

# Saint Mary's Beacon

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## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

## Registered Voters.

The following is a List of Qualified Voters for Election District No. 3 (Leonardtown) registered by me Monday, the 7th, Tuesday, the 8th and Wednesday, the 9th of September, 1874.

G

Graves Wm T

The following is the List of names of Registered persons stricken by me from the List of Qualified Voters on the Registration Books of Election District No. 3 (Leonardtown) on Monday, the 7th, Tuesday, the 8th and Wednesday, the 9th of September, 1874, on account of death and removal.

A

Abell John A

B

Bond Benjamin H

Brown Thomas

Briscoe David S

Burnett Wm T

Brooks Charles

Barnes Jeremiah

C

Crier Wm H

Campbell Richard H

Cadder John T

Chester Wm T

Combs Henry

Craik A K

Cosic Robert C

E

Elden Wm J, Sr.

F

Forbes George, Jr.

Forwick Louis B

Forrest James

G

Guy George R

H

Hayden George W

Hayden George U

Hayden Jos F

Hammett George

Heard Joseph E

J

Johnson Joseph E

L

Leigh Benjamin F

Langley Richard H

M

Magill John F

Morgan Thomas G

Mage Charles H

McCane Peter B

Millard John M

N

Nelson Zephaniah

Newman Charles H

P

Peacock John C

R

Russell J Frank

Reintell C J

Russell Ignatius J E

Russell John L

S

Spalding E Leo

Simms F X

Smith Bennett H

Short Frank

Spalding C C

W

Wood George A

Y

Yates James T

Yates Edward R

JOSEPH S. FORD,

Register 3rd Election District.

Oct. 1, 1874.

## NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to me for Taxes for the years 1872 and 1873 are hereby notified that unless the same are settled within 30 days from the date of this notice, I will proceed according to law to collect them. My old business as Collector must be closed, and positively no longer time will be given.

GEO. A. SIMMS,

Late Collector.

May 14, 1874—4f.

## TOO LATE!

"What do you want?"

"I did want to see my husband. But I beg pardon, for I perceive he is not here."

The question was curt, rude, rough, even; the reply impetuous, cutting, sarcastic, and with a hot dash of anger in its tones. You would never have thought that William Maillard could have spoken so to his sweet young wife, just as any coarse, fiery man might, in an imperious mood, to an intrusive servant or an annoying beggar. Nor would he have thought, either, that lovely Alice Maillard could have grown so flushed and disturbed, and vented such a reply to the husband she loved better than life itself, and then turned and walked away with such a queenly step from his presence.

It certainly was an unpleasant and unfortunate mood the merchant was in that evening. The close of the year was near at hand, and all day long he had been perplexed by a thousand cares incidental to his large business; besides he had discovered a gross error in the books, and had taken them home with him that evening to endeavor to trace its source and rectify it.

It was in this mood, his brows knitted with perplexity, that his girl-wife came upon him in the quiet library, whither he had retired after dinner, and stealing softly up behind him, had playfully blinded his eyes with one of her white hands, at the same time pushing away the thick ledger over the table.

"An instant the quick, rough question, that spoke of annoyance, burst from his lips; and in an instant more, the white hand was snatched away, the little, graceful head tossed high, a red spot leaped to both cheeks, and the cutting, sarcastic answer was flung back.

In a few moments more the merchant was left alone, his handsomely-shaped head, covered with thick, iron-gray locks, bent again over his books, but with a compression of his lips and a glitter in his eye one seldom sees there; while the girl-wife was sitting in the parlor, quiet as a statue, but with the same high color and excited mien with which she had left the library.

For some minutes Alice Maillard sat thus, perfectly motionless, looking straight before her, then her mien softened—a grievous, wounded look crept over her eyes; her shut lips relaxed and quivered with feeling, and she burst into tears, and sobbed as though her very heart would break. The sobs swelled tempestuously, and the tears rolled over the cheeks now pale with emotion; but after a time she grew calmer.

"I am sorry I spoke so," she said, confessing her fault to herself with much earnestness as though her husband were a listener. "I am sorry. If William was rough (here the lips swelled again.) I was harsh (here the lips swelled again.) I was harsh. I suppose those tiresome books troubled him. I will go and apologize; and, rising, she left the room and walked through the hall to the library. But, laying her hand on the knob of the door, she was surprised to find it fastened. The key was turned.

"Uk!uk!" she said now, the red spots deepening again on the cheeks; and, noiselessly as she had come, she returned to the parlor.

Two hours crept away; lonesome enough, felt the solitary Alice, striving to pass the time with her work, upon which now and then a tear dropped silently. All that time, however, her thoughts were busy and she clung to the first resolve not to sleep until she had made peace with her husband. For it was a new thing to this lovely young creature—the pet of her girlhood and the bride of less than a year—to hear a harsh word or utter an unkind one; and all that long evening, while she sat there in tears, seemed an age to her. Ah! little Alice, can such exquisite suffering ever come again?

Ten, eleven o'clock struck; and then she heard the library door open, and her husband's footsteps along the hall. But they did not pause at the parlor, though the door was partially ajar; they passed on, and he ascended the staircase to his chamber. This was too much. Hot tears again swelled in the large, sensitive eyes; and wondrous indignation again prompted her to remain below till she was calm; and when she went up to her room, her husband was, or pretending to be, fast locked in sleep.

Next morning, at breakfast, the young wife was quite prepared to expect the way might be easier for the establishment of peace between them; but there was a reserve and iceiness in Mr. Maillard's manner which quite frustrated this intention. He hurried through the meal, went to the library for the books, looked into the breakfast room again for a courteous "good-morning," but did not unbend to bestow the customary parting kiss.

Alice felt more than ever grieved, thus thrown back upon herself. All day long she was most unhappy, and could not settle herself about her usual employments. The feelings she suffered were so new to her, it was something she had never thought could happen—to speak a quick, angry word to one who was all the world to her, no matter though she had been betrayed into the utterance, she never could be happy again till it had been expiated and forgiven. She would speak to her husband before sleep again sealed her eyelids—although very sound, indeed, had been the slumber that visited her last night.

When evening arrived, and Mr. Maillard came home to dinner, Alice met him as usual with an affectionate greeting, and put up her lips for the customary kiss, but very icy was the salutation, and such a tone of restraint pervaded his manner that she found herself deterred from ut-

tering a word. At the table Mr. Maillard was politely attentive, and led the conversation to subjects of general interest, keeping it up so skillfully that not an opening appeared for the introduction of any reference to the particular subject which engrossed his wife's mind; and when he rose, he said:

"I have an engagement at the office to-night, Mrs. Maillard, and it will probably be late when I return, and went out."

"Why did I not speak? I won't let it pass so! He has been cold as an iceberg. I will have an explanation before I sleep to-night," said Alice, passionately.

"He shan't treat me like a child any longer."

It was late when Mr. Maillard returned, and he did not expect the watcher who sat in the parlor, and a little surprised when he made no comment.

"It is twelve o'clock I know, William, but I sat up for you. The truth is, I wanted to speak to you about—about," but here she paused.

There was but little encouragement in the cool monosyllable that Mr. Maillard uttered—and the eyes upon which his wife's were turned appealingly held no step of tenderness to lure her on the ground that was now growing painful to her, although he very well knew what was going on in her mind. Was this man a hardened boor?

He had many excellent traits; and he had not really felt comfortable himself since that affair in the library, but he had a strong passionate nature, and an iron will that had never been subdued; and, like many of his proud and imperious type, he would neither bend to acknowledge his own fault nor seem to encourage, by any tenderness of manner, his wife's. So he sat, stately and frigid, in the seat he had taken by the register.

Meanwhile, Alice—affectionate and sensitive, with her whole heart in her eyes, and those eyes eagerly beseeching his—stood near him, where she had advanced as she spoke. At first, it had been easy for her to utter those words; but that one unimpassioned monosyllable checked further utterance, and from her lips. But at length she burst out, passionately.

"I will speak! William, you know what I want to say. I am very unhappy!" and the hot tears thickened her voice.

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

Yes, that man, actually asked this question—he who knew just how that noble, sensitive, affectionate girl was suffering. Not an embrace—no opening of his arms to draw her to his breast—no kiss on her quivering mouth, no tremor in his own tones, but instead, that impassive question:

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

For an instant, the ice-flow, driven into the Gulf-stream of feeling, checked its topic current; then it swept on again, but not so warm as before.

"I am unhappy because I have suffered—am suffering. I wish a reconciliation. You know, William—those words spoken in the library the other night. I was sorry the very minute afterwards."

"And I was sorry also, Mrs. Maillard. Any exhibition of impetuosity—temper I might say—displeases me. I think any wife ought to know that, and avoid such occasion. But I forgive you."

Mr. Maillard said this as loftily as though he were a judge, pronouncing sentence—as though he, himself, were not the cause of it all. A chill ran through poor Alice's veins. She had read of the quarrels and trifling estrangements between the married—but but here was a new phase. She had expected to be taken to her husband's heart and restored to happiness again. She never dreamed of this being thrown off, buffeted by the power of that cruel will—she who was all heart and affection. He was only down-right angry with her—would only scold her roundly—then the tempest would pass; but there was only this lofty assumption of superiority. She was cast back on herself, and could say nothing. Chilled, amazed, humiliated, and half stunned by the turn the matter had taken, the poor girl-wife turned to her chamber.

Mr. Maillard sat for perhaps a half-hour ere he left the parlor, perhaps in reverie. The expression of his eyes interpreted this thought:

"I intended to let her suffer; and I intend that she shall suffer more. It is not a man's place to yield. A wife's spirit should be broken to her husband's. When I think she is sufficiently punished, I shall take her back to my heart again."

And the poor girl above was taking her first lesson in that bitterest knowledge that ever comes to woman's heart—the realization that she is treated unfairly and unkindly.

Days, and weeks, and months followed that first rupture between William Maillard and his wife; and, though to all outward appearances, they were as ever, yet Alice felt that the gulf between them had never been bridged. She had, indeed, often essayed to fling across it the rays of affection; but in that chill, icy air they had withered speedily ere they reached him, standing on the other side. And yet, had any one come to that man, and said to him: "You are to blame, and are daily adding to your sin," he would indignantly have denied it.

The truth was, his imperious will, pampered by that first entire submission on the part of his wife, had grown with what it fed upon until it overshadowed his whole nature.

Situated as she was now, Alice grew daily more unhappy. Week after week, month after month went by; and she hun-

gared after the word of love, and never came. Sometimes, gazed at her with agony by the slow torture, she would be conscious; but the cool eyes, the steady manner, and that steady negative of her kisses—only added to her sorrow.

"Her spirit is not broken yet," said Mr. Maillard, to himself, and so he kept up his system of chilly training.

It was at this time that she came from Alice's girlhood home. Her widowed mother, long an invalid, was rapidly failing; and the child, good, kind, motherly Hester—she was the only one who could soothe her. She departed in haste, that the train was to start in an hour after the receipt of the telegram; and she traveled alone, as Mr. Maillard's business engagements were of that nature to detain him at that season.

When the merchant, at evening, returned to his handsome house, deserted save by the servants, he began to grow more dissatisfied with his cheerless aspect than he thought could be possible, or would have acknowledged to another. Once, entering the drawing-room, dreary and empty-looking, as an evening still with the years that could never restore the loved ones to the faithful heart of the mourner.

The twin-brother, all flush with youth and promise, stammered and nearly crazed by the terrible blow, felt that half his own bright, young life was laid away under the earth-rod.

And William Maillard—strong proud man, whose imperious will had never yielded before—was smitten by the fiat of the Almighty. He was left alone with remorse and regret. No need now to open his empty heart; she could never enter more. He must sit down in the ashes of his desolation. No need now to relax his iron rule, she was beyond his reach. It was too late.

They buried her in the churchyard of her village home, beside her mother; buried her with the dead baby on her breast. Hester's sad face—aged ere she had passed into life's full prime—settled into deeper lines, lines that would grow deep with the years that could never restore the loved ones to the faithful heart of the mourner.

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COMMON SENSE IN OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—One of the first things which strikes a foreigner—says an exchange—contemplating our common school system, is the variety of subjects taught in our schools. A hasty glance at the common curriculum would give out the idea that the growing generation would form a nation of scholars, but upon reflection the question naturally arises, "How can the young mind grasp at and hold fast the numerous studies thrust upon it almost in infancy?" Experience has shown that they who have passed through the ordeal instead of knowing the variety of topics, know comparatively little, and that minds instead of being stored with knowledge, are simply clogged with a bewildering array of hazy ideas about a thousand different things. This is the result of cramming learning into young minds—a system so common in our day, not only in common schools, but in academies and colleges. Adaptation for study is never considered by the guardians of children nor by the teachers.

There is the curriculum and there is the child. The latter has got to run up the scale as if it were a musical instrument whether the notes are comprehended or not, and more studies the former contains of course the better the school. This is the popular fallacy. People think it a great thing to have their children learning to spell, read, write, study grammar, geography, philosophy, astronomy, Latin, Greek, German, French, and mathematics all at once, while the fact is that they cannot give an intelligible rendering of an ordinary newspaper paragraph.

There is a depth of wisdom in the words of the philosopher who said he feared "the man of one book." It is by far preferable to perfect in one study than to have wasted a lifetime in studying the title pages of various volumes on innumerable topics. The strain upon the capacity of the children in the upper grades of our schools are far in excess of their available resources. Children have not the judgment to assimilate the mass of information that graded courses of study usually prescribe.

There are two periods in mental progress, namely, the mechanical and the thinking period. Too often a grievous mistake is made by trying to anticipate the latter period. Certainly, children can be taught to do wonders, but their minds must not be overworked, nor their efforts paralyzed by any amount of analysis and classification for which they do not possess the faculty, nor the material wherewith to exercise the faculty, nor the experience to guide them in such exercise.

"It is a faculty to shake the trees before the fruit is ripe, or to strike the iron before it is hot," says an excellent writer.

The application of this trite expression, was never more opposite to anything than to our method of endeavoring to extract from the unripe mind that which it has been debarrated from acquiring, by forcing upon it a crowd of branches of learning and not giving it time to contemplate the beauty of one branch. By all means, if possible, let every branch be taught in its place, let us have common sense in the management of our common schools.

Wires of candidates for office in the States complain that their husbands keep them awake nights talking in their sleep and saying, "What'll you take?—Step up, boys, come Dan, Jim, Ed, Mac, Fitz, Buf, Pat, the whole of ye. Gimme some whiskey."

One good reason why there are no thieves in Iceland is that there is nothing in the island worth stealing. At least, that is the conclusion the late excursionists arrived at.

An hour later, a baby boy's frail life flattered into existence, but for one moment only, then went again and the young mother lay on her pillows. No kind, motherly, sustaining elder sister was there to cheer those deep violet eyes with a tearful kiss; and the twin-brother, who loved her with such passionate, enduring tenderness, only came to look upon her white face in her coffin.

William Maillard stood mute and dazed when they told him his wife's life-moments were rapidly passing into Eternity. There was no time then for confessions, pleadings, or regrets—no time to tell her night, save the few broken words that surged in his throat, which burst from his heavily throbbing heart. Only time to receive the faint pressure of the little outstretched hand, the last meek, loving smile, and to hear the two latest words that fluttered over the pale lips as her dying gaze was lifted upward:

"Mother! Heaven!"

They buried her in the churchyard of her village home, beside her mother; buried her with the dead baby on her breast. Hester's sad face—aged ere she had passed into life's full prime—settled into deeper lines, lines that would grow deep with the years that could never restore the loved ones to the faithful heart of the mourner.

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