

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED BY YATES & KING, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XLII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING AUGUST 5, 1886.

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## Saint Mary's Beacon.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

Published every Thursday Morning at

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

AT

\$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 notices, etc., over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 25 cents per inch. A liberal deduction made of those who advertise by the year.

Communications must be accompanied by the real name of the author or attention will be paid to them.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch.

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

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**CARROLL & BRADLEY.**  
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**Commission Merchants**  
FOR THE SALE OF

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939 La. Ave. and 10th St., Washington, D.  
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FOR SHERIFF.  
Leonardtown, April 5, '86.  
Messrs. Editors—You will please announce Mr. J. L. CONNELL as a candidate for the Sheriffship at the next election and say that he will be cordially supported by the public generally.  
April 5, '86—yt

ESTABLISHED 1822.

**JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,**

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**Lumber, Shingles, Laths,**

**NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.**

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

**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, Carriage Gliders, Carpets, Lamps, Ac., Horse Shoes, Nails and Shoes, Bar Iron and Steel, etc., etc., etc.

—AGENT FOR—

**"CAPSTARINE," The Great Axle Oil.**  
Sells rapidly wherever introduced. Universally pronounced the best.

RETAIL PRICES—Ponies, 10 cents; pints, 20 cents; quarts, 50 cents. Liberal discount 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.

**J. B. KENDALL,**

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**WANTED**—To correspond with saw mill owners having facilities for furnishing Oak, Sawed Poles, Cart Shafts, Sills, etc., in car lots for cash.  
Respectfully,  
J. B. KENDALL.  
April 1, 86—y

**MOORE'S HOTEL**

AND

**Summer Resort.**

I take pleasure in informing my customers 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 P. MOORE, Proprietor.

June 25, 85—yt

**FERTILIZERS REDUCED IN COST TO FARMERS**  
Quality Kept up to full Standard.

WE sell our Fertilizers to responsible buyers on crop time at same prices as heretofore, but now without interest, a saving of six per cent to farmers. A liberal discount for cash.

**For Tobacco buy our Victor.**

It has stood the test of 7 years trial, and has been deserved reputation of making the

**Finest quality and as much Tobacco** as any fertilizer in the market. It does not lie but keeps the Tobacco growing until ripe and curing nicely. A special Tobacco and Wheat Fertilizer—good for all crops.  
**OUR WAREHOUSE**, specialty for Wheat, and Wheat and Corn Fertilizer have proven their value for these and other crops.  
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 and permanent improvement of their lands. Orders solicited.

**THOMAS C. PRICE & CO.,**  
**Commission Merchants**  
56 S. Ches. St., Baltimore.

FOR THE SALE OF

**TOBACCO, GRAIN, WOOL** and all country produce.

**LEO H. HAYDEN,** former Tobacco Inspector, gives his personal attention to this branch.  
Consignments solicited.  
March 30, 86—yt

**THREE OFFERINGS.**

Willie, my first love, Willie,  
Gave me a rosebud sweet  
I wore the bud in my braided hair,  
But its bloom was short and sweet,  
So I hid it away in my bosom,  
Withered and wan, but sweet,  
And all the long bright summer  
My heart beneath it beat.

Willie, my boy love, Willie,  
Gave me three daisies white,  
When we sailed together down the stream,  
In the hush of the moonlight night:  
I locked them up in a casket,  
While they were fresh and white,  
And after their leaves had faded  
I kept them out of sight.

Willie, my old love, Willie,  
Gave me a single scarlet spray,  
Purple blossoms with hearts of red,  
And a single scarlet spray:  
He blue black eyes were smiling,  
And I thought of a bygone day:  
But when he had passed and left me,  
I threw the flowers away.  
—Britomart.

### THE MANIAC EDITOR.

What I am going to tell you happened nearly thirty years ago, when I was little more than a boy, but every fact is impressed upon my memory as strongly as if the exciting circumstances occurred last night. Folks call me whimsical, because I always shun any newspaper article having allusion to insane people, and they call me an "old woman," because I often scream out in my sleep, or start and turn pale when even a child creeps behind my chair unawares.

All these things have an explanation, and I am going to give it to you:

In the quaint old village of—well, we will say Banktown—I made my first start in life. Like other Pennsylvania villages, it had been built up by a neighboring coal mine, and most of its residents were miners. There were not over eight hundred inhabitants, but there was a floating population, and a country trade, which gave Banktown a busy stirring air. My mother was a widow, in average circumstances, and I was her only son. My schooldays were very few,

and I had to assist in paying the rent and buying provisions. Sometimes I worked at the mines, or drove teams, and at other times picked up a few shillings by doing odd chores about the town. On the very day that I was fifteen years old, a man named Justin Welsh arrived in Banktown with two or three teams loaded with the furniture of a country printing-office. People had been making an effort for a long time to secure the establishment of a weekly paper in our town, and the final arrival of Welsh created considerable excitement. He had engaged rooms in the third story of the largest and only brick store in the village, fronting on the main street, close to the bridge over a rapid and deep river. The rear walls of the building rested on the brink of a cliff twenty feet high, at whose base the river growled and roared over the rocks like a tiger baffled of its prey.

Boylike, I was on hand, and gazing at the press, cases, racks and other appurtenances, with an eager and curious eye. Welsh employed me to assist in carrying the stuff up stairs. After this was accomplished, he engaged me to help get the room to rights, and by the time that work was finished I was an enthusiast on the subject of printing. The types were so mysterious, the press so wonderful, and there was so much to admire one way and another, that I determined to become an apprentice to the art, if such a thing were possible.

In a timid way I hinted my desires to Welsh, and was overjoyed to find that he would cheerfully accept of my services at a small salary, providing my mother gave her consent. My mother's approval was easily obtained, as she saw that a trade would prove much better for me in the end, and was informed by Welsh that my wages would soon be increased to the full amount which I could earn by picking up light jobs here and there. So I came about that I undertook to be a printer.

Welsh had no family. He was a bachelor of thirty-five, tall and powerful in build, jovial and droll in his conversation, and was soon the most popular man in Banktown. The reader must remember that printing-offices were not so plenty thirty years ago as now, and at that day newspaper men were surrounded with a sort of atmosphere of awe and admiration, which made them leading characters in every community.

The *Mirror*, our new paper was called, would not be considered much of a paper, now, but it was an attraction then, and I heard it repeated more than once that the establishment of the office had increased the price and sale of real estate in the village.

Thirty years ago almost every man drank liquor as freely as water, and it was then deemed bad manners to refuse a social glass with friends or acquaintances. Young men were not included in the habit, and therefore came about that while I was always sober, Welsh was always more or less under the influence of liquor. I had not been in the office six months when he began to neglect business in a bad way. As the *Mirror* was a small paper, there was but little writing to do, and Welsh soon contented himself with filling up the reading columns of the *Mirror* with selections from exchanges. Seeing that I had a taste for writing up local happenings, he gave me one day in the week for the purpose of gathering up such items, and at the end of the year one coming into the office would have imagined that I was sole proprietor. There were days and weeks in which Welsh did not come near the office, leaving me the full charge and responsibility of transacting all business. I probably did as well as any young man thus situated could; at least, Welsh was always satisfied; and no charge of peevishness or dishonesty was ever made against me. He spent much of his time at the Black Bear Tavern, card-playing and carousing, and when not thus engaged would go away on long hunting excursions, or take a trip of a week to some city.

One evening after I had been in the office fourteen months, I returned after supper to work off a job which had come in during the afternoon. I had nearly finished, when Welsh came up the stairs, it being his first visit for ten days. He had a wild and haggard look about him, and I saw that he was recovering from a carouse, and nearly exhausted. He asked a few questions about the work in hand, remarked that I was getting along finely, and then sat down to the editorial table, laid his head down and was soon fast asleep. I did not disturb him until the last moment, and then shook him by the shoulder. He started up in a wild way, shouting: "They are after me with their red eyes! Don't you see them? See there? See how they hiss, and twine, and dart out their horrid tongues!"

I had read of cases of mania a potu, but had never seen one, and to say that I was frightened would be saying little enough. Welsh sprang up, clung convulsively to my arm, and his dreadful look gave me a shock that I did not get over for days. At length, after I had told him that he was in no danger, and that nothing was pursuing him, he grew calmer, and we soon walked down stairs together. He was very reticent, and merely asked me to say nothing about what had occurred, adding that it was all a dream, and that he had imagined he was surrounded by serpents.

Soon after this, I overheard many remarks not complimentary to Welsh, and realized that the town's-people were thinking that he ran too high a course, and that he was gradually losing both character and friends. I had nothing to do but keep on in the old way. My mother was conversant with the things were going, but, so long as was promptly paid and my own character was not suffering, she concluded that we should wait for a better time. As I remarked at the outset, we were not well off, and it is necessary to say here, that the little hillside cottage did not have any furniture to spare.

One evening a coterie of friends, whom mother had known in the years passed away, came to main all night. Having no surplus funds, it became necessary for me to ass the night away from home. It occurred to me that I would go to thifce and make my bed on the lounge. I accordingly proceeded there about eight o'clock in the evening. It win the month of July, and the weather was extremely oppressive. I turned in about nine o'clock, lying at full length on the lounge, with my clothes on.

Access to the offices gained by means of outside stair and in one corner of the office was ladder and a trap-door leading to the roof. The roof was covered with straw, and the walls ran up about the feet above

it, forming a sort of breastwork as it were, the walls being about fourteen inches thick up there. As the night was so warm I had the trap door raised, and took care to leave the office door open. Such a thing as a murder or robbery had never been known in the history of Banktown, and I therefore ran no risk.

About midnight, after having had an uneasy sleep, I suddenly awoke. Welsh, who had started for Philadelphia the last evening, was seated in a chair at the table, his back toward me. I thought it very strange, and lay there for a moment thinking and watching. He was writing and muttering: "That will not do!" he exclaimed, tearing up a sheet of paper on which he had been scribbling: "there must be more fire in it, it must read like the sharp hiss of a fiend!"

Then his voice sank to a whisper, and in a moment more he sprang up, pushed the desk over with a loud crash, shouted "fire!" at the top of his voice, and went on a mad walk around the office, hurling down the cases of type, upsetting racks, and smashing to "pi" several galleys of type. I was instantly convinced that he had an attack of mania a potu again, and remembering my former services in soothing his agitation, I sprang up, went over to him and laid my hand on his arm. He jumped as if my grasp had been the weight of a hot iron, and turning about shouted: "Devil! who sent you here to torment me? Why do you come here with those eyes of fire? Why, in God's name, can't I rest in peace?"

"It's Mark—it's I," I replied, shrinking back a little. "Don't you know me, Mr. Welsh? don't you know Mark?" He stood a moment, glaring at me in the darkness. We were not three feet apart, and the light of the candle which he had placed near the desk on coming in shone full in his eyes. He danced with the cunning of lunacy. He came a step nearer, peered into my face, and then went on:

"No—this isn't Mark; Mark never looks at me with such red eyes, and he never holds out his fingers to clutch my throat—to drag me down there among the horrid rats who are fighting over the skeleton bones!"

I again asserted my identity, and then, as I looked him full in the face, I saw a curious change come over it—a sort of coaxing, wheedling expression, very much as a hyena might look while coaxing a lamb within reach of its fangs.

"Well, then, if you are Mark!" he resumed, "you won't desert me, will you?"

I told him that I would see that no harm came to him, and he took hold of my arm and we walked to the foot of the ladder which led up above. As I was turning to walk back, he grasped me like a vice, and whispered in a savage way:

"They are coming again! They'll catch us here, but they can't if we go on the roof. There we can hold them at bay forever, killing all who come up!" And he laughed loud and long, and danced around me in great glee.

Thinking that the cool air on the roof would help to calm him down, I replied that we would go up, and stood waiting for him to precede me. Instead of ascending, he seized me in a rude way, and fairly pushed me up the ladder, following close behind. Gaining the roof, I walked to the battlement and sat down, and he came up and stood in front of me. A heavy thunderstorm was coming up in the southwest, and the sky was black as ink. After a moment Welsh went back and shut the trap door down, and then took a seat beside me. Presently he said:

"Mark, did you ever have a grinning devil following you around?" I saw that he was still thinking of his old troubles, and replied that I had, but that I had put them to flight by going to sleep.

"You lie! you fiend—you are a base liar!" he yelled, and he suddenly seized me by the throat and bore me down upon the roof.

I was frightened then, though I had not been before. I felt convinced that Welsh was a lunatic, and I was in a dangerous position. He held me but a moment, and then the gathering storm broke with a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a peal of thunder that made the building tremble.

He let go of me, with a wild yell, and went capering and dancing over the roof.

Flash after flash came, succeeded by heavy peals of thunder, and then the rain began to descend. After taking a few turns up and down the roof, Welsh ran up to me, seized my arm, and dragged me along in his mad dance.

"This will be glorious!" he shrieked; "the devils will be swept away by the flood, and then they won't haunt us any more. Faster! faster! We must sweep along like the hurricane!"

He forced me rapidly up and down the roof, cruelly grasping my arms, and striking me with his fist when I lagged behind.

"Faster, I say!" he yelled; "you must keep up or I will kill you! Don't you hear the fiends climbing up to seize us?"

At length I could go no further. We were both thoroughly drenched with the falling rain, and the flashing and roaring of the elements was enough to appall one of stouter nerves than a boy of sixteen. It was close to the trap-door where I sank down, and I instantly made up my mind to attempt an escape. Welsh also stopped, but in a moment more let go his hold on me, and went dancing over the roof again. I could not see him except when a flash of lightning revealed to my gaze even the gravel stones on the roof; but I heard him him every instant. While he was at the further end of the roof I hurriedly raised the door, and had descended a step or two, when he caught me by the hair and dragged me back.

"You want to leave me here alone, do you?" he shouted, and kicked me with every word. "Now I am going to kill you! I'll throw you over the cliff, and the raging waters shall carry your dead body down to the bay. Are you afraid?" he went on, dragging me toward the rear end of the roof. "Look down there! Don't you see the faces of the dead looking up from the river? Can't you hear them moaning and gnashing their teeth?"

He kept dragging me on until only the battlement separated us from the fifty feet of descent which intervened between us and the sharp rocks in the river bed. I hung back, feeling that he was going to hurl me over; but I was a mere boy and he a giant in his maniac strength.

"Come, climb up!" he yelled; "don't you hear the devils laughing?—don't you hear the spirits crying for your blood?"

There was a struggle for a moment, but he lifted me to the top of the wall, sprang up after me, and I began to pray. Cursing and muttering, the maniac steadied himself on the wall, seized me by the hands, pushed me with his foot, and in another instant he was holding me there, suspended over that yawning grave of darkness. He commenced swinging me back and forth, to get my struggling legs clear of the bricks, and I felt that no power on earth could save me. In an instant I thought of the agony of the fall, of the pain when I should strike the jagged rocks, of the feelings of my mother when my mangled body should be drawn from the river, and I realized that I was fainting away. My eyes were fast shut, my heart had almost ceased to beat; I felt myself going down, when he shouted again:

"The fiends have stopped singing—they don't want you just yet. Hear them! they tell me to wait a moment more!"

He drew me up, and roughly tossed me down on the roof. I was too weak to move, and utterly incapable of resisting in any way. He stood over me for a moment, with his foot raised as if to crush his boot into my face, but seemed to get a new idea. Leaping up on the battlement, he peered down into the darkness, leaning over so far that I surely thought he was falling. No sane man could have stood thus for a moment, looking down into that mad river, but Welsh knew no fear. The storm was going off to the northeast; the rain had ceased to fall, and the thunder growled hoarsely now and then. Suddenly, the maniac shouted, "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice, and went running around the battlement at the top of his speed. I could hear the plaster and displaced bricks falling as he ran, but he minded nothing until he had made the circuit of the walls three different times. Then he stopped, because a hundred people, called out by

the alarm of fire, were rushing up and down the street. He saw them heard their shouts, and then jumped down, ran to the trap-door, descended, and I heard the office door slam to. He was exhibiting the proverbial cunning of lunatics, and had fastened the door against all outside help or attack. I realized this in a moment, and, crawling to a corner, nestled close against the bricks, hoping to elude his observation. But he had the eyes of a tiger. In a moment he had bounded up the ladder, and stood beside me, saying:

"We must be going, the devils are telling us to come. Come, Mark, we are going to meet our fiends!"

I groaned, but could not stir. At that moment I heard me at the office door, shaking and stamping, and believed help would soon come. I sought to gain a little delay by telling Welsh that a devil had been to see me during his absence, and that it had told me to wait till another evening—that the thunder had frightened them away.

"It's a lie!" he yelled, dancing about; "no one but me can talk with them! I am their master, and they have told me to hurry and bring you along!"

He took me in his arms as though I had been an infant, flung me on his shoulder, and then quickly climbed to the top of the wall. It was evidently his intention to leap down, but he was seen from the street, and the cries of the crowd shamed his plan.

"They think we are afraid, Mark," he said, balancing himself like an acrobat, "but we will let them see the race of the red devils, won't we, Mark?"

He held me on his shoulder with one hand, and his grasp seemed to eat into the flesh. Dizzy with the glimpse I had caught of the ground below, I could not answer him. He gave a sudden yell, and then went galloping along the top of the wall, shouting and shrieking as we went. I heard the bricks rattle down, and shut my eyes, expecting him to leap when we got to the rear wall. But he did not, and kept right on in the giddy race until we had gone twice around the building. Then he stopped, and we heard men pounding away at the trap door. They had forced the office door, and were near at hand. But death was nearer. We stood on a crumbling wall but little more than a foot wide, and the distance to the ground was sufficient to kill any living thing which made the leap.

"They are coming!" he whispered, hoarsely, "but we shall cheat 'em yet! The devils bids us hasten! Don't you hear the river telling us to hurry?"

He poised himself for the leap. We were on the angle of the wall, and must go to the bottom of the cliff if we went down. I felt he was getting ready, and, with the only shout which I had yet uttered, I gave a convulsive leap or struggle, and we fell. I felt that he had let go of me, but that I was following him down, when I struck the gravelled roof fair on my head. In an instant after, and for the succeeding two weeks, I knew or realized nothing.

In my struggle, I had so disconcerted the madman that he was obliged to make the leap, and the impetus had carried me back on the roof. The second day after, his body was taken from the river, far below, but so crushed and mangled that it resembled a mass of pulp.

After a run of fever I recovered from my terrible adventure, and made no objection when the citizens of Banktown, almost to a man, subscribed the money to buy the *Mirror* office and present it to me. I only insisted on a removal to another building, getting as far away as I could from the scene of that midnight adventure.

Reporter—"Are you going to work to-day, Pat?"

Pat—"Sure, I dunno. Me old woman says she'll brake me head if I don't, and the union men will brake me head if I do. Sure, these are hard times for dacent men. I think I'll just take me chances with the old woman."

We don't wish to be understood as finding fault with nature, but we do wish from the bottom of our hearts that the luminous end of the fire-fly had been hitched to the mosquito.—Puck.

To keep insects out of bird cages, tie up a little sulphur in a bag and suspend it in a cage. Red ants will never be found in closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur be kept there constantly.