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A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LIV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1895. NO. 724.

JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILL HEADS, EXECUTED 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.

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.

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,



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.

BAUGH & SONS COMPANY, 112 E. Lombard Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

LUMBER.

H. E. SHELL, agent for the large lumber firm, J. H. D. Snoor & 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 FEARFUL COUGH Speedily Cured by AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL



"My wife was suffering from a fearful cough, which the best medical skill procurable was unable to relieve. We did not expect that she could long survive; but Mr. R. V. Royal, deputy surveyor, happened to be stopping with us over night, and having a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with him, induced my wife to try this remedy. The result was so beneficial, that she kept on taking it, till she was cured. This is one of the best cough remedies I ever used, and weighs 100 pounds." - R. S. HUMPHRIES, Sassy, Ga.

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, 1890-4.

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

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. 1872-4.

ROBERT G. 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 2-4.

HENRY F. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Prompt attention given to all business in trust in his care. Jaa 1, 85-117

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

R. B. IPPETT & 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 26-47

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 13-14, cap 27 93

DUKE BOND, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, National Mechanics Bank Building, BALTIMORE, MD. Sept 29 '92.

DR. WHEAT 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 1-47

Notice-I sell the Pennsylvania Force Feed Grain Drill at prices that defy competition. Also, Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Threshing Machines, &c. at low prices and on easy terms. Orders wanted. J. W. GRAVES, Sept 6m7 Laurel Grove, Md.

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.

A FAITH PRAYER. "BY THE GRACE OF GOD I AM WHAT I AM." - St. Paul. Let shadows veil this wretched earth in gloom. Discovering no virtue, honor or small. Wherewith to deck the body, or a mortal ball Or shine with radiance o'er its empty tomb. Let noble actions, good beyond compare, Come to exist within this passing world. And all the evil fiend's power, unturbid, Be laid before Thee, Lord - a smoking pyre! "All mankind being tempted, all" - The sixth. Ere for one moment, I should lose my Faith. - J. KENNEDY M. MALEY.

MURRELL'S GANG. From Romance. PART I. Before the advent of those two potent factors in civilization—steam and electricity—Mississippi and Louisiana were not so sparsely settled that in many counties and parishes a bridle-path, twisting and writhing like a great serpent through the primeval forest, was the only evidence of the invasion of the white man, there roamed over the Middle and Southern States a band of robbers, under the leadership of a man named Murrell. The members of this terrible organization were scattered in all directions—over every highway and by-path in the country like the tentacles of a giant octopus. Many a gallant Kentuckian and thrifty trader from Ohio, after having disposed of his drove of horses or flatboat of merchandise in the South, when returning home on horseback through the wilderness, with his gold in a belt around his waist, has bitten the dust from the bullet of one of these hidden assassins. Another source of wealth to the marauders was their traffic in negroes and horses. It was when the fertile swamp-lands of Mississippi and Louisiana first began to attract attention, and here the robbers found their richest field of operation, with strange immunity from detection. A valuable negro or horse would be stolen from the Middle States and rapidly transferred from squad to squad of the gang until the extreme South was reached, when the booty was sold at an immense profit.

On a plateau of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina there lived, at the time of this story, a planter named Battle—a widower, with but one child, a young man twenty years old.

Mr. Battle was considered a man of wealth in those primitive times, and his two-storied brick house, with its unadorned, white-plastered walls and narrow window-panes, was regarded as little less than a palace by his unsophisticated neighbors. His wife died a few days after the birth of his son, Alexander, or Aleck, as he was more familiarly called, and the little one was nursed and reared by the negro housekeeper, who fortunately had an infant of about the same age, to whom she had given the fanciful cognomen of Romeo.

The two children grew up more like foster-brothers than master and slave. They were constantly together, sharing the same sports, eating the same kind of food, and wearing the same style of clothes, for Romeo, being a size smaller than Aleck, felt heir to all his master's outgrown apparel, and fashions then were not as evanescent as now. When Aleck was old enough to be sent off to Virginia to college, Romeo went along as a matter of course, as his travel. Returning home for the Christmas holidays, the rumbling stage, in which they were passengers, stopped for the first night at a lonely little tavern. When Aleck entered the front room, which served as both kitchen and parlor, he found two men seated at a table, drawn up near the large, open fire-place, playing cards by the ruddy blaze of pine-knots. They were well dressed, of quiet demeanor, and he readily accepted their invitation to join the game. That night, as Romeo was about seeking his lodging in the negro quarters, one of the strangers called him into his bedroom and asked him to clean the mud from his cloak, at the same time handing him a glass of wine as compensation.

When he awoke the following morning, he found himself lying in the back part of a light wagon, his feet and hands manacled, his head aching violently, and on the seat in front of him sat his two chance acquaintances of the night before. A pair of splendid bays drawing the wagon were jaded and covered with foam, as though they had been travelling all night, and the road was unfamiliar.

"Marse Aleck," the negro cried, bewildered, and starting up. For reply one of the men turned around, dealt him a blow over the head with the butt of a pistol, and sternly commanded him to shut up and lie still. He was then informed that his master had lost so heavily the night before at cards that he had sold him to liquidate the debt, and they, his present owners, were taking him to Mississippi, to sell him to a cotton-planter.

"Marse Aleck done so!" he repeated, again and again, in a hopelessly dazed fashion, his mind apparently incapable of comprehending a deed of such atrocity.

All physical pain and discomfort were engulphed by this mental torture. Slaves were sold every day, but that such a fate should ever overtake him had never appeared possible.

The more he thought of it, the more monstrous grew the act. To separate him forever from all he loved—his mammy, an' Calline, whom he had promised to marry as soon as his master finished school and settled down—never a word of good-bye—and Marse Aleck, best beloved of all, to do this!

For several days and nights, without pause, his journey was kept up, men and horses being changed at regular intervals. Then, when the road narrowed to a bridle-path, the wagon was abandoned for saddle-horses, and at night they slept in some secluded place in the woods, where his owners always found acquaintances with food and fresh horses awaiting them. At last they reached the banks of a majestic river, and he was blindfolded and placed in a skiff. He could hear the regular wash of oars for what seemed an hour, when the boat must have turned into a narrower stream, for its progress was slow, and his face was often struck by overhanging trees.

In a short time he was removed from the boat, led a few yards, and the bandage taken from his eyes, when he found himself in a large cave, dimly lighted by wax candles. Here he remained all night, chained to a ring, driven in the stone wall. The next morning he was again blindfolded, conducted out as he had been brought in, and sold to a Mr. Moss, whose overseer took him immediately to his swamp plantation in Louisiana.

Poor Romeo! His lines had fallen in hard places. Almost as unaccustomed to work or discipline as his young master, he suddenly found himself in a position where unceasing labor and stinging blows were the order of the day. What wonder was it then, that, maddened, and driven to bay by the overseer's ordering him to take off his shirt to receive his first whipping, he replied by a well-directed blow, sent straight out from the shoulder, which felled his assailant like an ox.

Then the wild rush for liberty—the despairing wandering through cane-breaks and forest—the days and nights spent in the dank, dismal, moss-draped cypress swamp, without shelter or food—the capture by dogs—the terrible punishment, followed by a long, low fever, and the "breaking in" of this "young buck" had fairly begun.

Slowly and monotonously the years crept away. He lived solitary and alone in his little cabin, on the outskirts of the quarters, his hot rebellion and insubordination being succeeded by a morose and silent acquiescence, which grew into stolid indifference as time went by. There was not so much as a wraith left him in the rollicking, happy-go-lucky young dandy of former days. At forty-five, when he should have been in the vigor and prime of manhood, he was a feeble old man, bent and drawn with rheumatism, his system filled with malaria, and his head gray and bowed.

One day his master, when making

his annual visit to his swamp plantation, was struck by his decrepitude, and took him home with him to the hills, to do light work about the yard. He was assigned the cultivation of the flower-garden, and had abundant leisure, kind treatment, and palatable food.

But idleness awakened memory, and impulses so long dormant that he thought them dead began to stir. It was like the flow of sap in a rugged, winter-bound oak. For the first time, he heard around the kitchen fire at night the story of Murrell and his band—of the negroes and horses they had stolen, the men they had robbed and murdered, and how they were finally dispersed, some shot, others captured and hung, and still others forced to flee the country before they could secure their ill-gotten gains, which still remained buried, or concealed in caves. All these details Romeo drank in eagerly.

His young master had not sold him. This thought, coming first as a timid doubt, grew into a firm conviction. Murrell had stolen him, and if he could find the cave in which he had spent the night, he felt sure he might secure its treasures. How vividly he recalled things which at the time but half impressed him! While he lay bound in one part of the cave, he had heard some men enter, and afterward the chink of money.

All the habits of his early training had been long since obliterated by the bestial degradation of the quarters. He was now silent, secretive, watchful. Money must be all-powerful—bring every blessing he argued. Most of the crimes he had ever heard of were committed to attain it—everything of note was accomplished by it, and to possess it become an absorbing passion.

His mistress was a devoted lover of flowers, and fond of adding to her collection those choice wild ones which grow in low, marshy places in the deep woods. Romeo often spent whole days, ostensibly in quest of these modest beauties, but in reality exploring every creek and branch for miles around, in search of Murrell's cave. His plans were matured, and hinged on this venture. His heart withered and dry as a rose of Jericho, blossomed out afresh like that flower when washed by the rain, as soon as he convinced himself that he was one of Murrell's victims, and that his Marse Aleck had not sold him. All the alluresments of the old life in his mountain home came back with irresistible force. He must, he would find the cave, and the money which he was convinced that it contained; then return to his own people to end his days.

"Master," he queried one day with this thought ever uppermost in his mind, "ef er man wuz ter fin' dat money, whut dem robbers done hide, who it gwinter b'long ter?"

"If a white man should find it, he would have a right to it; but if a negro found it, it would go to his master," replied Mr. Moss.

"But who would de nigger b'long ter whut dey tuck an' steal?" he asked, persistently.

"Why, to his first owner, of course,—but what are you driving at, anyway?" looking keenly at him.

"Nothin', sah, nothin'. I jes' heern de folks in de kitchen talkin' so much 'bout it dat I 'lowed I'd ax you," and he quickly shuffled off.

His doubts were laid; his duty was plain before him, and, if possible, he searched with even greater diligence, and at last his reward came, after a long year of failure.

One day in the early part of October, while wandering near the mouth of a small creek which emptied into the Mississippi, he saw what looked like a part of a skiff, sticking out of a mound of rotten leaves and mould. In an instant he was on the spot, and, oh, joy ineffable! he not only found the remains of a canoe, but the rusty chain by which it had been fastened.

Patience—patience—yet a little longer! He pressed his hands over his heart to still its tumultuous

beating; for there, under that shelving rock, was a small opening, and at the end of a narrow passage he found a heavy door. Pressing against it with all his might, the bolts gave way, and it fell in with a crash. Taking out his tinder-box, he lighted the candle which he always carried, and entered. The cave was fashioned by nature or art into a large room. Scattered about it were articles of wearing apparel, and bed-clothes which fell into pieces at a touch. He was trembling so that he could no longer stand. Suppose, after all, the robbers had removed the money before their capture. The very thought was such agony that he commenced to crawl around on his hands and knees to end the suspense, when, peering into a corner, he discerned the outlines of a box.

Tearing off the lid with the impetuosity of a madman, his eyes fell on the coveted gold. He took it up by the handful, rubbing it up and down his arms, and over his face and neck, as though laving in it. He would have liked to eat it and drink it, had it been possible. The sputtering of his candle recalled him to himself and, hastily throwing the treasure in his strong oak flower-basket, he placed over its top some earth and ferns, and hurrying home, concealed it in his cabin.

PART II. Honesty was the one part of Romeo's nature uncontaminated by his life in the swamp, which probably was more the result of a lack of temptation than any inherent strength of resistance. This characteristic asserted itself on the eve of his departure—his running away. Should his present master be compensated for his loss?

He had no idea of the value of gold, for even in his palmiest days his wealth did not rise above fractional currency. In his supreme ignorance his every step was taken haltingly, as one groping in the dark. Selecting one of the largest pieces of coin, he asked his mistress if she would change it for him.

"Why, Romeo, this is a Spanish doubloon," she exclaimed; "where did you get it?"

"Foun' it on de creek," he replied with facile duplicity.

She gave him its value in silver nearly sixteen dollars, and he returned to his cabin to complete his preparations, dazed by the amount of his riches. Clumsily, and with many mistakes, he counted gold to the amount of \$250 (the price he put upon himself), and placing it in an old hat, he slipped into the house after the family were asleep, and set it by his master's bedside.

Then, with his money and a few extra clothes in a rough sack on his back, he started for his old home, through the dark, forbidding forest, with no other guide than the north star. All night he traveled, avoiding the road for fear of detection, and when daylight came, he called off stiff and sore, to sleep like some wild animal on a bed of leaves. After he had advanced sufficiently far so that he no longer feared meeting a familiar face, he discontinued night travel, and kept to the public road. Often he lost his bearings, and had to retrace his steps. Again, a swollen, bridgeless creek, or a continuous rain, would detain him in some improvised shelter for days. His food consisted of wild fruits, and what he could beg from chance settlers. At last, weak and worn, he reached Lookout Mountain, from whose summit he was told could be seen seven States. Standing on the point, his eager eyes swept the horizon—there were mountains everywhere, north, south, east, west—how was he ever to find the one he was seeking? While wrestling with this dilemma, he saw approaching him a lady in deep mourning. So absorbed was she in her own sad thoughts that she did not observe him. Timidly advancing, and removing his old tattered hat, he asked, entreatingly: "Mist'ess, won't you please, ma'm, p'int out for me de seben States whut dey sez you kin see 'f'm heah?"

(Continued on 4th page.)