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Saint Mary's Beacon.

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H. G. DUDLEY. J. W. CARPENTER.
W. J. EDELEN.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

No. 57 Light Street,

BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.
Jan 5, 82A—†

UNDERTAKING!

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

Coffins and Caskets

of the latest styles. Gloss 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,
Chaptico, St. Mary's county, Md.
Oct 2, 1884—tf

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.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.
Judge C. F. Goldsborough, Cambridge, Md;
Hon. D. M. Henry, Cambridge, Md.
[illegible] & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Hurst, Purnell & Co., Baltimore, Md.
R. R. Butler, Trappe, Md.
Dr. H. W. Houston, E. N. 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.

Thanking 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—tf†

R. A. GOLDEN,

GROCER AND

Commission Merchant,

CORNER 10th and F. NOS. 941 and 943 S. W.

OLD STAND WAREHOUSE

931 LOUISIANA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Oct 28, 79—tf†

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, 25 "
Horse feed, long and sh[ort] combin[ed]
Nov 13, 84—tf†

Reid's Dining Rooms

No. 2 McClellan's Alley,

Near Baltimore St.,

Serves Regular Dinners at 25 cents.

Makes a specialty of the finest steamed OYSTERS in the city. Gentlemen stopping at REID'S can find meals at all hours. The BAR is stocked with the best wines and cigars that the market can afford.
July 16, 85—6m†

BOOTS AND SHOES.
If you want a first-class Boot or Shoe go
Fenwick & Morgan

At Waking.

I bore dead Love unto his grave,
Beneath a willow, in winter's rain,
Where he might feel the branches wave,
And hear me if he woke again.

One withered rose tree on his tomb
I planted, so that, by and by,
If he should wake, the rose might bloom,
And I should know, and hear him cry.

I decked his breast with rosemary,
Laid on his lips one violet,
That once he kissed; I think if he
Should wake he will not quite forget.

I set a crown about his brow,
The crown affection weaves and wears;
At waking, he will hardly know,
I fear, whose diadem he shares.

I placed a lily in his hand—
Sceptre of his dead sovereignty;
At waking, will he understand
Who placed it there, to bloom or die?

I laid my heart, that for his sake
Remembers now no old sweet strain,
Close to his ear; he, if he wake,
Perchance may tune its strings again.

If he should wake! Till death be dead,
Till life begin, and sleep be past,
Till on his breast he lay thy head,
And flowers begin to bloom at last—

O soul, remember! Lest by thee
That unknown sweetness be forgot
Which now thou lookest for, and he
Bid thee "Depart? I know thee not."

—*Sidney R. Thompson in Chamber's Journal.*

TROT'S MOTHER.

"Well, my boy, I'll try and tell you all about it from the beginning. Help yourself to a cigar first, and pass the box to me. I knew you would want to hear the particulars and I—I have been trying to put off the evil moment. I'm getting an old man now, Harry, and all this shook me a good deal at the time.

"Come here, Trot, and sit on my knee. There, that's better. Seems odd, Harry, don't it, to see an old bachelor like me nursing a tiny bit of a girl like Trot? How the time flies!

"You see my dear lad, you ought to have told her before you went away. She never guessed you thought of her in that way. It might have saved her—who knows?

"It must have been nine years since your Uncle Will died and left Violet in my care. She was only 15 then. Don't you think Trot is very like her? The same brown eyes and long lashes, the same loving little ways.

"She came to me one morning soon after you started for China, with a letter in her hand.

"Look here, uncle,' she said, kneeling beside me, and holding the note where I could read; 'it's from the Golds, and they invite me to go and stay with them at Ventnor. May I accept?"

"Do you want to go, Violet?' I asked.

"Of course I do,' she answered, laughing. "We are so quiet here at home, and this would be such a delightful change. Please let me, uncle. I'll write you long letters, and tell you about everything."

"I did not want to part with her even for a little time, for the three years she had been with me then had made my life quite a different matter; but it seemed selfish to keep the bright, merry girl always shut up with a crusty, old man. I gave her leave to go, and then, when after a fortnight she wrote begging to be allowed to stay longer, as her friends wished, I had not the heart to refuse. She was there five weeks and then she came home.

"The very day after her return he came—that contemptible scoundrel whom in those few weeks she had learned to regard as a hero. How he found out at first that she had a little fortune of her own I don't know. He asked for me, and told me that he wanted my permission to address my niece.

"He was a good-looking young fellow, and had a frank, open manner that was sure to win a girl's favor, but I thought of you, Harry, and determined to prevent the matter going further if I could. I took a strong and apparently unreasonable dislike to him and made many inquiries, hoping to find out something that would justify me in forbidding him the house, but entirely in vain. But I studied; observed every little act or word, until at last I was convinced that I knew him through, and that he was no fit husband for my little Violet.

"By this time it had become a kind of tacit engagement, and I knew I should seem almost brutal for interfering, but I couldn't bear the idea of giving Violet into his care. I vowed to myself that nothing on earth should induce me to do so, and I told him to discontinue his visits.

"The result of that was that he came to a definite understanding with Violet, and she promised to marry him with or without my consent.

"Don't look at me so reproachfully Harry. It may be that I acted unwisely, all through; but if so I have been severely punished for my folly. You have let your cigar go out. Here are the matches.

"You want me to tell you all she said and did—her very words, as well as I can remember. That's a hard matter, for my memory is not so good as it used to be.

"I was sitting here one evening when Violet came in slowly, and, sitting down where you are, looked at me sadly for some minutes.

"'Uncle, dear,' she said, at last, 'I cannot understand you. I never believed that you could be so hard and cruel.'

"'It is not like you to be so unjust, so arbitrary,' she went on. 'It seems to me, uncle, that in the matter of marriage a woman should choose for herself and not be influenced by anyone. I have made my choice and given my word; but oh! I should be so much happier if you were not angry. Do forgive me and be your own kind self again.'

"'Yes, when you yield to my wishes,' I answered coldly. 'You are a mere girl, Violet, and have had no experience of men. If you were ten years older I should leave you to take the consequences of your rashness, but as it is——'

"'As it is—what then? Oh! uncle,' and she slipped from her chair and kneeled here on the rug at my feet, 'pray—pray be your old self again. You were never angry with me before and it seems so strange and unnatural to see you turn your head away from we without a smile. Do you love me only if I have no voice, no will of my own?'

"'Listen to me, child,' I said, looking her in the face. 'I have striven to be a father to you since I brought you here: I have loved you, heaven only knows how dearly! In return I only ask you to let me prevent your making a complete wreck of your life. I want to save you from a sad fate, and you think me a tyrant.

"She took my hand in both of hers and pressed her face on it, and then looked up with a smile.

"'I wish Harry was here,' she said. 'He would help me convince you. He always took my side.'

"I ought not to have told you that, my dear boy, but it was so fresh in my mind, as it struck me forcibly at the time, knowing as I did your love for her. Forgive my want of tact.

"She was not given to shedding tears like some women, or she would have cried then. Her cheeks were hot and burning as they touched my hand, while her eyes were feverishly bright. She used every argument she could find to induce me to consent to her engagement, and as I remained silent she drew nearer and gazed up eagerly in my face.

"'You relent, uncle?' she whispered, in an agitated way. 'You will let me be happy?'

"'In that way, never,' I told her sadly and sternly, and I tried to draw away my fingers, but she clung to them tightly, while her lips quivered.

"Don't say that, dear uncle!' she said hoarsely. 'Dear uncle, oh, what can I say—what can I say to move you?'

"You think I was very hard, Harry, I see, but I thought it best.

"'Hush, child,' I said. Nothing will influence me. I am resolved.'

"'And so am I,' she said sorrowfully, dropping my hand and rising to her feet. 'I should always have wished to please you; but now as you are harsh and unjust, and will not listen to reason, what can I do?'

"She waited for me to speak, but I had no words at hand. I was too hurt and angry. She went toward the door, then came back and stood behind me, resting her hand lightly upon my shoulder.

"'Try and forgive me, uncle. I love him so—I love his faults that make you despise him, and his virtues you do not know. Won't you kiss me, uncle?'

"I was half inclined to take her in my arms and tell her she could do what she would, but I did not. After a few minutes of a dead silence I heard her catch her breath in a half sob, and then the door closed upon her, and I was alone.

"The next day she did not come down before I went to the city, and when I came home she was gone. I have forgiven her now, Harry; but it was a cruel blow. After all my love and care I did not think she could have left me like that!

"Why, Trot, you look quite frightened! I'm not cross my pet.

"Yes, yes, my boy, I'm going on; but you are so impatient. Well, some time after—year or two years, perhaps, I can't remember exactly—I was coming home at dusk, in the Strand, I think it was, I met a woman in a shabby black dress, with a child on her arm; our eyes met, and then somehow or other we were the centre of a crowd, and I was raising Violet's head from the hard pavement. She had fainted on seeing me, and I had just contrived to save her and the little one from a severe fall.

"I brought her home in a cab, and my housekeeper helped her into bed. Harry, she was next door to starvation, when that accidental meeting gave her back to me—for only three days. I was too late to save her.

"'You have forgiven me?' she asked that evening, as I sat by her bed.

"'I forgave you, my child, long since, but not him who has brought you to this. Where is he?'

"'Dead,' said the poor girl in a faint whisper. 'Don't speak ill of him—I can't bear it.'

"I asked her why she had not let me know she was in distress—why she had not come home.

"'I was ashamed to come,' she said; 'I knew you would not turn from me, but I was too much ashamed.'

"The next day but one the doctor told me what to expect. I promised the poor child that Trot should take her place with me. I held the little one for her to kiss, and had it taken away; and then—

"'Trot, my darling, run up stairs to nurse for a while; I'll call you down again by an by.'

"And then, as I said, Violet bade me good-by. Her last words? They were: 'Give my love to [illegible].'

* * * * *

"These incessant fogs have a very hard effect on my throat. I can't talk for any length of time without getting like I did just now, so that I can't croak out a word.

"There isn't much more to tell, fortunately, for I'm getting as hoarse as a raven.

"I was out with Trot by my side, one day last autumn, when I came upon some one who I thought had gone to join the majority. He was walking with a pretty, stylish-looking girl, chatting and laughing, but when he saw me, his smile died on his lips and the blood flew to his face.

"His gaze dwelt for an instant on the child whose hand I held. He knew those brown eyes and long lashes, and he saw the black frock.

"There, that is all, Harry. I read your thoughts! You must not! Leave him to heaven. Promise me, boy—for her sake."

A WONDERFUL MATHEMATICIAN.—A Kentuckian prodigy, Reuben Field by name, has but one developed faculty, this one seeming to take entire possession of him, driving all other thoughts from his mind. In early infancy he was apparently much as other children, but in extreme youth he developed a wonderful precocity, or rather a supernatural endowment for mathematics, even then solving difficult problems with apparent ease and with but little study. This became a mania with him, and grew as he grew, to the exclusion of other branches of thought, until finally, without knowing a single figure or letter of the alphabet, he became the perfect master of the science of mathematics. He has been tested by the most scientific men of this profession, and the answers of the most difficult problems that they have been able to propound are at his fingers' ends, the invariably correct solution being given in an instant, quicker than thought. As an instance of his remarkable powers he has been known to keep more than a dozen of clerks busy in taking invoice of a stock of goods. Indeed, his knowledge and application of the science of mathematics far exceed anything that the most scientific men are able to comprehend. Another phenominal characteristic of this man is that he can tell you, without hesitation, precisely what time it is, to a second, either day or night. Awakened from the soundest sleep, he can tell you precisely what time it is. What Blind Tom is to music Reuben Field is to mathematics, and, like that illustrious idiot, this one branch absorbs his entire mental capacity.

Reminiscences of a Virginia Battle Field.

Probably the scene of these events (the battle of the Crater) is more visited than any other spot among the battle fields in the southeast of Virginia. The man who owns the farm charges visitors a quarter a head, and conducts them about. Bullets and other relics are still plenty. I picked up several bullets in the ploughed fields, and also a piece of shell inside the Crater itself. There is a building full of relics picked up by Mr. Griffin, the owner of the place. Three of them are particularly interesting. One is made by two bullets meeting in the air, striking point to point in exact range. The result is a disc of lead as large as a silver dollar, and about as thick, with the base of the Yankee bullet showing in the centre on one side, and the rebel bullet on the other. Had these bullets passed each other the fate of the men firing them would not be hard to reckon.

Another queer relic is a Confederate musket, in the barrel of which two bullets met, splitting the barrel open like a banana peel. There the two bullets can be seen. The rebel bullet had got about one-third of the way out when it met the prying Yankee bullet on its way in, and then there was trouble at once. Of course the Yankee bullet had no business in there, or at least it should have waited until the other got out, but it undoubtedly was better for the holder of the gun that it went in the barrel than in his eye.

Another relic which tells a ghastly story is a Union cross belt plate. These plates, as many will remember, were circular, and worn on the cartridge box strap, and so came about over the heart, while the belt plate was elliptical and came about over the stomach. Both bore the letters "U. S." Through the plate picked up had passed a bullet, making a huge hole, and of course the ball must have passed into or through the body of the wearer.

One musket shown has the marks of eight bullets upon it. Two of them are flattened into the iron of the barrel and remain there. It was evidently pretty lively times in the vicinity of the soldier that carried that gun.

There are thousands of other relics—cups, canteens, sabres, bayonets, pistols, shells, shoes, pictures, letters, etc., making a most interesting collection. There have been tons and tons of lead and iron carried away from fields by relic hunters, and the supply seems inexhaustible. Every fresh ploughing and rain disclosed them and you can hardly dig in vain in the leaves and dirt in any direction. Indian arrow heads, axe heads, and other Indian relics are found also, and a little deeper any quantity of fossil remains of marine life. Shark's teeth, shells and huge bones of old ocean monsters are plenty. It is a locality with a history that did not begin with the Crater fight.

One day while Mr. Griffin was showing a party of Northern men around, one of them said: "I am reminded of an incident that occurred here. I had charge of a gun over there in the works near Fort Morton. One Sunday while there was no firing going on, and we were loafing about, I saw a man come over the hill by the cemetery and come down across this slope toward the rear of the Confederate lines. His comfortable and serene manner irritated me, and I made up my mind to see how close I could come to him, and we all chuckled at the idea of scaring the life out of him. I took good aim and landed a shot about six feet from him. You ought to have seen him git up and git. He was the scardest and most demoralized Johnny Reb you ever saw. He went on at a rate that would run a dog to death, and we roared with cheers and laughter to see him dust."

"So you are the man that fired that shot, are you?" asked Griffin.

"Yes; do you know anything about it?"

"Well, I think I do," was the reply, "I was the fellow you shot at. I was a lad coming with something for my father, who was in the works. I did not suppose there was a Yankee fool enough or mean enough to shoot a cannon at one little boy carrying grub to his father. But you don't exaggerate the scare. I didn't grow another inch in a year."—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

☞The best remedy for Insomnia is Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron.

A Man's Three Meals.

Yes, breakfast ought to be a hearty one, eaten early in the morning, and eaten slowly so as to preclude the possibility of eating too heavily, which would materially interfere with the business of the day. A man or woman who is no breakfast eater must either be a heavy—over-heavy—supper eater, or be in a bad state of health. A person who requires the stimulus of a cup of tea, or any other stimulus or stimulant whatever, before partaking of solid food is not in the heyday of health. I like to see a man have his breakfast first, and then feel round for his cup of coffee, tea and chocolate. I have known the strongest and healthiest of men positively forget all about the liquid part of their breakfast and leave the table without it. I have known men who scarcely ever touched a drop of liquid of any kind from one week's end to another, and who, nevertheless, were in ruddy and robust health. What a person eats for breakfast often gives me a clue to the state of his health. One example: If, while sojourning at a hotel, I see a man come down to breakfast between 10 and 11 o'clock, and sit down to deviled kidneys with plenty of sauce (piquant), and perhaps one poor puny egg to follow, I would be willing to aver that he carries a white tongue and that his liver sadly needs seeing to. Ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, or beefsteak or a underdone chop, with boiled eggs to follow, and then a cup of nice tea, is a sensible breakfast for a man who is going away out into the fresh air to walk, or ride, or work till noon, but not for a person who has to sit all day in the same position at manual labor. I emphasize the word manual because intellectual or mental work conduces to appetite. An author hard at his desk, if his ideas be flowing freely, if he be happy at his work, and time flying swiftly with him, soon gets hungry, which only [illegible] that we must support the body well when there is a strain upon the mind, so that no extra expenditure of tissue may lead to debility. Cheerful conversation insures the easy digestion of a good breakfast. It is a pity that in this country the custom of inviting friends to the matutinal meal is not more prevalent. It may seem a strange thing to say, but I would ten times sooner go out to breakfast than to dinner. One is, or ought to be, freshest in the morning; he then needs no artificial stimulus to make him feel bright, witty, happy, as he too often does after the duties of the day are over.

The mid-day meal, or luncheon to those who dine in the evening and who have work to do in the afternoon, should be a light one. I am not quite sure that I do not quite approve of the city "snack." It puts one past, it sustains nature, it leaves the mind free to think and to do its duty, and, above all, it enables the stomach to have a rest before the principal meal of the day. Now, about this meal I have to say that, if partaken of alone by one's self, it ought to be an abstemious one. Even in company it needs not be a heavy one. No matter how many courses there are, there is not the slightest necessity of making too free with them. But it is a fact, which every one must have felt, that even a moderately heavy meal is quickly and easily digested if accompanied with and followed by witty or intellectual and suggestive conversation.

"I'm a dyspeptic; I must not dine out," I have heard a gentleman more than once remark.

Well, my impression is that it does dyspeptics a deal of good to dine out, if they can eat in moderation and judiciously, never being tempted to call in the aid of artificial stimulus to enable them to do as men of more robust physique are doing around them.—*Cassell's Magazine for March.*

☞Mrs. Samuelson is the mother-in-law of Gilhooly. The last time they met she said, reproachfully: 'You haven't been to see me in a long time.' 'I have been intending to pay you a visit for some time, but you know the proverb, 'The road to perdition is paved with good intentions,' replied the wretch.

☞It takes over one hundred pairs of gloves to assuage the grief of the Brooklyn officials over the death of an alderman, whose life might have been saved by a single bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

HOW TO TEST SEED.—When you want new seed peas, put one from the stock into your mouth and bite it. If it is very hard, it is more than one year old. If the teeth enter it with moderate ease, it is new seed. New carrot seed always has a green shade on it. Old seed loses this, and is of a dead pale brown, and less fragrant. New parsnip has a shade of green, which it loses if more than one year old. Onion seed is more difficult to prove than most other seeds, but if you take a single seed at a time and carefully bite it, you will find that old seed has a tough, dry skin, with a very white and harsh kernel, while new seeds has a more tender, moist skin, and the kernel possesses a greater degree of moisture and somewhat oily. The seed may be cut with a penknife instead of bitten. Onion seed that has no vitality at all has no kernel, or one perfectly dry. Test this by pressing the seed on a piece of white writing paper. If it leaves no moisture on the paper it is of no use, and has been tampered with or has lost its vitality by age. New cabbage or broccoli seed possesses a pale green shade in the kernel when pressed out or cut, and a tinge in the brown skin also. But old seed loses this in proportion to its age, becoming of a dull dark brown. Cabbage, broccoli, kales, etc., will retain their vitality longer than any other seeds, and will grow well when three years old, or even six years, if well kept. Beet seed has a faint tinge of pale green if new, but it is a dull brown if old, and its vitality is very doubtful if old.

"DEATH VALLEY."—The "Death Valley," in Inyo county, Cal., owes its name partly to its frightfully desolate character, being for the most part destitute of everything necessary to support life, and partly in the number of persons and animals that perished there. The valley is 100 miles long by twenty miles wide, though [illegible] miles in length and eight or ten in width is embraced within Inyo county. In 1852 a large [illegible] of emigrants perished from thirst within its limits. Its level is from 100 to 400 feet below the sea, giving it a greater depression than the Caspian, and nearly as great as that of the Dead sea. It is probably the bed of a former lake, the waters of which were strongly charged with salt and soda. For forty-five miles in length and fifteen in depth along its center, it is a salt marsh, in which the Amarga (or Bitter) river sinks, and where a thin layer of soil covers an unknown depth of mud. For miles there is no water fit to drink, and although springs are numerous, they are intensely alkaline. An exploring party in 1865 found the temperature in January—the coolest month of the year—as high as ninety degrees Fahrenheit. When there is no breeze through the long canon the air becomes so dense that respiration is painful and difficult. During the spring terrible gales of wind fill the air with salt, gravel and sand, in clouds as black as coal smoke.

EARLY CHICKENS.—The greatest profit in poultry keeping is from the early chickens. By good feeding and management, some of the hens may be brooding in January, and all the chicks may be saved by the use of artificial brooders. Incubators are used by experts with success, but farmers and ordinary poultry keepers are rarely successful with these machines. Brooders, however, may be used by any person even a boy or girl, who will simply see that the heat is not excessive, and when the chicks open their mouths, give them fresh air. Eighty degrees is quite enough warmth for newly hatched chicks which are taken from the nest as they came out, and are placed in the brooder until all the brood is out, when they may be removed to a warm, glazed coop, with the hen. We have had young chicks thus nursed, until they were strong, which ran about in the snow in February with great pleasure and comfort, and not one was lost out of a lot of ninety, which were all hatched in January. All that is required is to have a warm part of the building an attic-room for the setting hens, and glazed coops set in a sunny place out of doors for the chicks when they came from the brooder.

☞There are two forms of chronic rheumatism: one in which the joints are swollen and red without fever, and the appetite and digestion good, in the other the joints are neither red nor swollen, but only stiff and painful. In either form Salvation Oil may be relied on to effect a cure. It kills pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.