Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City prices.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon

PUBLISHED EVERY THUSDAY

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
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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.

STATIONS—SOUTH.	A. M.	STATIONS—NORTH.	P. M.
Washington (P. W.& B. R. R.) leave.	7 20	Mechanicsville - leave	1 50
Baltimore (P. W. & B. R. R.) leave.	7 31	New Market "	2 00
Brandywine (P. W. & B. R. R.(arrive	9 21	Charlotte Hall "	2 05
" (W. & P. R. R)) leave	9 30	*Oaks "	2 10
*Cedarville "	9 40	Hughesville "	5 25
*Woodville "	9 50	Gallant Green "	2 40
Gallant Green "	9 58	*Woodville "	2 45
Hughesville "	10 15	*Cedarville "	2 55
*Oaks "	10 25	Brandywine (W. & P. R. R.) arrive	3 10
Charlotte Hall "	10 32	" " (P. W. & B. R. R.) leave	3 43
New Market "	10 35	Baltimore (P. W. & B. R. R.) arrive	5 21
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HOTEL LAWRENCE,

Leonardtown, 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.

A REALIZED IDEAL.

BY AGNES BROWN

Miss Rossiter sat alone in the library, gazing pensively into the fire. When the servant came with the lights, she had sent him away, saying that she preferred sitting by the firelight, and now she leaned back luxuriously in her great easy chair, preparatory to the rather unusual indulgence of an introspective mood.

She could not be called introspective as a generel thing, for she was far too busy with charities, flower missions, Tolstoi clubs, church and society in all their fullness, to allow herself the pupular fad of self analysis; and then there was Tom Lenfield. She had been engaged to Tom for nearly a year.

He was a dear good fellow and was succeeding so well in his business, and yet—well, she was vaguely conscious that she had not been as deeply disappointed as an engaged girl should be when she had received his note that day telling her he had been called out of town unexpectedly and might not be able to return in time to be with her that evening, as he had planned.

She wondered, if, after all, she did love him as she should.

She sighed a little and determined to allow herself the pleasure of feeling rather miserable upon this subject.

Tom was a dear, she thought, but if he only had a little more love and appreciation for the things she cared for.

Not that he was not all love and appreciation for her, she admitted to herself, for she knew that he considered her the very loveliest and cleverest girl in the world; still there was no denying that Tom was rather slow sometimes, and so practical. She remembered how at the art exhibition they had stopped before a picture of the impressionist school that it was the thing to admire. To be quite honest, she was not entirely sure whether she really understood and admired it herself, but she had heard so much talk about it from people whose judgment she held to be entirely above criticism that she had at last persuaded herself that to her, too, it was replete with life and meaning.

At any rate it was annoying to have Tom look at her in undisguised amazement as she praised its virtues and to hear him exclaim: 'That daub! You surely don't admire that?' But then he was so penitent when she had explained it to him, and even if he did not understand it was pleasant to hear him say: 'You are the cleverest girl, Nan. I often wonder how you can care for a fellow whose only pretense to good taste is his love for you.' She remembered how, a few weeks ago, at a symphony concert, she had looked into Tom's face to see if in some degree he did not feel the joy of the music that flooded her soul.

He was fond of music, in his way, but he was candid enough to confess that a bright, pleasing bit of light opera brought far more pleasurable emotions to him than the most soulful melodies of the great masters.

On this particular occasion Miss Rossiter remembered that he had returned her rapt expression with one of anxiety and had murmured tenderly: What is it, darling? Are you sitting in a draft?'

Oh, dear, it was always drafts, or something equally annoying to her. She wondered, if she could choose for herself, what her ideal picture would be like.

She pictured to herself several types of her own creation, finally waverly between a dreamy Burne-Jones figure and a hero of the Chevalier Bayard type, so dear to most women. Somehow or other Tom's vigorous personality would persist in mixing itself up with her brain portraits until they were such a sad composite that in despair she gave up the personal appearance of her ideal.

'Not that I care so much for looks,' she said to herself, 'but how plessant it would be to have a lover who understood my every thought, who anticipated every wish, and who would know what I was about to say before the words were formed, whose knowledge was boundless, and whose soul should be in touch with all that was good and true and beautiful.'

Oh, if she could but see such a one, she thought to herself, how she could unburden her soul to him.

Conversation would be a rapture and how ennobling, how elavating, life with such a one would be! Just at this point in her reveries Miss Rossiter (who rather prided herself upon her calmness under the most surprising and trying circumstances) gave a sudden start and exclamation. She rubbed her eyes and gave herself a little pinch to see if she could be dreaming. No, she was wide awake, and in the easy chair near her sat a man, a stranger to her. Strange to say, she felt neither alarmed nor embarrased, and after the moment of surprise at this sudden visitation she stole another look at her unexpected companion, who was gazing intently into the fire.

He was rather tall and slender, and his regular features and dark, dreamy eyes were pleasant to look upon.

She had a vague impression of familiarity as she watched him, and a haunting resemblance to some one, perhaps a mere brain image, puzzled her.

Just then he turned toward her and smiled lightly.

'I do not wonder that you like to sit here,' he said in a courteous accents. 'It is a pleasant room and gratifies one's æsthetic sense. You love to watch the firelight glimmer through the room, now playing upon the gilt of the picture frames, so suddenly lighting for a moment some dusky corner; but, best of all, you like to watch the warm glow leap over that marble Physche. You have a passion for color.'

'Yes,' she said wonderingly, 'but how did you know? Who are you?'

'There is no thought of yours that I do not know,' he said, 'and I came here in response to your wish. I am your longed for kindred soul—your realized ideal.'

Miss Rossiter was silent for a moment and sat vainly trying to recall the theories that Herr Gundlach had advanced before the German club concerning kindred souls and affinities. If she remembered rightly, he had said that each soul had a kindred soul, but that sometimes there were limitations of time and space which in another world—but just here the stranger interrupted her thoughts by saying:

'Yes, that is true. But sometimes, under peculiar conditions as to-night, time and space are as nothing. And so it is that I am with you now.'

He ceased speaking. Surely it was the opportunity of Miss Rossiter's life for unbounded soul revelations; but, odd to relate, she felt strangely silent.

A number of naturally curious questions flitted through her brain, but she checked her thoughts a little guiltily, as it occurred to her that in all probability the stranger was cognizant of her thoughts and might consider her inquisitive.

'No,' he remarked politely, 'I am not permitted to reveal the laws which govern me, nor can I tell how long I may be able to remain with you.'

Then he really did know what she was thinking.

She had never imagined how very perplexing it would be to constantly control one's thought—to put a check rein on them, to quote Tom's language.

She turned a little uneasily in her chair, and in doing so inadvertently revealed one of her daintly slippered feet.

Now, Tom had a special weakness for a dainty slipper, as she well knew, and, forgetting for a moment that it was not Tom who sat there, she looked up in apparent unconsciousness of any little feminine art, only to meet an amused smile in the stranger's eyes.

'Yes, most men like to see a pretty slipper,' he commented benevolently. 'A coquettishly placed ribbon, a flower in the hair, are so many arrows to the masculine heart. Little men dream of the time and thought that have been given to what seems to them some unconscious little arrangement.'

Miss Rossiter flushed angrily and drew her foot back with a jerk. Really, this thing of laying bare one's every little thought was too much, and yet was it not exactly what she had wished for—to be perfectly understood.

She ought to be above such little weakness any how.

Perhaps if she tried books the conversation might become more animated.

The stranger followed her glance as it rested on a small table near her, where several books were lying.

'You have been reading,' he remarked. 'Ah, yes, I see—Ibsen Browning, Tolstoi.' He smiled a little wearily.

'You, of course, have read them all, said Miss Rossiter a little shyly, for she happened to think that 'boundless knowledge' was one of her wished for ideal's attributes.

'I? Oh, yes,' he answered. 'You do not quite know whether you care for Ibsen or not, do you?'

Now, this was indeed true, but as the president of an Ibsen club Miss Rossiter had never before faced the fact.

She was a clever girl and accustomed to being looked up to as quite an authority on literary matters by her own especial coterie. Had not Dunning Jones, the most successful journalist in the city, told some one that Miss Rossiter was a very interesting girl, well read and up in everything. But before 'unbounded knowledge,' how could one talk easily or air one's little opinions?

For the first time in her life the self possessed, cultivated Miss Rossiter felt shy, crude and ignorant. She was really a very superior young woman, of lofty aims and ideals; but, being a very human and very charming person, she had her little limitations, all of which she would have confessed to you with refreshing candor. Still she could not help wondering for a moment if life with a person who 'thoroughly understood' her would, after all, be as helpful as life with some one whose love exaggerated her virtues and blinded him to her defects.

As she said to her most intimate girl friend afterward: 'It never occurred to me before just how many of my so called virtues were called out just because Tom thought I possessed them.'

'You see that touched me so, the implicit confidence in me, that I would immediately proceed to cultivate all my supposed good qualities, so that I might keep my place in Tom's regard with greater satisfaction to myself.'

This night referred to, however, she did not allow herself to so distinctly formulate the thought.

Once more she turned the conversation to books, to art and to music. But what pleasure could there be in a conversation where the other party concerned knew before she spoke all that she would say. He even indirectly apologized once for anticipating her.

'I cannot help it, you see,' he said. 'I came in answer to your wish, burdened with the conditions it imposed upon me.

'It does make conversation awkward, I admit, but we may as well make the best of it, for I am powerless to leave you unless——"

'Unless what?' said Miss Rossiter with more of the 'speed the parting guest' in her tone than was consistent with true politeness, but the stranger only smiled and looked once more into the fire.

A sense of injury commenced to rankle in Miss Rossiter's mind. 'And all because of a foolish wish, that I have heard a dozen girls make, my life is to be spoiled in this way,' she thought. Perhaps Tom would not have loved her so deeply had he really understood her.

The past tense of that last thought sent a pang through her heart. Was she always to be tied to this dreadful mind reader of a realized ideal?

She supposed the only thing left her do was to live upon such a high plane that she need not object or fear to be a printed page for him to read.

And yet, oh, the weariness of the idea!

No more half severe, half coquettish lectures to Tom on his stupidity, always ending in increased adoration on his part and increased affections on hers, for it always pleased her fancy, after having firmly established her claim to idealship in Tom's mind, to be so extremely gracious and penitently affectionate that the 'large and appreciative audience of one,' as Tom remarked, went home happy.

But all those old, happy times were over, she thought.

Such a deep pity for herself filled Miss Rossiter's mind that the great tears gathered in her eyes, and one had escaped from beneath the long lashes and was slowly rolling down her cheeks when two strong arms suddenly enfolded her, and a sympathetic voice, Tom's voice, was saying, 'What in the world are you dreaming about, you poor dear?'

Now, Miss Rossiter was not as a rule wildly demonstrative, but upon this occasion her manner was warm enough to gratify the most ardent lover.

She clung to Tom as if he had just been rescued from some dreadful calamity and she feared to lose him again, and when he begged her to tell him what was the matter, that he 'didn't understand,' she exclaimed rather hysterically: 'Oh, that is the beauty of it. I don't want you to understand, Tom, dear, and I'm so glad you don't. I don't think I ever care to be understood again. It was only a dream, and he's gone thank goodness, but you can never know how I suffered.'

Tom looked deeply puzzled at these seemingly random and incoherent remarks, but at her express desire forbore questioning her. Whatever it was she had dreamed, the effect produced was that he had had a warmer welcome than ever before during their engagement, and he was satisfied.

At the next meeting of the German club Miss Rossiter, who a few weeks before had read a stirring paper advancing the theory that sometime on this earth there would be a golden age, when kindred souls would live in the full delight of realized ideals, read an equally stirring paper combatting and flatly contradicting her own pet theories.

On the way home from the club Mrs. Denny, who prided herself on finding the hidden springs which produced action in her friends' minds, suddenly remarked:

'Nan Rossiter, you have some reason for so suddenly changing your mind about those theories of yours.'

'Yes,' replied Miss Rossiter, with an inscrutable smile. 'I have a reason, but that, as Kipling says, is another story, and one I refuse to tell.—*Philadelphia Times.*

From Cripple Creek.

After the big fire in Cripple Creek, I took a very severe cold and tried many remedies without help, the cold only becoming more settled. After using three small bottles of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, both the cough and cold left me, and in this high altitude it takes a meritorious cough remedy to do any good.—G. B. HENDERSON, editor *Daily Advertiser.* For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leoardtown; Joseph S. Matthews, Valley Lee, and all country stores.

☞ 'Sometimes,' said Uncle Eben, 'de man dat pays hundn'hds ob dollars foh flags an' decorations ain' ez much ob er patriot ez de one dat goes quietly 'long an' pays 'is taxes, an' serves on de jury without kickin'.'—The Washington Star.

GROWING CELERY.—To grow celery from seed, we would say the first week in March fill a flat box, or a large flower pot, with nice, clean, mellow loam, well pressed down and firmed. Apply water enough to make the soil quite moist, then sow the seed, either broadcast or in narrow rows, rather thickly, and sift just a little sand or fine soil over it, well afterward. Cover the box or pot with a single thickness of light paper or cloth to keep the soil dark and moist, and set it in the kitchen or sitting room window, or in any other place having a comfortable but moderate temperature. A hot-bed, with moderate bottom heat, would be a still better place for it, but not every one can have it this early in the season. About 10 days after sowing, the seeds will begin to sprout. Remove the paper or cloth cover and gradually get the young plants accustomed to the light and air. Always water promptly, never letting the soil become thorougly dry yet at the same time carefully avoiding the opposite extreme. To give them more room set them in a cold frame. The tiny seedlings transplant easily. Set them ½ or ¾ of an inch apart with rows about three inches apart and water well.

THE MEANEST MAN.—'I think I can locate the meanest man in the country,' said a well-known lawyer the other day. 'He lives in the northern section of the city and is worth probably $10,000. No, he's not a friend of mine; merely an acquaintance. I ran across him yesterday, for the first time in months, on a street car. After exchanging the customary greetings he asked me if I'd paid my fare. I hadn't and told him so. 'Well,' said he, 'give me your nickel. I did so, expecting him to hand the conductor a dime. To my surprise he passed up two exchange tickets instead. 'You see,' he said in explanation, 'I always buy an exchange when I pay a fare. As I use the cars a good many times a day, I have quite a few tickets by night. Whenever I can utilize one I am two cents in pocket, and in a case like this am four cents ahead. I put this money away, and so far this season have bought myself a suit with the amount saved, and my little girl has nearly $5 in her bank from this source.', You can gamble that I felt sore over his making two cents out of me. I am not averse to saving a few pennies myself by the exchange system, but I draw the line at utilizing my friends for this purpose. Next time I see that man I'll fail to recognize him.'

SHE WANTED IT BADLY.—In one of the Washington jewelry stores is a diamond breastpin valued at $1,000. A young woman whose love for ornaments is much greater than her ability to buy them happened to be in this store when the pin was shown to a lady, who did not purchase it. Two or three times a week since then the girl has gone to obtain a glimpse of the beautiful pin, until she finally made up her mind that she would make an effort to own it, so the following colloquy took place, that I happened to hear:

'How much for that pin?'

'A thousand dollars.'

'Well, I will take it if you will let me pay for it at $1 a week. I only make $2 a week. I buy everything else that way.'

The astonished clerk told her that he would have to speak to the proprietor, who was out, and the girl promised to return.—Washington Star.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Writing in the Pall Mall Magazine about the year 1897, and touching upon the use of the word 'jubilee,' in connection with it, Mr. Zuiller-Couch tells an anecdote which one suspects, is more amusing than truthful:

An old lady dwelling on the skirts of Dartmoor was asked; 'What is the meanin' of this yer jewbilee?'

'Well, my dear,' she answered, ''tis this way—if you've been married to a man 50 years and the man's alive, 'tis a goulden weddin' is a's dead, 'tis a jewbilee.'