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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,  
RAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS,  
BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF  
WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. West-  
tery Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept  
under cover.

B. H. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is  
authorized to sell and collect. Orders left  
with him will receive prompt attention.  
March 15, 1886-y.

### THE WHITE.

An improved high 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 flexibility, self-acting in  
every sense of the word—always right.

It has the least complicated, the most  
simple, durable and complete shuttle ever  
made, simply in threading being an es-  
sential feature. The shuttle tension is so  
arranged that you can increase it or de-  
crease it without removing the shuttle from  
the machine or disarranging the work.

All working parts of the White are made  
adjustable, so that any last motion 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, Press-Making, Tailor-  
ing, 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 Bulsen & Montgomery hav-  
ing dissolved by mutual consent, I have  
associated myself with the old reliable firm  
of BULLEN & MCKEEVER for the transac-  
tion 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, 79-147

### THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE

MECHANICVILLE, MD.

G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.

Guest rooms, good table and everything  
first class. Give me a call. Liberty attached  
and travelers sent to all parts of the county.  
Rates low. June 24-11.

### For Ice Cold Beer and

good old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go

to

E. WALTER MATTINGLY,

Mechanicville,  
St. Mary's county, Md.

Aug. 27, 1886-3m.

### Real Estate.

PARTIES wishing to sell farms, by furnish-  
ing 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.

PARTISONS indebted to me for taxes for the  
year 1884 are requested to make imme-  
diate payment, otherwise I shall be com-  
pelled to collect the same by process of law.  
W. J. WATKIN,  
Late Tax-Collector for 3rd District.  
Sept. 24, 85-11.

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XLVII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1887.

NO. 339.

## PROFESSIONAL.

### RICHARD B. TIPPETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., 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 Es-  
tate firm of E. J. Chisney & Co., all parties  
desiring to sell farms in Maryland can  
place them in their 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 home, lately oc-  
cupied by 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 intrusted to him will receive  
prompt attention.

Special attention paid to the Collection of  
Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of  
Real Estate.  
JAN 25 1887

### JO. F. MOIGAN,

A Lawyer and Counsellor at Law

and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life In-  
surance Company, Mutual Life of New  
York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liver-  
pool.  
LEONARDTOWN, MD.  
April 1, 1880-11.

### HENRY F. SPALDING,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention given to all business in-  
trusted to his care.  
Jan. 1, 85-11

### GEORGE BLAKSTONE,

Attorney at Law

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, 1873-11.

### R. C. COMBS,

Attorney-at-Law,

Leonardtown, Md.  
Aug. 12-11.

### 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 Cam-  
alier for the trial of cases in the Circuit  
Court for St. Mary's county. Office and  
address 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. DOR-  
SEY, Treasurer, L. E. HINKS, Sec.,  
SAML. M. HINKS, Cashier, G.  
W. DORSEY, Tobacco Salesman,  
JER. FOW-SHEND Assistant  
Salesman for Grain, Hay, Wood, Fruit and  
Foultry, 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 House-  
hold and Farm supplies furnished.  
Advances made on consignments.  
March 17-7.

### 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.

### HAYDEN & TENNISON,

Wholesale Grocers,

AND DEALERS IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

CANDIES, CAKES, CRACKERS, &c.

Cigars and Tobacco a Specialty.

N. E. Corner Pratt and Light Sts.,

Baltimore.

GEORGE C. HAYDEN,  
WM. E. TENNISON.

March 24-y.

### QUINTOLEO!

A SWEET REMEDY  
FOR ALL KINDS OF  
FEVER, CHILLS, MALARIA,  
LIVER DISEASE, &c. &c. &c.  
It is a SWEET and PLEASANT  
Remedy, and is sold in  
all parts of the world.  
It is a SWEET and PLEASANT  
Remedy, and is sold in  
all parts of the world.  
It is a SWEET and PLEASANT  
Remedy, and is sold in  
all parts of the world.

## Eventide.

'Tis true I'm aged, gray and wan;  
That ruthless Time, who harvests all,  
Will soon, with sickle sharp and draw,  
Upon my hapless shoulders fall.  
The true my days are nearly spent,  
My youth and vigor gone,  
That there now shines the evening star  
Where shone the star of dawn.  
The light of life is fading fast,  
And I at last  
Will leave this troubled shore  
To nevermore  
Return.

But though Time's wheel is almost turned  
For me on this vain earth below,  
I'll cross when its living waters cease  
Where griefs are found, clouds unknown,  
Where all is joy and light;  
Where morn's eternal sunbeams chase  
Away all shades of night.  
Then bid the day I stand  
Upon the strand  
To leave this troubled shore  
And nevermore  
Return!

## TWO CANDIDATES.

Stephen Hackett was, for the third  
time in his life, looking out for a pair  
of black cotton gloves to wear to his  
“departed partner’s” funeral. He did  
not mourn to the extent of a weed, as  
the old hat he had worn so long,  
through storm and shine, would hardly  
support such dignity. But it was  
necessary to draw the line somewhere,  
and he drew it at the gloves.

His horn like hands looked unused  
to such pomps and vanities of life, but  
he considered them respectful to the  
memory of his wife, and so went into  
the extravagance. If he could have  
forecast matters, he might have bought  
all three pairs at once, at a reduced  
rate, and no doubt he would, as he  
was a saving man. But there are lim-  
its to everyone's ability to make and  
save.

The neighbors, sitting about the  
store, asked the customary mortuary  
questions, partly by sympathy, but  
much more from the curiosity always  
felt in such details.

“Miss Hackett had been ailing quite  
a spell,” he said, “but she wasn't  
thought in the least dangerous. May-  
be she was weaker than anybody knew,  
or some trifling little brimming  
pan of new milk, one night, when she  
went to set it on the buttery shelf. I  
thought likely she had stumbled over  
that plaguy old cat of hers, and said  
as much. I often have to kick that  
cat out of my way; but my wife set  
that store by it, I thought I wouldn't  
have it drowned. But as I was say-  
ing, the cat wasn't about, and like as  
not, Miss Hackett was feeling poorly  
before she began to complain. But  
she did her own washing on Monday!  
and now she is gone! It is such a  
sudden, mysterious dispensation to  
me!” And he took out his yellow  
bandana with much emotion.

It certainly was sudden for him.  
Number one, who had slaved her six-  
teen hours a day for fifteen years, had  
brought up at the insane asylum for  
five years longer. Number two soon  
broke down, and was long a helpless  
and unwelcome burden. “Uncle Ste-  
phen,” as people called him, had seen  
trouble, and his wives had not been  
exempt.

Stephen feelingly remarked that he  
“would rather have lost the best cow  
he had,” and a neighbor replied that  
“he hadn't a doubt of it.”  
Stephen drove around to see the man  
who dug graves, and asked his  
price. He was a new hand, and Ste-  
phen felt that his charge was exorbitant,  
as the ground was in such a good  
condition for digging. He told what  
he had always been in the habit of  
paying, and finally they compromised.  
The funeral made the customary de-  
corous stir in the rural community,  
where there is little to break in upon  
the even tenor of one's way, and then  
the world settled back in its old  
grooves again.

But poor Stephen could not settle.  
It seemed quite the other way with  
him, as long as Miranda Jones was to  
be the head of his house. Miranda  
was an old maid, of a very uncertain  
age, who wore spectacles, sported the  
most astonishing cap, and talked of  
the “wickedness of men” continually.  
But she was the only housekeeper that  
could be had for money. And that  
grim, wiry woman must have white  
sugar in her tea, three times a day,  
and plenty of it? Stephen could not  
perceive that it sweetened her any,  
but a dim vision of the poor-house  
loomed up before him, and not in the  
far prospective either.

There was one sure remedy for his  
ills; he could marry again. He  
smiled, grimly, as he thought of Mi-  
randa's surprise, at seeing a new head  
of the house walk in, when she doubt-

less expected that she had a life to  
live as housekeeper, and might even  
be looking forward to becoming his  
fourth wife. Who the favored woman  
would be, he had not yet decided. But  
after a delay of passable respectabil-  
ity, Stephen brushed up, drew on his  
funeral gloves, and went candidating,  
so to speak.

“Squire Tucker said, “he was the  
most impartial man he ever saw; he  
took the younger widows by house-  
row.” Certainly no one could feel  
sighted. Yet no one seemed to catch  
at the dazzling bait. Stephen was  
not discouraged. A widower for the  
third time is a good deal like a book-  
agent, not easily daunted.

He turned his thoughts, however,  
away from the ungrateful widows,  
who stood so in their own light, and  
determined to take a young wife, who  
would last out his life-time. His  
boys had followed Horace Greeley's  
advice, the day they came of age, and  
gone West; and “money wouldn't  
tempt them,” they said, “to come  
back, and live with the old man.” So  
there was nobody near to say him may  
about this business of taking a young  
girl for wife. “Maybe they wouldn't  
get so big a slice out of the old place,  
as they looked for,” he thought, with  
a chuckle.

Stephen foddered the cattle, and  
stuck the pitchfork up under the barn  
stairs; and then he paused, for a min-  
ute, in the barn door, picking his few  
remaining teeth, with a stem of herd's  
grass. It was merely a habit he had,  
when in a meditative mood. His  
mind's eye swept the field of his ac-  
quaintance, far and near, and finally  
paused, with a suddenness, which he  
considered almost an inspiration. A  
smile, such as it was, lighted his with-  
ered face, and gleamed out from under  
his shaggy brows.

“If pretty Rosanna Morris could have  
seen that smile,” so flattering to her,  
as she came in singing from the milk-  
shed. I wonder if it would have  
strained her milk in happy un-  
consciousness of the golden chance,  
opening before her.

“If aunt Laura's consent could first  
be gained, Stephen felt he should  
have as good as nine points of the case  
on his side. He knew such a stirring  
woman generally carried things her  
own way, in doors and out. If she  
was willing to spare the girl, he was  
more than willing to take her off her  
uncle Andrew's hands, for better or  
worse. Of course, he knew there was  
a risk. She might be a little flighty  
and extravagant at first, but the good  
man had unlimited faith in the power  
of precept, dinged dinged hourly into  
even the giddiest head.

There was much surprised tittering,  
out-in-aunt Laura's kitchen, over the  
long conference mother was having  
with “uncle Steve” in the north room.  
“I'd give something to know which  
of you girls it is,” said that teasing  
Hal. “Or has he come to mother, to  
speak a good word to some of the wid-  
ows, she knows at the Branch?”

Hal grew suddenly anxious, as he  
spoke, for a book, in the library, at  
the end of the wide hall; and, of  
course, his slippered feet would dis-  
turb nobody. He might as well get  
it as not.

Just then Stephen was saying to  
Mrs. Andrews:  
“It's likely she may feel kinder  
lonesome at first; but she'll soon get  
interested in her work, and there'll  
be plenty of it to take up her time. I  
shall always be about home to chirk  
her up. There is one thing I might  
as well speak of,” he added, fidgeting  
with his hat. “I never was no great  
hand for company, especially at meal  
time. Store tea is dreadful dear, and  
company henders a good deal. But  
then, as I said, Rosanner needn't never  
feel lonesome, for I shall always be  
about the place, and she can blow the  
dinner-horn any time she wants me.”

The book-hunter lifted his eye-  
brows, and puckered his mouth to  
whistle; but prudently refrained.  
“When do you think she could come?”  
asked the old man, eagerly.  
“Well, I hardly know what to say,”  
he replied the puzzled aunt. “Girls al-  
ways must have such a time fixing  
their clothes—”

“Oh, she needn't waste a minute  
over that!” broke in the lover.  
“There's a whole bureau, full of my  
wines dresses and things, and she can  
have the haul of 'em.”  
“Generous soul,” thought the book  
hunter. “Why doesn't he wear them  
himself?”

Delicacy forbade Hal lingering un-  
til the close of the conference, which  
seemed to be approaching a conclu-  
sion, so he glided back into the kitch-  
en, and announced the fact that Rosy  
was the elected one. “Ye that have  
tears, prepare to shed them now.”  
Girls, the rest of you don't stand a  
ghost of a chance. He is going to en-  
dow Rosy with all his wives' old  
clothes! Oh, how you will rave,  
when you see her walking up to the  
front pew, carrying such style!”

“What that green tippet, and that  
stuff-colored pongee, and those bonnets!”  
exclaimed Laura. “Come,  
Rosy, you might be generous, and di-  
vide around.”

“If you find any pretty old chins,  
in those closets, save it for me, won't  
you?” said Della. “I should think,  
among so many, there might have  
been some family relics. Some of  
them must have had folks. I mean  
to rummage around when you get up  
there, Rosy.”

“Not very much,” said Hal. “He's  
down on visiting. Costs too much,  
and hinders so.” But Rosy need  
ever be lonesome. Her old man is ‘al-  
ways about,’ he says. She can blow  
the dinner-horn, and call him when  
she wants him.”

Rosy was used to her cousin's jok-  
ing, and took it all with good-humor-  
ed indifference, hardly supposing it  
had any foundation beyond Halbert's  
invention.

She was somewhat surprised, there-  
fore, when her aunt broached the sub-  
ject, in a serious way.  
“Why, aunt,” she cried, indignantly,  
“I wouldn't have the man, if he was  
made of gold.”

“But look at the land, Rosy; and  
the stock; and the good, comfortable  
home, and then the man is getting on  
in years, and can't last always.”  
“Would you recommend arsenic, or  
strychnine, to help matters forward?”  
asked the exasperating girl.

“Rosy, stop your nonsense,” said  
aunt Laura.  
I have in view, and I don't mean you  
shall let this chance slip, if I can  
bring the matter about.”

“Since it is so desirable a match, I  
will resign in Laura's, or Della's fa-  
vor. It will not make the slightest  
difference with Stephen Hackett.”

“He is a good, reliable man,” pur-  
sued aunt Laura, “and a rich man—  
one of the pillars of our church.”  
“Rather, one of the soundest sleepers  
of it.”

“You ought to be ashamed to talk  
so. For goodness' sake don't trifle  
away such a good settlement for life,  
as this would be.”  
“Isn't there a law about perjury,  
aunt Laura?”

“Who's going to perjure themselves?”  
she asked, sharply.  
“Wouldn't it be perjury, to promise  
to love and honor one, for whom you  
had no more love, or respect, than for  
an old mullen stalk?” asked Rosy, in  
hot scorn.

“Some of your novel-reading non-  
sense,” remarked aunt Laura, deeply  
vexed with the incorrigible girl; and  
so the talk ended for the time.

Rosy stood the running fire of her  
cousins very well. The event ‘was  
nuts to them.’ Laura went about  
humming the old ballad:  
“What can a young lassie, what shall a  
young lassie,  
What can a young lassie do wi' an  
old man?  
Bad luck to the penny, that tempted my  
mammy,  
To sell her poor Jenny for silver an'  
lan’!”

“Give her the concluding verse,”  
said reckless Hal. “May be, she'll  
think well of the advice.” As Laura  
had forgotten it, he took up the tune  
himself:  
“My old auntie Katy, upon me tak' p'ty,  
I'll do my endeavor to follow her plan,  
I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I  
heart-break him,  
And then his old brass it will buy a new  
pan’!”

Rosy bore this raillery very well.  
When alone she hummed over, how-  
ever, softly, the little song of ‘Willie  
on the dark blue sea.’

Surely, ‘vanity, thy name is man.’  
Stephen could hardly have been more  
surprised at his refusal, if it had been  
his first experience of the kind. He  
pleaded his cause, with all the eloquence  
he could summon; but ‘the maiden's  
heart was steel,’ as they say in the  
novels. I am afraid at last the good  
man was a little angry. He expressed  
himself in words ‘more striking than  
classic.’ Indeed he had a set of ex-  
ceptional phrases, which he sometimes  
used to unruly oxen and badly be-  
haved calves; and these phrases seem-

ed just now to come into play, though  
the faithful chronicler must add that  
they were hardly appropriate for one  
of the ‘pillars of the village church.’  
Stephen slammed around, a good  
deal, that evening, when he got home;  
but a grim smile was all the notice  
Miranda took of his actions. She  
poured out an extra, evening cup of  
tea for herself, as ‘a night cap,’ and  
put in two heaping spoonful of sugar,  
and wondered, as she stirred it up,  
where Stephen had been candidating  
this time. That he was unsuccessful  
was plain enough, and she gave a sigh  
of relief. For all that, she would  
have liked to have choked him. Even  
the best of us do not like to be slight-  
ed.

Aunt Laura could hardly forgive  
her niece, for going against her wishes  
so obstinately; and Rosy began to  
think seriously of finding another  
home for herself. Her hands were  
strong and skilled, and her heart true  
and willing. Surely she could make  
her way. If Willie was only home to  
talk it over!

The good ‘Speedwell’ was rightly  
named, and was speeding on, with  
favoring winds, toward the home port.  
In a few days she was in the harbor.  
Once more the sailor's foot was on his  
native beach. Once more a gentle  
mother fondly welcomed her brown-  
cheeked boy.

For ‘boy’ he was to her still, though  
his face was bearded. And so it is  
ever until the mother's heart is still.  
“And men who seem old to each other—  
Yes, men with their hair turning gray—  
Still, still are ‘my boy’ to a mother.  
As when in their cradle they lay.”

Soon the cheery table was laid, by  
the sunset window. And what moth-  
er ever forgets her boy's favorite dish?  
What a joy it was to watch Willie's  
quick, vigorous motions, telling of  
bounding youth and strength; to  
answer his many and rapid questions  
about neighbors, news, etc. He skim-  
mished about the main point, however,  
for awhile, to the amusement of his  
mother.

“How's Rosy?”  
The story of Stephen's application  
then was bruited about, as such things  
are apt to be. They do not keep well  
in the country. Will was indignant  
at such presumption, and exclaimed:  
“The old ogre! To dare to look at  
such a girl as Rosy!”

After tea, the ‘traps’ were un-pack-  
ed, and the sailor-boy threw over his  
mother's shoulder a shining web of  
dark rick silk.  
“Not for me, Willie,” she remon-  
strated. “You must save that for  
your wife.”

“Not a bit of it,” said the deep,  
heartly voice. “Miss Polly must make  
it up, right away, so you can wear it  
to church, with me. No lady, in the  
land, deserves it more, or will become  
it better. It is just what I've wanted  
to bring home, this long time.” So