

Saint Mary's Beacon
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 A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly
 advertisements. Correspondence solicited

Saint Mary's Beacon

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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.

GEORGE F. CLARK,
 OF ST. MARY'S COUNTY, WITH

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

The Leading One-Price Clothiers and Tailors, 10 &
 12 E. Baltimore Street., near Charles, Baltimore, Md.

When in the city go and call for Mr. Clark, tell him you are a St. Mary's man and he will sell you the best suits of clothes you ever saw at a moderate price. Call on him and be convinced. The best made clothing in Baltimore is at

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO., Baltimore Street, near Charles.

April 20-17

To Wheat Growers!
EXCELSIOR GUANO COMPANY'S



Forming the most Concentrated, Universal and Durable Fertilizers offered to the Planter. Combining all the stimulating qualities of Peruvian Guano, and the durable properties of Bones. Fine and Dry.

Put up in good strong bags, 12 to the ton. Planters should see that every bag is branded with the **EXCELSIOR** and our name in Red Letters.

EXCELSIOR GUANO COMPANY,
 239 South Street, Baltimore.

W. V. WATERS, Agent for St. Mary's county.

OFFICE OF
S. BIEBER'S
 STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,
 Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 1893.

JUST SUPPOSIN'

Now, that you could see a Big Stock of seasonable goods, and just supposin' that the prices had been put way down to the very dead line of profit, so that none could go lower, would you have the sand to buy from a lesser stock and pay a larger price?

Would You? Would You?

WE HAVE SURELY DONE IT!

The Most Complete Stock.

The Lowest Prices.

S. BIEBER,
 903 to 909 8th St., S. E.,
 WASHINGTON, D. C.



BAUGH'S WHEAT FERTILIZER,
 FROM ANIMAL BONE STOCK,
 PURE RAW BONE MEAL, HIGH GARDE AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS.

LUMBER.

H. R. BELL, agent for the large lumber firm, J. H. D. SMOOR, & SON of Alexandria, will keep constantly on hand in Leonardtown Boards, Scantling, Weather Boarding, Flooring, Palings, Dressed Boards, Shingles, Doors, Sash, &c. Also, Laths, Lime and Hair, which he will sell at city prices. Orders for lumber from in Alexandria will be promptly attended to. Sept 5-17

AN INDIAN WAR-WHOOP.

In one of the quiet, pleasant picturesque valleys of eastern Connecticut nestles the pretty, old-fashioned village of Windham. A century ago this was one of the most important towns in the State east of the Connecticut River. Here were located the county jail, the county court-house, and other public institutions, which, with its prominent public men, raised the town to a position of influence and wide reputation.

During the last half-century, or a little over, these institutions, one by one, have been removed to more thriving centres; bright and ambitious young men have sought other and more promising fields of activity, and the town, once so important, has been shorn of its old fame and power, until it has become simply a relic of the "good old times"—a typical New England village, the every-day existence of which has become dreary and monotonous, and which lives chiefly in its traditional history.

A century-and-a-half ago, Squire Elderkin and Colonel Dyer were the two most prominent men of Windham, and were well known throughout the State. Both were lawyers; both were prominent in public affairs; both were wealthy for the times in which they lived; both had large social followings, and both were intensely jealous of each other.

Squire Elderkin was a tall, lean bilious-looking man, with heavy, raven-black hair and piercing dark eyes. He was of aristocratic lineage, and in manner cold, selfish, and ambitious. He was a learned lawyer, an able advocate, and a merciless wit. Few could give a more rapier-like thrust than he—a thrust that never failed to reach its mark, and always left a rankling wound and an ugly scar.

Colonel Dyer was a different kind of a man in every respect. In person he was short and stout. He had a merry blue eye, a beaming countenance, and a good word for every one. Few could tell a better story or more surely make one laugh without knowing the reason why. Genial, happy, sociable, always bubbling over with fun and good-humor, he never was happier than when surrounded with company, and his wide circle of friends always found him a royal entertainer. As a result, he became one of the most popular men in the State. His magnetic, winning qualities were more than a match for the Squire's learning and brilliancy. Colonel Dyer was prominent, too, in military as well as political matters. Windham, in those days, was a frontier town, and the troublesome red men caused a great deal of anxiety at times. Whenever the situation became threatening, Colonel Dyer was called to lead, and he always proved a willing soldier and a skillful commander.

Squire Elderkin was very envious of the Colonel's popularity, and made him the butt of many a keen, piercing shaft of wit. The Colonel in time became very sensitive to these wounds, and although hatred was foreign to his nature, he conceived a thorough dislike for the Squire, and frequently, in defense, made a sharp, stinging retort. The situation went from bad to worse, until finally there was many a sharp encounter between the friends of the contending parties. The little town which had hitherto been blessed with happiness and contentment, became a factious, quarrelsome community.

Where these divisions would have ended, if an event, destined to make "Old Windham" famous, had not intervened, no one can tell.

The spring and early summer of 1758 was a season of intense anxiety for the settlers of New England. The memorable French and Indian War, with its unparalleled atrocities was at its height. Massacres, in which whole villages were destroyed, were of frequent occurrence.

Windham had been especially stirred up by the blood-curdling reports that were frequently borne from the north. Several times ru-

mors of threatened invasion by the warlike savages and the more savage allies aroused the town to a wild pitch of excitement. On these occasions the villagers had implicit faith in the Colonel's military sagacity and leadership. He was always placed in command, and his word was law—in short, he was the Miles Standish of this frontier Connecticut town.

In early summer of the year, the Connecticut settlers were called upon to render additional assistance in the struggle against the French. The French forts of the north were now the objective point; and Colonel Dyer immediately began raising a regiment to help in the reduction of Crown Point. The men were sent forward as fast as they enlisted, while Colonel Dyer remained to continue raising recruits.

One dark, sultry night of this memorable year, the long-looked-for and long-dreaded crisis seemed at hand. Late in the evening an excited alarm was given by the village parson's slave. The negro was badly scared and rushed from house to house, wildly shouting, "The French are coming, The French are coming."

The excited villagers ran to their windows and doors, and were met with a din and roar that filled them with amazement and terror. Such shrieks! Such yells! The very heavens seemed filled with unearthly sounds; the earth seemed to quake beneath the tread of the coming enemy.

"We will have Ker-nel Dyer. And El-der-kin too. We will have Ker-nel Dyer. And El-der-kin too. Ker-nel Dyer Elderkin too," shrieked the hideous voices in unison. Colonel Dyer and Squire Elderkin had been particularly active against the French. The whole village jumped to the conclusion that the French and Indians were anxious to capture these two leaders. As the outlandish shrieks seemed to increase in volume, and to grow nearer and nearer, the last doubt that the savages were upon them passed from every mind.

Colonel Dyer hurried to the village green when the alarm was given, and the clanging church bell soon called the villagers together. Squire Elderkin, badly frightened promptly responded, well armed with a trusty flint-lock. Very soon the able-bodied men of the town were in line, and Colonel Dyer was unanimously chosen commander.

The old feud, that a few hours before divided neighbor from neighbor, was forgotten; all united like brothers to defend their common homes. Orders were immediately given to advance, and the Windham villagers marched up the hill to the east to check the enemy. The shout for "Colonel Dyer and El-der-kin too" steadily grew stronger and stronger, and the gallant Colonel was reported to have shown unusual caution on this occasion, while Squire Elderkin, who had never had military experience, implored the Colonel to halt his command on the hill and wait until daybreak before he proceeded, as everything seemed to indicate overwhelming odds in favor of the enemy.

The last half of the night was one of terror. The villagers, who had been left behind, waited to hear the roar of battle, but as the hours dragged their tedious length along, without the discharge of a single piece, all gave way to the fear that some great horror was impending. The night, however; finally wore away; the east began to grow gray, and the light was slowly creeping over the hills when the clamor for "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin too" began to subside. Daylight quelled the hideous sounds.

The morning brought a strange story to the little army and the panic-stricken villagers.

A mile-and-a-half to the west of the village was a large mill-pond, which furnished water for power to grind the grain for the surrounding country. The miller reported that he had been awakened by the outlandish noises in early evening, and on going to the pond found the

frogs in a great state of commotion, but, owing to the intense darkness, nothing could be seen. In the morning many dead frogs were found upon the shore.

No wounds were visible; no marks of violence could be seen; no cause for the strange commotion could be found. Some argued that there had been a battle, but there was never any evidence to support this theory. Others advanced the idea that some mysterious, malarial contagion, some deadly epidemic, had broken out and caused the cries of distress which had driven terror to the hearts of the Windham villagers. This theory, too, has been laughed at, and the truth is that the cause of the great disturbance has always been a dark, impenetrable mystery.

The state of mind of the town's people the next morning can better be imagined than described. All seemed sick with humiliation at the ludicrous ending of their frantic fright of the evening before. Squire Elderkin was particularly mortified, and is reported to have suffered a two-weeks' sickness and confinement to his chamber, during which he was said to have frequently stated that he had much rather have lost his scalp than to have been the victim of such a huge joke.

It is wonderful how the story of the Windham frogs sought out and found every little nook and corner of the country. There were no railroads, no telegraphs or newspapers in those days. The stage-coach was the only means of intercommunication. Yet the story, greatly exaggerated and elaborately dressed up by the imagination, was told and retold in almost every tavern in the land.

The Windham wits had been famous for years. Those who had suffered at their hands now eagerly seized the opportunity to pay back old scores with unrelenting interest. Ballads were written; songs were composed and sung; and every chance for a practical joke was utilized. Colonel Dyer was a delegate to the first Congress held in New York. During his journey to that city some wag tied a jimmieseg frog to the rear of his carriage. His arrival was said to have been greeted with shouts and laughter, and the joke became the talk of the city. On one occasion Squire Elderkin was said to have been making a very learned and eloquent plea, when some buffoon raised the shout of "Colonel Dyer and Elderkin too," in the long-drawn tones which the frogs had made famous. The judge lost his gravity, the jury laughed, and the audience shouted in the most boisterous manner. The Squire, famous for his self-possession, lost his temper, which greatly added to the amusement of the on-lookers.

The humiliation of the Windhamites, however, soon passed away, and they regained their native shrewdness. Colonel Dyer was the first to turn the tide. He adopted the bull-frog as a coat-of-arms; he had a metal frog made for a door-knocker, and in various other ways showed his disposition to accept the situation good-naturedly. The Squire soon saw this was the better way, and felt very kindly toward the Colonel for his tact in stemming the current of popular persecution. He ever after accepted any mention of the frog story with a smile and apparent good-nature, although it was generally believed that the smile was forced and the good-nature was entirely assumed.

The memorable fight had one good effect. Colonel Dyer and Squire Elderkin became fast friends. Peace and good will reigned throughout the community, and the little village has since become noted for the spirit of neighborly kindness and brotherly love which seems to hover over it and pervade the very air.

THE REASON.—Jasper—"I understand now why there is an eagle with outspread wings on so many of our coins.

Jampappe—"Why?"
 Jasper—"It is to teach us that money flies."—Truth.

HUSH MONEY.

Out of the countless variety of evil-doers who thrive upon the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, and are enabled to gain a means of livelihood by the folly and timidity of their dupes, one class above all others seems to conduct their depredations with much success, on account of the defenceless position of the unhappy individuals upon whom they prey. We allude to those who make it their business to levy what is termed 'hush money.'

There are innumerable miscreants who thrive upon the possession of some discreditable secret or family skeleton, which throws a desolating blight over many a life, to all appearance surrounded by every comfort and luxury wealth can command. Scoundrels of this description, secure in the helplessness of their victims, pursue with impunity their merciless system of extortion, being well aware that terror of exposure is so great, that silence will be purchased at any price. If persons who are threatened by ruffians of this kind with exposure of some private matter, were once and for all to refuse to pay one penny for the silence of the extortioners, how much misery would be avoided! Each instalment of hush money only serves to whet the appetites of these social harpies. It is infinitely preferable to face boldly at first the worst, no matter how serious a nature, than to supply blackmail for the purchase of what can never be security. The majority of malefactors are cowards at heart, although a craven nature is in such cases concealed often by bluster and braggadocio. It therefore becomes all the more important at once to withstand their infamous importunities.

The ordinary observer, while reading in some sensational novel the evil deeds and extortion perpetrated by the class of knaves who subsist on hush money, would be inclined to attribute them to romance. It is, however, well known to those who have had experience in criminal matters, that the novelist's, fertile imagination pales before stern reality. Innocent persons have been threatened with an accusation of some infamous crime, and at the same time money has been demanded as the price of silence. The dread caused by even an accusation of such a nature has often, unfortunately, induced persons so situated to accede to extortionate demands. There are plenty of *mauvais sujets* hovering about society who make it their business to become intimate with the private history of those upon whose infirmities they intend to trade.

Not many years since, a notable instance of this occurred. A gentleman in a high social position was ruthlessly assailed and socially ruined by a miscreant, who traded upon the possession of some information of a dubious nature reflecting upon his wife. For a lengthened period this gentleman had paid considerable sums of money for the silence of his persecutor; at length, however, driven to desperation by continual and increased demands for hush money, he preferred rather to face a public trial than continue longer subject to such tyranny and extortion.

The following apt illustration of blackmailing, which came under the writer's personal cognizance, will show the rascality in vogue among these wretches. A wealthy merchant was for some years completely in the power of a thoroughly-paced scoundrel who had previously been in his employ. This knave became acquainted with a delicate family matter, which, if disclosed, could but entail shame and misery upon his late employer. He threatened to make this information public unless well paid for his silence. This gentleman, although surrounded by every luxury, was in truth a thoroughly miserable man. Living in a constant state of fear lest his family skeleton should be revealed in all its hideousness, he continued from time to time to supply his tormenter with large

sums of money. The continued mental strain caused his health to give way, until at last he wisely determined to consult his legal adviser upon what was the bane of his life. Prompt steps were then taken, which forever freed him from extortion. These things daily happen, and yet unfortunately, frequently remain unpunished.

What can be more terrible than to exist in constant fear of pending ruin—entirely at the mercy of some miscreant, who by one word can destroy a hitherto stainless reputation! It is a true saying that "there is a skeleton in every house," and if discovered by any designing knave, may be transformed into a sword of Damocles. Confidential servants and discharged valets often bring large sums from their former employers by means of extortionate demands combined with threats of disclosing certain family matters calculated to bring shame upon their late masters' or mistresses' good name.

The payment of any illicit demand as a price of secrecy, rarely, if ever, permanently obtains the object in view, the donor being more or less in constant fear less a disclosure should take place. This usually transpires sooner or later, when the torturer has abstracted the uttermost penny from his victim. No greater delusion can possibly exist than that hush money will secure durable secrecy.

All demands for hush money met at the outset by firm and unyielding refusal, is the best and only course to adopt. In the majority of instances, a villain would be at once checkmated; and even should he venture to extremities, the law is powerful enough to put an end to his shameful trade. Anything is better than to live in constant fear of exposure, and to be remorselessly plundered by such a vampire. We often hear of strange suicides, the reason of which is wholly incomprehensible. It is by no means surprising that, at times, persons wanting in resolution, are made desperate by a system of exquisite mental torture, when unmercifully applied by these extortioners. Innumerable unhappy persons are unquestionably thus tormented, like Prometheus on his rock. Such anguish, though unseen, is far greater than physical suffering, as all mental tribulation is more severe than mere bodily pain.

If any one who is assailed by a miscreant in quest of hush money were at once to place the matter in the hands of some respectable solicitor, a course of misery would be avoided, as any attempt to extort money through threats or otherwise comes clearly within the provisions of the law; and criminal proceedings will be found the most effectual means for exterminating so great a social pest.—*Sidney Herbert.*

LUCKY AND UNLUCKY NAVAL VESSELS.—It is curious what a fatality seems to pursue vessels that have certain names. For example, the name Boston for a ship is regarded as very unlucky. Four Bostons in the United States service have already come to grief in one way or another, and the fifth has been in some sort of trouble ever since she was built and named by Secretary Whitney. There has never been a steamer San Francisco yet that has not been lost, and Guerriere is another hapless designation. On the other hand, ships named Constitution have always been remarkably fortunate.

The Best Plaster.

Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain. It is better than any plaster. When the lungs are sore such an application on the chest and another on the back, between the shoulder blades will often prevent pneumonia. There is nothing so good for a lame back or a pain in the side. A sore throat can nearly always be cured in one night by applying a flannel bandage dampened with Pain Balm. 50 cent bottles for sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, Md.