Saint Mary's Beacon

The Womderful Fire Escape.

"I always knew that I was a born Inventor," said Dimple, as he stood back and surveyed the result of his labor with a complacent smile on his round face. "Talk about fire-escapes! Here's something that lays over anything that was ever invented in that line, and it's just as simple as a pair of suspenders. It's admirably suited to these tall buildings too. What do you think of it, my dear?"

Mrs. Dimple eyed the queer-looking arrangements of ropes, pulleys and wooden framework which her husband had fitted up in the recess of one of the deep bay-windows overlooking the street.

"It—it isn't very ornamental."

"Oh, that's what you think of it, is it?" and something in Dimple's voice made her wish that she had thought twice before speaking. "I suppose if you were called upon to give your opinion of an improved pile-driver your objection would be that it was not built in the style of the French Renaissance. No, Mrs. Dimple, it is not ornamental. It is neither a cuckoo clock nor a plush album. If you think it's the mission of a fire-escape to look beautiful and esthetic, you're using your alleged mind to mighty poor advantage. It is clear that if you had your way you would string these pulleys with yellow ribbons instead of ropes, and have a red-white-and-blue hammock, instead of this stout leather sack, to let yourself down in."

"But it looks kind of complicated," said Mrs. Dimple, "I don't quite see how you are going to make it work."

"Of course you don't!" snorted Dimple with reddening face. "You wouldn't be a woman if you were capable of grasping an idea after it had been explained to you a hundred times. Here I've been putting in four hours a day for two weeks on this thing, and explaining the component parts of the apparatus as I put them together, and now you don't understand how it can be made to work. Maybe you think it's a sort of mechananical mule that'll balk and push backward and kick the dashboard to flinders when you try to make it go. You may thank your stars, Harriet, that I am a paragon of patience and good-nature, and stand ready to explain to you for the five-hundredth time the workings of this simple contrivance.

"Now, see here," and Dimple, with the air of a dime-museum lecturer, stepped forward and placed his hand on one of the essential parts of the tackle, "all you've got to do, when there's a fire, is to get into this leather sack."

"Oh, my! It looks just like a big mail pouch."

"Never mind; it will carry females as well as males. All you've got to do is to get into this sack. Eh? Feet first, of course. You wouldn't expect to stand on your head, would you? And then swing yourself out of the window. At the same time you must take hold of this cord. The harder you pull on the cord the faster you will descend, and in any case you will be lowered to the sidewalk gently and safely.

"Why, the rope might break."

Dimple thrust his hands into his pockets and regarded his wife with an expression of despair.

"Mrs. Dimple, your wisdom astounds me," he said feelingly. "It is true that the rope might break, it might break into a thousand infinitesimal fragments. Also the law of gravitation might become reversed and drop you up to the clouds instead of down to the ground. But neither is likely, Mrs. Dimple. These ropes are strong enough to swing elephants over the moon. I haven't overlooked anything, madam, in arranging this piece of mechanism. The invention is perfect in all its details. I'm going to have it patented, and people who live in flats on the seventh floor, as we do will have no more fear from fire than they would on top of an iceberg."

"But don't you think we could get along with the regular fire-escaped?"

"Mrs. Dimple, if you consider yourself a trained acrobat, you are at liberty to make an exhibition of yourself that way; but I'm too fat for that sort of gymnastics. And you'd cut a nice figure too, clambering down that perpendicular ladder, and the street full of men, wouldn't you now? Besides, we'd fall and break our necks if we attempted it."

Dimple looked at his watch and added: "At twelve o'clock to-night, my dear, I shall give you a practical demonstration of how this thing operates. It is now eleven o'clock. In another hour there will be nobody on the street to speak to, and then I'll show you how easily I can descend to the sidewalk. Get my largest grip and fill it with silverware and valuables, just as we should if the house was afire."

In half an hour Mrs. Dimple had the valise packed, and it was placed in the pouch. As the clock struck twelve, Dimple got into the pouch himself, and said: "Now, my dear, give me a shove."

And with a doleful creaking of pulleys, the huge bag was swung through an open window, and began to descend in the outer darkness. Mrs. Dimple leaned out of the window and watched with straining eyes, trembling lest an accident should precipitate her husband to the pavement seven stories below.

Half-way down, the pouch containing the inventor and the valise suddenly stopped, and refused to go farther. He pulled on the cord in vain. Finally, he shouted to his wife: "Harriet, the rope has slipped off the pulley. See if you can't fix it."

He was hanging directly in front of a window, which was suddenly thrown open, and a voice yelled: "Help! Murder! Thieves! Police!"

Dimple's hair began to rise. He jerked the cord frantically. A dozen windows went up and as many heads appeared. "Burglars!" some one screamed. "Shoot 'em! Kill 'em!"

Bang! Bang! A bullet ripped through the leather bag within a quarter of an inch of Dimple's stomach. He gasped and shivered. Far above he heard his wifed shrieking wildly. With a despairing effort he threw his whole weight upon the cord, and—thank Heaven!—he was moving again. The bag began to go down—not smoothly now, but with awful drops and jerks and wobblings, tilting first to one side and then to the other, compelling Dimple to cling to the ropes for his life. But it kept on descending until it reached the flagging, and its terrified occupant felt a great sense of relief as it landed upon the ground.

But the feeling of security was short-lived. A hand that seemed to his excited fancy to be as big as a door-mat seized him by the collar and yanked him out of the pouch. He saw a glittering star and brass buttons, and heard a voice exclaim:

"Aha! I've got ye now, ye thief! Be aisy, or, it's rappin' ye over the head I'll be. Come on, Rafferty. I've got him, bad cess to the likes av him! Here's a gripfull of swag too."

Mad with horror at the thought of being arrested for a burglar, Dimple broken away from the officer and started to run; but before he had executed half a dozen bounds he landed plump into a coal-hole, which had been left uncovered through the criminal carelessness of the janitor, and disappeared like a flash from the face of the earth.

The next half-hour was employed in rescuing the hapless Dimple from the coal cellar. When he came to the surface he was a sight to behold, bruised, begrimed and woe-disheveled. He was conscious of being in the midst of a crowd of excited people, of seeing his wife and hearing her frantic explanations to the police. Then everybody faded away except Mrs. Dimple and the janitor, who assisted him tenderly to the elevator.

Though limp and breathless, he asserted himself sufficiently to say to the janitor: "See here; you may take the dad-gummed fire-escape and chop it up for kindling wood! There is no use trying to introduce any new ideas in a house where there is a fool woman."

Terrific Race With Death.

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep and of all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and today I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at Loker & deWaal's drug store; price 50c.

A Rabid View.

"Now, professor," said Miss Kay, "you know something of human nature; at what age does the average man of intelligence marry?" "Dotage!" promptly replied the crabbed old fellow.

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.

Notice to Taxpayers for Year 1904.

I HEREBY notify all persons who are in arrears to me for taxes for the year 1904 to settle same ON OR BEFORE JULY 20TH, or else I will be compelled to advertise their property according to law to satisfy said taxes, interest and costs.

JAMES J. GOUGH,
May 18, 1905—tdf County Treasurer.

LUMBER BUYERS-ATTENTION.

Every close buyer of lumber knows that an inquiry addressed to Frank Libby & 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

GEORGIA PINE FLOORING, $2 per hundred square feet.
CEILING, beaded, clear and dressed $1 50 per hundred sq ft
6-inch Weatherboarding, dressed, $1 33 per hundred sq ft
DOORS, 1¾ 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.

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The Inspection of Tobacco.
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Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture WE HAVE HAD MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

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Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.

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Estimates furnished. Let me bid on your work.
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Granulated Sugar. We give 16 ounces to the lb. Also Brown Sugar, the kind your great-grand mother made taffy with.
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Dec. 17, '03.—tf.

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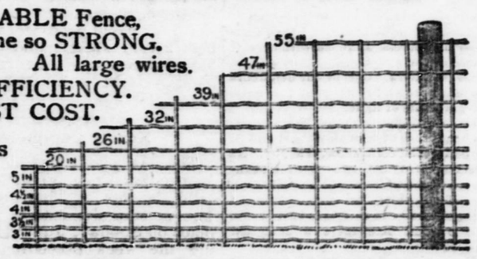

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AGENT FOR
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CHEAP AND GOOD.
Leave orders with me and I will attend promptly to them.
May 1—tf WM. T. BAILEY' Mroganza.

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Bargains.
WINTER STOCK MUST BE SOLD

I have a large stock of CLOTHING and I will sell it at COST. I have Men's Suits as low as $1 85 per suit. Men's Overcoats as low as $2 95, all wool. Children's Suits as low as 65c. Children's knee pants, 2 pairs for 25c. Men's pants, woolen goods, 95 cents per pair. Youths' pants, all wool, 85 cents.

I have a large stock of Men's coarse shoes as low as 95c. Boys' shoes as low as 65c per pair. Ladies' Kangaroo shoes $1 05 per pair. Baby shoes 19c per pair. Ladies' fine shoes, good, nice ones, $1; really worth $1 50.

Big line of Dry Goods All winter goods I will sell at cost. All wool serge pants goods for 37c per yard; is worth 60c. I am selling double bed blankets now as low as 50c per pair. The largest ones 65c; are worth $1 50. Horse blankets from 45c up. Men's Underwear as low as 45c for 2 shirts, and the heavier weight for 75c per pair The best Men's Socks 4 pairs for 25c.

All kinds of Groceries. Flour by the barrel. Winter Patent, $6 The best Rye Whisky, $1 90 per gallon. Men's Gum Boots, $2 65 per pair.

Stick candy, 2½ lb box, 18c. Rice, 4 lbs, 25c. 6 bottles of beer for 25c.

Come and get your money's worth at
M. L. MILLISON'S,
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No. 219 South Charles street,
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Md. Del. & Va. Ry. Co.
POTOMAC RIVER ROUTE

SPRING SCHEDULE.
In effect Thursday, March 9th, 1905
THREE TRIPS WEEKLY
BETWEEN
Baltimore and Washington

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, Brome's, Porto Bello, Grason's, Lewisetta, Briar, Bundicks, Walnut Point, Cowarts, Coan, Lynch's Point, Bond Point, Kinsale, Mundy's Point, Lodge Landing, Adams, Piney Point, Leonardtown, Abell's, Stone's, Howards, Cobrums, Lancaster's, Bushwood, Riverside, Glymont, Alexandria. 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, Cobrums, Howards, Stone's, Abell's, Leonardtown, Piney Point, Adams, Lodge Landing, Mundy's Point, Kinsale, Bond Point, Lynch's Point, Coan, Bundicks, Cowarts, Walnut Point, Briar, Lewisetta, Grasons, Porto Bello, Brome'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 THOMSON, General Manager.
T. MURDOCH, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.
STEPHENSON & BRO., Agents, Washington, D.C
W. C REARDON, Agent, Alexandria, Va.
Jan. 5, '05.—tf.

RYDALE'S TONIC
A REAL CURE FOR
MALARIA.

It has recently been discovered that the germs that produce Malaria, breed 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 infest 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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With two elegant Hearses and a full line Coffins and Caskets,

I am prepared to serve funerals at the shortest notice and on terms to suit the hard times.

In connection with this, I devote especial attention to my Blacksmith and Wheelwright department.

All orders quickly and neatly attended to EUGENE HALL,
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FLOUR, Meal and Feed on hand for sale all the time cheap for CASH.

Hereafter, in order to avoid having to keep mill books, all orders must be accompanied by the cash.
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HAVING erected a new Blacksmith Shop on my lot on Fenwick Street, Leonardtown, and having secured the services of an expert workman from Washington city, I am prepared to do all work in my line of business with care and promptness. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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