

Saint Mary's Beacon

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

VOL. XX.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1883.

NO. 49

Spring Opening.

MESSRS. WM. J. EDELEN & CO. DEB
have to call the attention of their cus-
tomers and the public generally to the new
and splendid assortment of

Spring & Summer Goods
just received and opened at their store, con-
sisting of the best and newest styles in the
following departments:

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Ladies' & Gents' Furnishing Goods,
DRY GOODS.

NOTIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Hats,

Queenware,
Hardware,
Tinware,
Cutlery,
Furniture,
Stoves,

Agricultural Implements

Groceries, Wines
and the finest brand of

Old Monticello Whiskey
ever kept in our market. In short, our stock
embraces every article usually found in a first-
class country store, and our prices will be
found to be so low that none can complain.

Call and examine our stock before
making your purchases.

FARM MACHINERY.
We are agents for E. B. WHITMAN'S
ROLAND CHILLED PLOW,
the best plow in America.
The SIX FOOT WHIPPLE WHEEL HAR-
ROW and WHIPPLE HARROW and
CULTIVATOR combined.

These implements have all been tested and
approved by many of our best farmers.

Also for C. AULTMAN & CO'S celebrated
BUCKEYE MACHINERY, including Twine
Binder Reapers and Mowers,
MONITOR ENGINE and New Model Thrash-
er, with Clover Huller attached.

Orders solicited and any information
asked in regard to the above machinery
cheerfully and promptly given.

WM. J. EDELEN & CO.,
May 10, 1883.

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 Calicoes,
Shawls,
Cushions,
Hoods, etc.

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

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

Ink Stands, Satchels,
Confectionery of all kinds.

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

Special attention is called to the finest 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 buy-
ing elsewhere.

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

NORRIS & GARNER,
BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

THE undersigned have entered into Co-
partnership as Builders and Contractors,
and are prepared to execute all demands in
their line of business in St. Mary's and ad-
joining counties that may be made upon them
with promptness, at reasonable rates and in
workmanlike manner.

Notice by postal to Leonardtown or Hol-
lywood, will receive prompt attention.
S. E. SOBRIN,
A. M. GARNER,
Sept 21, 1882.

TO THE PUBLIC.
I HAVE appointed RICHARD H. GAR-
NER my agent to rent my farms and col-
lect my rents. Any one wishing to rent the
land must apply to him.
R. H. MILES,
April 26, 1883—1f.

PROFESSIONAL.
DR. JOHN T. SPALDING having re-
moved to Leonardtown, Md., will give
prompt attention to all professional calls.
March 8, 1883.

J. W. BRADLEY & CO.,
PRODUCE
Commission Merchants,
No. 16 Camden Street,
BALTIMORE.

BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GREEN
and DRIED FRUITS and COUNTRY
PRODUCE GENERALLY.

Consignments solicited and prompt
return. May 17, 1883—6m.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully inform
their friends and the public that they
are prepared to build
BUGGIES,
WAGONS and **JAGGERS.**

PAINTING, TRIMMING and general re-
pairs neatly executed.

Undertaking.
We keep on hand **COFFINS** and **CAS-**
KETS with the newest improvements. Or-
ders quickly filled. Business promptly at-
tended to. Charges moderate and all work
guaranteed.

Gravestones, Monuments.
We are also agents for a Marble Yard. Can
furnish the above at city prices. Call and
see the designs. Select your tombstones and
don't let the devil be neglected. Thankful
for past favors, we solicit a continuance of same.

J. J. JARBOE & SON,
March 22, 1883.

UNDERTAKING!

COFFINS AND CASKETS of latest styles
finished 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 contin-
uance of the same.
J. A. DILLON,
Feb. 1, 1883—1f.

NOTICE.

I MOST respectfully inform the public that
I have opened at **MECHANICSVILLE,**
MD., SHOPS, where
BLACKSMITHING,
WHEELWRIGHTING,
COACH-PAINTING,
TRIMMING and **UNDERTAKING** business
will be carried on. I hope by faithful work,
low prices and strict attention to business I
may receive the patronage of the general pub-
lic.

CHAS. R. CLARKE,
May 10, 1883—1f.

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.
NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
PIE'S UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
KENEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
SCHAEPS SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.

JOHN B. PIET & CO.
PUBLISHERS.
Catalogue mailed on Application. **BALTIMORE**

J. BOYKIN LEE & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF GRAIN & TOBACCO.

Baltimore, May 24th, 1881
We have engaged the services of Mr. E. H.
BYATT, who, with Mr. J. G. ESTEP, of
Charles county, have charge of the Tobacco
department of our business and will give
their strict personal attention to the inspec-
tion and sale of all Tobacco consigned to us.
A. BOYKIN LEE & CO., 17 Camden Street,
One door West of Charles.
April 12, 1883—7

WANTED.

1000 YOUNG CATTLE in reduced
condition. Fair prices and cash
on delivery.
JOS. S. ALLSTON.
March 29, 1883—3cd

Mobility.
True worth is in being, not seeming.
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good thing—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For a business man say to his business
And give it the portion of worth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our souls as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
For we give pain and sad pleasure,
For justice averages each slight.
The air for the wing of each sparrow,
The lash for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the power of society
The heart of its ill to beguile,
Though he who makes courtesy to glory
Gives all that he has for a while.
For when from her heights he looks down,
Alas! it is lonely and drear,
And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for billions,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Being more than the thing which it gets.
For good lies not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

AN ALGERIAN LION STORY.

How I came to be sitting, in very
good company, one glorious Septem-
ber evening, in the little moon-lighted
garden of the hotel at Algiers is nei-
ther here nor there.

My companions about the round ta-
ble, which was garnished with slim
bottles, glasses, and piles of cigarettes,
were all Frenchmen—the three old Al-
gerian colonists—the fourth an ex-
Lieutenant of the Navy, who had ex-
changed a life on the ocean wave for
that of a hunter in three-quarters of
the globe.

Before dinner I had picked up in
the salon Du Chaillu's gorilla-book,
which I had never seen before, and
my saying something about this
turned the conversation in the garden
upon wild beasts and the hunting of
them.

Some wonderful stories were told,
especially by the ex-sailor, though not
a bit more wonderful than many one
hears from old Indian sportsmen.

For the matter of that the most ex-
traordinary sporting story I ever heard
was told by—of all men in the world
—a hare-hunter, who capped there-
with a snake-and-elephant narrative,
quite unique of its kind.

Presently, a short silence, caused
by the uncorking and tasting of a new
bottle of Hermitage, was broken by
the eldest of the party, who had not
said much before. He was a good-
looking man of fifty, with beard gray-
er than his head, and a merry twinkle
in his eye. What he said I shall
repeat for the sake of clearness in the
first person, just as he told the story
himself.

"The adventures of which I am go-
ing to tell you, gentlemen, happened
to me a good many years ago. It
was my first serious interview with a
lion. Like most serious things it had
a comic-side, too.

"I was a young man then, and had
been some dozen years in Constantine
farming in partnership with a friend,
an old colonist, whose acquaintance I
had made on board ship coming out
from Marseilles.

"Our business was corn and cattle
raising, and we did very well togeth-
er, until my partner died of a fever,
and I took a dislike to the place. I
thought I would shift my ground into
this province, Algiers, push toward
the frontier, and get a grant of Gov-
ernment land and make a farm of it.
So, getting a neighbor to give an eye
to things in my absence, I started on
my prospecting expedition.

"I say I, but I should say we, for
there were three of us, sworn comrades
as ever were.

"First, there was your humble ser-
vant; secondly, there was my horse
Marengo, and a better never looked
through a bridle. He was bred be-
tween a Barb sire and an English
mare, belonging to the Colonel of chas-
seurs of whom I bought him in town,
when his regiment was going home.
He stood about fifteen hands two,
carried the Barb head, and the rest of
his body was all bone and muscle.
His temper was as good as his courage
and that was a considerable objec-
tion to the close proximity of any-
thing, except one thing, that stood on
four legs. We all have our peculiar-
ities, and this was his. Biceps were
all very well, but multiply the legs
by two, and he let fly immediately,
and never missed his aim.

"Such was Marengo.

"Thirdly, there was Cognac, the
faithfullest, the most honest, the oddest
and the wickedest little dog the
world ever saw. He was more like a
terrier than anything else, with a
short yellow coat, a fox's head, very
long ears and a very short tail. The
shrillness of his bark pierced your
ears like a knife, but the awfulness of
his howl—his howl—howl!—if left
alone—his description. During the
fourteen years I had him, he end-
ed me day or night. On a jour-
ney he would run beside me, and
when tired got up and sit in my wal-
let. The great pleasure of his life
was to steal behind people and secret-
ly bite their legs.

"By some mysterious affinity, he
and Marengo were friends from the

first. They now sleep under the same
tree.

"Well, we started, and after going
over a good deal of ground, I thought
I had decided on a location, and
turned my face homeward. My direc-
tion was by Aims, to strike the
great road that runs under the Atlas
eastward into Constantine.

"It was about eight o'clock one
morning when I had been some two
hours in the saddle, that I emerged
from a narrow valley, or rather,
through which the road ran, on to
sandy plain dotted with bushes and
scrub.

"I had just laid the reins on Marengo's neck, when suddenly he gave
a tremendous shudder, picked me
clean off.

"The next moment I was
roaring, a lion sprang right at my head.
"I made sure he was on the top of
him, and so he would have been, but
as Marengo wheeled short around,
like lightning on his hind legs, the
streaming reins caught the brute's
forepaw, and, as it were, tripped him,
so that he fell sideways on the road.

"The heavy jerk nearly brought
the horse down, but the throat-lash
broke, the brute was pulled over by
his ears, and, recovering himself, he dart-
ed away among a grove of trees that
stood by the wayside.

"So intent was the lion on the horse
that he paid no attention to me lying
defenseless before him.

"Crawling swiftly along the ground,
he pursued Marengo, whom I gave up
for lost—for his chance against the
lithe brute among the trees seemed
hopeless.

"However, as luck would have it,
there was open space about a dozen
yards across. In the center of this
Marengo took his stand, with his tail
toward the lion and his head turned
sharply back over his shoulder, watch-
ing him.

"He stood quite still, except for the
slight shifting of his hind feet and
lifting of his quarters, which I knew
meant mischief.

"The lion probably thought so, too,
for he kept dodging to try and take
his opponent by a flank movement.
But the old horse knew his game, and
pivoting on his forelegs still brought
his stern guns to bear on the enemy.

"Soon, with a roar the lion made
his spring, but Marengo lashed out
both heels together with such excel-
lent judgment of time and distance
that, catching him full in the chest,
he knocked him all of a heap to the
ground, where he lay motionless.

"Then, with a neigh of triumph and a
flourish of his heels, away he galloped
through the grove out on the plain
and was safe.

"The lion lay so still that I thought
he was dead, or at any rate quite hors
de combat, and was just running to
pick up the bridle and follow Marengo,
when he sat up on his haunches.
This made me stop.

"As he sat there with his head
loosely wagging from side to side, and
mouth half open, he looked quite va-
cant and idiotic.

"Suddenly his head stopped wag-
ging, he pricked up his ears, and by
the flash of his eye and changed ex-
pression, I knew he had seen me.

"Only one thing was to be done,
and I did it. The outermost tree was
large and low-branched. To it I ran,
and up it I scrambled, and had just
perched in a fork about fifteen feet
above terra-firma as the lion arrived
at the bottom.

"Looking up at me with two red-
hot coals for eyes, his long nervous
tail lashing his sides, every hair on
his body turned to wire, and his great
claws protruded, he chattered at me
as a cat chatters at a bird out of reach.
His jaws snapped like a steel trap,
and his look was perfectly diabolical.
When he was tired of chattering he
stood and growled.

"Catching sight of the bridle, he
walked to it, smelled it, patted it, and
then came back and lay down and
glared at me.

"My carbine—confound it!—was
slung at my saddle. My only weap-
on, besides my hanger, was a pocket-
pistol, double-barreled, and what in
those days we called a breech-loader—
that is, the barrels unscrewed to load,
and then screwed on again.

"It would have been a handy weap-
on against a man at close quarters,
for it threw a good ball; but for a
lion! Besides, the beast was too far
off.

"Then the thought flashed into my
mind, where was Cognac?

"I supposed he had run away and
hidden somewhere. If the lion got
sight of him, it would, I knew, be
soon all over with the poor little fel-
low.

"All at once there arose, close at
hand, an awful and familiar yell. It
had a strange, muffled tone, but there
was no mistaking Cognac's voice.

"Again it came, resonant, long-
drawn and sepulchral. It seemed to
come from inside the tree. Where
the devil was he?

"The lion appeared utterly aston-
ished and turned his ears so far back
to listen that they were almost in-
side out, when from some hole among
the roots of the tree there popped a
small yellow head with long ears.

"Down, down, Cognac! I cried in
my agony; 'go back, sir!'

"A cry of delight, out short by a
piteous whine, was his reply, as he
spied me, and then dashing fully a

yard toward the lion, he barked de-
fiantly.

"With a low growl and ruffling
mane, the beast charged at the little
dog.

"Back went Cognac into his cave as
quick as a rabbit, and stormed at him
from inside.

"Thrusting his great paw right
down the hole, the lion tried to claw
him out. Oh, how I trembled for
Cognac!

"But he kept up such a ceaseless
howling and snarling that it
was plain he was either well round a
corner or that the hole was deep
enough for his safety.

"All the same, to see the great cow-
ardly beast digging away at my poor
little dog like that was more than I
could stand. Coughing my fear,
I shouted, and as he looked up I fired
at his blood-shot eye. He shook his
head, and I gave him the other barrel.

"With a scream of rage he bounded
back.

"Cognac immediately shot forth his
head and insulted him with jeering
barks.

"But he was not to be drawn again,
and after a bit he lay down fur-
ther off and pretended to go to sleep.
Cognac barked at him till he was
tired, and then retired into his cas-
tle.

"Reloading, I found I had only
three bullets left, and concluded to
reserve them for a crisis.

"It was now past noon. To beguile
the time, I smoked a pipe or two,
sang a song, and cut my name, Cog-
nac's and Marengo's on the tree, leav-
ing a space for the lion's, which I de-
termined should be Wellington. I
wished he would go away. Having
some milk in my bottle, I took a
drink, and should have liked to give
some to Cognac. The lion began to
pant, with his red thorny tongue
hanging a foot out of his mouth. He
was a mangy and disreputable-look-
ing brute as ever I saw. By-and-by
he got up and snuffed the air all
round him, and then, without as much
as looking at me walked off and went
deliberately down the road.

"Slipping to the ground, I caught
up Cognac, who had crept out direct-
ly, and after looking carefully around
for the lion, was smothering me with
carresses. The lion was turning to-
ward a bushy clump in a hollow about
two hundred yards off. That light
green foliage—willows, water! Had
the cunning brute sniffed it out?

"Anyhow, it was a relief to stretch
one's legs after sitting six mortal
hours on a branch. The lion disap-
peared round the bushes. I strained
my eyes over the plain, but could see
nothing moving. Then I gave Cog-
nac a drink of milk and a few bits of
bread-cake, for which he was very
grateful. Of course it was no use
beginning a race against a lion with
only two hundred yards start in any
number of miles. The tree was bet-
ter than that.

"All the same, he was a long time;
perhaps he was really gone for good.
Bah! there came his ugly head round
the corner again, making straight for
us.

"When he was pretty near I kissed
Cognac, and threw a bit of cake into
the hole. Then I climbed again to
my perch, Cognac retired growling
to the extent of binding the legisla-
tive and judicial departments of the
State government to abide in all
things to the decision of the Govern-
or.

"The people must not elect any
more legislatures like those of 1880
and 1882. It is unparliamentary to
elect a man Governor and then send
him a legislature he can't bulldoze.

"The Legislature must be sworn
upon the Governor's message. The
election of 1879 repealed the consti-
tution of 1867, and William T. Hamil-
ton is now the constitution and the
laws.

"Little people must not oppose
the will of the Governor, opposition
makes him furious, for *montani semper
liberi*.

"The Governor reserves the right
to do the profane swearing for the
State Government. The election of
1879 was a signal endorsement (to
use the words of Bob Acres) of his
'old kind of a new way of swear-
ing.'

"One must beat two in the
Board of Public Works. The mathe-
maticians may kick, but they were
subsidized by the bosses when they
made the multiplication table. The
O. L. D., arithmetic will soon be out.
In that twice two makes one.

ITALIAN HONEY BEES.—L. L. Lang-
stroth, a noted honey producer, and
author of a standard work on bees,
after a number of years' experience
with Italian bees, arrives at the fol-
lowing conclusions:

"They are more prolific, keep their
broods more compactly in the combs,
and their swarms are usually earlier
and larger than those of the black
bees.

"The Italians defend their hives
against robber bees, whether of their
own breed or others.

"They gather larger stores of honey.
In many apiaries the amount of honey
has been doubled by the introduction
of the Italian bees.

"They are more watchful of their
comb, and consequently less damage
is done by moths.

"They are less irritable than the
black bees, but will sting when once
angered.

"They work freely upon pasture that
other bees would shun, or at most
work sparingly.

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW.—Rub the
spots well with soap, scrape some
chalk and rub it thickly into the
soak, wet it a little, and lay the arti-
cle on the grass; repeat this. The
second time will bring it all out.

He that does a base thing in
zeal for his friend burns the golden
thread that ties their hearts together.

wooder for the devil had worked well
down among his greasy hair, and
must have stung him like a hundred
horns. His back hair and mane
burst into a flame, and he shrieked
with rage and terror.

Then he went stark staring mad,
clapped his tail between his legs, laid
back his ears, and rushed out of the
grove at twenty miles an hour, and
disappeared up the ravine.

"Almost as mad as the lion with
joy, and feeling sure he was gone for
good, I tumbled down the tree and
ran off along the road as hard as I
could, with Cognac barking at my
heels. By-and-by I had pulled up,
for the sun was still very hot; but I
walked as fast as I could looking out
all the time for Marengo, who would
not, I knew, go very far from his
master. Presently I spied him in a
hollow. A whistle, and, whinnying
with delight, he trotted up and laid
his head upon my shoulder.

"In my hurry I had forgotten the
bridle, but with my belt and hand-
kerchief I extemporized a halter, tied
one end round his nose, and catching
up Cognac, mounted and galloped off,
defying all the lions in Africa to
catch me.

"There were still two hours before
sunset to reach the next village, and
by hard riding I did it. That we all
three of us enjoyed our supper goes
without saying. And that gentle-
man, is my story.

"We agreed it was wonderful.—All
the Year Round.

GOVERNOR HAMILTON'S PLATFORM.
—The *Record and Gazette* gives the
following as the platform of his em-
phatic, dogmatic Excellency and says
"that it comes very close to repre-
senting his sentiments:"

1. The Democratic party shall
have no other boss but me (Boss Ham-
ilton) for I am a jealous Boss, appoint-
ing my friends directors of the Mary-
land Penitentiary and visiting my
enemies with continental—too
numerous to mention.

2. It shall be felony without ben-
efit of clergy to allude to the potato
bug movement of 1875, or to say that
Wm. T. Hamilton compassed the de-
feat of John Lee Carroll.

3. The large majorities of 1879
were not intended as an endorsement
of the democratic party, they endor-
sed nobody but William T. Hamilton,
and their equitable construction goes
to the extent of binding the legisla-
tive and judicial departments of the
State government to abide in all
things to the decision of the Govern-
or.

4. The people must not elect any
more legislatures like those of 1880
and 1882. It is unparliamentary to
elect a man Governor and then send
him a legislature he can't bulldoze.

5. The Legislature must be sworn
upon the Governor's message. The
election of 1879 repealed the consti-
tution of 1867, and William T. Hamil-
ton is now the constitution and the
laws.

6. Little people must not oppose
the will of the Governor, opposition
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