

Saint Mary's Beacon.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
At Leonardtown, Md.,
By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING.
A Dollar a Year in Advance.
TERMS for TRANSCIENT ADVERTISING:
One square, one insertion, \$1.00
Each subsequent insertion, .50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited.
ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,
DEALER IN
Lumber, Shingles, Laths,
NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED
PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.
MANUFACTURER OF
FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS
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.
B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.
March 18, 1886—v.

1887. FALL ARRANGEMENT.
Weems' Line Steamers
PATUXENT RIVER ROUTE.
On and after Saturday, September 3rd,
STEAMER THEODORE WEEMS
Will leave Pier 8, Light Street, every Saturday and Wednesday at 6:30 A. M., for Fair Haven, Plum Point, Governor's Run and Patuxent River, as far up as Benedict. Returning, will leave Benedict every Monday and Thursday at 5:30 A. M., Sotterley at 8 A. M., Millstone Landing at 10 A. M., Governor's Run at 12 M., Plum Point at 1 P. M., and Fair Haven 2:30 P. M., for Baltimore.

Freight received at Pier 8, Tuesday and Friday until 6 P. M.
STEAMER WESTMORELAND
Will leave Pier 9, Light Street, every Sunday at 9 P. M., for Patuxent River direct, as far up as Bristol. Returning, will leave Bristol at 12 M., on Monday, and Millstone at 6 P. M., for Baltimore, calling at no wharves below Lettick's except when signaled from Wharves on the river for passengers and perishable freight.

Freight received at Pier 9, Light Street, Saturdays, until 6 P. M.
HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent,
428 Light Street
Sept 8—7

WM. 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. 18, 79—7

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, .04
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.

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—17

MR. JOHN T. VANRISWICK,
Constable, will be in Leonardtown every Tuesday and Saturday to attend to all business entrusted to him.
Nov. 17, 96—17

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD. THURSDAY, JAN. 5, 1888. NO. 368.

KASKINE.

(THE NEW QUININE.)
The Hopes of
People who
use Kaskine
are always
Realized
In a Cure.
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.
Mr. Lode Hornbeck, of the U. S. Ship Samarra, now lying at Newport Harbor, writes that he needs with people almost daily who have used, or are using Kaskine, and who affirm from experience that it is superior to quinine in tonic and curative properties, and produces no subsequent bad effects.
Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.
Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. \$1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
KASKINE CO.,
Dec 15, 1887. 54 Warren St., N. Y.

THE ONE PRICE STORE

again calls special attention to a fine and large stock of
Fall and Winter Goods
just received, embracing every variety known to be kept in a first-class general store. Wonders have been great how I could sell goods at such a sacrifice—hence it causes many prognostications pertaining to its future. However, the past has given mutual satisfaction, and shall continue to sell goods at these prices that will compel you in self-defense to deal with quick, popular prices. Then you will realize the fact how your *honest* and well made earnings have gone to make up the deficiencies of those who *never* pay. These are solid and stubborn facts—facts that have been haunting you all these many years. It forces the man who pays to pay for those who *never* pay. It holds a man up through Summer and takes all he has got in mid Winter. No money—his produce consumed to meet those heavy exactions of that barbarian, credit—the black line across his credit—his family left destitute of the necessities of life. I deal in good goods and *not* trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the *best* goods for the least money.
Among our arrivals we shall place before you some *landslides* that are positively beyond the whisper of competition or comparison. My prices are fixed and need no complaint for reduction, and it is no use to ask it. I give prices that will teach you in the silent logic of truth the difference between dealing with live and dealing with dead men—between the right and the wrong way. Thus we are fighting against the *old rotten* credit, sweat-box, for money, for reputation, and for the people. I invite an early and repeated visit to our store. We will strive to treat you with all the courtesy that is in our power. We give you 16 ounces to the pound and 26 inches to the yard. Not by favor, but by merit alone, shall we strive to maintain and increase the confidence of all.
Respectfully,
J. W. JOHNSON,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
May 1, 87.

J. B. KENT & CO.,

Commission Merchants,
New No. 306 S. Chas. St.,
Baltimore, Md.
GRAIN. PRODUCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Leonardtown, Md.,
UNDER CHARGE OF THE
Sisters of Charity
OF
NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.
Terms per Session of 5 months.
Board and Tuition in the Common Branches, viz: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Plain Sewing, Marking and Needle Work, \$75.00
Board and Tuition in the Higher Branches, viz: History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Chemistry, Botany, Algebra, Composition, etc., \$85.00
EXTRA CHARGES:
Washing, \$2.00
For use of books for Stationery 5.00
DAY PUPILS:
Senior Class, \$15.00
Intermediate Class, 10.00
Junior Class, 7.00
Primary Department, 5.00
Books for day pupils at stationer's prices.
All payments to be made invariably in advance. Charges made from date of entrance.
No deductions will be made unless in cases of protracted sickness or dismissal.
From 7 to 12 year old boys will be taught on same terms.
For further information apply to
MOTHER SUPERIORESS,
Leonardtown, Md.

WILL O'THE WISP.

A TALE OF THE WAR.
"BY UNKNOWN."
CHAPTER FIRST.
CHRISTMAS DAY.
Christmas was a grand festival in the South before the late war. It was kept as the greatest holiday of the whole year. White and black considered it a week of real pleasure. Visiting, eating, and drinking were the order of the seven days' holiday. So great each preparation were made in each household for the coming holiday. And then, when the all-important day came, it was held as sacred to the greater part of the Christian world.
The dawn of Christmas day was anxiously watched for by a crowd of blacks—slaves on a Maryland plantation. Big and little, old and very young, were congregated outside of their quarters, and silently waiting for the first faint streaks of light in the east. At last one saw the dark misty hue of night roll aunder and give place to the pearly pink of the coming day.
A shout went up of "Christmas gift! Christmas gift!" and all started off on a joyous run for the "great house" of the white people. Once reached, the same glad cry echoed around the house and under the windows: "Christmas gift, marster! Christmas gift, missus! Christmas gift, chillun!" and "Christmas gift, ladies and gentlemen!"
Such a noise, such a grand hubbub of sounds and cries of Christmas joy was never heard except on this glad day of the birth of a Saviour to the world.
Windows were thrown up, and the half-sleeping inmates of the "great house" appeared in their night robes, half-covered by hastily caught up shawls and dressing-gowns to face the keen frosty air that met them as they opened the windows, and, in return, cried: "Christmas gift to you all! a merry Christmas!" Then the crowd of blacks opened a space in front of them, and a band of boys and men stepped out of the crowd, and with their fiddles, banjos and castinets, accompanied themselves as they sung most melodiously the plantation Christmas carols. A final scrape of the fiddle bow, and a bobbing up and down, right and left, of the dusky crowd as they courtesied and pulled their short, wooly forelocks, in token of parting salute. The master then called out: "After breakfast, I shall expect you all to come for your Christmas gifts."
"Thanky, marster! thanky, missus! thanky, everybody," was heard as the laughing, chatting, pushing, merry crowd ran off to the quarters to prepare for the day's delights.
This special plantation belonged to "old Mar's Charles Hill" (as there was a young "Mar's Charles,") so the negroes made the distinction. And "old Mar's" was known as one of the richest tobacco planters in Prince George's county, Maryland. He was also known for his lavish hospitality. A plate and a chair was every day in the year, and at every meal, placed at his table, called "the stranger's place." It was often filled too.
On this Christmas morning his large and commodious house was taxed to the utmost to accommodate the invited guests. Still more were to come for the Christmas dinner and the ball afterward.
Julius Caesar, the head waiter, had just ushered the family and guests from the dining-room, where they had finished a sumptuous breakfast into the large old-fashioned parlor, where the immense fire-place took whole logs to fill its empty space, and then sent the flames smoking and roaring up the black chimney, with a shower of sparks a crackle of sound when he stepped aside at the door to admit a most important personage.
A short, broad, black woman, with a high yellow and red turban on her head; large gold hoops hung from her ears; a white linen cape covered her shoulders and ample motherly bosom; a long white apron nearly covered the short brown skirt of her dress. Her large flat feet, were neatly dressed in blue yarn stockings and low leather slippers. Her face beamed with good nature and her whole

bearing was that of a most important person. For, she was the first time in her life that she had charge, who by her own hand had laid flat on his back, his own son, his tiny pink and white baby, to cry.
"Mamma, mamma, mamma," she cried, "for it would be the best of three months, and I have in my hand a little time." By the way, she had a little time.
The old woman, who was the son and daughter of the old plantation, Walter Bowie, and his lovely wife, Adeline, who were relations and invited guests of "old Mar's Charles" this Christmas day.
Old "mamma" was the nurse of the Bowie family, and this, her last charge, was only one of many she had proudly reared. She was a picturesque, at the same time a solid and comfortable reliance in time of need, to both white and black on the plantation. Is it any wonder, then, that, in the course of years, she grew up proud, and often scornful, over the follies and foibles of the people around her? But just now she was fully occupied to see what impression the first appearance in public of her young nursing made. She slowly paced up the length of the fireplace, where sat the mother of the little Walter (named for his grandfather and father).
Mamma was soon proud and gratified by the crowding about her of the guests and flattering exclamations they uttered about "His goodness, and his size, his beauty and her care of him and his clothes." She was jealous however, if a young lady wished to take him. She did not wish to divide the honor of presenting him. She was anxiously watching him after handing him to a lady, as if he was wax and would melt—when an interruption put an end to the anxiety in the shape of the plantation negroes calling to get their Christmas gifts. Julius Caesar had thrown the wide hall door open, and stood silent as a black statue to one side with his damask napkin over his left arm. A large table had been placed in the centre of the hall, and on it piled numerous packages and boxes, dolls neatly dressed and bags of marbles, as well as tin horns and fiddles and banjos, tambourines and castinets, gloves, scarfs and whips, penknives and many other articles calculated for young and old. For both master and mistress had helped in choosing the Christmas presents and in knowing the dearest wants of their slaves through consulting the all-wise "Mamma" of the family months ahead.
Julius Caesar started into life, and announced in his most solemn voice:
"Missis, here is Aunt Sally and her gran' darter Susan." Then as Aunt Sally slowly advanced, bent with old age and leaning on the arm of a slim young girl, Mrs. Hill stepped forward to meet her and took her hand and shook it. "I am pleased, Aunt Sally, your rheumatism allowed you to get out to-day to see us. I remember you could not get this far last Christmas. Sit down here." And Mrs. Hill pushed her gently into a tall back hall chair.

"And you, Susan, how tall you have grown!" Susan smiled and ducked a courtesy. Aunt Sally mumbled between her toothless gums: "Thanky, ye, honey. I is most a hundred now; it was old Mar's Charles' Grandfather I 'longed to."
Then the guests all came and spoke to her, and she in turn spied out the baby and asked to see him. The young mother blushing and smiling brought him herself, and the old woman "lowed he was a fine chil', too. I hopes, honey, you will lib to hab many more of dem, and not one of dem will give you any sorrow. You is a sweet creature, and Misses young sister too, I hears." "Yes," said Mrs. Bowie, "and thank you, Aunty, for your good wishes." She slipped a silver dollar into the old woman's bony hand, and west off with the prize baby tossing him and making him laugh out with delight.
All this time Julius Caesar had been announcing couple after couple until the great hall was full, and nothing was heard but good wishes and pleasant words on all sides. The little children clung shyly to their mother's skirts and peeped at the white peo-

ple. Some young black mother showed her first-born with pride to the guests who one and all gave a bit of silver to her for it.
At last all the presents had been distributed and every face beamed with pleasure. Then Aunt Sally rose up as the oldest member of the family and presented the Mistress with a bag of sundried chestnuts, with the remark "dis is a poor present for de likes of you, but den I hopes ye will and dem sweet, as myself dried dem and tendered them for you with love for dis great cashian."—Then came a small present from all sides. Eggs, partridges, walnuts, hickory nuts, filberts, sweet potatoes, late chickens just ready for the frying pan, colored ears of pop corn, a fine opossum and dozens of rabbits, as well as squirrels; a sheep's skin made into a well tanned and snow-white mat, baskets of oak strips, and a willow as well as corn husk and wheat straw mats too, and brooms even small ones for the children to play with. What, indeed, had not these faithful slaves gathered up from woods and fields to make a loving present to the family to whom they owed so much. And all was graciously received and, they knew, would be used and appreciated by the mistress and master.
"When all had finally handed in their Christmas gifts, and the table was piled up as high as before, then Julius Caesar left his place and following his master into the dining room. Soon he appeared with two assistants following him with waiters piled high with glasses, and he bearing a huge bowl of egg-nog. He set down his bowl on a small table and then disappeared. Soon he came back with another bowl, larger if anything, filled with apple-toddy.
Guests and slaves mingled and drank sundry toasts, the master proposed. "A merry and happy Christmas to one and all." Then the slaves dispersed amidst much bowing, and scraping, and going out backward. This had taken until quite church time, and the consequence was all the family and guests arrived late in the village, about two miles off, where they attended church.

The great event of the day was dinner, Christmas dinner, with its roast turkeys and huge English plum pudding, brought in by Julius Caesar, who held it high, and to delight of all the children, and I am afraid the grown people, too, would be blazing with the brandy that had been poured over it and set afire just as Julius Caesar had lifted it high in the kitchen. Many a black face peeped in the dining room to see the sight of the Christmas pudding and the grand ladies and gentlemen who eat it.
After dinner was a ball. But the white people in the course of the evening visited the barn, which was all dressed with evergreen and had lanterns and candles to light it, and the great floor swept to dance on. And there the plantation dance went on until midnight.
The merry Christmas day came to a close at last, and the weary guests sought rest in the immense curtained beds that our forefathers like so well.

CHAPTER II.

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

The joyous Christmas day had at last ended, and the "great house" was wrapped in silence and darkness. In a large chamber, faintly lighted by the burning logs in a wide fire-place, slept Walter Bowie and his young wife Adeline, with their infant son in the same name as his father—Walter.
The large bed, with its four tall mahogany posts and India silk curtains, partly drawn, gave one the idea of a Venetian gondola, and all the rest of the room with its shimmering lights and shadows on ceiling and polished floor.
Fifty years ago was this Christmas night I speak of. The soft breathing of the sleepers was all the sound heard, except from time to time, the dropping of a coal or the breaking of a log. The cricket even came and sat upon the hearth and sung its sweet and cheerful note, harbinger of good luck to the home whose hearth it sings upon.
The tiny babe nestled to its mother's breast, and her soft arm enfolded him—her first-born. Sleep "the twin brother of death," as some poet has said, often carries us from the things of earth far away and lets our souls

peep into the future. Dreams we call them when the soul returns to the body, and with a shock we awake to our every-day life.
The mother was dreaming. Now her red lips parted into a smile of pleasure as she stood upon the lawn, whose deep green grass closely shaven showed the star-white Bathlehem flowers and the golden buttercups here and there. The avenue of tall magnolia trees, covered with their cream-white flowers, filled the summer air with a sleepy perfume. Off a little distance from her strutted the vain-glorious peacock, all his magnificent plumage surrounding him in a circle, his deep blue neck uplifted in proud admiration of his own beauty.
The scene was one she had seen many times in her waking moments—her own lawn, the home her husband had brought her to, nearly two years before.
But here comes from out of the trees a tall, fair boy, some ten or twelve years old. His long curls are flung backward to the wind as he runs to meet her, and kisses her lips in glad and fond surprise to find her just ready to be out in the glorious sunshine with him. In her dream it does not strike her as strange that this boy is her tiny baby now on her breast. I seems natural, and her heart is filled with pride as she pushes back the nut brown curls and sees the sun glare down through the trees on them and turn them to ruddy gold.
They pass down the green lawn together, hand in hand, but he stops to gather the flowers that star the grass and somehow he wanders away. She is troubled and moves restlessly in her sleep. One arm is thrown bare and white over her head, and the smile has given place to a sad troubled look. She goes out of the wide gates on the road. Why the very road has changed. She is far from home, and the road is a long, narrow, rocky one, stretching away between a stone and brush fence. It is early morning, scarcely yet daylight. A misty white fog covers all the meadows and hills here. She shivers and wanders on, keeping close to the brush fence. The eastern sky begins to show a faint yellow streak that makes the dark and solemn clouds of the night break into angry red and opal tints. A little bird begins to chirp in a frightened voice at finding itself awake in the solemn stillness of the early morning.
Hark! there is something else she hears—the galloping of many horses, and soon a gallant party of young men sweep into view around a curve in the road. Her heart bounds gladly, for in the lead is her son, now a grown man.—How he rides on his white horse! She sees his tall riding boots and silver spurs, his drooping hat and feather.

And nearer yet he rides. Her fair boy is now the perfection of a God-like man. The golden brown mustache, long and curled away from his coral lips. He turns his head aside at the moment of reaching his mother, and makes a laughing remark to a tall companion riding by his side.
The moment he does this the blood seems to freeze in her veins. For a small white puff of smoke rises from the fence, and with a startling report of a gun, she sees the bullet pierce a hole in the temple of her son. The red blood trickles down his white cheek. He sways from side to side, and as he is about to fall from his rearing and frightened horse is caught in the bosom of his friend.
With a wild and startled cry the mother wakes, and in the agony of the moment, as she sees her loved son shot—flings up her arms in despair.
Alas! the baby sleeping, and dreaming, too, is hurled out of the high-canopied bed into the middle of the room, on the hard, polished floor.
Soon all the household is aroused, and the doctor has to be called to bring back consciousness to the wee boy. Sobbing, she tells her husband and faithful servants her dream. The practical doctor smiles at dreams, and credits this one to the Christmas dinner, and the distinctly-heard report of the gun to the breaking of a log in the fire-place.
But the old black servants whisper that the bonny baby's life has been spared to fulfill his mother's warning dream.

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPTURE.

It was at the close of a gray win-

ter's day, in the year 1863, when the war was at its fiercest between the North and the South, that a tall and slender man dressed in the dark blue uniform of the Northern soldier, burst from a clump of thick pines on the outskirts of the county town of Upper Marlboro', in Southern Maryland. He ran hastily across a field and then to a palling inclosing a garden. Placing his hand on the top he leaped over and ran close to the fence in a stooping position. Reaching the kitchen door he at once entered without knocking. An old negro man was at that moment alone in the kitchen, who sprang to his feet and was about to leave as hastily as the rheumatism would allow on seeing the uniform of the Northern soldier. But a laughing voice stopped him as the panting soldier said:
"Uncle Jim, it is I—Will-o'-the-wisp!"
"So 'tis, bress God! But Mars Walter, chile, dis no place for ye; dees soldiers am all 'bout de town, resting obery body, and is a looking for ye, honey."
"I know that, Uncle Jim. I have been hunted from place to place for two days and nights. Last night I staid in the big oak in the woods with the soldiers right under the tree watching the road for me to pass and talking of me. To-day some false alarm took them away, and I slipped down, traveled by a round-about route until it grew dark enough to come out. Now, see if any one is in the dining room; I want to go in; I must see Mrs. Belt and Elia. Uncle Jim, tell them I am here; for I must know if there is any danger in any going in the house."
When Uncle Jim had carefully shut the kitchen door and crossed the yard to the Great House—as the white people's house were called—Will-o'-the-wisp sat down by the fire and lit his pipe.
His enemies had named him thus, for they could liken him to nothing so much as the *ignis fatuus* seen in the Southern woods; for had they not chased him all over the Southern counties for the last three years? Had they not had him in their right over and over, only to fail in making a capture? He had come and gone, being seen and disappeared, until he was known as the "Will-o'-the-wisp" by all the soldiers sent out to capture him. Even his friends had begun to call him the "Will-o'-the-wisp," half in fun and derision over the failure of the brag detective, Captain Big-foot, sent especially from Washington to capture him. Large rewards were offered, and even posted up at the front door of his own family. Dead or alive he was to be captured and brought to Washington.
Will-o'-the-wisp was Captain Walter Bowie, in the famous guerrillas of Colonel Mosby, also in the secret service of the Confederacy, but by the then government at Washington called a spy—and a dangerous one, too. He was just the man for such a service.
Splendid physical and mental powers; carefully raised and educated, an athlete in all the sports of the day, riding and leaping, climbing and boxing, he was as much master of the art of fencing as he was at the target, both with gun and pistol. He was full of gay humor, and had songs and stories at his ready tongue's end to gaily away the time for friend or foe. Daring and intrepid to a fault, he courted adventure and laughed at danger—this time having been sent on a special secret and dangerous mission—in fact, to Washington to draw the plans of the fortification, and pick up all the information he could. He was well fitted to do so, as he was a civil engineer, a fine mathematician, and a most excellent draughtsman.
He had remained in Washington and satisfactorily accomplished all he was sent to do, and had nearly reached the Potomac, where was his boat and safety, when he saw from the top of a high hill that his route was cut off by a large body of men.
He turned and galloped to a deep wood. Jumping from his beautiful dark bay horse, he had taken off the bridle and saddle, and hiding them in a clump of bushes, he turned and took the face of his horse in his hands and whispered in his ear, stroking him gently the while. The horse responded to his caresses by rubbing his nose against the face of his master.
"Now go, old fellow, until I whistle," he said out aloud.
[Continued on 4th Page.]

Saint Mary's Beacon
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive hand bills neatly executed and at City Prices.