

St. Mary's Beacon

VOL. XVII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879. NO. 2

ST. MARY'S BEACON

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Advertisements—50 cents per line for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. High class advertising is given special consideration. If the number of insertions be not specified, the advertisement will be published until further notice, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.
Communications of a personal character will be charged, and the name of the contributor will be published unless otherwise directed. Advertisements 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 attention will be paid to them.
Hereafter the cash must accompany all announcements for public office.

FOR STATE'S ATTORNEY.

Messrs. Editors.—The friends of DANIEL C. HAMMETT request you to announce him for State's Attorney at the coming election this Fall and say, if he will become a candidate, he will be warmly supported by
Feb. 13, 1879. Many Friends.

FOR THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

I announce myself a republican candidate for a seat in the Lower House of the next General Assembly of Md., and respectfully ask the support of my political and personal friends at the election in 1880 and say that I will be warmly supported by the people of the county, generally.
April 3, 1879. W. B. BRADY.

FOR CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT COURT.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce Dr. L. J. SUTTON as the Republican candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county at the election in 1880 and say that he will be warmly supported by his party and friends in the county.
April 26, 1879. Chaotic District.

FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce B. H. ABELL, Esq., as a candidate for Sheriff at the ensuing election. Mr. Abell is an old, tried officer and we feel certain this announcement and his election will meet with the approval of the business community at large, irrespective of parties.
June 26, 1879. Seventh District.

FOR ORPHANS' COURT.

We are authorized to announce Dr. JAMES H. MILES, of St. Inge's District, as a candidate for the Orphans' Court at the ensuing election.
June 12, 1879.

FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors.—You are authorized to announce JOHN H. BULLER as a candidate for the next Sheriffship and to say he will receive a liberal support from St. Inge's District.
March 27, 1879.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Messrs. Editors.—You are requested to announce THOMAS H. BOND, Esq., of Patuxent district, as a candidate for the next Legislature of Maryland and to state that he will be warmly supported by the people of the county, generally.
March 20, 1879. MARY DIGNAMONT.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce JOHN B. ABELL, Esq., as a candidate for the position of Register of Wills for St. Mary's county at the election in 1880 and say that he will be warmly supported by the people of the county, generally.
Sept. 21, 1879. The People.

FOR THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I announce myself as a candidate for a seat in the next General Assembly of Maryland and respectfully solicit the support of my friends and neighbors.
July 13, 1879. W. B. BRADY.

FOR THE ORPHANS' COURT.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce J. CLINTON BRAN as a candidate for the position of St. Mary's county in the Orphans' Court and say that he will receive a warm support from
July 21, 1879. St. Inge's District.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce Mr. C. G. HAYDEN, of the 8th district, as a candidate for County Commissioner, and to the decision of a Democratic County Convention, if one be called.
July 21, 1879. Eighth District.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce JOHN A. B. SHERMAN, of the 8th district, as a candidate for a seat in the Commissioners' Court and say that he will be warmly supported by the people throughout the county.
Aug. 21, 1879. Tax-Payer.

FOR THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

It is desired that the people of our county be represented in the next House of Delegates by gentlemen familiar with their wants and who will persevere in behalf of their interests. If Mr. JOHN A. G. MALLER can be induced to accept them, the whole people will be gratified and elect him by
Aug. 14, 1879. AGRICULTURIST.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce W. FRANK FORD, of the 8th district, as a candidate for Sheriff at the ensuing election and to ask for him the support of his friends and fellow-citizens.
Aug. 14, 1879.

Any one who works. You can make from 50 cts. to \$5 an hour by sewing your own clothes. No sewing machine needed. Nothing to buy the business. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and prices. For samples worth \$5 also from you can make up your mind for yourself. Address: GEORGE STINSON & CO., Postoffice Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. JOHN'S ACADEMY

A BAPTIST SCHOOL AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.
The 1st Annual Session will begin on MONDAY, September 1st. Board and Tuition for two months \$200. For catalogue, containing all necessary information, address RICHARD L. CARRIE, A. M., Principal, Alexandria, Va. Aug. 7, 1879.

AN INVISIBLE WOUND.

One of the most celebrated practitioners of Peth, Dr. K., was called upon one morning to receive at an early hour a visitor in great haste who, while waiting in the antechamber, sent in word by the footman that delay for him was danger. He must be received immediately.

The doctor then, as his dressing-gown was on, the patient shown in. He had been in the presence of a strange disease which would soon bring me to my grave—and even elsewhere. "I am about to describe to you the origin of this terrible malady. It broke out a week ago and I can struggle against it no longer. At the present moment I can only manage to trace these lines by placing on the sensitive part a piece of lighted tinder, to serve as a cataplasm. As long as the tinder burns I do not feel the other pain—and it is nothing in comparison. Six months ago I was still a very happy man. I lived, without care, on my income. I was on friendly terms with all the world, and I took pleasure in everything that can interest a man of thirty-five. I had married a year ago, married for love, a most beautiful young girl, of cultivated mind and with the best heart in the world, who had been companion to a certain countess, my neighbor. My wife had no fortune, and the love she had for me was not only gratitude, but also the genuine affection of a child. Six months passed in such a way that the morrow always seems to me happier than the eve. If sometimes I was obliged to go to Peth and leave my home for a day my wife had not a moment's peace. She would come two miles on the road to meet me. If I was belated she would stay awake all night waiting for me, and, if, by dint of entreaty, she was prevailed upon to go and see her former mistress, who was still very fond of her, no power on earth could keep her there more than half a day, and even then her regrets for my absence put the others out of temper. Her fondness for me went so far as to make her give up dancing, so as not to be obliged to put her hand into a stranger's and nothing caused her such grave displeasure as the compliments she was apt to receive. In a word, I had for my wife an innocent child, who had no thought but for me, and who would confess her dreams to me as enormous crimes if she had not dreamt of me.

"One day I know not what demon whispered in my ear, 'Supposing all this were only dissimulation? Men are mad enough to seek how they can torment themselves in the midst of the greatest happiness.' 'My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she kept carefully locked. I had noticed this several times, and never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open. 'The question ran in my head, 'What can she be hiding from me there? I had taken leave of my senses. I no longer believed either in the innocence of her face or in the purity of her eyes, in her caresses or in her kisses. Suppose all that were nothing but hypocrisy?'

"One morning the Countess came again to fetch her, and after much entreaty succeeded in deciding her to spend the day with her. Our estates were some miles apart, and I promised my wife to go and join her. 'As soon as the carriage had left the court yard I gathered together all the keys of the house and tried them in the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of a feeble woman. My hands trembled as I drew from out the drawer, prudently, carefully, one by one, the objects contained therein, so that no confusion should betray that a strange hand had ransacked them. My breast heaved; I was well-nigh suffocated. Behold, suddenly, beneath a mass of lace, I had placed my hand on a packet of letters! I felt as if a flash of lightning had passed from my head to my heart. Alas! one glance told me what these letters were! They were love-letters!

"The packet was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge. 'I will try my wife's keys, and began to search for the packet; although I knew where it was, I pretended to have some difficulty in finding it. 'Is it this?' I said, handing it to the Countess. 'Yes, yes! See, the knot I made is still there. She never touched it.' 'I did not dare to lift my eyes to her. I feared lest she should read in them that I had undone it; and that I had undone something else besides. I took leave of her hastily; she got into her carriage and drove off. Poor woman, she had her excuse. Her husband was brutal and dissipated. If I had been like him I should have deserved a wife like her. Oh but my wife! Her heart was innocent, her soul angelic! She loved her husband even in the moment when her husband killed her. I do not know what I did during the first hours that followed. When I came back to the consciousness of the horrible reality, I was in the vault beneath the coffin. I saw the slowly raised and the dead woman lying senselessly before me. I was stretched, stiff and stark, beside the coffin, one hand on its edge and the other beneath her head. The lips of the corpse were white; one drop of blood hung from them. She bent slowly towards me, opened her eyes as if I murdered her and kissed my right hand. The door of blood fell again on my face; her eyes shut once more, she fell back on her cold pillow, and the coffin closed over her dead body.

"A short time after I was awakened by a pain as sharp as that produced by a scorpion's sting. I rushed into the open air. It was early morning. No one saw me. The drop of blood had disappeared; there was no outward sign of the pain, and yet the spot where the

blood had fallen burned as though being eaten away by a corroding poison. The pain gave me no respite and increased from hour to hour. I could sleep sometimes, but even then I never lost consciousness of my suffering. There was no one to whom I could make complaint, and for that matter there was no one who would have believed my story. You have been witness to the intensity of my suffering and you know how much your attention relieved me. But I cannot say that I was ever cured. It has come back. It has come back for the third time, and I have no longer the strength to struggle against it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me—as she has avenged herself on me in this world she will perhaps forgive me in the next. I thank you for your good offices. May God reward you for them!

A few days after the newspapers of Sz— recorded that one of our richest landed proprietors had blown out his brains. Some attributed the suicide to grief at his wife's death; others, who were better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who knew best said he was a monomaniac, and his wound, which could not be cured, existed only in his imagination.

WHO WAS THE BAD BOY?

Little Annie was prettily dressed and standing in front of the house waiting for her mother to go out and ride. A tidy boy dressed in coarse clothes was passing, when the little girl just behind her the hand of the boy named Bobby.

"Here a lady came out of the door and said: 'Annie, you must not talk with bad boys on the street. I hope you haven't taken anything from her? Go away, and never stop here again, boy!'

That evening the lady was called down to speak to a boy in the hall. He was very neatly dressed, and stood with his cap in his hand. It was the enemy of the morning.

"I don't want that," said Bob, holding his hand very high. "My father works in a foundry and has lots of money. You've got a bigger boy than me haven't you?"

"Does he know the Commandments?" "I'm afraid not very well." "Can he say the Sermon on the Mount and twenty-third psalm and the Golden Rule?" "I am very much afraid he cannot," said the young lady, laughing at the boy's bravery.

"Does he not ride his pony on Sunday instead of going to church?" "I'm afraid he does, but he ought not," said the lady, blushing a little. "Mother don't know I came here," said the bright little rogue, but thought I would just come round to see what kind of folks you were, and I guess mother would rather your boy would not come round our doors, because she don't want little Mamie to talk to bad boys in the street. Good evening!" and the boy was gone.

ETERNAL AUGUST.

The month of August, although less crowded with battle anniversaries than June or July, has had an unusually large share of the world's greatest events. On the third Columbus sailed from Palos, in 1492, to discover a new world. The same day, twenty-seven years later, saw an exploit almost equal daring—the outbreak of Cortez's overland march upon Mexico. The fourth gave the first blow to English feudalism by the overthrow of De Montfort's revolt against Henry III., in 1265. On the tenth, the storming of the Taileries, in 1792, consummated the triumph of the French revolution. The thirteenth crushed at one blow the dear-bought supremacy of Louis XIV. by the defeat of Blenheim, in 1704. The sixteenth witnessed the battle of Vionville and Gravelotte, and the complete surrounding of Metz, in 1870. The twenty-sixth is doubly memorable to France, as the anniversary of one of her greatest defeats and greatest victories—the battle of Crecy, in 1346, and the commencement of Napoleon's two days' fight before Dresden, in 1813. On the twenty-eighth of August, 1831, Gustavus Adolphus defeated the Austrians, under Count Tilly, at Leipzig; and on the thirty-first, Howe evacuated the city of the approach of Gen. Sherman, in 1864. But in addition to all these famous days, this eventful month has witnessed the execution of the Scottish patriot, William Wallace (1305); the establishment of the reformed church of Scotland (1560); the outbreak of the seven years' war (1756), as well as three of its greatest battles, Minden, Zorndorf and Leignitz, (1759-60); the birth of Sir Walter Scott, (1771); the liberation of the Christian slaves at Algiers by Lord Exmouth's bombardment of the place, (1816); and Gen. Winfield Scott's Mexican victories at Chertusco and San Antonio, (1847).

An exchange says "striped parrots have taken the place of striped stockings." We don't believe it. The dress of a woman holding a pair of striped stockings over her head to keep off the sun, and wearing parrots on her—Oh, no, we don't believe the story.

A lady said that this was the finest compliment which she had ever received. It was a woman holding a pair of striped stockings over her head to keep off the sun, and wearing parrots on her—Oh, no, we don't believe the story.

WOMEN IN THE BREAKERS.

A woman's idea of a bath in the sea is to step down to the water and try the surf with the tips of her toes to see if it really is water. Then she should a bold wave rush up and wet her ankles she must utter a shriek and run back where it is dry. By and by she gets braver and goes in knee deep and catches hold of the rope. Then she will sit down in the water, but must jump up again and say it's "awful cold." When she isn't looking a big wave will break over her, and she gets thoroughly wet, much against her will, for she intended to keep her hair a little, and strikes her dainty foot against it. She screams, "Here she comes!" Fat women seem to enjoy bathing the most. The dear, big creatures in their jackets and pantaloons and straw hats come down into water like rosy fat monks out for a lark. They always stand and contemplate before entering the water. How portly they seem in their outfit! Every one an alderman in size. I never could understand why they stand and gaze at the ocean before intruding their corpulence to it, and I wondered if, like good mothers that they are, they are afraid of displacing so much water as to make it rough at sea for some poor sailor boy, as they look pretty in the water, but the ordinary good looks of a woman deteriorate into hideousness when her cheeks get pale and her nose blue.

INITIALS ON FRUIT.

Did you ever see a name printed on a growing apple, pear or peach? No. Well, if you wish to have that pleasure, this is the way to obtain it: While the fruit yet hangs green upon the tree, make up your mind which is the very largest and most promising specimen of all. Next, cut out from thin tough paper the initials of the name of your little brother or sister or chief friend, with round specks for dots after the letters, and the letters themselves plain and thick. Then paste these letters and dots on that side of the apple which is most turned to the sun, taking care not to loosen the fruit's hold upon the stem. As soon as the apple is ripe, take off the paper cuttings, which, having shut out the reddening rays of the sun, have kept the fruit green just beneath them, so that the name of initials now show plainly. After that bring the owner of the initials to play near the tree, and presently "Why, what are those queer marks on that apple up there?" You will find this quite a pleasant way to surprise the very little ones, and, of course, you can print a short pet name as easily as initials.

THE LITTLE SCAMP.

About a week ago some young ladies got up a party to go on a moonlight excursion. The night finally arrived, and so did the moon, and it flooded field and river with a glow of peculiar richness. When the party was ready to leave the house which had been appointed as the rendezvous, it was noticed that one of the most charming young ladies of the party had a shawl on. "What's the matter, Lucy?" inquired one young lady. "Are you afraid of taking cold?" "No, no," she replied. "The thermometer is up to 86. You'll roast if you wear that shawl." "I'm willing to risk," she said, rather pettishly. "Don't you know why she wears that shawl?" laughed her little brother, as he wiped some bits of his mouth with his jacket sleeve. "You keep still, you John Henry," screamed the young angel, as she turned a little red. The boy then got out of reach and yelled, "I'll tell you why she wears that shawl. When she gets out on the river Bob puts his arm under it and hugs her, and nobody can see through the game."

WEANING THE BABY.

The infant should be weaned in one of the cool months, not between May and October. It should be about one year old, not younger than nine nor older than fifteen months. It is very injurious to both mother and child to continue the nursing too long.

Long before the time of weaning, the infant should have become accustomed to other food, in addition to the breast milk; for should have learned to drink milk for one meal. At seven or eight months, this may be varied by the addition of softened bread, and by giving simple meat-soup or beef-tea. It is not particularly desirable to give to healthy children meals of concentrated soups or expressed beef-juice; the true aim being not to crowd the child with nourishment of which it can easily get enough, but to encourage a vigorous and natural digestion.

As the time for weaning approaches, the number of food meals may be increased, so that the child will be induced to give up the breast with very little difficulty. Only simple food should be given, and at regular times, avoiding pies, cakes, unripe or over-ripe fruits, soothing syrups, patent medicines, etc.

ADVICE FOR THE SICK ROOM.

Nothing is more easy to an experienced nurse or more difficult to an inexperienced one than to change the bed linen with a person in bed. Everything that will be required must be at hand, properly aired, before beginning. Untuck the lower sheet and cross sheet and push them toward the middle of the bed. Have a sheet ready folded or rolled the long way and lay it on the mattress, unfolding it enough to tuck it in at the side. Have the cross sheet prepared as described before, and roll it also, laying it over the under one and tucking it in, keeping the unused portion of both still rolled. Move the patient over to the side thus prepared for him; the soiled sheets can then be drawn away, the clean ones completely unrolled and tucked in on the other side. The coverings need not be removed while this is being done; they can be pulled out from the foot of the bedstead, and kept wrapped around the patient. To change the upper sheet take off the spread and lay the clean sheet over the blankets, securing the upper edge to the bed with a couple of pins standing at the foot, draw out the blankets and soiled sheet, replace the former and put on the spread. Lastly change the pillow cases. —Subscriber.

The man who tries to wind up a clock with an old hair pin may be a good Christian when he starts in.

If poverty is a disgrace, mended stockings are a darned shame.

Tommy Gimme a cake, mamma, if you please. Tommy—Oh, let up on that "Gimme" business; gimme a cake, gimme a cake.

A man cannot help being contented with his lot when he's buried in it.

Women claim they are afraid of nothing, but let one tiny, half-starved wretch crawl in a bedroom, and she'll upset furniture, pull a pillow slip over her cranium, and finally leave the room and lock the wamp in.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce Dr. L. J. SUTTON as the Republican candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county at the election in 1880 and say that he will be warmly supported by his party and friends in the county.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce JOHN B. ABELL, Esq., as a candidate for the position of Register of Wills for St. Mary's county at the election in 1880 and say that he will be warmly supported by the people of the county, generally.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce JOHN A. B. SHERMAN, of the 8th district, as a candidate for a seat in the Commissioners' Court and say that he will be warmly supported by the people throughout the county.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce JOHN H. BULLER as a candidate for the next Sheriffship and to say he will receive a liberal support from St. Inge's District.

Messrs. Editors.—You are requested to announce THOMAS H. BOND, Esq., of Patuxent district, as a candidate for the next Legislature of Maryland and to state that he will be warmly supported by the people of the county, generally.

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