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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

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

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. TOWNSHIP, D. 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-y.

A CARD. ESTABLISHED 1873. J. W. MONTGOMERY

BULLEN & MCKEEVER, 939 LA. AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The firm of Burch & Montgomery having dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of BULLEN & MCKEEVER for the transaction of a General Commission Business, for the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Veal, Hogs and all kinds of country produce. Thankful for the liberal patronage of my country friends in the past, I respectfully solicit the same in the future. Very respectfully, J. W. MONTGOMERY. Nov. 18, 1886-y.

R. A. GOLDEN, GROCER AND Commission Merchant,

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

OLD STAND WAREHOUSE

931 LOUISIANA AVENUE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Oct 23, 70-11f

FREIGHTING.

The Schooner, FRANCES J. RUTH, newly painted, first-class in every respect, four compartments for grain is prepared to receive and deliver freight. Merchants and farmers will consult their interests by giving me their patronage. Rates: Grain, per bushel, 00. Tobacco, per hundred, 1 00. Other Freight in Proportion. Address, either of the following, Dudley & Carpenter, Capt. W. A. Forrest, 57 Light St. Baltimore, Md. St. Mary's Co., Md.

MISS E. S. MILBURN,

719 NORTH EUTAW STREET,

[OLD No. 197.]

BALTIMORE, MD.

Ladies' Underwear, Children's Costumes, Children's Dresses, Children's Bonnets and Caps, Infants' Wardrobes.

All orders promptly attended to. Oct. 28, 1886-y.

JAS. S. CRAWFORD, THOS. E. TURNER, Washington, D. C. Pr. Geo. co., Md.

CRAWFORD & TURNER,

GENERAL Commission and Produce,

No. 937 B St., Northwest, Washington, D. C.

REFERENCE—Citizens' National Bank, Washington, D. C. Sept. 29-y.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1887. NO. 362.

1887. Notice. 1887.

POTOMAC TRANSPORTATION LINE.

On and after March 1st, 1887,

STEAMER

SUE

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 TUESDAYS FOR: Cornfield Harbor, Munday's Point, Jones' Wharf, Abell's Wharf, Brom's Wharf, Howard's Wharf, Bacon's Wharf, Leonardtown, Cowart's Wharf, Foxwell's Wharf, Coan Wharf, Lancaster's Wharf, Kinsale Wharf, Choptank Wharf, Lodge Wharf, Liverpool Point, Munday's Point, Smith's Point, Pines Point, Glymont.

ON FRIDAYS FOR: Foxwell's Wharf, Coburn Wharf, Howard's Wharf, Leonardtown Wharf, Stone's Wharf, Lancaster's Wharf, Choptank Wharf, Liverpool Point, Smith's Point, Pines Point, Glymont.

Leave LEONARDTOWN for BALTIMORE on Thursday at 7 A. M.

ON FRIDAYS FOR: Foxwell's Wharf, Coburn Wharf, Howard's Wharf, Leonardtown Wharf, Stone's Wharf, Lancaster's Wharf, Choptank Wharf, Liverpool Point, Smith's Point, Pines Point, Glymont.

Leave WASHINGTON for BALTIMORE on Sunday, at 4 P. M.

Freight Received only on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

No Freight received after 4.30 P. M.

No Bills of Lading will be signed except those of the Company.

R. FOSTER, General Manager. A. NEEDHAM, Jr., Agent. Feb. 24-11.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Wm. Barber, Mary P. Barber and others, vs. Wm. R. Clarke's admrs. and others.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, sitting as a Court of Equity. No. 639 N. E.

Ordered this 7th day of October, 1887, that the sale made and reported by Robert C. Combs, Trustee in this cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st Monday of November, 1887, provided a copy of this order be published in the St. Mary's Beacon once a week for three successive weeks prior to the said 1st Monday of November.

The report states the land sold for \$275. J. FRANK FORD, Clerk. True copy—Test: J. FRANK FORD, Clerk. Oct 13-3w.

RATIFICATION NOTICE.

Ann M. Combs and Charlotte B. McSherry Ellen Rebecca Fenwick and others.

In the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county, sitting as a Court of Equity. No. 641 N. E.

Ordered this 11th day of October, 1887, that the Auditor's Report, filed in the above cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st Monday of November, 1887, provided a copy of this order be published in the St. Mary's Beacon once a week for three successive weeks prior to the said 1st Monday of November.

J. FRANK FORD, Clerk. True copy—Test: J. FRANK FORD, Clerk. Oct 13-3w.

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS.

HAVING just returned from Baltimore with a handsome assortment of all the latest styles of

MILLINERY and FANCY TRIMMINGS, LADIES' WRAPS, CLOAK TRIMMINGS, MUFFS, CASSIMERES, double and single width, TRICOTS in all the fashionable shades, HOSIERY, PRINTS, COTTONS, Canton Flannels, Repellants in all the favorite shades, Embroidered Kid Gloves, Jerseys, Corsets a specialty,

and a full line of all the popular articles in use.

PERFUMERY,

LAURA A. JONES, LEONARDTOWN.

Oct 27-11.

PATENTS.

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH,

Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents.

925 F. STREET, N. W.

Near U. S. Patent Office. WASHINGTON, D. C.

All business before the United States Patent Office attended to for moderate fees. Patents procured in the United States and all Foreign Countries. Trade Marks and Labels registered. Rejected applications reviewed and prosecuted. Information and advice as to obtaining Patents cheerfully furnished without charge.

Send Sketch for Model for free opinion as to patentability.

Copies of patents furnished for 25 cents each. Correspondence invited. Oct 20.

CAUTION.

All persons are warned not to trespass with dog or gun, or in any other manner, on our farms located in Breton's Neck. The law will be rigidly enforced against all persons disregarding this notice irrespective of party, race, or previous condition of servitude.

Frank Dillaway, Wellington Davis, Jonathan Moore, Zach Mattingly, John T. Johnson, Leo M. Wadon, Z. T. Mattingly, Oct 13-31.

Joy and Sorrow.

Somebody's heart is gay, And somebody's heart is sad, Far lights beam bright across the way, And a door with crape is clad! Sadness and gladness e'er Are dwellers side by side, A dear one on her bier, And the wreathing of a bride.

Bright eyes are filled with mirth, Pale faces bend in prayer, And hearts beat to the cheery throng, Are crushed by stout despair! Ah, sorrow and joy and hope, Are parted by thinnest wall, And only on hearts which never open, No shadow shadows fall!

No thoughts of the funeral train Come to the festive throng, No hope that joy will dawn again, To awaken souls at long.

To the children of joy and mirth, But only the first and its memory Comes to stricken ones of earth!

Sombly's heart is gay, And somebody's heart is sad, For light beams bright across the way, And a door with crape is clad! Sadness and gladness e'er Crowd round us side by side, A sunny smile and gleaming tear, So close they are allied!

—L. G. Riggs in St. Louis Magazine.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

About half way up the Rue du Jour, near the St. Eustache church, in Paris, is an old house, rendered conspicuous by a wide porch and an extensive stock in trade of china. This, two centuries ago, was the Hotel du Royaumont, built by Philippe Hurault, bishop of Chartres and abbe of Royaumont. Later on it was occupied by Francois de Montmorency, Comte de Bouteville, who made it a generous rendezvous for the duelists in Paris. All the gentlemen of the court, eager to challenge any of their peers over some love intrigue, or who for some personal motive looked daggers at each other on the Place Royale or the Cour la Reine, met at the mansion in the Rue du Jour. Here they were hospitably received and entertained; they were offered a cold collation with wines and liquors before entering the lists, and those who had forgotten to bring weapons were provided with a goodly selection of polished steel. Throughout the morning there was an incessant clash of blades, each thrust and parry being watched with intense interest by veterans, who, after old scores had been wiped off, and the resident surgeon had bandaged the combatants' wounds; were invited, with the duelists and their seconds, to luncheon with the Comte de Bouteville.

It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of this defunct race of duelists, a race to which Choquart evidently belonged. He must have had ancestors among the exquisites of the reign of Louis XIII, the swash bucklers of the Hotel de Royaumont, or the splendid corps of musketeers of Louis XV. Choquart's mania for dueling, his ever recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made of him a public character; and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withstand the offer of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of lisping and other physical oddities, gave to his daily Odyssey a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee house, take a seat and say to a near neighbor:

"After you, The Figaro, please."

"Sir," the other would politely respond, "it is not The Figaro but The Constitutionnel that I am reading."

"Oh! you would give me the lie, would you? Take care, sir, or by God! I'll teach you better manners."

On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:

"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive manner, please!"

"I," expostulated the customer, "Lord bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Oh! then I am a liar, am I?"

And Choquart would rise from his seat in a threatening attitude.

Even the most peaceful person could scarcely put up with such insolence. They felt like knocking up their sleeves and knocking Choquart down. Nor did he fail, at times, to meet with his deserts. He more than once stumbled on a Tartar. His best known scraps that way is worth relating. Choquart one day entered

a centyard to the master builder, who was pumping water at a fountain. The master builder looked up surprised, caught Choquart by the scruff of his head, pulled him up, put him under the pump and soused him like a dead dog.

The story of Choquart's adventures would fill a volume, but will relate only one, wherein he was his second.

One night, at a gaming hall, Choquart quarreled with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. The following day Choquart, with his two seconds, went to his adversary's house. The Turk of the previous evening, who was to be a well-to-do upholsterer, who carried on business in the Saint Martin quarter. On entering the premises Choquart inquired after M. Ballu.

"What can I do for you?" asked a young and pretty woman, who came forward from the back of the shop.

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't like jobbing in matters of serious importance. My name is Choquart. I come for an affair of honor. A gentleman shouldn't be made to wait in this manner. Your husband is an ill bred dog."

"Oh, excuse me, now I know what brings you. This is what I have to say. My husband went out yesterday to spend the carnival, and it has made him ill. He is in bed, and spits blood."

"Dear me," remarked Choquart, turning toward his seconds, "what a mischance! He spits blood, did you say?"

"Alas! yes, sir," answered the young woman, who seemed much affected, "and the doctor says that he has not six months to live."

"Dear me!" went on repeating Choquart, "spits blood. How shall we settle matters, then? Hasn't six months to live. Well, madame, I'm not a had fellow, whatever others may think. Now listen to what I have to say. We are in January, aren't we? Just so. Well, I'll give your husband six months to be buried in. I shall call around and pay my respects to the lady."

"I'll treat him as a knave and deceiver, and placard his name in all the barracks of Paris."

"This threat, which constantly fell from Choquart's lips, was a reminiscence of his soldier life. The thought never suggested itself that an upholsterer might not care the jungle of a brass farthing whether his name were placarded or not in all the barracks of the country."

One fine afternoon in July of that same year, Choquart took hold of my arm at the Varietes coffee house, and said:

"Come along with me, old boy; I have a small matter which I really must clear up without further loss of time."

We took a road which led toward the Saint Martin quarter, and, as we walked along, Choquart entered circumstantially into the particulars of the case. The upholsterer's day of reckoning had arrived, and Choquart was bent on finding out whether his former Turk had paid the funeral draft indorsed six months previously by his wife.

"If," soliloquized Choquart, "the rogue is still alive, I'll off both his ears, you know. I'm justified in so doing, am I not?"

"Of course you are, my dear fellow. But, let me ask, the thing occurred long ago, didn't it, and in the carnival season? And again, what did the fellow do to warrant such a feud?"

"What did he do, the villain? Just listen and I'll tell you. I was at a masked ball given at the Renaissance theatre. I walked into the green-room in my dress suit, I am spare of limb, as you can see. Suddenly a Turk stopped directly in front of me and bawled out: 'Halloo, there goes the Fat Ox! Make way, please, for the Fat Ox! Everybody roared at this rally. I was downright vexed, as you may suppose. So I made up to him and said: 'My merry friend, at noon to-morrow you shall be a dead man!'"

"He was in the wrong, certainly," I pleaded, "to insinuate so invidious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox!"

We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Ballu, the upholsterer, who, all building and blooming, was busy working at a parcel of goods.

"Oh, that's your little game, is it?" began Choquart, as soon as he set his eyes on his intended victim. "You're alive, then? I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey with me any longer, Mister Turk; you've caught the wrong sow by the ear this time, let me tell you!"

"M. Choquart!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Yes, sir, my name is Choquart—Choquart, do you hear, sir—who'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife? She's young and pretty, but wants to run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, where is she? Care on your legs and would be as dead as a herring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now, is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"Ah! M. Choquart," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright, "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me on the Turkish garb again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."

"One moment," said Choquart, "not quite so fast, please. Do you tender your excuses in the regular form?"

"Faith, I don't quite understand what that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you were a right good fellow. Come, I have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend? My wife will be overjoyed. Aglaie, why don't you come? Here is M. Choquart who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

"Of course I nodded assent, while it was not over difficult to read on Choquart's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart.

"Then, again," added M. Ballu, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I would like to have your opinion, M. Choquart."

"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Choquart, with a deep frown over his eyes.

"I say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gesticulating like a madman. "And please take notice that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk but one glass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuileries. Yes, sir, I had just recovered from sickness, and was on duty at the king's dinner. A glass of Madeira having been poured out for Louis XVIII, his majesty, turning toward the cup bearer, said: 'Hand that to Choquart, and give him my compliments.' Do you hear me now?"

"But, Monsieur Choquart, I assure you—"

"I say that you have no Madeira, sir," screamed Choquart, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down with terrific force on the wooden counter. "If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira wine I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders! And what else did say you had?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney beans."

"A leg of mutton," said Choquart, in a soft tone of voice, "that's good, when well roasted. But I'm confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?"

"A spit? I should say I had," burst out M. Ballu, with kindling eyes. "Only just pass this way, gentleman, and see for yourself."

The merchant led us into a comfortable back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like the planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquart, after a moment of silent contemplation. "You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you baste your leg of mutton?"

So saying Choquart took up the ladle and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquart, as he leaned over and deluged the savory roast.

"Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? 'Tis very provoking, very."

"Alas, sir, 'twas a severe trial. God, in his goodness, has spared his life. I trust the lesson will be of service to him."

"God, in his goodness?" went on muttering Choquart. "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."

"Come now, Choquart," said I, interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough on that score. M. Ballu has explained you're best excuses in my presence, and cordially invites you to dinner; what more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquart, still fascinated by the leg of mutton, "I do think it is beginning to burn at the joint."

The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner. Choquart recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "spurious" Madeira.

Choquart died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived on a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received 500 francs, his wont was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that on certain days of the year he went supperless to bed. Still, he was extremely punctilious in money matters.

—Boston Courier Translation from the French of Anguste Villemot.

A WESTERN POSTOFFICE.

Some time ago, while the Inspector of Post-offices for the Northern Pacific Division was making his rounds, he arrived at a small town in Idaho Territory, and going into the only store in the place, inquired, Where is the Post-office here?

The sole occupant of the store looked him over, from head to foot, and replied:

"Why, you darned fool, it's right here. Where did you suppose it was?"

The inspector looked around at the bar, with its row of black bottles, the two barrels of sugar, and other articles generally found in a backwoods store, but failed to discover the Post-office department.

Where is the place you keep the letters? he asked.

There, in that cigar box. Can't you see a thing when it's right afore your nose?

The inspector looked into the cigar box, and to his surprise and amusement, found the Postoffice, the letters being t brown promiscuously among the cigar stumps, etc.

Where is the postmaster? he inquired.

He's gone hunting. Who attends the postoffice when he's away?

The clerk? Where is he? Sick.

Well, who is attending the office today? If you're looking for a fullblown postmaster, just gaze on me. I'm him him today.

Have you been sworn in? Not much; not sworn on either. This state of affairs shocked the worthy inspector, and he told the man they could not conduct Uncle Sam's business in that way.

He was informed that if he did not like it he could call on the postmaster next day and settle it.

The inspector was on hand early next morning and found the postmaster looking like a thunder cloud.

So you're the man what inspects post offices, are you? said he. And you don't like my style? All right, he continued and he grabbed up the cigar box containing the post office, I'm a man of few words and much meaning. You just tell that man in Washington they call Uncle Sam, to take his onery twenty dollars-a-year post office and go plumb to h— with it. I ain't postmastering as much as I was.

And he fired the post office into the road, with an invitation to the inspector to follow quickly and not look back if he cared to enjoy further good health.

It is too bad to spend half of a short life distressed with neuralgia, when 25 cents spent for one bottle of Salvation Oil will cure it quickly.

He talked as if he had a frog in his throat, but he was only hoarse; a high bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup relieved the trouble at once. 25 cents.

The Gully.

In the ruined mill long shadows fall, The mice creep over the floor, The cobwebs swing on the crannied wall, The sun sits in through the door, The great millstone hangs idly there, And the brook as it trickles by Gives a happy laugh to the smelt air, And a smile to the far-off sky.

It springs and it leaps the mill-race down, It whispers over the grass, It gurgles under the tree-roots brown, It calls to the birds as they pass, Over feathered moss it softly flows Where the pines their bows interlace, And the great, gaunt rocks in their calm repose, For ages untold have their place.

In the deep ravine, in the summer noon, The lazy leaves scarcely stir, The trickle hardly wick, The trees grow green in their fallu state, The squirrels run out and in, And the very stones seem to watch and wait For the life of the mill to begin.

HOW GYPSIES FIGHT DUELS.

France recently suffered from an epidemic of dueling, an epidemic which, for the moment, seems to have somewhat subsided, but I am of the opinion that, even at its height, the feat of two gypsies the other day at Albuñelas, Spain, cannot be equaled by any experience under the French "code."

It appears that a number of the wandering tribe were enjoying themselves drinking and singing, when a misunderstanding occurred between two of the number who for a long time had not been on good terms. Requesting their companions not to disturb them, they retired to a lonely spot behind a group of isolated buildings and arranged the terms of their singular encounter.

Each being of the opinion that the other was a quite superfluous member of the community, they decided that the quarrel should be definitely settled then and there. To this end they bound themselves together by the feet with a rope, and taking the scissors with which, as professional sheep shearers, they were provided, began the bloody death struggle.

After half an hour their companions, not seeing them return, and anxious to know what they were doing, in spite of their prohibition went in search of them. When they arrived the frenzied combatants were still fighting, but had fallen to