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### The Louisville Reunion.

(Written for the Beacon.)  
Having been appointed a delegate from the Bradley Johnson Camp, St. Mary's county, to the reunion of the Confederate Veterans held at Louisville, Ky., on June 14th, 15th and 16th, accompanied by a friend, Mr. Joe Hayden, we left Baltimore at 2.30 P. M.

On the train we met but one Maryland Confederate veteran, Winfield Scott Peters, of Baltimore, who entertained us for several hours. The train (No. 1) reached Harper's Ferry before night, and you can get a bird's-eye view of the historic place. The cars stopped but a minute, but I read on a monument in front of a brick house "John Brown's Fort." There were five or six slabs alongside of the monument, but I could not read the inscriptions on account of the distance. I supposed, however, they record the names of those killed when Brown was captured.

We pass from here by Martinsburg, thence by Maryland's second biggest city, Cumberland. From here we strike out through West Virginia, up and down the narrow valleys, over the rivers, under the mountains and the next morning early we reach Parkersburg on the Ohio, where the time pieces are set back an hour. Over the bridge we go across the river into Ohio, and in a few hours arrive at Cincinnati, having passed a long stretch of splendid farming country.

At this city we change cars for Louisville, and after about three or four hours run reach that place, crossing the Ohio again from New Albany. It is nearly a twenty-four hour ride, but we made it without a mishap, although we came near to one, having come up with a freight train stalled upon the track. Our engine had to be detached to help it on, thereby losing a half hour, arriving in Louisville on Monday at 2 P. M. Tired and nearly black from dust, soot, etc., we sought our quarters, which had been selected before our arrival, and with which we were well pleased. The city was splendidly decorated and looked lively and gay.

"The Headquarters of the Confederate Veterans," a bureau of information, attracted generally about the largest crowds, though the hotels were crowded from morning until night. To the credit of the hotels and boarding-houses they did not advance the price of eating, drinking or lodging. Many a private house came to the rescue and sheltered and fed hundreds of the old fellows. The headquarters of Maryland was in the same building with Virginia and West Virginia.

The first day was spent at the Horse Show building, in organizing and speech making. Gov. Becham, the Mayor of Louisville, Col. Young, Gens. Stephen D. Lee and Joe Wheeler and old Gen. Buckner, now 83 years old, being the principal speakers. The building was supposed to hold ten thousand persons. I was a good way from the speaker's stand and could see and hear but imperfectly, but the speakers all seemed to call forth loud and hearty cheering.

It seemed strange, though a Confederate soldier, I had never seen either of these old Generals. Why? They were in the Southern and Western armies and I was with Lee. Their fame, however, we knew of early in the war. If we had not already known, in vain would we have looked for Lee's great and trusted lieutenants that we saw every day—Longstreet, Jackson, Hill and Ewell—and those fighting and war-worn Major-Generals—Heath, Pickett, Mahone, Gordon, Johnson, Rhodes, Early, Fields et al. All are gone.

The second day was taken up with reports of committees, interspersed with speeches. The best speech of this occasion was delivered extempore, by a young South Carolina lady. It was considered a masterpiece and the house went wild.

The third day was for the big parade. I was early at headquarters to see how many had registered from Maryland. We had been expecting a contingent, either large or small, from Baltimore, but from some cause they did not come. There were but nine men registered at our headquarters, two now living in the State and seven who had entered the army from the State, but now living in different States. One of these gentlemen was a Mr. Dooley from Georgia, and when word was given to fall in he hoisted high a banner, James R. Herbert Camp, Maryland.

He said he had carried it at every reunion and was going to carry it today. I told him I would be with him and would stay with him as long as I could hold out. About this time another gentleman passed by, and seeing our banner he said that as the best friend I ever had (referring to Col. Herbert) and I also will follow his banner today. Our new friend was named Peck, and he called himself "Peck's bad boy." We elected him commander of our squad, which he accepted, until we both had to fall out, which was after marching four or five miles, and it was a very hot day.

The parade was a large and fine display. Many old vets were dressed in grey; many were on horseback, as were all of the sons of veterans. Many carriages were in line, some carrying the lame and those who could not march and others carrying different State's sponsors, etc.

Some of the novelties of the parade were eight or ten Indians and about that many colored men who had been in the war as cooks for their masters. They were well decorated with badges, etc., and enjoyed everything as much as anybody. There were forty or fifty bands, probably some colored, and the largest crowd I ever saw looking on. Dixie will stir up quicker the marching and dancing qualities than any other old song and the old Kentucky Home appeared to come next.

The ending of the parade wound up the proceedings and a short time thereafter were seen hundreds wending their way to the different depots for home. Everything had passed off well and all were pleased. Nothing pleases an old veteran better than to talk over war times and fight over the battles again. Each one will stand up manfully for his commanding general and think he was the best of all.

I think a majority of the best thinkers concede N. B. Forrest to have been the greatest natural genius of the war—a man almost without any education and wholly without any military training surprised all. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, easily carries off the palm for good looks. It is universally declared by all who ever saw him that he was the best looking man the world ever saw. They say there is a stretch of country within a circuit of a hundred miles around Lexington where most of the great men of the country were born, and that the finest looking men, women and horses and mules are to be found there.

An ex-Union officer now Postmaster of the Senate from the State of Ohio entertained us for half an hour with his estimate of different Confederate generals, which seemed very fair and truthful. He also spoke of a speech that Champ Clark, of Missouri, made in Lexington not many years back, in which he said Davis, Lincoln, Breckinridge, Crittenden, Corwin, the Marshalls, Clay (though not born there, lived there from quite a young man), and many others that escaped me lived in this circuit. He said Clark also added in the end that he himself was born there.

I spent six days in Louisville enjoying the company of two devoted daughters, and also two days at Nazareth, my daughters accompanying me, where we met Sister Mary Catharine, long Superior of St. Mary's Academy.

Nazareth is a most beautiful place and is the mother house of the order. A large building is now being erected in place of part of one torn down. With thanks and gratitude for kindness received from the Sisters and people of Louisville, with Mr. Hayden and daughter, Miss Rose, we left Louisville at 8.10 A. M. Monday and arrived in Baltimore at 8 A. M. Tuesday without incident.

### Fraud Exposed.

A few counterfeiters have lately been making and trying to sell imitations of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and other medicines, thereby defrauding the public. This is to warn you to beware of such people, who seek to profit, through stealing the reputation of remedies which have been successfully curing disease for over 35 years. A sure protection, to you, is our name on the wrapper. Look for it, on all Dr. King's or Bucklen's remedies as all others are mere imitations. H. E. BUCKLEN & Co., Chicago, Ill., and Windsor, Canada. Guarantee by Loker & deWaal.

### Not The Same.

"My son," said the good old man, "if you only work hard enough when you undertake a thing you're bound to beat the top when you're through." "But suppose I undertook to dig a well."

### Colonel Frank Wolford and His First Kentucky Cavalry.

In the essays by Eugene Newman on public men and events a good story is told of Frank Wolford, who commanded the First Kentucky Cavalry of the Union army and who later was a representative in congress from that state.

It was said that the colonel of the First Kentucky had some novel commands that he "fired" at the boys, such as "Huddle up, thar!" "Scatter out, thar!" and "Form a line of fight!" It is related that when some West Point officers were sent out to investigate and report on the efficiency of certain volunteer regiments Wolford's cavalry fell under their scrutiny, and they criticized it very severely. Wolford heard them patiently and then said:

"See them two regiments over thar? One is a Michigander and the other an Ohier squad. You have just passed them as all right. Now, I know nothing about your drills, your evolutions and your maneuvers. My boys know how to ride, how to shoot, how to fight and how to stand fire, and you take them two regiments over thar! I showed you. Station them whar you please—on any ground, in town or country, in field or in forest—and I will take my regiment, and what we don't kill or cripple of them me and my boys will chase out of the State of Tennessee before the sun is in the heavens tomorrow morning."

### Sentence Sermons.

Covetousness kills charity.  
A good repentance needs no enforce.

The right is never found by the assertion of your own rights alone.  
You cannot leave the lusts you love.

It is always easier to do a big thing than a little one.  
Every right thing loved enlarges the life.

You cannot measure the holiness of others by your own habits.  
Many a homely seed holds a heavenly blossom.

It takes more than a white tie to cover a black heart.  
Education is simply the art of creating an environment.

The perfume of life comes from the flowers of affliction.  
Every time conceit is punctured character is strengthened.

Caution is the opening of the eyes, suspicion the closing of the heart.  
It makes many a man blush to look on a honest horse in the face.

Some people think to redeem a bad day by dreams of heaven at night.  
You would better damn a man than despair of him.

No creed that is shorter than a life is long enough.  
There's little to choose between Aaron's calf and the one you worship in the mirror, and that little's in favor of the ancient one.

When a man affects to despise the forms of goodness it is usually because he has no facts with which to fill the forms.

Man is not a tenement house in which the floor of the heart may be clean while that of the intellect is corrupt.

### Strange Disappearance.

The German on his native heath has some peculiar notions about wit and humor, some of them being droll and others dreary. A tourist with his bride asked a driver if there was anything remarkable about the mountain they were ascending, and he answered:

"No nothing particular about the hill itself, but there is a queer story connected with it."

"Please give us the legend."

"Well, once upon a time a young lady and gentleman went up this mountain together, and hundreds of people saw them go higher and higher, until they disappeared and they never came back."

"What became of them?"

"They went down on the other side."

### Grave Trouble Foreseen.

It needs but little foresight, to tell, that when your stomach and liver are badly affected, grave trouble is ahead, unless you take the proper medicine for your disease, as Mrs. John A. Young, of Clay, N. Y., did. She says: "I had neuralgia of the liver and stomach, my heart was weakened, and I could not eat. I was very bad for a long time, but in Electric Bitters, I found just what I needed, for they quickly relieved and cured me." Best medicine for weak women. Sold under guarantee by Loker & deWaal drug-gist, at 50c a bottle.

### The Lucky Stone.

Miss Annie Johnson, whose station in life was in front of a wash tub, had been "off post" all day. She had deserted the tub and had gone out to get some money. Annie had fasted eight hours and had raised 60 cents.

It was an afternoon at the end of summer. The city had been left in the oven a little too long that year; it was overdone; it had begun to smell burned. The coolest looking place that Annie had seen during the day was a high stoop house on the shady side of the street. She herself was upon the sunny side because she had been too much occupied with pecuniary problems to consider the advisability of crossing. She started at the high stoop house, and she said, "I wonder could Miss Colbert be back from the country yet?" speaking aloud, for she had reached that degree of nervous tension where the safety valve of unintended utterance gives it warning of danger.

Miss Colbert was an actress who had played in the city nearly all of the previous winter, and Annie had been her laundress.

"She would give me a little something in advance," said Annie, "but of course she isn't here."

However, being at her wits' end for a very small sum of money, Annie crossed the street and rang the bell at the basement door of the high stoop house. Nobody answered, and, as the door was ajar, Annie entered the lower hall. Failing to find a servant, she ascended the stairs to the first floor, and as she thus came directly at the door of the large room at the rear of the house, Miss Colbert's room, it seemed simplest to knock.

It was always hard to hear knock or a call to "Come in!" at this door, for it opened from a small vestibule and there was a portiere at the other end of it. Upon this occasion it is probable that Annie experienced a genuine hallucination. She was so anxious to hear Miss Colbert's voice that she heard, though the actress was not there, and Annie entered an empty room.

Upon a table standing near the windows there was a glass plate, and it was heaped high with jewels. The light of the fervid day surged in and beat upon them, and they dashed it back in a thousand sparkling sprays.

"Gee!" said Annie softly. "Wouldn't that jar you?"

She glanced fearfully toward the window.

"It's a wonder she wouldn't set 'em out in the back yard!" she continued. "I never saw the like of her. Anybody could climb in here."

On the edge of the plate there was a loose stone about the size of an average pea. In comparison with the others it looked very small, and Annie was of the opinion that it could be removed without Miss Colbert's missing it. This, then, represented the extreme of prudence and forbearance. Annie rolled the stone around in the palm of her hand. It may have been perspiration which dulled the glitter of the stone or the phenomenon may have had an explanation within the domain of morals, but the simple fact is that the gem's light faded and its attraction died. Annie laid it back upon the plate at last, with a faint sensation of nausea.

The touchstone had revealed her weakness; she lacked the power to steal.

There was a noise under the window, and Annie looked out upon the top of a man's head and upon a long stepladder which he was bringing out of the basement into the yard. He glanced upward, and then his mouth and Annie's opened simultaneously, and their eyes became round.

"Tom Wilson," said Annie, "where'd you come from?"

"I'm workin' for Mrs. Booth," said he.

"You wasn't the last time I heard of you," said she, with a woman's cruelty toward the man she favors.

"That's right," said Tom in a cautious tone. "I was, an' I never done it. They got the wrong man when they got me. An' they took a drop of themselves after awhile an' let me go. I wasn't tried; indictment dismissed. You know what that means."

"It means that they couldn't prove it," replied Annie. "No, Tom; that ain't fair. I won't say it. You wasn't guilty—that's the truth—an' I've always believed it."

"Where's Mrs. Booth now?" said Annie, to change a painful subject.

"She's gone out," he replied, "ad the girls are upstairs. I've been cleanin' up the yard."

A sudden resolution seemed to seize upon him. He turned the ladder about and mounted to the top of it, opened almost to a level with Annie at the window.

"I told Mrs. Booth that I'd been down to Mexico," he said hurriedly, almost in a whisper, "an' now I'm goin' for fair, an' you're goin' with me."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Annie, frightened by his manner.

"What do we want to be so poor for?" said he, white with excitement. "Look at them diamonds! I saw 'em from across the yard. I saw her tryin' some of 'em in her hair an' lookin' at 'em in the sun. What d'you think that outfit's worth? Well, well, I guess we wouldn't do a thing with that money down in Mexico."

"You're dreamin'," retorted Annie. "Who told you I'd go with you even if the money was yours?"

"You as good as told me that once," said he, with fierce intensity, and the next instant, exercising an agility of which he would have been incapable in a calmer moment, he transferred himself from the ladder to the window, where he perched with his feet hanging out.

"If I ever told you that," said Annie, "it was when I took you for an honest man."

"I'm that today," he replied. "I never stole nothin'. I'll swear to that. But I've been behind the bars for three months. I've had my medicine, an' now—"

He choked with a dry throat, and, being unable to proceed, he made his meaning clear by extending a hand toward the plate. Annie caught him by the wrist.

"Don't do that, Tom!" she cried. "You can't get nothin' that way in this world—nothin' that's worth havin'." It ain't the way to get me—that's certain. I wouldn't go with you if you had as many of 'em as would fill a keg o' beer unless they was yours."

"How long would it take you an' me to earn enough money to buy one o'p' them tones?" he asked angrily. "An' how much work has she ever done to get 'em all? Men give 'em to her. Dudes send 'em round to the stage door with mash notes. I know all about it."

"She's a good girl," said Annie, with at least as much vigor as she would have resented an attack upon her own reputation. "She works hard. I've seen her in the dead o' winter, with both these windows open, walkin' 'on' down this room with the sweat runnin' off of her face. I've seen her sit down on the floor and sob till it near shook her to pieces because she couldn't speak her words the way that she wanted to. She earned those diamonds, she gets big pay, an' she has to have 'em to wear on the stage."

"I don't care how she got 'em," he broke in. "I know how you an' me can get 'em. There'll never be another chance like this."

"Tom," she pleaded, "I do honestly care a lot about you. If you care anything about me now's your time to show it. Don't say another word like you've been sayin'. What's the use? We'd both be miserable. We ain't thieves, neither one of us. If there'd been any thief about me you wouldn't have had much show with your stepladder, Tom. I'd a' had a big start o' you."

Wilson drew in a hard breath like a long gasp.

"You don't care nothin' about me," he said. "You never did. I didn't have any money. I couldn't take you out. An' you was always tied to the house anyway. That's the way with women. They—"

"Tom," said she, "you're talkin' crazy. I never took any pains to fool you about it. You could see how I felt. All I ever asked o' you was that you should go to work steady an' not hang around at odd jobs—a day's work for Mrs. Booth an' a day somewhere else next week. If you want me you know how to get me—even now, after this. Why, Tom, there ain't anything in stealin', there ain't anything into it at all. An' I know because I've tried. Look at this."

She picked the small stone out of the plate.

"I did my best to see if I couldn't pinch that little bit of a diamond," she continued, "an' I couldn't."

"I can!" he cried and clutched at it, but she eluded him.

She stepped back from the window and stood trembling, the pallor struggling with the flush of the heat upon

(Continued on 4th Page.)