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STAR CLOTHING HOUSE,
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Now, that you could see a Big Stock of seasonable
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Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LIV. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895. NO. 745.

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 and
Lassitude. This wonderful remedy
is sold by all druggists and by the
FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Side-Alder.

Within our church a favorite spot is mine
Where oft, when Mass is o'er, I kneel to pray,
And every care and trouble I resign
To him who there, in simple, sweet array
Looks down with mercy from her saintly shrine
Whene'er I linger near.

At the close of day
With work well done and fevered head and
brain,
On coming home I pass this holy place,
And hesitate to breathe a prayer, and gain
Or all the night brings forth a soothing grace
To help me better bear deserved pain,
And this, before our Mary's heavenly face!
—J. E. M. Raley in "The Hourly."

Resignation.

Today my mother's letter read:
Your Father in his home lies dead.
I raised my face to heaven and cried
O God! my soul is crucified.

But God's soul answered unto mine—
My will is best, My ways divine.

Ah! then, what if all men should die,
Since God's Love lives eternally!
—J. E. M. Raley in "The Hourly."

Strawberries.

Welcome guest of the spring-time,
Where have you been so long?
Now we know that blossoms sweet,
Bird-life, warmth, and song
Will all around us cluster,
And you, red buds, have been
The first to tell the world of life
To usher summer in.
—D. R.

FATED.

BY FRED F. POSTER.

CHAPTER I.

"I should like to see you, alone,
a few moments, Cora," said Mr.
Benton to his daughter—a dazzling
brunette of eighteen—as both rose
from the dinner-table.

"Yes, sir," was the response; and
they passed into the library.

"You have heard me speak of my
chum in college and particular
friend, Mr. Gervaise?" inquired
Mr. Benton, seating himself on a
bamboo chair, while Cora occupied
a fauteuil.

"Frequently."

"The last time I saw him, more
than a dozen years ago, he said
nothing would give him greater
pleasure than the thought that his

well-wisher would welcome a deach-
ter, and I told him such an event
would be entirely agreeable to me.
He wished this to come about in a
perfectly natural manner; that no
intimation of it be given either of
you—certainly not till you both
were of a marriageable age. I, as
you know, have never sought to ex-
ercise the least influence over you,
so far as the gentleman with whom
you associated is concerned, and
have left you quite at liberty to re-
ceive their attentions; nor should I
have objected to any one as a son-
in-law, whom you had seen fit to
choose as a husband, provided he
possessed a good moral character.
I believe, however, there is no gen-
tleman for whom you have a marked
preference, or who has any claim to
your affections?"

"There is not, father."

"I, this morning, received a let-
ter from Wallace, who has just re-
turned from Europe—where he has
been studying most of the time since
his father died—in which he states
his purpose to visit me, his father's
old friend, for a few weeks. I am
confident it will not be possible for
him to associate with you familiar-
ly and not be more or less affected
by your personal and mental charms,
as, I fear, many gentlemen already
have been to their sorrow," smiling
as he looked upon his daughter,
whose flashing black eyes were well
calculated to play havoc with im-
pressive masculine hearts.

"I trust you do not attribute any
'sorrow' gentlemen may have experi-
enced on my account to malice
preconception on my part?" demurely.

"I know you are as coquettish as
a kitten; but that is a fault of
youth, resultant from an exuberance
of vitality, so we will let it
pass," waving his hand. "I shall
be exceedingly sorry if you encour-
age any attention on the part of
Wallace Gervaise, unless you are so
favorably impressed with him that
you are willing to say 'yes' should
he solicit your hand in marriage."

"Possibly he has found his affec-
tion."

"That I shall endeavor to learn by
dexterous questioning, shortly after
his arrival. I apprehend, however,
he has, in some way, learned his
father's wishes, and that his pur-
posed visit will be to me only—ten-

sibly; really, in order to be ac-
quainted with you, and to be
presumable that a young man would
have such a regard for the
his father as to take a jour-
ney as from New York to Leonard-
town merely to see him?"

"What sort of a young man is
this Wallace Gervaise?"

"I haven't seen him nearly
sixteen years, at which time his
city compels me to be un-
friendly in my personal appearance was
attractive. He was then a grow-
ing, tall and angular; his hair of
a tawny hue, and his eyes were af-
fected with a squint."

"Your picture of him does not
to be admired, that's a fact."

"We can never predict with cer-
tainty what the man will be from
what the boy is, physically, men-
tally or morally."

"His many sterling qualities, prob-
ably, richly compensate for any
possible want of personal beauty,"
half scornfully.

"I know, by report, that he is a
very accomplished scholar; and, if
he is like his father, he is one of
the best men in the world," said Mr.
Benton, sternly.

"What is his profession, occupa-
tion, or trade?" asked Cora.

"That I cannot tell. It was once
his father's ambition that he be a
clergyman."

Hearing this, Cora began to laugh
immoderately, and continued to do
so till the tears rolled down her
cheeks.

"What in the world are you laugh-
ing at, father, in astonishment."

"The idea of a cross-eyed man be-
ing a minister."

"No clergyman can be popular
unless he is able to preach against
the sins of the world in such a way
that his hearers are led to believe
his admonitions intended for oth-
ers, never for themselves. A cross-
eyed man cannot do this, because

it always seems to them as if he
is looking at them, so, of
course, each member of his congre-
gation would have to take what was
said to himself. And a clergyman
who is unpopular—be he never so
earnest and intelligent—is likely to
have very brief pastorates. I do
not think I am fitted, by birth or
education, to become the wife of a
minister, much less of an itinerant."

"I am not sure that you are fitted
to become the wife of any man, in
a tone indicating his annoyance.

"Blessed old father, you have ex-
pressed my own views nicely," she
replied; and, going to him, she
seated herself on his knee, placed
her arms around his neck, and kis-
sed him affectionately, then stroked
his long beard, into which the gray
was rapidly stealing, though he was
less than fifty. "Your kindly, if
unwise, overindulgence of my ever-
y desire has rendered the idea of
my having to deny myself anything
I wished extremely repugnant to
me; and, of course, I should be
obliged to practice self-denial, in
event of my marrying, unless my
husband chanced to be a Croesus,
and such men are averse to making
drafts upon their coffers when it is
not absolutely necessary. Old-
maidhood, in a house like mine,
does not seem to me a terrible fate,
by any means."

"And I certainly do not wish you
to leave your present home, unless
you meet some one, a home with
whom you think would be prefer-
able to that you now have. Even
then it would cause me many a bit-
ter pang to part from you; for,
since your mother's death, you have
been my chief comfort," tremulous-
ly.

"Such a person I do not think I
shall soon see," she said; and, with
another kiss, she left the room.

CHAPTER II.

Silas Winter was the man of
Stratford, most emphatically. Dur-
ing the late Rebellion he amassed a
vast fortune, which he invested in
such enterprises as contributed to
the future welfare and prosperity of
his native place. Then he mar-
ried a lady many years his junior,
who, he thought, would preside in
his paternal residence with grace
and dignity, and who was willing

to overlook the disparity in their
ages on account of some 'extenuat-
ing circumstances,' which it will
not be necessary to particularize when
we say, previous to his marriage,
she was a poor girl.

If there was one thing dearer to
Mrs. Winter's heart than any other,
it was to be found in the soirees
which she gave weekly during the
month of August. They were very
recherche affairs, and decidedly en-
joyable, too; and to them all Strat-
ford—the respectable portion there-
of, we mean, was invited. There
were those sufficiently ungenerous
that they asserted these parties
were gotten up for the express
purpose of introducing Miss Sarah
Jones—Mrs. Winter's sister, and a
member of the household—to pub-
lic notice, in the hope that she
might find a partner for life. As
Miss Jones, though by no means an
ill-looking lady, was of an age when
the peach-bloom was departed from
the cheek, and the chances of her
ever becoming a wife grew fewer
with each succeeding year, and—
thirdly—as the soirees were at that
season of the year when Stratford
abounded in visitors from the city
—it may be the reason for them,
assigned by the censorious, was not
utterly without foundation.

On occasion of one of these gath-
erings, Cora Benton stood looking
over a *porte-feuille* of rare engrav-
ings—Mrs. Winter was nothing if
not esthetic—when her arm was
touched. Turning, she saw the
village physician, Dr. Abercrombie,
near her, and, at his side, a gentle-
man who was an entire stranger to
her. He was quite tall, had a fair
complexion and regular features,
light-brown hair, which waved from
a high, white forehead, laughing
blue eyes, and whiskers worn in the
English style; and she, at once,
mentally pronounced him hand-
some and *distinguee*-looking.

"Miss Benton, permit me to make
my acquaintance with you, if you
do not object," said the doctor.

"I am happy to meet Miss Ben-
ton," said Mr. Lloyd, bowing grace-
fully.

"Just as I reached here I was
summoned to attend a patient,"
continued the doctor, "and it will
be necessary that I immediately
withdraw from this company, much
as I regret having to do so. I wish
some one to take charge of my
friend, and, not seeing Mr. or Mrs.
Winter, I come to you as the per-
son best qualified to act in that
capacity."

"It will give me pleasure to act
in that capacity" as far as in my
power, replied Cora.

"Thank you. I do not think you
will find it an arduous task," re-
marked the doctor. "I am confi-
dent he will amply repay you for
your efforts in his behalf by his as-
sistance in contributing to the plea-
sure of this evening. He plays the
piano like a Gottschalk, sings like
a—"

"That will do," interrupted Mr.
Lloyd, his face crimsoning.

"'Tis true," persisted the doctor,
'as you will find if you see fit to call
upon him."

"I have no doubt Mr. Lloyd will
make good your words when his ser-
vices are called into requisition, as
they are certain to be some time
during the evening," said Cora.

"That he will," responded Dr.
Abercrombie. "But I must leave
you, asking to be remembered to
Mr. and Mrs. Winter, and wishing
you the very pleasant evening that
will, without doubt, be yours; and
he was gone.

"I trust you will not accept all
my friend said of me as the truth,
Miss Benson," remarked Mr. Lloyd.

"He is regarded as veracious, I
believe," replied Cora archly.

"I fear you are not so well versed
in his joking propensities as his
fellow-students."

"Perhaps not; but—"
At this juncture Mrs. Winter ap-
peared, and, addressing her, Cora
said:

"Mrs. Winter, let me introduce
to you Mr. Lloyd, a friend of Dr.
Abercrombie."

"Any of Dr. Abercrombie's friends
I am pleased to see here," returned
Mrs. Winter. "But where is the

doctor? I have not seen him this
evening."

His professional services were re-
quired, and he went from here but
a moment since, wishing to be re-
membered to you and your hus-
band," answered Cora.

"I am sorry he is not with us,"
said Mrs. Winter. "He is such a
mirthful disposition and his gaiety
is so infectious, it is not possible
that dullness reign where he is.
But, my dear Cora, I came near
forgetting my errand. My sister
wishes to see you in her room, for
some important reason, I presume,"
smiling. "I trust Mr. Lloyd will
excuse your absence a few moments."

"Certainly," replied that gentle-
man.

As Cora retired, Mrs. Winter re-
marked—

"If Mr. Lloyd will give me his
arm I shall be delighted to present
him to some of my guests, that he
may not feel a stranger in a strange
place."

"Thank you," said Mr. Lloyd,
and they started to make a tour of
the rooms.

For a long time Cora found no
opportunity for further conversa-
tion with him, though she frequen-
tly saw him at a little distance from
herself, and always surrounded by
a group of ladies and gentlemen,
who seemed deeply interested in
what he was saying. But when the
orchestra struck up one of Strauss's
waltzes he came to her and said—

"Shall I have the pleasure of this
waltz with you?"

"If you wish," she replied.

"What a waltz it was! Of all the
gentlemen with whom she had ever
danced, no one had equalled her
present partner. His every motion
was so easy, so full of grace. It
did not appear to her that she
touched the floor, but rather that
she was lifted up and floated through
the air. Unconsciously she allow-
ed her head to drop upon his shoul-

der, and she was so overcome with
such a sense of ecstasy, she
scarcely dared to breathe, lest it be
dispelled; and when the music
ceased, she was so dazed she could
not speak.

"May I have the next waltz with
you, Miss Benton?" he asked, as
he seated her. "It is my favorite
dance."

"Oh, yes!" was the response, with
an emphasis that expressed more
than was intended.

In the colloquy that ensued be-
tween them she learned that he
had been an extensive traveller in
foreign lands; and he delineated
what he had seen abroad in such
vivid, brilliant, picturesque lan-
guage as brought it almost before
her eyes. Never, previously, had
she met so interesting a conversa-
tionalist, and she readily compre-
hended why the others whom she
had seen conversing with him had
listened so attentively.

"Excuse me for interrupting you,
love," said Mrs. Winter, drawing
near, "but there is an almost un-
iversal desire on the part of my
guests that you sing. Will you
favor us?"

"Certainly," replied Cora; and,
remembering what Dr. Abercrombie
had said of his musical attainments,
she turned to Mr. Lloyd with,
'Will you be so good as to play my
accompaniment?'

"With pleasure, to the best of my
ability," he answered; and, rising,
he escorted Cora to the piano, seat-
ing himself at the instrument.

Selecting a piece of music, she
placed it before him; and his pre-
lude at once convinced her the doc-
tor's laudations of his technique
were fully warranted. When she
finished her song there was a lively
encore.

"Perhaps you will sing with me,"
she said to Mr. Lloyd, sotto voce.
'A duet will be a novelty at these
soirees, where my singing has con-
stituted most of the vocal music,
and the change will, I am certain,
be agreeable to the rest of the com-
pany, as assuredly it will be to me.'

"I am not a professional singer,
by any means," he replied, smiling,
and in so low a tone his words were
not audible to any save Cora, "but
I shall offer no objection to a com-
pliance with your request."

Parties having Real or Personal Prop-
erty for sale can obtain descriptive hand-
bills neatly executed and at City Prices.

"You are very kind," was the quiet
response; and she admired the readi-
ness with which he granted what
one less thoroughly a gentleman
would have accorded her, if at all,
only after repeated solicitation.

"Do you sing that?" he asked, as,
in turning the music, she came to
the *Adio speranza* from 'Rigoletto.'

"I do."
'Shall we sing it? or do you pre-
fer some other piece?'

"This, as well as any."
'It is immaterial to me; though,
it may be, the majority of our au-
dience would appreciate English
better.'

"Very likely."

The company was quite surprised
at hearing a duet instead of a solo;
but this caused them less surprise
than did the fullness, roundness,
richness of his sweet voice. There
were those present who afterward
declared that Mr. Lloyd sang as
finely as any one they had ever
heard in opera; and as those who
thus expressed themselves were
residents in cities, and regular opera-
goers, they ought to have been com-
petent judges. As for Cora, though
she had studied music in one of the
celebrated conservatories of Boston,
she had seldom attended the opera,
and did not consider herself qual-
ified to institute a comparison be-
tween Mr. Lloyd and the distin-
guished tenors to whom she had
been privileged to listen. His voice
however, seemed to her extremely
pleasing; and, more than once,
while singing the duo with him,
her own voice sank almost to a
whisper that she might hear his.

Rounds of applause followed the
close of the duet. There was noth-
ing to do but they must sing again,
Mrs. Winter told them.

"I am not accustomed to making
excuses," said Cora, "but my throat
feels tired, and if you will be so
kind as to sing alone, Mr. Lloyd,
I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"I am sorry to accommodate Miss
Benton," he replied, "but as she
sat down, he began the rollicking
Brindisi from 'Lucreza Borgia,' fol-
lowing it with that exquisite mor-
cowa, Franz's Schimmerlied, which
he sang most tenderly; and his lis-
teners evinced their appreciation of
it in their moist eyes and silence.
Arising from the piano, he bowed
to the company, and seated him-
self near Cora.

When the time came for the dis-
persion of the guests, Mr. and Mrs.
Winter sought out Mr. Lloyd.

"We are under especial obliga-
tions to you, Mr. Lloyd, for what
you have done toward making the
evening far pleasanter for our
friends than it could have been save
for your kindly efforts," said Mrs.
Winter, "and we thank you heartily.
During your stay in our village we
shall be more than glad to see you
at our home whenever you can make
it convenient to call."

"Yes," added Mr. Winter, "drop
in at any time; don't be at all cer-
emonious."

"Thank you; and rest assured I
shall avail myself of the hospitality
so cordially extended to me," was
the response.

Most decidedly was Mr. Lloyd the
lion of the occasion; yet he was so
human, withal, that he asked per-
mission of Cora Benton to accom-
pany her home from the soiree.
And she was sufficiently feminine
that she granted what he asked.

CHAPTER III.

From the time of their meeting
at the soiree Cora and Mr. Lloyd
were much in each others' company,
and they found their tastes quite
similar. She was a graceful and
skilled equestrienne, he considered
riding, a cheval, the ne plus ultra
of sports. She was deeply interest-
ed in German, the study of which
she had begun herself; it was his
favorite language, and he afforded
her invaluable assistance in attain-
ing a correct pronunciation of the
same. Both were passionately fond
of music.

If Cora—piquant, witty, fascinat-
ing, somewhat inclined to imper-
iousness; and coquettish as a kit-
ten—was the belle of Stratford,
Mr. Lloyd possessed the happy fac-
tiousness of a clown.

(Continued on fourth page.)