

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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### LEONE'S ROMANCE

"Mark my words, Leone, your beau ideal you'll never find; your estimate of a man is too high."

"No, Arthur, it is but a great estimate, and you have no right to judge me harshly, because I will not throw my life away upon some society man of the day. I am young yet, but twenty you know, and there is time enough yet."

"Yes, time enough, Leone; but I agree with Arthur that you have too high a standard of manhood, a romantic school of admiration of qualities that few, if any, possess."

"Complimentary, very, to your husband, sir; but I wish for my husband strength either of soul or body, mind far above the average, and determination and purpose sufficient to raise him from the level of the human herd; and mark me, if I never find such a one, I will ever remain Leone Lightfoot, an old maid fond of tea, cats and gossip; but I see Charles has brought my horse around, so an revoir."

The speaker was a woman of twenty, queenly in form, and whose face, though possessing character beyond her years stamped thereon, was radiant with loveliness.

Robbed in a dark riding habit which clung gracefully around her superb form, and the free half shaded by the drooping plumes falling from her jaunty cap Leone Lightfoot was indeed what she appeared—a surpassingly lovely woman; one who had visitors by the score, for she was as well as accomplished and beautiful.

Three years before she had been left, by the death of her parents, under the guardianship of her only brother, some ten years her senior, and at his elegant country seat in New York State she had lived, the idol of society, and the pet of Arthur Lightfoot and his pretty but weak little wife.

Between the three, Arthur Lightfoot, Leone and Mrs. Lightfoot, was the conversation held that opens this story, and the cause thereof was the refusal by Leone of the heart, hand and fortune of a worthy bachelor neighbor.

"She is incorrigible; the old Judge would have made her a good husband," said Arthur Lightfoot to his wife, after they had seen Leone mount and dash away at full speed down the grand avenue.

"Yes, she'll never marry, I fear," sighed Mrs. Lightfoot, who always echoed the sentiments of her husband.

In the meantime, Leone rode on at a pace that chimed in with her humor, and an elegant horsewoman, she held her steed well in rein, and enjoyed the springing, fleet motion, as mile after mile was cast behind.

But suddenly the horse shied violently and gave a tremendous leap, almost upsetting his fair rider, who recovering herself quickly, spoke soothingly to the frightened animal, and glanced backward to note the object that had so startled him.

The color fled from her face as her eyes fell upon the form of a man lying by the roadside, and apparently lifeless; but moving herself by a hard-driven sigh, the brave girl sprang to the ground and approached the spot, glancing intently down into the pale, upturned face.

The features were molded with remarkable regularity, the partly-opened mouth displayed even white teeth, and the dark brown hair and mustache presented a marked contrast to the white face, from which every tinge of color had faded.

Dressed in a light summer suit, Leone even then discovered it was well and stylishly made, while the gauntlet gloves and riding-whip proved that the stranger had been on horseback.

"He has been thrown, doubtless, but God grant he be not dead," exclaimed the maiden, as she knelt beside the prostrate form, and drew aside the coat to place her hand upon his heart.

With a cry of terror she sprang to her feet, her hand stained with blood, for from his side a small stream welled up slowly.

"He is dead, and has been murdered—No."

"You must keep perfectly quiet, and will soon return," she said softly, hardly knowing whether she was heard or not, and then in an instant she was in her saddle, dashing at her utmost speed toward the nearest farm-house.

Dashing like the wind up to the door, and starting quiet farmer Jessop and his family nearly out of their wits, Leone cried:

"Mr. Jessop, let your son ride at once to Dr. Wells, and tell him a gentleman lies dangerously wounded on the road, near Hillside Spring; tell him to come there at once, and you, Mr. Jessop, please come on with your carriage, and bring all that you think necessary."

Every one in the county knew and loved Leone Lightfoot, and her orders were obeyed, which observing, she wheeled her foaming horse, and again sped away upon her return to the wounded stranger.

There he lay just as she had left him, but groaning slightly, and each instant dampening the blood-stained handkerchief, the girl awaited the coming of the surgeon.

Would they ever come? she thought; but at length, when it seemed hours instead of minutes, the sound of wheels broke on her ear, and the next instant the surgeon drove up at a rapid pace.

"You are a noble woman, Miss Lightfoot, and if this man lives he owes his life to you," said the good old physician, as he approached and knelt beside the prostrate form.

"But will he live, doctor?"

"For some minutes no reply was given by the man of science, who carefully probed and examined the wound, but then he said slowly:

"It is a serious injury—had I here I have the ball; yes, I hope he will live; and Dr. Wells took from the wound a small bullet, while he continued:

"Now he needs the most careful nursing."

"He shall have it. Thank God, here comes Mr. Jessop," and immediately after the carriage drove up, and telling the doctor to come on with the wounded stranger to her brother's house, Leone again mounted her horse and rode on to have all in readiness for his arrival.

It was weeks before the stranger was sufficiently recovered to tell his story regarding the wound that had so nearly proved fatal to him, and then by careful nursing, he informed Leone, who had been uniting in her devoted care of him, that his Clarence Ainslie was an Englishman, who he had seen in America, and purchasing a few acres of land in the West, made it his home.

He also stated that business had called him to New York, and that while enjoying a horseback ride he had been suddenly fired upon, was thrown to the ground, and had an indistinct remembrance that someone was robbing him, for his watch, pocketbook, and all the valuables he had about him were gone.

That his Clarence Ainslie was no ordinary man Leone Lightfoot knew when she first saw him lying by the roadside, but that he would ever possess the power to control her life she had never believed.

But so it was, for each day proved to her that she had met her beau ideal; and yet was he her? Might he not already have loved? Might he not already be married?

The thought chilled her very heart; and yet when she saw the dark fascinating eyes turned upon her with admiration, and read—or hoped she did—therein a deeper, holier feeling, Leone felt happy, and longed to be a very slave, and become a mere automaton to the caprice of Clarence Ainslie.

hostess, and determined to leave that evening, he asked to see Leone alone.

With pale face but quiet manner, the young girl entered the room, and stepping forward, Clarence Ainslie said, feelingly:

"Miss Lightfoot, no longer can I impose upon your kindness, and to-night I leave you. Shall it be forever?"

"No answer came, and the Englishman continued:

"To you I owe my life, and to you I would dedicate the years that yet remain. I am unknown to you—a stranger in a strange land—and you have but my word for it that I offer you a love that never was offered to woman before, a hand and heart that has never since been given again to a living being. Will you accept what I have to offer?"

"I will."

"You will trust me; take me as I am, and become my wife."

"No other words were spoken, but two hearts were perfectly happy.

Of course, Arthur Lightfoot and his wife objected and decidedly refused, but Leone was determined. It was no romance with her, and when she fairly told them she would marry Clarence without their consent they made a virtue out of necessity and gave it, consoling themselves with the thought that after all his being a stranger and a poor man was really the only fault that they could find in him.

At the request of the parties most interested in a quiet wedding, just six months after the meeting of the lovers and Dr. Wells and farmer Jessop's family were only invited, and to this day the good old lady has not ceased to gossip about the magnificent trousseau the bride had, and the quiet happiness that shone in the eyes of the young couple.

It had been decided that the bridal tour should be to Europe, as Clarence Ainslie said that business would call him there, and Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot had been persuaded to accompany them, so the day after the wedding the New York steamer bore a happy quartette from the land of free America.

Arriving safely in England, a few days were passed quietly at the hotel, and then, by an invitation from Clarence Ainslie, the party started out to visit the spot where he had passed his boyhood's days. Through meadow lands and lovely country the carriage drove, until suddenly Clarence, who was driving, wheeled into a grand gateway leading to the superb country-seat of some man of wealth.

Drawn up before the marble steps of an elegant mansion—one of those old rambling structures often found in England; and springing lightly to the ground, the Englishman said, while a merry light twinkled in his eye:

"Leone, I welcome you to your home. Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, Lord Clarence Ainslie begs that you will accept the hospitality of Ainslie Castle."

Tears filled the beautiful eyes of Leone Arthur Lightfoot's cheek colored, but he was silent, while, after a second's hesitation, his wife exclaimed:

"Clarence Ainslie, you are a cheat—Why, I thought you were a Western farmer."

"That was all the land I owned in America. I purchased it, and built a shooting box thereon, because I was fond of your Western sports, and in America I was simply Mr. Ainslie—here I am Lord Clarence, of Ainslie Castle. Am I forgotten?"

"Reader, we all have too much human nature, now-a-days, to for a moment suppose the deception practiced was not pardoned by one and all; in fact, Mrs. Lightfoot says she likes to be deceived, and in this case Arthur echoes the opinion of his wife."

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—There is a struggle between intellect and money. In Europe the struggle for centuries has been between money and mere numbers. For the most part wealth has gained the mastery. Wealth gives position. Position is power. Influence, especially in this country, gives position, and intellectual position is a greater power. Mere numbers will not do the American farmer either permanent power or position. They should be intellectual men, and their calling should be intellectual. Any calling that is followed by intellectual men is at once elevated with dignity, respectability, and power. Agriculture is our country's glory. But to intellectual men, the field of examination, of experiment, of investigation, of test, is as large and inviting as that occupied by Agassiz and his associates. The extent by which we shall apply science to practical agriculture is the measure of the nation's practical capacity to support human beings. The desolation and depopulation of the countries east and south of the Mediterranean may be due to ignorance of an immutable law. If at the close of our harvest the land is less fertile than it was at the close of the preceding harvest, and so on, the end will be depopulation and waste; but if at the end of one harvest the land is more fertile than it was at the end of the preceding harvest and so on, the results are wealth, prosperity, numbers, power.

This triumph is for individuals and for States.

"Do you like novels?" asked Miss Fitzgerald of her backwoods lover.

"Can't say," he replied; "I never attend to 'em, but I'm dead on postum."

A man in earnest finds means; or if he cannot find them, creates them.

A TALE OF THE FUTURE.—"I never but," Doop only said, "I made a bet for a large sum of money that in such a humiliating way I registered a vow not to be bitten on time."

"It is an old story, now, but I tell you into the secret of my dislike for it."

"The time I speak of is some five and twenty years ago, when the Crystal Club was still in its full glory. There was to be an annual dinner club held at the Crystal Palace on certain day in May, soon after the taking of my university degree."

When the afternoon of the day arrived, I received a letter from some country cousin saying that they were coming up to town that day, and begging me to meet them at the train. I endeavored to calm my ruffled temper, and so far succeeded that I was not actually rude to my relatives while escorting them across town.

When I had thus done my duty, I began to consider what to do with myself, and what particular establishment I should favor with my custom for dinner that evening. Just as I had settled this important matter, who should I meet coming around a corner, but my friend Jack Hilyar, the very man, of all others I should have wished to come upon at that moment. Jack was as good a fellow as ever one wished to meet—pleasant and light-hearted but with plenty of stuff in him for all that.

We arranged to have a quiet little dinner together, and a good chat in the smoking-room afterward. We had finished the second course, and were discussing the wines and dessert, when a stranger entered the room and seated himself at the table next to me. The very moment the stranger entered the room where we sat I conceived an intense dislike to him—a feeling that that man if he ever were to cross my path, would be a determined and formidable foe.

At a glance we could see that he was an Englishman. Putting three chairs together he stretched himself along them and his eyes stared at me, and he persisted at Jack and myself. We were partly amused and partly annoyed at the insolence of the man; but, as we had finished, we adjourned to the smoking-room.

"Soon after the American followed into the other room, and reared himself up against the mantel-piece, while he gave out for the benefit of the other guests, who had got on their feet, that he was a gentleman, and to wish to draw him out as much as possible. Soon he grew tired of this amusement, so we resumed the talk we had been engaged in on the subject of the Alpine Club. Jack was thinking of joining it, and in reply to his question I gave a glowing description of all its glories.

The last words of the American broke upon our ears with the remark, 'I calculate the Alpine Club is a humbug. Jack looked delighted, and giving a sly glance at me, proceeded to draw out our friend once more.

"I hope, sir," he rejoined, in a most polite tone, "that you will give your reasons for that opinion, as I had thought of becoming a member; but of course, would not do so if convinced that the whole concern was a humbug."

"Wall stranger, you could not do a knowing thing than to stay as you air. I guess they've named the thing wrong. It should be the 'Brag Company, Limited.' Some 'arnal duffer that calls himself an A. C. goes up a mountain that all the folk near have known for years, and then writes to all the European papers to say that he has made a first ascent. I reckon they've raised the prices of everything in Switzerland close on fifty per cent. Don't do it, stranger—don't do it."

"While this was going on, I sat by silent, but rapidly losing my temper. At last I could stand it no longer, and burst out with, 'This is mere vague abuse, sir. I will bet you any sum of money you choose to name that I will select a better mountaineer from the members of the club than any man you can name. Is that a fair offer? The Alpine Club against the world!'"

The Yankee looked me over from head to foot, and then drawled out, 'Wall, stranger, I guess I'll take your offer if you'll let the mountaineering be between you and me. I lay you \$10,000 that before this time three years I'll have you out in all climbing.'

"I had spoken hastily, and was perfectly taken aback at being closed with so quickly. However, I was in for it now, and could not go back on my word. As cool as I could I said: 'Just as you like. Let the bet be between you and me. The sum you name will be as good as any other, but of course must be lodged by both parties before the matter is finally arranged.'

"I calculate you're right, stranger. It won't be long before you hear from me about it. What do you say your name is?"

"Forbes—Henry Forbes."

"Mine is Zachariah Johnston, of New York City. Wall, I guess we're to meet here on this day three years, and which ever has not done the tallest and hardest mountain is to have the stakes. Snake hands on it, stranger—shake hands on it."

The whole affair had not taken more than five minutes, so that Jack had not had time to interfere. His face, at the moment when the American left the room, was a study for an artist. Astonishment, amusement, and a sort of tragic horror were all struggling for expression. When the door was fairly shut, he burst into an immediate fit of laughter, which lasted for some time.

"Well, if I did not think it would all a joke, at last he found breath to say, 'I should say it was as nasty a bet as ever you got yourself into—making a bet of \$2,000 with an English stranger. A bet that if there were anything in it, would send you to go round the world in eighty days, and spend fabulous sums of money on a mountain climb. I'll just go after him and explain to him, of course nothing was meant by the thing, or else he will let that tongue of his wag to such an extent that he will never be the top of it.'

"As he got up to leave the room the waiter of the hotel came in with a very important message, and he was obliged to wait for some time.

"Yes, Forbes is my name."

"Well, Sir, the American gentleman who has just left the house—very strange gentleman he appears to be—came to me a few moments ago and asked me to give you this slip of paper. But the strange part of the matter is, gentlemen, that he handed me a note of hand for £2,000, payable this day three years, for which I gave him a receipt. He said it was some bet he had made with you, Mr. Forbes, and that you would understand about it."

"I felt as if I were in a sort of nervous dream; but mechanically took the slip of paper which the manager had spoken—there were only a very few words on it: 'This day three years, May 19, 1885, at five in the afternoon, in the smoking-room, Langham Hotel, Z. J. Johnston, the gentleman now?' I cried, starting from my chair."

"Immediately after speaking to me he left the hotel, and, calling a Hansom, drove off."

"I sank back, seeing that I had been outwitted, and feeling very much inclined to use strong language."

"Jack came over to me, and, having his hand on my shoulder, said: 'He's a sharp hand at a bargain; but cheer up, old fellow we'll take the wind out of his sails before we've done with him. Let me see, now—I've just sold out of the 71st, and don't well know what to do with myself. So I'm your man for any mountain from this to Timbuctoo.'

After a great deal of talk, it was finally arranged that Jack Hilyar and I were to start together in search of the highest and most difficult of mountains to be found. Of course, before anything more was done, we took care to find out that Mr. Zachariah Johnston was not a penniless adventurer, but he had not a penny to his name, and he had not a great question that arose was, what would we should attack. Switzerland had been long used up. Norway was voted too low for our purpose. The highest peak of the Andes had already been attained. So that for a time we were at a loss. I suggested that it might be a good plan to cut out the American on his own, by conquering any peaks of the Rocky Mountains that were not already known to the Alpine Club; but, on careful consideration, we rejected the idea; as the hunters and trappers are familiar with them, and but little credit is gained by a second ascent. A happy thought struck Jack. 'I have it,' he cried; 'Central Africa and the Mountains of the Moon.'

"The more we talked the thing over, the more we liked it. Utterly unknown to all Europeans, and surrounded by a sort of halo of mystery, these of all others, were the mountains for us. Within a fortnight we had left London, laden with everything that could by any possibility be of use to us in our distant explorations, and a good many things which certainly could not be so. My life, for a few days before we started, was made a burden to me by the enthusiasm which Jack showed with them, and but little credit is gained by a second ascent. A happy thought struck Jack. 'I have it,' he cried; 'Central Africa and the Mountains of the Moon.'

the top with a wild shiver. The night that met my eyes there, however, very nearly made me stagger back over the edge. Quietly seated on the very highest point was our friend Zachariah Johnston, picking his teeth with his bowie-knife. 'I soon you're half an hour late, stranger,' he remarked, in a cheerful tone of voice. 'While you made tracks up one side of this old mountain, I did that on the other; but I guess you'll want to guess your boots better if you want to see me at that game.' With that he took of his hat, and, with a low, moaning cry, which was good morning, three minutes later he was lost to view from the summit of the mountain that we were to ascend."

"I need hardly tell you that we were greatly crushed by this melancholy termination of our first attempt, and it was in very low spirits indeed that we made our way down the mountain and returned, after some weeks' traveling, to Cairo."

"It was while staying there that a glorious plan developed itself in our brains, more ambitious and more daring than anything that had yet been conceived by man. We were in search of mountains, why not go to the highest of all mountains, the Himalayas? and, among these, why not attempt the highest of them all—Mount Everest? The highest mountain in the world! We became perfectly fascinated by the idea. By day we talked of nothing else, and at night Mount Everest haunted our dreams."

"At first we feared that it would be hopeless attempting it, on account of the very rare state of the atmosphere on the top; but, on examining records of balloons ascents, we found, to our relief, that aerostats had been to even greater heights without experiencing any great difficulty in breathing. Before starting for the Himalayas we sent to England for several things which we considered necessary for our new undertaking among others, for a small balloon. This last was owing to a suggestion of mine, as I fancied it might, in some cases, prove useful. I also wrote for two of the best guides that time in Switzerland."

"After a successful voyage and somewhat uninteresting journey through the plains of Northern India, we at last reached the base of the great mountain chain containing innumerable vast forms, beside which Mount Blanc would appear an insignificant hillock. Well, here began our difficulties; we were obliged to organize a caravan of coolies, and to get be far removed from human habitation, it was, of course, necessary to bring a very large supply of provisions, as well as tents, warm clothing, and the implements which we hoped to make use of in the ascent. Having reached the base of Mount Everest, itself, we found it necessary to take a sort of rough survey ourselves, and to make a number of preliminary excursions on the sides of the mountain. We established a camp about 1,200 feet above sea level, which was the vast height of the plateau, was scarcely above the base of the mountain itself. We found, however, that the natives could not stand a greater amount of cold than that. Morel, Jack, and I used to make expeditions high up on the sides of the neighboring mountains, armed with a good glass, and from thence to try to see our best route in attacking Everest. Till about half the distance to the top had been passed we saw that we should have nothing but vast snow-fields, but then it would be necessary to pass along a terrific arête—steep, and bounded by frightful precipices. After a careful examination of this through the glass, the Swiss guide pronounced it to be very difficult, but not impossible—Beyond this there seemed to be a perpendicular ice-wall; but we knew how deceptive such things are when looked at in the face, especially at such a distance, and trusted to being able to cut our way up it."

"We waited till there seemed to be a prospect of settled fine weather, and then, early one morning, the three of us started from our camp, laden with provisions for several days, blankets, and my precious balloon in a little silk case. In the highest spirits, we ascended steadily, rapid, of course, over miles of unbroken snow. Occasionally one or the other of us would disappear down a hidden crevasse, but the others soon pulled him out. When eight came on we scooped a large hole in the snow, and, wrapped in our blankets, did not feel much the worse for the icy touch. For three days we were on this giant snow slope, and, during this time of the ascent, experienced less difficulty than we had expected. But on the fourth day we came to the point, where it was necessary to take to the terrible arête which we had observed previously with the glass. Without exception, it was the most terrific place I have ever found myself on. For seven hours we had to advance, step by step, along that fearful knife-like edge. A perpendicular precipice, nearly four miles in sheer depth, yawned on our right, and on our left was a snow slope so steep that a single slip must of necessity prove fatal. Fortunately, none of the party did slip; and, at last, to our great relief, we got to the end of the arête, and found ourselves on a comparatively smooth plateau of frozen snow. We pushed on rapidly, till we came to an ice-wall, directly barring our way, and so perpendicular that we could not entertain the thought of cutting our way up it. Under this we waited for the effects of the rare atmosphere and the cold."

"None of us were able to close an eye that night, and at earliest dawn I got the apparatus ready for fixing the balloons, and a couple of hours all was prepared, and we started to the summit of Mount Everest, that we stood on the highest spot in the world. I cannot describe to you the ecstasy of the moment, more than you paying the long months of preparation, and toil, and weariness which we had gone through. And above all came the thought that now at length my honor was secured—that there was no danger of the American ever rivaling the feat of today."

"But soon came other and nobler thoughts. 'How wonderful it is to consider!' I soliloquized, 'that this arête has never been trodden by the foot of man; that never, during the thousands of years which have rolled over the world since the time of the flood, has the eternal stillness of the mountain-top been broken by aught save the lowing of the blind oxen.' 'That's a very nice idea of yours about the flood,' interrupted Jack. 'But hang if I ever knew before that the antediluvians used to go in for soda water.'"

"As he spoke he held up a soda-water bottle which he had noticed sticking up through the snow. 'I feel sure that I grew very pale as I snatched it from his hand, and drew out the cork. A slip of paper was inside, and on it were written the following words: 'Zachariah Johnston, April 1, 1884.' Just a week before the day I read it."

"Well, sir, I need hardly finish my story; I think I have gone far enough to show that I have good reason to dislike betting."—London Society.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FINGERS.—Each finger, and the mount at the base of it, is named from a planet. In the normal hand the second finger is the longest, the fourth or little finger is the shortest, and the first finger is the longest. If it be long and well developed, it indicated a noble and lofty character, and a religious-minded man. If disproportionately long, it will mean different things according to the type of hand in which it may be found, or according to the type of that particular finger; in the first type, an over-long first finger would denote an inclination to the fantastic or the exaggerated in religious matters; or it might, perhaps, mean religious madness; or, if other signs in the hand favored this view, it could be taken to denote pride. Pride is a form of worship—the culture of self. In the second type of hand, the excessive development of Jupiter might mean ambition, or, if it were in a hand that was eminently unselfish, it would stand for something prurient in manners and morals—too great severity. In the third type, a very long first finger would probably signify vanity. The second finger is Saturn. If too prominent it announces melancholy, or misanthropy, or downright cruelty, according to the type of hand; but if the finger be within due proportion, this sadness may take the form of pity for others, or it may mean merely a becoming gravity. The third finger is Apollo, and belongs to the art. In a "pointed" hand Apollo will give poetry and music composition; in a "square" hand, painting, sculpture (the art leaves the domain of the purely contemplative; it becomes partly active from the combination of manual skill with what is only imaginative) and in a "spread-hand" hand Apollo will give histrionic power, an aptitude for acting, or a love of theatrical amusements. On the stage art is joined in the closest manner to motion. The fourth finger is Mercury. If well proportioned it promises a scientific turn or mind, manufactures and diplomacy—tact. The thumb is Venus. Chirognomy and palmistry agree in almost all particulars about the thumb. In both systems it is treated as the most important part of the hand. The upper joint, that with the nail, stands for the joint, that with the nail, the grasping will; the second division, the grasping faculties; the base, the animal instincts.

—St. Paul's Magazine.

DOOR DERTZ.—Now I, December, when you go into a neighbor's premises, be sure to leave the doors as you find them. If you find a door shut, you may reasonably suppose that your friend wanted it shut, and, therefore, you have no right to leave it open; and if you find it open, no matter how cold the weather is, do you please to close it, for it is reasonable to suppose that it was left open for some good purpose. And the same is good for all sorts of things, whether they be houses, shops, factories, offices, or whatever they may be. Remember the rule, I have no objection: Leave doors as you find them. If the owner of a door does not know how he wants it, how do you know how he wants it?

Bad temper bites at both ends; it makes one's self nearly as miserable as it does other's people.