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Saint Mary's Beacon

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1896.

810.

Saint Mary's Beacon.
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
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BILL HEADS
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,
Parties having Real or Personal Prop-
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Any length you wish, or

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For any quality.

Doors 90c. Apiece

1 1-2 inch thick. All White Pine.

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THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

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**ANIMAL BONE FERTILIZERS,
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WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

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(Guaranteed free from all adulterations under forfeiture of bill.)

**Baugh's Pure Dissolved Animal Bone,
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AND HIGH-GRADE CHEMICALS.**

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Advances made on consignments.
April 2-y.

Running Down a Slave-Ship.

'Sail Ho!'
Never, surely, did the cry fall upon more welcome ears, save and except those of men becalmed in a boat upon the open sea. For twelve weary days and nights had we, the officers and men of H. M. sloop Petrel (six guns Commander R. R. Neville), been cooped up in our iron prison, patrolling one of the hottest sections of the terrestrial globe, on the lookout for slavers. From longitude 4 north to longitude 4 south was our beat, and we dared not venture beyond these limits. Our instructions were to keep out of sight of land and try to intercept some of the large vessels which, it was suspected, carried cargoes of slaves from the coast.

The ship, the sea, the cloudless sky; there was nothing else to see, nothing else to think of. Work, study, play even, were alike impossible in that fierce, scorching heat. If you touched a bit of iron on deck, it almost burned your hand. If you lay down between decks covered with a sheet, you awoke in a bath of perspiration.

'Sail ho!' The man, in his excitement, repeated the shout before he could be hailed from the deck.

'Where away?' sang out the captain.

'Two points on the weather bow, sir,' was the reply.

That phrase about the 'weather bow' was a nautical fiction, for there was no wind to speak of, and what there was was nearly dead astern.

'Keep her away two points' said Commander Neville, and the order was promptly obeyed.

In a few seconds the news had spread through the ship, and the men clustered on the bulwarks, straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the stranger. Even the stokers, poor fellows, showed their sooty faces at the engine-room hatchway.

Of course, the stranger might be, and probably was, an innocent trader; but then she might be a slaver. The golden visions of the prize-money floated before the eyes of every man and boy on board.

We did not steam very fast, as our supply of coal was limited, and it was about two hours before sundown when we fairly sighted the stranger. She was a long, three-masted schooner, with tall, raking masts, lying very low in the water. All her canvas was set, and as a little wind had sprung up, she was slipping through the water at a fair pace.

'She looks for all the world like a slaver, sir,' remarked Mr. Brabazon, the first lieutenant, to the commander.

Neville said nothing, but his lips were firmly compressed and a gleam of excitement was in his eyes.

'Fire a blank cartridge, Mr. O'Riley,' said he to the second lieutenant; 'and signal her to give her nationality and her code number.'

This was done; and, in answer to the signal, the schooner slowly hoisted the American colors.

'She has eased away her sheets, and luffed a point or two, sir,' said the quartermaster, touching his cap.

The captain merely answered this by a nod.

'Put a shot in your gun, Mr. O'Riley,' said he.

'Lower your hoist and make a fresh hoist demanding her name,' This was done but the American took no notice.

'Fire a shot, Mr. O'Riley—wide, of course,' said the commander.

Again the deafening report of the big gun sounded in our ears, and we could see the splash of the shot as it struck the water about fifty yards from the schooner. Immediately a flag was run up, then another, and another, and we saw that she was not giving her code number, but was spelling out her name, letter by letter—The Black Swan.

'Just look that up in the U. S. Merchant Registry,' said the captain to the first lieutenant. And in half-a-minute he had reported, 'No such name, sir.'

This was something more than suspicious. And the ship was rising.

'Hoist the signal for her to heave-to!' cried Commander Neville.

'Take a boat and a half-dozen of hands, Mr. O'Riley,' he continued; 'board her, inspect her papers and come back to report. Her papers are not in order,' added he, 'you may search for slaves; but if they are, you had better do nothing further. You know it is strictly set down in the protocol that are not entitled to search the hold if the papers are in order; and there have been complaints lately against some over-zealous officers, who have got into trouble in consequence. So be careful. But keep your eyes open. Note any suspicious circumstances, and come back as soon as you can, to report.'

'Before Lieut. O'Riley reached the ship he saw that everything about her had been sacrificed to speed. Her spars were unusually heavy for a craft of her size.

The British officer was received by a little, thin, elderly man, speaking with a strong Yankee accent.

'Produce your papers, if you please,' said O'Riley. They were handed out at once, and seemed regular.

'What have you got on board?' was the next question.

'General cargo—dry goods and so on.'

'Why isn't your name on the register?'

'Ain't it now? Well, I guess it must be because this is a new ship. We can't put our name on the register by telegraph, mister.'

'Just tell your men to knock off the hatches. I want to have a look at your cargo.'

The skipper shook his head.

'I've been delayed long enough,' said he, 'and have lost a great part of the only wind we've had in this damned latitude for a week.'

'I will do it myself, then!' cried O'Riley.

'Not now, sir; not with six men when I have fifteen. You have no right to search the hold of a respectable merchantman and disturb her cargo. Do you take me for a slaver, or what? If you must have the hatches up, send back to your man-of-war for a larger crew, so as to overpower me, you understand, and you may do it with pleasure. But I guess there'll be a complaint lodged at Washington, and you folks in London will have to pay for it. That's all, mister. I only want thing fair and square, within my treaty rights.'

And having delivered himself of this long speech, the Yankee skipper turned on his heel.

Of course, O'Riley could only return to the Petrel and report all this to his commander. 'I'm convinced she is a slaver, sir,' said he in conclusion.

'But you have no evidence of it; and you say the papers were all in order.'

'Apparently they were, sir.'

'Then I'm afraid I can do nothing,' said the commander. And, to the deep disgust of the whole ship's crew, the order was given for the Petrel to return to her course.

All that night, however, Commander Neville was haunted by a doubt whether he had not better have run the risk of a complaint and a reprimand, rather than forego the overhauling of so suspicious-looking a craft; and in the morning a rumor reached his ears that the coxswain, who had accompanied Mr. O'Riley to the Black Swan, had noticed something about her of a doubtful nature. The man was sent for and questioned; and he said that, while the lieutenant was on board, the boat of which he was in charge had dropped a little way astern; and that he then noticed that the name of the vessel had been recently painted out, but the last two letters were distinctly visible. And these letters were LE, not AN.

'The scoundrel said she was a new ship!' cried the commander. 'But ship!'

'We can't possibly catch her up, sir,' said the first lieutenant, dryly.

'I don't know that, Mr. Brabazon,' answered Neville. 'There has been hardly any wind; and we know the course she was steering. She could not expect to see us again; so in all probability she has kept that course. By making proper allowances we may intercept her. I am convinced of it.'

The hope of again encountering the Black Swan, faint as it was, caused quite a commotion in our little world. The day passed without our sighting a single sail; but when the morning dawned Lieutenant Brabazon was forced to own that the commander's judgment had proved better than his own. By the greatest good luck we had hit upon the right track. There, right in front of us, was the American schooner, her sails lazily flapping against her masts.

'Full speed ahead, and stand by,' shouted the captain down the engine-room tube.

'Signal to her to heave-to; and if she does not obey, fire a shot right across her bows, Mr. O'Riley,' continued the commander. 'Mr. Brabazon, you take a boat and thirty men well armed. Board her, and have all her hatches off at once. You'll stand no nonsense, I know.'

'All right, sir,' cried the lieutenant, an active, somewhat imperious officer, of the *Civis Romanus sum* type. He had been unusually disgusted at the commander's decision to leave the Black Swan without searching her, and he was delighted to see a more active policy.

'I say, Brabazon,' whispered the commander to him, as he was going over the side, 'you know I am stepping a bit beyond bounds, and I am just a little excited. If she turns out to be a slaver, as we suspect, step to the taffrail and wave your handkerchief, will you?'

'I will sir; I'm certain it will be all right,' cheerfully responded the first lieutenant.

A tall, slim, youngish man, dressed in white linen, received the British officer as he set foot on the deck of the Black Swan.

'I am at present in command of this craft, sir,' said the young American. 'The skipper is not fit for service just at present. We had a visit from you two days ago, I think. Can I do anything for you?'

'Yes. I want you to take off your hatches,' said the lieutenant, sharply.

'Well, sir,' began the Yankee, 'I guess your demand is beyond your treaty powers.'

'I know all about that. I must have the hatches off.'

'And you are detaining me and overhauling my cargo on no grounds whatever—'

'Will you do it at once?' broke in the English officer.

'I repeat, on no grounds whatever, will I cause an in-ter-national difficulty. It might bring re-markably unpleasant consequences to your captain. Now—'

'Off with you hatches!' cried the lieutenant.

'Sir!'

'If you don't by George, I will!'

'You know clearly what you are doing, sir!'

'I do.'

'And you know the risk you run?'

'I do. No more palaver. Off with them at once, or I'll break them open.'

Further resistance was useless. The thing was done; and the moment the first hatch was raised, the sickening effluvia that issued from the hold proclaimed the truth. Nearly 300 slaves were packed between decks, and many of the poor creatures standing so close that they could not lie down.

With a look of speechless contempt at the young mate of the schooner, the lieutenant walked to the side of the ship and waved his handkerchief. That instant a loud British cheer rang over the water, given by the blue-jackets, who could be seen clustering in the rigging like bees.

'I told our skipper judgment would overtake us,' said the Yankee. 'Say, mister,' he added in another tone, 'seeing that the game's up, suppose we have a glass of red champagne downstairs?'

The lieutenant hesitated. To drink with the mate of a slaver! But—iced champagne!

Slowly he moved toward the companion-way. 'I don't mind if I do,' he said at length; 'and you may as well bring up your papers with the drinks, for I shall carry them on board the Petrel. Of course you understand that you are my prize.'

And having set a guard at the hatchways, the lieutenant descended the cabin stairs.

The iced champagne was duly forthcoming, and under its genial influence Lieut. Brabazon began to feel something like pity for the young man who had been so early seduced into the paths of crime. Probably he had a mother or a sweetheart somewhere in the States, who imagined that he was already on his way home, whereas now his character was ruined, even if he escaped a long term of imprisonment.

This feeling was strengthened, as he saw that his companion was gazing mournfully at his glass, without speaking a word. At length the young man lifted his head.

'Say, mister, what'll they do to me?'

'I can't tell. Of course, you know that what you have been engaged in is a kind of piracy?'

'No!'

'I believe so. Cargo and crew are confiscated, of course. What they will do with you I can't tell.'

'They won't hang me, will they?'

'Probably not,' said the lieutenant; 'but let this be a warning to you. You see what it is to wander off the straight course and hanker after forbidden gains. Lead an honest life in future, when you are released from custody. Avoid vicious companions— But what is this?' he cried, as his eye fell on an empty scabbard hanging on the wall. It looked very like a United States service sword-sabbard, and immediately the thought darted through his mind that this hypocritical young Yankee (who had been pretending to wipe away a tear as he listened to the lieutenant's good advice) had been doing something worse, or at least more heavily punished, than running cargoes of slaves.

The British officer looked round the cabin. A United States navy cap was lying on a plush-covered bench.

'Ah! you've been having a brush with an American man-of-war!' cried Lieut. Brabazon. 'You will have to tell my superior officer how you came into possession of these articles. I must place you under arrest! And bitterly regretting that he had sat down to table with the fellow, the British officer rushed on deck.

'Quartermaster!' he cried, 'bring up a guard of four men, and take this man,' pointing to the Yankee, who had followed him on deck, 'to the Petrel. If he tries to escape, shoot him at once!'

The quartermaster advanced to seize the prisoner; but before he reached him he involuntarily stopped short. A roar of laughter sounded on his ears. The American mate and his companions were shrieking and staggering about the deck; even the crew of the slaver were, every man-jack of them, grinning from ear to ear. The lieutenant was dumfounded.

'Excuse me, sir; but the joke was too good,' said the Yankee, coming forward and holding out his hand. 'I am the first lieutenant of the United States warship *Georgis*, in command of a prize crew on board this vessel, taking her to— to have her condemned. We seized her yesterday. Hearing that you had been on a visit to her the day before, and had gone away without doing anything, I couldn't resist the temptation of taking you in. Hope you don't bear malice? Let's finish that magnum of champagne.'

It was evidently the best thing to do; but the lieutenant was not a first-rate companion on that occasion.

'Give my respects to your commander,' called out the United States officer, as his guest went down into the boat, 'and advise

him for me not to be so jolly particular another time. And I'll try to take your kind advice and sail a straight course in future!' he cried, as her majesty's boat shot away for the last time from the side of the Black Swan.

HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Lieutenant Derby of the U. S. Army tells this:

'One of our Western forts was in command of a major of artillery who was continually lamenting that his favorite arm could not be more frequently used against the Indians. Finally, one day he took one of the small howitzers which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule, with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun carriage he proceeded with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians. The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule backed to the edge of the bluff. The major remarking something about the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon our Indian allies, stepped forward and applied a match to the fuse.

The curiosity of the mule was aroused. He jerked his head around to see what was fixing on his back, and the next second his feet were bunched together and he was making forty revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything within a radius of half a mile. The captain shinned up the only available tree. The sergeant threw himself flat on the ground and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the fat major rolled over and over alternately invoking the protection of Providence and cursing the mule. Finally, the explosion came, the ball went through the roof of the fort and the recoil of the gun and the wild leap of the terrified mule carried bo' h over the bluff to a safe anchorage in the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort.

Shortly after, the chief of the Indians appeared and announced briefly, 'Injun go home.'

Questioned as to why, he thus explained: 'Injun ver' brave; help white man. Injun use gun, use bow arrow, use knife; but when white man fire off whole jackass, Injun no understand.'—Treasure Trove

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentery in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic Cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages, this remedy, however, has cured the most malignant cases, and of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Mathews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.

TOLSTOI ANSWERS THREE PUZZLING QUESTIONS.—An admirer of the great Russian recently wrote to him, asking a reply to these questions:

1. Ought a man of medium intelligence to express publicly and propagate the principles of life which he considers to be truths?

2. Is it worth while to try to know one's self perfectly?

3. By what principles can a man know at a decisive moment whether it is really his conscience which prompts him or whether it is only his reasonings corrupted by natural weakness?

To the first two Tolstoi said Yes. To the third he replied that 'reason is given to us by God, and, therefore, it must be listened to where conscience has to decide.'

Many a life has been spoiled by not knowing the difference between thrift and stinginess.—Milwaukee Bulletin.

'Why didn't you catch any fish, Harold? Wouldn't they bite?'

'No; we lost our bait. The worm turned.'—Detroit Free Press.