Saint Mary's Beacon

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Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.

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

Advances made on consignments.

April 2-0y.

Private Tucker's Love.

William Tucker was a plain man, with a plain name.

He must have known from the very first that it was all hopeless, and that it could at the best only disturb his peace of mind. But he went on, nevertheless, in his own dull, stupid fashion, content only to touch her hand occasionally, to get a sort of second-rate smile from her.

Once she was ill, and he scarcely left the house in which she lay until she was well again. He haunted it by day; he lingered about aimlessly at night. He ruined himself by his lavish purchases of flowers and hothouse fruit.

When at last one summer day he was told that she was convalescent, and that she would see him, he felt that heaven was in sight.

He was shown out into a garden, where she was seated in a great chair. She looked so pale and weak that if anything could have increased his love for her, her appearance alone would have done it.

'You have been very kind, Mr. Tucker,' she said in a low voice, 'and I am very grateful. You have done so much for me, and your flowers have been with me every day.'

Then it was that William Tucker made the one chief mistake of his life, and in stammering utterances tried to tell her of the emotion which possessed him. But she stayed him with a light hand upon his lips.

'I am more grateful even than before,' she said slowly, 'but you offer me a gift which I cannot accept. I cannot tell you how sorry I am or how much I believe in all that you have told me. But I love another man, and I love him very dearly.'

'I might have known,' he said slowly; 'I might have known above all things that it is not for such a man as I am to snatch so great a prize. Can you forgive me sufficiently to let me still hold that place in your thoughts?'

'I shall hope you will be my good friend always, Mr. Tucker,' she said gently. 'I am to marry Lacey. I should have told you before.'

Thereafter the dull, stupid, commonplace man showed so delicate a tact and was so cheerfully generous to the man who had taken the place he had hoped to occupy, that she grew to have a regard for him that was almost like that of a younger sister for a brother in whom she implicitely believed and trusted.

She came to him one day, weeping and in great distress, and told him that her lover had been ordered to Africa with his regiment. War was looming on the horizon and the work there would be desperate.

'I know how brave he is,' she sobbed, 'and I know he will go there with no arm save his own to stand between him and death. I think I would give the world to know there was some one with him who would watch over him and bring him back to me at last.'

The words were carelessly spoken—said only in the agony of the moment. But the words spoke to him trumpet-tongued, even as a command.

The next day William Tucker left the world wherein men had laughed at him—and Private William Tucker entered the regiment which had ben ordered to the front and of which Lieutenant Charles Lacey was one of the officers.

* * * *

In the course of time Private William Tucker became merged as a mere unit in the regiment to which he belonged, and, with a certain latent purpose in his mind, was glad to lose sight of the world he had left behind and to take his place as one of the rank and file.

The latent purpose was never known—at least until the end; but it became a tradition among the rough men with whom he served that wherever the lithe and active form of Lieutenant Charles Lacey was seen in the fight, there, close beside him, was one grim-faced Tommy Atkins, fighting with a fierceness unknown in the character of William Tucker, who had disappeared.

As a matter of fact, Lacey knew nothing about who the man was or from whence he came. He had met him but seldom in those old days, and the face of Private William Tucker was scarcely one to be remembered.

There came a day when Lacy, with a mere handful of men, was sent on a forced march in an endeavor to join forces with another camp. But the march was not a success, and they presently found that they were cut off, in the midst of the hills.

It was a certainty from the first of their being absolutely outnumbered, and they fell one after another, with those horrible black faces swarming round them.

There was one gallant young figure standing there and cheering on his men and overawing for a moment even those who swarmed about them.

A spear thurst had reached him at last, and he staggered backward, with a score of weapons leveled at him. But there was another who sprang in there before him, with a clubbed rifle swung madly round his head—one who knew only that the man he had sworn in his heart to serve was lying there beneath him; one who saw only a woman's face in far-off England.

* * * *

'I have come back to you, my darling,' Charles Lacey was saying. 'When we were cut off there, with a mere handful of men, I little thought that I should ever see your face again. I—of all those who were with me—alone escaped, although my wound took a long time to heal.'

'But how did you escape?' she asked breathlessly, while she clung to him.

'There was a soldier there—a brave fellow, who for some unknown reason had stuck to me all through the campaign. They found him lying across me with a broken rifle in his hand, and they told me that his wounds were frightful—enough to have killed half a dozen men. I only found out afterward who he was. They called him Private William Tucker.'

He wondered why she wore a black dress that night at dinner. When he asked her she said, with the tears shining in her eyes, that it was for the sake of the dead soldier who sent him back to her.—London Bits.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for Diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this remedy. Only four doses of it were required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy. —Mrs. Mary Sibley, Stanley, Mich. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Mathews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—A Merchant in Biddeford, Me., a few days ago received a letter inclosing $1 and a sheet of paper, on which the word "Conscience" was written. This calls to mind an old story of a thief who broke into a store in Skowhegan several years ago, and secured a good sum of money from the cash drawer. A few months afterwards the merchant received a letter in which was a $10 bill and the following note: "I stole $78 from your money drawer. Remorse gnaws at my conscience. When remorse gnaws again I will send you some more."

Dr. Killem (indignantly): 'What do you think? Shrouds, the undertaker, offered me 20 per cent. on all the business I would put in his his way.'

Dr. Pillem (dryly): 'You'll be a rich man yet, Killem.'—Truth.

PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

Here is a story they tell over the tea-cups where Edison lives.

The phonograph came to the Edison labratory and the first baby to the Edison home about the same time; and when the baby was old enough to say "Goo-goo," and pull the great inventor's hair in a most disrespectful manner, the phonograph was near enough perfection to capture the baby talk for preservation among the family archives.

So Mr. Edison filled up several rolls with the pretty inarticulations, and laid them carefully away.

But this was not sufficient. The most picturesque thing about the baby's utterances was its crying, and the record of this its fond father determined to secure.

How it would entertain him in his old age, he thought, to start the phonograph a-going, and hear again the baby wails of his first-born.

So one afternoon, Mr. Edison tore himself from his work and climbed the big hill leading to his house. He went in a great hurry, for he is a man who grudges every working moment from his labor.

A workman followed at his heels, carrying the only phonograph that at that time had been sufficiently completed to accomplish really good results.

Reaching home and the nursery, Mr. Edison started the phonograph, and brought the baby in front of it. But the baby didn't cry.

Mr. Edison tumbled the youngster about, and rumpled its hair, and did all sorts of things, but still the baby didn't cry. Then he made dreadful faces, but the baby thought they were very funny, and crowed joyously.

So back to the laboratory went Mr. Edison in a very unpleasant frame of mind, for the baby's untimely good-humor had cost him an hour of work. The phonograph was also taken back.

But he did not give it up. The next afternoon he went home again, and the phonograph with him.

But if the baby was good-natured the day before, this time it was simply cherubic. There was nothing at all that its father could do that did not make the baby laugh.

Even the phonograph itself, with its tiny, whirring wheels, the baby thought was meant for its special entertainment, and gurgled joyously.

So back to work the inventor went again, with a temper positively ruffled. The next day, and the next, he tried it, but all to no purpose. The baby would not cry, even when waked suddenly from sleep.

But to baffle Edison is only to inflame his determination, which, by the way, is one of the secrets of his success. So, at length, after much thought, he made a mighty resolve.

It took a vast amount of determination on his part to screw himself to the point of committing the awful deed, but he succeeded at last; and one morning, when he knew his wife had gone into town, he went quietly home with the phonograph, and stole into the nursery, where the baby greeted him with customary glee.

Starting the machine, Mr. Edison ordered the nurse to leave the room. Then he took the baby on his knee, and bared its chubby little leg.

He took the tender flesh between his thumb and finger, clenched his teeth, shut his eyes tight, and made ready to—yes, actually to pinch the baby's leg.

But just at the fateful moment, the nurse peeped through the door, and perceiving the horrid plot, flounced in and rescued the baby in the nick of time.

Mr. Edison breathed a mighty sigh of relief as he gathered up the phonograph and went back to the labratory. He then gave up the project of phonographing the baby's crying.

But not long afterwards he accomplished his purpose after all, and quite unexpectedly, too.

As soon as the baby was old enough to "take notice," its doting mother took it down to the laboratory one sunny day, and when the big machinery was started a-roaring, the baby screwed up its face, opened its mouth, and emitted a series of woeful screams, that made Mr. Edison leap to his feet.

"Stop the machinery, and start the phonograph!" he shouted, and the record of his baby's crying was then and there accomplished.

Early Days in Illinois.

"When I was a young man out in McLean County, Ill.," said Elnathan Rockwell, and octogenarian of this city, "I walked four miles through a deep snow to see my girl one night, and more snow began falling so heavily that I couldn't get back home across the prairie, and had to stay at her folks' house all night. There was nothing strange in that, as settlers were few and far between, and it was common for neighbors to stay all night with one another. There was nothing strange, either, in my having on a pair of buckskin breeches, for cloth was a scarce article with us in those days, and what we had was homemade. Deer were plentiful, and buckskin clothing was common wearing apparel in the winter.

"The breeches I went sparking in that night were made from a skin that hadn't been properly dried, and were a little green yet. My girl's folks had moved from their first log house into a new one, and as their new house, like all dwellings of the prairie, had but one apartment, they made a shakedown for me in the vacant log house. There wasn't any door to the old house. I laid my buckskin breeches on the floor by the side of my bed. Some time during the night either the family dog or a wolf or two, scenting that green buckskin, came into the cabin and stole my breeches, and took them away somewhere and ate them. I saw the tracks in the snow inside the log house, but the falling snow had covered them up on the outside.

"It was terribly cold, and all I could do was to lie in bed and wait for developments. I should have been up and eating breakfast long before daylight, and, daylight coming, and I not having put in an appearance yet, my girl's mother came out to see what was the matter. There was great commotion when she found out, for there wasn't another pair of breeches within four miles, except her husband's, and he wanted his himself. The consequence was that I had to lie covered up in the old log house until he could go all the way through the snow four miles to our house, get my father's breeches, and come back with them to my relief. In the condition of the prairie, the snow being 2 feet deep, this trip took nearly all the rest of the day, and my father had to go to bed until I got home with his breeches. By the time I got there mother had a new pair of buckskins nearly ready, and everything was all right.

"Not long after that I fixed it so there would be no danger of my getting into the scrape again. I married my girl, and we went to keeping house right away. Our house was a log cabin I had built.

"Our nearest neighbor was five miles away, and the first winter we lived on our place all the company we had was wolves that came boldly into the yard and picked up what they could find, wild turkeys that came and ate the crumbs that were swept out, and deer that came from the timber and tried to sneak a share of the corn fodder we fed our cows and oxen on. That winter my wife walked five miles and back, morning and evening, for three days, to do weaving for a neighbor, her pay being a pair of chickens that we wanted to start a flock with.

"When our baby was 3 months old my wife used to leave it on the bed while she drove the oxen as I plowed up the stiff prairie sod. We had a good dog, which always stayed in the cabin at such times. My wife would go to the house every half hour or so, to see if everything was all right. One day she started on one of these trips and met the dog, covered, with blood and so badly hurt that he was dragging himself along toward where we were. She almost flew the rest of the way to the house. There she found the baby on the bed all right, but in front of the bed lay a big wolf, dead, and nearly torn to pieces. The condition of the dog was explained.

"The wolf had come down to the cabin while we were away, and but for the dog would have devoured our child. We never left the baby alone after that, and he is living right here in New York today, and so is his mother.—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Youngwife's Economy.

The other day Mrs. Youngwife came in to borrow the mucilage. Mrs. Youngwife had written a letter, put her last stamp on the envelope and then addressed it wrong.

'I was so provoked,' she said, 'and I made up my mind I'd save that stamp if it took me all the afternoon. I've been at it an hour, but I got it off. Don't you think I'm economical?'

Some one suggested that there was a saying about a penuy saved was as good as two earned, but there was another saying about 'penny wise, pound foolish.'

'Ah!, said Mrs. Youngwife. 'That's my husband! He is always complaining about the size of our bills. He said to me this morning: 'What do you do with all the coal? Do you eat it?' I assured him I didn't, but what do you think he does? He comes home Saturday night with $2 or $3 worth of the most expensive fruit, which spoils before we can eat it. They make him pay $1 a dozen for oranges and tell him they are from Spain. They are no more from Spain than I am! But so it goes!

'The other day he met an old acquaintance down town. They hadn't seen each other since we have been married.

'Well,' said the man to my husband, have you a good boarding place now?'

'Just fair,' said my husband.

'Cheap?' asked his friend.

'Umph! Not exactly!' said my husband.

'Where is it! asked his friend.

'Up near Sixty-fifth street and Tenth avenue,' said my husband.

'How much do yon pay? asked his friend.

'Well it cost me about $150 a month,' said my husband.

'Great Scott! Are you crazy?' said his friend. 'Up near Sixty-fifth street and near Tenth avenue! Why, what in heaven's name makes you do it?'

'I'm married! said my husband.

'Oh!' was all his friend said.'—*New York Sun.*

HOW WAS IT?—'My good woman,' said the learned judge 'you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the leftt and the broughman was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the broughman and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the broughman, cab omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was.'

She—It is all so nice for you to go down to the club to break the monotony and all that sort of things, but where do I come in?'

He—You get your share in getting rid of me for a while.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

'This map of your new railroad is imperfect,' said the Judge.

'Imperfect, your Honor?'

'Yes, sir. There's your station, there's your tank, and there's your coal chute. Now where in thunder is your receiver?'—Atlanta Constitution.

'Well,' said the camel in the circus parade, 'there's some comfort for me after all.'

'What do you mean?'

'My hump is pretty bad, but it might be worse. I don't ride a bicyble.—Washington Star.