

Saint Mary's Beacon
 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
 118 T. F. YATES and F. V. KING
 A Dollar a Year in Advance.
 LEADS IN TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:
 One square, one insertion.....\$1 00
 Each subsequent insertion..... 60
 Eight lines or less constitute a square.
 A liberal deduction made for yearly ad-
 vertisements. Correspondence solicited

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 63. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1901. 1248

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

SPRING LUMBER PRICES

—AT PRICES ALL RIGHT NOW BY—

FRANK LIBBY & COMPANY,
 6 & New York Avenue, N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

New flooring, all 1 width, 1.25 per 100 sq feet
 New Rustic Siding, inch thick, 1.50, 100 sq ft
 WHITE PINE DOORS, already painted, \$1 each.
 NEW WINDOW FRAMES, 8x10, at 75 cents each.
 NEW 6 inch CLAPBOARDING at \$1.20 per 100 feet.
 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 will be ready to buy. We load CARS and to BOATS FREE. Call and spend the day with us at our expense when you buy lumber. Discounts too, for cash.

FRANK LIBBY & CO.,
 6th & N. Y. Ave. Washington, D. C.

J. F. 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.

126 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,

General Commission Merchants,

125 Light Street, BALTIMORE.

Sell Tobacco Grain and Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

Jas. A. Dawkins. W. Bernard Duke.

DAWKINS & DUKE,

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.

WAS IT JUSTIFIABLE?

"Is Jack Tanniclife going with you tomorrow, Tom?" said my wife to me. "I wish you would take some one else."

"Why, Norah?" I asked. "He's been stranger than ever in his manner since his wife died, I hear; in fact, I've been told by more than one person that he's quite insane at times. It's not to be wondered at if he is, poor fellow. I don't know a sadder case. He'd only been married a week. Such a horrible death, too! It's enough to turn a man's brain, and I must confess, Tom, I wish Jack was not going with you."

"Nonsense, Norah! People always exaggerate and make the worst of things, as you know. If a man's at all original or eccentric it's at once assumed that he's non compos. Of course, Joe is low-spirited and absent-minded, and perhaps a bit peculiar at times. How can he help brooding over his terrible loss? He wants some exciting occupation to take his thoughts from his trouble. He's as fond of ballooning as I am, and a trip will do him all the good in the world."

The above conversation between my wife and myself took place on the evening before the day which I had fixed for a balloon ascent. I had conceived a liking for it on my very first ascent. This liking had become a "crave," for the novel experience and strange sensation of sailing over houses and trees and of soaring into the clouds had a peculiar fascination for me.

Recently I had tried to combine utility with pleasure, and had made some ascents solely for scientific purposes. I had found a kindred spirit in young Tanniclife and we had had many delightful and successful trips together. Owing to the untimely death of my friend's wife our aerial expeditions had been suspended for awhile. As several weeks had elapsed since that sad event, I felt anxious to resume these expeditions, and as Tanniclife had expressed his willingness to accompany me, a day had been fixed for our next trip. It was when I was talking to my wife about this selfsame trip that she expressed her regret that Jack Tanniclife was going with me.

I had not much difficulty, however, in overcoming her objections and allaying her fears. Accordingly, next day, at the appointed time, everything being in readiness, we started on our aerostatic journey. Tanniclife, contrary to his usual demeanor, seemed a trifle excited, but this caused me no apprehension. His interest had apparently been awakened, and it was only natural that he should be animated on such an occasion. The balloon was set at liberty as soon as we had taken our seats, and the machine rose beautifully. There was a gentle breeze, which bore us slightly southward. We rose slowly at first, and so had plenty of time to gaze on the vast and extending panorama below us.

Presently we entered a huge bank or mountain of cloud of the kind called cumulus and were surrounded by chilling mist, which induced us to put on the wraps we had brought. When we emerged from the cloud a scene of fairly-like beauty suddenly burst upon us. We were in a kind of basin, surrounded by mountains of cloud of the most fantastic shapes, of enormous size, and of dazzling brightness. Now and then, as we rose, we caught sight, also, of wondrous ravines of curious shape and great depth. These mountains of clouds, with their silvery and golden sides, their dark shadows, their varied tints and summits of dazzling brightness, presented to our wondering gaze a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

This sublime spectacle evoked my highest admiration, while the silence and vastness of space inspired me with awe. I drank in these exquisite and varied delights with such absorbing interest that I had scarcely looked at or spoken to my companion since we had started.

My swoon could not have lasted more than a few seconds, for when I recovered the barometer showed that I was still in a high altitude, although the balloon was descend-

ing rapidly. I rubbed and beat my hands with the circulation was restored. Then I got about taking the necessary precautions against too rapid descent. But I could more like an automaton than a conscious agent, for I seemed in a kind of stupor or trance all the time.

How and where I reached the solid earth I cannot say. I have only a dim, hazy recollection of being surrounded by a crowd of people. Some were bending over me and seemed to be questioning me, but I couldn't make out what they said. I felt an awful pain in my head and remember nothing more until I found myself in bed in a dark room and my wife bending over me. This was several days afterward, and I learned then that I had been brought home in a delirious state and had had brain fever.

When I recovered my friends congratulated me and tried to persuade me that, as my homicidal act was done in self-defense, it was justifiable. I hope it was, but I can never recall it without misgiving and horror, and I have never made a balloon ascent since.—Tit-Bits.

"At any rate," cried he, vehemently, "it's worth trying, so here goes," and seizing one of the sand-bags he threw it over. The lighted balloon at once began to rise more quickly.

"What are you doing, Jack?" I shouted. "For heaven's sake, keep calm. We are a good height already. We shan't be able to breathe if we go much higher. It's getting uncomfortable as it is."

"Shan't we? We shall see about that. I'm going to try, anyhow. Besides, I don't care if we can't breathe. I want to see my Ada. That's all I care about."

I began to fear the worst. Was he going mad? Were the reports my wife had heard literally true and not exaggerated, after all? What a fool I had been not to be more cautious! Whether he was mad or not he was in a dangerous mood, and my position was far from pleasant. To oppose him would evidently aggravate him and make matters worse. To humor him was undoubtedly the wisest course.

"Look here, Jack," I cried. "You say you want to see Ada. I can tell you of a better and surer way of going to her than this. If you will listen to me—(here I involuntarily moved my hand toward the valve cord)—if you will listen to me I—"

"None of your blarney, man! I am not to be wheedled so. I'm too old a bird for that. Leave the cord alone, can't you? I am not going down again today. I'm going to see what's up there, and don't you try to stop me," and he glared fiercely at me.

I was almost frantic. Knowing, however, that in a few minutes I should be unconscious and that then all would be over with me, I nerved myself for one last effort.

As I rose from my seat my eyes fell on the grapple. Fortunately it was on my side of the car. A sudden idea struck me; here was a weapon to hand. It was an awful thought—it would be a terrible deed. But there was no alternative, no time for delay. My senses were going. I stretched out my hand, but the madman, who never took his eyes off me, had detected my purpose. With a sudden movement he darted forward and seized the grapple, but in his eagerness to forestall me he had precipitated himself so far over the side of the car he almost lost his balance. He made a desperate effort to recover himself, but, seized with a sudden and irresistible impulse, I pushed him over, and with a horrible yell—which rings in my ears whenever I recall the occurrence—the madman disappeared from my sight.

Almost mad myself—I am not sure that I was not quite so just then—I climbed into the ring to reach the valve line. But my hands were so stiff and numb with cold that I could not grasp the cord. By a kind of inspiration which seemed providential I seized the cord with my teeth, and after two or three tugs the valve opened with a loud clang and the balloon began to descend. Thank heaven! I was saved! My hands being useless, I was obliged to throw up my arms and drop into the car, where I lay motionless and unconscious for a while.

My swoon could not have lasted more than a few seconds, for when I recovered the barometer showed that I was still in a high altitude, although the balloon was descend-

ing rapidly. I rubbed and beat my hands with the circulation was restored. Then I got about taking the necessary precautions against too rapid descent. But I could more like an automaton than a conscious agent, for I seemed in a kind of stupor or trance all the time.

How and where I reached the solid earth I cannot say. I have only a dim, hazy recollection of being surrounded by a crowd of people. Some were bending over me and seemed to be questioning me, but I couldn't make out what they said. I felt an awful pain in my head and remember nothing more until I found myself in bed in a dark room and my wife bending over me. This was several days afterward, and I learned then that I had been brought home in a delirious state and had had brain fever.

When I recovered my friends congratulated me and tried to persuade me that, as my homicidal act was done in self-defense, it was justifiable. I hope it was, but I can never recall it without misgiving and horror, and I have never made a balloon ascent since.—Tit-Bits.

"At any rate," cried he, vehemently, "it's worth trying, so here goes," and seizing one of the sand-bags he threw it over. The lighted balloon at once began to rise more quickly.

"What are you doing, Jack?" I shouted. "For heaven's sake, keep calm. We are a good height already. We shan't be able to breathe if we go much higher. It's getting uncomfortable as it is."

"Shan't we? We shall see about that. I'm going to try, anyhow. Besides, I don't care if we can't breathe. I want to see my Ada. That's all I care about."

I began to fear the worst. Was he going mad? Were the reports my wife had heard literally true and not exaggerated, after all? What a fool I had been not to be more cautious! Whether he was mad or not he was in a dangerous mood, and my position was far from pleasant. To oppose him would evidently aggravate him and make matters worse. To humor him was undoubtedly the wisest course.

"Look here, Jack," I cried. "You say you want to see Ada. I can tell you of a better and surer way of going to her than this. If you will listen to me—(here I involuntarily moved my hand toward the valve cord)—if you will listen to me I—"

"None of your blarney, man! I am not to be wheedled so. I'm too old a bird for that. Leave the cord alone, can't you? I am not going down again today. I'm going to see what's up there, and don't you try to stop me," and he glared fiercely at me.

I was almost frantic. Knowing, however, that in a few minutes I should be unconscious and that then all would be over with me, I nerved myself for one last effort.

As I rose from my seat my eyes fell on the grapple. Fortunately it was on my side of the car. A sudden idea struck me; here was a weapon to hand. It was an awful thought—it would be a terrible deed. But there was no alternative, no time for delay. My senses were going. I stretched out my hand, but the madman, who never took his eyes off me, had detected my purpose. With a sudden movement he darted forward and seized the grapple, but in his eagerness to forestall me he had precipitated himself so far over the side of the car he almost lost his balance. He made a desperate effort to recover himself, but, seized with a sudden and irresistible impulse, I pushed him over, and with a horrible yell—which rings in my ears whenever I recall the occurrence—the madman disappeared from my sight.

Almost mad myself—I am not sure that I was not quite so just then—I climbed into the ring to reach the valve line. But my hands were so stiff and numb with cold that I could not grasp the cord. By a kind of inspiration which seemed providential I seized the cord with my teeth, and after two or three tugs the valve opened with a loud clang and the balloon began to descend. Thank heaven! I was saved! My hands being useless, I was obliged to throw up my arms and drop into the car, where I lay motionless and unconscious for a while.

My swoon could not have lasted more than a few seconds, for when I recovered the barometer showed that I was still in a high altitude, although the balloon was descend-

Questions in History.

"Paw," said little Tommy Nextdoor to his dad the other evening after dinner, when his father was well into the study of the betting averages of the local nine, "can you tell me the names of the first six Saxon kings of England? And the most important battles each of them fought?"

Mr. Nextdoor dropped the evening paper into his lap and looked the 14-year-old over critically. "No," he said to himself, "I cannot for \$1,000,000, any more than I could beat my Chink laundryman playing fan-tan or cooking dope pills."

"Er—who wants to know that, Tommy," he inquired aloud. "It's part of the 'zamination,'" replied Tommy.

"O, it is?" said his dad, picking up his paper. "Well, it wouldn't be fair for me to tell you, then. Just run over that history book some more and you'll find out."

Tommy was silent for a while, during which Mr. Nextdoor was shaking his head sadly behind the paper over the unaccountably poor batting averages of a couple of his favorites on the Washington nine. Then Tommy broke the silence again.

"Paw," he inquired, scratching his head, "what was the name of the great Norman King of England who was the son of Swegen, and what year did William the Conqueror win the battle of Senlac, and who was the greatest ecclesiastical statesman of England after Dunstan and Anselm, and were Hengist and Horsa blood kin?"

Again Mr. Nextdoor permitted his paper to drop into his lap, while he stared at his son and heir over his glasses.

"Look a-here, boy," he said to Tommy, "why don't you study your lessons right and learn those things instead of asking me about 'em?"

"Oh, I know the answers, pa," cheerfully replied Tommy, grinning. "I'm only asking you the questions out loud so they'll stick in my mind when you reply to 'em and I won't forget 'em."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Mr. Nextdoor, again picking up his paper. "Well, those are too easy. It's only the hard ones that I've got time to answer," and then he fixed his eye on the base-hit column, hoping that some boy out in front of the house would whistle for Tommy real soon. There was no whistle for Tommy, however, and after another silence Tommy broke in again.

"Paw," he said, "this is not such a hard one for you, but I found it hard at first. Describe the course of the ancient river Euphrates."

"I will not," replied Mr. Nextdoor, with some asperity. "What do you go to school for if not to learn such simple things as that? Why, I knew the answer to that when I was 8 years old," and Mr. Nextdoor breathed a silent prayer that he would be forgiven for his sins.

"Oh, paw," broke in Tommy, after another silence, "you've been in the treasury department so long that you know all about money and things like that, don't you?"

"Well, just a few—just a few," remarked Mr. Nextdoor complacently, for he felt that at last the youngster had landed on territory with which he was familiar. "What do you want to find out?"

"Oh, it's just a little mental arithmetic question, that's all," said Tommy.

"Well, shoot it out, son," put in Mr. Nextdoor, feeling measurably safe.

"What is the interest on \$10,457.84 for six years, eight months and twenty-seven days, at 6 2/5 per cent?" inquired Tommy, fixing his dad with his eye.

Mr. Nextdoor flicked the ash from his cigar savagely.

"Whoever told you that that was mental arithmetic?" he said to the boy. "Any teacher that tells you that kind of thing is mental arithmetic is crazy. Don't you believe it. That's a problem in interest that it would take Secretary Gage

himself about an hour to work out.

"Well, then, paw," said Tommy, not to be downed, "here's another one of those Treasury things. What was the national debt of the United States in 1859, just before the outbreak of the Civil War?"

"D'ye want that in round numbers?" asked Tommy's dad desperately.

"Yes," said Tommy. "Well, I'll tell you to-morrow evening, after I've had a chance to think it over and make a few mental calculations," replied Mr. Nextdoor, figuring on getting hold of the information at the department on the following day.

Then Mr. Nextdoor pretended that he heard a stray dog running over the flower garden in the front yard, and rushed out, saying to Tommy as he went out the front door, "Run upstairs and ask your mother a few."

Which Tommy did, to his mother's intense misery and mortification, for about three-quarters of an hour.

"It's too bad that boy of ours isn't about five years older," said Mr. Nextdoor to Mrs. Nextdoor when they had retired that night.

"Why?" echoed Mr. Nextdoor. "Just look at the examination he'd be able to pass for a \$480 billet in the seed division, or even for a \$720 job as a computer in the Census Office."—Washington Star.

PECULIARITIES OF AUSTRALIA.

—There is no continent which has so much dry land as Australia. It is a great dry heart, with a few patches of green about the edges. On the east side facing the Pacific is a long range of mountains, roughly speaking running north and south, and the most of the good land lies between those and the sea.

West of the mountains vast plateaus begin and extend on and on, spotted here and there by low rocky ranges for more than 2,000 miles. The land falls slightly as it goes toward the west, but at the end it is still 1,000 feet high. It is 2,000 feet high at the east, and in the Australian Alps or the Eastern range it rises to more than 7,000 feet. There is a general slope toward the south in some places so great that the continent falls to the level of the sea, but in others it keeps an altitude of 500 and 600 feet, ending in cliffs at that height, which line the Australian Bight for hundreds of miles.

If you have a baby in the house you will know the best way to check any unusual looseness of the bowels, or diarrhoea so common to small children. O. P. M. Holliday, of Deming, Ind., who has an eleven months' old child, says: "Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach. His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.

PHILOSOPHY IN PARAGRAPH.—

Force is no argument. It is better to cry tomorrow, if you must; but laugh today.

It is a great misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant. What some men call success, others call death. Death of love, death of hope, death of manhood, death of soul.

A baby does not shed tears until it is 3 months old. Up to that time it just yells on general principles.

Many sensations are attributed to the heart which have no connection with it.

The man who marries a widow often finds himself the successor of the ideal husband.

Selfishness is many times a woman's best safeguard, but one which she is usually born without.

The laws of health require that the bowels move once each day and one of the penalties for violating this law is piles. Keep your bowels regular by taking a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when necessary and you will never have that severe punishment inflicted upon you. Price, 25 cts. For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown, Md.