

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.

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, 1886-7.

THE WHITE. An improved big arm Sewing Machine. The advantage of a high arm, admitting the passage under it of bulky garments without mousing or soiling the compacting by them, is too well known to require description. It will last a life time and its range of work exceeds that of any other machine. WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS. Among the many advantages of the White machine are its simple, self-setting in every sense of the word—always ready to be used, its simplicity in threading being an especial feature. The shuttle tension is so arranged that you can increase it or decrease it without removing the shuttle from the machine or disarranging the work. All wearing parts of the White are made adjustable, so that any last moment incident to long usage can be easily taken up, thus avoiding the delay and expense in duplicating parts. The simplicity in threading the White is unequalled by any other machine, and we would particularly call attention to the fact in either the upper or lower thread, there is no hole to thread through excepting the eye of the needle. For Family Use, Dress Making, Tailoring, the White is without a peer. T. Lee Harden, Agent, COMPTON, MD. July 29.

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, 1886-7.

R. A. GOLDEN, GROCER AND Commission Merchant, CORNER 10th and P. NOS. 941 and 943 S. W. OLD STAND WAREHOUSE 881 LOUISIANA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C. Oct 23, 79-117

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE MECHANICVILLE, MD., G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor. Good rooms, good table and everything first class. Give me a call. Livestock attached and travelers sent to all parts of the county. Rates low. June 24-117.

For Ice Cold Beer and good old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go to E. WALTER MATTINGLY, Mechanicville, St. Mary's county, Md. Aug. 27, 1885-3m.

Real Estate. PARTIES wishing to sell farms, by furnishing the undersigned a description, etc., will have the same advertised free of charge. We have made arrangements with several Real Estate Agents for the sale of lands in lower Maryland. MOORE & MORGAN, Leonardtown.

TO TAXPAYERS. PERSONS indebted to me for taxes for the year 1884 are requested to make immediate payment, otherwise I shall be compelled to collect the same by process of law. W. J. WATHEN, Late Tax-Collector of 3rd District. Sept. 24, 85-117.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XLVII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1887. NO. 336.

PROFESSIONAL. RICHARD B. TIPPETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balg. Md. Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties of Charles and St. Mary's and Washington city. Special attention given to Admiralty practice, collection of claims, &c. Being a member of and counsel for the Real Estate firm of E. J. Chasity & Co., all parties desiring to sell farms in Maryland can place them in our hands. Persons desiring to buy or exchange should call or send for list of property. Money loaned on first mortgage. Jan. 20-7.

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. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate. Jan 8 '87.

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, 1887-117.

HENRY F. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Jan 1, 85-117.

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, 1873-117.

R. C. COMBS, Attorney-at-Law, Leonardtown, Md. Aug. 12-117.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Leonardtown, Md.

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER, Attorney at Law, (late of the Court of Appeals) Has associated himself with B. Harris Camalier for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. Office and address at Annapolis, Md.

Farmer's and Planter's Agency 220 S. CHARLES ST., BALTIMORE. For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of Country Produce. JOS. SHEPHERD, Pres., Dr. G. W. DORSEY, Treasurer, L. E. HINKS, Sec., SAML. M. HINKS, Cashier, G. W. DOHSEY, Tobacco Salesman, HEIK TOW-SHEND, Assistant, Salesman for Grain, Hay, Wood, Fruit and Poultry, JOHN E. BRISCOE. Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers and agents for Dissolved Bone, Fine Ground Bone, Kainit and Peruvian Guano. Clover and Timothy Seed and all Household and Farm supplies furnished. Advances made on consignments. March 17-77.

G. W. CARROLL, J. W. BRADLEY, CARROLL & BRADLEY, GENERAL Commission Merchants FOR THE SALE OF No. 16 Camden Street, BALTIMORE. REFERENCES BY PERMISSION. Hon. C. F. Goldsborough, Cambridge, Md.; Hon. D. M. Henry, Cambridge, Md.; T. J. Dall & 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, 1883-117.

HAYDEN & TENNISON, Wholesale Grocers, AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, CANDIES, CAKES, CRACKERS, &c. Cigars and Tobacco a Speciality. N. E. Corner Pratt and Light Sts., GEORGE G. HAYDEN, WM. B. TENNISON, Baltimore. March 24-75.

QUINTOLEO! A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR CHILDS FEVER, DYSMENA, BILIOUSNESS, LIVER DISEASE, MALARIA, and all types of Fever and SICKNESS arising from indigestion and acid blood. A Splendid Tonic for Strengthening the whole SYSTEM. J. H. Winkelman & Co., Baltimore, Md.

LOVE AND MONEY. When the "Reliance Bank" of the town of N— broke there was a widespread consternation. In one room, scarcely a home, since it was a fashionable boarding house, Frank Alden and his warm, true friend, Ralph Wilton, discussed the catastrophe. It does not quite beggar me, Frank was saying, "although it leaves me \$60,000 poorer than I was yesterday. I suppose—the words came very slowly now—I ought to release Carrie Mapleton from her engagement. She is not the girl I believe her to be if she accepts the release, was the quick reply. Were you going to Walnut Hill this evening? No. I will write. A knock at the door, followed by the appearance of servant holding a note, interrupted the conversation. Breaking the envelope open, Frank read the tinted page, and, smiling bitterly said: Read that, Ralph, and lose your sublime faith in womankind. It was a brief note, stating in consequence of the failure of the Reliance Bank and the changed circumstances involved thereby, the writer did not consider it prudent to abide by an engagement made under more favorable auspices, and so released Mr. Alden from his promise. She might have given me time to act the part she anticipates, said Frank, hastily scrawling a reply. So ends the chapter. Had the gentleman in his anger possessed clairvoyant powers, he would have seen in the drawing-room at Walnut Hill a little figure pacing up and down, and a sweet, matronly woman, in close widow's weeds, watching the pale, agitated face. He would have heard a clear voice, painfully shaken, say: Mamma, I wrote to Frank. I do not think he really cares for the \$50,000 Grandfather Banks left me, but since it is all gone, I thought it only honorable to write to him and release him. You will have more than that Carrie, when I die. Hush! hush! I never want it! But I am glad papa's money was not in that horrid bank. Still the other was my very own, and Frank may have counted upon a rich wife. I misjudge him, dear, if he allows the loss to influence him. Who took your note? James. He has had time to go and return. I hear his voice now. It was a cold, trembling hand that tore open Frank's hasty note, and blue eyes, dim with tears, read the contents: You are quite right. When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window. An old proverb suiting our case to a nicety. That was all. He need not have insulted me, said Carrie, angrily. That is all a man's love is worth. Then she sped away to her own room to hide her bitter tears. For she loved Frank Alden with her whole true heart. I suppose he knows papa left everything to mamma, she thought, and if she marries again, or is displeased with me, she can leave her money where she pleases. And Frank Alden, with his heart as full of bitterness, packed a trunk and joined his friend Ralph Wilton in a journey to the West, to invest the remnant of his fortune in a speculation. It had been in binding these two hearts together, and Mrs. Mapleton hoped Carrie's grief would be as short-lived as that summer of love. But she was grieved to note that the girl seemed to grow hard in her resentment. She was more than pretty, though very slender and fairy-like, having a pure blonde beauty and fascinating manners. It was the first season she had been in society, when she met Frank Alden at Newport and gave him her pure young heart. But afterwards she lived for four years in a vortex of gayety, and enjoyed the unenviable reputation of a totally heartless flirt. She had lost the girlish freshness that had made her so attractive to Frank Alden, and had acquired a hundred bewildering charms that dazzled the admirers who followed wherever she led. But alone she was listless, weary,

full of regret and a dreary self-reproach for her wasted life. It was four years after that bright summer wooing that ended with the failure of the Reliance Bank when Russell Boyd attached himself to the corps of Mapleton suitors and sunned himself in the sweetness of Carrie's soft blue eyes and gracious smiles. It was all the perfection of acting, but the childlike freshness of Miss Mapleton's blonde beauty had not departed, and her manner was just to suit her style. Being a millionaire, Russell Boyd never imagined a woman could play with his heart, and was graciously resolving to place Miss Mapleton upon the throne of many a wistful damsel's ambition, as his wife, when Ralph Wilton came to Conway, where they were all passing the July weeks. He was very cold to Miss Carrie, but a fast friend of Russell Boyd, whom he had known before the elder Boyd made a cool million in army contracts. So it befell that, one day, sauntering in a shady grove, Carrie Mapleton came suddenly upon the two, seated upon a fallen log, exchanging confidences. She could not pass unseen, so she drew back a little, just as Ralph Wilton said: Oh, no doubt she will accept you, the mercenary little flirt. I suppose you never heard how she jilted Alden? No, you were in Europe at the time. Frank Alden? I missed him. Yes; he is not a society man, just at present going in for hard work. I thought his father left a hundred thousand. So he did. The bulk of it was in the Reliance Bank, and when that failed Miss Mapleton coolly wrote to him that in consideration of changed prospects, and all the rest of it, she released him from his engagement. She! You don't mean it? I do! I was in his room when her note came. Of course he released her. But it seems to me I heard she had money in that bank. Nonsense! She has never spent so freely as she does now. Poor Frank was awfully cut up about it. But he gathered up what was left of his patrimony and joined me in some Western speculations that will eventually turn out well. In the meantime, he has opened a retail dry goods store at N—.

Didn't hurt him, then? Didn't it? Hardened and soured him, set him to railing against all womankind. Shall we walk on? Carrie crouched low behind the trunk of a great tree as they passed her. But when the firm tread died away, she rose and hurried home— She would tell her secret, she resolved to no one, but Mrs. Mapleton was surprised at the sudden desire for quiet in her daughter. I am homesick, mamma, she urged. We will have no visitors at Walnut Hill for a month. Let us go home and pet each other. And Russell Boyd, Carrie? Oh, he will forget me in twenty-four hours. But when fairly settled in her old home, Carrie discovered a hundred deficiencies in her wardrobe that must be supplied before the summer guests arrived. I thought you did all your shopping while you were in New York, her mother said. But I want a lot of little things. You shall not be bored with them, mamma. I will drive over to N— by myself. She had found out where the new store of Francis Alden was situated, and drove directly to the door. Her face was very pale as she entered the store, asking the clerk for Mr. Alden. She was informed that he was in the counting-room, and she found him there alone. Very gravely, but with perfect courtesy, he greeted her, his face a shade paler at the sight of her. I have come, she said steadily but with downcast eyes, to explain a mistake I made four years ago. His heart gave one quick, suffocating throb, but he waited for her to speak again. When the Reliance Bank failed, she continued, I lost fifty thousand dollars, a legacy from my grandfather, and my entire fortune. But you live— Wait, please. There is not any change in my style of living, because

mamma is very rich, but her money is her own, to leave to me or not, as she pleases. The fifty thousand dollars was mine, and when I lost it I thought it only right to release you from your engagement to a penniless girl. I never knew until a few days ago that your fortune was unfortunately in the same bank. And I had never even heard you had a fortune, said Frank, eagerly. I knew your mother was rich, and that you had a life of ease and luxury, and when I found myself a poor man I meant to free you. Under and I anticipated you. But you understand now, Carrie said, in a pleading manner. I understand now, was the grave reply, and I am glad to do you justice; but I am still a poor man. Loving you with my whole heart, I dare not ask you to leave your splendid home to share my very limited means. You do love me, Frank? Ah, Carrie, it has been my bitter pain for four years that I could not cease to love you. I heard of you as an heiress, a belle—of your conquests, your beauty, and I tried to harden my heart to the mercenary woman who had desolated my life; but in my heart all the old love lived to torment me. Then I will not take my release. You are mine, bound by your promise of four years ago. I will come and measure calico in your store for you, if you will, but I will never give you up again. Get your hat, sir; you are going home with me to luncheon. He went—of course he did. And Carrie married him, but never measured calico in the store, for Mrs. Mapleton bought and furnished a home for the young couple, and settled fifty thousand dollars upon her only child. And the Western speculations turned out a mine of wealth, so the store was given up, and Frank Alden had his time fully occupied in the care of his money and many investments. And one fine day meeting Russell Boyd as he was engaging steamer passage to Europe for a wedding trip, Ralph Wilton took back something of his harsh censures of Carrie Mapleton Alden, and told the millionaire the true story of two hearts and a bank.

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR MAN.—A touching story comes from Essex. A poor girl who died in the Brompton hospital for consumptives expressed a wish to be buried at Little Horkesley, some fifty miles from London. Her mother and stepfather were poor and could not afford to carry out her wish in the ordinary way. So the man, though he happened to be ill and weak at the time, first made the coffin and then wheeled the body down to its destination on a handcart. It took him three days to reach the Essex village. On the fourth day he saw the girl buried, and her new made grave decked with flowers from the kitchen garden and the meadow, and then his task was done. The local paper got wind of it, and so the tale of quiet heroism came out. Then, of course, this man, Joseph Ball, had to be interviewed, and help to make something for the papers out of a deed which, beyond doubt, in the doing of it, he thought the most simple and natural in the world. He took his little boy of 10 with him, to give a lift at the hills. On the level road the boy had his lift in the handcart with the corpse. At one of the places where they stopped, some village Bumble wanted to interfere, on the plea that he was a detective. The passage in which this incident is related would not have been unworthy of Bunyan: "We had a bother, and he would have forced open the coffin, but my master is always stronger than the devil, and he gave me strength to struggle with the man and put him out of the house." The inspector of police, who afterward appeared on the scene, showed more common sense, and, after taking the amateur undertaker's name and address, let him go on his way. The story is a perfect bit of quiet beauty as it stands, and we dread to mar it with a superfluous word. If a great genius took it in hand, he might make it imperishable. The poor have a way of doing these fine things for one another without knowing that anything has been done. The last thing the poor cabinet maker thought of, we may be sure, was that his walking funeral of fifty miles would get into print.—London News.

THE WAR WAS OVER.—An old fellow with long hair and a face expressive of suspicion was arrested for shooting at a United States soldier. It appeared from the evidence that the soldier was peacefully walking along a quiet street when suddenly the long haired man sprang from behind a tree and fired at him. When he had been arraigned, and before the judge had asked a question concerning the case, he said: "I don't expect no show, so what is the use uv all this foolishness?" "What do you mean?" demanded the judge. "Wall, I jest mean that I never heard uv the Yankees foolin' very long with er bushwhacker." "The man is crazy," said the judge. "I'll be blamed if I am." "Then what do you mean?" "Wy, I'm er rebel soldier, that's what I mean; yes, an' I shot at that Yankee jest the same as any uv the rest uv the boys would uv done." "My friend," said the judge, "is it possible that you do not know the war is over?" "War's over?" gasped the prisoner. "Yes, ended more than twenty years ago. Where have you been keeping yourself?" The prisoner, thoroughly overcome, sat down. The crowd that had assembled gazed with deep interest upon him. The sympathetic judge suffered him to take his own time. After awhile he said: "It's blamed strange. Wy I thought the war was going on yit. The last regular fight I was in, and it was a mighty long time ago, us fellers was pitted badly whipped, so I tuck to my heels an' went to the mountains an' stayed thar till to-day, an' then, thinkin' that I'd try the thing a few mo' whirrs, I came down, but couldn't find the enemy; but I got hold of a newspaper and seed, as I thought, that the war was still goin' on. I seed whar some feller was elected to office, not because he could read, but because he fit well in the army. The way the paper read I thought that the editor had just hung up some fresh shams in his office, an' I felt sorter shamed uv myself, lurkin' round with nary a scalp, so I put an extra charge in my old fuses an' struck out. I came all the way to this town without seein' a single Yankee, but I seed one tuppity soon afterwards and cracked a loose at him. So you say the war's over?" "Yes." "Dun quit fightin'?" "Long ago." "Which side's whipped?" "The South." "South dun whipped?" "Yes." "Whar's Lee?" "Dead." "Lee dead?" "Yes." "Who killed him?" "Died a natural death." "Whar's the other generals?" "In Congress." "An' the colonels?" "In the legislatures of the different States." "Whar are the privates?" "Dead." "All killed?" "Every one." "What air you going ter do with me?" "Nothing; you may go." "Well, ef Lee an' all the privates is dead; ef the South is whipped an' the generals an' colonels have all knocked under, I reckon the best thing I ken do is to quit." "Where do you live?" "My wife an' children live out here in Saeline county. I ain't seed 'em sense I fust joined the army, an' I'd better jog on out that way of the war's over, fer I reckon they're sorter uneasy erbout me by this time."

A MATTER FOR THOUGHT.—ROADS.—Good roads not only save horseflesh, but vehicles. Take what are ordinarily called "good roads" and "bad roads," and a vehicle used on the first only will last twice as long, at least, as one used on the latter only. No one can doubt that country roads would be fifty per cent. better than they now are, if the labor and money put upon them were properly applied. How to have that work and money properly applied is the matter to be discussed now, that the best methods may be ready for adoption when the season for road-making comes. Whether or not the road bed should be only surface drained, or underdrained with tile, or by putting in a corduroy foundation; whether or not gravel or plank should be used; how best to use gravel, or plank, or tile—these are points to be decided. The farmer's club should also discuss specifically the repair of each highway in the neighborhood. This will lead, among other things, to an understanding whether or not it will be proper to shorten a highway by straightening it; whether a road that now goes around a hill should be carried over it by grading down the hill, or whether making a road longer by carrying it around a hill will be compensated for the less grade; how to keep weeds from growing in the highways, to seed adjacent land, and many other points which, thus being settled, would greatly add to the improvement of the roads.

FOR STAINING FLOORS.—Dissolve two ounces of permanganate of potash in three quarts of boiling water, stir with a stick until the crystals are dissolved, and let it boil five or ten minutes. Let the floor be perfectly clean and dry. Apply the stain with a large brush boldly and with the grain of the wood. Make a wad or ball of tow, or scraps of flannel or cotton, and cover it with two or three layers of stout hessian, and as one person brushes on the stain, let another follow immediately with the wad, rubbing it in. By this you show up the grain of the wood and avoid streaks. When the stain is thoroughly dry, brush on plentifully boiled linseed oil, while a second person rubs it in with a wad. To keep it perfect it should be oiled once a month with raw linseed oil. If a polish is desired, use the following: Shred finely two ounces of bees-wax and one ounce of white wax, put it in a jar and cover it with a pint of spirits of turpentine; let it stand twenty-four hours to dissolve; then strain one half ounce of castile soap, and pour on it half a gill of boiling water, when quite dissolved, add the dissolved wax and turpentine and shake all well together into a creamy liquid. Cork the bottle securely, and it will keep good for a year's use. When used, pour the mixture on a piece of flannel, rub it well into the wood, and then polish with a soft duster.

HE WOULDN'T SUBSCRIBE.—"Are you one of our subscribers?" "No, Well, yes. Lemme see. I believe I took it duren' the campaign. The Democratic county committee sent it to me." "Well, you go down and subscribe for our county weekly, eight pages, all the news, latest market quotations, including eggs, able editorials, choice miscellany, poetry, etcetera, and we will see what we can do for you." "No, sir! Can't do it," said the veteran, as he backed off toward the door. "Times is too hard. Why, sir, I had to give up my subscription to the Christian Advocate, and you could not believe how much I miss that there paper. It was meat and drink to me while I had it, but eggs is only fifteen cents, and a man can't expect to have all the luxuries of life, but still I'd a liked to held on another year."

To CURE WARTS.—There is good authority for the statement that it is now fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often offensive on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. M. Colrat, of Lyons, has drawn attention to this extraordinary fact. Several children treated with three grain doses of Epsom salts, morning and evening, were promptly cured. M. Aubers cites the case of a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences and who was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.

THE TOLEDO NEWS with point observes: "The elephant believes that were it not for his keeper he would starve to death just the same as people believe that the monopolist who robs them furnishes them employment. The power of the monopolist, like that of the keeper of the elephant depends upon his success in keeping them of that opinion."