

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.

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
 FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS,
 BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF
 WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Fac
 tory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept
 under cover.

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

**FINE DIAMONDS,
 WATCHES,
 JEWELRY,**

SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
 Wedding and Birthday Presents,

CHARLES A. ROUSH,

42 West Lexington St., NEAR LIBERTY,
 Oct. 11—1y. BALTIMORE, MD.

UNDERTAKING.



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

TWO HORSES

always at hand.

HORSESHOEING, \$1.00 Cash.

(If booked, \$1.25.)

In conjunction with my BLACKSMITH and
 WHEELWRIGHT department, I am prepared
 to build

CARTS, WAGONS, BUGGIES, &c

at low prices,

REPAIRING, PAINTING and TRIMMING

a specialty.

Having accepted an agency for J.
 W. Delaplaine's Marble Works, I am pre-
 pared to furnish Monuments, etc. at reason-
 able rates.

J. A. DILLON,

Leonardtown, Md.

April 21, 87—1f

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Leonardtown, Md.,

UNDER CHARGE OF THE

Sisters of Charity

OF

NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

The course of Studies includes Christian
 Doctrine, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic,
 Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Eng-
 lish Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetor-
 ic, the Elements of Botany, Mental and
 Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemis-
 try, Literature, Plain and Ornamental
 Needlework, Music on the Piano and Gui-
 tar and French.

Boys from the age of 7 to 14 years are
 received.

For terms or further information apply to
 SISTER MADEIRA,
 Leonardtown, Md.

LUMBER.

H. R. ABELL, agent for the large
 lumber dealer, J. H. D. SMOOT, of Alexan-
 dria, will keep constantly on hand in Leon-
 ardtown

Boards, Scantling,
 Weather Boarding,
 Flooring, Palings,
 Dressed Boards, Shingles,
 Doors, Sash, &c.

Orders for lumber from the yard in Alex-
 andria will be promptly attended to.
 Aug 10—1f

MISS E. S. MILBURN,

719 NORTH EUTAW STREET,

[Old No. 197.]

BALTIMORE, MD.

Ladies' Underwear,
 Children's Gowns,
 Children's Dresses,
 Children's Bonnets and Caps,
 Infants' Wardrobes.

All orders promptly attended to.

Oct. 28, 1886—y.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL: XLIX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1889. NO. 435

Likes, Berwanger & Co.

10 & 12 E. Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

Great Reduction Sale.

HAVING PURCHASED THE ENTIRE INTEREST OF MR. B. KATZ-
 ENSTEIN, OUR RETIRING PARTNER, WE DESIRE TO

Reduce Our Large Stock.

To accomplish this, we have reduced the price on every article in our
 establishment from

15 to 20 PER CENT.

We want our customers to derive the benefit of the reduction, we to take
 the loss. These goods being all our own manufacture and as we handle no
 Shoddy or Cotton Goods, we can safely guarantee entire satisfaction. This is
 an extraordinary chance to buy bargains. Inspect our stock and judge for
 yourself.

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

BEST CLOTHING,

Men's Youths',

Boys' and Children's.

10 & 12 E. Baltimore Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

April 4, 1889—1y

Farmer's and Planter's Agency

220 S. CHARLES ST.,
BALTIMORE.

For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and
 all kinds of Country Produce.

JOS. SHEPHERD, Pres., Dr. G. W. DOR-
 SEY, Treasurer, L. E. HENKS, Sec.,
 SAM'L. M. HENKS, Cashier, G.
 W. DORSEY, Tobacco Salesman,
 Salesman for Grain, Hay, Wool, Fruit and
 Poultry, JOHN E. BRISCOE.

Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizer
 and agents for Dissolved Bone, Fine Ground
 Bone, Kainit and

Peruvian Guano.
 Clover and Timothy Seed and all House
 hold and Farm supplies furnished.
 Advances made on consignments.
 March 17—y.

A CARD.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

J. W. MONTGOMERY

WITH

BULLEN & MCKEEVER.

939 LA. AVENUE WASHINGTON, D. C.

The firm of Burch & Montgomery hav-
 ing dissolved by mutual consent, I have
 associated myself with the old reliable firm
 of BULLEN & MCKEEVER for the transac-
 tion of a General Commission Business, for
 the sale of Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, Veal,
 Hogs and all kinds of country produce.
 Thankful for the liberal patronage of my
 country friends in the past, I respectfully
 solicit the same in the future.
 Very respectfully,
 J. W. MONTGOMERY.
 Nov. 18, 1886—y.

PURUKER.

DEALER AND MANUFACTURER

Fine Guns,
 Rifles,
 Pistols, &c.

POWDER, SHOT, SHELLS, &c.

constantly on hand and at the lowest
 prices.

E. PRATT ST., near Light, BALTIMORE.

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

MECHANICVILLE, MD.,

G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.

Good rooms, good table and everything
 first class. Give me a call. Livery at-
 tached, and travelers sent to all parts of
 the county. Rates low. June 24—1f

LOUIS HARLE.

Custom Boot and Shoemaker,

has located at CALIFORNIA, and is ready to
 fit any foot from the smallest to the largest
 at the most reasonable rates. Ladies and
 gents fine work a specialty at shortest no-
 tice. Nov. 15—1f

Commission Merchants.

EDELEN BROTHERS,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

For the sale of

TOBACCO, GRAIN and PRODUCE.

No. 8 W. Camden St. (1 door from S. Cha.)
 Baltimore, Md.
 Jan. 27—1f

JAR. S. CRAWFORD, THOS. E. TURNER
 Washington, D. C. Pr. Geo. co., Md

CRAWFORD & TURNER,

GENERAL

Commission and Produce,

No. 937 B St., Northwest,
 Washington, D.C.

REFERENCE—Citizens' National Bank
 Washington, D. C.
 Sept. 29—y.

EDWARD D. R. BEAN. T. ALEXIS BERRY.

BEAN & BERRY,

General Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Hides, Live Stock,
 FURS, EGGS, FRUIT, PRODUCE, &c.

No. 110 S. Charles Street,
 BALTIMORE, MD.

Orders solicited for Provisions, Seeds, Fer-
 tilizers, &c. Oct. 4—1y.

WM. H. MOORE. JNO. MUDD.

W. H. MOORE & CO.

GROCERS AND

Commission Merchants,
 105 South Charles Street,
 BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to inspection
 and sale of TOBACCO, the sale of grain and
 all kinds of Country Produce.
 Feb. 12, 79—y

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

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,
 No. 57 Light Street,
 BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco, Grain & Coun-
 try Produce.
 Particular attention given to the careful
 sampling of Tobacco.

TO

My thoughts are wandering far away this
 silent evening hour,
 The breeze is hushed among the trees and
 closed each opening flower
 And memory holds her magic way and
 will not set me free
 I'm thinking of bright happy hours so fleet-
 ing passed with thee
 Memory still holds her banner forth, all
 radiant with delight,
 The colors brighten as I gaze with forms of
 living light.
 But they have flown, too quickly down,
 they were too bright to last
 The fairest sky is oftentimes with darkest
 clouds o'ercast.
 Yet thoughts still blind me to the past and
 will not set me free
 As soon, at noon, as twilight hour I think
 alone of thee
 Then think but though my face is oft in
 wreathing smiles arrayed,
 That happiness alone is then within my
 heart portrayed.
 The smile is often called to chase away the
 rising sigh,
 And dry the trembling tear that starts un-
 bidden to my eye.
 I mingle with the thoughtless throng when
 all is mirth and glee,
 But solitude is in my heart without the
 thought of thee.
 And Lethe's wave would fall to bring for-
 getfulness to me
 Since every pulse that throbs my heart is
 one long thought of thee.

FOR A SWANZIG.

Sixty years ago, says The Servian,
 a silver piece of money known in Ser-
 via as a swanzig was worth fully six
 guildens (two dollars and a half) of our
 present currency, for then we had
 neither railways, nor steamboats, nor
 hotels with German landlords, nor
 theaters, nor gas. Indeed, we hardly
 knew what roads were. On the mili-
 tary frontiers, where the soil is not at
 all fertile, money was so rare that it
 might have passed for a chimera of the
 imagination, as in the opera of
Robert le Diable. Even in our time,
 all along the banks of the Save, we
 trade more by exchanging articles than
 in any other way. A peasant
 woman, for example, who wants to
 buy a silk handkerchief or anything
 of that kind, never thinks of giving
 money for it. She will pay the mer-
 chant with a basket of fruit or eggs,
 or some other article of country pro-
 duce.

Now sixty years ago even a small
 piece of money was a great treasure.
 And it was for the sake of a swanzig
 that the old blind minstrel Mirko be-
 came an assassin and was hung.
 Nevertheless the poor old man was
 not bad or cruel at heart; he had al-
 ready endured several cold winters
 with no covering but a ragged cloak;
 but alas! the rags fell at last quite to
 shreds, and it was absolutely necessary
 to procure another cloak for the
 coming winter if he wished to avoid
 dying of cold.

It was at this time that the old min-
 strel first dreamed—and an insensible
 dream it was—of possessing for once
 in his life a swanzig, in order that
 with it he might buy himself a cloak.
 Whenever he earned a few kreutz-
 ers he usually spent them in having
 his *opauke* (shoes) mended, or else
 his hat, which was terribly battered
 by wind and rain. It was only rarely
 that he had the pleasure of "ingling
 some copper kreutzers in his
 pocket, for the peasants usually paid
 him for his music by a handful or two
 of corn or wheat or some bread, and
 a few of the more generous by giving
 him some lard.

Now even in Servia sixty years ago
 lard could be sold for money. The
 poor old man suddenly reflected that
 if he put all his lard aside and saved
 it he might, if he had enough, go some
 day to the town and sell his lard for
 a swanzig. "Of what use is it," said
 he to himself, "to comfort my stomach
 with lard if in the winter I must die
 of the cold?" When the autumn
 came Mirko tied his provisions of lard
 in the pocket of his *torta*, and hired a
 little girl to lead him by the hand, to
 the nearest town.

The old minstrel was as happy as a
 child at the thought of returning with
 a swanzig clasped in his hand. The
 pretty silver piece assumed in his im-
 agination the really grandiose propor-
 tions of a golden ducat. The swanzig
 was for him the alpha and omega
 of wealth; he wished for nothing be-
 yond; and though in his songs he fre-
 quently chanted the glories of heroes
 who reposed upon golden couches and
 threw ducats about like water, his
 own dreams were limited to the new
 dalmotique which he hoped to buy.
 He felt in his imagination the comfort
 of the thick folds over his back and
 shoulders, and he laughed in his heart
 at the thought of rain or snow.

"Are we very far from the town?"
 he asked the little girl every moment.
 They were within sight of the church
 spire when they met a young man

who asked where they were going at
 such a pace.

"I am going to sell the provision of
 lard that I have here," said the blind
 man, showing his *torta*, the pocket of
 which was stuffed to bursting and tied
 with twine.

The little girl carried also some
 pieces of lard in a basket.

"How much do you want for your
 lard?" said the young man.

"A swanzig!" replied the old man
 in a voice which trembled with emo-
 tion.

"It is a large sum. Show me the
 lard."

The blind man untied it.

"You will never sell it for that in
 the market," said the young man, as
 he weighed the basket the little girl
 had carried.

"Ah, you think so!" faltered the
 blind man, trembling with a sudden
 fear. "But I have twenty pounds of
 lard; it is not dear."

"Certainly not, if the lard were
 good; but yours has been picked up
 here and there. Still, if you were not
 in too great a hurry for your money—"

"I wanted to buy a cloak."

"In that case you can wait two
 months longer; by that time the plums
 will have been distilled, the *slivovitz*
 will be sold, and I can pay you."

"You will give me a swanzig!" cried
 the old man, his face illuminated sud-
 denly by a radiant joy.

"Yes, I will give you a swanzig."
 "Then take my lard."

The peasant returned in his house
 delighted with his bargain; the blind
 minstrel, still more delighted, return-
 ed to his village.

November came, and with Novem-
 ber the first cold. The minstrel had
 himself led to the house of his debtor,
 and demanded the swanzig.

"Ah, what a pity!" exclaimed the
 young man. "The year is a bad one
 for plums; they are all spoiled, and
 the *slivovitz* is so bad that we are
 compelled to drink it ourselves. Have
 patience until the next winter, and
 then I will pay you."

"I shall be very cold, but I will be
 patient," replied the blind man, and
 he returned home. All through the
 winter he shivered with cold in his
 miserable rags.

November and the snow returned
 once more. The minstrel again went
 to his debtor and claimed the money.

"I had a little grain," said the
 young man, "but the Save has over-
 flowed its banks, and my grain is lost.
 I entreat you to wait until next year;
 this time I will assuredly pay my
 debt."

"My blood is no longer quick enough
 to warm me," replied the blind man;
 "but since the Save has destroyed your
 fields, I will suffer and wait."

Ah, how bitterly he repented the
 not having carried his lard to market!
 But the swanzig still seemed to him
 such an immense sum that he was pa-
 tient, and waited almost without mur-
 muring.

Before the end of the winter his old
 cloak was like a torn spider's web.

Once more the autumn winds had
 swept away the very last of the with-
 ered leaves, once more the hoar frost
 whitened the fields.

The old minstrel shivered and trem-
 bled with cold.

He had himself led to the house of
 his debtor, but the young peasant met
 him at the door, saying: "I have lost
 my wife, and I am ruined. I will
 come and bring your money as soon
 as I can."

The blind man returned home, but
 with the firm resolution to submit to
 no more delays.

The winter passed, the summer also;
 autumn returned once more. The
 old man had heard nothing from his
 debtor, when lo! one day he heard
 that he was just about to marry a rich
 peasant girl who had a dot of many
 swanzigs.

The minstrel had himself immedi-
 ately led to the young man's house.

"Pay me," he said. "I know that
 you now have money."

"Leave me in peace," answered the
 peasant.

"I have suffered the cold of three
 winters; I have waited three years!"
 exclaimed the minstrel. "I will wait
 no longer."

"Old fool!" replied the young peas-
 ant, slamming the door in his face—
 "old fool, to run after a swanzig for
 three years!"

The minstrel retired. But on the
 wedding-day he stationed himself on

the side of the road just at the en-
 trance to the village, and when the
 gay-bridgroom passed, the old man
 recognized his voice, and shouted:
 "Pay me what you owe me, if you
 wish God to bless your marriage!"

The young peasant laughed, and
 brutally pushed him aside.

The wedding procession advanced
 amid joyous shouts and pistol shots.
 Just as the bridal pair were about to
 cross the threshold of the church the
 blind minstrel rose up and barred the
 entrance. "I will not let you enter,"
 he said to the bridegroom, "until you
 have paid me what you owe me."

The assistants pushed him aside and
 the procession entered.

At night, just as the supper was
 over, and the bridegroom was about
 to lead the bride away to his own
 house, the blind minstrel entered.

"Where is Franjo?" he said.

But the guests, who were merry
 with wine, responded, mockingly:
 "You saw him so well on the road and
 at the church door, you ought now to
 see him as well as we do."

The blind man groped his way
 along the room, in the midst of loud
 peals of laughter, and suddenly seiz-
 ing Franjo by the belt, he shouted,
 "Ah! this time I have you fast!" And
 stooping down he said in his ear, in a
 stern, decided tone: "Franjo, pay me
 my swanzig. Your wife has much
 money. Pay me. You can do so
 now."

Franjo replied by a derisive laugh.

"Pay me," repeated the blind man,
 in a threatening tone—"pay me or I
 will kill you."

"Ah, what a good joke!—what a
 good—"

Franjo did not finish his sentence.
 The minstrel, exasperated past endur-
 ance, seized him by the throat with
 his left hand, and with his right drew
 a pistol, which he had concealed in
 his breast, and shot him in the head.
 Franjo fell dead at his feet. All had
 passed in the twinkling of an eye.
 The old minstrel did not attempt to
 escape; indeed, it would have been al-
 most impossible for him to have done
 so if he had wished it.

Without a word of complaint or
 attempt