

# Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED BY YATES & KING, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 8, 1883.

VOL. XX.

## CHRISTMAS AT THE New Store!

MR. BLAIN & JONES are now opening at their store, for exhibition and sale, a beautiful assortment of

### MILLINERY GOODS.

DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, CALICOES, MUSLINS, plain and fancy; LAINES, Dress Cloths, Blankets, Comforts, Spreads, Furniture Calico, Shawls, Hoods, etc.

### And all kinds of Dress Goods; Also,

Dolls, Work Boxes, Card Receivers, Moustache-Cups, Vases, Fancy Basket, Cigar Holders, Photographic and Autograph Albums, Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, etc.

### CHRISTMAS TOYS of all descriptions;

Toy Stands, Baskets, Confectionery of all kinds.

Also Pianos and Fancy Glassware, Domestic, Cretones, Cushions, and all kinds of trimmings, Table Linens, Towelings, Quilts, plain and colored ribbons, etc., etc.

Special attention is called to the fine stock of *Gloves, Lace Thread, Plain Silk Gloves, etc.* Also, a large and well assorted lot of *Kid Gloves, black and colored*, at prices to suit the times.

### Great Inducements offered to Purchasers.

Call and see for yourselves before buying elsewhere.

**BLAIN & JONES, LEONARDTOWN, MD.**  
Dec 21, 1882-1f.

## LATEST NEWS!

### The Big Brown Store Filled to Overflowing!

WE are now located at this well-known stand and beg our friends and the public to call and purchase some of the finest and cheapest goods in the market.

We flatter ourselves that no other store has a greater supply of everything needed, and we offer great inducements in

### Ready-Made Clothing,

of which we have a large stock made up in the latest styles.

### DRY and FANCY GOODS.

CHINA, POTTERY and GLASS WARE of the latest novelties.

### Wines, Liquors, Cigars, GROCERIES of all kinds and Grades.

A very large stock of fine and coarse

### BOOTS and SHOES,

made ESPECIALLY for our trade.

### Hats, Caps, Notions, etc.

A choice assortment of CHILDREN'S WEAR, SACKS, etc., etc.

Our stock is large and desirable and we invite inspection.

To our patrons and the public who have heretofore remembered us so kindly at our old stand, we tender our thanks and renew our pledge to use our best endeavors to accommodate each and all politely and courteously.

### T. M. CAMALIER & CO

Dec 7, 1882.

## NOTICE.

I have this day taken my son, J. WARREN JARBOE, partner in my business. We are prepared to build

BUGGIES and LIGHT WAGONS. Repairing as usual. Also

## UNDERTAKING.

Coffins and Caskets, of latest modern styles, furnished at notice.

Thankful for the liberal patronage I have received in the past, I solicit a continuance of the same.

J. J. JARBOE & SON.  
Jan 1, 1883.

## FOR SPATE'S ATTORNEY.

Messrs Editors—Please announce MR. DANIEL C. HAMMETT as a candidate for reelection as State's Attorney at the ensuing election, and say that he will be warmly supported by his friends and the people generally.

Jan 4, 1883. MARY VOTERS.

## NOTICE TO DEBTORS.

PERSONS indebted to us on Medical account are hereby reminded of their indebtedness and are requested to make immediate settlement.

Jan 4, 1883. SPALDING & COMBS.

## THE SUN Mutual Aid Society

Baltimore City,

Incorporated February, 1880.

HAS ALREADY ISSUED

### Over One Thousand Membership Certificates

valuing from \$25 to \$5,000; aggregating over

Two and a Half Million of Dollars!

The membership is mainly in Maryland; though risks are taken in the States of Delaware and Virginia.

The Society has had remarkable exemption from Death losses—only

### Ten Death Assessments

since its organization, nine of which have been paid, and the tenth is now being collected.

### NO SPECULATIVE RISKS ARE TAKEN.

This is an attractive and liberal feature of this Society in its provision for

### PERMANENTLY DISABLED MEMBERS,

who may become so disabled either by accident or disease. One such assessment has been made for a member in St. Mary's county.

### Another desirable feature is its

### Matured Certificates,

which are paid in cash, to such members as live to complete their years of expectancy, as computed in the tables.

Members of this Society have reliable assurance of securing benefits.

### 1st.—In case of Permanent Physical Disability.

2nd.—At maturity of their Certificates.

3rd.—To their beneficiaries or heirs at death.

### For Circulars, Blanks for Applications or other information, apply to our address

## SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY,

No. 217, Holiday St., Opp. City Hall, P. O. Box 657. BALTIMORE, MD.

### Liberal Terms to Reliable Agents.

### INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,

ANNAPOLES, JULY 1st, 1882.

I, JAMES K. HINES, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Maryland, do hereby certify that the SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY, located in the City of Baltimore and State of Maryland, is duly organized under the laws of this State and is authorized to issue Policies and transact business as a Co-operative (Mutual Aid) Society.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and set my official seal, at the City of Annapolis, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1882.

JESSE K. HINES, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Md. Feb. 15-2m.

## J. SIMMS FENWICK

CORDIALLY invites his friends and the public generally to call and examine his

### Large Stock of Goods

and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere. We have

### Ladies' Dress Goods

and Domestic Goods

### Of All Kinds.

Our NOTION DEPARTMENT is filled with all the latest novelties. Our

### Grocery Department

is always complete with all the various grades of SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES, FRUITS, etc.

### First Class Goods

AT THE

### Lowest Market Prices.

We have on hand the completest stock in Town of

### CHOICE XMAS PRESENTS.

Our Cassimere department is filled with the choicest selection of Domestic, Foreign, Costing, Suiting, etc.

### Ready-Made Clothing for MEN.

YOUTHS AND CHILDREN

Fabric fine, cut stylish, make best, price low. Our

### Millinery Department

is complete with all the latest styles and most handsome patterns.

Call and see for yourselves. We guarantee Satisfaction.

Dec 21, 1882.

### McFlarity's Christmas Gift.

"It's Christmas day, Shrews Jenne McFlara, An' I bring ye a splendid rarity, A Christmas gift, Ye never can lift; It's meef-it is Ted McFlarity!"

"Oh! Ted, go 'way, Wid yer boyish play! Ye're rude, an' I ne'er could abray wid ye; Put the gift on the shelf, An' be off wid yer self!"

Shut! Ye takin' the gift away wid ye!"

"Ah! Jenny, me dear, An' I'll bring ye a gift, A return would abray the breath of me; An' I'll always say, That it caused the immediate death of me!"

"Oh! Teddy, me Ted! Is it three ye's dead? Come back to yer life! Come back to yer life! An' ye never shall have a thank o' me."

"I an' speechin'! Me Queen, Is it three ye's dead? Ye accept o' the gift along wid the giver?"

"Ye're a bit o' a glib, An' I an' would induce, For the sake o' the gift, yer sweet presence O'er to the 'giver'."

"Ah! Jenny McFlara, Ye'll bring me a gift, Wid yer name is Mrs. McFlarity; Wid a cow an' a pig, An' a bit o' a gig, We will aqual the abray o' Garity."

"Then Jenny, my Jane, Along the line ye go, Of life we'll walk so peacefully, An' when we've died, We'll weep beside Each other's graves so gracefully."

"A place I'll dig, An' plant a shryg, Of shawrock o'er yer shryg, An' over mine, Ye'll plant a vine, Wid branches spreadin' shillydilly!"

"Oh! Teddy, me Ted! Wid yer ear, dead, An' the cry, alone, O'flavin' alone, Will kill me long before ye, Ted!"

"The blue o' the skies Is in yer eye, An' the tear-drops shinin' glimmer, Don't weep, me Ted, For after I'm dead, I'll ever be thine to yer memory!"

(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

GREEN'S STATION, S. C., Feb. 24, 1883.

Messrs. Editors—After many attempts to write a letter to the BEACON, said attempts being prevented from growing into anything of a tangible nature by a constant movement through this and several other States, I may at last beg a portion of your space for a communication which I trust may not prove uninteresting to your readers.

The place whose name heads the page is a small railroad village of some two hundred souls, on the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line, one of the great thoroughfares between North and South, and is 530 miles from Baltimore and 178 from Atlanta. It lies in Greenville county, in what is known as the Piedmont region of South Carolina, a beautiful undulating country presenting many natural advantages.

Towards the Northwest, distant about twenty miles, stretch the bold barriers of the Blue Ridge in plain view, reminding me of my boyhood's happy hours, so many of which were spent under its very shadow, and I hail it as an old friend.

During a journey of some fifteen hundred miles during the last six months, it is but natural to conclude that I have had a good opportunity to see much that was new to me and learn much of the characteristics of as good a people as ever lived. And if I may be permitted to do so, I will retrace my steps in a portion of my wandering and bring one or two points of special interest into due prominence.

Going back then nearly four months, I am at Beaufort, S. C., a fishing town of ancient appearance, weather-beaten and dingy from the effect of repeated buffeting by the rude winds of old ocean. It is situated upon old Topsis Inlet, three miles from the Atlantic, which is in full view, whose heaving billows come rolling inland. I cannot resist the impulse, and taking advantage of a bright sky and a light breeze, I impress a dusky son of Ham, and jumping into a boat, I am soon across the inlet and land at Fort Mcon, one of the relics of the war, now used as a U. S. Signal Service Station.

I am on the beach, and before me lies the wild waste of waters tossing its watery arms aloft as its rolling swell comes towering high with their snowy crests to spend their force upon the waiting sands. I have seen much in nature that is grand, but I have seen nothing to be named with this. I bare my head and stand in silent adoration of the Power Divine which displays itself before my vision in the solemnity and grandeur of the wondrous scene before me. At my feet lay the surging waste, singing its dirgeful monotone upon the desolate shore, and beyond sky and ocean meeting and blending into hazy indistinctness, while here and there a sail flew before the fresh breeze like some gigantic seabird sweeping lightly over the waters. Byron's noble words came unbidden to my lips—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!"

This writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow— Such as creation's dawn beheld thee rollst now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form

Glances itself in simple, all in one, Calm or convulsed, serene or gloom, or storm, Lying the pole, or in the middle clime Dark-heaving, bounding, swiftness, and sublime.

The image of Eternity, the throne Of the Invisible, over whom doth thy slime The monsters of the deep are made; each zone Obays thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

It is a sight once seen to be remembered forever. No man can do it justice, and I am loath to make my own thoughts when I attempt to write them.

I walked down the beach several miles, picking up innumerable shells as mementoes of my first view of nature's grandeur and beauty. The coast here is low, sandy, and at some distance from the shore, the sand blown thither by the fierce storms that render the North Carolina coast a terror to seamen. The country far inland is level and interspersed are numerous swamps as dense and as impenetrable as when Naught but the Indian's whoop disturbed the solitudes.

At the scattering village, ye left Morehead City, the Eastern terminus of the Midland N. C. R. R., I get a good idea of the haste made on some of the railroads in this country. Leaving Beaufort at 11.30 P. M., in a fishing boat guided by a sable son of Neptune, a sail of half an hour brings me to the aforesaid city, and for three long hours I await the train. Tired of the dingy waiting room, I light my pipe and pace up and down the long wharf under the quiet stars, trying to control my impatience at the non-appearance of the train by wondering if Pythagoras was not right when he promulgated his sublime theory of the "music of the spheres," not indeed audible to our ears, but making a sublime symphony as they move silently and harmoniously onward in their appointed paths through space.

Through the silent night came the murmuring lullaby of old ocean, reminding me that I was a stranger in a strange land far from familiar scenes, that though the sparkling eyes of heaven looked down upon my loved ones with the same loving gaze that they did on me, that many a hill and dale lay between us. My attention was at length recalled to things present by the shriek of the engine as its red eye gleamed out from amid the darkness. I was aboard in a trice, and curling up on a seat, resigned myself to the drowsy god and was soon fast asleep, having unconscious of the aggravation the morning would bring forth. Awakened at day, I thought myself at my journey's end. Fancy my chagrin at finding the train had stood stock-still all night, our driving wheels off the track, and stubbornly refusing the earnest solicitations of impromptu appliances to replace itself. I make the best of the situation, however, and rally forth for the wherewithal to comfort the inner man, after which I stroll around and kill time as best I may. The fishing interest is quite extensive here and large quantities are shipped to all points. At 2 P. M., a telegraphed engine arrives, and we are set right and go on our way rejoicing.

The country is uninteresting in the extreme—low and swampy and covered with forests all along the line of the road. Here and there I noticed groves of blazed pines, which had been scraped of their resin. At 9 P. M., I arrived at Goldsboro, 95 miles, twelve hours behind time, here I lay over and take the 10 A. M. train for Raleigh, which is reached at 1 P. M. I spend three hours here, getting but a brief view of the little city, not enough to be able say much about it, save that it has something of a city air and bustle. At 4 P. M., I am on the rail again, gliding towards the setting sun.

Skipping my rambles during the next two weeks, I find myself in the Western part of the State, at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Our train has halted as though for a breathing spell before it begins its gigantic climb over the mighty balwerk which towers thousands of feet above us, till its lofty peaks seem to pierce the azure vault of heaven. The bell rings, we spring aboard and commence the ascent. We are in the midst of the mountains and every stroke of the piston carries us higher and higher. I take up my station on the platform, unwilling to let a single feature of the grandly beautiful scenery escape my eye. The train darts here and there, twisting and turning and doubling on itself, shooting around abutting crags, hanging over yawning chasms, shooting across immense trestles, at one time going a mile and a-half to make a few yards, crossing upon the same culvert twice, the second time 85 feet higher than the first and so close beneath that one could pick a pebble upon the other track. This road (the Western North Carolina) crosses the mountain at Swannanoa Gap—the distance it has to make is nine miles and a-half to reach the summit in order to obtain a grade of 130 feet to the mile. The engineering is fine and commands the admiration of the spectator by the skill displayed. Equisite bits of scenery move into view at each turn of the train; here and there is seen a sunny vale, through which runs a sparkling brooklet on its babbling way to join its less boisterous fellows among the foothills below; and ever

and anon some hardy mountaineer's cabin is seen with its attendant group of sturdy urchins (the mountains are prolific of children) luddled about the step. Far above, tower the mighty peaks, grand in wild solitude, each one a mighty monarch of the wilderness. The pinnacle of Blue Ridge, the highest point of that ridge, is near at hand, a noble, symmetrical peak, over 5,000 feet high and forest-crowned to its summit. At the summit of the road is reached, the view extends nearly a hundred miles into the country beneath, till shut in by the distant hills of South Carolina. Plunging through the darkness of Swannanoa tunnel, 1300 feet in length, and the longest of seven tunnels on the ascent, the train comes upon the Western slope of the Blue Ridge, and away we go on down grade. All the streams flow a westerly course and join the Tennessee; we are in the valley of the Swannanoa river and in the heart of the Alleghenians.

There are mountains on every hand; the valley is several miles wide and occupied by thrifty homesteads, presenting quite a contrast to the pine-barrens and tar forests of the Eastern part of the State. A couple of hours brings us to the French Broad, a large stream flowing through an extensive and fertile valley. A few miles further and we are at our destination, Asheville, a thriving town of 4,000 inhabitants, situated a mile from the river under the shadow of a high mountain. This is a well built little city and is the metropolis of Western North Carolina. It has an elevation of 3,200 feet above the level of the sea and for healthfulness of climate and beauty of surroundings and points of interest in every respect and its attractions have become known far and wide, the total number of visitors last season exceeding 15,000.

I made as much as possible of my limited stay and managed to find time to renew my old time acquaintances with the mountains. Climbing the range in the rear of the town, I was amply repaid for my toil by the magnificent view of the surrounding country, which lay spread out before me like a huge map. The lovely valley "brimming with beauty's essence," the pretty town at my feet, the houses dwarfed to Lilliputian dimensions by the distance; beyond ever and anon the silvery thread of the river could be seen as it played at hide-and-seek with the brown hills; while further off the everlasting mountains lay piled on high, kissing the azure skies above. I watched the sun sink behind a distant peak, filling the Western sky with a golden glow of glory, and took my way hotelward in the thickening shadows.

The entire region of Western North Carolina is remarkable for its grand and beautiful scenery, and no part of our country East of the Mississippi surpasses it in attractions for the tourist. Here nature revels in its wildest forms; here are vast mountains enclosing sunny valleys, watered by romantic streams, dense forests that stretch for miles in unbroken ranks and afford shelter to all sorts of game in profusion, and the hunter who fails to find enjoyment in the pursuit of the smaller game can, if he is venturesome enough, vary his sport by the chase of bear, deer, wolves and panthers which abound. Here too are the mineral springs (the most noted of which are the Warm Springs on the French Broad) whose healing waters minister to the ailments of the body while the mind is feasted by the contemplation of nature in all its beauty. The country is thinly settled, being peopled for the most part by hardy mountaineers, half farmers, half hunters, who have made no effort to develop its vast resources. There are numberless openings for enterprise and capital and the completion of several railroads projected through the country and in process of construction must in a few years give a great impetus to improvement and result in a tide of useful emigrants with new ideas. It is a fine agricultural and stock country; cattle and hogs may be raised at a trifling cost and command remunerative prices, being in easy reach of the great eastern markets, and for sheep it is unsurpassed, the best of walks being afforded by the mountain slopes which could be utilized in no other way. The climate is comparatively mild and the elevation gives pure air, a sure preventive against disease. Land is cheap, ranging from 50 cts. for wild mountain land to \$15 for valley lands remote from the railroad, these commanding higher figures—the average is not more than \$5. It was with a feeling of regret that I bade adieu to Asheville, for its attractive surroundings have an irresistible charm. A sleep had fallen the night before and the mountains were cased in ice, upon which the morning sun shone, dazzling the eye with sparkling radiance as though each peak was gemmed with countless brilliants.

No people surpass the Southerners in refinement of manners, and in all my journey—and I had exceptional advantages for testing it—I have had no occasion to change the favorable opinion I had formed concerning them. Every one has that innate politeness which distinguishes the Southern man from every one else

wherever and under whatever circumstances he is seen. The people, as a mass, however, are too well content with old ideas and follow too closely in the footsteps of their fathers to accomplish all that they are capable of doing. In a word there is a painful lack of enterprise, and especially is this the case with farmers. Cotton is king, and everything else gives way to cotton to the detriment of other and material interests of the farm. Not one farmer in ten raises sufficient stock for his family or provides for his stock. Everything has to be bought in greater or less quantity and as a natural result a large class fail to make both ends meet at the end of the year, the money needed for the development of home resources going to other localities to pay for corn, hay, meat and other supplies. This can be very easily remedied, for this section combines all that is necessary to a great agricultural community; the climate is healthful and mild, the temperature rarely getting down to 20° above and then only for a few days; the soil is naturally good and susceptible of a high state of improvement and well adapted to the various products. Here and there you find a man who pays attention to his stock which govern good farming, and he is found to be beforehand. Stock of all kinds is at a discount. I have seen very few fine horses and no cattle worth looking at a second time. The farmer's mainstay is the mule. The southern mule is a peculiar institution noted for the general looseness of his hindquarters, but withal a very useful animal and seemingly indispensable to the domestic economy of a southern farm. Another peculiar institution is the frequent use of a single ox worked in shafts like a team, and I am assured on good authority that oxen are worked in this manner in some portions of this State. One of the most ludicrous sights I have ever seen is in the streets of New Bern, N. C. It was a forlorn looking ox harnessed in the shafts of a rickety cart loaded with about an armful of wood upon which was perched a vociferous negro who handled her rope lines and flourished her goad with a certain degree of skill if not with dignity.

The country has a general air of neglect and this is more apparent as one gets further south. Notwithstanding the general lack of enterprise among the people, there are many notable exceptions and these are increasing day by day. Signs are seen betokening a general change in the methods of conducting affairs and the sooner this is done the better. The South, beyond a doubt, has made wonderful progress in material development since the war. This has mainly been the result of the natural increase of population, but partly the result of individual enterprise, partly of the inflow of northern capital. The towns exhibit a most marked advancement, and manufacturing establishments are rapidly increasing. The people welcome with outstretched hands every one who comes here to make himself a home and to aid in the development of the country. The papers are doing the best to boom the country and their sentiments seem to have great force of realization, and I have no doubt that there will be greater progress during the next ten years than during the last ten.

Certainly no one who comes here and conducts himself as a law-abiding citizen, be his sentiments what they may, will be molested in the slightest degree. The laws are preserved and justice is obtained with as much facility as in any other State in the Union, and all assertions to the contrary are false. Northern politicians would do well to make a visit to this section and get at the true status of things ere they ventilate their fierce denunciations of the Southern people, and perhaps it would do no harm to some of your readers to give heed to the advice of a wise man, who says: "Let the people be quiet, and the people, while not giving them their sole attention, have a deep-rooted determination that the intelligence of the State shall rule her destinies, and that the worst element shall be held in salutary check. Well would it be for other localities if their people would follow out the same idea—South Carolina is democratic by 50,000 majority. Large numbers of the negroes vote with the democrats and the machinery of State moves along without a jar.

The public school system of the State is very poor. It is difficult to interest the people in this most essential of all elements of progress and as a necessary sequence there is much illiteracy. Efforts are being made to improve the system and it is to be hoped that these will bear fruit in the near future. Trusting, Messrs. Editors, that the length of this may not prove too wearisome for you or your readers, I am

Respectfully,  
SEMLON.

The quieting, rest-producing qualities, as well as the far-reaching and powerful curative effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, render it the very best remedy known for lung diseases.

It seems natural when a man's business gets run down he winds it up.

### "General Lee's Coming."

One of the prominent facts of the meeting at the Arlington Hotel in Washington of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of America, held Tuesday a week ago, was the interchange of anecdotes of experiences of one kind or another during the late war. The order is an important one, composed of officers only, and among its members are Generals Grant, Sherman, Van Vliet, Ordway and others. A number of the higher officers of the army were present. One of those who distinguished himself as a spotter was the celebrated old war-governor of Pennsylvania, Andrew Gregg Curtin, who developed a fund of humor that was a very pleasant surprise to many of those who gathered to talk of old times after business was over—that of the meeting and the war. Of the anecdotes he told, one in particular is of interest to Marylanders. (It is pretty certain, though that the Governor slandered himself, just for fun.) He said that when Pennsylvania was invaded by General Lee, it became incumbent upon the State to raise a fresh levy of troops. He called for fifteen thousand, and they came with the most patriotic promptitude. The officers were particularly speedy in answering the summons, and they all of them arrayed themselves in the most gorgeous uniforms obtainable, and armed themselves with the latest patterns of pistols and most shining of sabres. "I had called them out to battle for their native State and for the Union, and was consequently forced to go with them in command. I didn't want to go with a cent, but the moral obligation compelled me. I put a good face on it and made out I was as bold as a lion—apparently. We got along swimmingly; I and my staff and the rest of the party, until we found our friends, the Jonnie Rebs, were coming uncomformably and unpleasantly near us. We began to hear all sorts of stories about their strength and valor, and how they were burning up towns and things, and I began seriously to reflect that I had been elected for civil duties, for the State House, not the battle-field. To add to the unpleasantness of the situation—and very largely too—I was met by General Reynolds, who came riding pell-mell into camp, and who reined up when he saw me and said, 'Governor, look out; you are in danger. General Lee is coming. He hears that you are hereabouts. He is looking for you and your fifteen thousand militia. If he finds you—I hope he won't—there will be a hot time for you all.' I had been ordered," continued the Governor, "to hang on General McClellan's flank. If I had been profane I would have said, damn his flanks. At any rate, I think it was his rear I was principally attached to and hanging on to. But to hear that Lee's army was looking for me, and my men particularly, was by no means comforting. Something had to be done, though. I hauled out a copy of the tactics and sat up all night with them. I found I ought to call a council of war of my officers. I did so. They came in, looking somewhat anxious, all around their countenance, but very pretty in their swell clothes. I consulted the tactics again, and saw the proper thing to do was to ask for an opinion as to the state of affairs first from the youngest officer. He hesitated but a short time; and then he blurted out: 'Well, Governor, to tell the truth, I enlisted for home-guard duty. I don't know anything about fighting. I looked as stern as possible, and turned to the next in rank. He didn't stop a minute, but said: 'I want to go home. General Lee's coming. So did I, but I couldn't.' After some further parley, I adjourned the conference, and we all separated, feeling as blue as indigo. Soon after an orderly announced a visitor. He entered in full uniform, a little bit of a stouthead man, about as big as Mahone before he was plucked down. 'Governor Curtin?' he asked. 'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'What is your errand?' 'I have come to protect your command.' 'Who are you, sir?' 'John E. Kenly, commander of the Maryland Brigade.' 'God bless you, sir! I involuntarily exclaimed, 'and preserve Maryland.'

"I never was more relieved in my life," said the Governor, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, "and I have never ceased to remember them with gratitude. That man was fit to be a major general."

The story was received with the heartiest appreciation and applause.—Baltimore American.

The wail of Rachel's lamentation is still heard in the land. Disease is out Herodizing Herod in the slaughter of the innocents. Mothers, save your children by administering New Life. It gives instant relief. It is the sovereign balm and healer for coughs, colds and croup. Don't try to get along without New Life in the family. It is worth its weight in diamonds. It contains no morphia or anodyne.

When the clock strikes one there is no legal redress.