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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

VOL. LIV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1894. NO. 716

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.,

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

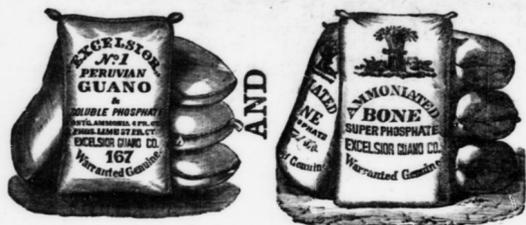
When in the city go and call for Mr. Clark, tell him you are a St. Mary's man and he
will sell you the best suit of clothes you ever saw at a moderate price. Call on him and
be convinced. The best made clothing in Baltimore is at

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO., Baltimore Street, near Charles.

April 20—vt

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.

STOP! LOOK!! LISTEN!!!

PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.

FOR WHEAT AND GRASS, USE

THE OLD STAND-BY,

BAUGH'S

RAW BONE



SUPER

PHOSPHATE,

AN AMMONIATED DISSOLVED ANIMAL BONE,
In constant use with increasing demand since 1855.

If you want a Good, Cheap, Reliable, Animal Bone Fertilizer, use
BAUGH'S RAW BONE SUPER PHOSPHATE.

For Prices and Pamphlet, write

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY,

412 E. Lombard Street, - - BALTIMORE, MD.

LUMBER.

S. B. SPELL, 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.

What would you say if, some fine
morning, the butcher, or the baker,
or the milkman left garbage at your
door instead of food and nourish-
ment? That is exactly what hap-
pens in the human body when the
blood becomes impure. It fails to
nourish the tissues, and disease is
the result. The only way to regain
health is to purify and enrich the
blood. This is what is done by

FOSTER'S GERMAN



It enriches the blood with the red
corpuscles of health, carrying
strength and vigor to every part of
the body, driving out disease in
every shape, completely curing all
Scrofulous humors, Rheumatism,
Liver and Kidney troubles, Blood
Poisoning, Boils, Pimples, Eruptions,
and every symptom of Debility,
such as Headache, Biliousness,
Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Faintness,
Lassitude. This wonderful remedy
is sold by all druggists and by the
FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

PROFESSIONAL,

IO. F. MORGAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life In-
surance Company, Mutual Life of New
York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liver-
pool,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
April 1, 1890—4f.

DAN'L C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Leonardtown, Md
Jna 31—4f]

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

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

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

WALTER I. AWKINS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
14 E. LEXINGTON ST., BALTIMORE, MD

Will continue to practice in St. Mary's
and adjoining counties. Nov 8—4f.

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

WALTER B. DORSEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Office—Register of Wills' Office.
Jan 14 '92—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 & 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 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—4f]

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

RETURN OF THE WILVIL

"Harold!" It was a
woman's shrill cry that spoke the
name. A first-year looking boy
of about 15 years replied to the
call. He had a handsome face
with deep set blue eyes, but as he
neared the house a look of sorrow
and sadness on his handsome face
made one think that he did not
have the happy home life. The
woman standing in the door-way
was coarse, and untidy looking, with
cold, gray eyes and a mouth that
did not make one think of pleasant
thoughts when she spoke. Her
dress was shabby and her hair
improve her appearance. The white
hair that was on her head at any
time, was very much discolored at
the time I wrote about. When she
had neared the house she looked
him sharply for being away so long.
"Aunt Sarah has been in, said
the boy in a reproachful tone of
voice when you know that you sent
me to haul that wood in yourself."

"Hush! I will have no more such
impudence from such a child as you
are, exclaimed the angry woman,
and to punish you for it go right
to bed and stay there until I tell
you to get up.
But—
"Hush! not another word from
you but do as I tell you and noth-
ing more or less. And the poor
boy went sorrowfully away.

He had never known what it was
to have parents, for he had been
orphaned in early child-hood and
left to the care of his Aunt Sarah,
who was the only relative the boy
had ever known. When he reached
the place he called a room, but was
nothing more than a shed with a
cot and one chair in it, he threw
himself on the floor and wept bitterly,
but after awhile sleep came to
his heavy eyelids. It seemed a
short time to him that he had been
asleep, but in reality, he must have
been about two hours when he was
awakened by the cry of fire. He
started up in haste, but he succeeded
in reaching the small window that
was only a short distance from
the ground and swung himself to
the pavement below. Just as he
reached the pavement he heard a
most piercing shriek, and looking
up, he saw his Aunt Sarah bending
forward from one of the windows,
and uttering shrieks after shriek.

In an instant the brave boy
climbed up to the window by means
of a ladder being placed against the
house, he took the woman in his
arms and slowly descended with his
burden. He reached the ground
safely where for a time he knew no
more, for he had fainted. After
awhile he came to and here we must
leave him, but one thing is certain
he ever after had the kind treat-
ment of his Aunt Sarah.

BY FAD.

W. A. McGuire, a well known
citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the
opinion that there is nothing as
good for children troubled with
colds or croup as Chamberlain's
Cough Remedy. He has used it in
his family for several years with the
best results and always keeps a bot-
tle of it in the house. After having
la grippe he was himself troubled
with a severe cough. He used other
remedies without benefit and then
concluded to try the children's
medicine and to his delight it soon
effected a permanent cure. 25 and
50 cent bottles for sale by Wm. F.
Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown,
Md.

"Lawyer—You think, then,
that your assailant attacked you
with malice pretense?
Client—I dunno, sah—he might
'er had one o' dem kind o' mallets;
but de principal thing he used wor
a razzor.

"Turn the razzors out"—the fam-
iliar party cry—may be applied to
microbes as well as to men. The
germs of disease that lurk in the
blood are "turned out" by Ayer's
Sarsaparilla as effectually as the old
postmasters are displaced by a new
administration.

A good quality of rope is now be-
ing made from pineapple fibre.

DIARIES.

MISS JENNIE GOUGH.

"The memory," says an eminent
scholar, "may be compared to a
stage, which is constantly shifting
many beautiful scenes and agree-
able pictures;" and on consideration
we find the simile very appropriate.
This voluntary power of portraying
a succession of thoughts is certain-
ly one of our greatest blessings.
All individuals, however, are not
equally endowed with the faculty.
Some persons are remarkable for
retentive memories though not oth-
erwise distinguished for intellectu-
al gifts. We know this from daily
experience. Many of our students
will repeat an instruction just as it
had been pronounced, or retain a
difficult task after reading the mat-
ter over once. In this history re-
peats itself, for we read of a man
who could recount the whole con-
tents of the morning paper.
Another, mentioned by one of the
ancient classics, who after hearing
read a poem claimed it as his own
composition, and to prove this, re-
peated it from beginning to end,
which the author could not do. It
is sometimes inferred that this kind
of memory supposes a defect in the
other mental powers, but there are
no grounds for this supposition;
for men of undisputed merit were
remarkable for good memories. I
believe it is said of Cyrus that he
knew the name of every soldier in
his army.

There are many ways by which
the usefulness of this faculty may
be augmented, but I will only men-
tion the one in which I am at pre-
sent interested,—that of keeping a
diary, or book to record extraordi-
nary incidents, observations, and
actions worthy of remembrance.
Some of the brightest men in history
have resorted to the diary to perpe-
tuate family happenings which
reflected glory on their subsequent
histories. An example of this sort
may be found in the Memoirs of the
renowned John Quincy Adams.
Here we find a beautiful tribute to
his mother which cannot be read
without increased admiration for
the son. "There is not a virtue,"
he writes, "that can abide in the
female heart, but it was the orna-
ment of hers." Again he calls her
"the delight of my father's heart,
the sweetness of all his toils, the
comforter of all his woes, the shar-
er and brightener of all his joys."
* * * Her price is beyond rub-
ies." Many other beautiful
thoughts are contained in this mag-
nificent addition to our American
Literature; and encouraged there-
by I venture to append

My Diary.

Again at College, and endeavor-
ing to persuade dear St. Agnes that
I am delighted to be once more
under her protecting care, but no one
is responsible for her actions while
suffering from an attack of nostal-
gia. Notwithstanding, memory
vividly recalls and uncomplainingly
lingers on the reminiscences of the
past two fleeting months of vaca-
tion.

One of the most enjoyable treats
is my recollections of the land of
Nod. The duty of schooling my
eyes to regular discipline was my
first care, and as soon as they be-
gan to look natural, I ventured
forth upon that region which phi-
losophers call the world, to enjoy
some of the pleasures which make
up social life at St. Mary's.

Towards the first of August I
found myself at Riverside, the most
picturesque spot in all the county,
a perfect paradise—for earth has
still some traces of her youthful
beauty left—a place which Long-
fellow should have chosen when he
contemplated writing 'The Bridge';
likely, the temptation to throw him-
self into the ebbing waters which
formed the subject of his theme,
would never have occurred to him.

Riverside is situated on a gently
sloping hill, overlooking the his-
toric bed of the Potomac. A large
white house surrounded by lordly
oaks, over-tops the summit. Flow-
ers in profusion perfumed the air
with their resistless odors and a la
Cowper, as he

"Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse,
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There also blooms exotic beauty warm
and sung;"

and in the distance, fruits, vegeta-
bles and waving grain-fields speak
volumns for Uncle Giles.
"And Nature in her cultivated trim
Dressed to his taste and inviting him
aboard"

with numbers of young people, of
whom he is a decided charmer, to
enjoy them.
Our next visit was to Charles
County where the wheels of dance
and song revolved anon, keeping
the mind in a whirl and shortening
the days and nights incessantly.
Here I met Mrs. Dalton, a former
pupil of St. Agnes, and I presume
a true type of those happy students
of yore who are literally limned to
order as models for this generation.
She has not forgotten her Alma
Mater, and declares as a matter of
course, that "those were happy
days."

At last summer made her adieu
and autumn unhesitatingly packed
my trunk, procured my ticket, and
in a few hours I discovered myself
climbing the steep hill that leads to
Mount St. Agnes' College.
No one that reads these Memoirs
will condemn me if the picture of
Riverside and dear Uncle Giles are
still portrayed on memory's 'stage,'
for

"That heart, methinks,
Were of strange mould which
Kept no cherished print,
No transient sadness, when a dream, a
glimpse
Of fancy touch'd past joys."

CY WARMAN'S CONFESSION.

The sun had just gone down be-
hind the hoary hills, flooding the
June twilight with its gold and
glory. Having finished my dinner,
I had strolled out to take a turn
beneath the maple trees that line
the walk about the courthouse.
Honey laden, homeward bound, be-
lated bees droned in the trees, and
all the world seemed filled with the
sound and scent of summer.

Here would I walk and watch
out the dying day, and breathe the
pure air fresh from the snow-fields
of the north. Here, too, I hoped
to win a good-night smile; for down
this way she was to pass to the
theater—with another man. I was
turning the corner when she came.
Face to face we met, and such a
smile! There was a world of ten-
derness in it, and, with a man's
conceit, I fancied there was some-
thing back of it.

I wondered, too, if she had guess-
ed my secret; and while the sound
of her carriage wheels were still in
my ears, I said, half aloud:
I've a secret in my heart,
Sweet Marie,
A tale I would impart,
Love to thee.

And then as a man having been
drunk with wine imagines that
everybody knows it, I felt that my
secret was out, and I had gone less
than a dozen yards when I finished
the half stanza:

Every daisy in the dell
Knows my secret—knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell, Sweet Marie.
Then the whole song came rush-
ing upon me like a mountain stream
after a cloudburst. Like a gleam
of glory in a gob of gloom it came
fast and flooded my soul and filled
me with lustless joy. On I walked
—sang my new song and glorified
in it as a happy mother glories in
the first faint smile of a new born
babe.

When more people and the stars
came out, and there was no longer
room for the wide wings of my
muse, I boarded a cable car and
went out to the very shadow of the
hills. Then the white moon came
up from the plains, making one of
those matchless moonlit nights that
invariably follow a perfect day in
Denver. The tired lawnmower
that had struggled all day against
a vigorous brass band at last laid
down and the mellow notes of the
2 bar came faint and far away.

Far into the night I sat there,
saying it o'er and o'er till every
line was registered in my memory.
The following summer I gave the
poem to Gen. David S. Stanley, he
submitted it to Mr. Dana; it was
accepted, and on the following Sun-
day received some editorial mention,
and I rejoiced anew.
I think it was ex-Congressman

Belford, the "Red-headed Rooster
of the Rockies," as he was known
in the House, who first advised me
to have the verses set to music.

Raymond Moore was in Denver
at the time, and I persuaded him to
call at my office. When I read the
song to him he snapped his fingers.
'Tears of enthusiasm stood in his
eyes as he declared that it would
make "the sweetest song ever sung."
Out of the third stanza, which
began originally:

Not the sun-glimpse in your hair,
Sweet Marie,
Nor because your face is fair,
Love, to see.

I made a chorus, had my steno-
grapher copy it, then holding the
revised copy in his hand he began
to hum. "Something sweet and
low," he said, "like this," and then
he sang exactly as a million months
have sung since:

Come to me, Sweet Marie,
Sweet Marie, come to me.

I repeated and remembered the
notes he sang, and when a year
later Will T. Carlton came to the
footlights in the Broadway Theater
and sang the song, I was glad to
note that Mr. Moore had not varied
a shadow from his first inspiration.

It happened that about the time
the first faint echoes of the song
reached the Rocky Mountains we
started East, and listened with
eager ears to hear it sung.

The black boy on the Burlington
husked his pillows and hummed
that tune. At Chicago we heard
it often. At Cleveland a man
pounded the wheels with a hard
hammer and sang it softly, as to
himself.

As we sat at dinner in the Im-
perial in New York the orchestra
played it, and where we shopped the
shopgirls sang it, and even as
we exchanged congratulatory smiles
a wild toned street piano played
"Sweet Marie" in the street.

At Manhattan Beach we had the
great joy of hearing Sousa's band
play it; heard Rayman sing it in a
theater in town; then Mr. Moore
and I went over to the Manhat-
tan Publishing Company. From
there we went to No. 8 Broad street,
where each received a check for
more money. We thought, than
there was in the world.

"How'll you have it?" asked a
cheery voice, as we faced the paying
teller in a Nassau street bank.
"Big pieces," said I.
"And you?"

"Two one thousand, two five
hundred, and the rest in ones,"
said Rayman. And as the money
man began to slide out the notes,
he said, "I've a secret in my heart."
But that was as far as he got, for
we both laughed—not at him of
course, but it was time to laugh.—
Buffalo Express.

NEWSPAPERS AS EDUCATORS.

The annual report of Dr. W. T.
Harris, commissioner of education,
says that 23 per cent. of the popu-
lation attend school during some
period of the year. The average
period of attendance in the year,
however, is only 89 days for each
pupil. The report says: "It would
seem to be the purpose of our sys-
tem to give in the elementary
schools to every child the ability to
read. After he leaves school he is
expected to continue his education
by reading the printed page of news-
paper and book. The great increase
of public libraries in the United
States is significant of progress to-
ward the realization of this ideal.
In 1892 we had over 4,000 public
libraries, with more than 1,000 vol-
umes in each. The schools teach
how to read; the libraries furnish
what to read. But far surpassing
the libraries in educative influence
are the daily newspapers and maga-
zines. We are governed by public
opinion ascertained and expressed
by the newspapers to such a degree
that our civilization is justly to be
called a newspaper civilization. The
library and the newspaper are our
chief instrumentalities for the con-
tinuation of the school and the
university. Lecture courses, scien-
tific and literary associations are
assisting largely. The work in the
churches of the land is an even
more potent factor in school exten-
sion."—Sun.