

We have now had two butchering of the Sioux—men, women and children—and a third on a larger scale is soon, it is believed, to be added to the list. The troops of Gen. Miles have been pushed close upon the Indians. A bloody battle having been fought, the power, but not the justice, of the United States Government will have been vindicated. The sixty-three Indian women, many of them mothers with children at their breasts, whose bodies, pierced with our bullets, lie frozen under the Nebraska blizzard, are eloquent in protest against the policy of the administration, which is responsible for their deaths. As long ago as April 7, 1890, Indian Inspector Armstrong wrote to Secretary Noble, warning him that trouble must soon follow at the Pine Ridge Agency from his arbitrary reduction of the rations there paid out from 5,000,000 to 4,000,000. The order for the reduction, as Inspector Armstrong explained, came after the greater part of the year had been lived through on the basis of 5,000,000 rations, so that the saving of the 1,000,000 rations would be crowded into three or four months. The result would be that the Sioux would have to starve. As a matter of fact, seeing their rights under solemn treaties ignored and starvation staring them in the face, the Indians first devoured their own cattle. When these were consumed they naturally began to cast their eyes upon the ranches within their reach. As fast as they could they were seen to be dislodging a well understood effect in disordering the imagination, it is not surprising that about this time, too, they began to see visions, to expect a messiah who would deliver them from their troubles and to hold "ghost-dances." The Government, misled by its agents, such as Royer, appointed under the spoils system in return for services in running the republican machine, declined to heed the inspector's warning. Instead of giving the Indians again their usual and proper rations to help them through a severe winter, it sent troops to irritate and overawe them. The arrest of Sitting Bull when he had done nothing improper was an outrage, and the demand that his people should give up their guns and their ponies—their dearest possessions—was another. That these, under the circumstances, were highly improper and unjust measures should have been clear to any person acquainted with the Sioux and having the intelligence and tact the Secretary of the Interior and the President should exact of their appointees. There is now, indeed, little question anywhere, it seems, that the present bloodshed and suffering in Nebraska and South Dakota are due to the culmination of a system long known to be bad, and the inexperience and incompetence of Agent Royer are held up as the crowning example. "Two months of Dr. Royer," says the Philadelphia Press, "have cost an Indian war." The Press deprecates the fact that "political influence" is the cause of his selection. The Hartford Courant likewise deprecates "the bad system which makes the appointment of such agents certain." The Courant fails to lay the blame of the continuance of the bad system where it belongs, but adds: "For whatever reasons Royer was appointed, fitness for the difficult and responsible duties of an Indian agent was not one of them. He was known to be inexperienced; he quickly showed himself to be incompetent in the bargain. A fine price the country is paying for his incompetency!" The President's organ at Indianapolis, the Journal, sees part of the truth.—"Time and experience," it says, "have shown the inability of the Interior Department to handle the Indian question, or at least to handle the Indians as they ought to be handled. Perhaps it is not so much the fault of the Interior Department as of our system, under which everything is made to bend to political patronage." But why does everything "bend to political patronage?" Why does not Secretary Noble make his important appointments without regard to the "influence" of politicians hankering after spoils? Why should not the President himself interfere to lift the Indian agencies at least above the plane of "political patronage?" The press and the people would sustain him in doing so, and they would sustain him in an attempt, even at this late day, to right summarily and by strong measures the wrong against which the Sioux are protesting in the only way they know how.—Baltimore Sun.

Gen. Frank Armstrong, formerly of this county.—Eos. BEACON

That beautiful glossy sheen, so much admired in hair, can be secured by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. There is nothing better than this preparation for strengthening the scalp and keeping it free from dandruff and itching eruptions.

MIRIAM GUNTER.

As I was hurrying homeward from my office one evening in October I was detained on a fashionable thoroughfare by many carriages. A society wedding reception was taking place. I watched a few ladies pass out of their carriages to the awning, and thence into the residence. It was rather interesting to a novice—the begoggled men were so thoroughly conversant with the minutiae of attending to the wants of the fair ladies. From my position I could look into the vast drawing rooms.

There stood the "happy couple," a handsome pair. He tall and dark, but with eyes and mouth that spoke of a will it would be dangerous to cross. She was also tall, with a winsome face of unusual brightness.

It was a face that changed with every breath. The blue eyes would grow black with excitement. The merry looking little mouth disclosed most of the time a set of beautiful white teeth. A wealth of brown hair ruffled and curled all over the well shaped head.

Yes, she was a very bonny bride, and I did not wonder the young man looked at her with such an endearing gaze. No one would dare monopolize her attention with him around.

I finally moved on, considering I had sentimentalized long enough.

Six months later my circumstances were materially altered. I was in a position to enter society if I so wished, and at the urgent request of my uncle I did so. It was known that I was heir to a considerable estate, and I had no trouble in securing it.

One evening, at a dinner party, I met Mrs. Delaney. I was introduced to Mrs. Clarence Gunter, in whom I immediately recognized the bride of a few months before.

The face was the same, yet changed. The eyes seemed larger than ever. This was probably owing to some dark lines under them.

When the flush of excitement would go the face looked rather pale. It was an interesting face, and looked as though it held a story.

Her husband stood near her, jealously guarding her. At least it looked that way. I asked her for a dance, but she glanced nervously at her card and said:

"You must excuse me this evening, Dr. Warren, but the little I dance will be with Mr. Gunter."

"At least I may sit out a few," I murmured.

"Oh, certainly," with a bright smile.

Well, that was the beginning of the end. I forgot that she was married, forgot everything except that I was sitting by the side of the sweetest woman I had ever met. Her husband had left us with a scowl.

I wondered if she was in the habit of using those blue eyes to such deadly effect on all the gentlemen she met. If so, how many slain there must have been.

That evening I never forgot. Many more happy ones were passed by her side, but they never seemed the same.

All that season I met Mrs. Gunter. I called frequently at her house, became friends with her husband, whom I soon got to like exceedingly. He was very fond of his wife, although he had a peculiar way of showing it.

She was never sure of her position at a dinner party he would sharply reprimand her until at times I felt like choking him.

She never showed by a sign that she noticed it. A laugh would turn the conversation, but I knew it cut like a knife.

I met her once alone, after such a paying for his incompetency!" The President's organ at Indianapolis, the Journal, sees part of the truth.—"Time and experience," it says, "have shown the inability of the Interior Department to handle the Indian question, or at least to handle the Indians as they ought to be handled. Perhaps it is not so much the fault of the Interior Department as of our system, under which everything is made to bend to political patronage." But why does everything "bend to political patronage?" Why does not Secretary Noble make his important appointments without regard to the "influence" of politicians hankering after spoils? Why should not the President himself interfere to lift the Indian agencies at least above the plane of "political patronage?" The press and the people would sustain him in doing so, and they would sustain him in an attempt, even at this late day, to right summarily and by strong measures the wrong against which the Sioux are protesting in the only way they know how.—Baltimore Sun.

to use my medical knowledge to advantage, and she soon opened her eyes.

By this time the gentlemen who had remained in the dining room rushed into the room, and upon seeing Mrs. Gunter lying senseless the wildest excitement reigned.

Her husband could not be calmed, and insisted that he should shoot himself if anything happened to Miriam.

We calmed him finally by frequent assurances that she would recover. I had her carried to her room, and asked Mr. Gunter what medical attendance I should summon.

"Why, Warren I'll trust her to you, of course. If any one can pull her through you can."

My heart throbbed at the thought of holding her life in my hands, but I was determined to prove worthy in thought and deed of the responsibility.

In the mean time the police had been summoned and the place ransacked, but no trace of the would-be murderer. I had had no time to speculate on that, being fully occupied in writing prescriptions to be filled and ascertaining the exact amount of danger Miriam was in.

I found that the ball had entered her left side, just escaping the heart. When my instruments arrived I probed for the ball and soon extracted it, leaving her free from danger.

For several weeks I attended her, and she gradually gained strength until at last she could sit on the piazza each bright day. During all the weeks the detectives had been at work but no clue could be found. No reasonable theory could be formed.

I questioned her if she knew of any one who would have any motive for such a deed. She only shuddered, and it seemed to retard her recovery every time it was spoken.

So finally it became accepted as a mystery.

I had called one afternoon and found her sitting in her boudoir. She held out her hand and said:

"I am glad you have come, doctor. I want to talk to you."

"I am always glad to be talked to," I inaneily remarked, wondering what was coming.

"You overheard some words one night that require an explanation, she began, and her face was bright scarlet. "They were wicked words. I am afraid, but I have thought them many times."

"I met Mr. Gunter when I was 17, and the fascination he had for me I mistook for love, so that when he asked me if I would marry him I said 'Yes.' In a few months I saw my mistake, but knew not how to communicate the fact. I threw out a few hints, and he immediately became as shy as a virgin, and said if he should lose me he never would live an hour and rather than see me another man's wife he would shoot me."

"I was very young and believed him. In fact I believe still he spoke the truth. I had no courage to face these facts, so gave myself up to the inevitable. I soon learned, even before marriage, that he had a violent temper. No one ever crossed him."

"I have been humiliated time and time again by that cursed temper. God knows I am naturally of a happy nature and I try to make the best of it."

"I thought marriage would soften him, but no, it hardened him, and I had no love to help me bear it. I knew he loved me with a wild, selfish love, but it was not the kind to make me happy. You will wonder why I tell you all this; no, don't interrupt—I cannot help knowing your feeling toward me, and I think it best we should part."

"One thing more," as I tried to interrupt. "I have my suspicions about that horrible night. Don't, for God's sake, ask me any questions. Now, will you be merciful and go?"

I was shivering.

The mere thought of going away, never, perhaps, to see her again, was almost beyond my power. But I saw to cross her would be detrimental to her health. So I said, "Yes, I will go."

"Thank you, Bently, she said, using my Christian name for the first time. "You see, you could not stay here after knowing my story. It would not be right."

"I shall try not to see you again. Good-by, good-by, Miriam, God bless you, child!" and I rushed from the room.

A week later, I sailed for France. For months I travelled through Europe, then I went into the Holy Land and thence through to Japan. For nearly two years I thus wandered about.

One day, while at Cairo I received my European mail which had chased me for some time. I noticed a letter with a strange handwriting and immediately opened it. It ran thus:

DEAR WARREN.—When you receive this I shall be among the "gone before." I am tired of life. But first I must see my conscience, as all

sinner on their dying bed, I want to do. When you were first introduced to me, I noticed that you lost your heart to Miriam, and I was wildly jealous, but I finally got to liking and also trusting you.

The night of the dinner party I worked myself into a passion after you left the table, and leaving the room on the pretense of speaking to my man, I crept around to the drawing room window and saw you two close together.

A passionate glance passed from your eyes, and I imagined she returned it. The demon was aroused in me and I lifted my revolver and fired at you.

My hand was unsteady, and it passed you as you know. I hurried in, and my horror was terrible when I saw Miriam. I gave her into your care because I knew if any one could bring her through you could.

The remorse has been gradually wearing me away. You will hear I died of heart disease. Don't contradict it, and let Miriam think the same.

Take care of her, and forgive me if you can. I liked you Warren, and I leave Miriam to your care.

CLARENCE B. GUNTER.
Oct. 8, "The Vetner."

I could not believe the letter at first. It seemed as if it must be a fabrication of my brain; but no, there was the letter to prove the truth of it. Gunter had tried to kill me, and now had committed suicide.

It was nearly a year later that I arrived home. I called on Mrs. Gunter at once, and she looked very pale and sweet in her mourning garments.

Before I left she had promised to leave them off for a wedding gown a year from that day. I never told her the truth about her husband's death. She had no suspicion about that though.

I always thought she knew who fired the shot that nearly deprived her of life.

However, that is a subject we never discuss in our happy married life.

—T. C. W. in Burlington Globe.

Don't experiment with your health. You may be sure of the quality of your medicine, even if you have to take much of your food upon trust. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It is the standard blood-purifier, the most effective and economical.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14.

Governor Jackson and family have located in Annapolis for the winter.

Mr. John Koons, a former member of the Maryland Legislature, died in Frederick county.

A boy has just died in one of the New York hospitals from the effects of excessive cigarette smoking.

Senator Hearst's physicians have decided that he is suffering from cancer of the intestines and that his case is hopeless.

The Maryland Court of Appeals began its January term yesterday. The canal appeal will not be reached until late in the term.

The protective tariff bias of Smith M. Weed is complicating the New York senatorial situation and creating embarrassment for Governor Hill.

Prof. Bidwell Thompson, who has just returned from Alaska, says that the volcano Bogosler is throwing up islands.

The Sultan of Turkey has attached to his bodyguard a soldier who is one hundred and ten years old.

The action of the British government in bringing the Berlin sea dispute before the United States Supreme Court was informally considered in the cabinet yesterday and generally discussed in political circles in Washington.

There was a protracted debate in the United States Senate yesterday on the financial bill, Senator Sherman alone speaking for more than four hours. General debate will close today after four speeches after which ten-minute speeches will be in order. The House was again engaged on the army appropriation bill.

CHILDREN

Arc always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, to sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, prompts expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old.

One of my children had croup. The case was attended by a physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it—

Strangling.

It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in "one of the medicines it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."—C. J. Woodbridge, Wortham, Texas.

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