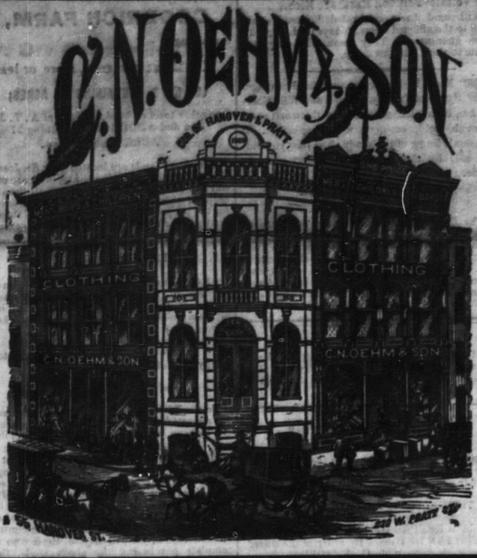


Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, 1880.

NO. 43



BUY YOUR

LUMBER,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c

AT LOW PRICES, FROM

SAML. BURNS & CO.,

104 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE.

Jan 8, 1880

Advertisement for Geo. F. Sloan & Bro. featuring a large, ornate logo with the text 'GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.' and 'LUMBER'. Below the logo, it says 'SHINGLES, SASH & C.' and '152 LIGHT ST. WHARF, BALTIMORE.' The ad also includes the phrase 'GET OUR PRICES BEFORE BUYING' and 'LOW PRICES'.

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., Battle Creek, Mich.

Advertisement for 'VIBRATOR' machinery. It features an illustration of a large, industrial-looking machine with a prominent flywheel and various gears. The text describes it as a 'VIBRATOR' for 'threshing, mowing, and portable' use. It also mentions 'THE STANDARD of excellence throughout the United States' and provides contact information for Nichols, Shepard & Co. in Battle Creek, Michigan.

Caution. It is a well known fact that poultry, like human beings, require medicine to keep them in a healthy condition, and in no season of the year do they need it more than in the season of moulting. We therefore caution our readers to guard against disease in their poultry, and in order to do that we recommend to them H. B. Roberts' Poultry Powders, which is gaining favor in this section of the State. For sale at Combs & Spalding's Drug Store.

A SARCASM OF FATE.

A very elegant looking letter lay in little Minnie Velsor's hands, a letter that bore a delicious perfume of violets—a letter addressed in a fine flowing hand and the envelope of which was stamped with an intricate monogram, that unless Minnie had known, she could never have deciphered as Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount's initials.

The girl's small, pretty hands grew just a trifle cold and trembling as she took up the letter to open it, because so much, oh, so much, depended upon what was in the letter; because it either meant a new, independent life, in which she would not only earn her own living, but very materially assist in taking care of the dear boys of 5 and 7, or it doomed her to the old tiresome routine, out of which Minnie felt at times she must fly.

Mrs. Velsor looked up from a stocking she was darning, and said nothing, seeing the nervous glow in Minnie's eyes. Then, with a little, half-desperate laugh, the girl tore open the thick satin envelope.

"It's almost like an ice-cold plunge bath, but here goes, mamma!"

She hurriedly read the short, friendly note, and by the quick tears that gathered in her eyes, and the smiles that parted from her lips, and the flush that bloomed like red roses on her cheeks, it was quite plain that the news was good news.

Then she dashed the letter on the floor and rushed over to her mother, and kissed her, laughing and crying at the same time.

"Oh! mamma! Mrs. Carriscount has given me the position, and she wants me to come immediately—tomorrow! Just think! Five hundred dollars a year, and she assures me I must make myself perfectly at home in her house; and she says I am to have a room to myself, and to eat with Pauline and Paullets, in the nursery. Oh, mamma, it will be just glorious! Aren't you glad, delighted?"

Her blue eyes were dancing, and her cheeks glowing like a rose leaf.

Mrs. Velsor's sweet, sad voice was in such odd contrast to her child's eager animated tone.

"How can I be delighted to have you go away from me, dear? Besides, I am so afraid you will not realize your vivid anticipations. The outside world, which seems to you so rose-colored and golden, will not be what you think."

"Oh, mamma, what a Job's comforter you would be! But how can I help being happy—perfectly happy, except being away from you—in New York, in a magnificent house; among people of wealth and distinction, and with their two sweet children my only care? Mamma, I will ride with them, and I am to make myself perfectly at home, the letter says, and you remember what a charming lady we thought Mrs. Carriscount was, when she was visiting Dr. Mansfield last summer?"

Mrs. Velsor sighed softly. It seemed so cruel to pour the chill water of disappointment on Minnie's bright hopes.

"Well, dear, perhaps I am growing cynical as I grow older. Certainly you deserved a fair fate, and now, to descend to matters of earth earthy, suppose you see if the beans are boiling dry."

The third day thereafter—a day fragrant with the smell of frost in the air—a day when the leaves sailed slowly, stately down through the tender, golden atmosphere and the hush of mid October was over all the earth and sky, Minnie Velsor went away from the little cottage where she was born and had lived, into the world waiting to receive her—all her girlish hopes on gladdest wing, all her rosiest dreams bursting in fondest realization.

It was a splendid place, Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount's palatial residence on Fifth Avenue—a house that seemed to Minnie's fancy like a translated bit of a fairy story, with its profusion of flowers and lace, draperies, its luxuries and elegance, of which she has never dreamed, and of whose uses she was equally ignorant.

Mrs. Carriscount received her with a charming graciousness and patted her on the shoulder, and told her she hoped she would not let herself get homesick, and installed her in her beautiful little room, with its pink and drab ingrain carpet and chestnut suit, and dimity curtains at the windows.

Then Minnie made some trifling little alterations in her toilet, and proceeded to take literal advantage of Mrs. Carris-

count's invitation to make herself at home in the great beautiful parlor, below, where she made a charmingly sweet, little picture, as she sat nestled in a huge silken chair, the color of the roses on her cheeks, and at which Miss Cleona Carriscount looked in an astonished, imperious disdain, and Mr. Geoffrey Fletcher in undisguised astonishment, as the two entered the room at the farthest entrance.

"By Jove, what a lovely girl! Who is she, Miss Carriscount?" he asked in a tone of unusual interest.

Cleona's eyes looked unutterably angry from Minnie to Mrs. Carriscount.

"What on earth is she doing here, mamma; is she crazy?"

Her sharp, cutting tone was distinctly heard, as she intended it should be, by Minnie, who flushed painfully as she rose, venturing just one glance at the haughty beauty's face, and Mr. Fletcher's eager, admiring eyes, whose boldness startled her.

"I am sorry to have made such a mistake. I thought Mrs. Carriscount meant I was to sit here a little while. Please excuse me; I will not come again."

Her voice was sweet, and just a little nervous, and she instantly crossed the room followed by Cleona's cold, cutting words, every one of which brought a sharp thrill of mortification and pain to her.

"Be careful you make no more such mistakes, girl. Your place is among the hired help, not in the parlors. Be good enough to remember that."

And even Geoffrey Fletcher's callous heart gave a thrill of sympathy at the sight of the scarlet pain on the sweet, young face.

Once safe in her room, poor little Minnie fought and conquered her first battle with fate.

"I'll not be crushed by my first experience," she decided, resolutely, an hour or so after, when her breast yet heaved with convulsive sighs and her eyes were all swollen from crying. "I will not give it up and rush home to mamma—my first impulse. I will endeavor to construe people less literally and keep my place."

But there came a flush to her cheeks that all her brave philosophizing could not control, at the memory of Cleona Carriscount's cool insolence.

"I'd not have spoken so to a dog," Minnie said, as she repressed the bitter tears that sprang in wounded indignation to her blue eyes.

After that there was no shadow of an opportunity given by Minnie for Mrs. Carriscount or Cleona to lay any blame to her charge. She performed her duties as no governess had ever performed them, and the twins progressed to their mother's complete satisfaction.

Minnie never was seen in the rooms of the family, but lived entirely to herself, taking her solitary little walks when the day's duties were ended, and disciplining herself into an unconsciously unselfish brave, patient woman.

Her letters home were bright and cheerful—until one day Mrs. Velsor was horrified to learn that her darling was dangerously ill; that the fever had come suddenly upon her, and that in fear and self-doubt Mrs. Paul St. Eustace Carriscount had insisted that the raving girl be taken from her home to the hospital.

"It will kill her to move her," Dr. Lethbridge had remonstrated indignantly.

"What nonsense, mamma!" Cleona retorted, looking fiercely at the physician. "It will not hurt her to be removed nearly as much as it will for us to keep her here. She is nothing but the children's governess; she had better die, even than to risk all our lives any longer. You will please superintend her removal to-day," she added, imperiously, to Dr. Lethbridge.

He looked coldly, almost furiously, at Miss Carriscount's face as he spoke. Then he bowed, and answered quietly: "I beg to agree with you. This poor, suffering child had better die than to remain among such inhuman people."

And Dr. Lethbridge personally superintended Minnie's transfer—not to the hospital, but to his own home, where his lovely, white-haired mother and sister opened their hearts to the girl, and nursed her back to health and strength, and—the sweetest happiness that ever came to a girl's heart, for Hugh Lethbridge asked her to be his wife.

And the memory of these brief days were hidden away beneath the glad sunshine of her beautiful new life, and Minnie in her new home was proud and honored, and beloved as a queen.

The years passed—as years have a

trick of passing—bringing their burdens of joy and sorrow, and to Hugh Lethbridge and his wife they were only landmarks of content to mark their flight.

Three dear children had come to them, and matron Minnie was even fairer and sweeter than the maiden had been, for she had been benefited by the stern discipline of earlier days.

And as the years went by Doctor Lethbridge grew famous and rich, until there were no comforts or luxuries he was obliged to refuse to his wife or family—and one of those coveted luxuries was a resident governess at the home of the children.

"I remember my own governess days so well, dear," Minnie said one day to her husband, when they were discussing the feasibility of securing one. "I feel as if I never could be kind enough to any one in such a position in my house. And yet all the happiness of my life resulted from my position in Mrs. Carriscount's family."

And she looked the great unutterable love she had for him, and Dr. Lethbridge kissed her lovely upturned face tenderly.

"Then I will take this widow lady, whom Allison recommended, shall I, Minnie? He says she is of good family, and in very reduced circumstances. Her husband was a miserable drunken fellow, and she has to support both herself and her invalid mother. It would be a charity, I suppose; but of course we must also look to our own interests."

But the decision was to employ the widow lady Allison so confidently recommended, and a day or so afterward an interview was arranged.

It was just at the dusk of a winter's afternoon that the servant announced Dr. Lethbridge and his wife that a lady wished to see them in the parlor—the lady whom Mr. Allison had sent—and Minnie and her husband went down to meet her—tall, pale, bearing the unmistakable traces of misery and sorrow on her face—Cleona Carriscount.

Minnie gave a little exclamation of astonishment.

"Is it possible? Miss Carriscount?" She interrupted quietly: "Mrs. Fletcher—Mrs. Geoffrey Fletcher. And you are little Minnie Velsor. I had no idea—I had no idea—I had forgotten Dr. Lethbridge's name—of course, I cannot have the position. It would hardly be natural that you should wish to befriend me."

Mrs. Fletcher turned toward the door, her face pale and piteous, her voice bitter and wailing.

Doctor Lethbridge looked sternly after her; but Minnie shot him an appealing glance before she stepped toward the departing woman.

"Wait—just a moment, please! I was so surprised, Mrs. Fletcher. Pray sit down, you are in trouble, and if we can be of any service, I know the doctor will be glad to assist you."

Mrs. Fletcher's lips quivered a second, as she turned her pitiful eyes on Minnie's sweet, happy face.

"I am in need of work, but I do not expect it of you. You can only despise me and hold me in hatred and contempt for what I did to you. But that or something else has come home to me."

"I do not hate or despise you, Mrs. Fletcher. God has been too good to me for that. Stay! Doctor Lethbridge will indorse my forgiveness, I am sure, and we will make you as happy as we can. We will forget all that was unpleasant and start anew. Do stay and teach my little girls, Mrs. Fletcher."

And Cleona sat down, overcome with passionate tears, while the doctor, with an indulgent smile, and a nod of the head to Minnie, left the two women alone, under the strange circumstances into which the sarcasm of fate had led them.

"Old Mrs. Skittleworth don't know why people will make counterfeited money. She says she 'tried to pass a bad half dollar a dozen times the other day, but nobody would have it,' and she thinks it a waste of time to make such stuff."

When the proprietor of a seaside hotel wants a little free advertising, he opens a few bottles of champagne and sends for a few reporters to discover a sea-serpent; and the more champagne the bigger the serpent.

Every day, thousands upon thousands of immigrants are arriving in this great and glorious country, where "all men are born free and equal" and none are too poor to keep a dog.

BITS OF CONGRESS.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Graphic has this to say about some congressional celebrities: "The Senate and House of Representatives, taken together, contain sixty-three men who, sixteen years ago, fought against the Union, and fifty-seven who fought for it. There they are now united and a tolerable happy family. No nation on earth can show such a spectacle. There they sit or hobble about, some without arms and some without a leg, cut, maimed and scarred from the blows which a few years since they gave each other. Now, instead of cannon and rifle, they aim amendments, motions and resolutions at each other. Now, in place of bullets they fire bills."

In the Senate are ten former Confederate generals—Wade Hampton, Butler, Morgan, Gordon, Williams, Jones, Gibson, Ransom, Butler and Maxey—against the two Union leaders, Burnside and Logan. Burnside and Hampton seem now rivals in a contest of military and Prince William whippers. Facially, Burnside is the nearest approach to an Emperor William on this side of the Atlantic. Senator Gordon is in appearance as imposing a man as the South ever raised, and bears no traces of the eight wounds received in battle. Logan's is a prominent head from its glossy black hair and moustache. David Davis, his colleague, of Illinois, vaguely suggests Boss Tweed. Edmunds, of Vermont, looks the last of a long line of New England deacons, slightly modified by the fashion of the age. Hannibal Hamlin retains day and night the swallow-tailed coat of his forefathers. Kernan, of New York, looks the old school Senator of forty years ago. Likewise Lamar, who has a Henry Clay type of countenance. Conkling's hair is quite gray or a cross between gray and white, a sort of off-set gray, but not a silvery gray. Conkling walks with a slight "jury droop." His legs seem imbued with an individuality of their own and impress one with a sense of intellectual mechanical power. In the House, General Jo Johnston commands a premium for imposing silvery locks. His hair—if his is the head pointed out to me—would bring at the hair merchant's sixty dollars per ounce. General Tom Ewing, of Ohio, is massive physically, and a "deliberate" man in manner. S. S. Cox isn't. Speaker Randall has a professor-like air, and owns millions to a good wife. As a whole, both Senate and House are externally a very respectable appearing body of men. They convey a sense of regular meals, regular hours and regular salaries.

How to Become Rich.—You can probably be rich, my son, if you will be. If you make up your mind now that you will be a rich man, and stick to it, there is very little doubt that you will be very wealthy, tolerably mean, loved a little, hated a great deal, have a big funeral, be blessed by the relatives to whom you leave nothing. But you must pay for it, my son. Wealth is an expensive thing. It costs all it's worth. If you want to be worth a million dollars, it will cost you just a million dollars to get it. Broken friendships, intellectual starvation, loss of social enjoyment, deprivation of generous impulses, the smothering of manly aspirations, a limited wardrobe and a scanty table, a lonely home, because you fear a lovely wife and a beautiful home would be expensive; a hatred of the heathen, a dread of the contribution box, a haunting fear of the Woman's Aid Society, a fearful dislike of poor people because they won't keep their misery out of your sight, a little sham benevolence that is worse than none; oh, you can be rich, young man, if you are willing to pay the price. Any man can get rich who doesn't think it too expensive. True, you may be rich and be a man among men, noble and christian and grand and true, serving God and blessing humanity, but that will be in spite of your wealth, and not as a result of it. It will be because you always were that kind of a man. But if you want to be rich merely to be rich, if that is the breadth and height of your ambition, you can be rich if you will pay the price. And when you are rich, son, call around at this office and pay for this advice. We will let the interest compound from this date.—Burlington Hawk.

It may be that the early bird gets the worm, but it frequently happens that the late beau gets the girl.

A SORROWFUL CASE.—We clip the following from the Chicago Inter Ocean:

"The suicide of Martin Arndt, at the Douglas monument Sunday night, revealed one of the saddest cases of misfortune and discouragement ever brought before the public eye. His business was pressing linen coats, and, by working ten hours and walking five miles each day, Arndt could make \$4.80 per week. He supported a family on this pittance, and finally, in a moment of supreme assurance, had the temerity to ask for half a cent per garment more than he had been receiving. This request was granted for one lot, but immediately afterward another man offered to do the work at the old price, and Arndt was thereupon discharged. He tried to get employment elsewhere, but could not, and, believing if he died, even by his own hand, that his family would receive several hundred dollars from a society to which he belonged, he blew out his brains. It is rarely that a more sorrowful case is presented, and it suggests, nay compels, the reflection whether there is not something radically wrong in a system that produces such tragedies. Let those who are in the habit of spending tens and hundreds of dollars for the simplest pleasures think for a moment of this poor workman—honest, sober, industrious—who struggles on month after month, and who finally comes to the conclusion that there is no room for him on this earth, because he loses a place worth less than \$5 a week to him. We are all accustomed to rail at fortune more or less, and bemoan the lack of riches, but how all idle complaints are hushed into silence for very shame before this spectacle. How many more such cases are there in Chicago to-day?"

COST OF BEING IN PARLIAMENT.—

The British laws require every candidate for parliament to make a return of his election expenses, and, although the direction of the law is not so implicitly followed as to result in anything like a complete exhibit, it affords some indication of the large outlay necessitated by such a contest as that which is now pending. The total expenditure by candidates at the last general election in 1874 amounted to \$5,235,000. For the 652 seats in the house of commons there were 1,081 candidates. Less than one-third of the whole number, 187 were elected without opposition. The 652 successful candidates expended \$8,195,000, and the 429 unsuccessful ones spent \$2,040,000. The average outlay was largest among the Conservative candidates, \$5,450, and the smallest among the home rulers, \$1,275. In the English and Welsh counties the expenditure was on a larger scale than in the average constituencies, reaching \$10,800 for each liberal, and \$7,600 for each conservative candidate. In the contested elections in these counties the expenses of the conservatives averaged \$15,010, and those of the liberals \$13,290. The largest sum spent in any one county election was in the case of North Durham, where the four candidates spent altogether \$141,010; and the largest sum in any borough or city election was in the city of London, where six candidates spent \$77,855.

THE HOBBY-HORSE REGIMENT.—

When the thirty years' war was finally brought to a termination by the treaty of peace of Westphalia, which was concluded at Nuremberg in 1650, the authorities of that place ordered in commemoration public rejoicings of various kinds—banquets, balls, fireworks, etc. But among all these public diversions, none was more distinguished for singularity and originality, and perhaps childish simplicity, than the procession of lads and boys on sticks or hobby-horses. Thus mounted they rode, regularly divided into companies, through the streets and halted before the hotel of the Red Horse, where was staying the imperial commissioner, Duc d'Anhalt.

The duke was so pleased with the novel cavalcade that he requested a repetition of the same procession at an early day of the following week, which they performed in much larger numbers. On arriving before his hotel, the duke distributed amongst them small square silver medals, which he had in the interval caused to be struck. The coin represented on the obverse a boy on a hobby-horse with a whip in hand, and the year 1560 was inscribed in the center, while the reverse represented the double eagle and armorial bearings of Austria, with the inscription: "Vi a Ferdinandus III. Rom. Imp. vivat!"—Harper's Young People.