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Saint Mary's Beacon

Saint Mary's Beacon
 Job Printing, such as
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 Blanks, Bill Heads, excruc
 neatness and despatch
 Parties having Real or P
 Property for sale can obtain
 criptive handbills neatly ex
 and at city prices

VOL. 70.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909.

4454

EDELEN BROS.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
 FOR THE SALE OF
TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE
 Special attention given to
The Inspection of Tobacco.
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 ALSO DEALERS IN
 Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-
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Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture was
 MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

The Best Thing About SENATOR FLOUR
 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
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The manufacturers of SENATOR
 FLOUR buy only the best
 wheat from the best producing
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 Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best
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CHAS. KING & SON, Wholesale Senator
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 Prices of Lumber Much Lower.

LUMBER THE CARPENTER LIKES
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 As a rule it is kept moving, so great
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 This card solicits your orders,
 large or small.



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 shipments quick and reliable. We invite your presence as our guests
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 Our warehouses and sheds stocked so full we can supply your entire
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Wm. J. C. Dulany Company,
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 Drummers conveyed to and from St.
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 Feb 7-7

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 Conducted by the
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 part of beautiful Maryland.
 Academic, Intermediate, Elementary
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 ces in Music and Vocalization.
 Besides the best moral and religious
 training and a thorough knowledge of
 the course pursued, particular attention
 is also given to the cultivation of lady-
 like manners, amiable deportment and
 whatever tends to inspire a love for the
 good, the beautiful and the true.
 Parents desiring to enter their child-
 ren will please make application before
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Md. Del. & Va. Ry. Co.

POTOMAC RIVER LINE
 SCHEDULE
 In Effect Monday, May 15, 1909.
 THREE TRIPS WEEKLY.
 —BETWEEN—

BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON.

Read Carefully important changes have
 been made.
 Leave Baltimore, pier 3, Light street
 wharf, weather permitting, at 5 p. m.,
 every Monday, Wednesday and Satur-
 day, for the following River Landings,
 Alexandria and Washington.
 Baltimore, 5 p. m., Miller's, Brome's,
 Porto Bello, Grason's, Coan, 5 a. m.,
 Bundick's, Lakes, Walnut Point, Cow-
 arts, Lewistown, Kinsale, Lodge, Mundy
 Point, Chitra, Lodge, 10 a. m., Mundy
 Point, Kinsale, 12 noon, Coan, Bundick's,
 Lakes, Walnut Point, Cowarts, Lewis-
 town, Kinsale, 5 p. m., Grason's, 5 p. m.,
 Brome's, Porto Bello, 6 p. m., Baltimore.
 Stops only on Signal.
 Arriving in Baltimore early Wednesday,
 Friday and Monday Mornings.
 Freight received daily in Baltimore
 on sailing days until 4.00 P. M.
 This time-table shows the times which
 steamers may be expected to arrive at
 and depart from the several wharves,
 but their arrivals or departure at the
 times stated is not guaranteed, nor does
 the Company hold itself responsible for
 any delay or any consequences arising
 therefrom.

WILLARD THOMPSON, General Manager.
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 whom they wish to make
 happy. It may be mother
 or father, sister or brother. It
 may be a wife, or it may be a
 sweetheart—and often them-
 selves.

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 Each piece has been carefully
 selected and we feel satisfied
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 fine a selection as can be
 found anywhere. Why not
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Any article that you may
 select will be laid aside and
 delivered when wanted. Ex-
 periented clerks. Polite at-
 tention.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, EM-
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725 7th Street, N. W. Washing-
 ton, D. C., is the place and the man
 to deal with is E. VOIGT.

Everyone who deals with Voigt is
 pleased.
 Nov. 12-1y.

ROB OF THE BOWL.

A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
 Publishers, Washington Square,
 Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1888.

FRANCIS V. KING, Esq.,
 Leonardtown, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th,
 instant, we would state that all interest in J.
 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-
 produce it without permission.

JOHN PENNINGTON KENNEDY, LL. D., author
 of "Rob of the Bowl," was born in Baltimore,
 Oct. 25, 1816; graduated at the University
 of Maryland in 1837; was admitted to the bar
 in 1841; served in the Legislature in 1839-41;
 member of Congress 1851-52; presidential
 elector on the Harrison ticket in 1860, and
 was Chairman of the House Committee on
 Commerce in Congress, 1862. He was again
 elected to the Maryland Legislature and
 Secretary of the Navy in 1868. He was ap-
 pointed Commodore Perry's Japan expedi-
 tion and Dr. Kane's second Arctic voyage.
 At his death was provost of the University of
 Maryland, vice-president of the Maryland
 Historical Society, chairman of the Board of
 Trustees of the Peabody Academy, Balti-
 more and trustee of the Peabody Education-
 al Fund. Was the author of several novels
 and of a Life of William Wirt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1881.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

With the lighting of candles the
 first notes of Willy's fiddle were
 heard in a bravura flourish summon-
 ing the dancers to the hall; and here
 the ball was opened, according to
 prescriptive custom, with the coun-
 try-dance, which was led off by no
 less a personage than the Lady
 Maria, attended by the worshipful
 Collector himself as her partner,
 the couple affording, both in costume
 and movement, the richest imagin-
 able portraiture of that "ancientry
 and state" which so pleased the fan-
 cy of our progenitors. Other dances
 of the same character, mingled with
 jigs and reels, succeeded, and the
 company soon rose into that tone of
 enjoyment which the contagious
 merriment of the dance diffuses over
 all such assemblages: Cards, at
 that day, even more than at present,
 constituted the sober resource of
 the elder and graver portions of
 society of both sexes; and accord-
 ingly, by degrees, the Collector had
 drawn off to the parlor a respect-
 able corps of veterans, who, group-
 around the small tables, pursued
 this ancient pastime with that eagerness
 which it has always inspired
 among its votaries, leaving the hall
 to the unchecked mirth of the dan-
 cers.

"We heard it said that Master
 Cocklescraft, of the Olive Branch,
 was to be here to-night," said Grace
 Blackiston, as she encountered
 Blanche in the dance. "He told
 Father Pierre that he was coming;
 and I have heard it whispered too,
 that he has brought some pretty
 presents with him from abroad.
 I do not behold him yet, and here is
 the evening half gone. Oh, I do
 long to see him, for they say he
 dances so well. Is he not coming?"
 "He has been bidden," replied
 Blanche, "though not much wite my
 will: I care not whether he comes or
 stays away."

"Ha, Blanche has no eye but for
 Master Albert," said the merry
 maiden, as she turned off and ad-
 dressed herself to a schoolmate who
 stood near; "yet a good dancer is
 not to be scorned now-a-days, even
 if the Secretary were a better.
 And if he were a better, he doesn't
 dance so much that we should con-
 tent ourselves with him. The Sec-
 retary has not been on the floor to-
 night, but must be tracking and
 trailing Father Pierre about the
 room. I do believe he does so for
 no purpose but to get sights of
 Blanche Warden. I wonder if the
 dullard can be in love? It looks
 hugely like it."

The Secretary had, in truth, not
 yet mingled in the dance, but from
 the beginning of the evening had
 loitered in the hall, apparently
 watching the sports, and, now and
 then, communing with Father Pierre,
 who, though a priestly, was far from
 being a silent or grave looker-on.
 The benevolent churchman enjoyed a
 commanding popularity with the
 younger portions of the society of
 the province, and took so much
 pleasure in the manifestation of it,
 that he was seldom absent from
 such of their gatherings as the course
 of his duty would allow him to at-
 tend. For the same reason he was
 generally to be found amongst the
 assemblages of his children, as he
 called them, rather than mingling
 in the graver coteries of those of
 his own period of life. On the per-
 sistent occasion he had scarcely quit-
 ted the dancing apartment during
 the evening, but stood by a delighted

spectator of the mirth that sparkled
 in the faces of the happy groups, and
 heard with glee, almost equal to
 their own, the wild laughter that
 echoed through the hall.
 "They will presently begin to
 think Master Albert Verheyden in-
 tends to set himself up for a philoso-
 pher," he said, as the Secretary en-
 countered him on the skirts of the
 dancers, the eye of the priest beam-
 ing with a good-natured playfulness.
 "It is not so contemptible. My son,
 have you given over the company of
 damsels to consort with an old
 priest in so gay a scene as this?"

"I speak, Mistress Blanche, the
 very breathings of my secret heart,
 and tell you, though little I can
 boast of acquaintance with that
 gaudy world, nothing have I seen,
 dreamed or tasted of worldly plea-
 sure, nor ever fancied of human
 happiness, that might exceed the
 rich delight of those household
 scenes you speak of."
 "Were they not happy?" exclaimed
 Blanche, kindling into a rapture
 excited by the fervor of the Sec-
 retary's earnest and eloquent manner.
 "We owe so much of it to you, Mas-
 ter Albert. Until you came into the
 province, we sometimes had a weary
 hour at the Rose Croft; now, my
 father finds it weary when you are
 away. I do not,—because I may
 surely count that it shall never be
 long until you are here again.
 Mercy! did we not stand here to-
 night; and see, our turn has past
 all unheeded. We will to the foot
 again and take another turn."

It was as the maiden had said.
 In the engrossment of their conver-
 sation they had been passed by in
 the country-dance. As they now
 went to the foot to bring themselves
 into place, Blanche whispered, "I
 rejoice the skipper is not come to-
 night; his shrewdness has taught
 him, notwithstanding my father's
 good will, that there is but little re-
 lish for his company at the Rose
 Croft."

"You reckon without your host,
 Mistress Blanche," replied the Sec-
 retary. "There is the skipper
 outside of the window; and not well
 pleased with his own ruminations,
 if I may judge by his folded arms
 and earnest eye."
 Cocklescraft had been in the
 porch, looking in upon the scene,
 some moments before he was observ-
 ed; a crowd of domestics having so
 pre-occupied the same station as al-
 most to shield him from the notice
 of those within. Whilst Blanche
 and Albert now danced, he had
 planted himself in the door. His
 countenance was grave, his attitude
 statue-like, and his eye sharply fol-
 lowed the emotions of the maiden.
 His dress, somewhat outlandish,
 but still within the license of that
 period, was of a Spanish fashion,
 profusely decorated with embroidery
 and set off by jewels of exceeding
 richness. It was too ambitious of
 ornament to be compatible with good
 taste, and manifested that love of
 finery which is the infallible index
 of a tawdry and sensual nature.
 The thoughtfulness of his counten-
 ance denoted an abstraction, of
 which he was obviously not con-
 scious at the moment, for he sooner
 caught the glance of Blanche than
 his whole bearing underwent a sud-
 den change; his eye sparkled, his
 lip assumed a smile, and he became
 at once, in appearance, the gay and
 careless reveller.

"God save the Rose of St. Mary's,
 the beautiful flower of our New
 World!" he said, as he approached
 the maiden with what she could not
 fail to note as an over-acted effort
 to assume the cavalier. "Viva la
 Padrona! The damsels of Portugal
 will teach you the meaning of that
 speech, pretty mistress. You have
 a gallant company to-night," he ad-
 dressed, as he cast his eyes around; "in
 doing which he recognized Albert
 Verheyden with a scarcely percepti-
 ble nod of the head, and then turn-
 ed his back upon him. "By your
 leave, Mistress Blanche, I would
 dance with you at your first leisure:
 the next dance, or the next,—I am
 your humble servant for as long as
 you will. Shall it not be the next
 dance?"

"I will tell you presently: I know
 not whether I may dance again to-
 night, Master Cocklescraft," replied
 the maiden coldly.
 "There spoke the same tongue
 that refused my mantle! Your cruel-
 ty, mistress, exceeds that beauty
 which all men so boast of in this
 province. I wish I could bring you
 to look upon me with compassion.
 Not even a dance with the queen of
 our feast! A poor, rough-spoken
 sailor meets but little grace in a
 lady's favor, when white-handed
 lute players and ballad-singing
 pages stand ready at her call. It is
 even as you will; damsels have the
 privilege of denial all the world
 over, and I am too much of a gallant
 to trouble you with an unwelcome
 suit—"

"I will dance with you,
 Cocklescraft," said Blanche
 coolly, as she saw the chafed
 of the skipper working in his
 notwithstanding his effort to
 guise it; whilst, at the same
 she feared that his peevish a-
 to the Secretary might have
 overheard: "Call on me for the
 set, and I will dance with you."
 "I thought your goodness
 relent! 'Tis not in your nature
 to be unkind. Gracious! I am at
 feet, Senora—I shall be the
 Scotch jig, reel, or country-
 they all come pat to me, and
 dan the bransle, cinquepa-
 minnie, the corant, fandango,
 galliard. You shall find me a
 mistress, in every clime.
 while, I will seek our host, the
 shipful Collector: I have not
 him yet."
 This familiarity in the add-
 the skipper, and the importu-
 even offensive freedom of his
 ner, were the result of an en-
 to conceal a discontented a-
 under the mask of gaiety. He
 brooded over the incidents con-
 ed with his late visit to the
 Croft, until he had wrought his
 into a tone of spleen that mig-
 gendor any extravagance of m-
 nor. The coldness of the m-
 we have seen, he imputed to
 altogether independent of her
 will or aversion; and he was,
 firm, determined to persevere
 aim to win her favor—an ente-
 which, in his harsh and rud-
 mate of the proprieties of co-
 he did not deem in any re-
 hopeless. He made sure, re-
 reckoning, of the friendship
 Collector, from whom he had
 experienced those manifestly
 good-fellowing which a hospita-
 kind-hearted man flings around
 almost at random, but which Co-
 craft's self flattering temper
 fied into indications of spee-
 gard.
 The agitation of these topics
 thrown him into a perplexed in-
 fulness which alone was the
 of his tardy appearance at the
 and now that he had arrived
 same rumination kept him vib-
 in a moody abstraction, he
 total silence at one period,
 unnatural exhibition of mirth
 next, giving to the latter the
 ish flippancy of manner which
 so annoying to the maiden.
 The cordial and frank co-
 with which the Collector recog-
 the skipper amongst the guests
 fortunately contributed to ex-
 him in the opinion of Master
 den's favor.
 "Why, Richard Cockles-
 said the host, upon looking u-
 the cards which had been a-
 ing his attention, and discov-
 the skipper, "are you here
 the gray-beards? Why should
 flock to the old fowl when the
 are gathered in the hall? T-
 no gout in your toe. Get the
 man—we will have no de-
 here! You promised to bl-
 blithe foot for a jig, Master C-
 craft; are you tired of the s-
 ready?"
 "In truth, worshipful
 Warden," replied the skip-
 have, but within this half he
 rived at the house; 'tis ne-
 since I left my brigantine,
 matters on board detained me."
 "Ha, and you have not dan-
 night. Then you owe Bl-
 turn of duty. Go quickly
 Richard, and foot it with r-
 I have praised your leg, m-
 said enough to put you on yo-
 the back of the hall. Master
 ckerscraft, and say to Blanche
 you for a straight-backed e-
 to hold her to the pledge of
 "I am already bound
 pledge, and the time is at
 make it good. I but stole av-
 an instant to pay my duty
 replied the skipper; and
 heart from the familiar gree-
 his host, returned to the e-
 apartment with lighter ste-
 more cheerful face.
 Blanche took the earliest
 to perform her engagement,
 by this alacrity to acqui-
 self of her obligation in
 ner least calculated to occas-
 mark, and soonest to disen-
 herself of her partner's
 tunity. The dance, on h-
 was a reluctant courtes-
 was accordingly so manife-
 her demeanor, in spite of her
 tion to the contrary. Cock-
 however, was too much e-
 perceive how ill he stood
 maiden's grace. Scant em-
 ment will suffice to feed in
 a lotter; still more scant in
 of such a temperament as th-
 heady seaman. His van-
 quick to interpret favorabl-
 word of civility that fe-
 Blanche's lips; and the li-
 escaped her during the dan-
 ed anew to brighten his h-
 inspire the zeal of his purs-
 When the engagement was
 plished the maiden quick-
 tiring from the hall and
 with other companions.
 To Be Continued.