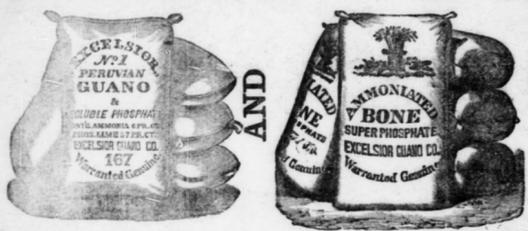


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April 20-11

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**B. E. ABELL,** agent for the large lumber firm, J. H. D. Smoot, & Son of Alexandria, will keep constantly on hand in Leonardtown, Md.,  
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 5-11

**How the Feud Began.**  
Thompson's boy was tall and slim, An' pleggy nigh a foot; Thompson, though, was proud of him, And evenin's, arter school, 'Ust to take him with him when He went in to set aroun' An' 'sray politics with men That lasted about the town.

Notlin' tickled Thompson more Than hearin' Tobble shout, So he 'ud get to get the floor, An' draw the struin out; Then he'd stand, a-looking proud, 'Thinkin' "Ain't he smart?" Never noticin' the crowd One by one depart.

Well, one evenin' on the street Thompson showed him off 'Mong some men he chanced to meet, One of which was Goff. Goff was sort of cross that day. 'Wasn't feelin' right, An' I reckon, truth to say, 'Wasn't just perille.

Thompson bimeby shouted out, 'Pawlin' Goff aroun', 'Don't ye reckon he's about 'The rarest boy in town?' 'Yes,' says Goff, 'he 'pears ter be A little underdoin'; 'I'd take him over, seems to me, 'Er I had such a son,'

That was forty years ago, But ever since that night The Goffs and Thompsons hated so They always shot at sight; An' only one is left to day; He's up in Lillyroy, As rich as mud, 'I've heard 'em say; Which same is Thompson's boy.

—The Argonaut.

## A DETECTIVE STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.  
"UNDER things sometimes come under your notice," I one day said to a leading detective.

"Yes, sir—strange, sometimes romantic," he replied.  
"If you will give me the facts for a short story, I will put them in print," I rejoined.

He reflected a little, and then remarked that he recollected some curious incidents that he thought would interest me.

I expressed a strong desire to have them related, and he at once proceeded to tell me what I have written down, word for word.

"Some three years ago," he began, "I was sitting alone in my office, when a fine-looking, well-dressed stranger, about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, entered and asked to see Mr. Carbon, the detective."

"I am the person named, and at your service, sir, I replied. 'Please be seated.'"

"I do not wish to be interrupted in what I propose to tell you," he said, glancing around, "nor do I wish to have any listener but yourself."

I rose and locked the door. He hesitated a little, colored some, and then said:  
"From my air of mystery, I suppose, you think I have something to relate of great importance; but though it is important to me, and will be to you, if you trace out the real facts, yet I assure you, to begin with, it is nothing more serious than the loss of a diamond ring. The ring, however, I prize far beyond its normal value, as an heirloom of the family, which has come down to me through several generations, it being presented to one of my ancestors by the Duke of Cambridge."

"This ring," he proceeded, "came into my possession, as the lineal male heir on my twenty-first birthday; and though I have since worn it at times, I have always watched it with the most zealous care, and never left it out of my sight, except when locked in my safe, where I keep my most important papers, and a few valuables."  
"Now comes the mystery. My safe has a combination-lock, and that combination not a living mortal knows except myself—not even my wife. I will take my Bible oath that the last time I had the ring, showing it to a friend, I returned it to the safe. That was a week ago to-day; and when I yesterday unlocked the safe to get a private paper, I missed the ring from the little iron-box, where I always keep it. Startled at this, I began a search for it. Locking my room door, that I might not be disturbed, I took out everything in the safe, and examined every spot and paper with the greatest care, but without finding the precious jewel, and then put everything back in its proper place. The ring was the only thing missing, and I found nothing else had been disturbed. The loss of the ring grieves me; and the mystery perplexes me; and I am knowing what better to do than come to you, to see if you can suggest anything to relieve my mind. Understand that I intend to pay you well for your advice; and if you ever succeed in recovering the ring, your reward shall be five thousand dollars."

"Was the ring really valuable as that?" I asked.

"Intrinsically, no," he answered; "and yet, to me, it is more valuable for the reasons I have just stated. The cash value of the diamond would not exceed a thousand dollars, and yet I would give five thousand—nay, ten thousand—rather than lose it. Besides, there runs a legend in the family, that whoever parts with it will suffer some great misfortune."

"You had it a week ago, you say—you showed it to a friend—and you locked it up in your safe—and you have not seen it since?"

"That is my statement," he replied.  
"Who was the friend to whom you showed the ring?"

"The Honorable Godfrey Percy, the youngest son of an English nobleman, who has been spending a couple of weeks at my house as my guest."

"Is he with you still?"

"He is. I will be frank with you. My sister and I met him in London a couple of years ago, and he is now engaged to her, and will remain my guest until after the wedding, which is fixed for a week from to-day."

"Was he with you when you locked the ring in the safe?"

"Why that question, Mr. Carbon? 'Well, for anything you like. If you are to question my questions I fear we shall not get on very fast. If he was with you, of course he saw you lock it up, and you have proof that you did what you think you did.'"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Carbon. I thought your questions might imply some suspicion of my friend on your part, and I would just as soon have you to suspect my own wife. Yes, he was present and saw me place the ring in the iron box, lock that, and afterward lock the safe, and he is as anxious as I am to have me solve the mystery by the recovery of the precious jewel."

"So far so good. Now, then, you have servants, of course?"

"Yes, six—two men, a boy, and three females."  
"You do not suspect any of them?"

"How can I, when no one knows the combination of my safe-lock besides myself?"

"It is a mysterious affair," said I, "and I can get no clew from anything you tell me. To make a start in the matter, it might be necessary for me to be an inmate in your house for a few days, and even that might amount to nothing."

"I would like to try anything that would promise even the shadow of a hope," he anxiously rejoined, with an air of depression.

"Then suppose I become your guest for a few days?" I suggested.

"If you will."  
"But not as an officer—not in my real character," I proceeded. "You must introduce me as a friend of yours, just come to town—say William Perkins, from Boston—and not even your wife must know to the contrary."

"Very well—I will arrange it, and to-morrow, at three o'clock, I will meet and escort you home to dinner. But is it not possible that some one will recognize you?"

"I will take care of that," I answered.

"We arranged the place of meeting at a certain hotel, and I was there a little before time, disguised in a manner satisfactory to myself. Mr. George Howell, the gentleman in question, appeared according to appointment, but I saw at a glance that he did not recognize me. He took a seat facing the door, and I let him remain some minutes over the time. Then I took a seat near him, and made some casual remark about the weather. He seemed un-

easy, and not inclined to conversation; and I casually remarked that I was waiting for Mr. Carbon, a well-known detective, who had promised to meet me there at that hour. He turned, and scrutinized me closely, and then observed:

"I know the gentleman by sight; and it is a little strange, if you have an appointment with him, that he fails to keep it."

"You are also expecting him, I believe?" I remarked.

"Why do you think that?" he asked, in surprise.

"Because I am James Carbon, alias William Perkins," I smiled.

He started up, exclaiming: "Clever! very clever, indeed! I should never have guessed it. Come, let us go!"

For three days I was an honored guest in the mansion of Mr. Howell; and during that time I closely studied every inmate, got all the minutest details from my host concerning everything I wished to know, and then took my departure in an open and informal manner, without leaving a suspicion behind that I was other than I seemed. I then sent my agents to work among the pawnbrokers of the city; and the day before that fixed upon for the wedding of the Honorable Godfrey Percy and Miss Virginia Howell, I called upon the brother of the latter and handed him the missing ring.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, fairly clutching it in his excited eagerness; "is it, indeed, the coveted prize! Where did you find it?"

"At a pawnbroker's."

"Then it was really stolen?"

"Yes."  
"And have you any surmise concerning the thief?"

"Yes; I could put my hand on the thief."  
"Who is he?"

"I did not say it was a man."  
"Man or woman, who is the party?"

"Perhaps for your own peace of mind, you had better never know," I hesitated.

He turned deadly pale and trembled.

"I understand you!" he gasped; "but even though the purloiner be my second self, I must have the truth from you. It was my own wife, then?"

"No, it was not your wife."  
"Ah, thank God for that, at least!" he cried, with a great sigh of relief.

"Ha! my sister?"

"No, it was not your sister."  
"Who then? Now speak without fear!"

"You will have it?"

"Yes, I must know."  
"Can I not prevail on you to let the secret remain with myself? for as yet no other human being possesses it."

"No, Mr. Carbon—I must and will have it!"

"What say you to your friend, then?"

"What friend?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"The Honorable Godfrey Percy." He fairly staggered, as if he had received a blow.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"It is true."  
He sank down upon a seat, and for some time held his head with his hands.

"Are you sure you have not made a mistake?" he asked, at length, in a hollow voice.

"I am certain of what I assert."  
"You can prove it?"

"I can."  
"Then you shall prove it! Ah, me! poor, poor, dear Virginia! It will break her heart. It will be the death of her, I fear. Willingly would I give half my fortune to have this otherwise!"

"It is not too late, Mr. Howell," said I, sympathetically. "She need never know."

He bounded from his seat, his eyes blazed like a madman's, and he turned upon me with a haughty rage that I have never seen equaled, not even on the stage.

"For what do you take me, sir?" he cried, his now ashy lips fairly quivering. "If this man is guilty, so help God, even a prince of the realm, my own hand should blow

his brains out sooner than he should make my beloved sister the wife of a dastardly thief! Step into my private room, Mr. Carbon. I will send for him. You must face him, and make your accusation good or take the consequences!"

"Hark you, Mr. Howell," I said, "I see you are a high-tempered, determined man; and I want you to understand that I am another. I will face your honorable gentleman, and make my charge in my own way. He may deny it, and convince you that his word is better than mine. But mark this. If he does deny it, and you accept his denial, I swear to have him arrested for a felony, and all the facts publicly exposed from first to last!"

"I accept the conditions," he said, and he at once conducted me to his private apartment, in which stood the safe that his friend had opened to rob him.

A servant was dispatched for the Honorable Godfrey Percy, and in a few minutes he made his appearance, looking quite unconcerned.

I had arranged to have everything my own way, and as I now appeared without my disguise, the honorable gentleman did not know me.

He glanced at the two of us inquiringly, but I did not keep him in suspense.

Stepping up to him I placed my hand rather roughly on his shoulder, and said, with sharp severity:

"Godfrey Percy, I arrest you for stealing your friend's diamond ring and pawning it at Isaac Jacob's. You will at once accompany me to the office of a magistrate and confront the witnesses."

He turned as white as death, threw up his hands, and then fell down on his knees and begged for mercy.

"For God's sake, spare me!" he prayed. "Spare me, oh, for God's sake, spare me! It was the first and only time I ever did such a wicked thing. I was wanting a certain sum of money, and was too proud to ask you, my dear friend, for it. Oh, George, George, my dearest friend, for the love of holy Heaven intercede with this officer, and save me from public disgrace and utter ruin!"

"You did take my diamond ring, then?" said George Howell, in a quiet, even tone of voice, that quite surprised me by its natural calmness.

"Oh, yes, I confess it."  
"How did you open my safe?"

"I watched you one day when you were working the combination, and was able to make it out. That then became my temptation."

"But the ring was also locked in the iron box."

"You had a duplicate key to that which was in another drawer that was not locked. Oh, my dear, dear friend George—"

"Call me Mr. Howell, and leave off the friend," calmly interrupted the other. "Godfrey Percy, you were to have been married to my sister to-morrow. Only think of the disgrace which she, a Howell, has escaped from you, a Percy! In only another twenty-four hours she would have been the wife of a sneak-thief. I am really grateful to the Providence that has saved her from that abyss and myself from murder, for I should have killed you. You must run away now, without saying a parting word to any soul in this dwelling. I give you twenty-four hours the start. If, after that time, any police officer, sheriff, or constable can find you on American soil, I swear, before high Heaven, I will never rest till the iron gate of our state-prison has bolted you in as a loathsome felon. One word more from you, and I will do it now. This is all. Go!"

He arose and pointed his finger imperiously toward the door, and the condemned culprit in silence arose from his knees and slunk out of sight.

That was the last I ever saw or heard of him.

George Howell then coolly opened his escritoire, drew me a check for twenty-five hundred dollars, requested me to settle fairly with the pawnbroker, and never to mention

a true name in connection with these facts.

"I never have. All the names I have given you are fictitious."

Both the brother and sister are now dead. What the interview was between them I never knew. She died in a mad-house in less than six months, and he was drowned on a river excursion in less than a year.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.  
Wednesday, January 10, 1894.

The New Jersey democrats and republicans organized separate Senates at Trenton yesterday. There were some exciting scenes. The Governor recognized the democratic Senate.

In his address before the Peninsula Horticultural Society at Dover, which paper was read by Secretary Webb, President Ridgely said the life of the peach industry in the upper and middle peninsula is seriously threatened.

Hon. D. M. Key, United States judge for the eastern district of Tennessee, stated yesterday that he will retire from the bench soon after his seventieth birthday, which occurs January 27. Among the applicants to succeed him are F. S. Webb and Judge H. H. Ingersoll, of Knoxville, and Judge C. D. Clark, of Chattanooga.

The Maryland Legislature reassembled last evening. President Smith, in the Senate, and Speaker Preston, in the House, announced the standing committees. In the Senate, Mr. Hayes introduced his reassignment bill and Mr. Moss introduced a bill for the execution of criminals by electricity. In the House the measure known as the law record bill was introduced by Mr. Taylor.

In the House of Representatives, while he was concluding his speech in favor of the new tariff bill, Mr. Wilson was interrupted a number of times by republicans, but he succeeded in routing his questioners by his replies. Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, made the first speech for the republican side against the Wilson tariff bill and employed the old theatrical trick of waiting for applause from his party associates.

Thursday, January 11, 1894.

The division of spoils between the republicans and Tammany goes on smoothly.

Llewellyn Achison, ninety-three years old, has disappeared mysteriously in Charles county.

Secretary Steuart urged in a report to the State board of health that vigilance be used to prevent the introduction of small-pox in Maryland.

In his speech in favor of the tariff bill Mr. Johnson stated that the steel-rail pool had made an offer of \$1,000 a day to the Maryland Steel Company at Sparrow's Point, Md., not to make rails.

There is a controversy for office between V. P. Pennington, who qualified to act as county treasurer and clerk of the commissioners of Charles county, and T. H. Medley, who claims the office as his own.

The assessment bill prepared by Governor Brown was introduced in the House. The report of Dr. Frank T. Shaw, State tax commissioner, makes a number of important recommendations. Bills affecting the county commissioners in Frederick, St. Mary's and Kent will be introduced.

The democratic caucus of the Maryland Legislature unanimously renominated Mr. Spencer C. Jones for State treasurer and Mr. John Q. A. Robson for police commissioner for Baltimore city. The republican caucus nominated Mr. W. H. Hinks, of Frederick county, for State treasurer, and Mr. J. Frank Tyler, of Baltimore city, for police commissioner.

Lower California, which somebody periodically threatens to purchase and bring under the territorial dominion of the United States is the longest of North American peninsulas. It is about the same area as Florida. Its greatest length is about 800 miles and its greatest width about 145 miles. The whole peninsula is subtropical in climate and productions, and its extreme southern end is just within the torrid zone. The coast line on gulf and ocean is about 1700 miles in length. The population is sparse, and the means of communication are so undeveloped that it is one of the most remote regions in the civilized world. The gulf ports are almost unknown to people of this country.

Stranger: Why were you fighting that boy?  
"Cause I knew I could lick him. —[Good News.]