

**TERMS for TRANSPORT 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.

# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LI. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1892. NO. 600

**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.



**MD. VENEER MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
 MANUFACTURERS,

623 to 633 W. Pratt St. BALTIMORE.

JAS. R. WHEELER, E. DeKAY/TOWNSEND,  
 General Manager, Treasurer.

MANUFACTURERS OF  
 Fluted Pie Plates, Pat. March, '87,  
 Famous Brands of Acme and Tin  
 Bound Butter Dishes, Peach, Or-  
 ange, Banana, Grape, Berry, Truck  
 and Market Baskets, Crates, etc.

Veneers of all sizes.

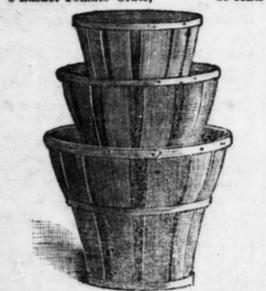
Wire handle Peach Baskets.



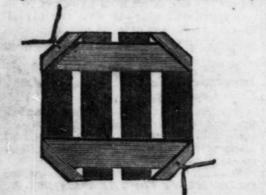
Price List for 1892, of the  
 FRUIT PACKAGE MANUFACTURER'S Alliance,  
 Topoints in U. S. North of South Carolina.

Standard Quart and  
 Square Pints, per 1000 To  
 b, 1000 to 24,000, \$5 00  
 Oval Pints and Short  
 Quarts, per 1000, \$5 25  
 Slices, Skins, Thins, etc.,  
 per 1000, \$5 25

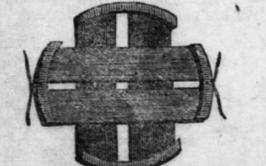
Standard 1/2 bbl. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$15 00  
 Standard 1/4 bush. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$5 00  
 " 1/2 bush. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$5 00  
 " 1/4 qt. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$6 00  
 " 1/4 qt. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$6 00  
 5 lb. grape hand baskets, per 1000 \$40 00  
 10 lb. grape hand baskets, per 1000 \$45 00  
 15 lb. grape hand baskets, per 1000 \$50 00  
 Square wood basket covers, per 100 \$3 00



Standard 1/2 bbl. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$13 00  
 Standard 1/4 bush. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$5 00  
 " 1/2 bush. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$5 00  
 " 1/4 qt. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$6 00  
 " 1/4 qt. Peach Baskets, per 100 \$6 00  
 5 lb. grape hand baskets, per 1000 \$40 00  
 10 lb. grape hand baskets, per 1000 \$45 00  
 15 lb. grape hand baskets, per 1000 \$50 00  
 Square wood basket covers, per 100 \$3 00



Round wood basket covers, wire fastening, per 100, \$3



32 qt. Crated partitions or slats, per 100 \$3 00  
 60 qt. Crated partitions or slats, per 100 \$4 00



MD. VENEER MANUFACTURING CO.  
 623 to 633 W. Pratt, St., BALTIMORE.  
 June 2, 92



**BAUGH'S WHEAT FERTILIZER,**  
 FROM ANIMAL BONE STOCK,  
 FOR WHEAT AND GRASS. Price \$28 Per Ton, Cash.

**PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.**  
 ESTABLISHED 1774  
 PERFECTION IN FLOUR.



**THE PREMIER FLOUR OF AMERICA**

**Our Patent Roller Flours**

are manufactured from the choicest wheat, 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 15, 91-1y



**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 profrugality as to variety. It is the RIGHT PLACE to get the RIGHT GOODS at the RIGHT Prices.

**Popular Styles, Late Novelities, 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 none 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. BIEBER,**

**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.

**THE TRAP IN THE FLOOR.**

On the 24th of November, 1845, I was travelling through the south-western part of Virginia, and, owing to the violence of a sudden snow-storm, was belated and forced to pass the night at a little wayside tavern remote from ordinary routes of travel.

I don't mind confessing that I was then a good-looking bachelor on the sunny side of forty, nor that I was a little of a dandy, being somewhat, but most folks denominate a pedler. Now, I am only a superannuated old man, fit for nothing but to tell tales of what happened to him in his younger days.

That was before a network of railroads covered the country, and we "commercial gents" who could afford it travelled in light, covered wagons, carrying our goods with us. I had been making a longish stay in Norfolk, laying in my stock, and when my business there was finished, I started west, intending to visit some of the inland villages and plantations. As I said before, I had got belated and bewildered by the storm, and stumbling on this little lonely house of entertainment, determined to put up there for the night.

I can't say I was much pleased with the looks of things, for a more lonesome and desolate place I never beheld; nor were the countenances of mine host and his wife more prepossessing. I had some valuable goods in my wagon and a good horse, besides some money, so I was worth robbing and perhaps murdering. It was Hobson's choice, however, so I decided to make the best of it; and after a supper of fried bacon and eggs and corn bread, I asked to be shown to my room.

It was a tiny, wretched affair, that room, being nothing more than a shed attached to the rough, boarded cabin dignified by the title of tavern, with a single unglazed window closed by a heavy shutter. It was as cold as the dickens, and after having my packs placed in the room and seeing the door and window securely fastened, I tumbled into bed, not examining the condition of the sheets too closely, but praying there might be cover enough to keep me from freezing.

I soon fell asleep, for I was dead beat from driving so far in the cold, and over the vilest roads that ever mortal travelled. I must have slept for some time, for when I awoke all the lights in the house were out, and everything was profoundly quiet. What had awakened me I could not tell, but all of a sudden I found myself sitting up in bed, with my eyes staring wildly at the blank darkness, and my hair stirring and lifting on my head. A strange feeling possessed me that something uncanny, something dreadful, perhaps deadly, was near me, but I could neither see nor hear anything.

After waiting for some moments in that state of intense suspense which follows a sudden shock from sleep, I regained sufficient self-possession to remember that I had a box of matches in my pocket, and I reached out my hand for my clothes which I had left lying on a chair by the bedside. Something moist and warm touched it, licking it like the tongue of a dog.

I felt immensely relieved. Of course it was a dog; a dog which had been sleeping under the bed and had crawled out to make acquaintance with the new inmate. I lay down, drew the bedclothes over me, and tried to sleep again; but I could not. The strange, eerie feeling grew stronger every moment. I could not persuade myself it was really a dog in the room. A dog would have made some noise; I should have heard it scratching or moving about, but everything was deadly still.

While I lay vainly trying to reason myself into going to sleep, a soft, warm touch passed rapidly over my face. What on earth was it? What could it be? Nothing human, I was sure. Now, I really must strike a light and see what was in the room.

With desperate determination I

grabbed my clothes, got the matches and struck one. As it blazed, I cast a furtive, frightened glance around. What I expected to see I can't say, but something horrible. The match lasted so short a time, it was necessarily a brief and imperfect survey, and I struck another, and another, but could see nothing.

There was an end of tallow candle on the unpainted wooden table which did duty for a washstand. But that was at the other side of the room, and to save my life I could not summon courage to get out of bed. I am ashamed to confess it, but an absolutely paralyzing terror had mastered me. I literally could not stir. I lay still, with closed eyes, trying desperately hard to go to sleep, but try as hard as I might that touch roused me again and again.

"What was it?" I asked over and over. I could not be dreaming. I knew I was not asleep. I was broad awake, and every nerve in me was twitching and quivering with excitement. And now, as I opened my eyes and looked fearfully at the corners of the room, trying to pierce the shadows as people will do when badly scared in the dark, a strange thing happened, which I don't suppose anybody will believe, but it's as true as that I'm living.

The room, as I have said, was intensely dark, but as I looked toward the outside wall, it seemed to me it was not quite so dark there as elsewhere. A faint, luminous haze seemed to grow out of the darkness, and as I gazed at it breathlessly, it gradually took form and substance, and grew into the pale likeness of a human being, with something, but I could not see what, crumpling at its feet. I rubbed my eyes hard and stared at these strange appearances until I seemed to see a shadowy figure crouching on the floor was the shadowy presentment of a dog. At the moment I fancied I had made this discovery, a long, low, mournful howl sounded through the room—the most doleful and lugubrious wail I ever heard. At the same instant, a shadowy hand from the human figure seemed to point to a spot on the floor over which it hovered. Then the apparition vanished and all was darkness.

As will sometimes happen, extremity of fear now gave me courage. With a desperate determination to fathom these mysteries, if possible, I leaped from the bed, huddled in my clothes, and, lighting the candle, I approached the spot where I had seen, or fancied I had seen, these strange appearances. After as close a scrutiny as the wretched light would allow, I found something that looked suspicious.

In the floor, close by the outer wall, a space had been sawed, large enough to admit the body of a man, and the planks fitted in again closely enough to avoid attracting notice, yet so as to be easily raised from beneath. Locks and bars were useless with such a means of ingress as this, and my late supernatural terrors were now succeeded by more reasonable bodily fears. I recalled the villainous countenance of my landlord, the still more repulsive look of his wife, thought of my valuable possessions, and decided I was fairly trapped in a murderous den where, probably, many an unfortunate traveller had perished before me. Just as I make this pleasing discovery, the remnant of candle expired and I was left in total darkness. I am not a coward, though I don't set up for a hero, and like many others who find themselves in a strait from which nothing but courage and presence of mind can deliver them, I suddenly developed hitherto unknown reserves of those admirable qualities. I resolved that, if I must be robbed and murdered, I would at least die hard.

Among the goods purchased in Norfolk was a hunting-knife bought on commission for a planter near Staunton. It was a splendid weapon, with richly carved handle and sheath, and a short, strong blade, sharp and true as Toledo steel. Luckily, I had not packed it in my bales, but had placed it in the valise which contained my clothes. I

stole like a shadow across the room, trembling least the creaking of a plank in the crazy floor should betray me, opened the bag and seized the knife. With this in my hand, I did not feel entirely defenceless, and with renewed hope and confidence I took my stand close by the trap, determined if my room were entered, to do my best in defence of my life and property, and devoutly hoping the number of my assailants might be limited to the landlord and his wife.

I waited minute after minute, until my blood, so lately stirred by a sense of extreme peril, grew chill in my veins from the excessive cold. Suddenly I heard what seemed a stealthy step crunching the snow without. Directly after, the trap was very slowly and softly raised; a long bony hand, holding a tallow candle, protruded through the opening, and a gray, withered face appeared below, with widely staring eyes following the light of the candle around the room.

I shrank as close to the wall as I could, but I knew I could not remain long undiscovered, and as the light and the eyes approached me, I started forward and struck with all my force on the wrist that upheld the candle.

The keen blade cut through bone and muscle, and hand and candle fell with a sickening thud on the floor, while a single shrill, agonized scream told that my victim was a woman. I shivered through all my body, and, breathless with horror, waited in the darkness for an instant attack. I heard nothing, however, except a stifled moaning, which gradually died away.

I waited and waited, half-frozen with cold and fear. Nothing happened. At last, I could stand it no longer, and determined to get in the dark, I managed to pile my heaviest bales on the trap, so that it could not be opened without noise; then, crouching on the bed, I wrapped the blankets around me to keep from freezing, and made up my mind to watch till morning.

I thought that night of horror would never end, but, at last, gray streaks of dawn shone through the cracks in the window shutters, and I devoutly thanked God it was over and that I had lived to see daylight again.

As soon as I could see clearly, I got up and cautiously moved my bales, shuddering in anticipation of finding the hand I had cut off last night. But what was my astonishment to find neither hand nor candle, nor even a stain of blood on the floor; nothing actually nothing to tell of last night's horror. Had it then really been only a dreadful dream?

Ah, the knife! I eagerly snatched it up. Yes, there was the red witness plain enough, still wet and crimsoning the blade from point to handle. Yet on turning again to the floor there was no stain there, and on close inspection it looked solid plank from end to end.

"Well!" thought I, "of all the queer places I ever heard of, this one takes the lead. But for this knife I should be tempted to believe the events of last night only a vivid dream. This, however, is indisputable evidence of what happened, and of one thing I am very certain—the sooner I get away from here, the better for my health."

I wiped the knife on the skirt of my coat, and placed it in my bosom, taking very good care to have the handle convenient for laying hold of. I then opened the door, not without many inward misgivings, and called to the landlord to bring out my wagon.

He soon appeared, sullen and dogged as ever, but I saw no change in him since last night. He offered me breakfast which I at once refused; not for worlds would I have eaten or drunk in that house. I was in a fever of impatience to be off, and after paying his bill in the smallest change I had, and without any unnecessary display of wealth, I stood by and watched him replace my packages in the wagon and harness the horse. I did not offer to assist him; I was too much afraid

of being taken at a disadvantage. I kept my hand on my trusty weapon, and never took my eyes off the surly villain. His amiable help-mate did not make her appearance, and I thought I could give a shrewd guess at the reason. I made no inquiries after her health, but jumped in my wagon and drove off.

To this day I cannot account for my escape. The fellow must have seen that I suspected him, and must have guessed at the witness to his attempted crime which I carried with me, yet he made no effort to stop me. I can only suppose he was an arrant coward with all his brutality, and dared not attack me, knowing me to be armed and on my guard; especially after his accomplice was disabled.

It was nearly two years afterward that I was travelling the same road again and passed by the scene of my memorable adventure. I had, I assure you, no intention of calling but I found the appearance of the place so changed that I made sure it no longer belonged to my former friends, and curiosity tempted me to stop and ask what had become of them.

Everything about now wore a thrifty and cheerful look, and so did the comely dame who answered my knock. Upon inquiring after the former occupants, I heard, without surprise or regret, that they had at last received the punishment they so richly deserved. The disappearance of a traveller who was known and expected in the neighboring town, led to suspicion, and suspicion to search.

"And would you believe, sir," continued the good woman, "they found a trap-door in that shed-room there with a false floor, and under it was a deep hole with the traveller's body in it, and the skeletons of all my neighbors' children for trying to defend his master. And the wicked wretches was put in jail and hung, and we bought the place dirt cheap because it had such a bad name. Some folks says it's haunted, but laws! I ain't never seed nothing, and I ain't scared of ghosts nohow."

I did not disturb her comfortable skepticism by relating my experience in that house, but I believed then as I believe now, that a supernatural warning saved my life on that night of terror.—*Romance, a Monthly Magazine of Complete Stories, Astor Place, New York City.*

Johnny was told he might have half of the grapes. When his mother went to the cupboard she found he had taken all and left none for his sister. When spoken to by his mother, he replied, "Mamma, I'll tell you just how it was. When I had eaten half of the grapes, I happened to think that I'd eaten up Gracie's half instead of my own. I was real sorry, but then I couldn't help it."—*Boston Transcript.*

Whether Pasteur and Koch's peculiar modes of treatment will ultimately prevail or not, their theory of blood-contamination is the correct one, though not original. It was on this theory that Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., nearly fifty years ago, formulated Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

**AN UNLUCKY EXPERIMENT.**—Smith—Did you reply to one of those personal advertisements?  
 Brown—Yes, I once answered one from a lady who pined for congenial companionship.

Smith—With what result?  
 Brown—She turned out to be Mrs. Brown.—*Jester.*

"I was prostrated with a severe bilious complaint," writes Erastus Southworth, of Bath, Me. "After vainly trying a number of remedies, I was finally induced to take Ayer's Pills. I had scarcely taken two boxes when I was completely cured."

The battle at Homestead is the natural, logical result of the protective tariff. Give to any class of men a license to rob and they will demand permission to murder to protect what they have gained by robbery.—*Republic.*

It is proposed to make the function of the democratic presidential notification committee a public matter and the occasion of a great union of the elements of the party.