

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 year-
ly advertisements. Correspondence
solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 64.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1902.

1403

Saint Mary's Beacon.
Job Printing, such as
Handbills, Circulars,
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with
neatness and despatch.

Parties having Real or Personal
Property for sale can obtain de-
scriptive handbills neatly executed
and at city prices.

Shingles at Low Prices

And all guaranteed "A" No. 1 quality—Sap Cypress,
Southern Lumber—free from knots and no defects.

4x20 Size, \$4.50
5x20 " 6.00
6x20 " 7.50

Per 1,000—put up in bundles of 50 Shingles.

YELLOW PINE FLOORING, \$1.50.

This is kiln-dried North Carolina Pine, tongued and grooved, 1x2 1/2 inches
and 3-inch face, and long lengths, sound knots, well-worked flooring.

WHITE PINE DOORS, \$1.25, of Western manufacture.

When you have a place to use doors of a cheap grade, we can supply you
these painted doors, 1 1/2 inches thick, four panels, sizes 2.6x6.6, and
2.8x6.8, and 2.6x6.8, at \$1.25 each. We have a new car load in.

CYPRESS SHINGLES at \$3.75.

Think of it!—4x18, No. 1 Sap Cypress Shingles at \$3.75 per 1,000. These
are first-class quality, too; put up full 50 to each bunch; car load just in
from the far south, and all A No. 1. We also have a desirable shingle
bargain in 6x20, No. 2 sap, well-made and no "culls" in the bunches, at
only \$6.00 per 1,000.

FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,

6th & New York Ave., N. W. 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-Presi-
dent; SAMUEL K. GEORGE, Treasurer; SAMUEL M.
HINKS, Cashier.

Directors:

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

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

Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture we
HAVE HAD MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

J. F. SHAW and JNO. M. TALBERT, Salesmen. JOHN M. PAGE, Cashier.

The Maryland Commission Agency,

OF BALTIMORE CITY.
For the Sale of

Tobacco, Grain and Wool.

J. T. HUTCHINS, President, JOSEPH S. WILSON, Secty.
JOHN H. MITCHELL, F. H. DARNALL,
JOHN B. GRAY, LOUIS F. DETRICK,
S. E. F. PALMER, DR. GEORGE W. DORSEY.

Farm Produce Generally

South East Corner Pratt and Charles Streets.

MR. JOHN M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspec-
tion 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 & Commission Merchants,

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.

CHESTNUT HUNTING.

We have received the following
compositions by pupils of "Sandy
Bottom" School and have been re-
quested to decide which is the best
and publish it. We print all four
and leave the decision to our read-
ers:

Chestnut hunting is one of the
most enjoyable ways of seeking pleas-
ure. It is always pleasant to go to
hunt chestnuts, but especially nice
when you go a long distance from
home in a party of eight or ten in a
large farm wagon. Yes, a party of
girls went to the home of our teach-
er on Saturday last, October 1. We
left home at 2 o'clock and arrived at
our destination at about 3:30. We
spent three very pleasant hours
with Miss Maggie Combs, Mr. and
Mrs. Hutchins and Mr. and Mrs.
Frank V. King from Leonardtown,
whom we were pleased to meet, and
who helped to increase our pleasure
as well as our number. We had
just a delightful time under the trees
picking up chestnuts. The wagon
was driven by Mr. Clyde Burroughs,
who also refreshed the trees. We
carried with us a little black boy to
climb the trees, but he proved to be
a coward, so therefore served as
basket carrier. He paid the basket
many visits, for the chestnuts
seemed to disappear very rapidly.

We had not quite finished getting
chestnuts when Mr. Burroughs had
the misfortune of a burr striking
him in the eye, which, of course, was
very painful for awhile. After be-
ing very successful until Mr. Bur-
roughs' accident, we returned to the
house. Coming back, we had to
climb some very high hills. Two
of the girls started to run down one
of the hills with Miss Maggie Combs
and did not hold her tight enough,
so she fell, but it proved to be of lit-
tle injury. After we reached the
house we were taken in and enter-
tained very pleasantly for a few min-
utes, then being given a basket of
pears and apples, we thanked them
for all very kindly.

As we passed through the yard
we were presented with a beautiful
rose in commemoration of our trip,
and when we reached the gate we
bade all good-bye, and started for
home. On our way home we had a
jolly time eating apples, pears and
chestnuts. We stopped at Holly-
wood a short while and then started
the last time for home. The girls
all sang from St. John's Church home,
at which we arrived about 6:30, and
were met by all with open hands and
mouths awaiting chestnuts. We all
ate a hearty supper and retired to
rest after such a joyful afternoon.

ALBERTA WILKINSON.

EVERY SEASON has its pleasures,
but the fall has the most enjoyable
of all; for there is nothing which
gives us more pleasure than chestnut
hunting, especially when a party of
school girls go a distance of six miles
in a large farm wagon. Last Satur-
day afternoon, about 2 o'clock, we
left our homes to go to the residence
of our teacher to chestnut hunt.
After a short but pleasant drive we
reached our destination, where we
were received very cordially by our
teacher and Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins.
We also had the pleasure of meeting
Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, of Leon-
town, who were also out on a chest-
nut hunt.

Mr. Clyde Burroughs was our
coachman, and also thrashed the
chestnut trees for us. He dressed
up in Mr. Hutchins' trousers, which
hung like bloomers. We carried a
little black boy with us, who prom-
ised to climb the trees, but when he
saw how large they were he was
afraid to climb them, so he served
as basket bearer; nor did he forget
to do his duty towards them, for they
disappeared very mysteriously. We
had some very steep hills to
climb, but we enjoyed running up
and down them very much until two
of the girls had a race down one with
our teacher, which was equal to
Fike's Peak, when Miss Combs had
the misfortune to fall, but broke no
bones, and soon joined in laughter
with the rest.

Mr. Burroughs had a more serious
injury. A burr fell and struck him
in the eye, which was very painful
for awhile. We went chestnut hunt-
ing, but had apples and pears given
us to eat on our journey home. We
reached home about 6:30 and found
all with open hands waiting for
chestnuts. We must thank Mr. and
Mrs. Hutchins and also Miss Combs
for our delightful afternoon, and we
hope chestnuts will be as numerous
next year and that our invitations
will be renewed.

ELIZA R. WILKINSON.

One of the many pleasures that au-
tumn affords us is chestnut hunting,
which is fun at all times, and espe-
cially when eight or ten filled with
the spirit of youth and fun leave
home to go the distance of eight
miles in a large farm wagon. Such
occurred last Saturday, when a party
of girls left for the home of our
teacher to hunt chestnuts.

We left home about 2 o'clock. Af-
ter a delightful drive of an hour and
a half we reached our destination,
where we were kindly welcomed.
Before long we were on our way to
the chestnut trees, where we spent
two pleasant hours with our teach-
er, Miss Maggie Combs, Mr. and
Mrs. George Hutchins and Mr. and
Mrs. Frank King, whom we were
glad to meet, since their presence
added much to our pleasure.

We carried a little colored boy for
thrasher, but when he saw the giant
trees he became frightened, and our
driver, Clyde Burroughs, had to do
the climbing. We soon had him
ready—dressed in a pair of Mr.
Hutchins' trousers—which extended
several inches below his feet. It
raised a hearty laugh.

Soon a shower of chestnuts came
down and we were busy picking
them up. Then our little colored
boy came in, as he served as basket
bearer. Nor did he forget his duty
to the chestnuts, for they disappeared
rather fast.

We had many races down the steep
hills and enjoyed it exceedingly un-
til our teacher had the misfortune
to fall. She did not hurt herself,
however, and was soon up laugh-
ing at the accident. We met with a
few other accidents, such as getting
knocked on our heads and sticking
our fingers. A more serious one
happened to Mr. Burroughs—a burr
struck him in the eye—which was
very painful for awhile.

We then returned to the house,
where a basket of fruits awaited us.
When each had partaken of its
contents we bade good-bye, and left
for our homes with the declaration
on our lips that we had spent one of
the most enjoyable evenings of our
lives.

We thank Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins
for their kind invitation and also
Miss Maggie, by whom it was given.
We must also thank Mr. and Mrs.
King for helping us to pass such a
delightful evening.

LILLIAN WILKINSON.

LAST SATURDAY a party of school
girls were invited by the teacher,
Miss Maggie Combs, to go chestnut
hunting in Mr. George Hutchins' fields.
On Saturday afternoon they got a
big farm wagon and went round.
Those who went were Lillian, Bir-
die and Eliza Wilkinson, Agnes
Wise and Mary Hebb, accompanied
by Mr. Clyde Burroughs as coach-
man.

It was a long drive of 6 or 8 miles,
but when we reached our destina-
tion we were fully repaid for our
drive by the fond greeting of our
teacher. We were soon taken to the
trees, where we met Mr. and Mrs.
Hutchins, and to add to our pleas-
ure, we met Mr. and Mrs. King from
Leonardtown. We all formed a merr-
y crowd and were soon rambling
through the woods. There were
some very high hills and we had
lots of fun running up and down
them. Two of the girls took Miss
Maggie's hands to run down, and
she fell, but fortunately did not
break any bones. We took a little
colored boy to thrash the trees, but
when he saw the large trees he
proved to be a coward, and Mr. Bur-
roughs had to do it. He dressed in
Mr. Hutchins' trousers, which raised
a hearty laugh. Our little colored
boy served as basket bearer, and he
certainly got fully paid, as he ate all
the chestnuts he wanted. Later in the
afternoon a more serious accident
happened—a burr fell and hit Mr.
Burroughs in the eye. We went
to the house then and found lots of
fruits awaiting us. Each partook of
the fruit and departed for home af-
ter a fond farewell.

On our drive home we ate chest-
nuts, pears and apples, and we can
truly say we spent a delightful af-
ternoon, which we owe to the kind-
ness of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins and
our teacher.

MARY HEBB.

"Did you get any tips on the
races this fall?"
"Yes, I got one from the boss this
morning."
"What was it?"
"He said he'd fire me if he ever
heard that I played them."—Chica-
go American.

A frog's skin makes the thin-
nest and at the same time one of the
toughest leathers that can be tanned.

FOLK LORE OF WEDDINGS.

Few Know why Familiar Cere-
monies are Gone Through.

There is much marriage and giv-
ing in marriage in these October
days, and at each and every cere-
mony bride and guests are careful to
preserve hallowed traditions. Super-
stitions may be defied on all oc-
casions but these. A wedding with-
out blue garters and rice and old
shoes is almost, if not quite, as bad
as Hamlet with the Prince of Den-
mark out of the cast. But, although
everybody knows what should be
done, to propitiate the good fairies,
few have any idea of the origin of
the hundred and one customs attend-
ing the wedding day.

The use of the ring is, without
doubt, the most ancient and sym-
bolic accessory of the celebration of
marriage. So prevalent is the feel-
ing regarding its indispensability
that strange substitutes have been
used in cases of emergency when
the conventional hoop of gold had
been forgotten. Curtain rings and
key rings have done duty, and a
more personal substitute has often
been devised by cutting a ring from
the bridegroom's glove.

Anciently a ring marked an office
of great dignity, being worn only
by a king or given by him to his
messengers, that their authority
might be established. As civilization
advanced the woman's position
was more chivalrously regarded,
the ring was given her as a token of
the high dignity bestowed upon her
in the marriage ceremony.

The choice of the form of the ring
is for a twofold reason—the poetic
meanings ascribed to it, and the
fact that its plainness makes it more
practical for constant use. Among
the Egyptians a circle was the hiero-
glyphic expression of eternity. Its
adaptation for use as the marriage to-
ken in preference to a pin or ear-
ring or any other kind of ornament
is said to be that it can be worn con-
stantly, and is not put off with any
particular garment; also, that it is
always in sight of the bride, keep-
ing the bridegroom in mind.

Various reasons are given for the
adoption of the so called ring finger
as the resting place for this emblem,
and to this usage also the fanciful
and utilitarian mind has ascribed
diverse origins.

The former interpretation has it
that the belief was very current be-
fore the days of advanced anatomy,
that a small artery ran from this
finger to the heart directly. What
could be more to the purpose of po-
etical logic than that the wedding
ring should rest there? The choice
of the left hand is by some supposed
to symbolize the submission of the
wife to her husband.

The practical mind disposes of
these fancies by suggesting that in
this position the ring was more pro-
tected from wear and injury or loss,
as the left hand is not so much in
use as the right, and this finger is
protected on either side and is ca-
pable of a less degree of independent
action than any other finger.

In many old pictures of the vir-
gin, her ring was painted on her
forefinger, as was the custom for
the wearing of it in ancient Greece
and Rome. This finger is the one
nearest the mount of Jupiter, indi-
cating the pride of dignity.

An old Italian custom placed the
birth-month stone of the bride in
her wedding ring, and this idea be-
came elaborated into the using of
twelve stones, one for each month,
that no good fairy might be unpro-
pitiated. Through this custom the
ring became so enormously expen-
sive as to be a severe tax on many a
humble groom in the Middle Ages,
and hence the revulsion to the plain
circle of gold in universal use.

The modern practice of a gift of
jewelry from the groom to the bride
(aside of the engagement or wedding
ring) is a survival of the old insti-
tution of the "dowry," or purse
of coins, which he gave her to sig-
nify that he had purchased her from
her friends.

The giving of gifts by the friends
of the young couple has a differ-
ent significance now from its
original one. Instead of a token of
compliment or expression of good
will, it was anciently of much more
practical import. It was frankly con-
sidered that the friends by this
means help the young people start-
ing out on their life journey.

The wedding cake is a develop-
ment of the three ears of wheat car-
ried by the bride in very olden
times as a presage of plenty of the
good things of life. In time the
grain thus formerly carried was

ground and made into small cakes,
which were thrown over the bride's
head as she entered her first house.

A pile of these flat cakes were
laid one upon the another, after the
manner of shew bread in old illus-
trations of Bible times. Thus by a
natural evolution came the present
form of one huge, round cake, for
whose elaborate appearance and
composition we have the French to
thank.

The bachelor friends of the groom
who have now the office of ushers
were originally called "bride-
knights," and had the honor of con-
ducting the bride to the church be-
fore the ceremony. For this attend-
ance the bride bestowed a pair of
gloves upon each of them, whence
comes the presence of gloves among
wedding trophies. It is also an old
Belgian custom for the groom to give
a pair of gloves to the bride during
the ceremony, as he gives the ring;
gloves as the covering of the hands,
typifying the giving of the hand in
good faith.

The probable precedent for the
tying up of the bridal carriage and
baggage of today in white is found
in an account of an English Country
wedding of 1788. This tells of the
decorating of trees and poles in the
street where the bridegroom lived
with white paper cut in the form of
gloves and ribbons.

The bestowing of the bride's gar-
ters is probably a relic of the very
ancient custom of untying the bride's
girdle immediately after the wed-
ding and bestowing it on some favor-
ite friend. Formerly the garter (or
garters, as many were often used)
were given by the bride to some
young men as a mark of favor, and
some authorities quote this as the
probable beginning of "The Order
of the Garter," rather than the more
familiar legend. The only allusion
to the throwing of the shoe in for-
mer times is an account of a wedding
in 1640, in which the sole of the
groom's shoe was placed on the
bride's head, indicating submission.

Every country has particular leg-
ends and superstitions on this
subject, and every usage connected
with the wedding had its origin as
a symbol of some sentiment.

A Rare Bird

British army pets are of necessity
limited in number by regulation;
otherwise each regiment would be
cumbered with a menagerie. But
when Tommy Atkins wants a new pet
very much he generally finds a way
round rules, even if it involves a lit-
tle cutting of red tape, and he is as-
sisted by his official superiors if as of
course they are kind-hearted.

A troopship lately put in at Malta
a few hours, and one of the sergeants
went on shore to pay a visit to a
soldier who was stationed there.

When he returned he carried a
small woolly dog under one arm. It
was an engaging young thing, but
the quartermaster stole his heart
and shook his head.

"Official number of dogs already
on ship," said he, uncompromising-
ly.

The sergeant tried palaver, but it
availed nothing, so after looking
perplexed for a space he reentered
the boat in which he had come off to
the ship, and returned to the shore.

When he came back he carried a
bird cage containing a strange-look-
ing creature. It was covered with
gray feathers, but it had four legs.

"Can't pass that dog on board
ship," said the sentry, and the quar-
termaster bore out his verdict.

"Dog, sir?" echoed the sergeant,
in surprise and disgust. "Can't
you tell a Maltese bird of paradise
from a dog? And you that up in
feathers that perfersers consult with
ye!"

"Pass on John Smith and one Mal-
tese bird of paradise!" sang out the
quartermaster, with a broad grin.

"There isn't any order against
taking birds on board as I know
on," remarked John Smith, as he
came over the other side. And his
expression of triumph did not fade
even when, in the course of a few
days, the feathers on the rare bird
came off in the wash.—Youth's Com-
panion.

"It is impossible for a man to
measure the influences which a sin-
gle individual can exert in this
world."
"That's right," answered Senator
Sorghum; "I've known a man to get
as much as \$100 for a vote when it
wasn't worth \$10."—Washington
Star.

How Stratton Remembered His His Old Partner.

"The death of W. S. Stratton, of
Colorado Springs recalls to my mind
several little incidents of his kind-
ness to those who had befriended
him in the days of his adversity,"
said a Los Angeles mining man the
other day.

When I first knew Stratton he
was in the employ of H. A. Tabor,
of Denver, as stage carpenter of the
Tabor Opera House at a salary of
\$2.25 a day. He was known to be
saying and to invest the few dollars
he could save in mining. But they
all came to naught.

"In 1887, he decided to get a
'grubstake' and try prospecting
himself. In this was unsuccessful
being unskilled in that branch. He
solicited a number of his so called
friends, but they would do nothing.
Mr. Tabor was appealed to and he
advanced money to Stratton, which
started him to Cripple Creek. In
company with Charles Wallace, a
prospector, they made the trip, walk-
ing the entire distance, having two
pack mules to carry their supplies.

Stratton then located a claim, but
after a little work (five feet of a
shaft) abandoned it and located what
afterwards proved to be the great-
est mine in Cripple Creek, which
has produced approximately \$30,
000,000 since 1889. Here Stratton
and Wallace separated, Wallace go-
ing to the San Juan country and
Stratton remaining to make his for-
tune. When Wallace left he said:
"Winfield, if I get anything good
over there I will put you in. As
for this place, you had better give
it up, as it does not look good to
me."

"Well," Stratton replied, "I am
going to stay here and go broke!"

"This partnership was the founda-
tion afterward of a very generous
gift of \$25,000 from Stratton to Wal-
lace. In 1896, when the Indepen-
dence mine was producing its mil-
lions annually and Stratton was
many times a millionaire, he met his
old-time partner Wallace, on Sev-
enteenth street, Denver. The re-
cognition was mutual. Stratton rich,
Wallace struggling for his daily
bread.

"Well, Charley," said Stratton,
how goes it?"

"Oh, replied Wallace, 'I am up
against it. I have just perfected a
model for a mill, but am unable to
get my patent on account of funds.'"

"Do you think it will be a suc-
cess?" asked Stratton.

"Oh, I feel sure of that."

"Well, come on up street, Char-
ley."

"They started, and without fur-
ther conversation Stratton led his
old partner into the First National
Bank, of Denver. Calling Mr. Geo.
Ross-Lewin, he said:

"Mr. Ross-Lewin, he (pointing to
Wallace) and I used to be partners.
I have made a little money; he has
not. Kindly set aside from my ac-
count and to the credit of Charley
Wallace, \$25,000."

"Mr. Ross-Lewin did as he was
requested and Wallace was over-
come by his old partner's generos-
ity of which he never tired of telling.
The Wallace mill was used success-
fully on several of the ores in the
San Juan country. Wallace died in
1899.

Why He Quit Iowa.

Henry Clay Dean, who was a fa-
mous orator a generation ago, was
referred to many years after he had
moved to Missouri from Iowa as
"Henry Clay Dean of Iowa." He
used to explain his move from the
Hawkeye State in this way:

"You see, they passed a nefarious
prohibition law in Iowa, and there's
your whiskey gone. Then they
abolished capital punishment, and
there's your hanging gone. And
now the whole population seems to
be drifting toward Universalism,
and there's your hell gone. I can't
live in a State that has neither hell,
hanging nor whiskey."—Kansas
City Journal.

His Confidence.

"And now that you are through
college what are you going to do?"
asked a friend of the youthful can-
didate.

"I shall study medicine," was the
grave reply of the young man.

"But isn't that profession already
overcrowded?" asked the friend.

"Possibly it is," answered the
knowing youth, "but I propose to
study medicine just the same and
those who are already in the profes-
sion will have to take their chances."
—Tit-Bits.