Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVII. LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1887. NO 328.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING,

A Dollar a Year in Advance.

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

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.

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.

B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.
March 18, 1886—y.

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FOR

SLEIGH GOODS. ASSORTMENT LARGE. PRICES LOW.

Ironed Swell Cutters, with Shafts. No Paint. Substantial, Stylish, Superior. Write for prices.

—SWELL CUTTERS. NOT IRONED.—

Sleigh Baskets. Two and Four Passengers. Sleigh Runners, one to two inches square.

SLEIGH BELLS, PLUMES, PLUSHES, CLOTHS, CARPETS, COUPLINGS, SHOES, IRONS, BOLTS, ETC., ETC.

Quotations cheerfully made.

"CAMBRIA" Link Barb Wire

MAKES THE BEST FENCE, EASIEST TO PUT UP.

"CASTORINE" The Reliable Axle Oil.

"CASTROLINE," The Best Axle Grease.

COACH FINDINGS, BAR IRON, STEEL. VARNISHES.

NASBY'S FINE COACH COLORS.

Important items.

Delivered f. o. b. Cars and Boats. No charge for Boxes.

J. B. KENDALL,

618 Penna. Ave. 619 B Street.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Nov. 11, 86—‡

A CARD.

ESTABLISHED 1873.
J. W. MONTGOMERY

WITH

BULLEN & MCKEEVER,

939 LA. AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The firm of Burch & Montgomery having dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of BULLEN & MCKEEVER for the transaction of a General Commission Business, for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Veal, Hogs and all kinds of country produce.

Thankful for the liberal patronage of my country friends in the past, I respectfully solicit the same in the future.

Very respectfully,
J. W. MONTGOMERY.

Nov. 18, 1886—y.

R. A. GOLDEN,

GROCER AND

Commission Merchant,

CORNER 10th and F. NOS. 941 and 943 S. W.

OLD STAND WAREHOUSE

931 LOUISIANA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Oct 23, 79—tf†

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE

MECHANICSVILLE, MD.,

G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.

Good rooms, good table and everything first class. Give me a call. Livery attached and travelers sent to all parts of the county. Rates low. June 34—tf.

OYSTER HOUSE.

Having fitted up my Cellar, I am prepared to furnish oysters at all hours and in every style at the shortest notice.

H. F. MOORE.

ct. 7—3m.

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 WAVERLY*, 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—tf‡

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, Purnell & 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†

WM. H. MOORE. JNO. F. MUDD

W. H. MOORE & CO.

GROCERS AND

Commission Merchants,

105 South Charles Street,
BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to inspecton and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of grain and all kinds of Country Produce.
Feb. 13, 79—y†

The Celebrated

"Maryland's Pride,"

Pure Rye Whiskey,

J. E. CLARK & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

48 South Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

WM HEMSLEY, - - - - Salesman.

Sept 86.—4y†

DENTISTRY.

DR. PAGE EDMUNDS, Dentist, having supplied himself with all modern instruments, is prepared to do first-class guaranteed work at the following low prices to wit:

Gold alloy plugs.....	$1 00 to $1 50
Silver alloy "	1 00
Pure gold "	1 50 and upwards.

Artificial teeth from $6 to $15, full upper or under sets. Teeth extracted, one or more, each 50 cents.

I respectfully solicit your patronage.

Office and residence, 158 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.

May 6, 86—tf*

TOBACCO. FLOUR.

J. B. KENT & CO.,

Commission Merchants,

New No. 306 S. Chas. St.,

Baltimore, Md.

GRAIN. PRODUCE.

J. Simms Fenwick. W. Clarence Drury

FENWICK'S HOTEL,

Leonardtown, Md.

RATES MODERATE.

Our Hotel has large, airy rooms, neatly furnished and everything first-class. Come and see us.

OUR BAR

is stocked with the choicest *LIQUORS* and the finest *CIGARS*.

We are prepared to substantiate everything we claim and we respectfully invite the public to give us a call and judge for themselves.

FENWICK & DRURY.

May 28, 85—tf†

(*Written for the Beacon.*)

Lord Clanworth's Revenge.

BY ONITA.

An old time-honored Church with moss-covered walls, and ivy clinging about the cracked paint-worn casements; while hundreds of dead lay slumbering beneath its very wings. Such was the strange place that served as a class-room for merry, restless children in the year 18—. School-buildings were then few and far between, and many and tiresome were the steps that awaited those who were eager to profit by the scanty advantages offered in country localities. Nevertheless, learning bravely struggled with the almost insurmountable obstacles, which Fate scattered so profusely over the pathway of Knowledge, and cultured men and women still grace the arena of life to glance back mockingly at the hardships that threatened destruction to their mental progress.

It is the hour of recess and the Teacher stands smiling in the doorway as his many pupils, both boys and girls, scamper off in every direction, for an hours uninterrupted enjoyment; and, better still, to partake of the substantial lunches, prepared by loving hands and hid carefully away inside each "tin-bucket." But, only a few moments can be spared for this diversion lest too long a time be stolen from the coveted hour of recreation; consequently, fried chicken, boiled ham, blackberry pie, eggs, preserves and endless varieties of cakes, are crowded down the throats of all, promiscuously, regardless of indigestion and all its train of evils.

The play-ground is just opposite the "old church" and a little removed from the grave-yard—a place which each child had been taught to respect even in moments of the wildest mirth.

"Do come girls, and let's play Ring!" exclaims Lisette Lamonds, and instantly they rise to comply with her request, and in less time than could be imagined hands are joined and many voices sing out:

"King William was King James' son &c." The boys too, have divided into groups; some to play marbles, and others to throw a ball over a very dilapidated old stable—a game simply enchanting to them and which they had honored with the high-sounding title of "Nickie, Nickie-nee, fire a ball to me." It would be difficult indeed, to ascertain whose voice rises highest in this fascinating sport, or who does most running regardless of bare feet or *stumped toes*. The girls too, seem untiring—all except Lisette, who looks a little fatigued as she steals away to rest under the wide spreading oaks and refresh herself with a cool drink from the clear spring they overshadow. In the center of the path leading to the spring a number of boys are plucking, with unabating interest, their favorite toy, and as Lizette draws near them unheard, it is a real temptation to kick the allies from the ring and witness the dismay that will ensue. She thinks of this until the desire grows so strong she yields and raising her tiny foot the marbles are sent in every direction.

"Oh," exclaim the boys while one scowling face fastens its gaze upon her, as he clenches his fist to let it fall with full force upon her frail shoulder.

"How dare you! How could you strike a girl Mark Carson?" shouts out the furious but positive voice of Roland Morrison. "You coward!" he adds, as he grasps Mark's arm to stay the blow. "I'll *mash* you up if you dare to hurt her."

"And if you don't let go my arm, replies angry Mark, I'll —"

"Do nothing," interrupts Roland, more calmly now. Then, aside to Lizette, he says:

"Where were you going?"

"To the spring," replies the child, thoroughly frightened. "Roland, won't you come with me?"

He walks on beside her, but makes no remark until they are fully out of sight; then, regarding Lizette reproachfully, he questions half-tenderly, "Lizette, why did you do that? Did you not see how angry they were?"

"It was only for a joke," pleads the child nervously and I did not think it would have made them so very angry." "Yes, I know," answers Roland knowingly, "but let it be a warning to you."

"I never will do that again," she continues, "for I do not know what I should have done, had you not come in time to protect me, Roland. How good and kind you are always to me; so different from the others. I never will forget you, if I live to be as old as Mr. Harrison and you know he is grey and half-blind, (poor man) and no teeth at all," she adds, the mischief rising in her again while she looks up in the frank face of Roland who cannot, for the life of him, conceal a smile.

"What a naughty girl you are, Lizette. You will have fun at my cost, but would you not like the violets over there, nestled away under the green ferns as if to hide their faces from us?"

"Oh, indeed, yes!" she says, all trace of fear now a stranger to the joyful voice. "Mama would like to have them, for she loves flowers better than anything on earth, except her 'naughty girl,'" she repeats, to mimic Roland's previous words "but, how provoking, for there goes the hateful bell and we must hurry or be late." They both run every step of the way, but stand breathless for a moment before entering the silent school-room.

It is the last day of the scholastic year and each desk looks vacant and lonely, as one and all gather their books and slates into a secure bundle. How triumphantly they watch the school-master as he slams the door and turns the key for two whole months.

"Hurrah!" shout the boys while they throw their hats high in the air, in anticipation of the coming vacation, and the girls cluster together, shaking hands and evidently rejoicing too. Lizette alone seems depressed for it is her last year at the "old church;" the last time that shady grove will ever resound with the ring of her merry voice. "Will I ever be so happy again?" she questions in the depths of her youthful mind and as the perplexing doubt vanishes she turns away, with a sigh, to find Roland to bid him good-bye.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," she says, as she joins him under the shady oak boughs, "and thought I must go without finding you. That would have been too bad, for when will I ever see you again? she asks, looking full in his face. The boy regards her a moment without speaking, then with a slight tremble in his voice answers:

"I could *never* forget you, Roland, no matter how long be the time before I see you again. Come and walk with me to the bridge. It is the last time, you know."

When the bridge is reached, Lizette turns and says:

"Good-bye, now. I feel you will some day be a good and learned man. I shall be inclined to dread your superior knowledge *then*, but take this," she adds, handing him a 'tiny gold anchor' from the slender chain around her neck, "and sometimes think of naughty me."

He thanks her for the gift, and then

"I am afraid, Lizette, it will be quite a long time, for I leave to-morrow for 'Thornton Manor,' where my guardian now resides. There I spend my holidays, after which time I will be packed off to college for five years, and at the expiration of that period I am, I believe, to study law. This will prevent me from seeing you for years. Just to think, Lizette, you will be a grown lady, a graduate from —— I hope, and I too will be a—man! Will you be able to remember me all *that* time?" he questions with deep earnestness in every word, "or will you forget me entirely?"

as her brother Maurice advances to meet her, he speaks their childhood's last 'good-bye.'

. . . . . .

A farm house wide and spacious, standing conspicuously on a high hill side, shaded by tall maples, and rendered bright and home-like by many colored flowers and trailing vines, which catch on and cling to every conceivable object which chance to stand in their way. A meadow, stretching far away in the distance and divided by long lines of cherry trees, which just now are bending beneath the weight of gold and crimson fruit, while a little farther on gleams out a crystal stream that flows directly by the 'old church.' Looking in the opposite direction, the landscape is rendered more perfect by the addition of a number of sober-faced cows, which Maurice Lamonds is driving to their nightly shelter.

Such is a bird's-eye view of 'Sunnysides,' and as Lizette looks on from the very top of one of the tallest trees, she is evidently well pleased with the picture her home presents.

"Maurice! Maurice! am I not having a glorious time?" says the delighted girl much to her brother's horror, as he spies her perched in such a dangerous position. "This is something like 'Rocking in the Cradle of the Deep,' only this is not deep at all simply the rocking."

"Lizette," urges Maurice, unable longer to control his fear. "Come down at once, before you break your neck. Well, I never saw such a young lady or such a breach of behavior, What will you do next?"

"Now, look here, young man, if you are going to lecture me in that decided manner I'll just stay here until you finish, so there!"

"Lizette," says her brother more coaxingly, "please come down like a good girl; indeed, you will fall."

"You will never make a soldier, Maurice," replies his sister, convulsed with laughter. "You are too timid and have too much anxiety for the good of others. You could never summon enough courage to kill your enemy. Go away now, and I will come down before you faint."

He obeys, too glad to know she has at last determined to descend, and gets only a short distance when a little white hand slaps him on the shoulder, and, with a merry laugh, she interrogates,

"Maurice, don't you think I have acquired the art of climbing very well?"

"I should say you had, but remember, my lady, I'm going to inform some of your many admirers of the fact the first occasion that presents itself, and not even 'my lord of Clanworth Castle' shall be regarded as an exception. How will you like that?"

"It will not matter in the slightest if you do tell *him*," replies his sister a little piqued, "for he is so—what shall I call him?—so tiring to me—but you will not tell the others, Maurice, will you?" she adds a little pleadingly. "I would feel just a trifle ashamed of myself. It would be a slight contradiction to my usual stately grace—and—*strict etiquette*."

"I will be generous this time," he promises, "provided you will never give me such a fright again; but tell me, Lizette, how is it you dislike my lord so much? Take care, 'hatred sometimes turn to love.' Why, to me you are a mystery, for I think he is the handsomest and altogether most desirable man within thirty miles square. There is not a woman that has ever seen him but what would use every device in her power to win him, and—his wealth. You are a 'queer somebody.' I believe you have lost your heart with some *poor* man, who will never be able to do more for you than place you in a kitchen with 'spiders and pans' for your sole companions the remainder of your bright young life."

"Now, Maurice, you are growing downright insulting, and if I have to choose between the two evils I shall certainly take the 'spiders and pans' to a 'man's pocketbook, provided it had the additional appendage of a man I—hate."

"That speech is just like you," says her brother in a rather vexed tone, "but women *will* have their say, regardless of all the advice of wiser heads combined. But we will be quarreling next, so let's desist."

"Don't you think for a moment I would quarrel about *him*," she continues. "He is not worth my breath nor yours, Maurice. But here we are about to walk through the gate in our debate. Let me have the honor to open it for 'Miss Flora and Miss Daisy' and—all your cross-faced companions," she insists, making a low courtesy as the cows walk in one by one. "*This* gate is not 'quite so grand' as that which leads into 'Clanworth Castle,' eh! Maurice, but is is dearer, you know. Now, I will leave you with pleasant company, for I know mamma has been looking for me for the last hour, and you hurry, too, for supper will be cold and Martha's frown will be too terrible to witness."

. . . . . .

It is the early rmorning, and as Miss Lamonds sits tapping with her dainty fingers upon the window panes, she feels unusually discontented with herself and the world generally. Seven years have now passed away and dropped unseen in Time's fathomless abyss; still no word comes from Roland Morrison to assure her that she is still remembered, while she—has she ever forgotten her promise, 'not to forget,' beneath the wide spreading trees at the 'old church school?'

Her heart tells her too truly that *she*, at least, has been constant. Many have been the suitors of the hand of the little 'coquette' of Sunnysides,' as she is familiarly called; but all have met with the same polite indifference. As she ponders over the state of her feelings more deeply, her thoughts grow too much for her, and a reckless longing to fly from them, even for awhile, induces her to don her hat and seek her favorite haunt down by the silver stream near the bridge that speaks yet forcibly of 'long ago.'

Reaching the desired spot, she throws aside her hat upon the grassy slope and proceeds to capture a water lily that seems doubly tempting because it is somewhat out of reach, but by walking quite steadily upon a fallen log she succeeds in breaking the lily at the loss of a large comb, which is all that holds her rebellious hair.

"Now, then!" she exclaims, "what shall I do with my hair flying about in this ridiculous fashion?" "But it is no use to grieve," she adds, and forthwith arranges the coveted flower in her belt, well pleased with the prize.

As she stands thus, with the sunbeams playing stealthily among her golden ringlets, which fall far below her waist, over the neat blue dress, that contrasts so perfectly with her fair face and hair, she is a picture worthy of an 'artist's brush,' and so thinks Roland Morrison as he looks for the first time upon the 'little school girl he left behind.' Only for a moment he stands regarding her; then advancing to where she is hidden in a delighted, half-questioning voice—

"Lizette, is this you? How much you have changed, and yet I should have recognized you anywhere."

"And I would have known *you* too, Roland," she exclaims in the glad surprise of the moment, extending both hands to him. "Ah! I am so very happy to see you again. It has been a century since you first went away."

"Has it?" says Roland, still holding her hands. "I am pleased at least if it seemed so to you, for I feel flattered to think you missed me."

His words recall the weight of her own, and a deep blush crimsons her face to see how unknowingly she has betrayed her real feelings.

"Mr. Morrison, will you not walk home with me? Maurice and mamma will both be so surprised and glad to have you back again."

"I will indeed accept your kind invitation, but before we go wont you rest here, just a little while? It is such a charming morning."

He arranges a seat for her with a broken limb from the ancient oak above them, and then sits down beside her, with the request that she will tell him how all the years have passed since they were children together. Lizette endeavors to comply in a measure with what he asks, avoiding every word that could lead him to suspicion the long sadness she had endured, and when she has finished Mr. Morrison questions rather abruptly.

"Lizette, you did not call me 'Mr. Morrison' when in the surprise of the moment I forced my unexpected presence upon you. Why change my title now? I like Roland so much the best. Always call me that, for it reminds me of the happiest hours of my life—the days at the 'old church.' Do you remember anything about those joyous times?" he says timidly, searching minutely the face before him, "and have I," holding up to her a 'tiny gold anchor,' "hoped in vain through all this weary, uncertain time? Do not keep me in suspense," he continues, his voice a little unsteady, "but tell me now."

For some moments longer the silence is unbroken; then, following the true promptings of a faithful heart, she answers:

"I remember all, Roland. Those days were the happiest and best, and —I never have forgotten you."

But before the truly well-satisfied lover can express his joy, Maurice comes blundering along, and, feeling himself an intruder, would be glad to escape unseen, when his sister's voice calls out:

"Come here, Maurice, directly, and tell me who this is."

Feeling still a little disconcerted, he advances as bravely as possible under the circumstances, and scanning the face of Roland a full minute, he fairly screams, "It is you, old fellow, at last, Roland Morrison!" and then ensues a hearty hand-shaking, after which they proceed homeward, and Lizette flies to the kitchen to instruct Martha to have an *extra* nice supper for 'Mr. Morrison.'

[Concluded in our next.]

STUART ROBSON'S MELANCHOLY.—There is a story told of some great comedian—Grimaldi, we think—who consulted a physician concerning the state of melancholy into which he had fallen. The physician, who did not know his patient, after listening to his recital, advised him to go and see Grimaldi. "Alas," said the melancholy comedian. "I am Grimaldi."

Not long ago Stuart Robson ran across the anecdote for the first time. 'Good snap!' cried Robson, 'I'll try it on a doctor myself.'

So he went to the office of a physician in the city where he chanced to be playing, to consult him about his melancholy. Robson is far from being melancholy himself, though many people consider him to be a very melancholy specimen of an actor. They can't see any more real fun in him than a brass monkey. Among this class was the physician whom the eccentric comedian consulted.

'You are afflicted with melancholy, are you?' said the doctor, regarding his unknown caller closely.

'Yes,' said Robson putting on an expression that Barrett habitually wears in the most dejected of his impersonations, 'I—am the most miserable—of men.'

'You look like it,' said the doctor.

'Nothing—amuses me, nothing—makes me laugh.'

'Hum,' mused the physician, tapping his forehead with his finger thoughtfully. All physicians tap their forehead with their finger, although it often happens that nothing comes out.

'Ever go to the theatre?' he finally asked.

('Now its coming,' thought Robson, a gleam of expectant triumph lighting up his melancholy for an instant; 'wonder what Crane will say to this?') Then he said aloud:

'The theatre? I never—go—to the theatre—when I can help it.'

'But you should go occasionally. It will divert you and do you good. Go when there is something fuuny, through. You want nothing sad or solemn.

Now there is an actor, playing here now—a comedian, he calls himself—Stuart Robson.'

'Yes (eagerly), I've heard of him.'

'For God's sake, keep away from *him*. He's the worst in the business. To see him play is enough to send a sane, cheerful man to the mad house. I saw him the other night and I've been melancholy ever since.'

Robson didn't stay to hear any more, but grabbing his hat he incontinently fled.

☞ PUNCTUALITY.—One of the many forms of evil is a want of punctuality, the root of all evil. The unpunctual man is apt to think that the greatest evil he occasions by his special infirmity is temporary inconvenience or disappointment. But this is not so. If one of his delays should disturb only the arrangements for a single person he may congratulate himself. Order is Heaven's first law, and the second, regular routine, is like unto it. If the earth and the moon were to loiter in their course, everything here would be out of joint. What bitter disappointment and what serious annoyance and loss may come from a letter a little too late for the post, a bill paid after the promised time, an appointment not kept, a commission deferred. Note for yourself, and think of these things. Punctuality is essential to another virtue, reliableness. Do all that you promise to do, and all that you are rightfully required and expected to do, so that the hearts of all with whom you are anyway connected may safely trust in you. Do this when you say you will do it, even if it be a little thing, without being deterred by any but insuperable obstacles.—*Ex.*

☞ A Challenge.—The proprietors of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup hereby challenge the Faculty to prescribe a remedy more effective than theirs.

I cordially recommend Salvation Oil to all suffering with rheumatism.
Jos. S. Fox, Cattle Dealer,
17 North Broadway, Baltimore, Md.