Saint Mary's Beacon
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
A Dollar a Year in Advance.
Terms for Transient Advertising.
One square, one insertion..... $1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... .50
Eight lines or less constitute a square
A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. Correspondence solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Saint Mary's Beacon.
Job Printing, such as
Handbills, Circulars
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with neatness and despatch.
H G Greenwell, ... Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive handbills neatly executed and at city prices

EDELEN BROS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE.
Special attention given to
The Inspection of Tobacco,
126 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BATIMORE, MD
ALSO DEALERS IN
Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mixture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.
Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture we've had manufactured. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

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It is mechanically clean.
Every grain of wheat from which it is made goes through two distinct cleaning operations by the best modern machinery.
It is chemically pure as no adulterant is used in its manufacture. It is a perfect food product.
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Ask your Grocer for Senator Flour—look for the trade-mark—and refuse substitutes.
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Pricesof Lumber Much Lower.
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Ask your neighbor.
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Agents for Milton Bradley's Kindergarten Supplies.
Send for Catalogues.
335 N. Charles Steet,
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Feb 16—y

Undertaking.
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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14th Street cars within a block.
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The Latest Patterns In Wall Paper,
5c. apiece; Gilt, 8c. apiece; Window Shades, 20c. to $1.00.
Thomas & Messer Co.,
1015 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

New Year Cradle Song

By Ella Bentley

I THINK that up in the skies, most dear
At the shrine of the rose hued east,
A mass is sung for the dying year.
With the moon for the veiled priest,
And every star is an altar light,
And the church itself is the big, big night,
While you are the littlest acolyte.
(Sleep, my baby one, sleep.)

I THINK, most dear, that the prayer you say
Is the incense holy and sweet
You waft to God on the wings of day
When the night and the twilight meet,
And the sorrowful song that the north winds sing
When the winding sheet of the snow they bring
Is the dirge for the dear year's burying.
(Sleep, my baby one, sleep.)

I THINK, most dear, that those clouds you see
On the edge of the passing day
Are not the mist that they seem to be,
But friars and monks in gray,
And I think they're telling their rosaries, too,
And every bead is a drop of dew
That falls to the earth when its prayer is through.
(Sleep, my baby one, sleep.)

I THINK, most dear, in the world to me
That just as you are tonight
Somehow I wish you could always be—
God's littlest acolyte.
But slumber now for the dark is here,
And soon you'll open your eyes, most dear,
To greet the dawn of a different year.
(Sleep, my baby one, sleep.)
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Wassail Bowl.

The wassail bowl has been regarded as the property of Christmas, but it is really a New Year custom. It was the custom of our ancestors to drink the old year out and the New Year in in a bowl of liquor, which came to be called the wassail bowl from the exclamation "Waes hael!" ("Be in health!") of every toper as he lifted it to his lips. The bowl was passed round from guest to guest, all drinking from it in token of the good will and happiness with which the New Year opened. From the wassail bowl came the "loving cup," which still figures at the banquets of London guilds.

Hard Boiled Eggs as Fortune Tellers.

The girl who would know what her future husband will be like should eat a hard boiled egg—in which salt takes the place of the yolk—immediately before going to bed New Year's eve. If she is brave enough to do this, she will dream that some one brings her water to quench her thirst, the face being that of the man she will marry.

What Will He Offer?

What will the New Year
Offer to you, dear?
Spring's daffodilly,
And summer's lily,
Ripe nuts when the autumn winds are chilly,
And snowballs white and frost flowers bright
When he's grown to an old year, and then good night!
—Youth's Companion.

China Paints Itself Red.

The Chinese paint the whole country red, figuratively speaking, on New Year in more senses than one. Red is the color with them which denotes good luck and prosperity, and all the New Year cards and invitations are on paper of that color. Every child gets its New Year present wrapped in red paper, and red inscriptions are pasted over the doors of the houses. These inscriptions bear characters praying for good fortune, wealth and happiness, and they are posted on each side of the outer doors of the houses. New pictures of Chinese generals are put on the front doors; the houses are scoured and made clean. Among other things, eggs are dyed red and are offered to the gods. Dinner parties are got up in bright vermilion. The red used is that which you find around our firecrackers, and, as for them, the Chinese spend more in firecrackers on New Year than we do on the Fourth of July.—Philadelphia Press.

Kaiser's New Year Dinner.

At the kaiser's New Year dinner the old customs relating to personal services rendered to his majesty by the paladins of the realm are revived in all their glory. The royal cupbearer presents to the kaiser the first goblet of golden wine, the lord carver brings him the first cut of meat, and the supreme master of the hunt places a pheasant, gorgeously decorated, before him.—New York Herald.

A Romance of The Year's End

By Howard Fielding.

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IF you had been able to look into Henry Clifford's rooms upon a certain evening as if they were a scene set on a stage and he an actor, you would have said to yourself, "What is the matter with this fellow?"

He was engaged in packing his belongings in spasmodic bursts of hurry, and often he would stand stock still and set his teeth very hard and pull himself together in the manner of a man who fights against a prostrating illness or a racking pain. You would have felt sure that he was forcing himself through this task, which must be done within a very brief time, for he kept looking at his watch, and the sight of it always seemed to increase his distress and his hurry.

Now, the facts are that there was not a healthier young man in ten miles' radius, that he suffered no physical pain whatever and that he had a superfluity of time for what he was doing. It was the evening of Friday, Dec. 31, and Clifford was to leave his rooms on the following Wednesday and sail on Thursday. Meanwhile he had scarcely anything to do except the remainder of his packing, a few hours' work in all.

Take another look at the man, and then I will let you into the secret. You will observe that he is a strong, rugged, masculine creature, with a handsome but somewhat stern countenance, keen gray eyes, plenty of nose and a firm jaw—an attractive fellow, not unamiable, but very hard to move. He is an expert in steel work, especially bridge building, and his appearance fits his calling.

This is what had happened to him: In the early part of the preceding summer he made the acquaintance of Miss Dorothy Leland at her father's country house on the north shore, and he had fallen in love with her.

He addressed himself to Dorothy's father, who admired the young man extremely and willingly gave him leave to try his fortune. Then, with a sense of hazard that might have paralyzed a weaker man, with cold fear in the marrow of his bones and a consuming fire in his blood, but outwardly as steady as iron, he offered his hand and heart to Dorothy.

The girl had seen this coming, and yet she was surprised. It was too soon. She was almost angry with Clifford, as if he had been guilty of a rudeness. He had spoiled the fun.

The sense of justice in man is replaced in woman by the punishing instinct. A true woman will punish even an inanimate object if it hurts her. If you have seen a little girl stumble on the stairs and then stand and make

HE WAS FORCING HIMSELF THROUGH THIS TASK.

faces at the stair carpet you have the material for a considerable knowledge of the sex.

Only one circumstance saved Clifford from a direct refusal—that he showed in his avowal the capacity for doing precisely what he had thus far conspicuously neglected. He really did introduce the subject, and for half an hour he was a wooer, speaking of nothing in particular, but with a thrill images of beauty rose unsought to his lips, surprising and exciting his own heart; he sang a sort of wordless song to her, and all the meaning was in his eyes. What he said was mere fancy, mere picture, a direct emotional appeal, and if he had gone on like that for half an hour more he might have won an acceptance. But suddenly his intellect awoke and felt itself neglected. It intruded awkwardly where it had no business, and it wrecked the scene. He began to speak straight out rationally about marriage and his status in the world and all the cold conventionalities. Thirty minutes at least these matters should have been postponed, but Clifford did not know it.

Dorothy was furious—as she herself would have expressed it. Her wrath when he began to speak ordinary, colorless words out of the dictionary was directly proportionate to the pleasure she had had in the bird song prelude; but, of course, she couldn't tell him to go back and do it over again. He should have known it; he must be punished.

"No," she said, rising. "No, I cannot listen."

"That is your answer?" said he.

"I have not answered you at all," said Dorothy. "I am not prepared for either question or answer. Let us not speak of it."

"I have spoken," said he sadly. "If you have not answered, I can only wait."

"Yes," she said, "wait. We have been friends. Let us go on as before. But you must not speak to me of this."

"The question must remain," he said, with a touch of firmness. "It would not be right, it would not be honest, to ignore it."

"Let it be so," said she, "and I will answer"—

"When?"

"Within the year," said she, and looked for him to plead for a much briefer time, but he said gravely:

"Within this year?" And she answered, "Yes."

The absurd fellow accepted these terms as if his honor were in pledge for their fulfillment. They met as friends thereafter, and Clifford was often very charming and lovable, but his lips were sealed. There were times when Dorothy could have beaten him.

He was aware in his foolish way of her displeasure, and he read his doom in it. The days passed, and she gave him no answer, and of course he didn't ask her for it. He didn't know enough. He relied upon her promise (the idiot!) to answer him within the year, and now it was half past 10 on the evening of the 31st of December, and she had not answered!

He could not believe that she would be false to her promise, but he had long since ceased to have the smallest hope of any favorable word. Within the last month he had seen her rarely; within the last week he had decided that he would go away. He had resigned his position with the bridge company and was considering several offers of work in the far parts of the earth. An agent of the British government had offered him especial inducements to go to Pretoria for a year, and he viewed the proposition favorably because the place was so remote. He had, in fact, accepted, with the single proviso that he should be permitted to change his mind at any moment within the year.

Several times during that last evening he had resolved to telephone to Sir James Knowlton, the English representative in this negotiation, that he might consider the matter settled, and then he had clung to the dwindling possibility that Dorothy might yet communicate with him.

At half past 10 he had a foolish idea. Perhaps Dorothy had sent some word and he had not received it. Would it be a breach of his word to ask her? He sat with his head in his hands and debated this question, and at last, like a dull, dishonest schoolboy who knows the answer of the problem and shapes his figuring to fit it, Clifford shaped his reasoning to suit his desire and dragged himself to the telephone.

Dorothy did not give him any time to ask her anything; she had her own way with the conversation.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Nothing? You're all alone? Well, that won't do at all on New Year's eve. Come right over here. Father is entertaining a few sedate graybeards, and no one is entertaining me. If I had dreamed that you were disengaged I should have summoned you."

That was very friendly—far, far too much so. A young lady who felt herself bound to answer a young man's offer of marriage within an hour and a half would hardly address him in a style so unconstrained. The inevitable inference was that Dorothy considered the matter settled already, the "no" tacitly given and understood, the love episode at an end.

It is said that a poet has died young in every one of us. He was not quite dead in Clifford, and he was a really able bard. Dorothy had heard him sing once; she was now to hear him sing again, and in a most moving strain.

Clifford's mood was ideal for the performance, and his theme, the exile's farewell, has always been a favorite. Moreover, he had the advantage of unveiling a complete surprise, and Dorothy listened with a feeling of great grief and loss that did not lack an element of pleasure.

Clifford said not a word about her part in this upheaval of his life. The cause of his expatriation seemed to lie with the gods, like the issues of Greek tragedy, though the king of England and some other earthly potentates dignified the tale with their presence and could not escape the feminine eye. There was no suggestion of reproach

"WILL YOU WAIT FOR ME?"

or bitterness, but there was an undertone of simple, unaffected broken heartedness deeply touching.

"I think it was unkind to go so far in this," said she, "without a word to me. I would have tried to dissuade you. Is it even now too late?"

Clifford glanced at the clock.

"I have still ten minutes," said he. "If Sir James does not hear from me before midnight I am pledged, honor and bond, to go."

"And why midnight? It is a strange hour."

"Can you not guess?"

"What!" she cried, as if surprised. "You were waiting for my answer, and you did not tell me?"

"Tell you, Dorothy?" he echoed. "How could I tell you? I had promised you not to speak"—

"Oh, man, will you never learn women? I have waited for you in pale wrath—waited for you weeks and months."

"Dorothy!" he gasped. "It is not possible. Is this—is this your answer?"

"Where is that man?" she asked.

"Sir James?"

"Yes."

"At the Army and Navy club. He will wait there till midnight. On the stroke of 12 our bargain is closed."

"Call him up! Tell him you are not going."

She slipped away from him and led the way to the telephone. He called the number. Interminable seconds passed.

"Busy," said central.

He waited one minute by his watch and called again. "Busy." Another minute and another. The same answer. Then suddenly both he and she fell into a listening attitude, looking into each other's eyes. From outside the house, from the rivers that surround the city, there came a great and growing drone of whistles, the greeting to the new year.

"My watch is slow," said he. "I am too late."

He hung up the receiver of the telephone and turned toward Dorothy. He was very pale.

"I shall be gone a year," he said. "Will you wait for me?"

"No," she answered. "I will go with you."