

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 Prop-
 erty for sale can obtain descriptive hand-
 bills neatly executed and at City Prices.

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

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

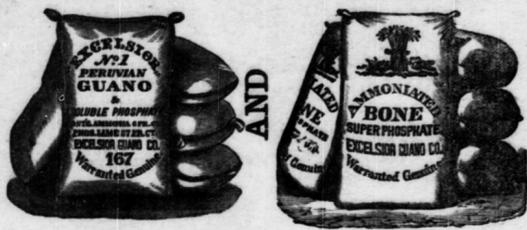
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When in the city go and call for Mr. Clark, tell him you are a St. Mary's man and he will sell you the best suit of clothes you ever saw at a moderate price. Call on him and be convinced. The best made clothing in Baltimore is at

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April 20—71

TO TOBACCO 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 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 **J.V.L.Y.S.I.S.** 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. E. ABELL, agent for the large lumber firm, J. H. L. 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.

(Written for the Beacon.)
SNOW.

Defly he piles his hands,
 And o'er the long gray night
 Silent and soft expands
 A cloak of white.
 And when the winter dawn
 Smiles through the silver dew,
 And the Weaver, with his threads close
 drawn,
 Laughs through his snowy eyes at you—
 We know his voice, song like and low,
 The Weaver of the SNOW.
 ETHELBERT RALEY.

HE WAS A PLUCKY BOY.

How Stonewall Jackson Gained His Cadetship.

Some 20 years before the breaking out of the Civil War it became the duty of a certain Congressman from a then Virginia district to recommend to the President someone for the position of cadet at West Point.

Among other applicants, the two most favorably known to him were a couple of youths named Gib Butcher and Tom. Jackson. The Congressman submitted each of them to a personal examination and told them he would communicate his decision in writing on the following day. As may be supposed, the intervening time was not a restful period for either of the lads.

Jackson thumbed over an old algebra book he had picked up in the sitting-room of the little tavern where they were stopping. Whatever anxiety he really felt was veiled under the appearance of a shrewd indifference. Young Butcher, however, was very nervous and fidgeted about a good deal. Tom's quiet manner was to him rather incomprehensible.

"I hardly believe you care at all," he exclaimed, after loitering about for several hours in a fretful way. "Well," replied Tom, "what is the use of worrying over what you cannot help? Time enough to fret when the disappointment or disappointment comes."

"Then you don't really hope to win?"
 "I haven't bothered my head about it since I saw Mr. Hays. I did my best before him. It is his affair now."

Early the next morning the landlord opened the door of the room occupied by the young men.

"Here is a letter for you, Gib," said he. "I reckon you must be in luck."

Butcher seized and tore open the fateful missive. Tom, who had the algebra again, inserted a finger between the leaves before closing the book. Suddenly Gib began an impromptu war dance over the floor. "Tom," he cried, "I've got it! I'm sorry for you, but Mr. Hays had decided in my favor."

Then he gave a mild imitation of what afterwards became famous as the "rebel yell." Tom, still retaining his book, was the first to shake Butcher's hand and congratulate him upon his success. Then he sat down and finished a problem he had been attempting to solve when the interruption came. After that he paid his bill, saddled an old gray mare that was his sole earthly piece of property and rode quietly home. The succeeding day he resumed his duties as Constable of his district as if nothing had happened. To this position he had been elected, notwithstanding his youth, because of a general confidence in his honesty and self-reliance.

In due time Butcher went to West Point, passed his examination there and was admitted as a cadet. Then two months or so elapsed, during which time Tom rode the old mare here and there, serving papers, posting notices and otherwise attending to his official duties. At night he could usually be found poring over a few dog-eared volumes in a plodding, persistent way. One day when riding by the house of Gib's father he was amazed to behold young Butcher sitting in a dejected attitude upon the front porch.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Tom, reining up. "I thought you were at West Point? We all heard that you had passed in great shape."

"I passed the exams well enough," returned Gib, "but I couldn't stand

the after wear. I was, Tom, it's a terrible life, but orders, drills, dress discipline. Then there's the bullying and the bullying by the seniors. I swear I won't get out of those guns out of my ears in a month."

"Do you mean to say, Gib, that you have thrown up your appointment?"

"It is a dog's life, all you. I wouldn't go through with it to be made a General at the end."

Tom's astonishment was great enough to partially nullify his contempt for Butcher's resolution. He rode home in deep thought. Then he consulted a copy of the War Department regulations concerning the appointment of cadets, and saw that the privilege of recommending one rested with the Congressman only for a specified time. After that it reverted to the Secretary of War. He also consulted an almanac and made brief calculations. Then he got up and walked to and fro, but presently paused with an air of resolution.

"I have just seven days' grace," he reflected, "then the appointment will go out of the hands of Mr. Hays. It is more than 300 miles to Washington, and he may decline to recommend me after all. But it is my only chance. I've got to get there, and I will get there."

An hour later on Tom and the old mare were on the road. He stopped at the nearest Justice of the Peace to turn over his official papers and resign his Constableship. After settling up his accounts he had \$2.50 left.

"Tom," said the Squire, "you will never get to Washington on \$2.50."

"I'll get there on the old mare, though," replied Tom, not insensible to humor. "That is if she don't give out too soon."

"Well, in case she does, here are \$5 to come back on. You've made a good Constable, and I'll keep the office open awhile for you."

"I'd better not take the money, said Tom, "for you need not look for me back under four years."

"Gib Butcher didn't stay that long. Yet you better take it, anyhow. You'll be more'n apt to need it bad."

Tom concluded to accept it as a loan. Three hundred miles upon a half-broken-down mare, over mountainous roads, with creeks and rivers mostly to ford, and with but seven days in which to make the trip, was a very serious task. There were no swift-running railroads in those days along his rugged route, and what is now a 10 hours' easy run was a long and tiresome journey even for a strong man.

Some 50 miles from the capital the old mare gave completely out. Tom left her with a farmer, shouldered his saddle-bags, and trudged along upon foot. By hard pushing he barely reached Washington a little before midnight of the seventh day. When he pounded at the door of Congressman Hays his strength was nearly exhausted.

"Well, sir, what does this mean?" said that gentleman rather sternly, for though kind-hearted enough, he did not relish being roused from his bed upon a cold night.

When the servant who had reluctantly admitted him withdrew Tom explained, while the great man shivered in his dressing-gown. "Could you not wait until morning?" complained the Congressman, mildly, however, as he noted the lad's utter weariness.

Tom mentioned that the last hour of the last day wherein the power of recommendation rested with Mr. Hays was about to expire.

"Sure enough; you are right, my boy. I had forgotten. So Butcher gave it up, did he? Well, Tom, if you do get there, I hope you can stand up to the rack. In fact, I believe you will. A boy that can ride and tramp from Weston here in seven days will be apt to go to West Point to stay—eh, Tom?"

Tom intimated that if he could pass the examinations he would risk the other draw-backs.

"I fear the board may pinch you

hard, Tom. Gib was somewhat better posted in his studies than you."

"I've been reading up since then," replied Tom. "If you will only recommend me now—this night—while there is yet time, I think I can pass. I've got to pass, sir, that is all there is to be said."

Mr. Hays, re-entering his bedroom, thought regretfully of his interrupted slumbers, then made ready to sacrifice himself. He told Tom to make himself comfortable in the ante-room and proceeded to dress himself. When he returned the lad was fast asleep in his chair. His saddle-bags lay beside him on the floor; his shoes and clothing were coarse and travel-stained.

"Poor fellow," thought the Congressman pityingly. "He certainly deserves success."

Then he woke Tom up, called a hack and drove with him to the residence of the Secretary of War. On the way Tom related his recent experiences. His indomitable resolution made a deep impression upon the Congressman. Something unusual would certainly be necessary wherewith to mollify a great official on being thus unceremoniously rattled out at a heathenish hour to attend to the desires of a back-country youth. Perhaps a recital of Tom's story would be their best excuse for so rude a violation of the routine of official etiquette.

The Secretary was reached after some difficulty. He was naturally in no very amiable frame of mind. But Tom told his simple tale, then fell into a doze while the Congressman pleaded his cause. The undeniable proofs of the lad's determination finally overcame the Secretary's intention of asserting his own later prerogative in favor of a protégé of his own, and he agreed to have Tom's papers made out at once, so as they might come within the legal limit of the Congressman's power and recommendation.

A subordinate was sent for and the task accomplished while the youth still slumbered. Then Mr. Hays woke him up and the great Cabinet official shook his hand.

"Young man," said the Secretary, "your methods, though unusual, are justified by the emergency. You certainly ought to succeed."

Tom came to his senses sufficiently to express his thanks, but once more went to sleep on his way back to the Congressman's boarding-house. Mr. Hays was indulgent, however, and soon had the young man comfortably bestowed until morning.

Tom rose bright and early. He changed his shirt, blacked his shoes and otherwise made himself presentable. Yet his rustic appearance at the breakfast table was amusingly noticeable. He made a hearty meal, however, and thought only of getting to West Point.

"How are you for money, Tom?" asked the Congressman, when they were again alone together.

Tom pulled out the remainder of his seven dollars and a half.

"That will never see you through. Did you expect to walk to West Point like a tramp?"

Tom knew he was in a close place, but he had reflected upon such a contingency before.

"No, sir, I did not," he replied boldly; then added, after a pause, "not if you continue to be my friend."

This astute reply completed his conquest of the Congressman, who laughed and patted Tom upon the shoulder.

"If you should fail, my boy," said he, "it will not be for the lack of nerve. Come with me to my bankers."

After this Tom's most serious difficulties were at an end. He obtained the money he needed, went to West Point, passed a successful examination and soon convinced others that he had come to stay. For four years he patiently worked his way through the different grades with the same persistence which, from the first, had carried him over obstacles that would have daunted a less determined soul. On receiv-

ing his Lieutenantcy he returned home with the first money he could draw, paid his Congressional benefactor in full and held his memory always in greatest esteem. He also sought out the Justice under whom he had served as Constable.

"Squire," said Lieutenant Tom, "here are your \$5 with interest to date."

The 'Squire, clad in homespun jeans, surveyed the young officer in his neat fatigue uniform, and noted the shoulder straps. Then he pocketed the money.

"You were heartily welcome to the money, Tom," said he, "but as you don't seem to be needing it now, I may as well take it back. I had my doubts then, but it has turned out a good investment."

"The best you ever made 'Squire—that is, for me. Without it I might never have reached there in time."

Shortly after this the Lieutenant was ordered to the West, where he served upon the frontier for several years and fought through the Mexican War. He finally returned to Virginia and accepted a military professorship in a noted educational institution; which he held until the beginning of the Civil War.

When Virginia seceded he followed his native State, drew his sword in behalf of the late Confederacy and became known to fame under the name of Stonewall Jackson. —Philadelphia Times.

THE WILDERNESS OF CEYLON.—We were in the wilderness of upland Ceylon, where the virgin beauty and freshness of nature unspoiled by man instils a new sensation into every soul which vibrates to her mysterious voice. The rolling green patenas are cut off sheer and straight from the incircling belts of jungle as though measured off by human hands, a striking feature of these elevated regions which has never been satisfactorily explained. The mountain ranges which inclose the grassy plains are clothed from base to summit with primeval forest, heavily draped with moss which forms a green fringe hanging from every bough.

An appalling loneliness broods over the scene, no song of bird stirs the silence, and the deathlike hush which reigns over the gloomy forest is unbroken even by the rustle of a leaf, for noon is the midnight of the tropics, and the black depths of the haunted jungle are wrapped in spell-bound sleep. At nightfall the lithe cheetah glides stealthily through the shadows and crouches for his prey among the crowding trees. The branching antlers of the elk rise above the tangled undergrowth and the moose deer browses in the shade of the mossy boughs, along which the wildcat creeps, while the savage boar roots among the fallen leaves.

When the rising moon illuminates the lonely landscape, herds of wild elephants emerge from the dark jungle and roam the vast expanse of desolate country which still renders the interior of Ceylon almost an unknown land. The elegant grass, which breaks the uniformity of the undulating plain with rustling sheaves of long green spears, is the forage for which the stragglers of the herd scour the patenas, and many Cingalese superstitions linger round this elevated tableland.

The recent spoor of an elephant marks cur track and ceases at a deep pool known to be a favorite drinking place of the wild animals which haunt the jungle. A deaf elephant frequently perambulates the Elk Plains. He is supposed to be sacred to Buddha, and, therefore, invulnerable, no sportsman having hitherto succeeded in piercing his hide—a fact probably due to the great age of the animal. —Cornhill Magazine.

FORGOTTEN.—Miss Dolly Pompons—"My dear sir, do not allow yourself to be dazzled by my beauty and charming manner, for I have no other advantage except wit, intelligence and high social status." Mr. Plaintork—"You have forgotten, Miss Pompons, to include your innate modesty."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Wednesday, April 11, 1894.

The snow and hail of yesterday is reported to have blasted all remaining prospects of a fruit crop in Maryland.

Mad dogs are causing a good deal of uneasiness in several counties of the State, where human beings and domestic animals have been bitten by the rabid creatures.

The general opinion among the democratic members of the House is that Senator Hill made a mistake in his recent speech and increased the popularity of President Cleveland.

Mr. Severn Teackle Wallis, the distinguished Maryland lawyer, died this morning at twenty minutes after midnight, at his home in Baltimore, of Bright's disease.

The Louisiana Legislature, which will meet next month, will have three vacancies in the United States Senate to fill. It is said to be the first time this has occurred in this country.

Dr. Lucy Hall-Brown exhibited in Brooklyn yesterday the application of electricity to domestic uses, such as cooking, baking, washing, sweeping and frightening burglars.

During the performance of "In Old Kentucky" at the Lyceum Theatre in Rochester, N. Y., a horse jumped over the footlights, landing in the orchestra, with both feet in the bass drum. No person was hurt.

Train robbers attacked the south-bound train on the Rock Island Railroad, near Pond creek, Oklahoma. Jack Harmon, the Wells-Fargo Express messenger, opened fire on the robbers, killing one and wounding another. The robbers then retreated and the train proceeded.

Thursday, April 12, 1894.

Tomato cultivation is growing to be a leading agricultural industry in Kent county.

The fruit in Delaware that escaped the recent freeze was reported to have been killed by the ice on the trees Tuesday night.

Governor Flower, of New York, refused an application of the Governor of Maryland for the extradition of Charles A. Howes, charged with forgery.

The worst disasters reported from the storm were on the New Jersey coast, where two schooners were wrecked and all on board, twenty men, drowned.

Four tons of white hot metal fell in the midst of sixty workmen in the Middletown Steel Works, at Pomeroy, Ohio, yesterday. Ten were burned—four fatally.

George E. Root, chancellor of Forrest Lodge, Knights of Pythias, was shot through the body and probably fatally wounded just outside the lodge-room, in Kansas City, Mo., yesterday, by Henry W. Keeling, also a member of the lodge.

In the United States Senate yesterday, after Senator Morgan, of Alabama, had announced his purpose to give the tariff bill his earnest support, Senator Hale paused to allow other "conservatives" to define their position, but none of them embraced the opportunity.

Sarah York, an aged, wealthy, childless widow, living alone near Sycamore, Ind., was found dead yesterday on the floor of her room. The body lay for five days against a hot gas stove. Twenty years ago her husband was found dead in the same house.

AN INOPPORTUNE MOMENT.—Office Boy (to drummer)—"Mister, I wouldn't advise you to try and see the boss now; he's in an awful rage."

Drummer—"What's the matter with him?"
 Office Boy—"He's trying to put a point on his blue lead-pencil."

"But you are not French; you are Irish. I want a French nurse."
 "Sure, mum, an' o'im Frinch."
 "Nonsense. I can tell from your brogue that you are Irish."

"Ah! mum, that's doo to me havin' been employed in Doolbin for tin years."

"To one who said, 'I do not believe there is an honest man in the world,' another replied, 'It is impossible that one should know all the world, but quite possible that one should know himself.'"

Gableigh—"Do you believe, Professor, in the power of the human eye with a wild beast?"
 Professor—"Yes, indeed. The power of the eye is very useful—to see the wild beast coming."