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Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.
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Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.
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105 S. Charles Street, BALTIMORE.
☞ Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of Tobacco, he sale of Grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

POET AND PRIZEFIGHTER.

Dan Dawson died less than a decade ago at the early age of thirty-eight; he was a modern Admirable Crichton, a poet of great achievement and of still greater promise; yet except by those who knew him personally, how little is he known!

His was one of the most remarkably composite natures. In the business world he was known as a successful iron founder and contractor; he was one of the finest all round athletes in the country; an erudite student of literature in general, with a wonderfully extended acquaintance with the poets. The following diary of one day of his life shows alike his marvelous power of accomplishment and his equally marvelous versatility:

In the morning he went to New York to give instructions for carrying out a contract for building a creosote factory in Harlem; in the afternoon the Authors' club gave him a reception, at which he read his latest poem as a topic for discussion; then he went to Sheepshead Bay to see his famous steeplechaser, Rushbrook, in the race. In the evening he lectured before a select literary audience on "Norse Mythology," after which, before the New York Athletic club, he whipped their champion amateur middleweight pugilist.—Literary Era.

Pittsburg's Aristocratic "H."

A Boston woman has made herself very unpopular with her Pittsburg friends because, when addressing envelopes, she insists upon spelling Pittsburg without the "h." Since the development of the patriotic movement which has resulted in the formation of so many patriotic societies Pittsburgers have come to take great pride in the historic importance of their city and to urge the universal use of the final "h" in spelling the name of the city. In the old days of American history this final "h" meant a fortified town, and it formed a part of the name Pittsburg because of the existence at that point of the famous Fort Pitt, which, by the way, is unique among ancient fortifications in the fact that it was built of Flemish brick.

The national government in official papers seems as yet to have no sympathy with Pittsburg's desire to be spelled with a final "h," but strong influence is being brought to bear upon Washington. As to the Pittsburgers themselves, it may be said that no one who fails to use the "h" can hope for social success.—Boston Herald.

Our Biggest Gun.

Some spectacular particulars are given of the United States gun which will preserve America's inalienable right to possess the "biggest thing on earth." It will weigh 126 tons, will have a length of 49 feet 3 inches and a diameter—fine by degrees and beautifully less—varying from 60 inches to 28 inches. It will be able to fire its 5 foot 4 inch projectile an extreme distance of nearly twenty-one miles—20.978 miles is the exact figure—and a projectile fired at the elevation required for this distance will attain a height of 30,516 feet, "higher," says the picturesque recorder, "than the combined elevations of Pike's peak and Mont Blanc." Thus the record distance fired by a Krupp 9.2 inch gun on April 28, 1892, when twelve and a half miles were covered and a height of 21,456 feet was attained, will be completely surpassed.—London Post.

The Yellowstone Geysers.

Edwin Hinckley Barbour, professor of geology in the University of Nebraska, thinks the geysers in Yellowstone park are disappearing. "The rapid decline of the geyser phenomena in the Yellowstone National park," he says, "seems to be but little understood, but to those who will visit the spot frequently the changes seem startling and to the geologist alarmingly rapid. If one may judge from impressions, it seems safe to assume that if the decline in geyser activity noted during the last four years should continue for the coming eight or ten years the features which most impress the geologist will have disappeared. As a warning, every geologist who intends visiting the park should not postpone the trip a year, but should visit it at once."

Limitations of Liquid Air.

Liquid air cannot be profitably used to preserve meat, as it is in no way an antiseptic and will not kill microbes. Moreover, it is now five times dearer than ice. It cannot be used for motor carriages or submarine boats, because when heated it is such a powerful explosive that no metal yet known could resist its shock. The public needs to be warned against schemes for preserving meat or propelling motors by liquid air.

A Hero of Seventeen.

Desperate Battle That Took Place Eighty-Nine Years Ago.

Los Angeles Times.

WHEN the war of 1812 began, sanguine people believed that the Canadian provinces would be glad to be liberated from British rule, and with the approach of a victorious army of invasion would seize the opportunity of freeing themselves. But it was the other way. Instead of submitting to invasion, Canada became the invader. The Indian tribes, defeated at Tippecanoe, saw their opportunity for revenge, and under the lead of Tecumseh, gathered to the British standard. The army under Gen. Hull, which was to invade upper Canada, was driven back almost at the outset, and instead of the tidings of victory which the nation expected, there arrived the dreadful news that Hull and his whole army had surrendered at Detroit. Attempts to regain the lost ground resulted in a series of disasters filled with the horrors of Indian massacre.

How Croghan Got the Chance.

It was then that George Croghan, seventeen years of age at the time, got his chance. He had hurried home two years before from William and Mary College in Virginia, where he was taking a post-graduate course in law, to take part in the defense of his western home against the Indians. Croghan was the son of Maj. William Croghan, of the Revolutionary army, and his mother was a sister of Gen. George Rogers Clarke, one of the famous founders of civilization in the Northwest.

Young Croghan had been appointed volunteer aide to Col. John F. Boyd, in the battle of Tippecanoe on November 7, 1811, and in 1812, when war with England began, he was appointed captain of infantry.

It was merely as a precaution against remote possibilities that, in the summer of 1812, Fort Stephenson had been built on the lower Sandusky river. A frontier fort in those days was a simple affair, consisting mainly of a stockade and a blockhouse. A blockhouse was constructed on the northwest corner and another in the middle of the north side of the fort. The space inclosed by the stockade was about one hundred yards in one direction and about fifty in the other. And this shanty of a fort was soon to become a rock of defense which rolled back a wave of invasion that was filling the western country with alarm.

In the summer of 1813 the northwest was lost to the Americans, and a British force under Maj.-Gen. Proctor was advancing upon Ohio, coasting the lake shore in boats, while the Indian allies under Tecumseh made their way by land. Gen. Harrison, the victor of Tippecanoe, was in command of the American army. All his supplies were at Upper Sandusky, and he had a force of about 800 regulars and militia with which to maintain his position against 500 British regulars and militia accompanied by Tecumseh and his Indians, making the British force several thousand strong. It was reported that Tecumseh with 2000 Indians was moving straight upon Harrison's base of supplies by the direct road from the West. To check this flank movement upon his communications, Harrison established himself at Seneca ten miles in the rear of Fort Stephenson. Against the advance of the British up the Sandusky River the only obstacle was Fort Stephenson.

The stockade dignified by that title was garrisoned by 160 soldiers. Young Croghan was the officer in command. He had become major of the Seventeenth Regiment, United States Infantry. He had strengthened the fort as much as possible by building two additional blockhouses and by constructing a ditch about eight feet deep and wide. One iron six-pounder cannon was all that he had in the way of artillery. Gen. Harrison did not consider the place tenable against regular seige, and in orders left with Maj. Croghan, he said: "Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon, and you discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores. You must be aware to attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against such an enemy your garrison would be safe, however great the number."

But Croghan had no notion of retreating. He was eager to fight and full of confidence in his ability to hold the fort. It was, therefore, a great blow to him when, on July 29, 1813, Gen. Harrison, having learned that the approaching army had cannon, sent positive orders to abandon the fort. By the time the dispatch bearers arrived Indians were prowling in the woods around the fort. Croghan regarded retreat as impossible, and thought it likely that his reply would be intercepted, so he gave it a tone of defiance. He wrote:

"I have just received yours of yesterday, 10 o'clock, p. m., ordering me to destroy this place and make good my retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and, by heavens, we can."

But the message got through and Gen. Harrison would not brook what looked like insubordination. He immediately ordered Col. Wells of Croghan's own regiment to supersede Croghan in command. Col. Wells had an escort of dragoons, and on the road the party had a brush with the Indians killing seventeen of them. Maj. Croghan promptly reported to headquarters at Seneca and made such satisfactory explanations that he was restored to command with discretionary authority to hold the fort or abandon it, as he saw fit.

A Gritty Little Band.

Saturday, August 1, 1813, the British landed at the mouth of the river and began the attack the afternoon of the same day. Tecumseh with about two thousand Indians occupied the woods in the rear, to cut off retreat and intercept reinforcements. Gen. Proctor sent a flag of truce to the fort, demanding immediate surrender. Maj. Croghan sent Second Lieut. Sheep to meet the party. The British officers, after receiving a formal refusal to surrender, pleaded with him not to persist in a hopeless defense.

"Look at our immense body of Indians," said Capt. Dixon of the Royal Engineers, who commanded the Indian allies of the British. "It is a great pity that so fine a young man as you and as your commander is represented to be, should fall into hands of the savages. Sir, for God's sake, surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre that will be caused by your resistance."

Lieut. Sheep coolly replied: "When the fort shall be taken, there will be none to massacre."

As Lieut. Sheep turned back to the fort an Indian attempted to snatch his sword. Capt. Dixon at once interfered. Maj. Croghan, who was standing on the ramparts, saw the occurrence and it heated his blood.

History and tradition agree in Croghan's case that his language, when he saw the indignity offered to his lieutenant, was couched in the plain, impulsive terms of common speech, and not in the dignified eloquence preferred by history. He shouted: "Shepp, come in, and we will blow them all to hell." And he soon showed that he meant it.

The attack began at once, the British opening fire from their gunboats and from a five-and-a half-inch howitzer, which they had landed. In order to create the impression that the garrison had several heavy guns, the solitary cannon was shifted from one block-house to another and fired at intervals. When it became dark the garrison ceased replying to the British cannonade and Maj. Croghan ordered his six-pounder to be trained so that it would rake the ditch in the direction of the northwest angle, the most assailable part of the stockade. The gun was masked and loaded with a double charge of slugs and grape shot.

Flour and Sand for Defense.

During the night the British dragged three six-pounders to ground higher than the fort, about two hundred and fifty yards away, and as the dawn of Sunday lighted the scene they began a furious cannonade. All day they hammered at the defense, while the garrison made little reply, reserving their powder for the assault which they knew was coming. The British concentrated their fire on the northwest angle, and Croghan was kept busy strengthening his position there. Bags of sand, and even sacks of flour from the garrison's stores of provisions, were piled against the pickets. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon came the crisis of the attack for which Croghan had been waiting and planning. A storm was gathering in the western sky and the rolling of the thunder mingled with the booming of the cannon as the British, in three columns, advanced to the assault. The fort was attacked on both sides, but the main assault was at the weakened northwest angle. It was gallantly made. A shower of bullets from the deadly rifles of the garrison threw the British into confusion, but their officers quickly rallied them. Lieut.-Col. Short leaped into the ditch at the head of the storming party and shouted to his axmen, "cut away the pickets, my brave boys, and show the damnd Yankees no quarter."

This was the moment for which Croghan had reserved his six-pounder. The masked port flew open and the gun poured a volley of slugs and grape shot along the ditch, filling it with dead and wounded. The British fought with stubborn courage and the second storming party came on undauntedly, but another discharge from the six-pounder and a volley of rifle bullets ended the contest.

Lieut.-Col. Short, with two subalterns and twenty-five privates, lay dead in the ditch, but there were others still alive whose groans could be heard in the fort. Croghan could do nothing for them, as thousands of savage foes surrounded the fort and he could not take the risk of exposing the garrison. But as soon as it grew dark buckets of water were let down into the ditch and a trench was dug under the stockade by which the wounded could be reached without opening the gates of the fort. In the pile of bodies twenty-six were found, still living, and they were drawn into the fort and cared for. The whole loss of the British in killed, wounded and missing was ninety-seven. The loss of the garrison was one man killed and seven slightly wounded. The blow to the British was so severe that they abandoned the expedition. Gen. Proctor was disgusted with his Indian allies, who had left the British to make the assault alone. The same night he reembarked his troops and returned to his headquarters at Malden, Canada. One hundred and sixty men, commanded by a youth, had repelled the invsion of Ohio, defeating an army, before which the army of which his own command was a detachment, had retreated.

A Cure For Cholera Infantum.

"Last May," says Mrs. Curtis Baker, of Bookwalter, Ohio, "an infant child of our neighbor's was suffering from cholera infantum. The doctor had given up all hopes of recovery. I took a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy to the house, telling them I felt sure it would do good if used according to directions. In two day's time the child had fully recovered, and is now (nearly a year since) a vigorous, healthy girl. I have recommend this Remedy frequently and have never known it to fail in any single instance." For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.

Extenuating Circumstances.

At a meeting of the American Dramatic Club Dean Heart, who wrote "The Parish Priest," told this story:

"You know I am a hayseed, and live with my father, an Irishman, 70 years of age, on a farm on the outskirts of Wilkesbarre. One day, not long ago, the old man said to me:

"'Dan, me bye, you're doin' nuthin', suppose ye come out an' give me a hand puttin' up that fence.'

"'Father,' said I, 'I don't know anything about building fences.'

"'Well, I guess you can't spoil it much, so come along.'

"I nailed on boards indifferently well. On the hill-side, just above us, was a Hungarian miner practicing with a revolver, apparently rehearsing for the next strike. Directly a bullet came crashing through the fence just beside me.

"'Good Lord, father, that fellow's shooting at me,' I shouted.

"'Never mind, Dan,' said he, 'perhaps he's seen one of yer plays.'"

[Brooklyn Eagle.

Reflections of a Bachelor.—Improvements on nature are seldom seen in a bathing suit.

The loss of a husband has sidetracked many a divorce story.

Alimony is the sunshine that brightens the saddest hour of marriage.

When a man stops planting flowers on his wife's grave he is buying suppers for two.

When the budding girl takes to tight shoes the fit of her waist is a live subject with her.—New York Press.

A Close-fisted Roman, Surely.

Booker T. Washington is credited with telling of a confab he had with the sexton of a negro church in which he had interested himself to the extent of starting a subscription list for a new meeting place. The sexton, who knew intimately every member of the congregation, ran down the list of names with Mr. Washington, commenting as he went along. "Mr. Smif—he's good for a dollar; Mr. Perkins—he's good for $5 at least; Mr. Leedom—very religious, Massa Washington, but poor." Mr. Washington made notes as he went along. Finally, the sexton read:

"Mr.——. He am rich enough, but stingy as Caesar—stingy as Caesar!"

"Why do you think Caesar was stingy?" asked Mr. Washington.

"'Cause, Massa Washington, when the Pharisees gave our Lord a penny He asked him: 'Whose subscription is this?' and they answered: Caesar's'"—[Philadelphia Times.

Knew His Own Capacity.

"Jack" Nevins told a group in the Continental Hotel lobby one evening during his last visit to Philadelphia of a fellow passenger on a Lehigh Valley train who was unable to find his ticket when the conductor made the rounds. The conductor bade the man go on hunting, and said he would return when he had collected all the other tickets. When he returned, the passenger was still searching.

"Are you sure you had it when you sat down?" asked the conductor.

"Sure!"

"And you have not left your seat?"

"No."

"Well, then," said the conductor, "you could not possibly have lost the ticket."

"The h-—— I couldn't!" was the unexpected retort, "I lost a brass drum once."—[Philadelphia Times.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has a world wide reputation for its cures. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.

It Satisfied Lincoln.

Among Lincoln's callers one morning in '62 was a stranger seeking both personal and official assistance from the President, and who brought with him some letters lauding his loyalty that bore the signature of a former Governor of Maryland. Lincoln received the stranger with some warmth, that was not chilled even when one of the attaches, who had overheard the conversation, interrupted to explain that the signature must have been forged for the reason that the Marylander mentioned had been dead several years. The stranger showed guilt in every feature, but Lincoln suffused with that pity for the luckless that was ever his, cheerily observed:

"Oh! never mind that—never mind it! This is far more interesting! I would rather get a letter from a dead man than from a live one any day!"—Philadelhhia Times.

Nature His Help.—It was in the south.

'How's times?' asked the tourist.

'Pretty tolerable, stranger,' responded the old man who was sitting on a stump. 'I had some trees to cut down, but the cyclone leveled them and saved me the trouble.'

'That was good.'

'Yes; and then the lightning set fire to a brush pile and saved me the trouble of burning it.'

'Remarkable! But what are you doing now?'

'Waiting for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground.'

A Summer Drink.—For a refreshing summer drink, grate the peel of six lemons into a quart of syrup made by boiling three pounds of sugar and a quart of water for 10 minutes. Add the juice of six lemons and of three oranges to the syrup, and when it is cold two quarts of ice water. Serve in glasses with six bits of lemon pulp, one piece of orange pulp and three candied cherries cut in halves in each glass.

The best physic—Chamberlain's Stomach and and Liver Tablets. Easy to take. Pleasant in effect. For sale by Greenwell & Drury, Leonardtown.