

St. Mary's Beacon.

BY GEORGE S. KING.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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Miscellaneous.

RAT PROOF CORN CRIB.

Mr. Editor—Having for several years past sustained considerable loss from the rats and mice upon my corn after it was housed, I determined last summer to erect a crib from a plan of my own, which I was satisfied would be proof against their depredations, and at the same time preserve the corn in a sound, sweet condition. Accordingly, I had the house built under my immediate directions, and obtained my corn in it last fall; and though the temptation of a well replenished crib has been presented to them ever since, I am gratified to know that neither rat nor mouse has yet been able to show its head inside of its walls. I am indebted for my success, not to any fortuitous circumstance, but to the merit of the plan itself; and as I now have what has to me long been a desideratum, a neat, cheap and durable crib, perfectly rat and mouse proof, I propose to give you a description of the plan from which any of your readers, who may desire to do so, may erect one in time to house the incoming crop.

The frame of which is executed very much in the usual way. The sills, which should be twelve by eight inches in size, framed with the sides down, rest upon brick pillars, twenty inches in height, and of a thickness corresponding with the width of the sills, so that there will be no projection of the pillars beyond the sills, to furnish a lodgment from which the rats can attack the floor of the building.

The number of pillars will depend upon the length of the house. One at each end will be sufficient for a house of seven feet and under; if over that length there should be one of like thickness under the middle of the side sills.

To render the house perfectly steady, the pillars should extend at least two feet from the corners under the sides and ends. The floor is laid of well seasoned oak plank one inch and a quarter thick and a foot wide, and securely nailed to the sleepers, which are mortised into the inner edges of the side sills, in such a manner that the upper edge of the sleepers will be one inch and a quarter below the top of the sills, so that the plank when laid down will bring up the floor to a level with the top of the sills, which will form a part of the floor. Should the body not exceed nine feet in height, the studs should be four and a half by two and a half inches, and the corner posts four and a half by six inches in size. If it exceed that height, they should be wider. It must be securely braced, and all the framing of oak. The roof which is shingled, should project from a foot to eighteen inches, according to the height of the house, over the sides and ends, to protect the body from the weather. Oak strips, two inches wide and one inch and a half thick, are put on the outside of the frame horizontally, at every two feet, by being let into the studs and posts a depth equal to their thickness, so as to present an even surface on the outer side. To these strips and to the sills and plates the weather boarding, which is put on vertically, is securely nailed. The boardings consist of rough oak plank, sawed one inch and a quarter thick and five inches wide, and of a length corresponding with the elevation of the house. The planks

should be thoroughly seasoned, and the edges jointed to a gauge, so as to be of an equal width all the way, and should be dressed on the outside of the joints to be painted. They are to be a quarter of an inch apart, and extend from a half inch below the bottom edge of the sills to the sheetings. The distance apart is best regulated by having strips of long and a quarter of an inch thick, which should be placed between the edges of the planks as nails, and which the boarding may be well fastened to. In sheeting, the rafters should be first fitted on, and a plank tacked to them in the place of the sheeting till the boarding is on. This part of the work should be well executed, and the directions given strictly followed, as the efficacy of the house to turn rats and mice depends upon the weather boarding being so put on that no crack can be found when the house is completed that is more or less than a quarter of an inch in thickness. The boarding when seasoned and painted will be very little, if any, over four inches and a half wide, so that there will be a crack of a quarter of an inch, extending from bottom to top for every four and a half inches, for airing and drying your corn, which will ventilate the crib as thoroughly as can be desired, and will perfectly dry any bulk of corn not exceeding nine feet thick. The importance of having the weather boarding and flooring perfectly seasoned is now obvious, for otherwise the cracks will be so enlarged by shrinkage as to permit the rats to enter.

The projections of the roof at the sides is easily effected by letting the feet of the rafters extend over the desired distance; and is accomplished at the ends, either by the plates extending the requisite distance, and putting on an additional couple of rafters at each end—or, when the projection is less than fifteen inches, by permitting the sheeting, which should be one inch thick, to extend over and nail on a verge board to the end of the sheeting.

The weather boarding should be nailed at the sill with twelve penny nails, one in each edge—ten penny will answer at the other pieces of nailing. A house thus constructed is as strong and secure as can be desired, and I had as soon attempt to break into any crib I ever saw as mine.

The height and length of the house can be increased to suit the want of the builder, but its width should never exceed nine feet, unless the corn is perfectly dry when housed. Ruins of convenience may be cut off for shelling, or partitions may be erected for keeping the corn in separate parcels, if desired.

The shutter to the door should fit closely, and the upper step leading therein be at least two feet and a half below the door sill to prevent rats from jumping in when it is open.

I would advise by all means that the house be painted on the outside, not only because it will render it more durable, but that it will prevent shrinkage of the weather boarding and add greatly to its appearance.

Rats cannot climb or adhere to the walls of a house thus constructed for a moment, nor can they, in consequence of its elevation from the ground, effect anything from that quarter. Now, as to its cost: My crib, built in a village where everything was purchased at high prices, and the material hauled eight miles, holds about fifty barrels, and cost, including the painting, about forty dollars. In the country, where materials are cheaper, and here the farmer can do his own hauling, I am satisfied that a house, holding one hundred barrels, can be completed for sixty dollars; and one holding one hundred and fifty barrels for eighty dollars.

These prices may, at first view, seem to be high to pay for a corn crib; but I am satisfied when we take into the estimate the saving effected in the quantity, as well as the preservation in quality of the corn, by the exclusion of rats and mice, together with the neatness and durability of the crib, it will be true econo-

my to adopt the plan and incur the expense at once. You will at least have the satisfaction of knowing when you purchase of the "staff of life" that it is not made of corn in which the mice have roamed, and through which the rats have roamed at pleasure for months past.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEN. JACKSON.

We visited yesterday the sculptor who has, as is generally known, the contract for making the bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson. Mr. Mills had just made the last casting, and is now preparing to finish and elevate the statue preparatory to its being removed to Fayette Square. He informs us that he has commenced to build the pedestal, the appropriation of five thousand dollars by Congress having been placed in his hands for that purpose, and he confidently expects to have the statue ready to be inaugurated on the 8th of January next.

Most other statues in a rearing position are supported by a prop under the belly, or by some other means equally unnatural and unsightly. But Mr. Mills has not even the support of the tail of his horse—it is on its hind feet only—and that with a mass of metal greater than the statue of the Duke of Wellington, and only sixteen hundred pounds less than is that of Peter the Great. The statue of Peter the Great weighs 31,633 lbs., and that of Gen. Jackson will weigh about 35,000. The artist has taken the attitude of a horse at the moment when all its muscular force is in play in bringing itself in a rearing position. This not only brings the centre of gravity in a dividing line through the tail of the horse and rider, but gives a degree of animation and grace, at once natural and beautiful, which cannot be obtained in any other attitude.

It has been said by artists and travelers, and among them by Tupper, the English poet, that if Mr. Mills succeeded he would immortalize himself. Many have doubted—they could not realize the fact that genius is superior to art; that a gentleman who has never seen old masters, nor studied under the modern—who has never been out of his own country, and consequently, never seen an equestrian statue—that he could design and execute a colossal and beautiful work of this character. Artists and founders have said that there was not a founder in the United States where such a work could be cast; but he has done it by building a foundry, which does not look large enough to cast a ploughshare. To make such immense castings in such a place appears an impossibility; but this gentleman, like Mirabeau, seems not to comprehend that word. For four years—which, after all, is a shorter time than such a statue has ever been made before—he has worked against difficulties which appeared insurmountable. He has overcome them.—The amount of the contract, \$12,000 will not pay his expenses, and yet he was determined to accomplish the work.—*Washington Union*

SINGULAR METHOD OF FINDING DROWNED PERSONS.

The late London papers relate that on Saturday, the 26th ult., an agricultural laborer, named Solomon Dunford, left the Crown public house, opposite the Fountain Hotel, West Cowes, Isle of Wight for a few moments, leaving his basket and a pint of beer, partly drunk, but did not return. On Monday of next week, at noon, the body was discovered in the water, near the Fountain Quay. The features did not present the same appearance as is usual in drowned persons, the face being entirely black. A "novel process" was used for the recovery of the body by one of the coast guard. On Friday morning the circumstance being made known to him, he assured the bystanders that if the party was drowned in the neighborhood he would discover

the body by means of a "novel process" in which should be deposited a float till it rested over where a might lay. However, the experiment failed, and the body was not recovered.

NILE DISCOVERY.

We learn that though our friend BAY and TAYLOR was prevented from carrying out his original design, by ascending the Nile to a mysterious source, and though Dr. KNOBLECHER, the German Missionary, has been detained at Khartoum for an entire season instead of proceeding directly to the remote interior, still other active laborers have been in the field engaged in settling the most interesting geographical problem that remains unsolved. A Mr. Rolfe, who early in last winter had gained a point on the White Nile within 4½ degrees of the equator, has sent back an account of his discoveries, with a map, which has reached the French Geographical Society. It appears from his account that the upper part of the Nile channel is surrounded by great mountains, which extend eastwardly from the southern Abyssinian range far toward the center of the Continent in a line curving to the south. In these mountains are nourished the many streams whose reservoirs supply the inundations of the Nile, continuing as they do for months. Mr. Rolfe finds in that country the tradition of a white people who formerly brought merchandise from the South; he supposes that these traders were Portuguese, and that they crossed the mountains by some pass which is yet to be discovered.

At about the same date with this communication, a Missionary, named Don Angelo Vico, was at a place which he calls Bellenia, on an eastern branch of the White Nile, between 4° and 5° N. Latitude. What with these travelers, and with others who are scattered over that continent, it must soon be thoroughly explored. Mr. Rolfe speaks of the practice of the Egyptian Turks, who kidnap and enslave the natives of these remote regions, as hindering greatly the progress of both scientific investigation and of commerce.—*N. N. Tribune*.

AUNT HETTY ON MATRIMONY.

Now, girls, said Aunt Hetty, put down your embroidery and worsted work, do something sensible, and stop building air-castles and talking of lovers and honey-moons; it makes me sick; it's perfectly antimonial. Love is a farce—matrimony is a humbug; husbands are domestic Neros—Alexanders, sighing for other hearts to conquer, after they are sure of yours. The honey-moon is as short-lived as a Lucifer match. After that, wear your wedding dress at the wash tub, your nightgown to meeting, and your husband would not know it. You may pick up your own pocket-handkerchief, help yourself to a chair, and your gown reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it was the last meal he should eat this side of Jordan. When he gets through, he will aid your digestion (while you are sipping your first cup of coffee) by inquiring what you'll have for dinner—whether the cold lamb was all eaten yesterday—if the charcoal is out—and what you gave for the last green tea you bought. Then he gets up from the table; lights his cigar with the last evening's paper, that you had not time to read; gives two or three whiffs of smoke, that are sure to give you the headache for the rest of the day, and, just as his coat tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing "that little errand" for you yesterday—thinks it doubtful if he can do it to-day—he is so pressed with business. Hear of him at 11 o'clock, taking an ice

cream at Newton's, while you are at home new lining his coat sleeves. Children's ears all day; don't get out to school, and come home at night, and do, Fan? boxes are little Fanny in the grass, and up over the grass, and while the baby's blue with the cold, and all himself, and

and, just as you are laboring under the hallucination that he will ask you to take a mouthful of fresh air with him, he puts on his dressing gown and slippers, and begins to reckon up the family expenses! after which, he lies down on the sofa, and you keep time with your needle, while he snores, till 9 o'clock. Next morning you ask him to give you a little money; he looks at you as if to be sure that you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows, and asks you what you want of it, and if half a dollar will not do. Gracious king! As if all those little shoes and stockings and dresses could be had for half a dollar! Oh, girls! set your affections on cats, poodles, parrots, or lapdogs—but let matrimony alone. It's the hardest way on earth of getting a living—you never know when your work is done up. Think of carrying eight or nine—perhaps twelve or thirteen—children through the measles, chicken pox, rash, mumps, and scarlet fever—some of 'em twice over! It makes my sides ache to think of it.—Oh, you may scrip and save, and twist and turn, and dig and delve, economize and die, and your husband will marry again, take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-board, and—but what's the use of talking? I'll warrant every one of you'll try it, the first chance you get. There's a sort of bewitchment about it, somehow. I wish one half of the world warn't tools, and the t'other half idiots.—I do. Oh, dear!

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.

You ask us a question, or rather a series of questions that would be more adapted to a ladies' Magazine; nevertheless, we will furnish you with all the information in our power. In the first place, do not be tormented into wearing any article of dress that does not become you and suit your complexion by any taunts your female friends can bestow upon you; eschew fashion when fashion would prejudice your personal appearance, at the same time, always keeping within the bounds of a due regard to the customs and prejudices of the age. Ladies of low and slender proportions should avoid dark dresses which tend to make them appear still less than they are in reality, while, of course, stout ladies should never wear light, gaudy dresses unless they wish to appear Brobdingian in their proportions. As to the color of ladies' dresses, the linings that should adorn their bonnets and other minutiae of personal adornment, although we consider ourselves a pretty competent judge when a lady is attired "comme elle faut," we acknowledge that we are utterly unable to advise upon the subject. The following extract from an article written by a lady, in a London ladies' Journal, will, however, explain the judicious admixture of colors to the satisfaction of our fair correspondent and her friends, in a few lines, better than we could do were we to employ pages in the elucidation of what is to us an impenetrable mystery. The lady writes:—"Incongruity may be frequently observed in the adoption of colors without reference to their accordance with the complexion or stature of the wearer. We continually see a light blue bonnet and flowers surrounding a sallow countenance, or a pink opposed to one of a glowing red; a pale complexion associated with a canary or lemon yellow, or one of delicate red and white rendered almost colorless by the vicinity of deep red. Now, if the

lady with a sallow complexion had worn a transparent white bonnet, or if the lady with the glowing red complexion had lowered it by means of a bonnet of a deeper red color, if the pale lady had improved the cadaverous hue of her countenance by surrounding it with pale green, which, by contrast, would have sufficed it with a delicate pink hue, or had the

And if the red and white had been arrayed in a light blue, or light green, or in transparent white bonnet, with blue or pink flowers on the inside, how different, and how much more agreeable, would have been the impression on the spectator.—*N. Y. Police Gazette*.

DESCENDANTS OF GENIUS.—With the exception of the noble Surrey, we cannot point out a representative in the male line of any English poet. The blood of beings of that order can be seldom traced far down, even in the female line. There is no English poet prior to the eighteenth century—and we believe no great author, except Clarendon and Shaftesbury—of whom we have any inheritance among us. Chaucer's only son died childless; Shakespeare's line expired in his daughter's only daughter. None of the other dramatists of that age left any progeny; neither did Raleigh, nor Bacon, nor Bwley, nor Butler. The grand-daughter of Milton was the last of his family. Newton, Locke, Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Hume, Gibbon, Cowper, Grey, Walpole, Cavendish, (and we might easily extend the list) never married. Neither Bolingbroke, nor Addison, nor Warburton, nor Burke, transmitted descendants.—*North Tribune*.

Many years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts, a worthy old D. D.; and though he was an eminently benevolent man and a good Christian, yet it must be confessed that he loved a joke much better than the majority even of inveterate jokers. It was before church organs were much in use; and it so happened that the choir of this church had recently purchased a double bass viol. Not far from the church was a large town pasture and in it a large town bull. One hot Sabbath in Summer, the bull got out of his field and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was a plenty of untended grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try its quality—perchance to ascertain if its location had at all improved the flavour; at any rate the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, and "boo-woo-woo" went the bull.

The clergyman paused, looked up to the singing seats with a grave face, and said:—"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during service-time; it annoys me very much."

The people stared, and the minister went on. "Woo-woo-woo" went the bull, as he passed to another green spot.

The parson paused again, and again addressed the choir. "I really do wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching, for, as I have already remarked, it annoys me very much."

The people tittered; for they knew, as well as anybody what the real state of the case was. The minister again went on with his discourse but had not proceeded far before another "Woo-woo-woo" came from Mr. Bull, when the parson paused once more and explained:—"I have twice already requested the musicians in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon time. I saw particularly request Mr. Lefavor that he will not tune his double bass viol while I am preaching."

This was to much. Lefavor got up, much agitated at the idea of speaking out in church, and stammered out:—"It isn't me-e-e, Parson B.—it's the other fellow—town bull!"

"Oh," said the parson, "is it? Then the sexton will please drive away the bull."

The people laughed; but, with a gratified look at the success of the joke, he went on with his sermon.