

From the collection of  
WALTER I. BARKINS, 1858-1936  
Presented to the Maryland Department, 1937  
Enoch Pratt Free Library



**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

VOL. 70. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1909. 4470

**Saint Mary's Beacon**  
Job Printing, such as  
Handbills, Circulars  
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with  
neatness and despatch.  
Parties having Real or Personal  
Property for sale can obtain des-  
criptive 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.**  
1235 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 are  
MADE 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 SENATOR FLOUR buy only the best  
wheat from the best producing  
districts in the world.  
Everything is done to make SENATOR FLOUR what the best  
housekeepers pronounce it—"THE BEST."

**CHAS. KING & SON,** Wholesale Senator  
Flour, Alex. Va.

**LOOKOUT**  
Prices of Lumber Much Lower.  
LUMBER THE  
CARPENTER LIKES  
As piled high in our yard—sometimes  
As a rule it is kept moving, so great  
and steady is 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 1,000.  
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, EGGS, GRAIN, etc. POULTRY  
LAMBS, CALVES, LIVE STOCK, etc.  
**C. M. LEWIS,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,  
MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

**Wm. J. C. Dulany**  
Company,  
PUBLISHER,  
BOOKSELLERS,  
STATIONERS  
AND  
PRINTERS.  
Agents for Milton Bradley's Kinder-  
garten Supplies.  
Send for Catalogues.  
335 N. Charles Street,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Feb 16-7.

**HOTEL DONALD,**  
1610 12th Street, N. W.,  
(between K and L),  
Washington, D. C.,  
Wm. A. FENWICK, Proprietor.  
14th Street cars within a block.  
Feb. 15, '06-11.

**The Latest Patterns**  
**Wall Paper,**  
5c. apiece; Gilt, 8c. apiece; 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.  
J. T. SWANN.  
Feb 7-7

## REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

The following tracts of land located in  
St. Mary's county can be purchased  
cheap and on liberal terms, if time is de-  
sired.  
A farm on road leading from Saint  
John's to St. Andrew's church, contain-  
ing 125 acres. Dwelling of five rooms,  
stable and barn. Level and fairly tim-  
bered. Soil varied.

A farm near, or adjoining the same,  
on the Globe road, containing 238 acres,  
level and well timbered. Small dwelling  
and stables, barn and corn house in good  
condition. Fine tobacco soil.

A farm near Laurel Grove containing  
100 acres, more or less. Dwelling and  
out houses in good condition. Fine  
Tobacco soil.

Also one farm containing 100 acres,  
near Jarboville, 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 re-  
asonable figure and on liberal terms.

A farm in the 5th District, containing  
253 acres; can be divided into two  
farms. On one side is a barn of 60x40,  
with large peach orchard; on other side,  
two small dwellings, directly on railroad;  
both sides well timbered.

Another farm containing 209 acres  
building, large dwelling of 10 rooms  
three barns and tenant house. Well  
timbered.

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

Another farm of 190 acres; large dwell-  
ing of 7 rooms and 2 barns; heavily  
timbered with chestnut and white oak.  
Tenant house for labor.

Another farm of 163 acres; 3 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.  
**ENOCH E. ABELL,**  
Leonardtown, Md.

## ROB OF THE BOWL.

### A LEGEND OF ST. INIGO'S.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

J. B. LEPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
Publishers, Washington Square,  
Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1898.  
FRANCIS V. KING, Eds.,  
Leonardtown, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Replying to yours of the 17th  
instant, we would state that all interest in  
J. 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. LEPPINCOTT COMPANY,  
H. G. S.

JOHN PENNINGTON KENNEDY, D. D., author  
of "Rob of the Bowl," was born in  
Oct. 23, 1810. He graduated at the University  
of Maryland in 1831; was admitted to the bar  
in 1835; served in the Legislature in 1835-36;  
member of Congress 1837-41; presidential  
elector on the Harrison ticket in 1840, and  
was Chairman of the House Committee on  
Commerce in Congress, 1841-42. He was again  
elected to the Maryland Legislature and was  
Speaker of the House in 1844. Was appointed  
Secretary of the Navy in 1845, and aided in  
fitting out Commodore Perry's Japan expedi-  
tion and Dr. Kane's second Arctic voyage.  
At his death was professor 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 Leppincott edition of 1891.)

### CHAPTER XXIX.

"Dotard!" he exclaimed, as he be-  
gan to cast up this account. "I have  
left my wallet in yonder Chapel,  
with all my papers. Oh these cur-  
riots—these heady revels, made for  
hot-brained fools and prodigal un-  
thrif! What fellowship should  
my white hairs and hollow wrinkles  
find with them, that I must needs  
turn herdman to these bears? Fully  
goaded 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  
curtained and misshapen sinner! get  
thee back the weary way to the  
Chapel. Hal! should these night-  
birds make prize of my written  
memorials!—Hasten—hasten thee,  
Rob!—The lantern, the lantern!  
and thou away."

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

This sudden motion had so far  
roused his spirits 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 unceremon-  
iously suspended by the interposi-  
tion of Kate of Warrington:

"He needs no napkin for his hands,  
His finger-end is ripe,  
That temp his kitchen in a box  
And roast meat in a 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  
eagerness 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, breath-  
ing 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 skip-  
per. 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 im-  
pulse of a brawny muscle that would  
have plinned the victim to the floor,  
when The Cripple suspended the  
blow, only to make more sure, by  
the flash of the light of his lantern  
across the sleeper's face, that the  
person he was about to assail was  
one who had no claim, from acquain-  
tance or confederacy, to the privi-  
lege of entering under this forbid-  
den roof. When the secret of the  
Black House was endangered by  
rash curiosity of prying eyes, or  
even by the involuntary knowledge  
of the casual wanderer, no expe-  
dient of concealment, nor shrinking re-  
luctance to do a deed of murder, might  
withhold the arm of the ruthless as-  
sault who ruled unquestioned over  
this fearful domain. A savage scowl  
lowered upon his sallow front as he  
stretched forth his flag 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 for-  
ward 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 fea-  
tures, as heaving his head upward,  
in a casual motion of his slumber,  
the Secretary threw the whole con-  
tour of his face into the full  
blaze of the light, and disclosed his  
glossy and almost womanish ring-  
lets, 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 whis-  
pered voice, whilst with still fixed eyes  
and a frame trembling in every  
fibre, he stared upon the image be-  
fore him. "It is a spectre conjured  
hither from the grave, or the jing-  
ling cheat of a fiend, that reads to  
me, in that face, the warning of a  
life of sin? Oh God!—I cannot  
strike thee, whatsoever thou art!  
So, in very truth, she looked whilst  
slumbering on her pillow that same  
fair forehead—that alken eye-lash,  
that curling lip. Who art thou, and  
whence comest? What wifery art  
bath throned thee into this foul  
abode? Sure, I am awake! I have  
not closed mine eyes to-night. There  
stand the tokens of this night's de-  
bauch;—these cups, these flasks,  
and this familiar den of villainy, all  
bear testimony that I do not wan-  
der 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 de-  
manded, as his eye caught a glimpse  
of a jewelled trinket, which, at the  
sleeper lay, was disclosed in the in-  
ner 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 inscrip-  
tion on the back of the richly mount-  
ed 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—'tis  
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  
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. An-  
thony!" ejaculated the boatswain of  
the Escalador, who, at this instant,  
thrust open the door, and, with four  
or five of the seamen, came clamor-  
ously towards the fire. "Push up  
your 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 mar-  
row. 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?" de-  
manded one of the crew, when his  
eye fell upon Rob, who had, at the  
entrance of the men, extinguished  
his light.  
"Knavel!" returned The Cripple;  
"you 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 stow-  
age the Captain spoke of."  
"We heard as we came across the

field," said the boatswain, "at  
peril of your future peace and thriving fortune,  
John of Brazil, dare to do the bid-  
ding of your Captain! Wouldst  
have the evidences of his death  
rising up in judgment against us,  
in the blood thou spillst? 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 in-  
truding spy. Drown him! let the  
wide waters wash away all trace of  
the deed—let the ravenous shark  
devour him."  
"Ha, ha!" ejaculated Cooklescraft,  
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  
merry sport for these lads to-night,  
and little time to lose—so, des-  
patch."  
"Give me Francis and Pedro,"  
said Rob, "and I will order the mat-  
ter myself."  
"Away then, about it!" said  
Cooklescraft; "we lose time in prat-  
ling like women at this baby-play.  
You have commodities to go abroad  
to-night—look to it, John. 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 busi-  
ness occupation, the skipper turned  
from the horrible fate of his vic-  
tim with a careless indifference—  
almost forgetting, in the concern of  
shipping some contraband mer-  
chandise (the rapine of his  
last voyage,) the 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 feel-  
ings in sighs, or offered resistance  
to the savage hands that pinioned  
his arms. Under the direction of  
The Cripple, the two sailors con-  
ducted 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, un-  
til the party arrived opposite the  
hut of The Cripple. They approach-  
ed the door, which being thrown  
open, gave to their view the amou-  
ltering fire that still threw forth a  
glittering ray from the hearth.  
A pine log on a small kindled up  
a blaze, and cast a broad, lurid light  
over the apartment. At Rob's com-  
mand 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 eyes lose its lustre.  
"Why not take my life at once?  
Why mock my spirit with this hor-  
rible 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 ex-  
tremity!" he added, with a subdued  
and resigned temper. "God will  
avenge this wrong."  
"Why dost falter, knave?" ex-  
claimed Rob, when he saw the sail-  
ors retreat a pace and mutter inau-  
dible 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 Broth-  
er!" 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 Cooklescraft."  
"Ha," said Francis, in a French  
accent, "and wasn't Francis Le  
Grand at the taking of Maracibo,  
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.

**Dawkins Fidelity g'd**  
At peril of your  
future peace and thriving fortune,  
John of Brazil, dare to do the bid-  
ding of your Captain! Wouldst  
have the evidences of his death  
rising up in judgment against us,  
in the blood thou spillst? 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 in-  
truding spy. Drown him! let the  
wide waters wash away all trace of  
the deed—let the ravenous shark  
devour him."  
"Ha, ha!" ejaculated Cooklescraft,  
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  
merry sport for these lads to-night,  
and little time to lose—so, des-  
patch."  
"Give me Francis and Pedro,"  
said Rob, "and I will order the mat-  
ter myself."  
"Away then, about it!" said  
Cooklescraft; "we lose time in prat-  
ling like women at this baby-play.  
You have commodities to go abroad  
to-night—look to it, John. 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 busi-  
ness occupation, the skipper turned  
from the horrible fate of his vic-  
tim with a careless indifference—  
almost forgetting, in the concern of  
shipping some contraband mer-  
chandise (the rapine of his  
last voyage,) the 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 feel-  
ings in sighs, or offered resistance  
to the savage hands that pinioned  
his arms. Under the direction of  
The Cripple, the two sailors con-  
ducted 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, un-  
til the party arrived opposite the  
hut of The Cripple. They approach-  
ed the door, which being thrown  
open, gave to their view the amou-  
ltering fire that still threw forth a  
glittering ray from the hearth.  
A pine log on a small kindled up  
a blaze, and cast a broad, lurid light  
over the apartment. At Rob's com-  
mand 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 eyes lose its lustre.  
"Why not take my life at once?  
Why mock my spirit with this hor-  
rible 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 ex-  
tremity!" he added, with a subdued  
and resigned temper. "God will  
avenge this wrong."  
"Why dost falter, knave?" ex-  
claimed Rob, when he saw the sail-  
ors retreat a pace and mutter inau-  
dible 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 Broth-  
er!" 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 Cooklescraft."  
"Ha," said Francis, in a French  
accent, "and wasn't Francis Le  
Grand at the taking of Maracibo,  
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 or misery of old  
age is often but the extract of our  
past life.—De Maistre.