

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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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

RAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS,

BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF

WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Fac-

tory 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 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 Cloths, 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. Univers-

ally 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,

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—t

MOORE'S HOTEL

AND

Summer Resort.

I take pleasure in informing my custom-

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1886.



PROFESSIONAL.

K. HARRIS CAMALIER. ENOCH B. ABELL. The undersigned, Attorneys-at-Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 1st day of January, 1880, formed a co-partnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of CAMALIER & ABELL.

DAN'L 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 see fit to call.

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.

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

HENRY F. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Prompt attention 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. EDWARDS, GENERAL

DUDLEY & CARPENTER, 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.

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 20, 85—t

For Ice Cold Beer and good old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go to E. WALTER MATTINGLY, Mechanicsville, St. Mary's county, Md. Aug. 27, 1886—3m.

They Never Come Back Again.

Oh the days, the days in the dear old past, With their kisses, their blisses and pain; My heart droops sad 'neath the overcast, For they never come back again. Oh, my cup was brimmed with pleasure's delight, And my sky was sunny and clear, But the morrow's blank as I look to-night Through the glim'ring veil of a tear.

Ah, never more'll come back to me The kisses and blisses of yore; For I see 'yond the posts of eternity The rains and the shadows of sorrow. The sweet, sweet past, with its fond delight, Is lost in the darkness drear, And the morrow's blank as I gaze to-night Through the glim'ring veil of a tear.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

During the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France masquerades were in high estimation, and public ones were often given, at immense cost, on court days and on other occasions of rejoicing.

At other times feats of legerdemain or activity were performed; and on one occasion, it is well known, a Genoese—the Ducrow of his day—walking upon a tight rope, surrounded by fireworks, which made him visible to all Paris, from the top of one of the towers of the Metropolitan Cathedral of Notre Dame into the window of a house near an opposite bridge, called the Pont au Change.

Perhaps, however, the most whimsical of the genuine surprises recorded at any of those spectacles was that which occurred in Paris on the 15th of October, the day on which the Dauphin, eldest son of Louis XV., attained his majority.

At this fête, which was of a peculiarly magnificent character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by historians of the day—the strange behavior of a personage in a yellow domino excited general attention very early in the evening.

This mask, in short, who, if we except tallness with the most robust proportions, showed nothing remarkable as to figure, seemed to be gifted with an appetite not merely past all human conception, but exceeding even the wildest fancies of romance. Even

even he was but a nibbler—a mere Jacky-Go-Easy—to this stranger of the yellow domino, who, with an alacrity and perseverance as astonishing as it was edifying, went from room to room, and from one refreshment table to another, not merely tasting, but devouring, devastating all before him.

At one sideboard he coolly dispatched a fowl, two-thirds of a ham, and a half a dozen bottles of champagne, and the very next moment he was found seated in another apartment performing the same feat with a stomach even keener than the first. This strange course was persevered in steadily the whole evening, until the company, who had at first been amazed and unruly.

"Is it the same mask, or are there several dominos?" demanded an officer of the guard, as the yellow domino rose from a seat opposite him, and quitted the apartment.

"I have seen but one, and, by Heaven, here he is again!" exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word, but proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left, and again commenced supping as though he had fasted a whole month of Sundays.

At length the confusion which this

proceeding created became universal, and the cause of the clamor reached the ears of the Dauphin.

"He is the very devil, your highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman, "saving your royal highness's presence; or wants but a tail to be so."

"Say, rather, he is some famished poet, by his appetite," replied the prince, laughing. "But there must be some juggler in all this; he spills the wine, and hides the provisions under his dress."

"Your highness shall immediately witness the absence of juggler," continued the nobleman, "with your own eyes, for, see—"

And he pointed to the door of the apartment from which the yellow domino had that instant emerged, and was, as usual, proceeding directly to the refreshment table.

Having seated himself with much apparent complacency, the yellow domino, seizing a bottle before him, drank glass after glass with a gusto and avidity for at least half a dozen rounds truly astounding. But this appeared to be a mere preliminary movement for clearing the way for solid and serious mastication, for immediately after he boldly attacked a fowl which lay most invitingly before him, and which, cut by cut, now began to disappear by whole wings and legs at a time.

The prince, accompanied by his courtiers, looked on in silence, while the old nobleman, who had formerly spoken, solemnly assured him that he had seen him do that feat three times.

"Thrice, my lord—thrice?" interrupted another courtier, in rather a contemptuous tone; "why, I can pledge my honor that I have seen him at it eight times."

"Say ten times, my lord duke," cried another, "and you are nearer the truth."

"And nearer still if you say fifteen," said the Marquis Le Verd. "I have watched the fellow this whole evening, and I can assure your highness this is the fifteenth time I have witnessed his repasts."

"Say you so!" replied the prince, all curiosity. "Call the master of the ceremonies. We are anxious to know a little more of our guest."

The master of the ceremonies, however, on being asked, knew nothing about him; and the yellow domino was, of course, very unceremoniously, as well as unreasonably, interrupted, just as he was lifting a bumper of claret to his lips.

"The prince desires that monsieur who wears the yellow domino will immediately unmask," repeated the master of ceremonies, with awful solemnity.

"Oho!" bawled the mask, with a shrug of his shoulders, "against imperative orders there is no contending."

The yellow domino immediately threw off his mask and domino, and revealed to the astonished prince and his attending nobles a private trooper of the Irish brigade, then in the service of France.

At this unexpected discovery the Dauphin had extreme difficulty in restraining both his own and the mirth of his attendants. Introducing, however, as much severity into his countenance and voice as he could, he commenced with:

whole of our front rank—myself being the last man—have supped, if the truth must be told, most gloriously; and the first of the rear rank, saving your royal highness's command, is now below waiting anxiously outside the door, ready to fall in and take his turn."

The Dauphin laughed, and ordered up all the men to finish what was on the tables.

How to Pull a Gun.

"I think the general education of young men is being sadly neglected in this State," said an old sport in front of Sweeney's. "In every well conducted university there should be a professor to teach the boys the use of the six-shooter. There are rules regarding gun-pulling that every Western man ought to know. Just put 'em down and publish 'em in your paper:

First—Never pull a gun. Second—If you do pull, be dead sure that the time has come to pull it.

Third—Pull quick, with no flourishes. Fourth—Keep banging at your man till he lies down and quits.

These rules ought to be pasted in every man's hat. If people would always observe this schedule there would be a good deal less trouble. Take for instance some young man who thinks he is insulted and wants to shoot somebody, or scare somebody, or make a general ass of himself. He takes a step forward with a melodramatic stride, strikes a position, and begins to make flourishes for his hip pocket. Then he pulls his gun and begins to do filagree work in the air.

While he is doing the scollaps as if he were on the stage, the other fellow quietly pulls, lets go, and sends the lead through him. Then they pack him to the coroner and find that he was killed in self-defence.

Now, you see, if he had observed rule No. 1, he would have been alive to day, or, after violating rule one, if he had observed the proposition laid down in rules three and four he might have been alive—mebbe, or at least if he was dead the other fellow might have been dead too. At least he has a chance of securing more points out of a possible two.

A slow-handed man had better not monkey with a border gun. You must be quick-witted and quick-motivated. A second isn't long, but it is about all the margin you can reasonably expect out West when the street duel opens. You must be entirely for yourself. I have known several good men to be laid out because they stopped a couple of seconds to calculate if any one in the crowd would get hit if they fired. The other fellow ignored the crowd and is alive and well to-day, holding a lucrative office under the present administration.

Sometimes you stop to think of a man's wife and children. This is a good idea, and speaks well for a man's humanity, but not so much for his judgment. After you throw your hand back and touch the handle of the gun, it is too late to consider the woman and the kids. Many a man has considered this before he sent his hand back and spared many a life; but after the motion to draw, you must only think how you can pump the lead into the other man, for you can bet high he will begin right away pumping it into you. If there is a post or dry goods box near, get to it. You can display lots of nerve standing out in an open space, but you don't display much sense. A dead hero isn't much account a few days after he's dead. Some of the nerviest men that ever walked 'get behind a post the minute the ball opens. The best idea is to go without a gun at all. You hardly hear of a man getting shot who doesn't have the reputation of packing guns. If you have no gun you won't get too sassy, and if you have a little row down town you ain't so likely to be hauled home on Bray's express wagon.

If I had the say I would pass a law abolishing guns (of course, when I use the word gun, it is the sporting phrase for six-shooter;) but so long as guns go, everybody ought to know something about their use, and more especially how to use 'em."—Carson Appeal.

Joe Cook says that if he had a dog that smoked he would shoot him. If a dog really belonged to Joe Cook he would probably welcome death.—Washington Watchet.

UNDER THE SEA.

George W. Townsend, a well-known submarine diver, has been interviewed by a representative of the Boston Herald. He said:

"The first time a man goes down he is apt to be considerably scared on account of the pressure. If a man is lowered too fast it will kill him. Divers are seldom or never killed by drowning, but by an unequal pressure. A diver could cut a hole in the lower portion of his suit without danger of being drowned so long as he stood erect, for as long as air is supplied by the air pump the water could not reach his mouth. In deep water the pressure is usually very great, and a diver can descend as deep as he can stand the pressure. You see we are in a vacuum. There is no pressure susceptible to us on the copper helmet about our heads. The pressure is all upon the lower garments, and if it is too great it drives all the blood in the body to the head, and the result is death. I have seen men killed in this way whose heads were fairly split open and whose eyes were driven from their sockets. A more horrible death could not be imagined, and I and almost all other divers have narrowly escaped it. When a diver is ten feet down the pressure to the square foot is 2,250 pounds, and at thirty feet 6,750 pounds; at fifty feet, 11,250 pounds; at seventy feet, 15,750 pounds; at ninety feet, 20,250 pounds; at 110 feet, 24,750 pounds; at 130 feet, 34,250 pounds; at 150 feet, which is the greatest depth to which I have descended, 43,750 pounds, and at 160 feet, 53,250 pounds. Divers seldom descend over 160 feet, and rarely as deep as that. Under the water the ears feel stopped up, but sometimes we can make ourselves understood by putting two helmets together and shouting; but then it doesn't sound louder than an ordinary whisper. A man who went down for the first time would be likely to signal to come up after feeling the pressure in the ears, which is very unpleasant until you are used to it."

"How about the fish; do they ever molest you?"

"Very seldom. You see we make it a rule not to disturb them. We know that they are in their element and we are not in ours. As for sharks, we don't care for them. They are cowardly and easily frightened off. We are much more afraid of the baricots, a surface fish with teeth three inches long. Talk about fish; why one can't have any conception of them until he has been under the water and seen them of all sizes and of all colors of the rainbow. The noise made by a school of fish sounds under the water like the rumbling of thunder.

"One of the greatest curiosities in this line was the Jew fish I encountered when diving in the Bay of Cumano, on the coast of Venezuela. The fish are from six to fifteen feet in length, and have a large mouth with small teeth. The Jew fish have a great deal of curiosity—more than any woman I know of—and used to eye us while we were at work. We were a little afraid of them at first, but found that they would not harm us. I suppose you have heard of the electric eel, which has the power to give a shock equal to any battery. When we were diving at the West Indies one of our divers received a shock from an electric eel, and for a time he seemed almost paralyzed. Mules and other animals, when fording streams in that country, often receive a shock.

"It depends upon how clear the water is whether it is dusk or not. I have been down twenty fathoms where I could see to read the finest print, and have been down ten feet where you could not see your hand before you. It is not very pleasant exploring a wreck, especially where there are dead bodies, when you are in utter darkness. We get used to those, and—while I can't say we don't mind them—I can say that they don't deter us from going down. I am one of those who believe that drowning is an easy death, comparatively, because I have noticed that the face of a drowned person looks as if he had gone to sleep, and seldom denotes pain; but when the eyes are wide open and glassy in appearance and the gas in the stomach makes the body stand bolt upright it is rather trying to the nerves. Sometimes we find drowned persons with a death-grip upon a piece of rigging or the side of a bunk, and it is very difficult to unloose their hold.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILL HEADS.

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

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

Before we see an object or a body under the water we always see the shadow first. In looking for a body not on a vessel's wreck we sometimes find it by closely following the sediments in the water.

"In many places the bottom of the ocean is beautiful, especially where the coral reefs are. Coral looks like a forest of trees that has been cut down. Instead of standing up it lies down. I have seen coral as large as the stump of any tree you ever saw, with enormous limbs running downward, the trunk and branches being of the purest white coral. I have encountered a coral reef after descending three fathoms, and a bottom of pure white sand after descending two fathoms more."

A CLIFF OF NATURAL GLASS.—Among the scientific papers which will appear in the appendix of one of the forthcoming reports of the national geological survey is one by Prof. Joseph P. Iddings upon the obsidian cliff of Yellowstone Park. This cliff is an elevation half a mile long by from 150 to 200 feet high, the material of which Prof. Iddings says is as good glass as any artificially manufactured. Its color and structure not only make it highly interesting to the visitor, but furnish to the scientific investigator phenomena of importance.

The cliff presents a partial section of a surface flow of obsidian, which poured down an ancient slope from the plateau lying east. It is impossible to determine what the original thickness of this flow may have been. The dense glass which now forms its lower portion is from 75 to 150 feet thick, while the porous and pumiceous upper portion has suffered from ages of erosion and glacial action. A remarkable feature of the cliff is the development of prismatic columns which form its southern extremity. These are of shining black obsidian, and are from fifty to sixty feet in height with diameters varying from two to four feet. The color of the material of this cliff is for the most part jet black, but much of it is mottled and streaked with bright brownish red and various shades of brown from dark to light yellowish, purple and olive green. The brilliant lustre of the rock and the strong contrasts of color with the black are very striking. In places the glass in process of cooling has been broken into small angular pieces, which have again been cemented by the latter flow. In some places the material shows a fine satin lustre while in others a deep golden sheen is noticeable, which under the lens resolves itself into thin beams of red and yellow light. Through the black and red glass are scattered dull bluish gray patches and bands and round gray and pink masses, the effect of which is to still further vary the appearance and beauty of the rock and make it the most conspicuous and characteristic variety of volcanic lava known.

THE LABOR OF AN EDITOR.—The labor of an editor can only be appreciated by those who have had some experience in it. The merest slip of the pen, an epithet too much, a wrong date, a name misspelt, or with a wrong initial before it, the misinterpretation of some passage perhaps incapable of interpretation, the most trifling offense to the personal or national susceptibility of those who do not even profess to care for the feelings of others, may prove not only disagreeable, but even costly mistakes; but they are about the least of mistakes to which an editor is liable. The editor must be on the spot till the paper is sent to press, and make decisions on what not only the public, but even greater causes may hang. He cannot husband his strength with comparative repose in the solitude of a study, or the freshness of green fields. He must see the world, converse with its foremost or business actors, be open to information and on guard against error. All this should be borne in the mind by those who complain that journalism is infallibly accurate, just and agreeable.

Quick, safe and sure. This is said of Salvation Oil, the great rheumatic remedy and greatest cure on earth for pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Down in the Coal mines underneath the ground" coughs and colds are very frequent and there is where r. Bull's Cough Syrup is invaluable.

Handwritten note: No. 1000