

# 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

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## 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

## LUMBER BUYERS-ATTENTION.

Every close buyer of lumber knows that an inquiry addressed to Frank Libbey & Co., Washington, D. C. brings out the fact that

PRICES are always lowest;  
SHIPMENTS are prompt;  
QUALITY the same as represented, and  
ENTIRE SATISFACTION given by the old firm at  
6 & New York Avenue, N. W.

### WE QUOTE YOU

CEILING, beaded, clear and dressed \$1.50 per hundred sq ft  
6-inch Weatherboarding, dressed, \$1.33 per hundred sq ft  
DOORS, 1 1/2 inch thick, five panels, \$1.15 cents each  
BEADED CEILING, common, \$1.25 per hundred sq feet.

### Millwork

of all kinds kept in stock, and we are prepared to load out in one day from one to three carloads of all the materials necessary to construct a residence or a barn. There will be no delay, no errors, for we always invite the buyers to remain with us and inspect the loading and shipment of a bill of goods.

### FOR

SHINGLES, DOORS, BLINDS, FLOORING, ETC., see

FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,

6th & New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Established 1869. The Test of Time. A clean record for 35 years.

## LIVE AND DRESSED POULTRY.

Shippers who want a large and absolutely reliable house to handle their Baltimore accounts should get in touch with

I. COOKE & SONS, 7 W. Pratt St.

We have the outlet and can please you. We handle

Poultry, Eggs, Calves, Lambs, Wool, Fur, Grain,  
Dressed Pork, Fruits and Vegetables.  
Returns Made Daily. Sept 22-y

## SHIP POULTRY

-TO-

## C. M. LEWIS,

14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,

FOR

### Best Results,

Prompt and Satisfactory Returns.

MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

## 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 Mixture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.

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

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

## The Maryland Commission Agency,

OF BALTIMORE CITY.  
For the Sale of

Directors:

J. T. HUTCHINS, President, Tobacco, Grain and Wool.

JOSEPH S. WILSON, Secy.

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 inspection of all Tobacco consigned to us.

Hiram G. Dudley. James J. Greenwell. Frank S. Dudley.

## DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

General Commission Merchants,

125 Light Street, Baltimore, Md.

Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

## THE MILK WHITE DOE

The sound was so faint that only the ears of the skilled huntsman might hear it.

It came from hundreds of tiny hoofs, muffled by the grass in the mountain park.

"Antelope!"

Together we lay face downward, I and my Indian guide, with our long rifles at easy rest, and awaiting the coming of the band. It dashed over a hogback and into full view, a wildly leaping, struggling, undulating mass of reddish brown, white tufted bodies stretched to the fullest speed.

Nervous? Yes, for in a moment more the band would pass us within easy range.

We lay with forefingers on the triggers as the timid animals, wild with fear, skimmed along as if wafted by the spirit of the wind. Now they are directly opposite. We will never have such another shot.

Onward they dash and pass so closely by that it seems we can hear their heartbeats. Their great, liquid eyes are wild with terror.

Another moment and the herd has swept by us. Only the hindmost are in view. Now they are out of hearing and presently are lost to sight.

I looked at Pablo. His dark face seemed almost pale. His eyes betrayed excitement, not the excitement of anger or fear, but of a tender sympathy.

The same power that had staid my finger when it had a like effect upon him.

"Senior," he said, "it is the milk white doe that none may slay."

It was overpowering curiosity that had rendered my forefinger inflexible, for at the head of the band was the most beautiful animal I had ever seen—a milk white doe. She seemed fleet, more timid and of more graceful contour than any of the herd. She was the perfection of animal grace and beauty.

"Come, Pablo, it is almost dusk, but we must follow. Come, stir yourself, you unenthusiastic son of Montezuma, and let us be gone."

"Senior," said Pablo in his calm and imperturbable manner, yet with a solemn impressiveness, "it is death to all who follow the milk white doe."

"Nonsense! I must have her. Let us follow quick."

"Have patience, senior, and tonight when we smoke by the campfire I will tell you the legend of the milk white doe."

And this is the legend he told me:

Before the white man knew there was a western continent, before the Spaniards came, even before the rein of the ancient Quetzalcoatl, the lord of the Seven Caves of Navatlague and king of the Seven Nations, out of which arose the splendor of the Montezuman empire, the powerful tribes lived in the north. They were as the sands of the shore washed by the great ocean of the rising sun, and the numbers of their arrows were greater than the twigs in the forest.

Their queen was Maxtella.

Her skin was as white as the snow on yonder mountain peak, her lips were as scarlet as the flaming loco blossom, her eyes were as blue as the chalchuites in the Minas de las Perdidas, and from their liquid depths beamed truth and purity of soul.

She was a virgin queen. Her courtiers wooed her in vain. The richest of them all laid his wealth of chalchuites and beautiful shells at her feet. The mightiest hunter brought her trophies of the chase. To all she spoke words of wisdom and beauty, but her love was for no one man. It was for all her people. Her virtue and her beauty were the marvels of those days.

Her counselors were wise beyond their generation. Many things they knew that were unknown to the subjects of Queen Maxtella. They knew of the eastern ocean, of a great country beyond to which their ancestors had gone years before.

The northern hordes were at peace. So powerful were they that the tribes in the south did not dare to make war with them, nor would the queen suffer her subjects to make war upon those weaker hordes who dwelt in rocks and caves high in the cliffs that bordered on the green canyons. There was a vassal chief, Azul, of lowly birth and evil ways. He saw the beautiful Maxtella, and the sight of her touched his black heart. He loved Maxtella not for her virtue nor her wisdom. He loved her that he might rule the land and that from his blood and hers might come a race of savage kings and that the northern

hordes might make war upon the tribes of the south and despoil them of their treasure.

Azul knew the black magic art. He brought his richest treasure to Maxtella's court. He used his black art that he might appear pleasing in her sight. His arms and throat were bare. On his head was a snowy white helmet, and his dress was of green feathers. His breastplate of leather work gleamed like jewels when the sun shone upon it. Tall and straight was this vassal chief, and mighty was his pride. Great blue and blood were in the middle of his sword.

But the counselors were wise men. They could see his black heart and read his evil mind, and they spurned him with scorn. They would have driven him from the court. The vassal chief held in his hand a wand, sharp pointed like a knife, by which he worked his magic art.

When the queen appeared he looked at her and turned pale. Azul's eyes pierced her, but his magic was not strong enough to make her love him. Until then she knew not fear, but now the evil spell was upon her. All of Azul's power was exerted to subdue her gentle heart.

When she went to walk a wolf sprang up in her path, sharp stones cut through the deer skin and wounded her feet.

Near by was a spring of healing water, but when Maxtella went to drink of it a foul odor of poisonous gases arose.

She sought her couch, but Azul had driven sleep away. When she was alone the black hearted vassal chief would suddenly appear and with throngs of the deer would beat her white body until his savage lashes drew drops of blood.

All things could he make Maxtella do but love him. False words she spoke to her counselors and did unholy deeds that made her courtiers bow their heads in shame. No more was Maxtella just or merciful. Cruelty, pitiless cruelty, turned her love of her subjects to hate.

Of her attendants who remained faithful none was more so than a little page, a boy of not more than a score of years. These two sat one side of the queen, and the other shadows were gathering without, but the night could only bring added wretchedness to Maxtella. The boy sang to her, and as his song died away a black shape entered the room. It was Azul.

"Why do you not weep, Maxtella?"

The rivers of Maxtella's eyes were dried up.

"Now I will teach you how to weep," and he struck her with his cruel throng.

Maxtella turned upon him her timid, pleading eyes. With a mighty bound the youth leaped toward the chief and seized the magic wand. Its possession gave him the strength of many men. He struck the wretch a blow and pinned him to the floor.

Azul writhed in pain, and the blood dyed his dress of feathers crimson. None but a wizard might ever loose him. With the blow the spell he had wrought on Maxtella was broken, and all her gentleness and purity returned. It was this that caused her to pity the bleeding wretch, squirming in agony, yet furious with rage. She reached down her delicate hand to withdraw the wand if it were possible, when Azul seized her by the arm and buried his sharp, gleaming teeth into the hand extended in mercy.

Maxtella, unable to release herself, shrieked in pain, for the bite of the sorcerer was as deadly as the poison of the snake with the castanets in his tail.

"Now is thy blood mingled with mine," hissed Azul, "and of thy own free will! Now are we one forever. By my living hair and the mingling of our blood I have supremest power over thee. Coward thou hast ever been. Coward thou shalt ever be. The spirit shall pass from thee in the form of the creature thou most resemblest—a doe, timid of heart, fleet of foot and spottedly white. None may slay thee, yet thou wilt ever long for the dart that would release the spell. Thy speed shall shame the fleetest of the herd, and thy matchless beauty shall lure the hunter to his death."

And with these words a milk white doe darted from the palace walls, trembling with fright. It hides in brakes and canyons and flees when no hunter is nigh. Hundreds have seen it, and many have been lured to pursue it. The fallen rocks from canyon walls hide the corpse of many a hunter who sought to slay the milk white doe. None has ever returned to tell the story of those chases. And those who escaped the canyon's dangers—their bones lie bleaching in eternal snow.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Hardly Begun Yet.

Patience—Have you begun that book I loaned you yet?  
Patience—No. I've only read the last two pages.—Yonkers Statesman.

## NEVER STOLE AN UMBRELLA

In This Man's Case No Question of Morals Was Involved.

"I enjoy the unique distinction of being able to state that I have never stolen an umbrella," he said, "and I suppose you would have to travel a few miles before you could find another man who could boast of the same thing. But honestly I never stole an umbrella in my life. The fact is that I never had any use for an umbrella. I never owned but one, and I paid only 89 cents for it. It soaked up water like a sponge, and it was almost impossible for me to carry it during a rainstorm. I have always wanted to meet the thief who stole it, so I could thank him for taking it, for if I had kept it I know I would have been kept back by this time just on account of the weight of that umbrella. Yes, I am prejudiced against umbrellas. I grew up in the country, and often I have known negroes to work in the hot sun all week, and on Sunday I have seen the same men plodding down the road toward the country church with a palm leaf fan in one hand and an umbrella in the other. All week long they would plow in the hot broiling sun, but when the Sabbath rolled around they would have to get under an umbrella. That early impression of the umbrella has never quite left me. So I never use an umbrella. Since I do not use this useless article (useless from my standpoint, mind you, for I do not pretend to speak for the balance of mankind), there is no reason why I should steal umbrellas. It is not, you will see, a question of morals. Really I am not inclined to think any question of morals is involved in this business of taking umbrellas. But that is another question. The point I had in mind was that it would probably interest you to see a man who had never stolen an umbrella, and that's why I brought the question up. I am the man."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Hog Lifters.

The other day we heard two men talking about hogs. One of them said: "There is no telling how much a man can lift with one hand. Y—, a 350 pounds, and I could lift him from one pen into another easily with one hand. I commenced to do that when he was a little pig, lifting him every day from one pen into the other by the ear with one hand." Said the other: "I do not doubt it, for I have done the same thing, and I will tell you another thing I did. I built two pens close together and put a pig in one of them. I fixed up that pen for a bedroom and fed him in the other. I made a hole in the partition just large enough for him to crawl through comfortably, and every time he was fed he had to go through that hole. Well, yesterday I sold that pig, and he weighed just 400 pounds. He seemed to get through the hole on the last day as easily as he did on the first." Liar No. 1 hung his head a minute and then said, "I don't believe a word of that."—Bolton (Tex.) Democrat.

### No Time to Lose.

There are many current examples of mental vigor in old age. Queen Victoria successfully learned a little Hindustani when the years of her reign were many, and there are others who have taken up and carried through work of equal difficulty. An Englishman is said to have learned the alphabet at sixty, and quite lately, says the St. James' Budget, a man hustled into a south London branch of the Young Men's Christian association and asked to be immediately enrolled. The honorary secretary wondered why there was such haste and ventured to ask. "Well," returned the applicant, "I must be hurrying with anything I'm going to do with you. You see, I'm getting on for seventy-four years of age!"

### Well Meant.

One of our city parsons told a good story the other morning and called it "A Doubtful Compliment." "There was an elderly or middle aged woman in my town who was not just exactly what we call a quick thinker. One day a circus came to town, and she was one of the first ones to be there. She stood in front of the tent for hours till finally when the show began the people, seeing that she did not have any money, let her in free. Some time later she met me on the street and said in her queer way, 'Parson, I'd just as soon hear you preach as to go to the circus.' — Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

### Presence of Mind.

She was telling the experiences of herself and her husband in a railway accident. "We were suddenly pitched clear out of the car. John he said to me, 'Are you hurt?' 'Not a bit,' said I. Then he up with his fist and gave me a black eye, and we claimed \$500 damages. Now, I call that real presence of mind."

## The Mechanicsville Masquerade.

(Reported for the BEACON, Republished by request.)

Our town was the merriest of the merry on the evening of February 21st, 1905, when the Mechanicsville Social Club and its many friends assembled at the Town Hall on the occasion of a Mask Ball. It was the largest affair of the kind ever given by the Club. The costumes were pleasing and varied and displayed much ingenuity in selection. The Hall also was tastefully decorated with evergreens and pictures. The maskers were: Miss Annette Turner, Night, arrayed in black gauze with silver stars; Miss Minnie Davis, Night, black organdie, silver stars; Miss Pattie Robinson, Night, black tulle, silver stars; Mrs. Maud H. Carrio, Starlight, black dotted net, over pale blue silk, veiled in chiffon, gold stars arranged in constellations; Miss Bessie Ballenger, Moonlight, white tulle over blue silk, with silver stars; Miss Rowena Holmes, Butterfly, white silk mulle, decorated with butterflies; Miss Ethel Barnes, Dawn, blue silk mull with silver stars and crescent; Miss Lulu Downing, Cards, white organdie, over white silk decorated with cards and poka chips; Miss Mamie Dyson, Ghost, white mull; Misses Willie Carter and Lillian Harrison each represented Red Cross Sister, white dresses, aprons and caps with red crosses; Miss Mary Sasser, Goddess of Liberty, red, white and blue costume; Miss Bessie Davis, St. Mary's Beacon, a number of BEACONS made into a beautiful and elegant costume; Miss Pattie Stone, Columbia, white voile, draped with national flag; Miss Annie Robinson, Bride, white dress, veiled wreath; Mrs. J. F. Coad, Colonial Dame, dress of Dresden design; Miss Frances Briscoe, Minnehaha, Indian costume; Miss Mazie Latham, Flower Girl, pink mull, white apron and cap with basket of flowers.

The gentlemen maskers were: Mr. J. F. Coad, Mayor; Mr. J. F. Coad, French Clown; Ferguson Harrison, Clown; Richard Southorn, Clown; Jack Chesley, Clown; Chas. P. Herbert, Humpty Dumpty; J. F. Dyson, Mexican Chief;—Hughes, Buffalo Bill; Prof. Neighbors, Cow Boy; William Reeder, Count; Robt. I. Anon, Red Cross Nurse; Spencer Harrison, He went stang; Harry T. Mudd, Rough Rider; Master Henry Morgan, Aunt Dinah; Master Frank Holmes, Baby; Master L. Holmes, Hobo.

Among those present who were not masked, were:

Dr. Thomas Lynch, Joseph A. Smoot, J. Wilson Adams, L. J. Carter, Julian Parsons, John Fowler, Ashby Burroughs.

Messdames

Laura Holmes, Albert Turner, W. A. Harrison, Thomas H. Fowler, L. P. Dudley, Dent Robinson, Henry C. Adams.

Misses

Jennie and Edith Burroughs, Kitty Morgan, Ellen Combs, Addie Lynch, Katie Adams, Ethel Carter, Lina Harrison, Alice Edwards, Amelia Adams, Edith Saunders.

Messesrs.

Harry Jones, Stephen Jones, Jos. A. Turner, George Morgan, Charles Adams, Clarence Sasser, John H. Reeder, J. F. Coad, J. F. Fenwick, Charles Jarboe, Gwinn Burroughs, Webster Lyon, James Herbert, Chap. Harrison, Frankie Adams, G. V. Peberley, Claude Edwards, William Chesley, Thomas Parsons, Willie Gardner, Henry Loker.

Reception Committee.

Mrs. John B. Ballenger, Misses May Ballenger and Mignonette Fowler and Mr. William W. Keech, Supper Committee.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Ballenger, Dr. and Mrs. Zach R. Morgan, Misses Ida and May Ballenger and Mignonette Fowler and Harry T. Mudd, The Chaperones were.

Mrs. Zach R. Morgan, Mrs. Maude H. Carrio and Mrs. John B. Ballenger.

The supper was served at 11 o'clock consisting of turkey, stuffed ham and many other delicacies. The occasion was one of keen enjoyment to all present and reflects great credit upon the Club. Particular mention must be made of the supper committee who knew what to serve and how to serve it. Your correspondent noticed how much 'night' with its sombre darkness can attract, and also the kind and genial influence of 'starlight,' 'moonlight' and 'dawn'; the grace of the little Butterfly and Flower Girl, the dignity of Columbia, the evident popularity of the St. Mary's Beacon, and last, but by no means least, the attractions of 'cards.'

OBSERVER.

## Keep Your Word at all Times

A middle-age man who has succeeded in establishing a lucrative business, one in which he deals with many persons and often comes in contact with them, says that the strongest feature of his success is that he can acclaim it that he made it a point to always keep his word. When he began business in a modest way he determined to do that, for he believed that it was better than any minor strategy often employed by men in dealing with their fellows.

"Often in the beginning it would have been much more profitable and much easier to resort to subterfuge, but he was looking towards future rather than present results. By and by, as time passed, his reputation for keeping his word with customers grew and this very circumstance acted as a safe-guard to integrity. There was no longer danger that 'tricks of the trade' would be substituted for candor. On this basis the business grew to large proportions, and the public came to recognize the value of the treatment that emanates from the dwelling place of such a principle.

"Keep your word no matter at what cost," is the advice of that man to the aspirant for a successful career.

## Sure They Would Fit.

The New Orleans Picayune tells of a congressman who owned a handsome pair of light gray trousers which were much admired by his colored neighbors. Unfortunately for the owner, they became spotted:—"Here, Charlie," said the congressman to a negro servant who had long coveted them, "take these trousers and clean them."

Charlie took them home, and after two days of careful inactivity brought them back.

"Seuse me, boss," he said, "but 'clah to gracious, seems like Ah can't get dat spot out no way."

"Did you bleach it?"

"Yassuh."

"Sear it?"

"Yassuh. 'Pear like Ah done ev' y' thing, but Ah jst' can't get dat no way."

"Well, did you try ammonia?"

"No, seh! No, seh!" exclaimed Charlie, with a delighted snicker.

"Ah didn't try 'em on me yit, seh, but Ah knows dey'll fit!"

## Bobby Helped His Father.

In a family where Bobby, the eight-year old, was an intense admirer of his father, a dyspeptic dieter came to dinner.

When the duck was being carved the father said to the "sonor," "What part do you prefer?"

"I never eat duck, thank you," came the reply.

The hostess had some cold chicken brought in and offered it.

"No, thank you," said the man; "I never eat chicken."

Some cold roast beef was next brought in.

"No, thank you, I never eat roast beef," came the reply.

By this time the host was visibly nonplussed what next to offer his guest. Bobby was quick to see it. His temper had arisen at what he considered a slight upon his father.

"Say papa" burst in the boy, with a glare at the dyspeptic, "perhaps the old fool would like to suck an egg!"

Why Pussy Washes After Eating.

Once upon a time a cat caught a mouse. That was a trying moment for the mouse, but it never lost its head. When the cat was about to dine, the mouse rebuked it, more in sorrow than in anger.

"For shame," it said, "to eat without washing yourself first."

Pussy, shame-smitten, at once began to tidy herself, and the sly mouse bowed for its hole.

And so ever since cats have taken good care to eat first and wash afterwards.

## The Old Time Way.

Our Grandmothers gave us powders and teas because they knew nothing of modern medicine and methods. In this age of progress and discovery, nicely coated, compressed tablets are fast superseding the old time powders and teas. Rydell's Liver tablets are compressed chocolate coated tablets, easy to swallow, pleasant in effect, always reliable. They contain ingredients that cannot be used in powders or teas. Ingredients that have an effect upon the liver that is never obtained from the so called 'liver powders' etc. A trial will prove their merits. Loker & deWaal.