

TERMS FOR TRANSIENT ADVERTISING: One square, one insertion, \$1.00 Each subsequent insertion, .50 Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

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. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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 Cloths, Carpets, Lamps, &c., Horse Shoe Nails and Shoes, Bar Iron and Steel, etc., etc.

AGENT FOR—

"CASTORINE," The Great Axle Oil.

Sells rapidly wherever introduced. Universally pronounced the best.

RETAIL PRICES—Ponies, 10 cents; plows, 30 cents; quills, 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,

618 Penna. Ave. 619 B Street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED—To correspond with saw mill owners having facilities for furnishing Oak, Sawed Felices, Cart Shafts, Sills, etc., in car lots for cash.

Respectfully, J. B. KENDALL.

April 1, 86-1

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 F. MOORE, Proprietor

June 25, 85-17

G. W. CARROLL, J. W. BRADLEY

CARROLL & BRADLEY,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain and all kinds of Country Produce,

No. 16 Camden Street,

BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES BY PERMISSION.

Judge C. F. Goldsborough, Cambridge, Md.; Hon. D. M. Henry, Cambridge, Md.; T. J. Dail & Co., Baltimore, Md.; Hunt, Parnell & Co., Baltimore, Md.; R. R. Butler, Trappe, Md.; Dr. H. W. Houston, E. N. Market, Md.; Nat. Farmers & Planters Bank, Baltimore, Md.

Oct 18, 1883-y1

BURCH & MONTGOMERY,

GENERAL PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

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

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

Nov. 19, 1885-17

FOR SHERIFF

Leonardtown, April 5, '86. Messrs. Editors:—You will please announce Mr. J. L. CONNELLY as a candidate for the Sheriff at the next election and say that he will be cordially supported by the public generally.

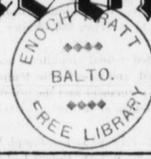
April 8, '86-17

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1886.

NO. 302.



Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City Prices.

Two Songs.

How is it possible You should forget me, Leave me forever, And never regret me? I was the soul of you, Past love or loathing; Lost in the whole of you— Now I am nothing?

Flower of the Cypress, little bitter bloom, You are the only blossom left to gather; I never prized you, grown among the gloom, But well you last, though all the others wither.

Flower of the Cypress, I will bind a crown Tight round my brows to still these fancies down; Flower of the Cypress, I will tie a wreath Tight round my breast, to kill the heart beneath.

THE ONYX RING.

Edith Raymond had two lovers: not a strange thing to be sure. Almost any pretty girl can boast of as many. Indeed, it would not have been strange if Edith had a dozen; for, in addition to the charms of personal beauty, she possessed those of a more substantial sort; namely, of gold. It was not the number, but the character of one of the lovers, that rendered the condition of affairs peculiar. This one was Richard Oakley, the rejected suitor. His rival was Captain Harry Belknap, and it was his success that aroused Richard's ire. The latter was not one to accept defeat in anything quietly, but in the matter of love he showed himself especially belligerent.

Years ago he had made up his mind to have Edith Raymond for his wife; and now to have the prize he had coveted so long borne away by another was more than he could bear. He was determined that it should not be.

His ardor was not in the least abated by the fact that Edith did not love him. He wanted her to marry him all the same. And he seemed to think that if it were not for Harry, she would ultimately do so. What he really did think was not so clear. He himself could not have truthfully told, further than that he had set his mind on marrying Edith Raymond, and he meant to do it, in spite of fate.

He was not given to analyzing his emotions. His thoughts were mainly occupied in contriving means for gratifying the fierce and absorbing desires that swayed his undisciplined soul. In following the lead of his unhalloved impulses, he would sacrifice his better nature, together with the interests of his best friends; and nothing was permitted to stand in the way of his indulging whatever passion possessed him.

Edith well knew Richard Oakley's nature. They had lived in the same village ever since they were children. When very young they had attended the same school. He had been a rude, cruel-hearted boy, and of late years he was known as a fast young man.

Edith's father and Richard's uncle, with whom he had lived since the death of his parents, which took place in his infancy, were the rich men of the village. They were also on intimate terms. So Edith and Richard were frequently thrown together; at least till Mr. Raymond died. This occurred when Edith was seventeen, a year prior to her engagement. Richard always manifested a fondness for Edith's society, but while her father lived he was deterred by her coolness from annoying her with any marked attentions.

He was anything but agreeable to her, and she was exceedingly sorry that he cared for her, as she knew he did; for she was not a coquette, and she found no pleasure in winning affection that must bring pain and disappointment to another.

In point of wealth, there was a wide difference in their positions, Edith being the heiress of all her father's property, whilst Richard had been left a penniless orphan, dependent on his uncle's bounty. The latter, having several children of his own, would not be likely to do much more for his nephew, now that he was twenty-one, and well able to look out for himself. He had given him a collegiate education, and offered him the choice of a profession; but this last Richard declined. He probably preferred to be supported in elegant idleness by Edith Raymond's money; for, despite her avowed indifference to him, he secretly regarded her as belonging solely to himself; and not till Captain Harry Belknap appeared upon the scene, in the character of Edith's lover, did he doubt his ability to ultimately win

the heiress. Especially was he confident of success after the death of Mr. Raymond. He felt that one powerful influence against him had been removed. His elation, however, lasted only a brief time. But a few months passed before Edith went with her invalid mother to visit some relatives in a distant city. There she met Captain Belknap; and it is to be supposed, fell in love with him. At all events, she became very happy at the prospect of being his wife—or would have been, had it not been for the terrible threats of Richard Oakley, whose rage knew no bounds when she at length returned home accompanied by her lover.

He made no secret of his resentment, and openly declared his determination to be revenged. He repeatedly vowed that Edith should be his bride, or the bride of Death. This was considered, however, as mere meaningless raving by every one except Edith. It filled her with alarm. Still, she felt that there was no help for it. She would rather die a thousand times than be the wife of Richard Oakley. Yet, she feared more for the safety of Harry than for herself; though they were both in danger of harm at Richard's hands, she was very sure. For this reason she insisted on deferring their marriage till Harry should return from the voyage he was about to undertake to India. It would give Richard's anger space to cool; and, mayhap, before two years should elapse—the time Harry expected to be absent—he would become reconciled to his fate. At all events, she would be safer during their enforced separation unmarried; and her lover would be for a time beyond the reach of his foe.

She would gladly have accompanied Harry upon his voyage as his wife, had it not been for her mother, who clung to her with all the helplessness of a child. She could not leave her; and so there seemed nothing left her to do but wait, and hope that time would bring about changes favorable to her happiness.

Not an easy thing for one so young, this waiting for the possible coming of events that she most anxiously desired, but which seemed at best too uncertain to merit the least reliance. Yet, when Edith felt convinced that course was best for her, she seldom hesitated to pursue it, no matter how hard it might be. She was both brave and strong.

Painful as it was to part from Harry, she experienced a sense of relief when she saw the ship that was to bear him from her, perhaps forever, slowly recede from the wharf. He was safe now from Richard Oakley's vengeance, at least.

So imminent had she deemed his peril from this source, that the danger to be encountered from the elements seemed trifling in comparison.

Before his departure Harry had given her a ring, a curious, antique gem, which had been presented to his father by an eastern monarch, whose life he had been instrumental in saving. It was a large onyx, with a heavy gold setting, upon which were engraved various odd characters and symbols. The stone itself contained an exquisite intaglio of a crouching lion, in the head of which was skillfully concealed a tiny spring. A very slight pressure upon this particular point caused a needle-like blade of steel to shoot forth from beneath the onyx; and this was said to be imbued with a poison so actively and subtly powerful as to cause almost instant death when introduced into the human system through a slight puncture of the skin.

Harry Belknap, however, had not the slightest faith in the traditional virtue of this seemingly insignificant weapon. He valued the jewel chiefly on account of its antiquity, and its being associated with the memory of his deceased father. The hidden properties of the steel had never been tested that he knew of; so he laughingly told Edith that when she found a fit subject she had better try its power.

Soon after Captain Belknap sailed for India, Richard Oakley also disappeared. Where he had gone nobody knew. In fact, he had no friend who cared to keep trace of him except his uncle; and even he, had he told the truth, would have said that he was not sorry to be rid of him; and he cared little where he went, so that he gave him no further trouble; for he had been more than usually reckless of late

and he had more than one heavy bill to pay, in order to save the fellow from bringing dishonor on the family name. He did not say this to the public, however. He was too proud for that. He merely answered any inquiries concerning Richard by saying he knew nothing of him.

For two years Edith dwelt in her home, with her mother and her two servants, unmolested. If Richard had ever visited the village during that period, no one knew it. People had ceased to speak of him, and it was doubtful if any one other thought of him, except Edith Raymond. His absence was far from removing her fear. She knew him too well to believe he would give her up so easily; and, notwithstanding the fact that no one had seen him, she had no doubt but that he had been an occasional, if not a frequent, visitor in the neighborhood.

She was possessed of an uncomfortable feeling that he was liable to drop in upon her at any moment. And, as the time drew near for her lover's return, she was beset with the most harassing anxiety. It was possible that Richard might be dead, but she could not bring herself to rest upon such a contingency. And, if he were living, his very silence was ominous. She could not tell what was the fellow's cruel, passionate nature would vent itself, but she was well assured that he would yet visit her with trouble of some sort.

It had been Harry's request that the wedding should take place immediately after his arrival. And so, for several weeks prior to the time he was expected to be in port, preparations were being made for the event. When this became generally known, it was a much-talked-of affair; for both parties were wealthy, and wealth seldom fails to render its possessor an object of popular interest, especially in a not-over-rich community, such as was to be found in the small New England village where Edith's home was located. His lover's return and the approaching wedding being so widely known and speculated about, increased Edith's anxious forebodings. She saw that it would be easy for Richard Oakley to gain whatever information he might desire concerning Harry's movements, and thus facilitate the execution of any plan he might have formed for frustrating the marriage.

Strangely enough, her fears at this time were in nowise directed to herself; that she was in personal danger never once occurred to her, else she might perhaps have exercised more caution, and not have fallen so readily into the trap that was laid for her.

At the foot of the large garden at the rear of Edith's house, was situated a pretty, vine covered summer-house. It was a favorite retreat of hers,—a sort of resting-place from troubles and vexations. Here she was almost sure to be found at some hour of the day. It seemed easier to forget her anxiety in this sheltered, quiet nook than elsewhere; and even momentary relief from the fear that pressed so heavily upon her was grateful.

But the days dragged their slow lengths along, and nothing happened to mark their progress in the life of Edith, save that each succeeding one brought her nearer to the hour when Harry was to return. It seemed to her that if she could only see him safe in her home once more, all her fears would vanish; that, looking into his face, and hearing his voice, she could forget that there was danger.

The eventful day dawned at length, fair and bright as only a June day can be. Had Edith been superstitious, she would have considered this a happy omen; but she was not, and so it failed to re-assure her.

Harry was to arrive at noon, and the marriage was to take place at seven P. M. Shortly before the train was due by which he was expected, Edith stole quietly out of the house, and ran down to the summer-house to wait for his warning whistle.

A mass of tall, flowering shrubs grew close to the entrance, and extended around to a gateway in the rear of the summer house, which opened from the garden into a grove of cedars. This grove sloped down to the bank of a swift running river, thirty or forty rods distant.

All the morning Harry Belknap and Richard Oakley had been associated together in the mind of Edith;

and the startling thought would ever now and then send a chill of terror through her frame, that perhaps Richard was at that very moment executing some revengeful plan against her lover.

She longed for, and yet dreaded the coming of the train, lest Harry's absence should seem to confirm her fears. Tortured by such thoughts, she stood in the doorway of the summer house, listening with strained ear to the rumbling sound she fancied she had caught in the distance, when she was startled by a sudden footfall close beside her. Turning quickly, Richard Oakley confronted her. One frightened glance of recognition, and the next instant a shawl, half saturated with chloroform, was cast over her head, and drawn tightly about her face, whilst strong arms pinioned hers in a vise-like embrace. She could not cry out. The sickening vapor seemed almost suffocating her.

Violent were her struggles for escape; but, despite her efforts, she felt herself lifted from her feet and borne away at a swift pace.

She knew no more until she became vaguely conscious of Richard's voice calling her name. At first she thought she must be dreaming, but she was not long permitted to enjoy this illusion. All too soon past events crowded upon her, and helped to make the vision real that met her gaze when she opened her eyes.

Silently, and without moving, she took in the range of objects in view from her reclining position, and as she did so a horrible fear crept through every fibre of her being. That she was in some underground abode was evident from the rough stone wall that rose a few feet from her, and formed the low-arched roof, as well as the earthy floor. A candle that stood on the ground in one corner threw a flickering light about the place, that gave it a strangely weird appearance. The walls were rough and jagged, and the shadowy niches seemed so many openings for the entrance of demons, Edith thought. There was only a chair and a box in the cavern, that she could discover, beside the pallet of straw and buffalo skins on which she was lying.

She feigned sleep for some time, in order to try to devise some plan that might possibly effect her release. She had no weapon, nothing even with which to take her own life, should there be no other means of escaping. Yes, there was the onyx ring! and a wild throbb of joy shot through her heart. The tiny blade, if it possessed no other power, could let out her own life blood.

Her face had been directed from Richard, but she presently turned, and met his triumphant gaze with a look of defiance. He saw it, and smiled mockingly. Drawing from his pocket a flask, he poured a little brandy into a small tin cup, and held it to her lips. She half put it away.

"You needn't be afraid," he said. "It is not a narcotic. You have had enough of that, the Lord knows. Here, drink, it will revive you."

Edith saw that he meant no harm, and swallowed the stimulant.

"Where am I?" she at length asked. "I don't mind telling you," was the reply, "since you can't possibly get away. This is a cavern, which I chanced to discover more than a year ago, near the bank of the river that runs close by your house. We are not more than four miles or so from there now, but are as safe as if we were a thousand miles distant."

"What are you going to do with me?" was her next question.

"Marry you, of course. The ship that is to receive us this very night is anchored not many miles away. The captain is my staunch friend, and the ceremony will be performed at sea. We shall proceed to some foreign country at once, and remain so long as I shall deem it for our interest. So you see that I mean all right, and I hope you will submit quietly to my plan."

"I'll never marry you, Richard Oakley, never!" exclaimed Edith, angrily.

"Why, yes, you will, my dear; you can't help it. I am not especially anxious to have our union sanctioned by law; however, that shall be left with you. But mine you must be, in spite of Heaven, or— You must give me a kiss now." And he reached out his arms to draw her toward him.

Edith looked into the villain's face

and read there his purpose. To implore his mercy was worse than useless. There was no hope for her—none, unless, perchance, the onyx ring might be of service! It was a desperate thought, but her mind instantly grasped it as the only possible means of defence left her.

As the wretch's arms closed around her, and his hated face almost touched her own, she pressed her thumb firmly upon the secret spring that connected with the poisoned blade, and struck him with all her force full in the forehead.

The fellow drew back amazed. Such audacity was wholly unexpected. He had looked for tears and pleading, and had experienced peculiar pleasure in fancying Edith Raymond at his feet, humbly begging for freedom at his hands. And she had dared to strike him! He was half inclined to retaliate by giving her a sound beating. The shrew! But no, he might kill her if once he should give the reins to his anger; and that, doubtless, was what she wished. He would prepare a slower vengeance than that—a vengeance that should distil its unequalled bitterness into her life though long years.

But even while these thoughts were rushing through his mind, a strange dizziness seized him. Edith, who sat bolt upright upon the pallet, dumbly gazing into the glaring eyes that had looked as if he were ready to tear her in pieces like a wild beast, saw a sudden grayness overspread his features. The facial muscles twitched, and his lips became livid. The eyes that were still fixed upon her widened, until they seemed starting from their sockets.

Transfixed by the horrible sight, she never moved nor averted her gaze, until, convulsed by a violent spasm, he fell out of his chair, and lay writhing upon the earth. Then she sprang to her feet, and looked about for some water—for something, she knew not what, to afford relief. But the poor wretch's struggles lasted only a brief space. Even while Edith bent over him, trying to get at the flask of brandy that was in his pocket, in her frightened endeavor to save his worthless life, the end came.

Edith saw that all was over. Then came the mad thought, "What if she were imprisoned there! Could she find the way out of the cavern?" Half-frenzied, she caught up the candle and commenced a careful inspection of the walls. Not a ray of light from without guided her endeavors. It might be evening, for aught she knew, and the possibility of this gave her hope. It would account for the utter darkness of the cavern.

After a protracted search, and various vain trials of her strength at displacing what appeared to be movable stones from the walls, she found one that seemed less likely to resist her efforts. It was a thin slab of granite, and had been half-concealed by the straw pallet upon which she had lain. With the aid of a small iron bar that she found hidden beneath the straw, she succeeded at last in prying it from its place; and, joy of joys! the clear night air rushed through the opening. Crawling quickly out, she found herself beneath the bright, starlit heavens, and heard the roar of the river distinctly. She would follow that sound till she should reach its banks, and then she would have no difficulty in finding her way toward home—to some dwelling-house.

If it were not farther distant from her home than Richard had said, she would not have more than two miles or so to go before she would reach an open field, where was situated a farmhouse. If her strength would only last till she could get there, she would be safe.

Buoyed up by this thought, she groped her way along through the wood. It was slow and tiresome work; for though the sky was cloudless and the moon shone brightly, the shadows of the tall trees enveloped her in darkness. She stumbled at nearly every step. At first she rose to her feet quickly, and pressed on with energy, but by and by her strength began to fail. At every fall she felt less inclined to renew her efforts. The cold, wet ground became a most inviting couch. The mournful sighing of the wind charmed her senses more effectually than the softest lullaby of childhood. Her feet became like lead; her head swam. Once more she tripped among some tangled vines. She put out two feeble hands and crawled a few paces. She heard the roar of the river close by: this was all she was

conscious of. Everything else had slipped from her exhausted brain. It had been her aim to reach this river; she remembered nothing beside.

For a moment the gurgling water sounded distinctly in her ear. Then the sound gradually ceased, till only the faintest murmur reached her. And this murmur was the last thing of which she was conscious for many hours. She sank into a sleep so deadly in its heaviness, that she might never have awakened to life again if human aid had not been near at hand.

But she had lain in her perilous condition hardly an hour, when just as the day was beginning to dawn, Harry Belknap, with a party of men, chanced to discover her. All night long, they, with hundreds of others, had been searching for her, but not a single clue to her probable whereabouts had any one been able to gain, till she was found upon the bank of the river, some three miles from home. She was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the farmhouse she had striven to reach, and there they speedily carried her. Her own home was too far away; they feared she might die before they could reach it. Medical aid was procured with all haste, and by the timely use of proper remedies she was at length aroused from her swoon.

The first object that met her view as she wearily open her eyes was the anxious face of her lover, who sat beside her.

She did not start or betray the least surprise, but looked steadily upon him a few moments, while an expression of calm and restful happiness settled upon her countenance. She had evidently been expecting him in dreams, or else she had utterly forgotten the fact that this was their first meeting for years. Harry did not move or speak; he waited for her to break the silence. Her mother and the physician, standing at a little distance, and without the range of her vision, looked at her in breathless suspense. They feared the moment of returning memory.

Presently she raised her hand, and her eyes fell upon the onyx ring. Quick as thought she snatched it from her finger, and, seating it spitefully from her, shrieked again and again in terror. This paroxysm presently subsiding, she began talking of Richard Oakley, the scene in the cavern, and so forth, repeating over and over, in a disconnected, and at times unintelligible manner, the events of the preceding night. As her friends feared, a violent fever set in. For many days alternate hope and despair tortured the two loving hearts that watched and waited beside her. But fate was merciful to them. By and by it restored the one treasure that made life worth the having.

The crisis once passed, Edith's recovery was rapid. Youth and hope are powerful restoratives. They very soon brought back her accustomed health and strength.

After the lapse of a few weeks there was a very quiet wedding at Edith's home, when she became the happy wife of Harry Belknap.

"As between a dog and a dude for a Summer resort," said a young lady as a young man left her side, "give me the dog."

"Why?" asked her companion. "The dog never says anything." "Neither does the dude, does he?" "No; but he makes me tired talking so much."

Many cases of rheumatism, which have resisted the skill of the profession, have promptly yielded to that wonderful remedy, Salvation Oil. 25 cents.

Take the news home to Mary, and tell her that my cough has gone, and that a 25 cent bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup did the blessed work.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL DIVERSION.—A mouse went into an Aroostook County Sunday-school last week, and the Superintendent knocked him down and killed him with a Bible.

Such little incidents as these make the exercises very interesting to the children.

A Boston lawyer recently met his match in a witness who was giving evidence about an old lady's loss of mind. Lawyer—Did she look as I am looking at you now, for instance? Witness—Well, yes, quite vacant like!

We indorse all the proprietors have said relative to the merits of Salvation Oil. It is the greatest cure on earth for pain. Price only 25 cents.

Yarborough House, Raleigh, N. C. I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for my children; it is the golden remedy. Mrs. Dr. Blackwell.

To be the sole possessor of a secret is frequently a source of unhappiness. For instance, a man knows he is a great man; no one else knows it, and he is miserable in consequence.

Never spread an ill report about your neighbor until you know positively that it is true, and don't do it then if it is a good deal bigger than you are.