

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 constitutes a square.
A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly
advertisements. Correspondence solicited

EDELEN BROTHERS,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
For the sale of
TOBACCO, GRAIN and PRODUCE.
No. 8 W. Camden St. (1 door from S. Ches.)
Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 27-1f.

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. 15, 79-7f

TOBACCO. FLOUR.
WM. V. WATERS

WITH
J. B. KENT & CO.
Commission Merchants,
306 South Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
GRAIN. PRODUCE.
Dec 5-1f

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DUDLEY & CARPENTER,
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Commission Merchants
No. 57 Light Street,
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Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country
Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful
sampling of Tobacco.

Farmer's and Planter's Agency
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For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and
all kinds of Country Produce.

DIRECTORS:
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Crawford, Calvert county. J. F. Talbot,
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tant in the tobacco department.

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.
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THOS. B. H. TURNER, JOHN M. PAGE,
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Maryland Commission Agency
of BALTIMORE CITY,
Succeeding the
Southern Maryland Commission Agency,

FOR THE SALE OF
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And Farm Produce Generally.

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J. T. Hutchins, Pres. Louis F. Detrick,
John B. Lyon, Richard H. Garner,
F. H. Darnall, P. J. Brown,
John E. Gray, Jos. S. Wilson, Sec.
Feb. 5 91-1f

ALBERT S. JONES
WITH
BOYKIN, CARMER & CO.,
Wholesale Druggists,
Nos. 11 & 13 N. Liberty St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Nov. 20-6m.

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 part's of
county. Rates low. June 24-1f

Sewing Machines for sale.
Apply to F. O. Morgan

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. L. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1891. NO. 533



TOBACCO GROWERS

To Secure Early Vigorous Plants

USE

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.

Ten per ct. Peruvian Guano.

Special Tobacco Fertilizer.

Special Corn Fertilizer.

Special Potato Manure.

Pure Raw Bone Agricultural Chemicals

For prices and other information, write

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,

239 South Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

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
House** 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 any-
body, he don't want it to get out.

J. B. KENDALL,

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

NEWS IN

From the Baltimore Sun.
WEDNESDAY, March 25.

The finding of a mine in some
woods near Westminster has caused
some excitement in that locality.

Maryland Confederates are indig-
nant that they were not permitted to
pay honor to the remains of the dead
general Stanton.

A young man nearly killed himself
by drinking thirteen glasses of whis-
key and four glasses of beer while a
clock was striking ten.

Romiasatra, governor of Belavona,
Madagascar, who had 178 persons
massacred on March 1st, and his
brother, who investigated the massacre,
have been put to death by order of
the Madagascar government for cruel-
ty.

The United States treasury began
the payment of the long-delayed
French spoliation claims, the first
draft being issued to Mrs. Mary Ann
Buchanan Smith, of Philadelphia,
daughter of John Smith, Jr., a mer-
chant of Baltimore.

A disastrous prairie fire has occurred
twenty miles east of Arkansas City,
Kan. A large number of farms were
swept clean of fences, houses and barns,
and large numbers of cattle and
horses perished. It is feared that
lives were lost, as a strong wind was
blowing.

Ernest Hardenstein, editor of Busi-
ness, a weekly paper, of Vicksburg,
Miss., killed by John G. Cash,
man, editor of the Vicksburg Even-
ing Post, on Monday afternoon on the
streets of Vicksburg. The trouble
grew out of a discussion in regard to
the action of the citizens of New
Orleans in killing the Hennessy assassins.

Gov. Francis T. Nichols, of Louisi-
ana, has written to Secretary of State
Blaine that the killing of the eleven
Sicilians in New Orleans is under in-
vestigation by the grand jury of that
city; that all excitement has subsided;
that the movement was directed
against individuals, and that the race
or nationality of the parties did not
enter as a factor into the disturbance.

THURSDAY, March 26.

Judge Andrew K. Syester died at
Hagerstown of progressive paralysis
aged sixty-four years.

It has been ascertained that there
are about 198,000 acres of land in
Allegheny and Garrett counties, Md.,
owned chiefly by no one, and that
it is a part of the
estate of
a certain
gentleman.

Five youthful highwaymen, who
have been operating on Baltimore
and Ohio railroad merchandise trains,
have been sentenced at Elliott City
to terms of seven years each in the
Maryland penitentiary.

Charles Matthews, colored, was
sentenced to the Howard County
Court to five years in prison for high-
way robbery, and two colored youths
were sentenced to eighteen months
for stoning railroad trains.

Gen. John C. Lee, at one time
Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio and a
conspicuous officer in Rosecrans's
army during the war, died at Toledo
Tuesday night. He was commander
of troops in charge of fortifications at
Washington until the fall of Rich-
mond.

The British steamship Strathairly,
with iron ore from Cuba for Balti-
more, was wrecked Tuesday morning
on the North Carolina coast. Cap-
tain Wynn and eighteen officers and
men were drowned. Second Officer
Turper and six men were saved.

FRIDAY, March 27.

A house belonging to Mrs. Hoag-
land was burned at Bacon Hill, Cecil
county.

Henry Fisher, colored, charged
with shooting his stepfather, Edward
Clarke, has surrendered to the au-
thorities of Cecil county.

The recent threatening letter sent
to Governor Jackson is strongly con-
demned by reputable colored citizens
of Annapolis.

George W. Alexander & Co's bat
factory, Reading, Pa., was totally
destroyed by fire yesterday. Loss
over \$60,000; partially insured.

Much interest has been elicited in
Washington over the movement of
the Massachusetts republicans in the
direction of woman suffrage.

In Hanover county, Va., Charles
Green, colored, aged nineteen years,
shot and killed John Lewis, another
negro lad of sixteen. It is claimed
that the shooting was accidental.

In the trial of Charles E. Kioacid
in the Criminal Court of the District
of Columbia a portion of the dying
declaration of ex-Representative Tan-
ber was admitted.

At Cumberland Gap, Tenn., a few
miles from Middleborough, Ky., J.
A. Burke, telegraph operator, was
shot and instantly killed yesterday by
Tom Hunter, colored. Sixty armed
men took Hunter, from the officers
and hanged him to a tree.

Two executions took place in Pen-
sylvania yesterday. George West-
ington Moss was hanged at Wilkes
barre for the murder of his wife,
Rhoda, October 10, 1889. Olive

William Stangley was hanged at Manch Chunk for the murder of Mrs. Sybilly Walbert, wife of Albert Wal- bert, October 19, 1889. Death en- sued quickly in both cases.

IN MEMORIAM

Fell asleep at eventide Friday,
March 6th, 1891, Mrs. ELIZA ANN
COLE, in the 63rd year of her age.

How often death compels us to
chronicle the departure of our loved
ones to the Home Beyond.

Without respect to age or condi-
tion, he lays his pale hand upon whom
he will and leaves a void in loving
hearts, which cannot be filled. Death!
the great proprietor of all, unrelent-
ing, inexorable, is the Physician of
him, whom medicine cannot cure, the
comforter of him, whom time cannot
console.

Coming around and among us, and
at last to us, he is ever saying, so live
that, when the summons comes, you
join the innumerable caravan, mov-
ing on to that mysterious realm, where
each shall take his chamber in the sil-
ent halls of death, thou canst ap-
proach the grave, sustained and
soothed by unflinching trust. A warn-
ing heard and heeded by some, by
others neglected. Is death less pain-
ful when we contemplate it as a dan-
ger far distant? Possibly, the saddest
moments of an active life, are
when one, who is making no prepara-
tion for eternity, feels that soon he
must die. The spectre is sad and aw-
ful indeed; while to him who believes
and works, the contemplation of such
a certain, whether near or far, is
far distant, is seen through faith, not
as the end, but the very beginning of
an existence supremely perfect and
therefore supremely appreciative.—
There is nothing in the mind of con-
templation, comparable to Christian
living and Christian dying. Splendid
thought of the Apostle, to live and
die with Christ—to approach the grave
with all the hope, that a dying Chris-
tian enjoys of the happy change, and
while dying to think upon

Anzel torn in their immortal state,
Of those around God's throne arrayed in
white.

But I anticipate the death bed, to
which I, as a Christian Priest, ministered
during three consecutive days. Mrs. Cole
was an excellent Christian woman
and died a noble Christian death. The
day before she was called away, there
was a change for the better in her
condition. She desired and received
the Holy Communion, there-
by evincing that she died in the
communion of the Catholic Church, in
the faith of a certain faith and
certain hope.

Her remains were buried on the
4th Sunday in Lent, in Old Poplar
Hill churchyard. Very many were
present at the funeral obsequies. Un-
der the shadow of the wide spreading
and ancient oak, beside her dear
ones in death, her body rests. Soon
the flowers of Spring will blossom
over her grave and diffuse their sweet
odors around, fit emblems in their
new born freshness and beauty of the
soul's resurrection to all the glories of
the eternal world.

MAURICE H. VAUGHAN.

I feel impelled by many consid-
rations to offer some tribute, though
poor and feeble it may be, to the
memory of Miss MAMIE BILLINGSLEY,
who departed this life on March 11,
1891. But a few weeks ago she moved
from her home in Baltimore to Balti-
more, perfect health, lively and bright
the youthful promise of a future
whose bright sky seemed unclouded by
any cloud. Now, alas! she is taken
from us, she who but a few weeks ago
was the joy and comfort of a fond
mother, a devoted sister and broth-
er, she who was so gentle and so
kind, so agreeable as a companion
and contributed so much to the plea-
sures of the social circle has been
snatched away almost without a warn-
ing. Death, cruel and pitiless, has
robbed a mother of a dear child, one
of the precious jewels of the house-
hold, just blooming into womanhood,
and taken from her young friends one
of their sweetest and most charming
companions.

A gloomy cloud hangs over her
once bright home. Sadness and sor-
row, heavy and crushing, weigh down
a mother's heart. But amid all this
gloom there shines a ray of light, one
consolation to support her distressed
friends, and which should be as heal-
ing balm to the bleeding heart of the
disconsolate mother, of sister and bro-
ther.

Our dear departed friend, in the
pleasures and gaiety of the world,
did not neglect her duty to her God.
She was a faithful Christian and
devoted member of the Episcopal church.
Thus in the sorrow which overwhelms
her relatives and friends, there is to
support and comfort us the faith and
hope that our dear young friend has
only been transferred to that better
world prepared by the Father for
those who do His holy will.

CHAPTICQ, March 23d, L.

Died, on March 11, 1891, at the
Church Home and Infirmary, North
Broadway, Baltimore, MARY ALICE
BILLINGSLEY, aged about 21 years.

Deceased was the daughter of Eli-
zabeth and the late Dr. John T. Bil-
lingsley, of St. Mary's county, and
granddaughter of the late Philip Bris-

coe. The remains were brought to
the county and interred at Christ
Church, Chaptico, on Saturday, 14th
ult., a large number of friends attend-
ing the funeral. The burial service
was performed by Rev. Messrs. Gantt
and Chesley.

Death is terrible at all times. It
brings sorrow and gloom when it
strikes down the aged and infirm,
whose lives in the order of nature we
can hope to be extended only a few
months or a few years.

But oh! how terrible! how ruth-
less! when it invades the happy home
and robs the domestic circle of one
of its cherished members—when it
strikes down a dearly beloved child
in the bloom of youth—one to whom
a long life seemed to be promised—
pious Christian, generous hearted,
sprightly, having always a smile and
pleasant word for the poor and neg-
lected—one who as a daughter was
loving and dutiful, as a sister, kind
and devoted—as a friend, genial and
self sacrificing.

But great as the grief, and bitter as
the anguish which wrung the hearts of
a fond mother, and a devoted and
loving sister and brothers, we as Chris-
tians must bow in humble submission
to the will of the Divine Father, re-
membering that He doeth all things
well, and take consolation from the
knowledge "that we sorrow not as
those who have no hope."

A FRIEND.

On the 13th of March, 1891, at his
late home in Washington, D. C., Mr.
R. EDWIN WAINWRIGHT, in his
63rd year.

Seldom have we been called upon
to record a death so sad. He leaves
six children and a devoted wife, lon-
ely and burdened to the earth with her
grief and cares. Yet they sorrow not
as those who have no hope. He was
a member of the Episcopal church
South, showed much interest in its
welfare, united his voice with the
choir in songs of praise, and was al-
ways anxious to be found in his place
and add his influence to the prosper-
ity of the church. His devotion as a
father and husband was very strong;
as a kind and unselfish neighbor and
friend, he won universal praise. His
cheerful and hopeful disposition shed
sunshine and joy in and around his
home, and thus a bright light has dis-
appeared from our midst to reappear
at the resurrection morn with the sun
shining hosts of the redeemed, to give
glory to God in the highest forever.

May his sorrowing family be cheer-
ed and sustained by Divine Grace as
they journey through their earthly pilgri-
mage, the way growing brighter and
brighter until they all meet in the
light that never grows dim.

"In the sweet by and by."

This time last year he was with us,
whose place is vacant today;
No words can tell how we miss him
Since the evening he went away.
In the early Spring dawning
He heard the sweet "Well done"
The voice of the Master calling,
As "Higher" He bade him come.

Right fair was the earthly sunrise
From which he passed away;
To the glad light of that City
Where ever more it is day.
A fair and beautiful record
Of his stainless life is left
To comfort the sad and lonely,
Of his counsel so bereft.

Through many hours of suffering
The cross he was glad to bear;
The doctrine of Christ advancing,
The thorns of the palm to wear.
His patient trust in the Master
From which he passed away;
To his will he bowed in weakness,
Now he is crowned with him.

In the early Spring evening
He entered the gates of rest,
At home, in that beautiful City,
With the ransomed, crowned and blest.
Missing, not lost, we remember,
As we bow to the chaste shining rod,
In our Father's house we'll find him,
Safe in the presence of God!

A FRIEND.

A weak, sickly-looking indi-
vidual, with a shawl and a pair of
gaiters, entered a railroad restau-
rant and said to the waiter:
"Waiter, bring me a sirloin steak,
an omelet and some baked potatoes."
"Yes, sir; that—"
"And some baked ham, and—and a
small mutton chop, waiter."
"Yes, sir, that."
"A couple bottles of beer and and a
half dozen English muffins."
The waiter put down his tray with
a knowing smile. Glancing over at
the counter to see if the proprietor
was looking he leaned over and whis-
pered: "Say, mister, you don't want a
manager, do you?"

It has been conjectured that
the secret of antediluvian longevity
was some method of keeping the blood
pure, warm, and vigorous. Moderns
accomplish the same purpose by using
Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best blood
medicine ever brought to light.

Distance lends enchantment.—
Hostess—Don't you think my daugh-
ter has a fine voice, Mr. Bronson, and
that I ought to send her to Paris to
have it cultivated? Bronson—Yes; if
I were you I would send her at least
as far as that.—Life.

A false counsellor.—Faimly
Solicitor—How is it that you have
sunk so much lower than all your
companions? Jack—I look your
advice, sir, and started at the bottom.
I stayed there.—Epoch.

Saint Mary's Beacon
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS
BILL HEADS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
Parties having Real or Personal Prop-
erty for sale can obtain descriptive hand bills
cutly executed and at City Prices.

DEAD BY THE TRACK.

While His Loving Mother Waited and
Watched in Vain for Him.
"The Western and Atlantic train left
the track last night at McVor's, and
Richard McClain, fireman, was killed."

That was the message, almost brutal
in its brevity, that was flashed over the
wires from Atlanta to Brunswick. He
was only a fireman, of small conse-
quence to this matter of fact world, with
his rush and bustle, and so a three line
paragraph in the morning papers was
his obituary.

But back of this bare notice of Mc-
Clain's death is one of the most pathetic
stories in the history of railroad acci-
dents in Georgia. The dead man had a
mother and family who lived in the val-
ley of the famous Chickamauga, and
about the center of the pathos of the
story. But let Engineer Adamson who
stood weeping over the body of his
friend, tell it:

"He was a good boy," he said; "one of
the best hearted men in the world. And
he loved his family so! Every night
before he went to his home his
mother would put on a light to let him
know that all was well, and he would
answer with a light. Last night she
may have watched all night, for he
didn't pass, and no doubt she was trou-
bled with the thought that something
was wrong."

And something was wrong.
While the faithful mother, with her
lamp of love a-flame, was straining her
eyes through the darkness of the night to
catch a gleam of the flashing headlights
that announced "all's well" with her son,
that son was stark in death.

The eye that had watched for the
light in the window that told of the
safety of mother and kindred were glazed
by death. No more would they strain
through the dusk of the valley for the
red ray which conveyed to him a mes-
sage of love from home.

Richard was dead by the track!
The loving mother, what of her?
Through the dark watches she waited
at the window, in her hand the beacon
that assured Richard of the well being of
the jewels of his heart.

But the rush and roar of the engine,
and the flashing of the headlights through
the swart reaches of the valley never
came.

The minutes ticked slowly by.
"Richard is late to-night," thought
the loving woman, "but I'll wait a while
longer. It is almost like a visit from
him to catch a glimpse of the light."

So she waited till her eyes grew heavy
with sleep.
And Richard was dead by the track!
Finally she said:
"I'll leave the lamp in the window
and lie down a while. I can hear the
roar of the engine in time to wave the
light."

Slumber came unconsciously to the
loving but tired eyes. When she awoke
the sun was shooting his silver arrows
through the chinks of the room. The
faithful heart turned toward the win-
dow. The lamp was extinguished. The
sun shined brightly on the floor. No
two came darkling over her, chilling
the warm love currents of her heart.

For—Richard was dead by the track!
Light and love had died together.—
Brunswick (Ga.) Times.

Heavy Liables.
"Say, girls," said one of a trio of young
ladies, "let's go up on this car. The walks
are very slippery."
"Oh, I prefer the exercise of walking,"
answered one of her companions.

"Well, I don't," said the remaining
one, a tall blonde, "I'm going to ride."
With little parody she then boarded
the car. They conversed pleasantly un-
til near Pearl street, when, as the con-
ductor approached for their fares, two of
the girls began nervously unbuttoning
their gloves.

"Blanche, will you please pay my
fare?" said one, turning to her neighbor.
"I can't. I have only ten cents. But,"
said she, turning to the imperial blonde,
"will you pay for me?"

"I haven't a cent," sentimentally re-
plied the blonde. And with burning
cheeks the young ladies signaled the con-
ductor and stepped silently and thought-
fully from the car. The ladies ex-
ceeded their assets.—Albany Argus.

Cheese Parings.
Cheese parings—are they worth board-
ing? Certainly not, and yet thousands
find in them an interesting occupation.
It is a singular fact that there are many
persons who spend all their time in pe-
nationally saving scraps, the accumu-
lated value of which is of no consequence
whatever, yet who will now and again
give away large sums of money. Some
even will regularly subscribe to charita-
ble objects sums a small percentage of
which would alter all their human rela-
tions, and make a number of fellow mor-
tals who come in contact with them
happy day by day. Which is the wis-
er—to endow a Charity (with a capital C,
mind) for strangers or to show charity
at home?—New York Ledger.

Knows Only Two Times.
Speaking of music, here is a true story
of a well known and greatly esteemed
Boston journalist to round out with:
The journalist is so far from being a
musician that he is accused of being des-
titute of the sense of time. One time he
was rallied on this point by a lady of his
acquaintance, who asked him point
blank:

"Is it true, Mr. A., that you don't know
one time from another?"
"It is a fact," he said, "that I can't
readily distinguish time apart. There
are only two times that I really know
well."

"What are they?"
"Old Hundred and the long meter
Doxology"—Boston Transcript.

Worse Than Doing Nothing.
"What in the world are you doing?"
yelled Cuzco to his youngest, when he
saw him pounding his papa's watch
with a hammer.

"Killin' time," replied the precocious
infant.—Harper's Bazar.