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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.

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Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Grain and all kinds of Country Produce,

No. 16 Camden Street,

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Oct 18, 1883—y

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Pure Rye Whiskey,

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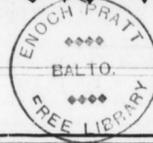
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Will furnish you free of charge paper to your wedding suit if requested.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1887.



(Written for the Beacon.)

Home.

BY H. F. A.

O home is a cheering word, The light of a golden star, Gilding the gloom of the wanderer's heart, Guiding his thoughts like a swift-winged bird, When waiteth the loved afar from home.

Rings in the exile's breast, The harp of a thousand strings; Tenderly swaying affection deep, Ever it murmurs with fond earnest Of dear old family things at home.

'Tis heard in the streamlets flow And all through the twilight dim, The soft winds whisper of home, dear home, Bringing its music so sweet and low, Its sighs and its prayers for him from home.

In sunny lands bright with flowers, Mist treasures of aces past, He lingers to call his comrades, But to the meek roses of childhood's bowers His lonely heart turns at last to home.

O home is a garden sweet, The soil of our kindred ties, Whose twining roots nourish the truant vines, And ever the absent long to meet In a love which all change defies.

But Time's dark erosive hand Brings shadows and sure decay; He lays in the dust earth's beloved ones, Their bodies go down to the silent clay; Thus ever we are changing to sand.

Not with the Christian's home, Where changes and tears are o'er, And Time's mournful dirges will never ring, Where the spirit shall dwell in eternal bloom On that beautiful upland shore, home.

THE MYSTIFIED DARKIES.

In 1871 one Black, a mulatto clergyman, lost overboard a bag of tools while sailing up Spruce Creek, a tributary of the Halifax river in Florida. Among the blacks, this man Black was an important person. He preached with great unction, collected a handful of change once a week, did an occasional job of carpentering, and was the only negro on the Eastern coast of Florida south of St. Augustine owning a white shirt.

The loss of his tools was a serious misfortune. He could not give them up without endeavoring to recover them, so a reward of one dollar was offered for their return. The news spread among the settlements, and negroes flocked to the Shore of Spruce Creek. They stripped, and began to dive for the lost articles. The water was so deep that they found it difficult to "bring up bottom." Convinced that the chances were against them, all but one gave up the search. This one was a good swimmer known as Ephraim.

The plucky fellow spent several hours in the water, but he finally caught a cramp and was drowned before his comrades could rescue him. The recovered the body and were about to bury it near the beach, when the circumstances came to the ears of Justice Sutton. In Florida the duties of Coroners devolve upon Justices of the Peace at the rate of ten dollars per corpse. Justice Sutton went for his ten dollars with the vim of a Twelfth Ward politician. He ordered an inquest. Material for a jury was under his nose, and he utilized it.

After the corpse was dragged under the palmettos Ephraim's black comrades were impelled. It was an odd jury. One was without a shirt, another without a coat, a third destitute of a hat, and a fourth minus half of his pantaloons. There was not a pair of suspenders in the whole party. Three wore cowhide brogans without stockings; the others were barefoot. All were greatly alarmed at the action of the Justice. They loudly proclaimed their innocence, and begged to be let off.

"Compose yourselves, gentlemen," said Mr. Sutton. "You are not prisoners, but American citizens called upon to fulfill a duty which you owe to society." "Somebody done told you a mighty lie, Judge," interposed one of the astonished negroes. "We nubber owe no 'siety nuffin. Don't owe nuffin. Maa be some odder cullered mens 'sides we."

"Oh, good Lord!" exclaimed the Justice. "You're not on trial. You are a jury—a coroner's jury. You are to be sworn in, and do the best you can under the circumstances. Nobody cares whether you owe anybody anything or not." The frightened negroes were more than reassured by this explanation. They began to assume an air of importance. "As I have no Bible at hand," the Justice continued, "you will be compelled to affirm. Hold up your right hands."

asked one of the proposed jurymen, whose trousers were held in place by an old fish line.

"Certainly it's right," replied Sutton. "Why not?" "Am it 'cording to de law?" was the next question. "Cause 'ceptin' it amnt 'cordin de law no cullered gemmens done don't hab nuffin to do wid dis yah murder."

"Why, good Lord, man," exclaimed the Justice, "who said it was a murder? Everybody can see that it's nothing but an accident."

"Well den," concluded the questioner, "why you done made all dis yah fussin' for?" "It isn't me," the Justice answered. "It's the law. This body has been found. The law directs me to impanel a jury. That jury must hear the evidence, retire, find out who the dead man is, and how he came by his death, and return a verdict in accordance with the facts. Can't you see?"

The Justice was warming up. The negroes looked as though they wanted to know all about it before they were sworn in. "How much you gwine to git for dis yah job, Judge?" asked another of the incipient jurymen. "The law allows me ten dollars," said Mr. Sutton, "but that has nothing to do with your duties in the case. Your course is explicitly laid down by the law."

The negroes conferred together for a few moments. Justice Sutton was becoming impatient, when one of them stepped over the corpse and asked him "whar de cullered man came in." "What do you mean?" asked the astonished civil officer.

"De law done gwine for to drop ten dollars for you," said the sapient negro. "What de law gwine for to drop for me?"

"The law regards your work as a duty you owe to yourselves and society, and don't allow you anything," answered the Justice. "You don't want pay for working for yourselves, do you?"

"Den we finds the verdict and does all the work, an' you takes all de money—am dat de law?" "The law allows me a fee, and doesn't provide a fee for you," indignantly responded Mr. Sutton. "Hold up your right hands."

"Dis yer's jis' like de old plantation times," grumbled one of the darkies. "Ole massa he got all de money, an' de cullered man he do all de work."

"Hold up your right hands," repeated the Justice. The negroes eyed him as if meditating a mutiny.

"Hold up your right hands," thundered his honor. The colored man hesitated. Then one black hand was slowly raised in the air. The others followed it like the dumb blackbirds of a shooting gallery. The Justice repeated the oath, but his hearers remained dumb:

"Say 'we do,'" he shouted. "We do," echoed the trembling negroes.

"Lower your hands," commanded the Justice, and the blackbirds dropped from their perches.

The jury then squatted upon the furze about the dead man. They were cowed, but not convinced that everything was right.

"Gentlemen," spoke the Justice after all had squatted, "you are now sworn to perform the functions of the law. The law is explicit in its definition of the duties of a coroner's jury. The law prescribes that testimony shall be taken. In this case that is a mere matter of form, for you yourselves were witnesses of the death of this man. The law, however, requires that you shall carefully weigh the evidence, ascertain how the man died, who he was, and so on. This you will do by virtue of your oaths as jurors."

The witnesses were then examined. Their evidence was very clear. Ephraim had gone into the water with the intention of making an honest dollar by diving for Parson Black's tools. While his companions watched him from the bank of the stream, he sank, and was not seen again until his body was grappled and drawn ashore. The jury eagerly listened to all that was said but asked no questions. They were evidently afraid of the Justice, and looked upon the whole thing as a sort of Voodoo ceremony. His honor summed up by saying, "Gentlemen, you will now retire, and after carefully weighing the testimony return with a verdict."

The jury withdrew to the scrub. Their voices were soon heard above the music of the mocking birds who had gathered in a thicket near them. The negroes were having a hot dispute, and the birds seemed to be enjoying the scene. In a few minutes one of the colored men returned. He told the Justice that the jury had sent him for the testimony.

"Shaw!" exclaimed Sutton, "I haven't got the testimony. You heard it, and have got all there is of it. There is no more testimony."

The black man shook his head, and rejoined his fellows in the scrub. Within three minutes, however, he reappeared.

"Ef de jury don't got de testimony, how de debil de jury done gwine to weigh it?" "Weigh it in your minds," screamed the almost frantic Justice. "You heard all the evidence, and it's your place to decide upon it, not mine."

Back went the dumb doped jurymen. The mocking birds pitched in with renewed energy, but the voices of the disputing jurors were still heard above their shrill whistling. At last the noise partly died away and the jury were seen picking their way through the palmetto scrub. They approached his Honor and asked permission to examine the body. He assented and the dead man was thoughtfully overhauled. They felt of his pulse, put their ears to his heart, turned an old jack-knife and several nickels out of his pocket, and looked into his mouth.

"Done gone," said the jurymen with the fish line belt, and all again retired to the scrub.

The were gone but a few seconds. On their return Justice Sutton pulled a blank and pencil out of his pocket and prepared to record the verdict. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "have you found a verdict in this case?" "Yes, sah," was the reply. "What is it?" asked his Honor wetting the end of his pencil.

"De warden am dat de cullered man am dead, and dat he had no business out dah on de watah." "Dah God!" exclaimed Sutton, "is that all?" "Dat am de warden," was the answer.

"Now look here," Sutton broke out, "what's the matter with you? Haven't you got common sense? Any cursed fool knows the man is dead. He was out in the water, was caught by cramps, and drowned. It's as plain as the nose on your face. The law makes it your duty to ascertain the cause of his death. You haven't even found out his name. Go back and bring in a common sense verdict or I'll fine every mother's son of you. The man was caught by cramps and drowned. That's all there is of the case."

The terrified jury walked back to the scrub and the jolly mocking birds greeted them with a new flood of melody. They were out nearly twenty minutes. Justice Sutton, book and pencil in hand, impatiently awaited their return. The weather was hot, and the negroes came out of the brush with streaming faces. They had had a hard time. The brought in the following verdict:

"De cullered man am dead. His name it am Ephraim Jenkins. The cause of his death it am crabs. Crabs done caught him an' he am drowned."

If the poles of a magnetic battery had been applied to Sutton's temples he could not have been more excited. "D—n your stupid souls," he cried. "Did you ever hear of a crab big enough to catch a nigger?"

"Hold on dah, Judge," broke in one of the jurymen. "Dat ah am your warden. You done told de jury dat de crabs caught Eph, an' he am drowned."

"Crabs be d—d!" shrieked his Honor. "I said cramps. Get away from here quick, or I'll put a line on every man of you. Hope I may be shot if I ever put another nigger on a jury."

The colored men sloped, and Sutton fixed up the verdict to suit himself. The negroes had intended to fine the clergyman \$10 for dropping the tools in the river, "become," said they, "us ought to make some money well as de Judge."

Even since then they firmly believe that they were outrageously swindled. —N. Y. Journalist.

Senator Hearst, of California, says he owns a paper which he never reads. His exact opposite is the man who always reads a paper for which he permits his neighbor to subscribe. —Utica Observer.

THE LOUIS D'OR.

When Lucien de Hem had seen his last bank note raked in by the croupier, and risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the shattered remains of his fortune, collected for this last effort to retrieve his previous losses, he felt a strange dizziness stealing over him and thought he was going to fall. Mastering himself, however, he sought with unsteady step and dazed brain one of the leather benches of the gambling hall and threw himself upon it. For a few moments he stared blankly about this clandestine gambling house in which he had wasted the best years of his youth. He realized that he was ruined, lost. It occurred to him that he had at home, in one of the drawers of his bureau, the ordinance pistols with which his father, General Hem, then simple captain, had so distinguished himself in the attack upon Zaatcha; then, overcome with fatigue, he fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke his mouth was dry and parched. He glared at the clock. The hands marked on the dial a quarter to twelve. He was seized with an irresistible desire to breathe the night air. Rising he stretched himself and looked out into the darkness. The snow crystals sparkled like diamonds when the light fell upon them. A muffled figure passed with a quick step and disappeared in the shadows. An ironic play of his memory brought before him the picture of his early life. He saw himself, quite a little child, stealing down to hang his stocking in the chimney corner.

At that moment old Drovaki, the classical Pole, one of the fixtures of the place, clad in a threadbare cloak ornamented with braid and wreaths of olive, approached Lucien and mumbled through his stained, gray beard: "Please lend me a five-franc piece, sir, for two days I have not budged from the cercle, and for two days the seventeen has not come out. Laugh at me if you will, but I will eat my head if, on the stroke of midnight, that number does not appear."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders. He had not even enough in his pocket to satisfy this trifling demand, that the habitues of the place called the "Pole's dollar." He passed out into the vestibule, put on his hat and pelisse, and descended the stairs with feverish haste. During the four hours that Lucien had been in the gambling hall the snow had fallen abundantly and the street was white.

The ruined player shivered under his furs; and quickened his pace, but before he had proceeded many steps he stopped suddenly before a piteous sight. On a rude bench, placed, as was formerly the custom, near the monumental doorway of a mansion, a little girl of six or seven, scantily clad in a tattered black dress, was seated in the snow. She had fallen asleep therein spite of the cruel cold, and all unconscious of the falling flakes that were softly kissing her white lips and closed eyes and wrapping a pure white robe around her little form. Her attitude betrayed fatigue and grief, and the poor little head and delicate shoulder were pressed into an angle of the wall against the cold stones. One of her wooden shoes had fallen from her hanging foot and was lying ruefully before her.

With a mechanical gesture Lucien's hand sought his pocket, but he remembered that a moment before he had not been able to find even a one-franc piece in some forgotten corner, which to tip the attendant at the gaming house. Moved, however, by an instinctive sense of a pity, he approached the little girl with the purpose of carrying her to some place of shelter for the night, when, in the fallen snow, his eye fell upon something bright. He leaned over. It was a louis d'or. Some charitable person—a woman, no doubt—in passing had seen the shoe lying before the sleeping child, and had put it there, with a discreet hand, a royal alms, that the poor little abandoned one might still preserve in spite of her misfortune, some confidence and hope in the bounty of Providence.

A louis! It represented several days of rest and wealth for the beggar girl, and Lucien was on the point of rousing her to tell her this, when he heard near his ear—the voice of the Pole—murmuring again the words:

"For two days I have not budged from the cercle, and for two days the seventeen has not come out. I will eat my head if, on the stroke of midnight, that number does not appear."

Then this young man of twenty-three who had never before failed in point of honor, conceived a frightful thought. Glancing around he made sure that he was quite alone in the deserted street, and stooping, with trembling hand, he stole the louis d'or from the fallen shoe. Then running swiftly, he returned to the gambling house; he reached the top of the stairs in four bounds, with a blow of his fist he opened the cushioned door of the cursed hall and entered at the precise moment when the clock sounded the first stroke of midnight, threw the stolen louis on the green cloth, and exclaimed:

"Full on the 17!"

The 17 won. With a turn of his hand Lucien pushed thirty-six louis on the red. The red won. He let the seventy-two louis remain on the same color. The red appeared again. He still continued to double the stakes, twice, thrice—always with the same good luck. He had regained, in a few turns of fortune's wheel, the few miserable 1,000 franc notes, his last resources, that he had lost at the beginning of the evening. Now, piling up 200 or 300 louis at a time, and relying on his fantastic run of luck, he was in a fair way to regain the fortune that in such few years he had squandered. He still won. The blood boils in his veins; he becomes intoxicated with good fortune; he throws, at hazard good handfuls of golden louis upon the table with a gesture of certainty and disdain.

But in spite of the wild feverish excitement of play, a red-hot iron was piercing his heart. He could not divert his thoughts from the little beggar girl asleep under the snow—the child whom he had robbed.

"She must be in the same place! Certainly she must be there! In a moment; yes; when the clock strikes one; I swear it, I will leave this place. I will carry her to my own house; I will bring her up, give her a dowry, love her as my own daughter, cherish her always, always!"

But the clock struck one—the quarter—the half—three quarters. Lucien was still seated at the cursed table. At last one minute before two, the dealer rose quickly and announced in a loud voice: "The bank is broken, gentlemen; enough for to-night."

With a bound Lucien was on his feet. Thrusting rudely aside the players who gathered about him, and who were regarding him with a look of envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushed down the stair and ran to the stone bench. At a distance, by the light of the gas, he perceived the little girl.

"God be praised," he cried, "she is still there!"

He approached and seized her hand. "Oh, how cold it was! Poor child! He took her in his arms to bear her away. The child's head fell back, but she did not waken.

He pressed her to his heart to bring back the warmth to her little body, but filled with a strange uneasiness, he was on the point of kissing her eyes in order to draw her from the heavy slumber, when he perceived with horror that her eyelids were half open, exposing the eyeballs, dimmed and fixed in a glassy stare. A terrible suspicion flashed through his mind; he put his mouth close to the mouth of the child; not a breath escaped.

While, with the gold-piece that he had stolen from this homeless child, Lucien had won a small fortune, she had frozen to death. The most frightful anguish choked his utterance, and with the effort he made to cry out he awoke from his dream on the leather bench of the cercle, where he had fallen asleep a little before midnight and where the servant, being the last to go, toward five in the morning, had, out of kindness of heart for the ruined spendthrift, allowing him to rest undisturbed. A frosty December morning had whitened the window-panes, and a fair hand had traced many a chateau d'Espane to crumble with the rising sun. Lucien went out and pained his watch, took a bath, got his breakfast, went to the bureau for recruits and signed an engagement as a volunteer in the First regiment of chasseurs d'Afrique.

To-day Lucien de Hem is a Lieutenant. He has only his soldier's pay

but he gets along, being regular in his habits and never touching a card. It would seem, too, as if he found some means of economizing; for the other day, at Algiers, one of his comrades who happened to be some steps behind in one of the steep streets of Kosba saw him give alms to a little Spanish child asleep under a doorway, and had the bad taste to examine his gift. He was astonished at the generosity, for the poor Lieutenant Lucien de Hem had put a louis d'or in the hand of the little girl.

A TEXAS TRAGEDY.—A Stockton lawyer was at the big city by the bay the other day, and while watching a large funeral wind slowly along to the hills he was accosted by a tall fellow, whose sun-burned face was eavesboarded by the wide brim of a slouch hat.

"Could you tell me," asked the stranger politely, "whose turnout that is?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, sharply. "Thank you. And whose is it?" "The undertaker's."

"Ah! And may I ask who the corpse was?" "You may."

"Thank you. And who was he?" "A lawyer."

The stranger paused as if doubtful of his ears, looked at the man earnestly, and asked, in an eager, you-don't-say-so sort of a voice: "Did you say a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir; a lawyer."

"I don't see anything strange about it," retorted the attorney, slightly nettled.

"Well," explained the other, suavely, "you see, we don't bury lawyers that way in Texas, where I came from."

"No. When a lawyer dies there we put him in the third story of a vacant building, you know."

He paused with aggravating calmness.

"Well?"

"And then we go up the next day, and the corpse is gone."

"Gone."

"Yes, sir."

"Gone where?"

"That's the mystery," replied the Texan, shrugging his shoulders, "no body knows where."

"Why, that is the strangest thing I ever heard of."

"Yes," said the mild Texan, "but that ain't the queerest thing about it, either."

"No?"

"There's a terrible smell of brimstone left in the room."

"They parted with mutual dislike.—Stockton Mail.

AN ANOVER WOMAN.—This story is told of the wife of an eminent benefactor of the town, whose residence was on the "Hill." One day the lady was in the midst of preparations for the midday meal (this was in the olden time when people got up in the morning and had dinner at the proper time) a caller was announced. Hastily leaving the kitchen where she was overseeing operations she entered the next room where the visitor was. The door between the two was open, and pretty soon the lady broke off the conversation and called to the "help" in the kitchen:

"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"No, ma'am."

Then the conversation was renewed, to be broken again in a few minutes by the inquiry:

"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"No, ma'am."

"Then take the pine stick in the corner and put it on the fire." This was presumably done, for shortly after, when "ma'am" repeated her question:

"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"Yes, ma'am; was the answer.

"Then take off the pine stick and put it in the corner."

This shows a spirit of saving hardly to be surpassed.—Boston Record.

HOW THINGS GOT MIXED.—"How are you?" said a bustling gentleman entering the private office. "You are the head of the institution, I believe?"

"We ell," responded the inmate of the office, "I am sometimes."

"Ain't you Mr. Black?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe I did business with you as the head of the firm when I was here last."

"Yes, I believe you did."

"Has there been a change since then?"

"Well, not exactly. But we placed a lady at the head of the sales department not long ago and sometimes it's a little difficult to tell who is running the institution."

I was persuaded by a friend to try "Salvation Oil