Saint Mary's Beacon
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By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING
A Dollar a Year in Advance

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A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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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.

TOBACCO. FLOUR.
WM. V. WATERS
WITH
J. KENT & CO.
Commission Merchants,
306 South Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
GRAIN. PRODUCE.
Dec5—tf

FINE DIAMONDS,
WATCHES,
JEWELRY,
SOLID SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
Wedding and Birthday Presents.
CHARLES A. ROUSH,
8. West Lexington St., NEAR LIBERTY
Oct311—1y* BALTIMORE, M

THE COMMERCIAL HOUSE
MECHANICSVILLE, MD.,
G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.
Good rooms, good table and everything first class. Give me a call. Livery attached, and travelers sent to all parts of the county. Rates low. June 24—tf

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

Please announce Mr. MORGAN RALEY as a candidate for the next House of Delegates. He will be warmly supported by the 7th District.

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.
50 cents—all drug stores.
FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.
FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

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—yt

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, 1895.

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.

LOVERS.

Long ago these two were lovers
These who each other's eyes
Gaze, as seeing before them
Ghosts of those long dead arise,
Poor, pale phantoms, apparitions
That they pity, since they know,
There can be no resurrection
For the love of long ago.

Proud eyes dim now, and grow tender
With the dew of unshed tears;
Face to face there, all forgotten
Are the dark, dividing years.
Old fond memories, green as grasses
In the spring wave to and fro
O'er the deep grave where they buried
Their dead love so long ago.

Was it love or an illusion
That they buried? What is this
That comes back now to confront them,
If in Lethe's black abyss
All the past was plunged forever?
What is this that holds them so
Gazing in each other's eyes now,
Who were lovers long ago?

Gazing, gazing, what seemed ghostlike
Grows more real, grows more bright,
Till the spirits are enveloped
Once again in Love's own light.
What tho' naught is left of Passion
But the fairer afterglow?
Love is deathless—they are lovers
Who were lovers long ago!
—Mary Norton Bradford.

LOOKING FOR COBWEBS.

Bowing out a caller, she returned to the parlor and pointing upwards, said in a tone of contempt.

"See that cobweb? It caught my eye just after Mrs. —— entered the room, and I was afraid she would see it, she is such a perfect housekeeper, that I could think of nothing else, and it quite spoiled my call."

Her listener, a placid old lady, said sweetly. "It is too bad to let such a little thing as a cobweb, that I am sure no one saw but yourself, spoil so pleasant a call, dear."

"Yes, I suppose I am foolish; they sometimes call me a 'cobweb crank' and say I am always hunting for cobwebs, but this one escaped my eye, and I feel quite disgraced by it."

The speaker, after making sure that the offender had been brushed away, seated herself and continued intently to gaze aloft for possible cobwebs.

"Would you suppose to see me such an easy-going old woman as I am," said Grandma, an almost friendless old lady who had come to spend the day with the 'cobweb crank,' "that I was once as easily annoyed at the sight of a cobweb as you are?"

"Why, no; were you truly, Grandma?"

"Yes, dear, I beat anybody you ever saw for fussiness in my younger days."

"What changed you, for nothing seems to fret you now?" asked her hostess.

"Well, I will tell you, dear, though I don't often talk about the past. It don't do no good as a rule, but perhaps my experience may help you to guard against the sin of overneatness. For while I think that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' it can be carried to such extremes as to be sinful.

"It was all owin' to my bein' brought up wrong. My mother died when I was a baby, then my father married agi'n and I was made over to a maiden aunt, a maiden lady who had but one idea in her head and that was to work.

"She jest beat all for work, that woman did! and she made me work, too, early and late; until I was that beat out that to get away from her and my hateful life, I married when I wa'n't but sixteen.

"I had been so hard worked that I was jest a little mite of a thing, not half grown. My husband was a rich farmer and good deal older'n me and I thought I was doin' well, but, O dear, I soon found the one I had married hadn't much more mercy on me than my old aunt. He expected me to do all the work, which was more'n one strong woman ought to do; and work I did, but if I'd 'a known how, I'd saved myself lots, but I didn't.

"I thought, in spite of milkin' and churnin' and work that needed two pair of hands, my home must be kept up just as Aunt Marier kept hers.

"Well, I will spare you some of it, for at best it is a sad story, but at thirty I was a helpless invalid with two children—girls, aged eight and ten years. I guess in these days they'd call my trouble a case of nervous prostration, but in those days the doctor [illegible] jest wore out, and I g[illegible]ad it about right.

"But my [illegible]nstead of bein' more te[illegible]eemed to feel injured li[illegible] he had an invalid wife [illegible] and he did a heap of [illegible] so I tried to help in ev[illegible] could, and by hirin' the [illegible]one, the girls managed [illegible] rest. O how foolish I [illegible] never were strong, [illegible] and I should a' saved [illegible] possible, but in[illegible] bring them up jest [illegible] up—to fight dirt.

"They were such faithful girls, and tried in every way to please me, and make up to me for my loss of health, and I would often hear these little women say, after sweepin' and dustin', 'I can't see a speck of dirt, nor a cobweb, but we can't call it done until Ma sees it.' Then they would draw me in my invalid chair from room to room, saying:

" 'Now, Ma, show us the cobwebs,' for I could find cobwebs, they said, when no one else could.

"I suppose the way of that was, my position was a reclining one most of the time, and I was obliged to look up, and many, many a time I have called one of those girls to brush down a cobweb, so small I couldn't but jest see it myself, when I might better have shut my eyes to it and said:

" 'Go and rest, you dear weary child'; for they were growin' fast and needed all the outdoor air possible; but with the necessary work and with me to wait on, and my fussy ways to indulge, they had little rest or recreation.

"Well, years passed on and I continued a helpless invalid, but it never occurred to me that my girls could be taken from me; but when my oldest reached eighteen years she took cold, and in three weeks she was laid to rest, a victim of quick consumption.

"The youngest, then only sixteen, hid her grief as best she could for my sake, and shouldered the whole burden of the work. Did I learn wisdom? No; I foolishly thought things must be kept jest so, and so I continued to point out the dirt and cobwebs to my dear girl, just as I'd always done. Indeed, mournin' the loss of my oldest, I seemed blind to all but dirt; for Lily, though she never complained, was slowly dyin' before my eyes and I didn't see it until it was too late.

"I can't talk of it; but when she reached eighteen, she was laid beside her sister. My husband soon followed and I was left alone, and in spite of invalidism, a long life was before me.

"They tell me people die of broken hearts, but if it is so, I wonder I am alive; but I have been upheld by the Everlastin' Arms, and in some way my last days are my best, for I still look up, but not for cobwebs. To be sure, with my dim eyes I could not see them, but even if my sight was as good as ever, I would not look for them, for my lesson was a lasting one. I learned not to let such trifles bother me; if things ain't quite to my mind, I jest turn my back on 'em and see a cloudless sky above it all.

"But if I'd only looked at things as I do now, dear, and thought more of the health of my girls and less of cobwebs and dirt, I might have been spared these lonely years; anyhow I couldn't a' had more of their society while they lived."

The 'cobweb crank,' who had been so intently interested in the story that she had forgotten to gaze aloft, said:

"Thank you, Grandma, I trust your lesson will not be lost on me."

But her unexpressed thoughts were, "What a beautiful idea!"

" 'I still look up, but not for cobwebs.' God grant that my upward gaze hereafter may be unobscured by cobwebs. May I cultivate blindness to unimportant things, leaving a clear sky between me and Thee."

HELENA H. THOMAS.

The purifying effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are sure and speedy. Take it this month.

THE MOQUI SERPENT DANCE.

The bronzed Moqui sentineled at sunrise on the roof of his keva in the pueblo of Oraiba had looked in vain many days for the coming of the rain god.

The land was athirst and the warriors of the tribe panted like lizards on the burning rocks.

Months had lengthened into seasons, and the pitiless glare of day had parched the herbage of the mesa and dried the streams at their source. Heat quivered on the broad plain, and the night brought no dew to refresh the dwellers in the Seven Cities of Tusayan.

Ba-lu-lu-kong, the great serpent, god of water, lay torpid like the sidewinder of the barren lands—asleep, while the land thirsted and the crops perished and the people cried aloud in the fear of their hearts—praying that the mighty tail might strike the clouds to loose the lightnings and send the thunder rolling across the three plateaus presaging the coming of the waters.

But on this day the lone watcher at sunrise, standing at gaze with the dawn crimsoning in the east, knew that Ba-lu-lu-kong must begin to stir in his sleep, for behold the time was come when those who worshiped the rain god prepared for the rites that made glad the heart of the great serpent and propitiated him. It was the day on which the high priests entered the kevas to fast and pray—the day on which the chantings and invocations of the people began, preparatory to the snake dance, the most solemn and impressive of Moqui ceremonies—a weird festival and a peculiar custom transmitted by oral tradition from immemorial time.

The Moqui pueblo of Oraiba is 96 miles northwest of Flagstaff, and 69 miles north of Winslow, in the Territory of Arizona.

The villages are on three mesas 800 feet above the [illegible] the edge of the cliffs. The houses of Oraiba are built in crooked rows and rise two, three and four stories, with broken ollas for chimneys and fireplaces. These buildings are of rock and mud, with thatched roofs, plastered over with adobe, and they are entered by means of ladders.

In the town are 13 kevas or lodgerooms of the 13 secret organizations into which, the citizens of the village have segregated themselves.

Chief among these are the orders of the Antelope and the Snake, each governed by a high priest and a council, and by these orders is performed every other year the famous Moqui ceremony of the snake dance.

Eight days previous to the date set for the snake dance the high priest of the two orders enter their respective kevas and do not emerge until the time for the dance to begin.

During four days previous to the dance the members of the orders fast, chanting dismally, night and day, an invocation to Ba lu-lu-kong.

At sunrise on the morning on which the high priests enter the kevas the members of the snake orders leave the village and scatter down the valley towards the east looking for the reptiles that are to be used in the coming ceremonies. Each man is provided with a leather bag, some corn meal and a bahoo, or small bunch of sacred eagle feathers.

When a snake has been discovered the Moqui rushes forward, sprinkles the serpent with corn meal and caresses him with the sacred bahoo. Then he grasps the reptile deftly by the neck and thrusts it into the leather bag. The chase is continued until sunset, when the men return to their keva and deposit their snakes in large earthen jars.

At sunrise on the following morning the same men hunt toward the south, the next day to the west and the next to the north. This is repeated during the four following days beginning in the east. Then the snake collecting is finished.

As a safeguard against the bites of the snakes the Indians drink of the bitter tea called Ma-ku-be, the essence of an herb known only to the chief priest of each order, and revealed to his successor only at the near approach of death, or when too old to continue in office.

At the instant of sunrise as the first glint of light falls upon the sacred feathers by the wasted pools the devotees leap forward in the mad race for the keva on the mesa, a mile distant, rising 800 feet from the valley at the summit of a rugged and tortuous trail.

It is a feat that no athlete of civilization would dare to undertake under the same condition. For four days these men have fasted. Only the energy of their faith nerves them to the effort, and the weakest even of these falls sometimes by the wayside exhausted, swooning, dying.

It is a race with the sun. His fiery lances must not strike the lintels of the keva portal before the children of the Great Serpent fall prostrate at the entrance. To see these men enter the village, straining every muscle, with haggard faces drawn by the agony of their terrible exertion, their hair afloat on the winds of their swift movement, their lips flecked with the spume of glands that flow for lack of strengthening sustenance—to look upon this heroic, terrifying spectacle is to recall the fables of the ancient Greeks when men fled at headlong pace from the wrath of hideous monsters pursuing to destroy.

Now a space is cleared at the edge of the village, and everything is in readiness for the weird ceremony. Here on the last occasion when the rite was performed 900 Indians assembled around the boske, a shrine built of cottonwood branches in a circular form, with a curtain at the entrance, and within which was placed the jars containing the snakes previously gathered.

Already Ba-lu-lu-kong began to awake. Clouds had lifted along the horizon and vaporous banners floated from the battlements of the sky.

Suddenly 11 men of the Antelope order emerged from their keva, marching in single file to the boske. Circling the open space they lined up with their backs to the shrine, while the chief priests sprinkled them with consecrated water from the tip of the sacred eagle feather. These men wore the sacred blanket of the Moquis around their loins, dark-red moccasins on their feet, a bunch of corn husks tied to each arm above the elbow and eagle feathers in their hair; each carried a white-painted gourd rattle in his right hand. Their bodies were painted black with white streaks coiled and sinuous like the snakes they were about to loose.

Then came 13 members of the Snake order in single file, the chief priest carrying a sack containing the reptiles, which he deposited in the boske. The Snakes halted, facing the Antelopes at a distance of about 12 feet. They wore dark red sheepskin aprons, with moccasins, feathers and corn husks; their faces were painted black and their bodies streaked with yellow—unlovely creatures and terrifying to look upon.

Five of the Snakes stepped to the rear; eight formed in single file, facing to the right and marching to the left, led by a boy 8 years old. At the door of the boske they halted.

Here the boy put his right hand in the sack and drew forth a snake, rattler 5 feet long and girthed like the fetlock of a wild horse. The boy attempted to hold the serpent with his teeth four inches back of the head, and he made several efforts before he could open his mouth wide enough. The fold of the snake was over the boy's left arm.

As soon as he had a good grip on the snake the march and chant were resumed. The snake-carrier helped the momentum of his foot with a quick jerk toward the left of the closed right hand; the man behind him placed his left hand on the snake-carrier's left shoulder near the snake's head, and with a few eagle feathers in his right hand he seemed to be chasing the snake toward the left, so as to keep the serpent's fangs from the carrier's face.

The third man picked up a snake from the boske and carried it as the first, while the fourth acted as the second man did; thus it went on until the eight men, or four couples were in motion. By the time the last couple were ready to take a snake the first would have completed a few circuits of the space; then he would take the reptile from his mouth and gently throw him on the ground, then march around until he would reach the boske again and take another snake.

This was continued until all the snakes had been used, but in the meantime the snake that had been thrown on the ground was receiving attention. As soon as the snake struck the earth one of the five outside men followed it, sprinkling cornmeal on its body and brushing it with a bahoo; then, like a streak of lightning, the watcher grasped it back of the head and carried it to one of the Antelopes to hold.

When all the snakes had been put through the ceremonial and were secure in the hands of the Antelopes, the high priest of the Snake Order led the way for about 35 feet toward the west, where 10 squaws with black cloth wrapped about them were gathered. The Antelopes followed with the captive snakes in their hands and formed a circle around the women. A short prayer to Ba-lu-lu-kong was offered by the women, who then sprinkled cornmeal on the gound and quickly retired.

Suddenly the Antelopes dropped all the reptiles in a wriggling mass on the cornmeal, and the Snakes as suddenly darted forward, and grabbing as many as each could lay his hands on they rushed to the cardinal points of the compass and down to the valley below, where the reptiles were set at liberty.

During the absence of the Snakes the Antelopes circled the empty boske chanting mournfully. They then retired to their keva and resumed their ordinary grab—the snake dance of the Moqui tribe was ended for that season.

Singularly enough, in the cultivated apprehension of the civilized watcher at this peculiarly barbaric invocation the object sought was attained.

The clouds hanging low over the mesas spilled not a drop until the echo of the last chord died away on the rising wind. Then Ba-lu-lu-kong struck the cloud masses and the forked lightning darted forth like the tongues of the serpents of the dance; the thunder of the god-like stroke made the earth tremble and a deluge was poured upon the seven cities of Tusayan.

Hence, unshaken is the faith of the Moqui in Ba-lu-lu-kong, and the lone sentinel no longer watches at dawn from the roof of the keva of Oraiba.—San Francisco Examiner.

Any one who has ever had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism will rejoice with Mr. J. A. Stumm, 220 Boyle Heights, Los Angeles, over his fortunate escape from a siege of that distressing ailment. Mr. Stumm is foreman of Meraiam's confectionery establishment. Some months ago, on leaving the heated work room to run across the street on an errand, he was caught out in the rain. The result was that when ready to go home that night he was unable to walk, owing to inflammatory rheumatism. He was taken home, and on arrival was placed in front of a good fire and thoroughly rubbed with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. During the evening and night he was repeatedly bathed with this liniment, and by morning was relieved of all rheumatic pains. He now takes especial pleasure in praising Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, Md.

Shello: Hello, Tute, are you playing your cornet as much as ever? Tute: No; gave it up. How is that? I thought you were all bound up in it? So I was, but another genius moved in next door, and I had a chance to hear how the thing really sounded.—Boston Courier.