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Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. LV.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1896.

786.

JOB PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,

CIRCULARS,

BLANKS,

BILL HEADS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

Parties having Real or Personal Prop-
erty for sale can obtain descriptive hand-
bills neatly executed and at City Prices.

FRANK LIBBY & CO.
Established 1824.
Oldest lumber firm in Washington

One Dollar

Will Buy BOARD
One hundred Feet of
—gang and hand-saw—even thickness—any length you call for

—“we sell everything that enters in-
to the construction of a house.”—

FRANK LIBBY & CO.,
Cor. 6th St., and New York Avenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES.



WRITE FOR PAMPHLET
GIVING FULL
DESCRIPTION
OF OUR
ANIMAL BONE
FERTILIZERS.



10 Per Cent. Peruvian Guano	@ \$4.70	per bag of 167 lb
6 Per Cent. Peruvian Guano	@ 4.70	" 200 "
Baugh's New Process 10 Per Cent. Guano	@ 5.20	" 200 "
Baugh's High-Grade Tobacco and Truck Fertilizers	@ 3.70	" 200 "
Baugh's Fish Mixture	@ 2.70	" 200 "

ON BOARD CAR OR BOAT IN BALTIMORE; FREIGHT PAID. TERMS CASH.
*Payment can be made by sending money in Registered Letter, or by mailing
Bank Check, or Post Office Money Order for quantity required.

Baugh & Sons Company,
112 Exchange Place, BALTIMORE, MD

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. Detrick, John B. Lyon, Richard H.
Garner, F. H. Darnall, P. J. Bowen, John B. Gray, Jos. S. Wilson, Sec.

Farmer's and Planter's Agency,

27 East Pratt Street, Baltimore,

For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all
kinds of country produce.

Philip H. Tuck, President; Judge John P. Briscoe,
Vice-President; Samuel K. George, Treasurer; Sam-
uel M. Hinks, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. John P. Briscoe, John W. Crawford,
James Alfred Pearce, Edwin H. Brown, Phil. H. Tuck,
John Shepherd, Samuel M. Hinks,
Samuel K. George, Adrian Posey.

Peruvian Guano.

Clower and Timothy Seed and all Household and Farm
supplies Furnished.

Advances made on consignments.

April 2-07.

A DROP OF BLOOD.

In 1775 the brigantine Governor Clinton left Philadelphia loaded with flour for Spanish Town, Jamaica. It was the 15th of December, and Captain Ira Drake, her commander, expected to eat his New Year's dinner on the island. Everything was auspicious, and with a northwest wind he sailed down the river. He remarked long after that he felt unusually flurried by his parting with Mrs. Drake and his daughter Emma, on the wharf, but not being of an imaginative turn of mind the impressions passed, and he saw the tall poplars and red roofed farmhouses in the Neck fade away under the winter sunset with professional indifference.

The Governor Clinton was only 430 tons, and she left port in company with 26 others, foreign bound, most of them square rigged. At the present time there are only two ships owned in Philadelphia, and neither sails from here.

Mrs. Drake and Emma walked up Second street to their home, which was in the house then a two story, afterward the tea store of the late eccentric John Lamond, who died a few months ago. To be a captain's wife in those days was to hold social position next below the magnates of Society Hill, and Captain Drake was reported a prosperous man.

'Mother,' said the daughter, 'do you feel any unusual anxiety in parting with father this voyage?'

'No, my dear. Don't let such things get into your mind.'

'Yes, but the Aggy Slade has been out over 60 days, and she's bound for Jamaica too. Poor Mrs. Folsom is just wild about her husband. How I do wish father would give up the sea and stay ashore!'

Shipmasters' wives had to have stout hearts in those days; there were perils on the sea then that are unknown now. A West India voyage meant poor charts, dodging among the reefs and keys of the Bahama banks, northerly hurricanes and more deadly assaults from the desperate ruffians that infested the coast of Cuba and were secretly upheld by the Spanish authorities, who shared their plunder, and at this time both Tardy and the La Fittes were known to be cruising in the gulf.

Christmas passed, and as New Year's came on a feeling of uneasiness and dread entered into the Drake household. Emma had an additional source of anxiety. Sam Span, although only 24, was first officer of the Governor Clinton and a splendid specimen of the American sailor, and before this voyage he and Emma had exchanged vows. And so poor Emma fretted and made her mother anxious.

New Year's day, 1796, was cold, blustering and sleety, and after attendance at early mass at St. Joseph's both women sat down to breakfast.

'For the Lord's sake, Emma, don't tell me anything about your dreams. You make me nervous. Your father and the brig are all right, and when the Quickest comes in we'll hear from Spanish Town. She sails from there to day.'

'But, mother, there is something in dreams, and I never had such dreadful ones before, and you know—good God, what is that? And the girl's voice arose to a scream. 'Oh, mother! On your hand, on your hand!'

The mother looked and grew pale as death. There on her plump, white hand was a drop of ruddy blood. She murmured, 'Maybe I pricked myself with the fork.' And with a shudder she wiped away the dread token. But there was no wound, the skin being unbroken. 'There, there, it has come again. Oh, mother, let's pray! My dear father and Sam are in peril. I know it. I feel it.'

And they knelt and with heads bowed down prayed to Him who rules the winds and tempests to spare their loved ones on the sea.

The Governor Clinton was an old tub and did her best when she reeled off eight knots on a bowline, but

this time, under a fair northeast wind, she was cutting a feather through the waves of the Bahama banks on the 19th of December. Here her good luck ended. A northerly set in, driving them 200 miles off their course, and then head winds blew for a week, so that it was the last day in the year before they came in sight of the Cuban coast, and not over ten miles off Cape St. Antoine the wind failed, and there came one of those dead calms peculiar to those latitudes. The sails hung without a shiver, and the pennant was as straight down as a yard of post water. But this was not the worst. Captain Drake knew that he was in the track of the pirates and was practically helpless to keep away from them, and at this moment he was doubtless signalled off shore to some of their vessels. Everything depended on keeping a stout heart.

His six 24 pound carronades were loaded with grape and kentledge, the arm chest was opened, cutlasses and pistols were served to the crew, muskets were loaded, and the cook filled his coppers with hot water ready to repel boarders. All hands kept watch that night, and in the morning Mate Spain went aloft with a glass. Heat once hailed the deck. 'There is a topsail schooner lying behind that point of land off the starboard quarter. I can't make out any sail on her.'

'All right. Come down. We'll have breakfast. There's trouble ahead. But there are 33 of us, all good men, and we ought to make a tidy fight for our lives.'

A strict watch was kept at the masthead, and at 10 o'clock a hail came: 'There's a boat full of men putting off shore. It is a yawl with a tug. She's coming fast under sweeps.'

The ensign was seized union down to attract some passing vessel, and all waited and watched. There were not less than 40 men in the yawl.

When it was within about 20 yards of the boat, the captain cried: 'Fire!' But as usual two of the carronades missed fire, the other scattered ten feet wide of the boat, and next it swept under the bow, the leader a white man, springing into the chains, followed by a gang of mulattoes, negroes and Spaniards, all big men. Their captain's head just came above the bow, when he was run through the neck by a pike and dropped overboard, but his men managed to get on the bowsprit and come aboard. Two of the pirates mounted the channels and tumbled into the waist. The cook, a negro giant weighing 300 pounds, rushed at them with a cutlass, beat down their guard and hewed them down. A third had grasped the arm of the white man, when his arm was cut clean off at the shoulder by the negro. A splash in the water told the rest.

In the bow the defenders had done good work, but Captain Drake was stretched on the bits covered with blood. The last pirate had run out on the jib boom and fired his pistol just as a musket ball took his life, but he had done his work, for poor Spain got his bullet in the head and never spoke after. They were beaten, and under a parting volley the ruffians sprang to their sweeps and with the loss of half their crew made for land.

Suddenly the mainsail gave a flop. No orders were needed. The topsail halyards were manned. 'Up with the flying jib, trim sheet, round in starboard braces!' was the cry, and the little brig began to surge through the water.

'See, see! The schooner's making sail. Up go her gaff and foresail. The fight's not over, men! She'll cut us to pieces with her long Tom!' Just then came the sound of a heavy gun, and so intent were the crew watching the pirate vessel that they had not seen, half a mile away, a British corvet piling on sail up to royals. She was a fier, too, and inside of five minutes swept down on the brig, hailed and was told what had occurred.

The pirate craft was intent only on saving her men in the yawl, but it was too late. The corvet ran her

down and at 100 yards gave the marauders a shower of grape that tore the boat and crew into splinters. The schooner made off, followed by the man-o'-war, and both disappeared in the southern board.

The second mate took command of the brig. He captain had a broken thigh and a shot through his body, while the mate and four of the crew lay dead. The breeze kept steady, and on the 4th of January they came to anchor in Spanish Town harbor. Captain Drake lived to get well and quit the sea. But before the Christ Church chimes rang for another Christmas poor Emma Drake had followed her lover to a better land.—Philadelphia Times.

WAR-TIME POTS OF GOLD.

For 100 years to come there will be tales of treasure trove from that large section of the mid-south which was for three years of civil war a debatable land, wherein, outside the army posts, there was no security of person or property. The invaders themselves had a pretty taste for looting, but they were nothing like so rapacious as the guerrillas, who plundered impartially men of all sympathies, and as often sported blue and brass as the Confederate gray. The guerrillas had, indeed, but a single active principle—plunder. Gold was at an enormous premium.

Still, very many did insist on having gold, and found life a burden after they got it. The writer remembers, as a small child, the seeks of unrest that followed the coming into the house of a fat bag of double eagles in exchange for many hogheads of tobacco. In that time and place gold was more dangerous than dynamite. All the household had heard with curdling blood tales of the tortures old men indeed had endured during attempts to make them reveal the hiding place of their money. One, a family connection, had been strapped to a board and held with his feet to a slow fire until they were so crisp he never walked again; yet to the last he had kept stouly silent. Another had been swung up by the thumbs through-out a long, cold night, with nothing on but the garments in which he had been dragged from bed. An old woman miser had been beaten raw and her wounds washed with vinegar. Indeed, every variety of torture that fiendish ingenuity could devise was said to have been practiced toward the unhappy possessors of hidden treasures.

So it became a matter of first importance to be able to say truthfully that you knew nothing of such a thing.

Sudden death did come in many cases. One old farmer, who had held three years' crop until prices were at their highest, got \$12,000 in the yellow metal, took it home and gave it to his wife, bidding her do the best she could with it. She was an easy-going, unthrifty sort of body, and buried it in the garden in plain sight of everybody about the place, taking only the precaution to set a straggling rose bush on top of it, and, further, to put above the gold a bag of silver that she herself had saved up. That was Friday night. On Sunday the family went to preaching. When they came home the rosetree lay uprooted, the bag of silver was gone, and so were a wagon and team, besides a family of negroes.

They had taken all of their belongings, also much of their master's and run away to the nearest Federal outpost, which was 20 miles off. Pursuit was useless and would have been foolish. The farmer eyed the rifled hole a minute, then thrust his arm down into it, scratched furiously, clutched something deeper down and brought up the bag of gold. The despoilers, finding it, had not thought to trust his wife's hiding further. He was a goodly man, but Sunday though it was, he swung the bag over his shoulder and tramped off into the woods. He did not come back until the night was well on and said nothing of what he had done with the money. He never said anything, in fact.

Six months later he was found dead in bed of heart disease, though his heirs hunted high and low, have asked the help of the divining rod and consulted clairvoyants, to say nothing of having cleared up the whole woodland and dug over the whole 1,000 acre farm, to this day they have never found a trace of the lost money.

Another man buried a pot of gold in a rickety barn, then set fire to the structure, being certain that no one would think of rummaging in the ashes. And still another put \$500,000 in gold and greenbacks in the earthen floor of his smoke house, and let it stay there five years, not daring to take it out until reconstruction was pretty well accomplished. One of his neighbors, the thriftiest man in the county, was known to have put a very large sum in the rock walls of his cellar, but to have grown distrustful of that hiding place, and so to have chosen another. Where the other was located never came out; but the man who chose it was secretive, and did not tell even his only son. By and by he was stricken speechless and motionless at a time when he looked to be good for years of life. He did live six months, and throughout them he made desperate efforts to tell his secret, but all in vain. It is still a secret—except as to a few thousand dollars, which his grandson found 20 years after, under the rock pillars of an old corn crib. In numerous cases money was hidden in open fields and the land plowed over to hide the fresh earth.

One wise woman raised several broods of chickens, which, she declared later, ought to be called golden pheasants, as they were all hatched in the fence corner nest, under which she had hidden by night a half gallon fruit jar full of gold. Another wore ragged shoes and homespun frocks, and busied herself with spinning and weaving, more to save herself from the suspicion of having money in hand, and all the time had \$3,000 in a belt around her waist. It belonged to orphans, for whom her husband was guardian, and while he was away fighting for the Confederacy she had no mind he should be made out faithless to his trust. A third assailed her neighbors by developing great style in her hair dressing. She wore every day the cumbersome cushions then known colloquially as 'rats,' and it was not until years after that anybody came to know how she had worn for so many months a crisp new \$100 green back in the heart of each rat.

W. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and country stores desire us to publish the following extract from a letter of Chas. M. Gutfeld, of Reedley, Fresno Co., Cal., as they handle the remedy referred to and want their customers to know what a splendid medicine it is:

'It is with pleasure I tell you that by one day's use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy I was relieved of a very severe cold. My head was completely stopped up and I could not sleep at night. I can recommend this remedy.' A cold nearly always starts in the head and afterwards extends to the throat and lungs. By using this remedy freely as soon as the cold has been contracted it will cure the cold at once and prevent it from extending to the lungs.

Remember, witness, sabrply exclaimed the attorney for the defense, you are on oath!

There ain't no danger of my forgettin' it, replied the witness, sullenly. I'm tellin' the truth, for notlin', when I could make 15 shillings by lyin' for your side of the case, an' you know it.—Tid-Bits.

Eve's Immunity.—Once upon a time, ever and ever so long ago, there was a man named Adam. And his wife's name was Eve. And there arose a mighty epidemic of measles in that land. But Eve wasn't afraid. She had Adam.—Judge.

Preparing His Weapon.—Going to shave, Sam? No, sub, dander.—Judge.

A LAKE DISCOVERED IN AFRICA.

Although the occupation of Timbuctoo by the French has not yet added materially to the volume of France's colonial trade, it is unquestionably added very greatly to our knowledge of the geography of that part of Africa, and in particular has resulted in a discovery of singular interest and importance.

Timbuctoo, as all the world knows, stands on the boundary line between the Sahara and the western Sudan, a little north of the great Niger bend, but what was not known was the existence in the immediate neighborhood of the city, and lying somewhat to the west, of a series of lakes and marshes covering a large area of country. These great sheets of water were first seen by the Joffre column and have since been explored by French officers stationed in the neighborhood who have laid down their general outlines with some approach to accuracy.

The most important of these lakes is called Lake Faguibure, and runs in a direction, roughly, east and west, its total length being some 60 or 70 miles. A couple of similar sheets of water connect with the Niger, and there are other lakes in the neighborhood. As might be supposed these lakes are the centre of a rich agricultural and pastoral district. Crops of various kinds are grown in abundance, and the natives have large flocks and herds. Perhaps the most curious feature of the discovery is the fact that neither Barth nor De Laz appear to have heard of this fertile region, and it is to be presumed that the guides deliberately led them away from the direction of the lakes. The news of this discovery will no doubt revive the interest in the occupation of Timbuctoo in France, where, after the first enthusiasm was over, there was a marked tendency to criticize—a tendency rather strengthened than weakened by the recent troubles with the Tuaregs. The results of observations on the climate of that part of Africa establish, it is said, the perfect feasibility of Europeans living there the whole year round with certain precautions. The months of April and May are said to be the most trying, not only for Europeans, but for natives, but December and January are so cool that a great coat is sometimes welcome, and the natives report that one year ice formed—at least this is the deduction drawn from the native statement that the "marsh became stone."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM.—Arago, Coos Co., Oregon, Nov. 10, 1893. I wish to inform you of the great good Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done my wife. She has been troubled with rheumatism of the arms and hands for six months, and has tried many remedies prescribed for that complaint but found no relief until she used this Pain Balm; one bottle of which has completely cured her. I take pleasure in recommending it for that trouble. Yours truly, C. A. Bullard. 50 cents and \$1.00 bottles for sale by W. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee and all country stores.

To Some Extent.—Seen Bill Brown when I was uptown, said the man with the gum boots, settling himself on the salt barrel. 'Conductin' a street car.

I thought Bill was goin' into business for himself, said the grocer. 'Wal, I allow he is to some extent, but the company ain't got onto it yet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

You have an immense amount of hay, observed the visitor at the Clover Meadow Farm.

Yes, said Farmer Redneck, but there ain't a dang thing 't feed it to but bicycles.—Judge.

Her fiancé is a pronounced brunette, is he not, said one young woman. No, replied the other, he is a Russian. He can be spelled, but not pronounced.—Washington Star.

AN ATTEMPT.—Mrs. Brown: How would you define "tact?" Mrs. Jones: I should say tact is the ability to make your husband believe that he is having his own way.—Puck.