



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, OCTOBER 7, 1909. 4472

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 de-
scriptive 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.
125 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
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 wheat-producing
limestone area.
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
is piled high in our yard—sometimes
As a rule it is kept moving, so great
add 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 en-
tire 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, etc. POULTRY LIVE STOCK, etc.
C. M. LEWIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
14 E. CAMDEN ST., Baltimore, Md.,
MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



Wm. J. C. Dudley
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.
MIRIAM G. DUDLEY, JAMES J. GREENSWALD,
FRANK B. 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 10th Street, N. W.,
(between K and L)
Washington, D. C.,
Wm. A. FENWICK, Proprietor.
14th Street cars within a block.
Feb. 15, '06-14.
The Latest Patterns
Wall Paper,
5c. a piece; Gilt, 5c. 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

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 228 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 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 reas-
onable figure and on liberal terms.
A farm in the 5th District, containing
250 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 200 acres
building; large dwelling of 10 rooms
three barns and tenant houses. Well
timbered.
Another farm of 198 acres, fine, roomy
dwelling; new barn, 40x40; well tim-
bered and tenant houses for labor.
Another farm of 196 acres; large dwell-
ing of 7 rooms and 2 barns; heavily
timbered with chestnut and white oak.
Tenant house for labor.
Another farm of 168 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.
ENOCH B. ABELL,
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. 23, 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 "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. K.

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 at-
tention.
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.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.
LEONARDTOWN, MD.,
Conducted by the
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
OF NARARETH, 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.
Various games tend to render the
students healthful and afford ample op-
portunity for enjoyable outdoor exer-
cise.
Parents desiring to enter their child-
ren will please make application at
once.
For further information and catalog-
ues, address
SISTERS OF CHARITY,
121 S. LEONARDTOWN, MD.

towards her destination. A few
minutes sufficed to bring the voy-
agers to the small wharf beneath
the cliff of the Rose Croft, and in a
moment all were ashore, except a
single mariner who was left to guard
the boat.
"Peace!" whispered Cooklescraft;
"peace with that rattling of pikes,
Form upon the bank and remain
quite until I ascend and examine the
place."
The leader now crept, with noise-
less footstep, up the pathway which
terminated upon the plain in front
of the dwelling. He walked across
the lawn, by the very spot where,
scarce a fortnight gone by, he had
had his hostile interview with Al-
bert Verheyden. The little rustic
temple of St. Therese yet stood, with
its faded foliage, upon the grass-
plot; the flower-stands were still
there, although the plants were re-
moved to their shelter from the frost;
nothing met the eye of the foul-
purposed rover but the images of con-
tent and innocence which marked
the abode of a happy family; even
the house dog, who at first growled
as with show of battle, changed his
threat into greeting as the Skipper
proffered his hand and claimed ac-
quaintance. The tokens of confi-
dence were all around him, and as
he recalled the last time he had
visited this place, and remembered
the incidents of the festival of St.
Therese—the maiden's coldness, her
father's disdain, and the Secretary's
favor, he laughed with the thought
of the mastery he now held over the
fate of the household. He could
scarcely withdraw himself from the
luxury of his present ruminations,
but wandered to and fro in front of
dwelling, then made a circuit a-
round it, and, returning again to the
front, stood beneath the window
through which the feeble taper shone
with that steady but subdued ray
which of itself was a symbol of the
deep repose of the tenant of the
chamber.
"I could wake thee, lady gay,"
he said, "with as blithe a serenade
as ever tuned thy dream to pleasant
measures—but that I lack the instru-
ment. And though I be not the
cavalier of thy fancy, Blanche War-
den, pretty rose of St. Mary's,—yet,
by my soul, I love thee well enough
to put myself to some pains to teach
thee how thou shalt love me. We
dance together on the green wave
to morrow, lass!—little as you dream
of such merriment now. And as I
would not have thy blushes see,
I must not lead thee forth before
day."
With this sally, he returned to
his comrades, and commanded them
to ascend the bank. Three men
were detached around the house to
keep a look-out, and the other eight,
following Cooklescraft himself, ap-
proaching the hall door.
"What, hot Fire, thieves, rob-
bers!" shouted Cooklescraft, aided,
in rising a clamor, by his men, at
the same time striking loudly with
the butt of a pike against the door.
"Rouse ye, rouse, ye, or you will
have a house about you ears! Fire,
Master Warden, thieves, rovers,
and savages!"
A scream was first heard in the
chamber of the window of which
the light had been seen—and Cook-
lescraft, putting his hand to his ear,
laughed as he recognized the voice
of the maiden.
"By our lady," he said—"our
gentle mistress sings well!"
In the next instant a window was
thrown open on the opposite side of
the house, and the figure of Anthony
Warden, in his night gown, with a
candle in his hand, was partially
struck out, whilst he exclaimed—
"What is this posher? Who comes
at this hour to alarm the family?
Who are ye, I say, that seek to dis-
turb the rest of my household with
your villainous shoutings?"
"Answer him, Roche," whispered
Cooklescraft; "I dare not."
"Open your doors, Collector,"
said Roche; "we have business
with you."
"Get you hence, drunken knaves!"
returned Mr. Warden. "I will call
my servants and drive you off the
ground."
"By my hand, if you do not open
your doors, Master Warden," said
Cooklescraft, finding that he could
not trust the conduct of the assault
to his mate, "we will break them
open and quickly."
"Who are you that speak so sauc-
ily?" demanded the Collector.
"Richard Cooklescraft—an old
friend, Master Anthony, who being
about to put to sea, would make his
last visit to the officer of the port.
Throw wide your doors and let us
in, old man, or it may be the worse
for thy gray hairs."
"Ho, Michael Mossbank, Nicho-
las, Tomlin!" shouted Mr. Warden,
as he withdrew his head from the
window; "up, get up—bring my
blunderbuss—we are beset—stir
yourselves, my trusty fellows!"
The house was now lighted in
various parts, and every one was on
foot. Blanche, at the first summons,
sprang from her bed, and ran to her
sister Alice, screaming in a parox-
ysm of alarm; but whilst the in-
vaders parleyed with her father,
she had sufficiently resumed her
self-possession to make a hasty to-
ilence against the bow of the boat,
and, almost without an effort, was
swept in upon the hard beach. His
first motion, on gaining his breath,
was to hasten to the hut, seize the
clothes that had been stripped from
him, as well as his weapons, and to
speed, at the full measure of his
strength—now stimulated by his
mysterious and almost miraculous
deliverance, northwardly along the
margin of the bay; keeping suffi-
ciently remote from it, however, to

screen himself by the thickets,
and to observe his course. His
limbs were chilled, but by degrees,
exercising a glow over his frame,
and he soon found himself recover-
ing his suppleness and power to en-
dure the toilsome walk by which he
labored to reach the friendly shelter
indicated by Rob's hurried instru-
ction in the hut. After what seemed
a progress of at least twice the
space in which he was told he should
find the dwelling of Jarvis, he was,
at length, greeted with the cheerful
sight of an humble homestead, seated
upon the plain, within a hundred
paces of the landmark. He walked
at once to the door and rapped loud-
ly, as a distressed man is apt to feel
it his right to do in a Christian land.
"I pray you, good people, open
your door to me," he said; "rise,
Master Jarvis, and admit a friend:
in the name of charity, I entreat the
shelter of your roof."
In a moment the door was ajar,
and a sleepy voice heard from with-
in challenging the comer—
"Who are you that knocks so late
and loud at this door?"
"A friend, good Master Jarvis!"
"It is midnight," he said, "and the
master of the house, as he opened
the door and admitted the wanderer,
"Stand a moment, until I get a light.
Are you alone?"
Before an answer could be given
to these queries, the questioner had
departed, and in a few moments re-
turned with a candle, whose ray dis-
closed to the Secretary a comfortable
family room, furnished according to
the primitive fashion of a substantial
tiller of the soil of that era. It
took but little time for Albert to re-
hearse the eventful story of his
night, and his narrative was an-
swered with a kindness that gave
him assurance of being now under
the protection of a friend. The
good man of the house detained him
no longer than was requisite to en-
able his dame to prepare a couch,
to which the Secretary, upon the
housewife's summons eagerly re-
paired, and soon turned his suffer-
ings to a happy account, as, in self-
congratulation at his escape, and in re-
ndering thanks to God for the mercy
that had raised him up a friend in
his extreme need, he sank into sweet
oblivion of his troubles.
"At the dawn of day, he rose re-
freshed and invigorated, and being
provided with a horse by the hospi-
table farmer, staid only to express
his gratitude to his host for the fa-
vors he had received, and then with
as much expedition as he could com-
mand, proked on ward to the town.
The rising sun gilded the chim-
ney-tops of the dwelling of the Rose
Croft, as the Secretary descended
from the distant hill which gave him
a glimpse of what he deemed, that
happy homestead through the em-
bowing trees. The atmosphere
was instinct with a keen and bracing
healthfulness which imparted a
cheerful tone to the aspect of the
scene; and as he stood in his stir-
rups and looked around him, it was
with a gladness he had never known
before in his life, that he contem-
plated his near approach to his
home. Thither he resolved to go
only to refit his disordered dress,
and then to bid with quickness speed
to the mistress of his heart, to
whom, with an impassioned delight
natural to the romance of his mind,
he hoped to tell his perilsous and
startling adventure.
The roofs and bowers of the Rose
Croft sank from his view, as he hast-
ened onward; and he, at length,
found himself on the skirts of the
little city. There were ominous
gatherings of burghers in the street,
and the speakers shook their heads,
and seemed to the Secretary to con-
verse with a mysterious gravity.
"They have heard," he said to
himself, "of my mischance in losing
my way, and are fancying that I
have encountered the Indians. No—
they see me riding here, yet no
one comes to greet me—there are
other tidings in the wind."
And with this conclusion, anx-
ious to know what had occasioned
this early commotion in the little
mart of news, he pressed forward
to the Proprietary mansion.
An hour before the arrival of the
Secretary, Rob of the Bowl, mount-
ed on a sober-paced horse,—his
highs grating the saddle with
more security than one might ex-
pect from his diminished quantity
of limb, his trencher hanging by a
strap like a huge shield at his back,
entered the town. He had run the
Escalador into the little inlet of
Mattapan, just inside the Patuxent,
where he left her under the guns
of the fort which the Proprietary
maintained at this post; and going
immediately on shore, he communi-
cated to the commander of the garri-
son the circumstances which in-
duced his visit, requesting that the
brigantine should be detained at
her present mooring until his
Lordship's pleasure might be known.
Then, having procured a horse, he
set forth, long before daylight threw
its flush upon the eastern sky, upon
his journey to St. Mary's, not dou-
ting to hear, upon his arrival there,
a story of outrage (though against
whom, or how perpetrated, he
could not guess) done by the band
of the Wizard's Chapel. Without
stopping to notice the wandering
gaze of the townfolk at the strange
and unfamiliar spectacle he exhib-
ited to them, he made his way direct-
ly to the dwelling of Father Pierre,
To Be Continued.

CHAPTER XXI.
And hurry, hurry, forth they go,
Unbending wit or dry,
And horse and rider sport and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly. LEONORA.
Albert Verheyden, at the appoint-
ed signal from The Cripple, had
sprung into the surf, at the moment
when it broke with its greatest vio-
lence against the bow of the boat,
and, almost without an effort, was
swept in upon the hard beach. His
first motion, on gaining his breath,
was to hasten to the hut, seize the
clothes that had been stripped from
him, as well as his weapons, and to
speed, at the full measure of his
strength—now stimulated by his
mysterious and almost miraculous
deliverance, northwardly along the
margin of the bay; keeping suffi-
ciently remote from it, however, to