Saint Mary's Beacon

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By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING.
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Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.
OB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS
BILL HEADS
EXCUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATC

Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City Prices.

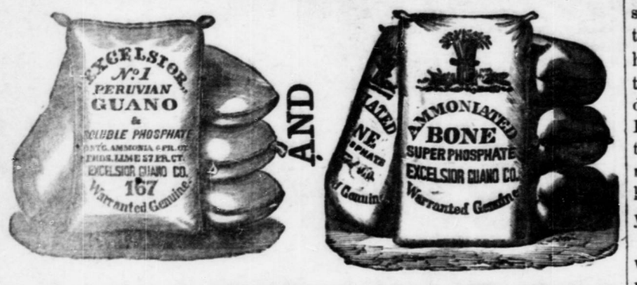
GEORGE F. CLARK,
OF ST. MARY'S COUNTY, WITH
LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,
The Leading One-Price Clothiers and Tailors, 10 & 12 E. Baltimore Street., near Charles, Baltimore, Md.

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 suit 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—y‡

TO TOBACCO GROWERS!
EXCELSIOR GUANO COMPANY'S



Forming the most Concentrated, Universal and Durable Fertilizers offered to the Planter. Combining all the stimulalating 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 *ANALYSIS* 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.

For Plant Beds and all Early Crops
use "Baugh's Raw Bone" and
Peruvian Guano Compound.

This article has been used with excellent results on Plant Beds, Truck and all early crops. It is made of Pure Dissolved Animal Bone, Genuine Peruvian Guano and High Grade Potash. We know of nothing equal to it. WE CAN ALSO FURNISH

GENUINE LOBOS PERUVIAN GUANO

From cargo imported by ourselves direct from Lobos Islands to Baltimore.

ALSO

TEN PER CENT. PERUVIAN GUANO,
HIGHEST GRADE NITRATE OF SODA,
WARRANTED PURE RAW BONE MEAL,
PURE DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONE, FINE dried Fish, Pure Ground Land Plaster, Best Dissolved S. C. Rock, High Grade Agricultural Chemicals.

Baugh & Sons Company,
Manufacturers and Importers,
412 E. Lombard Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

LUMBER.

B. R. ABELL, agent for the large lumber firm, J. H. D Smoot, & 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 o.
Sept 5—tf

MRS. SPETTIGUE'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

'There, Dora, I've made your pa agree to it, at last! I knew I should bring him round in time—but it has been such hard work, that I'm most beat out!' And portly Mrs. Spettigue dropped, panting, into the chair where her daughter Dora's pretty new summer hat was reposing.

'La, child, never mind your hat!—there's plenty more. You don't seem to realize that your father has struck oil, in three places, and the wells a pumpin' a thousand barrels a day? And says I to him, three months ago, when he first struck, 'pa,' says I, 'Dora ought to see something of the world! 'You're a rich man, now, pa,' says I, 'and it wont do for Dora to marry Jo Simpson, or Job Hodgkins, or any of them fellers; she's a beauty, and an heiress, pa,' says I, 'and she ought to marry a nobleman, or the president's son, at least. Why, wasn't I a readin' only last night, Dora, that a Miss Stevens was a goin' to marry the Duke of Montrose, and her pa was only a hotel-keeper like your pa, Dora!'

Dora had rescued her hat, and was trying to bend it into its original shape; but her color did heighten, and her eyes shine as her mother went on.

'Your pa never did have no ambition, Dora, but I do hope there's a little Robinson to you! If you was clear Spettigue, I should expect you to be willing to marry Job Hodgkins, and settle down here in Shamberg, a strugglin' with poverty and ten children, all your life!'

Probably there was 'a little Robinson to' Dora, for she heaved a sigh at that prospect.

'I always had an impression that you'd be a great lady, Dora. I felt it when you was a little mite of a baby. The Robinsons was always great for impressions; we could always feel in our bones what was a goin' to happen, and—'

'How am I going to see anything of the world?' interrupted Dora. You always had to interrupt Mrs. Spettigue, if you wanted to bring her to the point.

'Says I to pa, 'Dora shall go to Saratoga this summer, and you and I shall go with her,' and says he—'

'Are we really going to Saratoga?' cried Dora, clasping her hands, and letting the hat drop forgotten on the floor—though Job Hodgkins had said only last night, that it was very becoming.

'Just as soon as we can get ready!—but first you and I must make a journey to Pittsburgh, and buy a lot of handsome clothes. We must let it be seen that your pa is rich, and we can't help makin' a sensation, and if there's a nobleman, or a senator, or a governor there, you'll be sure to catch him, Dora!'

'Ma, you don't seem to remember that there'll be lots of prettier girls than I there, and this is such a rough part of the country—we haven't manners like other people, and we shall only be laughed at!'

'Laughed at!' well, if that isn't a pretty to-do! I should like to know if your pa didn't send you a year to the Blairsville Seminary, when he could hardly afford it, and you ought to have a beautiful education, and as for manners the Robinsons was always said to have better manners—'

'O yes, I have no doubt we should get along well enough,' said Dora, hastening to appease her mother's indignation. 'And I should like to go!'

Anybody who saw Dora at that moment would doubt very much whether she would find 'lots of prettier girls' at Saratoga. She had a bright gipseyish face, with a clear olive skin and eyes as black as sloes, yet her hair was light enough to have a dash of gold in it. She had a light lithe supple-like little figure, and 'a way with her,' that bewitched everybody.

It was hardly to be wondered at that the 'Robinson ambition had been aroused in Mrs. Spettigue by her daughter's beauty, now that wealth had come to give her an opportunity to display it.

Dora was thinking that it would be nice to be a great lady. But there was a little doubt in her mind that was by no means in her mother's mind. She was not sure that it would be any nice to be a great lady, than to be Job Hodgkins's wife!

Now Job was only a clerk in Hodgkins and Hubbard's grocery store. He had been paying attentian' to Dora, ever since she came home from Blairsville Seminary, almost two years ago, and until pa 'struck oil' Mrs. Spettigue had looked rather favorably upon him. To be sure he wasn't good enough for her Dora—who was?—but he was as 'likely' a young man as there was in Shamberg, and would probably take his uncle's place in the firm, in the course of time. As for 'pa,' he always declared that Job Hodgkins was 'as smart as a steel trap,' and there 'wasn't a young man in the county that he would rather have for a son-in-law.' But now all that was changed. 'Pa' was an oil prince. A thousand barrels of oil per day had disturbed the course of true love—now bidding fair to choke up its channel entirely. For the doubt gradually grew less in Dora's mind, as she reflected. The splendors that rose before her dimmed poor Job's image in her mind. Mrs. Spettigue, watching her daughter intently, was satisfied that 'the Robinson in her' was beginning to work, and she heaved a sigh of relief; for she had not been without her fears that a fancy for Job Hodgkins might interfere with the brilliant plans which she had formed for Dora's future.

In the meantime, Job was wending his way across the fields, dressed in his Sunday best, and switching the tops off the daisies with a smart little cane—a recent purchase; for Job, not naturally given to such frivolities, was just now trying to find favor in Dora's eyes by assuming a little 'style.' He had made up his mind that Dora should give him an answer on this night. She was a good deal of a coquette, and had been smiling, of late, on several new importations, drawn to Shamberg by oil, as well as on his old-time rival Jo Simpson. Job loved her with all his honest heart, but he 'wasn't going to be trifled with.' At least, that was what he said to himself.

Dora was clothed in a ravishing white muslin, and greater dignity than usual. She declined his invitation to go to walk rather curtly:

'I am very busy getting ready to go to Saratoga,' she said, as quietly as if she had been to Saratoga every summer of her life. And she looked sharply at Job to see how he took it. But Job didn't grow pale in the least, or show any signs of emotion, as the little minx hoped he would. He only whistled—a long wh-e-w that was provokingly indifferent.

'It is very impolite to whistle before ladies,' said Dora.

'But I am not going to Saratoga; it doesn't matter so much about my manners!' responded Job, coolly.

Dora was not accustomed to being snubbed in that way, especially by Job. She answered only by a haughty little toss of her head.

'I am only going to the Black Hills,' pursued Job.

'To the Black Hills! Dora did turn pale, though she tried, with all her might, to look indifferent.

'Next week—a party of five or six of us. I suppose I may be lucky. I don't care whether I ever come back or not. There's one thing that would keep me at home, now; Dora, you know what that is.'

'I'm sure I don't know how I should know,' responded Dora, who was not to be scared out of her coquetry by all the Black Hills in the universe.

'Be my wife, Dora, and Shamberg will be good enough for me.'

The Black Hills were dreadful—a vision of Indian tomahawks danced before Dora's eyes; but that last clause of Job's was an unfortunate one. She couldn't live in Shamberg all her days!

'If that's the only thing that will keep you at home, I don't see but that you'll have to go!'

'You are sure of it, Dora?—sure that you wont change your mind?'

'If I do I'll let you know!' said Dora, saucily.

She was sorry for it the next moment, when he had turned away without a word, and she saw him disappearing in the distance; sorry that she had been quite so rude to him. But then what business had he to be so conceited as to imply that she might be in love with him, after all?

And then she went to her mother, and helped her plan out the finery they should have to carry to Saratoga.

And Job went to the Black Hills.

Three weeks after, behold the Spettigue family at Saratoga, 'pa' very much out of his element, Mrs. Spettigue a good deal awed, and very much disappointed at the lack of noblemen, Dora elated by her fine clothes, and the admiration she received, yet depressed by the consciousness that there were a good many people in the hotel not too wellbred to sneer openly at her father and mother, who had not even enjoyed the advantages of Blairsville Seminary.

But diamonds will hide greater faults than a lack of acquaintance with Lindley Murray, at Saratoga, and there were few who outblazed Mrs. Spettigue and Dora. The latter did not want for beaux. If there had been a nobleman there, very likely he would have been at her feet, but alas! for Mrs. Spettigue's ambition, there was not one to be found!

But by the end of a fortnight she had almost come to the conclusion that Mr. Reginald De Courcy was as good as a nobleman; he was very near to being one, indeed. He was an Englishman, and own cousin to a lord. He was most distingue in appearance, too, and his devotion made Dora an object of envy among the young ladies. Altogether Mrs. Spettigue was satisfied when, at the end of three weeks, he proposed to Dora and was accepted. 'Pa,' too, was delighted with the grandeur and condescension of his proposed son-in-law, who devoted himself to him with almost as great zeal as he did to Dora.

As for Dora, she was the most dazzled, and bewildered, and wretched little moth that ever flew into a glittering candle.

She couldn't refuse Mr. De Courcy, how could she when it was such a splendid match for her?—the very thing that she had been brought to Saratoga for! He was very handsome and elegant, and judging by his conversation, very rich. It was wonderfully good fortune for her, as her mother said. And yet Dora was haunted by Job's face, and the Black Hills lay heavy on her heart!

She was glad when they turned their backs on Saratoga, though she had enjoyed the gayety and the admiration she received, glad when the train whizzed them off, and left the elegant Mr. De Courcy making his final adieux, with a most sentimentally sad expression on his handsome face. But he was to follow them to Shamberg, in a few weeks. Mrs. Spettigue had put off the ardent lover, who wished to follow immediately, in order to make things at home more presentable. The fastidious Mr. De Courcy, the cousin of a lord, might be shocked beyond recovery at the rough style of living that prevailed at Shamberg.

But Dora gave little heed to the overturning and furbishing up, that went vigorously on in the next three weeks. She had made up her mind to marry Mr. De Courcy, and she would do it, but just now what she wanted was to her some news of Job Hodgkins, risking his life at the Black Hills!

Not a word could she hear; none of the young men with whom he had gone lived in Shamberg, she knew none of their friends; and Job's uncle had quarrelled with him for going, and held no communication with him.

He had dropped out of Dora's life as completely as if those awful hills had swallowed him up.

But Mr. De Courcy, and society, and wealth, and beauty, and admiration, were left; was not that enough for any reasonable girl?

Dora tried very hard to think so, at any rate, and put on her brightest face and her most stylish dress, to greet Mr. De Courcy when he came.

Shamberg did not seem to shock Mr. De Courcy. He was blandly oblivious of the want of elegance about the home of his idol, and waved away all Mrs. Spettigue's apologies with charming sauvity. If Dora was not in love with Mr. De Courcy, Mrs. Spettigue and "pa" were.

He was so much interested in the oil business, he complimented "pa," so highly upon his shrewdness—good, honest, simple "pa," to whom wealth had come purely by chance, and who had as much shrewdness as a baby. He would even like to try a little speculation in oil himself, if he were not just now a little embarrassed by delay in receiving some funds which he expected from England. "Pa" modestly ventured to suggest a little loan. The great gentleman wouldn't mind accepting a little something in that way.

To make a long story short, he succeeded in borrowing about twenty thousand dollars of unsuspecting "pa," and then, "one morn they missed him on the accustomed hill!" It was late in November when that happened, and Dora's bridal trousseau was nearly completed. Her shame and humiliation were almost unindurable, and yet there was a feeling of relief that helped to bear them; "pa" was happy in the thought that he had saved his daughter, if he had lost his "ducats," but Mrs. Spettigue was inconsolable. It was not until the middle of the winter that she revived sufficiently to plan a tour to Washington, in search of another matrimonial "prize;" and then Dora was obdurate, and absolutely refused to go.

She had grown pale and wan, and moved about the house with a step that was very unlike the Dora of old—the Dora who was Job Hodgkin's sweetheart. "Pa" began to be afraid that "the scamp" had carried away his daughter's heart, but Mrs. Spettigue knew better than that. She had keener eyes than "pa," and had seen Job Hodgkins and the Black Hills written on Dora's heart even while she was trying her best to marry her to Mr. De Courcy!

So when, one day in the early summer, a bronzed and bearded stranger, yet with a gait that was Job Hodgkins's own, was seen coming across the field, Mrs. Spettigue dropped despairingly into a chair, applied a handkerchief to her eyes, and murmured:

"It's no use a strugglin' agin Providence! She's a clear Spettigue, and I give her up!"

"Well, Dora, I have come back from the Black Hills," said Job in much the same tone in which he had announced his intention of going there the summer before.

"And I've come back from Saratoga!" said Dora, meekly, and with a blush of shame.

The next words she was heard to say were:

"O Job, you are too good to me! I don't deserve it!"

And to be sure she didn't—but that is Job's affair, not mine.

It Is the Best.

The success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in effecting a speedy cure of colds, croup and whooping cough has brought it into great demand. Messrs. Pontius & Son, of Camerson, Ohio, say that it has gained a reputation second to none in that vicinity. Jas. M. Queen, of Johnson, W. Va., says it is the best he ever used. B. F. Jones, druggist, Winona, Miss., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly reliable. I have always warranted it and it never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction." 50 cent bottles for sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, Md.

Last year 9,554 persons died in Baltimore, a decrease of 1,028 compared with 1892.

A Dude Learns a Lesson.—"While journeying in California last summer," said a Scranton tourist, "some of the men and women in our party went to visit an ostrich farm. The keeper was very kind and obliging, and he called the herd of ostriches up to the fence and fed them for our entertainment. A few of the great birds didn't show off to suit him, so he told the visitors that if they would excuse him for a moment he would enter the enclosure and make the ostriches behave.

"There was an exceedingly inquisitive and very gabby young man in the party, who had annoyed us a good deal by trying to stick his nose into every prohibited spot on the journey, and when the keeper got a whip and started for the gate the mouthy fellow followed him and begged to be allowed to go inside. The keeper refused his request at first, but the tonguey chap was so persuasive and oily that he finally got permission to enter the lot, very much to the disgust of the rest of us. The young man was neatly dressed, and as soon as they got inside the gate the keeper said to him:

"'Please walk behind me until we return.'

"The inquisitive visitor obeyed for a little while, but his curiosity presently got the best of him, and he put on his eyeglasses, stepped to the right of the big bird-tender and started to examine the ostriches on his own hook. The keeper didn't notice him until he had got up pretty close to the rear of a male ostrich that was feeding, when he said sharply:

"'Please come this way, sir. That ostrich may kick you!'

The young man turned around, held the glasses on his nose, and and said:

"'Beg pardon, sir!'

"At the sound of his voice the ostrich kicked straight out behind like a flash and with all its strength.

Its mammoth claw struck the dude square in the seat of his trousers, and before he had time to think he was plowing through the gravelly lot on his elbows and knees toward the keeper. His fine clothing was ruined, his knees and elbows were badly skinned, his hat was spoiled and his eyeglasses were broken, and the keeper was so angry that he took him by the collar and marched him out of the gate with the parting remark:

"'That's what you get by acting like a fool!'

"Of course, we all had to roar over the picture the inquisitive chap made behind the ostrich's colossal foot; we couldn't have helped it if the fellow had been killed. The kick laid him up, and instead of accompanying us to Alaska, as he had started out to do, he deserted the party at San Francisco.

Where the Difference Was.—I cannot marry you, Mr. Albion. I have looked up your ancestry and your grandfather was a tradesman.

True, Marie; but we are cousins. He was your grandfather, too. How are you better born than I?

You forget that I am American while you are English. It is nothing for an American to have a grandfather in trade, but for an Englishman—oh! it's awful!—Life.

It is reported that there seems to be an overwhelming majority on the democratic side of the House of Representatives who will vote for the Wilson tariff bill, with the proposed income tax included, if it is demonstrated that the party wants the tax.

Only a Woman Could Say So.—Miss Muggy—I wonder if George knows I have money.

Friend—Has he proposed?

He has.

He knows.—New York Weekly.

Little boy (with toy cameral—Call that a cow you are drawing? It doesn't look like a cow. Little girl (from Boston)—This isn't photography. It's art.—Puck.

It won't do for the man who claims to love the Lord on Sunday to be found selling goods with a short yard stick on Monday.