

JOB PRINTING, SUCH AS HANDBILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, BILL HEADS. EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH.

Saint Mary's Beacon

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Washington City and Potomac Railroad Company.

Time Table—In Effect Monday, October 4, 1897, 9-30 A. M.

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

Doors, any size, 1 1/2 inches thick, \$1. Nails, best steel, 100 lb. kegs, \$1.60. 12 inch boards, 1 cent a foot. Blinds, any size, 1 and a-half inches thick, \$1 a pair. Flooring, 6, 8, and 10 inches wide, \$1.25 per 100 feet. Mantels, No 1, any size, \$1. 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. For the Sale of Tobacco, Grain, Wool, and Farm Produce Generally. S. E. Corner Pratt & Charles streets.

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. Britscoe, Vice-President; Samuel K. George, Treasurer; Samuel M. Hinks, Cashier. DIRECTORS: Hon. John P. Britscoe, John W. Crawford, James Alfred Pearce, Edwin H. Brown, Phil. H. Tuck, John Shepherd, Samuel M. Hinks, Samuel K. George, Adrian Posey.

LANDS WANTED. THE MARYLAND REAL ESTATE AND HOME-SEEKER'S ASSOCIATION is now making up its Catalogue of Farms and Lands for 1898. IF YOU HAVE LAND FOR SALE you want to get it into this CATALOGUE, either directly or through your Broker. Write me for further particulars. Address J. LELAND HANNA, 505 Law Building, Baltimore, Md. Aug 12-y.

HOTEL LAWRENCE, LEONARDTOWN, MD. In first-class order. Good table and accommodations. \$1.50 per day. Special prices by the week or month. Stables and feed and good care of horses. A. A. LAWRENCE.

Election Notice.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE PROVISIONS of the Code of Public General Laws, Article XXXIII, section 13, we, the Board of Supervisors of Election for St. Mary's county, hereby give notice to all whom it may concern, that an election will be held in St. Mary's county on

TUESDAY, November 2, 1897,

at the usual places of voting in the several Election Districts of said St. Mary's county, that is to say:

- First District, At St. Inigo's. Second District, At Oak Store. Third District, At Leonardtown. Fourth District, At Choptico. Fifth District, At Mechanicsville. Sixth District, At Good Hope. Seventh District, At Milestown. Eighth District, At Jarboesville. Ninth District, At Adams' Store.

The election is to be held for the purpose of electing One person to be Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland. One person to be Clerk of the Court Appeals of the State of Maryland. Two persons to be Associate Judges of the Seventh Judicial Circuit of the State of Maryland. One person to represent St. Mary's county in the Senate of Maryland. Two persons to represent St. Mary's county in the House of Delegates of Maryland. One person to be Clerk of the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. One person to be Register of Wills for St. Mary's county. One person to be Sheriff for St. Mary's county. One person to be County Commissioner for St. Mary's county. One person to be Surveyor for St. Mary's county. The polls shall be opened at 8 o'clock, A. M., and close at 6 o'clock, P. M.

NOTICE.

To Hotel Keepers and all others who deal in Liquors, and for the information of all persons concerned the following sections of Article XXXIII of the Code of Public General Laws of the State of Maryland are published: Section 105. It shall be unlawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any other person or persons, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter, give or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale, beer or intoxicating drinks of any kind on the day of any election hereafter to be held in the counties of this State; any person violating the provisions of this section shall be liable to indictment, and shall upon conviction, be fined not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each offense—one-half the fine shall be paid to the informer, the other half to the county commissioners for the use of the public roads. Section 106. Any person who shall make any bet or wager upon the result of any election to take place in this State shall be liable to indictment, and upon conviction thereof, shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars, and in addition to the State as a wager or bet upon the result of any election in this State or elsewhere shall be forfeited and paid over to the county commissioners of the county where deposited for the use of the county, and if deposited in the city of Baltimore, to the Mayor and City Council. Section 107. Whoever, during the hours of registration or revision of registration, or during the hours of election or canvass of votes, or of making returns thereof in any precinct, shall bring, take, order or send into any place of registration, or revision of registration, or of election, any distilled or spirituous liquors, wine, ale or beer, or shall at any such time and place drink or partake of such liquor, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined not less than ten dollars (\$10), nor more than one hundred dollars.

G. OSCAR WATHEN, JOHN E. REINTZELL, THOMAS H. BOND, Election Supervisors for St. Mary's Co. Oct. 7, '97-31.

Want to See You!

Come to California where L. H. Millison is now selling a brand new stock of goods at bed rock prices. Granulated Sugar, 5cts lb. Meat, 5cts lb. Coal Oil, 150 proof, 9cts gal. Calicoes, the best, 4 & 5cts. Gingham, 4 & 5cts. Large stock of Clothing at astonishingly low prices. Shoes and Boots very cheap. All are invited to come and see my stock. The quality of the goods and the low prices will surprise you. L. H. MILLISON, Sept 23 '97-tf, California. DICK RAILY, PRACTICAL PAINTER. House Painting, Graining, &c. done with neatness and dispatch and at moderate rates. Address, Leonardtown P. O.

Why Grant Was Not Kidnapped.

One winter afternoon of 1861-62 a man on a mule drew rein in a Missouri lane within speaking distance of two young men husking corn in company with several adult negroes. It was about 4 o'clock of a cold gray day. 'I hate to see men work so hard,' the rider called, with intent to be sarcastic.

'Hello, Jeff,' the young fellows called as they rose from the piles of stalks before which they sat and sauntered toward the fence.

'You're a likely chap to talk about work, ridin' around the country on a mule, like they weren't no work to do.'

The rider grinned. 'It's too late to husk corn anyhow. You South Carolinians are always about two months late.' Suddenly his voice changed to a tone of joyous excitement, and he bent over the pommel of his saddle:

'Say, the Knights meet tonight.' 'Shut up, you fool,' said one of the huskers. 'Don't you see the niggers listening. 'What's going on?'

'The rider's voice sank into a mumble. 'I don't know. Jim met me and told me the dutch peddler had brought some news, and said he wanted all the Knights to be on hand.'

'Where do we meet?' 'Jim Lyon's barn.' 'Well, I'll tell you this—we've got to have a lot o' pickets out, for these niggers are excited. They have an idea something is going on that would interest them.' 'Jim'll watch out for that. Well—so long. Be on hand.'

'We'll be there.' The country about St. Louis was at that time more secessionist than Union in feeling, and though the farmers of the creek were pursuing their ways quietly, they were ready at any moment for an enterprise in aid of the South. By a swift and decided stroke of military foresight, Frank P. Blair had captured Camp Jackson and its arsenal in May, thus saving the city and its munitions to the Union, but there had sprung up all over the country a secret society in sympathy with the South. These societies were branches of the Knights of the Golden Circle, and it was their hope that at some time they might be able to do some decisive work in aid of secession.

There was a lodge or circle at Gravois, to which all the Confederate sympathizers were gathered, but thus far the Southern cause owed them little. There was something in the sudden call for a meeting this November day, however, which convinced every eager Knight that the time for action had come at last. Some deed was to do—what it was, no one could tell, save the peddler, but as the night grew thick, from every direction, on foot and on horseback, the men began to move through the cold, bleak air, toward the rendezvous. The two young men of the cornshocks were brothers, Abner and Zimri Taylor. They were both stalwart, bearded, and quiet in manner. At supper they uttered no word of the news brought to them, for black ears, keen as a hare's, were open to hear the lowest word. The blacks were already tremulous with excitement over the news of battles in the South, which some of them comprehended to mean that certain white men were fighting for them. Others merely felt sympathetically the tense anxiety of the time which portended tragic deeds. There was a restraint in the silence which Abner's wife perceived. As he rose from the table that night he said to his wife:

'I'm going to the postoffice to hear the news.' The young wife seized the moment to say: 'O, Abner, I hope it isn't any projects of the Knights.'

'Be quiet,' he said sharply. 'You needn't worry if it is. I promised you I wouldn't go into the service, and I won't—at least, not now.' 'Promise me not to do anything rash, Abner.'

He smiled a little. 'I don't have the reputation among the circle,' he said.

The younger brother grew impatient. 'Oh, come along, Abner; we'll be late.'

Abner had already been under arrest for a rebellious act while on a visit to St. Louis, and his wife was easily alarmed now. By 7:30 the barn held a score of men of all ages and sizes, and outside a circle of picket kept watch that no prying negro came within hearing distance of the loft in which the meeting was held. In the center of the group, and doing most of the talking, was a big, black whiskered man of alert and vigorous manner.

The members were hunched or sprawling about on the hay listening in silence. At last the chairing man rapped for order and said in a low voice:

'Brothers of the circle, you are called together tonight because there is work to be done. You've all been just achin' to do something for the cause, and now's yo' chance. We've had to submit to these Yankee scrubs who hold our fo't. Fo't Jackson should never have been surrendered. We have been helpless under the heel of these Northern vandals ever since. Now we have a chance to make them pay. Brother Mose Baumer has a word to say.'

Baumer was a peddler who carried drugs from St. Louis to the Confederate armies in the Southern part of the State. He carried also whatever news of military movements he could secure. He now stepped out into the floor, the excitement of the project in his visage. He plunged into the plan at once.

'Brothers we have a chance to rob the Northern armies of a brigadier-general. Gen. U. S. Grant of Cairo is home on a leave of absence. He drove out today without a guard. Nobody with him. He's at old man Dent's, which is not more than two miles from here. You all know the place. He will be there all night. My plan is to surround the house and seize him while he is asleep. The Union cause will have one Brigadier-General less.'

Two or three of the younger hot-heads leaped up, white with excitement.

'Good! That's the plan. We'll make him pay for Belmont.'

The boldness of the scheme took the cooler men at a disadvantage. Before they could gather their limbs under them another belligerent was in the middle of the floor, blazing with excitement, his words a volley. 'It is a glorious opportunity to serve the cause of the South. We have been organized for just work as this. Now is our chance. I will be one to do this work tonight.'

'So will I,' said one at his side.

'And I,' shouted several more.

The Chairman uttered a warning hiss—'Sh!—don't yell.' For an instant it seemed as if the whole lodge was ready for this bold plan, but a dissenting voice made itself heard at last. Some one shouted, 'Hold on a minute!' and when the rest had time to look about to see who had spoken, Abner Taylor was seen standing in the background.

The big cornhusker looked grim and threatening as he stepped forward and flung his hat on the floor. 'I vote no! Now, see here, neighbors, I want a word right now. I know this Gen. Grant. I've cut wood and hauled 'props' with him. He has eat dinner in our house many a time. You all know him, and you know that a better man never lived in this town. He's a gentleman and an honorable soldier, and I don't propose to kidnap a man like that under such circumstances. Why, the man trusts us! You say he has no body-guard—well, I'll be one of his body-guards. You all know I've no love for Yankees; I would cut the heart out of Frank Blair if I could, but Gen. Grant was our friend and neighbor. Why, I've seen him give his last \$5 to a poor widow woman whose house was burnt down. You all remember Tom

Harris' widow. Some of you fellows hauled 'props' with him, and now when he trusts us and comes home here without a body-guard he expects to be treated like a gentleman, and by the Almighty, he shall be if my fist has any weight.'

'He's a d—d Yankee soldier. He's killing our men,' yelled some one. 'It's all war, anyhow.'

'Well, kiddnappin' aint war,' replied Abner. 'It's sneakin' business to jump in on a man when he's home to see his wife and children, and I'm not going to be a party to do it.'

More than this. It's easy to carry out your plan. We could kidnap Grant easy enough, but what would the Northern armies be doin' tomorrow and the day after? There wouldn't be a man of us living, nor one brick on top of another in three days from now. I've been harnessed up by them once, and I don't intend to be again.' His words and voice carried conviction.

'This stops right now. It don't go another step. General Grant sleeps undisturbed tonight and he goes back to St. Louis and Cairo undisturbed. If he be killed or captured let it be done by General Pillow or General Buckner in a square and fair fight.'

The meeting ended right there. The hotheads apologized, and the peddler slunk away. 'Ab that was a great speech you made,' said the younger brother as they went across the fields. 'You're right, but it's a terrible temptation. Grant seems to be going up steadily but Pillow will attend to him.'

On February 16 Ulysses Grant took Donnellson from Buckner and Pillow, and became 'Unconditional Surrender Grant.'

Unfortunate Interruption.

Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, they could hear the preaching, for their house was next door the church.

'Dan,' said Willie, 'it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight.'

In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep.

Dan kissed him on the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

Now the minister had for his subject, 'Daniel.' This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg, and other tricks.

While the dog sat thinking, the name 'Daniel' fell in his ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted 'Daniel!' again, the sharp barks said, 'Yes, sir,' as plainly as Dan could answer.

The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms and said: 'Please 'accuse Dan, papa. I went to sleep and he runned away.'

Then he walked out with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could; but then he made a resolve, if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel, he would remember to tie up his dog.—Our Little Ones.

It is now stated that the world will be overpeopled at the end of 175 years. This brings us to the year 2072, when the population, at present rate of increase, will be 5,994,000,000 people. People now living need not worry about this.

Subjects of Thought.

It may truly be said that no man does any work perfectly who does not enjoy his work. Joy in one's work is the consummate tool without which the work may be done, indeed, but without its finest perfection.

A character which combines the love of duty and the ability to perform it is the one whose unfoldings gives the greatest promise of perfection.

All great men are brave in initiative; but the courage which enables them to succeed where others dare not even attempt is never so potent as when it leads to entire self-forgetfulness.

An upright posture is easier than a stooping one because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to an honest man than a knave.

We must lie fallow before we can produce greatly, and we must enrich ourselves inwardly before we can spend generously in creative work.

The promoters of progress should never forget the result of experience. Truth is mighty no matter how old it may be.

If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee. A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday. As to the morrow, it is time enough to consider it when it becomes today.

It is said woman loves courage in man, that he may protect her. No; she loves courage which makes sacrifices. She loves heroism. She loves protection, but from a hero's arm. It is the virtue, not her own safety, she loves.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind; the sign of a large and generous soul and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, and in society our tongues.

With rudeness suffered to reign at home, impoliteness must necessarily be the rule abroad.

Pain is one of Nature's teachers whose lessons we cannot afford to dispense with.

Great griefs are dumb, and little cares cry aloud.

An injury repaired is a benefit to two.

A vice never seems to us so horrible as when practised by someone we do not like.

Deep streams move with silent majesty, shallow brooks bubble over every tiny stone.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty; it makes us feel that each debtor is the moral master of our purse.

Of all deceivers, the self-deceiver is most to be pitied.

Deride not any infirmity; it is striking one on whom God's hand is laid in sorrow.

'I can't see how any family lives without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy,' says J. R. Adams, a well known druggist, of Geneva, Ala., in a letter inquiring the price of a dozen bottles, that he might not only have it for use in his own family, but supply it to his neighbors. The reason some people get along without it, is because they do not know its value, and what a vast amount of suffering it will save. Wherever it becomes known and used, it is the only remedy that can always be depended upon for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by William F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown; Jos. S. Matthews, Valley Lee.

Coroner—'You say you told the servant to get out of the house the minute you found it was on fire, and she refused to go?'

Mrs. Burns—'Yes; she said she must have a month's notice before she'd think of leaving.'—Roseleaf.

Doctor—My good woman, does your son always stutter? Mother—Not always, sir, only when he attempts to talk.