

# Saint Mary's Beacon

## OLD TOM WHITE'S GHOST.

IT COMES ON WINTER NIGHTS TO RING THE CHURCH BELL.

From the Sunday News.

Everybody knows where the site of the old St. Mary's City is, and every child in Maryland is familiar with the history of the early settlement of St. Mary's county by the Calverts, the old mulberry tree, the old Trinity P. E. Church, and the burial-place of Leonard Calvert. But few, however, are living now who remember old Tom White, the colored sexton of Trinity Church.

Tom was a slave, and as such descended from one generation to another until he fell into the kind hands of Dr. John M. Brome, who owned a large estate on the St. Mary's river and who generally supervised the church and the St. Mary's Female Seminary, standing one hundred yards east of the church building. Where old Tom White was born nobody knows to this day. There is a legend among the colored folk down there that Tom was fishing "off Chu'ch Pint" when Columbus discovered America, and that he was still there when the Ark and the Dove cast anchor in the St. Mary's river. This tradition has but few adherents now. Tom, however, was a great fisherman, that is, he was always fishing except on Sundays and feast days, when he rang the church bell. He always fished where there were no fish, but whenever it was time to ring the church bell he was at his post.

Dressed in a kersey suit and a beaver hat, he would make his way to the church from his cabin a quarter of a mile distant, under the broiling rays of a summer sun or through snowy blasts of winter. The bell was not in a steeple in those days, but it was one of the kind with which the village milkman now disturbs the early morning slumbers of the people in summoning the cook to the back gate to take in the weakened cream for the breakfast coffee. One peculiarity about the old colored sexton was that he always laid aside his old beaver hat before he rang the bell.

After building the fire in the winter in the stove, nearly five feet long, he would lay his old hat on the steps and bare-headed he would walk up and down in front of the church, ringing the bell. Many a wintry Sunday, Tom made the fire in the church stove, cleared a path-way through the snow to the outer gate of the church yard, and to the Female Seminary when the weather was too bad even for the parson to come and then rang his bell and knelt down by the stove and repeated the morning service all by himself. The old church has given way to a new one of modern structure, with ornate decorations made from the famous mulberry tree under which Leonard Calvert is said to have made his deal with the Indians.

A bell now hangs in a tower and another sexton rings it. The colored people around the neighborhood still, however, believe that old Tom White's spirit visits the place at times and upon winter nights when the wind plays around the church tower and shakes the bell and beats the clapper against the metal they huddle together and whisper, "Uncle Tom White's ring-in' de chu'ch bell." The death of the old sexton, Tom White, was a pathetic one. It occurred about 23 years ago. His former master, Dr. John M. Brome, was at his bedside when he breathed his last, doing all that mortal could do to save his old, faithful black friend. The late Rev. Dr. James Stephenson, afterward dean of Cumberland, then rector of Trinity Church, was also present. The last dose of medicine given the old sexton was a small pill. He looked at the doctor and said:

"Mars John, make dat pill bigger, 'cause if I die who's gwine ter ring de chu'ch bell?"

"Pills will not cure you, Tom," replied the doctor. "You are going now where your work will cease."

Tom looked at the parson and asked:

"Mr. Stephenson, is dat so? Am I fitten to ring a bell in heaben?"

"You are, Tom," replied the parson, and taking each of his friends by the hand the old sexton died without a struggle. He was buried in the church yard a few feet from the tomb of Leonard Calvert.

## LIVING ON \$1 PER WEEK.—A

reporter on the Boston Herald has just tried successfully the bill of fare prescribed by Mr. Edward Atkinson for a man who wishes to live on \$1 per week. Cooking was done on an oil stove and the fuel was an item of the week's expenses. The newspaper man announces that a person can live comfortably on the best food in the market, dainties excepted, for less than \$1 a week. He found the average cost per day 12.55 cents. Counting the cost of oil, the food for seven days cost 99.99 cents. During the week he had lamb, beef, pork, macaroni, applesauce, cranberry sauce, grapes, bread and butter, and coffee with sugar in it. It will be remembered by many farmers of the South that the weekly allowance to a hardy field hand under contracts made directly after the war closed was four pounds of bacon and a peck of meal each week. As firewood cost nothing this allowance of meal and meat made up the total food expense account of a great many farm laborers. At the present price of provisions such an allowance of meal and meat would not exceed 60 cents. The meat need not be bacon, as other meats are quite as cheap, if not lower, than bacon. The bread need not be of cornmeal, as sufficient flour for a week can be had for something less than 50 cents. For many people to live quite as well as they were raised would now cost in Texas very little, if any more than \$1 per week, yet some of these very people find it difficult to pull through on \$10, \$20 or \$30 per week. From this we see that one's extravagance does not depend solely upon the way he has been raised. This is especially the case with the unfortunate who considers ever-swelling rivers of cheap circulating medium and very increasingly high prices the only means of prosperity and happiness. These prefer to expend \$60 a week like the Richmond, Va., reporter alluded to by the New York Sun, whose weekly bill ran as follows: "Milk, at \$5 a quart, \$35; bread, at \$2 a loaf, \$14; one peck of meal, \$2; one quarter-pound bacon, \$1; one quart of beans, \$3; fuel, \$5—total, \$60 in confederate currency." The \$60 in confederate money was worth just \$1 in gold and the only imaginable difference in favor of the abundant money was that the Richmond man had the pleasure of handling a much more pretentious bulk or wad of stuff. So it would be with any exceedingly "flexible," "light," "very abundant," "thick as Kansas grasshoppers," "stay at home" currency. With it would come high prices—of a kind. Its value would at last be measured by the gold dollar and the price of living would be measured in the same way. Applying this measure, living is certainly as reasonable in this country as any intelligent, economical, fair-minded person could expect it to be.—Dallas News, Texas.

A DOMESTIC FAILURE.—She was a young wife just married from boarding school, one of the lovely-dovey order, and, although educated in Boston, didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence this dialogue with the cook:

"Now, Briddy, dear, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum."

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are their clothes?"

"Holy Moses, mum, they're in their feathers yet."

"Oh, then serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked their peacocks with the feathers on. It will be a surprise to Hubby."

"It will that, mum. Sure. If you want to help, you could be parin' the turnips."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque."

"I think, mum, that washing the celery do be more in your line."

"All right, Briddy, I'll take it up to the bathroom, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

"Thank you, mum. Would you mind telling me the name of the asylum where you were educated? I think I'll have to take some lessons there myself if we be goin' to work together."—Detroit Free Press.

UNSATISFACTORY WORK.—McGuire (after his first day's work at the quarry:) Oi worrak no more at that place. They deshtroy every drop of worrak Oi do.

Mrs. McGuire: For phoy, Dennis? McGuire: Oi spint hours to-day drillin holes in th' rock, phen a mon comes round an' puts powder in thim holes and blows thim all to smithereens.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Wednesday, December 13, 1893.

Fletcher Bias, a colored boy, was killed in Queen Anne's county, and Edward Lester, colored, is in jail, charged with the murder.

The Hawaiian correspondence asked for by the Senate is ready for transmission to that body but is withheld until another vessel arrives.

A new rule of the Senate excludes the public from the floor of the chamber, Mr. Peffer has submitted a resolution to have the order rescinded.

A jury for the trial of Patrick Eugene Prendergast for the murder of Carter H. Harrison, mayor of Chicago was obtained yesterday in Chicago.

The case of Judge Long, of the Michigan Supreme Court, against Commissioner Lochren, of the pension bureau, in which is involved the right and power of the commissioner to suspend pensions regularly allowed, will be argued on the 22nd instant before Judge Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

It is expected the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives will conclude discussion of the tariff bill today. Members of the ways and means committee state that the tariff bill will be reported to the House of Representatives this week. There is a decided impression that but little progress can be made in the debate in the House on the tariff bill before the Christmas holidays.

News from Honolulu up to Dec. 4 states that the annexationists held a mass-meeting on November 25 and adopted resolutions in effect appealing to Congress over the heads of President Cleveland and Secretary Gresham. The provisional government has fortified and barricaded the government house, and, it is said, has planned to compel the United States to use armed force to effect the restoration of the Queen.

Thursday, December 14, 1893.

Henry O. Devries, of Howard county, was elected president of the Maryland State Grange.

New board of county commissioners of Calvert county qualified and appointed John B. Gray counsel.

The ways and means committee has completed consideration of the tariff bill and will report it back to the House Tuesday next.

The Central Organization of White Republican Clubs of Baltimore adopted resolutions suggesting a number of changes in the Australian ballot law.

In the Circuit Court for Washington County Judge Stake spoke of the trivial nature of criminal cases sent up for trial by magistrates. He decided that swearing on the canal is not illegal.

John Armstrong was hanged at Athens, Tenn., yesterday, for the murder of French Sharp last April. The prisoner was unable to stand, owing to an abscess on his leg. He was held up while the noose was adjusted.

Representative Holman, chairman of the democratic caucus, has decided to call a caucus to consider the tariff bill, but not until the ways and means committee has completed the internal revenue schedules.

In the Charles county election contest Judge Crane has issued another order nullifying Judge Brooke's last order and ordering an immediate recount of the ballots, but the clerk of the court, it is said, will refuse to deliver the ballots to be counted.

How It Happened; or Boreas and the Whiskers.

Last night the heavens snowed, And Boreas prowled; And howled, "Where are they? Tell me quickly, I command; "Refuse me and my vengeance is at hand!" He gave a long ungentlemanly roar; Then howled, And howled Some more.

Within the Senate walls, well screened from sight, Crouched Peffer, trembling in his wretched plight.

His buoyant whiskers would be clutch and hold, Like to a miser covering o'er his gold; He moaned: "The courage I can never find To trust these whiskers to that awful wind."

And Boreas, disappointed as could be, Threw down a lamp post and pulled up a tree. —Washington Post.

Bald Teacher: Now, little boys, after what I've told you, can any of you define "nothing?" Little Yorick: Yes, sir, I can. Teacher: Well, how would you describe it? Little Yorick: Please, sir, it's what you've got on the top of your head.—Drake's Magazine.

St. Peter—"Halt!" New spirit—"Can't I come in?" St. Peter—"I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just out of college, and we don't want advice about running the universe."

HE: How the trees are moaning and sighing to-day. She: So would you if you were as full of green apples as they are.—Life.

## Out In A Blizzard.

Mr. J. F. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, Md.

JOHNNIE'S TREASURES.—Mrs. Wearie: When you sweep little Johnnie's room, don't put the sweepings in the fire.

See what? Why not, mum? Mrs. Wearie: The last time I did that the stove exploded.

PAPA: "If you are not guilty of taking those apples, Jonas, why can you not look straight into my eyes and deny the charge. See how fearlessly Priscilla can do it?"

JONAS: "That's all right. She didn't do anything!"

Ladies if you want a nice coat, don't forget that the place to find it, is at Mrs. Corn Fenwick's, Millinery Store, F. O. Morgan, Leonardtown, Md.

If you want Men's Underwear, good and cheap, go to Jones Brothers, Leonardtown, Md.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All Dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

ARE YOU? Interested in Low Prices.

IF YOU ARE looking for a safe and reliable place to trade, we wish to inform you that all our departments are replete with the newest novelties, embracing the best of bargains; and

For Furniture, Stoves, Fall and Winter Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Underwear, Notions, &c., go to

W. A. Loker's, Leonardtown.

Prices Lower Than Ever Before.

We are the Safe House with low prices for HORNER'S Famous Yellow Label, Genuine Oil Grain Shoes for men, boys and misses. We make a specialty of this line. Try them.

We are selling bargains in Kewanah Pumps and Leibbrandt Stoves and fixtures.

Three gentlemanly clerks to wait upon you, who will convince you that it is to your advantage to buy of

W. A. LOKER, LEONARDTOWN.

PURKER, DEALER AND MANUFACTURER

Fine Guns, Rifles, Pistol, &c.

POWDER, SHOT, SHELLS, &c. constantly on hand and at the lowest prices.

E. PRAT ST., near Light, Baltimore, Md.

Real Estate Agency.

MESRS. HERBERT F. MOORE, of Leonardtown, and T. J. MOORE, of Washington, D. C., have entered into co-partnership for the sale of real estate, if parties having lands for sale will send full description and the lowest price they will take, we will liberally advertise their lands free of charge and make every possible effort to make speedy sales.

HERBERT F. MOORE, T. JACKSON MOORE, Leonardtown, Md.

Nov 21-4

**LUMBER.**  
**GEO. F. SLOAN & BRO.**  
 414 LIGHT STREET WHARF, BALTIMORE, MD.

We offer you, delivered to Wharf or Depot in Baltimore:  
 1 inch Yellow Pine Boards, (Edge) \$12.50 per M.  
 6x20 Sawn Cypress Shingles, - - 6.00 "

These goods are excellent value for the money. We have higher grades at higher prices. If you wish prices on other goods, write us and we will reply promptly.

**SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, ETC. SHINGLES.**

**PATAPSCO FLOURING MILLS.**  
 ESTABLISHED 1774.

**PERFECTION IN FLOUR.**  
 MANUFACTURED FROM THE  
 Choicest Wheat Obtainable!

Including the HARD VARIETY of Maryland and Virginia.

**PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT.**  
 The Premier Flour of America.

Is Unsurpassed for Bread-- Biscuit or Pastry.  
 The Superior Body and Rich Quality of the Bread will show its Economy to the Consumer.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
**PATAPSCO SUPERLATIVE PATENT,**  
 MEDORA, HIGH GRADE WINTER PATENT, BALDWIN FAMILY,  
 ROLAND CHOICE PATENT, MAPLETON FAMILY,  
 PATAPSCO FAMILY PATENT, SEVERN MILLS EXTRA,  
 ORANGE GROVE EXTRA.

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

Oct 15, 92-ly

Established 50 Years.

SALESMEN WANTED! 310 ACRES; BATIMORE COUNTY

PEACH. PEAR, APPLE, CHERRY,

**TREES!**

MALL FRUITS, GRAPE VINES, EVERGREENS, HEDGPLAN

All First Class. Write for prices and estimates.

**WM CORSE & SONS,**  
 SECOND STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, P. O. Box 408 Balto., Md

Persons desiring to visit nurseries will please call at our office and we send them free of charge. Write for prices and catalogues. Dec 1-

Don't Buy Anything In The  
**BUILDING LINE**  
 UNTIL YOU GET OUR ESTIMATE ON YOUR

Sash, Blinds, Frames, Mouldings, Brackets,  
 Doors, Lumber, Mantels, &c.

Our inducements are:—BEST MATERIAL LOWEST PRICES.

**S. MOOT & CO.,**  
 No 119 North Union Street. Alexandria, Va

ESTIMATES MAILED FREE.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

Don't give the latest foreign news. It does not claim to circulate all over the earth, but it does give all the

**St. Mary's News.**

and wherever there is a St. Mary's family there you will find the

**St. Mary's Beacon**

If you want St. Mary's news, Take the Beacon.

If you want to reach St. Mary's farmers, advertise

**In The Beacon.**

Published every Thursday morning at Leonardtown at

**\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.**

Democratic in Politics.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

\$1.00 per square (eight lines or less of solid brevity) for the first insertion, and 50 cts. for every subsequent insertion. Obituaries, church festivals, etc., over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 25 cents per square. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

All communications must be accompanied by the real name of the author or no attention will be paid them.

**JOB PRINTING**  
 Done with neatness and despatch.

T. F. YATB and F. W. KING, Publishers.