

# Saint Mary's Beacon.



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## Saint Mary's Beacon.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Published every Thursday Morning at

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

DEMOCRATIC IN POLITICS.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

\$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 deduction 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.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch.

T. F. YATES & F. V. KING, Publishers.

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CARROLL & BRADLEY.

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GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

939 La. Ave. and 10th St., Washington, D.

Particular attention paid to the sale of cattle, sheep, poultry, eggs, &c.

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Leonardtown, April 5, '86.

Meets. 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—yt

ESTABLISHED 1822.

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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. Pa-

tery Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept

under cover.

March 18, 1886—y.

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AT

Find 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, Axles and Springs,

Carriage Claws, Carpets, Lamps, &c.,

Horse Shoe Nails and Shoes, Bar

Iron and Steel, etc., etc., etc.

—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.

Carriage and Wagon Builders will find

it to their interest to correspond with me

before placing orders elsewhere.

J. B. KENDALL,

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WANTED—To correspond with saw mill

owners having facilities for furnishing Oak,

Sawed Felices, Cart-Shafts, Sills, etc., in

our lots for cash.

Respectfully,

J. B. KENDALL.

April 1, 86—t

MOORE'S HOTEL

AND

Summer Resort.

I take pleasure in informing my custom-

ers and the traveling public that I have

thoroughly renovated my hotel, 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,

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June 25, 85—yt

FERTILIZERS REDUCED IN COST TO FARMERS

Quality kept up to full Standard.

WE sell our Fertilizers to responsible buy-

ers on crop time at same prices as heretofore,

but now without interest, a saving of six

per cent. to farmers. A liberal discount for

A DAY.

When Mora leaps from the dusky couch of

Night,

And unto Nature's brow doth gaily press

Her ruby lips, to waken him to light,

The earth puts on its most becoming

dress,

The mountains rise with all their stately

grace,

The valleys smile in flowers 'neath her

feet—

The sparkling streams reflect her happy

face,

And all the birds with song her coming

greet!

And when from noon she takes the crown

of gold,

With such becoming dignity and ease,

The flowers dry their dewy tears, and fold

Within their fragrant breasts its beams of

peace.

But now the earth in mourning robes is

drest,

For 'neath the drapery of Twilight's

shade,

The Day, quite dead, doth in that coffin

rest,

Which has, for nails, bright stars all inter-

laid.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

'And was she worth the winning?'

'One man thought so, at any rate.

Tom Eldredge—you remember him?'

The speaker paused, and looked in-

quiringly at the man beside him.

Harry Belton laughed gaily. 'Remem-

ber him, my dear fellow? Why

I thought the whole world knew we

were chums—the very closest. What

about him?'

'Nothing especial,' returned the

other, indifferently, 'only—only he

has won the goddess.'

'The girl you were just speaking of?'

'Well, I didn't hear her main points—

just run over them again, will you?'

Lazy George Arlington looked up

with a slight sign of anger in his

sleepy eyes.

'If you haven't been listening to

the largest and most flattering de-

scription of a woman that a man ever

bothered himself to give, and on such

a hot summer day, too, you'll have to

wait till you see her for further news

—that's all.

'And when does she arrive?'

'Not that I care two pins about the

girl,' continued Belton, meditatively;

'but I'd like to see the one who's

roped poor Tom.'

'More likely she is the roped one,

if roped is synonymous with duped,

which, I believe, is the usual meaning

attached to it,' drawled George.

'The other sat bolt upright, and

squared his chest as if preparing for a

lunge at his companion.

'Tom Eldredge is one of the noblest

men alive!' he exclaimed hotly. 'How

dare you say she'll be—'

'Oh, I'm merely thinking in the

matter of appearances, you know.

Tom's minus an arm, his eyes are too

small for beauty, not to mention—'

'Your handsome men are not al-

ways the best husbands,' out in Bel-

ton.

'Then what a devil of a one you'll

make some poor girl,' laughed Arling-

ton, 'for you've got the shape of Ado-

nis himself.'

But there came no answering laugh

from Belton. 'I'm very serious about

it,' he said presently, 'because poor

Tom is very dear to me. Few women

would appreciate his good qualities as

I do, and if, as you say, the one he's

engaged to is such a belle and beauty

there is small chance for his happiness,

I'm afraid. How did he happen to

get her?'

'Well, it was this way. Her father

was a rich man two years ago, and

the family swelled around Newport

among all the big nob, till one un-

lucky day old Hartley went to smash.

Isabel and her mother went into re-

tract in some little Jersey village,

while Tom—you know what a queer

unselfish fellow he is—as soon as he

heard of the misfortune, hurried up

to New York, and offered every dol-

lar he owned to Hartley to help him

on his legs again. The long and short

of it is he got on 'em, and was able to

set up his family in some sort of com-

fort and style again. Natural they

should become acquainted with this

benefactor, eh? And perfectly natu-

ral that Tom should fall in love with

Isabel—which he did. Finally he

proposed. She took three days for

an answer. 'That's the reason I don't

believe she cares for him. Such a

long wait as that means sordid calcu-

lation—too much weighing of the pros

and cons of finance for Cupid to have

any hand in the matter. She accept-

ed him, however—sense of gratitude

pleasantly mingled with good proof

of his enormous wealth, I fancy. And

they are engaged, and she's coming

here to spend a few weeks, and Tom

has been living on the railway track

by the station these a week or two

for fear he will miss the train that brings

her.'

'And where is she putting up?'

'Didn't know there was another board-

ing-house around here.'

'At McKailan's—number side of the

river.'

'Strange I haven't seen Tom yet,'

mused Belton, frowning, 'that he him-

self had only arrived the day be-

fore.'

'You'll soon see—he'll be es-

corting the fair lady here inside the

next half-hour,' replied Arlington,

looking at his watch.

There was a long pause, during

which the latter got up and started

away, leaving Belton to meditate on

the singular news which he had just

heard. For it was singular—that a

man with so many physical imperfec-

tions as Eldredge possessed should be

so readily accepted by a woman like

Isabel Hartly.

He looked forward with some curi-

osity to a meeting with her. 'I'll

have a good chance to study the girl,'

he said to himself, 'conning in the

same house with her.'

The distant sound of carriage wheels

warned him of some one's approach,

and looking out from among the clem-

atis vines which covered the pillars of

the porch before him, he saw an open

carriage coming through the gateway.

In that carriage sat two ladies and

his old friend Tom.

It drew up to the steps, and Tom

helped them to alight, and Mrs.

Walters—the fat, pompous landlady,

came bustling out to meet them.

'Why—there's Harry Belton. How

are you, Hal?' exclaimed Tom cor-

dially, as he caught sight of his

friend.

A tall, fair woman with dark blue

eyes and haughty face, turned her

head at this exclamation, and Belton

found himself confronting Tom and

his betrothed. Tom introduced them

alighting, as Isabel bowed and passed

into the house: 'I'm glad to leave

her in such good hands, for I've got

to run up to the city for a few days,

and I would be sorry if Isabel and

her mother were lonely meanwhile.'

Mrs. Hartly, who had been con-

versing with the landlady, now came

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