

Saint Mary's Beacon
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
 At Leonardtown, Md.,
 BY T. F. YATES & F. V. KING
 A Dollar a Year in Advance
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 Each subsequent insertion..... 50
 Right lines or less constitute a square.
 A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly
 Advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LIV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895. NO. 738.

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 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.

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-eminent for this purpose is
FOSTER'S

(Written for THE BEACON)
THE BASHFUL
 I sing a golden song,
 With eyes of blue and
 She is a girl beyond
 She fills my soul with
 Why does she smile
 I do not know, I
 What I have done
 Heart whole and
 But this one thing I
 That when I come
 I seem to be under
 That makes
 I wish I knew just
 I love her with a love
 As steel—and oh, how
 Waves pierce me
 I could give to
 That day

the number of men became larger, and she noticed, not without uneasiness, that they all appeared to be following her. For, in some way, it got noised about that this decidedly pretty young woman was the new schoolma'am.
 And every mother's son of them felt that he had an interest in the schoolma'am, to pay whom all were to be taxed.
 By the time that the Chinaman came to a stop before a shanty which looked just a shade more pretentious than the rest, the street was thronged with on-lookers.

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 'You pay me, missy,' said the Chinaman.

VICTORY.
 Men came and knelt around her,
 Sought with jeweled size to crown her.
 With yellow gold,
 And sweet love told,
 Thought to warm her heart, grown cold,
 But only she turned from them apart
 And nursed thorned grief close to her heart.
 Maids came and hovered o'er her,
 Spread life's duty just before her,
 But mother's tears
 For sister's prayers
 Could thrust a hope in future years,
 For, deepening her head upon her breast,
 Clasp'd grief closer there to rest.
 A baby came and smiling found her,
 Put his chubby arms around her;
 A love charm taken,
 For life's sweetest law
 In love light caught from his father's eyes,
 While faintly she nursed the golden head,
 Forgotten grief, delirious, fell dead.
 —New Orleans Progress.

TO TOBACCO GROWERS!
EXCELSIOR GUANO COMPANYS'

 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, 15 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.

LIME, HAIR, CEMENT, PLASTER.
 The National Building Supply Co.
 North and Lexington Streets, BALTIMORE, MD.
 Pure Nova Scotia Land Plaster.
 BUILDING MATERIAL of Every Description.
 write for prices.
 April 4, '95—3m

Army Navy Blood Bitters
 This is a most efficient purifier and invigorator; it acts speedily and thoroughly; it strengthens and rejuvenates the system; it drives away all lassitude, 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.
 For a month, I lay fever, cold in the head or any inflammation of the nasal passages. FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CAYENNE CURE is a sure and speedy remedy. 50 cents.

PROFESSIONAL,
JO. F. MORGAN,
 Attorney and Counselor 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, 1895—4f.

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

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

D. S. BRISCOE,
 Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
 219 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md
 1875—4f.

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—4f.

HENRY P. SPALDING,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
 Prompt attention given to all business entrusted in his care.
 Jan. 1, '95—4f

WALTER B. DORSEY,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 LEONARDTOWN, MD.
 Office—Register of Wills' Office.
 Jan 14 '92—3f.

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 28—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, cap 27 93

DUKE BOND,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
 National Mechanics Bank Building.
 BALTIMORE, MD.
 Sept 29 '93.

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.
 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.

THE FATE OF JIM WAH
 BY FAITH HOMER.

'So this is Bang-up City? Then the place is a living geographical lie.'
 Rose Kenyon looked indignant as she said this.
 As she gazed about the collection of saloons and other dingy shanties which constituted the only visible portion of the far-famed mining camp, the indignant expression on her face deepened in intensity.
 For Miss Kenyon had been led to expect a very different sort of a place.

She had been told that Bang-up City was a species of earthly paradise, whose inhabitants were so well satisfied with life there that they did not care to make even a short excursion out into the outer world.
 'From what I can see of the place,' she murmured, 'I cannot understand how anyone can ever be induced to remain in the place over night.' Where is all this Western bustle of which I have heard? Where is the enterprise which builds complete new cities in a month? Bah! I have been imposed upon.'
 She paused irresolute upon the platform of the little depot that was half a log shanty and half tent.

Rose Kenyon was a very fair vision to gaze upon. Young—not over twenty—and pretty—decidedly pretty—she was the kind of woman who can be depended upon to set masculinity by the ears.
 Suitors were no novelty to Rose. She had had many lovers, but had sent them all away. Not one of them had even approached her ideal.

And now she had been allured to the Rockies by the illiterate invitation of three men who subscribed themselves as the School Trustees of Bang-up City.
 They had confessed in their queer letter, that Bang-up City was as yet without schools of any description, but they had invited her, at a salary which had astonished the New England teacher, to come out and change the affairs at Bang-up City.
 And Rose had accepted. She had expected that the trustees would be at the station to meet the first teacher of their new community, but there was not a soul near the depot. Then Rose remembered that she had not told them on which day she expected to arrive.

Finally Rose's eye fell upon a nondescript looking Chinaman who was coming leisurely up the road. He was not an inviting specimen of the Mongolian race. To begin with, he was dirty. To add to that, he was very ragged. And, to cap all, he had one of the most hideous faces ever seen.
 'Cally yo' glip, missy?' he demanded as he came close to her and picked up the heavy valise which lay at Miss Kenyon's feet.

'Is there a hotel here?' Rose asked.
 'Yes, missy; you wantee to there?'
 'Yes.'
 'Then I cally yo' bag.'
 'How much?' asked Rose. She had a New England eye to the cost of things.
 'Two bitee, missy.'
 'All right. Lead the way to the place.'

The Chinaman started down the dusty road, followed by Miss Kenyon. As they got into what might be called the heart of the city, Rose saw that there were a good many men about. As she walked along

the number of men became larger, and she noticed, not without uneasiness, that they all appeared to be following her. For, in some way, it got noised about that this decidedly pretty young woman was the new schoolma'am.
 And every mother's son of them felt that he had an interest in the schoolma'am, to pay whom all were to be taxed.
 By the time that the Chinaman came to a stop before a shanty which looked just a shade more pretentious than the rest, the street was thronged with on-lookers.

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 'Boys,' proclaimed Walker, 'from this day forth no Chinaman is to be shot at. Do you hear?'
 A chorus of affirmatives came from the crowd. Then came a gust of sighs. It was a difficult law to live up to.
 'We are losing time,' cried Rose, 'and the poor victim is losing blood. Take him on to the hotel, if you can.'
 'You pay me, missy,' said the Chinaman.

Miss Kenyon took out her purse and drew from it a silver quarter.
 'Four bitee, missy,' said the Chinaman.
 'Why,' expostulated Rose, 'you offered to carry it for 25 cents.'
 'You heap lie,' retorted Jim Wah. 'Me said four bitee—'
 Jim Wah didn't finish. There was a loud report, and the Chinaman rolled over and over on the ground, holding his side and yelling with agony.

Walker pulled off his sombrero, and bowing with native grace, and holding the smoking pistol pointed at the ground, said:
 'I beg yer pardon for scarin' yer miss, but no Chinese galoot can insult a lady when I'm around.'
 For Rose Kenyon had given a startled shriek, and now looked as if she was about to faint.

The next instant, to the amazement of all the miners, she was kneeling in the dust by the side of the wounded Chinaman.
 Jim Wah lay silent under the touch of her fingers, as she examined his wound.
 'He's not very badly hurt, after all,' she said finally.
 Jim Walker stood over her with a shamefaced air and said:
 'No, miss; he ain't very bad hurt, that's sure. I'm ashamed of myself. I ought to have done better. The next time I'll make sure of killing the moon-eyed galoot.'

Rose looked up at him with a look of disgust.
 Then she turned to the others and said:
 'Gentlemen, will some of you pick up this wounded man and take him to a bed in the hotel. No, sir, you needn't offer to help,' she cried, as Jim Walker stepped forward eagerly. 'You've done quite enough already.'
 'I'm sorry, honest, miss, if I've hurt your feelings, faltered Jim Walker, and there could be no doubt that he was sincere.
 'And the Chinaman—are you sorry for him?' she demanded sternly.
 'No, miss; nobody out this way is ever sorry for a Chinaman.'
 'But he has a life, sir.'
 'So has a monkey or a rattlesnake.'

'But a Chinaman's life is human.'
 'You're the first, miss, who ever said so in Bang-up City. We hain't been used to looking at it that way. All we know 'bout 'em is that they are more low-down than Injuns. I beg yer pardon for saying it, miss, but when you've been here longer you'll think the same way about it that we do.'
 'Never!' retorted Rose, with a shudder. 'If I thought that I could ever become so hard-hearted by remaining here, I would take the next train East.'

At this declaration the men looked apprehensive. The vision of

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