

# Crini-Mary's Beacon

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NO. 3

## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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FOR THE STATE 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

Many Friends.

FOR THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

I announce myself as 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.

WM. B. BEAN.

FOR CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT COURT.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce Dr. L. J. SITTON as the Republican candidate for Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county at the election in 1879 and say that he will receive the warm support of his party and friends in the ward of St. Inigo's District.

Sept. 20, 1879.

FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors.—You are authorized to announce JOHN H. BUCKLER as a candidate for the next Sheriffship and to say he will receive a liberal support from St. Inigo's District.

Sept. 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

MARY DEMOCRATS.

Sept. 26, 1879.

FOR ORPHANS' COURT.

We are authorized to announce Dr. JAMES H. MILES, of St. Inigo'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. BUCKLER as a candidate for the next Sheriffship and to say he will receive a liberal support from St. Inigo's District.

Sept. 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

MARY DEMOCRATS.

Sept. 26, 1879.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS.

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

Sept. 21, 1879.

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 fellow-citizens.

July 31, 1879.

FOR THE ORPHANS' COURT.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce J. CLINTON BRAM as a suitable person to represent St. Mary's county in the Orphans' Court and say that he will receive a warm support from the people throughout the county.

July 21, 1879.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce Mr. G. G. HAYDEN, of the 8th district, as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of a Democratic County Convention, if one be called.

July 31, 1879.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Messrs. Editors.—Please announce JOHN A. B. SHERMANTINE, 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.

FOR THE HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

It is due to the people that 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. CAMALIER can be induced to serve them, the whole people will be gratified and elect him by

Aug. 14, 1879.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce WM. 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.

July 31, 1879.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

I announce myself as a candidate for the next Legislature, and respectfully solicit the support of my fellow-citizens.

Feb. 20, 1879.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

At the solicitation of many friends, I announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the ensuing election, and promise, if elected, to discharge the duties of the position with honesty and to the best of my ability.

Aug. 28, 1879.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Messrs. Editors.—You are authorized to announce JOSEPH O. TAYLOR, Esq., of the old First, as a candidate for County Commissioner and to say that he will be warmly endorsed by

Aug. 28, 1879.

## A HUSBAND'S DOSE.

"I wish you would tell James when he comes in, to turn the cows into the lower lot. And if Turpin calls, tell him I have concluded to take those sheep—I want the Merinos. And while I am getting ready, please take my memorandum book and note down four harness straps, five pounds of nails, and a gimlet, half a jockey strap, and—yes, I believe that is all. I forgot when I made out the items this morning."

Mrs. Streeter rose wearily, laid her sleeping babe carefully in its crib, and proceeded to record the articles named. She was young, not over twenty-five, but the complexion was sadly faded, and dark lines were already marking the white forehead, while the tired eyes told of care and distressed struggle of a woman bent on a private team, some farming implements, and the expense of building a small house, exhausted his capital, and the young couple commenced life as many other have done who had been blessed with their advantages. The small dwelling contained but three sleeping apartments, and this fact, added to their uncertain income, induced Mrs. Streeter to take upon herself the entire care of the household.

Two children had come in the seven years to nestle on her bosom. But one, a fair child of three summers, had slid away from them, and was now sleeping beneath the flowers of the prairie; and the tired wife sighed as she looked on the cold, folded hands.

"She will never toil as I have done; but oh, I wanted her so much," the lonely mother sobbed forth.

Mr. Streeter was considered a wealthy farmer. His acres had broadened and his stock increased. Physically and mentally strong, and with a gentle, loving wife ever studying his tastes and wishes, why should he wear out fast?

He had passed the grave or insane asylum will receive her."

"The strong man shuddered. 'As heaven is my witness, sir, I have only permitted, not exacted, this sacrifice. She voluntarily took her place by my side, and has unconsciously kept step with me.'"

"No, she has not kept step, to follow your own figure. Unable to keep up with your long, rapid strides, she has fallen, faint and footsore, by the way. Tell her, you must have rest for both mind and body, or I will not answer for the result. And it would be better found away from home."

"Yes, I begin to comprehend, and it can be found away. I will take care, doctor, that you do not get a chance to administer another such a dose to me."

Mr. Streeter went back to the room where his wife was sitting propped up by pillows, and a gush of unutterable tenderness welled in his heart, as he glanced at her pale face and almost transparent hands. He sat down beside her, and said, softly:

"You don't know how glad I am that you are better."

"Thank you. Yes, I am almost well now—shall soon be able to be in the kitchen. I am sure I must be sadly needed there by this time."

"No, you are not needed there. By the way, would you like to have me put the farm to rest this summer, and take the boy and go back to the old granite hills?"

"Oh, could you? May I go?" and the voice quivered with excitement; then, wistfully: "But the expense, Newton. It would put us back so much."

"Yes, there it is; the old doctor was right," he thought. And then aloud, "Do you know what I want to do for the day you were ill?"

"To deposit some money for more land, I think you said," she replied, wearily.

"Yes, but I don't need the land. I have far more land than I can cultivate now. And you shall have that money—or at least all you want of it—and go home and stay all the summer, and try to get some of your blood back. I shall write to-day that you are coming."

Mrs. Streeter could hardly believe it was not one of her feverish dreams. But all came about in good time, and she arrived safely at home, where she was petted and caressed to her heart's content.

"You are all trying to spoil me," she would expostulate, "I shall never be fit for a farmer's wife any more."

And thus among loving friends, riding walking, and when home, reading, music and writing long letters to her husband, the summer wore swiftly away.

And now he had written that he was coming, and she was counting the days that must elapse ere she could look upon his face and be clasped to his heart. She was eager to go now. Her holiday was over. Health had returned, and not an instant did she shrink from the old life.

And when the husband came and saw the wonder one summer had wrought, he again confessed that the good doctor was right.

A few days were given to old friends, and then they turned their faces toward their Western home.

It was evening when they arrived, and the wife looked with bewilderment on the change. A handsome front had been added to the old dwelling; and before she had time to question she was ushered into a parlor newly furnished and already lighted. An elegant piano stood in a recess evidently constructed for its reception.

She turned to her husband to assure herself that he too had not changed into something or somebody else. But she merrily twinkled in his eye, told her he was enjoying her surprise, and slowly she began to realize the whole situation. Yes, now she understood his strange reluctance to mention what he was doing, and his willingness to have her remain, even after she had expressed her anxiety to return.

"Come, I have more to show you," and he showed her into a large commodious room furnished for her own sleeping apartment, even to her baby's crib.

"This is for you. And now lay aside your dusty garments and prepare for tea. It must have been ready an hour ago. I will go and see."

When he returned he found his little wife sitting in her rocker, and weeping silently.

"Have I wounded where I wished to heal?" he asked reproachfully.

"Forgive me," she said, smiling; "I am a goose, but a tired-winded one, you know. And I am so happy to be at home in such a home, that I have no words in which to tell my happiness."

He stooped to kiss the offered lips—what a different life it was—busy, not burdened. Time for the wants of the mind as well as the body. Good help in the kitchen all the time, and choice reading for any leisure hour.

The farm was an unending source of income, full defraying expenses, with a balance in favor.

"Been improving, I see," said Doctor Meeker, as he reined in his "light carriage to the next town."

"Yes, doctor. Come in; I want to show you all the improvements. Here, Mary, the doctor wants to see you."

As she came to greet him, "rosy with health and happiness, he nodded his head at her husband.

"Yes, that will do;" and then glanced at the open piano, and was going to stay just long enough to hear one tune played. Will you be so good, and with the old gallantry, sit down at the instrument, and play me a piece in hand, while she played.

A SOUTHERN ENGLISHMAN. New England.—In a letter from New England to his paper, the Louisville Courier-Journal, Henry Waterhouse writes as follows of the New Englanders. There is one thing which has impressed me, unexpectedly as it were, by circumstances which I have made known to the public in the New England coast. I knew the people to be well-to-do, but never before have I been so struck by the vast aggregation of wealth. New England is 300 years old. Its people were not, perhaps, originally more thrifty than the early settlers of Virginia and the Carolinas. But they happened to pick a hard soil, and to encounter long winters. They were obliged to work and to store up. Thus the habit of labor and the process of accumulation began. These have continued ever since. On the Southern seaboard—short winters and an easy soil produced the opposite results, and the negro greatly assisted them. Slavery being gone, and time having worn the soil of the South down to a sort of equality with that of New England, may we hope that the new-developed necessities will create a new character, and, in its order, bring up the lost advantage of our once more prosperous sections? I fear not. The New Englander has a prodigious start, and, as John Happy used to say, 'A start' a start.' There is no reason why New London, for example, should not be as great a city as New York, except that it is not. Norfolk has advantages over either, as long as our greatest city is a sea-port, New York will be our greatest city, and that means for all time; for, struggle as the inland may, it can never overcome the disproportion which this amazing city holds over all the other commercial capitals of the world, London not excepted. We never had a great deal of ready money in the South, and what we had we squandered. We had plenty of fun, debts and niggers; we went in for glory; and for fifty years we paid tribute to these people, as we are doing now.

A SENATOR ACTING AS AUCTIONEER.—United States Senator John S. Williams, of Kentucky, appeared in the capacity of an auctioneer at one of the Cincinnati tobacco houses one day last week. He offered for sale fourteen hogheads of tobacco of his own raising. The senator appeared in his shirt-sleeves, and with considerable assistance from the crowd of buyers was hoisted on top of his first hoghead. There was considerable enthusiasm manifested for the old hero of 'Cerro Gordo' and many demands for a speech. The senator in response said that he did not come there for speech-making, but simply to sell his tobacco, which he assured all was honestly packed and above suspicion. The bidding was quite spirited, and the lot sold for an average of ten and three-quarter cents per pound, the highest average rate for the year, and Senator Williams enthusiastically remarked: "That beats corn, wheat or any other thing that I ever raised." It was his first crop of tobacco.

A BIT OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY.—A Washington correspondent, hard driven for news, has interviewed one of the Senate pages, and unearthed this little piece of history from the lad: "I was in charge of the President's room at the capitol when Grant's last term of office expired. Just at twelve o'clock, meridian time, acting Vice-president Fremont brought down the gavel, and Captain Bassett, superintendent of all the watches, watching him, sang out, 'Gone, and I, holding the President's door half open, exclaimed, 'it's up, sir!' President Grant raised his hand the instant I spoke and turned to Mr. Fish and asked, 'Have I a right to finish it?' He had signed 'U. S. Gr.' to a bill. The whole cabinet was present and a general consultation lasting five minutes followed. I don't remember what was said, but it was decided that he had a right to finish his signature."

For some time umbrellas were objects of derision, especially from hackney-coaches, who saw in their use an invasion on the vested rights of the fraternity, just as hackney-coaches had once been looked upon by boatmen, who thought people should travel by water and not by road. John Macdonald, perhaps the only coachman (always excepting the great Mr. James Yellow-plush) who ever wrote a memoir of himself—relates that in 1770 he used to be greeted with the shout, "Frenchman! Frenchman! why don't you call a coach!" whenever he went out with his "fine silk umbrella newly brought from Spain." Records of the umbrella's first appearance in other English towns have been recorded. In Glasgow, according to the narrative in Cleland's *Statistical Account of Glasgow*, a Mr. Jamieson, surgeon, returning from Paris, brought an umbrella with him, which was the first seen in the city. "The doctor," says Cleland, "who was a man of great humor, took pleasure in relating to me how he was stared at with his umbrella." In Edinburgh Dr. Spens is said to have been the first to carry one. A red Lehigh umbrella, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, appeared in Bristol, and created there no small sensation. The trade between Bristol and Lehigh may account for this. Some five-and-thirty years ago it was said that an old lady living in Taunton, England, recollected when there were only two umbrellas in town, one of which belonged to the clergyman. When he went into church he used to hang it up in the porch, to the edification and delight of his parishioners.

Umbrellas share with books the peculiarity that they may be stolen with impunity, so long as the thief assumes the guise of a borrower. Why should he be, in an unobscured mystery. It is just the same in England as in our own country, equally loose notions prevailing on both sides of the Atlantic. "Why buy an umbrella?" asks one of our American editors; "all you need to do is to stand in a doorway until some one passes with an article suiting your taste, and then step boldly out, seize hold of the desired object, with 'Sir, if you please pardon me, you have my umbrella.' In nine cases out of ten it will be meekly surrendered, for does the bearer know you are not the man he stole it from?"

Yet truth compels us to state that there are even personages who have consciences in regard to umbrellas. An advertisement once appeared offering to restore an umbrella left some where by a forgetful owner; and a clergyman was once heard proposing to declaim that society was improving in morality, because he knew of three instances of borrowed umbrellas finding their way back to their owners. But, then, on the other hand, we have the testimony of another clergyman, who stated that he had only married one couple in the course of a year; that they did not pay him his fee, but staid to dine with him, and he was raining hard; that they finally borrowed his umbrella when they departed, since when he has not seen or heard anything of them.—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN EXQUISITE STORY.—In the tribe of Naggdeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe by the name of Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to win the object of his desire: He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice: "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and Heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied: "I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on his back.

But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so: "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher.

"Because," said the noble rab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Daher made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

Richard Grant White says the expression "He is going for to go" is incorrect. Richard is too particular. We suppose he would also object to the remark, "You get right up and get right out and get it." And yet the fellow to whom it was addressed would understand it as quickly as if you were to write two pages of grammar to him.—*Norristown Herald*.

A bachelor upon reading that two lovers will sit up all night, with one chair in the room, said it could not be done unless one of them sat on the floor. Such ignorance is painful.

The maddest man in seven counties is the farmer who works like him to save a drowning man, only to find that he had rescued a lightning rod agent.