

Saint Mary's Beacon

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VOL. XX.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1883.

25, 1883.

NO. 59

NOTICE.



THE UNDERSIGNED respectfully inform their friends and the public that they are prepared to build BUGGIES, WAGONS and JACKETS. PAINTING, TRIMMING and general repairs neatly executed. BLACKSMITHING OF ALL KINDS done at reasonable rates. HORSESHOEING a specialty.

J. J. JARBOE & SON
March 22, 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—17.

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 public.

CHAS. R. CLARKE.
May 10, 1883—17.

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May 10, 1883—17.

FOR THE WHEAT CROP!

WE have had manufactured for our trade, in addition to our "Victor Brand" and "Wheat and Corn Brand," the "Warranted Assorted Bone Phosphate and Potash," a complete Fertilizer—rich in Phosphoric Acid and other Grain and Grass producing elements—and Ammonia to stimulate the plant growth, just what the farmers want for making the most abundant and securing the finest growth of clover and other grasses. This Fertilizer—same Formula—has been used with great success in the wheat growing sections and is, quality considered, one of the cheapest manures in the market, yielding to the farmer the largest profit and most permanent benefit for the amount of money invested. It has been thoroughly tested and its merits proved. We have selected it with great care and highly recommend it to farmers.

Price, \$40 per Ton.
Our VICTOR FERTILIZER is kept up to its full standard of excellence and cannot be surpassed for Tobacco, Wheat and all crops. For land having a deficiency of Ammonia, our Wheat and Corn Brand is the cheapest and will give fine results. But where more Ammonia is required to stimulate the crops, our WARELY or VICTOR, as "complete Fertilizers," are the manures to use to supply ALL the necessary ingredients in the most perfect combination. Also agents for Andrew Co's "Ammoniated Bone Phosphate" as now improved for Tobacco and Wheat.

THOS. C. PRICE & CO.,
56 S. Ches. St., Baltimore.

Lao H. Hayes, formerly Tobacco Inspector, gives his personal attention to inspection.

Establishments and orders solicited.
Aug. 30, 1883.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,
21 N. Union Street,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEALER IN
Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

Doors,
Sash,
Blinds,
Framer,

Cement, Calcined Plaster,
Lime, Hair, Nails, &c.

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.
Aug. 30, 1883—7.

H. G. DUDLEY, J. W. CARPENTER, W. J. EDLERY

DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

GENERAL
Commission Merchants,

No. 57 Light Street,
BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Products.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.
Jan. 5, 1882—7.

The Celebrated
"Maryland's Pride,"

Pure Rye Whiskey,
J. E. CLARK & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS,
48 South Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

WM. HEMSLEY, Salesman.
Sept 6, 1883—7

JOHN R. WOOD,
General Commission Merchant,

No. 303 Tenth Street, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Particular attention given to the sale of GRAIN, FRUIT, POULTRY and LIVE STOCK. Consignments solicited. Prompt returns.
Aug. 16, 1883—6m.

NORRIS & CARNER,
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 adjoining counties that may be made upon them with promptness, at reasonable rates and in workmanlike manner.
Notice by postal to Leonardtown or Hollywood, will receive prompt attention.
S. E. KORNIS,
A. M. GARNER.
Sept 21, 1882.

ATTRACTIVE OPENING

New Summer Goods
BY
T. M. CAMALIER & CO
IF THE SPACIOUS AND WELL LIGHTED

BIG BROWN STORE.
We beg leave to inform our friends and customers that we are daily opening an immense and very desirable stock of goods of every description, which we are selling at bottom prices, viz:

Big Brown Store.
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
SHOES and HATS,
LIQUORS and CIGARS,
TEAS,
COFFEES, SUGARS, etc.,

and many novelties which will please the eye of the most fastidious. Our goods were carefully selected from the largest houses of Baltimore, and are such as will give general satisfaction. We call attention to the real merits of our goods. What we say and advertise about them is the plain, unvarnished truth, and we sell them upon their merits, and simply ask a call from our friends and customers to convince them of the truth of our assertions.

T. M. CAMALIER & CO.
June 7, 1883.

New Store!
MRS. BLAIN & JONES are now opening at their store, or exhibition and sale, a beautiful assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,
DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS,
CALICOES,
MUSLINS, plain and fancy;
LINES,
Ulester Cloths, Blankets, Comforts, Spreads,
Furniture Calico,
Shawls,
Cashmeres, Hoods, etc.

And all kinds of Dress Goods; Also,
Dolls, Work Boxes,
Card Receivers,
Moustache Caps,
Vases,
Fancy Baskets,
Cigar Holders,
Photographic and Autographic Albums,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, etc.

Ink Stands, Satchels,
Confectionery of all kinds,
Also Plain and Fancy Gingham, Domestic, Cretonne, 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 buying elsewhere.

BLAIN & JONES,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Dec. 21, 1882—17.

W. H. LIPSCOMB,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Is prepared to repair
WATCHES CLOCKS AND JEWELRY
upon short notice and reasonable terms.

Old Gold and Silver bought or made up into jewelry.

W. H. LIPSCOMB,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
June 21, 1883—16.

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

[For the Beacon.]
Don't Murmur.

Wise people before us have said that "the world of ours, the bitter hours— If we glean from our paths of life we gain thorns with flowers." Pleasure of prosed by grief, and happiness by woe. So what's the use of murmuring, it does no good we know.

So what's the use of murmuring all through the day and night; If we murmur ever so long, we cannot make things right. The flowers seem sweet and bright with the dew of early morn, When we glean with tender hands from among the cruel thorns.

The rest is always easier when a man is content to gain A time of happiness and comfort from care and pain; 'Tis always enchanting and we enjoy it better far Than if we always rested and had labor 'neath our mar.

And so on in our life's great pathway thorns Make us ready to enjoy the peaceful—lovely flowers— And when we just consider, we think this world is giving us more than we deserve.

That we shall more enjoy the calm holy rest of Heaven. A.

How We Caught Him.
The banking house of Shavewell Bros. had been victimized by an extensive forgery, so cleverly planned and executed that, in detective circles, there was but one opinion as to its authorship. There was but one hand skilled enough for such a piece of work—that of Drumford Marwick, a most accomplished rascal, whose craft and cunning had carried him safely through a long career of roguery in spite of the best schemes to trap him. On this occasion a heavy reward was offered for his apprehension. I had but lately been enrolled a member of the detective force, and was ambitious of rising. Here was a golden opportunity—golden in every sense, for whoever caught Marwick would not only be a made man, but would put a round sum in his pocket.

While others were beating the bush in different directions, I resolved to go on a still hunt of my own. I had information that Marwick had a set of associates in a place about a hundred miles away, with whom, not unlikely, he had sought and found a hiding place. At any rate, it could do no harm to make a reconnaissance in the neighborhood.

I took the next train with a view to carrying out my plan. Securing a seat favorable for observation, I commenced gazing over the morning paper and my fellow-passengers. I had no particular expectation of finding anyone answering to Marwick's description among them—still it was well enough for one in my place to keep his eyes open.

It was not long, however, till my occupation was interrupted. A plain-looking countryman, entered from a forward car, asked and was accorded permission to share my seat. He proved one of those irrepressible social fellows who will make your acquaintance in spite of you.

He told me his name without waiting to be asked—it was Seth Wiggins, he said, and straightway inquired what mine might be. I didn't care to tell him I was Detective Tyke, so I merely answered:

"Smith."

"Du tell!" returned Mr. Wiggins, looking as much surprised as if I had said Heliogabalus. He was evidently one of those who think it proper to receive whatever you may say with a certain polite astonishment.

When Mr. Wiggins had exhausted politics and the "craps," and had given me a census of the young ones, he broached the subject that was uppermost in my mind—or would have been but for his eternal clatter.

"That was a nation smart trick that 'ere Marwick played onto the bank," he remarked.

"I know very little about it," I replied.

"No more do I," said Mr. Wiggins; "only I 'ern he done 'em outer a mint of money."

"I've understood as much," I answered.

"I tell you, mister, you've got some peaky cute fellows down to York—rascal talented chaps as a countryman like me hasn't got no business buckin' agin. One on 'em, t'other day, got me to bet \$5 I could tell which of three kerds had a pinter onto. He laid 'em down in a row—it was in a place he'd invited me to inter to hev a social Tom and Jerry—and then turned to chin with the barkeeper while I was studyin' which kerd to pick."

"I've got you now!" thinks I, turnin' up the middle kerd, which I, sure enough it had the pinter onto it. I was pooty sartin of it afore; for the man'd handled the kerds so awkwardly 'at I could see their faces o' namost as easy as their backs; but I thought I'd jest make surr, an' havin' done so, I put the kerd back 'ish-out lettin on.

"Air you ready?" sez he, turnin' round.

"Hit's—hit's the middle one—I guess, sez I speakin' doubtful like; for I didn't want to seem too sure lest he'd suspicion me o' havin' looked."

"No 'tain't," sez he, turning it up—which 'twere as blank as that 'ere prize I drawn, once inter the Gull-trap lotteryary.

"How's it done?" sez I, feelin' poorly streaked as he pocketed my money?"

"I've got a patent on it," sez he, but I wouldn't mind sellin' you a country right for another Y'."

"I told him I was much obliged, but didn't think it ud do for a stiddy business in the country."

I was glad when Mr. Wiggins gave me a gushin noon-day at the next stopping place and left the train.

Another hour brought us to a place where ten minutes were allowed for refreshments. We had hardly stopped when a boy came hurrying through the car inquiring if "Mr. Tyke was aboard?"

"That's my name."

"Here's a telegram for you."

I tore it open, as the boy hurried into the next car as if to deliver another message. Mine was this:

"Marwick is on the train with you, and will get off at ——. He wears a slouch hat and gray coat, is thick-set, bandy-legged, and has slight stoop in the shoulder; also carries a black leather satchel. Arrest him on sight."

BEAKES.

I bustled out, and the very first person I encountered tallied so exactly with the description in the telegram as to leave no doubt that I had found my man.

He made no attempt to flee, but advanced boldly, looking me directly in the face.

"You are my prisoner!" I said abruptly seizing his collar.

"That's what I call cheeky!" he replied, pulling loose, and tacking me, adding: "I rather think you are my prisoner."

A vigorous scuffle ensued. For a time neither of us went further than trying to keep his hold on the other. But my opponent lost temper at last, and planted a blow of his right fist directly over my right eye. I 'counted' on his nose, 'tapping the clare!' freely. Both called on the bystanders for assistance; but they only formed a ring and exhorted us to 'go it!'

And we were 'going it' lively when a sharp voice brought us to an armistice.

"Hello!—what's this?" inquired a jolly-faced man in whom I recognized Captain Beakes, my chief, whose name was to the telegram.

"I've got him!" I said out of breath.

"I've—I've got him!" panted my antagonist quite as much blown as myself.

"Now who is it you've both got, pray?" queried the captain looking puzzled.

"Drumford Marwick," we both shouted simultaneously.

I thought the captain would split his sides.

"I have your telegram to arrest the scoundrel!" I said, not a little piqued at this levity.

"I have your order to nab the villain on sight," rejoined my adversary.

An active renewal of hostilities was imminent, but the captain stepped between us. "Hold on, Sleuth! Hold on, Tyke!" he interposed. "Let me see those messages."

Two scraps of paper were thrust into his hands.

The captain laughed louder than ever.

"So you've each been telegraphed to arrest the other?" he said. "Who could have played you such a trick?"

Then the captain introduced me to Dick Sleuth—with whom I had already scraped a rather informal acquaintance—as a brother detective from a neighboring city.

A fresh telegram was put into the captain's hands.

"Ha! this explains it!" he exclaimed. "Marwick has just been caught disguised as a countryman. It was doubtless he who sent the two telegrams. He must have smoked you both on the train."

Dick and I shook hands, looked foolish and hauled off for repairs.—
N. Y. Ledger.

Improvement of Lands by Drainage.
Maryland Farmer.

This is an important matter in both branches of agriculture and horticulture to have the ground properly drained before any manure or crops are put in, as it is useless and a waste of both time and money in thus trying to obtain anything like a fair return for your labor without you have soil that is open and not caked up as are generally found for want of proper drainage.

Manures are, in a manner, thrown away, as this will clearly show, by taking up a piece of low moist ground which has been laid waste and never before been in cultivation, manure one-half and put it in the best possible order for cropping without draining, using the same means with the other half but perfectly drained without manure, planted with the same kind of seed or plants, will, on an average, produce a far better crop, which shows that drainage is a very important matter in obtaining any kind of crops, either annual or perennial; in the planting of trees or pot plants this should be more generally observed, as nothing will thrive if too much moisture is allowed to be at the roots of plants, except they are of an aquatic nature living in water. It is not wonderful then, that the economical effects of drainage should be found by practical men, to be not only a diminution in the cost of cultivation, but a considerably augmented produce also in all crops, or that this increased produce should alone be found sufficient to pay the entire cost of drainage in a few years.

The deeper the drains, provided the water have still a ready escape, the greater depth of soil will be available for the purposes of vegetable nutrition. Deep rooted plants often fail for want of certain depth of soil owing to shallow drains which prevents their descent in search of food; plants like wheat or clover will send their roots deep in sub-soil to seek nourishment where the sub-soil is sound and dry. Removing the waters the soil becomes dry to a greater depth, the air penetrates and diffuses itself, makes it more porous and gives more nourishment to the roots.

Deep drains permit the use of sub-soil plows, without the charge of injury, not only less liable to be choked up by the accumulated roots of plants, which naturally make their way into them in search of water, but they also increase the value and permanent fertility of the lands by increasing its available depth. It is not till the land is rendered dry that the skillful and enterprising farmer has a fair field to expend his exertions. All manures are in a manner thrown away where water is allowed to stagnate or rest in the soil.

Have dry fields to work upon and the well constructed agriculturist can bring all the resources, as well of modern science as of old experience, to bear upon them with a fair chance of success, the disappointments which the holder of undrained lands so often meets with, he will less frequently experience, and the adequate return will generally be obtained for his expenditure in manuring and otherwise improving his soil, and he will thus be encouraged to proceed in devoting his capital to the permanent amelioration of his farm, not less for his own benefit, but of others.

Viewed in this light, drainage is only the first of a long series of improvements, or rather it is a necessary preparation to the numerous improvements of which the soil is susceptible; it confers a national benefit to the country, and every good citizen ought to exercise his influence in endeavoring in his own district more or less rapidly to promote it. It has been calculated that the drainage of those lands which are at present in arable culture, would give an immense increase to the already produce now raised. General drainage cannot be effected in any given time. The individual resources of the land owner are not sufficient to meet the expense, only in some as to wealth, nevertheless may lead to stimulate the exertions of those who have capital to spare or such an excess of income as can permit them to invest an annual portion permanently in the soil. Not only is this drainage, as stated, equivalent; but to a change of better climate and to the growth of plants and crops of all kinds, besides the health of the inhabitants and to the number and kind of diseases of which they are observed to be exposed by this drainage, certain sections in the country which at one time were very unhealthy have now been cultivated and thickly populated.

Let it be the law in your family to speak evil of no one; rejoice not in anybody's fallings; ridicule none in such a sense as shall diminish their standing with others; or be a source of pain to them. Carry yourself as the sun carries itself to-day riding in the heavens. There is not an insect so gaudy, there is not a worm so mean, there is not a moss so small, there is not a tree so tall, there is not one single, solitary thing that has a drop of life in it which the glorious sun does not treat like a prince, pouring its own light and life and warmth on it and into it. Do thou like the sun. Carry light and warmth and sweetness, and so shall ye be the children of God.

Why, Oh, Why?
There are some unsolved mysteries in the great problem of life that give me cause for reflection and anxiety. If I were rich I believe I would build me a lonely cell somewhere in Clifton or some place like that, worth about \$30,000, with a store-room like a wholesale grocery, where I might have plenty of help in studying these intricate problems in our daily economy, or extravagance, as the case may be. For often and often I wonder and wonder:

Why you always put teaspoons into the vase upside down?

Why the pantaloon of a godless atheist, who never said a prayer in his life, bag at the knees just as quickly and decidedly as the breaks of the saint who spends half his days on his knees?

Why it is wrong to eat pie with a knife?

Why Washington said to Gen. Lee at the battle of Manassah?

Why so many generals in the army have been privates ever since the war?

How the directory of a railroad company can get rich, while the stockholders gradually starve to death?

How a receiver prospers and grows fat on a business that ruined the merchant?

Why the man who "has gone out of politics" never misses a convention and always keeps "in the hands (and also the pockets) of his friends?"

What the state would do for penitentiaries if all the rascals should suddenly step up and confess?

Why a woman falls like a flash not two inches from the banana skin she steps on, while a man falls like a cyclone half way round the block howling like a demon at every plunge, and at last climax with a crash under a peanut stand on the other side of the street?

Why "pure bear's oil" is always cheaper when pork is away down, and booms up like a balloon in the cholera years?

Why, when spring chickens are so small you have to eat them by the dozen to taste one, the price is so high you have to buy them by the chicken?

Why a man frequently tries to make himself necessary when he would serve humanity much better by making himself scarce?

Why it is so much easier to lose half a dozen bets than it is to win one?

Why Tom Thumb was always billed as "twenty-three years old" until the day he died, when he made a jump of more than his lifetime?

Why some people "remember the Sabbath day" as though it was only a parlor-car porter, and give it a quarter in full for all demands?

Whatever became of the "blue-glass remedy?"

And what went with all the archery clubs?

I don't believe in philosophy wasting its time on trifles. If the wise men want something useful and practical to ponder over, here are their problems.—"Bob" Burdette, in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fair play: "Sir, you predicted frost for the night of the 21st of September," said an old farmer as he entered the Signal Office at Cleveland two or three days later.

"Yes, sir."

"And it didn't come?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that prediction caught me with eight hundred bushels of apples on the trees, and I sold the lot for half price."