

Saint Mary's Beacon
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
By T. F. YATES and F. V. KING
A Dollar a Year in Advance.
TERMS for 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

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Saint Mary's Beacon
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
"ANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH.
Parties having heat or Persons. Prop-
erty for sale can obtain descriptive hand-
bills neatly executed and at City prices

Shingles. SHINGLES. Shingles.

We have the very best shingles—all Largest size, 6x20 saps, only \$5.75 per
A No. 1 quality—finest logypress made 1000.
—all sawed and free from knots or
shakes.

Flooring! Flooring! Flooring!

Special inducements in Flooring at this time.
We secured several hundred thousand feet of
Flooring at a greatly reduced price. All are saw-
ed—all one width—some No. 2 North Carolina
Pine at \$12.50 per 1000 square feet, or \$1.25 per
100 feet. It is easily equal to what others ask
\$16.50 and \$17.50 for.

Doors \$1! Doors \$1! Doors \$1 each.

These are made in Wisconsin of 1 1/2 inch White Pine and ready painted, too.

Best Lumber! Best Mill Work OF ALL KINDS.

Mail us your lists. Best bids. Prompt replies. We load to boats
and cars, free, and when you ask it, we pay the freights. Come and
spend the day with us at our expense the day we ship your orders.
We'll satisfy you perfectly. We are the oldest reliable firm in the Dis-
trict. Established 1826.

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

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; Sam-
uel M. Hinks, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:
Hon. John P. Briscoe, John Shepherd,
T. W. Crawford, Samuel M. Hinks,
James Alfred Pearce, Samuel K. George,
Edwin H. Brown, Phil. H. Tuck, 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.

125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

ALSO DEALERS IN

Edelen Bro. Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bro. Wheat and Grain Mix-
ture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.

Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture
WE HAVE ADA MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED

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

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.

ON CUTENESS.

Charles H. Robinson in Great Pictures
Writes Entertainingly.

There is an unrestrained freedom
in the actions of the young of all the
animal kingdom, which expresses
the ideal of that absolute independ-
ence so much sought after by man,
after he has reached the age of rea-
son, but which he never seems to at-
tain. In his swaddling clothes, the
immature bit of the animal creation
is utterly irresponsible for his acts,
positively and even hilariously in-
consequential in his movements—
hence, we find him "cute."

Cuteness is the only word qual-
ified to express the multifarious id-
iosyncrasies of organic atoms, wheth-
er they be of the species man, beast,
bird, fish or insect. Even an infant,
wiggling worm possesses a charm
which brings grave and reverend
scientists down on their marrow
bones to inspect and admire. In my
own salad days, long before the
tender, yellowish white cotyledons
of my embryotic days and become
tinged with the greenness of her-
alded maturity, it was a constant
pleasure to me to play with baby
mud turtles. So awkwardly cute
and so villainously, beautifully fun-
ny they were, that I could not resist
practising cruelties upon them to
see them squirm, like the fond moth-
er who was so transported by the
cuteness of her darling babe that
she hugged it to death. Infantile
crabs, lobsters and clams were so
irresistibly attractive to me that I
often imperiled my hereafter by de-
serting Sunday school to hunt them
and gloat over their very quines-
sence of cuteness.

It is not an account of their beau-
ty that we admire young things, for
they have none; they are merely
raw, uncouth prototypes of perfect
maturity; nor is any reason to be
found in their abject, helpless and
tender weakness, for there is not an
infantile animal that will not defend
itself. The microscopic baby clam
will shut its shell down hard on an
infinitesimal intruding hair, and a
transparent, newly hatched mosqui-
to will bend up its feeble proboscis
in the vain effort to revengefully
puncture the skin of the inimical
hand raised to strike it down. Par-
tridges just out of the shell will lie
down on their backs and hold a con-
cealing leaf over them to hide away
from an approaching enemy. A
threadlike worm will exude slipper-
iness to wiggle out of one's grasp.
A baby elephant faintly trumpets its
anger, and the small human kind
roars and yells until the disturber
of its peace takes alarm and flees in
affright. Everything young in na-
ture possesses some weapon of de-
fence peculiar to its kind, and it is
therefore proportionately strong as
the nature of its species.

In fact, cuteness is as cuteness
does; this is the whole gospel of in-
fantile comicality in an epigram.
Did you ever see a flock of children,
hundreds of them, of different and
assorted sizes, come tumbling out
of the schoolhouse of a great city? Per-
haps, and if so, the buzzing of a swarm
of bees who cannot locate their queen
is but a faint shadow. Hopping,
skipping, dancing, shouting, young,
ruddy and also pale-faced rascals,
forgetting all about the pedagogical
atmosphere they have just quitted.

They are the little men of the nation,
talk marbles, discuss football, argue,
dispute, quarrel and fight. Some-
times they tear one another's cloth-
ing and do other reprehensible things,
but, looking at the small, independ-
ent bipeds from a distant corner,
they possess the cuteness in their
performances that drives one's
thoughts far from business, politics
and worry. It has often been a de-
light to wickedly indulge in the gam-
ble of "pitch penny," and delibera-
tely lose to the immature, embryotic
doctors, lawyers, clergymen and
statesmen, just to enjoy their fran-
tic delight and extraordinary ges-
tures at beating a grown man. "Say,
mister, come around again tomorrow
afternoon and we'll give you a chance
to win your money back." Then they
would nudge one another and ex-
plode with laughter at the very
idea of such a thing being liable to
happen. The little cheats—I knew
they were conspiring to beat me,
but I didn't care. Their very cute-
ness so entranced me that I would
willingly have goaded them into rob-
bing a bank if I had thought they
would enjoy it.

Then the little girls under like cir-
cumstances, all hippity, hopping,
with their little slim legs nearly al-
ways in the air instead of on the
ground, where Miss Prin declares

they ought to be. Their Marguer-
ites twirling and whirling and the
curious little old womanish bunches
of hair bobbing about in a chronic
state of restless youthful spirits.
They talk and gesticulate, but they
do not fight or pitch pennies. They
are little mothers, and they talk
about dolls, housekeeping. They
tell each other about the pinafores
they have at home, and pull out of
their pockets crude little bits of
crocheting or needlework. "Oh,
my, ain't that fine!" cry and by a
hurdy-gurdy, street piano or blind
fiddler comes along. Then the lit-
tle mites of women drop their books,
and cover the sidewalk with their
graceful dancing figures, and they
keep it up as long as some bystander
puts a stiver of money in the piano
grinder's hand. Of course all this
is wrong, but it is awfully cute, ev-
erything that is cute and pleasant is
usually wrong in the minds of some
folks. But, thank goodness, they are
not in the majority, so cuteness is
not a sin.

It is my candid belief that were it
not for the fact that men and women
unbend and surrender to the attrac-
tions of youthful cuteness, the whole
world would soon become a hades or
a lunatic asylum. We are invigorated,
refreshed, resurrected by a lit-
tle sentimentality, not the stiff, stilted
sort that is afraid to smile very
wide for fear of breaking some pre-
cious blood vessel, but one that will
get down on the floor and play hob-
by horse for a cute baby, or pretend
to be a bear and hear his roars of
ecstatic delight. It beats blue mass
pills, and compels his liver to se-
crete sufficient bile to insure good
digestion, sound sleep and a light
heart, which means a good conscience.

There are lessons without number
to be learned from children uncon-
scious of playing the pedagogue. A
little arguing in the right direction
of the vein of thought or brain cap-
acity, and the infant expands into a
sage that would have provoked the
admiration of Plato. "Out of the
mouth of babes comes forth wisdom"
was the way the very wisest man
that ever lived puts it. In my
younger days I took a fancy to my
neighbor's baby, and was always
glad of an opportunity to have it all
to myself. I would pour all kinds
of stories into its little pink ears,
and it always listened with intense
gravity. So cutely wise would it
sometimes look when imbibing blood-
curdling confidences to its tender
mind that I often set my teeth down
hard on its cute little fingers to make
it yell with pain. It was music to
me, and it didn't kill the baby, for it
still lives.

A little mite of a blonde girl was
staggering along the street under
the heavy load of nearly half a peck
of potatoes in a paper bag, which she
was tightly straining to her breast
with both hands lest her burden
should drop. The big tears were
coursing unrestrained down her
chubby cheeks, caused by a small
boy, who was following her up and
prodding her in the back with a
stick. The young villain had her at
a disadvantage and was making the
most of it.

"Why, why," said I, stopping in
front of them, the wicked infant man
keeping at a safe distance ready to
retreat. "What does this mean?
Is this little boy your brother, my
child?"

"No, sir," sobbed the young thing.
"I don't know him. He's been fol-
lowing me half a block, punching me
in the back with a stick, and he
won't stop."

"See here," said I, "you take these
two pennies, buy two buns at the
bakery and give this naughty boy
one, and see what will happen."

She disappeared in the bakery
with the small boy still pursuing
her, and presently both came forth
with their positions reversed. The
little girl was hippity-hopping and
smiling as she devoured her bun,
while the boy was carrying the load
of potatoes instead of the little girl.
A penny bun had transformed him
into a friend and a gentleman.

Two friends of mine, on a certain
Hallow'en, conceived a brilliant
idea, and proceeded to develop it.

"Let's take a lot of pennies and
distribute them among the kids as
'lucky pennies' and see what they
will do."

A couple of hundred of these small
brazen caricatures of money did not
go very far, for in less than ten min-
utes the news spread far and wide
among the babes within a circuit of
five blocks that two men were giv-
ing away lucky pennies.

The procession that formed behind the two
was fast approaching the five hun-
dred mark, when a big police-

man, learning the cause, laughed and
ranged them in line until the good
luck had been carefully distributed
without any doubling up.

"Faith," quoth the jolly official to
the purveyors of luck, "if ye take
my advice ye'll get out of sight at
once or ye'll have ten thousand kids
on ye within an hour."

So they skipped around a conven-
ient corner and hurried home, with
here and there an urchin waylaying
them to demand a lucky penny.

The writer earnestly believes that
the sanity of the nation will be saved
by the cuteness of children. In the
morbid, fevered hustle after the al-
mighty dollar, an occasional stop
must be made to watch the joyous
freshness and freedom of children,
who spring up everywhere, and who
are constantly at play, performing
the most astonishing comical antics.
It would delight the heart of Jean
Valjean to find so many poor little
things obeying his command to "play,
play, play." Give me the cuteness
of the earth to enjoy, and I care not
who has the pate de foie gras and
the money.

Eccentric Spelling.

A newspaper man says that he
never receives a letter from a woman
that there is not at least one mis-
spelled word in it. The ordinary
misspelled word, he declares, doesn't
make any impression on him. Thus,
if embarrassment is spelled by his
correspondent with only one "r,"
he reasons that he might have made
the same mistake himself, but when
she writes "whitch" for which, or
"shure," or "image," the news-
paper man goes off to a solitary cor-
ner to mourn.

It has already been mentioned in
these columns that the spelling-
book is coming into favor again in
the West. There are those unkind
enough to say that a little attention
might be devoted to it in the East
without harm. Perhaps if the agi-
tation continues, orthography may
even be introduced in the curriculum
of the private school.

It is not only women who misspell
common-place words nowadays, how-
ever; even a clever man has been
known to write angle for angel and
equivocal for equivalent.

In a mixed assemblage the other
evening some miscreant introduced
this catch sentence, known to all
school children: "It is amusing to
witness the unparalleled embarrass-
ment of an harassed peddler gauging
the symmetry of a peeled onion
which a sibyl has stabbed with a
poniard, regardless of influencings."
Each of the guests was requested to
write it, and not one did so correct-
ly. The lowest number of mistakes
made was two, the highest eighteen.
And it was a fairly intellectual as-
semblage, too. "Poniard" and un-
paralleled seemed particularly diffi-
cult, even to the most erudite of the
group.

As to the man who misspelled 18
of the words, he was a shameless
person, and said openly that he was
surprised it was so few, since spell-
ing was not one of his accomplish-
ments—a piece of candor that sur-
prised even his nearest friends, for
the average man hesitates to admit
that he is deficient in any respect.
The average woman isn't so proud,
and she may go on writing spiccock
for spigot to the end of the chapter,
therefore.

It Happened in a Drug Store.

"One day last winter a lady came
to my drug store and asked for a
bottle of cough medicine that I did
not have in stock," says Mr. C. R.
Grandin, the popular druggist of
Ontario, N. Y. "She was disap-
pointed and wanted to know what
cough preparation I could recom-
mend. I said to her that I could
freely recommend Chamberlain's
Cough Remedy and that she could
take a bottle of the remedy and after
giving it a fair trial if she did not
find it worth the money to bring
back the bottle and I would refund
the price paid. In the course of a
day or two the lady came back in
company with a friend in need of a
cough medicine and advised her to
buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough
Remedy. I consider that a very
good recommendation for the reme-
dy." The remedy owes its great
popularity and extensive sale in a
large measure to the personal recom-
mendation of people who have
been cured by its use. It is for sale
by Greenwell & Drury, Leonard-
town.

"Dis 'Strallian ballet system
hez totolly ruint me," said the col-
ored campaigner.

"How is that?"
"I wuz the champion voter in de
county!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A HEART OF GOLD.

BY J. B. ROLLINS.

From Milwaukee (Wis.) Badger.

Human nature has much in com-
mon, but there are very marked dif-
ferences in mental attributes as well
as in the physical contour of indi-
viduals.

Benton Rexford was the antithesis
of the phlegmatic cynic—in fact, he
was one of those warm hearted, im-
pulsive fellows who have a deep-
rooted platonic regard for all femi-
ninity. The mere sight of a pretty
face was sufficient to make his heart
flutter and send a thrill of admira-
tion throughout the length and
breadth of his well proportioned
frame.

From infancy—no, at quite that
period of existence, but dating from
the time of his first proudly donning
trousers, he had always a "sweet-
heart." It is true—and it mattered
not—that often the lady of his love
was many years his senior. Some-
times, indeed, a settled matron was
the recipient of his affections. In
his boyhood days his affections were
lavished rather indiscriminately,
but he was merely giving them play
—developing them, as it were.

At the age of twenty-three Benton
met Edith Mason, whom he had not
seen since early childhood. They
were related, though so remotely
that it may be said to have been non-
existent—somewhere about the fourth
or fifth degree of cousinship.

Edith was rather a small girl in
stature, a beautiful girl, sweet and
unassuming, and possessing a nat-
ural charm of grace and manner
which made her the acknowledged
belle of the entire country round
about. How many young men had
vainly sought her heart and hand
will never be known, but their name
is legion. Indeed, staid old bachel-
ors and widowers also worshiped
at her shrine. It was only natural
then that Benton Rexford should
fall deeply in love with her forthwith.

Edith had none of the elements of
a flirt, and she studiously avoided
encouraging in any way the atten-
tions of her devotees. But short of
absolute rudeness (of which she was
incapable) there was no way of keep-
ing them off and she was constantly
being compelled to become "a sister"
to some love-sick swain.

Benton had read much, traveled,
and was a good conversationalist.
He devoted himself assiduously to
Edith on the memorable occasion of
their first meeting. After a delight-
ful evening together and ere they
parted he had begged and secured
her consent to correspond. This
correspondence proved most agree-
able to both, many and frequent were
the missives that flew between them.
They exchanged views on every-
thing imaginable, and related in full
detail the minute daily incidents in
each others' life. Benton seized ev-
ery opportunity to visit her. This
went on for two years, when Benton
again visited Edith.

On the second afternoon of this
visit, they strolled down to the beach
to the government pier.
Sitting together on a large buoy
in the shed, in full view of, and in
close proximity to the glistening
sands of the seashore, and the roll-
ing deep beyond, here, mid the low
rumble and roar of ocean waves,
Benton began the old, old story that
is ever new.

"Edith," said he, every fibre quiv-
ering with suppressed emotion, "I
can no longer restrain myself. Hear
me, dearest Edith. I love you deep-
ly, truly, passionately. I want this
dear little hand," caressing and kiss-
ing it despite her attempted with-
drawal. "I want you to be mine.
Speak, Edith, and say that you love
me as I do you."

"Oh, Benton, I am so sorry, but
it can never be. My heart goes out
in sympathy to you, but it is not
love. There is no response—"

"Oh, Edith, do not torture me!
Tell me, has some one else my little
girl's love? Tell me truly, Edith."

"No, no, Benton, it is not that. I
care far more for you than I do any
other man, but it is not love. I feel
that I am incapable of loving. There
is something lacking in my nature.
I have never loved. I never can,
but if I could, you would have my
heart. But no—you are good and
noble, I am unworthy of your great
love. I cannot reciprocate. Ben-
ton, listen to me, go away and forget
me. Go and find someone who can
give you in return the love that you
deserve. Please go, and forget the
miserable little creature that cannot
love. Now Benton—"

"No, Edith, I cannot, I will not,
do it. Can you not realize that my

very existence rests with you? Let
me constantly show you my love.
Your heart will change—it will re-
spond, you will learn to love me.
Say, Edith, say that you will be
mine."

"No, never, I cannot, not without
love. I would make your life un-
happy—but, Benton," said Edith,
forcing a sweet smile on her tear-
stained face, "I can—I will pray God
to change my heart, to give it to you,
and then—"

"And then," he cried rapturously,
"and then you will become my own
dear little wife?"

"Yes, then," softly whispered
Edith.

Benton detached a heart-shaped
pendant from his watch chain and
placing it in her hands, said, "Dar-
ling Edith, here is my heart for you,
to have and to hold. Let it be un-
derstood that should you for any
reason wish to end all between us,
you will return it to me and I will
know its significance."

"But," he went on, Edith hardly
understanding his words, so great
was the torrent of emotion working
within her, "this will never be,
dearest one, when your prayers and
mine are answered, as they will be,
send me, Edith, the little golden
heart there on your necklace. Ed-
ith, do you hear me? Will you send
me that little heart when our pray-
ers are answered? Then with what
joy will I hasten to claim my dar-
ling."

Edith promised and thus they
parted. She begging that for the
immediate future while she thought
and prayed there be no corre-
spondence between them, he to remain
silent until she wrote him. Benton
thought this cruel but, reluctantly
acquiesced to this arrangement.
Two or three months elapsed during
which time Benton was sorely tempt-
ed to break his promise and write.
His condition can better be imagined
than described during this interval.

Then one day came a letter and a
package in the familiar handwriting
—her handwriting.

Trembling, he tore open the en-
velope and read:

Dear Benton:—I send you a box,
in which you will find the heart you
covet. As ever,
Edith.

Hastily opening the package, he
saw—his own watch chain. Enough!
The sight sickened him, he reeled
and fell. His sister, hearing from
her room below the noise of a heavy
fall, ran up the steps and entering
the room found him in a dead faint.

Under the physician's skill and
the healing influence of time he gradu-
ally recovered and in a year or so,
Benton was himself again.

Ten years have passed, and Ben-
ton Rexford is sitting at his desk
perusing some old papers he has just
taken from a trunk in the far corner
of the room, the lid of which he has
left raised.

Little golden haired Mildred is
playing about the room.

Suddenly she approaches him, ex-
claiming in childish glee, "Oh, papa,
look! see, what I found in the trunk!
May I keep it, please?" Turning
his head slowly to see the object of
his daughter's discovery, Benton
beholds on the extended palm of lit-
tle Mildred's outstretched hand, his
old heart watch chain, opened by
the child, and disclosing therein—
the little glittering golden heart from
Edith Mason's necklace, and a slip
of linen paper upon which he read:

Dearest Benton:—Our prayers are
answered. My heart is yours for-
ever. You may come and claim
Your own,
Edith.

"What delays you so, my dear,"
said Mrs. May Rexford, entering the
room with Dorothy—another golden
headed Rexford—and placing her
arm around her husband's neck.

"Come," she said, "dinner is get-
ting cold. We have been calling you
for ten minutes."

"Well, May, darling, we will dine
at once," said Benton.

"Come, children, let mamma help
you down stairs. Run along, I will
follow in a moment. I must put
these papers away."

Was it the papers that engaged
his attention so long afterward—or
was he thinking of poor Edith Ma-
son—why she had never married—
why her heart had been true to him
—while his—but satis verborum pro
hac vice.

When you have no appetite,
do not relish your food and feel dull
after eating you may know that you
need a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach
and Liver Tablets. Price, 25 cents.
Samples free at Greenwell & Drury's
store, Leonardtown, Md.

Nine times the doctor now has saved
Her life; and just for that
The neighbors say they always knew
She was a perfect cat!