Saint Mary's Beacon

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Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. P. YATES & F. V. KING.

A Dollar a Year in Advance

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.....$1 00
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Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly advertisements. Correspondence solicited

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— WITH

J. KENT & CO.

Commission Merchants,

306 South Charles Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

GRAIN. *PRODUCE.*

Dec 5—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 suppotred by the *7th District.*

Eczema Isn't A Nice Disease.

It is painful, irritating, disgusting—offensive alike to the sufferer and his friends. The little watery, blistery eruptions itch and tingle. Scratching doesn't help. You may scratch to the bone and only make it worse, but it can be cured by using

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

Eczema shows itself in other ways, but when little blisters, or scaly, watery patches appear, this ointment should be used at once. It cures quickly and permanently. It cures other skin diseases, too—tetter, ring worm, itch, salt rheum, dandruff, pimples, blotches and scald head. Numerous cases of itching piles, which are caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the rectum, have been permanently cured by this potent and soothing emollient.

50 cents. Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE CO.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE will relieve all inflammation of the nasal passages and will cure the worst cases of catarrh. It's 50 cents at drug stores.

"CAN'T CALCULATE.

"What poor short-sighted worms we be—
For we can't calculate
With any sort of sartintee,
What is to be our fate.

"These words Prissilla's heart did reach,
And caused her tears to flow,
When first she heard the elder preach
About six months ago.

"How true it is what he did state,
And thus affected her,
That nobody can't calculate
What is a-gwine to occur.

"When we retire, can't calculate
But what afore the morn
Our housen will be conflaggerate,
And we be left forlorn.

"Can't calculate when we come in
From ary neighborin' place,
Whether we ever go out agin
To look on Natur's face.

"Can't calculate upon the weather
It always changes so;
Hain't no means of telling whether
It's gwine to rain or snow.

"Can't calculate with no precision
On naught beneath the sky;
And so I've come to the decision,
That 'taint worth while to try."

SOLD!

M. Bernstein, wily old dealer in antiquities, every morning was wont to repair at 11 precisely to the old fashioned Bravette restaurant. At that particular time he well knew that business was quiet—so quiet that to an outsider the place would seem as if it were going to the dogs, but instead it was a flourishing concern. So, to the minute every morning, he took his seat in the topmast curtained box, ordered his soup and roll and read the paper until half past 11, when the first stream of clerks and others would begin to arrive. Then, having partaken of the cheapest repast he could get, he would again repair to his establishment at the Base de Beranger.

As he sat reading his paper one beautiful May morning and giving occasional dip with his roll into the soup his attention was momentarily drawn to two customers who entered and came and sat down in the adjoining box. He heard them give the waiter an order and then went on reading his paper again. Suddenly he became alert and began to listen eagerly to the conversation.

"I can assure you, old fellow," said one in low but clear tone, 'I can assure you that it is a masterpiece, a genuine Murillo and a perfect gem.'

Old Bernstein now began to listen intently and kept very still. Evidently they did not know of his near presence.

'A glorious work,' continued the speaker. 'Such a picture of gypsy children which I have never seen equaled, and the coloring of it is superb, magnificent! In fact words fail me to express its beauties.'

'You astonish me,' was the reply. 'But how came you to discover it? Such finds are few and far between nowadays.'

'I will explain to you exactly how it was. Some two years ago we made a very delicate piece of machinery for an English firm, and the workman who really made and put it together left us six months ago. Last week it was returned for repairs, but unfortunately we have no one now on the works who properly understands it. So yesterday I was ordered to go down to Bernace to see if Jules was with his father, old Claude Revers, who lives on a small farm. I dare say you have noticed the old white house near to the station.'

'I have noticed it many a time when going through Bernace,' was the reply. 'But proceed.'

'However, when I arrived at the old fellow's place, I found on inquiry that his son was away in England, so my business for the nonce was done. The old fellow, knowing that I had an hour or so to wait for my train, invited me to stay and chat with him about his son, and to make matters more comfortable went below in his cellar to get a bottle of wine for our refreshing. Old Revers suffers badly from rheumatism, so he was some little time before he returned. Meanwhile I had been looking at a coarse daub of the Madonna which hung on the opposite wall when suddenly something prompted me to take it down and examine it closely. To my surprise I saw that the front of the canvas of the Ma[illegible] had slipped slightly, revealin[illegible] her canvas behind it. I had [illegible]thers with me, and had I [illegible]me then I would have take[illegible] the wooden back and exami[illegible]it, but just then I heard the [illegible]ow coming up the cellar step[illegible] I had perforce to put it [illegible] wall again. The wine was [illegible] good, so between us we fin[illegible], and then I prompted the ol[illegible] to fetch another bottle. He [illegible]hing loath, especially when [illegible] franc on the table, so [illegible] went once again, carrying the empty bottle with him and chuckling to himself. So now was my chance, and taking it down once again I laid it flat on the table, whipped out the nails which held the back in position and brought the beauties of the hidden canvas, the Murillo, into the light of day.'

'What a splendid discovery! I am itching to see and handle it. But go on. I am quite interested.'

'My first thought was that I might take it way surreptitiously, as the old fellow was not aware of its existence, but it was rather too large to smuggle away. Then, on second thoughts, the old man did not seem well off, and I settled in my mind to offer him 20 francs for it. I had just time to refix the nails and put it back on the wall when the old man opened the room door.'

'You were only just in time then?' laughed the other.

'Just so. But, however, as soon as the fresh bottle was opened I told him I had taken a great liking to his picture opposite, and that I would buy it from him. The old fellow laughed, I thought somewhat contemptuously, inquiring what I would give.'

' 'Twenty francs,' and so saying I laid that amount on the table, thinking he would not resist the sight of the money and telling him that no one would give him more for it.

' 'Perhaps not, m'sieu,' was the curt answer, 'but I have no desire to sell it. It would bring me bad luck, and I have had quite sufficient of that, for my farm and buildings here are burdened with a debt of 10,000 francs. But, putting that on one side, why should I sell the Madonna, of which my dear old wife was so fond, for a few paltry francs? Bah! Why should I? So to end the matter, m'sieu, if you want my old picture, the price is the debt on my farm, and neither you nor anybody else would be fool enough to give me that. So good day, m'sieu. Your train will be here in ten minutes,' and the old man laughed immoderately at his proposition.

' 'Good day, Papa Revers. I may come and see you again some day,' I replied as I left him, and so here I am, only you and I knowing of this matter.'

'I am glad you have been so discreet, Pierre, on that latter point. But what do you propose to do now?'

'This: Advance me the 10,000 francs, with which I feel sure I can tempt old Revers to sell it to me. Then, supposing it only realizes 60,000 francs, we can divide the 50,000 between us. What say you? Are you agreed?'

'I am so satisfied with your judgment, Pierre, that if you will come with me to my office I will get you the money, and then when can you start?'

'Not before 3.30. I have to go to the works yet to settle a few matters of business.'

Bernstein heard them walk out, and not before then did he venture to assume an erect position. Now was his chance. He would profit by the conversation he had overheard and go down to Bernace at once. There would be a train before 3.30 o'clock.

'Here, Jacques,' he called to the waiter, 'a time table quick. How fortunate! There is one at 12.30, and I shall be first after all,' and his face assumed an unwonted happy expression, while the waiter stared in amazement, for the old man had given him a sou, the very first—and the last too. 'Something wonderful has happened,' the waiter thought.

Old Bernstein did not lose any more time, but was soon back at his establishment and seated at his desk.

'Ten thousand francs; suppose I take 15,000. It is best to be on the safe side; one never knows—and a Murillo! Father Abraham, what a prize!' And with evident satisfaction he packed the notes in his pockets, picked up a large canvas bag and was soon after on his way to Bernace. But, strange to say, the two men whom he had overheard in the restaurant watched him to his establishment and then saw him depart by the train, and as soon as he had started one of them dispatched a telegram to Blaude Revers, Bernace.

It was delivered to that person before old Bernstein had gone half the distance, while the old dealer sat and looked quite happy and jubilant—so jubilant that when he arrived at the little station he again opened his heart by giving the old station master, who was porter and everything else combined, a few sous, as he was so elated at his prospects. Two minutes sufficed to take him to the door of old Revers' cottage, at which he knocked quickly, and it was at once opened by an old man whom he at once guessed was the person he had come to see.

'From Paris; and to see me? Truly you are welcome, m'sieu. Come inside, pray.'

The offer was accepted, the old man hobbling forward and placing a seat for his visitor.

'And what, m'sieu, can be your business with me?' inquired the old man, fixing his sharp gray eyes on his visitor.

'Well, my friend, to come to the point at once, a friend of mine who came to see you the other day has told me of a picture you have, and which I see hanging there. Now, he is rather infatuated with that picture, and although I have tried to persuade him to the best of my ability,' said the old dealer, leaning forward and spreading out his hands, palms upward, 'he will not be gainsaid. The foolish fellow thinks it will bring him good luck. Did you ever hear of such a frivolous idea?' and he gave a shrill cackle, but with eyes fixed eagerly on the picture.

'Then of course your good luck friend told you the price I fixed upon it, which I will tell you was merely to get rid of him, as I do not wish to sell it.'

The old man paused for awhile to get his breath.

'Again, why, m'sieu, should I sell it, I am old, and although I have not much left me,' glancing around the bare looking room, 'my son is very good to me, and he also cherishes the one thing that his old mother was so fond of, and which he says I must never part with.' Here the old man wept, while Bernstein wiped his eyes in pretended sympathy. No m'sieu, I can work a little yet,' and the old man straightened himself proudly, 'and with my son's help we manage to pay the interest on my little farm; so why should I sell?' and twirling his mustache he glared fiercely at the old Jew.

'Father Abraham!' replied Bernstein, licking his thin lips and trying to speak as if only for the old man's good, 'and to think that an old citizen should have to work as you do at your time of life, and for what?—to pay some rascally money lender—while I, even I, would be a deliverer to you and give you, mark, 11,000 francs, with which you will be able to pay off your debt with a little to spare, while my friend—foolish fellow I think him—will receive your picture. What say you, my dear friend?' and he rubbed his hands unctuously, calling him in his own mind a pigheaded old fool. But come what would, he must have it, he thought. Old Revers shook his head even at 12,000 francs, which caused Bernstein to turn a sallower hue, groaning at the perversity and wickedness of this refusal. At last, calling on all the patriarchs to bear witness and counting down on the table 13,000 francs, he averred that he would not give another franc, not one.

At the sight of so much money old Revers at last relented, and with tears in his eyes lifted down the picture, reverently kissed it, and handing it to the old Jew sank down in a seat by the side of the money, averting his eyes from the picture he thought so much of. With an intensely gratified expression, the new owner carefully enveloped his treasure in his canvas bag with great haste.

'Bon jour, M. Revers,' said the old Jew as he opened the door. But old Revers lay with his head and arms across the table and made no reply, upon which, fearful that the old man should repent and stupidly perhaps ask for it again, he darted from the cottage hugging his purchase and in 15 minutes was being whirled back to Paris with the picture.

Could Bernstein have seen old Revers two minutes after his departure he would have had a fit of apoplexy, for Revers had now assumed an erect attitude, had thrown off his old blue linen blouse and kicking off his sabots stood revealed as a man of about 40, smiling with the greatest of satisfaction as he packed into a small handbag the 13,000 francs with a false wig and beard. Then, with bag in hand, he emerged from the rear of the cottage, which had been his abiding place for two days only, and made a detour for the railway station, entering the rear part of the train as it was about to steam out, while the old Jew sat in another compartment hugging his beloved treasure.

At length he arrived safe and sound in his sanctum and laid his purchase before his wife, who as yet knew nothing of his errand.

'What have you there, Israel?' was her inquiry as she peered curiously at the daub.

'That, my love, that,' he replied, pointing to the face of the Madonna, 'is worth only that,' and he snapped his fingers, 'but at the back of that—ah h-h-h!' and he gave a long drawn expression of something good to come. 'Yes, my love, when I take off the back from that picture you shall be surprised at what I shall show you. Be prepared, my dear Leah; be prtpared.'

With his pinchers he pulled out the nails which held the wooden back tightly in and with an agitated manner took out the hidden canvas, but where, oh, where was the Murillo, this chef d'œuvre, the beautiful coloring of the gypsy children?

Nothing there but one word plainly traced in black letters on a gray ground. 'Sold!'

TOO EXACT.—While General Butler was in front of Petersburg he received the news that his favorite horse, Almond Eye, had been accidentally killed by falling into a ravine. Thereupon he ordered an Irish servant to go and skin the animal.

'What! Is Almond Eye dead?' asked Pat.

'What's that to you? Do as I bid you and ask no questions.'

Pat went about his business and in an hour or two returned.

'Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?' sternly demanded the General.

'Skinning the horse, your honor.'

'Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?'

'No, yer honor; but then you see, it tuck 'bout half an hour to catch him,' innocently replied Pat.

General Butler cast upon his servant such a ferocious look that Pat thought he meditated skinning an Irishman in revenge for the death of his horse.—Boston Herald.

Having used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and found it to be a first-class article, I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. J. V. Foster, Westport, Cal. For sale by W. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.

Keep your hearts warm by feeling for others, and your powers active by work done in earnest.

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.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.—The shock given to the colonies must have been tremendous, and even England was staggered. The brave, pigheaded martinet had stood out as a more vivid personality than most of the British leaders who left their bones or their reputations, or both, upon American soil. Out of 86 officers, 63 were killed or badly wounded; out of 1500 men a little over a third escaped extinction; the assailants were about 700 in number.

The picture of the heroic blockhead who was responsible for the tragedy borne away dying in the midst of the panic stricken troops is the most pathetic of the whole war. 'Who would have thought it? who would have thought it?' he muttered in all the agony of a bullet in the lungs. 'We shall know better next time.' But there was no next time for Braddock. He was buried in the centre of the track that for generations was called Braddock's road, and, the wagons and the artillery were rolled over his new-made grave to obliterate every trace of the spot where the burly bulldog lay, lest pursuing Indians should find and desecrate his corpse.

I have ridden over the Alleghanies 200 miles to the south of the old Cumberland and Fort du Quesne trail, and been told by mountainneers, who could not read or write, that I was on Braddock's road, so strong is the tradition of that memorable fight, and none the less so, perhaps, from the grotesque misplacement of locality. It is said that in his dying hours he could not bear the sight of a red coat, and that with his last breath he deplored his insults to the Virginia militia, who under Washington had covered his retreat and lost nearly their whole number.—Macmillan's Magazine.

"UP TO THE SCRATCH."—Is this expression derived from the old idea that a witch was deprived of her power by a person drawing her blood by scratching her? In the trial of Richard Hathaway, as a cheat and impostor, at Surrey Assizes, March 24, 1703, it was alleged against him that he did, in the presence and hearing of divers persons, falsely, devilishly, and knowingly, and as a false impostor, pretend and affirm that he was bewitched by Sarah Morduck, and that by reason thereof he could not eat, but had fasted ten weeks successively; and pretended also that he was affected with divers diseases, and that by drawing blood from the said Sarah by scratching he should be freed from his said pretended bewitching; and that the defendant did thereupon scratch the said Sarah and draw blood from her; and thereupon falsely affirm that by drawing the said blood he was freed from the said diseases; whereas, in truth and fact, he never was bewitched, nor had fasted as aforesaid, and knew himself not to be bewitched by the said Sarah.

Forby, 'Vocabulary of East Anglia,' Vol. II., 1830, says;

'Where a witch is known to harbour resentment against any one, or to have expressed an intention of doing him an injury, it is held to be a sure preservative if the party threatened can draw blood from the sorceress; and many a poor old woman has been scarified from the received opinion that a witch will not come to the scratch.'—Notes and Queries.

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Husband (triumphantly)—I've done it. I have played two games of chess blindfolded. Wife—Well, I'd like to run out for half an hour. Suppose you mix the bread, mind the baby, stir the pudding, baste the roast, watch the vegetables, and answer the door-bell for awhile. You needn't be blindfolded.

Children with weak eyes, sore ears, or any form of scrofula, cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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—y‡

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.