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PROFESSIONAL,

JO. F. MORGAN,
 Attorney and Counsellor at Law
 and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life In-
 surance Company, Mutual Life of New
 York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liver-
 pool.
 LEONARDTOWN, Md.
 April 1, 1890—tf.

DAN'L. C. HAMMETT,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
 Leonardtown, Md.
 Jan 31—tf

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
 STATE'S ATTORNEY,
 AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Leonardtown, Md.

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 Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
 41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md
 1879—tf.

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 Attorney-at-Law,
 Farmers' & Merchants' Bank Building,
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 Will continue to practice in St. Mary's
 and adjoining counties. Nov 3—tf.

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 Prompt attention given to all business in
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 Office—Register of Wills' Office.
 Jan 14 '92—1y.

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 11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md.
 Practice in the Courts of Baltimore city,
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 City. Special attention given to Admiralty
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FARMS FOR SALE.

Fram of 300 acres, fertile, good build-
 ings, situate about 1 1/2 miles from Oakville,
 and four miles from steamboat wharf.
 Good state of cultivation. Price \$2,000.
 Terms easy.

Farm 110 acres good buildings, finesoil
 and well improved. Suitable for trucking.
 Price \$1,500. Near St. Joseph's Church.
 Terms easy.

Farm 250 acres on Brittan's Bay oppo-
 site Leonardtown. Under high state of
 improvement. All necessary outbuildings.
 Fine place for fruit. Price \$5,000. Terms
 easy.

Farm 40 acres on St. Clement's Bay.
 Fine two-story dwelling. New. Suitable
 for cultivation of fruit. Beautiful view.
 Price \$3,000.

A small farm, 1 1/2 miles South of Chaptico,
 at Cross Roads. Two miles from steam-
 boat wharf. 77 acres. Common improve-
 ments. Good stand for business—mercan-
 tile or mechanical. Suitable for fruit-
 Price, \$400. Terms easy.

Small tract of land on tributary of St.
 Clement's Bay. Good dwelling. About
 8 acres. Good for trucking. Price \$450.
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 JO. F. MORGAN, Attorney
 Aug 22—tf Leonardtown, Md.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
 Leonardtown, Md.,
 UNDER CHARGE OF THE
Sisters of Charity
 OF
 NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

The course of Studies includes Christian
 Doctrine, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic,
 Book-keeping, Algebra, Geometry, Eng-
 lish Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetor-
 ic, the Elements of Botany, Mental and
 Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemis-
 try, Literature, Plain and Ornamental
 Needlework, Music on the Piano and Gu-
 tar and French.
 Boys from the age of 7 to 14 year
 received.

For terms or further information apply to
 SISTER MADELINE,
 Leonardtown, Md.

Mutual Fire Ins. Co.
 of
Montgomery Co., Md.

This old and reliable company of nearly
 fifty years standing insures at extremely
 low rates.
W. L. THOMAS, Agent,
 CHARLOTTE HALL
 Aug 14—tf

FOR SALE.

A desirable farm, one mile from Leon-
 ardtown, and containing about 300 acres.
 It has fine buildings and is well adapted
 to all the staple crops of the section, and
 particularly to fruits and vegetables.
 Well watered. For terms and particulars,
 apply to CHARLES V. HAYDEN,
 Sept 25—tf Leonardtown, Md.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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BAUCH'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 OBTAINABLE, in-
 cluding 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 prodigality 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.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Legends of St. Mary's.

"Moll Dyer."

There are many traditions in old
 St. Mary's connected with the early
 settlement of the State and with
 times of a later date, which if col-
 lected and published, would be of
 great interest and pleasure to our
 people. Hardly a neighborhood
 but has its old story to be recounted
 to timid children by some old
 dame of a past generation. The
 old people are passing away and
 these old legends with them. The
 new generation looks to other things
 than to the fireside stories of the
 olden time. It would be well, while
 yet time, for some lover of legendar-
 y lore, however, poor and hum-
 ble his efforts may be, to gather
 these old legends and preserve them
 from irretrievable loss. The forms,
 at least, should be preserved, if but
 in moulds of clay that, hereafter,
 some great master may make those
 forms divine. An Irving would
 have found in them rich material
 out of which to weave many beau-
 tiful legends. But for some hum-
 ble chronicler, the great "Wizard
 of the North" could not have given
 to the world his masterpieces of
 fiction.

The following story has often
 been heard by the writer and many
 are the believers in its authenticity.

Many, many years ago, a century
 perhaps, when witchcraft was more
 believed in than now and when Cot-
 ton Mather held sway in the land of
 the Puritans, there lived in an old
 hut at a place about one mile south-
 east of the County Alms House an
 old hag who bore the reputation of
 being a witch. In those days when
 believers in the occult science were
 many, a witch was the bane of any
 locality. There were those who
 were fearful of incurring her enmity
 and those who fearfully tested
 her powers in discovering their
 hidden fate. She was known far
 and wide by the name of Moll
 Dyer, and more than this, no one
 knew with any positive knowl-
 edge. She was of a tall and com-
 manding figure, as all witches are
 expected to be, but it is said,
 through the wreck of years, one
 could see glimpses of a former beau-
 ty.

Her history no one knew, but
 there were stories told of her in
 another day and in another country
 where her lot was different and
 where all that was refined and beau-
 tiful waited on her every step.

Her tattered dress would at times
 reveal patches of an embroidered
 kerchief or a bit of faded lace,
 which might recall far off Summers
 when the banquet hall rang with
 the music of her laughter and court-
 ly men worshipped at the shrine of
 her loveliness.

Some great sorrow which crushed
 hope and love out of her young
 life, came upon her and with hate
 for her kind in her heart, she sought
 a distant shore to live out, alone
 and unloved, the remnant of her
 miserable existence.

These were only stories of her
 life, not, however, gathered from
 her, for, whenever an allusion to
 her former life was made she would
 at once cease conversation and re-
 main silent for many days and on
 such occasions, it was thought the
 most evil effects of her witchcraft
 were felt.

The hut in which she lived served
 her with shelter during the cold
 Winter months, but in Summer
 she would roam the country around
 gathering simples for her incanta-
 tions and living upon the alms of
 the people who were afraid of of-
 fending her by denial.

Moll Dyer was a name too often
 used in those days to hush the cries
 of the little child into trembling
 repose, and meeting her on the road
 in certain places and at certain
 times, portended dire calamities.
 The cry of the Banshee, the falling
 of a tree at Rookwood or the ghostly
 walk of the White Lady were no
 more certain omens of evil.

The story runs that Moll Dyer
 lived for many years in her old hut,
 and although a great portion of the

community were anxious to be clear
 of her, she continued, however,
 to live there in spite of all protests.

When a witch is about, any indi-
 vidual mishap, any storm-swept
 crops or any blighted harvest is laid
 at her door, and Poor Moll must
 have been held accountable for many
 sins of which she was never guilty,
 but, at last, there came a great af-
 fliction upon all the people, and by
 universal opinion the plague was
 attributed to her evil influences.
 What this calamity was the story
 does not relate. Maybe, some ter-
 rible epidemic of disease or some
 great loss of lives or property by
 storm and flood. Anyhow, it was
 enough to arouse the whole com-
 munity and the people determined
 to rid themselves of Moll Dyer and
 her blighting witchcraft. But how
 could this be done without failure
 and without bringing down upon
 them greater evils?

After long consultation it was
 agreed to destroy Moll Dyer's hut
 by fire, and force her to seek shelter
 in another place. It was mid-Win-
 ter and such a Winter as the old
 times knew. It is related that on
 a dark, stormy and freezing night
 her hut was surrounded and fired
 by the avenging people. With bare-
 ly time to save herself, she escaped
 from the flames and fled to the
 woods.

She was not pursued, and the
 people returned to their homes hop-
 ing that they would be plagued no
 longer by the dark arts of the witch.

Nothing was heard of her for sev-
 eral days, until a boy hunting for
 his cattle in the woods espied her
 kneeling on a stone with one hand
 resting thereon and the other raised
 as if in prayer. Her life had gone out
 in the dark, cold night, and she still
 rested in her suppliant position,
 frozen stiff with the Winter's cold.
 The story runs that she offered a
 prayer to be avenged on her perse-
 cutors and that a curse be put upon
 them and their lands.

Years have passed since then, the
 march of civilization has gone on,
 the light of religion and science
 have swept away many of the super-
 stitions of our forefathers, the occult
 art has lived its life and rests
 in the shades of the past, to serve
 for a time to heighten the interest
 of a novel or create a "Witch of
 Prague," but there are those who
 firmly believe in the old tradition
 herein related, and such belief has
 come down to us in everlasting re-
 cords, as the stream near by the
 hut is known to this day as Moll
 Dyer's Run, and the stone but a
 short distance away, upon which
 she knelt, is now pointed out to the
 curious, bearing upon its face the
 clear impressions of her knees and
 hand.

Many times have belated travelers
 on this road seen the ghost of Moll
 Dyer making her midnight visita-
 tions to her accustomed haunts. It
 is told by those who have the cour-
 age and endurance to watch, that
 once in each year, on the coldest
 night of Winter, she may be seen
 wending her ghostly way from a
 point South of the Run, where the
 remains of the hut can yet be faintly
 seen, to where the stone is, and
 kneeling in the same attitude as on
 the fatal night, as if praying that
 her curse may be continued.

There are those who think that
 her prayer was heard when she
 asked that the lands be made bar-
 ren and the flocks decimated, as
 the country for several miles around
 the location of the hut is, to this
 day, with few exceptions, desolate
 and unproductive.

Horace Greeley said: "We
 are to recognize the worth and the
 usefulness of the country press. It
 is probable that no class of men in
 the community do so much honest
 and advantageous work for so little
 pay as the editors and publishers of
 the newspapers of the interior. They
 deserve all the support and aid
 which can honestly be given them.
 The good ones among them are
 among the most valuable sources
 of true progress and enlightenment,
 and even the inferior ones have a
 use and merit of their own."

The democrats of Washington
 county, Md., are organizing for a
 stubborn fight this fall.

THE BOY AND HIS GRANDMA.—
 Old Mrs. Kalkittle visited her son,
 the minister, a few days ago, and the
 reason that she did not remain but
 one night, was not altogether due
 to the good old son's eccentricity.
 Grandma is rather superstitious and
 will engage in no performance so
 ill-boding as to sleep in a room
 where a fire has not been kindled
 during the season. In the house
 of Mulkittle's economic abode, there
 are but two bed-rooms where fires
 have been made during the winter.
 One of these is "ma's room," and the
 other, adjoining, is the sleeping
 apartment of the children.

"I don't like to sleep in the same
 room with that boy," said the old
 lady to the minister, "but my sakes
 alive, I don't want to sleep where
 there ain't been no fire for a year."
 "Consult your own pleasure."
 "Pleasure, indeed," she snapped.
 "There ain't no pleasure about it."

"I am very sorry that circum-
 stances prevent you from bringing
 a sleeping room with you."
 "You are nothing of the kind
 and you know it. I don't see that
 preachers are any more careful what
 they say than other folks are."

"Only a joke, mother," said the
 minister approaching her, smooth-
 ing back her hair and kissing her
 wrinkled brow. "You shall sleep
 anywhere you please. I'll sleep
 with Willie and you may sleep
 here."

"No, no," she said a voice of
 motherly tenderness. "I would
 just as lieve sleep in there as not.
 The dear little fellow will be in the
 land of Nod before I go to bed any-
 way."

After the children had gone to
 bed, the old lady sat by the fire in
 "ma's room," knitting on the stock-
 ings which she seemed to never get
 any nearer done; told of her trou-
 bles in finding the guinea's nest,
 and how a mink got into the hen-
 house and killed a dozen chickens
 in one night.

Mrs. Mulkittle was soon asleep,
 and after while Mulkittle began to
 snore.

"Well, bless me!" she said, "if
 they ain't all asleep. People these
 days don't think about nothin' but
 eatin' and sleepin'. When I was
 their age, I could card quilt bats
 half the night and then not feel no
 worse for wear in the morning."

She took down a long-stem pipe
 and smoked in contentment over
 her troubles as she rocked to and
 fro. Finally, she put the pipe on
 the mantle-piece, but then think-
 ing it might set something afire—
 although it had gone out—she took
 it down and stood it on the hearth
 by the chimney-piece. She opened
 the door easily and entered Willie's
 bedroom. The youngster was sleep-
 ing soundly. She undressed and
 knelt by the bedside, and when
 she arose, the boy was on his elbows
 looking at her.

"Lie down there, sir, and go to
 sleep."
 "I've been to sleep."
 "Well, go to sleep again, do you
 hear."

"Tell me about Little Red Ridin'
 Hood."

Thinking that this was the best
 means of quieting him she told the
 story, subject to many corrections
 on his part.

"Now tell me about Jack-the-
 Giant-Killer."
 Still hoping that she had adopted
 the best method, she told him about
 the great hero of all modern boy-
 hood.

"Now tell me about old Blue
 Beard."

Then she realized her error, and
 turning a severe eye on the boy, she
 said:—

"I won't do nothin' of the kind,
 and I want you to go to sleep this
 minute."

"I can't go to sleep in a minute.
 Dogs can go to sleep as soon as they
 shut their eyes, but boys can't. Let
 me get up and say my prayers."

"Haven't you said 'em tonight?"
 "Yes, but God's forgot it by this
 time."

"You good for nothin' little ras-
 cal, I am mind to spank you."

"What for?"
 "For talkin' that way."

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.

"How must I talk?"
 "Don't talk at all."
 "Then I couldn't say anything,
 could I?"

"No, and it would be a blessed
 good thing."

"I couldn't pray then, could I?"
 "Hush!"

"But if I couldn't talk I couldn't
 pray. Then I'd go to the bad
 place, an' the bad man would say,
 'Oh, yes, here's that boy that could
 not talk. Put him there and roast
 him.' Wouldn't he say that?"

"No."
 "What would he say?"
 The old lady flounced out of bed,
 opened the door and called Mr.
 Mulkittle.

"What is it, mother?"
 "Come, take this boy out of here,
 and bring me a paper of tacks to
 sleep with. I'd rather have the
 nettle-rash in July?"

A FEW BLESSINGS.—Blessed is
 the bald-headed man, for his wife
 cannot pull his hair.

Blessed is he who does not make
 a cent, for he will have no income
 tax to pay.

Blessed is the Digger Indian, for
 unto him no man presenteth a sub-
 scription paper.

Blessed is the man who is always
 flat broke, for no man saith unto
 him, "Lend me five dollars."

Blessed is the man who hath no
 brains, but brass in abundance, for
 he shall be the ladies favorite.
 Selah.

Blessed is the man who giveth
 many and costly presents to young
 ladies, for great shall be his reward
 —in a horn.

Blessed is the homely man, for
 the girls shall not molest him; yes,
 thrice blessed is he, for when he
 asketh a lady to dance she will an-
 swer him, saying: "I am engaged
 for the next set."

Blessed is he who polishes his boots
 and not his morals, who maketh
 the outside of his head to shine, but
 neglecteth the inside thereof, for
 all the girls shall rise up with smiles
 at his coming and call him beau-
 tiful.

Blessed is the Chinaman, for
 when he is asked to contribute to a
 "good cause," he answereth, say-
 ing: "Me no sabe," and straight-
 way the philanthropist leaveth him,
 and John goeth on his way rejoic-
 ing.

SPLINTERS.—Hab grease—Boa-
 ton butter.

The milky way—a cow path.

Ever at their post—fence rails.
 Now is the time to sell your ther-
 mometers—they will be low before
 long.

No poet has yet worn the Garter,
 says an English journal. How is
 this Ella? Come out and explain
 matters.

"No," said the swell young rich
 man, "I shall not purchase a yacht
 this season. I have left off drink-
 ing for six months."

The mayor of an Ohio town is
 named Turnipseed. He needn't
 fear death. He will come up again
 after he's planted.

Square necks, says a fashion jour-
 nal are intended to be filled by a lace
 or silk gimp. This seems to leave
 the girl out.

It is always the homeliest man
 who leaves the theatre during the
 acts. He goes out for liniment to
 keep his face from aching.

An exchange says that Matthew
 Arnold made only ten thousand
 dollars in this country. That isn't
 so bad when it is considered he
 speculated only in sense.

Governor Robinson hopes "fash-
 ionable drinking" will soon be
 abolished. We suppose his excel-
 lency refers to the "quality," not
 the quantity.

The Chinese pay their doctor on-
 ly so long as he keeps them in
 health. They believe in preventing
 rather than curing disease. This is
 sound sense, and one of the strong-
 est recommendations of Ayer's Sar-
 saparilla, a medicine which not
 only cures diseases but prevents
 them.

Mrs. Sina Taylor died in Wicomico
 county aged one hundred and
 two years.