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
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

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
EXCUTED 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,
Apiece, - - - - - 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
R. O. MULLIKIN,
Salesmen.

JOHN M. PAGE,
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. Detrick, 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 hair-pin to a first class *SEWING MACHINE*. There are no cromos, 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—tf

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, 195—tf

Foster's German Eczema Cure

FOR
ECZEMA,
TETTER,
ITCH,
SALT RHEUM,
DANDRUFF,
ITCHING PILES,
RING WORM,
PIMPLES,
BLOTCHES
AND ALL
SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure suddenly or miraculously, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There are other things which give some relief, but nothing else is so quick, so thorough and so certain as this. It isn't an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

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. 50 Cents.

JO F. MORGAN,
Insurance Agent & Broker,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Represents the following First class Companies with combined assets of twelve million of dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies.

Westertown Fire, of New York,
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire,
Mutual Endowment Assessment 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, 82—y

A FAILURE.

He cast his net at morn where fishers toiled,
At eve he drew it empty to the shore;
He took the diver's plunge into the sea,
But thence within his hand no pearl he bore.

He ran a race, but never reached his goal;
He sped an arrow, but missed his aim;
And slept at last beneath a simple stone,
With no achievements carved about his name.

Men called it failure; but for my own part
I dare not use that word, for what if heaven
Shall question, ere its judgment shall be read,
Not "hast thou won?" but only "hast thou striven?" —Kate Tucker Goode.

SECURING THE CONTRACT.

BY A. H. GIBSON.

A slender girl about twelve years old, with dark hair and eyes, was watering her thirsty morning-glory vines, which she was training up the sides of her dugout home.

'Callie!' called a weak man's voice from inside.

Dropping the basin of water, she entered the dugout. On a home-made bed in one corner lay a man of about thirty-nine years flushed with fever.

'Do you want anything, pa?' she asked, as she stroked the dark hair from the hot brow with cool fingers.

'It's almost time for you to go and drive up Bossy, isn't it?' he asked, looking up tenderly into the child's face.

'Yes, papa. How are you feeling now—better?'

'A little. The fever is going down slowly. You may give me a sup of water, then go and get Bossy.'

She gave him a drink in her own little tin cup, the best drinking vessel she had, then ran back of the hut to where the horses were lariated on the rank prairie grass.

Slipping the rope off Dolly's neck, the girl put a bridle on the gentle creature's head, led her to the side of a ravine, jumped lightly on her back and dashed across the prairie.

The sun was just setting when she found the cow and started her toward home. As she came out of a thicket fringing a stream, a horseman met her.

'Hello, sissy!' was his somewhat coarse greeting.

He was a tall, stout, middle-aged man, with bristling red hair and beard. He was coarsely dressed and presented anything but a pleasing appearance. It was evident from the expression of Callie's face that the man was unwelcome to her.

'Good evening, Mr. Simmons,' she answered coldly, starting her pony around him and riding on.

'How's your papa?' he inquired, riding after her.

'He's having more chills and fever,' she replied, shortly.

'It can't be very healthy on your claim. I'd try to induce your pap to go elsewhere, if I was you. You would better leave the claim, any way.'

'But I guess we won't, for we like our claim,' she returned, with flashing eyes. 'Pa says he will have better health when he gets used to the climate. Go on Bossy!' she said to the cow that had stopped to graze.

Without looking behind her she hurried home, leaving the man gazing after her with an evil light in his yellowish gray eyes.

'That gal's a smart one. 'Twill be hard to head her off. But her dad being sick gives me a good chance to strike, if I can only git Jim Dawkins to help me. I'll go see him.' And he turned in an opposite direction.

Abel Norris and his daughter Callie, the only remaining member of his family, had come from Iowa that spring. The long journey had been made in a large covered wagon, and they had settled on a claim in Southern Kansas.

This was in 1869, just after the famous Joy land excitement, and parts of the country were quite new and unsettled. They had some trouble with Bill Simmons, a quarrelsome character who lived on Thunderbolt Creek, and was known as one of the worst agitators among the anti-Joy settlers. He asserted a prior claim to the land taken by Norris. But there was not the slightest evidence of former occupancy, and Simmons being unable to show a title to the land, Norris refused to give up the claim. Unheeding the threats of Simmons, he made a dugout on the bank of a ravine.

When his enemy found that the new settler was not easily frightened by false statements of former ownership, he had said that he would organize a gang and set Norris and his child out. But the man from Iowa was a brave one and paid no heed to his threats.

When Callie reached home she milked the cow and prepared her supper. Afterward she sat down by her father's couch and fanned him till he fell asleep. Night had passed in over the prairie, and the stars seemed smiling and coquetting with the myriads of wild flowers all around. A soft wind stirred in the morning glory vines and died away among the wild indigo and rosin weed down the ravine.

'Poor papa!' said Callie, as she gazed at her father's thin face, so pale and death-like in his sleep. 'I must get some fresh water before I go to bed, so he can have a nice fresh drink when he wakes up.'

So saying, she took a small tin bucket and stole from the hut, about three hundred yards from which a clear spring issued from the rocky side of the ravine. She reached the spring and had just filled her bucket with the cold, delicious water, when she heard horsemen approaching up the ravine. A child's natural timidity caused her to dart behind a thick clump of bushes and wait for the riders to pass.

Instead of riding on, however, they halted by the spring, only a few feet from Callie's retreat, and began talking. Peering between the leaves of her covert, she could dimly see two men. She was not long in recognizing Bill Simmons and Jim Dawkins, men who were not her father's friends.

Why were they there on her father's claim that time of night? They could mean no good to him, she felt certain.

Callie would gladly have escaped to the dugout could she have stolen away without being seen. But that was impossible, so she crouched behind the bushes, hearing every word of the dialogue between the two men.

'I tell you this claim's mighty valyble,' said Bill to Jim.

'I like the looks of it,' returned Dawkins. 'You're sure there is coal here.'

'Yes; I prospected all along the ravine before ole Norris came out to this kentry. I tell you, Jim, the whole place is underlaid with coal. There's a fortune in it for the owner, and the railroad's coming near here and will make easy transportation,' assured Simmons.

'Does old Norris know there is coal on the claim?'

'Don't think he does. You know he's been sick most of the time since he came into the kentry, and he ain't had much time to look round.'

'No, he ain't been here long. But how do you propose getting the claim away from him?' asked Dawkins.

'Contract ahead of him.'

'Hain't he contracted for the claim yet?'

'No.'

'Are you sure, Bill?'

'I've been watching the land office purty close and I know Norris hain't got no contract of this land yet.'

'Why don't you contract for the claim yourself, without asking my help?' asked Dawkins, a little suspiciously.

'Simply because I hain't got money enough to pay for getting the contract,' replied Simmons. 'I have about half enough, I reckon. But you have plenty of spondulix, Jim, and kin help me if you will. We kin ride over to Fort Scott and git a contract wrote out for this claim before old Norris kin help himself. He's down with a shaking ager, his little girl says, so we have the best chance in the world.'

'How soon can you get ready to start for Scott to get the contract? I want to leave for Missouri to-morrow.'

'I'll tell you wot we kin do. We'll start to Scott before sunrise, git the agent to attend to our business early, then you go right on to Missouri. I'll ride back to Thunderbolt and muster up a gang to help me set old Norris off the claim.'

'The very thing, Bill. I'm with you and will furnish all the money you need.'

They rode away in the darkness, leaving Callie alone by the spring to think over all she had heard.

'He shan't get papa's claim!' she cried, her eyes flashing resolutely as she returned to the dugout. 'Papa's been going to see the agent twice, and both times he has been taken sick. It's too bad!'

On reaching the dugout she found her father awake, so she told him about the conversation which she had overheard between Simmons and Dawkins.

'So this is a valuable coal claim, is it, and Simmons has been prospecting on it?' Norris repeated when Callie had finished. 'That accounts for Bill Simmons' great efforts to scare me off the land. And he and Jim Dawkins are going to take advantage of my sickness and contract under me, are they? Early to-morrow morning! Why, we have no chance at all, Callie. They will get the claim from us in spite of all we can do,' he said, despondently.

'No, they won't, papa! There's a chance yet,' cried Callie, springing to her feet.

'I know, if I was able to ride ahead of them to the land office,' said Norris, with a groan. 'But I am too weak to travel that far if the prize was the whole of Kansas. We'll have to let the villains have it, Callie, A sick man can't fight his enemies.'

'But we won't let them have it, papa; I can ride Dolly to the land office and tell the agent about it.'

'It is too long a ride for you, my child. Besides, my presence would be necessary to secure the contract; then I haven't money enough to pay down. There's only two hundred and fifty dollars under that rock.'

'I'll tell you, papa,' she cried, eagerly. 'Let me take that to the land agent, tell him the story, and maybe he'll keep the claim for us until you can pay the rest. Do let me try, papa. I can start on Dolly long before daylight and beat Bill Simmons and Jim Dawkins into Fort Scott. You must let me go, papa.'

She was only a little girl, and it was fifteen miles to the land office. It seemed a difficult, fruitless undertaking for her to try to outwit two bold, reckless men, who were so obstinately bent on getting the claim away from them.

Callie went over the situation very carefully with her father. At last, seeing how determined she was on trying to save the claim, he gave a rather reluctant consent to her making the venture.

She began making preparations for her journey, which was soon completed. Then seating herself by her father's couch she listened very attentively to his instructions. The moon came up soon after midnight. Its light would relieve her long, lonesome ride.

Taking the two hundred and fifty dollars from beneath a large flat rock by her father's bed, she concealed it in the bosom of her dress. She then kissed her father, and bidding him not to worry about her, she left the dugout and mounted Dolly, who stood bridled and saddled, waiting to carry her young mistress on her mission.

She started across the prairie at a brisk trot. The moon shed a deep golden light over the August-parched grass, and chased away the dark shadows down the lonely hollows that yawned across her path. Her horse startled the birds asleep in the grass, and sent them flitting away in the night.

She started nervously when Dolly shied as a coyote ran howling down a rocky ravine. Every sound had a nameless terror for the little girl, but she kept bravely on. The sound of a mocking-bird trilling on a cottonwood by the roadside reassured and encouraged her.

The rosy flush of early dawn was just lighting the hills around Fort Scott as Callie reached the outskirts of the place. Would she be in time to outwit Simmons and Dawkins?

With strangely throbbing heart the little girl, tired and pale from her sleepless night and long ride, urged Dolly forward down the smooth dusty road. Some men were already at work, breaking rock to repair a bad place in a deep ugly hollow, across which one of the leading streets of the growing town must pass.

Halting Dolly, she inquired the way to the land office. The men exchanged peculiar glances, but one of them pointed out the building where the land agent had his office. Thanking him for the information, she rode on, but found the agent was not yet in his office.

The man who served as janitor, noticing the little girl's look of disappointment, and guessing that her business was very important, kindly offered to take her to the hotel where the agent boarded.

The agent had just finished his breakfast when they reached the hotel. Escorting Callie to the parlor, he listened with sympathy to her simple story.

'Papa said I couldn't get the contract,' she said, finishing her story; 'but I thought maybe you'd take this money and hold the contract for us—for papa, I mean. Do please keep our claim for us, and don't let those bad men get it. Both times papa was coming to see you about the claim he was taken down sick with chills and fever. He will have more money to pay you in a few weeks. He sold a lot of cattle back in Iowa, before we moved to Kansas.'

Taking her back to his office the agent wrote out a receipt for the two hundred and fifty dollars, saying:

'Here, you keep this receipt and take it to your papa, and as soon as he is able tell him to come to town and see me. Do not worry. Your brave ride has secured the claim to your father, my child.'

Callie had just taken the receipt from the agents's hand, when Bill Simmons and his ally, with flushed faces and polluted breath, rushed into the office. As they stalked towards the agent's desk neither of them noticed the little girl, who shrank away with fear and loathing.

The agent, with a queer smile on his face, made a pretence of respectful attention as Simmons stated his business.

'There,' said Simmons, laying a roll of bills on the desk, 'is the spondulix to pay for the contract. Fix it up as soon as you can, for there is a mean fellow from Ioway who's trying to get the claim away from me and my pardner here, if he can.'

'You state there is no improvements on the claim,' remarked the agent.

'There's no improvements 'ceptin' a little dugout where me and Jim here lives,' returned Simmons.

'I have been informed differently,' replied the agent.

'Whoever has told you different from my account lies, that's all!' cried Simmons hotly.

'I happen to be a pretty fair judge of human nature, and I would be willing, if necessary, to stake the entire State of Kansas on the truthfulness of my informant.'

'Well, now, who informed you?' demanded the half-intoxicated Simmons.

'She!' and the agent pointed to Callie, who stood in the farthest corner of the office, almost fearing to stir. Having outwitted her father's enemies, her strength seemed to have suddenly forsaken her.

'The dickens!' cried the surprised Simmons. 'It's old Norris' gal!' and he let fall a horrid oath.

'Yes,' returned the agent, his queer smile broadening; 'you are too late. This little girl told me her story first, and has secured the contract for the claim in question. You are outwitted; and I may as well assure you right here that our country is not in need of your citizenship. I wish you good morning, gentlemen.'

With mock dignity the agent dismissed the chagrined plotters, who stalked out of the office with discomfited looks, mounted their horses and rode rapidly down the street.

Callie reached the dugout safe, under the escort of a man sent by the agent to inspect a piece of land near her father's claim.

Callie's dauntless courage and triumph acted as a powerful tonic on the sick man, and he recovered his health rapidly.

When he received payment for the stock sold before leaving his former home, Abel Norris went to the land office and brought back a title to the claim.

Simmons and Dawkins left the country and took up their abode somewhere in the Indian Territory.

Norris' claimed proved valuable for its fine coal deposits and brought him a snug amount of money.

Callie, now a refined, educated woman, lives in Southeasten Kansas, in a comfortable home of her own; but she has not forgotten the old dugout and the night she rode to Fort Scott to save her father's claim.—*Waverley Magazine.*

HOG CHOLERA AND ITS CURE.—Many farmers have given a condition powder composed of intestinal stimulants and antiseptics to hogs sick with cholera. The National Bureau of Animal Industry has recently recommended the following formula as a preventive and palliative remedy in swine diseases, especially in cholera and plague:

Take one pound each of wood charcoal, sulphur, sodium sulphate and antimony sulphid, combined with two pounds each of sodium chlorid, sodium bicarbonate and sodium hyposulphate. Each ingredient is to be fully pulverized, and all are to be thoroughly mixed. For each two hundred pounds live weight of animal, give one daily dose of a large tablespoonful, mixed with the drinking water or with soft, moist food. Small pigs need about a teaspoonful of the powder, and shoats from two to three teaspoonfuls. Hogs are said to like the taste of this medicine.

Should the diseased swine refuse either to eat or drink, it will be necessary to turn them on their backs, and put dry powdered medicine down their throats with a long-handled spoon. The sulphur-soda-antimony conditioned powder seems to kill and remove the disease germs and their accumulated poisons. As a preventive, the powder may be fed in smaller doses to the healthy animals during an epidemic, and it will act as an appetizer. The drinking water should be pure and clean as possible, and the animals should not be fed in or confined to filthy mud, but should have free access to dry, clean eating spaces and sleeping quarters. Green food, roots or silage should be fed occasionally, with some decayed wood, sods of fresh soil and an abundance of charcoal. It is so difficult to cure hog cholera that the greatest precautions should be taken to prevent infection.

WRINKLES.—Worry and the grave digger get on well together.

When we go out to meet trouble we never have a long walk.

When the devil can't get behind the preacher in any other way he sometimes joins the choir.

Anybody can be pleasant to pleasant people, but it takes grace to be pleasant to unpleasant people.

If you want to get in a crooked path just follow the direction of a corkscrew.

There are people who hate a thief, who borrow books and never return them.

He who is hunting for a wife without a fault should remember that the spouse he is seeking may be searching for a husband of the same sort.

The man that is only concerned to speak the exact truth is not apt to be garrulous.

It is as well to take warning from the silly as counsel from the wise. —*Ram's Horn.*

Father: What do you mean by hugging my daughter?

Jack Ford: I was merely obeying the Biblical injunction to 'hold fast that which is good.'—Lewiston Journal.