

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Published every Thursday Morning at

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

DEMOCRATIC IN POLITICS.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

\$1.00 per inch for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Obituaries, church festivals, etc., over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 25 cents per inch. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

All communications must be accompanied by the real name of the author or no attention will be paid to them.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch.

T. P. YATES & F. V. KING, Publishers.

FERTILIZERS REDUCED IN COST TO FARMERS

Quality kept up to full Standard.

WE sell our Fertilizers to responsible buyers on crop time at same prices as heretofore, but now without interest, a saving of six per cent. to farmers. A liberal discount for cash.

For Tobacco buy our Victor.

It has stood the test of 7 years trial, and has the deserved reputation of making the

Finest quality and as much Tobacco as any Fertilizer in the market. It does not fire but keeps the Tobacco growing until ripe and curing nicely. A special Tobacco and Wheat Fertilizer—good for all crops.

OUR WAZERLY, specialty for Wheat, and Wheat and Corn Fertilizer have proven their value for these and other crops.

Our fertilizers are rich in the best crop producing elements—in the most perfect combination—and we confidently offer them to farmers for good crops, fine clover fields and permanent improvement of their lands. Orders solicited.

THOMAS C. PRICE & CO.

Commission Merchants

56 S. Ches. St., Baltimore.

FOR THE SALE OF

TOBACCO, GRAIN, WOOL and all country produce.

LEO H. HAYDEN, former Tobacco Inspector, gives his personal attention to this branch.

Consignments solicited.

March 24, 1886.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED

PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS,

FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS,

BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF

WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Pa-

tory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept

under cover.

March 18, 1886—v.

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

DUOLEY & 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, 1884—f

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 BLACK-

SMITHING in all their branches. Very

thankful for all past favors. I solicit a con-

tinuance of the same.

EDWARD FAGAN,

Chapman, St. Mary's county, Md.

Oct. 2, 1884—f

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.

T. J. Dall & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Hunt, Purnell & Co., Baltimore, Md.

R. B. 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 as-

sure 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 selected stock, we are prepared to ac-

commodate the most fastidious customer.

Call and examine our stock.

Mrs. L. A. JONES & CO.

May 8, 1884—f

TO TAXPAYERS.

PERSONS indebted to me for taxes for the

year 1884 are requested to make im-

Consolation.

From morning until evening

He sought for peace and rest—

Rest for the weary spirit,

Peace for a troubled breast;

But vain was all his seeking;

From dawn till set of sun;

His sins lay heavy on him,

And comfort there was none.

Then, in the gathering twilight,

He knelt him down in prayer,

And the stars shone upon him,

And smiled upon him there;

And while he told his Father

Of sin as black as night,

The pure white snow fell softly

And hid the earth from sight.

And when, in bitter sorrow,

He looked into the night,

Behold, the earth shone brightly,

Wrapped in its robe of white!

And the promise came to cheer him

And bring him peace! "Although

Your sins may be scarlet,

They shall be white as snow!"

—The Quaker.

MARVELOUS PIANO PLAYING.

"Jud, they say you have heard Rubin-

stein play when you were in New

York?"

"I did, in the cool."

"Well tell us all about it."

"What! me? I might as well tell

you about the creation of the world."

"Come, now; no mack modesty.

Go ahead."

"Well, sir, he had the biggest, cat-

tycorneredest pianer you ever laid

your eyes on, somethin' like a dis-

tracted billiard table on three legs.

The lid was hoisted, and mighty well

it was. If it hadn't he'd a tore the

intire sides clean out, and scattered

them to the four winds of heaven."

"Played well, did he?"

"You bet he did; but don't inter-

rupt me. When he first sat down he

'peared to keer mighty little 'bout

playin' and wish't he hadn't come. He

tweedle-oddled on the treble a little,

and twoodle-oddled some on the bass

—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's

jaws for being in his way. And I

say to the man settin' next to me,

'What sort of fool playin' is that?'

And he says 'Hush!' But

presently his hands began chasin' one

'nother up and down the keys, like a

parcel of rats scamperin' through a

garret very swift. Parts of it was

sweet, though, and reminded me of a

sugar squirrel turning the wheel of a

candy cage.

"Now, I says to my neighbor, 'he's

a showin' off. He thinks he's a doin'

of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan

of nothin'. If he'd play a tune of

some kind or other, I'd—"

"But my neighbor says 'Heigh,

very impatient.

"I was just about to git up and go

home, being tired of that foolishness,

when I heard a little bird wakin'

away off in the woods, and callin'

sleepy like to his mate, and I looked

up, and I see that Rubin was begin-

ning to take some interest in his busi-

ness, and I set down agin. It was

the peep of day. The light came

faint from the east, the breeze blowed

fresh and fresh, some birds waked

up in the orchard, then some more in

the trees near the house, and all be-

gan singing together. People began

to stir and the gal opened the shut-

ters. Just then the first beam of the sun

fell upon the blossoms a leetle more,

and it techt the roses on the bushes,

and the next thing it was broad day;

the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang

like they'd split their throats; all the

leaves were movin' and flashin' dia-

monds of dew, and the whole wide

world was bright and happy as a

king. Seemed to me like there was a

good breakfast in every house in the

land, and not a sick child or woman

anywhere. It was a fine morning.

"And I says to my neighbor, 'That's

music, that is.'"

"But he glanced at me like he'd cut

my throat.

"Presently the wind turned; it be-

gan to thicken up and a kind of thick

gray mist came over things; I got

low spirited directly. Then a silver

rain began to fall. I could see the

drops touch the ground, some flashed

up like long pearl earrings, and the

rest rolled away like rubies. It was

pretty, but melancholy. Then the

pearls gathered themselves together

into long strands and necklaces, and

then they melted into this silver

streams running between golden gra-

vels, and then the streams joined each

other at the bottom of the hill, and

made a brook that flowed silent, ex-

cept that you could kinder see music,

especially when the business on the

bank moved as the music went along

down the valley.

"I could smell the flowers in the

meadow. But the sun didn't shine,

and the birds sang; it was a foggy day,

but not cold. The most curious thing

was the little white angel boy, like

you see in pictures, that was ahead of

the music brook, and led him on, and

away out of the world, where no man

ever was—I never was certain. I

could see the boy as plain as I see

you. Then the moonlight came with-

out any sunset, and shone on the

graveyards, over the wall and be-

tween the black and shag-top trees

splendid marble houses up, with

fine ladies in the lift up, and men

and men that loved 'em, but never got

nigh 'em, and played on the trees

and made a most miser-

erable I could see. Because I

wanted to love somebody, I didn't

know who, better than the men with

guitars did. Then the sun went down,

it got dark, the wind moaned and

wept like a lost child for its dead

mother, and I could a got up there

and then and preached a better ser-

mon than any I ever listened to.

There wasn't a single thing in the

world left to live for, not a single

thing, and yet I didn't want the mu-

sic to stop one bit. It was happier

to be miserable than to be happy

without being miserable. I couldn't

understand it.

"I hung my head and pulled out

my handkerchief, and blowed my nose

to keep from cryin'. My eyes was weak,

anyway; I didn't want anybody to be

gazing at me as snivellin', and it's

none of nobody's business what I do

with my nose. It's mine. But several

glared at me as mad as Tucker.

Then all of a sudden old Rubin chang-

ed his tune. He rip'd and he rar'd,

and he trip'd and he tar'd, and he

charged like the grand entry at a cir-

cus. 'Peared to me that all the gas

in the house was turned on at once,

things got so bright, and I held up

my head ready to look at any man in

the face, and not afeard of nothin'.

It was a circus, and a brass band, and

a big hall, all going on at the same

time. He lit into them keys like a

thousand of bricks, he gave 'em no

rest, day nor night; he set every liv-

ing joint in me a goin', and not bein'

able to stand it no longer, I jumped up,

sprang onto my seat, and just holler-

ed:

"Go it, R