Saint Mary's Beacon

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ceased. All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby notified to exhibit the same with the proper vouchers attached to, to the subscriber, on or before the 17 of Sept 1876, they will otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of the said estate. All persons indebted to the deceased are requested to make immediate payment to the subscriber.

WM C BOWLES
Administrator

March 16, 1876—6w.

CONFIRMATION NOTICE.

Alexander Combs
vs
J. Edwin Thompson & wife.

In the Circuit Court for Saint Mary's county, sitting as a Court of Equity.
No. 409 N. E.

ORDERED this 15th day of March 1876, that the sale made and reported by Robt C. Combs, Trustee, in this case, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd Monday of April, 1876; provided a copy of this order be inserted in the Beacon newspaper once in each week for three successive weeks before the 2nd Monday of April next.

JAMES A. BRADLEY
Judge.

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold, her face is white,
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say, that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the skies.

For the morning choir will sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring,
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round that dial track,
Eastward the lengthened shadows pass,
Her little mourners clad in black,
The cricket sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies;
So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask what maiden lies below,
Say only this: "A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow."

GRANT'S OFFICIAL RECORD.

The following Presidential Record of Grant is furnished by the *New York Herald* and is based upon documentary evidence accessible to all and of unquestionable verity. In reading it, it should be borne in mind, that there is not a single one of the forty-four allegations against him that has not been endorsed, in one form or another, by the Republican party, consequently, if Grant is criminally culpable, the Republican party is equally so.

1. One of his very first acts as President showed a singular contempt for law and regard for his own will or desire alone. He nominated Mr. A. T. Stewart to be Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Stewart, undoubtedly a capable man, could not disengage himself from his vast commercial interests, and a law which had stood for almost three-quarters of a century on our statute books, and whose wisdom was unquestioned, forbade his taking the office under the circumstances. What happened? General Grant coolly asked Congress to repeal the act. It refused, as was its duty, and the President sulked.

2. Next Grant drove General Cox out of the Cabinet because he refused to appoint corrupt and inefficient friends of the President to office in the Indian Bureau and elsewhere, in violation of civil service rules and honest government.

3. He drove Joseph Wilson, the honest Land Commissioner, into retirement because he decided a Missouri land claim of the Dent family adversely to their interest.

4. He appointed a poker-playing Congressman as Minister to England, and kept him there until he was threatened with arrest, a public disgrace and scandal, in spite of his notorious connection with the Emma mine fraud.

5. He attempted, against the will of Congress and the country, to annex St. Domingo, and sent out his own private agent, General Babcock, to negotiate a treaty in violation of the constitution; and he was so contemptuous toward the laws that he actually sent to the Senate a secret agreement made and signed with Baez by this unauthorized private agent, under pretence that it was a treaty; and only withdrew it when the Senate privately informed him that the constitution required treaties to be made and signed by agents publicly nominated and confirmed by the Senate.

6. To consummate the annexation, in which he had involved himself with a number of men notoriously engaged in a land speculation, he kept vessels of war on the coast of the Island at a great expense to support the usurper Baez, and levied war on the Haytian Republic, in violation of the constitution, which reserves the power of declaring and making war to Congress.

7. He caused the expulsion of Charles Summer from the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, a post which he had held for many years and in which his services to the country were of peculiar importance, because he would not support the St. Domingo scheme.

8. He afterward tried to bribe Sumner to acquiescence in the St. Domingo plot by the offer of the mission to England. This was when he saw that against Sumner's opposition the St. Domingo treaty must fail.

9. He appointed his brother-in-law, Cramer, to a high diplomatic position, although this person had already shown himself notoriously unfit while holding an obscure consulship.

10. He appointed another brother-in-law, Casey, to be Collector of New Orleans, and there maintains him, in spite of his proved incapacity and corruption and his open violations of law.

11. When public opinion, outraged beyond endurance at Casey's misconduct, demanded his removal, he apparently submitted by requiring and ostensibly accepting Casey's resignation, "to take effect on the appointment of his successor;" but he has never appointed a successor, and thus Casey remains Collector in spite of the public demand for his removal.

12. He removed a collector of internal revenue at Chicago because this officer refused to join Orville Grant, the President's brother, in a whiskey fraud.

13. Later, in violation of law, he gave to this same brother Orville the monopoly of trading with certain tribes of Indians, and caused the exclusion of other traders, certified to be respectable men. This is the first time in our history when a President's brother has become an Indian trader, or has received a monopoly, contrary to an express law, from his brother.

14. He gave the federal appointments in the city of New York to a ward politician, said to be connected with the Tammany Ring, but who was his own intimate.

15. He appointed and long kept in the important office of Attorney General of the United States a man openly charged with frauds, known to be ignorant of law, unfit by character and acquirements for the place, but notoriously a subservient tool of his own.

16. He tried to promote this incapable Attorney General to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, a public scandal which was prevented only with the utmost difficulty.

17. He took away the custody of government funds from the solid house of the Barings, who had held it since the foundation of the government, and intrusted the public moneys to Clews & Habicht, as a reward for notorious partisan services and in spite of warnings that this house was not trustworthy or of good standing. The firm has since become bankrupt, but the public does not yet know how much the Treasury lost by its failure.

18. He gave to one of his former military aids, Léet, a monopoly of certain Custom House warehousing, and maintained him in it until the outraged merchants became too clamorous at the injustice they were compelled to suffer.

19. He has accepted costly gifts and repeatedly rewarded the givers with public places for themselves or for their friends.

20. He permitted and defended the moiety frauds, by which the revenues of the country were farmed out to low politicians, with the known design of securing the political fortunes of some of his favorites and adherents.

21. He was and is the intimate of Alexander Shepherd, a man openly and generally accused of corruption in Washington, and

22. When Congress, compelled by a rigid investigation, destroyed the District government which Shepherd controlled, in order to put him out of place and power, the President had the indecency to renominate him at once as the head of the new government—a nomination so scandalous that the Senate immediately and unanimously rejected it.

23. In spite of this he still retains Shepherd in favor as one of his most intimate associates.

24. He shocked the public sense of propriety by inviting to the White House, on a public occasion, Harrington, the confederate of Shepherd, a person then undergoing trial for felony, and never acquitted of the charge.

25. He consorts constantly with men of doubtful character, and still has among his intimates both Shepherd and Harrington.

26. In their defence he even went so far as in an annual Message to understate by several millions the debt of the District of Columbia; a gross attempt to deceive the public which was immediately exposed in Congress.

27. He was a party to an intrigue whereby his own salary was doubled, and caused it to be privately understood in Congress that the bill raising Congressional salaries would not receive his signature unless his own salary was doubled.

28. He was for months engaged in an attempt, at last successful, to make one of his intimates, Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster General of the Army, and held vacant the Russian mission as a temptation to General Meigs, who stood in the way of this scheme.

29. He supported Kellogg as Governor of Louisiana without authority from Congress, confessing that he did not know who was the rightful Governor, and on his own will alone; and he has used the army for many months to hold Louisiana down for this favorite.

30. He did not scruple last year to grossly misrepresent to Congress and the country the conditon of Louisiana and other Southern States, in order that he might thereby support his corrupt personal followers there.

31. While a Congressional committee was in New Orleans investigating the condition of Louisiana he violently took matters in his own hands and in their presence dispersed the legitimate Assembly of the State by means of the army.

32. He ordered his Secretary of War to send the approval of the whole Cabinet to Sheridan for the dispersion of the Legislature and his bandit despatch, though it is known that he did not take the trouble to consult any member of the Cabinet in the matter, and that several members did strongly disapprove of these measures.

33. He refused to see or hear the committees which Congress had sent to New Orleans, and even [illegible] Congress founded on assertions which the report of that committee of Congress showed to be false and groundless.

34. Thus he first insulted his Cabinet and then Congress in order to carry out his personal aims, and sought, by artful misrepresentations and false statements, made when the truth was at his call and unofficially known to him, to justify a dangerous usurpation of power by the military and the prostration of civil rule.

35. He endeavored to intimidate a Congressional committee into making a report on the condition of Arkansas, to subserve his own views; summoned them before him, told them what they ought to report, and did not even take the trouble to ask them what facts they had found in their investigation. Fortunately, they were too independent to submit to his dictation.

36. One member of that committee, who made a minority report in accordance with his wishes, he rewarded with the post of District Attorney at Chicago, an office from which he was lately dismissed for incapacity.

37. He used the powerful influence of the administration to cause the passage of the Habeas Corpus and Force bill, a measure flagrantly unconstitutional, and, as subsequent events have shown, without the excuse of necessity or expediency.

38. He insulted the public sense of honor and decency by retaining Mr. Delano in office long after the grossest scandals had been proved against him and his subordinates in the management of Indian affairs; and when at last compelled by the dread of losing an important election to dismiss him he gave him a strong testimonial of character and expressed his regret at parting with him.

39. In the prosecution of the whiskey thieves he gave his countenance not to the honest officials doing their duty, but to the political gamblers and personal adherents whose crimes were threatened with discovery.

40. When an honest but overzealous prosecuting officer uttered words in the heat of argument at which the President chose to take offence, instead of pardoning his words on the score of his honest zeal for the public interest he ordered his dismissal.

41. He kept near him in the most intimate official relations two men, Babcock and Luckey, when both were under grave suspicion of complicity in revenue frauds.

42. He restored Babcock to his place after a trial which did not in the general opinion clear his character of the gravest suspicions of infidelity to public trusts, and when the President in his own examination was compelled to admit that important papers had been concealed from him by his secretary.

43. In his sworn testimony in defence of General Babcock he had the insolence to say that he revoked the order of Mr. Bristow changing the supervisors at his own will, without consulting the Secretary, and as though he was dictator.

44. Unawed by public indignation, regardless of public decency, unmoved by the fact that State after State has been lost by the party which elected him, because of his misconduct, he only a few days ago flung a new defiance at the people by accepting, the moment it was tendered, and "with regret," the resignation of Mr. Belknap, whose crime had been already made known to him.

WHERE IT CAME FROM.—A Detroit girl picked up a new beau the other evening at church, and when they reached her father's, he accepted her invitation to go in. He was perfumed to kill, and it wasn't long before his musk reached the back room where the old folks sat. The old man was heard stumbling around, muttering and growling, and presently he opened the door and passed out and walked around the house. He came back and snuffing around for a few minutes, and pounding on the parlor door he inquired:

"Evangeline, where's that candle?"

"I don't know, father; why?" she inquired in return.

"There's a skunk or something or other under the house, and I've got to hunt him out or we can't live here over night."

The young man didn't stay long after that.

SNUBBED.—A middle aged woman fell as she was decending a pair of stairs in Baltimore last week, and the first man to help her to reach her feet was a banker who was passing.

"Did you fall, madam?" he inquired as he seized her arm.

"Fall! Of course I fell, you fool, you. You don't suppose I'd sit down here to rest, do you?" she snapped.

He didn't say.

THE LONE [illegible]

"Auntie, tell me [illegible] I sat with my mother [illegible] tapestried apartment in [illegible] fashioned house in the [illegible]

"What kind of a story, Harry?" she asked. [illegible] true or untrue, pleasant [illegible] my life has been long and [illegible] experiences many," she added, [illegible] dreamily and thoughtfully [illegible] that blazed on the hearth.

"Oh, something horrible, fearful and [illegible] all true—though [illegible] gazed shuddering around the [illegible] gloomy room.

A little pause ensued, while aunty gazed meditatively into the fire, and I watched her face in eager hope of the exciting tale that was coming.

I was about sixteen (Aunt Betsey began at last) when I was invited to go and stay with some relatives in Sussex, whom I had never seen. My life in this old house—where I was born and have lived all my days—was somewhat monotonous. I was a lively girl then, and, wild with delight at the prospect of a change of scene, I looked anxiously for my parents' permission to accept the invitation. After some deliberation the desired permission was given; so, early one morning, accompanied by my father, I set out in high spirits for my destination, arriving there in the pleasant twilight of an autumn evening. Our friends gave us a cordial reception.—'Squire and Mrs. Oldham were staid, good-tempered, rather elderly people, and their two daughters—girls of eighteen or twenty—as merry and as wild as I could possibly desire. Their names were Mildred and Janet. The house, standing on its own grounds, and surrounded by lofty trees, was old and spacious with many long corridors and passages, and plenty of rooms of all sizes and descriptions. I can recall so well the great entrance hall. It was of immense size and gloomy, and from it ascended a wide staircase which led to an open gallery above. During my stay with my Sussex friends, Mr. and Mrs. Oldham went to spend a few days at a gentleman's house a few miles distant from their own, and it was while they were absent that the alarming occurrence I am about to relate to you took place.

The household consisted of the butler and four maid servants. The coachman, who lived in a cottage on the grounds about a quarter of a mile distant, was now absent with his master and mistress. The butler was a pompous, stately, middle-aged man, given somewhat to patronizing, though always respectful in his manners to us young people. He evidently considered the safety of the house as his peculiar charge, and was very particular in the extinguishing of fires, and in looking after the fastening of the doors and windows. We had heard of one or two robberies being committed in the neighborhood; but we did not feel nervous, and my cousin placed great dependence on a huge black dog which always slept at night in the hall. One evening—I believe it was the third after Mr. and Mrs. Oldham departed—my cousins and I were sitting chatting merrily around the fire in a large room which opened from the hall. I think it was about 7 o'clock, when there came a pull at the front door bell, and, after a short delay, the butler answered it. Presently hearing a somewhat prolonged parley outside, we opened our room door and peeped out. Two men, apparently much exhausted, stood at the lower end of the hall, while on the floor at their feet lay a large, long package. Opposite to them stood the butler and one of the maid servants, and a stormy discussion seemed going on between them. Mildred, my elder cousin, after a few moments' pause, walked forward and requested an explanation. One of them, rather a respectable looking individual, I thought, advanced toward her, and making a low bow, began to speak:

"Madame," said he, "we have brought this bale of goods to your house by mistake; we were to take it to Mrs. Needham's," mentioning a house about five miles distant, "but have carried it here instead. We are much exhausted, for we have walked far; the night is tempestuous, and we feel that we can take it no farther. Will you kindly allow us to leave it here till morning?"

Mildred looked at the butler inquiringly before she answered. The old servant shook his head with a doubtful and suspicious air, whereupon the man who had just spoken observed hastily:

"We do not ask for a lodging for ourselves, madame, we shall make our way to the nearest public house. It is only the pack we wish to leave. It is very heavy, and we will call for it in good time to-morrow. We throw ourselves upon your compassion."

"Let the poor men leave their large package, Mildred," said Janet, my younger cousin, "and have it put in the ante room until to-morrow."

Mildred consented, and in disregard of the frown and ominous look of the butler, ordered the pack to be carried in a little room near the entrance. This was done, and glad and thankful I was to see the door bolted and barred behind the formidable strangers. It seemed to me a dangerous risk, in our thinly peopled household, to admit two strangers at that time of the evening. I had noticed, too, that they glanced around the hall in a surreptitious manner, and especially at the dog, which stood with us in the hall, and at first began to bark, and had been quickly silenced by a low command from Mildred. I saw that the maid servant, who still stood by, shared my uncomfortable feelings, and she assisted, very readily, after the departure of the men, in barring the door and seeing to the safety of the window fastenings. Later in the evening I met her on the stairs and she stopped me.

"I don't like the looks of that bundle at all, Miss," she said; "it looks to me alive, and twice I have fancied I saw it move—once when lying on the hall floor, and again now, for I have been in to look at it."

[illegible] and telling Harriet "not to be [illegible] on, and rejoining my cousins, I told them what Harriet had said to me, and proposed to go and take a look at the mysterious package. Taking a lamp with us, we proceeded to the little apartment where it was placed. It lay on a wooden settle, which stood on one side of the room.—It was enveloped in a brown wrapper, was very long, and thicker at the middle than at the two extremities. Somehow I did not like the looks of it; but my fears were of such a vague nature that I did not like to express them.—As we crossed the hall on our return to the sitting room we encountered Harriet, who was hovering about with a very uneasy and mysterious expression on her face.

"What is the matter, Harriet?" asked Mildred.

"Oh, miss, I am so frightened about that pack. I cannot rest, and I am sure that I cannot go to bed while it is in the house."

"You are very ridiculous, Harriet," remarked Janet. "I am very sure the men were very respectable looking individuals, only two shopmen. We have just been looking at the pack, and it did not move, though I gave it a good squeeze. I am sure there is nothing in it to alarm you."

Harriet looked very pale, and shook her head warmly. Ten o'clock came, and my cousin and I were thinking of betaking ourselves to our sleeping apartments, when we heard a door in the hall violently shut and locked.—Immediately after Harriet rushed in on us, and sank on the nearest chair in violent hysterics. She was speedily followed by the butler, looking as pompous and still as ever, but with a certain expression of unquiet on his fat grave face.

"What is the matter, Jones?" asked Mildred, starting to her feet, "tell us quickly. Do try be quiet, Harriet."

"Oh that pack is alive!" shrieked Miss Harriet.

"Hush, Harriet," said Mildred calmly; "let Jones tell us. I heard you lock the door. It was that of the ante-room in which this unfortunate pack is placed, I suppose?"

"It was, Miss," replied Jones, sententiously, "and the dog is in the hall," he added.

"So far so good," said Mildred composedly. "And how, pray, do you know that the pack is alive?"

"You see, miss," replied Jones, "ever since that pack has been left here Harriet has been in a distracted state of mind—frightened out of her senses, in fact."

"I saw the thing move when it was laid in the hall," sobbed Harriet.

"Go on, Jones," interposed Janet.

Jones continued:

"So before we went to bed Miss Harriet persuaded me to come and take another look at the package. You know I did not approve of its being left, miss" he added.

'Never mind that,' said Mildred; 'tell us what you have seen.'

'Well, miss, I thought it great nonsense, but I went. We took hold of the bundle and turned it about a little, but could make nothing of it. Presently Harriet found a small hole in the wrapper. She pulled the rent rather more open and looked in. I saw her face change. She turned and drew me out of the room, pulled the door to and locked it. This is all I know at present, ladies,' and here Jones bowed to us politely. Harriet had become quieter, so Mildred inquired:

'What did you see, Harriet?'

The girl shivered and covered her face with her hands.

'Come, Harriet, speak,' said Mildred, becoming a little pale.

'Yes, tell us, and instantly!' cried Janet.

Harriet took her hand from her face and looked up.

'It was an eye, miss she said in horror-stricken tones, 'such an awful looking eye, and it glared at me!' she added with a repressed shriek.

We looked at each other in mute consternation.

'Was it a living one, do you think Harriet?' I asked.

'Yes, it was all alive, miss, I am sure,' she sobbed. 'Oh, what shall we do? It loked so malignant and terrible!'

We looked at each other for a few moments, and then Mildred spoke:

'I can scarcely believe that you are right, Harriet,' she said; 'I fancy that your imagination must have been making a goose of you.'

'Still, Mildred,' I ventured to say, 'Harriet may be right, and it would be well to do something at once. This may be a plan to rob the house when we are all in bed.'

'And murder us all.' shrieked Harriet.

Janet began to cry; and meanwhile the butler had left the room.

'Where is Jones?' inquired Mildred, suddenly observing his absence. 'Let us go and find him, and see what is to be done.'

She passed into the hall, and we followed. Jones was rummaging in a large closet, the door of which stood open; he had a lamp in his hand. The other servants stood by, and we together waited for him to emerge. He was rather a long time, so Mildred went close to the door and whispered:

'What are you doing, there, Jones?'

Jones made no reply, but came out armed with an old rusty-looking dagger and two pieces of strong rope.

'You are not going to kill him?' inquired Janet.

'Never fear, miss,' replied Jones, 'a little prick, however, will do no hurt. I must take care of my master's house.'

'We will come with you,' whispered Mildred.

'Very good, miss,' he answered, 'please bring the dog to the door, and keep him there till I want him.'

So off went Jones with his lamp, his dagger, and his ropes, we and the servants following closely with the dog, who seemed to possess a strong consciousness of something being amiss.

Jones opened the door of the little room quietly, and went in and placed the lamp on a side-table which stood near. Then at once, dagger and rope in hand, he walked toward the pack, which lay on the settle; but I now observed that there were one or two openings in the wrapper.

There was a deep silence among us for a moment or two, interrupted only by the low growling of the dog, who became manifestly more and more uneasy, and was with great difficulty restrained from rushing into the room. Then there came a scene of noise and confusion. Jones reached the pack, and throwing the rope over his arm, and still clutching the dagger, stooped to inspect the slit in the wrapper where Harriet had asserted she had seen an eye. At that moment one of the most fearful and terrible yells I ever heard broke from between the folds of the wrapper. The pack struggled violently, then roled over and fell heavily to the ground, while a choked voice begged for mercy; at the same time a knife was seen endeavoring to effect an opening. The screams of the servants, the hysterical sobs of Janet, the loud howlings of the dog, who was still restrained by Mildred from rushing frantically into the room, made a din that I never can forget. I remember that Jones alone looked very composed and unmoved throughout. Before the man in the pack had time to free himself from the wrapper, Jones had managed, despite his opponent's struggles, to pass the ropes several times round and round him, and to secure them. By the time he had accomplished this, we had all become pretty quiet. The dog was silenced and made to lie down in the hall, while Mildred and I and two of the servants, the terrified Harriet not being one, went into the room.

The pack presented a very ludicrous appearance. The wrapper had been slit open from the centre upward, and displayed the figure of a man apparently about thirty years of age, lying in it, the ropes wound about him. He had a long pale face, a brown grizzly beard, and eyes that glanced doubtfully from Jones and his dagger, who knelt besides him, to us, as we approached him. He was perfectly mute, and refused to answer any questions.

'See, he has got a whistle,' cried one of the servants.

Jones instantly seized it, and after a few moment's consideration beckoned Mildred out of the room. I followed.

'Young ladies,' he said, 'the man is now quite secure, and his accomplices will certainly not attempt to enter much before daylight. I expect the whistle was to have been the signal. Would you be afraid if I slipped down to the coachman's house and get his wife to send one of her boys into the village for assistance? We could then probably secure all the villains.'

'But you may be attacked by them on the way,' said Mildred.

'No fear, miss, I can slip unseen behind the shrubs in the darkness.'

'Go then, and quickly,' said Mildred.

'You are sure that the man is quite safely bound?'

'Quite so, miss; but perhaps you would like to ask the consent of the household before I leave you?'

Mildred soon obtained our consent to the plan, and Jones was cautiously let out of a small sized door. In about twenty minutes, which seemed two hours to us, he returned, and his low tap was instantly answered.

'It is all right,' he said, 'I have seen and heard nothing of the men.—The boy is sharp enough, and he has his directions, and is to bring a party from the village to this door by the way that I took.'

More than an hour passed away; then a low tap was again heard, and six men appeared, accompanied by the boy who had been sent to bring them. About midnight Jones opened the shutters of a casement window in the hall, and blew a loud whistle; the whistle was responded to by another, and two men presently appeared at the open casement. Jones drew back into the darkness of the hall and silently allowed them to enter. The moment their feet touched the hall floor they were secured.

'And where were you, Aunty?' I said, 'during this scene?'

'We stood in the gallery above. The boy, who had received his instructions, soon brought forward a hunter, and we also had lights at hand in the gallery.'

'Were the men tried, aunty, and what was their punishment?'

'Yes, they were conveyed to the county prison, and on their conviction were sentenced to transportation. The butler, as you may imagine, was handsomely rewarded.'

WAIT, WAIT.

Wait a moment, young man, before you throw that money down on the bar and demand a glass of brandy and water. Ask yourself if twenty cents cannot be better invested in something else. Put it back in your pocket.

Wait, before you light that cigar.—Remember, cigars are costly nonessentials. You can do without them and your nerves will be all the better for it. You smoke at least five a day, which at five cents a piece makes 25 cents. Twenty-five cents a day, for one year, makes $91.25, and this worse than useless expenditure for 50 years amounts to $4,562.50, enough to buy you a snug farm.

Wait, maiden—think twice before you decide on that one hundred dollar shawl. A hundred dollars is a great deal of money; one dollar is a great deal, when people once consider the amount of good it will accomplish in careful hands.

Wait, sir, before you buy that gaudy amethyst breast pin you are surveying so earnestly through the jeweler's plate glass windows. Keep your money for another piece of jewelry—a plain gold wedding ring made to fit a rosy finger that you know of. A shirt neatly ironed and stocking darned like lace work, are better than gilt brooches and flaming amethysts. You can't afford to marry? Wait, and think the matter over.

Wait, mother, before you speak harshly to the little chubby rogue who has torn his apron and soiled his white Marseilles jacket. He is only a child, and mother is the sweetest word in all the world to him. Needle and thread and soapsuds will repair all damages; but if you once teach him to shrink from his mother, and hide away his childish faults, that damage cannot be repaired.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with family cares and household responsibilities, as your mother did. She is doing her best—and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the nights she sat up with the little babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed on you when you had that long fit of illness! Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait, silence and forebearance, and the light will come back to her eyes, the old light of other days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late and weary, and out of sorts. He has worked for you all day long; he has wrestled, hand in hand, with Care, and Selfishness, and Greed; and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely; let him feel that there is *one* place in the world where he can find peace and perfect love.

Wait, bright young girls, before you arch your pretty eyes, and whisper "old maid," as the quiet figure steals by, with silver in its hair and crow's feet round the eyes. It is hard enough to lose life's gladness and elasticity—it is hard enough to see youth drifting away, without adding to the bitter cup one drop of scorn! You do not know what she has endured; you never can know until experience teaches you; so wait before you sneer at old maids.

Wait, sir, before you add a billiard-room to your house, and buy the fast horse that all the rest the fellows covet. Wait and think whether your outstanding bills are all paid and your liabilities fully met, and all the chances and changes of life duly provided.—Wait, and ask yourself how you would like, ten years from now to see your fair young wife struggling with poverty, your children shabby and want-stricken, and yourself a miserable hanger-on round corner groceries and one-horse gambling saloons. You think that it is impossible, do you remember that Hazael said to the seer of old:—"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

Wait, blue-eyed lassie, wait a while before you say "yes" to the dashing young man who says he can't live without you. Wait until you have ascertained that the cigar and the wine bottle and the card table, are not to be your rivals in his heart; a little delay won't hurt him, whatever he may say—just see if it will.

And wait my friend in the brown moustache; don't commit yourself to Laura Matilda until you are sure she will be kind to your old mother, and a true loving wife to you, instead of a mere puppet who lives on the breath of fashion and excitement, and regards the sunny-side of life as second only to Elysium! As a general thing, people are in too great a hurry in the world; we say wait, wait!

☞ It was an Indiana farmer who remarked, "I want to go to heaven, but if a cow kicks me I'm bound to wallop her with the milk stool, if I never get within a mile and a half of the gates of Paradise."