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Jan 19, 1895—

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

**FOR THE LEGISLATURE.**  
Messrs. Elders—Please announce through the columns of your valuable paper Prof. HENRY WINGATE as a suitable candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the democratic nomination. With his unquestionable ability to serve his constituents, coupled with his faithful and untiring efforts in the cause of democracy, will secure for him the undivided support of the entire county.  
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Indicate inactivity of the skin. They show that the pores are clogged and that poisonous refuse matter has been denied an egress. The accumulation of this matter under the skin shows in red lumps, blotches and possibly in pimples.



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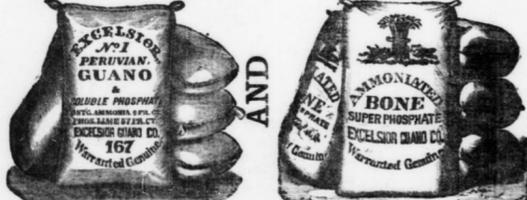
It has cured innumerable stubborn cases of pimples, blotches, ring worm, tetter, eczema, dandruff, itch and salt rheum. It will cure the worst kind of itching piles.

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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?

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WE HAVE SURELY DONE IT  
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### PATIENCE RAWLINS' HEROISM.

The fourth French and Indian war was declared in due form at Boston, Massachusetts, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, July 25, 1722, and the first appearance of the enemy in New Hampshire was at Dover, where Joseph Ham was killed and his three children taken prisoners. The second victim was Tristram Heard, and then came the attack on the settlement at Lamprey River Landing, near Newmarket, August 29th, when Patience Rawlins, a girl only twelve years of age, gave her life in the hope of saving those she loved.

In this settlement were four "garrisoned houses," so called because they had been built with especial reference to resisting the attack from the Indians. The remainder of the dwellings were ordinary log buildings stoutly made, but not calculated to hold in check any considerable number of savages.

After the war had been declared, it was customary for the inhabitants of the little village to seek shelter in the "block houses" during night, leaving their own homes to the mercy of any hostiles who might pass that way.

Nearly a year had elapsed since the "Three Years' War" began, and the dwellers at Lamprey River Landing had grown careless in their immunity from an attack. During two months prior to the 29th of August, Aaron Rawlins and his brother Samuel, both of whom lived on the outskirts of the settlement, had neglected to take any precautions for the safety of their family after nightfall, owing to the annoyance and trouble of moving back and forth every twenty-four hours.

Aaron's household consisted of himself, his wife, Patience, a girl of twelve years, Thomas, a boy of eight, and Mary, two years younger. This day had been exceedingly warm, and as the shadows of evening began to lengthen the members of the family were seated on the broad stone which served as a step to the door, when Jethro Nock, who lived two miles further down the river, came up, looking anxious and excited. "Why are you here?" he asked, sharply, and Mr. Rawlins replied, laughingly.

"Because we are at home, which is better than having a two-mile pull in a boat, as you must take before supper."

"Did you know your brother Sam had gone to the block-house?"

"What has startled Sam now? He always was a timorous man, and during the past year has spent fully a third of his time moving to and fro, seeking shelter from savages who never come."

"This time, friend Rawlins, they are reported to be close at hand, and it behooves you to follow Samuel's example. I shall take my little ones into the settlement, even though I am forced to travel all night."

"But where are the savages?"

"Have you not learned of the murder of Tristram Heard?"

"That was done two weeks ago, and the miscreants are in Canada again long before this."

"It is said a party of eighteen have been seen near the settlement, and—"

"I have heard such rumors before, Friend Nock; but no harm has come to me or mine yet."

"Be not overconfident. The cautious man is he who sees danger in every bush—"

"And thereby loses much time looking for it, when he had better bettling the not overgenerous soil."

The kindly intentioned neighbor, who had walked half a mile out of his direct course in order to warn his friend, made no reply, but hurried on, fearful lest some harm should already have come to his loved ones.

Mrs. Rawlins was not as bold as her husband, and Mr. Nock had no sooner disappeared among the trees than she called her children into the house, where she made certain the windows were fastened as securely as was possible.

Half an hour later her husband followed, and the dwelling was being closed for the night, when the

good woman perceived that some yarn which had been taken from the dye-pot the evening was yet hanging on the line at the front of the house.

"Wait until morning, Aaron," she said, as her husband was putting in place the wooden bar which served as a door.

Thomas and Mary, who had been frightened by the words of Mr. Nock, followed her, believing there could be no danger, as the safety was more assured than their mother's.

Patience, who was already in the rude bed in which she and Mary slept, when she was startled by seeing her father, who had been standing in the doorway watching his wife's movements suddenly spring back into the room and bar the door hurriedly.

"Why father," she cried, "mother and the children are—"

"The Indians have come, my child! I have been a fool in my fancied security, and now our lives will pay the forfeit!"

"But mother—"

She and the children are already in the hands of the enemy. Even as I looked after them they were each seized by two savages, who covered their mouths to prevent an alarm being given, and dragged them within the shelter of the bushes."

"Then we must go to their aid!" and Patience hastily took down one of the two guns which hung, loaded and primed, above the fireplace.

"You will need the rifle, my daughter; but we can do no more for your poor mother and the babies than to die with them if we went out," and Mr. Rawlins spoke in a tone of despair.

"Are we to make no effort to save them?"

"All we can do is to hold the house against the enemy, making the best defence God permits. By so doing the neighbors will be alarmed, and there are enough men in the settlement to overpower the savages, if it happily be that but eighteen are in the party, as Jethro Nock stated. It is our only hope of aiding them, Patience, and this night you must be as a son to me."

"I can use the rifle, father, and if in so doing I am helping our dear ones, I shall be willing to die with it in my hands."

It is more than probable that Aaron Rawlins understood fully how vain would be their efforts at holding the enemy in check; but he had good reason to believe his neighbors would hasten to the rescue immediately on hearing the reports of the weapons.

Believing she would be assisting the most spirited defence possible, Patience, her face colorless and with a nervous tremor of the hands which could not at first be repressed, went to the window at the front of the house, through the shutter of which small apertures had been cut.

"Fire at the first tuft of feathers you see," Mr. Rawlins said, hoarsely, as he took his station at the door, "and God grant that you don't waste a bullet, for our supply is all too small for our necessities."

The child realized that she must conquer the fever of fear which had seized upon her if she would aid the loved ones, and the rifle was lowered for an instant as she breathed a prayer, not in her own behalf, but for those in the power of the enemy who knew no mercy.

When she raised her weapon to the loop-hole again her hands were steady; the nervous tremor had disappeared nevermore to return.

Peering eagerly into the thicket, which was now dim and shadowy in the gloom of the evening, she saw a moving object which at any other time would have been mistaken for a bird.

The weapon was discharged, and a sudden movement of the foliage told that the first bullet had not been wasted.

"Well done, Patience!" her father cried, hoarsely. "The alarm has been given, and the neighbors must soon come to the rescue."

"If they succeed in freeing mother and the children it will be enough. If I could only give myself up in their stead!"

"You are doing all that is possible, my darling, and between us we shall keep the fiends in check till aid can come. They are not so brave that they will come out in fair battle, and we should be able to hold our house against them, at least, until the ammunition is exhausted."

During the succeeding quarter of an hour the defenders of the building had but little opportunity for conversation. The savages were drawing nearer and nearer the doomed dwelling, and both the bare ones were fully occupied. Patience had discharged her weapon until the barrel was so hot as to burn her slender fingers, and she was obliged to cool it as best she could with water.

Half an hour passed; the attack was being made with more vigor; the rattle of fire arms should have been heard a mile away, but the hoped for assistance failed to arrive.

"The men in the block-house must have heard the noise, father," Patience said in a tremulous voice. "They think the enemy is here in larger force than really is the case, and are afraid to venture out. When your rifle is cool, give it to me, and take mine. It is growing so dark that I haven't seen my target fairly since the last ten minutes."

Reloading her weapon, Patience gave it to her father, receiving his in exchange. She was yet busily engaged pouring water into the heated barrel, when a cry of anguish caught her to look up just as her father fell to the floor, the blood gushing from his lips. Through the crevices between the logs a bullet had found its way, wounding him unto death. Springing to his side she did her feeble best to raise his head; but he motioned her away, saying as he did so.

"Your place is at the loop-hole, my darling. It is to save your own life that you must hold the house now; mine is nearly gone."

Patience hardly understood what he had said; the thought had suddenly come to her that unless a vigorous defence was continued her mother might be exposed to yet more danger, and she took her father's station at the door. Five times did she discharge the weapon at shadowy forms which could be seen darting to and fro amid the shrubbery, and then came a violent concussion which literally shook the building. Well did she know the meaning of that shock. The enemy had felled a tree, and was using it to batter down the door.

Forgetting her post of duty for an instant she ran to where her father lay, kissed his blood-stained lips, and whispered:

"God love and keep you!"

Then her weapon was discharged once more; but it was for the last time. Another blow on the already splintered door, and through the opening thus made a host of painted savages burst in. The little heroine barred their passage for an instant, and then she was stricken down without pity.

Patience Rawlins had given her life in vain for her loved ones.

The savages, in too great haste to destroy the building, rushed forth to attack the home of Samuel Rawlins.

This, fortunately, they found deserted, and with their captives they beat a hasty retreat, probably fearing the members of the garrisoned houses would sally out to give them battle.

Meanwhile those in the fortified building awaited an attack. It was believed, from the rapid discharge of musketry during the assault in which Patience was murdered, that the enemy were present in very large force, and among them all was no man so brave as the twelve year old girl, since not one attempted to aid his suffering neighbor.

At break of day, when it was positive the enemy had fled, the inhabitants of the block-house ventured forth, and found Mr. Rawlins yet alive, despite his grievous wounds.

He lived sufficiently long to tell the story which is here set down so feebly, and then his soul went out to join the heroic daughter's.

Four years later, when the flowers were blooming above the grave which alone marked the sight of Patience Rawlins' home, the mother returned. She had been ransomed by some charitable people of Montreal, and came back eagerly anticipating a meeting with her husband and child.

Thomas, the son who had been captured, was adopted by the Indians and the historian Jeremy Belknap says: "He lived with them all his days; he came to Pennsylvania with the Indians after the peace, and expressed to some people with whom he conversed much resentment against his uncle, Samuel Rawlins, on supposing he had detained from his mother some property left by his father, but manifested no desire of returning to Newmarket again. The daughter (Mary) married with a Frenchman, and when she was near sixty years old returned with her husband to her native place—and after a year or two went back to Canada."

**How to Get Rid of the Blues.**  
The blues make a person suffering from their presence extremely uncomfortable says Harper's Round Table and her discomfort in a subtle way acts upon others, so that nobody is quite cheerful in her neighborhood. People who are 'blue' are quite often cross as well, and are unable to accept pleasantly the ups and downs of every day. Now, when you think of it, you must admit that it is very humiliating experience to be cross, for cross people are disagreeable, and none of us wishes to be that.

The best way to get rid of the blues is not to own that they have you. Put on your hat and go for a walk. Call on a friend and take her a piece of music you are to try together, or the book you have just finished, which you would like to lend her. Do something kind for somebody, and stop thinking about yourself. The greatest waste of time in this world, dears, is to think too much about one's self. Mrs. Browning gives the right idea in her poem, "My Kate," where she says, "Twas her thinking of others that made you think of her."

Don't laugh at me, girls, when I tell you that half the low spirits one hears springs from a very prosaic source. That pound of chocolates, that rich pudding, that piece of frosted cake, all of them very delicious, but all very indigestible, are to blame, in most instances, for a young girl's depression. Try what Emerson called 'plain living and high thinking,' and see how cheery life will become.

A boy's composition on hens reads as follows: "Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swaller their vittles whole, and chew it up in their crops inside of 'em. The outside of hens is generally put into pillers and feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they dig up more potato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum pudding. I like plum pudding. Skippy Bates eat so much plum pudding once that it set him into the colery. Hens have got wings, and can fly when they are scart. I cut my Uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet, and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens."

**SUNFLOWER SAPIENCE.**—We all eat and talk too much.  
A chicken in a frying pan must be more comfortable than a chicken in a coop in front of a grocery store in summer.

Widows seem to shed tears with one eye, and use the other to look for another husband.  
You are a very fortunate individual if you can reach 10 o'clock any morning in the week without having been found fault with that day.

Watch the flies on cold mornings; that is the way you will feel and act when you are old.—Acheson Globe.

**NEWS IN BRIEF.**  
From the Baltimore Sun.  
Wednesday, June 12, 1895.  
The Queen Anne's democratic convention was run by the Keating element, 22 to 14.

Wm. H. Hinks was nominated by the republicans for mayor of Frederick City.  
Caveat to the will of the late James Owens, Sr., has been filed in Anne Arundel county.

At Richmond, Va., the United States Circuit Court of Appeals dissolved the injunction of Judge Goff in the South Carolina registration case.

Two inches of rain fell over the entire State of Nebraska in the past 48 hours. Fields of grain which had been parched so that a match would have kindled a conflagration have revived and will in most cases yield a fair crop.

The Talbot county democratic convention adopted resolutions endorsing Senators Gorman and Gibson, instructing the delegates nominated for the Legislature to vote for Senator Gibson and instructing the delegation to vote under the unit rule for State officers.

Stubbs—Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you, sir. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary.

Spudds—And didn't he try to hit you?

Stubbs—No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back I just hung up the telephone and walked away.

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.

Wearly Wiggins (handing dipper)—You look dry. Here's a drink of water.  
Wayside Husks (waving the dipper away)—What's the use of spoiling a good thirst like I've got.—Chicago Record.

Some people are constantly troubled with pimples and boils, especially about the face and neck. The best remedy is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels all humors through the proper channels, and so makes the skin become soft, healthy, and fair.

He (protestingly)—Poverty is no crime.  
She—Possibly not morally, but it is matrimonially.—Detroit Free Press.