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Saint Mary's Beacon.
JOB PRINTING.
HANDBILLS.
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BLANKS.
BILL HEADS
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH.
Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at City prices.

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FRANK LIBBY & COMPANY,
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New Rustic Siding, inch thick, 1.50, 100 sq
NEW WHITE PINE DOORS, already painted, 24 each
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New 6x20 Best perfect, shingles 5.75 a 1000.

If you hear of LOW LUMBER prices and prices on "ready-to-use" Mill Work, write to us and always find us lower. We keep the best assorted grades of all kinds and so correct and invariably lower too in price than elsewhere that your inspection only is sufficient, and you'll be ready to buy. We lead cars and to boats FREE. Call and spend the day with us at our expense when you buy lumber. Discount too, for cash.

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OF BALTIMORE CITY.
For the Sale of
Tobacco, Grain, Wool
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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 Fearce, Edwin H. Brown, Phil. H. Pace, John Shepherd, Samuel M. Hinks, Samuel K. George, Adrian Fossey.
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 ADA MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED

H. G. Dudley. J. Frank Ford.
DUDLEY & CARPENTER,
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DAWKINS & DUKE,
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FOR THE SALE OF
Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.
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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 Hurdle Race With a Grizzly.

By T. S. VAN DYKE.
"About the nearest I ever come to gettin' permanently done up with a bear was up in the big timber in the southwest of Oregon," remarked old Bill Miller as he called his attention to a big gap in the track of a grizzly we were on and asked if he believed it possible a bear could jump that far. "A man that thinks a bear can't jump wants to tackle one in a big windfall of Oregon pine and Port Orford cedar with trunks eight to ten foot thick along all around heler-akeler like yer hair after the old woman has persuaded you she was right."

"We had shot an elk there one evenin' on the head of the Coquille River and it tumbled down a steep bank right into a jumble of fallen timber so late in the evenin' there was nothin' to do but camp right there. About the middle of the night a fox terrier we had along made racket enough to please any one that likes lyn' awake at night to think how his neighbors must be a cussin' and by the light that was left of the fire I saw somethin' black standin' over our meat. I supposed it was one of the common black bear that are so plentiful in that part of Oregon and safe enough to open up on in any kind of ground, but at the crack of my rifle there was a squallin' that would curdle the milk in an Arctic whale, and in a half second the sparks of the camp fire was a flyin' in all directions with a great big mess of fur lum' up like a wooly elephant and sailin' toward us like it had wings.

"There's nothin' more funny than the way the crack of a rifle will bring a feller on his feet with his gun when you're out in camp, and my two pards had their guns to their shoulders almost as quick as their feet hit the ground. Both of 'em blazed out almost at the same time with the second shot from mine and the big bundle of black wool that was rollin' toward us went over in a heap. But the durned heap was almost as high as it was when in motion, and the notion suddenly hit me that instead of a black bear we had a grizzly of the biggest caliber on hand. I was sure of it a second later when the bear scrambled to his feet and lookin' bigger than ever come a tearin' straight for us.

"This talk about the speed of thought is all nonsense. It's nothin' alongside of log logic. We had good rifles, but our legs suddenly found they could work faster, and in a twinklin' mine was a helpin' me over a big log, while 'my pard Moore was wigglin' under another that was too big to climb. Maybe you've seen some of these pious pictures where a pair of pigeon wings float a two-hundred-pound angel. My pard Felton reminded me of one of 'em. His legs was so slobby he would have to climb on a brickbat to kick a toad, but the way he punched a hole in the outer gloom discouraged that bear so much he centered his talents on me. No kind of ground bothers a grizzly, and uphill or down or alongside of it, over logs or under 'em he can trot, pace, gallop, roll, tumble or waller faster than any other combination of legs and fur. I'd soon be closed out if he hadn't stopped at our beddin' that lay right in his track. The rippin' and tearin' of our blankets drowned the crackin' of brush he was smashin' through, but I knew that shoddy factory would soon have to close down from over-production and somethin' else would have to be done pertyimmediately. But I knew that if I opened fire on the bear again it would be sure to draw his fire on me, and I thought I would give my friends a show to get some game and not hog it all myself. But none of the rest of 'em shot either, and it was durned singlar how the next day we all kep' still about this instead of askin' why the other didn't shoot.

"About the same time I was bang up against a log too high to climb, and Felton was a cussin' because the hole under another was just a little too low to let him through, and Moore was all started up in a lot of woodbine and vine maple, when the fox terrier suddenly turned up. It made him so mad to see the bear musin' the hole he liked to sleep on that he grabbed him by the hind leg. The bear wheeled like a cyclone, but the dog had been raised on rattlesnakes, and by the time the sharp claws of the bear came whizzin' for his ear he was a yard or more back out of the way. The success of this move developed spunk so fast in the dog that instead of runnin' he stood his ground and only a few feet away barked at the bear as savage as if he was a doin' all the buntin'.

"By the light of the flickerin' fire I could see the blazin' eyes and glitterin' teeth of the little cuss lookin' so bright with spunk I concluded that if I was on the other side of the big log I was trying to get over, the dog would never let the bear get over it. So I opened fire on him again. But if the ball ever hit him he didn't know it, for without stumblin' or bawlin' he struck out for the flash of my rifle at a pace as lively as any he had yet shown. Then there was a 'wow-wow' from the dog, and that suddenly stopped and the bear wheeled with a wip of his big paw that swung him half round with its force. But there was nothin' in the way, for the dog was too quick again. But he wasn't quick enough to see a big hole in the ground by a burnt out stump, and in a second there come out of the hole a string of trills that would have made a fortune for a singer of jackassie music at a modern concert. It must have scared the bear, for instead of reachin' into the hole for the music box he come for me faster'n ever.

"By this time we were so far from the fire that the blackness of the night was thick enough to stop a darky funeral, but I was spittin' it in great shape when the flash of a rifle from one of my pardners lit up the dark trunks of the big cedars in a way that didn't need no bear to make it impressive. Another one followed it, but the bear was there to carry out his part of the programme and kept right for me. Emptyin' a rifle was easy enough, but hittin' was quite another matter, for the bear was jumpin' logs to beat any hurdle racer you ever see. You could only see him when he was goin' over a log, and by the time you pull your trigger he was out of sight again below. But suddenly Moore fired a shot that made the bear outbawl a bronco bull, and made him tumble sumerset over a log. But a bear never cares which end he lands on, and in the jerk of a trigger he was under full sail again and steerin' straight for my port.

"Just as it begun to look like he was a-goin' to make the anchorage all right a strip of white split the night with a spiteful 'wow-wow' and the bear wheeled and made a whack at somethin' in his rear. The bawlin' of the bear from that last shot must have inspired the terrier again, and he dodged back so slick that the bear almost tumbled over from hittin' nothin' but air. I thought this a good show to get in a shot that would finish him, but the immediate result was to make me conclude the dog needed a larger field for the full use of his talents. The way I rolled under a big log about twenty yards further on that looked too big for the bear to climb, with the openin' below too small for him to go through, would have made them fellers mighty sick that tell you old Bill Miller never ran from this he broke away from the dog and came for me full steam on and just missed makin' a landin' on my wharf.

"As I caught my feet and started to run I looked back and see the bear's head a loomin' up over the log and heard the terrier give a yowl that sounded as if his last hope had busted. He must a been trying to pull the bear down by the tail, but I had no time to make a scientific analysis on the subject, for the bear's carcass come a wallowin' over the log behind the head at a rate that looked as if I might be his property in another second. I had just decided it would be fine play to dodge back under that same log again, but my legs thought otherwise and before I knew it I was up against another log bigger than any of 'em. But the openin' under this was larger than my biggest nose required, while the way the bear had cleared the last log with the dog hangin' on his appendix, shook my confidence in logs. The other fellers had stopped shootin', too; showin' they were out of reach, and the whole management of the bear fell onto me. I ain't politician enough to be stuck much on honor, and there was durned little time to appoint a deputy, so I concluded that the dog had better have some more room. There was an open space beyond this log with another log that slanted up against a young tree that I could climb. As I ran along that I saw the bear tryin' to get over the last log and pull the terrier over by his tail at the same time. His big black head would come suddenly up with a big lunge, then it would go down again and the dog come whirlin' out under the log. Then he would wheel about and bark at the openin' he had just come through as savage as if he would eat it up, log and all. Then up would come the head of the bear over the log again as if the openin' was too small for him, and then the dog would dive under the log and down would come the bear again to look after the interest of his tail.

"All at once he made an extra bulge that brought him almost over the log and as he come up I took a shot at him. I wasn't standin' very solid and the rifle kicked enough to upset me. Down I went in a mess of briars and stuff with the rifle a flyin' the other way out of my hand. Without stoppin' to gather it I lit out, and I guess I'd been a goin' yet if it hadn't been for the logs. After a while I found myself up a tree till daylight come and there was the bear stretched out over the top of the log with the dog tryin' to pull him down by the tail."

"THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED HELL."—Those who join the Constitution in its crusade in behalf of the good old-fashioned hell do not all lose sight of the kindness, love, long suffering, and forgiveness. There is no question here between "religion of love" and a "religion of hate," as some of the controversialists contend. There is a doctrine of punishment for evil-doing, and that is part and parcel of the religion of the Bible. We simply decline to take one part of that religion without taking it all. We believe in the Bible and we believe in the hell of the Bible. The world may be far from perfection, but it is better with hell in its religion than it would be without. We decline to believe that it is in the interest of good morals to hold out as punishment a hades that has no more terrors than a round of the golf links, even though we have heard golfists use some pretty strong terms in describing that—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS LIFE SAVED
By Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.
"I am sure that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as one time saved my life," says A. E. Lafalouts of Gregory Landing, Clarke county, Missouri. "I was in such bad shape that the doctors said I could not live. When I was at the lowest ebb, one of my neighbors brought in a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and I took it and got instant relief. I soon got up and around. That was nine years ago and I am still in good health. Since then that medicine has always been in my house and always will be. It is the best on earth." For sale by William F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown.

UNPRECEDENTED.—"What do you suppose that absurdly conceited woman did in church yesterday?" "Well, what?" "She took off her new hat." "Why did she do that?" "She said she was afraid nobody would pay any attention to the minister if she kept it on."

Flower Gardens and the Lawn.
This is the best time to set out all varieties of evergreens—just when they commence to make their new growth is the time to transplant. Take the trees up carefully with a good-sized ball of earth. If the tree is to remain out of the ground some time, wrap up the roots and earth with sacks. If the earth falls off and the roots get dry the tree seldom lives. Have the holes dug and every preparation made for quick planting before the trees arrive. Place six inches of good rich earth in the bottom of the hole, then set the tree the same depth in which it formerly grew. If earth is dry, moisten it as it is packed in; cover roots with the best earth, pressing each layer firmly with the foot as it is put in. When all the earth is in spread a six-inch layer of grass or rye under the tree and cover with six or eight large stones. The trees must be watered twice a week all through the summer until thoroughly rooted. The following are the most beautiful, hardy and vigorous growers: Norway spruce, hemlock spruce, white pine, American arbor vitae, Austrian pine, Indian cedar and Nordman's silver fir. For small areas the Siberian arbor vitae, the golden arbor vitae and the white-tipped arbor vitae are the most desirable trees to plant. They are hardy, thrifty and beautiful at all seasons. All evergreens require a heavy dressing of rich manure. Spread the manure evenly under the trees as far as the branches extend. The fall is the best season to spread the manure.

To have a fine, clean lawn, all large weeds must be cut out. This should be carefully done with a sharp spud or long-bladed knife. Cut the roots about one inch below the surface. Run the mower over the grass every ten days. If the sod is loose, use the hand-roller after each cutting. A thin dressing of sifted coal and wood ashes mixed, say one quart to the square yard, will increase the growth of the grass, giving it a dark green color; the ashes will also bring in the white and yellow clover.

Cannas, dalias, gladiolus and tuberose, that have been started in the greenhouse or hot bed, should now be set out. All these bulbs require deep, mellow and thoroughly enriched soil; spread a two-inch layer of manure over the ground and fork it under; plant the bulbs about one foot apart, letting the crown be not more than one inch below the surface. After they are all planted, cover the bed with two inches of fine rotted horse manure, or fine cut grass. Now is the time to prime spring flowering shrubs—the branches that have born the flowers this spring should not be cut out, it is the new wood that produces the blooms.

Spiros, as soon as they are through blooming, should have the old wood removed. This pruning will give the new wood a chance to grow. The same method should be followed with roses. With several prunings and high manuring, we get the handsomest and greatest number of buds.

Greenhouse plants, such as aloes, oleanders, lemon and orange trees, should now be brought out and placed in a sheltered spot, but having the full benefit of the sun. The small plants in pots may be plunged to their rims in the soil. An excellent situation for all such plants is against the wall or hedge of the flower garden; they will then be protected from the north winds and receive the full benefit of the sun.—Baltimore American.

"When I grow up," said Ethel, with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school teacher." "Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children," said Edna. "Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip them" (with crescendo intonation). "You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as the tears came into her eyes, "what have my poor children ever done to you?"

Unnecessary Loss of Time
Mr. W. S. Whedon, Cashier of the First National Bank of Waterloo, Iowa, in a recent letter gives some experience with a carpenter in his employ, that will be of value to other mechanics. He says: "I had a carpenter working for me who was obliged to stop work for several days on account of being troubled with diarrhoea. I mentioned to him that I had been similarly troubled and that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy had cured me. He bought a bottle of it from the druggist here and informed me that one dose cured him, and he is again at his work." For sale by William F. Greenwell & Son, Leonardtown.

Croker and Tammany.
"There are 90,000 folk on the roster of Tammany Hall, each with a vote and each with a thirst for place. From these 90,000 come the 'leaders'; not so much by consent as by conquest of the suffrage expressed at primaries of the said 90,000. These 'leaders,' chiefs of their clans, brave, quick of thought, decisive as a gailotine, are the very flower of force. And yet these 'leaders,' bowing to none besides, yield to Croker as willows to the wind. From their pose one might know of the strength of Croker, even if it were not discernible in the tree-like character of the man himself.

"Croker is the chief of the chiefs. This eminence has come to him not by gift, but as prize to powers native of himself. It is his because of a first courage and valor and skill on the battle-fields of politics. In those old Norse days it was no fullness of riches nor of family which chose a leader; it was deeds. And when the rough sea-soldiers of Norway found one who rose loftier than the others by dint of strength in war, they made a platform of their locked shields, and lifting him high above their heads, proclaimed him 'chief.' In similar fashion did Croker attain his leadership.

"Richard Croker is a firm apostle of organized politics. He believes in the 'machine,' and was reared at the knee of that theory. One day he spoke to me on this point. 'Every successful enterprise,' he said, 'must have organization and a head. Everything which succeeds must and does have organization; without it all things fall to pieces.'"

"Croker guards himself against overthrow from within by limiting the possibility of power-growth in those about him. He does not have a deputy chief to represent him; he has four or five. He grants to no one subaltern his whole countenance; he divides and subdivides it among several. Among his lieutenants he splits his proxy, and arms each with a fragment of his authority. Each has his little field of domination; each his work. Add them together and you find the boundaries of Crokerian control."

"Remarkable about Croker is a presence or atmosphere not really defined or analyzed. It is sinister in the sense of the occult. Croker takes natural command of men, who as naturally obey. Call it magnetism or magic, if you will; the attribute here talked of belongs with certain folk. One might have beheld the same thing in the instances of Cleveland, of Ingersoll, of Reed; for lack of a term might call it the hypnotism of beef. Assuredly it comes not alone of the mind; some of the wisest are without it."

"There is one last feature of a Tammany political education that is worth a note. It is meant to guard the Tammany vote from purchase by its million-owning enemies. It has quiet teaching among the lower stratum—and the 'precinct captains' are, commonly speaking, the teachers—that it is a brave, good deed, by any hook or crook, to get all the money from the opposition that the rich and credulous foe will part withal. Promise to vote the opposition ticket—promise anything—and get the money; that is the quiet instruction. Then break the promise and vote with Tammany Hall."

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The date of Johnston's flood was May 31, 1899.