

**Saint Mary's Beacon.**  
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
 At Leonardtown, Md.,  
 BY T. P. YATES & F. V. KING.  
 \$1 Dollar a Year in Advance  
 TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.....\$1.00  
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**CHRISPIN & DAWKINS.**  
 Commission Merchants  
 FOR THE SALE OF—  
**TOBACCO, GRAIN AND COUNTRY  
 PRODUCE GENERALLY.**  
 No. 219 South Charles St.,  
 BALTIMORE.  
 April 2-47

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 GENERAL  
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 Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country  
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 Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Live Stock, Peaches,  
 And Farm Produce Generally.  
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 Feb. 5 91-47

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

DIRECTORS:  
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Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers  
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**Peruvian Guano.**  
 Clover and Timothy seed and all House  
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 Advances made on consignments.  
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ESTABLISHED 1873.  
**BULLEN & MCKEEVER.**  
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 939 LA. AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Particular attention given to the sale of  
 Cattle,  
 Sheep,  
 Lams,  
 Veal,  
 Hogs,  
 Eggs,  
 Poultry,  
 Horses.

and all kinds of country produce.  
 Returns Prompt. Refers to community  
 at large.  
 Jan 29-47-11 18, 90

**Wool! Wool!**  
 WILL pay for Wool the highest market  
 prices. Want it for factory purposes  
 SACKS FURNISHED FREE.  
 NO CHARGE FOR DRAYAGE.  
 The cost of freight the only expense to  
 shippers. Will dray at my own expense  
 from any depot or wharf in any quarter  
 of the city.  
 If you desire to save money and all mid-  
 die men's expenses ship direct to  
**LEWIS HOPFENMAIR,**  
 DEALER IN—  
 HIDES, WOOL, FURS and SHEEP SKINS.  
 Southeast cor. 10th & C Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 References—Riggs & Co., bankers, or  
 any reliable business house in Washing-  
 ton, D. C. Aug 6-97

**EDELEN BROTHERS,**  
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 Baltimore, Md.  
 Jan. 27-47

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LI. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, SEPT., 17, 1891. NO. 557

**Never Say What You Cannot Sub-  
 stantiate!**

**WE NEVER DO!**

It is a well known fact that we occu-  
 py more space than any house in  
 East Washington, therefore we are  
 able to show more goods. You can-  
 not put a quart of wine into a pint  
 measure.

**Our Facilities are Great.**

We have a bright and light Store.  
 We have a better and larger line of  
 goods than any house in this section  
 would attempt to handle.

**We Carry the Largest Stock,**

**We have the Largest Store.**

**We Sell at the Lowest Prices!**

**Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.**

**S. BIEBER'S**

**STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,**

903, 905, 907 8th St., S. E.,

**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

**JACK LANE, LITTERATEUR.**

BY NELLIE COOPER, CORRESPONDENT.

Four of us, wanderers in a  
 strange land, were met by some  
 happy accident, around the  
 crackling fire in the Roman  
 servant, long and sullen;  
 raked into the fagots  
 gathered from the hills; for  
 being the 1st of our pipes  
 and beer were enough to keep  
 us comfortable.

Dick Richards, the fellow's  
 name who told me, said, but  
 he had a sweet voice, and I swear  
 it brings the tears back into my  
 eyes to think of the story told  
 in his quiet, halting way between  
 the puffs of his long-stemmed  
 pipe, the smoke curling up in  
 unison from our individual  
 bowls as if it were incense for  
 the memory of Jack Lane, littera-  
 teur.

"Poor Jack!"  
 The moment he began to speak  
 we shifted our feet uneasily, and  
 the smoke got in our eyes.

"Jack was a good fellow."  
 Again we puffed away in silence,  
 and felt the terrific portent of his  
 tone. "A good fellow."

Puff, puff. A window rattled,  
 moved by a light breeze; the Roman  
 servant brought in more beer.

"I will tell you about him. We  
 braced up, the story was coming;  
 and knowing Dick, we knew it  
 would be good. Jack was from  
 the Blue Grass country, and as fine  
 a looking fellow as you would wish  
 to see; eyes like pieces of sky, and  
 clear-cut noble features, and yellow  
 hair that wreathed about his  
 head in a way that drove the girls  
 distracted; a fine horseman, mag-  
 nificent shot, a crack chess player,  
 gambler, a duelist, and twenty-  
 five years old when he died. Not a  
 bad fellow you will understand, but  
 full of the Southern love of adven-  
 ture. His ancestor, who had loved  
 life and its ups and downs ere he  
 was born.

When he was sixteen his aunt  
 gave him \$500.

"You are the only respectable  
 relative left," she said, and sighed  
 as she thought of her brother, who  
 had just fled to India to escape the  
 consequences of his fourteenth duel.

Jack took the money and kissed  
 the donor gratefully. Then he  
 went out—the gift in his pocket,  
 the words in his mind.

"So! The only decent relative  
 left; accounts for my deuced lonely  
 feeling."

His reverie was interrupted.  
 "Just the man I want. I am  
 looking for you, Lane."

"Oh, hello, Deane! What's up?"  
 "We have a scheme on hand; go-  
 ing to start a pool-room and need  
 more capital; want you to go into  
 it, if you will; your name need not  
 be connected with it, you know."

Jack put his hand in his pocket,  
 and at the touch of the money the  
 words of his aunt came tripping  
 back to him on the wings of the  
 devil.

"I will go into it," he said, and  
 pulled out the money. "You can  
 take it. I expect some from a play  
 next week. Never mind to thank  
 me; it is all right. I will be around  
 to-night."

The Roman servant shook the de-  
 canted vigorously. The men from  
 the States were looking too grave to  
 suit his liking. He poked the fagots  
 till each one leaped like Romans  
 jumping from the walls of the sev-  
 en-hilled city. The travelers re-  
 laxed their pipes.

"Night came," continued Dick  
 Richards, "and at the first hour of  
 dark Jack Lane entered the door  
 that led him to ruin. The associ-  
 ated managers had told him he need  
 not be connected with the affair,  
 but he came so frequently that he  
 was soon estimated, not as a stock-  
 holder, but a patron.

"One night the aunt, who had  
 given him the money he had in-  
 vested in the scheme, died. Just  
 before she closed her eyes, she mur-  
 mured: 'Jack, Jack, you were the  
 only respectable one left. I gave

you the money that led you into  
 evil. Forgive—'

"News of the death found Jack in  
 the midst of a game of poker. He  
 had been drinking heavily; his won-  
 derful eyes were luminous; his ruf-  
 fled hair lay like a wreath of gold  
 about his brow.

"Dead," he whispered hoarsely,  
 as he dealt the cards, "and all the  
 money will be mine, mine."

"But the reading of the will  
 proved the uselessness of his hopes.  
 She had left every cent of a vast es-  
 tate to a convent, and the codicil  
 revoked the main purpose of the  
 bequest to this slight degree:  
 'To my nephew, John Stewart Lane,  
 I leave the white silk handkerchief,  
 embroidered with a golden L, for  
 on it fell my bitter tears, to think  
 that I had given him the key to  
 hell.'

"Jack Lane took the handker-  
 chief and put it in his pocket. He  
 left Kentucky soon after and went  
 West.

"Let us drink, gentlemen."  
 With great formality Richard  
 Richards passed round the cups,  
 and then resumed the tale.

"It was some years after that I  
 met him again in Nebraska. He  
 had been engaged to lay out some  
 swamp lands; he and his men were  
 hard at work. He looked sick, dis-  
 couraged; he hated the work, and  
 the air of the swamps was undermin-  
 ing his constitution. He was  
 gambling heavily, too, in the ad-  
 joining town, and the lamp of life  
 was burning rapidly. He had the  
 same hearty handshake, the same  
 blue eyes, and wreathing hair.

"Writing any?"  
 "Some," he said; "can't help it."  
 "I invited him to come to my of-  
 fice—I was running the *Chanticleer*  
 then—and told him to bring some  
 manuscript with him.

"He came one night with manu-  
 script and I got down  
 to it."

"The student lamp rained down  
 a gentle radiance upon us. He be-  
 gan to read his story in a voice ro-  
 mantic with pathos and softening  
 tenderness, and as he proceeded I  
 saw in the curling smoke of my cigar  
 the transient characters of the  
 'Witch of the Swamps.'

"A dream first," he explained,  
 when he had finished reading; "a  
 dream that haunted me; I saw the  
 figure coming toward me, down  
 through the tarns and pools; there  
 was seaweed bound about her, and  
 like a banner waved a filmy silk  
 above her head spangled with a gold-  
 en letters, and tears like brilliant  
 showers about her, and above all  
 rose the purple denseness of the  
 swamps, and languid and low in the  
 sky hung Dian mocking me."

"I took the story and paid him  
 double what I could afford, and not  
 an atom of what it was really worth,  
 for it surpassed any Poe had ever  
 written for witchery or sweetness.  
 He threw up the survey scheme  
 then and used the money to carry  
 him East.

"Years passed. It was in New  
 Mexico that I next saw Jack Lane.  
 In the town of Patzcuaro, named  
 by the old kings of Tainzunan, and  
 meaning a place of pleasure. He  
 was sitting on a stone bench near a  
 fountain, bordering the plaza; was  
 a glorious-eyed Mexican maid was  
 by his side, a pale blue serape thrown  
 about her head.

"Her hair rivaled any night I ever  
 saw for blackness; it was like a  
 storm at sea, alive in its fury of  
 gloom and grandeur. Her skin was  
 of olive tint, her mouth was the  
 borrowed bow of Cupid, her figure  
 a Galatea.

"The expression of content upon  
 Jack's face was new to me. He  
 was smoking, as usual; the girl was  
 speaking to him in Spanish, her  
 words chording softly, rhythmically  
 with the night air that came straight  
 from the stars, with dewy golden  
 weight of dreamlike languor.

"The mules were patterning by,  
 the bells tinkling like faint fairy  
 voices; afar in the long lines stretch-  
 ed the lighted bonfires, for it was  
 market night, and the men, women  
 and boys are guarding their stacks  
 of fruit and fish.

"I did not speak to him that night,  
 but followed them; next day I went  
 to see him. It was good to see his  
 face again, to feel his hand. I sank  
 into a chair and asked him of him-  
 self.

"Same old story," he said dis-  
 mally; "dead broke, bad health—it  
 was the swamps that did it." He  
 got up and paced the floor; then  
 suddenly he stopped in front of me.  
 The old-time smile was on his face.

"I am the man who stands alone,"  
 he said. It had been a favorite  
 phrase of his in days of old. Death  
 was written on his face.

"The room was littered with writ-  
 ing paraphernalia; the tiled floor  
 ruffled profusely; pen and ink  
 sketches were pinned against the  
 walls. From the window we could  
 look down into the valley; we were  
 both looking out at the sky that  
 stretched away, a dense, live blue,  
 skirted with wreathing rifts of  
 clouds, each tinted like a shell.

"A light step approached the door;  
 it opened, and the dusky senorita  
 stepped across the threshold, with  
 golden fruit in her arms. Jack did  
 not move his eyes, but went on  
 smoking. She stepped across the  
 room and layed the fruit upon the  
 table, and then gathering the blue  
 serape from the chair she passed  
 beyond into a little balcony.

"Let us go out and take a walk,"  
 I suggested. He arose dreamily.

"Amorita," he said, so low it seem-  
 ed impossible she should have heard  
 him, but she came in an instant,  
 questioning in Spanish. He nod-  
 ded his head to her inquiry.

"She ran lightly away, and soon  
 returned with his hat and cane.  
 "Adios, cara mia," he muttered  
 tenderly, and kissed her. She  
 opened the door and we passed out.

"Adios, Amorita."

"I lingered in Patzcuaro for many  
 days, feeling that he could not live  
 long, even in that soft air.

but his only response was a gentle,  
 half-tired smile.

"I never play any more," he said;  
 "I am just waiting for"—he did not  
 say death, but looked it; "it will  
 come soon, and Amorita will be  
 alone."

"A look of heaven came into his  
 face whenever he said that name,  
 and during my many ramblings  
 with him I learned that she had  
 some little money. It was enough  
 for them both, she had told him in  
 Spanish, and so it happened that  
 the little blue serape laid across the  
 chair, and Amorita sang him Span-  
 ish lullabys to the stringed lute or  
 held him on her warm, warm heart  
 when he was ill and fearful.

"Word came that I must leave  
 New Mexico and return to the  
 States. I went to bid farewell to  
 Jack and Amorita, for I had learn-  
 ed to know her very well, and loved  
 to see her dark eyes brighten when  
 I came, for she told me 'the senor  
 was always glad to see me.'

"I tapped at the door, and then  
 opened it softly.

"Jack was lying on the couch  
 propped up with pillows, the blue  
 serape was thrown lightly over him,  
 falling against the transparent  
 whiteness of his face. He was gasp-  
 ing for breath. The windows were  
 all open, Amorita, kneeling at his  
 side, was moving a large fan slowly,  
 evenly.

"Cara mia," he murmured in a  
 gentle gasp.

"Si," she whispered.

"So kind, so true," he murmured—  
 "wine, water, for God's—"  
 "She lifted a wine glass to his  
 lips and lovingly supported him as  
 he drank. His blue eyes fell softly  
 upon her. I crossed to the other  
 side of the couch. He saw me.

"Dick."

"Yes, old man."

"The Witch of the Swamps, you  
 remember—"

"Yes, yes."

"She is coming; the silk is waving,  
 the blasted hopes loom like a swamp,  
 but the moonlight, the starlight, is  
 this face." And he turned his eyes  
 to his Spanish love.

"The moonlight, the sunlight—  
 I worship the sun, the warmth, the  
 love, the life, Amorita—"

**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 handbills  
 neatly executed and at City Prices.

"With gentle vehemence she flung  
 her arms about him and held her  
 lips close to his face.

"Your last breath," she murmured  
 in Spanish; "I will die with its  
 fragrance upon my lips. You will  
 not journey alone to the land of  
 souls, my life—"

"With immortal move he drew  
 himself into her arms, a momentary  
 struggle, a sound of choking, and  
 slowly—rigidly—he fell into the  
 pose of death.

"Amorita removed the pillows from  
 his head, till he lay quite at ease.  
 She arranged his hair with gentle  
 touch, and placed a prayer rug by  
 the couch; then moved across the  
 room, and before a mirror, dapped  
 a lace mantilla about her sea-storm  
 hair, and taking a vial from her  
 pocket, she poured the colorless  
 contents into a tiny glass.

"She came back to the couch, and  
 knelt by his side a moment, then  
 rising she laid her hand in mine,  
 her eyes fixed first upon his face,  
 then turning into mine; gently she  
 pointed to the door, her head  
 drooped, the glass held high above  
 her head. I obeyed the silent com-  
 mand.

"The Spanish guardsman found  
 them late that night. A wreath of  
 flowers was lying on their breasts.  
 The fragments of a shattered glass  
 lay glimmering on the floor, as if  
 had fallen from her lips and hand.  
 Through the open window swept  
 the tinkling of many bells, and the  
 night air stirred the music to the  
 room from the distant plaza, and so  
 I left Jack Lane, litterateur."

The Roman servant, who had en-  
 tered, paused in awe. Men in tears  
 were new to him.

Then, as the travelers fell to  
 making merry, he grew at ease and  
 poured the beer with gusto.

The recovery by Mr. Flinders  
 Petrie in Egypt of portions of a  
 lost tragedy of Euripides was noted  
 in a recent number of the 'Sun'.  
 Last year we announced the discov-  
 ery of a papyrus MS. containing  
 the long-lost and valuable work of  
 Aristotle on the Athenian constitu-  
 tion. Now we have to announce  
 the publication by the British Mu-  
 seum of a volume containing the  
 text of ten MSS. of classical au-  
 thors recently rescued from the  
 lands of Egypt. Seven of these  
 manuscripts contain works already  
 known to us—portions, that is to  
 say of the Iliad, of an epistle of  
 Demosthenes and of an oration of  
 Isocrates. They are of value chief-  
 ly in correcting the extant texts  
 of these authors. The real interest  
 of the publication lies in three  
 works now for the first time res-  
 cued from the oblivion of centuries.  
 One is part of a speech of the  
 Athenian orator and statesman Hy-  
 perides, the friend of Demosthenes.  
 The second is a portion of a gram-  
 matical treatise, supposed to be a  
 student's abridgment of a work of  
 the Alexandrian scholar Tryphon.  
 These two MSS. add to our knowl-  
 edge of two authors with whom we  
 were already more or less acquaint-  
 ed. The third, however, which is  
 of interest to the general public in  
 several ways is new. It is a collec-  
 tion of the poems of Herodes, a  
 native, perhaps of Cos, in the East-  
 ern Aegean, who lived about 250 B.  
 C. The exact quotations from his  
 writings are but ten in number and  
 very brief. Notices of him are  
 even scantier, so that till now we  
 may be said to have known almost  
 nothing of him or his works.

The new-found poems of Hero-  
 des are of a class of literature of  
 which there are no surviving exam-  
 ples in Greek. They are dramatic  
 idyls, dealing with scenes of ordi-  
 nary domestic life, and for the  
 most part of a humorous descrip-  
 tion. With one exception they are  
 dialogues, and the characters are  
 mostly female. The first of the  
 seven distinct poems embraced in  
 the seven hundred lines of the MS.  
 is entitled "The Match-maker,"

(Continued on 4th Page.)