



Saint Mary's Beacon
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
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Eight lines or less constitute a square

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 70.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909.

W. I. Dawkins Fidelity \$441

Saint Mary's Beacon
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Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with
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FRANK LIBBY & CO., Washington, D. C.
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Shipments quick and reliable. We invite your presence as our guests
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With two ele-
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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
special attention to my Blacksmith
and Wheelwright departments.
All orders quickly and neatly at-
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Valuable Farms For Sale.
Farm No. 1. Has 100 acres cleared
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Commission situated directly on Chesapeake
Bay. Has three-fourths mile waterfront.
The miles view up and down Bay. Beauti-
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bottom to be had by leasing same from
State. Premises generally, buildings etc.
in good repair.
Farm No. 2 adjoins No. 1. Contains
250 acres cleared and timbered land sit-
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Beautifully located. Desirable for any
purpose. Premises generally, buildings
etc., in good repair.
Farm No. 3 adjoins No. 2. Has 100
acres cleared and timbered and borders
on Phillips Branch a tributary of St.
Jerome's Creek. Will suit any industri-
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Farm No. 4 can be divided into two
smaller farms and made splendid homes.
Land is level. Easy cultivated responds
quickly and adapted to the growth of all
kinds of grains and other currate fruits,
etc., etc. Conveniently located to
Churches, Schools and Wharves. Can be
bought on easy terms long time pay-
ments. Write or call for information.
W. F. POWELL,
July 16-44. Ridge, Md.

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S. A. FOUTZ'S
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For Chickens, Turkeys, Ducks and Geese.
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Francis V. King, Local Agent,
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Horses that are Horses to Hire.
Horses taken to board.
Reduction made on horses
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TRANS AT ALL HOURS.
Driver when wanted. Give me a
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Special Rates by week or
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Livery and Bar Attached.
Every thing First Class.
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STEAM HEAT,
BATHS,
GAS,
ARTESIAN WATER.
PHONE IN EVERY ROOM.
Carriage Meets Every Boat.
J. BOLAND DUKE Mgr.

ROB OF THE BOWL.
A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.
BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, Washington Square,
Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1908.
FRANCIS V. KING, Esq.,
Leonardtown, Md.
DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th
instant, we would state that all interest in
P. Kennedy's "Rob of the Bowl" is owned
by the author's estate, but we have had no
correspondence on the subject for some years,
and do not know where to direct you. How-
ever, the work is now out of copyright, and
there is no reason why you might not re-
print it without permission.
Yours very truly,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
H. G. E.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1891.)
CHAPTER IX.
Towards noon of the day on which
the council held their session, a
troop of maidens were seen issuing
from the chapel. Their number
might have been eight or ten. The
orderly step with which they de-
parted from the door was exchanged
for a playful haste in grouping
together when they got beyond the
immediate precincts of the place of
worship. Their buoyant carriage
and lively gesticulations betokened
the elasticity of health which was
still more unequivocally shown in
their ruddy complexions and well
rounded forms.
Their path lay across the grassy
plain towards the tower, and passed
immediately within the space em-
powered by an ancient, spreading
poplar, scarce a hundred paces in
front of the chapel. When the boy
reached this spot, they made halt,
and gathered round one of their
number, who seemed to be the ob-
ject of a thoughtful and rather tumu-
luous importunity. The individual
thus beset was Blanche Warden.
Together with a few elderly dames,
who were at this moment standing
at the door of the chapel in parley
with Father Pierre, this troop had
constituted the whole congregation
who had that morning attended the
service of the festival of St. Bridget.
"Holy mother, how I am set upon!"
exclaimed Blanche, as, half smiling
and half earnest, she turned her
back against the trunk of the tree.
"Have I not said I could not? Why
should my birth-day be so remem-
bered that all the town must be talk-
ing about it?"
"You did promise," said one of
the party, "or at least, Mistress
Alice promised for you, full six
months ago, that when you came to
eighteen we should have a merry-
making at the Rose Croft."
"It would not be seemly—I should
be thought bold," replied the maid-
en, "to be turning my birth-day into
a feast. Indeed, I must not do so
cannot, playmates."
"There is no must nor can't in
our books, Blanche Warden,"
exclaimed another, "but simply we
will. There is troth pledged for it,
and that's enough for us. So we
hold to that, good Blanche."
"Yes, good Blanche! gentle
Blanche! sweetheart, we hold to that!"
cried the whole party, in a
clamorous onset.
"Truly, Grace Blackiston, you
will have Father Pierre checking us
for noisy behavior," said the
maiden. "You see that he is now
looking towards us. It is a pretty
matter to make such a coil about
I marvel, has no one ever been
eighteen before!"
"This day se'night," replied the
arch girl to whom this reprimand
was addressed, "will be the first
day, Blanche Warden, the Rose of
St. Mary's has ever seen eighteen;
and it will be the last I trow; and
what comes and goes but once in
the wide world should be accounted
a rare thing, and rarities should be
noticed, sweetheart."
"It is easy to talk on a two years'
venture, little Madge," replied
Blanche; "for that is far enough off
to allow space for boasting. But
gently, dear playmates! do not clam-

or so loud. I would do your bidding
with good heart if I thought it would
not be called something I would in
me to be noising my age abroad, as
if it was my lady herself."
"We will advise with Father
Pierre and Lady Maria," respond-
ed Grace Blackiston; "they are
coming this way."
At this moment the reverend
priest, and the ladies with whom
he had been in conversation, ap-
proached. The sister of the Prop-
rietary was distinguished as well
by her short stature and neat attire,
as by her little Indian attendant,
who followed bearing the lady's
missal. The tall figure of Father
Pierre, arrayed in his black tunic
and belt, towered above his female
companions. He bore his square
bonnet of black cloth in his hand,
disclosing a small silk cap closely
fitted to his crown, fringed around
with the silver lock which, separa-
ting on his brow, gave the grace of
age to a countenance full of benign-
ity.
The presence of the churchman
subdued the eager gaiety of the
crowd, and two or three of the maid-
ens ran up to him with an affec-
tionate familiarity to make him acquain-
ted with the subject of their conten-
tion.
"Father," said Grace Blackiston,
"we have a complaint to lodge
against Mistress Blanche for a prom-
ise-breaker. You must counsel
her father, to her duty."
"Ah, my child! pretty Blanche!"
exclaimed the priest, with the
alacrity of his native French temper,
as he took the assailed damsel by
the hand, "what have they to say
against you? I will be your friend
as well as your judge."
"The maidens, father," replied
Blanche, "have taken leave of their
wits, and have beset me like mad-
caps to give them a dance at the
Rose Croft on my birth-day. And I
have stood on my refusal, father
Pierre, as for a matter that would
bring me into censure for perverseness—
as I am sure you will say it would—
with worshipful people, that's dam-
sel who should be modest in her be-
havior, should so thrust herself for-
ward to be observed."
"And we do not heed that, Father
Pierre," interrupted Grace Black-
iston, who assumed to be the spokes-
woman of the party, "holding it to
be a scruple more nice than wise
Blanche has a trick of standing back
more than a maiden needs. And
besides, we say that Mistress Alice
is bound by pledge of word, and
partly Blanche too, for she stood by
and said never a word against it—
that we should have good cheer and
dancing on that day at the Rose Croft.
It is the feast of the blessed virgin,
Terese, and we would fain persuade
Blanche that the festival should be
kept for the sake of her birth-day
saint."
"My children," said the priest,
who during this debate stood in the
midst of the blooming troop, casting
his glances from one to another with
the pleased expression of an inter-
ested partaker of their mirth, and at
the same time, endeavoring to assume
a countenance of mock gravity, "I
will consider this matter with im-
partial justice. And first, we will
hear all that Mistress Blanche has
to say. It is a profound subject.
Do you admit the promise, my child?"
"I do not deny, Father Pierre, that
last Easter, when we met and danc-
ed at Grace Blackiston's, my sister
Alice did make some promise, and
I said nothing against it. But it was
an idle speech of sister Alice,
which I thought no more of till now;
and now should not have remem-
bered it if these wild mates of mine had
not sung it in my ear with such
clamor as must have made you think
we had all gone mad."
"It is honestly confessed," said
Father Pierre; "and though I heard
the outcry all the way to the church
door, yet I did not deem the dam-
sels absolutely mad, as you suppos-
ed. I am an old man, my child, and
have been taught, by my experience,
in what key seven, eight, or nine
young girls will make known their
desires when they are together; and
truly, it is their nature to speak all
at the same time. They speak more
than they listen, ha, ha! But we
shall be mistaken if we conclude
they are mad."
"Blanche, love," interposed the
Lady Maria, "you have scarce given
a good reason for gossipping the
damsels. Have a care or you may
find me a musician on this question."
"That's a rare lady—a kind lady!"
shouted several. "Now, Blanche,
you have no word of denial left."
"I am at mercy," said the maiden,
"if my good mistress, the Lady

Maria, is not content. Whatever my
sister Alice and my father shall ap-
prove, and you, dear lady, shall say
befalls my state, that will I undertake
right cheerfully. I would pleasure
the whole town in the way of merry-
making, if I may do so without seem-
ing to set too much account upon so
small a matter as my birth-day. I
but feared it would not be well taken
in one so young as I am.
"I will answer it to the town,"
said the Lady Maria. "It shall be
done as upon my motion; and Mis-
tress Alice shall take order in the
matter as a thing wherein you had
no part. Will that content you
Blanche?"
"I will be ruled in all things by
my dear lady," replied the maiden.
"You will speak to my father?"
"It shall be my special duty to
look after it forthwith," responded
the lady.
"Luckily," said Father Pierre,
laughing, "this great business is
settled without the aid of the church.
Well, I have lost some of my conse-
quence in the winding up and the
Lady Maria is in the ascendant.—I
will have my revenge by being as
merry as any of you at the feast.
So, good day, mes enfants!"
With this sally, the priest left the
company and retired to his dwelling
hard by the chapel. The Lady
Maria and her elderly companions
moved towards the town, whilst the
troop of damsels with increased
volubility pursued their noisy
triumph, and with rapid steps has-
tened to their several homes.
To Be Continued.

A Jew's Appreciation of Jesus.
A remarkable story of Ghetto life
in New York, appears in the January
American Magazine. The story is by
James O'Connell, and the following is
an interesting incident from it:
"The Jew doctor smiled sadly. 'Is
that the kind of a physician Miss
Grabo is going to be?'
"Why not?" she challenged
He laughed a bit.
"Well, I guess I'm an old fash-
ioned doctor," he answered, "for I have
queer ideas about things. Do you
know my definition of a doctor?"
"What is it?"
Dr. Rast looked at her queerly.
"Why, he's just an ordinary man,
like Jesus, who lays his hand on the
flesh of the world's flesh, but who
lays his heart and his soul on—he
paused, and held his breath, 'bruised
hands and broken souls.'
"Like Jesus?" she cried, shocked.
You a Jew, say that?"
"Why not? he smiled. Jesus
was a Jew. And as a doctor I revere
him. He was our greatest doctor.
He cured multitudes! I wish there
was one such in these rousing slums."

Evils of "Pistol Toting."
There is too much "pistol toting"
and too much palliation of "pistol
toting" all through the South. The
mere possession of a deadly conceal-
ed weapon has a certain psychologi-
cal effect upon the most conservative
of temperaments. Upon even a
strong character the "feel" of a
pistol is likely to breed the desire
to use the pistol.
If the young man in the rural com-
munities, and even in some of the
larger towns throughout the South,
cannot be convinced that habitually
to carry a pistol—unless upon oc-
casions where one is really needed—is
a foolish thing to do, they can at
least be convinced that it is an ex-
pensive habit. The laws against
carrying concealed weapons are good
enough; all that is needed is their
general enforcement by the proper
authorities.
Duelling has been frowned on in
this country for several decades; but
it would be better than such street
killings as that of Carmack, in Nash-
ville, or that of Gonzales, in Colum-
bia, a few years ago. In actual each
participant at least has something
like an equal chance; but when the
"pistol toter" goes after his man it
is not with the idea of giving him a
chance for his life.—Don Marquis,
in Uncle Remus—The Home Maga-
zine for February.

Swallows as Messengers.
It is perhaps not generally known
that swallows can be trained to
carry carrier pigeons as messengers.
The experiment has been success-
fully tried on more than one occasion.
An Antwerp trainer of pigeons sent
up some pigeons and swallows at
the same time from Compiègne, in
France, 154 miles off. The swallows
arrived at home in one hour and
seven minutes. The pigeons took
rather more than three times as long.
On another occasion two swallows,
which had been previously trained,
were taken to Paris and started.
They arrived at their homes, Boulaix
ninety-three miles from Paris, in
seventy-five minutes.

A QUEER WOOING.
Whistler's Offhand Wedding and the
Bride's Scant Trouseau.
Labouchere's claim that he brought
about the marriage of Whistler is thus
recorded in the "Life of Whistler":
"I believe I am responsible for Whis-
ter's marriage to the widow of Mr.
Godwin, the architect. She was a re-
markably pretty woman, and very
agreeable, and both she and he were
thorough bohemians. I was dining
with them and some others one even-
ing at Earl's Court. They were ob-
viously greatly attracted to each other,
and in a vague sort of way they
thought of marrying. So I took the
matter in hand to bring things to a
practical point.
"Jimmy," I said, "will you marry
Mrs. Godwin?"
"Certainly," he replied.
"Mrs. Godwin," I said, "will you
marry Jimmy?"
"Certainly," she replied.
"When?" I asked.
"Oh, some day," said Whistler.
"That won't do," I said. "We must
have a date."
So they both agreed that I should
choose the day, what church to come
to for the ceremony, provide the cler-
gyman and give the bride away. I
fixed an early date and got the then
chaplain of the house of commons, the
Rev. Mr. Byng, to perform the
ceremony.
It took place a few days later.
After the ceremony was over we ad-
joined to Whistler's studio, where
we had prepared a banquet. The ban-
quet was on the table, but there were
no chairs. So we sat on packing cases.
The happy pair when I left had not
quite decided whether they would go
that evening to Paris or remain in the
studio.
How impractical they were was
shown when I happened to meet the
bride the day before the marriage in
the street.
"Don't forget tomorrow," I said.
"No," she replied; "I am just going
to get my trousseau."
"A little late for that, is it not?" I
asked.
"No," she answered, "for I am only
going to buy a new toothbrush and a
new sponge, as one ought to have new
ones when one marries."

DON'T FIGHT THE WEATHER.
Try the Plan of Being on Friendly
Terms With It.
What a great misfortune this is, the
habit of considering the weather—of
thinking that we must conquer the
weather! It is large, but it is not to
clothes? No mention is made of rain
in the garden of Eden, but we must
not therefore contend that rain was
disagreeable and omitted. We must
recollect that Adam and Eve did not
need to consider rain. Furthermore,
in blessed ignorance they did not know
that it was anything to be considered.
To mind the rain no more than the
May sunshine, but to plunge into it
and let the drops pelt as they will, to
accept snow without a thought of dis-
comfort, but rather, to enjoy the
thrilling presence of it; to pursue
one's daily stint regardless of whether
the sky be dim or blue—this is a state
which we, especially of the cities, long
long have lost.
We regain it, some of us, in the wil-
derness camp, where we hunt or fish
if the day be dark or if the day be
bright, and where we find that the
dash of the soft rain on one's face is
not death, after all; that wetness and
dryness are merely relative terms.
All the centuries of fusing and fuming
with the weather have not affected
the weather one particle. It still rains
and snows and sleet and blows, just
as dictated by circumstances. There-
fore, what's the use? Are your puny
diatribes or mine of any greater po-
tency than those of others gone be-
fore? Evidently not. Accordingly try
the plan of being friendly with the
weather, of agreeing with it instead of
fighting it, and, upon my word, pre-
sently it will be agreeing with you.—
E. L. Sabia in Lippincott's.

Snakes Changed into Rods.
The Egyptian cobra is not unlike its
Asiatic relative except in respect of
the absence of the curious spectacle-
like mark which distinguishes the lat-
ter. Although it is the most poisonous
reptile known to inhabit northern Af-
rica, it is the favorite among the snake
charmers. These conjurers know how
to render this serpent rigidly uncon-
scious by pressing the nape of its neck
with a finger. This act appears to
throw the reptile into catalepsy, in
which it is stiff as an iron rod.

The Horological Revenge.
They were looking over their wed-
ding presents. He pointed to a small
bronze clock. "Seems to me," he said,
"that I have seen that before."
"You have," she returned serenely.
"You gave it to my first husband and
me for a wedding present. When we
divided the things after the divorce he
kept the clock, and now he is sending
it back to us."—New York Press.

Sharp and Blunt.
Corn—She has such keen perceptions.
Dora—And such a blunt way of con-
veying them.—Puck.