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A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT, DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, 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 on hand. B. R. ABELL, A. Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention. March 18, 1886-v.

THE WHITE.

An improved, high arm Sewing Machine. The advantage of a high arm, admitting the passage under it of bulky garments without mauling or soiling the compacting by them, is so well known to require description. It will do 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: First, its being in every sense of the word always right. It has the least complicated, the most simple, durable and complete shuttle ever made, simplicity in its design being an essential 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 lost motion incident to long use can be easily taken up, thus avoiding the delay and expense of replacing 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

BULLEN & MCKEEVER,

939 LA. AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The firm of Bullen & McKeever 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-v.

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, 79-11

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE

MECHANICVILLE, 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 country. Rates low. June 24-11

For Ice Cold Beer and

best old MONTICELLO WHISKEY go to

E. WALTER MATTINGLY,

Mechanicville, St. Mary's county, Md.

Aug. 27, 1885-Sm.

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 first class Agents for the sale of lands in lower Maryland.

MOORE & MORGAN, Leonardtown.

TO TAXPAYERS.

PRISONERS 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. WATSON, Late Tax-Collector of 3rd District, Sept. 24, 85-11.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, AUG. 11, 1887. NO. 348.

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 Estate firm of E. J. Chantry & 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. 29-11

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. 25-11

JO. F. MORGAN, Attorney and Counselor 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, 1880-11.

HENRY F. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

No. 25 E. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Jan. 1, 86-11

GEORGE BLAKISTONE, Attorney at Law,

24 E. 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 Counselor 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. MAGUIRER, 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, 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. DORSEY, T. Bacco Salesman, JER. TOWSEND 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, Kaint and

Peruvian Guano. Clover and Timothy Seed and all Household and Farm supplies furnished. Advances made on consignments. March 17-11

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. Goldberger, Cambridge, Md.; Hon. D. M. Henry, Cambridge, Md.; T. J. Dall & Co., Baltimore, Md.; Hunt, Purcell & Co., Baltimore, Md.; R. R. Butler, Trappe, Md.; Dr. H. W. Houston, E. N. Market, Md.; Nat. Farmers & Planters Bank, Baltimore, Md. Oct. 18, 1885-11

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.

March 24-11

QUINTOLE!

THE FALLEN CURER OF CHILLS & FEVER, DUMBAGUE, Bilious Fever, LIVER DISEASE, MALARIA, and all types of Fever and Sickness arising from miasm and malarial blood. A specific and TONIC for strengthening the whole SYSTEM. J. H. Winkelman & Co., Baltimore, Md.

A Summer Lay.

[The price of "three dozen eggs," contributed by Mr. Lee to the building fund of the Church of the Holy Face, at the Factory, has inspired the following effusion, which is from the pen of a layman, and is affectionately dedicated to Rev. J. Pye Neale, S. J.]

Three dozen eggs—oh, gracious gift! I nuzzle among the haunts of men And fondly bask the virtuous hen That gave such evidence of thrift.

Her glorious future who could read When first she cracked the shelly bars And nestled forth beneath the stars To scratch the gravel for a feed?

No common chick beloved of man! From childhood's days a wild unrest She cherished in her chicken breast— Too young for eggs, she laid a plan.

O thoughtful bird—her plan was this— To build with eggs a sacred shrine That, like the taste of mellow wine, Should fill the pastor's soul with bliss.

So when to henhood full she came, And lo! in Lee a glorious chance, She burst the bonds of circumstance And heard THE MINNOS shout her name.

What truer friend than he who spends His very life in friendship's cause? What chicken worthier of applause Than she who lays for worthy ends?

"Lay on, Macduff," cried doomed Macbeth, When Birnam's wood—a wondrous sight— Came marching on to give him fight, Macduff laid on with bated breath.

He laid Macbeth low in the dust— The greatest thing that ere was laid— The hapless husband, enslaved, paid The penalty of deeds unjust.

And sweetly potent is the lay That comes from the poet's breast To tell the weary soul to rest, And drive life's anxious cares away.

But greater far than all these lays The laying of the faithful hen That gives not death, but life, and then Renews herself in divers ways.

More glorious than the setting sun The setting hen that never quits, The well-stored nest, but breeding sits Until her life-giving work is done.

No gold less galling, none more sweet, Than that of a chicken laye brought Beneath the oval surface white, Oh! let us praise it—it is good!

Though faithful George, thy steed of men He earned with toils and toils on trees, Yet dearer above price to me The lying hatch of the hen.

May Lee's eggs ample thee bear fruit By stirring up the laye to rest, And may THE MINNOS'S praise loud Rise others on to follow suit. —Catholic Mirror.

A COOL HAND.

Six years before the date of our story George Ewalt, an Iowa farmer, having several thousand dollars of spare capital to invest, became silent partner in the dry goods house of his brother Andrew in Philadelphia.

He received, of course, quarterly statements of the affairs of the firm. In 1865, however, he came to Philadelphia unexpectedly and walked into his brother's office one cool day in October. Andrew had grown lean, anxious, gray-haired; he spoke with measured slowness, and dressed with scrupulous neatness. The Iowa man was large and florid, his voice was loud and breezy, his clothes hung loosely about him.

"This town life is cramping!" he thought, discontentedly, eyeing his brother as they sat together.

"I hope you are satisfied with the way the business has grown?" said Mr. Ewalt, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, certainly," glancing carelessly through the glass door at the long counters and shelves of goods.

"Your investment has paid as much as you expected, George?"

"Very fair, very fair. But where is Wally? I came here to find my own flesh and blood, man, not to look after investments."

"Walter?" uneasily. "He is at his desk yonder. I have a great deal of care and anxiety about that boy, George."

Walter had been his uncle's favorite when a child. The old man's face clouded.

"Wild, eh? Does he drink? gamble?"

"My son! No, not severely. I should turn him out of doors if that were the case. But he has no stability, he is headlong, reckless, cares nothing for business. He is utterly worthless, in a word. Mr. Ewalt spoke with the energy of a man who had long kept silence. 'He is surely breaking my heart, George. I meant to train him to take my place in the house, he ought by this time to know the business in every detail, but instead of mastering it, he has joined a base-ball club, goes to regattas, to the theatre, and drives a fast horse in the park.'"

"Oh! I see, with a meditative nod. 'That is he by the window? Fine, manly-looking fellow, Andy. Who is the young man at the desk near him, the dark, quiet face?'"

That is my foreman, Leslie Crawford. A thorough man of business. If Walter had taken him as a model, now—"

Walter at the moment was whistling a dashing tune; I beg your pardon, Les, you can't count for my racket."

"It does not annoy me, glancing furtively over toward Mr. Ewalt's office to see if the racket was heard there."

"I say, who is that fellow with my father's?"

"I really do not know."

"Been there an hour and a half; saved me a lecture for that space of time. Well, I'm off."

"Going to leave the store for the day?" said Leslie, in the peculiar, distinct, monotonous tone which for some reason roused Walter to incessant impatient outbursts.

"Yes, I'm going to leave it for the day. I wish it was forever."

"Don't lie it to day, eh?" slightly lifting his smooth eyebrows.

"Like it? I never liked it; I'm stinging! The very smell of the fane's sickens me! Do you know, I've been just a week learning the difference between real and imitation Valenciennes lace. Nice occupation for a big lad like me, glancing down at his sturdy body and large hands, 'I'm going for a horse and scour the river road before night. I must get my breath.'"

"What about the livery stable bill?" said Leslie in the same tone, without lifting his eyes from his pen.

"Hush, Les! for heaven's sake. What about all the other bills I owe? God knows what I'm to do. Snyder threatens to go to father with 'em."

"What will you do then?"

"Do? Blow my brains out, I reckon! It's about all the use I'm of—to manure the earth somewhere. I'm no account for anything. I began to think father's right—I am worthless."

The lad's eyes filled. He stood with his hands in his pockets, staring gloomily out of the window.

Leslie carefully wiped his pen and put it in the rest.

"Use? he said, reflectively. 'I don't know. You sing a comic song very well, Walter.'"

Walter turned blazing on him for a moment, then he burst into a good humored laugh.

"You're a cool hand, Crawford," he said. "I never saw an animal of your sort, precisely."

"Your father is beckoning to you," said Leslie, calmly.

Walter walked unwillingly to the office, knocking down a stool or two on the way. Instead of his father's thin austere visage, a flushed, kindly face met him.

"Why, Wally, boy!"

"By George! shout'd Walter, if it isn't Uncle Grizzly himself! flinging his arms about the old man's neck and kissing him, regardless of the spectators."

"Grizzly? The scamp hasn't forgotten the old joke. Well, well! stand off a bit, boy, till I get a fair look! The same honest, ugly phiz. Neither of us ever were beauties!"

Mr. Ewalt watched the two men walking off together arm in arm, laughing.

"Ugly? Not at all. Walter is a remarkably handsome boy," he thought Leslie Crawford touched him on the arm.

"I have just heard, sir, of another debt of Walter's to Snyder," he said.

"The kindly light went out of Mr. Ewalt's face."

"Very well. The end must come soon." After a moment's pause he said coldly, "I thank you for your watch over him, Mr. Crawford; I will not forget it, and when the time comes—"

"No, sir. There can come no time for payment. Mine has been a labor of friendship for your son."

"Friendship?" muttered Mr. Ewalt, bitterly, as Leslie walked away. "That man knows that he will take Walter's place in the store, and that, soon. He desires it. But as for friendship—"

Walter and his uncle strolled through the city, took supper, and were as happy as two boys together. But when Walter was alone again the load of care rolled back on him. He hardly knew how he had plunged into debt. He was careless, reckless, mad for excitement, the hot blood surged through his veins. But he had not meant to be vicious.

"If anybody had ever held out a helping hand I might have made a man after all," he thought as he lay tossing on his bed that night. "If mother had only lived!"

From his father he had only heard peevish, stinging sarcasms, and the daily command to go and learn something of cotton and dress goods."

"If I could be rid of these debts, I would begin all fresh. I'd go into the store and do my best. One hundred and fifty dollars would make a free man of me. But I would as soon get a million."

He lay awake until near the morning, and entered the store late the next day, his head throbbing and eyes bleared from loss of sleep.

"Your father has sent for your uncle," said Leslie, looking up from his desk.

There was an unusual composure on even his calm face. He spoke slowly, as if weighing even those trivial words.

"You're turning into a regular machine, Les!" said Walter, irritably. "Iron, screws, wheels—so much noise ground out—"

Crawford's cold eyes followed him as he passed on, and then dropped quietly on the long line of figures before him. But he made no entries. He was listening like a sleuth-hound to the smothered sound of voices in Mr. Ewalt's office. Beside the merchant, there was waiting for Walter his uncle and a tall, red-headed gentleman whom he recognized as an officer of the bank. His father was standing, a slip of paper in his hand. He held it out to Walter smiling nervously, a feverish, scared gentleness in his manner which startled the boy.

"Ah! here is my son. He will explain it, Mr. Lockett. This check, Walter, did you ever see it before?"

Walter glanced at it.

"I don't know, sir. I go to cash your checks every day. This may have been among them. I can't say."

"Don't you examine the checks before you present them and count the money?" inquired Mr. Lockett.

Walter grew crimson.

"Sometimes, but not always. Father knows the checks are right, and the cashier knows the money is right, so I don't trouble myself, of course."

Hastily, "It's wrong, but I have no head for business."

The officer smiled meaningly, but made no answer.

"You don't understand, Walter," said his father. "My name is forged to this check. Mr. Lockett said you presented it day before yesterday, and drew the money for it. Is that true?"

"I don't know, sir. If I did, of course I didn't know it was forged. I took over half a dozen checks to cash. You or Leslie gave them to me. I don't remember which. Why, suddenly coughing, 'of course it couldn't be. You wouldn't give me a forged check on yourself, sir?'"

"The boy is so guileless that he does not see that you suspect him," said Uncle George, angrily turning on the officer.

"Suspect me? of forgery, father?"

"No, my son, God knows I don't," cried Mr. Ewalt with shaking hands. "But if you could only remember."

"The cashier is ready to swear that you did cash this check," said Mr. Lockett, facing Walter with keen, incredulous eyes.

"I have had no money. Look there!" said Walter, with a nervous laugh, turning out his empty pockets.

At this moment Leslie came noiselessly into the office.

"Here are some receipts which Snyder and two other men left to be given to you, Walter," he said, in his distinct tone.

"Receipts?" stammered Walter. "I have not paid them."

"These bills, with the money enclosed, were sent them by a messenger yesterday," pursued Leslie. "They brought the receipts themselves. See if they are right—one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and forty cents."

There was a breathless silence. Leslie walked back to his desk. The cold clammy sweat stood on Walter's face.

"Speak! speak! Explain this, Walter!" cried his father, shrilly. "I don't believe it. I trust you, my boy."

"How was it, Wally?" said his uncle, his gruff voice unsteady. "The lad can clear it up, Mr. Lockett, if you give him a moment's time."

"I don't know how it was," broke out Walter. "Some enemy has done

this for me. There is my desk! flinging it open. 'There are Snyder's bills and the rest, unpaid. There are all my letters. I've been a fool, as you'll see, father, but I've not been a thief!'"

The desk was a disorderly heap of old letters, papers, boxing gloves, etc. On the top, conspicuously, lay a clean sheet of paper, with a recently written memorandum. The officer took it up.

"This explains matters," he said. "Snyder, ninety dollars; Smith, twenty-three dollars; Junkin, twenty-six dollars and forty cents; total, one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and forty cents." And here is the change from the check in the desk—ten dollars and sixty cents. It is a pity you opened your desk," to Walter.

"I never wrote that. I never saw that change," said Walter, boldly.

"Give me the memorandum," said his father. "Great God! it is his writing!"

Uncle George leaned forward to look at it. A sudden flash of intelligence came into his face.

"Give me that lot of paper," he shouted. He held it up and smelled of it. "My nose never deceived me yet! It's the perfume that fellow over yonder carries about him. I thought as much."

Then, before anyone had caught his meaning, he crossed the room, hurried Leslie aside with one hand, and threw open the other, saying—

"It's time to look into your papers now, young man. This is a deep-laid plan of yours to thrust Wally into the street, while you sneak into his place! But I've got you. I'll not let you go in a hurry!" holding him by the neckcloth and slaking him breathless, while Mr. Ewalt and the officer examined the desk.

Criminals always leave some tell-tale witness against themselves. There was a sheet of paper on which the memorandum had been written several times, in imitation of Walter's hand. At the back of the desk were a couple of forged checks, in Mr. Ewalt's name, to a large amount.

"The fellow was preparing for flight in case he was found out," said Uncle George, with a shake to emphasize each sentence. "Bring in a policeman! Oh, you're a cool hand!"

Leslie Crawford was tried and sent to the State prison. The day after the trial Uncle George had an earnest conference with Walter's father.

"I think you are making a mistake with the boy," he said. "He is fit for an outdoor life. Give him to me for two years. I'll give him hard work, and buy meadows and herds of cattle to deal with, instead of cases and gingham. He'll find hunting and fishing a more wholesome excitement than the theatre and the drinking saloons. Many a boy would be tired of sowing wild oats, if you gave him real oats to sow."

Walter Ewalt is now one of the largest cattle raisers of the West. His father has given up business, and lives with him, and Uncle George comes up weekly from his ranch.

"We had well-nigh made a fatal mistake with this lad of ours, Andrew," he says. "He's turning out all right, quite forgetting that the 'lad' is the father of sturdy boys, and that his whiskers are turning gray."

A TEST FOR MALARIA.—A loving father who, at a summer resort last season, had left behind him four beautiful children, dead of diphtheria, said to me: "That hotel proprietor was as much a murderer as if he had shot my little ones." Yes, dear sir, but you, the guardian, ought to have been armed and equipped against such foes. An hour's intelligent examination of water supply and drainage at a proposed country home would in a large majority of cases prevent the risk of such catastrophe, and might be made before a landlord could object. Take in the dressing-bag an ounce vial of saturated solution of permanganate of potash, which any druggist will prepare for a few cents, and put a half a dozen drops into a tumbler of the drinking water that is supplied. If it turns brown in an hour, it is, broadly speaking, unfit to drink; if not, it is not especially harmful. If a country hotel's sewage system is confined to cesspools within a hundred feet of the house, and near the water supply, take the next train to a point farther on. These matters should force themselves on one's personal attention, quite as much as the undertaker's bills that occasionally follow their neglect.—From "Suggestions for August" in The American Magazine.