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# Saint Mary's Beacon

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**Saint Mary's Beacon.**  
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April 2-07.

### HER OWN FOLLY.

DELIA H. MADDOX, Leonardtown.

The Baltimore Evening World recently offered prizes for a series of original stories. The following was written by Miss Delia H. Maddox, of this village.

“Are you ready, Inez?”  
 Inez Ralston languidly raised her golden head to the dark handsome face bent tenderly upon her.

“Ready,” she echoed a little absently; “ready for what, Claude?”  
 “For our dance, surely you have saved this for me,” he said in an aggrieved tone, for it seemed as if she had strictly withheld them from him to-night.

“No,” she answered indifferently. “I have given it to Mr. Clayton.”  
 “Yet you promised it to me. Oh! Inez, what does this all mean?”

“I hardly understand,” the girl said haughtily, “pray explain yourself?”

“It is this, Inez, I must know the meaning of Ralph Clayton’s attention to you. He is like your shadow, following you from room to room, dancing with you, seeming only to find happiness at your side. Child, I do not blame him, he could not be a man and know you without loving you, but you, you seem to encourage his attention, yet you promised to be my wife.”

She had risen from her chair, and stood proudly before him like some queen in her regal loveliness. Her pale satin robes falling in statu-que folds about her, the diamonds gleaming and sparkling upon her breast, but the glittering light of the eyes she turned on him seemed to burn his very soul. She stood for a few moments, if dazed by his words. She, the petted idol of society, had never been thwarted, her whims had been yielded to, her wish had been law, she had reigned queen so long that she felt this homage to be her right. Men had knelt at her feet, and pleaded for a smile from her lips, but Claude Livingston was the first who ever in the midst of way had dared question her actions.

“Enough,” she cried, waving her hand imperiously. “I have broken one engagement with you. I will break another. You said I promised to be your wife, I promise that no longer.”

She drew off the glittering diamond hoop and held it out to him. “Inez, my darling, you do mean it? Take back your words.”

“I have spoken,” she said, “and I never retract.”

“There is one thing I must know. Do you not care more for Ralph Clayton than you do for me?”

The girl was thoroughly roused now, her breath coming in hard, quick gasps, her blue eyes were growing black in their unwonted brilliancy.

“Yes,” she whispered hoarsely, but her face grew white as she said the word, and in the silence that followed she turned to leave him.

“Inez,” he laid a detaining hand upon her. “I will not take my freedom yet; you are angered and know not what you are saying; but before I go to-night, give me a word or sign, to tell me that you recall your words, for I cannot live without you, my darling.”

She shook his touch off impatiently, and turning swept haughtily away. A moment Ralph Clayton’s voice in addressing her floated back to him.

“I have found you at last, my queen,” he said. “I have been looking so long, and the room grew dark without you.”

He did not hear her answer, but her merry laugh echoed through the room.

Claude Livingston stood there many minutes thinking of what had happened. “It is a dream, it must be, Inez could never have said such words to me. Ah! but I will win her yet,” he cried in a voice that startled himself. “I will follow her as he has and win a smile that will dispel those terrible words.” But when he went in search of her, he found Ralph Clayton at her side, and turned away with a little weariness in his step and a look in his eyes that had never been there before.

An hour later he sauntered into the music room, where many ma-

trons were gossiping together, and several courting couples sitting out the dance.

“Mr. Livingston,” Mrs. Everton said, “we have just been wishing for some music, will you not favor us?” But he shook his head as she motioned him to an open piano.

“I must beg you to excuse me. I do not feel as if I could sing to-night.”

“Do,” she entreated. Then, as others came pouring in after the dance, Inez, leaning upon Ralph Clayton’s arm, entered.

“Inez, my dear,” Mrs. Everton said, going to the girl’s side. “I have been trying to persuade Mr. Livingston to entertain us with one of his rare songs, cannot you prevail on him to do so?”

Inez turned her face slowly towards him. “You will sing something for us, will you not?” she asked softly.

He bowed silently, and without looking at her went to the piano.

For a few moments his fingers ran listlessly over the keys, then the deep musical voice echoed through the room, and Inez knew that of all that crowd he sang to her alone. How they filled her heart with anguish, and cried out to her, as they would for many a weary year to come. And this is what they were:

Only some withered blossoms  
 Crumbling to dry decay;  
 Only a glove half torn in two  
 And idly thrown away;  
 Only a heart that’s breaking,  
 That is if hearts could break;  
 Only a man adrift for life  
 All for a woman’s sake.

Only a few such tokens  
 Prized by a love-sick fool—  
 Naught but the ashes that strew the ground  
 When love’s hot flames grow cold;  
 Not the first man by thousands  
 The dupe of a beautiful flirt,  
 Not the first time that precious love  
 Was treated like common dirt!

Only in jest you know it  
 Now though it’s rather late—  
 Rather late to turn in your life  
 And seek another fate.  
 You are not a man like thousands  
 With a heart that will rise and thrill  
 And feel a glow at the word and glance  
 Of every flirting girl.

Finished and forever done,  
 Wrecked by a treacherous smile,  
 Folly a heart that’s breaking,  
 Happy, if but for awhile.  
 Only a heart that’s broken—  
 That is if hearts can break;  
 Only a man adrift for life,  
 All for a woman’s sake.

It was finished, the last words lingered, then died in a wail of pain. There was a murmur of applause among the crowd, but Inez never moved or spoke, only sat gazing at Claude Livingston’s dark passionate face like one dazed. Oh! how she longed to go to him, lay her hand within his, and tell him she did not mean those words, that she never loved any one but him, and never would. Ah! if he would only look at her, he could see the love shining in her eyes, and know that he had conquered even her proud heart. But he saw only the golden head with Ralph Clayton’s bending over it. And this was the picture he carried away in the darkness. Yet surely he might have felt the love that was calling and beckoning to him from the girl’s heart.

For a few moments she sat thus gazing upon him, then the lights grew dim, the flowers fell from her hands. There was a sound of far off music in the dancing hall, and some one led her away.

The rest of the night was like a dream to her, the music seemed faint and distant, words spoken never reached her ear. Ralph Clayton wondered what had changed her so, and as the night wore on became desperate. Her eyes were wandering wildly over the throng, looking for one who would never come. Then the voice of her hostess fell upon her ear.

“Inez, my dear, what have you done to send Mr. Livingston away so soon?”

“Send him away!” The girl’s voice was faint and despairing, then she never distinctly remembered another. The lights swam before her eyes. The floor reeled under her feet. The room seemed to fill with a battle of mocking voices crying to her that he was gone.

“And you have never been here before, sir?”

No, I have never been here before,” answered the traveler, looking into the rough, but pleasant

face of the old sailor, then glancing at his surroundings. And quite a picturesque little place it is, too.”

“Ah! yes sir, picturesque, that is what they all call it, and there’s not one that I can remember of ever seeing the place who did not like it. Always something to entertain one here. To tell you the truth, sir, there are some ghost stories connected with the place, and it seems that people have a strange liking for such things.”

“Ghost stories. They have a fascination for me also, and as you do not seem to be in a hurry, and my time is my own, suppose you tell me some of them. Does the ghost really appear, and frighten the natives?”

“They say, sir, the old bridge out yonder is haunted. Every evening just at dusk a white figure glides by, and standing on the edge shows flowers into the water, all the time singing some weird song. I have stood here many an evening and watched for her, for I knew it was no phantom, but a living woman who sang that song.”

“So you have found out who the ghost is, and her intrigue has been lost on you?”

“Yes sir, but I am sure she does not mean to frighten anyone. I don’t believe she has ever seen one of the many who run from her. They cry out, ‘the ghost is coming.’ But I know that it is no more than a beautiful, heart-broken woman, who will never see things through a clear vision again. I have inquired around and found out a little of her history, for she has one, and as you seem interested, I will repeat it to you.”

“Look yonder sir, you see that house towing above the hill-tops, just there under that bit of rising moon. Well, that is where she lives, there in that beautiful palace, but she never feels its grandeur. It was not her home always. Only once or twice during her childhood, and she had come to visit her grandfather, but her home was some lovely mansion far away from here, where she grew up as fair and beautiful as a lily, and as proud as she was beautiful. Well sir, they say she was engaged to some one once—I never heard his name. She must have loved him very dearly, but somehow they quarreled and he went away. The ship he sailed in never came back again, for there was a terrible storm one night, and he with many others went to the bottom.”

“She knows it. They told her all, and from that day she has never been the same.

“She grew ill and those who loved her best prayed that she might die, but God did not will it so, and she has been living her death ever since.

“Ah, sir, I see you are interested in my story, but there is little more to tell. They say her longing was for the ocean, so they brought her here, but sometimes it is hard to tell whether they did right or wrong. Here the murmur of the sea is always in her ears, and when a storm rages high she screams and moans in a way that is pitiful to hear, and if it were not for strong arms, locks and bolts she would flee from the house and go out to the waves.

“But when the evenings are calm she leaves her home when the last bit of daylight has faded and the stars are coming out one by one. Quick and noiselessly she glides down the hill, across the vale. A white, ghostly vision, for she never appears in anything but white. Her hands are always full of flowers, and as she scatters them in the water she sings the same song, always the same. I tried to remember the words, but never could catch more than two or three at a time, something about withered blossoms, and the last lines come back to me because she repeated them.

“Only a man adrift for life,  
 All for a woman’s sake—  
 ‘Sir, are you ill?’  
 ‘No, no; go on, go on quickly.’  
 ‘You are more excited than the rest, but that is all there is to tell. After she says those words she commences to weep, then she turns and goes back across the hills, moaning

as she goes.’  
 “Her name. What is her name?”  
 “Ralston, Inez Ralston. Oh, sir, are you sure you are not ill. You are white as a ghost yourself, but look yonder, there she comes; see her draperies fluttering in the breeze.”

Claude Livingston—for this was the stranger—pushed back the clattering locks from his damp brow and peered eagerly through the deepening twilight as the white robed figure glided by. Then with a startled cry he lays his hand upon the old sailor’s arm.

“You have helped me find a friend,” he said, his voice deep with emotion. “Thank you for your story, but now leave me,” and showering some gold in his hand he turned from him while still pouring out his profusion of thanks, then quickly, noiselessly followed that ghostly figure. A moment later, although wonderfully changed he knew he gazed upon the woman who had blighted his life.

Pale but very lovely she looked standing there beneath the shimmering light of the stars, a white lace scarf falling from the golden head, over her thin dress. Her hands were full of roses, and as she flung them over the waves she commenced to sing. He could bear it no longer, and slipping forward called her name.

“Inez.”

She did not start, but turned her face slowly to him.

“You have come at last my darling,” she said softly. “I have waited so long.” But he knew she did not realize her words.

“Inez,” he placed his arms around the slight figure. Her face grew white at the touch. She had pictured him in her visions, had seen and talked with him, but when she had held out her arms, he had faded away. This was no phantom who held her thus, and her cry rang out over the waters. And white and silent as one dead he bore her back to the house on the hill top, where for weeks, nay months, she lay on the verge of the grave. Those who watched her felt that the gates of paradise were opening to let her in, then softly the winds of Heaven blew them back and slowly she drifted from the shadow land to life.

The brain did not regain its strength as rapidly although there was a change for the better, and the doctor had great hopes of recovery. But it was not until the leaves had fallen; the winter snow had melted away and the earth was revelling in its gayest robes that they carried Claude Livingston to her side.

Pale and very much changed, still it was the beautiful Inez of old that held out her hands to him. Only there was a sweet humility about her that set strangely well on the once haughty queen.

She did not start this time when she looked into his face, for the memory of that other meeting had not faded from her mind, but she trembled slightly, and her face grew whiter as he bent over her.

“My darling,” he cried, clasping her in his arms. “You have been spared to me at last.” Then he knelt down and poured into her ears such words, that would surely have awakened any woman from the dark oblivion of a wandering dream. She laid her hand softly on his head.

“Claude,” she whispered, “I have suffered so much, but I deserved it all, my darling. It was my pride and willfulness, and sin always has its punishment. My own folly has broken my life.”

“Not broken, my child, not broken so much that it cannot be linked together, and, with the help of God, who saved me from a watery grave, now that I claim you as my own, a golden link shall bind the chain of both our lives, and we will forget the darkened years.”

Mrs. Johnson: “May Brown has grown up to be a fine girl.”  
 Johnson: “Yes, indeed! She’s a great comfort to her father.”  
 Mrs. Johnson: “Is she?”  
 Johnson: “Yes; she and her mother often disagree about what they want him to do, and Brown thoroughly enjoys the deadlock.”

### The Armenians.

The Armenians are a civilized people, a people of great natural gifts, and a people who have played a considerable part in history. Since their ancient monarchy, which has suffered severely in the long and desolating wars between the Roman and Persian empires from the third to the seventh century of our era, was finally destroyed by the Seljukian Turks, a large part of the race has been forced to migrate from its ancient seats at the headwaters of the Euphrates, Tigris and Aras.

Some of them went southwest to the mountain fastnesses of Cilicia, where another kingdom grew up in the twelfth century. Others drifted into Persia. Others moved northward and now form a large, industrious and prosperous population in Russian Transcaucasia, where many have entered the military or civil service of the czar and risen, as the Armenians used to rise long ago in the Byzantine empire, to posts of distinction and power. Russia’s three best generals in her last Asiatic campaigns against the Turks were Armenians. Others again have scattered themselves over the cities of Asia Minor and southeastern Europe, where much of the local trade is in their hands.

But a large number, roughly estimated at from 1,300,000 to 1,700,000, remain in the old fatherland around the great lake of Van, and on the plateaus and elevated valleys which stretch westward from Mt. Ararat to Erzerum and Erzinghian. Here they are an agricultural and, to a less extent, a pastoral population, leading a simple, primitive life and desiring nothing more than to be permitted to lead it in peace and in fidelity to that ancient church which has been to them the symbol of nationality as well as the guide of life for 16 centuries.—Hon. Jas. Bryce, M. P., in Century.

AN OLD SOLDIER’S RECOMMENDATION.—In the late war I was a soldier in the First Maryland Volunteers, Company G. During my term of service I contracted chronic diarrhoea. Since then I have used a great amount of medicine, but when I found any that would give me relief it would injure my stomach, until Chamberlain’s Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy was brought to my notice. I used it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permanent relief and no bad results follow. I take pleasure in recommending this preparation to all of my old comrades, who, while giving their services to their country, contracted this dreadful disease as I did, from eating unwholesome and uncooked food. Yours truly, A. E. Bending, Halsey, Oregon. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee and all country stores.

AMERICAN GRINDSTONES.—Heretofore all the high grade grindstones used in the United States have been imported from foreign countries. A stone was recently found in the quarry at Edgemont, South Dakota, which is pronounced to be of finer grade than any of the imported stones. The deposit is one and three-fourths miles long, three-fourths of a mile wide and seventy feet deep. The owners of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad have built a branch road from Edgemont to the main line and will thoroughly develop the resources of the quarry.

Edison’s great-grandfather lived to the age of one hundred and two. His grandfather died at one hundred and three, and one of his aunts at one hundred and eight, while his own father is still alive at ninety.

A boy does not always get much comfort out of his first cigar, but he gets a heap of experience.

Our voices are like our finger nails, we cut them from time to time, but they grow out again.

A man may be as honest as the day is long, and still do a great deal of mischief during the night.