

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING JUNE 10, 1886.

289

## 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.

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A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Published every Thursday Morning at

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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

## SPRING

Finds me with the largest and most com-  
plete stock I have ever had of

COACH FINDINGS,  
BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES,  
and HEAVY HARDWARE.  
Comprising an immense assortment of  
Wheels, Wheel Stock, Axes and Springs,  
Carriage Cloths, Carpets, Lamps, &c.,  
Horse Shoe Nails and Shoes, Bar  
Iron and Steel, &c., &c., &c.

—AGENT FOR—

"CASTORINE," The Great Axle Oil.  
Sells rapidly wherever introduced. Univer-  
sally pronounced the best.

RETAIL PRICES—Ponies, 10 cents; pigs,  
20 cents; quarts, 50 cents. Liberal dis-  
count to the trade.

'GAUTIER' Barb Fence Wire,

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Steel Harrow Teeth.

ALL SIZES.

Carriage and Wagon Builders will find  
it to their interest to correspond with me  
before placing orders elsewhere.

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WANTED—To correspond with saw mill  
owners having facilities for furnishing Oak,  
Sawed Yellow, Carr Shafts, Sills, etc., in  
our life for cash.

Respectfully, J. B. KENDALL.

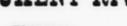
April 1, 86—y

1886 SPRING ARRANGEMENT 1886

WEEMS LINE STEAMERS

TO

PATUXENT RIVER.



On and after WEDNESDAY, March 10th,

STEAMER THEODORE WEEMS

Will leave Pier 8, Light Street, every  
Saturday and Wednesday, at 6:30 A. M., for  
Fair Haven, Plum Point, Governor's Run,  
and Patuxent River as far up as Benedict.  
Returning, will leave Benedict every Mon-  
day and Thursday, at 5:30 A. M., Millstone  
Landing at 10 A. M., Plum Point at 1 P. M.,  
and Fair Haven at 2:30 P. M. for Baltimore.

Freight received at Pier 8, Monday and  
Friday, until 6 P. M.

STEAMER WESTMORELAND

Will leave Pier 9, Light Street, every  
Sunday Night, at 9 P. M., for Patuxent  
River, direct, as far up as Bristol. Return-  
ing, will leave Bristol at 12 M., on Monday  
and Millstone at 6 P. M., for Baltimore,  
calling at no Wharves below Leitch's,  
except when signaled from Wharves on  
the River for Passengers and Perishable  
Freight.

Freight received at Pier 9, Light St.,  
Saturdays, until 5 P. M.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent.

Office, 142 Light St.  
March 10th, 1886—y

OCT 18, 1883—y

The Celebrated

"Maryland's Pride,"

Pure Rye Whiskey,

J. E. CLARK & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

46 South Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

WM HEMSLEY, Salesman.

Se 16, 84—y

HATS AND CAPS.

All kinds, all sizes, all colors. Bargains  
offered.

Fenwick & Morgan.

June 25, 86—y

## TWO WISHERS.

"O, manhood is so far away!"  
I heard the ruddy school-boy say;  
"It is so very long until  
Manhood will let me have my will;  
So very long till I can be  
A stately man both gay and free."  
"O, for another boyhood day!"  
An aged man was heard to say;  
"The daily care, and toil, and strife,  
Have made me nearly tired of life;  
If back to boyhood I could flee,  
I'd once again be gay and free."  
—J. Edgar Russell.

## THE ZEALOUS SENTINEL.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A chill and cheerless day towards  
the end of November, of the year 1870.  
The siege of Paris was in full tide of  
determinate execution. For two  
months, and a little more, the German  
host had environed the city with a  
circle of glistening bayonets and loud-  
mouthed cannon cutting off free inter-  
course with the outside world, and  
effectually preventing the incoming  
of provisions: the smoke and fumes  
of burning powder filled the air; while  
shot and shell rained down upon the  
doomed metropolis, by day and by  
night.

The poor were starving; and even  
the wealthy often went hungry. For  
meat, the fanning ones seized upon  
everything that had life, and that  
could be killed without crime. The  
monstrous rats of the sewers were a  
luxury, and the flesh of horses and  
mules fed the aristocracy. Had the  
lack of food been the worst, the horror  
would not have been so dire; but  
while food was lacking, drink was  
plenty. No meat for the *sans culottes*,  
but wine in abundance. Even the  
National Guard, hitherto so orderly  
and so correct, driven on by gnawing  
hunger, fled to the wine-cup for relief;  
and the guard was drunk!

Yet, the Parisians hoped. They  
hoped that Trochu would fall upon the  
environs of the city; break the  
strong lines; and force the enemy  
to abandon the siege. But the hope  
was vain. Trochu did not come.  
Winter, freezing cold, and gaunt  
famine, came instead; and those of  
clearest vision saw final surrender  
coming, nearer and nearer, every day.

Near the corner of the Boulevard  
Mazas and the Rue de Bercy was situ-  
ated the wine shop of Victor Rameau,  
a popular resort of the middling  
classes, but patronized by men of  
high standing, and often sought by  
those of the lowest strata of society.  
On this chill November day the spa-  
cious apartment, on the street level,  
was well filled by a motley assemblage.  
There were present representatives of  
almost every trade, profession and  
calling, though the military element  
predominated.

At one of the small oaken tables,  
against the wall, sat two men with  
whom we have particularly to do; and  
at the table next to them, also against  
the wall, sat a third. Of the two, one  
was a sergeant of the National Guard,  
named Jacques Carlier, a stout middle-  
aged man, with a heavy mustache,  
and a head of closely-clipped red hair.  
His face was likewise very red; and  
his two eyes were as nearly of the  
same fiery color as they could be.

The guardsman's companion was a  
short thick-set man, also of middle  
age with dark brown hair, and a full  
beard of the same color. His stout-  
ness was peculiar. It did not seem to  
be fat, but an unusual size of body and  
limb somewhat as though in his youth  
a ponderous weight had fallen upon  
his head and shoulders, and knocked  
him into that squat, uncouth figure.  
His hair was thick and tangled; his  
face, where the full beard did not hide  
it, darkly tanned and seemingly un-  
washed; and his clothing of the very  
worst—worn and soiled, and ragged.  
He had given his name as Pierre  
Dubois, claiming to be from Arden-  
nes.

The third man—he at the other ta-  
ble—was Colonel De Breze, of the  
National Guard. Both he and the  
sergeant were in uniform, and saving  
only the rags, neither of them could  
boast of a personal appearance very  
much better than that of the poor  
way-farer from Ardenes.

Pierre Dubois had dark lines under  
his eyes; a look of pain and distress  
marked his face; while a deep-reach-  
ing rasping cough ever and anon  
shook his frame and interrupted his  
speech.

"I'd enlist this moment," he said,  
"if I could be put on duty under cover  
out of the way of this miserable win-  
ter wind. But what should I be good  
for in the trenches, or at the breast-

works? You can see for yourself that  
I shouldn't last a week."

"Aye," returned the sergeant, "I see  
very plainly that you wouldn't be  
good for much in an exposed position.  
I should say consumption was carry-  
ing you off about as fast as it could."  
"So—it—(a severe fit of coughing)  
is."

"Are you fit to enlist at all?"

"Well, no, I do not suppose I am.  
But I'll be frank with you; I have a  
spice of the man Adam in me. It is  
Vengeance. I was at Sedan, as I have  
told you, and the Germans made me a  
prisoner. I wasn't fit to march; I  
could hardly stand; so they pricked  
me up with their *bayonets*. Then,  
when I was thrown into a dirty  
prison, and begged for a bit of medi-  
cine for my cough, they gave me curses  
and a kick. I swore then, if even the  
opportunity should be mine, I would  
volunteer to stand sentinel over a squad  
of German prisoners. You've got those  
fellows in *liabo* haven't you?"

"Yes, plenty of them."

"And you've got strong, able, well  
men standing guard over them?"

"Yes, we have."

"Then, there's my opportunity. Put  
me there, and I'll do double duty, if I  
can stand it. At all events, I can per-  
form the duties of a sentinel just as  
well as any living man."

At this point Col. Breze, who had  
overheard, faced about.

"Sergeant," he said, "we want this  
man. I want him at La Force."

At the sound of the name of that  
celebrated prison, a bright light  
gleamed in the provincial's eyes, and  
he quickly hid his face behind his  
beer-mug to conceal the emotion he  
could not keep back.

The sergeant nodded, and then to  
the man himself the colonel contin-  
ued:

"Are you used to military duty, my  
good man?"

"Yes, Colonel. I was a conscript  
when I was twenty, and served four  
years; and I enlisted after that. I  
would be with Trochu, in all proba-  
bility, had not the Germans captured  
me at Sedan, when out on a sortie, and  
held me until I escaped."

"How did you manage to get through  
their lines when you entered our be-  
leaguered city?"

"They did not see me. I crawled  
in through the rain, on a dark night."

"And you would like to do guard  
duty over German prisoners, eh?"

"I could like nothing better. I  
have prayed that the privilege might  
be mine."

"Very well, it shall be yours. I  
have command of the guard of La  
Force. I want you there."

The present prison of the Boulevard  
Mazas, properly the *Nouvelle Force*, is  
not the historic structure of the  
Revolution, but a new, a larger, and  
a far more elaborate edifice. The old  
prison of La Force, on the Rue Pavée  
was demolished 1851. It was original-  
ly the hotel of the Duc de la Force  
converted into a prison 1780. The  
La Force of the time of which we write  
was a semicircular building, towards  
the centre of the court of which con-  
verged six large wings, two stories in  
height, with seventy cells on each floor,  
there being nearly thirteen hundred  
cells within its walls; and be sure its  
projectors had left nothing undone  
which could insure the safety of the  
prisoners there confined.

On the same November day—the  
day on which we heard the conversa-  
tion between the colonel and the ser-  
geant and the provincial—a prisoner  
sat in one of the strongest and most  
gloomy cells of La Force. Most of the  
cells were occupied by several persons  
some of them containing as many as  
could comfortably lie down therein;  
but this man had been condemned to  
death, and his confinement was solitary.  
He was a young man, not over thirty,  
fair-faced, and handsome. He was  
of German birth—a German of Darm-  
stadt—and though clad in the garb of  
a French laborer, he was yet a gen-  
tleman of education and refinement;  
his name, as had been learned from  
marked articles in his possession, Otho  
Maximilian!

Poor Maximilian! In his soldier's  
ardor and love of country he had vol-  
unteered to his prince to enter the  
lines and bring away a correct draught  
of the outer and inner fortifications,  
together with proper plans of the dis-  
position of troops. And all this he had  
come very near to doing; but, alas!  
he had not quite. Had he been content to

have carried away his observations  
and computations in his head, and  
made the visible signs of his espionage  
in the presence of his prince, all might  
have been well. He had gained the  
interior of the city and its free range;  
he had made plans of all important  
things he wished to communicate, and  
he was apprehended and searched,  
with those neatly drawn plans, upon  
his person.

Poor Otho! So young and so fair,  
with wife and three children praying  
for him, and waiting in the Father-  
land, and thus to die! He shed no  
tears; he gave voice to no complaints;  
he was sure his comrades would keep  
his memory green; that his prince  
would bless him for what he had tried  
to do, and that his dearly loved ones  
would see consolation in the thought  
that he had given his life to his coun-  
try.

On the day after to-morrow he was  
to die. He was not to be shot, like  
a soldier, nor beheaded, as kings and  
noblemen had been; he was to suffer  
the ignominy of hanging. The thought  
gave him keenest torture.

That dismal day drew to a close and  
at eventide, when the attendant came  
with his food he made one last earnest  
appeal for writing materials, that he  
might write a brief letter to his wife.  
But such a grant would be a violation  
of prison law; it could not be done.  
Then he closed his lips, resolved not  
to speak again save to the Heavenly  
Father.

The night passed, and another dark  
dismal day. Another evening came  
and another night shut down over  
the great prison—Otho's last night  
of earth as the few grim marks on  
his dungeon wall told him.

At eleven o'clock he threw himself  
upon his hard straw pallet and tried  
to sleep. He heard the solemn bells  
strike the midnight hour, and a few  
moments later the warden of that cor-  
ridor opened the little wicket in his  
door and looked in upon him.

Had our prisoner been on the out-  
side of his cell at that particular time  
he would have seen a movement on  
the part of the sentinel strange and  
unusual. This sentinel had softly and  
noiselessly followed the warden to that  
door, had stood very near while he  
looked in at the wicket, and then,  
when he had started on for the next  
cell, he leaped upon him as a cat  
would strike his prey. A single blow  
of a sand bag upon the warden's head  
felled him to the granite pavement as  
though a lightning bolt had smitten  
him. On the next instant the senti-  
nel was upon his knees—those knees  
upon the fallen man's breast—with a  
folded napkin, in which was a broad,  
flat, fine sponge, pressed tightly over  
the mouth and nostrils. A brief  
space so, then the guardsman took  
from his breast pocket a small flask  
and renewed the chloroform in the  
sponge.

Otho Maximilian had heard the  
opening of the wicket, and had seen  
the face that had peered in upon him.  
He had again closed his eyes, when  
he heard a dull, heavy *thud*, as though  
a ponderous body had fallen upon the  
adamantine floor. The sound was  
so unusual—so strange and unaccount-  
able—that he was startled—not with  
fear, but with a nameless, shapeless  
spectre of the Unseen. He arose and  
bent his ear attentively.

Ere long he heard the light clatter  
of a key as it was inserted into the  
lock of his door, and presently the  
door was opened and a man came in  
—a man habited in the uniform of the  
National Guard.

"—sh!" whispered the guardsman.  
Speak not, but do as I bid you.  
Throw off that ragged blouse. *Suave!*  
—will you obey? Bah! it is a friend!  
Now act, and quickly!"

"What—*you?*—Mar—"

"Will you stop your tongue and  
obey. We will talk by and by."

Without another word the prisoner  
pulled off his blouse and threw it aside.  
At the same time the guardsman strip-  
ped of his uniform, threw off waist-  
belt and baldric, with the sword; then  
the coat with its gaudy facings; then  
the pants, the garters and the shoes;  
and he bade the other to get himself  
into them with all possible dispatch,  
which was done.

And yet the guardsman stood in  
full uniform, as before. He had come  
doubtly clad, even to the hat and an  
extra *sompon*. And there was still  
another dress inside the uniform in  
which he now appeared. No wonder  
he had looked strangely rotund and

squat when we met him in M. Ra-  
meau's wine shop.

"Come! Look out that your sword  
does not clank, yet be ready to use it  
if need be. Now follow me. Look  
neither to the right nor to the left.  
Are you ready? So! *Forward!*  
MARCH!"

As they passed out upon the corri-  
dor, closing the door behind them,  
Otho saw the warden prone upon the  
pavement, and his sensitive olfacto-  
ries detected the presence of the pow-  
erful anæsthetic that held him in  
thrall.

On that corridor they were at lib-  
erty to move as they pleased; for,  
though there was a post of observa-  
tion, commanding that whole floor,  
yet the officer whose duty it was to  
occupy it was the warden who now  
lay senseless, and whose keys the senti-  
nel had taken into his own posses-  
sion.

"Mark you," whispered the libera-  
tor, when they had reached the head  
of the stairs, and were about to des-  
cend, "we have our greatest risk di-  
rectly ahead. The sentinels below  
have just come on, and may not be wak-  
ful enough to be over-inquisitive. We  
must make them believe that we have  
been relieved, and that we stopped  
behind to help M. Jourbert examine a  
cell."

"Will they not know at once that I  
am not a true National Guardsman?"  
asked Otho.

"Not if you hide your face as best  
as you can. They know not me. I  
came on last evening for the first time.  
I only entered the service yesterday;  
enlisted on purpose for this bit of  
work. O, God send that it prove a  
success! Now—*Forward! March!*"

At the foot of the stairs was a door,  
which the zealous sentinel unlocked  
with a key taken from the pocket of  
the warden, as they were ready to  
step forth, he called out, imitating the  
gruff tones of the warden as closely as  
possible.

"There off you go; and I thank you  
for your help?"

"You are entirely welcome; but  
you've robbed me of nigh half an  
hour's sleep, nevertheless. Good night,  
M. Jourbert."

These last words were upon his lips  
as he stepped forth into the lower hall,  
and the sentinel there standing sup-  
posed, naturally enough, that he was  
addressing the warden of the floor  
above.

"Now, comrade," said our experi-  
menting guardsman to the sentinel  
there stationed, "if you will let us out,  
we will be grateful. Mr. Jourbert has  
kept us to help him care for a prisoner  
who was inclined to be restive."  
"Certainly, comrade." And with  
out hesitation the honest sentinel ush-  
ered the twain forth into the vestibule,  
whence they made way to the open  
court.

"Now, my boy, mark me once more;  
I am Pierre Dubois, you are Julien  
Bizen—both of the National Guard.  
I have in my pocket a pass, signed by  
Colonel de Breze—or it will answer  
for his signature. I think it will set  
us free. Come!"

Boldly they entered the office of the  
nightkeeper where Pierre exhibited  
his pass. Fortune favored the adven-  
turers at every turn. This keeper was  
a plethoric, heavy-eyed man, dull and  
sleepy. He read the pass, gave it  
back, and with only a grunt, and a  
growl at being disturbed, he got up  
and opened the way for the anxious  
twain to go free.

In the uniform of the National  
Guard, and with the pass of Col. Breze,  
it was easy matter for the fugitives  
to make their way to the outer fortifi-  
cations, whence they had no difficulty  
in slipping through into the German  
lines, where they were received with  
great rejoicing.

During the winter of 1875—76 Col.  
Alphonse de Breze was called, by  
business of state, to the Prussian cap-  
ital, and while there he went to the  
theatre. The play advertised on the  
occasion of his first visit was called  
"The Guardsman," the leading charac-  
ter of which was a rollicking, fun-  
making soldier of the French National  
Guard, said character being enacted  
by a Berlin favorite, Martin Esau.

When the guardsman made his ap-  
pearance on the stage De Breze was  
electrified. With the first effort of  
thought he recognized the man—his  
recruit of Rameau's wine shop!—his  
zealous sentinel of La Force!—his  
Pierre Dubois!

De Breze could honor and respect

brave men. A few days later he called  
upon M. Esau at his home, and spent  
after he met Otho Maximilian at the  
same place.

"My friends," the colonel said, as  
he put down his empty wine glass,  
"had you seen and heard me, on that  
November morning, five years ago,  
when my prisoner was demanded, of  
me, and I found an empty cell and a  
sentinel missing, you would have been  
slow to believe that an event like this  
could ever enter into the story of our  
lives!"

"Thank high Heaven for peace and  
for friendship!" was Esau's fervent  
response.

And they filled up and emptied their  
glasses to the sentiment.

THE POWER OF THE WASHINGTON  
HAND PRESS.—A large man with a  
moustache brooding over his mouth  
like some great national sorrow visited  
The Bell office this week. He was  
traveling for an eastern house which  
makes a specialty of printing materials  
and slight drafts. He tried to sell us  
a large press with wheels on it, and a  
strongly made and binding chattel  
mortgage attachment.

He spoke very highly of this latter  
feature and said their mortgages were  
never known to break. He said the  
mortgages they were now putting in  
for printers in the northwest were  
alike satisfactory to themselves and  
the sheriff. He also spoke incidentally  
of the press itself, and we gath-  
ered that it was to be set up and fed  
with white paper, which would come  
out nicely printed with tariff editorials  
and original clippings. We judged  
that either a Democratic or Republi-  
can press could be ordered, and that  
there would be no extra charge for  
an attachment to run in an original  
poem.

Our next impulse was to seize a pen  
and write out a check sufficiently able-  
bodied to cover the cost of recording  
the mortgage. Turning, we caught a  
reproachful glance from the dark, cast-  
iron countenance of the old Washing-  
ton hand press and desisted. Part of  
the desist was caused by not being  
able to call to mind the address of  
any bank which had ever put in  
sealed proposals for handling our  
checks.

To turn the matter off we asked the  
man if he had a sample press with  
him. He said he had not. Then we  
said that we did not believe that his  
house would start him out on the  
road without one and that it was our  
opinion he had pawned it. He seem-  
ed agitated, and after leaving a bill  
for some type we ordered of his firm  
last week he went out.

When the press peddler had for-  
mally put on his injured look and  
jumped the office, we turned to the old  
hand press with a sigh of relief. After  
all, this style of press seems to give  
the greatest satisfaction. No one can  
write intelligently of the power of the  
press who has not pulled it. It seems  
to have early in life ordered a large  
consignment of choice, springy power,  
and to still have most of it on hand.  
It is all used in holding back. The  
man who said the press was the great-  
est power in the world had pulled the  
Washington hand variety. Some  
people may think that Washington  
should have kept right on crossing the  
Delaware and freezing to death at  
Valley Forge, instead of stopping to  
invent a balky printing press.

All this will go to explain why we  
still work off the paper on the station-  
ary press, when we might have one  
which would be amply competent to  
get up on the editorial tripod and put  
its feet on the table. Some people  
may prefer to have a press sitting  
around the office blowing about hav-  
ing more brains than the editor, but  
we do not long for it. Give us, rather,  
the simple society of the hand press,  
which will not shy at the cars, and  
was never known to kick its hind  
feet through the dashboard.—Estelle  
(Dak.) Bell.

Every farmer should have our  
Farmers Hand-Book, every merchant  
our Merchants' Manual, every lady  
our Ladies' Book, every lover of music  
our Mikado. The above, with ten  
picture cards, will be sent, post-paid,  
to any address, on receipt of sixteen  
cents in stamps. R. H. McDonald  
Drug Co., 532 Washington St., New  
York.

Coldcash—What do you charge  
for embalming?

Undertaker—Fifty dollars.

Coldcash—Well, sir, ain't that pret-  
ty high?

Undertaker—Not for a first-class  
send-off.

Coldcash—Well, what discount  
would you make for the deceased hav-  
ing a wooden leg?—Chicago Rambler.