

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## Hypnotized

"There isn't anybody living who can hypnotize me."

"Don't be too sure, Leonora," said her husband. "You cannot afford to run a tilt against science."

"But I deny that it is science. What has ever been proved by hypnotism? It is foolish to argue about it, for I will not even admit that there is such a thing. The shrewd people who go about the country giving exhibitions of their power are always in collusion with some one in the audience—you know that yourself, Ned."

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Ned, as Mrs. Darl called her husband. "It is a science that is yet in its infancy, and there are only a few individuals who have the hypnotic power and are able to throw less positive subjects into a trance. But I have seen it done, and it is wonderful—wonderful."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a young man climb walls like a cat, drink milk out of a saucer, catch a mouse and then wash his face and hands as a cat does. And when he came out of the trance he had no idea that he had done any of these things or that he had even lost consciousness."

"Hum!" said Mrs. Darl incredulously. "I don't believe a word of it. If he did all that you said he did he was simply a conspirator. And what good can such a faculty bring to science, I should like to know? Where is the scientific value in acting like a cat or a monkey?"

"Why, don't you see, dear, it is the verification of a theory?"

"No, I do not see. And I am not sure that I would believe it if I did see it. The whole stock in trade of these hypnotizers is the power of producing an illusion. I defy any of them to hypnotize me."

"I had intended asking you to go with me to the exhibition tonight."

"And be transmogrified into a cat? No, indeed! If I make a sacrifice of myself in the cause of science it must be for something worth while."

"I have an idea," said Mr. Darl suddenly. "Suppose, since Mohammed went to the mountain, that the mountain comes to Mohammed. The hypnotist can come here after the entertainment, and we will invite a few neighbors in, and he can give an exhibition of his powers. How does that idea strike you?"

"Favorably, Ned. There are the Rusts and the Pebbles and Dr. Smyth and his wife and Cousin Fanny and her husband. You can let them know, and I will order refreshments, and we will have an evening of hypnotism. It will be long late, but we can find other amusement until your hypnotic operator comes."

Mrs. Darl had everything arranged—her house in beautiful order and herself gorgeous in a dress of ruby velvet, which was far too fine for the occasion, but was worn as a piece of resistance, she having read that velvet resisted hypnotic influence.

The neighbors and relatives came, a merry company, and the time passed in an animated discussion upon the power of hypnotism, one friend going so far in research as to visit the library and look up that wonderful story, "The House of the Seven Gables," and read aloud to attentive listeners a passage from the weird history of Alice Pyncheon.

"He spoke, and Alice responded with a soft, subdued inward acquiescence and a bending of her form toward him, like the flame of a torch when it indicates a gentle draft of air. He beckoned with his hand, and, rising from her chair, the proud Alice approached him. Alice sunk again into her seat."

"She is mine," said Matthew Maule. "Mine by the right of the strongest spirit."

"Oh, that was mesmerism," said Mrs. Darl as the reading ceased.

"And what is mesmerism?" asked one of the company. "I think that it is as unexplainable as hypnotism, if it is not the same thing. Oh, here they are now! Let us hold on to our chairs or we may be spirited away to China. I for one am afraid."

"I am not," said the queenly hostess as she swept forward in velvet and diamonds to meet her husband and his guest.

A pale, composed looking man accompanied Mr. Darl, and he did not seem surprised by the elegance of his hostess or flushed by the critical gaze of the company.

After the introductions were made and conversation became general Mrs. Darl slipped into the hall and beckoned to her husband, who immediately joined her. Then she whispered in his ear:

"If—if by any possibility he should be able to hypnotize me you will not let him make me do anything ridiculous?"

"My dear Leonora, how can you

## A CUT OR TORN ARTERY.

How to Stop Dangerous Bleeding in Cases of Accident.

It often happens in cases of accident that the danger to life is greatly increased by, if not solely dependent upon, the loss of blood, the injury itself being a comparatively trivial affair. Whether light or serious, the wound can wait, indeed in most cases must wait, for the arrival of the physician, but the bleeding waits for nothing. It must be arrested speedily, and if it is not stopped by some one on the spot or if it does not cease spontaneously the coming of the physician may be useless, for the wounds of a dead man need no binding.

In classes of instruction in first aid to the wounded this point is always insisted upon, and rightly, but unfortunately how bleeding from a cut or torn artery can be quickly and certainly arrested is not always clearly enough explained. The pupils study diagrams depicting the course and direction of the large arteries, and round black or red disks are placed at the points where pressure can be effectively applied to shut off the flow of blood from the parts lower down on the limb. The application of a tourniquet is taught, and sometimes even the mode of tying an artery (which is surgeon's work and not to be attempted by any member of a first aid class) is elaborately explained. But sometimes the lecturer forgets to say that the most copious bleeding can always be arrested temporarily and often permanently by simple pressure made directly on the bleeding point. If you can put your finger (literally) on the source of the hemorrhage and keep it there your wounded companion will not bleed to death, at least not while under your care.

One must make sure in doing this that the finger is really making pressure on the bleeding point, which may be deep down at the bottom of the wound, but the continuance of the bleeding will soon prove that the finger or the cloth pad or the rounded stick or whatever is used to make pressure with is not pressing on the right spot. Care must be taken not to soil the wound with dirty fingers or a dirty rag. If time and opportunity permit the finger should first be washed or at least wiped with a clean cloth, and if a cloth pad is used the outer layers at least must be free from visible dirt.

In almost any company some one may be found who has a clean handkerchief in the pocket. One which has not been unfolded is best, for this can then be folded inside out and made up into a clean pad of any desired shape. — Youth's Companion.

Roman Epicures.

A certain Roman epicure once gave a little dinner to nine friends. It cost \$10,000. Oysters brought by footmen from Britain were consumed in quantities. The Roman gastronomy favored such delicacies as peacock, guinea hen, nightingale, thrushes, perhaps a whole boar stuffed with the flesh of other animals. But fish was the especial dainty. Vitellius, we are told, had his fish weighed alive before him at the table. Bets were made on the duration of its expiring gasps. His brother once served him a dinner at which 2,000 of the choicest fish were used. He often dined out, and none of the meals ever cost his host less than \$15,000. Apicius, after wasting nearly \$3,000,000 in feasting, discovered to his dismay that he had but a little over \$400,000 left. This being too little for a gentleman to exist on, he calmly killed himself.

The Enjoyable Part.

On one occasion Joseph Chamberlain was invited to Liverpool to make a speech. It was to be a great celebration. The mayor, who was to preside at the meeting, had arranged a fine dinner for the guest of honor. A distinguished assembly surrounded the table, and at the right of the host sat Mr. Chamberlain. For a couple of hours the committee chatted over their food, and finally the coffee was served. It was at this juncture that the mayor leaned over and whispered to Mr. Chamberlain, "Your excellency, shall we let the crowd enjoy itself while longer or how do we better have your speech?"

Willing to Help.

The London Chronicle tells of a warm hearted omnibus driver. A woman who occupied a seat near the driver saw a man friend inside an omnibus proceeding just ahead. Signs and telegraphic communications alike failed to attract the attention of the unconscious passenger, though of course everybody else on both omnibuses was wreathed in interested smiles. Then the driver's heart was melted. Leaning forward, he prodded the conductor of the foremost bus with his whip. "Tell the gentleman to smile at the lady," he said.

In Search of the Unusual.

Donald's ten-year-old idea of what may properly be offered one's guests was well formed. He knew exactly what he had a right to expect. So at the first party which his youthful eyes had looked upon save under the watchful gaze of the maternal chaperon he never hesitated a moment when they passed him some sliced boiled ham.

"Nav," said he, with more of sincerity than polish. "I can't do that to hum."

## Things Worth Thinking About.

The man who puts off generally gets put off.

No man is so rich he can afford to lose a friend.

Think straight and you cannot be crooked.

To err is human; not to air others' errors is divine.

It is best to settle a quarrel without any outside interference.

A miserly man is one who refuses to lend you a few dollars.

Only he who keeps his honor can never be discredited.

The most stones are thrown at the tree with the ripest fruit.

The word "impossible" should not be in any one's dictionary.

Every moment is the right moment for the man who has luck.

Any fish can swim down stream, but it takes a live one to swim up.

A wise man doesn't wait for opportunity to come along, he goes after it.

The chances are that the man who looks before he leaps won't leap.

It requires a derrick to get some people out of the rut onto the asphalt.

How easy it is for us the night before to get up early in the morning.

When a man is set in his ways he is not apt to hatch out any new ideas.

The man who can, but doesn't, must give way to the man who can't, but tries.

A man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him.

The best you have ever done is not good enough to be your ideal for the future.

The accident of energy has made more millionaires than the accident of birth.

The moment a man is satisfied with himself everybody else is dissatisfied with him.

Be pleasant until 10 o'clock in the morning; the rest of the day will take care of itself.

There is nothing so strong or safe in an emergency of life as the simple truth.

Columbus would not have discovered America if he had been guided by precedents.

It is not what your grandfather did before the war—it's "Can you make good today?"

It's a good deal easier to sit up straight in church than it is to walk upright in the world.

The ability to turn stumbling blocks into stepping stones is often worth more in a pinch than a fat purse.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

The man who does his very best work today is in a fair way to do better tomorrow.

Successful people usually find that shade trees and easy chairs are few and far between on the road to success.

It is not a sign of weakness to seek advice of the man who has had experience—it is a sign of good judgment.

It is seldom wise to do a thing merely because another has done it. Perhaps different circumstances were involved.

It may be said unsung songs are the sweetest. Those who've heard most of those that are sung will agree to that.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you do well, and doing whatever you do without a thought of fame.

The man who likes his work well enough to keep everlastingly at it and take pains at every turn is a safe sort of genius to tie to.

Concentration does not mean straining every nerve and muscle toward work—means dropping everything that interferes.

It's lots easier to slide down a banister than to climb a flight of stairs. You can slide down to obtain security without trouble, but it takes climbing to be somebody.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.

To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, to do some things better than they were ever done before—that's a task worthy any man's effort.

Sad will be the day for you when you become absolutely contented with the life you are living, with the thoughts you are thinking and the deeds you are doing.

There is only one plain rule of life eternally binding. It is this: Find thyself unweariedly till thou treadest the highest thing thou art capable of doing and then do it.

Luck means rising at 6 o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two; minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.

The only one who never makes mistakes is the one who never does anything. Preserve us from him; from the man who eternally wants to hold the scales even and so never gets done his weighing—never hands anything over the counter. Let the rest of us go ahead and make our mistakes—as few as we can, as many as we must—only let us go a head.

## One Christmas Eve.

BY HELEN ELIZABETH BARBER.

One Christmas Eve a lonely little girl sat by the nursery window trying to think of something to amuse her.

All was in a bustle below stairs making preparations for "Old Saint Nick."

Little Claire Hardesty was quite alone, for her nurse had gone below to join in the festivities in the kitchen.

"Dear me! I wish I could go down in the street," she sighed, as she watched the merry Christmas throng.

"I think I will," she said, jumping up from her seat.

Taking her coat and hood from the hook, she ran down the steps and opening the door softly slipped out into the street. Here all was cold and she became rather anxious as it grew darker and a light snow began to fall. She had lost her way, too, for she now found herself in the poorest part of the city.

A man was about to run up the steps of a shabby tenement house when Claire shyly touched his sleeve.

"Please, sir, could you take me home? I'm quite sure my father would pay you for it," she said.

"Hello! lost, eh?" was the cheery reply. "Don't you want to come in and get warm first, though? You are blue with the cold."

He took her in his arms as he spoke and up the many flights of stairs to the wretched rooms which were his home.

A little girl sat by the fireside. She welcomed Claire heartily after her father had introduced her. For Claire had told him her name as they came up the stairs.

As Dorothy (that was the name of Claire's new friend) was the age of Claire, they were soon talking merrily.

While Claire warms her chilled hands and chats we will look back on the past life of her benefactor, John Hardesty.

He had been the younger son of a wealthy father, who idolized both him and his older brother, Charles.

A quarrel never existed between these two brothers until Charles married John's fiancée.

John Hardesty ran away and his father never saw him again, for the old man died leaving all of his immense fortune to Charles.

Revenge lurked in the breast of John Hardesty, for his brother had all he was worth, save his little daughter, Dorothy. For, though he could not forget, he married a good woman, Dorothy's mother; but now even she was dead.

Perhaps the children's voices aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Why, Dorothy?"—it was Claire's voice clear as a bell—"I thought everyone had heard of Christmas."

"Yes," returned her friend, sadly. "I suppose everyone has except me. You see I'm lame, and father being out so much I have not many friends and know little."

So, with simple, childish faith, Claire told her new friend the old, old story, always new to those who love to hear it.

She had quite forgotten her surroundings. She must tell this little lonely child all she had been told of the Christ child from the cradle to the cross. John Hardesty listened breathlessly to the vivid description of the crucifixion.

"Listen! Claire was finishing her story, her voice low and desultory. "And in all his suffering he asked his Heavenly Father to forgive them—they who had cursed him, insulted him and crucified him!"

"The man arose quickly to his feet. "I can't forgive him! he cried. "I cannot!" Again he fell back into his seat.

Claire crossed the room and softly put her hand on his bowed head. "You have a great sorrow to night, sir, someone you must forgive! Forgive them to-night, on this beautiful Christmas Eve."

He looked up eagerly. "But, child, suppose it were some one whose fault you could never forget?"

"Forgive, as you would be forgiven," murmured the little peace-maker.

One moment passed, and then rising resolutely to his feet he cried: "I will, to-night! Ah! It is well for us both, child; for, to revenge me on your father—whom I now forgive—I was going to keep you, his child, when I found you were dead and that you were in my clutches."

They decided to go to her father together that night. "I'm glad that dreadful enemy is no one worse than papa," said Claire, when they had bidden Dorothy adieu and were in the street again.

Claire went straight to her mother, and in the darkened library the two brothers were united.

"And you have married, John?" Charles was saying.

"Yes, but she is dead. I have one child, a little girl, who has been lame from birth."

"Then we will live together," said the elder. "For she, too, is dead."

And as John Hardesty passed down the street toward his late wretched home (for he would let no one save himself go to fetch his daughter), he murmured: "A little child shall lead them."