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H. G. DUDLEY, J. W. CARPENTER  
**DUDLEY & CARPENTER,**  
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**Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.**

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

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

**VOL. XLVIII.**

**LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1888.**

**NO. 394.**

(Written for the Beacon.)  
**BLACKBERRYING.**  
BY ONITA.

Out in the bright Summer sunshine a child is kneeling, half hidden by the tall growth of tangled briars that grow so profusely about the weather-beaten fence sides of Locust Vale. Across wide fields of waving grain dark shadows come and go, while down in the sweet-scented meadow the winding path lies sheltered by interlacing clover, red and white. Knees deep in swampy pools stands sober-faced cows, drowsy and dreaming, as high overhead the shining crows and chattering blackbirds hold high carnival in their woodland bells. No other days are like these sparkling gems, caught from the years' full levelness, and yet so eager is this unconscious child to complete her task that all the beauty above and around has escaped her observation. Even the sharp and cruel thorns that only a little while ago were wounding ruthlessly her busy fingers have now at last lost their power to sting. But suddenly a stray note from approaching reapers, heard far above the other voices, recalls her to her present surroundings and she springs to her feet hurriedly to find her well-filled bucket upset and the treasured berries scattered widely in every direction. In her fright a snowy sunbonnet tumbles off her head, revealing a wealth of golden hair, which might challenge the sun's brightest beams, while the eyes fast filling with tears look like two violets that have lain all night in the mountain dew.

"Oh, my blackberries! my blackberries!" she cries, when at length her voice returns. "They are all spilled, and what shall I do?"  
"I am very sorry," answers a voice close beside her, "that Carlo should have behaved so badly, but you must not cry any more, little one. Surely you can remedy the matter somehow. Will you tell me what you were going to do with the berries?"

"I was picking them for mamma to make pies, or—blackberry pie. You see it is my birthday, and I am disappointed since I can have nothing else I like."  
"Ah! I understand," replies the stranger. "The loss is greater than I at first supposed. But would you tell me your name and how old you are?"  
"May—sir—only May Summerville—and I am nine years old to-day."  
"You have a very sweet and pretty one," he says, regarding the child intently, and thinking all the while how well it suited the innocent rosy face. "Now, May, you must be happy again, for I know a place not far from here where blackberries grow as thick as hairs on your head."

"Oh! do you really though?" her large blue eyes opening wide with wonder. How many there must be! I would be so glad to get some of them."  
"And so you shall, provided you will first rest yonder under that shady oak tree. You look both tired and warm."  
"Indeed I am, sir, for I have been picking ever since early morning, and it is such a trouble, Mr.—. You have not told me your name yet," she adds, with an interrogation in her wistful face.

"True enough. Mine will not be half so pretty, but easier to remember. It is simply Tom Brooks. You won't forget this ugly title, will you? And now, May, where do you go to school and how far from here is your home?"  
"First, Mr. Brooks," she answers in her old-fashioned way, "I will not forget your name, or your face either. It is such a good, kind one. If I had a grown up brother I would want him to look just like you—but sorrowfully—"I have no brother, or sister, or dear papa like Rose Nichols and Mamie Harvey. There is only mamma and myself. We live all alone in Locust Vale Cottage, and we are very, very poor." How prettily the childish lips made the avowal without a thought of shame. "Since papa died mamma can only take in sewing, raise poultry and sell vegetables from our garden. We get along very nicely, only—"

"Only what, May?" he questioned quickly, laying his hand caressingly on the bent head.  
"Why, I want to go to school next Winter, you see, and mamma is not able to send me. I have studied all through the geography and history, I have, and cannot tell what I am to

do now. It does take such a lot to go to the Academy. You have no idea?"  
"How much, May?"  
"Five dollars a quarter, besides the books and pencils and paper. Ah, dear! It is no use talking about it. I will never get there unless"—hesitatingly—"a wee pretty fairy will bring me a pot of gold. You know all about the fairies, Mr. Brooks, of course, so I need not tell you how good they are sometimes to some people."  
"Yes, dear," and who knows but that one of these gifted people will be generous to you and place a pot of gold beside your pillow while you are fast asleep?"

"Ah! Mr. Brooks," she exclaimed, clasping her hands and rising in her excitement, "I should just jump for joy."  
"And well you might," laughed Tom, until the woods gave back the echo of his voice, then he too rose to accompany this delighted child to the blackberry grounds.

This time she had little work to do, for her escort was one of Nature's own sons and well trained in the art of blackberrying. It took but a short while to replenish the bucket with its luscious fruits; then they sauntered homeward together, never stopping until May held back the wicket gate for him to enter. He looked up and extended his hand for a good-bye, but the child ignored the idea, begging him to stay to dinner and partake of her pies. "I will not enjoy them at all," she added, "unless you can help to eat them."

"And I must not spoil your pleasure second time today," he answered, "but what will mamma say?"  
Mrs. Summerville stood expectantly in the doorway of the vineclad porch awaiting the return of her daughter, and felt somewhat annoyed to find this stranger with her, but a brief explanation soon put the good woman at ease, and she readily repeated May's invitation to dine with them. And what a hospitable meal it was! Looking back through weary dissipated years, how distinct grows each object in that humble room. There is the small round table, with its spotted cloth, and ancestral china brought out upon this special occasion to hold the well browned chicken; the unequalled blackberry pie and the very last of the peach preserves. Then there rises the haunting vision of a curly head, bobbing up and down between Mrs. Summerville and her guest—the frail baby face of a child whom years of absence failed to obliterate. The meal well over, Mr. Brooks was shown the well cultivated garden, with its borders of old world flowers, while his hostess received with evident satisfaction the compliments bestowed upon her early vegetables.

Returning to the cool neat parlor he delighted his small but appreciative audience with some favorite ballads, rendered as his songs ever were with much delicate expression. Then he rose reluctantly to go, but to his utter dismay his little acquaintance was sobbing bitterly. It took some moments for her mother to quiet her, but at last she dried her eyes and went with him as far as the gate.

"You say you will return some day after you have seen all the wonders in that distant land to which you are going? Then I shall pray each night that the good God may keep you safe and bring you back to me."  
"Thank you, darling, I am sure your prayers will not remain unanswered. And now, May, it has occurred to me that as this is your birthday it would only be right for me to give you a present. But will you promise that you will not open it until the stars come out tonight, and even then you will let mamma see it first?"

"Certainly I will promise and thank you very much, although I may not see it."  
He held a sealed envelope to her, and as she accepted it, she stood on tip toe and pressed two childish lips to his cool forehead. Then Tom Brooks walked away in the evening twilight's stillness, to return no more until this infantine specimen of girlhood should have ripened into the perfect woman.

It is Autumn—Autumn with its grey haired candy tufts—its yellow valleys of golden rods and its own rich store of crimson leaves. They have fallen—these bright green tremblers under which the many passers

by rested throughout the live-long Summer's day—and now the parent arms on which they nestled are gaunt and bare as they stretch their naked arms heavenward. But the sun is still shining warm and exhilarating, even as it did on that one fall remembered day long years ago, while down by the noisy brook some tender blossoms are outliving their life.

Tom Brooks has wandered far and long under the stars of many climes, but now as he hears his little place of intense joy take possession of all his soul. He has witnessed all the palaces of India, but he still blue skies of Arabia and traversed the mountains of Switzerland as they stood bathed in their own soft misty light, but nothing he had seen has had power to conquer him so speedily as this one grassy field, with its rickety stile and the rabbits hiding artfully beneath. Noting minutely all the changes that have taken place since his departure, his eyes rest upon the humble cottage of Locust Vale. Memory, ever true to itself, brings back vividly that wee childish face that bade him adieu, and for one brief moment he relives those happy peaceful hours again.

"She must be a woman," his thoughts are telling him. "I wonder what she will be like?—some graceful princess or only the plain little country girl still? I am half tempted to go up and see if she would welcome me as warmly as she bade me good-bye. Ah! scarcely that," he added aloud, with a merry laugh. Then his reverie met with a shock. A few yards from him he discovered a woman with brush and oasel sketching with faint precision the beautiful view around her. Her face was partially turned aside, but he could recognize distinctly a very dainty head, whose rebellious curls were securely pinioned in womanly style. A soft white gown enveloped the graceful figure, finding relief only from a bunch of scarlet chrysanthemums, fastened carelessly in her belt. He paused and regarded her thoughtfully, then all oblivious of the demands of etiquette walked straight forward and extended his hand.

"Miss Summerville, I am delighted to see you. Now please guess who I am?"  
Only for a moment she hesitated, then in her gladness cried:  
"Oh! Mr. Brooks it is really you! I knew you would come back some day."  
"So you have been looking for me?" he asked in his cultured voice. "How happy you make me! I scarcely expected such a kind remembrance."  
"I have had every right to remember you," she returned very timidly now, while her cheeks flushed crimson under his searching gaze. "Such kindness as yours was too great to be lightly forgotten, and my dear mother would have suffered many hardships but for your timely aid. I must tell you, however, Mr. Brooks, that your instructions were faithfully obeyed. Not a penny of that amount was used except for my education. After I had acquired that, of course I was capable of helping both mother and myself, but, looking down uneasily, "I have saved carefully every dollar you have so liberally gave, and now nothing will give me more pleasure than to return it to you."

It was the man's time to feel disconcerted now, and then very slowly in his great disappointment he asked:  
"Was it for this you expected me, May? Truly you never could now repay me with those few paltry dollars. The wealth I crave will be harder to gain, but if you will be generous once more I may succeed. Ask me up to Locust Dale where I can plead to your mother to use her influence in my behalf. She will understand how much Tom Brooks loves the sweet child still; the sad tearful eyes that wept for him long ago; the soft, proud lips that prayed unceasingly for his return; the woman of all others—"

"And don't you think that will do?" she asked saucily, with a return of her childish glee. "Suppose I finish your sentence for you. The one woman of all others who loves you sincerely, notwithstanding the fact that you forced her to do so."  
And so they were married and lived happy ever after, as the story books tell us, not in the dilapidated cottage at Locust Vale, but in the stylish mansion at Brookville. Mrs. Summerville still resides with her daughter and always looks forward to blackberry season with feelings of delight, for now she has leisure to roam the fields over with two rosy faced, frolicking grandchildren.

**OVER THE RIVER.**  
O'er the river, where the angels  
In their white robes waiting stand,  
In the beautiful forever,  
In the lovely summer land,  
We shall see them, we shall know them,  
All the loved and lost ones dear,  
Though we miss them day by day,  
And we lose them year by year.

For the stream of death is flowing,  
Strewed with loving hands of thee,  
Waiting for the golden morning,  
That will bring you home to me.  
Every grief and care and sorrow  
That we weep, gently bear,  
Strews bright flowers in our pathway,  
Stars the crown that we shall wear.

**THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES.**  
DON'T THINK OF THEM.

The New York Times confessedly one of the ablest republican papers in the country, in a leading editorial, June 26th, announced its purpose to give Cleveland and Thurman a hearty support. After a tribute to the personal worth of the republican nominees for President and Vice President, the Times says: "But the people of this country will pass judgment upon the republican party, not upon the republican candidates. Were that party any longer worthy of confidence; had it not departed widely and hopelessly from the guidance and principles with which it won its early triumphs; were it actuated by an honest purpose to make the people of the United States more prosperous and happy than its political opponents can make them; were its professions more sincere, its policies wiser, and its leaders purer, the New York Times might not find it a distasteful task to support the candidates, commonplace as they are, who were put in nomination yesterday. But we have no faith in the party or in its leadership or tendencies, and we have only abhorrence for the monstrous policy of confiscating the gains of labor and the profits of trade by exorbitant protective taxes, which has become its only vitalizing principle. The maintenance of needless taxes for protection's sake is not and never was a principle of true republicanism. It is the principle that has created and sustained a greedy horde of manufacturers who have bought the republican party and shaped it to their uses. They took possession of its charter and control of its actions in the year 1872, when the party had already begun to rot inwardly, and, from that time, beginning with the presidential contest of that year, the intelligent and thinking voters of the country have been less and less in sympathy with republicanism, and the people as a whole have been moved by a continuing and strengthening impulse to put the party out of power. The impulse first showed itself in the liberal republican revolt of 1872, a sincere and strong movement which ended disastrously in the Greeley folly. In 1876 the people of the country, as a majority of them no doubt believed and still believe, did cast a majority of their votes against the republican candidate. An extra-constitutional body decided the contest of that election in favor of the republicans by a partisan vote of its own members, and the narrow majority of a single electoral vote. In 1880, the treachery of certain democrats, discontented with the nomination, and the use of great sums of money in Indiana and in this city and State in purchasing votes for the republican ticket, gave the party another four years lease of power. In 1884 in spite of the extraordinary growth of that most noxious weed of American politics, the Blaine dynamite vote, the late but deserved penalty of its corruption and its evil course was visited upon the republican party; and so far from having any reason to regret its action in that year, the electorate gives signs of increasing satisfaction at the change.

"Meanwhile the republican party, punished but impatient, clings to the idols the voters have spurned, and again knocks at the door of the Executive Mansion, bearing in its hand the declaration that whiskey should be free and clothing taxed, that the present protective taxes are sacred and shall not be reduced—shall be increased, rather, if ways cannot be found in jobbery and extravagance to spend fast enough the accumulating revenue. The Times will not shame its consistent record of more than twenty years by counseling the opening of that door to these unworthy applicants. Before 1868 this journal began its advocacy of the repeal of unnecessary customs taxes imposed for war purposes.

"What have we sought for freedom in our prime,  
At last to dodge and palter with a public crime?"

"Nor does the republican party invite or deserve our aid on other grounds. It has only with extreme reluctance abandoned Blaine as a candidate, and its leading newspaper organs, without rebuke, continue to protest that 'Blainism is republicanism.' We find too many reasons to accept the shameful confession as truthful. The men who were Blaine's fugitives in 1884 have still a potent influence in the direction of the party, and 'Blaine and protection' remain the only ideas which awaken any enthusiasm in the republican ranks.

"For the working out of the reforms which the Times believes to be the chief issues of our politics the democratic party, with its present candidates, is the 'better instrument,' to use Mr. Tilden's expression. Its candidates are incomparably superior to those of the republicans, and the announcement of purposes with which it enters the contest is more satisfactory, and in respect to the dominant issue is firmly right, while the other is hopelessly wrong. As regards civil-service reform, though we have had occasion to criticize the present administration for some of its errors and failures, we have greater confidence in Mr. Cleveland's sincerity and fidelity than in the written professions of a party whose leaders are unable to speak of the reform without a sneer. The Times will give Cleveland and Thurman its hearty support, and will do what lies in its power, and it is not commonly an inactive newspaper in a presidential contest, to make their majority such that there will be no doubt about it the morning after election."

New York Herald, (ind.) "Mr. Harrison has served a term in the United States Senate. He showed himself there, as in the politics of his State, a vigilant and keen, and indeed a rather bitter partisan: a thorough-going high-tariff protectionist, a man of strong will, clear-headed, but somewhat narrow; a party man rather than a statesman. He represents very accurately the present spirit of his party, its determination to keep the taxes high and spend the surplus revenues freely to resist tariff reform on extreme protectionist grounds and to get back into power if it can."

New York Star, (ind.) "Harrison is not a great man or a great political genius, but nobody need believe that he is an insignificant candidate. Everybody who has ever belonged to the republican party can support him—Stalwarts, half-breeds, Blaine men, Conkling men, all can take Harrison without any sacrifice of feeling. \* \* \* Levi P. Morton having been absent as minister to France during the whole period of Garfield's and Arthur's administration, he is not involved in the bitter factional fights of that time, and there is nothing in his nomination to interfere with the conciliatory qualities of Gen. Harrison. It is a respectable ticket all through. We warn the democrats that they will have to put forth their best efforts and bring out their utmost strength. It is no sham battle."

The New York Star, (dem.) "Personally, Harrison represents nothing except a species of aristocratic pretension to which the American people do not take kindly, and which becomes specially dangerous when placed at the head of the baser elements in politics. The support of the great monopoly corporations will not impart to the republican nominee sufficient force in the campaign to overcome his unpopularity with the masses. It will not be forgotten that it was railroad influence that selected him in preference to Allison or others who were favored by localities and influence inspired by the popular sentiment known as the granger spirit.

"With a nominee fitly chosen by the monopoly machine to represent its worst developments, without the winning personal qualities that sometimes lend strength to the representatives of failing causes, a negative candidate on a negative platform; the figure-head of a reactionary movement against equal rights and the just protection of American labor and civilization—General Harrison will be beaten most disastrously by the forces of progress and American prosperity, led for the second time to triumph by Grover Cleveland."

New York Evening Post (rep.) "The ticket nominated at Chicago after such prolonged agony is not of a kind to excite much enthusiasm, but is, nevertheless, a very respectable one, and for this we return thanks, without reserve or stint, to the republican convention and the republican party. It is an ideal condition in politics when the public have reasonable assurance that whichever party is successful, the dignity of the nation will receive no harm from the character of the occupant of the presidential office. When it is remembered how much has been escaped, how narrowly one great party has avoided a candidacy which would have again made the personal issue the absorbing one of the campaign, the feeling of thankfulness is deepened. Mr. Harrison is a fair representative of his party, not the best one, not so commanding a figure as Sherman, but infinitely better than Blaine. He has not the personal qualities that attract the multitude, nor has he accumulated the renown which belongs to an extended career; but, on the other hand, he has made none of the antagonisms which are usually inseparable from a long period of public service, and since his record is comparatively brief his opponents will find few points to attack, and his supporters will have little to defend. In brief, Mr. Harrison is not stronger than his party, but he is not weaker than his party. His nomination leaves the field open for the freest discussion of the principles which divide the American people. Mr. Cleveland is stronger than his party, but not so much stronger that the issues are likely to be obscured. It will be the merit of the coming campaign that it will be fought more distinctly on principles than any other since the first election of Gen. Grant, which determined the reconstruction of the Southern States."

New York Commercial Advertiser, (rep.) "The platform is astonishing in its proposals. I is, as we have said, un-republican and un-American. It is a platform in direct contradiction of the history, the principles, the teachings and the oft-repeated promises of the party in whose name a conspiracy of unscrupulous politicians has put it forth. Lincoln would have repudiated it with disgust and loathing, because it antagonizes individual liberty and the rights of the people in the interest of a favored and would-be aristocratic class. Henry Wilson would never have assented to it. Salmon P. Chase would have scorned it. Garfield, Grant, Arthur, McCullough and Folger left words on record which condemn its most vital parts, and we mistake the character of intelligent republicans of to-day if many thousands of them do not condemn it with their ballots as their representative newspapers have through many months condemned its suggestions in advance.

In another article, headed "What Are We Going to Do About It?" the same paper says: "What are we—the people of the United States—going to do about it? We will tell you plainly, gentlemen monopolists, who desire to tax us for your enrichment and to make of yourselves our aristocratic rulers, we are going to enforce the American idea which all great parties in this country have hitherto respected, and to which only cranks, anarchists and communists have ventured to oppose themselves. We are going to stand by the American doctrines of individual liberty, personal quality of right, the economical administration of a government that confines itself to the immediate purposes of government, and the right of the people to be relieved of taxation when the government has no legitimate need for the proceeds of taxation. We are going to oppose your schemes to tax us for your benefit. We are going to contest your right to make use of our oppression and your advantage."

The San Francisco Chronicle (republican) says: "Gen. Harrison has been selected as the republican candidate, not by the State of California, but by the great republican party in convention assembled. He now stands as the chosen representative of the principles of republicanism, and notably of that grand principle, protection, which, as Mr. Blaine says, is incalculably greater than any man, and it is the duty, and doubtless will be the pleasure, of every genuine republican (Continued on 4th Page.)"