

Saint Mary's Beacon

Winning His Wife.

"I don't deny any of your claims Rigby, but if has been one of our rules to give such a post as this only to married men. I believe there comes to a married man a certain sense of responsibility that makes him more valuable to us and more safe in the position.

"But, Mr. Johnson," protested young Rigby, "there isn't a man on your traveling force who has done better for you, considering the bad territory you gave me. If you'd give me a chance at New York State, I'd break the record."

"Perhaps, but you'll have to get married first! No don't argue," reiterated Mr. Johnson as Rigby tried to interrupt. "We'll hold the place open for two weeks. If at the end of that time you can show me a marriage certificate we'll talk business."

"You belong to a club here in town, have apartments waiting for you when you come in from your trips, go to the theatre some, play the races a bit, eh?"

Rigby nodded his head. "Cut it out and get a wife."

"But I don't know any girl who'd—"

"What!" almost shouted Mr. Johnson, "do you mean to say that in your bumping around the country you've never met a girl would seriously consider marrying?"

Rigby's mind traveled rapidly over his list of acquaintances. He raised his head and caught a pair of brown eyes watching him from the desk in the far corner of Mr. Johnson's office. The eyes belonged to Johnson's private stenographer.

"No, I don't know a girl that I'd care to marry, nor a girl who'd care to marry me."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Mr. Johnson.

"But I'll tell you this much, Mr. Johnson. I don't propose to let a little thing like not having a wife stand between me and that job. I'm going to get both inside of the two weeks."

Charley Rigby crossed the square, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his hat drawn over his eyes. He was thinking about girls.

Then all of a sudden he remembered the brown eyes that had watched him during Johnson's merciless catechism.

Merrifield, the bookkeeper, sauntered in for lunch, and Rigby welcomed him joyously. After a few desultory remarks, he inquired about the owner of the brown eyes.

"You remember Darnton, who was killed in the Somerville collision last summer? Well, she's his daughter, Belle Darnton. I think her mother's people have money, but she was too proud to ask help, and she lives with her father's maiden sister. I guess all they have is her little salary."

That night he walked home with Miss Brown-eyes. The next night he called, the third night he took her to the theatre—but all the while the brown eyes never met his.

And on Sunday night of the following week he asked her to marry him. There were four days of grace.

"You know, I won't bother you very much," he explained awkwardly, wishing that the eyes were not looking straight into his. "I'll—I'll be on the road most of the time, and your aunt could stay with you—really in a much better house—and really, I'd do my best to make you happy."

The brown eyes were shooting sparks now.

"I'm glad you didn't have the impudence to tell me you love me, anyhow. There is that much to your credit," she was saying scornfully. "But you couldn't make me happy. I hate you."

She said more, but Rigby, stumbling to his apartments through the snow, could not exactly recall it.

And all of a sudden he realized that above all things, he did not wish this girl to hate him. He wanted her to love him, wanted it more than anything else in the world—even the position.

Three days later Mr. Johnson opened a letter from Rigby, dated in small town in Pennsylvania.

"I have changed my mind. I don't want the New York job until I've earned my wife."

And all that long, bitter winter Rigby stayed on the road. He hunted the theatre and closed his ears to the racing news. But he sold goods and wrote regularly to the senior member of the firm.

"Rigby's got the trade of Pennsylvania by the boot straps and pulling on it to beat the band," observed Johnson to his partner one day—in the presence of the brown-eyed stenographer. "He is surely trying to make a record."

"It was summer before Rigby protested, but she was firm. "I want you to make one more trip," she said shyly. "I want to write to you every day—for myself. All our correspondence heretofore has been purely a matter of business."

He looked at her reproachfully. "Yes," she added, smiling tenderly, "I could read between the lines of each letter to Mr. Johnson, I'm doing this for you, dear, for you! But I want some letters of my very own. We'll make it just a year from the day Mr. Johnson told you to go wife-hunting."

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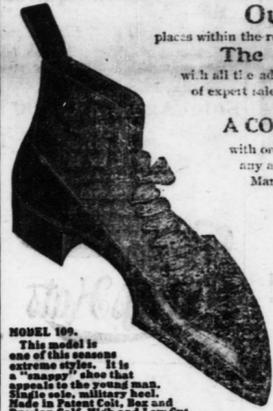
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Deep Sea Animals.

"Naturally, the fish of the deep portions of the ocean are carnivorous, no vegetable life being found below 200 fathoms," writes W. S. Harwood in Harper's Magazine. "In the Atlantic ocean the vast Sargasso sea, containing 3,000,000 square miles of surface—a great marine prairie as large as the whole of the United States exclusive of Alaska and dependent islands—affords vegetable food for uncountable animals, which in their due time die and are precipitated to the depths, their bodies in turn to be eaten by the animals which live far below all vegetation. So it is throughout the whole ocean; animal life is constantly falling from the surface waters for the support of the animal life of the abyss. A very large number of the deep sea animals are exceedingly tenuous or translucent in form—so to having no special organs of nutrition, but taking in their nourishment through the walls of their bodies, appropriating from the water the food which suits them. Some of them have a bony structure, a skeleton, which they form also from the water, silica and carbonate of lime being the chief skeleton forming materials."

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. Rydale'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.

Knew How It Was Himself.

They had just been married, and were on their way to Niagara Falls to spend the honeymoon. The bride was indifferent as to who saw her with her head resting on his shoulder. The bridegroom was also perfectly satisfied openly to squeeze her hand or encircle her waist when the inclination seized him. A little old man sat in front of them, and he looked around and smiled at the happy couple so often that the young husband finally said:

"We've only just been married, sir."

"So I thought," chuckled the old man.

"And we can't help being a little spoony, you know."

"No; of course not."

"It probably all seems very silly to an old fellow like you, though?"

"Does it? does it?" chuckled the old man. "Well, I can tell you it does not, then. I've been there three times already, and now I'm on my way West to get No. 4. Follow me up and you'll get a few pointers."

What The Child Wished For.

Hand in hand they wandered among the posies of a New England garden, a father and his little girl, and the Sabbath peace was over all. The father was a clergyman of the old school, and that morning he had preached to the quiet country folk of the wrath of God, and the tortures of hell, and the fearful punishment and retribution which a just and angry God sends upon the children of men. The little child had listened thoughtfully as he preached long and earnestly of the wrath of God and the torments of the damned.

The clergyman returned to his home and walked with his little girl among the flowers in his garden. He loved her very dearly, and he plucked the sweetest flowers and gave them to her and kissed her and led her footsteps with the gentleness and tenderness of fatherhood. Suddenly the little one looked up into his face. "Dear papa," she said wistfully, "I wish God was as good as you are!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Saved by Dynamite.

Sometimes, a flaming city is saved by dynamiting a space that the fire can't cross. Sometimes, a cough hangs on so long, you feel as if nothing but dynamite would cure it. Z. T. Gray, of Calhoun, Ga., writes: "My wife had very aggravated cough, which kept her awake nights. Two physicians could not help her; so she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which eased her cough, gave her sleep, and finally cured her." Strictly scientific cure for bronchitis and La Grippe. At Loker & deWaal's drug store, price 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

"An' how's yer husband the day?" asked Mrs. Rafferty of Mrs. Muldoon.

"Sure, an' he's no better," quickly replied Mrs. Muldoon. "The doctor's afraid morality will set in."

Mr. Kirksey's Recommendation.

Mr. Kirksey writes:—I give a positive guarantee with every box of Rydale's Stomach Tablets and Liver Tablets I sell, and have never been asked to refund the money in a single instance. I have used these tablets in my family with best results. W. L. Kirksey, Morgantown, N. C. Rydale's Tablets are prepared by The Radical Remedy Company, Hickory, N. C. who authorize every dealer in their preparations to guarantee every box or bottle of their medicine, they sell. Loker & deWaal.

"Soliloquy by an old toper: "They say whiskey is a curse. And they say brandy is a curse. And they say tobacco is another curse. Well, I wish all those curses would come home to roost, and low at that, so as I could pull 'em down whenever I wanted 'em."

It is said that the habit of wearing garters is killing hundreds of women. Take off your garters, girls—or, if the trouble and fatigue are too much for you, come and we will take them off for you.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Nicknames.

Perhaps I should entitle this short contribution "Nicknames," and yet that would not be appropriate. A nickname is one given to a person constantly and that serves, either in ridicule or otherwise, to indicate some defect or peculiarity in the person. The names to which I purpose referring seem to attach more to the nationality than to the person. In the United States when a person does not know a boy's name he calls him "Johnnie." Out West if a stranger turns up he is sure to be called "Jack," at least until his real name is known to the settlers. If you meet a Chinaman you are liable to call him "John"—no matter what his name may be. In France they call a person whose name is unknown "Jacques." In Mexico it is "Pedro." In Cuba the natives call all Americans and Englishmen "Charlie." And in the southern states they call every hotel waiter "George." If a man is a Scotchman he will at once be called "Sandy" or "Donald"; if an Irishman he will be called "Pat" or "Mike"; if a French-Canadian, "Johnny," and thus we may run through an indefinite list. But the name used apparently and by common consent, and not always in an offensive sense, seems to designate the country or race rather than the individual. Why it should be so has long been a puzzle to me, and, in going my rounds, I have tried to find a solution of the problem, but I have not yet succeeded. In the case of the Irishman I can understand that the name most in use among his people and in his country may naturally be employed to designate him; but certainly that rule cannot apply in the case of the Chinaman—for rarely is one of them named "John"; nor yet in the case of the little boy on the street, for the vast majority of them have names other than "Johnnie." I am curious to know how these names came to be applied. In fact I find that there can be no fixed rule in regard to the matter.

A Cold, a Cough—Consumption.

A brief told history, but true, Rydale's Cough Elixir will prevent this happening to you. It will check the progress of a cold at once, prevent the cough becoming deep seated, and thus ward off consumption. This modern scientific remedy kills the germs that cause throat and lung diseases, and by its stimulating and tonic effect upon the respiratory organs help nature speedily restore these organs to robust health. Loker & deWaal.

"Two folks," said Uncle Eben, "is bound to git into trouble—de man dat won't take no advice an' de man dat tries to take all he hears."

Cleared for Action.

When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills you can tell it by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At Loker & deWaal's drug store, 25c.

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SPRING SCHEDULE. In effect Thursday, March 9th, 1905

THREE TRIPS WEEKLY BETWEEN

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Leave Baltimore, Pier 9, Light Street, at 5 p. m. every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. For the following River Landings: Alexandria and Washington: Miller's, Bromo's, Porto Bello, Grasso's, Lewisetta, Briar, Bundick's, Walnut Point, Covarta, Conn. Lynch's Point, Bond Point, Kipsaw, Bundy's Point, Leder Landing, Adams, Finney Point, Leonardtown, Abella, Stone's, Howards, Leonardtown, etc. Arriving in Washington early Monday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

Leave Washington, D. C., foot of Seventh Street, at 4 p. m. every SUNDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY for the following River Landings and Baltimore: Alexandria, Glymont, Riverside, Bushwood, Lancaster's, Columbia, Howards, Stone's, Abella's, Leonardtown, Finney Point, Adams, Bond Lodge Landing, Manly's Point, Kipsaw, Bond Point, Lynch's Point, Conn. Bundick's, Covarta, Walnut Point, Briar, Lewisetta, Grasso's, Porto Bello, Bromo's, Miller's. Arriving in Baltimore early Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.

Leaves Porto Bello for Baltimore at 7 p. m. Freight received daily. All river freight must be prepaid. WILLARD THOMPSON, General Manager. T. MURDOCH, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt. STEPHENSON & BHO., Agents. W. C. REARDON, Agent, Alexandria, D. C. Jan. 5, 1905.—

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It has recently been discovered that the germs that produce Malaria, and multiply in the intestines and from there spread throughout the system by means of the blood. This fact explains why Malaria is hard to cure by the old method of treatment. Quinine, Iron, etc., stimulate the nerves and build up the blood, but do not destroy the germs that cause the disease. Rydale's Tonic has a specific effect upon the intestines and bowels, freeing them from all disease breeding microbes. It also kills the germs that infect the veins and arteries. It drives from the blood all poisonous matter and makes it rich and healthy. RYDALE'S TONIC is a blood builder, a nerve restorer, and a Malaria destroyer. Try it; it will not disappoint you.

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