

Saint Mary's Beacon
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
 At Leonardtown, Md.
 BY T. P. 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 constitute a square.
 A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly
 Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LI. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1892. NO. 590

Saint Mary's Beacon.
 JOB PRINTING,
 SUCH AS
 HANDBILLS,
 CIRCULARS,
 BLANKS
 BILL HEADS
 EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
 Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City Prices.

Just Received—TWO CARCOES
Genuine Peruvian Guano,
 Which we are offering in Quantities to Suit Buyers.
FOR TOBACCO USE,
BAUGH'S PURE BONE & PERUVIAN GUANO,
 COMPOUND FOR TOBACCO.
 Manufactured from GENUINE PERUVIAN GUANO, PURE ANIMAL BONE, and HIGH GRADE POTASH. Price \$40 per Ton, Cash.
Baugh's Celebrated Special Fertilizer for Tobacco,
 Price \$35.00 Per Ton, Cash.
BAUGH'S ANIMAL BONE AND POTASH COMPOUND,
 Price \$28.00 Per Ton, Cash.
 We think it will pay all Tobacco Growers to use our HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS liberally this season, as good Tobacco will command good prices for some time to come.
 Use **BAUGH'S SPECIAL CORN FERTILIZER,** PRICE \$25
 FOR CORN, OATS AND GARDEN TRUCK.
BAUGH & SONS CO. Manf's and Imp. Fertilizers,
 BALTIMORE, MD.

PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.
 ESTABLISHED 1774
PERFECTION IN FLOUR.



THE PREMIER FLOUR OF AMERICA

Our Patent Roller Flours

are manufactured from the CHOICEST WHEAT OBTAINABLE, including the hard variety of Maryland and Virginia.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT, PATAPSCO FAMILY PATENT MEDORA, HIGH GRADE WINTER PATENT, ORANGE GROVE EXTRA, BALDWIN FAMILY, MAPLETON FAMILY.

C. A. GAMBRILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
 214 COMMERCE ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Oct 12, 91—ly



NO DANGER

of getting an old style suit when you buy here. All our goods are

Fresh and New.

Be fair with yourself and see our Spring Stock. Our store is crowded with the

Newest of New Styles,

selected with experienced care as to quality, good taste as to style, and generous prodigality as to variety. It is the RIGHT PLACE to get the RIGHT GOODS at the RIGHT PRICES.

Popular Styles, Late Novelties, and Newest Attractions

are all found in abundance in every department of our elegant line of

MEN'S AND BOY' CLOTHING, HATS, AND FURNISHINGS.

No question about these goods not pleasing. They make us better. No question about these prices being satisfactory. None can sell cheaper. Come to see us for your Spring Goods and you will come out ahead.

S. BIEBERS,
STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,

903, 905, 907, 909 Eighth St., S. E.,

We are now occupying our New Building. The largest ground floor of any clothing house in Washington.

From Romance.

PROCONSUL CARRIER.

Count Clairville has just given in marriage his only daughter Yolande to the Marquis of Kergouet, of an old and proud Breton family.

The ceremony was over and the church doors were flung open, displaying the high altar decorated with flowers and lights, and in the garlanded doorway appeared the young pair, while the bells pealed joyously. All nature seemed to be in festive attire, for the sweet odors of spring filled the air, the wild birds were singing merrily, and sunbeams fell like a halo across the foreheads of the bride and groom. She was fair and graceful, and in her white gown and veil seemed like an angel strayed from heaven; the bridegroom, noble and gallant, looked with love unutterable at the fair girl who leaned upon his arm.

The country people were dressed in their Sunday clothes, the men wearing rosettes in their button-holes, the women with lilies-of-the-valley in their bodices, and all waved flowering hawthorn branches, and made the air ring with exclamations. "Long live Mademoiselle Yolande! Long live the bride! God bless our sweet young lady!" they cried, and from time to time they added, "Long live the Marquis!" The church of Clairville overlooked the village, being built on a rocky eminence, and was approached by a steep winding path and stairway; rich and poor, noble and simple, dead and living, all must enter the church by way of "Paradise Road". The wedding party, glittering in gold and silver and velvet, and followed by the cheering crowd, walked down this rustic pathway to where the carriages were waiting, and the bridegroom, pleased by the enthusiasm of the people and their evident affection for his bride, said to her tenderly:

"You see, my love, how dear you are to these people. They will never forget you. I fear they owe me a grudge for stealing their good angel from them."

The bride smiled and raised her sweet eyes to his face for a moment, and then she turned to her father, saying:

"It is such a beautiful day, papa; may we not walk home?"

"Certainly, dear, if you wish it," he replied, glad of the opportunity of pleasing his child, from whom he must soon be parted; and accordingly the bridal pair, and all the young persons of the party, walked through the village to the chateau of Clairville, which was situated at the other end, while the dowagers and other persons followed in their carriages.

Yolande, leaning on her husband's arm, stopped repeatedly at the humble cottages where the poor old men and women, whom age or infirmity rendered unable to go out, were waiting in their doorways to see the bride pass. For each one she had a word or a smile, and many a trembling hand and weak, thin voice was raised to bless her.

The joyous procession now reached a turn in the narrow road and came to a standstill, being met by a funeral party. It was a very poor affair; there was no coronet emblazoned on the white pall which covered the corpse of a young maiden, and not a flower was seen there, not a single blossom, in spite of the warm spring time! Behind the bier a poorly-clad man, the only mourner, walked slowly, looking, with his head bent and his face covered by his hands, a picture of despairing grief. At sight of the Clairville wedding party, the men carrying the bier stopped and would have turned out of the road, but the mourner raised his head and gazed fiercely at the happy throng, who with their rich gala clothing and smiling faces seemed to offer insult to sorrow.

"Go on!" he said in a hoarse voice to the porters, as if he would have liked to crush the fine lords and ladies beneath his feet, but the men did not stir. Then the count stepped forward, saying gravely,—

"Respect the dead, friends! Fall back and let the bier pass."

He was instantly obeyed, and the funeral moved on past the gorgeously attired throng, who made way reverently, the ladies crossing themselves and the lords removing their hats. As the bier passed the bride, she was filled with pity at the sight of the young, still form under the white pall, and taking a sprig of orange blossoms out of her bouquet, she laid it gently upon the bier. The stern mourner saw the act, and his expression softened a little; then, covering his face again, he broke into low sobs.

"Who is that man?" asked Count Clairville.

"I don't know, my lord," replied the man addressed. "He is a stranger. He came to the inn a few days ago with his sister. She was almost dead, as any one could see. He seemed to love her very much, and when she died, he cursed like a heretic and shook his fist at heaven. This morning I told him it was too early to have the funeral, and that he ought to give the cure time to change his stole after the wedding, but he would not listen to me."

The bridal party moved on, and soon the merry peals of the church bells were changed to a mournful tolling, as the bier passed under the gay floral decorations of the door. "Who is that young lady?" asked the mourner of a bystander.

"The bride? That is Mademoiselle Yolande de Clairville," was the reply, and the stranger murmured softly,—

"May she always be happy!"

Then he went into the church, II.

Twenty years passed and the Reign of Terror began. In La Vendee the war was at its height, when the Convention sent one of its members to Nantes with instructions to take swift and violent measures against the Royalists. Accordingly this man, Carrier by name, caused a large number of "suspects" to be confined in the Entrepot, a building near the Cathedral of St. Pierre; men, women, and children were hustled pell-mell into this ante-chamber of the River Loire, and, in spite of the daily drownings, the prison was ever thronged with victims.

In the large, low hall the terrible proconsul presided at the mock trials. The prisoners were divided into two parties, the accused and the condemned; the former group diminished rapidly as the latter increased, and at last Carrier resolved to hurry the proceedings by dispensing with all formality in disposing of the victims.

Then the fatal words, "Condemned to death!" were heard repeatedly, as the Royalists were hurried across the hall.

"Henri de Kergouet!" called the clerk, and a young man about eighteen years of age left his companions and advanced toward the tribunal. He bowed to the judge with as much ease and grace as if he were at the Court of Versailles, and seemed to be unconscious of the fact that a cruel death awaited him.

"You are accused of conspiring against the Republic in the person of its representative," said Carrier; "you took part in a plot against my life."

The youth turned a frank, fearless pair of eyes toward the speaker, and answered slowly:

"I owe my father's death to you. I always pay my debts."

"Henri!" cried a woman's voice entreatingly.

Carrier cast a furious glance round him, and then Henri de Kergouet was hurried away. Two women now stood before the judge, who asked of the elder one,—

"Are you the mother of that young man?"

"I am," she answered; "and this girl is his sister."

"Your name?"

"Yolande de Clairville, Marquis de Kergouet."

The judge looked fixedly at the speaker for a minute, then declared the investigation at an end, and added briefly,—

"Condemned to death, all three."

The doomed were now led back

to their dungeons, and at nine o'clock at night the executions began. Tied together, two by two, the unfortunates were thrown into the boats, taken out on the river, and despatched with sword or bayonet, and their bodies cast into the river. This method, however, soon proved too slow to satisfy Carrier, and he caused hundreds of his victims to be driven out to a neighboring quarry and shot.

The Marquis de Kergouet and her two children were awaiting their doom in silence, when the jailer entered their cell and ordered the daughter to follow him.

"Why must we be separated?" cried the mother.

"Citizen Carrier's orders," replied the man. "Be quick!"

After a long and tearful embrace the young girl left her mother and brother, and followed the jailer into the presence of the dreadful proconsul, who looked at her earnestly, and when they were left alone, asked slowly,—

"What is your name?"

"Yvonne de Kergouet."

"Do you love your mother?"

"Ah, yes, monsieur!" replied the girl, trembling with terror.

"And your brother; what would you do to save his life?"

"I would gladly give my own life!" cried Yvonne, eagerly.

"I do not want your life, child, but your silence. How old are you?"

"Sixteen years, monsieur."

"Then you have not yet learned to die. Listen to me. Here is a letter which I confide to you on condition of your promising me that it shall not be opened until midnight. Moreover, you are not to speak of it to any one. Have I your promise? Very well. Go!"

The frightened girl took the letter, put it into her bosom, and was taken back to the cell, but before she had time to reply the anxious questioning with which her mother and brother greeted her, a man appeared, carrying a pistol, signed to them all to follow him, and led them out of the prison. Then imposing the strictest silence upon them, he gave his arm to Yvonne, while Henri de Kergouet supported his mother's trembling form. In a few minutes the little party reached the river bank, after hurrying through the dark streets of the city, and the Royalists realized at a glance that they were not far from the spot where the executions of that day had taken place. Their guide gave a signal, and a man in a boat instantly made his appearance from out of the gloom.

"Get in," said the boatman, in a low tone, and as soon as they were seated, he rowed out into the middle of the stream.

"Be brave, little sister," whispered Henri, clasping Yvonne to his heart, and then they all waited calmly for their last hour to come. In a few brief moments they seemed to live their whole lives over, to feel again the joys and sorrows of their early childhood, as well as their recent trials and alarms.

Suddenly they saw in the distance the outline of a ship dimly defined against the dark sky; they approached it rapidly, and before they had recovered from their amazement found themselves on board, while their late conductor rowed back to the shore.

"What does this mean?" asked Henri, after an astonished pause.

"That you are saved!" replied the captain of the ship.

"Saved? How? By whom?"

"That is more than I can tell you, madame. All that I know of the matter is that a few hours ago I received a large sum of money and an order to wait here for three passengers who wished to go to England. The order was accompanied by a safe-conduct signed by the proconsul, Carrier. In a few days we shall, with a good wind, be in sight of the English coast."

The little family hardly able to believe their ears, looked at each other in wondering delight, and Madame de Kergouet murmured with a prayer of thanksgiving,—

"Who can our unknown friend be?"

Then Yvonne suddenly asked the captain what the hour was.

"It is just half-past twelve, mademoiselle," he answered, and the girl hastily drew out the letter she had received, tore it open, and read the first line,—

"To Mademoiselle Nolande de Clairville."

"It is for you, mamma," she said, giving it to her mother; but the marquis signed to her son to read it aloud. It ran as follows.—

Twenty years ago, on your wedding-day, you laid a flower from your bridal bouquet on my sister's coffin. She was just sixteen years old, I wish to pay my debt, and in return for your flower I give you three lives.

CARRIER.

RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME.—An appreciative audience assembled at Plymouth Church last night to hear the famous writer on Southern life, Richard Malcolm Johnston, read selections from his own works. A double pleasure awaited it, for James Whitcomb Riley introduced Mr. Johnston with a story told in his inimitable manner.

"There was once a boy," Mr. Riley said, "an aggrieved, unappreciated boy, who grew to dislike his own home very much, and found his parents not at all up to the standard of his requirements as a son and disciplinarian. He brooded over the matter, and one morning before breakfast climbed over the back fence and ran away. He thought of the surprise and remorse of his parents when they discovered that he had indeed gone, and he pictured with rain-bow colors the place he would make for himself in the world. He would show his parents that he would not brook their ill-treatment, and that he could get along better without them than they could without him. Some way this feeling of exhilaration died out as the long, hot day wore on. There came a time when other boys went home to dinner. He raided a neighboring orchard. The afternoon seemed endless. A knotted, rigid sort of an aching spot came into his throat that seemed to hurt worse when he didn't notice it than when he did. It was a very curious, self-assertive, opinionated sort of a pain."

It was nearly dark when the struggle was given up, and the boy slowly walked along the dusty road towards home. When he reached the woodpile he gathered up a load of wood and carried it in with him.

The hired girl was washing the sapper dishes, but she did not seem glad to see him, in fact, did not seem to have noticed that he had been away. He sauntered carelessly into the pantry, but the cupboard was locked. He went out in the back yard and washed his feet at the rain barrel. Everything seemed pleasanter than it ever had before. The fireflies flitting among the grapevines, the reflection of the stars in the rain barrel, were soothing to the tired boy. Then he walked straight into the old sitting-room. His father didn't look up from his paper; his mother was so busy sewing she didn't notice his entrance.

He sat meekly down on the edge of a chair. Why didn't somebody say something? He was ready to be scolded or punished, anything rather than this terrible silence. If the clock would only strike it would be a relief. He heard the boys shouting far down the street but had no desire to join them—no, never again in the world. He just wanted to stay in of nights, right there at home, always. He coughed and moved to attract attention, but no one heard him, nor looked up. He couldn't remember any prior silence that at all approached it in point of such profundity of depth and density of hush. He felt that he himself must break it. Assuming an air of careless naturalness and old-time ease, he airily remarked:

"I see you've got the same old cat."

"That boy," Mr. Riley said, "was Richard Malcolm Johnston, in whose heart still abides a love for the simple homes and firesides of the humblest of his fellows."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Wednesday, May 4.

The U. S. House judiciary committee has taken the first active step against the sugar trust.

Maryland commissioners of the World's Fair have established an office for the receipt of exhibits.

Representative Springer, of Illinois, has returned to his duties as chairman of the House committee on ways and means.

The jury of inquest in the case of Dr. Hill, at Millington, has rendered a verdict accusing Brooks, Williams Comegys and Bradshaw of the murder.

The Democratic State Convention will meet in Baltimore, June 8th. The Convention for this Congressional District will be held at Laurel, August 24th.

The Southern Farmers' Alliance presidents and executive boards were in conference at Birmingham, Ala. It was announced that all would support the ticket of the Omaha convention.

Frederick Bailey Deeming, the supposed "Jack the Ripper," convicted in Melbourne, Australia, of the murder of his second wife, is guarded closely in prison to prevent him committing suicide. He is writing his biography, which he says he will bequeath to Miss Rounsevell, who was one of the witnesses against him, and whom he had engaged to marry when he was arrested for his wife's murder.

Thursday, May 5.

Mr. Hicks, president of the Charles county commissioners, declares he will resign because he says he has not been treated properly by his colleagues.

Judge Dennis decided that the trustees of J. J. Nicholson & Sons are entitled to retain the assets in their hands until the attaching creditors are made parties to a suit.

Despite the presidential speculations and calculations, the best judgment is that it is Cleveland against the field on the democratic side and Harrison against the field on the republican side.

The democratic State Central committee of Maryland met in Baltimore yesterday and fixed dates for holding conventions to select delegates to the national convention at Chicago. Senator Gorman was present. His friends say he has a grand chance for the presidential nomination.

The Republican State Convention met at Frederick, expressed a preference for Harrison for President and completed the Maryland delegation to the national convention at Minneapolis, by selecting L. E. McComas, Jas. A. Gary, Alexander Shaw and Thomas S. Hodson as delegates at large. Alceus Hooper and A. P. Barnes were nominated for electors at large.

Col. Alexander Macomb Macomb Mason, formerly an ex-Confederate soldier, now in the service of the Khedive of Egypt, has been visiting friends in Baltimore.