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Saint Mary's Beacon

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY 11 Leonardtown, Md. By T. F. YATES and F. V. KING. A Dollar a Year in Advance.

Washington City and Potomac Railroad Company.

Time Table—In Effect Monday, 9.30 A. M., October 5, 1896.

Table with columns for STATIONS—South, A. M., STATIONS—North, and P. M. listing various stations and their respective departure and arrival times.

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.

R. O. MULIKIN, Tobacco Salesman. JOHN M. PAGE, Cashier.

The Maryland Commission Agency.

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

Tobacco, Grain, Wool

Farm Produce Generally.

S. E. Corner Pratt & Charles streets.

MR. JOHN M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspection of all Tobacco consigned to us.

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.

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.

Advances made on consignments.

April 2-y.

HOTEL LAWRENCE,

Leonardtwn, Late Union Hotel,

In first-class order. Good table and accommodations. Meals 40 cents. \$1.50 per day. Special prices by the week or month.

Stables and feed and good care of horses.

A. A. LAWRENCE,

FIGHT WITH GRAVITATION.

Slow at his books Tom Gordon certainly was; yet he had a good mind. It took him a long time to learn a lesson, but when he had once learned it, he never had to look at it again.

There was a story that, when Mr. Brown's school, with Tom for anchor, pulled the Normal Stars, Tom's three rope men, after having, with Tom's assistance, secured an extra foot or two, went off and got a drink of soda water, leaving Tom to mind the rope alone.

That day Tom pulled anchor, but generally he pulled the rope. He was Captain, of course; and his thundering "Ready!—Heave!" was enough of itself to take away the strength of the other side.

"I suppose it is bad for you," Tom was heard to say; "but a boy ought to learn how to keep his back straight and put his strength to a thing. He may have to lift something heavy some day."

For the rest, Tom was a tender-hearted fellow, who could not bear to hurt any one. When he was a little boy in the sixth class one of his classmates, mistaking gentleness for cowardice, forced Tom into a fight.

One evening after supper Tom took the electric cars and went in town on an errand for his father. His business accomplished, he set out to walk home; for, although a few flakes of snow had fallen, the night was fine, and he wanted to get some good fresh air into his lungs before sitting down to spend an evening with Cicero.

He had reached a deserted part of the street and was walking up a long hill not far from home when he saw coming toward him a heavy two-wheeled coal cart drawn by one horse. The wheels were on the car tracks; the driver's head had fallen over on his shoulder and he was fast asleep.

From out of sight far along the street came the singing of the wires which means that an electric car is approaching. A moment later the car, coming on like mad, hove in sight some distance behind the coal cart. As it reached the summit of the hill and began the descent its speed did not abate.

Nearer and nearer it came, but the motorman did not seem to have any fear of running into the coal cart—he even turned round and said something to the conductor, who was standing behind him. Then he turned back again, but he turned too late. He was nearer than he thought. He jammed on the brake and reversed the power just as the old horse turned aside to draw the cart out of danger, but the tracks were covered with a little layer of snow, and the car wheels slid over them like the runners of a sleigh.

The conductor and driver were both unhurt. "That is a bad business," Phil, an "wetter git out!" the driver said.

The conductor noticed and pulled the bell twice, and the car swept away. The only passengers were three ladies, who probably did not know what had happened.

Tom was not a hundred feet away when the thing happened. His horror at the sight itself was not greater than his astonishment and anger when the car rolled on. For the first time in his life he would like to have some one by the throat.

He rushed up to the cart excitedly. It had been thrown to the right of the track. The driver's leg was underneath one of the great wheels, and he had evidently fainted, for he did not move nor speak.

"Pull your leg out when I lift!" Tom shouted, and then he stooped down and got hold of the edge of the wheel.

He straightened his back, bent his knees and gripped the wheel tight; then with a great effort he flung back his head and straightened his knees. Up came the cart, wheel, frame and all.

"Pull your leg out!" Tom shouted again. The man started, tried to sit up, pulled his leg a little way out, gave up and rolled over on his face with his head directly under the wheel.

It was too much. Tom thought he would rather have died than see such a thing happen. He could not hold up such a load for more than a few moments, and it would kill the man when it fell. No one was in sight. He could not move, not a muscle, or he would have to let go. Oh, if he had only let the fellow lie there and brought help.

"Get out of there! Rouse up!" he cried; and then, as the man did not move, "Help, help!" he yelled. "There's a man dying! Help!"

There was only one house near enough to send aid in time, and he directed his cries at that. There were lights in the windows, but no one seemed to stir to help him. At last the strain became so great that he could shout no longer. He clenched his teeth and resigned himself to despair.

A door slammed. He looked up at the house and saw a girl running down the steps. Could he hold out till she got to him. "I'll make a good bluff at it, anyway," thought Tom, grimly, and he held on. He had not strength enough even to hurry up his rescuer.

The girl, who was well built, strong and ruddy, reached his side quickly. "What are you wanting, sorr?" she said.

Tom was gasping. Great drops of sweat ran down his face. His feet staggered about from place to place. His legs were strained past bearing; his hands perfectly numb. He felt that he was all but done for.

"Pull out the man!" he muttered, and then shut his lips tight as the wheel almost slipped from his grasp.

The girl looked down, and without a moment's hesitation crawled under the wheel to pull him out. "Don't go under!" Tom gasped in agony. "I may drop it!"

"Faith, then, you won't," came her voice, without a tremor. "You will hold on a bit longer. You won't let it hurt me?"

of his strength, sank right down where he was in the mud and dirt. It seemed as if he could never move again.

"Sure, 'twas an illigant pull entirely!" said the Irish girl, admiringly. "What shall I be doin' now?"

"Run for the doctor," Tom said, rousing himself; oh, no, I don't think it will be necessary.

A car was coming, this one from town. It was crowded. With a great effort Tom stood on his feet and ran to the track. "Stop, stop!" he cried. "Some one's hurt."

The motorman stopped. Tom climbed on board, and slammed open the front door. "Is there a doctor here?" he inquired. A middle-aged man rose from his seat and came toward the front of the car.

The doctor stooped down and began to make his examination. A crowd from the car gathered about the spot.

The girl's father was one of the number, and he eagerly questioned his daughter about what had happened. She told him what she knew and all who heard her turned eagerly to get a sight of the young fellow who had borne so much to save the injured man's life.

But Tom was no longer to be seen. He liked to do his duty, but he hated to talk about it. He was on his way home, and hard enough it was for him to get there.

Some of the more curious of the crowd tried their hand at lifting the cart. Two young men working together raised it a half a foot and dropped it.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Gordon read from the newspaper a very ornamental but substantially correct account of the strength and bravery of an unknown young man who had preserved Michael Daley, of Woodhouse's Coal Company, from instant death. Mr. Gordon read well, and his wife and daughters could hardly breathe till he had finished.

"O-o-oh!" cried Gertrude, when the end came. "What a splendid man! And so modest, too, not letting any one know who he was! He was a real hero, wasn't he, Tom?"

"Why, no," said Tom, unconcernedly. "I can't say I see anything especially heroic about it."

"Well!" Gertrude exclaimed, turning to her mother, "Tom is the most unromantic boy! I don't believe he knows what a hero is!"—Robert Beverly Hale, in the Youth's Companion.

A GOOD RULE.—Sydney Smith clipped the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, and an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do it, at least for twenty-four hours. And if you are young depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one happily through each day, there are three hundred and sixty-five in the course of a year. And supposing you live forty years only, after you commence that course of medicine, you will have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events, for a time.

George: "I suppose it won't matter to you if I tell you that our engagement is likely to be a long one; that I shall not be able to marry you for quite a while?"

Lucy: "Oh, no, dear; only styles change in engagement rings as in other things you know, and of course one would not care to wear one that had gone out of fashion a long, long time."—Boston Transcript.

The Clam (to the oyster): "Why don't you follow the example of an old rounder and shut up once in a while? Every time you open your face you get into broils and stews."—Judge.

POISONS IN FAIR BLOSSOMS.

One by one illusions are dispelled, and the case of the young woman who was overcome by the perfume of a mass of violets sent her by a friend adds another wreck to the list of broken idols. It has always been considered the most beautiful compliment one could pay a friend to send flowers, roses or violets especially, as a token of affection. But that it is known that deadly poisons lurk among these charming little blossoms which may bring harm to offset the pleasure given to dear ones the charm must certainly be lessened.

The story of this young woman's narrow escape, as told, was a surprise to many who had not realized that there was any danger in flowers. The hundreds of beautiful violets which had been sent her by a friend in California, and which she prized so highly as not to wish to be parted from them even during the night, came near being the cause of her death, for she was found in an unconscious condition in the morning and was with difficulty aroused.

How dangerous the poisonous gases which the flowers exhale can become, when in a badly ventilated room, would be a good subject for study by the belles of society or the stage, who receive so many similar tributes to their charms.

Dr. Fowler, who was asked his opinion on the subject, said that many cases of dangerous illness and even of death from such causes were well known and authenticated.

"The plants, especially flowering ones," Dr. Fowler said, "during the day are not harmful, because they are breathing in just the part of the air which our lungs throw off, but at night the process is reversed, and they throw off the carbonic acid gas which is a poison to our lungs. This causes weakness of the heart, faintness and hysteria with some people and even death."

"A case is known which happened not very long ago in Germany in one of the Hesses, where the friends of a bride and groom, in their desire to start them on their career on a rosy pathway, adorned their room with quantities of flowers. It was in cold weather, and the windows were closed leaving the air heavy with perfumes. The happy couple retired to their rose decked room, and were found in the morning dead, heart failure having resulted from the poisonous perfumes."

"There is poison in the perfume of many flowers, not in violets more than any others, but it is in such small quantities as to be harmless unless massed and confined. Prussic acid is found in a mild degree in most perfumes, and it is used by many perfumers, in fact, to intensify odors. Other well known medical poisons come from flowers. It is never safe to have any growing or cut flowers in a bedroom at night, for you cannot tell when the system may be in such a condition as to be affected by their exhalations."

"Papa," said an inquisitive boy, "don't fishes have legs?" "They do not," answered papa.

"Why don't they, papa?" "Because fishes swim and don't require legs."

The small boy was silent for a few moments and papa forgot about his question. Then he said: "Papa, ducks have legs don't they?" "Yes."

"Then why don't fishes have legs if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have any legs if fishes don't?" Papa gave it up.—Pearson's Weekly.

"You don't seem to take what I say seriously," complained young Mr. Spatta to Miss Kittish. "I don't," replied the maiden candidly. "I have my misgivings about a young man so addicted to the free and unlimited coinage of compliments."—Judge.

Notes of all Sorts.

Some of the towns in the North of England have their water pipes made of glass, protected with an asphalt covering to prevent fracture.

During the last twenty years the railways of the world have absorbed 50,000,000 tons of steel, or almost half the total product.

In proportion to its size, the horse has a smaller stomach than any other quadruped.

The shark is capable of biting harder than any other fish or animal in the world.

The number of cabs licensed in London last year was 13,774.

In Germany the census is taken every five years.

One hundred and twenty firemen are required to feed the furnaces of a first-class Atlantic steamer.

Iron is the only metal which appears in more than one color. It is found of every shade, from almost white as silver to black as charcoal.

Switzerland is the only civilized country in the world which grants no patents for inventions.

It takes 62,000 tons of paper to make the post cards used in the United Kingdom each year.

In Germany the authorities tax a dog according to its size.

Only one out of every 1000 married couples live to celebrate their golden weddings.

Queen Victoria's crown, made in 1838, contains 2788 diamonds, 277 pearls, 27 emeralds, 17 sapphires and 5 rubies.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

Curious Facts Torsely Told.

If an express train, moving at the rate of 45 miles an hour, were to stop suddenly, it would give the passengers a shock equal to that of falling from a height of 54 feet.

The omnibuses of one London company cover just about 20,000,000 miles in the course of a year—half as much as is covered by the trains of the London and Northwestern Railway—a distance sufficient to take them nearly three times around the world every day.

In Austria the man who loses both his hands in an accident can claim the whole of his life insurance money, on the grounds that he has lost the means of maintaining himself. Loss of the right hand reduces the claim from 70 to 80 per cent. of the total.

A useful industry, called the London Spectacle Mission, provides spectacles for needlewomen and other deserving persons dependent upon their eyesight for a living. Last year 726 applicants were provided with spectacles.

It is a mistake to suppose that the tip of the tongue is the most sensitive part of the body. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls, or any other substances that require a very high degree of smoothness, invariably use the cheek bone as their touchstone for detecting any roughness.

"Household Words."

Don't forget to order a load of coal sent up, right away.

Oh, mamma, Willie's pinching me.

Come on to your dinner before everything gets cold.

Say, John, ain't you boys up yet?

Yes, dear, \$10 will do, but \$15 would be better.

Where's that half dollar I gave you last week?

But, my dearsh, you sh' know I had enmeshment at th, office till sho late I cou'n't possibly come.

Good gracious, how much money do you want, anyhow?

No, I shan't have any young men coming to see you until you are out of school. So, there.

Oh, papa, make Dick quit calling me names.

O'm sorry, mem, but O'll have to be after lavin' yez, the day, mem.

Now I lay me down to sleep.

Lemme be.

Come, now, it's time for you young ones to be in bed.

No, you can't have any more cake.

Who the deuce carried off that paper?

Did any body see my hat?

D— that collar button!

—New York Sun.

Throw Away His Cane.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by William F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Joseph S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.