

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 66. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1905. 4272

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Slippery Sam.

There was hanging about our region in the Far West one of those desperadoes to whom human life was of no value, and horses, especially stolen ones, the most desirable prize on earth. I never knew the man's real name, but he was always referred to as Slippery Sam, for the reason that no one had ever been able to catch him. He had for some time been the terror of the community.

When Slippery Sam became unbearable, it was the unanimous wish of the settlement that I should make an attempt to get hold of him either alive or dead. One day a boy rode in among us and said that Sam was hanging about a house in the next county, where he was courting a widow, and I was persuaded to go over and see what I could do, with a view of checking his lawless career.

A traveling parson had been among us, and left a number of Bibles and tracts. I was not overscrupulous as to the means I employed with desperadoes, so I put a white handkerchief around my neck, stuck a pair of revolvers under my breeches, slung to my waist by a cord, and made for the widow's house, reaching there about supper time. I told her I was a traveling parson; that I would like a square meal and was willing to pay for it. She agreed to give me the supper, and as we were eating a man came in and seated himself opposite to me. I had never seen Slippery Sam, but I knew in a moment that he and the stranger were one and the same person.

After supper, when the woman had cleaned the dishes, I asked them if they would listen to some things I would like to read to them. Slippery Sam seemed to be especially pleased about something, lighted a pipe and told me to "fire away." I read some of the tracts to them, when Sam stopped me and said:

"We've listened to you, parson. Now I want you to listen to me for awhile. Liz, bring out that demijohn."

The sight of a gallon of whiskey didn't trouble me much, for I could drink better than I could preach and was willing to back my powers against Sam any time. I admitted that I drank occasionally, and the widow filled our glasses. I knew I couldn't shirk my liquor and that it was merely a question as to whether Sam or I had the stronger head. If I could put him under the table, I'd get him; if not—well, there was no telling about what would become of me in that case.

Of course I demurred every time my glass was filled, but every time I drained it. After awhile it began to dawn upon me that Sam and I were about an even match at the business, and the battle would be drawn, so I changed my tactics and gave way to an appearance of being very drunk, sank down under the table and was put to bed in an adjoining room by Sam and the widow. Then, while snoring lustily, I heard the two conversing.

"Them people over there'll find out they can't catch me nappin'. I got the feller they sent snorin'."

"What'll we do with him?" asked the widow.

"I'm a-going to put a bullet into him," said Sam.

"No, you're not goin' to do any such thing. I have enough to stand harboring you without havin' murder done in my house."

This was the last I heard, for they shut the door and conversed in a very low tone in the other room. I lay shivering under the covers. Presently the door opened, and I, pretending to be asleep, knew by the altered light that Sam was holding a candle before my face. I didn't know whether he had come to murder me, but snored for dear life. He went out and shut the door, and it was to me like coming to life again.

I was lying with my face to the window, wondering what to do, when I saw a rope with a noose on the end descending from the ceiling. Then I heard the door open and a cat-like tread in the room. A figure seized the noose, glided to my bed and with a soft touch, that I know to be a woman's, placed it around my neck. This done, she stole out the room.

after which I remained perfectly quiet.

Though I had both hands on the noose I feared I would not be able to hang long enough to convince my would-be murderers that I was dead. I could hear nothing, but was convinced that Sam and the woman were at the other end of the rope and would make it fast. Presently I heard footsteps in the rooms above and surmised the job was complete.

When the first faint light of day shone in at the window I saw a piece of paper on a chair beside me. On it was written in lead pencil:

"Tired of life. Got the liquor habit on me and cannot get rid of it. It won't do for one of my calling."

Sam had carried out his murder scheme, and the widow was screened from the consequences.

Now I began to get mad. Taking a revolver in each hand, in my stocking feet, I went softly upstairs. Coming to an open door, I saw the woman asleep in bed. The door between her room and an adjoining one being ajar, I saw Sam asleep on a lounge with his clothes on and a revolver in his right hand. The widow awakened on seeing me gave a shriek. The man started up. I fired, and that was the last of Slippery Sam.

Lost in The Air.

Boys are frequently lost in the woods, and it is a singular fact that birds are sometimes lost in the air. This might seem strange to almost any one, but the average man is a superficial observer of little things.

In the far north, and particularly along the ocean coasts, birds are frequently storm driven and lose their bearings, so that many of them are lost at sea. They keep floating in the air, aimlessly striving to live until exhaustion compels them to drop into the angry waves, which engulf them.

There is a well authenticated case on record of an ocean liner bringing into New York on a winter's day a large white owl which had dropped to one of the forward spars in an exhausted condition more than 800 miles off the coast of Newfoundland. It was nearly dead from cold and hunger and almost too weak to eat anything. It had become much emaciated and trembled in its distress when it tried to swallow the first morsel of meat which was placed within its beak. The captain and sailors were all interested in it, and under their nourishing care it slowly recovered and became entirely well and healthy and strong. It willingly remained with the ship afterward.

It was evidently a land bird which had been blown off from the coast of Newfoundland by strong west winds, had become lost, merely drifted before the gales, kept out of the water, almost starved to death and made its last intelligent effort to reach the ship and there fell in exhaustion and collapse.

Old sailors narrate many other instances of finding birds that have been lost in the air.

How Consumption Begins.

Consumption always begins with a cough that lingers. A cough that hangs on and will not yield to the usual treatment,—may not mean consumption—but too often it does mean this death destroyer has gained a footing—Rydale's Cough Elixir is very successful in checking the progress of throat and lung diseases. Even consumption, yields to its powerful influence, if its use is begun before the disease is too deep seated. This modern scientific remedy, kills the germs that cause consumption. It removes the cause and helps nature rebuild the broken down tissue. If you have a stubborn cough, try Rydale's Cough Elixir, it will not disappoint you. Loker & deWaal.

She—"I heard of a woman who quarreled with her husband five years ago and hasn't spoken to him since."

He—"I know of worse cases than that. I know of women who quarreled with their husbands five years ago and have not stopped jawing them yet."

The "Easy" Microbe.

A learned Professor claims to have discovered that "Laziness" is caused by a germ. If the Eminent Doctor is right, Rydale's Liver Tablets can rightly be termed Microbe Killers, because they always remove that tired, lazy, sluggish feeling that has usually been attributed to a torpid liver or constipated bowels. Rydale's Liver Tablets are guaranteed to cure constipation and all liver disorders. They are small, compressed, chocolate coated tablets, easy to take, pleasant in effect. Reliable. Any dealer in our remedies will return your money if you are not satisfied with these tablets. 50 tablets 25cts. Loker & deWaal.

(Written for the Beacon.)

Pelham-Breathed Battery.

By H. F. MATTHEWS.

PART XV.

Winter of 1863 and Spring of 1864, including the Charlottesville Raid.

After the close of the Bristol campaign the army retired to Culpeper C. H. and encamped on the O. & A. R. R. The cavalry held the ford along the Rappahannock river as usual. The Federal army retired to Nov. 7th began to show signs of unrest. Our scouts reported that they were making preparations for a move. On the 7th of Nov. they forced a passage at Kelly's Ford and at the Broad bridge, inflicting serious loss on the infantry who were at the latter place. General Lee slowly retired before Meade's advance to the south bank of the Rapidan, and preparations were made to go into winter quarters. The horse artillery battalion went into winter quarters at or near the old and new Rediville roads. After remaining there a short while we moved to the hills near Orange C. H., encamping on the road leading to Fredericksburg. Subsequently we moved north-west of the town, near the road leading to Charlottesville. General Lee was disturbed by the Mine Run campaign. Gen. Meade advanced on the 28th of Nov. to the Confederate line on the west side of Mine Run, where he entrenched. For four days the two armies confronted each other, but on Dec. 1st, Meade withdrew and recrossed the Rapidan. On the 10th the horse artillery moved to a point on the Rivanna river, on a road leading from Charlottesville to Madison C. H., distant from Charlottesville about 3 miles. We immediately built very comfortable houses, topped off with tents and stick chimneys. This was the first time that we were so comfortably fixed. Our shacks would hold six men. We chinked the logs with mud and chips, excluding all air. We also cut down immense pine trees and made them into shingles for our old battery horses. How dear those old horses were to us. It seemed they knew every man in the battery, and many a night we went out on an expedition in quest of forage (when graveyards yawn) to visit some unsuspecting Albemarle farmer in order that we might obtain some fodder, by any means, for our dear old horses. And when in the morning our camp was visited by the aforesaid farmer, bent on finding the midnight marauders, we had been convulsed with laughter by the indignant manner in which Capt. Breathed would dismiss him, with the assurance that the men in his battery were all gentlemen, and did not do such naughty things. At the same time Bill, Breathed's horse, was quietly nibbling on some of that identical fodder.

We had a most delightful camp and made a number of acquaintances among the people of the neighborhood and Charlottesville. I was particularly fortunate in the possession of some very dear friends whom I had known for many years in Georgetown, D. C. I spent many a pleasant hour with them, and sat at their table every Sunday enjoying rye coffee and other well-cooked food that a soldier in camp seldom got. But our pleasure was brought to an abrupt end. Gen. Custer on Feb. 28th with 1500 cavalrymen left Madison C. H., marching in the direction of our camp. There was nothing in the wide world to stop him—no pickets, no cavalry being in our front. We were in fancied security, enjoying life. On March 1st Custer reached the crossing of the Rivanna river. As soon as we received information of the enemy's proximity Breathed was in the saddle. Most of our horses had been turned out for exercise, but fortunately all of the men were in camp, as it was shortly after dinner hour. While the drivers were putting the harness on their horses, the guns of Breathed and Chew were unlimbered and opened fire. A shell exploding at the head of Custer's command, killing and wounding several men and horses, caused the enemy to halt and throw out flankers in order to discover our strength. The battalion in the meantime under Moorman had taken position on a hill about 1/2 of a mile in the rear of our camp and on the direct road to Charlottesville. Guns were put in position and dismounted men and wagon drivers formed in line on this hill, presenting such a bold front that Custer believed we had a large force. He halted, hesitated, and retreated. Breathed and a lot of his men followed him on their hook, followed them until they disappeared into Madison C. H. For this and other brilliant things that Breathed did the ladies of Charlottesville presented him with a handsome silk flag. We lost in the whole battalion 2 men and 8 mules that were in the field and could not be caught. Breathed's and Chew's batteries lost all of their personal effects. I was a loser in a pan of light bread that I had made that morning and expected to have for supper that night. Stuart reached us about the time Custer was going into Madison county. It began to rain about dark, one of those cold, freezing March rains that would make a fellow feel as if he wished the Yankees were in the infernal regions and I in my father's library sitting by a red hot stove. As the rain fell it turned into sleet. I do not remember ever having experienced a more disagreeable day. Stuart passed us about dark and met the enemy's rear-guard at Stannardsville and had a slight engagement, Custer retiring to his camp

accomplishing nothing, having let Jim

Breathed, with a few of his cannoners, bluff him and keep back the best cavalry brigade in the Army of the Potomac. One of Custer's regiments, the 5th Michigan was commanded by Col. Russell Alger, late Secretary of War, and of embalm bed fana.

Kilpatrick in the meantime had crossed the Rapidan river at Ely's ford, capturing the entire picket. He sent Col. Ulrich Dahlgren on that unavailing expedition that had for its object the capturing of President Davis and the pillaging of Richmond. He was killed in that expedition, and on his body was found instructions to burn and destroy the rebel capital. The Federal authorities deny that any such instructions were given Dahlgren, but the fact of these papers being found on his person proves the case. Kilpatrick marched to Beaver Dam Station on the Va. Central, thence to Ashland, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac R. R. He reached the Richmond defenses at about 10 o'clock by the Brook turnpike. Hampton followed Kilpatrick from Hanover Junction with 300 men of Gordon's North Carolina cavalry. He reached Hughes' X roads after dark, and discovering the camp-fires of Kilpatrick near Atley's Station, he dismounted 100 men, brought his artillery up to close range, attacked the camp and drove Kilpatrick from it. 87 prisoners, 133 horses and a number of arms and equipments were captured. Kilpatrick retreated and made his escape towards Williamsburg. Thus ended the ignominious expedition that had intended to startle the whole world by sacking the rebel capital and capturing President Davis. After the Charlottesville raid, or attempted raid, the horse artillery moved to the north of Gordonsville, near the Va. C. railroad. We did not have a very pleasant camp, it raining a good deal of the time. After being there a short while, we again moved across the road, east side, and remained there until we were again called to arms by Grant's crossing the Rapidan river, May 5th.

(To be Continued.)

Freaks of Sea Quakes.

Sea quakes are mighty disturbances of the waters of the ocean, their cause or causes being identical with the causes of earthquakes. In Major C. E. Dutton's book, "Earthquakes," the author has some interesting facts regarding the ocean variety of quake. From the entries in the logs of many ships he concludes that in rare cases the power of the sea quake shocks may be great enough to render standing on deck as difficult as it is sometimes on land. It may even be great enough to cause the fear that the vessel is being shaken to pieces. Gigantic waves in the ocean are, of course, of frequent accompaniment of the sea quake. On the west coast of South America, where these waves are frequent, they sometimes follow a quake having its center below the sea level that is also felt on land. But more often they come without warning. The most memorable sea quake of this locality occurred August 3, 1868.

Major Dutton describes it as follows: "The coast of South America was shaken all the way from Guayaquil, in Ecuador, to Valdivia, in Chile, the highest intensity being manifested in the neighborhood of Arica. The force of the quake in this town was very great, throwing down most of the structures and causing land slips. A few minutes later—precisely how many minutes is not known—the sea was observed to retire slowly from the shore, so that that ships anchored in seven fathoms of water were left high and dry.

"A few minutes later it was seen returning in a great wall, or 'bore,' which caught up the ships in the roadstead and carried them inland as if they were chips of wood. Among them was the United States steamer Waterlee, one of the improvised war vessels of the blockading fleet in the Civil War, which was carried inland for nearly half a mile and left with very little injury on the shore by the recession of the wave.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The term "Dyspepsia" means a lack of pepsin in the stomach. Indigestion is rightly used when ever the food is not properly digested, regardless of the cause. It is immaterial, whether you call your ailment Dyspepsia or Indigestion when Rydale's Stomach Tablets are used. They are guaranteed to cure all forms of stomach trouble. Buy a trial box, (price 25cts) and be convinced. Loker & deWaal.

A Troy man said he liked to see dimples in the cheeks of woman, so he tried to put some in his wife's cheeks with a paving-stone, and just for that the citizens went to lynch him. Things have come to a fine pass if a man cannot make an improvement in his wife's looks if he wants to. Alas! we are gradually losing our liberties.

The Selfish Couple.

Selfishness is the bane of all life. It cannot enter into life—individual, family or social—without cursing it. Therefore, if any married pair find themselves inclined to confine themselves to each other's society, indisposed to go abroad and mingle with the life around them, disturbed and irritated by the gathering of friends in their own home, or in any way moved to regard their social duties as disagreeable, let them be alarmed at once.

It is a bad symptom—an essentially morbid symptom. They should institute means at once for removing this feeling, and they can only remove it by persistently going into society, persistently gathering it into their own home and persistently endeavoring to learn to love and feel an interest in all with whom they meet. The process of regeneration will not be a tedious one, for the rewards of social life are immediate.

The heart enlarges quickly with the practice of hospitality. The sympathies run and take root from point to point, each root throwing up leaves and bearing flowers and fruit like strawberry vines if they are only permitted to do so.

It is only sympathies and strawberries that are cultivated in hills that do otherwise. The human face is a thing that should be able to bring the heart into blossom with a moment's shining, and will be such with it if you will meet it properly.

The penalties of family isolation will not, unhappily, fall entirely upon yourselves. They will be visited with double force upon your children. Children reared in the home with few or no associations will grow up either boorish or sensitively timid.

It is a cruel wrong to children to rear them without bringing them into continued contact with polite social life. The ordeal through which children thus reared are obliged to pass in gaining the ease and assurance that will make them at home elsewhere than under the parental roof is one of the severest, while those who are constantly accustomed to a social life from their youth are educated in all its forms and graces without knowing it.

Great multitudes of men and women all over the country are now living secluded from social contact simply from their sensitive consciousness of ignorance of the forms of graceful intercourse. They feel that they cannot break through their reserve. There is, doubtless, much that is morbid in this feeling, and yet it is mainly natural. From all this mortification and this deprivation every soul might have been saved by education in a home where social life was properly lived. It is cruel to deny to children the opportunity not only to become accustomed from their first consciousness to the forms of society, but to enjoy its influence upon their developing life.

Society is food to children. Contact with other minds is the means by which they are educated, and the difference in families of children will show at once to the accustomed eye the different social character of their parents. But I have no space to follow this subject further, and leave it with you, with the earnest wish that you will consider it and profit by the suggestions I have given you.

A professor in an agricultural college had a hobby. He believed and preached on all occasions that the food for animals should be cooked, just like that of human beings. One day, while out driving in the country, he passed a farm, the owner of which was standing in a pen near the road feeding to a drove of swine generous quantities of corn in the ear. This caused the learned theorist to stop and forthwith hail the violator of his theory: "My friend, don't you know it is wrong to give those hogs feed that has not been cooked? Don't you know that if you would cook that grain before issuing it they would digest it in just one-half the time it takes them as it is now eaten?" "Well, stranger, suppose they would; I'd like to know what in the time is to a hog!"

A Creeping Death.

Blood poison creeping up towards the heart, causing death. J. E. Stearns, Belle Plaine, Minn., writes that a friend dreadfully injured his hand, which swelled up like blood poisoning. Bucklen's Arnica Salve drew out the poison, healed the wound, and saved his life. Best in the world for burns and sores. 25c at Loker & deWaal's drug store.

The Woman—"George, this is the anniversary of the day on which I promised to be yours. Have you forgotten it?"
The Brute—"No, my dear, I couldn't. But I have forgiven it."