Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XVII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1880. NO. 48

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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 approaching. We therefore caution our readers to guard against disease in their poultry, and in order to do that we would recommend to them M. B. Roberts' Poultry Powders, which is gaining favor in this section of the State. For sale at Comb's & Spalding's Drug Store.

[Published by Request.]

EXCITEMENTS OF THE TURF.

To Secretary of Gaudalupe Valley Jockey Club:

Your note of the 3rd instant was received, and an immediate answer is compelled by the kindness and courtesy of its expression.

"All hail to "The Gaudalupe Valley Jockey Club!" and may I be there to witness its christening.

You express some doubts of success, on account of inexperience of members in the "tactics of the turf."

Dismiss this from your thoughts and open your faith to the historic fact, that chivalric honor and stern impartiality in the administration of your rules will coerce respect, and command success.

From the Homeric age, to the present time, the horse has been the cherished friend and companion of man, and the special object of woman's admiration. Only the dullest of them are proof against

"The witchery of noble horsemanship;"

and when all other devices fail, we may often succeed in galloping into their affections. A sensible lady, but somewhat spoiled by adulation, expressed herself delighted when informed that the writer had declared that on a certain occasion she looked as beautiful as a two-year-old Arabian filly with a red surcingle around her. She knew that was the strongest shaft in the quiver of our admiration, and it went true to the mark as evinced by the answer:

"Tell the old doctor that 'age has not dimmed his vision, nor moulted a feather from the wings of his fancy.'"

Sensible woman that (a-hem!)

Take the hint from this and "demean yourself accordingly." Secure the presence of the ladies at your meetings and enlist their influence in your success, and you have made the first and most important step in your enterprise. This can be done effectually by first providing for their personal comfort, a capacious and well ventilated stand, with comfortable seats for themselves and attendant cavaliers. No gentleman admitted to this sanctum unless he accompanies a lady. Especial badges for this class. Thus you secure a strong and determined force interested in the maintenance of order and decorum.

Man is always bravest and best in presence of his sweetheart. Here cowards become heroes, and woe betide the ruffian who dares parade his brutality in this neighborhood. Phrenologists locate the organs of amativeness and combativeness in such immediate proximity that when one is excited the other strongly sympathizes. Hence the old maxim, "Give the road to a man in love."

"Habet freanum in cornu."

Drinking stands and gambling booths (if permitted at all) must be no where in sight, or hearing, of the ladies, and drunken men who might stagger into their presence must be summarily removed. *No gate fees charged for women or school children,* when the latter are attended by their preceptors. It would be better to invite schools to attend in a body, and to have especial accommodations for them. Provide for the children, for the wisest and best one who ever trod this earth, told us, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and we sincerely believe that the nearest approach we can make in the flesh to that much desired bourne is a well-regulated race-course. Anything that would be unbecoming before ladies, either in act or speech, would be decidedly improper on the turf and should not be tolerated. System and order quietly but resolutely enforced never fail to repress vulgarity and disorder. To secure this, you should have a full complement of officers, each of whom should understand his duties before going on the track, so that no confusion could arise during the pendency of a race or afterward. Difference of opinion among the officers must be quietly settled in the stand and thus kept from the knowledge of the crowd so that unanimity may seem to prevail in their councils and cavil silenced outside. The words chivalry, chevalier, cavalier, are all derived from the horse, and they who are connected with him on the turf are expected not to be unmindful of the glorious traditions which come down to us with him from former generations. Pharisaical prudery has long inveighed against horse-racing as an evil in society, notwithstanding the fact that the grandest men of the past and the best men of the present are it patrons and votaries. In our own country Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, Hampton, Breckinridge, Taylor, the Vileys, Dukes, Bufords, Bruces, Blackburns, Alexanders, Richards, Warfields, Tarletons, etc., these are names as honored on the roll of chivalry as any on the heraldic pages of aristocratic England. If any of the older Wissigers, or Emisons of your country are alive, how familiar some of those names will sound to their ears. Synonyms of honor, truth and devotion to right, chevaliers *"sans peur et sans reproche,"* not a stain on the bright escutcheon of their fame. It was from the ranks of the canting hypocrites that were sent the agitators and incendiaries that kindled the flames of the civil war in this once blessed land, and when that war was ended by the fact of nothing being left in the South for further pillage or destruction, their cry was still "Crucify them! Crucify them!" But fortunately for the country, there was another element in the North that had fought manfully while armed men were opposed to them, but had sheathed the sword when the gallant foe was crippled and helpless before them. This was largely composed of turfmen and breeders of fine stock. The echoes of the battle-field had barely died away from the blackened fields and rifted hills of the South before the hand of friendship was extended by the turfmen of the North to their ruined associates of the South, and the first movement toward a sincere reconciliation was the appearance of Confederate officers in the Jockey Club rooms and race stands of the Northern courses. In the fall of 1865 Gen. Dick Taylor, of Mansfield notoriety, was an honored occupant of the judges' stand at Jerome Park, and the clubs were strenuously urging the recall of the noble exile, John C. Breckenridge, while the pulpits ejected fire and brimstone with roars of hate and vengeance. Look at this and look at that and you will readily understand why the old horsemen look so hopefully to the turf for the reformation of the church by the gradual substitution of a spirit of kindness and gentility with an admiration of the beautiful in nature for the rant and intolerance and the spirit of ascetism which requires its votaries to regard the great Creator and benign Ruler of the Universe as a vengeful and vindictive being, who creates for the sole purpose of punishment and destruction, and requires us to shut our eyes and turn away from all of His works that would delight our senses or elevate our thoughts to a higher plane than that of puritanical dogmatism. That has degraded religion to a craven fear of the devil and clouds our lives with a dread of death and a horror of the grave. That makes the day of judgment a veritable *dies iræ*, instead of an occasion for the manifestation of that divine charity and forgiveness that transcends the comprehension of man; that, as the serpent of fable extracted venom from flowers, would distill a horrid voodooism from the precepts and example of the meek and lowly Jesus, and ignore the teachings of that prince of gentlemen, St. Paul; that would press constantly to our parched lips the bitter waters of Marah and dash to the earth the refreshing cup offered by our Saviour at the marriage feast of Cana; that has prostituted the noble horse to the base purposes of their deviltry, in trampling into the dust and gore those who differ in opinion or dared oppose their fell spirit of propagandism. This class will oppose your enterprise with all their power. Let them howl. Their audiences may groan responsively while in their presence, but will be sure to "go one eye" on the first respectable race that comes off in their neighborhood. Respectable clergymen in Europe and America have boldly ignored the superstition of the past and become patrons of the turf, and are none the worse for it. An eloquent divine of "blue law" Connecticut raises and trains fast horses. Once he was waited on by a committee of his parishioners, who warned him that he must give up his horses or abandon his parochial duties. The wise and good man promptly replied that he "loved his congregation, but had more confidence in his horses, and it either had to be discarded it would not be the horses." He now is the idolized occupant of a Boston pulpit, and has written one of the most useful books ("The Perfect Horse") in our collection.

The hunter for Stephen F. Austin's first expedition to Texas lived in this neighborhood, and died, recently a respected octogenarian. As might be naturally supposed, "Uncle Ran" was a true lover of a fine horse, and a fervently religious man. About twenty years ago we sold him a son of Yorkshire and Millie Roper, by Medoc. He was a good one, and completely captivated his owner, who put him in active training for their mutual comfort and delectation. This did not comport with the religious feelings of some of the recent camp-meeting converts of the vicinity, and they sent three of their leading mourners to remonstrate. "Uncle Ran" received them courteously, and after preparatory religious exercise, they told their business. Now it so happened that one of the messengers had been a noted "quarter racer" and champion "seven-up" player. Another had graduated with distinction in Mississippi at "poker," while the third had a great weakness for a mixture of Bourbon with "bleached" sweetening and nutmeg, and was a man of good sense in other respects. This last was "Uncle Ran's" confidential friend and adviser, and they had several private conferences in a remote room where "Aunt Lucy" stored her jellies, preserves and other household treasures, and, from its privacy and quietude, was especially adapted to the operation of the spirit. On issuing, for the third time, from this confessional closet, a great load seemed to have been lifted from the conscience of "Uncle Ran," he looked jubilant and perfectly willing to be forgiven, while his companion's countenance fairly beamed with benignity and good-will for all the world and "the rest of mankind." All were invited to the stables to witness, as Nos. 1 and 2 supposed, a sacrificial offering to the outraged meeting. The offending colt was led out, stripped of his clothing, and exposed in all the splendor of his native pride and lustrous beauty. He was a bright chestnut, and with him was shown a dark bay of more mature age and a wonderful development of muscle. This one excited the admiration of mourner No. 1 and waked up reminiscences of the quarter-stretch. He said the chestnut was not "deuce-high" in comparison; and the bay could beat and give him "two in the game." No. 2 demurred, and said that with a fair deal and "clean deck" the bay would be "nary pair agin' an ace full." No. 3, who with "Uncle Ran" had been in consultation with the trainer, had now joined the conference, and being appealed to by the disputants, offered to give choice and run for "drinks for the crowd." A trial was proposed and assented to by "Uncle Ran" with great apparent mod[illegible] and they repaired to the track, the excited witnesses far ahead of the cavalcade, and "Uncle Ran" lagging behind with the horses and their attendants. The preliminaries were soon arranged, and at the word "Go!" from the trainer, away they went. The bay shot off with a rush, and in rounding the first turn was four lengths ahead. Mourner No. 1, in an ecstacy of delight, shouted: "Go it, cripples; lead trumps agin' and catch his jack: fifty dollars on the bay." When fairly clear of the turn, and in the straight back-stretch, the chestnut extended himself, and, rapidly closing the gap, forged ahead. No. 2 was now fully aroused, and shouted: "I see your fifty and go fifty better; let him rip." The half-mile finished in this position, and the last turn reached; the bay, with his short, quick stride, collared his opponent and showed a full neck in the lead. Mourner No. 1 now fairly capered with joy and yelled: "Lead once more and make game—high, jack, game to your low. Hand in your checks." They were now in the straight run home, and it was impossible for those stationed at the outcome to distinguish the leader. The excitement became intense. Nos. 1 and two threw up their hats, screamed, cavorted, and patted each other on the shoulder with such derisive expressions as "I told you so," "No you don't," "Just wait for the wagon," "Oh! come along honey." And they did come with a rush. The judges (Mourner No. 3 and the trainer) decided it a dead heat, to be run over on the next Sunday, immediately after meeting closed, so that all the members might enjoy the fun. Nos. 1 and 2 at once realized the situation and silently made for their horses and started home in different directions, notwithstanding they were close neighbors. During all this excitement "Uncle Ran" had strode afar off in evident contrition and apparent disinterestedness, but a close observer would have caught the twinkle in his eyes, as he meekly inquired of No. 3 the result of the "proceedin's." The reply was a severe coughing fit, which brought tears to the eyes of the mourner, who was at once taken by "Uncle Ran" to the "Confessional," where a dose of soothing syrup promptly relieved him, and he was soon on his road home, singing, joyously, "Oh that my Summers would last all the year." Now all this was but an outburst of natural feeling after the heavy compression of religious austerity, which was a new rig to them, and did not fit comfortably for every-day wear. They were none the worse for this breathing spell, as evinced by their continued church membership and uniform good conduct to present date. "Uncle Ran" and his equine companions were permitted to dwell together in peace and harmony, and many a poor circuit-rider has been since seen mounted on a horse that bore a marvelous resemblance to the son of Yorkshire. But I must signal "down brakes," or the garrulity of age and love of the theme will carry me beyond reasonable bounds. I hope to be with you, and then I can give vent to my pent-up "phelinks" orally and "*ad libitum*."

U. BETT.

LOVE AND SORROW.

A pretty little thing was Venie Vane.

A sweet, childish face, with dark eyes, classic features, and a wealth of golden hair, with just enough curl to give her that light, airy appearance which we sometimes ascribe to angels of the fair sex.

"Not a bit suited to fill a woman's position in life."

So said her mother, who fondly hoped to keep her many a long year at her own hearthside.

But Venie's time came, and sooner than could have been expected of one of her peculiar temperament.

A noble fellow was Paul Doremus—so every body said—except one thing; and that was only champagne.

He never took anything so common as brandy and whiskey; champagne, and then only at the club.

And, if Venie said so why he would never touch another drop. And Venie did say so.

And so one evening Paul put his hand on the large gilded covered Bible, and repeated after Venie's sweet childish voice, a solemn oath—never again to touch or taste a drop of intoxicating liquors.

"Now, Paul, I am yours; all yours, dearest."

And Paul's arm stole lovingly around the slight, girlish form, while he pressed many loving kisses upon the rosy lips.

And so the long winter passed pleasantly and happily with the young lovers, and just as the May blossoms were coming forth a brilliant wedding was given, and Mr. Vane, though grieved to part with his only treasure, placed with pride her hand in that of Paul Doremus.

Paul was not rich, but he was a good business man.

Though only in his twenty-fifth year, he held the position of cashier in one of the largest banking houses in the city.

A month had been granted Paul for his wedding tour, and, on the evening of their return, Mr. Vane and his wife met them and escorted them to their own house, which the father had purchased during their absence, as a wedding gift to his daughter.

And so the summer slipped away with them, almost before it seemed to have reached its zenith.

But now came the autumn, and with it the long evenings, and sometimes Paul tired and said:

"I'll go just this once, Venie, darling. I met to-day Harry Delmo, and he made me promise to come round to the club to-night. You see, darling, they laugh at me, and say I'm tied to a woman's apron string; and you know a fellow don't like to be made fun of by his old companions."

And Paul pressed a loving kiss upon the sweet lips and said:

"Don't sit for me, darling, but I'll be home early. *Au revoir*."

Poor Venie dropped her head upon the table before her, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Paul had said the same thing half-a-dozen times at least. "I'd go just this once," and the last time Venie had thought she detected the fumes of wine in his breath on his return, and had bedewed his pillow with tears long after her husband had fallen asleep.

And to-night, somehow, she felt that something terrible was about to happen, and she continued to weep until the fountains were dry, and then fell into a feverish and disturbed sleep, often murmuring:

"Paul, Paul, now don't go."

And so the hours sped on, and Paul came not, neither did Venie waken.

Twelve—one—two pealed forth from the towers upon the still night, and yet he came not.

But as three o'clock rang out, the poor wife was aroused from her unrefreshing slumbers by something pulling heavily at her feet, and with something between a sob and a stifled shriek she jumped from her chair.

"Paul, Paul!" she cried. "Oh! I've been dreaming," she murmured, rubbing her eyes.

"I wonder what time it is."

And taking a step forward to look at the little French clock which adorned the mantlepiece, she stumbled over the prostrate form of her husband.

Surely she had been dreaming; she had dreamed of seeing Paul lying drunk in the street with his clothes in tatters, and his face and hands besmeared with dirt.

It was hard enough to dream such horrid things, but here was a reality—a terrible reality.

"Paul, Paul!" she cried, clinging to his neck, and sobbing, trying to rouse him from the drunken lethargy into which he had fallen.

Her efforts to awaken him all proved futile, and poor Venie could do nothing but weep over him.

"Paul, Paul, my own Paul, you didn't mean it, I know!" she murmured; and thus the early dawn appeared, and found her still at his side.

The fire in the grate had died out long hours before; but she took no heed of the biting cold, nor of the time.

But now the lethargy was wearing off, and he turned uneasily in his sleep, and muttered:

"I tell you, Joe Sanders, it's mine—my money, and I'll blow your brains out if you don't give it up! You didn't win it fairly."

Oh, horror of horrors! what did she hear? Had her idolized husband coupled gambling with drinking?

The sun was up ere Paul awoke to a realizing sense of his humiliating situation.

He knew that he had been intoxicated, also that he had played, and played for money, and lost—and lost what didn't belong to him.

It was not the first time that Paul Doremus had played, nor the first time he had lost, though not so heavily.

He had before taken small sums from the bank and lost, and on this particular night his friends urged him to take a much larger sum, telling him he would be sure to retrieve his losses, and it was with this faith that he went forth, making a vow to himself that he would touch not a drop of wine, and should he win just enough to set himself right with the bank he would stop and never again so much as lay the weight of his finger on the dice.

But when he had entirely shaken off his lethargy he remembered all; he knew that he had staked large sums, and at first won, and then lost.

He knew that a meeting of the directors of the bank was to take place on that morning, when all of his embezzlements would be discovered.

And now his only hope was to prostrate himself at their feet and sue for pardon.

He found himself utterly unable to rise, and when a little past noon he was partially roused for an instant by a violent ringing of the door bell, he sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Venie, Venie, darling, they've come: the officers!"

Surely they had come, and Paul Doremus, who had been courted and flattered among the best classes of society, was taken forth from his pleasant and once happy home, and cast into a felon's cell.

The news spread, and Mr. Vane and his wife, who up to the moment of his arrest knew not a word of their daughter's trouble, now hastened to her side.

We will not go into the details of the trial, but let it suffice when we say that Paul Doremus was found guilty of the charge preferred against him, and sentenced to hard labor for a term of ten years.

Venie, like a true wife, clung to her unfortunate husband, and occupied a seat at his side during the weary days of the trial.

Mr. Vane bore his unhappy daughter unconscious from the court-room.

And who can say that it was not a mercy that weeks, and even months passed, ere Venie Doremus fully realized her awful position, and that when she awoke one morning, as she thought from a long and terrible sleep, her eyes fell upon a beautiful little golden head resting upon her breast?

Was it her baby?

Yes, she remembered all now.

It was her own little innocent darling—hers and Paul's.

But, oh! Paul! Where was he? Did he know that God had sent them this little gem from heaven?

The Winter and Spring had passed, and the Summer had begun to wane—and Venie's baby was now six month's old, and a more beautiful little fairy it would be difficult to find than little Venie Vane Doremus.

One morning in September, Venie wended her way to the bank, where, from a mere boy, Paul had filled a responsible position, and asked in a trembling voice to see the manager.

With trembling steps she was ushered into the presence of this really good man.

For Edward Colby, though a stern and rather hard man to deal with, was generally conceded, by those who knew him best, to be very generous and noble-hearted.

He remembered Paul Doremus' young and lovely wife, for he had seen her bridal robes, and then again at the prisoner's side, and extended his hand to her as she entered.

"Excuse me, sir," she said faintly. "Excuse me for bringing my troubles to you, who have already suffered so much from—from—"

"Be seated," said Colby, motioning her to a seat, while a sterner, though somewhat troubled look swept over his countenance.

And to this man Venie told her dream.

It was that Paul had come to her, and said that the Government would grant his pardon, providing she could get a letter recommending it from the bank manager, stating his belief in his entire reformation.

And when Venie left the bank her tears were dried, and she carried in her hand a large envelope, which she guarded zealously.

Venie now felt that she had Paul again with her.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Venie, with her baby in her arm, whom, of course, Paul had never seen, and the Government document in her hand, was ushered into her husband's presence.

Paul, in his convict's dress, sat upon his couch, with his wife and bady clasped in his arms, while Venie held in her hand the open document which was to give her back her idolized husband.

And, with the blinding tears falling upon the golden curls of his innocent child, Paul Doremus took the most solemn oath that man ever took, never again to touch one drop of any kind of ardent spirits.

Ten years have passed and Paul has kept his oath, and is now a prosperous and wealthy man.

It was a hard lesson to learn, and a sad time had Paul Doremus in learning; but he learned it, and learned it well.

☞ Just before a prominent citizen of Harrisburg retired the other night, he got down on his hands and knees and looked anxiously under the bed.—'What in the world are you looking for John?' inquired his wife. 'Looking for a woman,' promptly replied her husband. 'You've been looking for a man under the bed for the past fifteen years, and I thought I'd start a hunt for a woman.'

☞ Absurd Question.—A German lately applied for a situation as a sailor on board a vessel lying in the North river. "Have you ever been to sea?" asked the captain. The German stared a moment, and then said, "Does you s'pose I comed over from Germany in a balloon?"

☞ It is said that a girl who can shed three tears at a critical moment and follow them up with a quivering sigh, can marry all around a good looking blonde who does nothing but try to blush.

☞ A man who had $65 stolen from him received a note with $25, saying: 'I stoled your money. Remors naws at my conshens, and I send some of it back. When remors naws agin I'll send you sum more."

☞ A new pair of shoes came home for little five-year-old. He tried them on, and finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "O, my! they are so tight I can't wink my toes!"

☞ Those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.