Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At Leonardtown, Md.,

BY F. P. YATES & F. V. KING

A Dollar a Year in Advance

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

Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. LIV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895. NO. 732.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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.

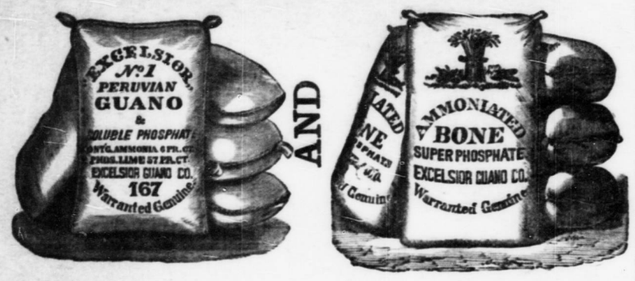
When in the city go and call for Mr. Clark. Tell him you are a St. Mary's man and he will sell you the best suit of clothes you ever saw at a moderate price. Call on him and be convinced. The best made clothing in Baltimore is at

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

April 20—y1

TO TOBACCO GROWERS!

EXCELSIOR GUANO COMPANYS'



Forming the most Concentrated, Universal and Durable Fertilizers offered to the Planter. Combining all the stimulalating 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.

H. G. Dudley. J. W. Carpenter.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

General Commission Merchants,

125 Light Street, BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco Grain and Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

John H. Chrispin. Jas. A. Dawkins.

CHRISPIN & DAWKINS,

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.

No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, - - - BALTIMORE.

LUMBER.

B. R. ABELL, 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 nourishment? That is exactly what happens 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

Army & Navy Blood Bitters

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 and Lassitude. This wonderful remedy is sold by all druggists and by the 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, 1880—tf.

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

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—tf.

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

WALTER I. DAWKINS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
FIDELITY BUILDING, CORNER CHARLES AND LEXINGTON STS., BALTIMORE, MD.
Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 3—tf.

HENRY F. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Prompt attention given to all business intrusted in his care.
Jan 1, 85—tf

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 ad St. Mary's and Washington City Speial attention given to Admiralty pactice, collection of claims.

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Farmers' & Merchants' Bank Building,
Corner South and Lombard Sts,
Baltimore, Md
Sept 26—tf

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—tf. capr27 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—tf

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Please announce through the BEACON Mr. Theodore Baily as a candidate for county commissioner subject to the decision of the democratic primaries.

7th and 4th districts.

WOMAN'S WORK.

What is it that wears a woman out?
It isn't work or hurry.
Not gain of care or loss of hair,
But worry, simply worry.
She worries whenever the baby's out,
And equally when it's in,
She worries for fear that her hats too large,
And her face a bit too thin.
She worries when hubby goes out at night
And doesn't return until early,
She worries at sight of a new white hair,
And whenever the cook is surly.
She's sure there must be dreadful news
At night when the door-bell rings,
And every alien telegram's
Suggestive of awful things.
She worries for fear its going to rain,
When she is shopping a little bit,
For fear that the train will leave the track
And for fear that her dress won't fit.
But in the great affairs of life,
Where grim relentless trouble preys,
She puts her petty troubles by
And locks them up for lighter days.

LOVE IN A SNOW STORM.

BY M. BABINGTON BAYLEY.

She was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly, and it was not without misgivings that her family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London, but they could not well refuse the invitation.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affections for her, and indulged her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house, with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings–St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses, the gay restaurants and the brilliant, fascinating theatres. She particularly liked it at night, when illuminated by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigal streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulse pounded more quickly. She felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half-dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, free-handed young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy; and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it, that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But the shyness of hers was a fashionable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talet and social polish, frequently found himself reduced to it by a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak, she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes; eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon, in the first week of Jannary, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly, sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

'Are you going out tonight, Dolly?'

She lifted her eyes from her needle. 'Not tonight!'

'Not. Are you sorry?'

'No.'

'I suppose you're getting rather tired of it. I'm not tired of it, though; I like it. But anntie and I are going to have a quiet evening tonight, and I shall like that just as well.'

There was a pause.

'Are you sure you will like it just as well?'

'I beg your pardon?' said Dolly.

He moved on his chair. 'Well,' he said, 'I want you to come out with me tonight, if you will.'

She looked at him in amazement. 'Out with you? Why, where to?'

'The theatre,' he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. 'Oh, you are kind. But do you think anntie will allow me?'

'I'll ask her,' said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theatre. However, they were not there to see it. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The only condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her that Tom began to feel the ecstasy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheeks that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he had imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out. to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theatre, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an available hansom.

'We'd better walk on a bit,' said Tom. 'We shall come to one presently.

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

'It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly,' said Tom. 'You'd better take my arm.'

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat sleeves gave him more pleasure than all his previous flirtations rolled into one.

'Oh,' she cried, 'how pretty!'

It was pretty. The whole square —fountains, statues, and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging —lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in white with just a little black to help it out. Over head fleecy clouds scudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

'Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely!'

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

'Yes,' he said, with his eyes on her face, 'it is beautiful, very beautiful indeed.'

'Oh,' said Dolly, 'let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really, is it?'

'About a mile,' said Tom.

'Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?'

'Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again,' for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, 'the streets are slippery.'

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind, prevented her from falling by putting his arm around her waist. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in awkward silence.

'Dolly are you angry with me!'

No reply.

'Dolly'——very humbly——I'm awfully sorry; but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it.

Still a severe silence.

'Won't you forgive me Dolly?'

The gray eyes were fixed on the ground, and the pretty lips were pressed firmly together. He caught her fingers. She tried to pull them away, but it was useless.

'Won't you forgive me, Dolly?' he said again.

She found her voice at length.

'I wish you wouldn't make me say anything. Of course, I forgive you, but—you oughtn't to have done it.'

'I am really very sorry, Dolly, he said, repentantly.

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down, with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as large as a man's hand, and the sky was full of them.

'Dolly,' said Tom, firmly, 'you must take my arm and hold it tightly. We are going to catch it.

She took his arm, and he hurried her along as fast as he could. It was no use. The snow pelted their faces so severely that in less than two minutes they were nearly numbed with the cold.

'We must shelter somewhere till the violence of the snow storm is spent,' said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly inside it, so that the snow could not get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

'Are you cold, Dolly!' he said.

'Not very, thank you,' she replied. 'Are you?'

'I? Oh! it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?'

He commenced to take it off.

'No, indeed!' exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. 'Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me.'

'Kind!' said Tom, warmly 'Who could help being kind?'

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending heavily.

'Dolly,' said Tom, speaking low, 'have you quite forgiven me?'

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked into her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought never looked prettier.

'Dolly,' he whispered, 'I love you.'

Her heart bounded. He loved her! Oh! the blissful thought!

'Dolly,' he whispered again, 'could you care for me ever so little?'

'Yes,' she murmured.

Their eyes and then their lips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in the sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

'We thought you had got lost,' said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

'My poor child!' 'said the lady, caressing her, 'you are over wrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her.'

'Oh! but he has,' said Dolly, smiling through her tears. 'It isn't that.'

'She has promised to be my wife!' said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.

BORAX.—Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up airtight will never be troubled with moths.

A little borax put in the water before washing red or red-bordered tablecloths and napkins will prevent their fading.

Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution of borax three times a day; also dust on the dry powder very often.

Silver spoons and forks in daily use may be kept bright by leaving them in strong borax water several hours. The water should be boiling when they are put in.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast of garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

One of the best things to cleanse the scalp thoroughly is to dissolve one-half teaspoonful of borax in a quart of water and apply it, rubbing it in well. Rinse thoroughly in clear water.

For washing fine nice flannels nothing will cause them to look so nice as borax in the water, a tablespoonful of borax to a pail of water being the right proportion. Always wash baby's flannel skirts, shirts, etc., in this.

Always wash baby's mouth and gums every morning with water in which you have put a pinch of borax. It keeps the mouth fresh and sweet and prevents that uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth with which so many poor babies are troubled when their mouths are not kept perfectly clean.

Borax water is excellent for sponging either silk or wool goods that are not soiled enough to need washing. In washing cashmere or wool goods put a little borax in the water. This will cleanse them much more easily and better without injury to the colors. Do not rub them on a board, but use the hands and throw on a line without wringing. Press them on the wrong side and they will look almost like new.

Ten days loss of time on account of sickness and a doctors bill to pay, is anything but pleasant for a man of a family to contemplate, whether he is a laborer, mechanic, merchant or publisher. Jas. O. Jones, publisher of the *Leader*, Mexia, Texas, was sick in bed for ten days with the grip during its prevalence a year or two ago. Later in the season he had a second attack. He says: "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy with considerable success, I think, only being in bed a little over two days. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy." It should be borne in mind that the grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. When you wish to cure a cold quickly and effectually give this remedy a trial. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, Md.

—'I love you dearly, Jack,' she said. 'You are the light of my life.' 'I'm sorry,' said her father, as he appeared in the doorway, 'but I will have to put your light out.'