

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LIV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1894. NO. 709

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 20-71.

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 **EXCELSIOR** 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.



BAUGH'S WHEAT FERTILIZER.
FROM ANIMAL BONE STOCK.
PURE RAW BONE MEAL,
High Grade Dissolved S. Carolina Rock.
LUMBER.

B. R. BELL, agent for the large lumber firm, J. H. D. Smoot, & Son of Alexandria, will keep constantly on hand in Leonardtown, 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.

Every Family
should provide against sudden attacks of illness by keeping constantly on hand, ready for immediate use, some well known and thoroughly tested

Household Remedy
whose efficacy can be relied upon in cases of Rheumatism, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Chills and Fever, Liver and Kidney troubles, Scrofula and all blood diseases. Pre-eminently for this purpose is

FOSTER'S GERMAN
Army Navy Blood Purifier

This is a most efficient purifier and invigorator; it acts speedily and thoroughly; it strengthens and rejuvenates the system; it drives away all humors, and brings back the life, health and energy of youth. Invaluable in the home, do not be without it.

Sold by all Druggists.
FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

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, 1890-4E.

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

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
STATE'S ATTORNEY,
AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Leonardtown, Md.

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

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 3-4E

HENRY P. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted in his care.
Jan 1, 85-4E

WALTER B. DORSEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Office-Register of Wills' Office.
Jan 14 '92-1E

R. B. TIPPETT & BRO.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Bal., 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 BLAKESTONE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Farmers & Merchants' Bank Building,
Corner South and Lombard Sts.,
Baltimore, Md.
Sept 25-4E

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 of Court of Appeals, Md.
Oct 13-4E, cap 37 93

DUKE BOND,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
National Mechanics Bank Building,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Sept 29 '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 1-4E

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
Messrs. Editors:-Please announce JAS. T. BAILY, of the 7th district, as a suitable candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.
6TH DISTRICT.

an obsequious company of nobles." Fouquier-Tinville and the jury jeered in chorus with the judge, the helpless creatures for whose blood they thirsted. The twenty-five victims were then literally tumbled into a room destined for criminals sentenced to death. There, tied together like brutes destined for the slaughter, they awaited orders for removal to the scaffold. During the few intervening moments Madame Elizabeth, forgetting herself and many other things, her companions in misfortune, exerted herself, as is related by one of the jailers, in "exhorting them to have confidence in God who rewards a generous sacrifice, and imploring of them to offer their life for the salvation of their immortal souls and that of France."

Her "accomplices!" What a farce! In that room Madame Elizabeth met, for the first time in her life, noble men and ladies, and poor people, none of whom she had ever seen before or heard of. Yet these had been sentenced to death because false witnesses had sworn they were "her accomplices"—old laundry girls, milk women, servants, pell-mell, with nobles and princes, and Royal convicts. She kept her self-possession to the last, and had a smile for all, and never did she in the least refer to the ignominy of the judges, or the monstrous iniquity of the sentence; but spoke to all her "accomplices" of the infinite mercy of God, their Father, of the meekness of the Lord Jesus, their Saviour, and inspired them with an unlimited confidence in Mary Immaculate, the mother of God, and their Mother now and at the hour of their death. . . . That fatal hour had now struck. It was five o'clock in the afternoon. From reports taken there and then we learn that the day was one of those mild and sunny days of spring perfumed with the scent of a thousand trees in bloom.

The cart which conveyed Madame Elizabeth of France contained, besides, four other "criminals"—one was the aged sister of Counsellor Malesherbes, who after a year's imprisonment, was guillotined a few weeks before. April 22nd, for the "crime" of pleading the cause of his Royal Master the King. Another was the Marchioness de Crussol; and two men standing in the cart near the Royal Princess. The condemned victims had been able to receive the last aids of religion by one of their number, a Canon of Sens, who heard their confessions. Another faithful and valiant priest, Father de Sambrey, mixed with the crowd and followed the cortege to the scaffold, giving secret absolution to the victims as they fell. When the carts were being drawn from the inner court of the Palais de Justice into the street, the people hooted and shouted after them, and the old lady on hearing the abominable names, imprecations, and vociferations used by the mob, nearly fainted. "Courage," said the princess, "it will be over soon; soon we shall be in the bosom of God, where we shall find those we love." This was a thoughtful reference to the cruel execution of their poor but idolized respective brothers now in Heaven. Madame Elizabeth wore a white dress, a lawn muffler covered her neck and shoulders, whilst a white muslin handkerchief was loosely thrown over her hair which was cut bare for the knife of the guillotine. All the prisoners had their hands tied behind their backs, and were otherwise well secured.

The funeral procession moved on. Gradually the savage emergencies whom the revolutionary agents had massed around the Palais de Justice, to produce effect, remained behind, thus making room for the "true Parisian people," whose silent and mournful attitude was, no doubt, a consoling contrast with the clamors of the Jacobines for the terrified victims hurried away to execution. This silence, and a sort of dismay grew in intensity as the cortege came nearer and nearer to the place where the guillotine was erected.

The place of horror was now reached. The terrorists who presided over the massacre had decided with a refined cruelty, that the royal victim should fall last, that she might see, one by one, the heads of her "accomplices" fall. But God, in His wise mercy, turns often evil purposes to good account. An immense crowd had assembled, but at intervals there reigned a mournful silence, and the voice of the officials calling the condemned, one by one, could be distinctly heard. Then took place one of the noblest and most touching scenes of which history has ever given an account. The princess was standing there, calmly awaiting the call; her head uncovered, her arms fastened with chains; she looked beautiful in her white dress, gazing quietly, but with a scornful eye, at the scaffold, or with a sweet, endearing smile, trying to meet the eyes of her companions in agony, or looking now and then up to heaven with her fine blue eyes which the poor she had loved had so often admired.

The officials now call. Madame de Crussol is the first summoned to mount the fatal steps. Advancing towards the princess, she respectfully bowed and asked would she be allowed to embrace her. Madame Elisabeth replied with great simplicity: "Oh, yes, with pleasure, and with all my heart!" The marchioness embraced her, bowed again, and ascended, calm and steady, the steps of the scaffold. This was the opening of a heroic march past; for all the women—the noble lady and the poor servant girl—all, as they were called up in turn, walked towards Madame Elisabeth, bowed, embraced her, and passed on to the scaffold, but not without first hearing some kind and much-needed words of encouragement. Next came the men—each and all of them, the noble lord and the poor tradesman, as they came up, on passing before Madame Elisabeth they stopped, bowed respectfully, whilst she returned the salutation with a loving smile on her graceful countenance and kind words of hope in God's eternal promises for those who keep the faith and trust in Him. Meanwhile, Madame Elisabeth recited aloud the *De Profundis*, to which responded the choir of her "complices." The chant, however, with each fall of the knife, grew weaker and feebler, as the voices became fewer. At last there was but one voice left. The twenty-fourth victim had just bowed to the noble lady. Elisabeth was then heard to say in a loud and firm voice, "Courage and confidence in God's mercy!" The next call, she knows, is for her, and on being called she ascended the steps alone and unsupported, and then gazed around with a firm and a placid countenance upon the thousands of terrified spectators, with a recollected look, as though she was approaching indeed the holy table of the royal chapel at Versailles. As one accustomed to be waited upon by her maids of honour, she allowed herself to be fastened to the fatal plank, betraying neither fear nor reproach. It was a heartrending spectacle, and many people were seen shedding tears or waving a handkerchief as a sign of farewell. The shawl which covered her neck and shoulders having fallen to the ground exposed to the eyes of all a medal of the Blessed Virgin which this holy Child of Mary wore always around her neck. The assistant executioner wanted to remove this sign of devotion. But as he put forth his hand to grasp the ribbon, Madame Elisabeth said in a dignified and commanding tone of voice: "In the name of your mother, sir, leave this and cover me!"

These were her last words. History will for ever preserve them as the faithful recapitulation of her life, the sublime reflection of that angelic virtue which had always found protection in the medal of Mary Immaculate.

The day's work was now over. Eyewitnesses of this regicidal tragedy inform us that when the Royal victim was immolated a strong perfume of roses, as sometimes happens at the death of a saint, was noticed all over the Place de la

Revolution. Ah! surely it was because the purest incense had just ascended to the throne of God for the expiation of the crimes for which poor France was then being chastised!

The signal for the beating of the drums to announce the end of this execution was not given, and consequently no drums were beaten. The commandant in charge around the scaffold was Captain Mace, of the Veterans of the National Guard. This Mace had been formerly an ironmonger, and had supplied goods to the Royal household. Now, during the preceding winter he had been on duty in the Temple, and was noticed by informers to have shown some marks of kindness and respect to the prisoners. To punish him, the terrorists put him on duty on this day of the execution of Madame Elisabeth of France, despite his excuses and supplications. The knife of the guillotine had just severed the noble victim's head. As Mace was about to give the signal to strike up the drums to announce that all was now over, he suddenly fell senseless to the ground and was carried off in a dying condition.

And now the bystanders, who had witnessed the horrible carnage like gloomy spectators, were suddenly seized, says a biographer, with an indescribable fit of terror. The furies of the guillotine hung their heads, and without the usual shouts of *Vive la nation, vive la Republique*, dispersed in all directions, leaving the guards and murderers alone on the scene of horror.

The sun, too, was fast setting, casting his last rays of purple and gold upon the ghastly river of blood, as it flowed down from the place of execution to the Seine, whose limpid waters protested against the horrible crime by refusing to mix or blend with the holy, but foreign element.

The daughter of St. Louis had gone to heaven!

J. M. E., C. S. Sp.

A QUEER FAMILY.—"If there is a more curiously made human being anywhere than Peter Wendling of Mount Nebo, Lebanon County, Pa., I would travel a good way to see him," said John Gilbert, the traveling grocery man. "Peter Wendling never had a tooth in his head or a hair upon it. There are no pores to his skin, and consequently he never perspired. In warm weather he has frequently to be drenched with water to give him relief. In spite of this curious defect in his organism Wendling used to be a farm hand, and worked in the harvest fields. Two of his boys accompanied him, carrying pails of water, which they would douse over him as he mowed. This was so much trouble that he quit farming and became a shoe-maker, at which occupation he has since worked. In warm weather he works and sleeps in his cellar.

"This queer physical make-up of Peter Wendling is hereditary. He was one of 21 sons that were born to his father by one wife, and none of them had an entire set of teeth, and few of them had a hair on their bodies. The grandmother on their mother's side was toothless, hairless and poreless, and so was a brother of their mother. Peter Wendling had eight children, and all the teeth they had among them was 10. They were very short of hair, too, but their skin was all right as to pores.

"Yet this singular family was as happy and contented as if each one had a double set of teeth, more hair than Buffalo Bill, and no father without pores whom they had to spend a good deal of time sousing with water."—New York Sun.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale by W. F. Greenwell, Leonardtown, Md.