Saint Mary's Beacon
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SUCH AS
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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.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1888. NO. 391.

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 TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:
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A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

ESTABLISHED 1822

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Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

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

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☞ 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 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.

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

Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients and as many new ones as may see fit to call.
All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention.
Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate.
Jans'85tm

JO. F. MORGAN,
Attorney and Counsellor 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—tf.

HENRY F. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to his care.
Jan 1, 85—tf†

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 Counsellor-at-Law,
41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md,
Jan. 16, 1873—tf.

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

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.

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—tf.

JO F. MORGAN,
Insurance Agent & Broker,
LEONARDTOWN MD.
Represents the following First Class Companies with combined assets of twelve million of dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies.
Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
Watertown Fire, of New York,
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire,
Mutual Endowment Assessment of Baltimore, Life,
New York Mutual Life,
Connecticut Mutual Life.
Jan 12, 82—y†

FOR RENT.
STORE, dwelling and lot, with livery stables attached. Fine stock of MILLINERY goods for sale, on reasonable terms. Possession given at once.
Mrs. E. WALTER MATTINGLY.
Mechanicsville, St. Mary's Co., Md.
Dec. 8,'87—

F. O. MORGAN is home from Baltimore and has opened a large and beautiful stock of General Merchandise. If you want a nice suit of clothes, a straw hat, ladies' or gentlemen's shoes, call and see him.

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 if 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 this 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 admire the Shakers 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.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

KEEP YOUR EYE

ON THE NEWS FROM OEHM'S ACME HALL THIS SEASON AND YOU WILL PROFIT BY IT.

FOR PRACTICAL ECONOMY IN THE PURCHASE OF *DEPENDABLE CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS* OUR GRAND ESTABLISHMENT OUTSTRIPS ALL COMPETITION. WE BEGIN WITH

SMALL BOYS' Kilts. One and two piece Kilts, sizes from 2½ to 6 years, in very attractive patterns, all beauties. Some as low as $1 50—a large line at $2 50. Our Five Dollar counters, however, are a main feature of our stock and you will find better Kilts *for* at that price than are sold for $2 and $3 more elsewhere. For $12 the greatest luxury imaginable in Kilts.

Shirt Waists and Hats
for small and large boys up to 18 years old, fill one entire side of our extensive Boys' Department. Thousands of Waists in Linen, French and American Percales, fancy and plain color Flannels, newest effects. Prices from 12c. to $2 50. A gorgeous array of Straw Hats, Jockeys, Tam-o'-Shanters, &c., as well as novelties from Paris and London in cloth and cassimere goods. Prices 15c. to $3 50.

Young Men and Youths
find Suits, &c., here that have been specially made up to please the fancy and ideas of young people. The very latest designs at very moderate prices. Suits from $5 to $25.

Furnishings.
Everything to complete a gentleman's outfit from a collar button to the richest novelties in finest fixings from at home and abroad. Lowest prices always.

To Order Department.
For those who prefer their Garments made to measure. All work high grade and guaranteed, and best talent only employed.

A Visit to the Great Store will convince you that there is not in all Baltimore nor in the South a stock of Men's fine Clothing that even begins to compare with ours. The markets of the world have been searched to provide the "best" for our customers. Business, dress and tourists' Garments in greatest variety.

Write for Catalogue
and Price-List and beautifully colored cards. Mention this paper. Our guarantee that prices shall be lower for same quality of material and workmanship amply protects all purchasers.

OEHM'S ACME HALL,
5 & 7 W. BALTIMORE ST.,
1 door from Charles, BALTIMORE, MD.
May 24—6m†

H. G. DUDLEY J. W. CARPENTER
DUDLEY & CARPENTER,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
No. 57 Light Street,
BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

MISS NELL FENWICK has just opened the largest and handsomest stock of Ladies' Hats ever seen in Leonardtown.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

De Quincey relates that, shortly after the Ratcliffe Highway (England) murder, in 1812, he met Coleridge, and found him "in a profound reverie upon the tremendous power which is laid open in a moment to any man who can reconcile himself to the abjuration of all conscientious restraints, if at the same time thoroughly without fear." Let the criminal be not only fearless, but also couple with his contempt for all laws—human and divine—a keen and subtle intellect and a determined will, and he would have all that power which Socrates, in "The Republic of Plato," invests the bad man who has possessed himself of Gyges' ring. "He can take what he likes out of market or chest; he can enter the houses of others; he can kill whom he will."

The perpetrator of the horrible crime in Piripa, a town in the northwestern part of Mexico, on the Rio de Sayopa, in June, 1886, almost answered such a man as described above.

The victim was a young woman of considerable personal attractions, named Juanita Medanos, and occupied a suit of apartments in a fashionable section of the city. She was an extremely wealthy heiress, whose father haddied a few years before, leaving her his whole fortune, to the exclusion of a profligate son, whom he had disherited and driven from home.

On the evening of June 15, 1886, Juanita went to a theater with a gentlemen who had frequently called upon her. The name of the person was only known to Iza, Juanita's maid. By others he was described as tall, dark-complexioned, with large black whiskers, of a pronounced Mexican caste and the outward aspect of a gentlemen. He was supposed by some of the boarders of the house to be an Italian, but he spoke Spanish fluently.

According to the gossip of the house, Juanita had spoken of this man as a sort of tormentor, who had persistently requested her to make a trip with him to the United States, in company with a maid and a female companion.

On one occasion the stranger was with Juanita in the soloon of her hotel when the stranger, in taking off his cloak, dropped a large knife. Juanita picked it up and opened it by touching a spring on the back of the haft. This blade was about as wide as her thumb-nail, and had a sharp point. Iza happened into the saloon about this time, and, through curiosity, minutely examined the knife.

There was no doubt but that this stranger came home with Juanita from the theater, arriving at her hotel about midnight. This is shown by the evidence of the driver who drove them, whose description of the man corresponded in every particular with that given by Iza, the maid, of the mysterious stranger. From the moment when the door closed behind them on that fatal midnight, the story seemed to have been an impenetrable mystery.

About a quarter past six on the following morning, a young merchant named Rosalio, who had slept on the same floor, was leaving the house to attend to business when he found the corpse of the ill-fated young woman lying in a pool of blood upon the floor near the half-open door of the room in which she slept. Horrified by the discovery, he awoke a fellow-boarder and then called in an officer.

The unfortunate woman was quite dead, and had probably been so for some hours. She had not undressed, having only taken off a silk dress, and placed her gold watch on the dressing-table. Beside a gaping wound in the throat, which had severed the windpipe, there were several stabs in the abdomen and below the left breast. The left thumb was also cut, as if in a struggle with the assassin. There was bloody water in the wash-basin, showing that the murderer had washed his hands before leaving.

The profound secrecy with which the crime had been committed caused it to create more than an ordinary degree of excitement. Rosalio slept in the adjoining room, while Iza, the maid, slept in the ante-room, separated only by a door from her mistress. There were other lodgers in the house, yet no one had heard the mysterious stranger go out, nor had any sound disturbed them during the small hours of the morning.

The motive of the crime was as inscrutable as the perpetrator was unknown. It did not appear to have been committed for plunder. The purse of the deceased was found to be missing, and to have contained but a small amount; but her gold watch, diamonds and several valuable articles of jewelry were left on the dressing-table.

Usually there is some one link in the chain of evidence connecting a murderer with his crime, which the detective police can take up at once. In Poe's stories the interest depends upon the skill with which this link is seized, when it is apparantly concealed. In the mystery of Marie Roget, the link is the rudderless boat. In the murders of Rue Morgue, it is the huge Venetian shutter by which the ape swings from the window to the lightning-rod. In the mysterious crime of which Juanita Medanos was the victim, there was such a link in the shape of a gentleman's black kid glove, found upon the carpet in the dead woman's chamber. Iza, in arranging her mistress' room on the morning of the discovery of the murder, found by the bedside a glove, with the initals "M. R." written on the inside. These initials stood for Manuel Rosalio, the man who first discovered the murder and gave the alarm. Suspicion fell upon Rosalio, between whom and the deceased the most friendly relations were known to exist. Iza told the jury that she was awakened during the night, and saw a man in the dim light, in her mistress' room, standing near the latter's dressing-table. He answered Rosalio's description perfectly, and when the maid called to Juanita, the latter told her to remain quiet, as the gentleman was a physician, who had called at her request to administer to her a narcotic. She saw the Rosalio doctor depart, but whether he returned or not she could not say.

Beside the above facts, a search of Rosalio's room resulted in finding the mate of the glove found in the dead woman's room. The link seemed to be completed, when a man came forward with a strange story of his having, at an early hour on the morning of the murder, seen a man wearing only his trousers and shirt, and with bloody hands, standing at the door of the house in which the crime was committed. Rosalio being pointed out to him, he said that was the man. About this time the mysterious stranger turned up, and he gave his name as Juan Bocuna.

On the evidence adduced Rusalio was indicted for murder and there was not a dissenting voice as to his guilt. His previous character had been good, and in his conferences with his lawyer he seemed overwhelmed with grief, but strenuously denied all imputations of guilt, asserting that he had not left his room since ten o'clock of the night before. Of course his statements, in the face of proof so damning, weighed but little. His lawyer had no confidence in them himself. Still, it was his professional duty to see that a man on trial for his life, who had intrusted him with his cause, had every right the law accorded him. This duty performed, his conscience would be clear, whatever the result.

It would be tedious to dwell on the steps preceding the trial. He interposed no obstacles to its coming on speedily. His aim was not to thwart justice, but to see it meted out fairly.

Senor Bocuna was the first and chief witness. He told his story clearly and methodically, and it was easy to see that it had effect with the jury. His rigid cross-examination only served to bring out his evidence with more distinctness of detail. He was interrogated as to his past career, but it brought out nothing to his discredit.

The evidence of the doctor who made the post-mortem was next put in, and the State's Attorney rested.

"I have brought the maid here," he said, "but as she was half asleep and the room dark at the time, her evidence is unimportant. I thought it my duty to have her here, however, to afford the orther side the opportunity to call her if they desired."

Nothing could render the prisoner's case more hopeless than it was already, while some thing might come out to his advantage.

"I will call the witness," said Rosalio's lawyer.

She was handsome and young. Her agitation was visible, and it was noticed that in taking the oath she laid her hand beside the book and not upon it.

"I asked that the witness be sworn with her hand on the book," said Rosalio's lawyer, calling attention to the omission.

The judge so ordered, and the witness' hand shook violently as she reluctantly obeyed the direction, and the oath was administered.

After a few preliminary questions as to the hour of her retiring, her falling asleep, etc., "What is the next thing you remember?" was asked.

The witness hesitated.

"Answer the question," said the court.

"I—I heard a noise as of some one coming into the room," she faltered.

"Did you see any one enter?"

Another pause, when the inquiry was repeated.

"I did," was the answer.

"What did the person do?"

The woman's face grew pale, and it was with difficulty she found utterance.

"He came to the bedside of my mistress, and, after cutting her throat, covered her body with stab wounds."

The court and lawyers for the prosecution learned forward in eager attention. The latter, it was evident, had not expected this testimony.

The questions thus far had only served to draw the halter closer around Rosalio's neck. But his counsel had gone too far to retreat. His voice trembled as much as that of the witness as he proceeded.

"Did you recognize the person?"

"I did," was the answer, scarcely audible.

Rosalio's life hung on the answer to the next question. The silence of the court room was death-like. The sound of the lawyer's voice startled him as he spoke.

"Who was it?" was asked.

Her lips moved, but no sound came.

"By the solemn oath you have taken on this sacred book and by your hopes of salvation hereafter, I adjure you to speak the truth," said the lawyer, earnestly.

Her agitation was fearful to witness. She shook from head to foot, a deadly pallor overspreading her face. Slowly raising her trembling hand and pointing at Juan Bocuna:

"That is the man!" she almost shrieked.

Then, in quick, wild accents, she went on to tell that on finding himself discovered by reason of her waking, the culprit, who was no other than Juan Medanos, Juanita's profligate brother, had disclosed to her that his purpose was to regain his lost inheritance by putting his sister out of the way, promising the witness to provide for her handsomely if she kept his secret; but when put to the test she had found herself unable to violate her solemn oath.

Juan Medanos, alias Juan Bocuna, the mysterious stranger, would have left the court room but an officer was ordered to detain him, and when his disguise was removed, though he had been absent many years, there were many present who could testify to his identity.

Rosalio was acquitted on the spot, and his cell in the prison was occupied by his false accuser, who subsequently was hanged for the unnatural crime of murdering his sister.—Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

☞ A young man asked his austere parent, "Shall I marry for love or money?" He was answered in this wise: "If you marry for love you will probably always be in want of money; if you marry for money, you will always be in want of love, therefore your safest way is to marry for a little of both."

EAR TRUMPET FOR AN OX.—A farmer near Chebanse, Ill., having an ox that did not obey oders concluded that the animal was deaf and bought an ear trumpet, which worked with great success. The animal had lost its appetite, but with its return of of hearing ate heartily. The ear-trumpet is fastened in place by wires around one of the horns.—Chicago Times.

☞ "John, put up that umbrella before you break it." "Oh, shut up!" replied Johnny. "What's that you say?" "Nothing, papa; I only told the umbrella to shut up, so I could put it away, as you told me to." The explanation came not a second too soon, for his father had already risen from his chair.

The poet who itches for fame should use a pen that scratches.

BILL NYE SEES THE CAPITAL.

The Barber Shop and Colored Assimilated Statesmen.

While I sat in the chair I heard a man who seemed to be in about the third chair from me, saying that a certain bill numbered so and so had been referred to a certain committee and would undoubtedly be reported favorably. If so it would in its regular order come up for discussion and reach a vote so and so. I was charmed with the man's knowledge of the condition of both houses and the exact status of all threatened legislation, because I always have to stop and think a good while before I can tell whether a bill originates on the floor of the house or in the rotunda.

I could not see him, but I judged that he was a Senator or a Sergeant-at-Arms. He talked for sometime about the condition of national affairs and finally some one said something about evolution. I was perfectly wrapped up in what he was saying, and remember distinctly how he referred to Herbert Spencer's definition of evolution as a change from indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to definite, coherent heterogeneity through continuous differentiations and integrations.

When I arose from my chair and looked over that way I saw that the gentleman who had been talking on the condition of Congressional legislation was a colored hotel porter of Washington, who was getting shaved in the third chair, and the man who was discussing the merits of evolution was the colored man who was shaving him.

Here in Washington the colored man has the air of one who is holding up one corner of the great national structure. Whether he is opening your soft-boiled eggs for you in the morning, or putting bay rum on your nose, or checking your umbrella, or brushing you with a wilted whisk broom, his thoughts are mostly upon national affairs. He is naturally an imitator wherever he goes, and this old resident of Washington has watched and studied the air and language of eminent statesmen so carefully that when he goes forth in the morning with his whitewashing portfolio on his arm, he walks unconsiously like Senator Evarts or John James Ingalls. I saw a colored man taking a perpendicular lunch at the depot recently and evidently the veteran Georgia Senator is his model, for he cut his custard pie into large rectangular hunks and pushed it back behind his glottis with a case-knife, after which he drew in a saucerful of tea with a loud and violent Ways-and-Means-Committee report which reminded me of the noise made by an unwearied cyclone trying to suck a cistern dry. I think that the colored man exaggerated the imitation somewhat, but he was evidently striving to assume the table manners of Senator Brown, of Georgia.

For this reason if no other, members of the Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Judges and heads of departments cannot be too careful in their daily walk and conversation. Unconsciously they are moulding the customs, the manners and the styles of dress which are to become the customs, the manners and dress of a whole race. If I could to-day take our statesmen all apart, not so much for the purpose of examining their works but so that we could be alone and talk this matter over by ourselves, I would strive in my poor, weak faltering way to impress them with the awful responsibility resting upon them not only as polite and fluent conversationalists, classical and courteous debaters, speaking pieces for the benefit of future conventions or referring to each other as liars, traitors, thieves, deserters, bummers, beats and great moral abscesses on the body politic; rehearsing campaign speeches in Congress at an expense of $20 per day each, and meantime obstructing wholesome tariff legislation, but as the conservators of etiquette, statesmanship and morality for a race of people the great responsibility for whose welfare still rests upon us as a nation.

Only the day before yesterday I saw a thin, wiry and colored gentleman pawing around in an ash barrel for something and I waited to see what he was after. He resurrected a sad and dejected plug hat, and though it was not half so good as the one he wore, he seemed very much pleased with it and put it on. I ventured to ask him why he had done so without improving his appearance, and he said that for a long time he had been looking for a hat which would heighten the resemblance which people had often noticed and remarked in days gone by, both in person, sah, and general carriage, walk and conversation, sah; also in the matter of clear cut and logical like sentences, as existing between himself, sah, and Senator Evarts, sah. He believed that he had struck it, sah.

APPLYING PARIS GREEN TO POTATO VINES.—As the potato bug is already at work among the young potato vines, we give the following hints for the use of the principal remedy for their destruction. In applying this poison it is much safer and quite as effective to mix it with water and sprinkle it upon the plants with a small corn duster, than to mix with plaster and sift or scatter it upon the leaves, yet the latter method is practiced and highly recommended on account of involving less labor than the other. The danger of applying in this form is the liability of inhaling the poison by the party who applies it, unless done in a dull day, when the air is still. One pound of the paris green mixed with 300 pounds of land plaster will do the work as effectively as though a larger proportion of the poison was used. It can be applied by means of a sieve or sown on the vines with the hand. A very convenient device resembling a combination of pail and sieve, made especially for the purpose, facilitates the work. When applied in water, a tablespoonful of pure paris green will be sufficient for an ordinary three-gallon bucket of water. By putting the paris green into the empty bucket and filling with water from a faucet or pump, the poison will become pretty thoroughly mixed, but should be often stirred with the broom or whisp while applying the mixture. When the field is large, the following arrangement recommended by a correspondent of an exchange can be profitably employed "To apply the Paris green we use a cart formed by placing the hind wheels of an ordinary lumber wagon on a home-made axle-tree, that is about seven feet in length. The wheel tracks are six feet apart, and will include two rows. A strong pair of thills was bolted to the axletree, and also a platform on which to place a can of water. Four strong tin spouts were soldered into an old sixty-gallon milk can, near the bottom, and half-inch rubber tubes, four or five feet in length, attached. The usual watering-pot nozzles were affixed to the other end of the tubes, and the can securely fastened on the cart platform. With this apparatus two men can apply the poison to four rows at a time, and finish eight or ten acres in a day. If the rows are twenty rods in length, stirring the water at each turning will be sufficient, but if of greater length, stops must be made for that purpose."

A GREAT LORD'S GHOST.

Lord Castlereagh, when commanding in early life a militia regiment in Ireland, was stationed one night in a large, desolate country house, and his bed was at one end of a long dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared within a huge, gaping, old-fashioned chimney. Waking in the middle of the night, he lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers of the hearth when suddenly they blazed up and a naked child stepped from among them upon the floor. The figure advanced slowly toward Lord Castlereagh, rising in stature at every step, until, on coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with a bleeding wound on the brow and eyes glaring with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh leaped from his bed and confronted the figure in an attitude of defiance. It retreated before him diminishing in size as it withdrew in the same manner that it had previously shot up and expanded. He followed it, pace by pace, until the original childlike form disappeared among the embers. He then went back to his bed and was disturbed no more. This story Lord Castlereagh told with perfect gravity at one of his wife's supper parties in Paris in 1815, when Scott was among the hearers.