

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.

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
RAMPS, 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—Y.

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. Chaisty & 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. 20—Y.

DANIEL 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 851m

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—4f.

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—4f.

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
Attorney at Law,
45 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,
21 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1875—4f.

R. C. COMBS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Leonardtown, Md.
Aug. 12—1f.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Leonardtown, Md.
DANIEL R. MAGRIDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
(late of the Court of Appeals)
Has associated himself with B. Harris-Camaliere for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. Office and address Annapolis, Md.

WALTER I. DAWKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 1 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties.
Nov 3—4f.

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, CANSIMERES,
Jackets and single with,
Tricots in all the fashionable shades,
HOSIERY,
PRINTS,
COTTONS,
Canton Flannels, Repellants in all the fashionable shades, Embroidered Kid gloves, Jersey, Corsets a specialty.

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

Laura A. Jones,
LEONARDTOWN.
Oct 27—4f.
Landreth's garden seeds are the best and F. O. Morgan sends them.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1888. NO. 380.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.
Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A subject in which Thousands are Deeply Concerned.

About five years ago I suffered from great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.
I live at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the *Shaker Almanac* that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feelings better than I could tell. I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one-half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the trouble vanished.
I was well.
Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in the world, the most delicate, women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I advise the thinkers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.
W. H. HALL,
For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 54 Warren street New York.
Jan 19—y.

1888. Notice. 1888.
POTOMAC TRANSPORTATION LINE.
On and after March 6th, 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 of Potomac River:
ON TUESDAY FOR
Cornfield Harbor, Munday's Point, Jones' Wharf, Abell's Wharf, Brown's Wharf, Howard's Wharf, Bacon's Wharf, Leonardtown, Cowan's Wharf, Powell's Wharf, Coan Wharf, Stone's Wharf, Kinsale Wharf, Colburn Wharf, Lodge Wharf, Nimitz Perry, M. H. Perry, Leave LEONARDTOWN for BALTIMORE ON FRIDAYS FOR
Cornfield Harbor, Foxwell's Wharf, Jones' Wharf, Colburn Wharf, Brown's Wharf, Howard's Wharf, Bacon's Wharf, Leonardtown Wharf, Cowan's Wharf, Stone's Wharf, Coan Wharf, Lamaster's Wharf, Kinsale Wharf, Chapin's Wharf, Lodge Wharf, Everett's Point, Munday's Point, Smith's Point, Piney Point, Glymont, Abell's Wharf.

ALEXANDRIA & WASHINGTON, D. C. LEAVE WASHINGTON for BALTIMORE ON SUNDAY, at 4 P. M.
No Bills of Lading will be signed except those of the Company.
R. FOSTER, General Manager.
A. NEEDHAM, Jr., Agent.
Feb 23—4f.

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, Making and Sewing Work, \$75.00
Board and Tuition in the Higher Branches, viz: History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Chemistry, Botany, Algebra, Composition, etc., EXTRA CHARGES: \$85.00
Washing, \$4.00
For use of books for and 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.
WM. J. EDLEN, ALBERT

EDELEN BROTHERS,
No. 3 W. Camden St. (1 door from S. Chas.)
Baltimore, Md.
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
For the sale of
LEAF TOBACCO,
GRAIN,
WOOL,
and all COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Personal attention will be given to the inspection and sale of tobacco and to sale of grain. Liberal advances on consignments.
Jan 27—1f.

QUINTOLEO!
A SURE CURE FOR
DUMPS, BRUISES, BURNS, FEVER, LIVER DISEASE, MALARIA, and
ALL TYPES OF FEVER.
Prepared by
J. H. WILKINSON & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PARSON JIM.
A WESTERN SKETCH.

The express trains of that monument of engineering skill, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, now daily traverse the extreme eastern portion of the Rocky Mountains, lying between the city of Denver on the north and the Pueblo on the south; and summer tourists, as well as all-the-year-round men of business, pass over the picturesque road by hundreds and by thousands in the course of a single year. There was a time however—not very long since, either—when white men were very scarce in that section, and when the only means of locomotion was a much dilapidated Concord coach, whose trips were alleged to be weekly, though as a matter of fact, the time schedule of said coach was practically filled out to suit the driver, as he with much "cussing" and little speed, carried Uncle Sam's mails from stage to stage.

Rather more than twenty years ago there was, about midway between Denver and Colorado Springs, a point on the road where the broad valley narrowed into a deep and wild gorge, known as the George Washington Gulch. The gorge is there yet, I presume, but the name has apparently disappeared, there being no such station on the railway, nor, so far as I can discover, such a place on the revised maps of Colorado. But in those old days George Washington Gulch was a relay station of the Denver stage line. Leaving Indians out of the question, they being of a ubiquitous nature, the resident population of the Gulch numbered three souls, all told, while a census would have revealed the fact that these all occupied the same dwelling house. There was in those times no town or settlement of any account between Denver and the Springs, so that the stage company was compelled to establish a number of stations at perfectly wild and unpopulated points, to properly effect changes of horses. So a rough shed had been erected in the Gulch to do duty as a barn for the accommodation of the four horses usually to be found there; while adjoining was a frame mansion, consisting of one apartment, which served as a sleeping room, parlor, dining hall and kitchen for the three inhabitants, as well being the official headquarters of Hon. Samuel Green who, in addition to his position as agent of the stage company, held a postmaster's commission from the President of the United States.

Honorable—be it remembered that Mr. Green was a Government official though no post-office business had ever passed through his hands, not even a letter from or to himself, unless we count those which had to do with the stage business and went "dead-head"—Honorable Samuel Green's companions in the Gulch were a negro named Ananias—doubtless from his propensity for prevarication—who was chief groom of the stables, and a half-breed Indian, whose main occupation was to trap and shoot game and then cook it. This latter individual was known as Francis Murphy, and his chief failing was a fondness for undiluted whiskey.

At the close of a fair summer day Honorable Samuel Green, with Messrs. Murphy and Ananias, sat together on a bench placed along the front of their residence. The two last named gentlemen were still enough to justify one in the supposition that they must be sleeping; but the Honorable Samuel was busily engaged in rapping and rubbing two or three little pieces of rock which lay in the palm of one of his hands. He was evidently much interested.
"Nias," said he at last.
"Sah," responded the woolly-headed darkey, rubbing his heavy eyes.
"I'm a-goin' through to Denver with Bill to-morrow." (Bill was one of the drivers on the stage line; the other was Sil—abbreviated from Silas.) The postmaster continued: "You and Francis Murphy keep awake part of the time, and sorter watch things while I'm gone. Do yer keek on?"
"Yes, in course, sah."
Four days later, Hon. Samuel Green returned to the Gulch from Denver, and brought with him a regular mining kit—picks, mauls, hammers, shovels, blasting powder and other useful articles.

Two weeks passed, and again the postmaster of George Washington Gulch "went through with Bill"—this time loaded down with samples of rich silver ore.

By the following spring the Gulch was alive with a population of over three hundred white men and three women—not counting Indians and Chinese. George Washington Gulch contained a rich vein of silver—enough to make it a source of much activity for five whole years.

About a year after the postmaster's important trip to Denver George Washington Gulch was bustling bravely on a floodtide of silver and prosperity. Honorable Samuel Green actually had considerable postal business to transact, besides which a double service had to be put on the road, while Gulch passengers arrived or departed with every coach. Add to this fact that the postmaster owned an interest in the richest claim in George Washington Gulch, and it will be readily understood that he had developed into an individual of considerable importance.

Still, if one had about that time quietly investigated among the strange characters who formed the curiously cosmopolitan population of that Colorado valley, with a view to learning who among their number was held in the highest esteem, Honorable Samuel's name would scarcely have received mention. The parson was the favorite among "the boys," and hardly a man but would gladly have given his last dollar, eye, or of his life's blood, had anything so serious been necessary to help the parson out of a tight place. Never let it be imagined for a moment that the parson of the Gulch was the orthodox pastor, in the habit of wearing broadcloth of clerical cut and white cravats. He wore a broad-brimmed hat certainly, but it was of the approved cowboy pattern; to a coat he was well nigh a stranger being content to appear in a heavy red woolen shirt; while for trousers he substituted the highly ornamented and picturesque buckskin breeches affected by Mexicans, Indians and other denizens of the far West. It is certain that the title of Reverend had never been, verbally or in writing, prefixed to his name; and yet he knew, and the boys knew, that to be called "Parson Jim" was in itself a mark of distinction in a district where men were supposed to have no official titles or surnames, while Christian names were invariably reduced to monosyllables.

Parson Jim's record and capabilities were hardly such as would recommend him as a candidate for church work in communities laying claim to advanced civilization. He could not read the Pentateuch in the original Hebrew, or discuss the Thirty-nine Articles; but he was a dead shot with a revolver, and could gracefully ride the back of a bucking broncho. The Westminister Catechism was a sealed book to Parson Jim, but he could set a broken limb, raise a tent, or build a shanty with the next man. And because he was as cool as ice when fiery blood coursed through the veins of other men—because he was as brave as a lion—because he was as gentle as a woman with sick men—because he had a big heart—because he spoke kindly words—and because nothing came amiss to Parson Jim, the rough specimens of humanity in George Washington Gulch loved and respected him as they never could have loved and respected a grave and learned doctor of divinity from the East.

Now, in a Western mining town it is a gross breach of etiquette to make inquiries as to a man's pedigree or to attempt to learn more than he chooses to tell of his history prior to his arrival in camp. So long as he is "square" and behaves himself he is one of "the boys" and as such is bound to them by a sort of freemasonry. Hence, when Parson Jim came to the Gulch and announced himself as a preacher, the miners asked no questions. They did not take much stock in preaching, but were disposed to give the newcomer a "show"; and when time passed and Parson Jim proved to their satisfaction that he was made of the right stuff, they not only tolerated him, but made him heartily welcome.

There was no church in the Gulch; there was no school house; there was not even a hall of any kind. There was, however, a large frame shanty used for a whiskey saloon, named by its proprietor "The Rocky Mountain Sample Rooms." In the West, be it remembered, all the drinks are samples, no matter if the same consumer gets away with fifty glasses from the same barrel.
Parson Jim made his appearance in the gulch during the winter immediately following the summer when the Hon. Samuel Green made his important discovery of the existence of silver in the valley. He arrived on a handsome roan mare, without bag or baggage, and made his quarters at the rude hotel connected with the Rocky Mountain Sample Rooms. During the evening there was a scuffle in the large bar room, and the newcomer looked in through one of the doors to see what was the trouble. A young and slender lad of perhaps 19 or 20 years was struggling with a brutal looking, muscular giant of twice his age. It was only a question of minutes when the big rough fellow would "down" his young opponent, and yet the dozen or so of onlookers made no attempt at interference. Just as the new arrival appeared on the scene the younger combatant got in a nasty blow, which evidently hurt and irritated his opponent. Quick as lightning the big fellow drew his bowie knife, and raised it preparatory to plunging it into the lad.
"Hands off, you bully!" shouted the stranger in the doorway. The burly fighter glanced rapidly in the direction from whence these words came, but did not drop the hand which gripped the ugly knife.
"Drop that knife!" thundered the stranger, at the same time laying his hand upon his pistol pocket.
The burly noticed the last-named action and, letting go the boy, yelled, with added oaths:
"Curse you, shut up! Who are you, anyhow?" The large man was evidently very angry. He held the knife in his left hand, and with his right drew a heavy revolver, which he proceeded to level at the stranger.
"Throw up your hands, quick!" shouted the latter. But the fellow did not hear this warning. Click! went the hammers of the pistols. It was a question of quarter-seconds now. Bang! went one revolver—the stranger's—and the big man fell—dead.
Then there was a momentary silence, followed by some queer ejaculations: "Dead as a lojin!" "Served him right!" "Stranger's a plucky un?" "Be-awful shot!" "Who air ouy, stranger, anyhow?"
"Boys," said the new arrival, when at last he had a chance to speak, "this is a sort of business that I am not fond of. Sometimes it is necessary, though, as it was to-night. I am sorry; but let's say no more about it. I'll pay the funeral expenses and answer all questions. You want to know who I am? Well, I'm a preacher; and there'll be preaching in this room, with the landlord's permission, next Sunday morning, at 10 o'clock."
It was a strange introduction for a preacher, but it was perhaps the best one he could have had in that wild place. Anyway, the respect of these rough miners was lastingly secured, and from that time on he grew in favor as a man and a preacher.
In those old coach days there was one serious drawback to traveling between Denver and George Washington Gulch—the road was infested by a small but hitherto invincible band of desperadoes, under the leadership of a regular dare-devil known as "Kansas." This man "Kansas" had attacked and robbed the coaches fifteen or eighteen times within six months; and though he had never been known to be accompanied by more than three confederates, his band was the terror of the stage drivers and their passengers. Once the proprietor of the stage line had organized a posse of armed men, who scoured the country in search of Kansas and his gang; but the outlaw remained at large, and within a week lightened a coach of \$7,000 worth of silver baggage.
Late in the evening of a summer day, when, with the exception of a party of gamblers at the "Sample Rooms," all the citizens of the Gulch were soundly sleeping, a solitary horseman rode up to the unpretentious shanty which did duty for a parsonage. It was nothing but a two-roomed hut, crudely constructed and roughly furnished. On this occasion the "parsonage" was in sole charge of Ah Wing, a Chinaman Chinese, who acted

as Parson Jim's cook and chambermaid. Ah Wing was himself perchance in some Chinaman's paradise, for his sleepy features, usually utterly void of expression, were illumined by a yellow smile. The parson was off, as he frequently was, on a trip down the valley, and the parsonage, being well removed from the main portion of the settlement, was seldom visited during his absence. The dreaming Celestial was therefore much surprised, and indeed frightened, when he was awakened from his slumber by a violent hammering at the barred door. He cautiously drew back the wooden bolt, and peered out into the warm, starlit night. Close to the door he beheld a stalwart man, with long black hair and a heavy mustache, holding in one hand the bridle of a large horse, while on his left arm he carried a girl—evidently dead or in a fainting condition.

"Where is the parson?" asked the stranger in a firm but quiet voice.
"Parson Jim he go way muchee; he no come home till 'Sunday," replied the surprised Chinaman.
"Well, hold my horse, and hold him tight. This young woman is very sick, and I'm going to lay her on the parson's bed."
He entered the room, and tenderly laid his burden on the camp cot which Parson Jim used for a bed. Then he tore a fly-leaf from an old book which he saw lying around, and producing a short end of a pencil from his pocket, wrote hastily and somewhat clumsily a few words.
"See here," he said to the Chinaman, as he stepped to the door, "give this piece of paper to the parson as soon as he returns. This young lady is hurt a little and frightened a great deal, and she has fainted. Pretty soon she will come around. When she does see that you take good care of her, you yellow-skinned, white-livered duck. Perhaps you'll behave yourself all the better if I tell you my name is Kansas."

The Chinaman perceptibly trembled as he heard the dreaded name, but said nothing, and the handsome stranger sprang to his horse and rode away. Ah Wing quietly surveyed his new charge, and saw that she was a yellow-haired, fair-complexioned girl of perhaps 15 or 16 years, slender, and evidently unused to work of any kind. The Chinaman faithfully kept watch all night, and noticed that the girl passed gradually from her faint into an easy slumber.
It was 6 o'clock in the morning, and the girl was still sleeping, when Parson Jim returned. Ah Wing felt much relieved, and at once handed the note to his master. It was written in a rough, unknown hand, but this is what he managed to decipher.
PARSON: You are understood to be a pretty good fellow. This girl's father was accidentally shot this evening in a scuffle with the coach people. She must be cared for, and I select you for the job. I know your record, and you are the only man in Colorado I would trust with an unprotected girl. I will see that you are supplied from time to time with money for her keep. Be true to this trust, or look out for
KANSAS.

The parson twirled the paper in his fingers, shoved it into his hip pocket, and then asked a few questions of Ah Wing.
"What kind of a fellow brought the girl here?"
"Mushie fine Melican man, replied the little Chinaman.
"Would you know him again if you saw him, Ah Wing?"
"Yes, siree. Ah Wing no fool."
Half an hour later the fair young stranger opened her eyes, and the parson, in his homely but pleasant way, proceeded to make her feel at home.
"I am afraid, miss, that you have just passed through serious trouble, but try and feel that you are at least safe and among friends. You are welcome to all this poor honest affords, and anything we can do for you shall be done."
But the girl burst into a flood of tears, and could speak no words but "Poor father—poor father!"
Later on, Parson Jim learned that she and her father were the only passengers on the preceding day from Denver, and that they were going through to Colorado Springs on their way to New Orleans. The coach was attacked by highwaymen, and as the girl's father, Mr. Winship, rather un-

wisely resisted them, he was shot dead. Then the girl had fainted, and remembered nothing until she found herself in Parson Jim's best room. Her name, she said, was Ethel Winship.

Putting the girl's story and the contents of the note together, it looked as though the desperado Kansas had killed the girl's father, and prompted by some feelings of remorse and pity, had undertaken to help the bereaved daughter.
A day or two later, when Ethel was somewhat rested and her grief less poignant, Parson Jim had another talk with her.
"What would you like to do?" he said.
"Oh, sir, there is nothing for me to do. Get me work of some kind here in this place. We had no friends—father and I had lived and traveled together since my mother died, many years ago. We were getting poor, too, I know, and my father had some plans of his own, but what they were I do not know. If you will help me to get a living here, I shall be much obliged, and I am willing to try anything."
"My poor child," said Parson Jim in his kindly voice, "I am truly sorry for you. If you can be content in my rough home for a while, stay here until we can manage something better for you. I have no one for whom I care, or who cares for me—only the boys in camp. But those same boys will tell you that not a hair of your head will be hurt while you stay under my roof. I have plenty of this world's wealth—more than the boys imagine—and I can afford a slight addition to my family."
So she stayed and found that Parson Jim's words were true. She could not have been treated more as a lady had she been an earl's daughter and the guest of a dowager duchess. As the weeks passed, Parson Jim managed to add a couple of cute little rooms to the parsonage, one of which was "my lady's chamber," and the other the "parlor." Then, too, pretty carpets and furniture came from Denver, and the boys began to think that the parson was putting on "flugs." But they excused a good deal in the parson, and really vied with one another in paying homage in their rough way to the parson's ward.

Of course they soon knew the story; and Parson Jim had shown Hon. Samuel Green and one or two others the note that Kansas had left with Ethel Winship.
Months fled and Ethel stayed on at the Gulch. She became contented, and much appreciated the parson's care and efforts to make her comfortable. She showed her gratitude in a hundred womanly ways, and kept the parsonage as neat and pretty as if it had been in Massachusetts or the English midlands. Instead of in a wild Colorado valley. Only, every time Kansas came of a robbery or murder by new came of a robbery or murder by Kansas and his gang, would the poor girl become agitated and cry for vengeance on the man who took from her a dear father.
Three years slipped quickly away at George Washington Gulch. The robber had evidently not forgotten his promise to provide for the girl, for at odd times a packet of money had been found on the parson's window sill marked "From Kansas." It had always been placed there over night in a mysterious manner, for no one was ever seen to do it. Parson Jim himself still preached every Sunday in the Sample Rooms, and was still a prime favorite with the miners, though they sometimes wondered why a man who was evidently so well "fixed" as the parson should elect to stay in a rough, out-of-the-way place like the Gulch.
Ethel Winship had grown into a beautiful woman, and was as good as she was pretty. Parson Jim loved this. Parson Jim was in love with his ward.
One evening in the springtime he told Ethel of his love, and asked her to be his wife.
"I cannot answer that question, dear Jim," said the girl. "Myself is the only reward which I can offer to any man, because I have naught else. So I have long ago made up my mind to keep myself to offer, if needs be, as a reward to the man who shall kill or capture Kansas. If it were not for that firm resolve, I would say 'Yes' at once—for, Jim, you deserve my love and all I can give you. But do not

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 TRAVELING 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.

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Months fled and Ethel stayed on at the Gulch. She became contented, and much appreciated the parson's care and efforts to make her comfortable. She showed her gratitude in a hundred womanly ways, and kept the parsonage as neat and pretty as if it had been in Massachusetts or the English midlands. Instead of in a wild Colorado valley. Only, every time Kansas came of a robbery or murder by new came of a robbery or murder by Kansas and his gang, would the poor girl become agitated and cry for vengeance on the man who took from her a dear father.
Three years slipped quickly away at George Washington Gulch. The robber had evidently not forgotten his promise to provide for the girl, for at odd times a packet of money had been found on the parson's window sill marked "From Kansas." It had always been placed there over night in a mysterious manner, for no one was ever seen to do it. Parson Jim himself still preached every Sunday in the Sample Rooms, and was still a prime favorite with the miners, though they sometimes wondered why a man who was evidently so well "fixed" as the parson should elect to stay in a rough, out-of-the-way place like the Gulch.
Ethel Winship had grown into a beautiful woman, and was as good as she was pretty. Parson Jim loved this. Parson Jim was in love with his ward.
One evening in the springtime he told Ethel of his love, and asked her to be his wife.
"I cannot answer that question, dear Jim," said the girl. "Myself is the only reward which I can offer to any man, because I have naught else. So I have long ago made up my mind to keep myself to offer, if needs be, as a reward to the man who shall kill or capture Kansas. If it were not for that firm resolve, I would say 'Yes' at once—for, Jim, you deserve my love and all I can give you. But do not

(Continued on 4th page.)