

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..... 50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.
A liberal deduction made for yearly ad-
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Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 63. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1901. 1267

Saint Mary's Beacon
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS & DISPATCH
Parties having legal or Personal Prop-
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bills neatly executed and at City prices.

LUMBER.

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 sawed—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 freight. 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 District. Established 1826.

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For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of country produce.

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125 Light Street, BALTIMORE.

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No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

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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.

Written for the Beacon.

I AM.

BY UNCLE NED.

"Just as pretty and as sweet as ever," said Tom Wall to an old flame whom he had not seen for more than five years. A glance and a smile, such as only a woman can give, was his answer. "It does my heart good to meet you, Miss Lillian, and may I see you again in the near future?"

Tom Wall was a deep thinker and a man's long way above the average man and could hold his own under the most trying circumstances. He had a certain sense of pride which, perhaps, gave rise to the bridge of years between himself and Lillian Brent.

He had loved her years before her departure, and by a kind of instinct he felt that there was something more than friendship on her part. But Lillian Brent was something more than a puzzle to him, as she was to many others.

She was a witty woman, possessed of beauty indescribable, and if there ever was a woman who knew the way to a man's heart it was Lillian Brent. She played with hearts of men as toys. She could hold an audience of them at bay at her will. To scores of men she had made life a burden, whilst she knew how to make each and every one hopeful.

She knew how to magnify her charms so that none knew her but to love her. The strong and the noble vainly worshipped at her shrine. She carried her conquest far and wide, but with all her advantages above her sex Lillian Brent had a heart like other women, and perhaps after all Tom Wall's pride solved the problem.

Wall was not inhuman. He, too, loved her as the apple of his eye, but he decided that she should not lead him as she had led others, and that she should never know his true feelings without a sure foundation. He kept aloof from her for months and months previous to her departure. He would meet her and simply bow and pass on, and never a word or line from him to break the silence. It made her think that there was one man in the world at least whom she could not conquer, and that one was the man of her choice, whilst others were but toys.

Wall was not without his troubles in her absence. At times would he suffer agonies of mind. He would write part of a letter, perhaps finish it, and overcome by his strong sense of pride as often would he dash his pen to the floor and consign his heartfelt expressions to the flame. "All things come to us who wait," thought he. "I will not place myself in that woman's power. The tide will some day turn and I perhaps shall know better how to meet her."

So years passed on and they did meet, and possibly Tom Wall struck the nail on the head by his long and painful silence. They had met again and Tom's words had paved the way for the opportunity.

"Just as you please," were her last words. Wall pondered over them day and night, and finally decided to shape his course. So, on the third day after her arrival, he paid a visit to her to the old mansion which he had not seen since her departure more than five years ago.

It was a beautiful May evening. All nature smiled and the merry songs of the birds gladdened his heart as he wended his way to Blondale, when he was met at the door and ushered in the presence of the woman of all women to him—the woman who had calmed his very soul for what had seemed to him an eternity of months.

Mother Brent was now old and feeble, scarcely ever out of her bed, and Aunt Nell was perhaps no better off.

Unmolested they chatted on topics of the day, her travels, &c., and at length silence prevailed. Wall's mind was busy during the moments of silence. It was his chance and he quickly decided to make the best of it. He looked at her straight and humorously said:

"Lillian—Miss Brent, I don't think that I was much out of the way in my compliments the other day. You must have spent a pleasant time abroad to look so much yourself after the lapse of so many long years."

"Has it seemed so long to you, Mr. Wall?" she said in an offhand way.

"Would you have me confess the truth?"

"Certainly. Truth is always preferable to falsehood, though at times it may be blamed, they say."

"Then I must frankly say that it has to me been more than years. Now tell me, Lillian, how many hearts you have broken since you left Blondale, and if you are the same little coquette of old?"

"I am the same girl, coquette, if you please to call me that, I was when you visited this house years ago."

Tom dropped his head upon his bosom. Her answer was a problem. In a moment he struck upon a train of thought that might solve it.

"Miss Brent," said he, "may I ask, had you any fixed intentions previous to your departure from home?"

"Possibly I had," she shyly replied.

"Lillian, pardon me, but have they disappeared, or do they still linger, live on as before?"

"I believe you are a good one at coquetry yourself. I am not at liberty to speak because of the prevailing darkness," she replied.

"Then," said he, "let there be light that it may shine through this darkness. Let us remove this cloud between us that we may better understand each other. In justice to my own feelings may I ask one question more?"

"Certainly."

"Lillian, candidly are you still free?"

"I told you that I was the same as when I left my home. Years have not changed me and never will."

"What a happy moment for the one concerned in your well preserved intentions. If I only knew, if I only knew," said he as he arose to take his leave of her for the present.

"If you only knew what, Mr. Wall?"

"Why, if it were possible that I am concerned?"

She cast her eyes upon the floor and tried to look regretful. As Tom pressed her tiny hand good-bye, he bravely said:

"Lillian, am I concerned? Shall I be the happiest man on earth or the most miserable? I am in your power—which shall it be? Speak to me."

"Another time," said she.

"Heavens! is not seven years suspense enough? I have—before he finished his sentence he discovered a falling tear. "Lillian, said he, "have I asked too much of you? Why these tears? I cannot leave you so. Tell me the secret of your troubles. Trust me as your best friend; and more, yes, a thousand times more. Since you left here I have suffered untold agonies for you, and words cannot express my feelings at this moment. Tell me, Lillian, now what shall be my fate?"

"Happiness, I hope," she said, "will ever by yours."

"There is no happiness for me, Lillian, unless you share it with me, otherwise all is misery. Once more, Lillian, am I?"

"I would rather put the I before the am Tom. I think it would sound better."

"Then," said Tom, "I will ask a question to suit the situation, are you willing to be my own sweet Lillian?"

"I am."

Tom and Lill were happy from last accounts, and they agreed that it was love purified by the pangs of suspense, nor should it ever be tarnished by the rust of time.

"What have you ever done for your country?"

"Sir," said Senator Sorghum, "I am devoting earnest study to that great and weighty subject, reciprocity."

"I don't see what that has to do with my inquiry?"

"My observations on reciprocity up to the present time lead me to decide that before indulging in anxiety about what I may do for my country it is my privilege to ascertain what my country is going to do for me."—Washington Star.

To Get Rid of a Troublesome Germ.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing the blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily; rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequalled. For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.

His View of It.—"Johnnie," said the mother, "some of the greatest men the world has known were wood choppers."

Then, after a thoughtful silence, Johnnie said:

"I'm so glad we burn coal.—Atlanta Constitution.

A DIVIDED HOUSEHOLD.

BY REV. C. R. BLACKALL, D. D.

From the Republic.

In the family of Jacob were produced the usual fruits of a divided household. Leah was hated and she had good reason to know the fact; jealousies and heart burnings filled the days, yet there were acknowledged blessings also. By the birth of Reuben, the first son, Leah hoped to win the love of Jacob. Then followed Simeon, whom she devoutly received as the gift of Jehovah. When Levi came, she said: "Now this time will my husband be joined unto me, because I have borne him three sons." Upon Judah's arrival she said: "This time will I praise Jehovah." Thus in Leah, love for Jacob and worship of Jehovah were blended.

Rachel was envious and petulant, and her words stirred the indignation of Jacob. The incident that followed must be read in the light of their time and not be judged by standards of the Twentieth Century. Dan, and Naphtali, and Gad, and Issachar, and Zebulun, and Joseph successively called Jacob father.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

By thrift and strict attention to every-day duty on the part of Jacob, the possessions of Laban were mightily increased; withal, Jacob desired independence. But Laban preferred to retain Jacob, because he could truly say: "Jehovah hath blessed me for thy sake." The immediate outcome was a fresh bargain. The measures taken were precisely those of a shrewd man who counts himself always as number one, to be looked after and profited every time and all the time. Laban and Jacob were smart, and both schemed warily. It was a clear case of diamond cut diamond.

PROFIT COMES TO JACOB.

Then the conditions were reversed, and still the profit and the increase came to Jacob. Meanwhile his family was distinctly separated from that of Laban, Jacob being essentially his own master, yet in close business relations with Laban. Jehovah had spoken to Jacob and said: "Return to the land of thy nativity." And now his wives took a hand in the family affairs, with a terrible arraignment of their father: "Is there any portion or inheritance for us in our father's house? Are we not accounted by him as foreigners? For he hath sold us, and quite devoured our money." Now then, whatsoever God hath said unto thee, do." It was high time for a change, as strife was almost certain.

CLANDESTINE FLIGHT.

Laban is away, busily engaged in sheep-shearing, and will not return for several days. There is a hasty gathering up of all the possessions of Jacob, his wives, his eleven sons, his numerous servants, his cattle and sheep, his camels, his household goods, and all personal belongings; never a word being sent to Laban concerning the departure. The final destination is Beersheba, Isaac's home. Jacob is now strong and rich; he takes what is clearly his own, though Laban's sons deny his right. But Rachel is the special sinner of the group, for she steals the teraphim that belong to her father's household.

Now these little images of rude, human shape are held sacred as givers of prosperity and guardians of the home; the offense of stealing the teraphim is therefore no trifling matter, and it may cost the whole family dear, but Rachel thinks little of that possibility, and perhaps cares less, as the caravan moves on, crossing the river Euphrates and heading toward Mount Gilead.

AN ANGRY PURSUIT.

Three days pass. Word comes to Laban concerning the flight of Jacob. He discovers the loss of his teraphim. Calling together some tribesmen, he starts in hot pursuit, on the seventh day reaching Jacob in Gilead, where he had camped. But for a warning received by Laban in a night vision, it had now gone ill with Jacob. A sharp colloquy displaces a fight, in which Jacob shows his strength and manliness, and Laban his hypocrisy and meanness.

Mere vaporing words were those of Laban, in claiming that had Jacob mentioned his desire to leave, he would have sent him away "with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp," and that in his secret fight Jacob had "done foolishly." But when Laban charges theft of his "gods," Jacob is indignant,

and declares that if the teraphim be found, death shall be the penalty to the holder, for he has not the slightest suspicion that such judgment might fall upon his beloved Rachel. A thorough search follows. First Jacob's tent; then Leah's; then the tents of Zilpah and Bilhah; last Rachel's tent; but all to no purpose, as Rachel proves herself an adept in concealment and deception, and no hint of guilt is shown upon her matronly, yet handsome face. Laban's quest has failed.

And now Jacob is hot with anger. He has been outraged by the charge, and doubly outraged by the search: "Whereas, thou hast felt about all my stuff, what hast thou found of all thy household stuff; set it here before my brethren and thy brethren, that they may judge betwixt us two!" He sharply rehearses the history of his twenty years with Laban, and declares: "God hath seen mine affliction and the labor of my hands, and rebuked these yesternight."

Laban is appeased. A heap of stones is raised as a memorial and a witness, and Jacob calls it Mizpah, or watchtower that shall deter each from injuring the other. Each makes oath to the other: a feast follows; Laban returns to Haran; Jacob takes up his march towards Canaan. The angels of God meet him and give encouragement; they are always nearer than we think, with loving ministries in time of need.

RED AND SUPPLANTER.

Esau the "red" hunter, is not far from Jacob's route. He must be reconciled, if still angry. So Jacob sends messengers, with soft words, "to tell my lord, that I may find favor in thy sight." In due time the messengers return, not comfortably assured by the outcome of their mission; they only know that Esau is approaching with 400 men, whereat Jacob is "greatly afraid and distressed." It verily seems that Jacob's evil chickens are coming home to roost. The shadow of Nemesis is again falling upon him.

First, he plans like a wise General; then he betakes himself to prayer for divine direction, for he is in great straits, and no human power can certainly avail; then he sends princely presents, if possible to discover Esau's purpose, if he is coming with evil intent; last, he sends by night his whole family over the brook Jabbok, while he remains alone; his crucial time is at hand; for a while he needs solitude.

PRINCE OF GOD.

Jacob is passing an eventful night. No one can suitably portray the long and painful struggle that marks the hours until daybreak. Out of the discipline of the past is to emerge a new man. There has been much of darkness, but now there shall come light. God has been molding him through all the years. It has required a lifetime almost, but the result is certain. The crisis is upon him. Every fiber of his spiritual nature is aflame by reason of contact with the divine. The mean and sordid in him is being purified as by fire. No longer shall he be thought of as supplanter; henceforth he is a Prince of God; his name shall no more be Jacob, but Israel.

FACE TO FACE.

The Eastern sky becomes brighter with sunrise glow. Jacob girds himself and crosses the brook Jabbok. From the ridge beyond he sees the wide sweep from Jericho to Mount Tabor. Below is the Jordan Valley, flanked by the plain and palms of Jericho. It is the spring-time of nature, but the harvest time of life, with Jacob, who has at last learned the utter futility of striving against God in the effort to have his own way.

Yonder gleam the spears of Esau's four hundred. Jacob arranges his people tactically: First, the hand-maid and their children. Secondly, Leah and her children. Thirdly, Rachel and her children, "Joseph hindermost." Then he goes to the front alone. If a fatal blow shall be struck, he will meet it in his own person. He bows himself to the ground seven times while approaching Esau.

Marvel of marvels! Esau runs to meet him; embraces him; again and again kisses him; they weep together. Esau shows magnanimity of character. He might have destroyed, but he bears no malice; his threat to murder Jacob is forgotten; he is ready to befriend and protect. To Jacob's proffer of gifts, Esau says: "I have enough, my brother; let that which thou hast be thine;" but upon strong urging, he accepts. With utmost kindness they separate, each to go his own way, one to rule

away from the land of promise, the other to walk in paths of divine appointment in acceptance of the promise made to Abraham and to Isaac and renewed to Jacob as Israel.

They meet yet once again when Isaac, their father, "old and full of days," is "gathered unto his people," and in the cave of Machpelah the mortal remains of Isaac are entombed by his two sons, Esau and Jacob.

Why The Drum Did Not Go Off.

Baltimore Sun.

Here is a delicious story of the war times that has an unmistakable air of freshness and human interest: The torn and tattered remnant of a Confederate regiment one day toward the close of the war was lined up by its colonel and told that the commanding general was to pay a "visit of inspection" on the following day. The soldiers were admonished to "do their prettiest."

"Just brace up as though your clothes were brand new uniforms and as though you had the best on earth to eat and a plenty of it. We haven't any bugles left, but Smith there has got a drum, and it's a plumb fine one—big as a barrel. Now, Smith, when I give you the word tomorrow you let her go for all she's worth." Thus spoke the colonel.

The next day came the general to "inspect" the poor half-starved fighters, and as he appeared in the distance the colonel gave the order to "line up." As the commanding officer drew near, the colonel shouted: "Now, Smith, let her go!" and turned to salute the general.

But not a note came from the big barrel drum.

The colonel, red in the face, turned toward the drummer and again shouted his order for "music."

But still the drum remained as mute as the harp of Tara hall fame.

Infuriated at this open disobedience of orders and in the presence of his commanding officer, too, the colonel rode down the line, and as he reached the refractory drummer, cried out:

"Say, Smith, what in—and—do you mean by not beating that blankety-blank drum?"

"I can't, colonel," whispered Smith. "The old drum is full of chickens, and half of them are for you."

The colonel paused but a moment before he shouted so that the general and the soldiers might hear:

"All right, Smith, but if you were too tick to play the drum, why in—and—didn't you say so?"

On Wife's Grave.

Col. Elijah De Board, of Gilmer county, Ga., is probably the only man in the United States whose home is over a grave. This unusual habitation is not due to eccentricity or for the purpose of attracting notoriety, but is simply a case of loyal devotion shown in a visible way to the memory of his wife.

The recent loss of his partner in life affected him deeply, since which time he has become a recluse. His devotion has been carried to an extreme it is thought by his neighbors, as he has given up living in his large home, and has just built a house on the spot where his beloved wife rests, on the beautiful mountain side near his home. The structure is a small but substantial octagon of stone, and on the iron opening into the single room is the following inscription: "One in life and one in death."

In the right-hand corner is the grave of his wife, while a secondary space near by has been reserved for himself, where, at the end, he can find repose. Around the windows flowers have been planted, and the venerable patriarch spends the days in beautifying the surroundings of his strange home. On the anniversary of her death, with the assistance of a local pastor, the funeral ceremony is repeated. The colonel has turned a deaf ear to numerous entreaties of his friends to give up his solitary abode as he has expressed the desire to spend the remainder of his days in this tomblike structure.

A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time at the party."

Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.

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