

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING JULY 8, 1886.

293

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED

PLASTER, &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. Fac-

tory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.

ALEXANDRIA, VA

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept

under cover.

March 18, 1886—v.

## SPRING

Finds me with the largest and most complete stock I have ever had of

COACH FINDINGS,

BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES,

and HEAVY HARDWARE.

Comprising an immense assortment of

Wheels, Wheel Stock, Axles and Springs,

Carrage 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; pints,

30 cents; quarts, 50 cents. Liberal dis-

count to the trade.

'GAUTIER' Barb Fence Wire,

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Steel Harrow Teeth.

ALL SIZES.

Carrage and Wagon Builders will find

it to their interest to correspond with me

before placing orders elsewhere.

J. B. KENDALL,

618 Penna. Ave. 619 B Street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED—To correspond with saw mill

owners having facilities for turning Oak,

Sawed Poles, Cart Shafts, Sills, &c., in

our lots for cash.

Respectfully,

J. B. KENDALL.

April 1, 86—1

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 9:30 A. M., Millstone

Landing at 10 A. M., Plum Point at 1 P. M.,

and Fair Haven at 2:30 P. M. for Balti-

more.

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 Thursday, at 9:30 A. M., Millstone

calling at no Wharves below Letch'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—1

MOORE'S HOTEL

AND

Summer Resort.

I take pleasure in informing my custom-

ers and the traveling public that I have

thoroughly renovated my house, improved

and refitted the same and am fully prepared

to accommodate both.

Permanent and Transient Boarders.

The BAR, in every particular, complete.

My stables have been rebuilt and are in first-

class condition for accommodation of horses

and the storage of all kinds of vehicles.

Call and see for yourselves.

HERBERT F. MOORE,

Proprietor

A FRAGMENT.

What if, while I sit here alone,

A voice I have not heard for years

Should greet me in the low, sweet tone

That once was music to my ears;

And I should start from memory's sway,

And, turning, find you sitting there—

Unchanged, as though 'twere yesterday

Your feet went tripping down the stair.

Or if, upon some summer day,

Mid song of birds and hum of bees,

I should go down the woodland way

To our old trust beneath the trees;

And, starting back in glad surprise,

I should behold you waiting there—

The old light shining in your eyes—

The sunlight tangled in your hair.

In vain I shall not see the glow

Of wine-brown eyes or catch the smile

Of ruby lips; but yet I know

That you are near me all the while.

For I so loved you in that range

Of sunny years that my poor heart

Would bleed fresh and count it strange

To think God held us far apart.

And so, when evening shadows creep

And night falls softly o'er the lea,

You touch my eyelids and I sleep.

And sleeping, dream of heaven and thee.

And when some summer morn shall break

That finds me chilled by death's cold dew,

You need not kiss me, I shall wake,

And waking, be in heaven with you.

—Jean Ingold.

THE SNOW BLOCKADE.

In the fall of 1881 I was at St.

Paul. My friend, John Hall, conduc-

tor, had persuaded me to go with him

over the Northern Pacific road to

San Francisco. It was late in the

season, and I feared a blockade. How-

ever, I provided myself with a basket

of provisions, for use in case my fears

were realized, and started on my

journey.

When I reached the depot, I found

a gentleman and lady seated in my

sleeping car. I had scarcely time to take

a good look at the latter—and in fact

I could not make much out of my in-

spection, for she was heavily veiled—

when Hall entered, and passing me

with a hasty "good morning," went up

to the lady's companion. I was busy

storing away my numerous traps,

and did not hear what was said, until,

as it was getting near the time to

start, Hall observed that he must go

and see all clear. Then I caught

the words:

"Look well after Mrs. Forsyth, Hall,

and when you give up the train,

peak to the next conductor about her."

"I will do my best for the lady,

sir," said Hall, who a moment after

left the car.

"You'll have the drawing-room to

yourself," continued Mrs. Forsyth's

escort, "and need not be bothered with

any one."

My back was toward the speaker,

and in a little side mirror between the

windows I saw that he cast a suspicious

and significant glance in my di-

rection as he spoke the last words.

In a moment more he was gone,

and we were started on our long jour-

ney. My solitary companion retreated

to her room and I was left a rather

desolate master of the situation.

With the help of newspapers, books

and an occasional word with Hall as

he passed through the car, the morn-

ing passed quickly enough. We were

to carry a dining-car the first day or

day and a half—a fact that also added

to my sense of general satisfaction.

When the first call for dinner was

made, I was not long in answering it,

but quick as I was, many others had

been before me, and I was fortunate

in securing the last table. Scarcely

had I comfortably seated myself and

settled on the details of my dinner,

when Hall entered, piloting the lady

who had been spoken of as Mrs. For-

syth. Seeing that all the tables had

one or more occupants, he brought

her over to the one at which I sat.

He introduced me, placed her oppo-

site, and to say that I was charmed

with her face would be to give only a

very faint indication of my feelings.

She appeared to be about 23 or 24

years of age, and was dressed in

mourning, though not of a sufficiently

distinctive character to tell whether

or not she was a widow. I must con-

fess, however, that even at the mo-

ment the question occurred to me, I

wished that it might be decided in

the affirmative.

The meal passed off delightfully, at

least to me, and I managed to ascer-

tain that I should have Mrs. Forsyth's

company for the greater portion of

the journey, her destination being

Seattle. I took her back to our car,

when she again withdrew into the

drawing room, and I resolved to

smoke the soothing cigar. In search

of company and a chat, I sought the

smoker of the next car, which was

occupied exclusively by men, who

after a time dropped one or two quiet

hints about the enviousness of my

position, and their desire to exchange

berths. By-and-bye a little game of

poker was proposed, and would have

doubtless helped to pass a good deal

of time but a clergyman read us such

a lecture on the sin of gambling that

no one felt quite disposed to material-

ize as one of his "terrible examples."

So, after a while, I went back to my

own car and my books. At supper

time, as Mrs. Forsyth's room was open,

I ventured to ask her if I might have

the pleasure of taking her to the table,

and was rewarded with a gracious

smile and prompt acquiescence.—

Although I tried, without seeming to

be inquisitive, to skirt round the sub-

ject, I did not succeed in gaining any

information as to her matrimonial

condition. The next day, however, I

was fortunate enough to discover that

I had two or three times met Mrs.

Forsyth's single sister, when she had

been visiting some mutual acquaint-

ances in San Francisco. This fact

served as a far better introduction

than Hall's had been, and in the more

intimate conversation that followed I

at last learned with delight that Mrs.

Forsyth was a widow of over a year's

standing, and that she was intending

to make her future home with her

sister.

We lost our dining-car, much to our

regret, on the second day. The third

day saw snow incessantly descending,

and Mrs. Forsyth began to prophesy

all kinds of disasters, and even sug-

gested the advisability of her lying

over at the next station of any size.

From following this course she was,

however, dissuaded by the joint elo-

quence of Hall and myself. Each

hour that I spent in her society added

to the charm that was rapidly steal-

ing over me, by discovering new sim-

ilarities in tastes or ideas, and even

by an occasional warmly contested

argument on slight points of difference.

When I awoke on the fourth morn-

ing the windows were thickly crusted

with ice, and though I could not

scrape a place through which to ob-

serve our rate of progress, I felt sure

from the motion that we were making

little headway. I began to feel a

sensible yearning to reach the breakfast

station, and was meditating getting a

cracker from my basket, when Hall

came in, and expressed some surprise

at seeing me up and dressed.

"I think it was hunger roused me

out; that supper last night was pret-

ty queer. Are we near the breakfast

station?"

"The Forks are about fifteen miles

ahead."

"And how long will it take to get

there?"

"I don't think we'll get much fur-

ther yet awhile."

"Do you mean we're going to get

stuck?"

"Guess so," replied Hall with a

calmness which under the circumstan