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ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT, DEALER IN Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

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

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTLES, BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF WOOD WORK.

ALEXANDRIA, VA. Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

R. H. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

THE WHITE.

An improved big 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 too well known to require description.

It has the least complicated, the most simple, durable and complete shuttle ever made, simplicity in threading 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.

T. Lee Harden, Agent, COMPTON, MD. July 29.

A CARD. ESTABLISHED 1873. J. W. MONTGOMERY

BULLEN & MCKEEVER, 929 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, Hens and all kinds of country produce.

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, 79-1st

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 county. Rates low. June 24-1st.

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 furnish 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. WATSON, Late Tax Collector of 3rd District. Sept 24, 85-3m.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD. THURSDAY, AUG. 25, 1887. NO. 350.

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.

DAN'L C. HAMMETT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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 friends and clients, and as many new ones as may see fit to call. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

HENRY F. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Jan 1, 85-1st

GEORGE BLAKISTONE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

345 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, 1873-1st.

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 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., SAM'L M. HINKS, Cashier, G. W. DORSEY, Tobacco Salesman, JER. TOWNSHEND, Assistant.

Commission Merchants, No. 57 Light Street, BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco. Jan 1, 87-1st

W. H. MOORE & CO., GROCERS AND Commission Merchants, 105 South Charles Street, BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to inspection and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of grain and all kinds of Country Produce. Feb. 13, 79-1st

QUINTOLEN! A NEVER FAILING CURE FOR CHILLS & FEVER, DUMB AGUE, MALARIA, LIVER DISEASE, &c.

Office County Commissioners, Leonardtown, Aug. 3, 1887. Ordered, that all Supervisors of public roads proceed at once to repair public roads made in a bad condition by the late heavy rains.

By order, JO. F. MORGAN, Clerk. Aug 4-2m

A FINE two year old Durham Bull sired by a registered Shorthorn Durlam Bull of high value. Can be seen at my farm in Cobb Neck, near Tompkinsville, Charles county, Maryland. Apply to V. H. NEALE, 23 S. Howard street, Baltimore, Md. June 30-5

KASKINE. (THE NEW QUININE.) GIVES GOOD APPETITE, NEW STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.



A POWERFUL TONIC that the most delicate stomach will bear. A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all Germ Diseases. THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL BLOOD PURIFIER. Superior to quinine.

1887. Notice. 1887. POTOMAC TRANSPORTATION LINE. On and after March 1st, 1887.

Capt. W. C. GEOGHEGAN, will leave Pier 10, Light Street Wharf, every TUESDAY and Friday at 5 P. M., for the following landings on POTOMAC RIVER.

- ON TUESDAY'S FOR Cornfield Harbor, Munday's Point, Jones' Wharf, Abell's Wharf, Brown's Wharf, Howard's Wharf, Bacon's Wharf, Leonardtown Wharf, Cowart's Wharf, Foxwell's Wharf, Cowan's Wharf, Stone's Wharf, Kinsale Wharf, Coburn Wharf, Lodge Wharf, Nymini Ferry, Leave LEONARDTOWN for BALTIMORE on Thursday at 4 P. M.

ON FRIDAY'S FOR Cornfield Harbor, Munday's Point, Jones' Wharf, Abell's Wharf, Brown's Wharf, Howard's Wharf, Bacon's Wharf, Leonardtown Wharf, Cowart's Wharf, Foxwell's Wharf, Cowan's Wharf, Stone's Wharf, Kinsale Wharf, Coburn Wharf, Lodge Wharf, Nymini Ferry, Pincey Point, Abell's Wharf, ALEXANDRIA & WASHINGTON, D. C. Leave WASHINGTON for BALTIMORE on Sunday at 4 P. M.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER, GENERAL Commission Merchants, No. 57 Light Street, BALTIMORE.

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IN THE WRONG ROOM.

In one of the big family hotels that stands in the upper part of New York city there happened the other night a mysterious incident that has kept at least three people in a state of excitement ever since. On the fifth floor has lived for over a year a gentleman we call Albert—a modest, retiring clerk in a bank. He has lately been introduced into a little private poker game carried on in the house and during a session in the poker room he gambled more whiskey than he could handle.

Albert has a room-mate and chum, who, however, has nothing to do with this story. Saturday night was in clement, and Albert, after dinner, smoked a cigar in the reading room and then went up to the little room over the parlor, where the friendly game was in progress. He played, with variable luck until 11, when, with a last whiskey snarl, he withdrew Albert is sure he was not tight. He knows he was sleepy and that the elevator boy was slumberous. At all events he went to his room, where his chamber was sound asleep in bed. Albert pulled off his clothes and threw them about the place, slumped things around generally, wanted to wind his watch, but couldn't find the key, thought he'd find a spare one in the bureau drawer, went to turn up the dimly-burning gas, but turned it short off, said piously, "O's the key," bolted the door, turned down the clothes and slipped into bed.

He was just floating off into a dream haunted by fads and fancies when a female voice so near his face that he felt the warm breath on his cheek, said: "What a fool you are, Em; you have been talking at that elevator until you are cold as a frog. The perspiration broke out all over him, he lay paralyzed. He strained his eyes into the darkness till they became used to the surroundings. Sure enough, the window was not in the right place it should be, he made out a sofa where it had ought to be and made up his mind that he was where he should not be, and was a lost man. On a chair by the window was a pile of white stuff, a monument erected to the cardinal virtues by a fair young girl. He made out the fluting on a petticoat, the strings on some other garment, a wire sort of cage on the floor. Great Scott! he was in the wrong room, the room of woman—in her very bed, and, oh, hair standing conclusion, she had got there before him. There are no words in which to picture his condition and the frame of mind in which that picture should be mounted. He lay like the dead, revolving like a buzz saw what he should do, till his hair turned.

Then the lady who had addressed him evidently thought she had been too harsh, for she whooped over towards the wall and said: "Never mind, dear, hug up to my back and get warm." Albert couldn't tell under oath if he obeyed this suggestion or not but certainly silence fell on that deeply agitated young man, who lay counting his heart beats. A long breath, just bordering on a snore, another regular, even flow of nasal music. The friend of Emma slept. As Don Juan slipped half smothered from the bed, so Albert, bathed in a cold perspiration from head to foot, glided from between the sheets. Swiftly and silently he gathered his effects. He had to carry even his hat, for his hair stuck up so he couldn't get it on his head. He stole to the door, his great toe cracking ominously in Syggyan darkness. With trembling fingers he drew back the bolt, and, as a cyclone sweeps down on a Western town, he dashed down the corridor,

up the steps; around a corner and in a state of hysterical collapse, fell into his own room nearly fainting. On slept the gentle woman who kept a warm back for her friend. When a commotion in the room startled her, there was Emma lighting the gas. "What on earth are you doing with your things?" "I've just got in. I know it's pretty late. I stopped to talk with George. He's set up dazed. "Why you were in bed half an hour ago, I spoke to you." "You were dreaming. I've just this minute got in." "My heavens! I say I spoke to you; you were near giving me a chill with your cold feet." "My dear I'm as warm as a toast, and have this instant come into the house. Go to sleep. You were dreaming."

Out went the light. Emma was disrobed and smuggled down to the half convinced girl in the bed. At 8 o'clock next morning Emma taking her beauty nap, was rudely shaken. There sat Helen bolt upright, with wildly distended eyes, as she pointed with stiffened finger to a glowing red heap on the floor. There was no mistaking—a 40 inch band of white cotton, decorated by five white buttons to hold it in place, two red drawer legs, a pair of men's Mephistophelian scarlet underdrawers. Those girls hung on to each other with fearful fear. "Was I dreaming?" said Helen, when she found voice. "It was a man!" "Right here," said Helen, as she slapped the pillow. I told him to snug up and get warm. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" moaned Emma.

Had we better call for the police? Discovered an Albert tie, with a diamond horse shoe pin stuck to it, on the bureau. "Well, he wasn't a horrid burglar after all," said Em. And then they agreed to bury in their beating bosoms the awful mystery of that Saturday night. Not a word has been heard. The girls have cut the infamous red cashmere garment into small pieces and burned it on the grate, in company with the scarf. The pin they take from its hiding place and hourly contemplate: while Albert locks the door and looks frequently at a long striped stocking that he found in his trousers pocket, and the shape of a woman's limb still in it, and the pretty elastic that kept it in place still around it.

Only these memories—these broken relics of a wild night in the hotel. THE COMPASS PLANT.—Long before men learned to poise a piece of magnetized iron on a pivot to indicate the north, there were natural compasses, growing on the American prairies, and they still flourish in large numbers as a reliable guide to travelers across the American desert. They are a peculiar species of plant, called the compass plant, the pilot weed, or the polar plant, and have been known for generations to the Western hunter, although the scientific world has known them but a short time. The edges of its leaves are said to be always pointed due north and south. An authority states: "Repeated observations upon the prairies, with measurements by the compass of the directions assumed by hundreds of leaves, especially of the redical ones, have shown that as to prevalent position the popular belief has a certain foundation in the fact."

Captain Mayne Reid mentions it in one of his books as follows: "We had a guide to our direction unerring as the magnetic needle. We were traversing the religion of the polar plant, the planes of whose leaves at almost every step pointed out our meridian. It grew upon our track, and was crushed under the hoofs of our horses as we rode onward." The traveler Burton also refers to it: "Whilst in the damper ground as we traversed the polar plant, that prairie compass the plane of whose leaf ever turns toward the magnetic meridian." Another writer says: "Fortunately none goes to the prairies for the first time without being shown, in case of mishaps, the groups of compass-weed which abounds all over the plains, and the broad flat leaves of which point due north and south with an accuracy as unvarying as that of the magnetic needle itself."

MEANNESS.—Economy is an excellent thing. That is it is very comfortable to be able to say to one's self, 'I will do without this, that or the other luxury, rather than run the risk of being a beggar in my old age,' or even to find it possible to live without what is usually deemed a necessity, rather than to run in debt. But exaggerated economy, or rather meanness, is something which must render its possessor wretched, and something, too, which is often found in people who are too selfish to forbid themselves anything they desire. They covet rich food and fine dress, ease and idleness, but they begrudge to those who minister to their wants their well earned price, and always forget that 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'

From the lips of such people you hear nothing but complaints. Every one is over-reaching them. The dressmaker has sent in a frightful bill, the cook has no right to such wages; the abominable landlord thinks no rent is too much for his house; it is impossible to have anything done without being cheated. In fine, they want all that people have to sell, and have within their souls a miserable desire to get it for nothing. Always accusing other people of their own vice, they solve their conscience, and when they do get something for nothing, fancy they can never know the pleasant warmth that fills the heart when a generous action has been done at its promptings. Never can they feel the pleasant independence that follows liberal and ungrudging payment of those to whose toil or trouble one is indebted.

Life is a constant battle to them, and many a spendthrift is happier than those who forget that they have no right to economize at the expense of other people; and whoever wittingly takes the money of another to add to his own purse is, at least at heart, a thief.

WHAT IS THE NORMAL PULSE?—It is strange how very few people know what their normal pulse is. They know that the average pulse is about seventy, and imagine that they are well or otherwise, as their pulse approaches or departs from this standard. It is true that an average of all pulses would give a result of about seventy beats, but in no other physical peculiarity is their such wide individual variation. I had two students in my office the same time, both strong and remarkably healthy young men. The normal pulse of one forty-seven and the other ninety-three. This difference is unusual, few pulses falling below sixty or rising above eighty in a healthy subject, but an unusually slow or rapid pulse is no indication whatever of disease, as is popularly supposed to be the case. More people overestimate their pulse, as they often count its beats when talking about the matter, and it is a fact well known to physicians that the excitement of conversation will quicken the pulse from five to twenty beats. The best time to arrive at the true normal pulse is shortly after walking in the morning, when the nerves are unexcited.

FIRST MASSES IN AMERICA.—First Mass in California, at Monterey, December 16, 1601. First Mass in Canada, on Riviere des Prairies, June 24, 1615. First Mass in Maryland, at St. Clement's, (Blakistone) Island, March 25, 1634. First Mass in Montreal, May 18, 1641. First Mass in New York, at Onondaga, November 14, 1655. First Mass in Michigan, at Keweenaw Bay, July 25, 1668. First Mass in Vermont, at Fort Anne, La Motte Island, July 25, 1656. First Mass in Wisconsin, at Green Bay, December, 15, 1673. First Mass in Illinois, at Chicago, December, 3, 1669. First Mass in Louisiana, at the mouth of the Mississippi, March 3, 1699. First Mass in Mississippi, at Biloxi, Easter Sunday, April 10, 1700. First Mass in Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, in 1708.

Uncle—It is perfectly outrageous that you should gamble in this reckless fashion. I hear that you lost a hundred napoleons again last night. Why can't you do as your aunt and I have done for years—play without stakes? "What! Play for the love of the game its itself? My infatuation for cards has not yet reached such a point. That is disease."

When you go off on a summer tour don't worry if you find yourself in a State in which the fishing laws are very strict. No State ever makes the fishing laws until the fish are gone.

In Washington tourists are taken to see government buildings and the national saloons. In Chicago they are taken to see the condemned anarchists and the box where Kelly used to stand.

It is rumored that the men who cheated Jay Gould on railroad ties are in receipt of very flattering offers from certain wide awake dime museums. The Standard Oil Company needs their services also.

Until once with a picnic party we stumbled over a wasp's nest we had never fully grasped all the outlying and circumjacent wisdom of the old saying that nothing runs like woman stung.

EXECUTED WITH neatness AND DISPATCH Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City Prices.

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"Johnny," inquired his aunt, "what do you like best of all?" "Candy," replied Johnny. "And what after that?" inquired his aunt. "More candy," replied Johnny, after a moment's deliberation.

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt, was the reply, "but the trouble is that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."

"Yes, Tom is a good fellow enough, but he don't know his mind."

"Doesn't he? Well, I'm sure he's to be congratulated. Those who do know it haven't much to say in its favor."

The abbreviation "Fla." for Florida, in the opinion of many earnest and thoughtful men who have traveled through that State and stopped at popular resorts in the summer, is singularly incomplete. It should be "Fla."

It is complained that the Missouri River water used in Omaha is fit for nothing but mud pies. Instead of drinking it the unfortunate people chew it, and even then it raises an internal sand bar that has to be kept covered with Milwaukee beer.

"That peddler must have very good bananas," remarked Merritt. "I guess I'll go over and get some." "What makes you think they are good?" asked Cobwiger. "Because," returned Merritt, "I see the policeman samples them every time he passes by."

One of Buffalo Bill's Indians disappeared the other day, and it was feared he had committed suicide by drowning in the Thames. He returned a few days later, however, and explained that he had merely taken a run over to Dublin "to see his old mother."

Judge (who had invited an Alderman to sit beside him on the bench)—Mr. Alderman, do you think the prisoner is guilty? Just whisper your opinion to me. Alderman—Judge, he is no more guilty than I am. Judge (hesitating a few minutes, then aloud)—I shall sentence the prisoner to five years' imprisonment.

A religious maniac in Liverpool, England, the other day, being under the delusion that "the Lord had bidden him cut down women as stubble," attacked two women with a knife and inflicted serious injuries upon them before he could be secured. Really, there are some people not at all adapted to this world.

"What a noble thing this new Sunday law is!" gushed out Cora. "It keeps so many men from spending their wages in drink." "But it is very inconvenient just the same," returned Merritt. "I hear they intend to close up the ice cream saloons next Sunday." "O, my!" ejaculated Cora. "It's a hateful law after all, after all, isn't it?"

On a Governor street car yesterday, Young married man, in forcible tones—I tell you I am boss of my house, and what I say there goes. Passenger on next seat leans over and remarks—Beg your pardon, but is your wife at home? Y. M. M. (in less forcible tones)—No; she's in the country. Everybody in the car smiles out loud.

Colored individual (recently engaged in stealing a watermelon, indignantly)—Is you de gentleman dat fired dat bullet froo die yer watermelon I hab under my arm? Irate farmer—Yes, I am. Colored individual—Well, you clean done spiced de melon, an come mighty nigh bittin' de niggab, shu! I isn't gwine to take de trouble to cay melons down to you' house no mo."