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 PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY  
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# Saint Mary's Beacon

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**Saint Mary's Beacon**  
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 Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture  
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Particular attention given to inspection and sale of  
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## The Tournament at Bluestone.

BY J. BENNETT ROLLINS.

From Milwaukee (Wis.) Badger.

Bluestone Manor is located in one of those remote rural districts of old Maryland and consists of broad arable fields with a background of dense woods—natural maiden forest land extending for miles and miles and existing in all its primitive simplicity and luxuriance.

Bluestone, far from the hum and bustle of town or city, slumbers peacefully on, wrapped in that absolute quietude known only to those back-country districts where strenuous urban life entereth not.

But Bluestone today, for the nonce, sweeps aside all these time-honored traditions and teems with animation.

An unusual honor becomes here, for her far-reaching, open fields have been selected as the battle ground whereon upwards of a score of valorous Sir Knights shall assemble and meet together in earnest conflict to contest their skill with the lance in the name and by the charm of their respective fair Dulcineas.

Right nobly has Bluestone responded to her task, for jammed and crowded together are traps and carriages, horse carts, ox carts, buggies, wagons and numerous non-descript vehicles, incongruously intermingling, all striving to secure good vantage ground from whence to view the knights as they dash over the course.

All along the roads from the east, west and north leading to Bluestone are throngs riding and on foot hastening to the joust.

Dashing here and there, raising great puffs of dust along the road-way, are gaily-comparissoned steeds bearing determined knights adorned by flowing sashes and ribbons.

At the entrance stern Lew Cook rules supreme, commanding with a majestic sweep of his arm his assistant, little Tom Jones, when to swing open the gate admitting to the grounds.

Debarred from entering therein are highest lord and lowliest beggar alike who lacks the requisite admission fee, which is scaled up and down so as to meet every exigency, from the infant in arms to the crowded old carry-all.

Around this gateway is collected a motley group—here ragged, bare-footed urchins, with eager, tear-stained faces, begging in vain to be allowed to enter—there, a group of little pickaninnies, happiness and contentment beaming from their grinning black faces.

Ever and anon one begins a non-sensical dialect song, accompanied by a peculiar swaying to and fro of his body. The others circle around him, with clapping of hands and beating time with their bare feet in the dust of the road, they watch him dance, all joining in with high-pitched voices and singing with a vim—

Juber do, an' Juber don't;  
 Juber will, an' Juber won't;  
 Juber dis, an' Juber dat;  
 Juber stole a poun' o' fat.  
 Oh, it's Ju-ber, Juber, Ju-ber-ee.

But let's enter the grounds and mingle now with the assembled throngs where all the fair maidens with burning cheeks and fluttering hearts anticipate being made queens or maids of honor—if Jack or Harry are only successful.

Miss Naomi Brooks, the acknowledged belle, leans slightly over the side of her spick and span carriage, smiling superbly upon the gallant knights hovering about her.

Among them are Joe Marshall and Al Herbert, the tilting experts of the county. Both are ardent admirers of Miss Brooks—in fact, they are rivals, and as they now back in her smiles and receive her words of encouragement, each is determined that he shall lead her as queen of the ball tonight.

Directly opposite Miss Brooks' carriage is farmer Edwards' old farm wagon. Every available inch of the plain wooden seats is occupied by the numerous progeny of John Edwards.

Among the children is May, a sweet-faced, plainly clad girl just budding into womanhood. The Edwardses, while eminently respectable folks, have been frowned upon by fortune, and because of their poverty find barriers of social distinction preventing too close an intimacy with their more opulent neighbors. And Miss Brooks honors them with a cool nod of recognition.

"I am sorry Jed Clarke was compelled to go to Charlotte Hall today," remarks John Edwards to his wife. "The lad was so anxious to attend and would have enjoyed it so much. Some day he will be a successful rider, for I caught him practicing last week down at Cooper's Landing, riding Dexter and using an old tobacco stick for a lance and willow branches for rings. He evidently did not want to be seen, for he—"

A bugle call is sounded and away whisk the knights to the judges' stand to receive the charge by the orator of the day.

In a semi-circle they line up and present indeed, a pretty sight.

The knights, apparelled in mediæval and modern uniforms, with vari-colored sashes and belts and ribbons galore decorating both riders and horses, and streamers of ribbons waving in the breeze from the knights' chapeaus, while the noble steeds are champing their bits and pawing the earth, eager to be off.

Orator Russell is concluding his address and admonishing the knights to go forth as their namesakes of old, with stout hearts and steady lances to serve with valorous might the lady of their choice, when up dashes a youthful knight—a stranger to all—in full uniform, flings down his entrance fee and enters the contest as the knight of Bartlett Dell.

Then away to the start they go. The chief marshal, his aides, and the gorgeously decorated heralds assume their assigned places and the knight of Hollywood is called to make the first charge. Leaning from his saddle with extended lance he races over the course—under the arches, and then encircling the field, he at last reins in his horse at the stand, slides the rings he has successfully taken from his lance and is greeted with the "Well done, Sir Knight," of a judge, amid the applause of the assembled multitude.

One after another, in quick succession, the knights are called and course over the track, success crowning the efforts of some, failure the fate befalling others.

Now comes the stranger's turn to tilt. Nobody knows him; he is an absolute stranger to all.

"Knight of Bartlett Dell. Prepare to charge," calls the first herald.  
 "Knight of Hearty and Well. Prepare to charge," echoes the second herald, misunderstanding the title.

"Knight of I Cannot Tell. Prepare to charge," calls the third herald, going still farther wrong. Then the command, "Charge, Sir Knight," from the heralds in stentorian voices, and away dashes the stranger—on through the arches—one—two—three. He has taken every ring. Over the course the knights continue for a second, then the third and final tilt. At last it is over—no. The Knight of The Flaming Sword and Bartlett Dell have tied for first honors, both having taken all the rings at each tilt. The interest and excitement are now at fever pitch.

Smaller and smaller rings are substituted—less in diameter than the lances used, and yet these determined contestants carry them off successfully on the point of the lance. Finally an unfortunate dip of the lance loses a ring to the knight of The Flaming Sword, and thus Bartlett Dell is the victor, winning the great queen-crowning honor.

The coronation address follows, and now the knights range in line, led by the victorious Bartlett Dell, bearing aloft on the tip of his lance, which he holds erect, the beautiful queen's crown.

He is followed in like manner next by the knight of The Flaming Sword with the wreath for the first maid of honor, then comes the knight of Hollywood, and next the knights of Starry Cross and Hope, to crown, in order named, the other maids of honor. The long line of unsuccessful contestants following complete the procession. They thread their way slowly, winding in and out between the closely crowded vehicles.

This valiant stranger knight is the cynosure for all eyes, every one eagerly watching him and wondering where he will stop. At last he halts near the carriage of Naomi Brooks. Then all realize that she has been chosen again as queen. He has not addressed her yet, but he is lowering his lance to present the crown.

Haughty Miss Brooks with slightly averted face is unable to suppress a smile of triumph and pleasure.

But Bartlett Dell has wheeled his horse and advanced a few paces, and is it possible? Yes, he places the crown upon head of poor, plain May Edwards, and throwing off a mask reveals to the surprise of the spectators, Jed Clarke, then bowing low, he addresses her, saying, "Little May, great is my pleasure in having the honor to now crown you 'Queen of Love and Beauty,'" and May blushing, replied, "I thank you, Jed."

## Some More Gall.

"After a generation of fraud and violence at the polls, Republicans gave our people peaceful, fair and free elections; reassessed property and equalized the burden of taxation in case of laborer and farmer; assessed \$60,000,000 additional stocks and bonds; gave free school books to our children, etc."

This plank of the Republican State platform was constructed somewhat after the fashion of a crazy quilt in this, that it is composed of several distinct and inharmonious subjects, fitted together in a queer sort of way to make a gaudy appearance. If there were no other objection to it than the one just indicated we might well forbear to comment upon it; but as it embodies, so far as quoted, not a single accurate statement, we will saw and split it. It is astonishing that such glaring perversions of the truth should find a place in the formal utterances of a political party.

But there they are, and the men who put them there must either have been ignorant that the statements thus made were untrue, or else, knowing them to be untrue, they deliberately incorporated them in their platform with intent to deceive the voters of the State. If the authors of the platform were ignorant that the statements were untrue, no better reason could be advanced to demonstrate the incapacity of the platform builders to govern the people of Maryland. If, however, knowing those statements to be untrue they deliberately made them intending them to be believed as true, then, these platform builders have themselves shown their unfitness to be entrusted with political power; because one who will resort to deception to gain power will misuse that power when gained. We will not pause to consider which horn of this dilemma these gentlemen should hang themselves on, because it is not within the scope of our present purpose to do so; but we will content ourselves with a simple exposure of the inaccuracies of the assertions excerpted from the Republican party's State platform.

It is, to begin with, a little difficult to tell precisely what is meant by a "generation of fraud and violence." We had supposed that the word "generation," apart from its mathematical and theological sense, had some sort of relation to individuals or to the measurement of the duration of human life, but we are now told, for the first time, that there can be a "generation of fraud and violence" which is about as intelligible as a generation of

bricks; a generation of wheat or a generation of murder. Passing by this peculiarity and assuming that what was meant was this: That after fraud and violence had prevailed at the polls for the period of a generation, the republican party gave us peaceful, fair and free elections; we have a statement which can be understood, but which is utterly at variance with facts.

It comes with very good reason from the leaders of the Republican party to talk about peaceful, fair and free elections. Have they forgotten that in this very State before they were driven from power in 1867, elections were carried in the interest of Republican candidates by the most notorious fraud and violence? Have they forgotten that a meager minority of the voting population of Maryland controlled elections, because the majority were disfranchised by fraud and corruption or were driven from the polls by violence? Have they forgotten that Federal bayonets kept voters away from the polls and prevented life-long residents from voting, because by no other means could a hopeless minority retain control of the State government? Have they forgotten that Republican Judges of Election were sued in great numbers for fraudulently refusing to allow Democrats to vote and that judgments were rendered in some cases and in the others there were settlements affected by the Election Judges paying the costs? Have they forgotten that the iniquitous Constitution of 1864 was thrust upon the people of this State by fraud and violence? That an infamous test oath was exacted from every Democratic voter, in flagrant violation of the then existing Constitution of the State, and that illegal votes cast beyond the limits of the State by soldiers in the field were counted in defiance of law? By counting 2,633 votes deposited out of the State and far away from the regular polling precincts, a pretended majority of 375 in favor of the adoption of the Constitution of 1864 was figured up, out of a total vote of 59,973. Have they forgotten the carpet-bag rule of the South during the prevalence of which fraud and violence ran riot, until an outraged and indignant people were driven almost to desperation? Have they forgotten the outrageous Force Bill and Senator McComas' advocacy of that scandalous measure when he was a member of the House? Have they forgotten how the voters of the Sixth Congressional District turned upon Senator McComas and defeated him at the polls for his persistent advocacy of that same Force Bill? Have they forgotten that the Republican party secured the Presidency in 1876 by fraud, and seated R. B. Hayes, though Samuel J. Tilden had been elected.

But who gave us the election law which secured "peaceful, fair and free elections?" It was adopted by a Democratic Legislature in 1890. It was amended in 1896 when the Republicans had control of the House of Delegates and the Democrats were in the majority in the Senate. If the existing election law has given peaceful, fair and free elections, then the credit is due to the Democratic Legislature of 1890 and to the Democratic Senate of 1896 no less than to the Republican House of the last-named year, and it is consequently untruthful to say that the Republicans "gave us peaceful, fair and free elections." So far as the amendments adopted in 1896 were concerned, the Republicans and Democrats alike were instrumental in passing them, and it is manifestly inaccurate to say the Republicans alone gave us that law. The election law, like many other statutory systems, is the result of development. Assuming, but not admitting, that we now have any more peaceful, fair or free elections than we formerly had, and assuming that this improvement is due to the law as it stands to day, the origin of the improvement must be traced to the Act of 1890 adopted by a Democratic Legislature, and what-

ever of merit the amendments of 1896 contain could not have been secured without co-operation of the Democratic Senate. In the face of these patent facts it is rashness, if nothing worse, to claim that the Republican party conferred the blessings and benefits ascribed to the election law.

The "Republicans \* \* \* reassessed property and equalized the burden of taxation." The reassessment was made under several statutes passed in 1896, but not one of those statutes could have become laws had not a Democratic Senate concurred in their adoption. For the Republican party to claim the sole credit for this measure is for it to claim that to which it is manifestly not entitled.

But the "Republicans \* \* \* in case of laborer and farmer assessed \$60,000,000 additional stocks and bonds." Did they? When? How? Was it under the assessment law of 1896? If so could that have been passed without the concurrence of the Democratic Senate? Certainly not. Then it is not true to say the Republicans brought about this result. But suppose we are wrong, and suppose the Republican party alone caused the assessment of \$60,000,000 of stocks and bonds. Was that in case of laborer and farmer? Bonds are assessed at three dollars on the thousand for county purposes. The laborer who owns a house worth a thousand dollars and the farmer who owns a parcel of land worth a thousand dollars, each pays the full county rate of taxation, which in some counties is more than three times as much and in this county is nearly three times as much as the bond holder pays on his bond. The holder of bonds is thus favored at the expense of the land owner. To make this a little more clear, take this case: A bondholder owning ten thousand dollars in bonds pays thirty dollars county taxes on them. A farmer owning a farm assessed at ten thousand dollars pays in some counties over one hundred and in this county eighty-five dollars county taxes on his farm. A bond holder in Baltimore City pays on ten thousand dollars of bonds thirty dollars city taxes, whilst the man who is assessed with ten thousand dollars worth of houses pays on that assessment one hundred and sixty-seven dollars, or over five and a half times as much as the bond holder pays on identically the same amount of property. Is such a discrimination "in case of laborer and farmer?" The Republican platform says it is, but we doubt whether the toiler and tiller of the soil will agree with that statement.

The "Republicans \* \* \* gave free school books to our children." No. The bill providing for free school books was introduced in the State Senate on January seventh, 1896, by Hon. John Walter Smith, then Senator from Worcester County and now Governor of the State, and was passed by a Democratic Senate on March the sixth, and was concurred in later on by a Republican House. Was it truthful to say that this measure had been adopted by Republicans and by so saying to create the impression that Republicans alone had enacted it, when in point of fact it was of Democratic origin and could not have become a law in 1896 without the concurrence of Democrats?

But enough has been said for to-day. We have exposed some of the pretensions of the Republican platform, and we will next week splinter other planks that are quite as wind-shaken, brass and unbound as the ones we have thus far dealt with.—Frederick Citizen, August 30.

## Chamberlain's Cough Remedy A Great Favorite.

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