Saint Mary's Beacon

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Saint Mary's Beacon

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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

PROFESSIONAL,

JO. F. MORGAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
LEONARDTOWN, Md
April 1, 1880—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

D. S. BRISCOE,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
219 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md
1873—tf.

ROBERT C. COMBS,
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Leonardtown, Md

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Farmers' & Merchants' Bank Building,
Corner South and Lombard Sts,
Baltimore, Md.
Sept 26—tf

WALTER I. DAWKINS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
14 E. LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD.
Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 3—tf.

HENRY F. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Prompt attention given to all business intrusted in his care.
Jan 1, 85—tf

WALTER B. DORSEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Office—Register of Wills' Office.
Jan 14 '92—1y.

R. B. TIPPETT & BRO.
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11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md
Practice in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties of Charles ad St. Mary's and Washington City Special attention given to Admiralty pactice, collection of claims.

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Fram of 300 acres, fertile, good buildings, situate about 1½ miles from Oakville, and four miles from steamboat wharf Good state of cultivation. Price $2,000. Terms easy.

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

Farm 250 acres on Brittar's Bay opposite 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, 1½ miles South of Chaptico, at Cross Roads. Two miles from steamboat wharf. 77 acres. Common Improvements. Good stand for business—mercantile 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. Terms easy
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, English Grammar, Geography, History, Rhetoric, the Elements of Botany, Mental and Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Literature, Plain and Ornamental Needlework, Music on the Piano and Guitar and French.
Boys from the age of 7 to 14 yea received.
For terms or further information apply o
SISTER MADELEINE,
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.
WM. L. THOMAS, Agent,
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A desirable farm, one mile from Leonardtown, and containing about 200 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 23—tf. Leonardtown, Md

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 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 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 produgality 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 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.

"JUST WORRIED."

Or a Knight for a Day.

"They haven't th[illegible]"

The professor of [illegible] sitting on his comfortable [illegible] outside the ropes [illegible] among match, was laying [illegible] irritably to the prof[illegible] in on the decay of chiv[illegible] rising generation.

"I was a child [illegible] myself," objected th[illegible] Latin, "and I kept [illegible] they strained out of their car windows gazing at us. But if another crisis comes, that boy out there on the diamond would go to the front with just as little fuss as—a brother of mine did, 30 years ago." And the professor's blond face flushed.

The professor of Greek followed the direction of the other's pointing arm.

"Why, that's just McClune!" said he.

At this moment time was declared, with victory for the academy, and McClune, a strapping figure in the captain's belt, was cheered and borne off the field in noisy but uncomfortable state.

'I say, Smith,' said this McClune a little later, when the 'bus dropped the academy team at the station, 'I've got to have these tickets straightened. The bloody goose of a conductor took off double fare. He goes up with us, I hear.'

'No, he don't. He takes the special down, but there'll be time for a hack at him if you're sharp. Our train leaves first.'

'That's he. Come along Smith. You saw him take 'em off."

Before them on the second track lay the academy train, which consisted of a couple of rocking cars full of roaring young humanity. The first track seemed very much cleared, but was thus no doubt, for the city special, which would back in as soon as the academy boys moved out.

The conductor in question, not a first-class man for his place anyway, and to-day 'worried' by the students, and at the last moment, to his intense disgust, finding himself assigned to their returning train instead of the special, turns on McClune savagely.

'No such thing. I didn't take a mile more'n your fare.'

'But see!' cried McClune and Smith, thrusting forward the book of tickets and beginning to count.

But the anger on the face before them changes to panic, and as the excited youths become conscious suddenly of shouts and gesticulations they feel a hot wave and turn to see the great locomotive of the through express coming down upon them.

There is room on this little platform between the tracks if they keep cool heads. The conductor drags McClune mechanically up the steps of the academy train; and McClune turns to Smith, but Smith has stepped off, and bewildered by the frantic cries which resound on all sides has completely lost his head and is looking helplessly to right and left.

So near that McClune could almost touch them, stood a line of pale people staring at him with that absorbed, awful directness which comes on our faces when we meet Death ourselves or witness others meet him. As he jerked himself free of the conductor and leaped down on the track he had a glimpse of his own train rimming him in on the other side, so that a flickering thought of the walls of faces around the gladiators in the arena rose in his mind. And then, picking up Smith in his strong arms, he fairly threw him to the bystanders. Smith landed all right, but the laws of space and motion are inexorable, and there was no time left for McClune.

McClune was stunned, of course, but regained his senses sooner than was expected. He aroused himself to a surprised sense of being in the station waiting room instead of a car. And then he remembered.

His clothing was his first thought, for he was a poor boy, working his way, and the suit he was in was his best; somehow he did not seem able to work his neck, and after an attempt, eager enough, but so pitifully ineffectual it was imperceptible, he gave up trying to see his person.

There was a great odor of drugs. People were working over his limbs. It seemed odd they did not hurt him. He wondered if the train had left.

The blond professor of Latin, whom the students nicknamed Fluffy, came out of the strange stillness and twilight with brandy, which McClune swallowed somewhat painfully.

'Where are the boys, sir?' he said. But with reviving strength the twilight became daytime again to McClune, and he saw that some of them were there with him. What on earth was his stern professor of Greek crying for?

'I'm sorry you waited for me,' he said to pallid Smith, whose face was down by his on the pillow. 'It's so inconvenient for the rest. And I guess I've got to wait till next train, anyway.'

Twilight began to thicken again, inclosing Fluffy and Smith with him.

'This is too bad,' he said again, despondently. 'The Prex paid me in advance to-day for his woodpile.' McClune was an honorable man, and the Captain of the Nine; and in the great democratic academy no one dreamed of commenting on the fact of his sawing wood and weeding gardens for the faculty to aid his ways and means. 'I've spent the money, and here I am likely to be laid up for weeks. Something's up with my legs. There's not a mite of feeling in them.'

An engine slowed outside, and a famous surgeon hastily summoned from the city stepped off the caboose and went into McClune.

By this time there was a group of medical men by the hastily-made bed, lifting him gently, endeavoring to make his position more easy, but saying nothing yet about his legs. McClune wondered at their leisurely ways, but made no comment, keeping up a nervous talk with the professor of Latin and with Smith upon the ball match. Someway everybody avoided mention of the accident.

The surgeon finished his examination—entirely painless—altered a few wrappings, and seemed to be going.

'How much am I hurt, sir?'

Now, this great man was accustomed to pronounce sentences. But his professional calm forsook him, as he looked down into those young, brave eyes.

'Do you want me to tell you?'

'Is it so bad as that, sir?' with a sudden white despair passing across his face as a cloud passes. 'How soon!'

'As soon as the circulation starts up.'

The eyes asked the next question.

'O, not at once, my boy! It may be in an hour—or less.'

'Mr. Lamont,' reaching forth to the professor of Latin, 'won't you write to my father, the Rev. John McClune, Coffeyville, Kansas? Tell him the insurance is all right. I'm insured, sir, for father, for a thousand dollars, and I sent off an assessment this morning. One dollar and seventy-five cents. Doctor Soule paid me in advance for cutting up his wood, so I could send it sir, and the letter went on the 11 o'clock mail. Tell Clarkson he can have my tennis racket for that money—he offered me two-fifty for it—and pay the doctor, please. There's no other debt. I wish Jones could have my job of sweeping the halls. I know he needs it.'

'And, Mr. Lamont, don't have them send me home. Father will want it done, but he can't afford it. His salary is dreadfully small. And don't let them run up a big bill for—for things, you know. Father thinks I'm going to succeed and get him out of the woods, and it's the least I can do to not swamp him with expense about—about this.'

It was 8 o'clock in the morning in the spacious chapel of the Academy. The bell was flinging out its last peals and all the faculty were on their platform.

The Professor of Greek and the Professor of Latin looked haggard.

But the professor of Greek rose and led the morning service and the school choir sang the usual morning hymn. As its final strains ceased the Professor rose again behind the desk. He had something to say, and every student supposed he knew what was coming. None did, however, with the exception of the professor of Latin.

'Boys,' said he, and they fairly started. Never before had there fallen such a tone from the lips of the severe and somewhat cynical Professor of Greek. 'Yesterday I said to my friend here by me that I could echo Burke, that the days of chivalry were dead.

'I like you. In some respects you are finer fellows than the boys of '61. You are keener, generally, and you are much more humane.

'But, on the other hand, you seem less Spartan. You take pretty good care of yourselves, and you take your surroundings pretty well into consideration. In short, as a class, you're accustomed to be waited upon. And so yesterday I passed a cruel judgment upon you.

'And in two hours from the time the words were out of my mouth God let me see a hero out of your number die! How weak and wordy I was! I stand rebuked before you. The fashion of this world passeth away, but mankind is the same form age to age. For no Spartan in the renowned pass, lying out all night with his sash fast tied to the next man's so there counld be no skulking, and waiting till—

'The morning sun
Should rise, and give him light to die;'

and no knight in the days of old—these days yields so fascinate you, my boys—ever counted life as dross more than McClune did.'

He stopped short, in amazed silence of the school. Then there was a hesitating clap or two, and then a quick, shrill bark of applause, which grew and grew until the roof rang.

After all the classes had given their cheers and McClune's own had added a three times three, the boys became aware that a white-headed minister of the place was upon his feet and endeavoring to be heard.

'My young friends!' cried he, in a pathetically worn voice, 'I'd like to make a suggestion. I came in here like a good many of the town-people to hear a choice requiem, which it has been rumored the school choir is going to render now in memory of their departed comrade.

'But it doesn't appear to me young McClune needs any requiem. It is permitted to few to be the inspiration he is at this moment. I, too, thought we had fallen upon days of flesh and brawn, and not much besides; and here is this lad going just as modestly and quietly as the lads used to.

'I wish to made the suggestion that, instead of the requiem, we sing the hymn on the 84th page, common metre.

'There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.'"

The choir was well bred, and laid by the sheet music in favor of the old-fashioned tune, the school looking slightly quizzical at first. But one by one the hymbooks strewed upon the benches were opened, and the volume of voices augmented, until from the sporting set who noglected music to the hard workers who had no time for cultivation of their voices, every fellow of them was joining and sending the blood tingling from heart to finger-tips of the old minister; but as they reached the last line the subtle sadness underlying the majestic words touched their quick feeling to remembrance of McClune, and the melody sank in caressing depths as the 300 sang with the matchless charm of young emotion,

"But Jordan rolls between."

Mr. Charles Herzog, lawyer, was nominated for Congress by republicans of the third district.

Saint Mary's Beacon.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, LEONARDTOWN, MD.
THURSDAY Morning, September 8.

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.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
For President:
GROVER CLEVELAND,
of New York.
For Vice-President:
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.
of Illinois.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Wednesday, August 31, 1892.

Four railroad employes and a striking switchman were shot in a labor fight in New Orleans late Monday night.

Four vessels will be hired by the State fishery force for the oyster season to aid the regular vessels in watching forbidden grounds.

Mrs. John A. Logan has pledged herself to raise $1,000,000 for the American Methodist University, at Washington, D. C.

Capt. Albert Sharpley, of Worcester county, was assailed with an axe by a colored man in mistake, and made a narrow escape.

The McAleer and Ker factions of the democratic party in Philadelphia held separate convertions yesterday. There will be a split in the party in the third Congress district.

George H. White, of Hoopersville, Dorchester county, was released on $500 security for a hearing, September 10, upon a charge of opening a letter addressed to Cora L. Smith.

John A. Casey's Refining Works, Richard and Commerce streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., at which the distillation of spirits and the manufacture of pitch, varnishes and resin oil were carried on, were burned. Loss $125.000.

Reports of the appearance of cholera continue to come from various cities in Germany and Great Britain. No case has yet reached an American port. The prevalence of the disease in Europe is having a depressing effect on foreign trade at New York.

Thursday, September 1, 1892.

Cardinal Gibbons has issued a circular letter directing the observance of the Columbus anniversary by Catholics.

King Hall, a new theological school, of which Bishop Paret is the head, will be opened in Washington next month.

It is thought Chief Clerk Fowler, of Maryland, will succeed First Assistant Postmaster-General Whitfield, who has resigned.

Mr. George William Curtis, the civil-service reformer and journalist died yesterday at his home, at Livingston, Staten Island, N. Y.

Workmen have torn down the little house on Market street, Philadelphia, where Benedict Arnold is said to have planned his treason.

Governor Tillman was successful in the democratic primary elections in South Carolina by between 20,000 and 25,000 majority, and his renomination is assured.

The John Hopkins Hospital trustees may ask the government for a six-months suspension of immigration on account of cholera.

The head of dock No. 4, at Bremen, Germany, loaded with cotton and spirits, was burned yesterday. The damage is estimated at $250,000.

Republicans nominated Mr. Geo. A. Baker, of Harford county, as their candidate for Congress in the second district, and Mr. A. Worth Spates, of Baltimore, in the fourth district.

During the trip of the steamship Moravia from Hamburg to New Nork twenty-two passengers died from cholera. The steamship is now detained at quarantine and it is hoped to prevent the disease from reaching the city.

☞ The protection papers are warning the farmers that free wool is a blow aimed at the farming interest, at the same time they are busy telling the farmer how protective duties make everything cheap to him. The presumption is that the farmer is such an idiot that he will believe them when they tell him that while protection cheapens every other domestic product it makes the price of wool higher. Protection is the father of lies and the sum of all villainies.

In all that goes to strengthen and build up the system weakened by disease and pain, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the superior medicine. It neutralizes the poisons left in the system after diptheria and scarlet fever, and restores the debilitated patient to perfect health and vigor.

'I see they have started another lodge of the Improved Order of Red Men in your village.'

'Yes; my husband has joined it. But that's not the kind of order needed in our midst.'

'No?'

'No. What is wanted is an improved order of white men.'