

Saint Mary's Beacon.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

FITZ-HUME'S EXPERIMENT.

Augustus Fitz-Hume sat in his luxurious establishment on Fifth Avenue and pondered deeply. The subject of his cogitation was a wife, or how to get one. There were plenty of young ladies ready to become mistress of his home, that he knew; but he also felt tolerably well assured that the home was all they cared for. For the fortune they would wed their owner.

'Hang the money!' he exclaimed. 'I wish I never had a penny of it and then-but, botheration, then I should have been too poor to marry, anyhow. Why couldn't I have just money enough for my wants and nothing more! I'll foil them, though, the mean adventuresses.'

A furious pull at the bell rope brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry.

'Pick up your traps, Mrs. Ashfield,' he exclaimed abruptly. 'I'm going to close the house.'

It was evident he had come to some conclusion.

'Shut up the house!' ejaculated the housekeeper, almost believing she had lost her senses. 'Why, such a thing has not occurred before since your father took possession forty years ago.'

'That makes no difference. I'm master here now, and I shall close it for the present. Meanwhile your wages can go on. Have you no relatives that you can visit?'

That settled it. The proffer of continued wages removed Mrs. Ashfield's scruples quite effectually. She then remembered she had friends she hadn't seen for years.

Three days later Augustus Fitz-Hume was safely domiciled in a quiet lodging-house, and shortly after began to sell his diamond stud, ring and seals as well as to dress himself in plainer clothes. A rumor that he had lost his property through an unlucky speculation was soon afoot.

He lost friends rapidly. By two and three they ceased to know him as he met them on the street. He only laughed and snapped his fingers at them behind their backs.

Then came a time when a large circle of acquaintances got narrowed down to three. It's no wonder he grew misanthropic.

On Madison Avenue one day he met a carriage containing some of his former acquaintances, who had been absent in Europe since he closed his house. He thought that they would not notice him, but each occupant of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

'They have not heard the news,' he muttered, cynically.

He was mistaken. That evening the owner of the carriage called to see him.

'Rather close quarters, my friend,' he said, as he took a calm survey of Augustus' not very pretentious surroundings.

'Pretty close, indeed,' said Fitz-Hume, icily. 'But since I lost my property, of which I suppose you haven't heard, I became quite economical.'

'But, I heard it,' cried his auditor, abruptly, 'and that's why I'm here. I knew you needed friends now if ever. And the fact is—well—my daughter, sir—I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in my counting-house. Will you accept it?'

'Ahem! Well, I will think about it. But it is a long way from my lodging-house.'

'Hang your lodging-house. You can live at my house as a—well—as a sort of guest, you know.'

Augustus looked over him closely. Mr. Stanley was reputed to be a very wealthy man. There was nothing in his face to warrant suspicion, so he thanked him and accepted the offer.

Once cozily settled in the Stanley mansion, it was not long before he wondered why he had not noticed Nellie Stanley before. She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their apparent positions, and she treated him cordially, more cordially he thought than before his change of fortune. He would not have been human if he had not learned to love her.

The climax came when she gave a grand party. Then before the elite of the town she did not hesitate to receive attention from him on which but one construction could be placed. He thought her quite a heroine, and asked no further proof of her love for him.

The next forenoon they met in her father's library, where he wanted to see her.

'Nellie,' he said, as soon as the usual courtesies had been exchanged. 'I come to you this morning to learn my fate. I know the difference in our positions, and would not urge you, only let your heart decide. My heart is yours only.'

She flushed prettily and seemed

overcome for a moment. Then she gave him her hand.

'I have loved you, oh, so long!' she said, 'but I feared you would never love me. You were so suspicious before you lost your money that all women were fortune-seekers. I was heartily glad when papa said you had lost it, and I—'

'You sent him to negotiate with me,' cried Augustus, finishing the sentence with rapture and putting a full stop to it with a kiss.

'I loved you so,' she murmured, nestling nearer to him.

'I do not doubt it, and it makes me the happiest of men,' cried her lover, in delight.

They were married. The wedding was very plain, as became the bridegroom's straightened circumstances. He was in a constant ecstasy as he thought of the pleasant surprise he had for his bride. He sent for Mrs. Ashfield to come back and open his house, which he filled with new and lovely articles. He had the bridal chamber furnished in pale-blue satin to set off Nellie's blonde beauty. In the meantime they remained at her father's.

'Augustus,' said his wife one day, 'I have a favor to ask; will you grant it?'

'I will if in my power, darling,' he exclaimed.

'Well, poor papa is short of money; won't you lend him a few thousands?'

'Me? Why, you know—'

'Oh, I know you've been pretending, but don't you think it's time for the farce to end? You never lost your money.'

Augustus was dumb with astonishment and chagrin.

'How did you find that out?' he gasped.

'Oh, I knew it all the time. When I heard the report that you were penniless papa went straight to your bankers and learned the contrary. I think we managed very shrewdly.'

'I think you did,' said her husband, desperately; 'but do you think I'll endure it?'

'How can you help yourself? We are married. Will you apply for a divorce?'

'No, I won't.'

'Then what will you do?'

'Answer me one question. Do you really love me?'

'I do, with all my heart.'

'Well, if you love me we will drop the subject.'

'I think you'd better,' she said, quietly.

'No Trespass Hear.'

I was wintering in old Fauquier County, among the most azure of the blue bloods of the "Old Dominion," eight or nine years ago, and on a hunting trip up in the "Blue Ridge," when the above notice, *literatim et verbatim*, met my startled eye one crisp, frosty morning in early November, while the yellow leaves yet rustled on oak and maple branch, and "Bob White" chirped his plaintive call amid the fall stubble and the brown undergrowth. It was a "charcoal sketch," written in a coarse hand on a broad pine shingle and stuck up against a persimmon tree, the branches of which hung bending full of that gold and red fruit, just ripening to the early frosts of autumn.

Along the slope of the mountain above me ragged orchards of peach and apple trees were seen, and a few rude buildings in sight gave signs of life and occupation.

The country was wild and rough, and game had shown up before my pointer, Old Josh, in most encouraging quantity, as three brace in my game pockets at that early hour proved.

Just as I came to a short stop before that sign, a tall, lank mountaineer with a long single-barreled rifle over his shoulders came limping down the trail, one leg evidently shorter than the other. I noticed a deep scar on one side of his not very pleasant-looking face.

'I see you can read, stranger!' he said, as he brought his rifle down from his shoulder with the butt on the ground and faced me in an attitude which showed me that he was used to the weapon.

'Yes, and spell, too!' I replied, a little indignant at receiving a check in so wild a country, where game preservation could hardly be an object, it was so plentiful.

'That's lucky. Are you good on the tramp?'

'No—I am lame like yourself—carry some lead in my body as well as in my shot-bag and shells!'

had been welcomed to the best grounds in three counties winter after winter and fall after fall, so I thought I'd merely change my course a little and go on with my sport.

I had just turned down a little ravine which looked promising, when I heard the clatter of hoofs in my rear, and a girl of 16 or 18 summers, bare-headed and bare-footed, riding back on a shaggy mule, dashed up to my side, coming down the hill.

'Stranger, be you a revenoo detector?' she cried, with an eager, scared look.

'A revenoo officer? I cried out with a laugh. 'Not much, if I know myself,' I added. 'I am only a private gentleman, an old soldier out on a hunt. I'm well known in Warrenton, where I board at the "Warren Green" Hotel.'

'Hey? Do you know Billy Payne and Jimmy Maddox and them 'uns?'

'To be sure,' said I. 'I have Jimmy's dog here!'

'So you hev! Dad's a fool! And the sooner he knows who you are, the safer you'll be, for there's some awful careless creatures up in the hills here—careless in throwin' lead. Come with me and you kin shoot more pa'tridges than this mule can tote!'

I thought it was policy to take her advice and soon after I was formally introduced to the lame mountaineer under my real name and title.

'Kunnel!' said he. 'And he spoke loud enough to be heard by a rough-looking lot of men near by.'

'Kunnel, take a lift o' peach and honey inside, or apple jack if it agrees better. When the huntin' is on the right side—our nodduns don't mean nothin'. But them revenoo detectors that come a-nosin' inter the hills to break up honest business will carry out more lead than they bring in. You're welcome as the day to the best I've got, and as to shootin' there's no end o' birds, turkey and deer up here in Searamouch and my gal ther can pint out the grounds. I faced you Yanks from the Seven Pines to Gettysburg and I reckon one who is as lame as I be won't scare me out o' my hide here at home! Come in and fill up with the best we have—you're welcome as day!'

And a better friend than that old mountain distillery man proved, from thence on, I never found in old Virginia. And all because I wasn't a revenoo detector.—Ned Bantline in Detroit Free Press.

No, indeed! I can believe a great many things about young Spindles, but I cannot regard him as a bad egg. He is too fresh.

One of the greatest delights of hot weather to a married man is that his wife never says anything about a new sealskin sacque.

A contemporary announces a new story, entitled "The Need of Money." That has long been an old, old story with us.

Dr. Henley's Celery, Beef and Iron will harden your muscles, and make you strong.

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Orders left with Mr. Wm. H. Ford will receive prompt attention.
July 6, 88—17

SOUTHERN MD. RAILROAD.
SUMMER SCHEDULE.
To take effect May 30th, 1888.
Leave Brandywine, going East, daily except Sundays, at 10:30 a. m.
Arriving at Mechanicsville, 11:45 a. m.
Leave Mechanicsville, going West, daily except Sundays, at 12:10 p. m.
Arriving at Brandywine, 2:10 p. m.
Early Morning Trains from Mechanicsville Leave Mechanicsville, going West, Mondays and Thursdays at 6:45 a. m.
Arriving at Brandywine at 6:50 a. m.
Evening Trains from Brandywine Leave Brandywine, going East, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6:30 p. m.
Mechanicsville at 7:30 p. m.
Arriving at J. B. RIDGWAY, Sup't. Brandywine, Md.
May 28, 88—17

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Always buy where you can get the most for your money. **HILL TOP** is the place to do this. Give me a call and be convinced. Rock bottom prices for cash in my motto and every man's interest. Hoping to receive a liberal share of the trade in the neighborhood and the public generally I am yours very truly,
JOS. H. BEYAL, St. Clement's Bay, Md.
June 3, 88—18

FOR RENT.
STORE-HOUSE at Millstone Landing. Three rooms in the building for use of tenant besides the store-room.
GEO. THOMAS.
April 22, 1886—6w.

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J. A. DILLON, Leonardtown, Md.
March 20, 84—17

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Dec. 3, 85—6m

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Dr. L. E. PAYNE, DENTIST, having located at Mechanicsville is prepared to attend to all professional calls. He will visit Leonardtown the first and third Tuesday and California the first and third Thursday in each month. Letters addressed to him at Mechanicsville by parties from a distance will receive prompt attention.
May 20, 88—17

NOTICE.

HAVING located at Laurel Grove, St. Mary's county, Md., I take this method of informing my friends and the public generally that I am now prepared to make and repair **BOOTS and SHOES** in the best style at the lowest cash price.
MORRIS BASIL.
May 20, 88—17

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Are you restless enough to venture? If so send for the new catalogue to the best Publishing Co., 233 and 235 Washington Street, New York, for our beautiful illustrated "Ladies' Catalogue." It is a novel, unique, and interesting work to every person of refinement. On receipt of ten cents stamps they will send you a full set of their famous household goods.

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May 6, 88—17

NEW GOODS!

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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—17

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Orphans' Court of St. Mary's County, Ct. June 8, 1888.

ORDERED by the Court, That Dr. Wm. S. Blakistone, administrator of CHARLES OWENS, late of St. Mary's county, Md., deceased, give notice by law to the deceased's creditors to exhibit their claims and that the same be published once a week for six successive weeks in the St. Mary's Beacon.

Test: **JAS. T. M. RALEY,** Register of Wills for St. Mary's county.

NOTICE. In pursuance of the above order, I hereby give notice that I have obtained from the Orphans' Court of St. Mary's county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Charles Owens, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby notified to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers attached thereto to the subscriber, on or before the 12th day of Dec., 1888, they will otherwise by law be excluded from the benefit of the said estate. All persons indebted to the deceased are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

DR. WM. S. BLAKISTONE, Administrator.
June 10, 1888—6w

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July 16, 1888—17

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May 28, 88—17

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