

Mary's Beacon
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
By Yates and F. V. King
A Year in Advance.
Transient Advertising,
one insertion \$1.00
subsequent insertions
50c or less constitute a square
10c deduction made for year-
ly advertisements. Correspondence

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 64. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1903. 4158

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 des-
criptive handbills neatly executed
and at city prices.

BER BUYERS-ATTENTION.

**ST ONE INCH BOARDS—BRIGHT IN COLOR
D WIDE BOARDS. BOARDS THAT ARE ONE
EIGHTH—ALL 16 FEET—AT A PRICE WITHIN
REACH OF ALL LUMBER BUYERS:**

These Boards too, are from North
Carolina pine forests, and when saw-
ed put through the dry kiln, thereby giving you the best kind
of boards for general use to be found anywhere.

Carolina Pine Flooring at only \$4.00 per 100 feet. This
all even width, (3 inches), which makes a uniform floor, and
is to match up all the cuttings in laying the floor, therefore, no
grooves and the manufacture is so perfect that the tongue and groove
jointly and make a good smooth floor. This flooring too is kiln
dried therefore bright in color.

For Frame Houses of all kinds kept in stock, and we are
able to load out in one day from one to three carloads of all the ma-
terial necessary to construct a suburban residence or a barn. There
is no delay, no disappointments, no errors, for we always invite the
customer to spend the day with us and inspect the loading of their car.
Complete stock of

ANGLES, DOORS, BLINDS, SIDINGS, ETC.
FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,
New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

ERS' AND PLANTER'S AGENCY,

East Pratt Street, Baltimore.
Wholesale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of country produce.
TUCK, President; Judge JOHN P. BRISCOE, Vice-Presi-
dent; SAMUEL K. GEORGE, Treasurer; SAMUEL M.
HINKS, Cashier.
Directors:
P. Briscoe, John W. Crawford, James Alfred Pearce,
Brown, John Shepherd, Samuel M. Hinks,
George, Adrian Posey, Phil. H. Tuck.

ELEN BROS.,

MISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
ACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE.
Special attention given to
The Inspection of Tobacco.
25 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD
ALSO DEALERS IN
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 are
MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

W and JNO. M. TALBERT, JOHN M. PAGE,
Salesmen. Cashier.

Maryland Commission Agency,

OF BALTIMORE CITY.
For the Sale of
Tobacco, Grain and Wool.
WILSON, Secy.
TITHELL, AND
NALL,
RAY,
DETRICK,
ALMBER,
R. W. DORSEY.

South East Corner Pratt and Charles Streets.
N. M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspec-
tion of all Tobacco consigned to us.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

General Commission Merchants,
5 Light Street, BALTIMORE.
Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.
Special attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

KINS & DUKE,

Commission Merchants,
FOR THE SALE OF
CO. GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.
SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

W. H. MOORE & CO.,

Commission Merchants,
Charles Street, BALTIMORE.
Special attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO,
Grain and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Miss Conover

She had given her name as Kate
Conover, and had come to accept
the position of governess in the
family.

Presently the lady of the house
knocked and entered the room. Evi-
dently she was much pleased with
the new arrival, for her eyes rested
upon a sweet, frank face, a graceful,
compact form and an attire as neat
as it was sensible.

"I hardly expected to find you so
young," Mrs. Cameron said.
"No?" asked Miss Conover. "Still
—you will find me proficient."
"Oh, to be sure," Mrs. Cameron
hurriedly said. "Please walk down
to breakfast."

The breakfast room reached, she
said:
"Miss Conover—Brice Ruther-
ford, my nephew."

The name startled the young lady
so much that her self-possession al-
most failed her. She bowed in re-
cognition of the introduction, and
then turned her attention to the
two children who were to be under
her charge.

During the morning meal she
cast several furtive glances at
Brice Rutherford. He was young,
handsome, refined, with perhaps
rather an exalted opinion of him-
self.

It was not remarkable that dur-
ing the summer he began to take
considerable interest in the pretty
little governess. He was thrown al-
most daily in her society, and her
frankness was especially charming
to him because he was not much
disposed to be frank himself.

His interest at last assumed a
more fervent shape and finally led
him to make a declaration of love.
A look of triumph crossed her face,
but it escaped his notice, for she
was seated in the shadow.

"This isn't unexpected," she re-
plied, "but"
Brice Rutherford frowned at the
remark and waited for her to con-
clude it.

"You see, you don't know any-
thing about me," she said, starting
in afresh.
"Oh, but I flatter myself I do,"
was his reply. "I never act without
proper consideration."

"I mean as to my—my—antecedents,"
Miss Conover said. "As to my—
my—purposes?"
"I don't care about your anteceden-
ts," he interrupted, "and as for
your purposes I hope one of them
will be to make me as happy as
you can."

"Oh, to be sure," replied she.
"Well, I am glad that we under-
stand each other, and"
"But I don't know that we do,"
interrupted she in turn. "I know
that you proposed to me, but I can-
not recall that I accepted you."

"Oh!" he ejaculated, with a crest-
fallen look.
Miss Conover laughed softly and
said, "I am willing to hold your
offer under advisement."

"That will not satisfy me," he re-
plied.
"But it must," rejoined she. "I
think I am according you a great
deal."

"Well, maybe you are," he said
with a grimace. "I can't say that
I'm excessively grateful."
"I'll give you my answer in Sep-
tember," Miss Conover replied.
"That isn't far off, you know."

"Well, no, it isn't," assented he,
and that closed the conversation.
In the early part of September
business took him into the city
and he was absent a week. When
he returned to his aunt's country
seat, he found that the pretty little
governess was no longer there. He
was almost dumfounded.

"Where is she?" he asked.
"I don't know," replied Mrs.
Cameron. "Among her friends, no
doubt."
"She is coming back?"
"No, much to my regret and the
disappointment of the children."

Brice Rutherford stared at the
carpet.
"Did she leave a message for
me?" he asked.
"A letter, at least," replied Mrs.
Cameron. "I notice that there is
one on her bureau directed to you."

He hurried upstairs in a manner
not in keeping with his habitual
dignity. When he opened the en-
velope, he was surprised to find one
of his own letters in it, although
he had never written to her. A
look of consternation spread over
his face as he read it.

In his boyhood he had had a little
sweetheart named Rose Ralston. It
was stipulated between the parents
of both that the two should be mar-
ried when they were old enough.
He was sent to school on the con-
tinent, where he stayed until he
had attained his majority. He then
wrote home, declining to renew the
attachment of his boyhood or to
carry out the stipulations. Indeed,
so emphatic was he that one or two
sentences were unkind, because un-
called for.

He stared at the letter in a dazed way.

"How did Miss Conover get hold
of it?" he asked himself, "and what
was her object in redirecting it to
me? She promised to give me her
decision!"

He broke the line of his thought
with a sharp exclamation.
"I've solved the mystery," he mut-
tered. "Kate Conover is Rose Ral-
ston. She is a little flirt and fan-
cies that she's got even with me."

He closed his conjectures with
an expression which was near pro-
fanity.
"Aunt Rachel," he said, when he
had rejoined his aunt, "do you know
that Miss Conover is Rose Ral-
ston?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs.
Cameron.
"But, aunt, she is."
"Did she say so?"
"No. Do you think her coming
here was—was—planned?"

"Why, no, Brice. It came about
by accident. She didn't know you
were here or that I am your aunt."
"You are sure of that?"
"Of course I am. What does she
say in the letter?"

"It isn't from her."
"Eh! Who, then?"
"Why did she masquerade here
under another name?" evaded Brice.
"Why should she masquerade any-
where?"

"My dear boy, I can't answer
that," Mrs. Cameron said. "I am
not convinced that she did."
"Well, it doesn't matter much
anyhow," Rutherford rejoined,
which was a bold falsehood, for he
knew that it mattered a good deal
to him.

A year later found Kate Conover
standing in a grove in the Yellow-
stone park. She was looking down
a long vista of charming scenery,
her face bronzed, her form plump
and the blue in her eyes deeper and
sweeter than ever.

She heard footsteps behind her,
and on turning around beheld a
handsome, sun-browned tourist. A
second, and her face grew very red,
for the man was Brice Rutherford.
She had punished him, to be sure,
but she had also punished herself.

He relieved her of her embar-
rassment by offering his hand with
easy gracefulness.
"I'll now take your answer," he
said.
"What answer?" she asked, with
renewed blushes.

"This is September," he re-
minded.
"Oh!" ejaculated she. "So it is,
but I named last September. I left
you my answer."

"But there wasn't anything in it
for me, or else I was too stupid to
see it. It may have implied—"
"Yes, it implied," she interrupted,
with a charming little laugh.
"Oh, bother that idiotic letter!"
Brice cried.

"And your stumpy, romping,
freckled faced, tomboy sweetheart,
Rose Ralston," added she, quoting
from the letter.

"I meant nothing by it, and I'm
sorry I wrote it," replied Brice, get-
ting red in the face in turn. "I
could not foresee that I'd after-
ward meet Rose Ralston in Kate
Conover and fall in love with her."

You have two names, and you
should not be punctilious about as-
suming a third. Mine is at your
service. Please give me the answer
you promised."

"Well, Brice," she said, her blue
eyes dancing with fun, "I am not
able to recall the question with
much distinctness. If you will re-
peat it in the same attitude with the
same fervor and with the same wild,
waiting look in your eyes, perhaps
I may be able."

"Oh, I couldn't," interrupted
Brice, laughing. "One such effort
in a lifetime is enough. I haven't
yet recovered the energy which I
expended on that occasion. You in-
tend to accept me, but you are too
—too—modest to say so. I will not
insist, you know."

"Oh, thank you," she replied. "It
is a—great relief to me."
And, as they were married be-
fore the close of the year, it is pre-
sumed that they reached an under-
standing at last.

The Folly of Oversensitiveness.
Oversensitive people are usually
very fine grained, highly organized
and intelligent, and if they would
overcome this weakness would be-
come capable, conscientious work-
ers. This failing—for it is a failing,
and a very serious one, too—is an
exaggerated form of self-conscious-
ness, which, while entirely differ-
ent from egotism or conceit, causes self
to loom up in such large propor-
tions on the mental retina as to
overshadow everything else. The
victim of it feels that wherever he
goes, whatever he does, he is the
center of observation and that all
eyes, all thoughts are focused upon
him. He imagines that people are
criticizing his movements and his
person and making fun at his ex-
pense, when in reality they are not
thinking of him and perhaps did
not see him.—Success.

Fox-hunting in Maine.

When the Lord changed the color
of a fox's fur from red to black or
gray, said Jason Norton, the aged
fox hunter of Penobscot Valley, "he
gave the favored animals new skill
in self-protection and fitted them out
with brains of larger capacity."

I have hunted foxes for more than
forty years and I have killed more
a thousand. Of this number seventy-
five or eighty were cross foxes,
whose pelt are worth from \$40 to
\$75 today. Fourteen were black foxes
and eight were silver grays.

If a red fox was half as cunning
as they say he is, he would never be
shot ahead of the dogs. So long as
there is plenty of room for a fox to
run in and the room is in a direct
line, he can distance the best dog
living at the quarter post and get so
far away in half a day that the hun-
ters could not see him again for a
week.

But a red fox hasn't learned that
a straight line is the shortest dis-
tance between two points, which
shows that he has never studied
geometry. As soon as he hears a
dog yipping behind him he sits
down and studies a bit to make
sure if he is the fox that is picked
for the chase.

If he finds out that the dogs are
after another fox, the chances are
that he will be envious and will
spend a lot of time in cutting across
his rival trail and trying to confuse
the dogs.

No sooner is a red fox sure that
he is selected for the hunt than he
loses all caution and devotes his en-
ergies to having fun with the dogs.
He climbs up the trunks of leaning
trees for the sake of leaping off into
a distant snowdrift, he teeters along
the top of fences and sneaks down
the channels of running brooks, hop-
ing that the water will kill the scent.

After being funny for a time, he
will sit down on a sunny knoll and
listen and laugh to himself to hear
the dogs swear about him. He will
do these tricks until the dogs are
tired and mad clear through, and
then he will begin to run in a circle
so he can keep the dogs within ear-
shot all the time.

And this is what finishes him up,
for as soon as the hunters learn that
he is moving in a curve, they calcu-
late the diameter of his circuit, cut
across to head him off, and the next
time he comes around smiling at the
joke he is playing on the dogs, he is
met in the face with a charge of dou-
ble B shot and he never laughs
again.

No one ever knew a black fox of
a silver gray to be guilty of such
folly. As soon as a fox with a costly
overcoat on his back hears the dogs
bellowing behind him he sniffs
around a bit to learn the direction of
the wind and is off to windward at
the rate of thirty miles an hour.

As he keeps his nose to the wind
all the time, he can smell out any dan-
ger that may be ahead of him, and so
long as he keeps running he is sure
that nothing can overtake him from
behind. If the dogs happen to be of
the long-legged kind, such as they
use in England, the fox has to stir
his feet pretty lively for a few hours,
but when the dogs grow tired, he
settles down to an easy lope of twelve
or fifteen miles an hour and does not
stop until he is 100 miles away.

Meantime the dogs drop out as
they grow tired and go wandering
about in the woods trying to make a
shortcut for home. They haul up at
farm houses along the way to rest,
and the last one is not captured and
brought home for a week. By this
time the fox will have returned to
his old feeding grounds and had a
nice long rest, so he will be ready
for another run.

It is my candid belief that if all
the foxes in Maine were put together
so we could look them over, the blacks
and silver grays combined would
equal the number of reds. They are
gaining in numbers every year, too.
The reason why we do not shot
them is because they are wiser and
less humorous than their red
cousins.

Grip Remedies in Great Demand.
When colds and grip are preva-
lent the quickest and surest reme-
dies are in great demand. Mr. Jo-
seph D. Williams, of McDuff, Va.,
says that he was cured of a very
deep and lasting attack of grippe
by using Chamberlain's Cough Rem-
edy after trying several other pre-
parations with no effect. For sale
by William F. Greenwell, Leonard-
town.

Tragedy Averted.
"Just in the nick of time our lit-
tle boy was saved" writes Mrs. W.
Watkins of Pleasant City, Ohio.
"Pneumonia had played sad havoc
with him and a terrible cough set in
besides. Doctors treated him, but
he grew worse every day. Although
we tried Dr. King's New Discovery
for Consumption, and our darling
was saved. He's now so well."
Everybody ought to have a bottle
of it. It's the only sure cure for
Colds and all Lung diseases. It's
sold by Loker & d-Ward, Bal-
timore. Price 50c and \$1.00. Two
bottles free.

The Story of Rag.

Where Rag came from was never
really known, but he was probably
one of the great army of homeless
canines.

When Mr. Smith spoke kindly to
him on the street, instead of kicking
at him, as so many had previously
done, he appeared to recognize at
once that he had found a friend, and
though told to go back, he persisted
in following him to his home, where,
after some protest on the part of the
good wife, the little waif was admit-
ted, and it was not long before he
was a regularly-recognized member
of the household.

This shaggy, little terrier could
never be accused of being a hand-
some dog, but he had bright, ex-
pressive eyes and a high order of
canine intelligence, and he always
appeared to be trying to show his
appreciation for being taken in out
of the cold world.

He was a willing messenger in or
out of the house, and it was seldom
he made a mistake.

His mistress frequently rewarded
him by giving him a penny, and per-
mitting him to go to the bakery and
get a cake, on which occasions he
would enter the shop, go up to the
counter, and drop his coin by the
doughnuts, and receive his purchase
from the proprietor, who was well
acquainted with him, and delibera-
tely trot home to eat it.

One day, when returning, a strange
dog stood near the entrance to the
yard, and refused to let Rag pass.
After facing the enemy a few mo-
ments, and seeing no way of getting
where he desired to go, Rag evidently
decided that strategy was prefer-
able to an uncertain combat.

Trusting to his opponent's natural
curiosity, he quietly dropped his
doughnut, dashed up the street
barking furiously, as if in pursuit
of a much desired object, and the
keeper of the gate at once joined in
the chase. When he had nearly
overtaken his leader, and begun to
wonder what he was after, anyway
Rag whirled quickly about, and was
back at the starting point, had se-
cured his doughnut, was through
the gate and in the house almost be-
fore the other dog realized that he
had been completely outwitted.

One of Rag's duties, or rather,
privileges, was to go to his master's
room in the morning and arouse
him for rising, the door being
left slightly ajar for him. About
the middle of one night, Mr. Smith
was quite surprised, and not a little
startled, by the earnest but silent
efforts of his pet to awaken him.

When Rag had accomplished this
much, he jumped from the bed, ran
to the head of the stairs, and quick-
ly returned to see if he was followed.
His evident anxiety and earnestness
convinced his master that something
was wrong in the lower part of-
the house, so making the necessary
preparations, he followed the dog
down to the dining-room, where Rag
haunted, all quivering with excite-
ment, but quiet, expressing as well
as he could by his manner, that
within something was wrong.

With revolver in hand, the mas-
ter opened the door and entered,
but Rag rushed in ahead, and fairly
made the house echo with his bark-
ing. There was a rush, a crash,
and a groan, then all was still.

Upon investigation it was discov-
ered that a negro had effected an en-
trance at one of the windows, but
the quick ear of the dog had heard
him, and by quietly calling his mas-
ter, Rag had brought him to the
dining-room before the burglar was
aware that he was discovered.

Dropping what valuables he had
collected, he had dashed for the
open window, but had slipped and
partially lost his hold, and the heavy
sash had fallen on him, holding him
suspended until he could be secured
and turned over to the authorities,
by whom he was recognized as a
notorious character, whose rather
unique capture was due chiefly to
the sagacity of this small dog.

M. G. JENKINSON.

House Rats Cunning.

"It's about time that some of those
fellows who tell so much about wild
animals they have known out on the
prairies took a look at some of the
things that are to be found right
here in Philadelphia," said the man
who knows.

"He could get plenty of material,
if he wanted some, of the rats we
have too plentiful here. They're as
smart as any of the coyotes or other
things you see in the story books
now and then. I know for I have
had experience in running a hotel
in this city, and one of the biggest
problems we have is to keep down
the population of rats."

"We had a pest of them once in
our kitchen, which was in the base-
ment. They'd run up and down the
pipes and sometimes when they got
ravenous they'd steal food right out
from under the noses of men in the
kitchen. Of course, as soon as they
touched anything, that had to go to
waste. Well, we tried traps and we
tried poison, and we had the rat-
catcher man around, and we put in
cats and dogs and weasels, but the
population kept increasing and there
didn't seem to be any way of getting
rid of them."

"Then I thought I'd go hunting.
I got a small rifle, and in the early
morning I'd lay and watch for them
for an hour or two at a time. It was
great sport. The first two or three
nights I bagged three dozen. Then
the number got less. Finally all I
could get a shot at was the tip of a
nose or tail, or two bright eyes that
would disappear as soon as I raised
the gun."

"I gave that up at last, because it
was no use. Then I hit on another
idea. I swung a lid on a barrel with
a swivel, filled the barrel half full
of water and put a lump of cheese
in the center of the lid. Of course,
as soon as a rat would take on either
side of the lid, he would go into
the barrel. That worked famously.
We bagged them by the dozen for a
while."

"Then I guess they hold a rat coun-
cil. Suddenly the number of rats
times not small. Sometimes they
would be two or three together, but
they were all gone in a moment."

"I got a rat one night, because it
would go on the lid. I was sitting
on the edge of the lid, and I saw
that where he had been, he had
gone. I was sitting on the edge of
the lid, and I saw that where he
had been, he had gone. I was sitting
on the edge of the lid, and I saw
that where he had been, he had
gone."

"That was the point where I gave
it up. There are some other people
figuring on it now, but I'll back the
common house variety of rat against
the best of them.—Philadelphia Led-
ger.

SEVERE ATTACK OF GRIP Cured by One Bottle of Chamber- lain's Cough Remedy.

"When I had an attack of the grip
last winter (the second one) I
cured myself with one bottle of
Chamberlain's Cough Remedy,"
said Frank W. Perry, Editor of the
Enterprise, Shortsville, N. Y. "It
is the honest truth. I am free
from coughing myself to pieces
by taking a teaspoonful of this
remedy when a coughing spell
comes on at night I would take
and it seemed that in the inter-
val the cough would pass off.
I would go to sleep perfectly free
from cough and its accompanying
pains. To say that the remedy ac-
cured me as a most agreeable surprise
is putting it very mildly. I had
the idea that it could knock out the grip,
simply because I had never tried it
for such a purpose, but it did
seemed with the second attack of
coughing the remedy cured me
not only of less duration, but the
pains were less severe. I had
not used the remedy before, but
I have now tried it and I can
for sale by W. F. Greenwell,
Leonardtown.

Persons (during a cold) who
had better keep a bottle of
killer is a town. And you've got your
life insured, too."