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ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT, DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

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

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, Axes and Springs, Carriage Cloths, Carriage 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—Bovies, 10 cents; pints, 30 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,

618 Penna. Ave. 619 B Street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

Respectfully, J. B. KENDALL

April 1, 86—t

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 yourself.

HERBERT F. MOORE, Proprietor

June 25, 85—t

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.; Hurst, Furnell & 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—y

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—t

W. SHERIFF

Washington, April 5, '86. My wife and I will please announce to you as a candidate for the next election and say that he will cordially support the public generally.

April 8, '86—t

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVII. LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1886. NO. 303.

PROFESSIONAL.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER, ENOCH B. ABELL,

THE undersigned, Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 1st day of January, 1886, formed a co-partnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of CAMALIER & ABELL. They will practice in the county of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties. Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims. Address: CAMALIER & ABELL, Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md. R. HARRIS CAMALIER, Enoch B. Abell, Jan 8, 1885—t

DANIEL C. HAMMETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients and as many new ones as may wish to call. All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate. Jan 8 85

JO. F. MORGAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool, LEONARDTOWN, Md. April 1, 1886—t

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER, (late of the Court of Appeals.) ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Has associated himself with Messrs. CAMALIER & ABELL of Leonardtown, Md., for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's County. OFFICE AND ADDRESS, Annapolis, Md. Apr 5 83

WALTER I. DAWKINS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LEONARDTOWN, MD. Special attention given to collection of claims. Sept 20, 85—y

HENRY F. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Professional given to all business intrusted to his care. Jan 1, 85—t

GEORGE BLAKISTONE, Attorney-at-Law, 45 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties. June 6, 1878.

D. S. BRISCOE, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md. Jan. 16, 1873—t

R. C. COMBS, Attorney-at-Law, Leonardtown, Md. Aug. 12—t

H. G. DUDLEY, J. W. CARPENTER, W. J. EDDELEN, DUDLEY & CARPENTER, GENERAL

Commission Merchants, No. 57 Light Street, BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco. Jan 5, 82—t

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 the deserved reputation of making the

Finest quality and as much Tobacco as any Fertilizer in the market. It does not fire but keeps the Tobacco growing until ripe and curing nicely. A special Tobacco and Wheat Fertilizer—good for all crops.

OUR WARELY, 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. Chas. 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 26, 85—t

For Ice Cold Beer and good old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go to

E. WALTER MATTINGLY, Mechanic, St. Mary's county, Md. Aug. 27, 1885—3m.

CALLING THE ANGELS.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day, We mean to slacken this fevered rush That is wearing our very souls away.

And grant to our loaded hearts a hush That is only enough to let them hear The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it, O, never doubt, When the burden of daytime toil is o'er We'll sit and muse while the stars come out, As the patriarchs sat at the open door Of their tents, with a heavenward-gazing eye.

To watch for the angels passing by. We've seen them afar at high noon tide, When fiercely the world's hot fashing beat;

Yet never have hidden them turn aside And tarry awhile in converse sweet, Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread, To drink our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress Of life-work reaches the breaking-point, When the weight that we groan with hinders less, We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose As banishes care's disturbing din, And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length, When, tired of every mocking quest, And broken in spirit and shorn of strength, We drop, indeed, at the door of rest, And wait and watch as the day wanes on— But the angels we meant to call are gone!

Scenes from the Life of Col. Jas. Bowie: AN INCIDENT IN HIS LIFE.

In the year 1834 business carried me to New Orleans, where I remained several weeks. In company with a friend, the night preceding my departure, I visited a celebrated gambling hell, kept by Harvey Lang, a well known gambler and duelist. It was midnight when we entered, and the room was about half full. My friend directed my attention to a table which stood in the middle of the room, and around which were standing a number of well dressed men, all of them armed to the teeth. Several were subsequently pointed out to me by my friend as men whose names I had often heard mentioned, and who acted as a body guard of Lang, for every duelist of note then, as now, had a party of men whose weapons were ready to do his bidding, and who always accompanied him when he went forth to meet a foe. Before this table stood Harvey Lang, the renowned duelist, whose fearful deeds had made him for years the terror of the city. I gazed upon him with the same curiosity that a man would feel when gazing upon a lion, and wondered that so small a frame could hold so great a heart. For Lang was not over five feet six inches in height, but his extreme thinness made him appear somewhat taller. So far as I was able to judge, he appeared to be about thirty years of age, but dissipation was rapidly doing its work upon him, and his wrinkled forehead and bloodshot eyes told of the sleepless nights and days spent in debauchery and at the gaming table. Ever and anon he turned his head and gazed quickly up and down the room, scanning rapidly the face of every new comer. Occasionally a frown would gather around the corners of his mouth, and his hand, unconsciously perhaps, would grasp the handle of the huge bowie knife, and then drop listlessly to his side. In a belt, buckled tightly around his waist, were two dueling pistols of the largest size, and a bowie knife, the blade of which was hooked in several places. From this description of the man, the reader will feel surprised to hear me state that I have never, before or since, gazed upon a more gentlemanly looking man; and I more fully confirmed in my theory, that the best looking are generally the greatest villains, or to speak more truly, Satan takes care that his followers lack not a graceful exterior and fine features. After gazing at him a few moments, I turned to my friend, whose name I may as well state here was Dawson, and asked—

"Can it be possible, that this man is the renowned duelist?"

The reply was in the affirmative. "I say," said a man who had entered a few moments before, "have you heard the news?"

"No! what is it?" exclaimed several.

"Henry Rogers has been shot," was the reply.

"By whom?" exclaimed Lang, throwing down the cards, and sinking into a chair.

"By Colonel Bowie."

The gambler started to his feet, and the look of hate that passed over his features was fearful to behold. For a moment his hand touched his bowie knife, and he gazed at his informant as if about to annihilate him. Suddenly, however, his muscles relaxed, and he sank into the chair.

"Who told you this?" he asked hoarsely.

"No one, for I was present."

"As his second?"

The other nodded.

"Who was the challenger?"

"Colonel Bowie."

"I thought so," said Lang, and for a few moments he appeared to be lost in thought.

"I say," said a man by the name of Thompson, "is it true that you are engaged to fight Jack Prince?"

"It is so," said Lang, playing with the handle of his knife.

"Well," continued the other, "if I was in your place I'd let him alone."

"Why?" asked Lang, his features assuming an expression of surprise.

"Because he is said to be Colonel Bowie's best friend."

A scowl passed over the gambler's face, and again his hand wandered to his belt.

"Well, what if he is his friend?" he asked.

"Why," said the other, hesitatingly, "if you should fight Prince, Bowie will act as his second, and if you should hit him, which I think you will, he will challenge you."

"And then?" said the gambler, inquiringly.

"He will kill you," was the reply.

The gambler laughed, but it was evidently forced, and said—

"Why, man, do you suppose that I am afraid of Bowie? I, who have fought nineteen duels, and always killed my adversary at the first fire. If he challenges me, I will meet him."

"Bowie is a dead shot," said the first speaker. "I have often seen him drive a nail into a tree with a pistol at ten yards."

"What of that?" said Lang. "My eye is as sharp, my hand is as steady as his. Who cares for Bowie? Not I? Perhaps you do not know that I have long wished to meet him, and I would not now miss keeping my appointment with Prince for ten thousand dollars."

A shiver passed over his frame as he concluded, and he raised his hand to his brow.

"Why, Lang, what ails you?" exclaimed Thompson. "Are you ill?"

"I believe so," said the gambler, rising from his chair, and staggering to and fro like a drunken man. "By—! There it is again! Take it away!"

"Take what away?" asked Thompson, catching him in his arm as he tried to prevent him from falling.

"Did you see it?" inquired Lang, starting wildly towards a distant part of the room.

"See what?" inquired Thompson.

"Black Tom."

The men looked at each other, but none spoke.

"Bring me a glass of brandy," said Lang. "Let it be as strong as h—! No water for me."

The liquor was brought, and the duelist drained the glass to the last drop. In a few moments he rose from the floor and seated himself. His face was as pale as that of a corpse, and his hand trembled violently. "Thompson," he said, "and the other, are you here?"

"I am here," replied Thompson, "and for a few moments his eye wandered up and down the room, and then appearing to gain confidence, he continued, "Do you believe in apparitions?"

"Believe in what?" exclaimed Thompson.

"In ghosts?"

"Not I," was the reply. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the duelist, speaking slowly and solemnly, "just so true as I am sitting here, just so true is it that I saw Black Tom, the man whom I shot three weeks ago, walk up and down this room, and go out through the door."

"And when was that?" inquired Thompson.

"Last night," was the reply. "You are only trying to scare us," said Thompson. "Confess, you are joking."

"I would to God I was," replied Lang, solemnly. "Have I not told you of the dream I had last night?"

The reply was in the negative.

"Well, then, listen," said the duelist. "You, all of you, have seen my mother? The men nodded, for their curiosity was so great that they disliked to interrupt him. "She was a beautiful being, more like an angel than one of the earth. She was the best and kindest of mothers, and now that she is dead, when I think of the many unhappy hours I caused her, I almost weep. You smile, gentlemen, but it is so. Think not that because I am a duelist and the slayer of nineteen men, my eyes cannot drop tears to the memory of my most idolized mother. See," he exclaimed, drawing a small miniature from his breast and gazing upon it with a smile so sad that it reminded me of the picture of our Saviour weeping over Jerusalem, "was she not worthy of being loved? But pshaw! I must remember whom I am speaking to, and he thrust the miniature into his bosom.

"Well, last night, as I lay part asleep, I thought my mother came to my bedside, dressed all in white, just in the same way in which I helped to lay her in the coffin. Her face was as white coldness as I gazed upon her. She raised her fingers towards Heaven, and touched me on the shoulder. A shudder ran through my body, and I buried my head beneath the bed clothes. When I again looked up, I saw her standing by the door. "Have you nothing to say to me, mother?" I asked. For a moment she stood as if meditating, and then slowly approached the bed."

"Did she speak?" asked Thompson, seeing that he hesitated.

"Yes, and these were her words: 'My son, I have come to warn you. In three days you will fall by the hand of—' Here she stopped. 'Whom?' I asked. She pointed to my bowie knife, which lay upon the table, and then disappeared."

"A singular dream, that remarked one of the men.

"Aye, but was it a dream?" inquired the gambler.

"Why, you surely don't mean to say you really think that your mother came to your bedside last night?" said Thompson.

"I do," was the reply.

The men looked at each other with astonishment.

"And more," continued the duelist, "I believe that I am fall by the hand of Colonel James Bowie."

"What are your reasons for thinking so?"

The duelist drew his knife and pointed to two letters stamped on the blade.

"Here are his initials," he said. "The knife formerly belonged to him."

"And how did you come to get it?" inquired Thompson.

"Bowie gave it to a friend, who bequeathed it to me," was the reply.

"And you really think you are to fall by his hand?"

"I do; and I shall not cease to think so until I know that he is dead."

"And yet you said that you were not afraid of him."

"And I am not," said Lang. "Have you ever met him?" asked one of the men.

"Never," was the reply.

At this moment the door opened, and a man entered. Notwithstanding the warmth of the season, his figure was enveloped in a heavy cloak, which concealed every part of his face exposed to view. As he entered he drew his hat closer over his eyes, and I noticed particularly that he endeavored to conceal his face as much as possible. Walking slowly towards the centre of the room, he surveyed the company for a moment, and then asked—

"Can I see the proprietor of this house?"

"If you mean Harvey Lang, I'm the man," said Lang, rising.

The stranger surveyed him for a moment from head to foot, and his eyes flashed with a strange light.

"I have brought a message from Jack Prince," he said, slowly, and again his eye wandered over the face of the duelist. Suddenly he caught sight of the huge bowie knife which Lang carried in his belt, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise. The gambler heard it, and asked impatiently—

"Well, what is your message?"

"Merely that Prince cannot meet you, because he is seriously ill, and—"

"Stuff!" exclaimed the duelist, snapping his fingers. "Confess at once, is he not afraid to meet me?"

"Afraid to meet you?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes, afraid!" was the reply. "He is a coward!"

"You are a liar!"

The gambler's hand clutched the handle of his bowie knife, while the deep blue eyes of the stranger flashed with rage.

"Do you know who I am?" exclaimed the duelist.

"Certainly," was the reply. "You are Harvey Lang, the duelist, murderer, and gambler."

Harvey drew his bowie-knife, but even while it was uplifted, his eyes encountered those of the stranger, and stood as if paralyzed.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, in a voice hoarse with passion.

"Why, man!" cried the other, with a merry laugh, "do you not know me? You hold in your hand a weapon, the very touch of which should bring me to your mind. If you would know my name, look on the blade of your knife, and you will see the letters, 'J. B.' which stand for James Bowie. Some men call me Colonel James Bowie, and I like the title."

"Are you Colonel Bowie?" inquired Lang with a start.

"That is my name," was the reply.

"To the door men!" shouted Lang, in a voice of exultation. Several of the men sprang to the door and leaped with their backs against it. "James Bowie—I beg your pardon—Colonel James Bowie," he added with a mocking bow. "I have long wished to see you, and now I have you here, I cannot permit you to leave the house."

"Indeed!" said Bowie, a smile hovering around the corners of his mouth. "Am I to understand that you intend to force me to stay here, whether I will or no?"

"That's it exactly," was the reply. "You see, Colonel, I've heard so much about you, how you are always seeking a quarrel with men of my stamp—gamblers, if you like the term better—that I have long wished to see you, and now you are here I intend to keep you. Pray, let me introduce you to some of my friends. This is Moses Lang, and he pointed to a youth of nineteen, who stood near him.

"I know him well," said Bowie, with a sneer, "and I have no thanks to give you, Harvey Lang, for the introduction. He is not worth them."

"Sir!" said the young man, coloring with anger.

"I have said," was Bowie's reply. "Your brother fell by my hand, and I perceive that you are desirous of the same honor."

"Fall by your hand!" cried the young man angrily. "Say, rather, that you murdered him."

"Hark, ye," said Bowie. "Your brother when sailing up the Mississippi in the King Philip, insulted a young lady, a relative of mine. I heard the insult and returned it with a blow. Was I not right?"

The young man made no reply?

"He challenged me. We met, and he fell."

"And I have sworn to avenge him," said the youth.

"Beware!" said Bowie, his eyes glittering with anger, and breathing thick and short, a sure sign that he was deeply excited. "Beware. Many have fought with me, but none have lived to tell of my skill."

"Here is another gentleman who wishes to make your acquaintance," said Lang.

"I have no wish to make his," returned Bowie. "But I can't stand here wasting my time."

"You forget that we intend to detain you," said Lang.

"If you can," was the calm reply. "Harvey Lang," and he raised his finger warningly, "I have no wish to add you to my catalogue of victims. You are too near death already to require that I should shorten your life with a bullet."

"But you must stay here," said Lang. "Don't you see that you cannot leave the room?"

"And what is there to prevent me? Come, tell me that."

"These men."

Bowie burst into a loud laugh.

"I have encountered five times this number, single handed," he said. "Harvey Lang, I command you to bid these men leave the door. What! Dare you disobey me? And placing one hand behind the back of his neck, he drew forth a long, glittering knife, while with the other he drew a pistol from his belt and cocked it."

"Dare level that pistol at me and I'll slay you where you stand!" cried Lang, in a voice of thunder; and in a moment one of his long dueling pistols was leveled at Bowie, while that of the latter was leveled at the gambler.

And thus for full five minutes stood those two