

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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VOL. XX.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL

## New Store!

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

### MILLINERY GOODS,

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

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

Dolls, Work Boxes, Card Receivers, Monticello Cups, Vases, Fancy Baskets, Cigar Holders, Photographic and Autographic Albums, Penmanship, Toilet Soaps, etc.

Ink Stands, Satchels, Confectionery of all kinds.

Also Plain and Fancy Gingham, Domestic, Cottons, Cambrics, and all kinds of trimmings, Table Linens, Towelings, Crash, plain and colored ribbons, etc., etc.

Special attention is called to the fine stock of Gloves, Lisle Thread, Plain Silk Gloves. 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—U.

## 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 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.

### HARRY SPALDING,

**DRUGGIST,**  
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Pure Drugs, Pharmaceutical Preparations and

Genuine Perfumes, Extracts, Colognes,

SOAPS, TOOTH and NAIL BRUSHES,

HAIR BRUSHES, FLESH BRUSHES,

POMADES, COSMETIQUES and

HAIR OILS

of the most celebrated French, English and Domestic Makers.

Physicians orders promptly filled and prescriptions carefully compounded. All are invited to call and examine my stock.

For the accommodation of my customers, stamps, postal cards, etc., will be always kept on hand.

March 1, 1883

## UNDERTAKING!

COFFINS AND CASKETS of latest styles furnished at notice and at prices to suit the times.

### TWO HEARSES

always at hand.

HORSESHOEING, \$1.00 Cash.

I am prepared to attend to

BLACKSMITHING,

WHEELWRIGHTING, &c.

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

### J. A. DILLON,

Feb 1, 1883—U.

## THE SUN Mutual Aid Society

Baltimore City,  
Incorporated February, 1880.

HAS ALREADY ISSUED

### Over One Thousand Membership Certificates

Two and a Half Million of Dollars!

Its 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.

An attractive and liberal feature of this Society is 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,

### SUN MUTUAL AID SOCIETY,

No. 31 N. Holliday St., Opp't City Hall,  
P. O. Box 657. BALTIMORE, Md.

Liberal Terms to Reliable Agents.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT,  
ANAPOLIS,  
July 1st, 1882.

JESSE 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 affixed 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—3m.

## 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 STAGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES FRUITS, &c.

### First Class Goods

AT THE

### Lowest Market Prices.

We have on hand the completest stock in Town of

### CHOICE XMAS PRESENTS.

Our Christmas department is filled with the choicest selection of Domestic, Foreign, Coating, Suiting, &c.

### 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.

## THE ROSEY OF MY YEARS.

Some reckon their age by years. Some measure their life by art, But some tell their days by the flow of their tears. And their life by the means of their heart.

The length of earth may show. Few or many they come, few or many they go; But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray That creeps through the sunny hair, And not by the scars that we pass on our way— And not by the furrows the finger of care.

On forehead and face has made; Not so do we count our years; Not by the sun of the earth—but the shade Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oftentimes old, Though their brow be bright and fair; While their blood beats warm their hearts lie cold— O'er them the spring time—but the winter is there—

And the old are oftentimes young, When their hair is thin and white; And they sing in age as in youth they sung, And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But heed by head I tell The rosy of my years; From a cross to a crown they lead—'tis well! And they're blessed with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep; Give me instead of a long stream of life The tempest and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam On the billows of all the years; But never the foam brings the brave bark home— It reaches the haven through tears. Father Ryan.

## A TALK WITH A DUDE.

At high noon a youth emerged from the Brunswick and stood for a moment in the brilliant blaze of the April sun listlessly buttoning his gloves. He was languid, sombre, and inert.

Up and down Fifth avenue stages rumbled and roared, and carriages whirled. The doors of the hotel slammed incessantly, brightly dressed women tripped by, men strode briskly to and fro, laughing nurse maids toward the Park, and even the cabmen whistled and sang as they went about their work. It was a cheerful scene.

The youth did not seem interested in anything. Men who passed glanced at him somewhat contemptuously, or with palpable sneers; women looked admiringly.

He was narrow chested, and his legs were lank and wavering. On his head was a bell-crowned English beaver, with a morning band two inches wide, and around his neck he wore a collar of preposterous height. A drab covert coat, such as Englishmen wear when riding to a "meet," was buttoned closely about his far from robust figure. The garment was so short that the ends of his spiketail coat fell far below it, producing a weird and eerie effect. His trousers were so tight that the uneven contour of his legs inspired pity, and his feet were squeezed into long and narrow shoes. Over his breast dangled a single glass, and he wore English dogskin gloves, the color of ripe brick dust. He held a silver-tipped cane under his arm, and stood with one foot far in advance of the other. His hat brushed forward at the sides, and he displayed evidences of a rapid monstache. But the most noticeable thing about him was the expression of his face. He meant to appear haughty. Instead he looked insolent.

He was a dude.

Presently another youth swung around the corner. He was the counterpart of the first, and their attire was precisely similar, even to the brick-dust gloves. They approached each other solemnly, and then the new-comer drawled:

"How are you, my brave boy?"

"Oh? Oh, I can't say as I'm too brisk, don't chew kum? I'm freakish to-day."

"You look a bit queer."

"Yas, I've been in the eating house here trying to worry down a bit of a chop with some shandygaff. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine, you know. I took a tub this morn'ing, then toolled me new cart up the avenue, and had a good appetit for breakfast."

"Rathah decent fun."

"Yas."

"See you at the club later."

"Upon which the new-comer, with a face expressive of great exhaustion, ambled away. The first youth still stood in front of the hotel and gazed indifferently about him. For a long time he stood there, while THE SUN reporter remained in the background regarding him with reverential awe, and reflecting that the dude was the only thing in all the world that had not been interviewed. A little time passed and then—

"I beg your pardon," said the reporter.

"Ow?" asked the youth slowly.

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, said the youth, "and after glancing casually at the reporter he continued placidly, "I don't remember to have met you."

"No," said the reporter thoughtfully, while the youth gazed upon him with immense contempt, "but I wish to ask you a question or two about a matter of great importance."

"Oh, you don't say! Rather an artful idea. I'm sure. What did you wish to ask about?"

"The dude."

The youth started, glanced sharply at the reporter for an instant, and then resumed the air of indifference as he said, "Well."

"There is a widespread rumor down town that a cat chased a dude up Fifth avenue yesterday at sundown."

"Oh, I say!" said the youth, with a tranquil smile. "It's quite too bad, don't chew know, to put it upon the—er—aw—dude, y'know, loike that. The dude's not hawf as bad as painted! Chased by a cat—Haw!"

"No truth in it at all?"

"Why, I'd lay a quid to a bob anytime that it's a pure guy," said the youth, with some animation; "and I'll tell you what," he continued, "the—aw—dude, don't chew know, is wretchedly misunderstood."

"What is a dude?"

"A dude," answered the youth, slowly, "is a gentleman. A cad can never be a dude. He must not be in trade, but must have money. I dare say there are dudes who have very little money, but then they have blood, y'know. But the point of the thing is that the dude is the embodiment—er—of the—ah—triumph of the gentleman over the cad. You take what was once known as a swell, or a fop, or a dandy, and it was never absolutely necessary for him to be a gentleman. The pet, particular god of swelldom was Beau Brummel, don't chew know, and yet he was not a gentleman according to our English acceptance of the term. Still, he snubbed the Prince of Wales."

"Would he not have been quite as effective as a dude?"

"By no means," said the youth hastily. "Don't chew see? He was gorgeous and overdressed, while we—er—that is, the dude—is the acme of propriety and good taste. He wore loud colors, padded shoulders, corsets, wigs, snuff-box, and unlimited jewelry, while the dude wears no jewelry other than a ring, and invariably dresses in dark and quiet colors."

"Is there any fun in being a dude?"

"To the vulgaw a dude is not impressive. The gorgeous swell took the eye. The women worship him for the richness of his dress and the waitails in eating houses were overpowered; but the dude is essentially negative. He is not a spectacle; he is a quiet, self-contained gentleman. He is refined, and he is distinguished from common people by his manners. In England we have a landed aristocracy; in America the aristocrats are popularly known as dudes, y'know. A fellow dressed properly and walking quietly on the Strand or in Pall Mall is known simply as an English gentleman; but when he appears in the same attire on Fifth av'noo he at once becomes a dude."

"May I ask how long you have been away from England?"

"I—aw—cawn't say; the fact is, I have nevah been in England."

"Ah! good day," accenting the "good."

"Good day," accenting the "day."

## THE ROSEY OF MY YEARS.

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