

Saint Mary's Beacon  
JOB PRINTING  
CIRCULARS  
BLANKS  
BILL HEADS  
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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Saint Mary's Beacon  
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A Dollar a Year in Advance.  
TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:  
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Each subsequent insertion, .50  
Eight lines or less constitute a square.  
A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.  
Letting from the Assistant Foreman of the  
Delivery Department—A subject in  
which thousands are deeply con-  
cerned.

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which thousands are deeply con-  
cerned.

W. H. HARRIS,  
White & Walnut Street, New York,  
Jan. 1888.

OEHM'S ACME HALL.

## KEEP YOUR EYE

ON THE NEWS FROM OEHM'S ACME HALL THIS SEASON AND YOU WILL PROVE BY THE PURCHASE OF PRACTICAL ECONOMY IN THE PURCHASE OF DEPENDABLE CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS OUR GENUINE ESTABLISHMENT OF STURDS AND LITTLE COMPETITION. WE BEGIN WITH

**SMALL BOYS' KITS.** One and two piece kits, sizes from 2 to 6 years, in very attractive patterns, all buttoned. 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 kits here at that price than are sold for \$2 and \$3 more elsewhere. For \$12 the greatest luxury imaginable in kits.

**Shirt Waists and Hats** for small and large boys up to 12 years old, fill one entire side of our extensive Boys' Department. Thousands of Waists in Linen, French and American Patterns, fancy and plain, color and French, newest effects. Prices from 12c to \$2.50. A gorgeous array of Straw Hats, Jockey, Tam O'Shanter, etc., as well as novelties from Paris and London, in cloth and costume goods. Prices 15c to \$3.50.

**Young Men and Youths** and suits. As you have been acquainted with us, you will know that we have the best of young people. The very latest designs at very moderate prices. Suits from \$5 to \$20.

**Furnishings.** Everything to complete a gentleman's outfit. From a collar that buttons to the neck to the finest necktie, from a handkerchief to a hat and abroad. Lowest prices always.

**To Order Department.** For those who prefer their garments made to measure. As work both grade and guaranteed, and that is only our motto.

A Well to the Great Store will convince you that there is not a store in Baltimore that can compete with us. We have the best of everything that ever came to hand. The quality of our goods is such that we have a reputation for our quality and workmanship that is well known in every part of the city.

**OEHM'S ACME HALL,**  
5 & 7 W. BALTIMORE ST.,  
1300 North Charles, BALTIMORE, MD.  
May 24—1888

H. G. DUDLEY, J. W. CARPENTER  
**BUOLEY & 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.

**AFTERWARD.**  
So a summer's amusement has ended  
Your drama and mine.  
Having said "Fare thee well" to each other,  
Why should I weep?  
Did you think, when we parted forever,  
You false, and I true—  
That to me the whole world would grow  
Darker,  
The heavens less blue—  
If you fancied that I having loved you,  
Of grief should have died,  
That my life except you and your kisses,  
Held nothing better—  
You have erred for I sit not lamenting  
The love of a day  
It was far more unstable than a woe—  
An ill of the day  
There is no one that makes life all worth  
Living.  
If not quite complete  
There is love that is better and truer,  
As the ripple that swirls in my life's current,  
As the beam that glimmers in the distance,  
That summer has passed.  
It is the truth that makes life all worth  
Living.  
If not quite complete  
There is love that is better and truer,  
As the ripple that swirls in my life's current,  
As the beam that glimmers in the distance,  
That summer has passed.

**THE BRIDE'S BLACK BOX.**  
There could be no manner of doubt that Miss Joy was right when she told her two suitors she chose Dick Peppercorn. Dick, like other people, had his faults. He was very passionate and headstrong, and a little overbearing. But then a more frank honest, manly young fellow it would be hard to meet with. John Crabb, on the other hand, was a mean, suspicious, vindictive individual, who always left the impression on one's mind that he would be cruel where he dared. Miss Joy's happiness was, therefore, much more likely to be secured in Dick's keeping than in his rival's. The two rivals had been acquainted before either of them began to pay attentions to Miss Joy, but their competition for her hand soon put an end to their friendship. As the rivalry went on their relations became more and more strained, until a little time before Dick's acceptance they ended in an open quarrel. When the engagement was announced, John Crabb became perfectly mad with rage and jealousy. He went about telling mutual friends that Dick and Miss Joy had treated him immorally, and swearing that they both should yet repent it. Of course his words were soon carried to Dick's ears, and that successful youth was too happy and contented to take offense at them. At the same time, his knowledge of Crabb's cruel and vindictive character made him a touch some sign of uneasiness. He resolved, as he said, to keep his weather eye open in Crabb's direction. Once accepted, Dick, in his exuberant way, was for being married off at once. Miss Joy, of course, would not hear to such a thing—women have always such a bit of preparation to make for the happy event—but in deference to Dick's pressing wishes she consented to make her delay reasonable. They had been betrothed in the early winter, and it was settled that they should be married in the spring. As Dick's business engagements would not permit a long stay out of town at that period of the year, it was arranged that their honeymoon should consist of a fortnight or so at Brighton, and that their wedding breakfast should be set off till the autumn, when Dick would have more time at his disposal. Miss Joy, in making her preparations often availed herself of Dick's assistance. All through that week a week passed that she did not give him some commission or other to execute for her. One of these, which rather tickled his fancy, was to order for her at the boxmaker's a going-away box for her gowns, etc. She gave him minute details as to its size, shape and covering, insisted that it should be waterproof, and blushingly insinuated that the initials put upon it should be those of the names she was about to assume. Dick laughingly did all she desired—indeed, he did more, for he told all his acquaintances of the peculiar commission his future wife had given him to execute. There was some delay in forwarding the box, and two days before that fixed for the wedding Dick called at the boxmaker's to see about it. He found the box ready. Ordering it to be sent off at once, he was about to leave the shop, when Mr. Bord, in an awkward, hesitating way, stopped him. "By the way, Mr. Peppercorn," he

said, "begging your pardon for the liberty, might I ask you if you know a pale faced, oily-haired agent?" "Well, really," answered Dick, laughing, "and at the same time a little suspicious of the boxmaker's inquiry; well, really, I know several persons who would answer to your description. Might I inquire why you wish to know?" "Well, sir," said the boxmaker, awkwardly, "you see, I suspect something." "Suspect something?" repeated Dick, with a little start. "Really, I don't understand you. Pray speak plainly." "Well, sir," answered Mr. Bord, "the fact is this. A day or two ago a gent with a pale face and oily hair, as I said, called here and ordered a box, some as yours, and what struck me as queer was that he wanted some initials on it." "The initials?" "Yes, sir, and I thought I smelt a rat. Of course, I may be mistaken, but at any rate, there can be no harm in mentioning it." "Oh, none in the world," replied Dick, thinking very hard. "Many thanks for doing so. Did the gentleman give any name?" "Yes, sir—John Smith." "And address?" "No, sir; he said he would call for it, and he did so this morning." "Hm!" muttered Dick, thoughtfully. "Thanks again for telling me of it. Good day." And Dick left. "Can it be," thought Dick, as he walked away, "can it be that John Crabb is going to play some trick? Pale face and oily hair—that suits him down to the ground. Same sort of box, with same initials. Certainly looks queer. What's to be done, that's the question. Can't kick up a row with Crabb. He mayn't be the John Smith at all. Can't order another box; haven't time for that. Well, all I see that can be done is to keep a sharp lookout, and I'll take good care to do that." "As it was easier to say than to do," as Dick did not know for what to keep a sharp lookout. If the purgation of the other box were John Crabb, what was he going to do with it? For the life of him Dick could not guess. But his suspicions, though very vague, were strong enough to make him far from comfortable. The wedding day took place, and in a rooming Dick and Mrs. Dick set off for Victoria to catch the train for Brighton. Dick took good care to see that Emma's black box was properly labeled and safely deposited in the luggage van. He looked about the station to see if he could find any trace of Crabb, but utterly failed. As far as he could see, not a single passenger entered the train resembling in the least degree his defeated rival. As soon as the train started, Dick's mind became pretty easy. He began to regard his fears as groundless and dismissed them from his mind, he devoted all his thoughts to his charming little partner. This occupation he found much more pleasant than harassing himself with idle suspicions of foul play, and so he felt no inclination to return to the latter employment. All went well until the train reached Brighton. Just as they passed out of that station, Dick happened to notice a black box exactly like Emma's lying upon the platform. There were initials upon its side, but before he could make out what they were he was whirled past. This little incident gave him food for uncomfortable reflection until they arrived at Brighton. His first thought on getting out of the train there was about his bride's black box. Hurrying to the luggage van, he eagerly watched the different articles as they were thrown, railway porters' frowning upon the platform. At last everything was out, and, to his horror and rage, Emma's box was not there! His wife noticed the expression of his face. "What's wrong, dear?" she asked gently. "Why, Emma," said Dick, "your box seems to be missing."

"What?" screamed the young lady. "Hush, dear," whispered Dick, in a scolding way. "It won't matter." "Won't matter!" cried Emma, wildly. "Won't matter! Why, all my things are in it. We must go back again at once." "Hush, hush, my dear. It may be found yet. For goodness' sake don't make a scene."

His bride's excitement having calmed down, Dick turned to the guard and informed him that the lady's box was missing. "Perhaps it's in the other van, sir," replied the guard. "But I myself saw it put into this one," answered Dick. "May be mistaken, sir. At any rate let us see." Dick acquiesced, and followed the guard. Just as they reached the van what should be pitched at on the platform before them but Emma's black box. Dick examined it closely. "That's it, is it, sir?" asked the guard. "Looks very like it," answered Dick, grumblingly, "but I'll be sworn I put it into the other van." "Ah, well, sir, mistakes will happen," he said, glancing at Emma, especially under peculiar circumstances. Fly or four-wheeler, sir? Fly. All right, Porter, take this to a fly."

While the porter was handing the box and Dick's portmanteau to the driver, the fly in front of the one engaged for Dick and his bride drove off. Dick glanced at it. To his amazement he noticed that before the young fellow in it was a box exactly similar to Emma's. His suspicions once more aroused, Dick went to the porter who had put the box in the fly. "Did you hear," he asked him, "the address that fly drove to?" "Yes, sir," replied the porter, a bit startled. "What was it?" "No. 13 Salt street, Hove."

"Thank you," said Dick, slipping a shilling into his hand. "Then, getting into his own fly, he derided the driver to go to the Norfolk, where rooms were engaged for himself and his wife. If a trick were being played him, he at least knew where to find the perpetrator. Emma's box, on their arrival at the Norfolk, was taken to the bedroom, where she herself followed it. Dick went to his dressing room to have a brush-up before dinner. He expected his bride would soon find occasion to open her trunk, and he waited in patience to see if anything were wrong. He was not long in suspense. Suddenly there was a scream of amazement and horror. Rushing into the bedroom, he found his wife standing before the open box with a face full of surprise and rage. Evidently there was something wrong. Dick at once advanced and looked into the box. The sight convulsed him with fury. What did it contain but a collection of powder boxes and powder puffs, of bottles of carmine, of towsey wigs, dress improvers, pads of every description—everything in fact, which a worn-out beauty finds it necessary to carry with her to rehabilitate her looks, but there were none of the nice dresses and new clothing with which poor Emma had provided herself. Dick was wild with rage. Stealing Emma's wardrobe was bad enough, but putting such things in its place was grossly insulting. To insinuate that his young, pretty, blooming bride needed the resources of art to maintain her beauty! It was perfectly abominable! "Stay where you are, Emma," he said to his wife, as soon as his anger permitted him to speak. "I know who the scoundrel is and where he is. You shall soon have back your things. And before Emma had time to say a word Dick was off in a cab, and driving at a breakneck speed to Hove. He soon found No. 13 Salt street. He knocked loudly at the door, and in a moment a maid servant answered the summons. "I want," said Dick, speaking as calmly as he could, "I want to see the person—he could not bring himself to say gentleman—who arrived here a short time ago with a black box." "He's at his dinner, sir."

"Is he? Well, I must disturb him." And, without more ado, Dick pushed open the door and walked into the hall. "Tell him now," he said, "that a gentleman insists on seeing him at once." The girl ran off, and in a moment returned and asked Dick to come with her. She took him into a little drawing room. A moment later the door opened and a young man entered. A glance showed Dick that he was not John Crabb; another, that he was in

a state of great nervousness and dread. "Ah, ha," thought Dick, "this is Crabb's villainous agent, and he sees he is discovered!" "Sir," said Dick to the young man, "I have come about the black box you brought from the station." "The young man started." "May I ask," he inquired nervously, "what you want about it?" "I want, sir," cried Dick, in a voice of thunder, to see it and its contents." "My gracious! It's all found out," said the youth despairingly. "Yes, sir, it is, I suspected the trick, and now I have caught you." The young man shook his head in sorrow. "Yes, sir, and I brand you as a thief!" continued the infuriated Dick. "The young man quivered." "Yes, as a thief! And to-morrow, sir, you'll take your place in the dock!" "Oh, sir, spare me! Don't, for heaven's sake, expose me!" "Don't appeal to me, sir," replied Dick, whose blood was up. "Both you and your infamous employer shall be indicted." "The young man started." "My employer?" he repeated, inquiringly. "I don't quite understand you, sir."

"None of this foolery," cried Dick, furiously. "I'm Mr. Richard Peppercorn, and I come to claim my wife's box, which you, at John Crabb's instigation, stole." "Sir," said the youth surprised, but at the same time relieved, "the box is mine, and I never heard of such a person as John Crabb." Dick gazed at the speaker, absolutely speechless with fury. "Produce the box, he at last contrived to mutter in a hoarse voice. "But—" objected the young man. "Produce the box!" roared Dick. Scared half out of his wits, the young fellow left the room, and a moment afterward returned, dragging in the black box. Pointing to the initials E. V. P. upon it, Dick asked: "Are those your initials?" "No," answered the bewildered youth, hesitatingly, "but they were on the box when I got it."

"I dare say they were," answered Dick, grimly. "Yes, I got it at Mr. Bord's—"

"Oh, then, you're John Smith, are you?" "John Smith? Not at all. My name is William Skelton. What makes you think I was John Smith?" asked the youth, greatly surprised. "Because Mr. Bord told me that that was your name, and that you ordered a box exactly similar to my wife's."

"But I didn't order the box at all!" rejoined the youth. "I bought it ready made." Dick threw upon Mr. Skelton a look of unutterable contempt. "I assure you it's a fact," protested the unfortunate Skelton. "I wanted a box in haste for a certain purpose, and not finding any to suit me but the one with these initials on Mr. Bord let me have it on condition that I promised to paint off the letters. I wish to goodness I had done so; it would have saved me all this trouble."

Dick could not but notice the strong appearance of sincerity in the young man's voice and manner. If he were acting, he was acting uncommonly well. "Well," said Dick, more calmly than hitherto, "you can easily prove the truth of your story and that that is not my wife's box by opening it."

Mr. Skelton was greatly embarrassed. "Oh, no!" cried Dick, raging again. "You're afraid, are you? Well, shall I call in the police?" "No, no, I don't like to open it, because it contains something queer, but if you won't split—"

"Open it, I repeat, and if the box is not my wife's I'll apologize and withdraw."

Hesitatingly the young man produced his keys. With some difficulty he unlocked the box. When he threw back the lid he started with astonishment. The first thing that met his eyes was a lady's white petticoat. "Well," said Dick, glaring upon him in a sort of furious triumph. "What do you say to that? Is that your box? Is that the 'something queer' you had in it? Eh?" "The young man was so dazed that for a moment he did not answer.

"No," he said at last, "that's not mine. My gracious, where is mine? Good heavens, what will happen? Where on earth can my box have got to?" "Don't trouble yourself on that account," said Dick, grimly, "my wife has it safe enough." "Eh? Your wife?" exclaimed Mr. Skelton. "She didn't open it, I trust?" "Oh, yes, she did," replied Dick, and saw the kind of outrages you are capable of!" "Good God!" said Mr. Skelton, quite horrified. "I hope she wasn't much frightened?" "Frightened?" replied Dick, angrily. "What the deuce should she be frightened at? Do you think she never saw powder and paint and dress improvers and—and—the rest before? She does not use them herself, of course, but do you suppose she never saw or heard of them till now?" "But my box didn't contain powder and dress improvers," replied Mr. Skelton, astonished. "Didn't it, though?" "No, really, sir, it didn't contain anything of the kind."

"What did it contain, then?" said Dick, ironically. "It contained—and here Mr. Skelton dropped his voice and whispered something to Dick. "A what?" demanded Dick. "Mr. Skelton again whispered something in Dick's ear. "Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Dick. "I hope she hasn't come on that yet, or there'll be the deuce to pay. Look here, Skelton or Jones or whatever your confounded name is, are you humbugging me, or are you not?" "I'm not—I swear I'm not, Mr. Peppercorn," protested Mr. Skelton. "Well, then, come with me to the Norfolk, and see the box that is there. If it's not yours, both you and I have been victimized by that rascal Crabb, and you'll know what to do."

Away the two men set off for the Norfolk with Mrs. Dick's box in the fly beside them. Arrived there, Mrs. Dick received back her box with delight, and Mr. Skelton vehemently protested that the box she had was not his. "Mine," he said, "must have been taken by the man Crabb who spoke of in mistake for yours. I swear I never saw that one before."

"Well," put in Mrs. Dick, "we've got ours all right anyway. If this gentleman wants his, give him Mr. Crabb's address, and let him go there."

Dick rather grumbled at this proposal. He was not altogether convinced that Mr. Skelton was so innocent as he pretended to be, but still it seemed the only course open, and so, after some little discussion, it was agreed that Dick should give Mr. Skelton Crabb's address, that Mr. Skelton should return to London at once, and that when he had seen Crabb he should let Dick know the result.

Three hours later a telegram reached Dick. It was from Mr. Skelton, and came from London. It ran as follows: "Have just recovered my box. Went to Crabb's lodgings, and thought at first I'd found two subjects instead of one. Crabb, on opening box had come upon it, and the shock made him unconscious. Took me nearly an hour to bring him round. He's still awfully bad."

"What does he mean by it, dear?" asked Emma, on reading the telegram. "Oh, nothing love," replied Dick. "It's all right."

"By George," thought Dick to himself. "What a narrow escape. If she had only got that medical student's box, with a dead man's head and shoulders in it, what an awful thing it would have been. Crabb's fainting would have been nothing to it. Still, Mr. Crabb has been nicely caught this time. He won't be so fond of playing spiteful tricks in the future. I should have liked to have seen him open Skelton's box."—London Truth.

BENEVOLENT PHILOSOPHY.—Harry's mother, having heard for some little time what seemed to be a moaning or crying in some distant part of the house, had a search made, and found in a remote, very small and perfectly dark closet, the family dog, Leo by name, shut in, with scarcely room enough to turn around. How did he get there? Why, Harry had shut him up, of course. Harry was summoned and questioned. "Why did you shut Leo in that closet?" "Oh, 'cause he'd feel so good when he got let out!"

IMPURE FOOD.—Exceeding caution should be exercised in the purchase of a new article of food. Many recent cases of serious illness have been reported from the use of the new patent foods for infants, from untested baking powders, and cheap flavoring extracts. The desire for rapid wealth induces unscrupulous manufacturers to place anything before the public that will sell at a large profit, without regard to its usefulness or healthfulness. At present there is a great raid upon the baking powder market, and so many impure and adulterated articles of this kind have been found peddled about the country that the authorities in several of the States have taken the necessary action to expose them. The report of the Ohio State Food Commission has shown that a large number of the baking powders sold here are made from alum, phosphates, or a cheap and adulterated cream of tartar. The danger to the public is made still greater by the unblushing effrontery with which the proprietors of these impure powders advertise them as perfect, claiming for them all kinds of false and impossible endorsements. The official report of the Ohio State Food Commission gives the names of a number of these impure powders, and the amount of impurity and inert matter in each as follows:

NAME	PER CENT. OF IMPURITIES, ETC.
Dr. Price's	12.66
Sterling	12.63
Cleveland's	10.18
Pearson's	14.39
Scioto (alum)	18.25
Fores City (alum)	24.04
Crown (alum)	25.09
Silver Star (alum)	31.88
De Land's	32.52
Horsford's (phosphate)	36.49
Kenton (alum)	38.17
Patapeco (alum)	40.08
One Spoon (alum)	58.68

The impurities in the powders above mentioned were found to consist of various matters. In Cleveland's and Dr. Price's powders the principal impurities were lime and Rochelle salts, which were found in large quantities. The impurities in Horsford's (Rumford) powder were composed of phosphate of soda, lime, etc. The impurities found in the other powders named were principally alum and lime. From the report of the Commission it is evident that the Royal Baking Powder is of the highest degree of strength and purity.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.—"Speaking of lost opportunities," incidentally remarked a man who had some experience himself, "always reminds me of that Kentucky chap who visited a city. His friend showed him all the big men of the place, saying, 'There is Mr. So-and-So, who made a million by taking advantage of this or that opportunity, and this man's house was built by a gentleman who never let the main chance go.'"

Ah, yes, I see said the Kentuckian, and he went home.

The next year his friend came to visit him, and the host took him around to see the sights.

You showed me lots of big men who knew when to hit the nail on the head. You see that man over there in the poorest of clothes?

Yes.

Well, sir, twenty-five years ago he came here, peddling potatoes in a little tin pan. Guess what he's worth now.

A million?

No, he ain't. Not a cent, and his tin pan is spouted. And he always took advantage of his opportunities. How's that?

He was a true Kentuckian; he never refused the offer of a dram.

Since I heard of that, concluded the visitor, I made up my mind that it depends upon how things turn out whether they are opportunities. If for the good they are opportunities. Otherwise, they have another name.

—We are getting tired of reading about the "V-shaped corsage." Give some other letter a chance. Is V the only letter that combines the greatest area of exposure with the most perfect sense of modesty.

—And your dear husband has gone to heaven? "Well, I can't say positively as to that. He didn't let on where he was going. I guess he thought it best to keep sort of quiet or some of his creditors might get on his trail."

—We lead but one life here on earth. We must make that beautiful, and to do this, health and elasticity of mind are needful, and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided.