

Saint Mary's Beacon.



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

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING APRIL 15, 1886.

281

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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-
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ALEXANDRIA, VA

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept
under cover.
March 18, 1886-y.

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DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

No. 57 Light Street,
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Sell Tobacco, Grain & Coun-
try Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful
sampling of Tobacco,
Jan 5, 82a-1

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 favors, I solicit a contin-
uance of the same.

EDWARD FAGAN,
Chaplico, St. Mary's county, Md.
Oct 2, 1884-tf

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FOR THE SALE OF

Grain and all kinds of Country Produce,

No. 16 Camden Street,
BALTIMORE.

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Oct 18, 1883-y1

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

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
producing elements—in the most
combination—and we confidently
recommend them to farmers for good crops, firm
and permanent improvement.
Orders solicited.

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. Obitu-
aries, 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. F. 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
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Our fertilizers are rich in the best
producing elements—in the most
combination—and we confidently
recommend them to farmers for good crops, firm
and permanent improvement.
Orders solicited.

THOMAS C. P.
Commission
56 S. Ches

TOBACCO
try produce

LEO
specto-
brans

Mar

[Written for the Beacon.]

Evening Thoughts.

In the evening while I sit on the doorstep,
Thinking, loved one, of thee,
Watching the stars as they arise shining
On one which I cannot see.

I know the stars are beautiful;
They shine very bright, it is true,
But there is no star in the heavens
More beautiful, love, than you.

Through all my trials and troubles,
I strive with a will that is free,
Hoping one day to enjoy
My happiness, love, with thee. H.

SENORITA LOPEZ.

When the Senorita Maria Lopez made
her appearance in Atlanta during the
siege she created a decided sensation
among the gallant officers who were
fighting all day and dancing all night.
The senorita was pretty. Her flashing
eyes seemed to look right through a
man, and her manner of fluttering a
fan was too eloquent for anything.
Just where the Senorita Lopez came
from no one knew. She said that her
father, a New Orleans refugee, was in
Richmond, and that in returning from
a visit to friends in Charleston she had
received instructions to await his ar-
rival here. Of course this explana-
tion was satisfactory, and if there had
been any doubt the young lady's glitter-
ing diamonds, bright eyes, and ardent
Confederate principles would have won
the day.

We were not entirely given over to
sackcloth and ashes during the siege.
Balls and receptions took place almost
every night, and there were various
amateur entertainments. In all the
festivities of the time the charming
Spanish senorita bore her part. She
was the acknowledged belle of the
siege, and her almost reckless daring
completely fascinated the officers, from
the general down. One thing about
Maria Lopez delighted us. Federal
shells had no terrors for her, and when
other ladies shrieked and ran off un-
ceremoniously from their visitors to
plunge into a bombproof, this brilliant
and fearless creature would simply
clap her hands and make some scorn-
ful remark about the wretched aim of
the Yankee gunners. After our fort-
ifications around the city had been
nearly completed, the senorita rode
out every day with some of her mili-
tary admirers to view the works.

This was rather perilous. Stray bul-
lets and shells were always whizzing
by, and it was a common thing to see
a general or a colonel dodge behind a
tree. But it was soon noticed that
the senorita never even ducked her
proud little head. She would sit her
horse like a statue, and laugh in de-
cision when her escorts proved them-
selves unable to stand the racket.

"Oh, I would give anything to be a
soldier!" She said one day, after look-
ing through Colonel Blank's field glass.
"I would glory in the opportunity of
showing men how to fight and die for
a great cause."
Perhaps this was too intense, too
bombastic, but in those days every-
thing that we wrote and spoke was in
this fervid strain. So the senorita's
talk provoked no comment, except a
tribute of admiration.

One day our heroines passed me at
a gallop on her way back from the
breastworks. Something white flut-
tered down from her riding habit. I
picked it up, but the lady was out of
sight riding like the wind. Thought-
lessly I allowed the paper to come
open. What I saw troubled me not
a little. I saw traced out in detail
the plan of fully half of our forts and
trenches. The paper also contained
the location of certain Government
buildings, and an estimate of our
forces.

There was but one thing to do. I
hated to get a pretty woman into
trouble, but I had to do my duty. In
an hour's time the paper was in the
hands of the provost-marshal. The
day I was brought face to face
Lopez. The hearing was
a circle of colonels and
the accused, frown-
ed been guilty of
When I related
inding the find-
Spaniard
erry

"There must be some mistake here.
We do not doubt your fidelity, sir,
but we had better hear no more of
this."

I was dumfounded and abashed.
Knowing very little about the ways
of the world, I hastily retired, thank-
ing my stars that I had saved my
head. In a day or two the Senorita
Lopez disappeared. Her lovers did
not have time to mourn her loss, be-
cause Slocum's corps crossed the Chat-
tahochee, and our forces had to get
out in a hurry. But I was destined
to see the senorita again.

Many of us failed to follow Hood's
army south. We were whirled about
in such a vortex of confusion that we
were glad to escape with our lives.
Among other floatam and jetsam I was
thrown beyond the Federal lines.
Stranded in Nashville, at that time a
vast military camp, I felt badly
enough. I could not go South, and I
could not get a pass to go North. One
night I went to the theatre. During
one of the scenes there was a buzz,
and people stood up to look at a man
in the dress circle just above my head.
Finally I rose, as somebody said:

"He is the most successful guerilla
and spy on the Union side."
I stood up until my face was on a
level with the railing of the dress cir-
cle.

It was a wonder that I didn't faint!
Looking calmly, mockingly, into
my eyes was the handsomest man I
ever saw. He was dressed in a glitter-
ing uniform, and wore diamonds.
That clear cut, dark face, those burn-
ing eyes, the slight scar under the left
ear—there could be no mistake.

I seized my overcoat and rushed out
of the door just in time to hear the
alleged Senorita Lopez say in a voice
like a bugle:

"Arrest that man!"
A wave of darkness came over me.
An officer caught me by the arm. I felt
that I was lost. If the senorita was
not only a man, but an enemy, I had
no mercy to hope for.

There was a sudden tumult, a wild
cry of fire, and then a crowd surged
down the stairway. When I picked
myself up the officer who had arrested
me lay on the sidewalk with a frac-
tured skull. I limped quietly away,
and took the outgoing train for Louis-
ville. I had no passport and trusted
to luck.

"Passes, gentlemen," shouted a
sleepy lieutenant, as he passed through
the car. I kept my head bowed down,
with my hat over my eyes.

"See here, show your pass," said
the officer.

A gruff man behind me spoke up
and said:

"You don't want to see it twice.
He showed it to you a minute ago."

"Beg pardon," said the soldier,
slightly confused. He went on, and I
was safe at last.

I have never seen the senorita since,
and I have no desire ever to meet her,
or rather him, again. He would have
had me shot as a spy beyond a doubt
if it had not been for my lucky escape
at the theatre.—Atlanta (Ga.) Consti-
tution.

A CRIMINAL LAWYER.—Major Gas-
saway, a prominent San Antonio law-
yer, seemed tired and worn out on re-
turning to his residence.

"You looked tired, dear. I suppose
you have had a hard day's work again
in court," said Mrs. Gassaway.

"Yes, I'm very tired. I've had a
difficult case, but I've won it."

"You had better take a cup of tea,
and then go to bed and take a good
night's rest."

"No rest for me to-night. I'll have
to sit up and watch the stable with a
horse to see that the carriage horse is
not stolen."

"Why, who is going to steal it?"

"You see, I was defending one of
the worst horse thieves in Western
Texas this afternoon, and I cleared
him. He is foot-loose now, and I am
afraid he will come around to-night
and steal my horses. Nobody's horses
will be safe until that double-dyed
scoundrel is out of town."

The Grand Secret of female beau-
ty is health the secret of health is the
power to eat, digest and assimilate a
proper quantity of wholesome food.
Take Vinagar Bitters. It will cleanse
the stomach, tone the vital organs, give
a perfect digestion, purify the blood,
clear up the complexion, and produce
a state of genuine female loveliness,
which no cosmetic can compare.

Maid (to Irish milkman)
"she's sure there's been
water in the milk late-"

wander at it, my
to the cows this
craters!"

A Country Home.

O give me a home in the country wide,
And a seat by the farmer's wood fireside,
Where the fire burns bright,
On a frosty night.

Where the jest, the song and the laugh are
free,
O the farmer's home is the home for me.

O give me a home in the country wide,
When the earth comes out as a blushing
bride;
With her buds and flowers,
In the bright spring hours,
Her bridal song ringing from the fresh-
leaved trees,
And her melody floats on the perfumed
breeze.

In summer a seat in a shady nook,
And close by the side of a purring brook,
Where the violet grows,
Or the pale swam rose.

Fainting, sick, 'neath the sun's scorching
beam,
Dips her pale petals in the cooling stream.

O give me a home in the country wide;
In the golden days of a farmer's pride,
When his barns are filled,
From the fields he tilled,
And he feels that his yearly task is done,
And smiling at winter, he beckons him on.

The Gambler's Story.

I met him by accident in a railway
station. The train was late and he
and I were the only occupants of the
dingy waiting room. Under these
circumstances folks are drawn toward
each other by the magnetism of mutu-
al discomfort, and we fell to talk-
ing. He was a fine-looking fellow,
tall, well built and vigorous, but an
air of indescribable melancholy per-
meated his appearance and tinged
even his talk to such an extent that
our conversation languished and would
probably have died entirely had he
not finally turned around and said to
me:

"You must excuse me, sir, for an
apparent moodiness. The truth is
that I am unable to shake off the re-
collection that to-night is the anni-
versary of a sad and singular event
in my life. I was a professional gam-
bler in my younger days and dealt
faro for a living, but ten years ago to-
night I quit forever under circum-
stances that even now half unman me
and almost call the tears to my eyes.
I have no objection to telling you the
story if you think it would interest
you."

I begged him to go on and he pro-
ceeded about as follows:

"Ten years ago," he said, "I was the
proprietor of club rooms at Baltimore,
where I dealt a game of faro for a se-
lect circle of players. They were all
heavy betters, business men most of
them, and I catered to their game
only. My rooms were sumptuously
fitted up. There was no appointment
gilded vice could suggest that was not
at hand, and my side-board groined
with the choicest vintages that money
could buy.

"One night when the game was slack
and I was lounging in the dealer's
chair under the great crimson globe
of the chandelier, a stranger entered
the room. He was very young, but
dissipation or care had drawn lines
upon his boyish face, and his dark
eyes burned with a feverish light.
As he approached the table I marked
how ghastly pale he was and that his
hand trembled as though with a chill.
He took a seat and drawing a thou-
sand dollar bill from his pocket, tossed
it across the table. 'Give me that
much in chips,' he said in a tremulous
voice."

"I think he must have played for
an hour. Luck went back and forth
for awhile, but finally it set against
him and I raked in the last of his
ivories. For a moment he sat motion-
less, staring, dazed like, at the
floor, then he lifted up his haggard
face to mine. 'Sir,' he said, 'you have,
without knowing it, done me a favor.
Had I won, I would have kept on in
the old way; now that I have lost, I
will never gamble again.' I smiled
cynically. 'Yes, I said, 'I have heard
people talk that way before.' 'You
mistake me, he went on in a voice
that thrilled my very heart. 'I will
not gamble again because the last card
you turned was my death warrant.
Listen to me. That thousand dollars
I have lost was the last of fortune,
home and honor. It is gone, all gone
to enrich your clan. I am not blam-
ing you; I am not complaining; I am
simply stating a fact. I am tonight
the worst of paupers—one without
trade, without a profession, without
the ability to support the wife who is
this moment confidently and trust-
ingly awaiting my return. She knows
nothing of my gradual downfall. I
have dissipated, God knows how,
before her. I have not now one dol-
lar upon the face of the earth, and I
determined when I entered your door

that if it came to this, if my last stake
lost, I would this night terminate the
failures and follies of my life. I am
in earnest. Something impelled me
to tell you this, and these will proba-
bly be my last words, with a look of
pain.

"I arose, deeply moved, and pulling
open the drawer took out the thou-
sand dollar bill. 'Here, my friend,' I
said, 'take back this money and begin
life over again. It will keep you un-
til you can find employment. Go
home and confess everything to your
wife, be a man and keep out of gam-
bling halls forever.'

"He started violently, turned crim-
son, and for an instant choked up in
his throat. 'Generous man,' he said
finally, 'I cannot, and will not accept
this money. It is yours, you won it
fairly, but if you will give me half of
it, I will follow your advice. You
may not realize it, sir, but you have
to-night snatched a soul from the brink
of eternity."

"I counted him out \$500, and with
tears streaming from his eyes he left
the house."

"And from that time you quit gam-
bling?" I exclaimed, strangely im-
pressed by the narrative.

"No not exactly from that time,"
replied the stranger choking a sob,
"it was from about an hour later,
when I found out that the thousand
dollar bill was counterfeit and I had
been worked for the \$500."

I walked out into the still, solemn
night and waited for the train alone.
—Unidentified.

OBEYING ORDERS.—An English far-
mer was one day at work in the fields
when he saw a party of buntenmen
riding about his farm. He had one
field which he was especially anxious
they should not ride over, as the
horses' hoofs would greatly injure the
crop. So he sent one of his boys, and
told him to shut the gate, and keep
watch there, and on no account to
let any one go through it.

The boy went, and had scarcely
taken his post there before the bunten-
men came up and ordered him to open
the gate. He declined to do so, tell-
ing them what his orders were, and
that he meant to obey them. They
threatened him, but he did not mind
their threats. They offered him mon-
ey, but he refused to receive it. At
last one of them came up to him, and
said in commanding tones:

"My boy, you do not know me,
but I am the Duke of Wellington, I
am not accustomed to be disobeyed,
and now I command you to open the
gate, that I and my friends may pass
through."

The boy lifted his cap, and stood
uncovered before the man whom all
England delighted to honor, and an-
swered, firmly:

"I am sure that the Duke of Well-
ington would not wish me to disobey
orders. I must keep this gate shut;
no one can pass through but by my
master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly
pleased with this. Then he took off
his own hat and said:

"I honor the man or boy who can
neither be bribed nor frightened into
disobeying orders. With an army of
such soldiers I could conquer, not the
French only, but the world."

Then handing the boy a sovereign,
he put spurs to his horse and galloped
away.

"IF I WERE RICH."—One evening,
passing along a crowded street, I
heard one boy saying to another. "If
I were rich I wouldn't—" and then
the rest of the sentence was lost as he
hurried on with the throng. But I
have wondered often since how that
sentence was finished. Did the boy
say, "If I were rich I wouldn't snub
my poor relations," "if I were rich, I
wouldn't spend all the money on my-
self," or, "if I were rich I wouldn't
work any more," or what?

We cannot know, but there is one
thing quite certain. Whatever that
boy does now that he is poor, he would
do if he were rich. If he is generous
now, he would be generous then. If
he is mean now, he would be mean
then. If he works faithfully now, he
would work with fidelity then. For
"he that is faithful in that which is
least is faithful also in much; and he
that is unjust in the least is unjust
also in much."

J. P. Bradshaw, Esq., Darling-
ton, Pa., says in the years 1882 and
1883 he used Powell's Prepared Chemi-
cals for wheat, with other fertilizers
costing more money, and found the
Chemicals all that was claimed of
them. Write for descriptive pamphlet
to the manufacturers, Brown Chemi-
cal Co., Baltimore, Md.

A THOUGHT FOR IN DOORS.—A
pitcher of cold water in a warm room
absorbs very little from the air, but
as the temperature rises it gives off
sensible quantities of oxygen, nitro-
gen and carbonic acid. It thus loses
its sprightly taste and becomes flat
and insipid. This change is from loss
of gases rather than by their absorption.
The small bubbles that soon gather on
the inside of vessels containing cold
water in a warm room are caused by
this escape of dissolved gases. The
refreshing taste of cold water just from
the spring or well is mainly due to
these dissolved gases, the carbonic acid
in particular. Because carbonic acid
is poisonous when breathed it does
not follow that it is deadly when
swallowed, else a drink of "soda
water" would be fatal. On the other
hand, if we breathed even the purest
water we would drown ourselves for
our pains.

The importance of the dissolved
gases in securing the potable quality
of water is not generally recognized.
Perfectly pure water, consists only of
oxygen and hydrogen, and having no
foreign substance dissolved in it, is
insipid if not nauseous to the taste.
If any one will drink distilled water
just as it comes from the condenser
he will get proof of this insipidity.
Delmonico used to extol boiled water
as an agreeable beverage, but it must
just be brought to a boil and drank
at once; prolonged boiling spoils any
water." The reason of this is that
prolonged boiling more completely ex-
pels the dissolved gases. Persons of
refined taste are aware that water
boiled for a long time will not make
tea of a good flavor. This is from the
same cause.

If water has such an alarming ten-
dency to absorb noxious materials
from the air of a room and speedily
becomes "utterly filthy," how can we
have pure water under any circum-
stances? The purest lake or stream is
still exposed to the air all the time,
and by prolonged exposure to the air
must finally become unfit for use.
Rain water in particular should be
horribly offensive because in falling
from clouds it washes a vast volume
of air which contains a certain pro-
portion of the gases which render the
air of our rooms foul. Nature under-
stands this business better than the
sensationalists, and by this very pow-
er of absorbing gases purifies the
water from any hurtful material acci-
dentally acquired, and thus renders
water the fitting emblem of "the river
of life."—Prof. Kedzie in N. Y. Tri-
bune.

AN AFFECTIONATE LAD.—"Gran-
ma," said a boy of nine years, "how
old are you?"
"About sixty-six," said the grand-
mother.

"You'll die soon, won't you, gran-
ma?"
"Yes, dear, I expect to."

"And when I die, gran'ma, can I
be buried side of you?"

"Yes, dear," said she, as her heart
warmed towards the little one, whom
she folded closer in her arms.

"Gran'ma," softly whispered the
little rogue, "gimme 10 cents."

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—A
noted colored vagrant was brought
before a Texan Justice of the Peace.

"You are a chronic vagrant. You
have been punished time and again
for begginz and stealing," said the
Justice.

"Hole up dar, Judge! I nebber be-
fore was accused ob begginz. I be
been saunt to de county jail five
times, and to de penitentiary at
Huntsville twice, but hit was for
stealin' ebery time. Don't try to make
me out wasser than I is."—Texas Sit-
tings.

A good story is told of a judge
in Vermont, well known as a pro-
nounced teetotaler, to illustrate the
value of some men's professions. In-
vited to attend some agricultural fes-
tival the judge was asked upon his
arrival if he would have a glass of
milk, and responding "yes," was pro-
ffered what looked like milk, but what,
in fact, was a most potent milk punch.
Taking a sip at first, the judge soon
returned to the glass and drank it to
the bottom, when he returned it to his
entertainer with the exclamation,
"What a cow that is!"

A gentleman who imagined
that he recognized a lady friend, ad-
vanced cordially and addressed her.
"I beg your pardon," he said, "but
isn't this Miss Greenleaf?"
"No, sir," replied the lady, "my
name is Redpath."

"Ah, excuse me! I must be color
blind."

Brace up your nervous system
with Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and
Iron.