

Saint Mary's Beacon
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 A Dollar a Year in Advance
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 A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly
 advertisements. Correspondence solicited

Saint Mary's Beacon

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JNO. H. CHRISPIN. JAS. A. DAWKINS.
CHRISPIN & DAWKINS.
 Commission Merchants
 —FOR THE SALE OF—
 TOBACCO, GRAIN AND COUNTRY
 PRODUCE GENERALLY.
 No. 219 South Charles St.,
 BALTIMORE.
 April 2-11

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.

THOS. B. H. TURNER, JOHN M. PAGE,
 R. O. MULLIN, Cashier.

Maryland Commission Agency
 of BALTIMORE CITY,
 Succeeding the

Southern Maryland Commission Agency,
 FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Live Stock, Peaches,
 And Farm Produce Generally.

No. 256 South Charles Street,
 BALTIMORE, MD.

DIRECTORS:
 J. T. Hutchins, Pres. Louis F. Detrick,
 John B. Lyons, Richard H. Garner,
 F. H. Darvall, P. J. Bowen,
 John B. Gray, Jos. S. Wilson, Sec.

Farmer's and Planter's Agency

220. S. CHARLES ST.
 BALTIMORE.

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

DIRECTORS:
 JOHN SHEPHERD, A. A. Co., President.
 J. P. Biscoe, Colvert County. P. A. Bow-
 en, Prince George's county. G. W. Dor-
 sey, Calvert county. P. H. Tuck, Balti-
 more city. L. H. Hinks, Baltimore county.
 A. Posey, Charles county. J. W.
 Crawford, Calvert county. J. F. Talbot,
 Calvert county. G. M. Spicknall, assistant
 in the tobacco department.

Manufacturers of High Grade Fertilizers
 and agents for Dissolved Bone, Fine Ground
 Bone, Kainit and

Peruvian Guano.
 Cover and Timothy Seed and all House
 hold and Farm supplies furnished.
 Advances made on consignments.
 March 17-90

ESTABLISHED 1873.

BULLEN & MCKEEVER
 OLD RELIABLE COMMISSION MEN,
 939 LA. AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
 Particular attention given to the sale of

Cattle,
 Sheep,
 Lambs,
 Veal,
 Hogs,
 Eggs,
 Poultry,

and all kinds of country produce.
 Returns Prompt. Refers to community
 at large.
 Jan 29-11-11-18, '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 from any quarter
 of the city.
 If you desire to save money and all mid-
 dle men's expenses, ship direct to

LEWIS HOPFENMAIR,

—DEALER IN—
 HIDES, WOOL, FLGS and SHEEP SKINS,
 Sealed or 1/2 & 3/4, A. W. Washington, D. C.
 References—Riggs & Co., bankers, or
 any reliable business house in Washing-
 ton, D. C. Agu 6-91

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.
 Tel. 49-11

THE GREATEST BARGAIN Ever Offered in the History & OF CLOTHING.

IN JANUARY we are going to tear the old
 building adjoining our last year's new addition
 and replace the same by a magnificent
 modern structure on par with any concern in
 the country.

To do this we must dispose of our immense
 stock now on hand, as we will have no place
 to store the stock that is left; and, moreover,
 when we open our new place we want to open
 with an entire new line of goods. To that
 end we propose to give the public a genuine

BARGAIN FEAST in Ready-Made Clothing

AT THE

Lowest Prices Ever Quoted.

To those in need of clothing, it will
 pay well to call and see our stock and
 buy your

CHRISTMAS GOODS

early. Bear in mind this is no FAKE
 SALE, but a GENUINE BARGAIN
 SALE by a OLD RELIABLE HOUSE.
 We would rather you should get these
 bargains than to send the goods at
 AUCTION. Clothing of all kind for
 MENS', BOYS', and CHILDREN'S
 wear at

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



TO INSURE A GOOD CROP OF
WHEAT & GRASS

USE

Baugh's Special WHEAT Fertilizer

Made From Pure Slaughter House Bones.

We manufacture this article Animal Bone Stock and Potash,
 treated by a process exclusively our own. It contains the
 necessary elements for the growing crops, and will improve
 the soil, and the effects can readily be seen upon succeeding
 crops.

We Also Recommend

**BAUGH'S WARRANTED PURE
 RAW BONE MEAL,**

Which is warranted pure under forfeiture of
 bill.

BAUGH'S PURE BONE MEAL
 is worth to consumers over \$5 per ton more than Pure
 Coarse Ground Bone, as most of the meal will act on the
 growing crops the same season it is applied. It contains no
 Acid to injure lands, and is decidedly the cheapest Fertilizer
 sold.

We also sell at lowest prices

BAUGH'S PURE DISSOLVED RAW BONES,

Made from Pure Raw Animal Bones and Sulphuric Acid Only.

**High Grade Dissolved S. C. Rock,
 Genuine German Kainit,
 Muriate of Potash, Fine ground dried
 Fish, Peruvian Guano, Tankage, etc.
 Special Brands of any Desired Analysis or by any Formula Made to Order.**

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,

239 South Street,
 BALTIMORE, MD.

(Written for the Beacon.)
 AUNT SAM.
 You call the Autumn a "great year,"
 And say the year is "a tear"
 And that each falling leaf is a tear
 That Nature's eyes are weeping.
 I ask you if in every leaf
 The tears are weeping,
 Through which is every leafy strife
 Replaced by memory
 And if each soul in leaf
 Will rise again in life
 When past is all its own
 To eternal life above.
 You say that Nature's "blush"
 Has faded all its own
 And so, "old red" and "gold"
 The "Autumn" is "old gold."
 If then, upon each flower and leaf
 Fond Nature rests her breath,
 On what is based the firm belief
 That this is sign of death?
 Ah! no, there cannot surely be
 A lover's hope for man,
 Than Autumn leaves and shrubbery
 That fade to "rise again."
 When'er I gaze upon the woods
 In Autumn's mellow days,
 The leaves so richly golden, seem
 An holocaust of praise!
 They are life's truest emblems
 In depicting man's career,
 For there is no thought more beautiful,
 Nor yet more simply clear,
 Than the knowledge when earthleaving
 And passing 'neath the rod,
 That we are but thus achieving
 Eternal rest with God. —D. R.

FROM HIS GREEN GRAVE.

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote
 his "Bears of Podree" he very
 cleverly defined the two attitudes
 that are necessarily adopted toward
 Indian magic by all who know any-
 thing of its workings, viz, one must
 either believe in it and have noth-
 ing whatever to do with it, or tam-
 per with it and repent it all the
 days of one's life, and he clenches
 his story of the ruin wrought by the
 little, eyeless nautifish with the
 remark:

"These are facts you may explain
 when you have time. Meanwhile
 you can laugh at them."

By "Indian magic," of course, I
 do not mean the legerdemain, the
 jugg, the snake charming, or even
 their rather awful reproductions of
 the Egyptian teraphim or the hun-
 dred bits of "clean jadoo," but the
 "unclean jadoo," which kills the
 body, maddens the brain, destroys
 the intellect, and leaves the soul
 naked and trembling in the pres-
 ence of powers so evil and so over-
 whelming that the man who has
 evoked them feels like a hunter
 who has inadvertently got into an
 elephant wallow and hears the
 thunder of the herd upon him.

English officers in India, whose
 truth and integrity have been tested
 by years of public life and the strain
 of daily association under all sorts
 of circumstances, tell tales that
 leave the imagination stupefied and
 the reason at fault. It is a land
 where seeing is distinctly not be-
 lieving, and your own eyes are the
 most untrustworthy witnesses that
 can be called in a case.

Mr. Sinnett and his circle have
 made many of these familiar to the
 reading public, and lots of them
 have gone round the world by word
 of mouth, leaving a train of "puz-
 zlement" in their track.

For instance, I have heard most
 seriously told a ghastly one of a
 corpse that was routed out of its
 grave by a devil, which latter mas-
 queraded in it for several nights
 for the purpose of dragging people
 to their death. Another of a gigan-
 tic and terrible face that marched
 by the side of a column of troops
 three days. It was at the height of
 eight or nine feet from the ground,
 and rose above the bamboo-brake,
 although the swamp beneath offered
 no foothold for man or beast, and
 the thickness of the swamp growth
 was such that scarcely a snake
 could move readily through it.

Another story is of a man who went
 raving mad and killed the nearest
 and dearest friend he had, because
 he took into his hand a cross that
 was cursed in the making, and a
 constituent part of which was the
 heart-vein of the only son of the
 armorer's enemy!

These horrors all happen to come
 from Burmah, which may catch
 the infection from—or give it to—
 Malacca, but of the very curious
 ones belonging to the sister penin-
 sula the following is a good spec-
 imen:

It was told me by an officer who
 had lived in India from the time he
 was gazetted cornet until the last

shot was fired in the mutiny, and
 he added that he had never ques-
 tioned the limits of a 'magician's'
 capacity since.

One summer early in the fifties
 the cholera had broken out, and
 half the cantonment was under
 canvas. The officers—seniors and
 subalterns—fought shoulder to
 shoulder with the priest, the chap-
 lain, the surgeons, and the doctors
 (that is, the physicians of both the
 military and civil lists) for their
 men's safety and recovery, and
 diversions were naturally as per-
 functory as all forced gaieties must
 be.

Therefore, when a man turned
 up one day, and entering the camp,
 and, unafraid of the sickness, offer-
 ed to make jadoo, he was ac-
 cepted with much real satisfaction,
 but any amount of pretended grum-
 bling and assumed skepticism—all
 intended to provoke him to extra-
 ordinary efforts.

He did some wonderful things,
 but the young 'subs' refused to be
 astonished, and their manner so
 wrought upon the fakir that at last
 he said:

"I will die, you may bury me, and
 set a guard about me night and day.
 Then you may sow rice grass on my
 grave, and when that rice grass is
 grown you may open the grave, and
 I will come to life before you."

It is needless to add that for the
 next ten minutes the discussion
 sounded like a renewal of ancient
 Babel. Some argued that it would
 be murder to allow him to do it,
 others scoffed at the idea of his try-
 ing, and declared he would manage
 to substitute a dummy, and fool
 them to the top of his bent, while
 he ridiculed them from afar and
 made them the mock of bazaar.
 But the matter ended by one of the
 seniors saying:

"Very well, do it. If you succeed
 you shall have a handful of rupees,
 and if you fail your death is on your
 own head, but you have got to play
 fair. Into the grave you go, my
 man, and we'll watch every spade-
 ful of dirt that drops on you and
 set a guard night and day, as you
 suggest, a guard of soldiers, not
 natives, and where it will stay till
 the rice grass grows. Of course,"
 he added, looking very steadily at
 the man, "if you choose to own up
 you are a liar you can clear out."

"I am no liar, sahib," was his
 answer, given without heat, without
 arrogance, only a calm assurance
 that brought another, though sub-
 dued, remonstrance from a subal-
 tern who said the man was mad.

"Everybody is, my boy, more or
 less," said the senior, "and I've long
 wanted to test this business."
 So the grave was dug, a native
 servant tugged him up, the earth
 was thrown back, rice grass was
 planted, and the guard paced back
 and forth, challenging, answering,
 charging, through the days and
 nights of routine that followed, till
 the grave was green and the day
 was come for the final test.

At the appointed hour the tangle
 of rice grass was ripped open,
 shovels were applied, and after a
 few minutes the body was pulled
 out. It looked much as it did the
 day it had been buried, except that
 the nostrils were a trifle pinched,
 the temples and eyes somewhat
 sunk, and the stomach had fallen
 in.

The same servant attended the
 disinterment who had assisted at
 the burial, and he had in readiness,
 by permission, two lots of hot
 water, a vessel of hot water, and a
 pan of meal.

He stretched the fakir out, and
 lifting his head, thrust his finger
 into his mouth and straightened the
 tongue away from the throat, then
 he dexterously unplugged the ears
 and nostrils, removing small pieces
 of a substance that looked like
 brown wax; then he made a hot
 stir about of the meal and thickened
 it enough to roll it into wads,
 which he applied under the arms
 and knees of the fakir and at the
 nape of his neck and the small of
 his back; then he dashed alternate
 douches of hot and cold water on
 him, and then the man's eyes
 rolled down, intelligence came into
 his face, and in an hour he gather-

ed up his rupees and departed.

"And I have always thought since
 then," said the colonel in conclu-
 sion, "that if those chaps could ac-
 quire such wonderful control over
 their bodies as actually to suspend
 life—for, of course, he did when he
 said he'd die—they could do any-
 thing mentally they set out to do,
 and I've steered clear of them and
 their jadoo ever since."

ELLA LORAINÉ DORSEY.

HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES.—The
 skin of a boiled egg is the best
 remedy for a boil. Carefully peel
 it, wet and apply to the boil.

For a simple hoarseness take a
 fresh egg, beat it and thicken with
 pulverized sugar. Eat freely of it.

The juice of half a lemon in a
 teaspoon of strong black coffee, with-
 out sugar, will often cure a sick
 headache.

Castor oil may be comfortably
 taken in hot milk, in hot water
 sweetened and highly flavored with
 essence of peppermint or winter-
 green.

A sure cure for inflammatory
 rheumatism is made by taking one
 ounce of pulverized saltpetre and
 putting it into a pint of sweet oil.
 Bathe the parts affected.
 For neuralgia in the face apply a
 mustard plaster to the elbow. For
 neuralgia in the head apply the
 plaster to the back of the neck.
 The reason for this is that mustard
 touches the nerves the moment it
 begins to draw or burn, and to be
 of most use must be applied to the
 nerve centres, or directly over the
 place where it will touch the affected
 nerve most quickly. Let the pa-
 tient have plenty of sunlight. The
 tradition of the value of a darkened
 room has long ago been discarded
 by wise nurses.

SHORT ON LANGUAGE.—"It's all
 right, maybe," said a man from
 Bad Axe the other night, "to talk
 about the United States language
 being plenty for any American citi-
 zen to know, but I don't think so."
 "What's the matter?" asked a
 Woodward avenue grocery sales-
 man.

"Matter enough," was the reply.
 "I've been thinking for a week
 what a couple of fellows meant I
 saw up in our town lately. They
 were looking over a lot of old news-
 papers hunting for a *Free Press*
 of September 10 in my store, and
 all of a sudden one of them said,
 "Eureka," then they thanked me
 for the paper and went away with it,
 and ever since I've been wondering
 what the dickens 'Eureka' was and
 if it wouldn't have been just as
 much to me as it was to them, if
 I'd only known enough to get on
 to it. That's what's the matter,
 and that's why I say a man ought
 to know more languages than his
 own," and the Bad Axe man swore
 in unmistakable United States.

WHY HE SMILED.—She (after the
 services)—You dreadful fellow!
 Why did you smile during the of-
 fertory?

He—I couldn't help it. There was
 Miss Addie Pose singing 'Had
 I the Wings of a Dove.' The mem-
 orable picture of a two-hundred-poun-
 der trying to fly with a pair of four-
 inch wings was too much for me.—
Pittsburg Bulletin.

A COUPLE OF CLERICAL SLIPS.—A
 clergyman in England, in an
 earnest address to his parishioners
 advocating the establishment of a
 cemetery, asked them to consider
 the "deplorable condition of thirty
 thousand Englishmen living with-
 out Christian burial." This sug-
 gests another clerical slip. "When
 do you expect to see Deacon Smith
 again?" a gentleman asked a cler-
 gyman. "Never," replied the rever-
 end gentleman solemnly, "the
 Deacon is in heaven."—*New York
 Tribune.*

NOT IN THE KITCHEN.—Brudner
 Ephriam Stokes was regaling his
 Honey Grove congregation with an
 account of heavenly glories as re-
 vealed to him in a dream. When
 the shouts of 'Amen!' and 'Glory!'
 had somewhat subsided, a little
 darkey called out:
 "Unc' Eph'um, was der any lit-
 tle niggars dah?"
 "Shet yo' mouf, niggah!" was the
 indignant response; "does you s'pose
 I went to the kitchen?"—*Texas
 Sittings.*

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.

A TALE OF PROGRESS.—The old
 saying that the German farms piles
 up money where the American sets
 out for the poor-house is strikingly
 illustrated in Kankakee county, says
 an Exchange. Fritz Leeb, an awk-
 ward youth, trudged into the coun-
 try asking the price of twenty acres
 of land. Young Ed. Highflyer,
 having inherited a 100-acre farm,
 laughed at the little German.

"Twenty-acre farm! That would
 not support a hen and her chick-
 ens."

"So?"
 From Mr. Highflyer he bought
 twenty acres and a small dwelling.
 Then he rolled up his sleeves.
 Driving daily to town behind a
 span of bays, Mr. Highflyer saw
 Fritz weeding the garden, cutting
 thistles, hoeing corn. Which the
 better farmer? The German's land
 yielded more and more, his cows
 gave more milk, his hens laid more
 eggs. More money was made from the
 twenty acres than from the eighty.
 Pretty Mrs. Highflyer, glancing at
 the German's well-filled pocket-
 book, said to him:

"You should marry."
 "No one not have me."
 "Some little Dutch girl might."
 "So?"

Years rolled on. Fritz worked
 so late in the field that he milked
 the cows after dark. He wore his
 old blue coat until Bill Todd offer-
 ed to give a dollar toward buying
 him a new one just for the appear-
 ance of the neighborhood. Mr.
 Highflyer rode to town behind the
 span of bays. He now bor-
 rowed money from Fritz, mortgaging the
 farm and stock. Mr. Highflyer
 died, the debts unpaid. The prop-
 erty having for years decreased in
 value must be sold, leaving little
 for the widow and her two boys,
 aged ten and twelve. Fritz said to
 her:

"Der leetle boys could drive oop
 der cowe and dig 'taters. Let dem
 live mit me."

She consented, and the boys,
 fond of Fritz, threw up their hats
 and turned somersaults on the grass.
 A thunder-storm in July drove
 Fritz from having to the Highflyer
 farm house. The widow, fearing
 the lightning, was glad to see him,
 giving him the best plush chair in
 the parlor, filling and lighting his
 pipe. "As the smoke curled up over
 his head he said:

"Der farm vhas mine?"

"Yes, Fritz."

"Der span of bays vhas mine?"

"Yes, Fritz."

"Der leetle boys vhas mine?"

"Yes, Fritz."

"I no likes to leave noddings.
 Vhas der vidder mine?"

She looked through the window
 at the rainbow arching the retreat-
 ing storm cloud, and she answered
 in a low voice:

"Yes, Fritz."

They drove to a parsonage behind
 the span of bays.

PAT'S DEVICE.—The graceful
 hint succeeds best. If it is also
 witty, it is pretty sure to prove ir-
 resistible. Up one of the long hills
 of County Wicklow a mare was
 drawing a heavy load of travelers.
 The driver walked by her side, try-
 ing to encourage her as she toiled
 slowly and wearily along.

The six passengers were too busi-
 ly engaged in conversation to no-
 tice how slowly the car progressed.
 Presently the driver opened the
 door at the rear of the car and
 slammed it to again. Those inside
 started, but thought that he was
 only assuring himself that the door
 was securely closed.

Again Pat opened and slammed
 the door. The travelers inquired
 angrily why he disturbed them in
 that manner.

"Whist," he whispered, "don't
 spake so loud—she'll overhear us."
 "Who?"

"The mare. Spake low," he
 continued, putting his hand over
 his mouth and nose. "Sure I'm
 desavin' the crature! Every time
 she hears the door slammin' that
 way she thinks one of yez is gettin'
 down to walk up the hill, and that
 raises her spirits."

The passengers took the hint.—
Utica Times.