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.

LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1909. — 4470

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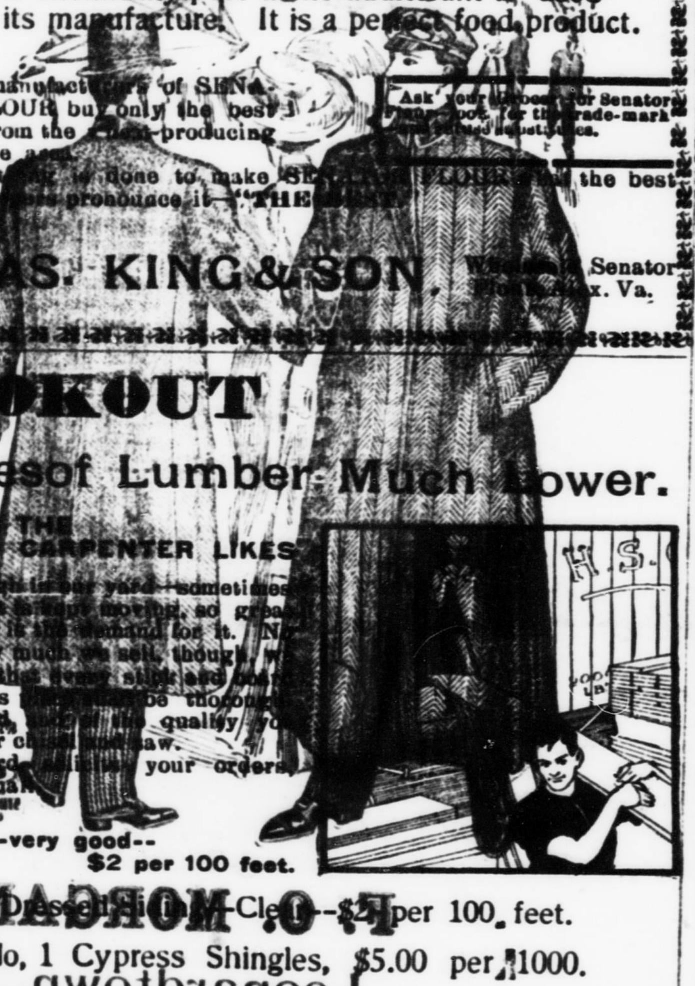

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A farm on road leading from Saint John's to St. Andrews church, containing 125 acres. Dwelling of five rooms stable and barn. Level and fairly timbered. Soil varied.

A farm near, or adjoining the estate on the Glebe road, containing 228 acres level and well timbered. Small dwelling and stables, barn and corn house in good condition. Fine tobacco soil.

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Also one farm containing 100 acres near Jarboesville, 8th District, well timbered in oak, pine and gum.

The above lands being owned by me can be purchased exclusive of Agent's commission.

In addition to the above lands, I have for sale the following very desirable farms in the 5th district, near Charlotte Hall, and on the Southern Maryland Railroad which can be bought at a reasonable figures and on liberal terms.

A farm in the 5th District, containing 253 acres; can be divided into two farms. On one side a barn of 40x40, with large peach orchard; on other side, two small dwellings, directly on railroad; both sides well timbered.

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Another farm of 198 acres; fine roomy dwelling, new barn 40x40; well timbered and tenant houses for labor.

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Another farm of 163 acres; 6 room dwelling; 2 nice barns in good repair. 1 tenant house.

The last mentioned four farms adjoin each other, near Charlotte Hall, and all in close proximity to Railroad.

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Leonardtown, Md.

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BETWEEN G. and H.
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Everyone who deals with Voigt is pleased.
Nov [illegible]

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SISTERS OF CHARITY
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Boarding and day School for Young Ladies, situated in the most picturesque part of beautiful Maryland.
Academic, Preparatory, Elementary [illegible] special advantages in Music and Vocalization.
Besides the best moral and religious training and a thorough knowledge of the courses pursued, particular attention is also given to the cultivation of lady-like manners, amiable deportment and [illegible] the beautiful and the true.
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Parents desiring to enter their children will please make application at once.
For further information, address
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

ROB OF THE BOWL.

A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY,
Publishers, Washington Square,
Philadelphia, Sept. 22, 1908.

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 stock 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. However, the work is now out of copyright, and there is no reason why you might not reprint it without permission.

Yours very truly,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY, American author, was born in Baltimore, Aug. 25, 1795; died Oct. 25, 1870. He graduated at the University of Maryland in 1812; was admitted to the bar in 1816; served in the Legislature in 1820–23; member of Congress 1835–42; presidential elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840, and was Chairman of the House Committee on Commerce in Congress 1842. He was again elected to the Maryland Legislature and was Speaker of the House in 1846. Was appointed Secretary of the Navy 1852, and aided in fitting out Commodore Perry's Japan expedition 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, Baltimore and trustee of the Peabody Educational Fund. Was the author of several novels and of a Life of William Wirt.

(Reprint from the Lippincott edition of 1861).

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Dotard!" he exclaimed, as he began to count this booty, "I have left my [illegible] in yonder Chapel, with all my papers. Oh these cup-riots—these heady revels, made for [illegible] fools and prodigal unthrifs! What fellowship should my white hairs and hollow wrinkles find with them, that I must needs turn herdsman to these bears? Folly goeth armed with a scourge, and layeth on roundly, good faith! How have I been whipped by that most wise fool in my time! Well, for a penance, get thee back, thou curtailed and misshapen sinner! get thee back the weary way to the Chapel. Ha! should these night-birds make prize of my written memorials!—Hasten—hasten thee, Rob!—The lantren—the lantren! and than away."

The lantern was lighted and swung by a small chain across his shoulder, and taken his crutches, he was seen beyond his threshold, making good speed to the Wizard's Chapel.

This sudden motion had so far roused his spirit and altered his mood—which was ever fitful and subject to rapid change—that, as he swung briskly onward, he found himself humming a tune, and when he had reached the door of the Black House, he was engaged in audibly singing the words of the song which had been so unceremoniously suspended by the interposition of Kate of Warrington:

"He needs no napkin for his hands,
His finger-ends is wipe,
[illegible] kitchen in a box
[illegible] pipe,"

"Marry, I can troll it with the best of them yet!" he said, evidently proud of his performance, as he pushed the door open and entered the apartment. His first movement was towards the corner where he had been sitting before he was lifted to the table; here he discovered the leather pouch as he had left it. His eargerness to find what he sought in this spot, rendered him for the moment unobservant of everything else; but now, on casting his eyes around him, he perceived the coat of the Secretary hanging in front of the fire, and in the next instant, the figure of Albert Verheyden himself prostrate on his rude pallet, breathing the long and audible inspirations of profound sleep. It was apparent to The Cripple, at a glance, that the person who lay stretched before him was not of the crew of the skipper. With an instinctive motion he drew his knife, or dagger, from its sheath, and swayed himself forward to the very side of the sleeping man. The dagger was uplifted, and about to descend with the impulse of a brawny muscle that would have pinned the victim to the floor, when The Cripple suspended the blow, only to make more sure, by the flash of the light of the lantern across the sleeper's face, that the man he was about to assail was one who had no claim, from acquaintance or confidence, to the privilege of entering under this forbidden roof. When the secret of the Black House was endangered by the prying eyes, or even by the involuntary knowledge of the casual wanderer, no sceuple of conscience, nor shrinking reluctance to the deed of murder, might withhold the arm of the ruthless ascetic who ruled unquestioned over this fearful domain. A savage scowl lowered upon his sallow front as he stretched forth his long arm and passed the lantern across the quiet visage of his unconscious victim, whilst his right hand still held the dagger in act to strike. The scowl suddenly changed as he stooped forward more narrowly to scan the countenance of the sleeping man,—and a strange expression of instant terror took its place. For some seconds his gaze was riveted upon Albert Verheyden's beautiful features, as, heaving his head upward, in a casual motion of his slumber, the Secretary threw the whole contour of his face into the full blaze of the light, and disclosed his glossy and almost womanish ringlets, which now straggled over his ear and upon his beardless cheek.

"Blessed St. Romuald, shield me from this sight," murmured Rob, with a slow utterance and whisper-ed voice, whilst with still fixed eyes and a [illegible] in every fibre, he stared upon the image before him. "It is a spectre conjured hither from the grave, or the juggling cheat of a fiend, that reads to me, in that face, the warning of a life of sin? Oh! God!—I cannot strike thee, whatsoe'er thou art! So, in very truth, she looked, whilst slumbering on her pillow! that same fair forehead—that silken eye-lash, that curling lip. Who art thou, and whence comest? What witchcraft hath thrown thee into this foul abode? Sure, I am awake! I have not closed mine eye to-night. There stand the tokens of this night's debauch;—these cups, these flasks, and this familiar den of villainy, all bear testimony that I do not wander in my sleep. These limbs are flesh and blood," he added, as he raised Albert's yielding hand from his bosom, "and that brow is warm with the heat of healthful action. Holy saints of Heaven! can it be?—What is here?" he suddenly demanded, as his eye caught a glimpse of a jewelled trinket, which, as the sleeper lay, was disclosed in the inner folds of his vest, and which, The Cripple drew forth by the chain to which it was attached. "To Louise," he exclaimed, when his eyes fell upon the simple inscription on the back of the richly mounted miniature—"God of Heaven, by what miracle am I haunted with the sight! Louise—Louise—poor girl! that little portraiture of thyself I gave thee with mine own hand—'tis now two and twenty years ago:—it was a stolen effort of the painter's skill, and thou wert then an angel of light that shed a blissful radiance upon my path. And it is then true, that this may be Verheyden, his Lordship's Secretary, upon whose head I have heard ruffian curses heaped and pledged in maddening draughts by devils at their carouse, is thy child, Louise? Mine, I would fain confess, after a long and stubborn life of passionate denial and scornful hate. Oh, Louise!" he groaned aloud, as tears coursed down his withered cheek, whilst he bent over the Secretary and parted the hair from the forehead, upon which he imprinted a kiss; "hapless was thy fate, but doubly wretched mine. William Weatherby, thou hast been the fool and dupe of that devilish disease of thy blood which hath brought showered curses upon thee and thine! There, sleep on the bosom of thy child, mother of an unhappy destiny!" he said, as he quietly replaced the miniature. "This is no place for thee, unwary boy! I must rouse him ere these blood-hounds fall upon his track—"

"A soaking night, by St. Anthony!" ejaculated the boatswain of the Escalfador, who, at this instant, thrust open the door, and, with four or five of the seamen, came clamorously towards the fire. "Push us yon bottle, and let us see if there be any of the stuff left."

"And let us have fire, Master Boatswain; I am chilled to the marrow. Pipe thy best whistle for the Captain: he told thee to pipe it roundly, as soon as the brigantine was out of the creek."

"I warrant you, I will wake him," replied the boatswain, as he went to the door and blew his shrill note.

"Ho, old boy of the bowl!" what the devil makes thee here?" demanded one of the crew, when his eye fell upon Rob, who had, at the entrance of the men, extinguished his light.

"Knave!" returned The Cripple, "who gave thee license to huff and swagger under this roof? Where is Roche?"

"Abroad the brigantine with five of our messmates. They have her at hand ready to take in the stowage the Captain spoke of."

"We heard as we came across the field," said the boatswain, "the snort of a runaway horse, which this fool Francis must take to be a devil in earnest—and he falls to crossing himself like an old monk in a battle with Beelzebub."

"Whisht! we have a traveller here," said Rob, whose restless [illegible] had gained the [illegible] of his mind, ever since the sailors had burst into the room, and who had now placed himself in such a position as to screen the Secretary from their observation, "a traveller who has doubtless lost his way and wandered into the Chapel."

"Why dost not give him the knife?" interrupted the boatswain, in a whisper; "'tis the old law of the Black House."

"Cut-throat!" ejaculated Rob, "am I to be schooled by thee in the law of the Black House? The stranger hath come at unawares, and is now asleep. He hath seen nothing, heard nothing, and can report against no one. Put a bandage across his eyes, before he awakes, and let two of the men bear him, in silence, on their shoulders free of the Chapel, and set him down in the woods. Thou hast stabbing enough, John of Brazil, in thy proper calling, without doing murder in sport."

"Ha, ha! thou preachest, by Saint Longface! Thou'rt growing tender-hearted, Father Robert!" said the boatswain, laughing.

"Caitiff! wouldst kite—thou shark of the bloody mouth!" exclaimed The Cripple, in a voice suppressed by the fear of waking the sleeper, whilst his face grew crimson with rage; "but that I have no limb to reach thee, that taunt should be thy last. Here, Francis! thou and Pedro, muffle this traveller in his cassock and take him hence. When thou hast borne him a quarter of a mile in the woods, set him down to make his own way."

Before the sailors could obey this order, and whilst they hesitated to perform what seemed to them a useless service of humanity, Cocklescraft entered the apartment. At the same moment, Albert Verheyden, whose slumber had been disturbed by the clamor of conversation, now awoke, and started by the first impression which the inmates of the place made upon him, sprang to his feet, retreated to the wall, and drew his sword.

"Where am I—and who are ye?" he exclaimed with a confused perception of the persons around him, and of the spot he inhabited. "Your pardon, friends," he added, as gaining more self-possession, he turned the point of his weapon to the ground, and smiled. "I had an evil dream that awoke me. Will your goodness let me know—for I am a benighted traveller—what place this is, and to whom I am indebted for this shelter?"

"Ha, by St. Iago, you are most welcome, Master Verheyden!" said the skipper, as he recognized his enemy in the person who had made this appeal to the good will of the company, "'Tis my house; make free of it, master! I did not hope for the honor of this courtesy; thrice welcome! You have been abroad to-day to seek the man who made bold to lodge a bullet in the brain of yon caster of [illegible] below St. Inigo's; do I not guess well? You have had most marvellous good luck; for, first, before all the world, you, his Lordship's Secretary, have chanced upon the very murderer. What will you do with him, Master Verheyden?"

"A misadventure has thrown me into the power of banditti," replied the Secretary with quiet resignation. "I have naught to say. I know you dating to do the purpose of a wicked will, and can hope for no mercy."

"You guess me right," replied Cocklescraft sternly. "I dare do what I will to do. You and yours, especially I hate—and have sworn against your life. No to-morrow's sun rises on my Lord's dainty and darling minion. By the law of our brotherhood, thou dies this night, Albert Verheyden. John of Brazil, take him forth—and, by the lamp-light, discharge a brace of pistols into his heart. His heart—be sure of it! I would strike his heart,—I shall kill more than one," he muttered as he turned fiercely away.

"Dickon Cocklescraft," said Rob, with a gathering anger that was ill concealed under the show of calmness which he now assumed, "Have I lost my authority under this roof,—mine own roof, let me tell thee,—that thou venturest to usurp my right to ordain the fate of the rash fool who invades our secret? At peril of your future peace and thriving fortune, John of Brazil, dare to do the bidding of your Captain! Would'st have the evidences of his death rising up in judgment against us, in the blood thou spill'st? Thou art but an apprentice, Dickon, to thy devil's craft, and a halter will yet reward thee for thy folly. I will pronounce the doom of this intruding spy. Drown him! let the wide waters wash away all trace of the deed;—let the ravening shark devour him."

"Ha, ha!" ejaculated Cocklescraft, with a sneer, "you have a conceit in your humanity, Rob! Do it—do it in your own way, but, in the devil's name, be quick about it. I have a mere squirrel's leap of the night, and little time to lose on despatch."

"Give me Francis and Pedro," said Rob, "and I will order the matter myself."

"Away then, about it!" said Cocklescraft; "we lose time in prating like women in this baby-play. You have commodities to go aboard to-night—look to it, Johnny. Give a signal to the brigantine to send the yawl ashore—briskly, boys; we must work so, to it!"

And in this strain of ordinary business occupation, the skipper turned from the horrible fate of his victim with a careless indifference, almost forgetting, in the concern of shipping some contraband merchandise, the rapine of his last voyage, that dreadful tragedy which at his instance was now in a course of acting.

Albert, calm and silent, like the victim of a Pagan sacrifice, neither gave vent to the agony of his feelings in sighs, or offered resistance to the savage hands that pinioned his arms. Under the direction of The Cripple, the two sailors conducted their captive towards the hut, Rob himself following, with the coat of the Secretary thrown over his own shoulder.

The rain still poured steadily down, and the faint light of the moon had disappeared, leaving the scene in almost perfect darkness. Albert Verheyden, his arms bound with cords, moved at the bidding of his ruthless conductors, at a brisk and firm pace along the beach, until the party arrived opposite the hut of The Cripple. They approached the door, which being thrown open, gave to their view the smouldering fire that still threw forth a glimmering ray from the hearth. A pine fagot soon kindled up a blaze and cast a broad, lurid light over the apartment. At Rob's command the prisoner was brought in and stripped of his doublet, his boots, and his weapon,—all which were taken in charge by the master of the hut. A deadly paleness was spread over the Secretary's face whilst these preparations were making; but his lip did not quiver, nor did his eye lose its lustre.

"Why not take my life at once? Why mock my spirit with this horrible delay?" he asked, in a tone that partook as much of anger as of grief. "I appeal to stones—to brutes, more senseless than stones! Holy martyrs, aid me in my extremity!" he added, with a subdued and resigned temper. "God will avenge this wrong."

"Why dost falter, knaves?" exclaimed Rob, when he saw the sailors retreat a pace and mutter inaudible whisperings to each other. "Ha, thou must be wrought, by thine accustomed devil, to this work. There, go to it: there are strong waters to aid thy lacking courage—drink your fill. I will help thee."

Rob now gave to the seamen a bottle, which they put alternately to their lips. "Fear in not, Pedro! Stint not, Francis! 'Tis an ugly job at best, and needs the countenance of a man's draught. Drink again!"

"Ay, will I, like a Bloody Brother," replied Pedro, making good his word by a second application of the bottle. "I have been on the Coast, Master Rob, with Mansvelt, before I ever saw Captain Cocklescraft."

"Ha," said Francis, in a French accent, "and wasn't François Le Grand at the taking of Maracaibo, and, in the fight with the three Spanish galleons? Diavolo! give me the bottle!"

"Brave lads both!" shouted Rob, with an attempt to laugh; "brave lads, and worthy! We shall be late with our work, haste thee!"

To Be Continued.

The blessedness of memory of old age is often but the extract of our past life.—De Maistre.