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"SIMPLY GRAND!" IS THE GENERAL EXCLAMATION of all who visit the Mammoth One-Price Cash Store.

It is my delight to announce to you a first class line of FALL and WINTER GOODS. It is truly a Variety Store.

Only can give a few in each department as it would fill every column of this valuable paper to give in detail all its innumerable contents.

SHOE DEPARTMENT. I call your attention to the old ever-reliable Tucker, Smith & Co's Shoes.

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Furniture Department. I have the pleasure to call again your attention to Furniture.

Clothing Department. I have positively the Finest, Cheapest line of Clothing ever shown in Leonardtown.

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Ladies' Cloak Department. Your attention, Ladies, please to these goods, never before brought to Leonardtown.

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J. W. JOHNSON, Leonardtown.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XLIX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1888. NO. 415

ESTABLISHED 1822. JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT, DEALER IN Lumber, Shingles, Laths, NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c. MANUFACTURER OF FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, RAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS, BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF WOOD WORK.

B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention. March 18, 1886-v.

FINE DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE, Wedding and Birthday Presents.

UNDERTAKING. COFFINS and CASKETS of latest style finished at shortest notice and at prices to suit the times.

TWO HEARSE always at hand. HORSESHOEING, \$1.00 Cash. (If booked, \$1.25)

REPAIRING, PAINTING and TRIMMING a specialty. Having accepted an agency for J. W. Delaplaine's Marble Works, I am prepared to furnish Monuments, etc. at reasonable rates.

LUMBER. B. R. ABELL, agent for the large lumber dealer, J. H. D. SMOOT, of Alexandria, will keep constantly on hand in Leonardtown.

Harry Spalding, LEONARDTOWN, MD. DRUGGIST, Pure Drugs, Pharmaceutical Preparations and genuine Perfumes, Extracts, Colognes, Soaps, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Hair Brushes, Flesh Brushes, Pomades, Castor Oil, etc.

Trespass Notice. All persons are hereby forewarned from trespassing with dog or gun, or otherwise, on the farm called and known as "Society Hill," situated in the 3rd district.

Oct 18-1m

Fleeing From the Red Men. It was a fine day in the latter part of October, forty years ago, when the regiment to which General Crook was attached in the office of first lieutenant, was stationed at the isolated little post of Brown's Hole, Ore.

The fort originally was a hollow square of log cabins, with roofs and floors constructed of mud. Around the outside were numerous shanties where the families of the white trappers remained while the latter were absent among the mountains on their runs.

The Shoshones were the nearest assimilated to the whites, and during the severer months nearly the whole tribe would pitch their lodges on the plain around Brown's Hole, while scores of hunters and trappers congregated within the stockade or among the Indians, and a scene of enjoyment, such as they rarely experienced, was indulged in.

General Rufus Terrell was in command in those days, and in order to be fully prepared for the contemplated descent of the savages he detailed Lieutenant Crook and a portion of his troop of cavalrymen to reconnoiter the country as far as was safe and take observation as far as was possible and ascertain whether or not the Indians were already on the move.

The scouting party was composed of men every one of whom had been selected as skilled in Indian warfare. On the present occasion, however, Crook realized that celerity of action was much more essential, rather than any great finesse of movement or knowledge of contending with the bloodthirsty denizens of the North.

At a given signal they were off, and when the hardy little band of horsemen had reached the last point from which their forms were visible to the soldiers watching their departure, they wheeled, gave a round of cheers, and then, ere the answering shout had died away, in a mournful echo, they were hidden, some of them forever, over the shadowy swell of the plain.

At sundown that night they came to a small river, a tributary to the Big Horn, where they struck camp for the night. And as yet no Indian "sign" had been discovered. The Shoshone scout was stolid and uncommunicative, and when asked when something of the enemy might be expected to become discernible he simply grunted: "To-morrow!"

The stream upon which they bivouacked was narrow, but deep and clear, flowing swiftly over a bed of white pebbles that could be seen glistening far out from the shore. The water, hardly ever free from the snow of the mountains, was of icy coldness. The grass along its banks was luxuriant, and the soldiers tethered their jaded animals, while they busied themselves with their evening repast.

"Nez Perce in de valley" was painted on my way to Brown's Hole—kill soldier—run off horse—kill much heap bad Indian!" The Indian's quick eye had discovered the proximity of the foe, and Lieutenant Crook, closely surveying the country, discovered that the red scout was pointing directly at a deep rent, or arroyo that cut the huge furrow into the earth, and across the rugged plain on which they found themselves.

Next he discovered a trail of blue smoke arising from the valley, and knew that they were being followed. A consultation was held, short but conclusive. The Indians, if not in great numbers, should be attacked. If the force was too large the troop would draw off to a safe distance and watch their movements.

Two good men were sent forward to reconnoiter. They returned in the course of an hour and informed Crook that there were but twenty of the Indians, and that they were on the war-path. They were camped in a deep valley, walled on the sides which the soldiers were with a dangerous precipice. The Nez Perce were gathered about a fire preparing a meal of roast deer, apparently unsuspecting of the nearness of any foe. The gulch in which they had squatted was wild and desolate, with a wide stream flowing southward beyond their camp; while both sides was vailed up by massive rocks and shaggy shrubbery to the height of a hundred feet or more.

They were soon in a position to command a clear view of the Nez Perce, gathered on the plateau of the gulch; some were loitering idly in the noon ground, while a number squatted about the fire in conversational attitudes. They were an ugly looking gang, and after a scrutiny, Crook ordered his men to make ready, then to fire.

The volley was a deadly one, as the forms of several dead Indians attested, but the remainder, with wild yells of dismay, leaped to their feet and scattered in all directions, fleeing for their lives.

Crook, calling to his men, rushed down the steep embankment, followed by a number of the more courageous of his men. Once in the valley he beheld one big, tufted buck, holding a bundle over his head, swimming the river. He ran forward, gained the shore, and, lifting his carbine, fired. The Indian sank and was seen no more. At this juncture a shower of arrows from behind the rocks and trees, where the frightened Nez Perce had taken shelter, sent Crook's men clambering up the sides of the canyon again faster than they had come down. The General saw that it would be foolhardy for him to remain, and he turned to retreat, and as he did so he heard the twang of a bow, and the next second a barbed arrow was sticking in his hip. With a cry of pain he pulled the shaft out, breaking off the barb, which remained barbed in the flesh.

Then, amid a very shower of arrows he ran the best he could, and with the assistance of one of his men, who rushed to his rescue, he gained the top of the escarpment without further injury or accident.

As they gained the canyon's top, they saw the Indians leave their places of concealment and cross the river, and they felt for the time being they were gone. General Crook's wound was bleeding profusely, and his men gathered around him and did all they could to relieve his pain. The arrow was still in his hip, and no one dared to attempt to cut it out, the wound was bandaged as best it could be, and that night the troop set out on their return to the fort, as Crook knew it was medicinal aid or death with him.

They were quite eighty miles from Brown's Hole—a terrible, long, rough ride—but they made it, reaching there the following morning about noon. The General was faint and weak from loss of blood and his laborious march, and to make matters alarming, gangrene had set in and the surgeon at the fort was absent; had gone to Shuller's, seventy-five miles away, that very morning.

Crook's brother officers cauterized the wound and doctored it up as best they could, but the General would allow no one to attempt the necessary surgery to remove the barb of the arrow.

The regular surgeon was sent for, but he did not arrive until the next day. The wound was then in such a precarious condition that he thought best not to attempt to remove the flint buried deep in the General's hip. And so it happened. To this day the barbed head of the Nez Perce's arrow remains in General Crook's hip, and on cold, damp days he stiffens from it, and cannot walk without a slight, perceptible limp. Otherwise it has inconvenienced him none, and he will carry this evidence of one of the narrowest escapes of his life down to his grave.—Chicago News.

The Girls of Long Ago.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity of Hamilton College recently formally opened their new Chapter House. At the banquet, Prof. A. P. Lelsey, '55, of Clinton, presided. Among the guests was "A Miner Siftings," who responded to the toast, "The Girl We Left Behind Us" in the following strain:

Mr. President and Brother Dekes: The toast you have assigned to me is one that touches a very tender chord in my heart. I have always felt sorry for the girls we left behind us. It seemed cruel at the time, but how could we help it? Circumstances were such that we couldn't possibly take them along—we had to leave them behind us.

I think I promised three or four to come back for them in the spring or early autumn, but I was afraid my wife might not like it. I met one of the girls we left behind us in the street today. That is, I thought I did. The same soft, brown eyes, the same sweet, sunny smile.

"Is it possible," I said, "that I behold Miss Daisy Jones?" "That was mother's name," she smiled, "before she was married. I am married now, and I have named my baby after her!"

Great heavens! The girl I left behind me was a grandmother! I told the young lady who I was, and she said she had often heard her mother speak of me as one she used to know a great many years ago. Then I asked about the girls I used to know, and what had become of them. I found that some, alas, were dead. Others, who were married, wished they were dead. Some, who were widows, had lovers seeking for their hands. Others, not yet widows, were seeking for divorces.

Oh, those seminary girls of long ago—how we did regret leaving them behind us—except one poor fellow who eloped with one of them. He has regretted all his life he didn't leave her behind him with the rest of them. Fate beckoned us on. And, in some cases, the faculty urged us to go. Were we to blame, then, for temporarily forgetting the debts—I mean the girls we left behind us? Why, some of us had to leave our trunks!

A rare collection of girls they were, gentlemen, as I recall them now. Tall, willowy girls; short, plump girls; black-eyed girls that made us blue, and blue-eyed girls that were ready to take a black eye for any time; fair complexioned girls, brown girls, Smith girls, girls with auburn hair, and girls not being able to match their own hair in Auburn or Syracuse. In fact, there was about every kind of girl there is now, except the tailor made girl, who seems to be altogether a modern creation. Still, the latter has points in her favor. While the girl I so tenderly recall possessed virtue, beauty, intelligence and many engaging ways, I must admit that she somehow lacked the get-up, in fact, she hadn't the bustle of the girl of today.

No, brothers of the olden times, we must confess that in comparison with the tailor made girl of today, the girl we left behind us had very little left behind her.

Still we remember her with tenderness and respect, and let us all join in a bumper to the girls of long ago.

Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is in good demand; everybody speaks well of it. The price is only 25 cents. Persons of sedentary pursuits are predisposed to constipation; such should always use Laxador, which insures safety against constipation and all of its disastrous consequences. Price only 25 cents.

BATTILING WITH A TIGER.

Paul Gillett, an old Indian trader and hunter of Yuma is at the American Exchange. For fifty years he has been a conspicuous figure in the Colorado and Gila River districts. He has taken part in a number of severe brushes with the Apaches and other tribes, but in his old age, owing to the military forces on the frontier and the lessening of Indian difficulties, he is now devoting more attention to hunting.

His eye is yet undimmed, and though now nearly 70 years of age, he is strong and stalwart. It would take a book to tell of his varied experiences. Moreover, he is not inclined to talk much of himself. However, yesterday he consented to tell an Examiner representative of a strange experience he had with royal Chihuana tigers, an animal of which nothing is known quite so far north as San Francisco.

"You must know," said he "that these tigers are the most beautiful animals in America. They are robust and seven or eight feet long, of a beautiful golden color and spotted like a leopard. The royal tiger of Bengal is striped and has no dots on him. Moreover, his general color is dun, and not gold, like the tiger of the Atzac races.

"A thorough-going cat in all his movements, sly and light of tread, and with the strength of a Hercules, a man cannot afford to fool around much when he meets one out under the Southern Pinon trees.

"It was in September that myself, Tim Estabrook and John Wilkinson were camped at our mines, at the head of Dolores canyon. A party of Mexicans came in and reported that they had found an old Spanish mine a few miles out. The Spanish mines were to a large extent covered over and concealed at the time of the revolution, and many of them were lost. It was one of these lost mines that the Mexicans said they had. We set off after it, carrying our Express rifles with us, for we never in that section got out unarmed for fear of renegade Apaches, let alone vicious wild animals.

"After an eighteen-mile jaunt we came to the entrance of the mine. The earth-covering had fallen in, and though wreck and ruin was all around, there was a good-sized aperture, and we had no difficulty in entering it. We had advanced about fifty yards in the long, desolate tunnel, and if there is anything desolate in this world it is the dark, damp tunnel of a deserted mine. We carried pine faggots in one hand to give us light, and were moving along in a stooping posture, as miners do, when all of a sudden I noticed great big tracks in the soft mud at the bottom. 'Good heavens!' said I, 'there are bears in here, and if we don't get out we are done for.' We beat a hasty retreat and reached the open air again, and gathered dry bushes and sticks to smoke them out. We stacked them up pretty high in the mouth of the tunnel and threw dirt on them to cause them to smolder and throw the smoke backward.

Then we sat down with our guns to await the enemy. We had sat there fifteen or twenty minutes, and were tired holding the guns so long, and began to talk about other things. Still nothing came. We discussed a variety of subjects; our attention became entirely relaxed, and I was in the midst of a story, when, booh! booh! a huge golden tiger leaped over the fire with a great bound. In a twinkling another with the same booh! booh! and bigger than the other leaped the barrier, collided against Estabrook, knocked him down, and went flying beyond like a greased streak of lightning.

"Every last one of us forgot his gun and went racing around trying to find trees to climb. An old sheep tiger and two kittens with piercing yowls next followed, and went clambering up the hillside after the other two. By this time every one of us was either perched in a tree or shining up a sapling. Our guns were lying scattered on the ground, and, old hunters as were, we were clearly beaten.

"Perched in our trees, after our fright was over, we indulged in loud shrieks of laughter. The situation was too ludicrous. But we resolved to go after these tigers, and we did it. We got a skilled Mexican trailer to go with us, and we traced them across

gulleches, through shrubs and finally caught a glimpse of one perched in a rocky cleft. Wilkinson brought him down by a shot in the heart. He was a very fine one, large and powerful and with a magnificent skin.

"Into the next canyon we traced the other tigers. They traveled almost together, going only fifteen or twenty feet apart in places. The Mexican at last corralled them in a soft limestone mountain, crumbling in places like chalk, and with holes in one side made by weather and animals. It was their other retreat. This time, while we made preparations to smoke them out, we stationed ourselves a hundred yards away, spread far apart, so we could get a good aim at their bodies while they ran. The first came bounding out like a shot out of a gun, but we were on the alert this time, and three bullets pierced him and laid him low.

"Then the old one and her young came along. We shot into them, wounding the big one, and she turned on us. Estabrook was caught and his coat torn off. Turning to flee, the tiger caught him by the left hand and put her teeth through it and crushed it. The kittens, weighing about one hundred pounds apiece, would not run and advanced to aid in the fight. A rifle ball from one of us crippled one and laid the other low, and on we rushed, firing all the time, to the aid of Estabrook. Some say we missed the brute. We had to fire with the greatest care to keep from hitting the native, and it seemed to me that it was fully five minutes before we planted a fatal ball in her.

"Estabrook was so badly maimed by the teeth of the tiger that he has never recovered from it. His hand was so torn that two of his fingers hung by shreds of flesh, and his arm above the wrist was also lacerated.

"These tiger skins are very valuable, and we sold the two big ones in Los Angeles afterward for \$80 each. The little ones brought \$20 each. They were so fine and soft that they are now in the parlors of W. H. Robertson at Los Angeles, more as an ornament that for use.

"This was the closest call I ever had with any wild animals. Bear and deer and other kinds of game on the borders I have killed in large numbers, but there is nothing on the frontier now that is so vicious as this tiger.

"Estabrook is now at San Bernardino, laid up from his tiger fight."

It Saved Him Money. Not long since, says a writer, I dropped into a prominent newspaper office, and, while chatting with the editor, a well-to-do stock raiser of that country dropped in and planked down the necessary amount for two year's subscription in advance for the paper, and at the same time remarked:

"I want the tag on my paper to be in such a shape that I need not be ashamed, when a friend calls at my house, to let him see it. You may believe me or not, but it is a fact all the same," he continued, "that a little matter like that has already saved me considerable money; and one particular instance I want to tell you about. I had some dealings with a certain man," said he, "and one day, while at his house for the purpose of selling him some sheep, I chanced to pick up his newspaper. I observed by the tag upon the margin that he was terribly in arrears for it. The fact that a man would allow his newspaper account to run on, year after year, to such an extent, set me to thinking, and I resolved that should he ask me for credit—he already owed me for fifty head of fine sheep—I would respectfully decline his request. As I had anticipated, he did ask for time, which I not only refused him, but demanded the amount already due me. He was unable to meet the obligation just then, he said, but would do so very soon. I sold my stock elsewhere, but I never got the money out of the man for the sheep I had previously sold him, nor do I expect to. Had I not seen that tell-tale newspaper tag he might have stuck me still further. Now, when I am in doubt as to a man's responsibility, all I want to enable me to accurately size him up is, to get my opinion on his newspaper tag, and in nine cases out of ten I will never be mistaken in my estimate of him."

Do you suffer from indigestion, or loss of appetite? Are you troubled with liver, or kidney complaint? Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation purifies and vitalizes the blood, thus restoring health and strength to the digestive and assimilative organs. Try it.