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.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XLIX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1888. NO. 399

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:

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

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ESTABLISHED 1822

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Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

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

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FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, BANISTERS, MOULDINGS, MANTELS, BRACKETS AND ALL KINDS OF WOOD WORK.

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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 8, 1886—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 *here* 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 boy, 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, Derbys, Fancy Shapes, &c., as well as novelties from Paris and London in cloth and cassimere goods. Prices 19c 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 finest novelties in neckwear 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 Outing 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 work than any shop amply proves all parcels sent.

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.

Job Printing done with neatness and despatch.

PROFESSIONAL.

RICHARD B. TIPPETT,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

11 E. Lexington St., (Rooms Chas. Bldg.) Md.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of Maryland, Courts of Charles and St. Mary's counties. Special attention given to collections. Formerly a member of and counsel for the late firm of R. J. Christy & Co. 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 5—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 intrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate.

June 8 1m.

JOHN 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—y.

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 N. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 3—tf.

HENRY P. 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

WEEMS LINE STEAMERS.

PATUXENT RIVER ROUTE

SCHEDULE FOR FRUIT SEASON OF '88.

Beginning Sunday July 29th, steamers will run as follows from Piers 8 and 9 Light Street Wharf.

For Fair Haven, Plum Point and Governor's Run daily except Sunday at 6 a. m. Returning leave Governor's Run at 1:30 p. m., Plum Point at 3 p. m., Fair Haven at 5 p. m.

For Patuxent River as far as Lower Marlboro' daily at 5 p. m., extending the Sunday and Wednesday trips as far as Bristol. Returning will leave Bristol at 6 a. m. Monday and Thursday, Lower Marlboro' daily except Sunday, at 9 a. m., Benedict 11 a. m., Williams', 1:30 p. m., Sotterley 4 p. m., St. Leonard's 6 p. m., Millstone 8 p. m. Steamers from Baltimore on Sundays and Wednesdays will take no freight to landings below Benedict and will not call at Cove Point, Solomon's Island, Sellers', St. Leonard's, Parker's or Williams'. Steamers to Baltimore will not call at Parker's, Solomon's Island or Cove Point on Thursday.

Freight received for all points daily.

HENRY WILLIAMS, Agent,

428 Light Street.

JOHN A. DENT

WITH

CARROLL & ENEY,

DEALERS IN

FINE SHOES & HATS,

203 Hanover Street,

1 Door South of Pratt,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Dec 1—y

JAS. S. CRAWFORD, Washington, D. C. THOS. E. TURNER Pr. Geo. Co., Md.

CRAWFORD & TURNER,

GENERAL

Commission and Produce,

No. 937 B St., Northwest,

Washington, D.C.

REFERENCE—Citizens' Nat'l Bank Washington, D. C.

Sept. 29—y.

Tournament and Dinner

Near St. Nicholas Church Wednesday, August 29th. Riding at 2 p. m. Entrance fee, $1. Knights to report to William H. Floyd, Jarbosville P. O.

FALL OF THE COON DOG.

He has entirely disappeared, and so has the Hunter.

Among those species of animals which may be said to have become extinct is the coon dog of our fathers. He was of no particular strain of blood, but he united the keen scent of the deerhound with the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the tenacity of the bull dog with the stealth of the panther. With less accomplishments than these he might have been good on a fox or deer trail, but following a coon would probably have been safe in his keeping he might have been able to hold his own in a fight, or have stood an excellent chance of succeeding as a sheep-stealer, but he couldn't have been a coon dog. For your coon is a cute and tricky customer, and crammed with patience. Moreover, he leaves behind him the coldest, most scentless trail of any animal that runs. He leads you through tangled swamps and deep, stony hollows. He crosses and recrosses swift running streams. He frisks along the top of rough stone walls as silent and swift as a shadow. He stops within a dozen feet of some convenient well, clears the intervening space at a bound, strikes a tree, and glides up to the longest limb, runs to its extremity, and leaps a dozen feet beyond it to the ground again, breaking his trail abruptly on one side and beginning it as confusingly abrupt on the other.

He invents tactics for emergencies, and brings to every consideration of his welfare and that of his family a large and uniformly level head. He plays his cards well, and the dog that would beat him must need both bowers and the ace, with strong cards to back them. These the coon dog of our fathers always had.

There were, as I remember twenty-five years ago, the still-hunting coon dog and the coon dog who let you know at every step that he was getting there. There was mixed up with the methods of the still hunter an element of greater certainty that you would get your coon than there was with the more melodious system of the dog that mouthed his presence in the shadowy chase, but the style of the latter put more tingle in your blood and buoyed you up with sweeter expectancy. There was something weird and uncanny in following the still dog in all the turnings and windings of the gloomy woods at night. He crept among the tangled brush and deep ravines, climbed abrupt knolls and worked his serpentine way down into the deep hollows, turning, doubling, shifting, crossing and recrossing his track, like the labyrinthian tracing of a ship's capricious course, silent as the night around him, stealthily as the twilight shadow.

His very silence brought him to the prize. As the trail of the unsuspecting coon became warmer, the noiseless pursuer grew still more cautious until the game was in sight, then he rushed upon it like an avalanche, and the pent-up music of his soul went forth in one fearful howl of triumph and the surprised and frightened coon knew that his nights were numbered.

THE LOUD-MOUTHED DOG.

But it was different with the dog that gave tongue as he hunted. He made music in the night—not the silvery treble of the foxhound, floating down from the hill on the frosty air, and drawn out in sweet cadenza by every willing echo, nor yet the mellow bass of the deerhound, swelling over the ridges clear and far sounding as a bugle note, but a pleasant, though a staccato, song of his own, half bark, half bay—a cheerful mingling of melody with business.

The baying coon dog always had a better nose than his noiseless brother, and he needed to have. The coon never knew when the silent dog was on his track, and consequently did not bring to his protection the many wiles and stratagems that he at once resorted to when the cry of the other dog rang out on the trail. It was then that he manœuvred to throw false scents, and the brook and the bramble, the hill and the hollow, were all impressed in his service in his race for life; and it was then that the baying coon dog of our fathers came out strong. Step by step he unravelled the tangled and well-hidden scent, constantly sounding his wild challenge to the coon to do his best, until the hunted animal's repertory of wiles was exhausted, and, accepting the inevitable, he climbed a tree. When the dog [illegible] and he [illegible] brought the coon to [illegible] his music [illegible] bay changed to a loud, quick bark, [illegible] signal to the hunter following on [illegible] that the coon was treed.

But with the w[illegible] coon hunting went out of fashion [illegible] pastime, and the race of trained [illegible] dogs gradually became extinct. There are coon dogs and [illegible] hunters yet, but they are not the coon [illegible] of our fathers, and the hunters are [illegible] rally shiftless, hand-to-mouth m[illegible] of the com[illegible] are [illegible] to have it known that they go [illegible]ching. Yet twenty-five years ago the Colonel and the Squire, the Dominie and the Deacon were the nightly hounders of this wily game, and vied with each other in being known as the best coon hunter in their respective bailiwicks.

Once in those rare days a new preacher was settled over a backwoods district in Pike county. He was not wise in the ways of the woods. Early in his first autumn on the charge he began the usual protracted meeting season. By-and-by he noticed that on moonlit and starlit nights his congregation was made up of women only. Finally he asked the reason of this. A sister rose and said:

"It's 'cause the coonin's better n 'tis in the dark o' the moon, Dominie. Soon ez the moon darks the men'll jine ye."

Sure enough, when the "moon darked," the brethren were all in their places in the meeting house, joining heartily in the proceedings. The pastor remonstrated with them publicly.

"While you have been idling after coons," said he, "there may have been those in this district who do not hunt coons, and whom you might have led here and saved their souls."

Deacon Brown rose up in meeting and said:

"Dominie, if thez any one in this deestric' ez don't hunt coons his soul hain't wuth savin'."

There was sport in the coon hunt for our fathers, and in a great measure a man's importance in some communities was judged by the number of coon skins he could nail to his barn door the next morning after a hunt.

Why the coon has come to be despised by the sportsmen in these later days is one of those things about which the remark has once or twice been made that no fellow can find out. He is as cunning as the fox and more difficult to trail. He is, moreover, the cleanest of animals and eats only the most wholesome food. He should not be despised surely because he can be hunted only at night, for in threading the woods in the darkness, following dogs that you cannot see, and whose baying alone breaks the stillness, there is a most singular enchantment.

THEIR STRANGE HABITS.

Even in localities where coons are most abundant nine out of ten of the present generation never saw one, and few people know anything about them or their habits. Although the coon prefers the vicinity of civilization as his habitat he plans to keep aloof from the eyes of men and his habit renders this an easy task. By the day he lies close in out-of-the-way retreats, in the depths of hollow trees or isolated crevices and holes in the rocks. He wanders forth only at night, and although his foraging expeditions may take him to the very doors of farmers, and even within the boundary lines of villagers, he never betrays his presence. If more than one coon is brought to bay in a tree they will invariably be females or a mother coon and her offspring. The female brings forth her litter only once in two years, and from the coming of the litter to the arrival of another she and her young are never separated.

She keeps her little family together till they are two years old, and in protecting them will fight to the death the attacking dog or hunter. Many a good coon dog has been forced to retreat before the fury of a she coon fighting for her young, and if she is captured the whole family fall victims to the hunter. The animal scent the coon leaves on the trail is at all times less than that of any other game quadruped, and when the female is nursing her young during the summer months her scent is hardly perceptible to the dogs, thus saving her and her litter from many a race for life. The scent of the coon grows stronger as the cold weather advances and through November and December the dogs follow it with comparatively little difficulty.

While the female coon is social and domestic, the male is quite the reverse. He is surly and solitary, ranges entirely alone, and gives no care or attention to family matters. If two males meet in the woods or fields they fight furiously and not infrequently to the death. An old coon hunter of this vicinity tells how he once surprised two male coons fighting in a corn-field. They were so frantically in earnest that they flew into each other even after the dogs had jumped upon them and taken a hand in the dispute. The male makes his range for forage much wider than the female does, and having no one to look after but himself more frequently escapes the hunter.

In spring and summer the margin of brooks and ponds and the soft mud in swamps and bays in every coon country are always thickly indented with the graceful footprints of the coon, for in these months he spends his nights in catching frogs, fish, lizards, grubs and mussels, which are then his chief subsistence.

HOW AND WHAT HE EATS.

Later on he ranges among the huckleberry and blackberry patches and feasts on the fruit. When the milk comes in the corn is the coon's gala time, for he loves the tender succulent grains, as the farmer knows to his sorrow, and great are the risks he will take to forage in the fields. It is not until the berries are gone and the corn grown tough in the ear that the coon begins to look about for his winter stores. These he lays by plentifully from the beechnut, chestnut and acorn crops and on these crops depends the hunting of the coon when he is at his best. During the nutting season he is fat and solid and wide awake provided there are plenty of nuts. If the crops are a failure the coon goes to his winter quarters thin and scrawny and poorly prepared for the long winter's sleep and fast, wanders forth on every day of the thaw, although the snow may lie deep on the ground, in search of such fag ends of provender as may fall to his lot. At such times the unfortunate coon may be seen hovering, wan and haggard, on the edges of the farm and door yards, waiting for an opportunity to pick up scraps from the kitchen, the poultry yard, or the pig-sty. One peculiarity of the coon, which like most of his peculiarities, have escaped the attention of the naturalists who write books, is that he never touches food until he has quaffed at some spring or brook, even if he is compelled to go far to find it. Old coon hunters say that the coon dips every mouthful of his food into water before eating it, but, like all old hunters, old coon hunters say a great many things that it would bother them to prove.

It is doubtful whether there are many people who know that in no other country on the globe besides the American continent can the coon be found, and although he is a favorite game in the South, is nowhere so gamy and excellent in condition as in the Middle States. When the coon grows inordinately fat and large he lessens his chance of falling a victim to the hunter, he then ventures but a short distance from his hiding place and gives the dog small opportunity for finding his trail. It was rare, for this reason, even in the days when coon hunting was a science, that a coon over twenty pounds in weight was ever bagged, although they have been known to attain a weight of forty pounds.

The hills and valleys of northern Pennsylvania were always great retreats for the coon, but never were these maligned animals so plentiful as this year. The manner in which the opportunities they offer for "rare good sport" are neglected is enough to make the bones of the dead and gone lovers of the star lit chase turn and rattle in their graves. Hunters go out on the barren hills daily and stand shivering on a wind-swept runway, waiting for the deer that never comes, or tramp from morning to night through swampy swales and brambly thickets hunting the pheasant that fails to rise, while a sport that famous men loved and elevated and grew enthusiastic over years ago, and from which no hunter can return without pleasure and profit, goes begging on every side. What the country needs is sportsmen with less affectation and more snap and the coon dog of our fathers. ED. MOTT.

A FLYING TRIP.

Mrs. Acker and yours, until my funeral, expected to have gone to the city last week, but we didn't get there for the following bad and pesky reasons.

We were somewhat late for the train, owing, so says Mrs. N. Y. A., to my inborn carelessness; but I claim I contracted the habit about the same time my wife became the posses or of a marriage certificate.

Mrs. Acker was hustling around putting on her duds, when she happened to think she wanted a pair of gloves which had been left up-stairs, and I must scoot up-stairs and get the desired hand-squeezers.

The going-up was not as long in being accomplished as the construction of the Washington monument, but the downward motion! Scissors and shears! Wasn't that expedited? But I hardly think I came down easy. And now that I come to reflect over the matter I know I did not. No, siree, I didn't, I came down hard, very, very hard, on the floor at the bottom of the stairs, and there I sat investigating the lump on the rear of my cranium, the abrasion on my elbow, and—and—but I'll not enumerate. I received a souvenir from each step but four of the stairs.

The final object upon which I bumped was my hat, and, being what is commonly designated as a stove-pipe, of course it was ruined beyond the slightest possibility of resurrection.

Before serenity reigned again the hackman had nearly worn out the clapper of the door bell trying to make the Acker family understand that it was time to adjourn the debating society.

We shook things up lively, and, accompanied by a hat out of the rag bag, tumbled into the hack, and rattled away to the depot, where we arrived just in time to catch on the rear platform as the train was moving out.

Mrs. Acker scrambled up first, and took some seconds at it, and left me grasping the rail, making frantic efforts to keep up with the accelerated motion of the car, while about every rod I would slap down one foot upon the ground with the force of a sledge hammer, with the seeming result of driving my heel up through the spinal column, and taking up lodging in the nape of my neck.

Thus I went bravely on emulating the antics of the mythical flying eater of sauerkraut.

"Hi, whooh! Go in, old flying machine, I'll bet on yer," yelled an urchin who was standing beside the track, while a mongrel cur came tearing, yelping out, thinking my coat tails were a flock of geese, which he was in duty bound to frighten off.

The cars at length gained such headway that my feet only touched the ground once in every three and nine rods, my hair was letting go my scalp, and I breathed by jerks, when the brakeman came out, and hauled me upon the platform.

Just after I had succeeded in regaining my breath, out rushed the conductor, followed by Mrs. Acker. The conductor shouted,—

'Are you this woman's husband?'

'I'll be dod shivered if I am not, that is, what there is left of me.'

'Well, then, geim'e your tickets.'

'Haven't got any. I have just been hauled on this gosh slammed car without time to say Jack Robinson, let alone buying tickets.'

'Then I must have the money.'

I shoved my hand in my pocket, and pulled out my keys.

In my hurry I had left my purse at home. I jumped upon my feet, and stared at Brass-buttons, who said,—

'Come, come, tickets or money.'

'Well, darn my looks, if I've got either,' I exclaimed.

'Then you must get off at the next station.'

'What!' shrieked I in amazement, 'you presume to pretend that you are going to put me off this train—me, Nimble Yankee Acker, Esq.?'

'Yes.'

'Great Scott! Why, sir, I'm a writer—on author, sir!'

'Don't know you. Come down with the money or off you go.'

'Jehu! but'—

'Come; the money. I haven't time to be fooling with a hatless lunatic,' cried Brassbuttons, as he slammed the door, through which issued the titters of the passengers.

'Hatless.' I clapped my hand on my head. 'Good Heavens! I am disgraced.'

I subsided.

We got off at the next station, and I looked around for a conveyance to take us home, but no one would let me have one without the money.

Finally I came across a man who compromised by driving us home, making me promise to pay immediately after arriving, and let him wear my nickle plated watch until he had the lucre in his paw.

I didn't feel like pushing the experiment further, and therefore did not try to buy a hat, but made a turban of Mrs. Acker's shawl.

We met several parties on the road, and were often greeted with the exclamation,—

'Gypsies, by hockey!'

Mrs. Acker declares she will not be good enough to go to church again until after next communion Sunday.

I am now convalescing, but still mad as a March hare.

SOME CURIOUS VERDICTS.—The duties of those who serve on coroners' juries, says the *Detroit Free Press*, do not ordinarily suggest anything very funny, and yet some laughable results come from their work, particularly if they do not exactly understand what is expected of them.

An amusing story is told of a verdict brought in by a Western jury impaneled to inquire into the cause of the death of a man supposed to have committed suicide. The verdict was brief and to the point, the foreman saying simply:

"We, the jury, find the deceased guilty as charged."

Another jury examined a great many witnesses in the case of a man run over by a railroad engine. The verdict was:

"We find him to have come to his death by being cut in two by a railroad engine whereby he could not breathe, hence he choked to death."

A coroner's jury in the backwoods of Missouri heard the evidence in the case of a man killed by a runaway team and brought in the following verdict:

"The jury find the dead deceased to have come to his death in the hands of a runaway team, the horses being blameless they being frightened by a dog."

It is told of an old German that he sat stolidly and stupidly on a coroner's jury and listened to all the evidence, after which he walked over toward the corpse with some degree of curiosity. Lifting the cloth he started back, turned toward the other jurymen in amazement and afright, and cried out:

"Mine Got, shentlemen, dot man ish dead!"

A jury in a Missouri rural community deliberated three hours over the corpse of a woman burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp. The following verdict was then announced in writing:

"*Resolved*, That the diseased was burn to deth. The joory."

A man supposed to be a tramp, was found dead in the woods out West. A jury inquired into the cause of his death and reported as follows:

"The jury does not find that the dead man has been foully dealt with, and it is of the opinion that he died simply because his time had come and there was no getting out of it."

AND MARY DIDN'T REFUSE.—Mary—Don't you dislike to have a man talk shop when he comes to see you?

Jennie—Indeed, I do! Who's being talking shop to you?

Mary—Oh, my young man. He's a street car conductor, you know, and nearly every time he comes to see me he gets off his shop talk.

Jennie—What does he say?

Mary—Sit closer, please.—Burlington Free Press.

A WARNING TO ATHLETICS.—Landlady—Mr. Spry, I understand you are an athlete?

Mr. Spry—Yes, ma'am; I am the champion high jumper of our club.

Landlady—Indeed? Well, hereafter I shall have to ask you to pay me in advance. I have had enough of board jumpers.—Omaha World.

BOTH SAFE.—So Reddy has been drowned. Pretty rough on his family.

Oh, no, not so bad. The family's all right. He had a ten thousand dollar life insurance policy; but it may be rough on Reddy himself.

Oh, no, he's safe enough. He had a fire insurance policy, too.