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Saint Mary's Beacon

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JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILL HEADS

RECUT WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City Prices.

ESTABLISHED 1824. No Charge for Dressing Lumber. No Charge for Delivery on Boat or Cars. Florida and South Carolina Cypress Shingles. Every Shingle Guaranteed No. 1. 4 by 20 Shingles, \$3.50 per 1,000. 5 by 20 Shingles, \$4.50 per 1,000. 6 by 20 Shingles, \$6.00 per 1,000. LATHS N. Carolina, No better made, \$1.90 pr 1000. DOORS ALL WHITE PINE, EVERY REGULAR SIZE. 1 INCH AND A HALF THICK, BEST WORKMANSHIP, Apices, 90 Cents. 5-8 CEILING Clear North Carolina, One Width, 3 Reeds, Latest Style, Per 100 Feet, \$1.50. NORTH CAROLINA FLOORING Common, \$1.25 per 100 Feet. No. 2, \$1.50 per 100 Feet. Clear, Kiln Dried, One Width, \$1.75 per 100 Feet. FRANK LIBBY & CO., Cor. 6th St., and New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOS. B. H. TURNER } JOHN M. PAGE, R. O. MULLIKIN, } Salesmen. Cashier. Maryland Commission Agency of Baltimore City. Succeeding the Southern Maryland Commission Agency for the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Wool, Live Stock, Peaches and Farm Produce Generally. South-East Corner of Pratt and Charles Streets, BALTIMORE, MD. DIRECTORS:—J. T. Hutchins, Pres. Louis F. Deirick, John B. Lyon, Richard H. Garner, F. H. Darnall, P. J. Bowen, John B. Gray, Jos. S. Wilson, Sec.

A WORD OF WARNING HOW to begin the New Year right has been the theme of Press and Pulpit, especially on Household and Political Economy. There is no better way to economize than by visiting the store of A. S. BENVILLE & CO., AT RIDGE, MD., where will be found the largest and most complete STOCK of GOODS in Southern Maryland, which will be sold at prices to suit the times. We do not approve of a direct tax, or any other tax, upon the people. RECIPROCITY is the banner we are sailing under and if you give us your patronage we will guarantee you the benefit. Our Millinery Department is still replete with latest styles, which will be closed out regardless of cost, as we carry no old stock in this line. Also, Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Dress Goods, Notions and Trimmings. Gentlemen's Furnishings, Boys' Clothes, etc., etc. Our stock of Notions is always complete. You can buy from a half-pin to a first class SEWING MACHINE. There are no crumms, baby carriages, toy pistols or chewing gum given you with your purchase, but you will get one hundred cents worth for a dollar every time. A. S. BENVILLE & CO., At Ridge or Branch Store at Benville's Wharf, Jan. 18—47

MOORE'S HOTEL AND Summer Resort. I take pleasure in informing my customers and the traveling public that I have thoroughly renovated my house, improved and refitted the same and am fully prepared to accommodate both Permanent and Transient Boarders. The BAR, in every particular, complete. My stables have been rebuilt and are in first-class condition for accommodation of horses and the storage of all kinds of vehicles. Call and see for yourselves. HERBERT F. MOORE, Proprietor. June 25, 1895—47

Your Appearance MAY BE MARRED, Your Health MAY BE AFFECTED, Your Comfort MAY BE DISTURBED by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or tumors of the skin, known in their various forms as ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES. IS THE CERTAIN AND PERMANENT REMEDY FOR THESE AND ALL SKIN DISEASES. Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD. For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GREAT ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy. JO F. MORGAN, Insurance Agent & Broker, LEONARDTOWN, MD. Represents the following First class Companies with combined assets of twelve million dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies. Watertown Fire, of New York, London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire, Mutual Endowment Assurance of Baltimore Life, New York Mutual Life, Connecticut Mutual Life. Also Life Insurance can be secured in New York Mutual Life and Mutual Reserve Fund of New York at low rates. Jan 12, 89—y

A Night Battle with Wolves in a Norway Hamlet. My father was a minister in the small parish of Upper Rendale, in Norway. When we first settled in Upper Rendale parsonage the parish had been for years unmolested by wolves. The old fence that had once protected the dog kennel had fallen to decay, and it had not been thought worth while to have it replaced. We had two dogs at the parsonage, Ajax and Hector. Ajax was a common hare bound, white and black saddled. He was medium-sized and the most spirited animal I have ever known. We small boys had many a merry frolic with him. Often when he had bounded far beyond us to fetch a ball or a stick one of us had cast he would lie down, with his head between his paws, his eyes beaming with roguishness, to wait till we caught up with him. As soon as we were near enough to touch him he would dart nimbly away, and so he would keep it up until we dropped down, unable to take another step. Then he would roll on the ground with us, bubbling over with mirth. He was never known to snarl or snap at us, no matter how rough we might be. He flew at every dog, large or small, that appeared on the road. Swift as lightning, with jaws that gripped like a vise, and with an indomitable will, he usually came off victorious. When he did get into a pinch, Hector came growling to his rescue, and that settled the matter. Hector was a large yellow St. Bernard of the long-haired kind. We children rode him, drove him, and did pretty much as we pleased with him. He followed us like a shadow. The approach of strangers was usually announced by him with a few gruff barks, and then he permitted Ajax to furnish the rest of the music. Smaller dogs than himself Hector never harmed, and larger ones there were not for miles around. For Ajax he cherished a faithful, patient friendship. At night Ajax slept in the dog kennel, while Hector kept guard outside. One cold, star-lit evening in February, 1858, my brother and I, two small boys, were coasting on the hill north of the parsonage, our pointed caps drawn down over our ears, our fingers protected by coarse woolen mittens. The crisp snow creaked and groaned under our heels as we went up the hill, and shrieked beneath the steel runners of our sleds as we made our daring flights downward. Sharply defined shadows were cast on the snow by the moon, and Hector and Ajax, our constant companions, looked with intelligent eyes at the fairy-land scene about us. From the parsonage woodshed stole the lurid glow of the pine torch. The steady sound of chopping there gave us that comfortable sense of security the nearness of people always brings. Otherwise the surrounding stillness was undisturbed, save by the occasional groaning of some heavily-laden vehicle on the road or the slamming of a door in the distance. Suddenly my brother seized my arm. "Hark!" whispered he. From the thicket above us a long, hungry howl was ringing through the night air. It was promptly answered from a point still farther up the slope, and presently from the opposite side of the valley. Throwing back his head, Hector listened intently; Ajax bristled and growled. We boys knew the sound and shuddered. "Let's go home," said my brother, lashing the sleds together. We were on our way down the hill when some one called us from the parsonage. At the door father was waiting for us. He patted Hector's head, helped us boys to put up our sleds and brushed off the snow, and then hurried us into the house. "The wolves are about," he said quietly to mother, as he took up his paper. She seemed uneasy and ques-

tioned us children pretty closely. A series of wolf howls followed, one of them about a dog who had a narrow escape from a wolf which had sprung at him one dark night on the public highway. "You see, children, you cannot be too careful," said mother, as she rang the bell for the maid to bring in supper. While we were still at the table, Ole Johnson, one of the men hands, came in from the woodshed and stood in the doorway, waiting. "It might be well to keep the dogs indoors tonight," he said. "No," but I heard them awhile ago," replied Ole. "Take Ajax into the servant's hall," said mother, "and Hector may sleep in the nursery." To have Hector in our room seemed to us boys the safest, most delightful thing imaginable. We were quite sure he was the strongest dog in the world, and could dispose of twenty, ay, a hundred wolves. As we went up to bed, however, our courage was somewhat shaken by the distant howling we heard, and when Hector came upstairs with Marit, the nursemaid, he screamed aloud with fright. We actually thought the wolf had broken in. Long after we crept into bed we lay shivering with cold and dread, until finally the warmth of the fire Marit had kindled pervaded the room, and the crackling flames mingled with Hector's heavy breathing lulled us to rest. How late it was when I started up in a panic of terror I cannot say. A confused blending of snarling and howling filled the air, and on the window was plainly outlined the huge, dark head of some animal, with wide-open jaws. Clapping my hands over my eyes I shrieked out. Marit was aroused by my cry, and coming to my bedside asked drowsily what was the matter. "Look!" I cried, pointing. At this moment Hector, for it was his head I had seen, barked loudly, and standing on his hind legs, with his fore paws on the window sill, made a desperate effort to see through the frost-painted glass. Moving toward the window Marit cleared a space and stood peering out into the night. In an instant I was at her side, barefoot and trembling. To my dying day I shall never forget the sight we saw. In an open space on the hillside, north of the parsonage, a dark mass was writhing and tossing on the snow amid snarls and howls that rent the air like the roar of a distant waterfall. "Wolves!" murmured Marit, grasping my arm. Just then mother opened the door leading into the hall, and Hector, darting past her, sprang down the steps and was only stopped by the front door. Mother gave orders to put the children's clothes on, and it was not long before every one in the house was dressed and at the window commanding a view of the struggle. Famous for all time in the parish will be that battle fought between six or seven wolves and the fiercest dogs in the vicinity. Long-drawn howls, shrill, excited yelps and another groans woke the echoes of the night. I quivered in every limb as I watched the thrilling spectacle presented by the strong gaunt wolves contending with the small dogs that sprang into the air, came floundering down, rolled over and over and darted forward again. Suddenly a man was seen running from the servant's hall. It was Ole Johnson. Father threw open the window and peremptorily ordered him to go back into house. "Ajax is with me," cried Ole, halting. "Let Hector loose," he cried, presently. Then, hastening to the woodshed, he seized an ax and was about starting for the scene of the combat. "Stay where you are! Have you

gone stark mad?" shouted father. Ole stood for a moment, irresolute. Above the din there now arose a high-pitched shriek from a voice we would all have known among hundreds. It gradually became more smothered, and finally resolved itself into a gurgling moan. "They are killing him!" screamed Marit, sobbing aloud. At this Ole started off as fast as he could go. Hector, too, had recognized his comrade's call. With a hoarse bark he lunged himself against the hall door, and scratching with his teeth and claws, determined to get out. "Then, in heaven's name, let him go," cried father, and Marit flew down stairs to open the door. The huge animal bounded northward with vigorous leaps, past Ole, and not resting until he had found him whom he was seeking. Then followed a matchless display of indomitable strength and ferocity. Four dogs were engaged in mortal combat with one tall, powerful wolf, who was just about to get the better of Ajax. With head proudly erect, Hector sprang to the group, seized the savage brute and flung it high into the air. As it came sprawling down, he throttled it and slapped the ground with it like one gone mad, making the snow fly in all directions. Suddenly he relaxed his hold—the wolf was dead. At the door of the servant's hall stood Ole, with Ajax in his arms. Hector bounded toward them, sniffed at the trembling, bleeding Ajax, and then darted back into the thicket of the fray. Laying the wounded hound on a cushion, Ole hurried northward again, taking with him two other lads, each armed with an ax. When they reached the battlefield the result of the combat was decided. Four wolves lay dead or dying among a heap of mangled dogs. The others had skulked away, but their hideous howling was still making the night dismal. Hector moved from group to group, sniffing at the dead and fawning over the injured dogs that lay in the snow, licking their wounds. Four more than half an hour he paced to and fro, laid down, got up again and showed every sign of intense excitement. Not until all the living dogs had gone home did he relinquish his post and present himself at the house door. As soon as he was admitted he found his way to Ajax, and with much demonstration of affection fell to licking the little fellow's wounds. This task accomplished, he dropped down with a long and weary sigh, and began to attend to his own. Ajax crept quivering between his big comrade's legs, turned uneasily a few times and finally curled himself up comfortably. He was pretty badly hurt, having a deep gash in his back, and a long, gaping rent in the throat. The next morning traces of the conflict were widespread. Blood dyed the snow, mangled, lifeless wrecks were strewn around, and tufts of hair drifted about in the wind. People gathered from all parts of the parish. Some lingered about the woodshed where Ole narrated the blood-curdling events of the night, while he dressed the wolf skins. All this happened some years ago, but even to-day in that far-away little parish Norway the people speak of that night; and if you should go to the parsonage you will see close to the gate of the little garden to your right, two low mounds where lie the faithful dogs, Hector and Ajax, who fought the famous battle with the wolves.

A Man Who Can Cook. New York Tribune: "To begin with my cooking, I know you are skeptical, but I don't see anything in this cooking so far to prevent almost anyone from trying it. I begin with making my own coffee. There is more science to that than most people think. I have been horrified at the mixtures people will call coffee and swallow as such. I use a little French coffeepot, and my blend is simply pure Mocha, or what they sell for such in the best stores. I have not been able to get the kind of coffee I took such a fancy to in London. While I am dressing and shaving myself I find it almost no trouble to pour every two or three minutes a little of the water boiling on my spirit stove through the filter top of the coffeepot. For a small tip weekly the man-servant of a boarding-house is always very glad to bring up my breakfast, and three-quarters of an hour from the time he has called me, I have had my bath, shaved, and am ready for eating. I always have a little hot milk brought up, and this, with three teaspoonfuls of evaporated cream, enables me to have a cup of coffee such as many a millionaire doesn't know how to get. As soon as the water for the coffee boils, I gild refined gold by pouring a little of the hot water into the coffeepot to heat it, emptying and wiping it dry; of course, at once, when I wrap it up in a towel. Now I put the coffee to one side, and putting a little fresh good butter, which I buy and keep on hand, in the frying-pan, I melt it and then place my steak or chop there. In a minute or two it begins to cook, and very soon it must be turned over. It is a little more difficult, this cooking over a spirit stove, than on a fire, because the heat is all in the centre, and you must be careful not to burn the frying-pan. I have concluded that frying in good butter is far superior to broiling; you don't lose any of the juice, and in this extempore cooking it is much more convenient. I like to season my meat, too, as I cook; it is much nicer, and I have got so that by spreading a few newspapers about I do not spatter enough to have the landlady make any objections. Besides the frying-pan I have a tin stew-pan, or kettle, and in this I do my pigeons and potatoes. As I said, I am only a novice, but I get a lot of satisfaction out of my cooking, keep in splendid health, and, of course, it is very economical. I don't dare to think what living at a hotel as I breakfast would cost." The speaker wound up his dissertation on the benefits of good living and how to get it by saying that it made a difference to him in dollars and cents of many times the cost of his breakfasts in the extra power, energy and enterprise they made him feel all through the day. "We had an epidemic of dysentery in this vicinity last summer," says Samuel S. Pollock, of Brice-land, Cal. "I was taken with it and suffered severely until some one called my attention to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I procured a bottle and felt better after the first dose. Before one-half of the bottle had been used I was well. I recommended it to my friends and their experience was the same. We are united in saying it is the best." For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; J. S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores. "The main problems of this day, sir, are easily solved," he began in a confident tone; "I myself..." "Ah, yes!" said the gray-haired stranger; "of course, of course. You were graduated this month, I suppose?" "Why, yes. How did you guess it?" "I know the symptoms."—Chicago Post. "Human sympathy," mused Uncle Allen Sparks, "is like a strawberry box. The bottom of it is very near the top."—Chicago Tribune. For a family medicine, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills are unrivaled. They eradicate disease.

THE HOME OF THE COLD WAVE. It is frequently asked: Where do cold waves originate? The coldest portion of the North American continent is, in all probability, in the Saskatchewan Valley, east of Mt. Hooker and Mt. Hood, both of which are situated in the Rocky Mountain range that divides British Columbia from the valley and the Alberta country. The height of this mountain range prevents the eastern trend or flow of vapor from the Pacific Ocean from crossing over into the valley, as it would were it not for this high range of mountains. Yet it must not be supposed that extreme cold always prevails here, because at certain intervals the vapor from the Pacific flows east by way of the Alaska peninsula, through the upper valley of the Athabaska River into Alberta and the valley of the Saskatchewan, and there meeting with a more southern and eastern flow of vapor that flows through the gap in the mountain range, made by the Bay of San Juan, it warms and expands the atmosphere, crosses the path of the cold wave, and a warmth of from 20 to 40 degrees is the result, as we often see graphically marked on the weather map by red dots here and there on its surface. But this does not satisfactorily answer why it is that the cold wave leaves its home in the above-mentioned valley to go junketing on a southern tour. To find the cause of those successive cold waves which we experienced from time to time last winter, we will have to look in quite another direction, down to the northern tropical latitude, where the great evaporation of those warm currents and ocean surfaces is carried westward from the Atlantic Ocean by the trade winds, and is massed together between the winds of the eastern off-shore islands, blowing sometimes from Florida, and at other times from Texas, but in either case, promoting cyclonic action, which has the effect of enlarging the area of the storm, and the immediate result is an enormous expansion of atmosphere usually denominated "low." As this "low" moves across the surface of the middle or eastern states, it pours down large quantities of water in the shape of rain, and is constantly receiving accessions of cloud matter to replenish its energies; and thus in this manner it creates more or less of a vacuum into which the air from the northwest is drawn with more or less momentum, and the cold wave is completed.—Washington Post. A PIONEER'S RECOMMENDATION. —Mr. J. W. Venable, of Downey, a pioneer of Los Angeles County, Cal., says: "Whenever I am troubled with a pain in the stomach or with diarrhoea I use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I have used it for years, know it to be a reliable remedy, and recommend it to every one." For sale by W. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; J. S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores. "Sometimes," said Brashkin's wife, "I do get a little discouraged, and think you are rather hard to please." "You don't say so?" was the astonished rejoinder. "Yes. But I must admit there is one thing you never found fault with." "What is that?" "The way I look when I wear my last year's clothes."—Washington Star. Counsel for Captain Henry W. Howgate, convicted last Friday of forgery and falsification of accounts filed a motion in arrest of judgment, alleging various errors in the indictment. It is stated he will be sentenced this week. An old lady says: "I attribute my perfect freedom from the national disease of dyspepsia entirely to one iron rule which I made years ago. That was never to eat when I was tired. No matter how hungry I am, I always rest before I break my fast." The bond syndicate has paid the balance of foreign gold due on the contract and the government gold reserve today will reach \$107,000,000.