Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. F. 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

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.

JOB PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS,

EXCUTED 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.

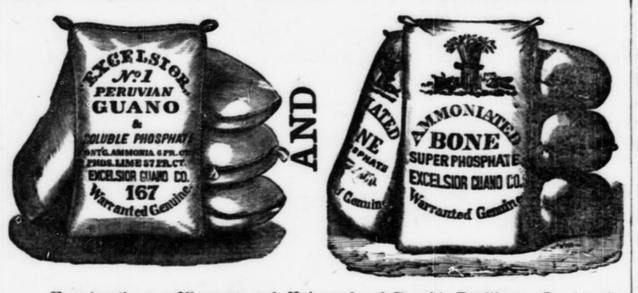
When in the city go and call for Mr. Clark, tell him you are a St. Mary's man and he will sell you the best suit of clothes you ever saw at a moderate price. Call on him and be convinced. The best made clothing in Baltimore is at

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 fertilizing 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,

F. A. LUCCHESI, late of J. J. Turner & Co., Proprietor.

239 South Street, Baltimore.

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 TOBACCO USE

Baugh's Pure Bone and Peruvian Guano Compound

Manufactured from GENUINE PERUVIAN GUANO, PURE ANIMAL BONE, and HIGH GRADE POTASH.

ALSO

BAUGH'S CELEBRATED SPECIAL FERTILIZER FOR TOBACCO.

Which Has Been Used for Years by Many Leading Farmers.

Use BAUGH'S CORN FERTILIZER

For Corn, Oats and Garden Truck.

Baugh's Animal Bone and Potash Compound

Is a Complete Fertilizer for all Crops, and is used largely for Tobacco, Potatoes, Garden Truck and all Spring Crops.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

Baugh & Sons Company,

412 EAST LOMBARD STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

LUMBER.

B. R. ABELL, agent for the large lumber firm, J. H. DeSmoot, & 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.

(*Written for the Beacon.*)

Snow-Violets.

BY "D. R."

"The shrine where rests my heart is all thine own."
Thus spoke the maiden, flushed with youth's first glow,
"Do with it as thou wilt!" 'Twas then unknown
The future he should bring to her of woe.

Ten years, long years, had vanished. Ah! full well
I saw the self-same couple pass my door,
Her head was bent, his heart, though loth to tell,
With crime had proven false and doubly poor.

'Twas then I realized how few there are
Who read their hearts before they step, and so
I think that truth in life is quite as rare
And fadeless—as are violets in the snow.

THE DANCE AT LAMPASAS.

A STORY OF THE RIDE OF SHELBY'S MEN TO MEXICO.

The stories Major John N. Edwards has told of the romantic ride of Shelby and his 1,000 Missourians into Mexico have stood the test of contemporary criticism in all essential details, but though they are likely to have a hundred readers three centuries from now where they have one now, few will believe them, and it is possible that by that time Shelby will be as unreal as Robin Hood, if, indeed, he has not become a sun myth. For certainly no man who ever wrote history was ever more gifted with the ability to give fact the appearance of romantic fiction than was Major Edwards, the historiographer of Shelby's brigade.

Perhaps General Shelby was romantic something over a quarter of a century ago, as he is not now, but it is certain that there were figures in the Civil War who, though far more romantic than he, have been already ingulfed in oblivion for want of a "sacra vates"—which means, being interpreted, for lack of a John N. Edwards as an adjutant.

* * * *

The story of the fandango and duel in the moonlight of Lampasas is no doubt true in every particular as Major Edwards tells it, but it reads like an unmetrical version of one of the Sixteenth Century border ballards he loved so well.

When Shelby reached Lampasas it was after an experience at Piedras Negras calculated to convince him that it would not do to risk the effects of mescal on the inflammable temperaments of some of his Missourians. At Piedras Negras, while a hundred or so of the troopers were scattered through the drinking houses, Trooper Berry was stopped in the street with the assertion that he was riding a stolen horse and was ordered to dismount. He waited until the attempt was made to force him down, and then struck with his saber at the head of the alleged owner of the horse. That rash and unfortunate person threw up his arm to save his skull, and "when the heavy saber fell, the arm was shredded away as a girl might sever a silken chain or the tendrils of a vine."

That was the signal for a riot between Missourians and Mexicans. Troopers Yowell, Berry, Williams, Rudd, Moreland, Roswell and half a dozen others were surrounded by a mob who fired at them with revolvers and slashed at them with knives until it seemed that they would all be exterminated. Finally, however, Yowell broke through the mob and made his way to Shelby with the news that Mexicans were killing Missourians. As this was confirmed by an increase in the intensity of the revolver fire, Shelby ordered the rally sounded, and in a little while the plaza swarmed with Missourians—flushed, furious, ravenous for blood. They saw the Mexicans in the square, the peril of Berry and those nearest to him, and they asked no further questions. A sudden crash of revolvers came first, close and deadly, a yell and than a fierce, hot charge. Ras. Wood, with a short Enfield rifle in his hand, stood fair in the street, looking up at the young Mexican Captain, with cold gray eyes that had in them never a light of pity. As the press gathered around him the rifle crept close to the front [illegible] rested there a moment, fixed a[illegible]. It looked as if he was aimi[illegible] a flower, the dark olive beauty [illegible] the Mexican was so superb.

"Spare him," [illegible]ated a dozen reckless soldiers [illegible] breath, but in vain. A sharp, [illegible]dden ring was the response. T[illegible] Captain tossed his arms high in [illegible]air, leaped up suddenly as if to [illegible]h something above his head [illegible] fell forward upon his face, a c[illegible]. A wail of woman arose upon [illegible] sultry evening—such as may [illegible]ve been heard in David's house[illegible] when back from the tangled bushwood they brought the beautiful Absalom.

The light upon his yellow hair,
But not within his eyes.

The work that followed was quick enough and deadly enough to appall the stoutest. Seventeen Mexicans were killed, including the Captain. A dreadful commotion filled Piedras Negras after the battle. The long roll was beaten and the Mexican garrison rushed to arms.

After a period of intense excitement, described in Major Edwards' most graphic style, Governor Biesca and General Shelby succeeded in stopping the fight, but not before Shelby had learned that he must keep his men away from mescal and dancing senoritas at all hazards.

* * * *

This explains why, when the column reached Lampasas and camped for the night, orders were given to keep the men out of the town; but three of them, Boswell, Walker and Crockett, hearing that a grand fandango was in progress, slipped by the pickets, and hastened away to company of "the sweet and swarthy senoritas, singing:

O ven! ama!
Eres alma.
Soy carazon!"

The scene that night was one Major Edwards never forgot. The moon was almost full and the air was heavy with perfume from grape gardens and apricot orchards. Young Mexican girls, with swimming black eyes and faces half hidden in the folds of their mantles, stood in the doorways and looked curiously out at the Missourians as they passed. The girls were good girls enough and there was no harm in the Missourians, but they took a natural interest in each other, and when the men returned from the fandango, flushed with the dancing and the fiery beverage of the country, it led to most tragic results.

The men who followed Shelby into Mexico were mostly very young, with all the recklessness of youth accentuated by four years of hard riding and hard fighting. Here and there among them were desperadoes, who followed them in the hope of finding opportunities for robbery and murder, but most of the troopers were influenced by love of adventure, which, in very young men, is more powerful than any other motive. The older men among them were no doubt largely influenced by disgust with the collapse of the Confederacy and by hope of rising to prominence in Maximilian's Empire, but "the boys," after the wild freedom of four years in the saddle with one of the most dashing cavalrymen of the West, could not reconcile themselves to the thought of the dull monotony of following the plow in Missouri new ground. They enlisted, accordingly, for the Mexican campaign, with the idea that there was fun and fighting to be had out of it.

When Boswell, Walker and Crockett slipped in the moonlight to where "the red lights of the fandango shone with unnatural brilliancy," they were in search of fun, and had so little idea of fighting that they left their revolvers behind and went unarmed—a very singular thing for Missourians to do in Mexico in the days of Jaurez and Maximilian. At the dance they were hospitably received and plied with "the fiery Catalan" by "the sweet and swarthy senoritas" until they hardly knew the direction of the camp.

Staggering through the streets, singing at the top of their voices, they passed a dwelling in the doorway of which stood a Mexican girl with her head and shoulders wrapped in her scarf. She looked at them curiously and when one of them addressed her in English she answered in Spanish. It is not probable that either understood the other, but one of the young men (Crockett) interpreted her reply as a challenge to kiss her, and he at once attempted to do it.

As the girl drew back he snatched at the scarf in which she had muffled her face and pulling it away, exposed her shoulders and bosom. She screamed, and her male relatives and friends at once rushed to the rescue.

The unarmed Americans found themselves in a very dangerous position, with knives and revolvers bandished around them on all sides. The situation sobered them, and they made a very effective resistance, but they did not succeed in escaping however, until Boswell had been stabbed three times and Walker shot through the face, the ball piercing his tongue and both his cheeks. Crockett, who had caused the trouble, was the only one of the three to escape unhurt.

* * *

When they had almost reached the camp they found that a young Mexican was following them, and when they asked what he wanted he replied "satisfaction."

Before there was room for extensive explanations the whole party, the Mexican included, was arrested and carried to headquarters to explain.

When the men had told their story, Shelby concluded that after the blows, stabs and bullets they had enjoyed as part of the evening's fun they had been disciplined enough, and he was about to turn them over to Dr. John S. Tisdale, the regimental surgeon, to be patched up, when the young Mexican stepped forward and once more demanded satisfaction.

General Shelby found English comprehensive enough for his conversational needs and Governor Reynolds generally acted as interpreter for the expedition, as he probably did on this ocbasion. At any rate an interpreter was found and the Mexican told his story.

'That man insulted my sister,' he said, pointing to Crockett. 'I could have killed him, but I did not. Americans are brave. I know they will be generous and give me satisfaction.'

* * * *

When cross-examined, Crockett admitted that he had attempted to kiss the girl. He pleaded that he meant no harm, but willingly consented to fight the Mexican when Shelby asked if he would do so.

Pistols were produced, but the Mexican demanded knives, drawing his own and waiting for one to be produced for Crockett. When it was finally forthcoming, a ring was made and surrounded by several hundred men. The two duelists stepped into it.

The young Mexican was short and light. Crockett was at least a head taller, and it was evident that the men were badly matched, but in his anger at the insult to his sister the young Mexican did not stop to measure the size of his antagonist. The fight began at once, and it will be well to leave the description of it to the historian of the expidition.

'Between them some 12 inches of space now intervened,' writes Major Edwards. 'The men had fallen back upon the right and left for their commander to see, and he stood looking fixedly at the two as he would upon a line of battle. Never before had he gazed upon so strange a sight. The great circle of bronzed faces, eager and fierce in the flare of the torches, had something monstrous yet grotesque about it. The civilization of the century had been rolled back and they were in a Roman circus, looking down upon the arena, crowded with gladiators and jubilant with the strangest of war cries: 'Morituri te salutant.'

'The attack was the lightning's flash. The Mexican lowered his head, set his teeth hard and struck quickly at Crockett's breast. The American made a half face to the right, threw his left arm forward as a shield, gathered the deadly steel into his shoulder to the hilt and then struck home himself. How pitiful!

'A great stream of blood spurted in his face. The tense form of the Mexican bent as a willow wand in the wind, swayed helplessly and fell forward. The man's heart had been found. Cover him up from sight. No need of Dr. Tisdale here. There was a wail of women on the still night air, a shudder of regret among the soldiers, a dead man on the grass, a sister broken-hearted and alone forevermore and a freed spirit out somewhere in eternity with the unknown and the infinite.'

* * * *

Here Major Edwards ends the chapter, and as he was hampered by the facts he could not satisfy the demands of poetic justice as he would undoubtedly have liked to do. But Crockett did not escape the higher law. Not long after that a number of young adventurers heard a story—more or less of a cock and bull story, no doubt—of a beautiful young American woman, Inez Walker, who, as it was said, had been abducted by one Don Rodriguez and was held a prisoner at his ranch of Encarnacion. They decided to rescue her at all hazards, and stealing out of camp at night, some 20 of them attacked the ranch, which was defended by a wall with a stout gate doubly barred. They attacked this with a stout beam for a battering ram, and were soon exchanging a fusilade with the Mexicans within. In the disturbed condition of the country then prevailing, such an attack was almost a matter of course, and the occupants of the ranch were well prepared for it.

Rodriguez and his men fired from the windows of the house and from the tower which surmounted it, but the gate was finally broken and the Missourians attacked the mainbuilding, meeting with a desperate resistance when they attempted to force the door.

The Mexicans in the inclosure who had not escaped into the court house when the outer gate was broken had all been killed and the Missourians had suffered heavily before an entrance was forced to the house. Once inside, it was a hand-to-hand struggle, in which the Mexicans fought to their last man and the place was a slaughter-pen when Shelby, whose attention had been attracted by the heavy firing, rode up at the head of the remainder of the command.

In the explanation of the scene of blood and ruin which confronted him, he was told the story of the abducted American woman, and the woman herself was produced in evidence. It seems that this was accepted as sufficient to excuse the attack and prevent a drumhead court-martial at a time when discipline was obliged to do a great deal of winking, but it may be as well not to inquire too closely how anxious the heroine of Encarnacion was to be rescued.

The point of interest, however, is that when they turned over the dead Missourians to see who had paid with their lives for the wild work of the night they found Crockett among them, as dead as the young Mexican whose sister he had insulted.—*Republic.*

A BRIDGE BUILT BY THE DEVIL.—Near Aberystwith, on the west coast of Wales, where the Monk River flows through a black, yawning abyss, there is a single-arch bridge of unknown antiquity. The popular legend says that it was built by the devil, and far and near it is known as 'The Bridge of Devils' or 'The Bridge of the Evil Man.' British antiquarians are united in the belief that it was built by the early monks, but that fact does not affect the popular legend in the least, 'Old Harry's' part in its erection being never questioned by the inhabitants of Cardinganshire. Grose says that 'the bridge is an honor to the hand that built it, whether that hand be Satan's or that of some monk.'—Republic.

Pain-Enduring Animals.

The manner in which animals and birds endure pain should awaken the sympathy of all thinking people. Horses in battle furnish a striking example of the power of endurance. After the first stinging pain is felt they make no sound, but bear it with mute, wondering endurance, and when, in the silence of the night, a groan comes from the battlefield it is because of loneliness—the craving of human companionship, which is so necessary to once domesticated animals.

A dog will go for days with a broken leg without complaint, but the pleading wistful look would attract attention from anyone not totally blind to all sensibility.

A cat, wounded by stick or stone, or caught in some trap from which it has either gnawed or pulled itself away, will crawl to some quiet out-of-the-way place and endure silent agony which we could not endure.

Cattle will meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound.

The wild dove, with shot from the hunter's gun burning in its tender flesh, will fly to some high bough or lay upon the ground and die, and no sound will be heard save the dripping of blood upon the leaves.

The stricken deer will speed to some thick wood, and there in pitiful submission await the end.

The eagle, stricken in high air, will struggle to the last, but there will be no sound of pain, and the proud defiant look will not leave the eyes until the lids close over them and shut out the sunlight they loved so well.—*New York Herald.*

A BIG WOMAN.—Sallie McAllister, a colored woman, died recently at her home in Springfield. She was, doubtless, the largest woman in the world, and in early womanhood soon "out-grew" the position of cook. A showman, who had an eye for moneymaking business, hearing of her avoirdupois, made an engagement with "Fat Sallie," and together they traveled from land to land. He dressed her well; in fact, did everything for her comfort and enjoyment, except to divide profits. At one time Sallie weighed 750 pounds. She was conveyed from depot to depot while on her tours in an arm-chair of large dimensions which was placed in a wagon, and as she was entirely too large to get through the door of any passenger car, she was taken through the sliding doors of the baggage car, and rode there in her own armchair. She was a kind, amiable and good woman. The coffin in which she was buried could not be got into the body of a big two-horse farm wagon.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Singers in a church and elsewhere are not always as careful as they ought to be to articulate their words distinctly. A little girl entered the meeting-house not long ago just as the choir was singing the anthem.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" said the singers; but the little girl, whose thoughts were somewhat preoccupied we may imagine, did not catch the words correctly. After getting home she startled her aunt by saying:

'I never saw such a nice choir. They stopped right in the middle of the anthem and spoke to me.'

'Why, my dear,' said her aunt, 'I didn't notice it.'

'But they did. You know I wore my new cloak, and as soon as I come in the choir said, 'Hardly knew you!' 'Hardly knew you!' two or three times.'

☞Our better halves say they could not keep house without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is used in more than half the homes in Leeds. Sims Bros., Leeds, Iowa. This shows the esteem in which that remedy is held where it has been sold for years and is well known. Mothers have learned that there is nothing so good for colds, croup and whooping cough, that it cures these ailments quickly and permanently, and that it is pleasant and safe for children to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, Md.