

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 66.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1905.

4277

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

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Appendix to Breathed's Battery.

In the BEACON of last week we concluded the history of the Pelham-Breathed Battery, written by H. H. Matthews. In this issue we print letters Mr. Matthews has received from Confederate and Union officers giving their opinions of the command.

Seven St. Mary's County men were members of the battery, viz: Daniel Shanks, who rose to the rank of captain; Elijah T. Russell, Sergeant-Major, who was killed in the Luray valley; Dorsey Costigan, killed at Rector's X Roads; Hebb Greenwell, killed near Union, Loudoun county, and John A. Russell, Demetrius Cooche and T. Frank Yates. All of these, with one exception, served with Bradley T. Johnson and George H. Stewart in the Valley campaign under Stonewall Jackson, and, with many other Marylanders, joined the Battery immediately after the battle of Bull Run and the Seven Days Fight around Richmond.

To show the manner of man Breathed was I will relate an incident at the battle of Chancellorsville: When Major Breathed reported to Gen. Rhodes (ours was the only battery in action that evening) the General said: "Captain, will those boys stand?" "Stand!" growled Breathed, "—sir, when those boys leave their guns you will not have a man in your division, and I am going to take them in with your skirmish line and show you a— a Tarheel how to fight."

Breathed has been complimented in the histories, praised by many officers—even by Gen. R. E. Lee—and nothing more can be said that would add to his reputation as a brave and much-loved officer. Appended are the opinions of Confederate and Federal officers of our old battery:

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., Jan. 30, 1902. H. H. MATTHEWS, Quartermaster Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md.—My dear sir:—Replying to your communication of the 27th of December, which for some reason has only recently reached me, I write to say that it is no trouble to give in a few words my opinion of "Jim Breathed," as we were accustomed to call him. He was a superb artillery officer, intelligent, active, vigorous, fearless on all occasions. His place in the war pictures was always near the flash of the guns; he handled his battery splendidly in every fight with a courage that could not be surpassed.

I am, very truly yours, FITZGERALD LEE. WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 9, 1903.

MY DEAR MATTHEWS:—Your letter addressed to me at Lynchburg followed me here, which will account for my delay in replying. The history of my brigade could not be told without bringing in Breathed's battery. He was the closest fighter I have ever known and the most constant. On one occasion (near Spottsylvania C. H.) I saw him under fire from a brigade bringing off pieces with two horses only, the others being killed and entangled. On this occasion he had no support excepting a small squadron of the 6th Virginia cavalry. Then again at Trevilian Station. He ran his battery close upon Sheridan's right flank and added much to his defeat. It was on this occasion, in my hearing, when a shot would strike near or in the battery, he would give the order, "They have our range; move up closer." I will only mention one more instance—Wilson's raid to Ream's Station. You may recollect we moved much faster than the artillery, but much to my surprise I found Breathed leading one of my regiments. On this occasion I saw him use the saber, and continued to use it until shot down. There is nothing I can say that would add to Breathed's fame, but I cannot resist in telling some things I saw. I write hurriedly, as yours was so long in reaching me. Did you get a letter from Payne? Let me know if I can serve you. Wishing you all happiness, Your comrade, L. L. LOMAX.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22, 1902. H. H. MATTHEWS, Pikesville, Md.—Dear Sir:—I owe you more apology than I can make. None would be an adequate explanation for my failing to answer your kind letter of Feb. 17th earlier. It got mixed with some other papers and when found was almost effaced. You have been correctly informed in supposing that I knew Major Breathed well. I was more than acquainted with him. We were intimate friends and I can say to you now what I have often said to others—that he was the finest artillery officer that I met during the war. If any distinction can be drawn as to the valor of Confederate soldiers I would give the palm to Jim Breathed. He was a born soldier and an intense passionate patriot. I think he really enjoyed and exulted in battle. He had more of the "Gandia Catamini"—the rapture of battle ascribed to Attila—than any man I knew. The sound of his guns and the shout of conflict excited him to madness. He fought artillery as if it was a side-arm. He considered any distance except muzzle to muzzle as being too far off. His military commands when his guns were barking were not according to the tactics, but they were expressive in the extreme. His conduct and his language at the battle of Winchester on Sept. 19, 1864, are vividly impressed upon me. The movements of an attacking column of Yankees exposed a large mass of them to his

fire. His shots actually seemed to cut a swath through them and at one time seemed to sever the line, parting it like a broken cable. The only orders I remember to have heard him give on that day—and they are not to be found in the tactics or taught in the Sunday Schools—was "bust hell into them,—" When he saw the effect of his shots he would give a shout of exultation like that of Achilles from the ramparts. When his horses, or the condition of the roads, or the character of the expedition prevented his going with his guns, he and a number of his men, notably Captain Tuck Carter and Jim Thompson, volunteered to accompany some cavalry brigade, and I am proud of the fact that it was to mine that he was frequently attached. I recollect seeing him at Bridgewater (a little village near Dayton and not far from Harrisonburg) when I was particularly struck and captivated by his valor. We had driven the Yankees across the river and had pursued them for some distance on the other side. There was but one ford and our men in pressing had crossed that, but returning they took the straight road. (If you were there you remember the scene). They had run into a "hornet's nest" on the other side of the river and had to get back the best way they could. In returning, some of them had either forgotten there was no bridge there or never knew it. They took the straight road, and in their eagerness to recross they plunged immediately into the waters below. Fortunately the water was neither deep enough to drown nor shallow enough to injure their horses. Amongst them was Jim Breathed. When he rode up to report to me he was very bloody. Lifting his hand with his sword in it he told me with great exultation and triumph that it was Yankee blood, and that he had "thrusted" three of them through and through. You will recall that in the rupture of battle his grammar and his English was not always according to the rules of the pedagogue. I was afterwards informed that he had, in fact, killed three Yankees. Breathed died fortunately in some respects. He could not have comprehended the present state of affairs. He fought the Yankees because he hated them. When he entered a battle it was to kill. He never shed any tears nor bled in mealy-mouthed philanthropy, but yet an unarméd and helpless foe he was chivalry itself. He fought for the independence of his country and cared no more for constitutional liberty than he did for the multiplication table or the rule of three. He would have thought it an insult to his dead comrades to dream even in a nightmare that we were righteously beaten and that they had died for a foolish cause. Breathed's reputation is, of course, confined to his own division, viz., Stuart-Fitz Lee's. The rank he achieved and the deeds he performed are well known. You will recall that the cavalry at that time made no reports; they had neither the opportunity, the time, nor the material. Consequently the career of that unrivalled division is unwritten and its heroes have died unknown. I wish I had time to say more about our noble comrade. I could talk for hours about him and his battery. If I should ever have the good fortune of meeting you I will tell you other incidents in his gallant career which will interest you and raise him still higher in your estimation. I hope this letter will reach you in time to be of some service. It is dictated hurriedly, probably imperfectly. My address is 1539 I street, N. W., Washington, D. C., where I will always be glad to see you whenever you are in the city. Very truly your friend and comrade, WILLIAM H. PAYNE.

OAKLAND PLANTATION, UNIONTOWNS, ALABAMA, Feb. 12, 1902. COMRADE H. H. MATTHEWS, Pikesville, Md.—Your letter of the 5th was forwarded to me out here where I generally spend my winters on the plantation. You ask me in your letter to give you "my opinion of Major Jim Breathed and his fighting battery." There never was in the Army of Northern Virginia a better battery, or in any other army one that did better service. All military organizations—for better or worse—are under the influence of its immediate commander. Breathed was not only a brave, skillful and dashing flying artillery officer, but had in an eminent degree the qualifications to make him a cavalry leader of great dash. He was a soldier from instinct—a volunteer full of love for the cause he espoused with his whole heart. He believed in firing low with levelled guns, double shot with canister and grape. He loved to push his guns right up. I believed that the cavalry was supported enough for him as he was their support. He believed that his men had as much as should be expected of them—to fight their guns and not to be "pestered" with any other side arms than a pistol—and his idea was to always use his guns for all they were worth in a pursuit and to keep them near enough to the rear guard to take advantage of every position when he could surprise and play upon the enemy's advance. "Guns were there to fight and not for show" was his maxim, and there was a feeling always of "esprit de corps" between the cavalry and the horse artillery—as the French have it—"we'll all go down together." I feel akin to all the old soldiers of the horse artillery. It was by all odds the most distinguished arm in our service and their splendid work gave zest and

to which they belonged. With my best wishes and my love to any and all of my comrades.

Yours sincerely, THOMAS T. MURFORD.

FORT SLOCUM, N. Y., March 2, 1903. MR. H. H. MATTHEWS, Pikesville, Baltimore county, Md., late Breathed's battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery—My dear Sir:—Your esteemed letter has been received, asking me to render an opinion of Pelham's (after the death of that gallant officer) Breathed's battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia. I served as a Lieutenant in the horse artillery attached to the Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, during the historic period of 1861 to 1865, most of the time 1st Lieutenant Horse Battery M, 2nd Artillery. I was opposed to Pelham's (Breathed's) Horse Battery on many a well contested field, and if my memory serves me right, I always knew when Breathed's Horse Battery was in my immediate front. This battery and Hart's battery, of South Carolina, also of Stuart's Horse Artillery, I always dreaded meeting in action. Breathed's battery was undoubtedly well disciplined, well instructed and always ready for a fight—a foe to be respected. That its personnel was composed of brave officers and brave soldiers, devoted to the cause in which they were engaged, goes without saying. Their conduct in action proved this. I am truly glad that time has changed, so that we can now address each other as friends and brother soldiers instead of by shot and shell. I have the warmest regard and the highest admiration for a brave soldier, whether he wore the blue or the gray. Trusting that I may have the pleasure of meeting you, I am,

Yours truly, CARLE A. WOODRUFF, Colonel Artillery Corps, U. S. A.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Feb. 10, '02. H. H. MATTHEWS, Esq., Pikesville, Md.—My dear Sir: Your kind and very flattering letter reached me this morning and I can assure you that the mention of Pelham and Breathed quite takes me back to those exciting days when the two armies—that of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia—struggled back and forth over the soil of Virginia. I knew John Pelham well. We were at West Point together, and I always had a great admiration for him as a gentleman and a soldier. I can assure you that when I heard of his death at Kelley's Ford I felt as deep and heart felt a regret as any on your side experienced. I never knew Breathed, as we never got close enough for an introduction, but I knew the battery he commanded and can testify to its bulldog tenacity and conspicuous gallantry. It was always, it seemed to me, the most prominent horse battery on your side, and our men knew it well. Its fine discipline and good marksmanship were, I have no doubt, due to and were a credit to its gallant commander. The old men of Horse Battery "M" have long since scattered and many of them are dead. I only know of two that I can put my hands on. The officers of the battery are all dead except Col. C. A. Woodruff, now in command of Fort Slocum, David's Island, N. Y. It is a matter of thankfulness to see that the scars of war have been healed and that we are once more united in a common bond of patriotism—one country and one flag. I am sorry that you have so few survivors of the little band who made us so uneasy in those days, but I hope that time is dealing gently with you all. Yours truly, A. C. M. PENNINGTON, Brig.-Gen., retired.

Late Capt. Baty, M. 2nd U. S. Horse Artillery, U. S. A.

Buy Your Own Paper.

A man who was too economical to subscribe for his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees and in 10 minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and falling to notice a barbed-wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$5 pair of trousers. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In her hurry she dropped a \$25 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled cream into the parlor, ruining a \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up 11 setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.—Kansas City Journal.

Spilled Her Beauty.

Harriet Howard, of 209 W. 34th St. New York, at one time had her beauty spoiled with skin trouble. She writes: "I had Salt Rheum or Eczema for years, but nothing would cure it, until I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve." A quick and sure healer for cuts, burns and sores.

How To Be Happy In Summer.

BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

The voice of the summer resort is heard in the land. It murmurs seductively from the advertising pages of the magazines, and swells to fuller tones in the alluring booklets and prospectuses that come to us unbidden through the mails. It is a siren voice against which it is hard to close our ears. Behind the most business like statements lurk sounds of winds and bird-music, hints of coolness, and comfort and content. It appeals not only to memories and old associations; but to the love of exploration and discovery in the heart of even the most commonplace of us.

But there are times when the voice charms in vain—times when another voice compels our attention, a voice not dulcet with the honey of allurements; but quietly insistent and painfully convincing.

At such a time, who can gainsay the voice of Domestic Economy.

After all, the true source of our pleasure is the holiday spirit that we take to a summer resort, quite as much as anything that we find there. And that spirit we can cultivate and keep by us even through a long hot summer at home. The essential thing, of course, is to be in the open air and the sunlight as much as possible. As a race, we are learning again the benefit held in trust for us by the out-of-door.

We are learning also, that when we are not free to seek it in the mountains, or on the river, or at the seaside, it is still possible to achieve something of that benefit, even in the heart of the city.

One woman, for instance, detected wonderful possibilities in a few yards of uninviting tin roof outside her windows. She paid a carpenter to cover the roof with a few wooden platforms, built in sections, so as to be easily removable. With a number of large shoe boxes, which she purchased for twenty-five cents each, she supplied the security and coziness given by a railing. The boxes are filled with earth and planted with sunflowers and morning-glories. Boxes and flooring were painted a dark green. Five or six light and comfortable chairs were added. The sunflowers, planted closely, grew over six feet high, and with their screen of morning-glories gave both shade and privacy. As an inner border to the boxes, she planted pansies, heliotrope, mignonette, geraniums and begonias. Another woman found sleep for herself and her family, during the sizzling, breathless nights, in hammocks swung in the cool down-stairs rooms. To the little ones the experience savored of the delights of yodelling or camping-out.

Then there are the picnics, forever dear to the hearts of the children. There is always an obliging trolley to carry us out of the city to some cool suburban park or shady riverside nook, where sun and shadow dapple the tablecloth, and the contents of the luncheon basket become meat for the gods.

Then the American girl, if tied to her home for the summer, always knows of an accessible tennis court, without going far afield.

The woman, who thus, with the help of the roof-garden and hammocks, picnics and tennis, lives by the gospel of open air and sunlight, is confronted, no less than her sister at the seaside, with the problem of the summer complexion. Although a good healthy tan is no longer regarded as a bugbear, but rather as a thing to be desired, no woman regards with equanimity the burning discomfort that wind and sun so readily induce on a sensitive skin. This, however, she can easily prevent. If the water she uses is hard, she will keep a solution of borax on her toilet table, and will bathe her face every night with a teaspoonful of this borax solution added to a bowl of water. She will then massage her face with cold cream which is never so soothing as when prepared in the following manner:

Take one ounce of spermaceti; one ounce of white wax; five ounces of oil of sweet almond; one and a half ounce of rosewater; twenty grains of pure powdered borax. Dissolve the borax in the rosewater, and set the bottle in a pan of moderately warm water. Melt the wax and spermaceti, add the almond oil and beat slightly. Remove from the fire and pour into the rosewater quickly, beating to a foam with an egg-beater. When partly solid, add two drops of oil of rose. Cease beating before the mass is firm and pour into little

"She Makes Home Happy"

"She always made home happy," was the expressive sentence which a friend recently appended to an obituary notice.

It is woman's highest and most peculiar prerogative, whether mother, daughter, sister, or wife, to make home happy. The husband who is blessed with such a wife, has a prize and a home above all price. The children of such a mother will rise up and call her blessed.

The benedictions of the poor and needy are largely bestowed upon her for her beneficent acts. Such a woman, whether maiden, or wife and mother, never thinks of the question of "Womans Rights," popularly so called, but with shame and humiliation. Such women are fully persuaded that, if they could make the world happier, they must first make home happy. And this would be impossible if they were required to mingle at the polls, in legislative bodies, to serve as jury-women, as constables, highway-surveyors, etc., offices whose duties require much absence from home. The highest praise that can possibly be bestowed on women, is that "she always makes home happy." Who that visits these occasional cases along life's chequered course does not deeply regret that the number of such homes is not greatly augmented in view of such blessed fruits of domestic joy and peace and happiness on earth, making the family on earth of sweet foretaste of the future condition of the pure in heart.

The mother who has educated and trained her daughters for such a mission, has secured a greater name, and has done the world a better service, than all the blue stocking pedants and "Womans Right" advocates that have ever lived. Blessed is the woman that has the act and heart to make home happy, and thrice blest is he who has such a wife, for she will do him good all the days of her life. FAY.

Food For Working Farmers.

A farmer (in the South) says in an exchange: "When spring plowing begins we fall back on cow peas and cornbread for dinner." If it is assumed that this man is a vegetarian and uses this diet because of his belief, it is certainly a mighty poor diet for one to do a hard day's work on. One who has tested the matter of food for the man who works with his muscles, as well as he who works with his brain mainly, has shown that it is practically impossible for the majority of people to get along well without meat. The pros and cons of meat eating are not part of the argument. We are not dedicated to the point where we can live wholly on fruits and vegetables; individuals may, but the race as a whole cannot. As a matter of fact, farmers are the poorest-fed people on earth, when they should be better fed than those in other occupations. Time was when we lived almost wholly on cornbread, bean soup and salt pork. Then we learned the value of other meats, of fowls and of eggs, of fruits, of milk and of vegetables. The system requires a certain amount of raw fruit and vegetables for the acids they contain, but these must be used in moderation and the main sustenance comes from meat of some kind, beef ranking first. If farmers would dispose of some of the products of the farm for their beef supply, then eat liberally of fowls, eggs and milk and moderately of vegetables in the raw state they would find themselves better men physically and mentally and find also that they were not paying much more for their living than when existing on cornbread and cow-pea soup.

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.

"Why does he wish to marry her?"

He says people should marry their opposites. "Why, they are both dark."