

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.

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\$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 discount 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.

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Messrs. Editors:—You will please announce Mr. J. L. CONNELLY as a candidate for the Sheriffship at the next election and say that he will be cordially supported by the public generally. April 8, '86—lf.

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

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tory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

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under cover.

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Finds me with the largest and most complete

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BLACKSMITH SUPPLIES,

and HEAVY HARDWARE.

Comprising an immense assortment of

Wheels, Wheel Stock, Axles and Springs,

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—AGENT FOR—

"CASTORINE," The Great Axle Oil.

Sells rapidly wherever introduced. Univer-

sally pronounced the best.

RETAIL PRICES—Ponies, 10 cents; pints,

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'GAUTIER' Barb Fence Wire,

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Steel Harrow Teeth.

ALL SIZES.

Carriage and Wagon Builders will find

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WANTED—To correspond with saw mill

owners having facilities for furnishing Oak,

Sawed Fellos, Cart Shafts, Sills, etc., in

our lots for cash.

Respectfully, J. B. KENDALL.

April 1, 86—t

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AND

Summer Resort.

I take pleasure in informing my custom-

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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.

June 25, 85—4f

FERTILIZERS REDUCED IN COST TO FARMERS

Quality kept up to full Standard.

WE sell our Fertilizers to responsible buy-

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but now without interest, a saving of six per

cent to farmers. A liberal discount for cash.

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

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LEO H. HAYDEN, former Tobacco In-

pector, gives his personal attention to this

branch. Consignments solicited.

March 26, 85—4f.

BABY'S GRAVE.

In the church-yard, in the shadow,
Baby sleeps:
While the wind, from wood and meadow,
Softly weeps
O'er the little mound we made him—
God knows best,
With what aching hearts we laid him
Down to rest
Vain the tears and prayers we offered—
He has slept,
While we live, and toiled, and suffered,
Grieved and wept.
God was wisest. Who can number
All the weep,
Baby, in his tranquil slumber,
Does not know.

FURTHER ON.

'Biah,' said Mandy Brown to her husband, one day in March, 'seems as if it's time we was a gitten further on; here's Janie 6, and Jimmie 4 years old, and we only in the aige of York state yet. If we git settled in Calaforny by the time these young uns is growed up, we hev got to be a movin' faster'n this. Here we hev been almost tew years and seems as ef we are growin' fast.'

'I guess yer about rite Mandy; and when it gits settled roads we'll be a joggin on agin. We hev been tew year gettin here from old Maine, and unless we dew move faster we won't get there, sure's shutin. I'll fix up the old skuner ship-shape, and you git the duds ready.' And Biah Brown shut up his jack knife with which he had been whittling the wood box, and left the room.

'I swan, if that wa'n't easier done than I spect'd; Biah's seem'd kind o'sot here—that tavern's so blamed handy, but now we'll git away sure. And brisk, energetic Mandy bustled about her work, as if the fate of the nation depended on the number of minutes required to tidy up.

Two years before Biah and Mandy Brown had been comfortably situated on a small farm in Southwestern Maine. The farm was their own, and they were doing well; but Mandy got the western fever and soon

communicated it to Biah, who sold everything but two mules, a cow, and a stout half-sprung wagon, a few camping utensils and some bedding. Then, one fine spring morning, they bade farewell to friends and neighbors and turned their faces westward.

Before starting they made a strange plan: Their whole worldly possessions were their travelling outfit and \$1,200. Of the money they agreed to use \$200. To travel as far as \$100 lasted, for expenses, then stop, take a farm on shares long enough to earn another \$100; then up stakes and on again. Their motto was to be, 'Further On,' until Calafornia was reached.

Was not that a queer plan? I don't think anyone but Mandy Brown would have thought of it. She argued this way: Capital they must have when they got there; and she reckoned \$1,000 would start them pretty well.

The first move had brought them unto the 'aige,' as she said, of New York, and now she was eager to move on.

Biah worked with a will, and the 1st of April saw them facing westward. They lived frugally, determined to go as far as possible this time. But the sudden illness of the boy compelled them to stop at a small village in Southern Ohio. Biah at once rented a small farm for a season, and although pretty late, worked like a beaver getting in the crops, and was not far behind his neighbors after all.

The boy soon recovered, and he and Janie were sent to the village school every day during the summer term. Mandy knew how they would need an education, having never had any 'skulin,' she said herself, and she was bound the children should.

There was a long beautiful fall, that year, and when all the crops were garnered, and still there was fine weather, her restless spirit again showed itself.

'Biah, couldn't we jest git a little further on this fall? Seems a pity to waste this here fine weather. Lets git to see for a Illinois, anyhow.'

So as fer jesting on agin. Have you ever pictured them to yourself: An old weather-beaten, canvas-covered wagon, two sorry, dejected-looking mules harnessed to it, a long-legged, lanky-looking shepherd dog trotting under it and in it—well the family—Biah, long, gaunt and shakily-looking; Mandy, red-haired, freckled, with a bright, cheery, ambitious look in her blue eyes; and the two tow-headed children who were both bright

and smart. Biah walked most of the time and many turned out and smiled as the queer rig passed slowly by.

Before snow fell they were settled in a large town in the south of Illinois, where Biah secured a place as night watchman in a warehouse. They had cleared nearly \$500 from their summer's work; but Mandy said 'Twant best to be makin arter time for snow.'

When spring came the mules were hitched again to the wagon, and it was 'further on.'

Going through Missouri Mandy contracted the ague, and it shook the ambition pretty well out of her. A stop was made in the western part, and a farm leased for one or two years, as desired.

The first year Mandy was only able to do her work by the girls' help. Crops were poor and they only managed to pay expenses. The second year things were no better, and the ague still cling to her. 'Biah,' she said one day in early spring, 'I can't abide these ternel, slouchin Missouri wimmin any longer, an I shall shake tew death if we don't get outen here. Lets start on.'

Biah was heartily tired of the people and country, so needed no urging. In a few weeks they were again on the way with the same old outfit they first started with.

Western Kansas so pleased them that Biah took up a homestead.

This was just at the close of the war. Biah had tried several times to enlist, but was always refused on account of a slight limp he had caused by one limb being a trifle shorter than the other.

A young couple by the name of Hyde located by them, and their sod houses were built so near that they could call to one another from the doorways.

There Mandy thought she could be content, as Mrs. Hyde would teach the children. She soon got rid of her 'ager,' and so passed two happy uneventful years. At the end of that time she had begun to calculate how much they would get for their place, when they got their deed, and to plan how to get to Calafornia without making another stop.

The nearest town was thirty miles, and they did not get there often, it taking two days to go and come with the mules: the Hydies' only team being a yoke of oxen. There were no neighbors for miles, for it was near the borders of the Indian Territory, and people were afraid to locate there.

Few days passed that they did not see Indians; but they were all friendly. Many a squaw brought an ailing baby to be doctored by Mandy, she having in their first summer's sojourn cured a poor baby whose ignorant mother was letting it die for want of a little proper care. So her fame as a 'medicine' had become widespread, and was to be the cause of their being driven from their pleasant home.

One lovely June day, in the third year of their residence, as Mandy was stepping briskly about doing up the morning chores, two Indians rode up to the door. She greeted them pleasantly. One handed her a piece of soiled paper and she read: 'White Medicine come quick, or chief's daughter die. Not harm. Send home soon.'

Mandy looked amazed: Go with those dirty witches—never! There was not an atom of fear in her make up, but Biah was gone, and the idea was not to be thought of. She told them so as kindly as she could.

They jabbered together a moment, then one of them brought his gun to his shoulder. 'White Medicine must go, or shoot.'

Mandy began to be just a bit alarmed. The children were standing by, and she could see Mrs. Hyde watching from her door. Hyde and Biah were gone to town, for the first time in months, and would not be back until night. What to do she did not know. She began to see she would have to go.

'Jimmy, run and fetch Mrs. Hyde.' The boy ran off and soon returned with her.

'Mary,' began poor Mandy, 'these pesky varmints hev come fer me to go and doctur up a sick injun gal. There's no gittin out on't; I shall hev to go. You must look arter the young uns till their dad gits back.'

Mrs. Hyde tried to remonstrate but Mandy cut her short.

'See them shutin in, Mary?'

They're bound to use em if I don't go willin. They'll shute you and the young uns, and take me any-how.'

A grunt of assent from the Indians proved the truth of her words.

'Now, Injun, where yer goin' to take me?'

The Indian pointed to the south, but only said: 'Osoola chief; bring um back.'

'How fer?'

He held up both hands with fingers and thumbs extended, then opened and shut them four times.

'Hum; forty miles; pretty considerable of a ride.'

She went into the neat sod-house she never was to see again, and made a few changes in her dress, plac'd a small box of medicines in one pocket, a revolver and a small bull's-eye lantern in another, and with her gingham sun-bonnet on her head, came out ready.

As she shook hands with Mrs. Hyde she whispered, 'Tell Biah all about it, and if I don't show up in a week to hunt me up.'

'Don't cry, children, Mammy will be back all right. Mind Mary,' she said, as she kissed them. Then one of the Indians, as if tired of waiting, lifted her quickly to the back of an extra pony she had brought.

'See here, Injun, yer needn't go ter being' familiar, or this is what yer ill git,' and she showed the butt of her revolver. 'En I can jest shute it, too.'

She looked so comical in her wrath that both wooden-looking Indians smiled.

In telling of it afterward, she said that was the awfulest journey she ever endured—mile after mile, over the rolling prairie, in dead silence. Once she tried to make them talk, but the reply she got made her so mad it silenced her.

'White woman's tongue like little snake; wiggle, wiggle wiggle!'

At noon they stopped a few minutes, and then on again. Just before dark they stopped beside a small stream, and building a fire made some coffee in an old tin pail. Mandy had brought some food along, but accepted some of the coffee. When the Indians saw she had brought some food, one said to the other: 'White woman member every ting.'

'See here, Injun, don't yer git to admirin me tew much; twont be good fer yer health,' was her cool comment.

Only a short rest, and the weary ride was resumed. The night grew dark, and one of them took her rein and led the pony. Hour after hour they traveled on, until, just as Mandy thought she must fall off her horse for weariness, a dog began to bark close by. Only a few rods further and they stopped before a cabin of some sort.

Mandy slipped to the ground, and stepped about to ease her aching limbs. The door opened, and she was pushed rudely in. A faint light burned in one corner, and she saw dimly several forms. Taking her lantern from her pocket, she flashed a bright ray around over the astonished faces.

'White woman member every ting,' repeated a voice behind her.

Upon some skins in one corner lay the sick girl, and several squaws and Indians stood about. Paying no attention to them, Mandy went to the girl, and examined her carefully. Her skin was parched with fever, and Mandy soon found it was typhoid. Her experience had been great in that form of fever, and she at once began applying the proper remedies.

When she had done all she could for the present, she lay down on a blanket close by, and worn out, mind and body, soon slept.

Break of day found her up and doing, and for four days she was unremitting in her care. At the end of that time all danger was over, and Mandy's thoughts turned homeward.

She found out by the girl that she was in the hut of an outcast Cheyenne chief, who for some cause had been banished from his tribe, and with a few lawless braves spent his life wandering about the borders of the territory, getting their living by hunting, fishing, and thieving.

Mandy was just a little worried by her position among them, and doubted their intention to take her back home; but on the morning of the fifth day she demanded to be taken home. The ponies were at once brought up, and the same two who had brought her there appeared to take her back.

Now, she had taken her bearings upon her arrival, and knew they

started in exactly an opposite way. However, she said nothing, but laid her plans.

When night fell, the Indians camped, one saying, 'No hurry, um go dis way.' Mandy agreed, and was soon seemingly asleep; but in reality, was listening to every word spoken. The Indians had no suspicion, and talked freely. 'Chief pay big heap for medicine woman; heap many sick,' was all that was needed to confirm her doubts.

She waited until she was sure they were asleep, then rose, and crept carefully to where the ponies were picketed, some rods away. Cutting the lariats she led them as quietly as possible for a quarter of a mile. Evidently they were used to midnight service, for they followed without any trouble.

Mounting the best one, she whipped them into a gallop and soon felt herself safe. There was no moon, but the stars were out in full force, and traveling was easy. She rode westward for some miles, and then rode as near north as she could with only the stars as guides.

Daybreak found her utterly exhausted. She stopped in a cotton wood grove, picketed her pony, (she had turned the other two loose long before) and lay down to rest. She had no food, but knew it could be easily procured, as the prairies just swarmed with chickens and rabbits.

She slept long, and heavily, and was awakened by the hot sun of noonday shining on her face. Making the circuit of the grove she looked over the prairie as far as she could see. No one was stirring. With a sigh of relief she began searching for the nests of the prairie hens. Soon the rush of wings revealed what she wished. She still had her revolver, and by its aid kindled a fire, and roasted the eggs in the hot ashes, smiling grimly the while to herself, thinking she ought to be an adept in camping out by this time.

A small stream ran through the grove, and giving her pony a drink, she mounted, and again started on, hoping to get home before Biah started in search of her.

Night found her still in unknown country. Only stopping to rest her pony, she took her bearings by the big dipper and rode on through the silent night. A fire off to the right worried her, but she judged it too far east to trouble her or her folks.

When daylight came, she ascended a small rise and looked about her. Before her for miles lay the burnt district, a river at the foot of the slope having turned the fire eastward. She watched the sun rise, and looked for some known land-mark. As she gazed, horror filled her. Surely her home lay off in that direction not many miles. But for her wide detour, she must herself have been devoured by the flames.

Giving the pony only a short rest she plodded on. The poor brute was nearly spent, but she hoped he would last a few hours longer. Slowly and stumblingly he kept on; but about 10 o'clock he fell. Putting her revolver to his head, she sent a bullet into his brain. 'I couldn't leave the poor brute to suffer,' she muttered, as she started wearily on.

Poor Mandy was nearly spent herself, and do you blame her for the momentary wish that she had let 'them pesky Injun brats die.' For to her skill in sickness, was traceable all her troubles.

Climbing another rise, she gazed long and anxiously. 'I know it' was her comment, and she hurried on.

As she gained the top of the next, she saw, not a dozen rods away, a camp. No mistaking that 'skuner,' or the span of mules slanding dejectedly, near. Around a small fire of buffalo chips, she counted, two—three—five, persons. With a cry that sounded strange and unearthly, she started to run; but poor Mandy's last atom of strength was gone, and before she ran a rod she fell, for the first time in her life insensible.

Biah—for it was he—heard that cry, and looking up saw the figure as it fell. Grasping his rifle he ran to the spot.

'My God, it's Mandy!' he cried. Picking her up tenderly, he quickly returned to the camp.

Mary Hyde was there, and under her kindly care she soon recovered.

When she saw husband and children and the two friends she loved best,

standing around her, and knew—what-

ever misfortune lay behind—that they were all safe bodily, and she was once more with them, she burst into a fit of weeping that frightened Biah almost out of his wits. It was a rare thing to see his self-contained, practical Mandy cry; but they could see she had been through some terrible trouble.

When she recovered calmness, explanations were made.

All it is needed for me to say here is, that 'Indians' had set the fire to burn them up, as they never meant Mandy to return, a Southern chief, who had heard of her skill, having offered those renegade Indians a big reward to bring her to his camp, where there was much sickness.

Biah and Hyde had saved a few things by back-fires, which things they had brought away in the old 'skuner.' Hyde and his wife had lost nearly every thing; but fortunately, he had, while in town, received a check for a few hundreds from his father.

A long talk was held to determine their future course. Mandy could never be safe in that region again, and should they go north a few hundred miles and buy land, or 'further on?'

Mandy looked longingly westward, but she knew her restless spirit had been the cause of all their troubles, and she held her peace. When asked her opinion, she said it should be just as Biah and Hyde said.

So, finally it was decided to travel northward until they found land to suit, then buy. A few hours later they were tracking onward.

It was a terrible grief to Mandy to give up her cherished plans; and finally, as they were situated when last I heard of them, I do not believe they remained comfortable. I believe Mandy's quiet soul broke out again and that again their motto was 'Further On.'—Weekly Wisconsin.

Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron possesses many superior advantages over all other tonics. It is a non-secret remedy, and is nothing more than the title suggests. Celery, Beef and Iron. Celery has long held the first rank as a nerve, the