

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1880.

NO. 9

THE ST. MARY'S BEACON

Published every Thursday by
J. F. KING and T. E. LATHS.

Terms of Subscription.—\$2.00 per annum. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrears are paid except in the opinion of the publisher.

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PROFESSIONAL.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER, KNOWN B. ABELL.
THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 1st day of January, 1880, formed a co-partnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Camalier & Abell. They will practice in the county of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties.

Special attention will be paid to the collection of claims.

Office in the Court House. Address
CAMALIER & ABELL, Leonardtown,
St. Mary's county, Md.
B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
KNOWN B. ABELL.

Jan 8, 1880—47.

J. F. MORGAN,
Attorney-at-Law
and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool.

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

April 1, 1880—17.

J. PARRAN CRANE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Leonardtown, Md.

Jan 26, 1871—47.

JAS. H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Leonardtown.

Feb 10, 1870—47.

D. S. BRISCOE
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

41 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

Jan 16, 1873—47.

R. C. COMBS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Leonardtown.

Aug. 12, 1875—47.

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
43 Lexington St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties.
June 8, 1878.

DR. C. HENRY CAMALIER is located at the line of his profession.
Dec. 31, 1876—47.

DENTISTRY.
DR. RANDOLPH WALTON,
DENTIST,
WHITEBALL, LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Dec 4, 1878.

BOLTON & SONS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
LANTERNS, LAMP GOODS,
FITCH,
TAR,
OAKUM,
Kerosene and Machinery Oils,
GASOLINE, &c.

92 WEST PRATT STREET,
NEAR COMMERCIAL ST. BALTIMORE.
Nov 27, 1879—17.

WANTED.
A MILLINER for my London Store at St. Ignace. One of experience preferred. Must give satisfactory references. None need apply except those who are competent and willing to make themselves useful. Address
JOS. S. ALLSTAN,
Great Mills, Md.
Sept 16, 1880



C. N. OEHM & SONS,
FOR FALL AND WINTER.
Quality, Finish and Style, as well as genuine LOW PRICES, are the inducements we offer in
Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing,
OF EVERY KIND, ALL OUR OWN MANUFACTURE. CALL AND BE SUITED AT
C. N. OEHM & SONS,
LARGEST ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE.
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, 55 Hanover Street, Extending through to
READY-MADE DEPARTMENT, 230 West Pratt Street.

BUY YOUR LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS,
Sash, Doors, Bricks, &c
AT LOW PRICES, FROM
SAML. BURNS & CO.,
104 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.

Jan 8, 1880

Established.....1843.

SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION!
Gentlemen in want of a Good Breech-Loading or Muzzle-Loading GUN, RIFLE, PISTOL, SHELLS, CARTRIDGES, AMMUNITION, or anything in the Shooting Line, will do well to call and examine the Large Assortment just received by
ALEX. MCCOMAS,
51 S. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
GUNS MADE TO ORDER, and Repairing done in the best manner.
Goods shipped C. O. D. and GUARANTEED. Aug 26, 1880—6m.



SELLING BREECH & MUZ-
ZLE-LOADING SHOT GUNS cheaper
than any house in the city.
POWDER, SHOT, SHELLS, CAPS and WADS of all kinds at the lowest prices. Fine MANTAN BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS, with all latest improvements, at \$40. Dealers also in cheaper goods of same makers, wholesale and retail, at
EDWARD MELCHIOR'S,
114 West Pratt Street, Baltimore, Md.
Sept 23, 1880—17/81

As adhering to the doctrines of the Democratic party, I can but feel that the election of Mr. Chapman would be the greatest calamity that could befall the country, as I have said in my previous article, his election exhibits the Democratic principle as "vague, uncertain and unstable."

I do not believe that Mr. Chapman is the choice of the people of this district, and that he never would have received the nomination except for the \$200,000 squandered under the law to secure it, is undeniably certain. If squandering the people's money with which to drive them means freedom, liberty and Democracy, then indeed I am mistaken in democratic doctrine.

It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer that "in the Roman Senate Octavius had a party and Antony a party, but the commonwealth had none." So, in these days of progress and enlightenment, the watchword is my party, right or wrong, my party; hence true patriotism, and liberty have fled.

When principles and party agree, then I am for party. The doctrine of disgraceful submission to "ringiers" must be deprecated whenever public safety and the interest we have in a faithful administration demand it. The illustrious Washington, and, at a later day, the no less popular Harrison, the former in his farewell, the latter in his inaugural address, while urging their constituents to beware of partisan and sectional feeling, declare substantially with the Editor of the *Prince Georgian*, Principles vs. Men, and still more emphatically, "Principles vs. Party."

Does the Editor of the *Prince Georgian* believe that the fair fame of the democratic party, to which he pays so beautiful a tribute, would not be tarnished by promoting men who have falsified the promises of their party—who have perjured stamped upon their escutcheon—pledges, not only unredeemed, but deliberately violated? He must denounce Hamilton, whom he upheld and in whose praise he wrote during last Fall's campaign, or he will be forced to concede that any democrat would be justified in withholding his support from Mr. Chapman.

I recommended the election of Hon. Fred Stone to Congress from this district. To-day I am as confident in my choice as I was when I wrote my first article. Not that he would be able to secure positions for a few favored ones, who presume to give expression to and direct public opinion, but because his services in matters of general legislation in which the masses are interested would, in my humble judgment, be invaluable. We want patriots and statesmen rather than partisans in Congress. But Mr. Stone has not consented to become a candidate, for the while I cannot consent to vote for Mr. Chapman, I do and will take no further interest in the contest.

DEMOCRAT.

COMMUNICATED.
MRS. EDITORS.—Consulting the interest of our people, I was induced, some weeks back, to write a card entitled "Some of the reasons (not declarations) why Mr. A. G. Chapman should not and why Hon. Fred Stone should be elected to Congress from this district."

I proceeded to state facts and to draw my conclusions from them—uncontrovertible, undeniable facts.

I show that Mr. Chapman, not only failed to redeem his pledges to the people, not only acquiesced in the doing of the "ring," but that he took the broad and positive position of using his best endeavors to defeat every measure of reform and retrenchment introduced into the late General Assembly of Maryland, all of which were recommended by his excellency, Wm. P. Hamilton, the recognized standard-bearer of the democracy of this State in last fall's campaign.

These facts seem to have disturbed the equanimity of some foolish fellow (most likely woman) who is pleased to sign himself (herself) "Semloh." He (she) comes down in a perfect tirade against Mr. Stone, who had only been recommended as a suitable candidate to succeed Dr. Henkle in Congress, against republicanism and against myself, "Democrat."

He (she) says Mr. Stone is a "recreant politician," that democrat is no democrat and therefore dishonest and that republicanism means scoundrelism. These are mere declarations. *Ad hoc* can assert, while wise men prove by argument, reasoning—deductions drawn from facts.

I cannot further consent to notice "Semloh's" communication or anything he may feel disposed to write for the insinuating baying of one ass is only answered by that of another and, if he attracts the notice of men at all, it is rather to elicit pity than contempt, but, as the editorial comment of the *Prince Georgian* gave evidence of the gentleman, I will give to the article entitled, "Principles vs. Men," such notice as, in my judgment, it deserves.

The editor of the *Prince Georgian* concedes, by his article, every charge made against Mr. Chapman—every word in praise of Mr. Stone—but demurs to the declaration, "that there is but little difference between the two great rival parties," and refers to State's rights in opposition to a strong government as very material and says that there are innumerable other differences.

I concede that State's rights means the sovereignty of each state in all matters not delegated to the general government and that a strong government means a government sufficiently strong to hold itself together—does not admit the doctrine of Secession.

What the other differences in principle may be I am unable to discern.

The democrats in selecting Hancock as their standard-bearer, a Union Democrat and commander in the late war, have abandoned the doctrine of secession as both North and South were forced to do the heretical doctrines of Nullification.

I say, laying all blind partisan and sectional feeling aside, and letting judgment and reason assume their proper sway, there is but little difference between the two parties.

I wrote my article entertaining the opinion of Mr. P-pe that "Party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few." I am a humble member of society, no aspirant for any position, never expect or wish to be. I failed to see how the interest of the people could be advanced by the promotion of a man who has faithlessness stamped upon his escutcheon—pledges unredeemed.

What the people feel the greatest interest in is an economical administration and that their interest would be hands and well cared for in the hands of Mr. Stone I had every reason to believe.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.
"So you've allowed yourself to be bewitched by that little siren, Miriam Tolbert, I'm told, Dukeheart?"
"I'm afraid I can't contradict the report," said the major, laughing.
His companion laughed and shrugged his shoulders. They were having a charming little dinner at the club with some half a dozen other convivial souls.
"See here, now, old fellow," he continued, as he uncorked a second bottle of old port and filled the major's glass to the brim, "you're fond of your glass, I think, as well as the rest of us—your old port, your sparkling champagne, your brandy, old wine, and all the rest of them." "I'm not drinking any of that," said the major, "I'm drinking water."
"What are you drinking?" said Dukeheart, raising his glass.
"I tell you, major, you acknowledge that you are bewitched. Very well; now, do you know what your pretty Miriam is?"
"Of course I do. She's the prettiest woman in Boynton."
"Granted, but she's something else, Dukeheart, my poor fellow, she's a reformer, an out and out temperance advocate. Did you ever notice that coquettish little blue ribbon she wears just above her heart? Well, that's the badge of the order. She's a temperance reformer, old fellow; and if you marry her, she'll reform you just as sure as your name's Tom Dukeheart."
The major laughed, and all his comrades joined him. He was the leading spirit of the club, a wild, dashing, handsome young fellow, rich, gay, and just the least bit fond of his glass.
"Have your laugh out, boys," he said pleasantly; "but all amounts to nothing. I'm bewitched, I confess, but not to the extent you imagine. If pretty Miss Tolbert has a fancy for the blue ribbon crusade, well and good, but she won't catch me in that trap. I'm too old a bird to peck at that sort of chaff, you know."
"Ah! but we don't know," cried Eastham, "do we boys? I'll lay a wager of almost any amount that in less than a month you'll sport a blue ribbon in your button-hole, and roll up your eyes in holy horror at the sight of a demijohn."
"Done!" cried the major, pushing forward his empty glass. "Put up your stakes, comrades. And I lay a wager that I make my pretty charmer haul down her colors before she is a week older. What do you say?"
"Done!" cried half a dozen voices in chorus, and then the stakes were put up and the glasses clinked merrily, and the laughter became uproarious.

Miriam went to her mother's chair and kissed her, "mamma, love" she said, in her soft, sweet voice; "I shall do nothing wrong. Perhaps I shall be able to win Major Dukeheart over to my way of thinking."
"I am afraid not, Miriam. The safer way will be to let him alone."
A wistful look crossed the girl's beautiful face.
"I cannot agree with you, mamma," she replied. "When we have influence it surely is our duty to use it for the good of others. But do not distress yourself, you may trust me."
"Yes, my pet," said the mother, kissing her daughter's cheek, "but these handsome men are so enticing, and a woman's heart so weak."
"And a woman's influence so strong. You must not forget that, mother dear," said Miriam.

"Miss Tolbert, won't you drink a philopos with me?"
It was Major Dukeheart who asked this question, laying one hand on Miriam's arm, while he held in the other a little crystal goblet filled with sparkling wine.
Miriam turned and looked at him. The handsome face of the tall soldier was growing very dear to her girlish heart, and the touch of his hand made all her pulses bound and flutter.
"I would like to oblige you," she said, with her sweet, winning smile, "but there is a matter of right and wrong involved, you see, and I'm very sure you would not desire me to do wrong."
"Dear me, Miss Tolbert," began the major, feeling sure of winning his wager, but the touch of her soft fingers on his hand silenced him and set his heart to thumping like a trip hammer.
"Let me take the glass," she said, persuasively; "we will not drink the poison that has driven so many noble souls to ruin, and has broken so many fond women's hearts. I will throw it out of the window, and then we will eat as many philopos as you please. I've a pocket full of almonds, you'll find them much nicer than this. May I take the glass?"
The major let her take it. It seemed to him that he could not have refused her if his life depended on it.
She turned to the open window and tossed out the sparkling wine.
"There now," she said. "Oh, how I wish I could empty the whole world of the curse as I have emptied this glass."

Now, major, linking one white hand in his arm, and putting the other in her pocket, "I'm ready for the philopos. See what large almonds; every shell contains a double nut."
The major ate the philopos and lost his heart irretrievably at one and the same time. She was so fair, so sweet, so womanly and winning, he had no power, and indeed no inclination, to resist her. And that pretty blue ribbon on the shoulder of her white dress was so becoming.
Major Dukeheart forgot his boon companions, forgot his wager, and forgot everything but the dove eyes and smiling, girlish face beside him, and before the evening was over he "popped the question" to the girl.
Miriam, sitting under the trailing vines, with the moonlight on her face, listened to his ardent words with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.
"Yes, I love you," she answered, with frankness, when he had finished. "I am sure that I shall never love any one else half so well."
The major leaped to his feet, with a cry of rapture, and would have caught her to his breast, but she drew back.
"No, no," she said, "you must hear me out. I love you as I have said, but I cannot consent to become your wife unless you join my order, and she touched the blue ribbon on her shoulder. "I believe in the temperance reform, and I intend to labor to promote it as long as I live. A husband and wife, to be truly happy, must be of one heart and mind. I cannot come over to your way, major, so if you really are in earnest you must come over to mine."
The young man was a little startled at this firm stand on the part of such a yielding, tender little creature. He stood irresolute, a hot flush rising in his cheeks.
"I am not a drunkard," he began, stammering and embarrassed; "there is no need of all this."
"Perhaps not," said Miriam, her hand clasping his, "but we want you over on our side. We want your influence, your help, the power of your name. When your friends hear that Major Dukeheart has joined the good cause of temperance and Christianity they will be induced to do likewise."
"They will laugh at me for a fool," thought Dukeheart, and the girl's bright eyes read the thought.
She came close to him, so close that he had to ripple across his shoulder.
"You are a soldier and a brave man," she said, her dove eyes flashing. "Do not fear the ridicule of those whom you should labor to save. It is a little thing I ask you to give up for my sake; I would sacrifice much more to please you."
"You really love me? Are you to walk side by side and hand in hand all the rest of our lives? Then you must decide now and for all coming time. Which will you give up, the wine cup or the woman who loves you?"
"I'll give up the whole world for you," he said, and caught her to his heart.
She let him hold her thus a minute, and then drew back and disengaged the blue knot from her shoulder.
"May I fasten it on your breast?" she asked, looking up at him with quivering lips and tear-filled eyes.
He stooped down and kissed her.
"You have conquered me," he said. "Yes, fasten it on."
And with shining eyes she fastened it on his breast.
"Boys, look at Dukeheart, will you? He wears the blue badge of the order." Every man in the club room leaped to his feet as the major entered with the blue ribbon in his button hole.
"Dukeheart, old fellow, what does it mean? Didn't I tell you how it would turn out? I said Miss Tolbert would reform you. You've lost your wader!"
The young man smiled in his good-humored fashion, as these exclamations, mingled with uproarious laughter, assailed him.
"Yes, boys, I've lost my wader," he replied. "Eastman's words have come true. The woman I love has reformed me, and I had to go over to her. And now, comrades," he added, his fine eyes growing misty with tender feeling, "how is it to be with us? We've spent misty a pleasant hour together, but we've come to a part in the road of life just here. Will you come along with me, or must we shake hands and part?"
They laughed at him, and he shook hands with them and went his way.
A month later he made Miriam his wife.
A year later found him an eloquent and energetic leader in the cause of temperance, with his old club companions clustering about him.
And this came about through the influence of one brave woman.

The Demopolis (Alabama) News tells the following story: Our census enumerator reports a colored woman on Martin Rice's place one hundred and fourteen years old. Seeing that the old woman was proud of her age and of her recollection of antiquity, he asked her some questions touching Gen. Washington's horse and the revolutionary war, all of which being satisfactorily answered, he said: "Old lady, you must have heard the Roman Empire when it fell?" "I don't exactly remember the circumstance you spoke of now; but I heard the mighty rumbun' noise de year de stars fell, and I spec' it must be a been dat. There was constant fallin' at year, and I fell in old North Carol as you bet your bottom rag, honey, I was dar!"

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