

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING JANUARY 21, 1886.

271

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

21 N. Union Street,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths

Doors,

Sash,

Blinds,

Frames,

Calcined Plaster

Lime, Hair, Nails, &c.

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

Sept. 11, 1884—y.

UNDERTAKING!



I MUST respectfully inform the public that I have just completed a new hearse and can furnish

Coffins and Caskets

of the latest styles. Glass white COFFINS and CASKETS for children a specialty. Also WHEELWRIGHTING and BLACKSMITHING in all their branches. Very thankful for all past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.

EDWARD FAGAN,

Chaplain, St. Mary's county, Md. Oct. 2, 1884—y.

G. W. CARROLL.

J. W. BRADLEY

CARROLL & BRADLEY,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

No. 16 Camden Street,

BALTIMORE.

REFERRED BY PERMISSION.

Judge C. F. Goldsborough, Cambridge, Md.

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Dr. H. W. Houston, E. S. Market, Md.

Nat. Farmers & Planters Bank, Baltimore, Md.

Oct. 18, 1883—y.

NEW GOODS!

NEW STORE!

The firm formerly known as Mrs. Blain & Jones has mutually dissolved partnership and will now be recognized as

Mrs. L. A. JONES & CO.

Thinking our patrons for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same. We assure the public that our best efforts shall be made to keep a handsome and fashionable assortment of all

MILINERY,

FANCY &

DRESS GOODS.

Having just returned from Baltimore with a well assorted stock, we are prepared to accommodate the most fastidious customer. Call and examine our stock.

Mrs. L. A. JONES & CO.

May 8, 1884—y.

R. A. GOLDEN,

GROCER AND

Commission Merchant,

CORNER 10th and E. NOS. 941 and 943

S. W.

OLD STAND WAREHOUSE

931 LOUISIANA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Oct. 28, 79—y.

BOARDING.

Mrs. E. R. BELL is now prepared to accommodate permanent and transient boarders at

WHITE HALL, LEONARDTOWN,

at the following rates:

Breakfast and supper, 25 cents each.

Dinner, 85

Horse feed, long and short combined, 25c.

Nov. 18, 84—y.

Sing Me a Song of the Olden Time.

Sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" and "Bonnie Doon"
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth
Sing me some dear old tune.

And I will dream, as I hear your voice,
Sweet and tender, and strong and clear,
Like your mother's voice, when those eyes
she sang,
Long ago when we both were young—
You are so like her, dear.

Take down her harp and touch the strings;
Too long, too long, have they silent been,
My heart has been full of lullaby and strain,
And the care and worry of active life—
I long for the songs again.

Sing "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon"
Your mother sang that song to you
While she rocked you there on her breast
Dear little daughter do not weep—
Sing me the old song, too.

Sing "Lagan Water" and "Land of the Leith"
"Annie Laurie" and "Banks of Doon"
Dear old songs that we never forget,
Over my heart they are breathing yet
Sing them all to me.

No music ever so sweet can be
As the tender lay of the days of yore,
Sing by mother and sister and wife,
And now, my child, in this later life,
I would hear those songs once more.

So sing me a song of the olden time—
"Highland Laddie" or "Bonnie Doon"
Sing to me now in the fading light,
For my heart goes back to my youth
Sing me some dear old tune.

—ABIE KISSE.

A New Southern Type.

Mr. Robert Rood is a young farmer, thin, browned, all fibre, slow but easy of motion, self-reliant and independent—he is a fine type of the young Southern farmer.

"The earth is a gold mine," he says, "to any man that works it diligently."

It has certainly proven to be one to Mr. Rood. In seven years he has made over \$40,000 in farming—not by speculating—for he has lost \$10,000 by that method, but by the patient tilling of the earth and the slow transmitting of sunshine, rain and sweat into corn and cotton.

The story of his work is significant, and it may be improving, so here it is in paragraphs, coaxed from his own lips.

"My father said to me, about seven years ago, 'my son, I'm going to die, and I leave \$40,000 in honest debts that you must pay.' In six weeks he was dead, and I took the plantation in Stewart county on the Chattahoochee river. I mortgaged the place for \$4,000 and went to work. The first lesson I learned was economy. I darned my own socks and patched my clothes as they wore out. When I went to Eufaula I put a biscuit in my pocket, and when I got to town tied my horse to a rack and saved hotel bill. I ran a plow myself, leading the way for my hands. At night I lit up the forge and did my own blacksmithing, learning as I went. I never left my farm a day, and slept only six hours at night."

"That must have brought success?"

"Of course it did, as it would have brought it any other business. In two years I had paid my debt and had money in bank. I have made in actual money over \$40,000. This is my poorest year, and yet I will clear over \$3,500. I would not give any man five dollars to guarantee me \$3,000 a year on my ten-acre farm for the next ten years. Farming is the safest business a man can engage in, if he goes at it right."

"What are the rules by which you work?"

"First, I raise my own provisions. I have 1,000 bushels of corn, 1,100 bushels of oats, 800 bushels of peas, and 400 gallons of syrup now for sale. I raise much of my own meat, and would raise it all except that my climate is too warm to cure it in. I never saw a man who did not raise his own corn that made money on cotton. I never saw a corn raiser that wasn't a prosperous farmer. You can often figure out that you can buy corn cheaper than you can raise it—but that is only on paper. Corn raisers prosper—the others fail. My cotton crop is always a cash surplus. I make my other crops carry on the farm."

"Next to raising my own corn, I count personal attention to my business. I sow every bushel of oats myself, because I never found a hand that could do it right. This fall I worked eleven hours a day with a three peck basket on my arm and sowed oats ahead of twelve plows, till the ends of my fingers were bleeding. In making syrup I got along with four hours of sleep in twenty-four, and the result is perfect syrup. I superintend every detail of my farming

as this. Every back strap of my harness has a bag of moss sewed under the leather to protect the mule's back. Thread wouldn't do for that sort of sewing, as it would rot. Iron wire wouldn't, for it would rust. So every pad is sewed with copper wire. I never had a scald back or a piece of broken skin on a mule since I've been farming.

"Next to personal supervision is economy. Nothing is wasted on my farm. I have 120 tons of home-made manure composted now, and one ton of composted manure is worth three tons of guano. Not a blade of grass is burned on my place. That, with the refuse of my sugar cane even, is turned under and enriches the ground. It is small things that make or ruin the farmer. My neighbors use two or three sets of plow lines a year, mine lasts me two or three years. Every night I oil every wagon on my place, using cotton oil. Every month I have every axle cleaned and the old oil rubbed off. This saves my wagons. My stock and crops are all protected the same way. The poorest horse on my place is the house I live in."

"How about your labor?"

"Better than slaves. I pay them \$9 a month, half in cash every Saturday night, one ration, and allow each hand a half acre for potatoes and an acre for corn, and give them every Saturday afternoon. They work because they know I know it when they shirk. They began stealing from me. I slept on the ground every night for three weeks. I bagged three of the thieves, and now I am safe. When they are well I make them work, and when they are sick I give them medicine from my own hand. In short, they know I watch them and they work."

"You find the life a happy one?"

"The freest, happiest, most independent life in the world. I have not been sick a day in eleven years. When I lie down I sleep. I ask no man any odds. My broad acres are there and they are exhaustless. The best bank a farmer can have is his land. Every dollar he puts there is safe and will pay him interest and principal. Many farmers sell their cotton seed. That is robbing their land. I buy cotton seed, for with acid phosphate and stable manure it makes the best fertilizer. The farmer is the one independent man."

"I cannot understand," Mr. Rood went on to say, "why a young fellow will stay in the city and clerk at a small salary, with no future, when a farmer's life is open to him. No man could have had a much worse start than I did. Now, in spite of markets, weather, or anything else, I can live a freeman's life, with health, open air exercise, and at the end of each year put from \$3,500 to \$5,000 in bank. This is not chance. It is certainty. And there is nothing in me except hard work, attention and a little common sense. If fifty young clerks were to go to Stewart county today and farm just as I do, each one would reach the same result. It is no experiment. It is the most certain of certain things."

And away the young farmer went with a gang of friends who had called for him. Why may not he prove to be a type? Why may not there follow in his footsteps a race of young farmers, sturdy and self-reliant, with smooth brows, clear eyes, and strong arms? Why may they not come to the rescue of our section from the domination of Western smokehouse and cribs, and win for the South amid their corn row a fuller and better experience than their fathers fought for twenty-five years ago? There is plenty of land and more to come. Mr. Rood started with 2,000 acres, which he has already cut down to 1,200. He contracts his arable land once every year.

"Intensive farming," says he, "is the policy of the future. There is one war cry under which the South can command the situation. That is a battle to the acre, or full corncribs, a big compost heap and a home on the farm." Frankly, now, isn't this broad-shouldered young farmer, with his steel-like sinews, his untroubled sleep, come nearer to solving the problem than those of us who, aiming at glittering heights, are fighting and stumbling along the uneven way.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution

A Western paper describing an accident, says: "Dr. Crawford was called; and under his prompt and skillful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

For Pains a Wife's Sake.

The death E. T. Johnson, of Indianapolis, Indiana, revives the story of his strange and painful history, a history that exemplifies the adage that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. He is the man whom Senator Voorhees successfully defended at Greenville, Tenn., a few months ago, on a charge of murder, the details of the case, Mr. Voorhees says, being the strangest he had ever known.

Johnson was a prominent lawyer and politician here, with a wife who was a member of one of the best families of this city. His health failing, he procured an appointment as pension agent in Tennessee, taking with him his wife and son. During his stay there his wife fell a victim to a seducer, a man named Henry, who had left his family in New York and settled in Tennessee as agent for some mine owner. Johnson believed to the day of his death that it was through some mesmeric power that this man obtained the influence which he did over his victim.

After the occurrence, and before Johnson became aware of the full state of the facts, the wife returned to this city, and during her stay here, while the husband was still at his post of duty in the South, she confessed her crime in a series of letters. Stunned by the terrible revelation and wavering as to his proper course, Johnson came here from Tennessee, and after consulting with one friend, their pastor, held an interview with her. In this interview he told her that, while he could not so far forget her wrong as to then take her again to his arms as his wife, he was yet so much devoted to her and hers that no word or intimation of the terrible truth should ever escape his lips; that he would continue to support and care for her in every particular, making her even a larger allowance for maintenance than before, and doing all he possibly could to render her comfortable. Whether he could ever do more than this, by accepting her again in the nearest and dearest relations of life, he could not then tell.

He then left her promising to return on the following morning and complete in legal form the agreement which he had outlined. The next morning came, but with it the announcement that she was dead—dead by her own hand. She had dressed herself in purest white, placed his picture on the mantle so that her last look should fall upon it, laid herself upon a bed, arranged her clothing with the utmost care, and shot herself through the heart. Johnson's first thought, on hearing of her suicide, was as to the best manner in which he could prevent the facts from being known. He decided immediately to protect her memory at all cost, and announced as the cause of her suicide insanity. The theory was generally accepted, for no suspicion of the terrible truth had yet come to the minds of any citizens or friends of the family.

The indications were favorable to the success of his plans, but some of his political enemies induced his wife's father to believe that she had been murdered by her husband. This startling suspicion spread through the community, creating intense feeling and excitement, yet in the midst of it all the husband persistently remained silent, refusing to give any explanation of the few suspicious circumstances which had come to the surface, preferring to live and die under the suspicion of wife-murder rather than tell the facts of her shame. The father, however, persisted in his groundless suspicion, and, bringing the case into court, compelled him to produce the correspondence which had passed between them, and thus the terrible truth became known.

Johnson though promptly acquitted, left this city a broken-hearted man, and, returning to Tennessee, took up the burden of life in his duties as pension agent. While there he found himself harassed by the constant attacks of the man who had ruined his home and happiness, who, not content with this, was now deliberately maligning the character of the dead wife, asserting as a climax to all his course that the original crime was committed only at the instance and urgent solicitation of the woman, now dead.

This last assertion was more than Johnson, in his excited condition, could bear, and, arming himself with

a shot gun, he started in search of the seducer and traducer, and, finding him blew his brains out. The people of the town where the tragedy occurred welcomed Johnson with shouts of approval, and, placing him upon the shoulders of excited men carried him in a triumphant manner to the courthouse, offering tenfold the sums required for his bond, and threatening to tear down the jail should he be for a moment imprisoned. When the trial was had he was triumphantly acquitted, the jury scarcely leaving the box before a verdict in his favor was rendered.

This was the beginning of the end. Johnson, who had struggled for months against the dread destroyer, praying only to live that his act might be sanctioned by the law, sank rapidly from that time, week by week, month by month, welcoming the death which should place him beside her whom he loved to the last.

DIGNITY URBET.—Too much dignity, like too much pride, is oftentimes doomed to fall, and instead of being commended, becomes the butt of ridicule. Foote, the English comic actor, once made a wager that he would upstage the dignity of a certain head waiter at the principal hotel in Bath, who had the name of being the most dignified man in Britain. His experiment and success are noted below.

Foote went to the hotel with three friends—an engineer who had lost an eye, a cavalry officer who had lost an arm, and an old sea captain who had lost a leg. The quartette ensconced themselves in the four corners of the room, and bawled for the waiter, who came in, with a more than ordinary assumption of dignity as a tacit process against their unceremonious treatment of him.

"Waiter," cried the one-eyed engineer, "come and take off my eye glass," adding as the waiter swelled with indignation, "and while you're about it, just take out my eye."

"Your eye, sir?" echoed the startled dignitary.

"Yes, my eye; don't you understand English? Look sharp!"

Eye glass and glass eye came away together, and the waiter recognized them doubtfully as they lay in the palm of his hand, like a man eyeing a watch that had suddenly stopped.

Just then the one armed dragon shouted in his turn: "Waiter, take off my glove; and now that I think of it, take off my arm!"

Glove and hand gave away at the first effort, and the waiter, appalled to see his customers all tumbling to pieces like a mosaic puzzle, was turning hastily away, when the one-legged sailor roared:—

"Waiter, pull off my starboard boot, and you may as well pull off my leg, too!"

The poor waiter shudderingly complied, mentally repeating every prayer he could think of. Instantly the previously loosened straps of the cork leg gave way, and down went the man of dignity on his august back, with the artificial limb quivering in his clutches.

It was enough. Forgetting everything in his agonized longing to escape from this chamber of horrors, the ill-starred waiter, casting a terrified glance at the fragments which strewn the carpet, sprang towards the door.

But before he could reach it, Foote himself—the length and flexibility of whose neck might have aroused the envy of an ostrich—called out:—

"Waiter, come and take off my hat, and while you're at it, take off my head!"

Human nature could bear no more. The martyred waiter gave one yell and made but a single bound from the top of the stairs to the bottom, upsetting not only his dignity, but himself, so thoroughly that to the day of his death he was never quite his own self again.

An Italian doctor has discovered a method of petrifying human bodies, and claims that the idea is a new one. There is nothing new about it. Before the war a San Antonio doctor turned a negro woman into stone. The stone he turned her into was a diamond, worth a thousand dollars, that being the price she brought at auction.—Texas Sittings.

Disappointment in matters of pleasure is hard to be borne, in matters affecting health it becomes cruel. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds, irritation of the throat and lungs, etc.

Death of the Old Wife.

She had lain all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily-laden breath; but as the sun sank to rest in the far-off western sky, and the glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner, who sat motionless by the bedside; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his.

"Is it night?" she asked, in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly, "it is growing dark."

"Where are the children?" she queried: "are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her? the children who had slept for long years in the old churchyard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and, growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown before the old father and mother had finished the sojourn.

"The children are safe," answered the old man; "don't think of them, Janet; think of yourself; does the way seem dark?"

"My trust is in Thee; let me never be confounded! What does it matter if the way is dark? I'd rather walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light. I'd rather walk with Him by faith than walk alone by sight." John, where's little Charlie?" she asked. Her mind was again in the past. The grave dust of twenty years had lain on Charlie's golden hair, but the mother had never forgotten him. The old man patted her cold hands—hands that had labored so hard that they were seamed and wrinkled and calloused with years of toil, and the wedding ring was worn to a mere thread of gold—and then he pressed his thin lips to them and cried. She had encouraged and strengthened him in every toil of life. Why, what a woman she had been! What a worker! What a leader in Israel! Always with the gift of prayer or service. They had stood at many a death-bed together—closed the eyes of loved ones, and then sat down with the Bible between them to read the promises. Now she was about to cross the dark river alone. And it was strange and sad to the old man, and the yellow-haired granddaughter left them, to hear her babble of walks in the woods and gather May flowers, and strolling with John; of petty household cares that she had always put down with a strong, resolute hand; of wedding festivals and death-bed triumphs; and when at midnight she heard the bridegroom's voice, and the old man bending over her, cried pitifully, and the young granddaughter kissed her pale brow, there was a solemn joy in her voice as she spoke the names of her children, one by one, as if she saw them with immortal eyes, and with one glad smile put on immortality.

They led the old man sobbing away, and when he saw her again the sun was shining, the air was jubilant with the songs of birds, and she lay asleep upon the couch under the north window, where he had seen her so often lie down to rest while waiting for the Sabbath bell. And she wore the same black silk, and string of gold beads about her neck, and the folds of white tulle, only now the brooch with his miniature was wanting, and in its place was a white rose, and a spray of cedar; she had loved cedar—she had loved to sing over her work—

"Oh, may I in H's courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green."

But what a strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone, the traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was laid on the pale lips. The old man was awed by the likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips and said softly: "You've found heaven first, Janet; but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in over seventy years; but it won't be for long—it won't be for long." And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding. We had planned much for it, and I wonder—I wonder—but no! Where they are there is neither marriage, nor giving in marriage—Selected.

Brain workers will regain increased mental power by taking Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron.

The "Good" Sometimes Fall.

The other evening, while a number of good people were gathered at a prominent church in H—, an unexpected shower of rain fell. Being somewhat out of season, it covered all objects exposed to its influence with a thin coating of glory ice.

The amount of sudden surprise and sore feelings a slippery walk will sometimes afford, when suddenly encountered, is really phenomenal.

When the congregation slowly arose at the end of the services, filled with the Lord's teachings and the shape of Mrs. Pabony's bonnet, some lingered to exchange greetings with the minister, or perchance collected in friendly groups to comment upon the probabilities of an open winter.

The first to reach the door was a large, portly old deacon, whose face wore a smile of contentment. But this gave place to a look of real anxiety, for his feet shot out like a popliteal dog after rats, and he suddenly sat down in such a hearty manner that it cracked his false teeth, and on account of the respect I have for the deacon, I will call what he said "Condemn it!" and let it go at that. Hurriedly rising, he repeated the act to see if twice in rapid succession would prove fatal. This seemed to satisfy him, and he dodged away in the darkness.

Next a stranger came out, followed by two choir girls. Suddenly without any warning his umbrella flew up and stabled the tall girl with black eyes in the lungs, then he motioned violently to absent friends, spread out his umbrella and laid down.

The tall girl pulled a roll of music on him, then seemed to change her mind, reared up and jabbed her head into his shirt bosom, letting her voice out in high C—in a way that sounded like the wild, frightened twitter of a railroad engine. This called forth the minister, who rushed out upon the scene. But he seemed to forget the object of his search, for after a few easy tricks he sat down in a very giddy manner, and started off towards the street sailing on the bowl of his pants; fortunately just as he reached the street, he grabbed a lamp post that seemed to be trying to dodge past him, and this he held onto until help enough arrived to hold him.

By this time the crowd acted as though they were trying to dance some new-fangled war-dance. One old lady sat down on a sad eyed dude with such firmness that his cry for help ended when he got as far as "hel."

Just then my left foot shied off toward a young lady that was performing near me, and I laid down to see if I couldn't fasten to the walk; finding this no safer, I was just rising and had got upon my hands and knees, when an old lady came capering along like a barrel of kerosene down a flight of stairs, bringing up with great precision against my coat tail. Not being prepared for an attack from the rear, I first humped up then shot out like a wad from a gun. The shock seemed to extend all over me, and when I came to again the crowd had gone, and all was quiet save an occasional victim who would regain consciousness, groan a little, repeat some scripture and then make a comical sneak off in the darkness.—Peck's Sun.

A LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.—You 19-member Louise Elridge's adventure with a mustard poultice, don't you? It's a good many years ago, when Louise was young and charming. Capt. Elridge and she were stopping at a country hotel, when in the middle of the night the Captain was taken with the cramps, and Louise slipped on her dressing gown and went down to the parlor, who took her to the kitchen, where she manufactured a rousing mustard poultice. She ran rapidly up stairs so that the blazed thing should not cool. She flew along the passage till she saw a dim light over the transom. She slipped into the room, she rushed up to the bed, she pulled down the spreads, she yanked up a night gown, and she clapped a red hot mustard poultice on the pit of a stomach, saying: "That will relieve you, my dear." And a great big strange man sat up and cursed her like a pilot-off Sandy Hook. Poor Louise! she had cramps herself before she gained her own room and fainted on the heart-rug, while the man with the mustard poultice went raging around to find his unknown assailant.—N. Y. Mirror.

Bertie—"I say, Uncle Eph, don't you wish you were a little angel, with wings, and had nothing to do but enjoy yourself flying around in the sky?" Uncle Eph—"Not this weather, child!"