



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 year
ly advertisements. Correspondence
solicited.

Saint Mary's Beacon

Saint Mary's Beacon.
Job Printing, such as
Handbills, Circulars
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with
neatness and despatch.

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1909. 4455

EDELEN BROS.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE
Special attention given to
The Inspection of Tobacco.
1126 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD
ALSO DEALERS IN
Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-
ture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.
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
in its manufacture. It is a perfect food product.
The manufacturers of SEN-
ATOR FLOUR buy only the best
wheat from the best-producing
States of the area.
Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best
housekeepers pronounce it—**"THE BEST."**
Ask your Grocer for Senator
Flour—look for the trade-mark
and refuse substitutes.
CHAS. KING & SON, Wholesale Senator
Flour, Alex. Va.

LOOKOUT
Prices of Lumber Much Lower.
LUMBER THE
CARPENTER LIKES
A piled high in our yard—sometimes
As a rule it is kept moving, so great
and steady in the demand for it. No
matter how much we sell, though, we
are bound that every stick and board
leaving this place shall be thorough-
ly seasoned and of the quality you
want under chisel and saw.
This card solicits your orders,
large or small.
Flooring—very good—
\$2 per 100 feet.
Dressed Siding—Clear—\$2 per 100 feet.
No. 1 Cypress Shingles, \$5.00 per 1000.
Mail inquiries invited. Answered same day. Bids given at once.
Shipments quick and reliable. We invite your presence as our guests
when we load your car or vessel. If not entirely pleased money refunded.
Our warehouses and sheds stocked so full we can supply your entire
list in one day. NO DELAY. ALWAYS CALL ON
FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,
6th & New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.
MY ACCOUNT OF SALES IS MY TRAVELING SOLICITOR
Ask your neighbor.
POULTRY, POULTRY LAMBS,
EGGS, CALVES,
GRAIN, LIVE STOCK,
etc. **POULTRY** etc.
C. M. LEWIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,
MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



Wm. J. C. Dulany
Company,
PUBLISHERS,
BOOKSELLERS,
STATIONERS
AND
PRINTERS.
Agents for Milton Bradley's Kinder-
garten Supplies.
Send for Catalogues.
335 N. Charles Street,
BALTIMORE, MD
Feb 16-7.
HUBBARD DUDLEY, JAMES J. GREENWELL,
FRANK S. DUDLEY.
Dudley & Carpenter
185 LIGHT STREET, BALTIMORE.
Commission Merchants,
Open all the year to the general public
and traveling men. Livery attached
Drummers conveyed to and from St.
George's Island. Rates reasonable.
Feb 7-7

HOTEL DONALD,
1010 12th Street, N. W.,
(between K and L)
Washington, D. C.,
Wm. A. FENWICK, Proprietor.
14th Street cars within a block.
Feb. 15, '08-4.
The Latest Patterns
Wall Paper,
5c. a piece; Gilt, 8c. a piece; Win-
dow Shades, 20c. to \$1.00.
Thomas & Messer Co.,
1015 W. BALTIMORE STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

HOTEL SWANN
PINEY POINT, MD.
Open all the year to the general public
and traveling men. Livery attached
Drummers conveyed to and from St.
George's Island. Rates reasonable.
Feb 7-7

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY
LEONARDTOWN, MD.,
Conducted by the
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
OF NARARETE, KY.
Boarding and day School for Young
Ladies, situated in the most picturesque
part of beautiful Maryland.
Academic, Intermediate, Elementary
and Commercial courses; special advan-
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
the opening of the new session, Monday,
February 1st.
For further information, address
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
121 D LEONARDTOWN, MD.

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, Bromes',
Porto Bello, Graesson's, Coan, 5 a. m.,
Bundick's, Lancaester, Walnut Point, Gov-
arts, Lewistown, Kinsale, Lodge, Mundy
Point, Cintra, Piney Point, 10 a. m.,
Leonardtown, 12 noon, Abells, Coburns,
Stones, Bushwood, Lancaester, 4 p. m.,
Riverside, Liverpool Point, Glymont,
Alexandria and Washington.
*Stops only on Signal.
Leave Washington, Seventh St. Wharf,
(weather permitting) 4 p. m., every
Monday, Wednesday and Saturday for
the following River Landings and Balti-
more:
Washington, Alexandria, 4.45 p. m.,
Glymont, Liverpool Point, Riverside,
Bushwood, Lancaester, Coburns, Stones,
Leonardtown, 6 a. m., Abells', Piney
Point, Cintra, Lodge, 10 a. m., Mundy
Point, Kinsale, 12 noon, Coan, Bundick's,
Lakes, Walnut Point, Cowart's, Lewis-
etta, Miller's, 4 p. m., Graeson's, 5 p. m.,
Bromes', 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 arrival or departure at the
times stated is not guaranteed, nor does
the Company hold itself responsible for
any delay or any consequences arising
therefrom.
WILLIAM THOMPSON, General Manager,
RANSON & GREEN, Agents,
Telephone 50, Alexandria, Va.
STEPHENSON & BNO., AGTS.
Telephones 745, Washington, D. C.
T. MURDOCK, Gen. Frt. and Pass. Agt.

E. VOIGT
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
725 Seventh Street Northwest,
BETWEEN G. and H.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Everybody has some friend
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.
Our stock of Jewelry and
Bric-a-Brac is a complete.
Each piece has been carefully
selected and we feel satisfied
that a visit from you will
bear us out that we have as
fine a selection as can be
found anywhere. Why not
give us a call.
Any article that you may
select will be laid aside and
delivered when wanted. Ex-
perienced clerks. Polite atten-
tion.
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, EM-
BLEMS, RINGS, SILVERWARE,
CLOCKS and BRONZES, PRAYER
BOOKS and MEDALS.
725 7th Street, N. W. Washing-
ton, D. C. is the place and the man
to deal with
E. VOIGT.
Everyone who deals with Voigt is
pleased.
Nov. 12-17.

ROB OF THE BOWL.
A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.
BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, Washington Square,
Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1905.
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 story 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 who to direct you to. 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.

CHAPTER XVIII.
The guests were now summoned
to supper. In a wing of the dwell-
ing-house the tables were loaded
with dainty cheer, more to be re-
marked of its capacity to please the
palate, than for the enticements
which modern epulism has inven-
ted to gratify the eye. An orderly
division of matrons, escorted by the
Collector and the elders of the pro-
vince, moved forward at a measured
pace to make the first onslaught.
These were followed, after an inter-
val, by active bodies of youthful re-
vellers who thronged in noisier
array to the scene of assault.
In the housekeeper's apartment
which looked into the supperroom;
sundry women, intent upon supply-
ing the table, were seen minister-
ing their office with scarcely less
clamor than that which echoed
from the consumers of the feast.
Here, in a post of usurped control
over the domestics, busy in rinsing
glasses, cleansing platters, adjust-
ing pasties, and despatching comfits,
was the merry landlady of the Crow
and Archer, whose saucy laughing,
and not unhandsome face, grew lus-
trous with the delight afforded by
her occupation. Full as she was of
the appropriate business of her sta-
tion, she still had time to watch the
banquet and make her comments up-
on the incidents which transpired
there.

"Ho, Bridget Coldale! Bridget,
this way look you!" she exclaimed,
with napkin in hand, and eye
glancing which delight, she beck-
oned to the thin and busy house-
keeper. "If you would live and
laugh, pray come this way and
take a peep at the table. Who should
we have here, as pert and proud as
if she was the lady of my Lord, but
our gossip, Dolly Cadger? Think
of it,—the dame her self, in her own
true flesh and blood, amongst all
gentlefolk. Marry! Master Anthony
Warden was in straits to choose
comers when he went to the mer-
cer's shop to find them. What a
precious figure the sea-tortoise
makes with her yellow camblet, blue
sarsnet, and green satin! And that
lace pinner stuck upon her head,
with great lappets flaunting down
like hound's ears! I cannot but
laugh my sides into a twitch—it is
such a dainty tire for a mercer's
wife. It all comes, you may swear,
bran new out of the mercer's pack—
for the poor man had never the soul
to deny her; there will be a twelve-
month's bragging on the top of
this. Good lack! yonder is Daun-
tres, like an humble bee, beside the
viewer's sister! The old pot-guzzler
is never a man to flinch from his
trencher. Master Ginger I know
the measure of your stomach of old!
I have warmed your insides for
you!"
"For the blessing of charity and
the love of good work, Dame Dor-
othy, some drink!" cried Willy, the
fiddler, who had just stolen from
his pocket and elbowed his way into
the housekeeper's room. "Some
drink, mistress; my throat is as dry
as a midsummer chimney; swallows
are building; nests in it; my lips
are dusty from long drought, and
my elbow is not able to wag for
want of oil. Quick, good dame, or
I shall cripp! Ha, that is smooth
and to the purpose," he exclaimed,
after sipping off a glass which the
dame presented him. "Now, my
thy hostess, a bone to gnaw, for I
am fearfully empty and like to cave
in at speed, dame; the doctors will
be calling before I am filled."

"So,—Willy, set you down and
comfort your stomach at your leisure;
there will be no haste to leave the
supper-table this half hour," re-
plied the landlady, as she laid a
plate before the fiddler, furnished
with good store of pastry; "take
your time and make a belly full of
it, child—you have earned your
provender. I warrant, Willy, you
never had a merrier pair of legs to
'Hunt the Squirrel,' than our old
Captain gave you to-night."
"Haw, haw!" shouted Willy;
'Captain Dauntres is a king of
Captains, dame. He has put a new
spring in Master Warden's old
frog. I would have given a piece
of eight out of my own pocket, Mis-
tress Dorothy—that is if I had so
much—to have seen you on the
plank to-night fooling it to 'Hunt
the Squirrel' with the Captain, or
to the 'Moll Pately,' or some such
other merry frisk as I could have
made for you: it would have been
as good as a month's schooling to
some of our gentlefolks."
"Me on the floor, indeed!" ejacu-
lated the dame with an affected laugh.
"Faith, I might be there, as well as
some that crowd under a hood, and
the ball suffer no shame neither.
But Master Warden does not drop
his favor so low as a vintner's wife;
he stops short with the mercer.
Willy, did you think before, that the
publican was of less worship than
the peddler? Has Dame Cadger bet-
ter reason to hold up her head than
Dame Weasel? Speak the truth,
man, honestly."
"Master Perry Cadger has done
with peddling more than a year
past," replied Willy; "he is now a
'established mercer, with freehold in
the town and trade in the common.
And they do say, Mistress Dorothy,
that he makes money over hand; he
will be worshipful anon; money
makes worship, dame, all the world
over."
"Maybe it does; but I would like
to know, has not Garret Weasel as
goodly a freehold in the town, as old
a trade in the common, and as full a
pouch, as Perry Cadger? better,
older, and fuller, on my word!
Now, where is that same mortal, my
husband?" inquired the dame, look-
ing around her; "as I live, there he
is at the chimney-check, fast asleep
in the midst of all this uproar! The
noddlepeaks is of too dull a spirit for
such a place as this. Wake him up,
Willy! Garret, man!" she scream-
ed, in a tone which instantly brought
him to his feet; "if you are weary,
put Bogie in the cart and get you
home to bed; Matty will bring the
cart back and for me."
"A sleepy!" returned the husband,
in a husky voice, and with a bewil-
dered drowsy eye which he endeavor-
ed to light up with a laugh; "good
woman, if you wait here until I
grow sleepy, you will be a weary
lotterer,—that's all I have to say.
Sleepy, dame! If a man but wink
his eye in the light, you would
swear to a snore. Adshartilkenal!
I have been in many a rouse, wife,
as you well know; day-dawn is my
twelve o'clock; chancier has
crowled himself hoarse many a time
before he could get me to bed. I'll
see you out."
"Oh, oh, oh, oh! here's an honest
night's work for you!" drawled
out Wise Waskin, who had, ever
since dark, occupied a station at a
window as a spectator of the danc-
ing, and now had pryingly thrust
his head into the housekeeper's
apartment; "here are estates and
drinkables, wet and dry, to set any
stomach a laughing! Why, how now,
Willy!" he ejaculated, with chuckle,
as he discovered the fiddler regali-
ng himself in the room, and ad-
vanced towards him with the strol-
king of a dog that is doubtful of his
reception; "you know where the fat
and the sweet are. Oh, Master
Willy, you are a wise fiddler! their
worships do well to make much of
you. Have you never a crust for
poor Waskin?"
"Out, you dottrel!" shouted Mis-
tress Coldale, in a key that thrilled
through the frame of the simpleton,
and turned him precipitately to-
wards the door. "Haven't we idlers
enough in our way without you?
Here, take this and begone," she
continued, as relenting she gave the
witless intruder a plate of provi-
sions. And as for you, Willy, the
young folks are gathering again in
the hall, there will be a message for
you presently."
"I stay for no message," replied
the fiddler, as he rose and shook the
crumbs from him, and with jaws
still occupied, withdrew from the
apartment, followed by the admir-
ing Waskin.

house, Albert Verheyden had erect-
ed a bower, which sheltered a rus-
tic altar dedicated to St. Therese,
over which the name of Blanche had
been wrought in the large letters,
formed by a number of suspended
lamps, which threw a softened light
for a considerable space around.
Hither, after supper, Mr. Warden,
with a small party of his guests,
had strolled in the interval before
the sports of the evening were re-
sumed. Cooklecraft had watched
the opportunity, and now, some-
what elated with wine as well as
buoyed up with hope, had tracked
the Collector's footsteps until he
found him separated some little space
from his company.
"Well met, Master Warden!" was
the skipper's accost, so familiarly
whispered in the ear of his host
as to produce a slight movement of
surprise. "Well met, Caballero! I
have a word for your private ear;
this way if you please. It is some-
what cool, so I will to my purpose
roundly, in seaman's fashion."
"Speak, but quickly, Master Cook-
lecraft, and in plain phrase: I shall
like it the better."
"Master Warden, then, without
minding the matter, I would have
your leave to woo our beautiful maid-
on your daughter."
"Who,—what,—how?" interrupt-
ed the Collector, in a voice that
spoke his astonishment.
"You daughter, Mistress Blanche;
ay, and have your good word to the
suit: I love her like a true son of
the sea—heartily, and in that sort
would woo her."
"What is it you ask?" again spoke
the host with increased surprise.
"I have gear enough, Master War-
den; no man may turn his heel on
me for lack of gold."
"How now, sirrah!" interrupted
the Collector, as in this brief space
the storm had gathered to the burst-
ing point: "You would woo my
daughter?—woo her?—my Blanche?
Richard Cooklecraft, have you lost
your wits—turned fool, idiot; or is
your brain fevered with drink?
You make suits to my daughter!
You win and wear a damsel of her
nurture! Hear me. Your craft is
a good craft—I do not deny it; an
honest calling, when lawfully follow-
ed! a brave calling! but you sail on
a false reckoning when you hope
to find favor with my girl Blanche.
Your rough sea-jackets, and your
sharking license on the salt sea,
mates not with daughter of mine:—
the rose-leaf and the sea-nettle!
You venture too largely on my
welcome, sirrah!" he said, as his
anger began to show itself in his
quickened speech, above his effort
to restrain it. "Master Skipper,
there is insolence in this. Hark
you, sir! if you would not have me
disown your acquaintance and for-
bid you my house, you will
never speak again of my daughter."
With this brief rebuke of the skip-
per's aspirations the host retreated
hastily, and much out of humor, into
the house, leaving his guest in a
state of bewilderment at the sudden
and unexpected issue of the inter-
view. For a moment the seaman
stood fixed on the spot, his lips com-
pressed, his hands clenched, and
his eyes directed to the retiring fig-
ure of the Collector: at length begin-
ning to find breath and motion, he
muttered, "So it has come to this! he
has been playing the hypocrite! It
was but a holiday welcome, after
all! I shall note it for future remem-
brance. A sea-nettle! By Saint
Anthony he shall find me one! And
that sharking license he spoke of,
he shall taste its flavor. This girl
has been trained in her dislikes.
Oh, it is his sport to see me felled!
I am brought here express to the
ball by his persuasion,—nay, com-
mand; I am caressed with courtesies,
and even challenged to romps
with the maiden by his own lips.
Who so free in his admission here
as I?—Richard Cooklecraft, for-
sooth! One would have thought we
had been fellow thieves in our time;
there was such crouching in his
phrase; and then at last, when frank-
ly I tell him my purpose, I am to be
huffed and hectorated off the ground
with belligerent speeches! He must
bounce me as if I were a cowardly
boy. Oh, wind and wave and broad-
sea sky! it was not in your nursing
I learned the patience to bear this
wrong. You are not too old yet,
Anthony Warden, to be taught the
hazard of rousing a Blood Brother!
And as for you, gay minstrel, dream
on of your bookish ballad-singer,
Master Albert! I have a reckoning
to settle with him. It will be dain-
ly exploit to send him, feet foremost,
into the Chapel for a blessing.
Lovely, Sir Secretary, you owe me
To Be Continued.

the worth of an unsatisfied grudge!
Softly—Master Verheyden himself
we meet at a fortunate hour."
The colloquy of the skipper was
interrupted by the approach of the
Secretary, who entered alone into
the bower and paused a moment be-
fore the little altar. A light tap on
the shoulder made Albert aware of
the presence of Cooklecraft, and
turning round to confront the per-
son who gave it, he was immediately
greeted with the accost, "I have a
word for your ear, sir,—if you be
a man you will follow me out of this
bower light. What I have to say is
better told where no one may ob-
serve us; follow me, sir."
"You are somewhat too peremptory,"
replied the Secretary, as he
stepped after the skipper toward
the cliff; "I follow, though I think
more courtesy would befit your sta-
tion. I have once before marked
and reproved your rudeness."
"I have no courtesies to waste on
you," said Cooklecraft, sharply;
"my business is with your man-
hood. You have the maiden to thank
that I did not bring you to instant
account for that insolent reproof you
spoke of. I come to deal with you
upon it now. Are you a man? Dare
you meet me to-morrow, at noon, at
Cornwall's Cross?"
"I dare meet you and any or all
who have right to claim it of me,"
replied Albert promptly. "In the
way of honorable quarrel, if such
be the meaning of your challenge.
And although I am ignorant of your
degree, and may question your right
to defy me to equal contest, yet hon-
ored as you have been under this
roof, I shall rest content with that
as sufficient pledge of your claim to
my attention. You shall find me,
six, punctual to your summons."
"I scorn the shallow claim," re-
turned the skipper, "to such honor
as they who inhabit here may con-
fer. The master of the house, though
need not veil his top to a clerical
applier of syllables, even though
the minion's writing-stool be found
in my own ante-chamber. I shall
meet you to-morrow at noon, at
the Cross."
"To-morrow at noon," replied the
Secretary, "you shall not complain
of my absence, sir."
"It is well! So, good night, Mas-
ter Secretary!" rejoined the skip-
per, scornfully, as he bowed to his
antagonist and set forth to seek his
boat which lay in waiting beneath
the bank.
The Secretary turned towards the
dwelling, somewhat disturbed by
the novel situation into which he had
been so unexpectedly thrown, but
resolved to conceal the disquiet of
his mind and preserve the same
outward composure which had marked
his deportment during the pre-
vious portion of the evening.
"Who lurks there?" he demand-
ed in a stern voice as he perceived
the figure of a man stealing off from
his path immediately in the vicinity
of the spot where the interview with
Cooklecraft had terminated. "Who
is it," he added in a gentler tone,
"that plays hide and seek here on
the lawn?"
"Nobody," returned a voice from
the shelter of the shrubbery, "no-
body but me, honorable Master Ver-
heyden: me, Waskin," continued
the half-witted lad, as he came visi-
bly into the presence of the Secre-
tary. "Haven't we had a famous
juncting? Oh, what I have eaten
and drunk this blessed night! and
what dancing, Master Verheyden!
I was there ever such fiddling? Wil-
ly is a treasure to the quality, I
warrant you. Where have you such
another?"
"You should be looking on at the
dancing," said Albert, anxious to
ascertain from the lad if he had
heard any thing of what had passed
between himself and Cooklecraft.
"How comes it Waskin, that you are
away from your post?"
"Oh, bless you, Master Verhey-
den, I have more on my hands than
you could guess in a week's stir-
ring. Now, what should Mistress
Coldale say to me when I had rob-
bed up my supper, but, Waskin,
take this trencher and this pot down
to the bank side, and there feed the
seamen of Master Cooklecraft's
boat, which you shall find at the
landing below the garden. And so,
truly, there I found the hungry tar-
paulins; and they did eat, Master
Albert, like fishes, and drink like
wolves. It is Mistress Blanche's
birth-day, says I, so we will have
no hungry bones here, comrades.
And they laughed and I came up
the bank as I went, running almost
out of breath to see fiddler Willy
strike up again. And that's the
way I fell pot upon you, Master
Secretary."
"It was a lucky speed, Waskin;
now get you gone!" said Albert, as
he slowly bent his steps towards
the hall and mingled again in the
bustle of the scene.
As midnight drew near the elder
guests had all retired; and at last
even the most buoyant began to
yield to that weariness of limb by
which nature has set her limit to
the endurance of social pleasure, no
less peremptorily to those in the
prime of youth than to such as were
in their days of decline.

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