

Saint Mary's Beacon
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
At Leonardtown, Md.,
by T. V. TAYLOR & 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
Advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

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GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
For the sale of
TOBACCO, GRAIN and PRODUCE.
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Good rooms, good table and everything
first class. Give me a call. Livery at-
tached, and travelers sent to all parts of the
country. Rates low. June 24-04.
Sewing Machines for sale.
Apply to F. O. Morgan

Saint Mary's Beacon

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TOBACCO GROWERS
To Secure Early Vigorous Plants

BAUGH'S PERU GUANO.
*Baugh's Peru Guano is richer in plant
food than Lobos or Guanape Guano, and
costs less money. Order your supply at
once. We also furnish*
Lobos Peruvian Guano.
Guanape Peruvian Guano.
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Special Tobacco Fertilizer.
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For prices and other information, write
BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,
239 South Street,
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Building Notice

ON or about the 15th of January we will commence improvements on the two adjoining buildings, and when completed will be the finest as well as the largest business houses in East Washington, and to that end we must dispose of every dollar's worth of goods we have on hand, as we want to start our new enterprise with an entire new line.

We Have Cut the Prices to the Core.
This is an opportunity you will seldom have to purchase fine clothing at less than cost to make. This is no idle talk. We mean exactly what we say. Our long existence in your midst and the way we have tried to faithfully serve you is a sufficient guarantee of our good faith. Now is your chance, and just when you need them call early and get the best choice.

S. BIEBER'S
STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,
903, 905, 907 8th St., S. E.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Present with every child's suit Overcoat.
Dec 4, 1890.

HOW DOES IT HAPPEN

that Kendall, in Washington, can sell his goods at such a low figure, and still give reliable material? It's a secret, but I'll tell you—he sells heaps of it; has to buy direct from factory, and consequently has to buy big lots and pays cash for them. It don't do to let stock lay still, for stock is money, so he just keeps rolling it over and over at as near the cost line as is safe for him to go. That's how. Don't tell anybody, he don't want it to get out.

J. B. KENDALL,
618 Penn Ave. 618 B Street,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

WEDNESDAY, March 18.
The first cargo of sugar refined in Baltimore for export will go out this week for Liverpool.
Preparations are being made in Annapolis for the execution of the colored man Forbes.
Ex-Senator Legalle was in Baltimore and talked freely about the movement of the Farmers' Alliance.
Three colored children were suffocated at 145 Hamburg street Baltimore by smoke from a fire they had kindled.

The second Archer case was given to the jury, shortly after which court adjourned and the jurors were locked up for the night. It is thought that the suit on the third bond will be today.
St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Baltimore with a great deal of heartiness. Cardinal Gibbons attended Mass at St. Patrick's Church, where Rev. P. J. Donahue delivered a sermon, in which he said in substance that Irishmen should withhold financial aid from the envoys of Parnell, Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, spoke at St. John's Church on the "Virtue of the Irish." Rev. Peter Yorke delivered an eloquent address at Immaculate Conception Church on the "Glory of Old Ireland." The Hibernian Society had a banquet at the Hotel Bennett, Governor Jackson, Senator Gorman and Congressman Raynor and Rank being among the guests.

THURSDAY, March 19.
Senator Gorman and Representative Compton, of Maryland, will start on a tour of the South today.
Mrs. Cooper's boarding-house at Churchover, Harford county, was destroyed by fire, with nearly all its furniture.
The jury in the second suit against the bondsmen of Stevenson Archer rendered a verdict for \$12,857.55, the full amount claimed by the State, under the court's instructions.

A public meeting was held in Baltimore last night to discuss the oyster interests of Maryland. Addresses in favor of private ownership of oyster grounds were made by Prof. W. K. Brooks, Mr. John K. Cowen, Mr. Marshall MacDonald and Col. Thomas S. Hodson. A protest against private ownership was received from Knights of Labor.

The impression is general in official circles at Washington that it would be just as well if the Italians throughout the country would abandon the idea of public meetings and resolutions about the popular execution of the eleven criminals in New Orleans. The agitation can have no bearing upon the fact that the men were put to death as criminals and not Italians. The gross insult to the American flag by Italians at New Orleans before the killing will probably furnish grounds of demand for an apology from Italy if that nation persists in assuming responsibility for the acts of her subjects in this country. A gentleman in Washington, who is a recognized authority on international law, says the affair has no feature about it that suggests an international or race question. The London Times defends the act of the people of New Orleans.

The acquittal of the Sicilians accused of assassinating D. O. HENNESSY, Chief of Police of New Orleans, has been followed by events sufficiently dreadful in themselves but which will surprise no one familiar with the circumstances of the case or with the population of New Orleans. The assassination was one of the most cruel and revolting on record. It was, presumably, the act of hired bravo's instigated by men who sought to obstruct the operation of law. New Orleans has long been cursed by the practice of the vendetta. Not once but hundreds of times have her people been shocked and outraged by murders of surpassing brutality. Not once but hundreds of times have the witnesses of these butcheries refused to aid the law by giving testimony. It was in the prosecution of a then recent instance of the sort, and because there seemed at last a prospect of putting an end to the vendetta, that Chief HENNESSY was set upon by a score of assassins and foully murdered at his own threshold. There was a tremendous manifestation of resentment at the time and violence was apprehended at any moment. The excitement subsided, however, under pressure of more moderate counsels, and nothing was thereafter done to interfere with the process of law. But when the acquittal was rendered yesterday, and when it came to be understood that this was the fruit of a corruption of one or more of the jury, then the popular wrath broke through all bounds. The people became convinced that the machinery of justice was powerless against the secret forces of the vendetta, and in a moment of uncontrollable fury they took the law into their own hands. As we say, it was dreadful; but can it be said to have been unexpected.—Critic.

DIRGE.

If there will come this heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Bring any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and sleep,
And soul, until the sea waves wash
The sin from the sea-morrow,
In eastern sky.

But will these cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
The doctor, doctor,
Then on a rockbank to lie dreaming
With faded eye;
And then about the beam
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.
—New York Tribune.

IN THE QUICKSANDS.

The story properly begins at midnight on the San Luis Obispo coast, California, twenty years ago, when the September moonlight shone down upon Stoner's cattle ranch, near the Pacific ocean, in the rugged Santa Lucia mountains. Stoner had been a Texas ranger, and could hold his own extremely well in that rough frontier community. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihuahua region years before, and had purchased a settler's claim and an old adobe house built by a Spanish Hidalgo half a century ago. Here he farmed, raised cattle on the unused government lands, and kept a sort of hotel, for several mountain trails joined at that point the broad highway which led to the northern settlements in the pinnacles. He had five daughters, too—the youngest, Theresa, known as Tessa, a girl of 17. That added to the attraction, and almost every night the dark eyed, half Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all the news that was afloat, and somehow most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, shy and reserved, secret in his methods and deadly in his blow.

Stoner's wife and his four eldest daughters were uneducated and in complete subjection to his will. But Tessa had more brains and energy than all the rest put together, and quite as much beauty, and so the old Texan ranger took a certain pride in her, and had even allowed her to attend a district school for two years.

This midnight when, as I have said, the story begins, a person of a prying disposition might have discovered several interesting performances in progress around the Stoner abode. On the north side of the house Tessa was leaning from her window conversing in low tones with a blonde, fair haired and sturdy young man on horseback.

"Tom, do you know my father? He is not the careless, warm hearted man you may suppose. I must admire his ability, but that is all. I warn you, Tom, there never was a more dangerous man. He may be where he hears every word you say, though if he is he will not speak to you or me about it. But if he knew you cared for me he would be your enemy. He has other plans for me. He wants me to marry for money."

Tom Warren had once been the school teacher in the mountain district, miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character, and was already so popular in the country that he had just been elected sheriff, though the youngest man on the ticket.

While Tessa and her lover were talking, a scene of a different nature was being enacted on the south side of the old adobe, which overlooked a deep ravine, and a camp of five or six men in a field below. For several years these men had spent their summers there, ostensibly hunting, fishing and exploring the country with their dogs and guns. Every one knew them, and most persons liked them. Tessa did not.

Stoner, though it was midnight, sat in the moonlight on an old rawhide chair outside the door, smoking his pipe and meditating—a tough, stoney, grizzled night owl of a man and a real miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character, and was already so popular in the country that he had just been elected sheriff, though the youngest man on the ticket.

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SCARCITY OF SAILORS.

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

EXPERIENCED MEN NOT WILLING TO MAN UNCLE SAM'S WAR SHIPS.
A Boarding House Master Suggests Recruiting in the Prison—An Old Tar Who Says Sailors Are Not Wanted, as the System Has Entirely Changed.
"Uncle Sam wants 1,000 men to man his ships," said a reporter to a North End sailor's boarding house master a few days ago. "What are the prospects of enlisting them?"
"Very poor, I should say, for sailors are not so plenty nowadays as most people imagine, and what few there are in port are needed to man the 'square riggers' now loading for foreign voyages, and the men who go coastwise will have nothing to do with the navy."
"What seems to be the objection?"
"Oh, they have many. To begin with, the long term of enlistment, three years, the small wages, too much discipline, liberty ashore cut off in home and foreign ports, and the best reason of all is that in the case of foreigners, should they wish to join a navy they would have done so in their own countries, where the laws command a man to give five or seven years' service in the army or navy or lose the country."
"It must be remembered that American sailors are a thing of the past, and inward or outward bound ships are now manned by Germans principally, with a good sprinkling of Swedes among them. They have pretty good times, and as long as they can get a berth, either fishing or on a merchantman, they say, 'The navy be blowed!'"
"In your opinion what would be a good method for Uncle Sam to adopt to get young and active men for the service?"
"Why, that would be simple enough. Let the navy officers go among the prisons of this and other states and recruit from those places such men as they choose. They would find plenty of fellows who had three or more years to serve glad to get a chance to go to sea, and should that be done what would be the difference? Simply shifting them from one prison to another, the latter a floating one with not half so much chance to escape."
"They would make a pretty tough crew, would they not?"
"No, not necessarily; they would be under the eyes of the sentry with his loaded gun, the officers would be armed, and if they did their work willingly they would not be punished."
"Just to show you that I am speaking correctly I will say the most of the recruits I have shipped in the navy during the past ten years were men that had just finished 'serving time' and wanted to brace up and go to sea."
"Here is another point that will bear argument. Why don't the good Samaritans who give lectures to these men before or after leaving jail urge them to go to the navy instead of securing or trying to secure for them some petty position, which will barely give them a living, and allow them to drift back to their old haunts and associates, to be watched and hounded by the police?"
"Let me tell you another thing. When a man goes to the navy and asks to be shipped they won't ask him whether he was ever in jail or not."
A trip along the wharves was then taken in hopes of meeting some old man-of-war's man, and among a party of sailors who were standing on Atlantic avenue was a man who looked decidedly "tarry" in his blue "ganzy" (jersey) and black silk handkerchief tied in a true sailor's knot.
"Would any of you men here like to ship in the navy?" was the first query.
"Why," spoke up one "doc" Uncle Sam want a new crew for the White Squadron? He'd better pay me what he owes me before I go again."
"Then you are an old timer?"
"Yes, guess so, back as far as '88 and for seven years after."
"Well, don't you think this is a good opportunity for sailors?"
"Sailors! sailors! What do they want of sailors? Why, young fellars, there ain't ropes enough aboard those iron ships to practice splicing on. I tell you they don't want sailors. Anybody will do, even the rough and scruff of this city."
"Those ships steer by steam or hydraulic power, they hoist by steam, they can work a gun in position like you could a small vise. You'd want a search warrant to find a reef tackle on board of them."
"A true sailor wouldn't be no more account than a landlubber, only when at drill on the fore and mainmast, furling sail that had been loosed to dry; then all he'd have to do would be to put a gasket into their hands and tell them to wind it round the sail, for if you talked nautical style they'd fall off the yardarm with astonishment."
"Sailors! What do they want of sailors? They're all iron and steel, ain't they? Well, why don't they ship blacksmiths, machinists, a few tinkers and a couple of broken down riggers who can splice a wire? That's the kind of a crew they want, and as far as fighting is concerned there ain't none, and anybody that knows how to hold on to a plow will do just as well aboard these cruisers as an 'E. after they get over seasickness."
The old tar seemed to be disgusted at the very idea, for he continued:
"When this country gets into bother with other nations she won't be short of men to man the ships, and should it be very soon some of our old clumps wouldn't ask any better place than to be inside those floating steel forts, and they could get plenty of youngsters who would be with us."
"Until that time comes they shouldn't trouble themselves about sailors, only take anybody that will go, and seeing it's about grog time, we'll have to bid you good day."
Other boarding masters and "sailor men" were interviewed, the first saying sailors were scarce, and the latter declaring they had no use for the navy, and coincided with the apparently radical views given above.—Boston Globe.

OF COURSE NOT.

First Female—What are husbands good for, anyway?
Second Female—I never heard of one that was good.—Epoch.