Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

At Leonardtown, Md.,

By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING

A Dollar a Year in Advance

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.....$1.00
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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.

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1 1-2 inch Thick, Apiece, - - 90c.

All White Pine, Any Regular Size.

BOARDS,

Any Length, per 100, - - $1.00.

This is the Best Lumber in North Carolina and Runs Wide.

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Every One Guaranteed.

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Every Shingle Guaranteed Fit to Use.

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All One Width, - - - $1.50.

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6th St., and New York Avenue,

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FERTILIZERS AT REDUCED PRICES

We are now selling

PERUVIAN GUANO at $35 to $50

ACCORDING TO QUALITY.

Fine Ground Bone with Potash $25.

Baugh's General Crop Grower $20.

ALSO BAUGH'S

High Grade Fertilizers for Corn, Oats, Tobacco, Potatoes, Truck and Fruit Trees

AT REDUCED RATES FOR CASH. Write for Pamphlet and Prices.

BAUGH AND SONS COMPANY,

412 East Lombard St., Balto., Md.

THOS. B. H. TURNER
R. O. MULLIKIN,
Salesmen.

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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; Samuel M. Hinks, Cashier.

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Peruvian Guano,

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

Advances made on consignments.

April 2-0y.

WARM SUMMER DAYS.

You kin see the fields a-twinklin' with the bright an' blindin' heat,
An' feel the gras a-crinklin' 'neath your burnin', blisterin' feet;
An' see the cattle pokin' to the ponds and branches warm,
While a million frogs are croakin' for a shower, or a storm!

Fer it's hot on high,
An' it's hot below;
An' the devil take the weather,
When the wind don't blow!

Red hot and still a-heatin', but there's water in the well,
An' the melon's juicy eating when you cool it fer a spell;
As cool as all creation, an' you're happy in the South
When you strike the old plantation, and the melon strikes your mouth!

Fer it's hot on high,
An' it's hot below;
An' the devil take the weather,
When the wind don't blow!

—Frank L. Stanton.

ELECTRICAL ELOPEMENT.

Partly out of pique and partly because her parents disapproved of the match, Tillie promised to elope with George Webley. It wasn't a trivial elopement, a getting married before the registrar in London and going to Paris for a few weeks, but a run to Liverpool, a marriage there by special license and a trip by fastest steamship to New York. Arriving there, they would cross America and gradually work their way around the world and back to London in a year or two.

George Webley was rich, and could easily afford this kind of wedding tour. In olden times the parents of Tillie Markham would have been more anxious that their daughter should marry George Webley rather than the poorer, but, of course, more moral young man, Tom Bantry. But times had changed, and it was the daughters that looked for money with their lovers. The girl admitted to herself that she liked Tom Bantry best, but he had certainly treated her very badly. They had had an appointment for a picnic up the river, but without a word Tom had gone away, and worse still he had sent no explanation or excuse for his desertion.

So Tillie thought she would teach him a life-long lesson, and knowing well that her parents would oppose the match and especially its hurried conclusion, she told George Webley if he would arrange for the special license at Liverpool, she would meet him at Euston station on the 17th and together they would journey to the seaport town, be married and sail for America on the 28th in the powerful steamship Erratic.

Tillie concluded that it was better to be married at Liverpool than London, as there would be less chance of the escapade being found out until such time as they chose to disclose it. Tillie agreed that they would write letters to all concerned while on the voyage from Liverpool to Queenstown, and mail them there when there would be nothing but the broad Atlantic betwem and New York.

Tillie met the postman on the steps as she was going out of the house that morning, and he handed her a bundle of letters. She had no time to read them, nor in the cab, for there was barely time to reach the station, where she found Mr. Webley impatiently awaiting her. He had strongly advised her to bring nothing with her. Whatever was required could be bought at Liverpool, he said.

'I was very much afraid we would miss the train,' he said, as he hurried her out of the cab. 'I have reserved a compartment.'

'There's another train, isn't there?' she asked.

'Oh, certainly, but a railway station is not the pleasantest place in the world to wait, and since I left my hotel I seem to have met every friend I have known in London and all wanting to know where I am going.'

'And, of course, you told them,' said Tillie.

The young man laughed as he held open the door of the railway carriage for her to enter. He quickly followed her and a moment after the 10.30 a. m. train slid out out of the great station and began its northern journey.

Tillie sat in her corner by the window and carelessly turned over her letters in her hand. Most of them were from her girl friends, but on the envelope of one she recognized the fine, bold handwriting of Tom Bantry. She stole a furtive glance at Webley as she tore open the envelope, but he was absorbed in his morning paper now that his mind was at rest and they were fairly off.

'Dear Miss Markham,' the letter began, 'I was unexpectedly called away from London more than a week ago by the sudden illness of my uncle, Sir John Trellyan. Before departing for Trellyan hall I wrote a letter to you explaining why I could not be at the picnic up the river. Through my stupidity and the hurry of getting away, I find I left your letter on the table in my rooms in the temple. I had expected a letter from you while at Trellyan hall, and when it did not come I was greatly disappointed. I found on my return this morning, as I said, my own letter, which was not posted, so, of course, you did not receive it. Will you forgive me, therefore, for breaking an engagement with you and your friends without an explanation? And may I call this evening, as I have something of importance (to myself, at least,) to say to you? I will remain all day at my chambers in the temple awaiting your answer with some anxiety.'

He signed himself, 'Yours very truly, Tom Bantry,' and then added, in a postscript, as if an afterthought, 'I should have told you that my uncle died two days ago, which makes a great deal of difference in my plan of life, as perhaps you are aware.'

Tillie Markham was a cautious young woman, and always considered that a bird in the hand was worth two in a bush. She looked at George, and he smiled across at her.

'When do we stop,' she asked.

'Willsden junction, I believe, and we ought to be there now.'

'How long do we stop.'

'Only a few minutes.'

'Do you think you could get me half a dozen telegraph blanks while we are stopping there?'

'Oh, I don't need to go out for them,' said Webley. 'I always carry plenty of them with me, and sixpenny stamps also.' As he said this he reached down a bag from the rack over his head, opened it, and handed Tillie a number of already stamped telegraph forms. When the train slowed up at Wilesder she said:

'Do get out, George, and find me a time book, for I want to know how many times this train stops before we reach Liverpool.'

Webley had no sooner disappeared than the young lady called the guard to her.

'Where is the next stop, guard?' she asked.

'At Bechley, miss.'

'How long before we reach there?'

'We are timed for Bechley at 11.14.'

She had already written her telegram, all but the instructions where to reach her. It ran:

'Tom Bantry, Coke-upon Littleton Chambers, Temple: What do you wish to see me for this evening? Answer Bechley station, on board the Liverpool express.

'TILLIE.'

'Can you send this off for me at once, she asked the guard, slipping it with a sovereign into his hand.

'Certainly, miss,' and he was moving away when Tilly said:

'I may have an answer to this when we reach Bechley station. Will you see that I get it quickly?'

'Certainly, miss.'

Just as the train was leaving George Webley sprang into the compartment with the train book in his hand. Tillie opened it and found the number of stops the train made between London and Liverpool. When they reached the station she said:

'Oh, George, I wish you would get me a cup of tea."

'I don't think there is a refreshment room here,' he said dubiously, 'but I'll go and see.'

The next moment the guard came up. 'Here's your telegram, miss,' he said.

She rapidly tore open the envelope and read:

'The matter on which I wish to speak to you is impossible to explain in a telegram. When do you return?'

She took another of the telegraph forms and rapidly wrote:

'If you have anything to tell me now is the time to tell it. I don't know when I shall return to London.

Then turning to the guard she asked:

'Where do we stop next?'

'At Rugby, miss; 11.59.'

She quickly wrote where to telegraph her as she saw George approaching. She added hurriedly to the guard as she thrust her message into his hand:

'Bring me the answer when we get to Rugby.'

George swung himself into the compartment, saying:

'Just as I thought; not a blessed thing to eat here, but we wait ten minutes at the next stop and I may be able to get you anything you wish. I say,' he added, 'You're not telegraphing to your friends about this, are you.'

'Oh, not about this,' she said quietly. 'I am only sending some necessary telegrams, that is all.'

'You know if you are in a hurry,' he said, 'we can send all the telegrams you want from Queenstown just as well as from here to Liverpool.'

'Oh, I know that,' answered Tilly, demurely. 'I hope I know enough to send messages where they ought to go, so don't be afraid.'

George laughed, for he was a good natured fellow, and the train sped on toward Liverpool. When it slowed up at Rugby station Tillie leaned affectionately over toward him and said:

'Now, George, you go over to the refreshment room and eat all all you have an appetite for. I don't think I care for anything until we reach Liverpool.'

'May I bring you a cup of tea,' asked George, anxiously.

'Oh, certainly, certainly, if you bring it two minutes before the train is off.'

Another man might have thought this request a rather singular one, but George had no brains to spare, else he would not have been on this silly eloping expedition, so he thought nothing of it, but jumped out as soon as the train came to a standstill.

The guard soon came to the compartment with the telegram in his hand. Tillie tore it open and read:

'Utterly impossible to telegraph what I wish to say to you. Tell me where you are staying at Liverpool, and I will leave by the first train and meet you there.'

Tillie, with a sniff of impatience, seized another of the stamped forms and rapidly wrote:

'I may sail to-morrow with some friends for America. There is no chance of your seeing me if you do come; therefore, whatever you may have to say to me say it now; it is your last chance. Telegraph me at—'

She looked inquiringly at the guard, who promptly answered:

'Next stop at Creve. We reach there at 1.35.

She gave the guard a handful of money to pay the extra wording of this dispatch. The good man was rapidly becoming rich. He sighed as he remembered that the next stop was the last before reaching Liverpool. He wished that he was on a train for Scotland with such a passenger on board.

'Here is your tea, my dear,' said George, as he came gingerly along with it in his hand. The girl drank it with many expressions of gratitude toward her lover.

'Well, the next stop is Creve, and after that Liverpool,' he said as he handed back the empty cup to a newspaper boy to take back to the refreshment room.

'So the guard tells me,' replied Tillie, sweetly.

At Creve the guard came to her with the final telegram. Its wording was terse and to the point. It ran: 'I love you. Will you be my wife?'

'Lend me another one of those blanks,' she said to George.

'I haven't another, but can get one at the telegraph office.'

The train was moving off, so Tillie said: 'Never mind I can send the telegram from Liverpool.'

They reached the terminus in an hour. Turning to the guard Tillie said:

'Would you mind taking my things to the telegraph office for me?' And to George she added: 'You wait here until I send for you.'

'When is the next train back to London?'

'On this line there is not one till 4.50; but you can get one at Midland at 3.'

Tillie took a last telegraph blank and wrote:

'Certainly. Why couldn't you have said so at first and save me all this telegraphing? I return to London immediately. Call and see me to-morrow.'

This being sent off she turned to the man who had been her friend all the way through.

'Now,' she said, 'take me to the Midland train.' As the guard hesitated, she added: 'I am going to give you ten pounds.'

The guard personally conducted her to an empty compartment of the London. She scribbled to Webley on the back of a telegraph form:

'Dear George: I have concluded not to go to America this trip. Our proposed elopement was a very foolish affair, and I hope you never thought I was in earnest about it. Take my advice and go to America. I am told that the girls over there are much prettier than yours truly,

'TILLIE MARKHAM.'

'There!' said Tillie, giving the note to the guard with the parting tip, 'take that to the young man who is guarding his luggage. Don't tell him where I have gone, nor give him any information. He will offer you money, of course, because he has plenty. Take the money and tell him I have gone to the country. Tell him any thing you like, only not where I am really gone.'

All of which went to show that Tillie had no conscience.

The guard touched his cap and departed. After the London train had steamed away from its station the guard handed George the note. He did not get the money he expected. A look of relief passed over the young fellow's face and he swore a little. Then he whistled, and said to himself more than to to the expectant guard:

'Sensible girl; I was almost getting tired of it myself.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Treat a Wife.

(Grom the Pacific Health Journal.)

First, get a wife; second, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, but do not, therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have trials, which, though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. To this we would add always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. It is the best and is sure to be needed sooner or later. Your wife will then know that you really care for her and wish to protect her health. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.

☞ Delight, enthusiasm, hope, content—these are the true conditions of a Christian life, just as song is the true condition of the bird, or color of the rose. But just as the bird is still a bird, although it cannot sing, and the rose is still a rose although its red grows dull and faded in some dark, close room where it is compelled to grow—so the Christian is a Christian still, even although his soul is dark with doubt and he goes staggering on, feeling every moment that he will fall, never daring to look up and hope.—*Philips Brooks.*

Doing it Well.

The boy who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a higher position in the business house in which he is employed, when a less brilliant companion who works for another establishment is advanced very rapidly.

A boy about sixteen years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He looked vainly for weeks, and was well nigh hopeless of getting any work to do, when he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom he will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question, 'Can you give me anything to do?'

Mr. Stone, to whom he appealed, answered, 'No, full now.' Then happening to notice an expression of despondency on the youth's face, he said: 'If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well, and I'll give you twenty-five cents.'

'All right, thank you, sir,' answered the young man, and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came up stairs and went to Mr. Stone. 'Ah, yes,' said the gentleman somewhat hastily. 'Piled up the wood? Well, here's your money.'

'No, sir; I'm not quite through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning,' said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

'All right,' said Mr. Stone, and thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and, recollecting the wood-pile, glanced into the coal and wood-room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanily swept, and the young man was at that moment engaged in repairing the coalbin. 'Hullo!' said Mr. Stone, 'I didn't engage you to do anything but pile up that wood.'

'I know it, sir,' answered the lad; 'but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not. But I don't expect any pay but my quarter.'

'Humph!' muttered Mr. Stone; and went up to his office without further comment.

Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay, and Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

'Thank you,' said the youth, and turned away.

'Stop a minute,' said Mr. Stone. 'Have you a place in view where you can find work?'

'No sir.'

'Well, I want you to work for me! Here,' said he writing something on a slip of paper, 'take this to the gentleman standing by the counter; he will tell you what to do. Do your work as well as you did that downstairs, and—that's all, and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large now as it was then, and its superintendent is the young man who began by piling kindling wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has advanced, step by step, and has not yet by any means reached the topmost round of success. He is sure to become a partner some day either with his employer or in some other business house.

☞ Mrs. D. P. Davis, a prominent liveryman and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Palm Balm eased the pain and the use of one bottle completely cured him. For sale Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.