

# Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. 64. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1902. 1402

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4x20 at \$4.50 per 1000  
5x20 at \$6.50 per 1000  
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These are "A" No. 1 Sap Cypress Shingles—all guaranteed  
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North Carolina Pine, No. 2 Flooring still \$1.50 per 100 sq.  
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## WINDOWS, 90 cents,

These are 8x10 size, 12 lights glazed, all glass in, and only  
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Frames for same, 90 cents. Blinds for same 90 cents.

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105 S. Charles Street, BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of Tobacco,  
the sale of Grain and all kinds of Country Produce.

### HUSTLING TO THE GRAVE.

A New Yorker's Defense of the Meth-  
ods of the Metropolis.

Travelers between New York and  
Philadelphia who do not read or  
sleep during the run may not have  
noticed that a large number of cem-  
eteries are to be seen from the train.  
There are probably more "cities of  
the dead" along that line than are  
to be found during any other jour-  
ney of the length in this country.

A New Yorker, a Philadelphian  
and an Englishman made the trip to  
the Quaker City in company. The  
Englishman commented on the as-  
tonishing number of places of bur-  
ial along the route, whereupon the  
Philadelphian gravely explained that  
the frantic rush and excessive  
strain of New York life broke up its  
victims with little warning, and  
that the sacred Gothamites escap-  
ing, but with mortal injuries, suc-  
cumbed soon after quitting the  
deadly city and were buried by the  
way. Some of them, he added, die  
within sight of the Calm City (Phil-  
adelphia) itself.

Beater gave place to a spirited  
discussion on the relative output  
of work of the two cities, Philadel-  
phia's representative urging that  
the deliberateness that charac-  
terized its natives made for better  
workmanship and in the long run  
for a greater output. The outstand-  
ing features of New York business  
life were, he declared, scurry and  
superficiality.

The C. thamite wound up his de-  
fense thus:  
"Well, if we do hustle ourselves  
into premature graves, we get there  
early and secure the choice lots."—  
New York Mail and Express.

### America's Grandest Peak.

Of our thousands of high moun-  
tains the loftiest, so far as known,  
is Mount McKinley, in Alaska,  
which reaches an altitude of 20,464  
feet. Asia, with Mount Everest, in  
the Himalayas, 29,002 feet high,  
and South America, with Aconcagua,  
in the Andes, 22,900 feet, alone  
exceed this continent of ours in ex-  
treme altitude, according to Every-  
body's Magazine.

From this mass great glaciers  
flow down to the low country, one  
of them stretching from the central  
peak down to the Sushitna, a length  
of forty miles. No attempt has yet  
been made upon this great moun-  
tain; indeed no one has yet ap-  
proached it nearer than forty miles,  
the height having been determined  
by partial angles taken at that dis-  
tance. Even the camera fiend has  
not succeeded in stealing its por-  
trait. But the fact that here stands,  
unclimbed, the highest peak in  
North America, overtopping St.  
Elias by half a vertical mile, is a  
standing challenge to adventurous  
spirits to whom labor, exposure and  
danger are trifles when there is a  
prospect of reaching its summit.

### The Men and the Notes.

Two men went into the world to  
seek their fortunes. While one was  
singing with his eyes upturned the  
other was looking on the ground for  
what he might find, and was  
fortunate enough to discover a ten  
dollar bill. His first delight was  
turned to disappointment when he  
thought that it might as well have  
been a hundred dollars. Then, ac-  
tuated by avarice, he dexterously  
changed the figures, pasted a "C"  
over the "X" and raised the note  
tenfold.

His companion continued to sing  
and endeavored to raise his high  
note to C, and, after persistent ef-  
fort, succeeded. Both men were dis-  
covered, and while the former is  
behind bars without a note, the  
other is in front of bars cashing his  
notes as fast as he can utter them.  
Moral.—It makes a difference  
what sort of notes are raised.—New  
York Herald.

### Reparation.

A gentleman in London called on  
the celebrated editor of a well  
known newspaper and said, "Sir,  
your paper has announced that I  
am dead."  
"If it is in your paper, it must be  
true," replied the editor.  
"But it is not true, for, as you  
see, I am alive."  
"Well, then, it cannot be helped."  
"But I expect you to correct the  
misstatement," said the gentleman.  
The editor answered: "I can-  
not do that, for we never recall  
what is in our paper. I will, how-  
ever, do everything to bring you  
back to life. Tomorrow I will place  
your name in the list of births."

### Korean English.

This item is from a Korean news-  
paper, published in English, at  
Seoul:  
"Lately the Police Headquarters  
ordered to forbid the servants &c  
to run the horses fastly on the big  
streets as they sometimes pressed  
the children down and hurted them  
on the ground and the police stoped  
a mappoo running a horse hardly on  
his back, but a number of soldiers  
came along quickly and captured the  
police away."

### Lion Hunting.

Thrilling Experiences of Dr. Peters  
in the Land of Ophir.

From the Los Angeles Times.

"Tis said the Lion and the jackal  
keep  
The courts where James glori-  
ed and drank deep."

This might well be said now of  
that land in Africa where once the  
great mines of Ophir—King Solo-  
mon's treasure houses—were work-  
ed by a busy multitude, with splen-  
did princes and warriors from the  
north to spur the toilers on and  
drive them to extract ever more  
riches from the mountain.

In that mystic land between the  
Zambesi and the Saba country the  
jungle has come to its own again,  
covering mighty ancient fortresses  
and walls with growth that looks as  
if it never had been disturbed by  
man since the world began.

And in that jungle the wild beasts  
rule. There lions and leopards truly  
are man eaters, not waiting to be  
attacked, but carrying the war into  
the camps and into the very tents  
of the invaders. Even the hippo-  
potami, as if the whole world of  
beasts were leagued never to per-  
mit a second conquest of the land,  
have learned to take the initiative  
and attack canoes and light boats  
that have not even disturbed them.

When Dr. Peters entered the  
country with his expedition he was  
amazed at the profusion of life. The  
land and the waters and the air were  
full of it. Since his return from his  
last trip he has declared that game  
hunting in many portions of the  
territory is the best in the world.

The Zambesi River there is literally  
full of hippopotami and crocodiles.  
He saw herd after herd of elephant,  
buffalo and rhinoceros. Everywhere  
he marked the tracks of zebra and  
quagga. He describes the wealth  
of birds as colossal. Guinea hens,  
pheasants, cranes, herons, storks,  
flamingoes, pelicans, ducks and  
geese were seen by him not in thou-  
sands, but in hundreds of thousands  
on the banks and islands of the  
mighty Africa river.

Buck and antelope he found in en-  
ormous numbers. And east of the  
Manicaland the hunters met lions  
and leopards that not only were  
plentiful, but fearless, providing  
the very climax of sport and excite-  
ment.

### Where Beast Does not Fear Man.

Dr. Peters says that whatever  
may be the case in some parts of  
Africa, the statement made occasion-  
ally by lion hunters to the effect that  
the sport is not very dangerous is  
not true in this region. Lions and  
leopards there attack the domestic  
animals of man and man himself by  
preference. They pass tempting an-  
telopes and other game deliberately  
and enter the villages to break into  
kraals where they beat down steers  
and sheep and carry them off.

So daring are they that, contrary  
to the general habits of the great  
cats, they hunt in broad daylight as  
well as by night. In the summer  
of 1899 two officials of the Mashon-  
aland Railroad were actually drag-  
ged out of their rooms in their huts  
by lions and carried off within full  
view of the laborers along the rail-  
road. On each occasion the lions  
made their attack in the middle of  
the day.

Another lion leaped into a tent on  
the Saba River and carried away a  
British prospector while he was at  
luncheon.

One day, while Dr. Peters, Dr.  
Bloeker and several others were at  
breakfast in the valley of the Lupata,  
negroes arrived breathlessly with  
the news that three lions had broken  
into a kraal in the neighboring vil-  
lage of Merula and had killed and  
dragged off a man and a number of  
hogs. The lions, said the messen-  
ger, were then sitting in a thick bush  
near the village, eating their prey.

Bloeker and Peters seized their  
rifles, and accompanied by two un-  
armed men who carried the car-  
tridges, they soon reached the vil-  
lage where there was intense excite-  
ment, all the negroes screaming  
and shouting in an effort to drive  
the uncanny visitors away. The  
bush was only thirty feet from the  
settlement, and extended to the riv-  
er, which was about one hundred  
and fifty feet distant. Peters took  
his position near a big tree about  
thirty feet from the bush. Bloeker  
stood on the other side of the beasts  
hiding place. The negroes gather-  
ed, on the other end of the bush and  
began to fire old muskets, beat  
drums and make all the other noises  
possible to drive the lions toward  
the hunters.

### Fighting Lion Indeed.

Before many minutes a tremendous  
roar sounded right in front of Peters,  
and a grand lion, heavily maned,  
sprang toward the tree. The hunt-  
er fired and scored a clean miss.  
Instantly the brute leaped again,  
this time directly at the doctor. He  
stepped sideways, and in the next  
moment the lion had beaten down  
four negroes who had been hiding  
behind the tree and knocked them  
insensible with sweeps of his great  
paws.

Dr. Peters was just about to fire  
when the lion leaped on a fifth man,  
driving his hind claws deep into his  
body and tearing savagely at his  
neck and shoulders with forepaws  
and teeth.

Peters aimed a little too high and  
shot into the lion's ribs instead of  
his backbone. But the bullet had  
the desired effect of diverting the  
beast's attention from his victim  
and he turned, arose majestically to  
his full noble height and glared at  
Peters, who stood barely ten feet  
away.

The doctor reached out for more  
cartridges, and, failing to get them,  
peered backward. To his horror he  
saw his cartridge-bearer running at  
top speed toward the village. Con-  
vinced that he was at the end of his  
early hunting, he clutched his rifle  
to make one last hopeless fight for  
his life.

The lion crouched, gathered him-  
self for a spring and fell in a heap.  
The expanding bullets effect on the  
blood-vessels had made itself felt  
just in the nick of time, and not a  
tenth of a second too soon.

With his last strength the beau-  
tiful creature, still facing the hunt-  
er fearlessly, dragged himself toward  
some high grass. On the way a big  
negro tried to spear him. Dying  
though he was, the lion, with a mo-  
tion as if he were fanning a fly away  
struck his assailant one light pat  
(it hardly could be called a blow.)  
That pat ripped off all the flesh of  
the man's left leg from the upper  
thigh to the knee.

With one last roar of defiance, the  
tawny fighter won the grass. Later  
they found him far away, dead near  
the foot of the mountains, toward  
which he had crawled despite his  
terrible injuries.

The other two lions were not  
found.

The wounded men were taken to  
camp and saved only by the expen-  
diture of all the remedies carried by  
the expedition.  
A month later some of the blacks  
of the party appeared in camp and  
reported that a leopard had been  
seen by them lying in wait for them  
at a water hole. Peters and Bloeker  
started at once. Bloeker had his  
rifle. Peters shouted to his  
servant to follow with him. The  
water hole was only a few yards  
away. Before Dr. Peters dreamed  
that he was anywhere near the an-  
imal, his companion's rifle rang, and  
an immense leopard bounded into  
the air and fell back into the thick-  
et. He had been lying directly in  
front of Peters, and yet, despite his  
gaudy hide, the markings were so  
perfectly blended with the jungle  
that the doctor had not seen him  
at all.

This leopard did not need another  
shot. The soft bullet in mushroom-  
ing tore the brute's vitals to pieces.

### Man-Killing River Beasts.

As if they were matching their  
wits against man, the crocodiles and  
hippopotami are becoming more dan-  
gerous and dangerous every year in  
that country. Two black men be-  
longing to the Peters expedition  
were killed by crocodiles at one time.  
The creatures lay in wait under the  
bank of the river, and when the men  
stooped to wash, the immensely  
powerful tails of the amphibians  
were swung at them and whipped  
them into the water, where the cro-  
codiles seized them and carried them  
away to an island in the middle of  
the river. Mr. Thompson saw the  
whole tragedy. He could see the  
bodies of the men clearly as they  
were being dragged along just un-  
der the surface.

Another favorite trick of the man-  
killing crocodiles along the Zambesi  
is to lie perfectly still under grass-  
es near the shore and seize passers-  
by by the leg. Sometimes they are  
so fearless that they do not even hide,  
but lie on the shore with eyes shut  
mimicking sleep.

The hippopotami, says Dr. Peters,  
seem to have learned that there is a  
connection between canoes and ex-  
plosive bullets. Certainly they have  
come to treat boats as enemies every  
time, and it is dangerous now to  
cross the river in any small craft.

Besides the royal game, there are  
hordes of ignoble but almost as dan-  
gerous animals. Baboons seen of  
share the pervading spirit of daring,  
and regiments of them wander  
around with complete confidence,  
descending into the cultivated lands  
whenever they feel like it. Even  
the hyenas and jackals are not as  
timid there as they are in most oth-  
er localities. A hyena entered the  
doctor's tent one night and did not  
retire until he had struck a light  
and called his men. C. N. C.

### The Grand Army.

A St. Mary's boy in Washington  
writes his father as follows:  
210 D. A., N. E.,  
Oct. 11, 1902.

DEAR FATHER:—Your letter re-  
ceived this morning and I was glad  
to hear from home. Have just re-  
turned from the office (we get out on  
Saturdays at 2.30) and, as it is a  
drizzly, rainy day, will take advan-  
tage of the opportunity thus afforded  
and reply immediately. Were I  
to digress at any great length upon  
the scenes of the past week it would  
be voluminous enough to constitute  
a book. Suffice for the purpose, how-  
ever, will be a slight reversion to the  
principal day—Wednesday—and the  
incidents leading thereto. The  
crowds began to come in the latter  
part of last week and continued  
through the earlier part of this, un-  
til the accommodating capacity of  
the city was taxed to its utmost.  
Even the transportation facilities,  
both railway and street, had as much  
as they could conveniently handle,  
and the latter, especially, even more.

We had holiday on Wednesday, of  
course, as did all the public offices  
and most of the business houses,  
except hotels, cafes, souvenir stores  
and the like. The parade began ear-  
ly in the forenoon, say 9.30 or 10 A.  
M., and lasted until 4 in the after-  
noon. The city generally was ar-  
rayed in gala attire, and the numer-  
ous bands, both local and visiting,  
added to the festive appearance of  
the occasion. Some of the saddest  
and most sublime sights I ever wit-  
nessed transpired here that day.  
Old soldiers from far and near, many  
of whom had not seen or heard of  
each other since "the days that tried  
men's souls," met for the first time,  
and the glad hand-shake and friend-  
ly grasp readily portrayed the joy  
of seeing each other once more,  
while the tear-stained cheek showed  
they had not forgotten the tribula-  
tions of days gone by, nor the ab-  
scent ones who were not fortunate  
enough to survive the bitter strug-  
gle. Many who had not seen Wash-  
ington since the 60's stood in awe-  
struck amazement at the develop-  
ment and progress. Where before  
they found trees and bushes they  
now saw well-built, substantial  
houses and broad concrete avenues.  
It was such a crowd as I never saw  
before nor ever expect to witness  
again. Intermingled with the old  
soldiers of all ages were their wives  
and children, making a pleasing di-  
version to the monotony of blue coats  
and brass buttons. One brigade es-  
pecially had for its bugler the daugh-  
ter of its former commander, and  
well did she perform the duties of  
the office, rendering the music for the  
command to march by, and also seem-  
ingly aware of her position, of which  
she, so justly had a right to feel  
proud. Again we had entire musi-  
cal corps composed of ladies only,  
all of whom were in some way con-  
nected with the veterans of the Civil  
War, and the music they furnished  
was second to none in the city.  
Nearly every section of the country  
had its distinguishing mark on its  
veterans, other than the banners  
which floated at the head of each di-  
vision. For instance, Minnesota  
veterans all carried a few strands of  
wheat tied together—Georgia had  
branches or palms taken from the  
palmetto tree—Kansas was gloriously  
represented by an array of um-  
brellas in imitation of the sunflower,  
etc. Sometimes we saw the amus-  
ing and ridiculous as well as the  
sublime. The front of the parade  
seemed to be unable to keep clear  
of those who followed after, owing  
possibly to having numerous corners to  
turn, and this caused the latter por-  
tion, as well as the body, to come to  
an occasional halt. Of course dur-  
ing this delay the band continued  
playing, and in one division that came  
along an old soldier of 65 or 70 years  
old began to dance a regular good  
old-fashioned country hoe-down, and  
judging from the result of his at-  
tempt, in his younger days he must  
have been no mean follower of the  
Terpsichorean art. Of course any-  
body was very much amused.

This spectacular performance. The  
house tops, windows and side walks  
of the streets and avenues down  
which the parade marched were lit-  
terally jammed with sight-seers, and  
it was almost impossible to get a  
view of any kind from the pavement.  
The parade formed and started near  
the library and passed down B St.,  
N. E. We are near the corner, as  
you know, and were able to get an  
excellent view from the third story  
balcony, and we spent the major por-  
tion of the day there. I enjoyed the  
day very much, although I would  
not like to have been one of the many  
who came here without having pre-  
viously arranged for accommoda-  
tions, and as a result have to put up  
with what they could get. I am sorry  
I could not give you a more de-  
tailed description of the entire week,  
but feel that I have already intruded  
on my already limited time.

Sincerely,  
Tom.

### A Nose for Glue.

Some time ago a registered pack-  
age sent from the New York office  
containing a large sum of money was  
received at its destination appar-  
ently intact, but on being opened  
was found to contain nothing but  
waste paper. A postoffice inspector  
detailed to the case made a thorough  
investigation, but failed to discover  
the thief. The registration of the  
package at the various offices through  
which it passed was apparently cor-  
rect, and suspicion could not be di-  
rected to any one clerk of the many  
who had handled it.  
Upon the unsuccessful termination  
of the inspector's investigations it  
was decided to place upon the case  
a member of the inspector's force  
who had acquired a reputation for  
solving tangled problems in connec-  
tion with the various offices through  
which it passed was apparently cor-  
rect, and suspicion could not be di-  
rected to any one clerk of the many  
who had handled it.

The Postoffice Department officials  
were greatly relieved, as although  
a section of the postal regulations  
expressly stipulates that the govern-  
ment is not liable for more than  
\$10 for the value of a lost registered  
letter, this provision has on more  
than one occasion been declared in-  
valid by the courts, and the govern-  
ment, in the event of the non-recov-  
ery of this particular package, would  
probably have lost a considerable  
sum of money.

The report of the inspector relates  
that on going over the ground cov-  
ered by his predecessor on the case  
he was absolutely unable to direct  
suspicion toward any one by the  
usual means. He had often noticed,  
however, he says, that the glue used  
by the different postoffices invari-  
ably has a distinctive odor and as  
he studied the case it came to him  
like a flash that through this pecu-  
liar attribute of postoffice glue he  
would discover the thief.

He took the registered package  
which had arrived at its destination  
full of waste paper, and which, of  
course, had been tampered with en  
route, opened and sealed again, and,  
softening the glue, familiarized him-  
self with its odor. Then he went to  
the New York office, the point of  
starting of the registered package,  
and sniffed at the glue pots. He  
was unsuccessful.

Then he took to the road and stop-  
ped at all the offices where the valu-  
able package had been handled by  
different clerks, all the time paying  
no attention to the usual methods of  
detecting postoffice criminals, but  
simply sniffing at the glue pots.  
He was finally rewarded when in  
an office near the place of destina-  
tion of the package by an identity of  
small between the registered pack-  
age and a glue pot on the counter.  
Satisfied that he had at last reached  
the end of his search, he caused a  
watch to be set upon the clerks in  
the office in the usual way, and finally  
caught his man spending a portion  
of his ill-gotten gains.

The officials of the Postoffice De-  
partment are divided between a de-  
sire to congratulate the inspector  
for his remarkable exhibition of sag-  
acity and an inclination to reprimand  
him for getting "funny" with  
the department.—[New York Sun.]

### Already Used To It.

Manager: That young woman  
whom I placed at this counter a year  
ago already knows more about the  
business than you do, and I find  
that I shall have to put her at the  
head of the department, though I  
fear it will be rather unpleasant for  
you to be under her orders.

Clerk: Oh, no, I am getting used  
to that. We were married last  
spring.