

Saint Mary's Beacon
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
 AT LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND.
 B. T. F. YATES and T. 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.
 Liberal deduction made for yearly ad-
 vertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1899.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.
 JOB PRINTING,
 SUCH AS
 HANDBILLS,
 CIRCULARS,
 BLANKS,
 BILL HEADS
 EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH.
 Parties having legal or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive hand-
 bills neatly executed and at City prices.

Washington City and Potomac Railroad Company.

Time Table—In Effect Saturday, October 1, 1898, 6:50, P. M.

STATIONS—SOUTH.	A. M.	STATIONS—NORTH.	P. M.
Washington (P. W. & B. R. R.)	7:50	Mechanicville	1:00
Baltimore (P. W. & B. R. R.)	7:51	Charlottesville	1:05
(Calvert Station) leave		Richmond	1:10
Brandywine (P. W. & B. R. R.)	8:00	Gallant Green	1:15
(W. & P. R. R.) leave		Woodville	1:20
Woodsville	8:05	Brandywine	1:25
Gallant Green	8:10	(W. & P. R. R.) arrive	
Hughesville	8:15	Baltimore (P. W. & B. R. R.)	5:25
Charlotte Hall	8:20	(Union Station) arr	
New Market	8:25	Washington (P. W. & B. R. R.)	5:30
Mechanicville, arrive	8:30		

*Flag Stations. †Every Week Day.

FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,

LUMBER, MILL-WORK, ETC.

6th Street and New York Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 for DOORS 1 1/2 inches thick. Clear, No. 1, and not painted. No defects to be hidden. Sizes, 2-6x 6-6—2-6x8—2-8x6-8.

\$1.00 per pair for BLINDS, 1 1/2 inches thick. No. 1. White pine, regular sizes. Smaller ones, 75 cents.

\$1.00 per 100 sq. feet for WEATHER BOARDING.

\$1.25 per 100 square feet for Tongue and Groove FLOORING. Dressed two sides, 6 or 8 inches wide, one inch thick.

\$3.00 per 1000 for No. 1 SHINGLES.

We are the People's Lumber Yard. We have at our Yard all the materials to build Dwellings and Barns in the country. We reply to your inquiries by return mail. When you buy your large bill of us we have in reserve an attractive surprise for you. Cars and boats loaded, subject to personal inspection.

J. J. P. Shaw & Jno. M. Talbert, Salesmen. | 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.
 Mr. JOHN M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspection of all Tobacco consigned to us.

Farmers' 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.
 Advances made on consignments.

EDELEN BROS.,

Commission Merchants,

FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain and Produce.

Special Attention given to the Inspection of Tobacco.
 125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
 ALSO DEALERS IN
 Edelen Bro. Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bro. Wheat and Grain Mixture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone. Our 'Special Tobacco Guano,' and Wheat and Grain Mixture
 WE HAVE HAD MANUFACTURED SPECIALLY. ORDERS SOLICITED.

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,

Johnston's Sarsaparilla

QUART BOTTLES.
A MOST WONDERFUL CURE.
FROM SCROFULA AND ITS AWFUL HORRORS—A LIFE SAVED.

A Grand Old Lady Gives Her Experience.
 Mrs. Thankful Orilla Hurd lives in the beautiful village of Brighton, Livingston Co., Mich. This venerable and highly respected lady was born in the year 1812, the year of the great war, in Hebron, Washington Co., New York. She came to Michigan in 1840, the year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." All her faculties are excellently preserved, and possessing a very retentive memory, her mind is full of interesting reminiscences of her early life, of the early days of the State of Michigan and the interesting and remarkable people she has met, and the stirring events of which she was a witness. But nothing in her varied and manifold recollections are more marvelous and worthy of attention than her experiences in the use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Mrs. Hurd inherited a weak and predisposition to scrofula, that terribly destructive disease, and she is curing the lives of thousands and making thousands more as victims of the death angel. Transmitted from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family in one form or another. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in unsightly swellings in the neck or groin, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane, it may be known as catarrh in the head, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

Speaking of her case, Mrs. Hurd says: "I was troubled for many years with a bad skin disease. My arms and limbs would break out in a mass of sores, discharging yellow matter. My neck began to swell and became very unsightly in appearance. My body was covered with scrofulous eruptions. My eyes were also greatly inflamed and weakened, and they pained me very much. My blood was in a very bad condition and my head ached severely at frequent intervals, and I had no appetite. I had sores also in my ears. I was in a miserable condition. I had tried every remedy that had been recommended, and doctor after doctor had failed. One of the best physicians in the state told me I must die of scrofulous consumption, as internal abscesses were beginning to form. I at length was told of Dr. Johnston's Sarsaparilla, and his famous Sarsaparilla. I tried a bottle, more as an experiment than anything else, as I had no faith in it, and greatly to my agreeable surprise, I began to grow better. You can be sure I kept on taking it. I took a great many bottles. But I steadily improved until I became entirely well. All the sores healed up, all the bad symptoms disappeared. I gained perfect health, and I have never been troubled with scrofula since. Of course an old lady of 83 years is not a young woman, but I have had remarkably good health since then, and I firmly believe that JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA is the greatest blood purifier and the best medicine in the wide world, both for not to be more than sixty, and she reported several times, "I believe my life was saved by JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA."

MICHIGAN DRUG COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

THE SERMON IN A SALOON.

By Jay Benson Hamilton, D. D.

Three weeks ago I spent a week in an enterprising little Western city in attendance upon a Methodist Annual Conference. The leading merchant was my host. After dinner, the first day of my visit, we were talking of the growth of the city from a small frontier settlement. My host, who was proud of the little city, related many incidents connected with its early history. Among other stories he told me how Methodism began by a sermon in a saloon.

"I attended the first Methodist meeting ever held in the town. It was a terrible service. I tremble now, when I think of it, although it was so many years ago. Our town was a pretty tough place. The chief businesses were liquor selling, gambling and undertaking. There was a funeral every day. If some one did not die from disease or accident there was a murder. The street or bar room fight that was not to a sh attracted little or no attention. The bowie knife and revolver were never concealed. They were always within ready reach. If ever a place deserved to be called hell it was N—"

"I was a youngster who had run away from home in the East to try the frolic of frontier life. I had been a resident about a week. As I was passing down our principal street, I noticed a horseman in a very peculiar garb riding slowly along as if he were looking for some one. Noticing me, he drew the reins of his horse and said: "Young man, is there a hall or room of any kind in this place large enough to hold a meeting in? I am a Methodist itinerant and would like to add this town to my circuit. I desire to hold a service to-night."

"I was so amazed that for a moment I was silent as I looked closely at the stranger. He was a tall, powerful looking man. He had a clear, resolute eye, a lip and chin that revealed a determination nothing could balk. I felt that he was a man that did not know fear, but the folly of the question became more and more amusing until I broke out in a merry, mocking laugh.

"The face grew stern; the eyes shone with a light like the gleam of steel; the voice hardened to a cutting curtness almost like anger: "Does it amuse you, my young friend, to have me ask you a civil question?"

"I replied hastily; I beg your pardon, sir, for my discourtesy, but the idea of anybody wanting to hold a religious meeting in this town is funny enough to make any one laugh. You might as well try to hold a meeting in Perdition."

"I would certainly hold a meeting in Perdition if I felt it to be my duty and could get in; but this town can't be as bad as that."

"I directed him to 'The Coyote,' the largest gambling hell in town. I said: "It is large enough to hold a good sized congregation, and it has one advantage over any other place. It is always full. You will be sure to find a crowd there, night or day. I do not believe they will allow you to speak. If 'One-eyed Jack,' the proprietor, is in good humor he may kick you into the street; if he is cross, and he generally is, he may shoot you."

"I saw the circuit rider fasten his horse in front of the saloon and enter. I slipped in to see the sport. The preacher stood for a moment, just inside of the door, looking around. At the furthest end of the building a powerful man with a patch over one of his eyes was swearing at a bartender in a most sulphurous manner. The stranger approached the swearer and said, as he removed his hat and made a curious bow: "Are you the proprietor of this place?"

"One-eyed Jack' was about to reply with a savage oath, according to his usual custom, when the peculiar garb and the distinguished bearing of the questioner caused him to hesitate. With a politeness unusual to him he said: "I am sir; what can I do for you?"

"I am a Methodist preacher, and I would like permission to preach in your saloon."

"Preach in my saloon! When?" said Jack, in a tone of amazement.

"Now!" said the preacher.

"Well, I'll be—, I beg your pardon, Parson, I'd almost said a cuss-word; but preach in my saloon!" He looked about and heard the clink of the glasses, the banging of cards upon the tables, the laugh and the awful oaths, and said: "I think, Parson, you have come to a mighty poor place to start a revival."

"No place needs it more," said the minister, as he looked with a respectful but resolute glance into Jack's single eye.

"Let him preach said the bartender, who was glad to have his employer's wrath diverted from him.

"Let him preach. It will be fine fun for the boys."

"Fun!" roared Jack, "I'd like to see anybody make fun of my guest. Parson, fire away. I'll be the deacon of this revival. If anybody dares kick up a row, I'll be—"

"There, there, said the preacher, "Deacons don't swear."

"Jack rang the huge bell with which he signalled for attention when he had an announcement to make or a command to give. In a few seconds there was silence. All

eagerly looked at the two men as if they expected to see a fight. Jack roared out in a voice that could be heard half a mile: "Gents, here's a Methodist parson who's honored us by coming to start a revival. I allus said 'The Coyote' never follows, she allus leads. We're the fust saloon in town to start a prayer meeting as a sideshow. The Parson's goin' to hev a chance to show his hand. I'm goin' to be the Deacon of this protracted meetin'. If anybody tries any funny business with the parson, I'll be—"

The great bell rang out as Jack shouted: "All up, gents; hats off!" Every one stood and uncovered the head.

"I have heard many prayers in my life, but never one like the parson's over 'Slippery Dick.' The preacher towered above the sea of heads, and with eyes closed, talked with God. He pleaded for mercy for the mob of sinners before him who were on the road to eternal ruin. He uncovered the hard and cruel hearts about him with the fearless and steady hand of a master surgeon. You could hear the quick gasp of suppressed breathing as each one of the pack of reprobates felt the unsparing hand reveal his own guilty secret.

"The prayer for Jack, the ring-leader in sin, was like a blast from a furnace. Jack covered his face with his slouch hat and trembled like a leaf. The petition for 'Slippery Dick' was like a picture of awful sin receiving its awful penalty in accordance with Divine law. It brought a sob of terror from a score of hearts. When the prayer reached 'The Baby' the hard voice trembled and broke into a wail and ended in a heart-breaking sob. The strong man pled in the name of the mother, who through her burning tears prayed day and night for the loved boy's return. I have seen trees swayed by a cyclone until I felt as if they must be torn from their roots by the next fierce blast. So that mass of heads swayed and bowed while they prayed. When the whispered 'Amen' was uttered, a breath-like sigh parted the lips of every man as he looked into the white face of his neighbor.

"Jack was the first to regain his composure. His voice had lost all of its rollicking tone as he gently and solemnly said: "A collection, gents, for the Parson."

"He passed through the crowd, receiving a coin or a bill from every hand, and poured the hateful of money into the Parson's pocket. The Parson and 'The Baby' went out together. As soon as the door closed behind them, Jack said: "Gents, 'The Coyote' is closed until to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

The crowd passed out in silence.

A WOMAN'S BANK.—The Fifth Avenue National bank of New York has 5,000 women depositors. It is situated at the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Fifth avenue, in the midst of the residences of wealthy classes, and is almost exclusively patronized by rich women, who keep their household accounts and pin money there. The receiving tellers are very busy during the first few days of every month, when the patrons of the bank bring in the allowances they have received from their husbands or fathers, but the rest of the time they have comparatively few depositors to take care of, and have plenty of time to assist the paying tellers in cashing checks that have been drawn to meet grocery or dressmakers' bills.

Many old soldiers now feel the effects of the hard service they endured during the war. Mr. George B. Anderson, of Rossville, York county, Penn., who saw the hardest kind of service at the front, is now frequently troubled with rheumatism. "I had a severe attack lately," he says, "and procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It did so much good that I would like to know what you would charge me for one dozen bottles." Mr. Anderson wanted it both for his friends and neighbors, as every family should have a bottle of it in their home, not only for rheumatism, but lame back, sprains, swellings, cuts, bruises and burns, for which it is unequalled. For sale by Wm. F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, and all country stores.

Fixing the Responsibility.—"Mary, Jim Perkins says it is time to take off winter flannels." "All right, Joseph; if you get rheumatism you can go over and stay with Jim Perkins until you get well."

Von Blumer—I am afraid we haven't much for dinner, but such as it is—
 Oinker—Don't make any excuses, old man. Remember that I have dined at your home before,

Gregorian Calendar.

It has been decided by the Russian Government to reform the calendar and adopt the method of reckoning now in vogue throughout Christendom. The "old style" will be superseded by the new on June 1, next, and in order to bring themselves up to date the Russians will have to drop twelve days out of the current month. Russia's tardiness in accepting the reformed calendar is more apparent than real; for considering her late entrance into the community of civilized nations she has been constrained by her orthodox prejudices to hold fast to the error of the Julian calendar during a shorter period of her existence as a civilized power than was enlightened England. The reformation of the calendar was proposed by Pope Gregory in 1582, but Protestant Britain refused to adopt the new reckoning until 1651, and George Washington was born on February 11 according to the "old style," which was in vogue in the British colonies until nineteen years after the date of his birth.—Philadelphia Record.

FUN FOR THE SHAH.—During the winter months the little colony of 60 or 70 English people at Teheran organize concerts for one another's amusement. There is a dance now and then at the legation, and when the weather is cold of course there is skating. Skating is the greatest marvel of all to the Persians. Some years ago the late shah, Nasr-i-Din, saw twenty skaters twirling and curling and spinning gracefully on the ice. He was amused. He thought it wonderful. The next day he sent to the legation and borrowed a dozen pairs of skates. These he made his ministers put on and attempt to skate on the lake in the Palace grounds. The poor ministers were terribly discomfited, but it was twice as much as their heads were worth to refuse. His majesty was more amused than ever, and he nearly had an apoplectic fit from laughing.

SIGNS OF HOT WEATHER IN BROOKLYN.—A well-dressed man, who was staggering under a heavy load of milk punches and other things, went into a district messenger office on Broadway and said: "Sense me—hic—drunk. Yes, I know where I live, but how ter get there is the thing—hic. Sen' messenger boy—take—me—home. Hey? Hic! Jest few milk punches an' s'mother things. Send me—hic—home—right—away."

The gentleman went out leaning on the shoulder of a boy in uniform.

"That makes four intoxic messages tonight," remarked the manager. "All Brooklyn, too. Warm weather's certainly here."

At 8 o'clock the four foot messenger was seen struggling with the load of milk punches at the bridge entrance.—N. Y. Sun.

They were on the quarter deck looking at a comet, and noticed an eager discussion among the crew forward. The captain called one of the men aft and asked him what was the subject of conversation.

We were trying to make out what that thing was, replied the man, pointing to the comet.

And what do you imagine it is? Dunno, your honor, but Bill Squip here, as knows most things, says as how it's a star that's sprung a leak.—Tit-Bits.

I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have used all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found one remedy that has been a success as a cure, and that is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.—P. E. GRISHAM, Gaars Mills, La. For sale by William F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown, and all country stores.