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EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH. Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed at city prices.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 58.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896.

825

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY At Leonardtown, Md. By T. F. YATES and F. V. KING. A Dollar a Year in Advance

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING: One square, one insertion, \$1.00 Each subsequent insertion, .50 Eight lines or less constitute a square. A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Washington City and Potomac Railroad Company.

Time Table—In Effect Monday, 9 30 A. M., October 5, 1896.

Table with columns for STATION—SOUTH, A. M., STATIONS—NORTH, and P. M. listing various stations like Washington, Baltimore, and New Market.

12-INCH STOCK BOARDS ALSO

\$1.00

per 100 feet, the finest lumber. We keep everything in Millwork, Lumber and Builders' Hardware.

FRANK LIBBEY & CO., Corner 6th St. and New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

BAUGH'S

ANIMAL BONE FERTILIZERS, For Wheat and Grass.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Baugh's Pure Bone Meal,

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

Baugh's Pure Dissolved Animal Bone, Baugh's Wheat and Grass Fertilizer, Baugh's General Crop Grower, AND HIGH-GRADE CHEMICALS.

WE ARE OFFERING SPECIAL INDUCEMENT TO CASH BUYERS.

BAUGH AND SONS COMPANY,

Manufacturers and Importers

Animal Bone Fertilizers, Peruvian Guano & Agric'l Chemicals, 412 Exchange Place, Baltimore, Md.

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.

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.

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

A advance made on consignments.

April 2-y.

MARK TWAIN'S BLIZZARD STORY.

In that most delightful of all his stories, 'Roughing It,' Mark Twain writes of a snowstorm in the Rockies. It is filled with the author's quaint and irresistible humor, but no other American writer has ever furnished a better commentary to the accompanying picture of a blizzard.

'I have scarcely exaggerated a detail of this curious adventure,' says Twain. 'It occurred almost exactly as I have stated it.'

The story contained in the chapter, 'A New Start for Carson,' runs thus:

'We (Ollendorff, Ballou and I) mounted and started. The snow lay so deep on the ground that there was no sign of a road perceptible, and the snowfall was so thick that we could not see more than a hundred yards ahead, else we could have guided our course by the mountain ranges.'

For an hour we poked along wearily enough, but at the end of that time we came upon a fresh trail and Ollendorff (who had been the leader of the party) shouted proudly:

'I knew I was as dead certain as a compass, boys! Here we are, right in somebody's tracks that will hunt the way for us without any trouble. Let's hurry up and join company with the party.'

We hurried along, and at the end of an hour the tracks looked still newer and fresher—but what surprised us was that the number of travelers in advance of us seemed to steadily increase. Somebody suggested that it must be a company of soldiers from the fort, and so we accepted that solution and jogged along a little faster still, for they could not be far off now. But the tracks still multiplied, and we began to think the platoon of soldiers was miraculously expanding into a regiment—Ballou said they had already increased to five hundred! Presently he stopped his horse and said:

'Boys, they are our own tracks, and we've actually been circling round and round in a circle for more than two hours, out here in this blind desert! By George this is perfectly hydraulic!'

We certainly had been following our own tracks. Ollendorff and his 'mental compass,' were in disgrace from that moment. After all our hard travel, here we were on the bank of the stream again, with the inn beyond dimly outlined through the driving snow-fall.

Presently the overland stage forced the now fast receding stream and started toward Carson on its first trip since the flood came. We hesitated no longer now, but took up our march in its wake, and trotted merrily along for we had great confidence in the driver's bump of locality. But our horses were no match for the fresh stage team. We were soon left out of sight; but it was no matter, for we had the deep rats the wheels made for guide. By this time it was 3 in the afternoon, and consequently it was not very long before night came—and not with lingering twilight, but with a sudden shutting down like a cellar door, as is its habit in that country. The snow was still as thick as ever, and of course we could not see 15 steps before us, but all about us the white glare of the snow-bed enabled us to discern the smooth sugar-loaf mounds made by the covered sage-bushes, and just in front of us the two faint grooves which we knew were the steadily filling and slowly disappearing wheel-tracks.

Now, those sage-bushes were all about the same height—three or four feet; they stood just about seven feet apart, all over the vast desert; each of them was a mere snow mound now; in any direction that you proceeded, the same as in a well laid-out orchard—you would find yourself moving in a well-defined avenue, with a row of these snow mounds on either side of it—

an avenue the customary width of a road, nice and level in its breadth and rising at the sides in the most natural way, by reason of the mounds. But we had not thought of this. Then imagine the chilly thrill that shot through us, when it finally occurred to us, far in the night, that since the last faint trace of the wheel-tracks had long ago been buried from sight, we might now be wandering down a mere sage-bush avenue, miles away from the road and diverging further and further from it all the time. Having a cake of soap and down one's back is a very disagreeable preparation to it. There was a sudden leap and stir of blood that had been asleep for an hour, and as sudden a reaction of all the drooping activities in our minds and bodies. We were alive and awake at once—and shaking and quaking with consternation, too. There was an instant halting and dismounting, a bending low and an anxious scanning of the roadbed. Useless, of course; for if a faint depression could not be discerned from an altitude of four or five feet above it, it certainly could not with one's nose nearly against it.

We seemed to be in a road, but that was no proof. We tested this by walking off in various directions—the regular snow mounds and the regular avenues between them, convinced each man that he had found the true road, and that the others had found only false ones. Plainly the situation was desperate. We were cold and stiff and the horses were tired. We decided to build a sage-bush fire and camp out till morning. This was wise, because if we were wandering from the right road and the snowstorm continued another day our case would be the next thing to hopeless if we kept on.

All agreed that a camp fire was what would come nearest to saving us now, and so we set about building it. We could find no matches, and so we tried to make shift with several minutes. It was a solemn sort of silence; even the wind put on a stealthy, sinister quiet, and made no more noise than the falling flakes of snow. Finally a sad-voiced conversation began, and it was soon apparent that in each one of our hearts lay the conviction that this was our last night with the living. I had so hoped that I was the only one who felt so.

When the others calmly acknowledged their convictions, it sounded like the summons itself. Ollendorff said:

'Brothers, let us die together. And let us go without oze hard feeling towards each other. Let us forget and forgive by-gones. \* \* \* I forgive Mr. Ballou with all my heart, and—'

Poor Ollendorff broke down at the tears came. He was not alone for I was crying too, and so was Mr. Ballou. Ollendorff got his voice again and forgave me for things I had done and said. Then he got out his bottle of whisky and said that whether he lived or died he would never touch another drop.

He said he had given up all hope of life, and although ill prepared, was ready to submit humbly to his fate; that he wished he could be spared a little longer, not for any selfish reason, but to make a thorough reform in his character, and by devoting himself to helping the poor, nursing the sick and pleading with the people to guard themselves against the evils of intemperance, make his life a beneficent example to the young, and lay it down at last with the precious reflection that it had not been lived in vain. \* \* \*

Mr. Ballou made remarks of similar purport, and began the reform he could not live to continue by throwing away the ancient pack of cards that had soled our captivity during the flood and made it bearable.

My own remarks were of the same tenor as those of my comrades and I knew that the feelings that prompted them were heartfelt and sincere. \* \* \*

I threw away my pipe, and in doing it felt that at last I was free of a hated vice and one that has ridden me like a tyrant all my days.

We put our arms about each other's neck and awaited the warning drowsiness that precedes death by freezing. It came stealing over us presently, and then we bade each other a last farewell. A delicious dreaminess wrought its web about my yielding senses, while the snow flakes wove a winding sheet about my conquered body. Oblivion came. The battle of life was done. I do not know how long I was in a state of forgetfulness, but it seemed an age. A vague consciousness grew again, as by degrees, and then came a gathering anguish of pain in my limbs and through all my body. I shuddered. The thought flitted through my brain, 'This is death—this is the hereafter.'

Then came a white upheaval at my side, and a voice said, with bitterness:

'Will some gentleman beso good as to kick me behind?'

It was Ballou—at least it was a tousled snow image in a sitting posture, with Ballou's voice.

I rose up, and there in the glare dawn, not fifteen steps from us, were the frame buildings of a station, and under a shed stood an still saddled and bridled horses!

We actually went into camp in a snowdrift in a desert, at midnight, in a storm, forlorn and hopeless, within fifteen steps of a comfortable inn.

STUCK BY LIGHTNING.—A danger long ago over, but which is as thrilling as any present newspaper item of the time, because it concerned a most precious life, is described in Mr. Stearns' 'Sketches from Concord and Appledore.' In the summer of 1872 a number of persons were killed by lightning, and the poet Whittier also met with a narrow escape.

It was one of the last days of June, and from our piazza we could see the masses of black clouds rolling down the Merrimac Valley. At the same time Miss Lizzie Whittier and a friend were seated in a room on the right hand of the front door, when an electric bolt came through the wall like a rifle-shot just above her friend's head, laying her out on the floor and shivering a mirror into splinters.

Then it went through the doorway, met Mr. Whittier, in the front hall, and knocked him senseless; then seizing two slats from a blind it escaped through an open window into the garden.

None of the victims were seriously injured, however, though their heads were confused and unserviceable for several days.

Mr. Whittier was asked how the stroke felt. 'It was like a blow from a pillar-driver,' said he, 'and I should not like to have it repeated.'

LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS.—Even on the earth there are animals that exist with very little water, and this, taken in connection with other universal laws, appears to meet the strongest objections of those who maintain, because conditions on other planets are not analogous to ours, life cannot exist elsewhere in space. No doubt on Mars, and perhaps on grander spheres where are studied the operations of this mate of a world, there are sentient beings who, regarding the glories and radiance of their own existence doubt that life can endure on a sphere like the earth, which is wrapped in clouds, vapor and water.—Albany Journal.

A GOOD GAME.—Casino is a good all around game, but as played or divaried it is too simple to please those who are accustomed to euchre, whist or cribbage. A variation which will make it interesting to many is accomplished by reckoning the knave 11, the queen 12 and the king 13. Thus if big casino, little casino and one ace be on the board at one time all three may be taken by the holder of a king. A 2 spot, 6 spot and an ace could be taken by a knave, a 10 spot and a 2 spot by a queen.

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Patrick Got Mad.

An amusing scene occurred in a quiet uptown street last night. A young Irishman who is courting a rosy-checked servant in one of the houses of the thoroughfare called about his usual time in the evening. Just as he opened the iron gate leading into the basement yard he heard a voice say: 'Hallo, Pat!'

'Hallo, yourself,' replied Pat. 'Hallo, Pat,' said the strange voice again.

Pat gazed all around him, but could see nobody, and once again he heard the voice say, 'Hallo, Pat.'

'Is that all you can say, 'Hallo, Pat! Where the devil are you, anyhow?' answered Pat.

'Pat, you're a fool,' said the voice.

'Begorra, you're a liar, whoever he be,' shouted Pat; as he looked blindly around for his insulter.

'Pat, you're a fool,' again uttered the voice.

'I'm no fool, whoever you are,' called out Pat, wild with anger, and if yez will show yerself, I'll prove it to yez.

'Pat, you're a fool,' came the reply, accompanied by a hoarse chuckle.

Pat was furious and thoughts of his rival, McCarthy, immediately came in his mind.

'Pat, you're a fool! Pat, you're a fool! ho, ho, ho, ha, ha!' shouted Pat's tormentor.

By this time Pat's coat and waistcoat lay on the ground and he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and was tearing around like a lion on a hot griddle. There's no telling what would have happened, as it was nearly the time for the policeman on the beat to pass that way, when the basement door opened and Pat's sweetheart came out. On seeing Pat she uttered a little scream and exclaimed, 'Are you crazy Pat? An' what has come into you the night? Pat your clothes on, man.'

'Pat, you're a fool! Ho, ho! ha, ha!' said the mysterious voice out of the darkness.

'Do yez hear the blackguard? Oh, if I can lay me hands on him!' foamed Pat, as he continued his war dance.

'Ah, you musn't mind that, Pat,' said his sweetheart. 'Why, it's only one of the young men's parrots which they brought with them from over the sea. It's an ill-mannered bird, and do swear dreadfully. Mistress won't have it in the house, so the boys hang up the cage out of the window of their room upstairs.'

'Pat became slowly appeased, and as he put on his coat he said, 'I don't mind what a bird says, Molly, but begorra, I thought it was that sneak McCarthy.—New York Tribune.'

LAWLESSNESS.—She started up in bed with an exclamation of anger. 'How dare you!' she cried. 'The burglar quailed. Her voice rose to a trenchant shriek. 'How dare you call when you know this is not my night at home.'

Abandoning his tools, he fled, with terror.

PERPETUAL SUNSHINE.—Perpetual sunshine occurs on the coast of Peru, where, although it may be misty occasionally, the blue sky is always visible through this whitish veil. Perpetual sunshine when the sun is above the horizon also exists in the Sahara, the great desert of Africa, and in the other rainless regions of the earth.

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Picton says: 'I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement.' For sale by William F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown: Joseph S. Matthews, Valley Falls, and all country stores.