

Saint Mary's Beacon.

Trooper Thompson's Information.

Thirty years ago, when Australia was not the camping ground it is now, I was a trooper in the mounted police. I had gone out to the gold fields, like thousands of other younger sons, expecting to make my fortune.

After toiling for months in a worn-out claim, often knee-deep in water, my chum bolted with our pitiful accumulation of gold dust; and a pick, cradle, and the clothes I stood in represented my worldly all. Under these distressing circumstances, I was thankful to enlist in the police. The reputation of being steady and a good man on a horse, were my sole credentials.

The pay was small. I was a long way astray from the pleasant high road which leads to fortune; work was incessant and promotion slow. I had been nearly three years on the force, and was still Trooper Thompson and began to fear that as Trooper Thompson I should live and die, when that well-known tide that interferes so potentially in the affairs of men, set my way at last!

We had been out two days on a track of a party of notorious bush-rangers, and returned empty-handed to our headquarters pretty well done up, to find when all stragglers were assembled, that Trooper Martin was missing. Just before dark his bay mare galloped in, covered with dust and sweat, but her accountments were complete, and there was not a speck of blood on saddle or holsters, or anything about her to afford the faintest clue to the fate or whereabouts of her rider.

A rigorous search was instituted at sunrise—a search that was repeated for five days; not a perch of ground was left unexplored within a radius of ten miles, nevertheless this indefatigable quest proved unavailing.

'Look here, Thompson,' our chief said, 'you have a fairly good head on your shoulders; use your wits, and find out what has become of our man. If you succeed, I promise you promotion—and mind this, I shall expect to hear from Martin, dead or alive, when I return this day week. So be up and doing.'

Three of the precious days had gone by—had flown—and yet no trace of our missing comrade, work, ponder, track as I would. At length it came to the eve of the chief's return, and alas! I was no nearer promotion than when he had started, though I had covered miles of country, and lost whole nights of sleep. I was utterly worn out with my fruitless quest that evening, and after a hasty meal threw myself on my cot and slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. I cannot say how long this sleep may have lasted, but the moon was shining full into the window when I was awakened by some one in heavy boots entering my room—a man—who came over and stood by the foot of my bed, and I must confess that I was a good deal startled when I recognized Martin.

'Hallo!' I shouted, 'where the dickens have you been? Why did you not report yourself?'

No reply—but Ned Martin was proverbially slow of speech.

'A pretty fright you have given us—and a nice search we have had.'

I sat up and stared hard at my comrade, and noticed that he looked white and death-like. His eyes, as they met mine, had a strange lack-luster expression—no doubt the poor chap had been nearly starved in the bush.

'Where have you been?' I asked. After a pause he answered in a low, husky voice, that sounded as if far away.

'Ten miles west—Laffan's Run—shepherd's hut—six yards to the rear—six feet deep.'

Then he suddenly turned round, and made for the door. As I jumped out of the bed and hurried after him, I noticed by the searching moonlight that there was a great stain on the back of his coat, just below the left shoulder. He crossed the kitchen and went out, I still following him, calling after him to 'wait,' to 'hold hard,' but even as I stood on the threshold, he was gone—where?

Gaze as I would, there was not a soul to be seen, not a living thing—nothing but the cold weird moonlight, illuminating a vast expanse of plain, and a few scraggy blue gum trees. I closed and bolted the

door with palsied precipitation, and ran back to bed, and—yes, truth is best—covered my head up with the clothes and lay in a cold sweat for what seemed to me days, my heart thumping like a steam hammer. I had seen a ghost.

Compelled by some strange investigation, I crawled timidly out of bed, lighted a candle and wrote down—'Ten miles west, Laffan's Run, shepherd's hut, six yards to the rear, six feet deep,' and then crept back between the blankets, where I lay sweltering between fear and indecision. At one moment I resolved to have nothing to do with the vision, at another I decided to follow Martin's direction and to stand my chances. After hours of miserable hesitation, I roused the men, but I took no one into my confidence it was surely another voice than mine, which boldly addressed my amazed comrades.

'Prepare to start for Laffan's Run in half an hour. Take a spare horse—Martin's mare will do—a piece of rope, a pair of handcuffs and a couple of spades.'

As a matter of course I was a good deal chaffed, but received all witticisms with inflexible composure. 'You seem very sure of your bird, boss? Did you get your hint by telegram? I suppose Martin is expecting us to breakfast?'

It was barely seven o'clock when we surrounded the hut, the hut I had been desired to seek. Laffan's shepherd was a ticket of leave, who had been several years on the station. His name was Henderson.

A man with a somewhat villainous expression, an impediment in his speech and an unusually powerful frame. He was stooping over the fire engrossed in frying a bit of mutton for his breakfast when I entered, followed by four troopers 'Hallo!' he stammered, looking back over his shoulder. 'What's up? Sheep stealing or blacks? What do you want here?'

'I want you!' I answered promptly. 'I arrest you,' producing the handcuffs, 'for the murder of Trooper Martin.'

He turned on me fiercely, almost ere I had ceased speaking, and dashed the frying pan in my face. 'Handcuff him,' I said.

'Handcuff me,' struggling like a wild beast, 'and for what? Where is your proof?' he stuttered. 'I swear I never saw Martin since Christmas. You'll suffer for this—rot for it—swing for it,' he screamed, when the bracelets were locked.

I was going, recklessly and trustfully, on information received from a spirit; and I felt desperately nervous, as I gave my orders for two troopers to hobble horses and fetch spades. Meanwhile I measured with shaking hands six good yards from the back of the hut, and desired the men to set to work on the ground immediately.

The soil was loose—a suspicious, and to me, encouraging sign—nevertheless the job was by no means an easy one. When the men had dug down to a depth of five feet, I shook as if with ague whilst each spadeful was thrown upon the grass and as yet there was no sign.

Suddenly one of the diggers shouted:

'Look, there's a body here!'

'And a trooper's boot,' added his comrade, excitedly. They now made a frenzied spurt, and presently called out with one breath: 'It's Martin!' Then alternately: 'He's been done for—he is dead—this ten days.'

I called to the troopers within doors to bring out the prisoner. At first I believe he struggled violently, but ultimately submitted to be conducted to where he had interred his victim. He stood motionless and looked down into the grave; then he raised his eyes and fastened them on me.

'Blast you!' he stammered in a low choked voice. How did you know? Who told you? Not a soul saw it—not even the dog. I had an old grudge against that hound there.'

'Mind, I caution you against saying anything that may be used against you,' I said. 'You had better hold your tongue.'

'Hold my tongue! And to what good, when I'll have to swing for him? He said so. Yes, that's his revolver; I had not the heart to bury it—it's a beauty. Martin he come in to light his pipe and as he stooped over the fire I stabbed him with a butcher knife right under the shoulder blade. It was a mortal wound; he only said, 'You'll swing for this,' and 'Mother!' Then the blood choked him.'

We buried Martin where we

found him, then mounted Henderson on the mare, and brought him handcuffed to the head station. We also fetched away the dog. Our party reached quarters almost simultaneously with the arrival of the chief and to him I formally made over my prisoner.

The chief was delighted at my success and overwhelmed me with praise; but although I have hitherto never divulged the truth, I here frankly confess that I owe both praise, promotion and all my subsequent notoriety to the reliable information which I received from Trooper Martin's ghost.

Mrs. Newwife—Bridget, did Mrs. Ghattea, the lady who is ill next door, eat the angel food I sent her? —Bridget—O! giss she did, mum, there's a crape on the door.

MAN was made to mourn and woman was made to see that he does it.

Johnston's Sarsaparilla

QUART BOTTLES. IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

I TOOK FOUR BOTTLES AND I WAS CURED—SNATCHED FROM DESPAIR.

A Whole Family Cured. Mrs. C. H. Kingsbury, who keeps a millinery and fancy goods store at St. Louis, Gratiot Co., Mich., and who is well known throughout the country, says:

'I was badly troubled with rheumatism, catarrh and neuralgia. I had liver complaint and was very bilious. I was in a bad condition; every day I began to fear that I should never be a well woman; that I should have to settle down into a chronic invalid, and live in the shadow of death. I had JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA recommended to me. I TOOK FOUR BOTTLES AND IT CURED ME, and cured my family both. I am very glad that I heard of it. I would cheerfully recommend it to every one. I have taken many other kinds of medicine. I prefer JOHNSTON'S to all of them.'

MICHIGAN DRUG CO., Detroit, Mich.

M. M. C. CHILL TONIC

Cures Chills, Malarial Fever, and all ailments caused by Malaria.

TRY IT. 35 CENTS A BOTTLE.

No Cure, No Pay. Sold by all merchants. April 27, '99—4f.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

FRANK C. BOLTON. LEE B. BOLTON.

BOLTON BROS.

PAINTS, OILS AND GALS

Prize Medal Ready Mixed Paints, Ename, the Family Safeguard Oil,

Machine Oils,

Tar, Oakum and Pitch

Engineers', Machinists', Steamship and Railway Supplies

418, 420, 422, 424 East Pratt Street, BALTIMORE.

Feb 13—y t

Spring Milliner Y.

In addition to my general stock, I beg to remind my former patrons and the ladies generally that I make a specialty in

MILLINERY.

I have just laid in a carefully selected assortment of these goods and can make it to your interest to favor me with your patronage.

JOSEPH S. MATTHEWS,

DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHAN-

DISE. NEW STORE, PARK

HALL, MD.

May 4—2m.

To The Milling Public.

At GARDNER'S MILLS you can get FLOUR "Hillsdale" Roller Process, put up in neat cotton bags of 1, 2, 4 and 11½ lbs for the lowest possible price consistent with good goods. This flour and fine corn

MEAL, are for sale every day in the week, and for exchange for sound, good wheat and corn.

Bran, 20 cents; Middlings 30cts and Wheat Screenings 25 cts bushel.

With a thoroughly equipped Sawing outfit capable of cutting 8,000 feet of lumber a day, will guarantee quick and accurate sawing every fair Thursday of every week until wheat harvest. No leaving your logs but bring them on Thursday and get your lumber the same day.

AUBREY S. GARDNER, near Chaptico.

Sept 20—y t

Land Notice.

PARTIES wishing to list their lands with the LAND & IMMIGRATION CO., of Baltimore, can do so by calling on the undersigned.

JO. F. MORGAN, County Agent. May 18—4f

Professional.

DAN'L. C. HAMMETT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, LEONARDTOWN, MD. Jan 31—4f

B. HARRIS-CAMALIER, STATES ATTORNEY, AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LEONARDTOWN, MD.

WALTER I. DAWKINS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, FIDELITY BUILDING, CORNER CHARLE AND LEXINGTON STS., BALTIMORE, MD.

Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 8—4f

WALTER B. DORSEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Office—Register of Wills' Office. Jan 14 '93—1y.

DUKE BOND, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, National Mechanics Bank Building, BALTIMORE, MD. Sept 29 '93

R. B. TIPPETT & BRO. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, 11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md.

Practice in the Courts of Baltimore city Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties of Charles and St. Mary's and Washington City. Special attention given to Admiralty practice, collection of claims.

JO. F. MORGAN, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool, LEONARDTOWN, MD. April 1, 1890—4f.

DR. WIT HAMMETT, DENTIST, 306 9th N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Operative and mechanical work done in best manner. All work guaranteed. Prices moderate. Consultation free. Sept 1—4f

GEORGE BLAKISTONE, Attorney-at-Law, Farmers' and Merchants' Bank Building, Corner South and Lombard Sts., Baltimore Md. Sept 26—4f

HENRY P. SPALDING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted in his care. Jan 1, 85—4f

D. S. BRISCOE, Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, Law Building, Baltimore, Md. 1878—4f.

ROBERT C. COMBS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, LEONARDTOWN MD.

WM. D. HENRY, Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace, LEONARDTOWN, MD. Special attention paid to Collection of Claims, the Pension Business, Sale and conveyance of Real Estate. April 27 '99—4f

DERBY A. LYNCH, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, LEONARDTOWN, MD. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. March 9—y

MILBURN & CLEMENTS, Contractors and Builders, is prepared to furnish at all times LUMBER, SASH, DOORS and FRAMES of all sizes, at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Virginia flooring, \$12 to \$16 per M. Georgia " " \$18 to \$25 " M. Georgia framing (heart) at \$18 to \$22 per M, according to length.

Laths \$2 per thousand, delivered at Leonardtown or River Landings. Terms—Cash on delivery. All orders promptly attended to. Shingles, 6,200 cy pressed at \$7.50 to \$8 per M. North Carolina. Barn plank, \$14.50 per M. April 27 '99—4f

VIET'S NEW RESTAURANT. HAVING built in addition to the restaurant a fine Oyster House, I am prepared to furnish oysters, STEWED, ROASTED AND STEAMED

OYSTERS ON HALF SHELL a specialty. Persons visiting town will find my restaurant very convenient.

The Bar is stocked with Wines, Whiskies, Gin, Cigars and Beer—the whiskey is O.D. Virginia and will speak for itself. Give me a call S. E. VIETT. s24—4f.

St. Mary's Academy, LEONARDTOWN, MD. UNDER CHARGE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.

The course of Studies includes Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-Keeping, Algebra, Geometry, English Grammar, Geography, History, Latin, Mental and Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Plain and Ornamental Needlework, Music on the Piano, and Guitar and French.

Boys from 7 to 14 years are received. For terms and other information, apply to SISTER MARY CATHARINE, LEONARDTOWN, MD.

BLACKSMITHING.

HAVING taken possession of Blacksmith Shop recently occupied by M. J. Pope in Leonardtown, I am prepared to give special attention to horseshoeing, etc. I can always be found at my shop and will do all work in my line at shortest notice and as cheap as can be done in the county. Guns and pistols also repaired. Terms cash. WM. M. WIBLE. April 30—4f

GEORGE F. SLOAN & BROTHER BUILDING LUMBER,

SHINGLES, FENCING, ETC. 414 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, Md.

Write us for Prices.

H. G. Dudley. J. Frank Ford. DUDLEY & CARPENTER, General Commission Merchants, 125 Light Street, BALTIMORE. Sell Tobacco Grain and Country Produce. Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

John H. Chrispin. Jas. A. Dawkins. CHRISPIN & DAWKINS, Commission Merchants FOR THE SALE OF Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce. No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

W. H. MOORE. JOHN MUDD. W. H. MOORE & CO., Grocers and Commission Merchants, 105 S. Charles Street, BALTIMORE. Particular attention given to inspection and sale of Tobacco, the sale of Grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

A. Y. GRAY, General Commission Merchant, Cor. La. Avenue and 10th Street, Washington, D. C. FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE. Will give special attention to the filling of all orders for Merchandise. Prompt returns.

REFERENCES:—R. H. Edelen, John H. Mitchell, Port Tobacco; Joseph H. Key, Leonardtown; John T. Ballenger, Mechanicsville; Spencer C. Jones, Rockville; R. N. Wilson, of Wilson, Palmer & Co., Baltimore; Manufacturers' National Bank, Baltimore; National Bank of Republic, Washington, D. C.; Jacob Warden, Berryville, Va. Correspondence solicited with stock shippers. Write for marked tin tags for shipping Veals and lambs. Always mail card giving the number on the tag used. March 3—4f.

LEWIS HOPFENMAIR,

Importer, Exporter, Manufacturer and Dealer in FERTILIZERS, TALLOW, HIDES, SKINS AND WOOL. 221 10th Street, N. W., 93 1/2 C. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Factory and Wharves, 33rd K and Water Streets, Washington, D. C. Will pay highest market prices, the cost of freight the only expense to shippers. No expense, no drays, no commissions or any other expense. If you desire to save all middlemen's profits ship direct to us.

Wool Wanted for Factory Purposes.

REFERENCES:—Riggs National Bank, Lincoln National Bank, Washington Board of Trade, or any reliable business house in this city or Baltimore.

ESTABLISHED 1822. JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT, DEALER IN LIME, CEMENT, CALCINE PLASTER, &c., &c. Manufacturer of Flooring, Doors, Blinds, Frames, Mouldings, Mantels, Brackets, and all kinds of Wood Work. Office and Yard No. 21 N. Union St. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee Street, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Commercial House, Mechanicsville, Maryland.

Good rooms, good table and everything first-class. Give me a call. Livery attached and travelers sent to all parts of county. Rates low. G. W. BURROUGHS, Proprietor.



The Gramophone. The most fascinating invention of the age. Always ready to entertain. It requires no skill to operate it and reproduces the music of bands, orchestras, vocalists or instrumental soloists. There is nothing like it for an evening's entertainment at home or in the social gathering. You can sing or talk to it and it will reproduce immediately and as often as desired, your song or words. Other so-called talking machines reproduce only records of cut and dried subjects, specially prepared in a laboratory; but the Gramophone is limited to such performances. On the Gramophone you can easily make and instantly reproduce records of the voice, or any sound. Thus it constantly awakens new interest and its charm is ever fresh. The reproductions are clear and brilliant.

Graphophones are sold for \$10 up. Manufactured under the patents of Bell, Tainter, Edison and Nipper. Our establishment is headquarters of the world for Talking Machines and Talking Machine Supplies. Write for catalogue. 110 E. Baltimore, St., BALTIMORE.

Farms for Sale.

Farm of 300 acres, fertile, good buildings, situate about 1 1/2 miles from Oakville and four miles from steamboat wharf. Good state of cultivation. Price, \$2,000. Terms easy.

Farm 110 acres, good buildings, fine soil and well improved. Suitable for trucking. Price, \$1,500. Near St. Joseph's Church. Terms easy.

Farm 40 acres on St. Clement's Bay. Fine two-story dwelling. New. Suitable for cultivation of fruit. Beautiful view. Terms easy.

A small farm, 1 1/2 miles South of Chaptico at Cross Roads. Two miles from steamboat wharf. 77 acres. Common improvements. Good stand for business, mercantile or mechanical. Suitable for fruit. Price, \$400. Terms easy.

Small tract of land on tributary of St. Clement's Bay. Good dwelling. About 8 acres. Good for trucking. Price, \$450. Terms easy. JO. F. MORGAN, LEONARDTOWN, MD.

News and Opinions OF National Importance The Sun.

ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a Copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address, The Sun New York

Three of the Best Things in use.

Excelsior Cook Stove, Weed Sewing Machine and Myer's Pumps.

FOR SALE BY J. W. JOHNSON, LEONARDTOWN, MD.

DRY GOODS, MILLINERY, DRESS GOODS, HOUSEKEEPING GOODS, Bought on Commission. Address, Mrs. MADGE FENWICK, 1716 Harlem Avenue, BALTIMORE, MD. Nov 3—4f.

FOR SHERIFF.

Messrs. Editors—Please announce Mr. JOS. C. M. ABELL as a candidate for the next Sheriffalty and say that if he will run he will receive the earnest support of the 6th, 8th and 9th Districts. Oct 27—4f