

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

PROFESSIONAL,

JO. F. MORGAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool, LEONARDTOWN, Md April 1, 1880-4f.

DAN'L. C. HAMMETT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Leonardtown, Md Jns 31-4f

B. HARRIS CAMALIER, STATES ATTORNEY, AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Leonardtown, Md

D. S. BRISCOE, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 219 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md 1873-4f.

ROBERT C. COMBS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Leonardtown, Md

WALTER I. DAWKINS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 14 E. LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 3-4f.

HENRY F. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Prompt attention given to all business in trust in his care. Jns 1, 85-4f

WALTER B. DORSEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LEONARDTOWN, MD. Office-Register of Wills' Office. Jan 14 '93-1y.

R. B. TIPPETT & BRO. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW 11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md Practice in the Courts of Baltimore city Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties of Charles and St. Mary's and Washington City Special attention given to Admiralty practice, collection of claims.

GEORGE BLAKISTONE, Attorney-at-Law, Farmers' and Merchants' Bank Building, Corner South and Lombard Sts., Baltimore, Md Sept 26-4f

RODDY & LOVE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Law Building, Cor. Lexington and St. Paul Streets, Baltimore, Md. Claims collected and promptly paid over. References: Citizens National Bank, Baltimore. J. Frank Ford, Clerk Court of Appeals, Md. Oct 13-4f, cap27 93

DUKE BOND, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, National Mechanics Bank Building, BALTIMORE, MD. Sept 20 '92.

DR. WHIT HAMMETT, DENTIST, 306 9th N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C. Operative and mechanical Work done in best manner. All work guaranteed. Prices moderate. Consultation free. Sept 1-4f

CARPET WEAVER. JOSEPH LANTZ, manufacturer of bed coverlets, bags, ingrain and rag carpets. On the Leonardtown road near California, Md. Jan. 4, '94-4f.

HENDERSON, LAWS & CO., 25 E. PRATT ST., Baltimore Md. Manufacturers of CAKES, CRACKERS and CANDIES by steam.

I beg leave to inform my friends and patrons that I have permanently associated myself with the above firm and respectfully ask for a share of your patronage. Thanking you for past favors, I am yours Very respectfully, W. B. TENNISON. J-y.

MATTHEW J. POPE, Blacksmith and Wheelwright, Leonardtown, Md. Special attention given to horseshoeing. I can always be found at my shop and will do all work in my line at shortest notice and as cheap as can be done in the county. Terms cash. Thankful for past patronage, respectfully ask a continuance. Jun 215-4f

NOTICE THIS is to inform my friends and the public generally, that I will positively be at my place of business always in business hours hereafter. Will make the repairing of harness, boots and shoes a specialty and as low anybody else will do it. All work guaranteed to be done as neat and as substantial as can be done in the city. I have put repairing down lower than anyone in the county. I also put up Gents' fine boots, shoes and gaiters as neat as you can get them done in the city. Give me a call. JAMES L. CONNELLY, Jan 11-4f Leonardtown.

To GET THE CENTURY WAR BOOK. Bring or send one "Century War Book" Coupon, together with 10 cents for each part as issued, to the ST. MARY'S BEACON, Leonardtown, Md., and any one of the 30 parts of the "Century War Book" will be mailed you post free.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LIII.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1894.

NO. 698

GEORGE F. CLARK,

OF ST. MARY'S COUNTY, WITH

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO.,

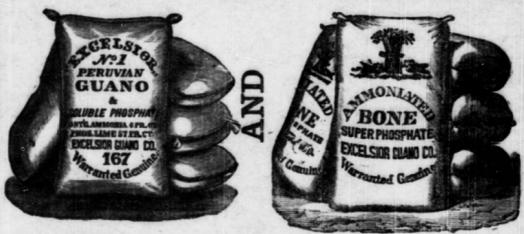
The Leading One-Price Clothiers and Tailors, 10 & 12 E. Baltimore Street., near Charles, Baltimore, Md.

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-yf

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 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. BELL, 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 to.

A DEEP... To Anabel, O rose, my wings, My favorite flower, I would give thee, And all my blessings, I would send thee, For few are spring's blessings.

I know my love on the... I see her very bright smile, O to be like thee, dear, I would give thee, Upon her snowy bosom, I would give thee.

But go, and this fond... Upon those treasured lips, I'll forfeit, for that happiness, The penalty that love has set.

A MINER'S STORY.

There be more... in this world, according to my way of thinking, than ever got talked of in the newspapers, or have the Victoria Cross presented to them, or have books written about them after they are dead and gone.

All the same, I've never been able to make up my mind as to whether one man I've known was a hero or not. Maybe I'm a heavy kind o' chap, and things don't strike me so clear as they do others; but if I tell you the story just as it happened, you can put what reading you like on it.

I'm a miner down Staffordshire way, have been a miner all my life, and reckon I'm likely to stick to the pick till some explosion comes along and makes an end of me.

I worked with a gang in the Nine Pits colliery about fifteen years back, and there was one man there who hailed from South Wales as I got pretty friendly with.

I've called him a "man," but I don't know if the title comes right. He was more like a stunted boy than a man, and more like some sort of queer animal than either. He was a dwarf. He had a monstrous large head and shoulders, and pair of little, bowed twisted legs no bigger than a child's of nine years old.

His back was crooked; he had a lot of hair on his face, as those Welshmen have, and his eyes had a look in them as I never could get at the bottom of—they were deep set in his head, as black and bright as a bit of silktone, and sometimes there would come a cloud into them and dull them, and he would stare out before him as stupid as if he was transfixed; it was a sad look, too, as well as dull, and I never could make out what he was thinking of then.

I've said we were pretty friendly, but I don't know as I was anything more than civil to him. I have always been cautious with them dwarfs, for though he seemed gentle enough, I had heard they could be spiteful and vicious if you crossed them in any way. He was clever, as they often are, and could speak English as well as any of us. He had been two years and more at the Nine Pits, and he brought some money with him when he came, for he had a cottage of his own and a tidy piece of garden, which was above what the rest of us had.

You might think that, being so mishapen and little, he wasn't much good in a coal mine, but I can tell you there wasn't a man of six feet among us stronger than he was. To have seen him swing his pick would have made you hold your breath; he went at the work like steam, and he could walk, you see, down some of the narrow, low galleries, where chaps like me would have to crawl.

I lived along with my father and sister then. We were precious poor, and father used to say he hoped Hetty would marry some one able to keep her, and so give us a lift that way.

Hetty was powerful pretty. I've seen a sight of women, as you may suppose, in six and thirty years, but I have never seen one that could come near her for good looks. Bright and light she was as sunshine, and she had a bit of temper, too, but only what you may call the froth atop a jug of cider, making it all the spicier.

When me and my mates left work of an evening, she would come along the road to meet us sometimes, and put her arm through mine and talk as gay as a bird.

One day a new hand came to the pit, Jim Marwood by name. Not a pleasant man when you think of

the hangman, but a pleasanter sort to look upon than Jim you never saw. See him on Sunday going to chapel, clean and smart, as straight as a pole, with blue eyes looking so frank and smiling you'd say he looked a picture.

He had struck up a mighty affection for me before he had been a month in the gang. You would have thought 'twas a wonder he had managed to live so long without me. He told me all about his friends and such like most confidential, and I found out he had to keep his mother and hadn't a sixpence he could call his own.

All he told me I told Hetty, and she would listen, with a lovely color in her cheeks, and go on talking about him after I had stopped, till all of a sudden it came upon me that him and her knew as much of each other as I did, and more, too, and liked what they knew to a degree that was considerable.

I was a trifle put out about it, for I knew he was poor, and it would be a bad lookout if they was to come together; still, as I've said, I'm heavy and slow in most things, and I thought I'd better hold my tongue awhile longer.

Well, one day—I remember it as clear as yesterday—it was between the lights on a September evening, very quiet and still, the stars just showing out like sparkles of diamond light we get in the seams at times. I was smoking my pipe in our back room—father was out of the house—when I heard voices in the other room across the passage. It was Matty and my sister talking together.

Matty was the dwarf. He had a long Welsh name, but we called him "Matty" in the general way because of his rough hair, and he didn't seem to mind the joke.

I knew his voice well enough. It wasn't exactly unpleasant, though deep, with sometimes a sort of crack in it, but anything like it sounded just then I never heard before.

It made me sit up and put my pipe down pretty sudden.

'I love you,' he says to Hetty. 'I've loved you ever since I've seen you; won't you marry me? I'd be a good husband to you.'

She went into a light kind of scornful laugh.

'Marry you?' she says. 'Why, Matty, you must be dreaming! Of course I won't.'

And then I guessed she gave her head a toss with a way she had.

I got up and went a step nearer the door, for I didn't know how he might take it, them dwarfs being uncertain creatures.

He was silent a minute. Then he says,—

'I'm stunted and crooked, I know, but I love you better than any other man will ever love you, and I've a comfortable home to offer you.'

'If you had twenty homes I wouldn't have you,' she answers quick. 'So do say no more about it.'

I have often thought she was a trifle sharp and unkind in her speech, but I fancy the girl was more than half frightened, for he must have looked a rare object in that dim light, and, after all, pretty girls don't stop to pick and choose their words so gently as they might, perhaps.

I think he moved round the room after that, for his voice sounded near to me. He spoke short and savage like,—

'Jim Marwood's the man that stands between you and me. Do you think I've been blind? Do you think I can't see that? Jim Marwood has got your heart; and do you think you will ever marry him while I'm alive?'

I got a shiver down the back and felt round for my stick, for his tone was awful, and I didn't know what he might do next.

Hetty never was the girl to be cowed, and she flashed round on him the next moment like gunpowder.

'It is Jim Marwood that has got my heart, and I have his, and I'm not ashamed to say it before you or any man. I know you've got your cottage and your garden that you are so mortal proud of, and I know

Jim is poor, and we shall have to wait for years; but you needn't think you'll frighten me out of marrying him, for you won't; and if I didn't marry him I'd never marry such a miserable, wicked, ugly wretch as you! So don't flatter yourself I would.'

And she gave a kind of sob, and burst out at the door, and rushed up our little flight of stairs, and I heard the door bang and the key turn in her lock sharp and passionate.

I waited, still as death, wondering how he would take on, and hearing no stir I kind of squinted around the doorpost into the passage.

There he stood in the dusk facing toward the open entry door and the starry sky. A desperate, hideous, evil looking thing, with his monstrous head and shaggy hair and his little twisted legs. There was that dull, tranced look in his eyes, and he was staring before him like I had often seen him do in the mine.

'She shall never marry Marwood while I'm alive. God made me same as him,' I heard him mutter to himself, and then he went out.

I saw him no more that night, and I didn't let on to Hetty that I had overheard them. The next day we were all underground as usual. Somehow or other Matty and Marwood and me found ourselves always pretty close together.

He seemed to me to be hanging onto Jim in a way I didn't like, hearing what I had heard, and I kept as close to both as I well could, keeping my tools ready to hand, and watching the dwarf out of the corner of my eye.

Jim never looked taller nor handsomer nor straighter than he did that day. Happy he was as a lark, whistling over his work and laughing as light hearted as could be.

I couldn't be light, for there was a curious weight on my mind, a sense as if some mischief was going to happen before nightfall.

I noticed that the dwarf scarce took his eyes off Jim, except at twelve o'clock, when we stopped for our bits of food, and then he sat in a corner by himself under a truck and scribbled on a scrap of paper, with a queer sort of smile on his face. I had the shivers more than once, for he looked so evil and so black among the coal heaps, and every now and then he would talk to himself in Welsh, which I had never heard him do before, and it turned my blood cold, for it sounded for all the world like the jabberings of a maniac.

In the afternoon we got down to a lower level. It was a dangerous part of the mine, as we all knew, and we kept our Davy lamps pretty tight, I can tell you.

'There's fire damp about here,' said one of the men.

'And a spark would settle the lot of us wouldn't it?' said the dwarf.

They were almost the first words he had spoken, and the expression of his face as he said it made my heart give a turn.

'Ah, that it would!' Jim answered.

A kind of sick fear came over me that our lives were in the dwarf's power, and hanging, as it might be, on a thread. Such a longing came over me for a mouthful of fresh air and the sight of the open sky as I had in the mines before.

People warming their toes at their handsome fires on the winter nights don't know what it means to us chaps who have the digging of the coals in the depths of the earth, and who put flesh and blood in jeopardy every hour to do it.

Nothing more was said about fire-damp, however, and that day, the longest day I had ever known, came around to six o'clock without an explosion.

The cages were ready for us to get up to the top of the shaft, and most of the men had gone.

'You go now,' says I to the dwarf.

'No,' he answers; 'I'm going to stay a little overtime to-night. You all go on, and send the cage down again for me. And look here, give this to your sister Hetty, will you? and tell her to open it.'

He put a bundle into my hand,

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

ried up in a handkerchief. I took it gingerly enough, for, with such suspicious in my mind, I half expected it might go off in my face somehow.

Then we touched the signal rope and up went Jim and me, and the dwarf stood underneath and turned his face up, watching us out of sight.

Well, I felt more comfortable when we put our feet on firm ground on top of the shaft, and then sent the cage down again for him.

'Wonder what's in that bundle?' says Jim.

'Maybe Hetty will tell you some time,' I replies, 'little thinking how it concerned him.'

I took it home and called Hetty to open it. Our cottage wasn't far from the pits, and it couldn't have been above ten minutes since the dwarf had put it into my hand.

She undid the knot, and there—if you would believe it—were the title deeds of his cottage and a dozen sovereigns tied up in a piece of canvas, and the scrap of paper I had seen him scribble on under the truck. There were these words on it:

'What is here is for you.' 'Ugly and miserable' I am, but 'wicked' I am not. I said you shouldn't marry him while I was alive, and I shall keep my word. Think kindly of a dwarf if you can. God made me as well as him.'

We hadn't got to the end of the poor, dirty little letter, when we heard a sound that made our hearts stand still—a long, dull roaring, shaking the floor we stood on as if it was thunder under our feet.

'An explosion in the mine!' says Hetty, with a face as white as chalk.

We rushed out. All Nine Pits was out; men, women and children, screaming and running to the shaft head.

Hundreds of tons of solid earth and rock and rubble had fallen in, and under it all was the dead, crushed body of that poor creature we had helped to send from the world.

It was no use trying to dig him out. He knew when he opened his Davy lamp—and he must have opened it—that human help could never reach him there. He knew when he watched me and Jim go up in the cage he was staying behind for his death, and he went to it of his own free will, for the love of my sister Hetty.

She cried about it for a week, and said she should never be happy again. But I think she is happy now, for she married Jim come the Easter after, and they live in Matty's cottage still, and the garden is all abloom with flowers.

Last June, Dick Crawford brought his twelve months old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months old and being sickly everything ran through it like water through a sieve. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used, a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believe the child's life was saved by this Remedy. J. T. Marlow, M. D., Tamara, Ill. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, Md.

THE CAUSE OF HIS EMOTION.—Miss Van Bank: In tears, papa? Mr. Van Bank: Happy tears, my child—happy tears! This is the proudest moment of my life!

Miss Van Bank: Indeed papa! Mr. Van Bank: Yes, my daughter. I have lived to see myself described in a newspaper as a multi-millionaire!—Puck.

SAVE HERE—American Girl!—Is it customary for some one to give the bride away at a wedding in England?

Englishman—Yes. 'But the bridegroom is not given away?'

'No; but he is sometimes sold.'

—New York Press.