# Saint Mary's Beacon.

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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.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisement. Correspondence solicited.



EDELEN BROTHERS,

GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS

For the sale of

*TOBACCO, GRAIN and PRODUCE.*

No. 8 W. Camden St. (1 *door from S. Chas.*)

Baltimore, Md.

Jan. 27—tf.

EDWARD D. R. BEAN. T. ALEXIS BERRY

LEO H. HAYDEN

WITH

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, Fertilizers, &c. Oct. 4—1y.

A CARD.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

J. W. MONTGOMERY

WITH

BULLEN & MCKEEVER,

939 La. Avenue. Washington, D. C

The firm of Burch & Montgomery having dissolved by mutual consent, I have associated myself with the old reliable firm of Bullen & McKeever for the transaction 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.

WM. H. MOORE. JNO. MUDD.

W. H. MOORE & CO.

GROCERS AND

Commission Merchants,

105 South Charles Street,

BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to inspecton and sale of Tobacco, the sale of grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

Feb. 13, 79—yr

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.

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, Prest., Dr. G. W. DORSEY, Treasurer, L. E. HINKS, Sec., SAML. M. HINKS, Cashier, G. W. DORSEY, Tobacco Salesman, Salesman for Grain, Hay, Wool, Fruit and Poultry, JOHN E. BRISCOE.

Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers 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.

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.


FOR SHERIFF

J. Philip Greenwell, of St. Clement's Bay, is announced as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty, subject to the decision of the Democratic party. Democrats.


WANTED to teach one of the Public Schools of St. Mary's county, by a gentleman who has had much experience in teaching. Address, P.
July 26 89 Great Mills, Md.

THE ADVANTAGE

OF DEALING WITH

Likes, Berwanger & Co

—IS—

You deal direct with manufacturers, who manufacture

RELIABLE CLOTHING ONLY!

And whose system of selling is one-price, and that is guaranteed to be the lowest.

NO SPECIAL BARGAIN DAY,

Every Day is Bargain Day.

—A FEW PRICES—

| | |
|---|---|
| Men's Suits, Sack or Cutaway, - - | $5 to $25 |
| Youths' Suits, - - - - | $6 to $18 |
| Boys' Suits, - - - - | $4 to $15 |
| Children's Suits, - - - - | $2 to $10 |

LIKES,

BERWANGER & CO.

Manufacturers and Merchant Tailors,

-10 & 12-

East Baltimore Street.

July 4, 1889—1y

1889. Notice. 1889.

POTOMAC TRANSPORTATION LINE.

On and after March 5th, 1889,

STEAMER SUE

Capt. W. C. GEOGHEGAN, will leave Pier 10, Light Street Wharf, every TUESDAY and Friday at 5, P. M., for the following landings on Potomac River:

ON TUESDAYS FOR

| | |
|---|---|
| Cornfield Harbor, | Munday's Point, |
| Jones' Wharf, | Abell's Wharf, |
| Brome's Wharf, | Howard's Wharf, |
| Bacon's Wharf, | Leonardtown, |
| Cowart's Wharf, | Foxwell's Wharf, |
| Coan Wharf, | Stone's Wharf, |
| Kinsale Wharf, | Cobrum Wharf, |
| Lodge Wharf, | Nomini Ferry, |

Mt. Holly Wharf.

Leave LEONARDTON for BALTIMORE on Thursday at 7, A. M.

ON FRIDAYS FOR

| | |
|---|---|
| Cornfield Harbor, | Foxwell's Wharf, |
| Jones' Wharf | Cobrum Wharf, |
| Brome's Wharf, | Howard's Wharf, |
| Bacon's Wharf, | Leonardtown Wharf, |
| Cowart's Wharf, | Stone's Wharf, |
| Coan Wharf, | Lancaster's Wharf, |
| Kinsale Wharf, | Chaptico Wharf, |
| Lodge Wharf, | Liverpool Point, |
| Munday's Point, | Smith's Point, |
| Piney Point, | Glymount. |

Abell's Wharf

ALEXANDRIA & WASHINGTON, D. C.

Leave WASHINGTON for BALTIMORE on Sunday, at 4, P. M.

*Freight Received only on TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS.*

*No Freight received after 4.30, P. M.*

No Bills of Lading will be signed except those of the Company.

R FOSTER, General Manager.
A. NEEDHAM, Jr., Agent.

Feb 21—tf.

MOORE'S HOTEL

AND

Summer Resort.

I take pleasure in informing my customers and the traveling public that I have thoroughly renovated my house, improved and refitted the same and am fully prepared to accommodate both

Permanent and Transient Boarders.

The BAR, in every particular, complete. My stables have been rebuilt and are in first-class condition for accommodation of horses and the storage of all kinds of vehicles Call and see for yourselves.

HERBERT F. MOORE,
Proprietor.

June 25, 85—tf

FINE DIAMONDS,

WATCHES,

JEWELRY,

SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

Wedding and Birthday Presents.

CHARLES A. ROUSH,

38 West Lexington St., NEAR LIBERTY,

Oct. 11—1y. BALTIMORE, MD.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

Lumbe, 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. Factory 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.

MARVELOUS

MEMORY

DISCOVERY.

Only Genuine System of Memory Training
Four Books Learned in one reading.
Mind wandering cured.
Every child and adult greatly benefitted.
Great inducements to Correspondence Classes.

Prospectus, with opinions of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, the world-famed Specialist in Mind Diseases, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the great Psychologist, J. M. Buckley, D.D., editor of the Christian Advocate, N. Y., Richard Proctor, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. Astor, Judge Gibson, Judah P. Benjamin, and others, sent post free by Prof. A. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

WM. HEMSLEY

—WITH—

LELAR & COMPANY,

IMPORTERS OF FINE WINES and OLD WHISKIES. &c.

37 & 39 S. 3d St, Office, 248 Elbow Lane.

PHILADELPHIA. - - - PA.

Feb 21—y.

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 speciality at shortest notice. Nov. 15—tf


## THE SOUDANESE SPY.

"Listen, Bruce, what's that?" Col. Carriston raised his hand with a gesture of silence and looked at me intently. Then we both dropped our cigars and rushed out to the embassy.

A gun shot, plain and unmistakable, had echoed through the night air and we certainly heard a faint cry.

But in the dreary street all was quiet and the solitary electric lamp reflected no shadows save our own on the pavement of the British embassy, while the palace across the way, with its coral facades and massive carved gates, showed no sign.

Then a gun went off, a drum began to rattle loudly, arms clashed, hurrying footsteps echoed on the stones, and shouts were given and answered. I listened in speechless astonishment, and then rushed back for my cap and sword. It was best to be prepared, though what possible ground for alarm existed I could not see. Suakim was protected by a line of sentries that extended a mile beyond the town. No signal had come from the outskirts, yet there was this turmoil in the very midst of the European quarter.

As I hurried back to the door the great palace gates swung open, and a squad of Egyptian soldiers trooped out, their swarthy faces shining under their crimson caps. Close behind them, escorted by several officers, came a tall, dignified looking man. He was bareheaded and held an unsheathed sword in his hand.

I recognized him at first sight as Achmed Ras, the Egyptian governor of Suakim. He glanced up and down the street and then hurried across to the embassy.

"You are a British officer?" he said, breathless with excitement.

"Capt. Dugdale, of the Ninth Dragoons at your command, your excellency," I said briefly.

"Thank you. I am in need of your services. An Arab prisoner, a captured spy of the Mahdi's, has made his escape. My stupid soldiers are to blame. The fellow has been gone some time now, and it is important that he be retaken, for he has stolen valuable plans of the town and fortifications. I fear my soldiers can do little, but if your dragoons will scour the plain"——

"Your excellency," I interrupted "what you desire shall be done at once."

I mounted my horse, waved a hasty salute and galloped off down the narrow street, leaving Achmed Ras and Carriston hobnobbing together on the steps of the embassy, for Carriston was the British embassy at Suakim The hot blood was coursing madly through my veins, for I had only been at Suakim a week and the faintest touch of excitement was intensely welcome.

I remembered, too, having seen this escaped Arab only a few days previous, when he was being led captive through the streets of the town, a great black giant with muscular limbs and his black locks dangling in curls down his shoulders.

I spurred rapidly through the town, crossed the peninsular to the main land, where the troops were quartered side by side with the native population, and soon the bugle call to arms was floating out on the night air, and the jingling of spurs and the trampling of hoofs was heard on all sides. A few brief, concise orders and we galloped out into the desert and scattered over the sandy plain. Chances were in our favor, for the moon was coming up slowly, and the enemy's outposts, where alone the Arab would find safety, were at that time three miles beyond the town.

I galloped straight across the plain, closely attended by a solitary trooper, a brave fellow named Tom Fraser. I kept as far as possible in the direction I judged the fugitive had taken and I hoped to have the pleasure of capturing him myself, for the trampling of my horse was muffled by the drifted sand and would not betray my approach until I should be close upon him.

A mile and a half from the town lay a belt of deserted intrenchments, from which the enemy had been driven a month previous. As we approached these we slackened our speed and began to look for a suitable crossing place. The British shells had leveled them in places and one of these points we soon found, a break in the trench with a gentle slope on either side. We rode slowly down into the hollow, and as our horses were commencing to ascend again Fraser suddenly tugged fiercely at my arm.

"Look, captain, look!" he whispered excitedly, and as I followed the range of his outstretched hand I saw a sight that made my heart leap. Off to the south extended the trenches in one unbroken formation, their mounds of sand rigid and exact, and outlined sharply in the moonlight against the right hand wall of earth was a swiftly moving shadow. Even as we looked the specter vanished round a curve, [illegible] it no more.

We thundered on in silence. I clutched the reins tightly with one hand and with the other I held my saber. The Arab was unarmed and I would take him alive, I thought, and lead him back in triumph to Suakim. This all passed through my mind in an instant and then we galloped round the curve and saw our prey in full view before us.

He was struggling along painfully and was limping as though one leg was hurt. The moon shone full upon him, and to my surprise I saw that he carried a great shield and one of those enormous double edged swords which these Arabs use with such terrible effect. He had doubtless found them in the trench.

We called on him to surrender, but he never even turned until as we were close upon him he suddenly whirled round in desperation and confronted us menacingly. We drew our sabers and dashed upon him.

Just here, extending full across the trench, was a rugged depression, caused, probably, by an exploding shell.

This we failed to see; and, while Fraser's horse leaped it gallantly, my animal stumbled and fell, down I went, partly beneath him.

I tried to rise, but my ankle was badly sprained, and with a cry of pain I dropped down behind the horse. Then I forgot everything in what I saw going on. The Arab had retreated against the wall and was fiercely keeping Fraser at bay. Their swords clashed until the sparks flew, and Fraser's heavy strokes were intercepted by the Arab's leather shield.

They fought on in silence, and in the moonlight I saw the Arab's terrible face, the eyes sparkling with hatred and the white teeth clenched in deadly determination. Clash after clash rang on the night air.

Suddenly Fraser spurred on his horse and dealt a fearful blow at the Arab's exposed head, but quick as a flash the great sword flew up and the short saber striking full and forcibly against the awful edge, broke off close beside the hilt, and lay shining on the sand at their feet. What followed I I can never forget. It will haunt me to my dying day.

Frazer threw up his right hand with the broken hilt, and with the left reached for his revolver, and then, as I looked on, stupid with horror, the Arab raised his great sword aloft with both hands, and with all force of his desperate strength he hurled it forward like a catapult.

The gleaming blade flashed the moonlight from its edge and crushed with an awful sound through poor Frazer's head, cleaving its way through the skull and between the shoulders and on down through the back, until its point fairly touched the rear of the saddle.

Split in twain from head to waist, the poor fellow dropped to the ground without a cry, and his plunging steed trampled over the body and then galloped in mad fright down the trench.

Wholly engrossed in this awful scene, I forgot my own peril and only realized it fully when the Arab, bracing himself against the wall of the trench, began to drag the sword out of Frazer's body.

With a shudder I reached for my pistol, and grew faint for an instant when I remembered that it lay under the horse in the holster. I was wholly at the Arab's mercy. The wretch was still tugging at the sword and seemed unable to loosen it. If only I had my pistol how nicely I could bring him down.

All at once I saw something glitter in one of Fraser's outstretched hands, and the sight of it gave a thrill of hope. It was his revolver, which he had succeeded in grasping just before the blow fell.

If I could reach it before the Arab could extricate his sword I was saved. If not—Fraser's fate would be mine. I gritted my teeth, seized my saber firmly and arose erect. The Arab saw me, and with a savage imprecation to Allah he threw himself on the sword with a terrible effort. Still it clung to Fraser's body, and then as I leaped toward him, forgetful of my sprained ankle, and flourished my saber fiercely, he grabbed up his shield and fell back a few yards, keeping on the defensive. I uttered a loud shout to intimidate him and then bent over poor Fraser.

I grasped the revolver, but the dead man's hand was closed on it with a grip like iron. I gave a strong pull and then another, and just as the stiffened fingers loosened their clasp my injured ankle asserted itself and I fell heavily to one side, the wary Arab was watching his chance, and before I could even turn he leaped on me like a tiger and we rolled over on the sand, splashing through a pool of Fraser's crimson life blood.

The Arab had clutched at my throat but missed it, and clasping each others shoulders we floundered about the trench now one uppermost and now the other. With clenched teeth and struggling for breath we fought on bitterly, knowing that one or the other must die. I could feel the Arab's hot breath upon my neck and his huge brass earrings flapped against my cheeks. I still held the pistol tightly in my left hand. If I could only get a chance to use it. Very foolishly I relaxed my grasp a brief second, and in that lightning like interval the Arab seized the advantage and fastened both his brawny hands firmly on my throat.

In vain I struggled and strove to turn, the bony fingers were pressing my windpipe and the hideous face was glaring into mine with a mocking smile.

I was choking, suffocating—all sense was leaving me.

Must I die thus? It was horrible.

With a fearful effort, the strength that madness alone can give, I twisted the Arab sideways. My left arm was free.

My hand still clutched the pistol. I raised it with a jerk. I put the muzzle to his ear. With the last atom of strength I pulled the trigger, and as the stunning report echoed through the trench with thunderous reverberations everything grew black and dim

Attracted by the pistol shot they found us there half an hour later still locked in a close embrace. My uniform was spattered with the Arab's blood. Messengers were sent to Suakim for stretchers, and while waiting the body of my desperate foe was buried in the trench where he lay, and beside him was laid my horse, whose neck had been broken in the fall. We marched mournfully back to Suakim, and the next day poor Fraser was laid to rest in the English cemetery on the shores of the Red Sea. I've been in many a skirmish with the Arabs since, but that night in the trenches outside Suakim saw the closest call I ever had, and as living remembrance of it I have kept that great two edged sword which split Tom Fraser nearly in half before my very eyes.

## IN WESTMORELAND COUNTY.

The attractions of Nomini Creek and the Historic Neighborhood.

Steaming for something less than an hour up Nomini creek, one of the prettiest of the many beautiful tributaries of the Potomac, brings the voyager to this place—almost in the heart of the old Northern Neck county, that has been more prolific of great men than any of the Old Dominion, or, indeed, of any State—Westmoreland. Many of the men who have contributed to the glory of the American name were born almost within a stone's throw of the spot upon which the *Star* correspondent now stands. A few miles above this place, and about a mile from the banks of the Potomac, is "Stratford," the birthplace and home of the Lees. Here was born Richard Henry Lee, the author of the preliminary resolution that afterward took form as the declaration of independence. Within these old walls was also born "Light Horse Harry" Lee, an officer and intimate friend of Washington, and his son, Robert E. Lee, of our own day and time. Of no son of this illustrious family are Westmorelandeis prouder than of him.

The old Lee mansion cannot be seen from the river, but "Stratford Cliffs," behind which it stands, is a well-known point of interest to river tourists. It is at present the property of Dr. Steward.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

A few miles above this point, and not far below Colonial Beach, is Pope's creek, on which, about five miles from its mouth, is "Wakefield," the birthplace of George Washingron. No vestige of the house in which this event occurred now stands, further than indistinct traces of its foundations. "Wakefield" is owned by a Mr. Wilson, formerly from Maryland, who married a daughter of Mr. Lawrence Washington. A slab erected by George Washington Parke Custis designates the spot as the one on which Washington was born. It is not generally known that in this county was also born James Madison, though that honor is ordinarily accredited to Orange, in which his parents resided. As a fact, he was born at Point Conway—at that time a part of Westmoreland, but now in King George—while his mother was staying temporarily in this distinguished county.

Just on the left as you enter Nomini creek is "Bushfields," the home of Bushrod Washington, and a few miles from its head is old Wicomico Episcopal church, built in 1711, and now presided over by Rev. Mr. Castleman. Indeed, one can scarcely step in this interesting neighborhood without coming upon some link of the historic past.

FARMING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

Farming here is done much within old time, ante-bellum lines. Farms are large and cumbersome—the same in acreage, in many cases, as when their owners were masters of hundreds of slaves. Yet some of them are well and profitably tilled, and look as if they had undergone little or no change since emancipation. As elsewhere crops are much prostrated by the unusual rainfall, and farmers are correspondingly despondent.

THE BEAUTIES OF NOMINI CREEK.

Nomini creek is one of the fairest little streams the eye ever rested upon. Narrow and meandering, with finely wooded banks, broken here and there to open to view the broad acres of some old time Virginia plantation, or to receive the waters of some wandering tributary as it comes down through the gently sloping hills, the golden touches of the summer sunset were not needed, as we slowly glided in here some evenings ago, to render the scene from the steamer's deck one of enchanting loveliness. The stream is so narrow that steamers always "slow up" on entering it, and creep along so slowly that they seem almost to fear that some false move will land them upon the almost overhanging banks. It is navigable for about five miles from its mouth, and is visited almost daily by steamers from Washington and Baltimore. Probably a half dozen wharves are along its banks, and it is regarded by steamboat men as one of the most profitable shipping points along the river. Oysters of unusually fine quality abound in it; they are shipped mainly to Washington, and perhaps find their way to the counters of some of the high-toned restaurants there as "Norfolk oysters." Several of the farmers hereabout take summer boarders, and it is not difficult ordinarily to find the ubiquitous Washingtonian somewhere in the neighborhood.

THE POTOMAC HOTELS

seem to be doing unusually well this season. Besides the large crowd brought daily to Colonial Beach by the excursion steamer, the hotel is pretty well filled with regular boarders. The place has improved wonderfully within the last few years. The shore for over a half mile is covered with the pretty cottages of Washingtonians who have built there, presenting the appearance of a trim little village as you approach the wharf. Colton's, a little further down, has been crowded this summer, and the sunburnt and jolly looking assemblage seen there some days ago gave every indication that they are making the most of the situation. I doubt if many of the fair faces that left Washington some weeks ago would be recognized there now, such a metamorphosis has Old Sol wrought in them. Piney Point and Adams', on St. George's Island, are unusually full this summer, and seem to be growing in popularity every year. A fortune awaits some enterprising hotel man who will build and run properly a first-class hotel at Point Lookout, where, added to whatever advantages the river may afford, there is a fine beach, magnificent surf, and water as briny as old ocean itself.

—Lewis Ford in Washington Star.


Saint Mary's Beacon

JOB PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,

CIRCULARS,

BLANKS,

BILL HEADS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH

Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive hand bills neatly executed and at City Prices.