Saint Mary's Beacon.

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

VOL. XLI. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING MAY 6, 1886. 284

ESTABLISHED 1866.

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. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St..

ALEXANDRIA, VA

☞ Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

March 18, 1886—y.

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.
T. J. Dail & 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 TSORE!

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†

TO TAXPAYERS.

PERSONS indebted to me for taxes for the year 1884 are requested to make immediate payment, otherwise I shall be compelled to collect the same by process of law.

W. J. WATHEN,
Late Tax-Collector of 3rd District.

Sept. 24, 85—tf.

Self-Exiled.

Ten years of walking to and fro;
Ten years down Time's abysses thrown;
Though clay be clay, its death is slow—
Dodge is only monotone.

I see no shadow on my face;
I own no gain, bewail no loss;
But that I threw my life away,
And bore about a needless cross.

I only know life's harvest time
Has long passed by, unseized by me,
Transferred unto a better clime
Its rich sheaves—for Eternity.

My faith lags on behind my hope;
My life has gone beyond my care;
I, in the darkness, shrink and grope,
Though light is shining everywhere.

Though from myself I fain would flee;
For this in vain my spirit cries;
For, everywhere, that wretched "me,"
Looks upward with reproachful eyes.

I know I am not what I was,
A sacrifice to circumstance
I made myself. Alas! alas!
I shrink from every honest glance!

THE STRANGER'S DOG.

"You have a noble looking dog here," was my remark to the master of a Wisconsin farm house, where I had stopped for a night's lodging and been kindly welcomed as one of the family group.

The reference was to an enormous mastiff that lay at full length on the floor. A two-year-old baby was toying with the huge ears, while the older children were tumbling promiscuously over the limp form.

"Yes," replied Mr. Knowlton, "and he is as noble as he looks. He deserves all the kindness we can bestow. There is something pathetic in his history."

I saw that my entertainer was a man of feeling and intelligence, and that evidently the great yellow brute could not have had a better master.

"Probably you have had him for some years," I said.

"No" he replied; "only since last winter. All previous to that time is a blank in poor Lion's story—so far as we are concerned. I sometimes wonder what memories he may have of another home."

"And is it possible," I said, "that such a big fellow came to you by accident—a stray dog? Why, Lion—good old Lion, what a pity that you cannot tell where you came from!"

As I said this, I patted his large head; and when he had pounded the floor for a minute or two with his tail, he stood up and put his nose across my lap.

"He knows a friend at first sight," said Mr. Knowlton, and has already got you down in his book. He is very affectionate, and will suffer agonies from our little tribe here without complaining. But when he is roused, let his enemy beware! He is then a lion indeed."

'I should think so!' was my reply. 'Why, Mr. Knowlton, he must weigh a hundred and fifty pounds.'

'A hundred and sixty-four,' said my host; 'I weighed him yesterday.'

'I infer from what you say,' I remarked, 'that you have seen his powers put to a test.'

'Yes,' answered Mr. Knowlton, emphatically, '*I have!*' It was at a moment, too, when my own life depended upon his strength and courage. He saved me from certain death!'

'Do tell me the story, sir,' I said. 'It must be a thrilling one.'

"Well, you must know that until last winter I entertained the opinion, common to most people, that our Western wolves are very little to be dreaded by man. I had never seen one of great size, and felt confident that a Newfoundland dog, such a I then owned, would prove more than a match for the fiercest wolf in the woods.

"One bitter cold day in December, I started for a market village, three miles from here. I went on foot, as some bad snowdrifts prevented me from using my horses. I was not alone, however, for the dog went with me. He was a Newfoundland, as I have said—a large, black fellow, and full of pluck.

"When we had gone about two-thirds of the way, I observed a stir in a clump of snow covered bushes, and in a few moments a big timber wolf showed his head and shoulders from the cover.

"I saw at a glance that he was a monster of his kind; but, besides having the dog with me, I had my doubled barreled gun, and so felt safe enough. True, I am no marksman, but I felt better for having the gun.

"Well, poor Tige, the Newfoundland, made straight for Mr. Wolf, and they clinched at the edge of the thicket. It was such a fight as I hope never to see again.

"I knew well that Tige would never give up while there was life in him, but I began to fear that life would not be in him long. They rolled over and over, snarling, yelping, tearing; but the dog was getting the worst of it.

"You can hardly imagine my excitement as I realized that such was the case. I ran towards them with my gun presented, but their motions were so quick and their changes of potition so sudden, that it was almost impossible to get a chance at the wolf without endangering Tige.

"I fired, but could not see that the shot took the least effect. Probably my care for the dog caused me to miss the mark. No success of mine, however, could have helped poor Tige. He was too far gone for that. Almost at the moment of my firing, the wolf left his four footed victim and came rushing directly upon me. I let drive the other barrel, but that made no difference. His eyes looked like coals of fire; and I could see the whole of his teeth at once, for the lips were drawn away from the red gums the entire length of the jaws. He was very long from head to tail, and taller than the tallest dog. The hair of his spine stood up like a hedgerow, and he was covered with blood from his encounter.

"If ever my thoughts flew fast, it was then. I saw not the shadow of a chance for life. There, in the snow, I must be torn to pieces by that frightful timber wolf! Brief as the time was, I thought of home, and wondered what my wife and babies would do without me. At such a moment one sees his position as if it were revealed by a flash of lightning. It is all imprinted upon his brain in an instant.

"I sprang a little aside, clubbed my gun, and swung it around my head with all the force of despair. It came down somewhere upon the wolf. Just where it hit him I don't know; but I do know that the breach broke short off, and flew fifty feet.

"The blow helped me a little, but not much. I got time to use the part that remained in my hand, and I remember now with what a sound the steel barrels came down on that ugly shape. You will hardly believe me, but they were fairly bent! What did he care for it? Just nothing. Oh, it was awful—for I saw that I could do no more.

"In another moment I should have been down in the snow, with the big jaws tearing me limb from limb.

"I try to think now how it was that I first knew there was help at hand. I try to remember just how I felt and what I thought, but I cannot. It seemed as if a thunderbolt shot by me; and then, all at once, I realized that the wolf had other business.

'The biggest dog that I had ever seen had fastened upon the beast, as much as to say, 'Take some one of your size!' and they were struggling and tumbling and tugging together. The snow was torn up till it almost buried them, and blood and hair flew on all sides.

'I could do nothing but stand and look on. Once or twice I thought the wild creature would be too much for the tame one. But again the great dog would put forth all his tremendous strength, and the old wolf would go down. Oh, how I wanted to help that dog! How grateful I felt to him!

'At length the enemy weakened. I could see it. I knew that he had got more than his match. He turned to run, but the dog was instantly upon him. Again they strained and tugged, tearing up another square rod of snow. But this time the fight was all one way. The dog was as active as ever, while the wolf had lost much of his power and courage.

'In a minute or two I saw that the wolf was down for good. He had given up every attempt to defend himself, and the dog was tearing at his throat in a way that must soon finish him.

'It was not till he was quite gone, however, that his conqueror would let him alone. Then, to my surprise, the dog turned to me, and began pulling at my coat as if to lead me away.

'At first I resisted, not knowing what to make of it; but he pulled me along in spite of myself.

'It occurred to me at length that he must have some good reason for the act, and I started off with him at a brisk pace. Then he let go my coat and led the way, keeping some rods ahead. At intervals he would stop and look back as if to make sure that I was following.

'By way of experiment, I once turned in another direction, but had not gone twenty steps when he once more had me by the clothing.

'Good dog,' I said, 'you have helped me, and I will help you.'

'When I had gone about half a mile I came upon a man lying insensible in the snow. The dog stopped beside him with a piteous whine.

'The stranger's limbs were badly frozen, and a small, empty flask protruding from one of his pockets told the whole story. He did not look like a drunkard, yet is was evident that he must have been drinking, or he would not have sat down there to freeze.

'I rubbed his face and hands with snow, and tried to revive him; but it was useless. In the meanwhile a neighbor of mine came up and hurried off to the village for assisistance. In about an hour the unfortunate man was placed in good quarters; but he remained unconscious, and that night he died.

'It was afterwards discovered that he was an Englishman, with no relatives in this country, and no friend but his faithful dog.

'I tried the animal by two or three names, and found that he responded only to that of Lion. He seemed to take his master's death very hard, showing as much grief as a human being could have done. But he took strongly to me, appearing to bear in mind the circumstances of our first meeting. He would not leave his master's body while it was in sight; but when it had been laid away, he seemed to accept the inevitable with a perfect knowledge that all was over.

'I have not the least doubt that he had started off in quest of assistance for the helpless man at the time of discovering me.

'Ever since that day he has made himself one of our household; and as I see him frolicking with the children, I think how little they realize the debt they owe him: It is pleasant to see him give baby's face a lap with his big tongue; there is such true affection in the act. He knows just as well as we do how tender and helpless she is.'

As Mr. Knowlton finished this story, I stroked Lion's broad head and shoulders, and tried to imagine him as he must have appeared in that terrible fight with the timber wolf.

☞ They were in the back yard. One was a boy of twelve, and the other had seen only half that many years. The younger one sat on a barrel, and the older one had two ounces of powder in ane hand and a burning stick in the other.

"I don't want to be blowed," whined the boy on the barrel, trying to get down.

"Keep right still, bub," commanded the other. "This thing has been figured right to a science. If forty-five thousand pounds of explosives raised Hell Gate twelve feet, two ounces of powder will raise you just exactly the fifteenth part of an inch. Don't make an alarmist of yourself."

"But it'll hurt," persisted the small boy.

"It can't, I say! Haven't I figured on it? You may unbutton your coat and keep your mouth shut, but that's safeguard enough. Now, then, keep quiet and listen for rumbling noises."

The powder was well confined under the barrel. Figures were at fault. The head of the barrel went up, the small boy went up, the big boy went endways, and when the smoke cleared away things were badly mixed up. The big boy had sore legs. The little boy was as black as a coal and choking with ordor, and a woman ran out and shouted,—

"I'll blow—you good-for-nothings! There is a shilling barrel all split to pieces, two pair of pants to be patched, one coat-tail on the roof, and the other just hanging, and the poor dog is wedged under the house so tight that he'll have to be drilled out by a machinist."

☞ D. L. Snyder, Stribling Springs, Va., says he used 300 lbs. to the acre of a compost made with Powell's Prepared Chemicals, to which he added 500 lbs. Dissolved S. C Bone to the ton. This application gave him splendid wheat and a fine stand of clover. He recommends it to the farmers. Powell's Prepared Chemicals cost only $6 per bbl., enough to make one-half ton complete fertilizer. Address Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

NEW YORK LABOR RIOT.

MYRON GRINKLE, writing in the Washington Sunday *Post*, says that on the 5th day of April, ultimo, the Knights of Labor held entire possession of New York City for forty-eight hours. They stopped all surface travel by horse railroad on Monday, and if you stop to think a moment how utterly dependent this longitudinal metropolis is on horse-car travel you can imagine the effect of this on every branch of business. Broadway and Fifth avenue and other of the great tributary streets like Fourteenth and Sixty-third wore a Sunday aspect. The grand crowds of women and children that are usually seen around the big bazaars in Fourteenth street had disappeared.

All commerce, all the retail trades, artizans, merchants, skilled labor of every kind suffered, because the least skilled of all labor had its grip on the means of transit. I came down Broadway. I stepped in at half a score of the big shops. They were deserted at what is usually the busiest hour. I talked with the merchants. They had but one opinion. They were suffering, but one and all hoped the railroads would hold out and settle this question of trade tyranny and law and order once and for all. I do not remember ever having seen so complete a revulsion of public opinion as these strikers brought about within a week. At first public sympathy was heartily with them in what it believed was a fight against heartless corporations, but now they have succeeded in placing the railroads on the side of law and order, and with one voice the intelligent community is backing the corporations, simply because the corporations do not insist upon interfering with the rights of everybody else, and making threats of violence.

I saw the fight on Third avenue Wednesday. It was a small riot. In it were all the deadly elements of the Commune; all the incipient flames and fury of the worst Parisian days.—Nothing saved that great thoroughfare from massacre but the promptitude with which the police fell upon the mob and drove it back. When the first brick was aimed at the poor conductor who was trying to take the car through there went up a howl from thousands of cruel, demoniac throats, and in an instant the air was thick with missiles. The car windows were smashed, the light panels splintered. The wrecked vehicle was surrounded in a twinkle with maddened men and women. A horrible sound of yells, screams and groans filled the air. There seemed to be but one impulse animating this mob, it was to get hold of the two men who were on that car and tear them limb from limb. It was a noble sight, this brave endeavor of a thousand to clutch two fellow-beings and rain blows upon them and trample them into masses of indistinguishable flesh beneath their hoofs. As I saw brawny arms in the air, caught sight of the distorted faces and glaring eyes and heard the fearful din of sickening oaths and imprecations, I asked myself if this was the advance guard of the army of Knights that was going to regulate labor.

It only lasted five minutes, thanks to organized power, to which, alas, in these days of arbitration and moral suasion we must come at last for dread adjudication in the streets. The clubs were coming. One double platoon came down Third avenue, another came suddenly out of Fifty-ninth street, as if it had been shot up a trap. Then commenced that most fearful of all sights, a police attack upon a street crowd. Superintendent Murray's orders to his men were to "strike hard." I turned my head away with a sickening sensation, for I had seen this before. You can have no possible conception of the terrible nature of such a scene unless you had encountered it. I have witnessed a charge of cavalry that rode down gunners and trampled infantry into the earth, but there was a mild redeeming swirl to it, and then there were no women and children there, as there always will be in a mob.

The one duty of the police in such a crisis is to break and scatter the solid mass. It must go through it, and when the onslaught is made with those dreadful clubs it is too late, in the paroxysm of purpose, to pick the innocent from the guilty.

If ever you have heard the sound of those clubs as they fall crushingly upon heads and faces you will never forget it. As if by magic the scene changes. A few stalwart men stand up defiantly a moment in opposition. Then they fall under the blows. But panic seizes the great mixed throng of men and women. The air is suddenly filled with screams. The character of the tumult is sharpened into dismay. A mad chaos of desperation ensues; women are entangled by their skirts and thrown down and trodden upon; you can hear the pitiful cries of the childen above the din; it is the meeting of organized force with disorganized violence.

It does not last long. In fifteen minutes the street is cleared. But it is bloody. And then that dismantled car is dragged back to the depot, and a score of miserable wretches are behind the police bars. This is the first tussle. But there on Fifty-ninth street are the reserves drawn up freshly. They seem to say, "Here we are, quite ready to go on. If this question of labor is to be a question of mere brute force, that's what we are here for." And in it and over it all there is a sad reminder that the men who had rights and public sympathy have thrown away the most precious part of their contest in undertaking to shift their fight from the corporation to the community.

PRISONERS ABOARD THE "ALABAMA."—From an account in the April *Century*, of the second officer in command of the *Alabama*, of the cruise and combats of that vessel, we quote the following: "Among the many prized we captured and destroyed, we necessarily saw many varieties of *genus homo* in the guise of the Yankee skipper. While taking the burning of their ships very philosophically as among the fortunes of war, some clung to 'creature comforts' regardless of heavier losses. Upon one occasion, going aboard a fine ship, I told the captain 'he might bring away his personal effects.' He made a most ludicrous scene by earnestly appealing to me 'to grant him one request,' that he 'might be permitted to take with him Spurgeon's Sermons and a keg of very fine whisky.' The sermons I granted, but told him the whisky must go overboard. The prisoners on board the *Alabama* as a general practice were *not* put in irons, but were simply confined to an allotted space with a guard over them. The prisoners of the first half-dozen prizes taken were put in irons, including the captains and mates, at which the captains were very indignant, and remonstrated with Captain Semmes that their position should entitled them to different treatment. Captain Semmes replied that he confined them in irons in retaliation for the manner in which the agents of the U. S. Government had treated the purser of the C. S. steamer *Sumpter*. The purser, under orders, was *en route* from Gibraltar to Cadiz in a French merchant steamer. Stopping at Tangier to put off and take on passengers and cargo, the purser walked on shore, and was there, in a neutral country, seized by the U. S. consul at the head of an armed force of Moorish soldiers, and brutally imprisoned with heavy manacles. From there he was taken in irons by the U. S. armed vessel *Ino*, and finally sent to New York in irons. The purser was a gentleman of unimpeachable character and high position. Again, there were occasions during the cruise when the number of prisoners warranted placing some in irons, but never were captains put in irons after that first measure of retaliation."

THE WEASEL'S STRATAGEM.—A gristmill was infested with large rats, until a weasel came there and destroyed nearly all of them. There was, however, one large rat which he could not conquer. They had several pitched battles in which the rat whipped the weasel, until whenever the rat appeared, the weasel would seek safety in flight. They were watched for several days, when the weasel was observed to be digging a hole in the earth, under a pile of lumber. After he had completed it, he approached the mill, and the rat came after him as usual. He made some show of fight until he got the rat interested, and then ran into his hole. The rat followed, when the weasel was seen to come out at the other end of the hole, and run in at the entrance after the rat. Subsequent examination proved that the weasel had made the hole large enough for the rat to enter, but had contracted the other end so that he could not get out. Having thus trapped his antagonist, the weasel easily conquered him.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.—I am kneeling by my mother's grave. How holy the influence sinks upon my heart! Memory carries me back to the days when she was with me, and tells me of a thousand pleasures her sacred presence gave me—pleasures I shall never know again—and sadness is upon my heart and a tear is in my eye, but still it is sweet to be here. I feel her love as I felt it in my childhood—and all around is musical in its silence, like the language or affection that speaks in the voiceless glance and smile of tenderness.

Ah! grave, thou hast a precious treasure. Within thee are the hands that led me, the arms that embraced me, the tongue that gently taught me, and the face that smiled in holiest sympathy upon me. Alas! and shall I never see them any more?

Be still, my soul! Dost thou not hear spirit echoes? This is, indeed, holy ground! I am nearer Heaven here than in any other spot on earth. I feel that she is near me, and yet I know she is in Heaven. Oh! it is sweet to be here. The Father is strangely kind, and my heart is full of melting love.

There's a mighty eloquence proving to my spirit, as I kneel by thy grave, dear mother, that we shall meet again! Glorious hopes appeal to thee, my soul, to cheer thee in thy sorrows and make thee faithful unto death. Then still hast her blessings and love—for the prayers of a mother do not die when she dies, and the real heart and its sinless sympathies are never buried in the tomb. Her love is purer and warmer now, for it comes from the the "sainted spirit shore." Thou shalt find her again in "the bosom of bliss."

☞ A young man from St. Louis read in the papers that there was an infallible way to get ahead of the monte fiend. "When," said the journal he consulted, "the gambler lays down the cards and offers to wager that you cannot pick up a designated card, pick up all three at one sweep and you have him sure." Impressed with the infallibility of this rule, the young man from St. Louis lay around till he found a Chicago gambler who was inviting any adventurous soul, who would bet $5, to pick the jack out of the three cards that formed his working capital. The young man said he didn't bet no $5, but if the gambler had money he had a $50 bill that would talk. The bet was made and the gambler threw the cards.

"Now you bet $50 I can't pick up the jack," said the St. Louisan, with a smile of confidence.

"That's me," laconically replied the gambler.

"Then, here she goes," replied the St. Louisan, as he took up all three cards at once.

"I guess that's my money," said the gambler impassively, "there's no jack at all, there!" There wasn't either, and he took the money.

"You see, sonny," he added, "there is a big percentage in favor of the dealer" in this here sinful game."—Texas Siftings.

A COWBOY EVANGELIST.—"Lampass Jake," the cowboy evangelist, who is holding revivals in New Mexico, can beat Sam Jones as a vernacular preacher. Here is an extract from one of his sermons:

"How many of you's ready to die now with your boots on? Where'd you be to breakfast? Don't any of you drunken, swearing, fighting, blaspheming, gambling, thieving, tenhorn, coffin-point, exterminating galoots look at me ugly, because I know ye. I've been through the drive. You're all in your sins. You know a fat, well fed, well cared for, thoroughly branded steer when you see one, and you can tell whose it is and where it belongs. There's a man that owns it. There is a place for it to go. There's a law to protect it. But the mavericks—who is that? You're all mavericks and worse. The maverick has no brand on him. He goes around bellering about until somebody takes him in and claps the branding iron on him. But you whelps, you've got the devil's brand on you. You've got his lariat about you. He lets you have rope now, but he'll haul you in when he wants firewood."

HANCOCK AND THE SENTRY.—It was down in Virginia. I was placed on guard over a barn and was taking it easy, when a lieutenant came along probably to see what his guard was doing. I ought to have saluted him, I didn't. Soon I saw a large, nice-looking man coming toward me. He wore a nice uniform, and I noticed as he approached he wore a lieutenant's straps. I wasn't going to pay any further attention to him, but when he came quite near to me I saw that there were two stars inside those straps. I jumped up and presented arms as quickly as I could, for I saw that it was Major General Hancock.

"Never mind that for me," said he, with a wave of his hand. "I don't care anything about it, but always do it for the little fellows."

I suppose the lieutenant had reported me, and he came down to see about it.

☞ Those who suffer from brain-trouble or physical lassitude, can find no better remedy than Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron. For sale by all druggists.