

**Saint Mary's Beacon**  
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# Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 62. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901. 1244

**Saint Mary's Beacon.**  
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**DR. C. V. HAYDEN,**  
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 Leonardtown, Md.

**Trains from Washington and Balti-  
 more.**  
 Time Table:  
 In Effect Monday, June 3, 1901, 6:30 a. m.  
 STATIONS—South.

	P. M.	M. T.
Washington (P. W. & B. R. R.)	6:30	7:45
Baltimore (P. W. & B. R. R.)	7:45	8:30
(Calvert Station)	8:30	9:15
Brandywine (P. W. & B. R. R.)	9:15	9:30
Cedarville	9:30	9:45
Woodville	9:45	10:00
Gallant Green	10:00	10:15
Hughesville	10:15	10:30
Chesapeake	10:30	10:45
Charlotte Hall	10:45	11:00
New Market	11:00	11:15
Mechanicville, arrive	11:15	11:30
Daily, except Sunday. *Flag Stations.		

**Trains to Washington and Baltimore.**  
 Time Table:  
 In Effect Monday, June 3, 1901, 6:45 p. m.  
 STATIONS—North.

	P. M.	M. T.
Mechanicville leave	6:45	7:00
New Market	7:00	7:15
Charlotte Hall	7:15	7:30
Oaks	7:30	7:45
Hughesville	7:45	8:00
Gallant Green	8:00	8:15
Woodville	8:15	8:30
Cedarville	8:30	8:45
Brandywine arrive	8:45	9:00
(P. W. & B. R. R.) leave	9:00	9:15
Baltimore (Union Station) arr	9:15	9:30
Washington (P. W. & B. R. R.) arr	9:30	9:45
Tains daily, except Sunday. *Flag Stations.		

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Particular attention given to inspection and sale of Tobacco, the sale of Grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

## THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

From Home Life.

This being All Saints' Day, everyone in the Frissonette farm had retired early. At eight o'clock in the evening the beds were made, the bolts were drawn and the lights extinguished. Francine, the little shepherdess, had just gone to her room, a narrow garret with white-washed walls, a corner of the left shut off by a partition.

Francine, however, was always scared of the place because of the strange sounds which came from the loft at night—the huge, gloomy loft, with its piles of wood and mounds of grain, and haunted by enormous rats and monstrous bats. Every time she entered the loft she shut her eyes and felt her way to her corner, for old man Desgranges, the farmer of Frissonette, never made any provision for lighting people to bed.

This evening, Francine was sitting on her bed and instead of undressing at once, fell into a reverie with her eyes half closed. The bells of Ve-you were awakening the echoes in the plain and their music rang through the silence of the night. It was the night of the dead, a night of gloom, reviving the memory of the dear departed, of those who slept in the little cemeteries of Auvergne, beneath the shade of the fir and ewe trees. At this very moment prayers for humility were ascending from every fireside; they were praying around the hearth or before the old crucifixes; poor old women were kneeling on the bare floors of their cottages; the souls of the dead seemed to be wandering about the places familiar to them in life; each was remembered and all were prayed for.

Francine thought of her mother, who had died the previous winter—her only relative. She had now slept in the cemetery of Donaise for a year; she had not visited the grave since the day she saw the grave-digger lower the coffin and cover it with large shovelfuls of black earth and fragments of bones. The day after the funeral Count des Voziers sent for the orphan and gave her into the care of old man Desgranges, who needed a girl to tend his flocks. The count did not conceal from the farmer that Francine had been poorly brought up, that she had to this time been in charge of a bad mother; that she would have to be sternly dealt with to make a good girl of her and to eradicate all traces of vice.

"Rest easy," said the farmer. "I'll manage her. At the farm we have to work hard before eating, and she'll have to do her share." And the count having thanked the farmer for his beneficence in taking the girl, Francine followed Desgranges to the farm. Since that day she had never been back to Donaise; she had never had an hour's freedom. She was up at dawn and went to bed late, worn out by work which was too hard for her.

Sitting on the bed, sad and lonely, and with her eyes half closed, Francine thought that to-morrow in the cemetery at Donaise all the graves would be covered with flowers or at least would be visited; only her mother's would be deserted and devoid of tender souvenirs. To ask old man Desgranges' permission to visit Donaise was out of the question. Frissonette was ten kilometers distant from Donaise—or about four hours' walk there and back. The farmer would never hear of such a long absence. She knew Desgranges too well to expose herself to a brutal refusal, accom-

panied by blows. What a number of blows she had received since she came to Frissonette. She had been spared no indignity, and the most cruel and mortifying thing of all was when he would shout at her in a voice made raucous by liquor: "You'll be just like your mother!" Poor mother! What wrong had she done, what crime had she committed, that on every possible occasion this man should hold her up to contempt? Francine remembered her only as a long-suffering, good woman, who heaped caresses upon her and who after putting her to bed every night tenderly kissed her on the brow. The daughter's love had grown stronger since they spoke of her at the farm in contemptuous tones? Why? She did not know—how could she, being but twelve years old—the story that was told at Donaise of how her mother had one evening entered the village, in a starving condition, with rags on her back, and her eyes blazing like live coals! The count des Voziers, the good angel of the place, had taken her in and some months later the wretched outcast had been driven off the premises in disgrace. M. des Voziers had given further evidence of his charity by allowing her to take up her quarters in an old decrepit ruin where she dragged out a precarious living as a seamstress. There were some who saw in Francine a resemblance to the count, but this was doubtless one of those dreadful calumnies in which serious-minded people place no credence.

But, on this All Saints' Eve, the daughterly love of Francine would not be denied. Since she was the only one on earth who thought of the dead woman, was it not her duty to take her some token of remembrance to show that she was not altogether forsaken? There was only one very simple solution of the matter: To profit by the cover of darkness to visit Donaise and to return before dawn, so that Desgranges should not notice her absence. But how was she to descend from the loft, to open the door, and cross the barn yard without making any noise?

She listened breathlessly. The deep silence was broken only by the tolling of the bell of Ve-you. She reached the threshold of her garret and tried to pierce the gloom in which the loft was shrouded. Very cautiously she descended the rickety and creaking staircase and on reaching the massive oak door paused again to listen. Then she softly drew back the bolt, turned the key in the lock and on reaching the barnyard spoke in a low voice to the dog to prevent him from barking.

No one had heard her. She was free, and began to run along the road which led to Donaise. Ah! how happy she was! How little she regretted the trick she had played them! She walked briskly along the highway leading to the hill, on which was perched the village of Donaise, and her wooden shoes rang 'out on the road, which had recently been paved with quartz and granite.

The branches of all fir trees waved gracefully overhead and the foliage of giant oaks, formed an avenue blacker than the night, and filled with mysterious shadows. And the further she progressed the clearer and grander sounded the tolling of the bells; bell replied to bell, resounding from hill to hill. It was a universal knell, which made of the mountains living things and wept in the night as though to swallow up in the darkness of the universe the lesser shades of the departed.

At the end of two hours' walk Francine reached the outskirts of Donaise and stopped before a small house or rather cottage, built of clay and thatched with straw. Her heart was heavy and her eyes moist; she leaned against the shutter of rotten wood and hinges rendered almost useless by rust, and peered in affright into the interior of the house. How empty and dark it was! It was here she had grown up, had played, and had been happy with her bit of black bread and

her dreams. There was nothing in the house; the furniture had been sold at auction in the market place on a Sunday morning to pay the paltry debts incurred by the unfortunate woman. Only a few bundles of clothes, which they did not know how to dispose of, had been left and they were scattered over the floor. Through a broken pane in the window she saw with horror the scene of desolation—this house inhabited and yet deserted—and expecting to see the spirit of her dear mother appear.

An idea suddenly struck Francine. She recalled that every year about this time the magnificent chrysanthemums in this garden used to excite her admiration. They were almost at the entrance—quite close to the railing. If by passing her hand through the railing she could pluck a few flowers to make a small bouquet. But the chrysanthemums are too far from the railings; she cannot reach them. But her small and attenuated person can easily squeeze between two of the bars. The matter would be easy enough, but there is a light in one of the windows of the villa, and at the end of the garden, in the lefthand corner, are the dog kennel and the gardener's lodge. He is no joke, this gardener! In the village he is considered a brutal, ferocious man. It seems this is why the count thinks so highly of him. If the dog should begin barking, he would awaken and Francine would be found in the garden.

Halting between such a prospect and the overwhelming longing to gather a few flowers, her face pressed against the railings—the beautiful yellow flowers hypnotized her, they seemed to stretch out to her their fresh tendrils. . . . and all at once she made up her mind, slid between two railings, entered the garden, and hurriedly plucked some of the chrysanthemums.

Half a minute had not passed when she grew pale and trembled; the dog had just barked, and while crouching down on the gravel walk she saw in the framework of a window of the first floor, which had just been thrown open, a large shadow standing out in relief and looking dreadfully stern. She wanted to run away and tried to reach the railing, but fear paralyzed her limbs. A shot rang out. She fell headlong into a clump of chrysanthemums.

A few seconds later M. des Voziers and his gardener saw a young girl lying inanimate on the chrysanthemum bed, holding tight in her left hand the flowers she had plucked.

The count was the first to reach her, recognized her, and uttered a low cry. What was passing in this man's mind at that moment? Even the coldest and the hardest creatures have their times of tenderness, a moment when a generous impulse will possess the soul hitherto incapable of pity. Perhaps some secret feeling of remorse was awakened in his conscience; perhaps the piteous face of the girl-mother appeared to him, no longer patient and resigned, but in a spirit of indignation and protest.

M. des Voziers grew horribly pale, picked Francine up and carried her to the villa. The gardener followed silently and mechanically, and helped to undress the little girl and to lay her on a bed. They had not exchanged a word. But when he saw Francine's left leg covered with blood and torn by a bullet, the count frowned, a look of fury came over his face, and in a voice shaking with emotion, he said:

"To wound a child for gathering a few flowers is the act of a brute." The gardener cynically muttered: "I did not know I was firing at the daughter of—." At this moment Francine opened her eyes, softly raised her head from the pillow and looked at the two men in affright. Then the count imprinted a kiss on the pale brow of the child and said, very softly and tenderly: "What were you going to do with the flowers, Francine?" "I meant," she sadly answered, "to place them on mother's grave."

"A THUNDERING PRICE FOR BEANS."—A good many years ago I was connected with a morning newspaper in an Illinois city, and our custom was to go to the restaurant in the railroad station for our midnight lunch, that being the only place open at that time of the night.

There were three morning papers so quite a number of the newspaper boys made the place a rendezvous, and we used to sit and talk over all the things that had happened and a good many that had not.

This restaurant was run by a man named Cull, and he had held up enough trains with his lunch counter to make himself pretty well fixed in this world's goods.

One night when we were all gathered there the 12.07 train pulled in, and among others was a passenger who regaled himself with a plate of beans.

The lunch counter in Cull's absence was in charge of a young man who had his eye distinctly on the main chance.

The conductor called, 'all aboard' and the man in great haste asked what he owed.

'Fifty cents.' 'What! Fifty cents for a plate of beans?' 'That's the price.' 'You're joking—how much?' 'Fifty cents goes.' 'Well,' said the man as he paid the money in with little evidence of temper, 'that's a thundering price for beans.' And again as he went through the door returned and said impressively—a thundering price for beans.

Cull's trouble began with that moment.

While we were still sitting there the railroad operator brought in a telegram to Cull, who had come in in the mean time and was chuckling over the profit on those beans.

Cull read the telegram. All it said was: 'A thundering price for beans. John Q. Smith,' but on the envelope was the significant inscription, 'Collect 25 cents.'

This was the opening shot. From every station between that town and St. Louis came the wail to Cull, 'a thundering price for beans,' and each time Cull got madder and madder over the 'Collect 25 cents.' In the morning Cull notified his boy not to receive or pay for any more telegrams, and also read the riot act to the telegraph company.

The next day our friend John Q. Smith started on a new game. He would pack a dozen choice brick in a box, with the same old message enclosed, and ship them to Cull. This he did by both freight and express, 'charges collect,' until Cull was fairly frenzied with rage.

Now at this time Cull was playing the market through a Chicago broker, and it happened that there was a sudden and severe slump. The broker wired Cull to put up more margins. Cull's boy, under instructions, declined to receive the message. Getting no answer to his telegram, the broker closed Cull's account at a whopping loss.

This was the last straw. Cull went plumb crazy in earnest this time. He was taken to an asylum and spent the rest of his days there.

He used to sit day by day with his head between his hands, repeating by the hour the five fatal words, 'A thundering price for beans!' 'A thundering price for beans!'—St. Paul Dispatch.

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