pinnacle, where they can feel themselves lifted up above the common herd. They have accomplished their journey, overcome all obstacles, grasped the golden rewards, the fruit of their ambition, and can now look down on the struggling mass below with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. And now I address myself particularly to the young men. Let nothing deter you from your purpose; if you have no purpose form one immediately and press forward toward its fulfillment. History furnishes us with numberless examples worthy of your emulation. Let your watchword be "Forward," and never look back. Strive to do your best.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

L'ETRANGER.

A WAYSIDE COURTESY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a handsomely dressed young lady, thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house, but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate open till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she went on. She deserves good clothes, I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.—There were a score or more of women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good-hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical in some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was appealed to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, now," said Mr. Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cookstove and made the beds, I'll donate ten dollars."

"I have," said two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society'" said Mr. Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and as you are not a member, I beg that you withdraw, and let us proceed with routine business."

NEATNESS OF MEN.—Very much has been written about neatness in women, and in print it looks very easy, with plenty of calico dresses, linen collars and cuffs, and bright ribbon bows. The papers say young men are used to seeing girls look neat before marriage and a year after are surprised to find they have slovenly wives. How a righteous woman's blood boils at that word! Not one woman in ten becomes a sloven by choice. If her husband is a farmer his first thought in the morning is to swallow his breakfast as early as possible and go to work. If his wife stops to pin on a collar or comb her head, he thinks it is lost time, and tells her to hurry up, in a half-fretful tone. A railroad man, blacksmith, clerk or merchant will do the same thing and hurry away to business.

After breakfast comes the household cares, with a little crying babe ever and anon breaking in upon the duties of the morning. The clock points to eleven and now the morning wrapper must do duty, or husband will wonder what she has been at to make dinner so late. He doesn't seem to notice how she looks if everything is right about the dinner, but if she is late, though neatly dressed, baby sweet, and house all in perfect order he has not a word of praise, or a smile, but sits down very sober to wait.

There are facts that every woman knows to be true, but they have a deeper shading. The dresses, collars and cuffs which women are expected to have without stint, more frequently sum up in two or three changes. The wife's money comes through the husband's purse and sometimes he forgets to withdraw the string for a long while. The old dresses get shabby, the shoes slipslop, and the once tidy wife is a sloven.

How about the men on this subject of neatness? The farmer, the mechanic, the teamster, the miner, the clerk, have work that causes them to perspire freely. When evening comes they sit with their wives and children, in their soiled garments, and think themselves good enough for any company that may come in. Their hands are only half washed, their faces unshaved for two weeks, and hair combed with their fingers.

☞ A lady remonstrated with her butcher for his cruel treatment in putting little lambs to death. "Why, madame," said he, "you would not eat them alive, would you?"

CHANGE OF LIFE.—Change is the common feature of society—of life.

Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and marry fortunes, and bury the last generation but one.

Twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men and women into crawling drivelers, and bury all preceding generations.

Thirty years raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers and bury the active generation or reduce them to decrepitude or imbecility.

Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names once cherished are forgotten, unsuspected candidates for fame have started up from the exhaustless womb of nature.

And in fifty years—mature, ripe fifty years—half a century—what tremendous changes occur! How time writes her sublime wrinkles everywhere, in rock, river, forest, and cities, hamlets, villages, in the nature of men, and the destinies and aspects of all civilized society!

Let us pass on to eighty years—and what do we desire to see to comfort us in the world? Our parents are gone; our children have passed away from us into all parts of the world, to fight the grim and desperate battle of life. Our old friends—where are they? We behold a world of which we know nothing and to which we are unknown. We weep for generations long gone by—for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave. We see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune, and the absolute destiny of time. In a word, we behold the vanity of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and be gone.

BEFORE THE DUEL.—John C. Hamilton, the son of Alexander Hamilton, narrates the following touching incident, which occurred on the day previous to the famous duel with Aaron Burr. The son was then in his twelfth year:

"My father's residence was in the country, toward the north of New York Island. His law office in the city was rather a shabby affair. The day before the duel I was sitting in a room, when, at a slight noise, I turned around and saw my father in the door-way; standing silently there and looking at me with a most sweet and beautiful expression of countenance. It was full of tenderness, and without any of the business pre-occupation he sometimes had.

"'John,' he said, when I had discovered him, 'won't you come and sleep with me to-night?'".

"His voice was frank, as if he had been my brother instead of my father. That night I went to his bed, and in the morning very early he awakened me, and taking my hands in his palms, all four hands extended, he said, and told me to repeat the Lord's prayer. Seventy-five years have since passed over my head, and I have forgotten many things, but not that tender expression when he stood looking at me in the door, nor the prayer we made together the morning before the duel."

LARGEST OF THEIR KIND.—1. The largest ocean in the world is the Pacific. 2. The largest sea, the Mediterranean. 3. River, the Amazon. 4. Gulf, Mexico. 5. Cape, Horn. 6. Lake, Superior. 7. Bay, Bengal. 8. Island, Australia. 9. City, London. 10. Public building, St. Peter's, Rome. 11. Hotel, Palace, San Francisco. 12. Steamer, Great Eastern. 13. Desert, Sahara. 14. Theater, Grand Opera House, Paris. 15. State, Texas. 16. Territory, Dakota. 17. Park, Phenix Park, Dublin. 18. Highest mountain, Mount Everest, Hindostan, Asia. 19. Sound, Long Island. 20. Largest railroad, Union Pacific and Central Pacific. 21. Canal, Grand Canal, China. 22. Bridge, that over the Tay at Dundee, Scotland. 23. Largest railroad depot, St. Pancras, London. 24. Largest room in the world under single roof, military one, St. Petersburg. 25. Strongest fort, Gibraltar. 26. Longest ship, the Romsdale, lately in this port. 27. Sailing ship of greatest tonnage, the Three Brothers.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

RULES FOR LADY TRAVELERS.—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, in view of the difficulties and dangers encountered by ladies traveling alone, suggests that they should observe the following rules:

1. Before starting on a journey, familiarize yourself with the route and with the names of good hotels at various stopping places.

2. Never travel with "just enough" money, but always carry enough to provide against any possible emergency. This will save much anxiety.

3. Wear little jewelry and keep the largest part of your money in some inside pocket out of sight.

4. Always look after yourself, and do not allow a stranger to procure your ticket or check for your baggage.

5. Avoid, if possible, making changes in your car at night, but, when unavoidable, go with others. Do not become separated from the crowd.

6. Take no hacks, but go in an omnibus where there are other people. These are perfectly safe.

7. If in any doubt as to changing cars, checking baggage, etc., inquire in advance of the conductor. The conductors on our trains are always polite and willing to be of service, especially to women traveling alone.

8. Do not wait till about to make some change in the train, before inquiring of the conductor, for, ten to one, he will then be hurried, and you will only half inform yourself. And finally.

9. Under all circumstances endeavor to retain presence of mind. One who can do this will never have any trouble traveling and instead of its being unwise for women to travel alone, I think it an advantage to them to make trips alone, for there are few people who are not at times obliged to do so, and experience does away with much of the possible danger in traveling.

AFRAID SHE'D BE KISSED.—A man was once walking along one road and a woman along another. The roads finally united, and the man and woman, reaching the junction at the same time, walked on from there together. The man was carrying a large iron kettle on his back; in one hand he held by the legs a live chicken, in the other a cane, and he was leading a goat. Just as they were coming to a dark, deep ravine, the woman said to the man:

"I am afraid to go through the ravine with you; it is a lonely place, and you might overpower me and kiss me by force."

"If you were afraid of that," said the man, "you shouldn't have walked with me at all. How can I possibly overpower you by force when I have this great iron kettle on my back, a cane in one hand and a live chicken in the other, and am leading a goat? I might as well be tied hand and foot."

"Yes," replied the woman, "but if you should stick your cane in the ground and tie the goat to it, and turn the kettle bottom side up and put the chicken under it, then you might wickedly kiss me in spite of my resistance."

"Success to thy ingenuity, oh woman!" said the rejoicing man to himself; "I should never have thought of such an expedient."

When they came to the ravine he stuck his cane in the ground and tied the goat to it, gave the chicken to the woman, saying: "Hold it while I cut some grass for the goat," and then, lowering the kettle from his shoulder, imprisoned the chicken under it, and wicked kissed the woman, as she was afraid he would.

SICK HEADACHE.—Sick headache is caused by overloading the stomach—by indigestion. It may be relieved by drinking very freely of warm water, whether it produces vomiting or not. If the feet are cold, warm them or bathe them in water as hot as you can bear it. Soda or ashes in the water will do good. If the pain is very severe apply cloths wrung out of hot water to the head, pack the head as it were. To prevent it, let plainness, simplicity and temperance preside at your table. In some cases medicine is necessary, but if the above is properly carried out, almost immediate relief is experienced.

☞ William Augustus to sleepy roommate, "Come, John Henry, why don't you get up with the lark, as I do?"—John Henry, grimly, "been up with him all night."