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CAROLINE COUNTY, MARYLAND,

—BY—

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IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT.

Judge not too harshly, oh, my friend!
Of him your fellow man,
But draw the veil of charity
About him if you can.
He once was called an honest man,
Before sore trivial vexed—
He stepped from out the narrow way—
It may be your turn next.

Fainting upon the great highway
A suffering soul did lie;
Go staunch his wounds, and quench his thirst,
Nor pass him idly by.
God will not brook the swift excuse,
The thoughtless vain pretext;
A fellow mortal bites the dust—
It may be your turn next.

You heard, one day, a single word
Against a person's name;
Oh, bear it not from door to door,
To further hurt his fame.
If you're the man you claim to be,
Remember, then, the text,
To "Speak no evil," true or false—
It may be your turn next.

The world is bad enough, we own,
And may need more light;
Yet with true love to all, may we
Help in the cause of right.
Lift up the sinful and the weak,
The soul by care perplexed,
Well knowing that to drink the gall
It may be our turn next.

TOO LATE.

"What do you want?"

"I wished to see my husband that I might wish him a merry Christmas, but I beg pardon, for I perceive he is not here."

The question was curt, rude, rough even; the reply was impetuous, cuttingly sarcastic, and with a dash of anger in its tones. You would never have thought that Maxwell Maillard, gentleman, as he called himself, and the world called him, could have spoken so to his sweet, young wife, as any coarse, fiery man might in an imperious mood, to an intrusive servant or an annoying beggar. Nor would you have thought, either, that lovely Alice Maillard could have become so flushed and disturbed or made such a reply to the husband she loved better than life itself, and then have 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 incident to his large business; besides, he had discovered a gross error in the books, the result of an incompetent book-keeper's blunder, and had taken them home with him that evening to endeavor to trace its sources and rectify it.

It was while in this mood, his brows knitted with perplexity, that his girl-wife came to him in the quiet little 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 green-baize covered table. In an instant the quick, rough question that betokened 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 appeared on both cheeks, and the cutting sarcastic answer was given. And in a few moments more the merchant was left alone, his handsomely-shaped head, covered with thick, iron gray locks, were bent again over his books, with a compression of his lips and a glitter in his eye one seldom saw there while the girl wife was sitting in the parlor quiet as a statue, but with that same high color and excited mein with which she had left the library.

For some minutes Alice Maillard sat thus, perfectly motionless, looking straight before her; then her countenance softened—a grieved, wounded look came into her eyes; her lips relaxed and quivered with feeling, and she burst into tears and sobbed as though her very heart would break.

The sobs increased, and the tears rolled down 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 as much earnestness as though her husband were a listener. "I am sorry, if Max were rough" (here the lips trembled again), "I was hasty. I suppose those tiresome books troubled him; I will go and apologize."

And rising, she left the room, and walked along the hall to the rear of the house where the library was situated. But laying her hand on the door, she was surprised to find it fastened. The lock was turned.

"Unkind," she said now, the red spot deepening again on her cheek; and as noiselessly as she had come she returned to the parlor.

Two, three hours passed away; lonesome enough felt the solitary Alice, striving to pass the time with her sewing, upon which, now and then, a tear dropped silently.

All that time, however, her thoughts were busy; and she clung to her 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 home, 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 exquisitely keen suffering ever come again!

Nine, 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 their chamber.

This was too much. Tears again swelled in the large, sensitive eyes; and womanly indignation prompted her to remain below until she was calm; and when she went up to her room her husband was, or pretended to be, fast locked in sleep.

Next morning at breakfast the young wife was prepared to expect the way might be easier for the establishment of peace between them, but there was a reserve and icliness in Mr. Maillard's manner which quite frustrated her intention. He hurried through the meal went to the library for his 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; and though she had been betrayed into the utterance, she never could be happy again till it had been explained and forgotten.

She would speak to her husband before sleep again sealed her eyelids; although very sound, indeed, had not been the slumber that visited her last night.

When evening arrived, and Mr. Maillard came 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 uttering a word.

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

"I have an engagement at the club 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 is as 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 to find the watcher who sat in the parlor, and a little surprise was in his glance when he entered, but he made no comment.

"It is past twelve, I know, Maxwell, but I sat up for you. The truth is I wanted to speak to you about—about"—but here she paused.

"Well?"

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

Society, as I said, called him a gentleman. 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 acknowledgments himself nor seem to encourage by any tenderness of manner his wife's. So he sat, stately and rigid, in the seat he had taken by the register.

Meantime 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 froze her lips; but at length she burst out passionately:

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

"What makes you unhappy, Mrs. Maillard?"

"I am unhappy because I have suffered—am still suffering; and I want a reconciliation. You know, Maxwell, those words spoken in the library the other night. I was sorry the very minute afterward."

"And I was sorry also, Mrs. Maxwell. Any exhibition of impetuousness—temper, I might say—disgusts me. I think any wife ought to know that, and avoid such things. But I forgive you."

Chilled, amazed, humiliated, and half-stunned by the turn the matter had taken, the poor girl-wife went to her chamber.

Days and weeks and months followed the first rupture between Maxwell Maillard and his wife; and though to all outward appearances they were attentive to each other, and, in society, as happy as ever, yet Alice felt that the gulf between them had never been bridged.

The truth was, his imperious will, pampered by the first entire submission on the part of his wife, had grown with what it had fed upon until it overshadowed his whole nature. Had Alice been less submissive—even had she, in acknowledging her error, thrown a portion of it upon her husband's head, he would not have treated her as he did. "Her spirit is not broken yet," Mr. Maillard said to himself; and so he kept up his system of wifely training.

It was at this time that a summons came from Alice's girlhood home. Her mother was dying and Alice hastened to her side.

When the merchant, evening after evening, returned to his handsome house, deserted, save by the servants, he began to grow more dissatisfied with its cheerless aspect than he thought could be possible, or would have acknowledged to another. Entering the drawing-room, so dreary and empty looking, one evening after he had visited the club, he paused before an exquisitely crayoned portrait on the wall, and said, with more feeling than he had shown for many a month, "Home is lonely without you, Alice!" Ah, if he had only bethought himself to write such a sentence to her!

The day went by; and, in her girlhood home, Alice saw her mother die. On the day following the funeral Mr. Maillard bore his wife back to her home again. At the parting Alice wept unrestrainedly upon the bosom of her twin-brother, then turned to receive her sister's farewell kiss.

After their return home Mr Maillard's mien softened toward his wife.

He could not see her going about in her mourning robes, with her pale, sad face and quiet ways, without relaxing from his late manner. But still his pride so long dominant, mastered him sufficiently to withhold him from the manifestation of his returning tenderness, except by constant watchfulness and by surrounding her with such luxuries as wealth could procure. Books, the latest music, flowers, every dainty of the season—there came to her. Ah, if he had only known that a tender word to a longing heart is better than any gift gold can buy!

Alice accepted all with sweetness that never failed her now. Indeed, Mr. Maillard marveled to see how submissive she had become. There were no rebellings now; no breaking out of the old high spirit; no passionate outbursts—and, alas! no passionate yearning for tenderness. Her lips were never lifted now for a kiss; her eyes never sought his with wishful eagerness for the fond, answering glance; her tender hand no longer slid caressingly into his. That time, with her, was past.

One Christmas evening, sitting in that same library where she had stolen upon him once, Mr. Maillard began thinking of this.

"How different Alice is from what she was last Christmas. My course was most judicious. Her disposition has improved. But she has grown so pale lately. I think the sea air would have helped her, if she had thought best to have gone from home at this time."

From that soliloquy Mr. Maillard was aroused by a call from the housekeeper, who sat with his wife in an airy, spacious upper room of the large elegant mansion.

An hour later, a baby boy's frail life fluttered into existence, but for one brief moment only, then went out again; and the young mother lay dying on her pillow.

No kind, motherly, sustaining elderly sister was there to close 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.

Maxwell Maillard stood mute and bewildered 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 aught save the few broken sobs that poured in a thick turbid torrent from his heavily throbbing heart.

Only time to receive the faint pressure of the little outstretched hand, the last meek, loving smile, and hear the two latest words that came from the pale, lovely lips, as her dying gaze was lifted heavenward.

"Mother! Heaven!"

They buried her in the cemetery of her village home, beside her mother; buried her with her dead baby on her breast.

And Maxwell Maillard—the strong, proud man, whose imperious will had never yielded before—was smitten by the flat 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 its desolation. No need now to relax his iron rule.

It was too late.

For the Journal.

The School Teacher.

This title at the present day possessed by not a few in number, more perhaps, than merit it. It is true, with our free institutions of learning, the improvements that have been made in the school system and all the advantages of education that have been placed within the reach of almost *every* child within the last decade, have put it in the power of nearly every one to obtain sufficient education to pass an examination: but the question to be asked is this: Is sufficient education to pass an examination the most necessary, though indispensable requisite to fit a person for the proper training of young minds? And is this the correct criterion by which the examiners of candidates are to judge of a teacher's merits? Or is this the just principle on which those intrusted to the responsible position of teaching are to act? I should say, by no means. Almost any young man or woman can become crammed with sufficient book learning; they can become acquainted with all the tactics and *modus operandi* of the school-room; but will this give them patience? not at all dispensable in the school-room; will this give them the ability to read human nature? Perhaps one of the most necessary talents which a teacher should possess is this: It is the duty of every person who has the care of children, to know the temperament, character, and disposition of each. The want of this knowledge on the part of parents is the primeval cause of so many wrecks in early life. And how is the teacher to learn this if he is unable to read it from the physiognomy or facial expression of the child? As the face is the dial plate of the soul, and as no two faces are alike, it requires a vast amount of judgment and natural talent to read correctly from this dial, the true workings and character of the in-dwelling soul, yet this knowledge, to a certain extent, is indispensable to the school teacher. There are too many who engage in it merely for their own selfish interests, and not as philanthropists; or not that they are called to the profession by any natural predilection which they possess in that direction, but as they say, "to fill up time, or get a start in something else." This is an erroneous idea, and must be exterminated from the minds of the many would-be teachers; for God will not hold him guiltless who thus misuses his talents to the detriment of mankind. Such are not teachers, in the true sense of the word, but serve as task-masters instead, who think it is their only duty to set apart a certain task and to inflict a punishment if not committed. These misanthropic and misconceived views of those intrusted with the care of children can never prove to be otherwise than deleterious in their effects, instead of the intended advantage. He who cannot inspire an interest and a desire to learn is not capable of filling the bill for a true teacher, and should not be intrusted with that responsible position.

What has been said of poets, "Poeta nasciter non fit," can, with a little variation, with equal propriety be applied to teachers, "Magister nasciter non fit."

A Mountain of Gold.

Some excitement is being created among the Mexican population of Phœnix by the story of a Mexican, who arrived last evening from the Reno Mountains. He came into town under cover of darkness, as he was nearly naked. His hands and feet were torn and bloody and his face gashed in a fearful manner. His story was told with the air of a man who had been terribly frightened and had not recovered. With a companion, he started out prospecting about a month ago, going up Salt river. They left the river when opposite Superstition Mountain. Their prospecting began at this point.

While climbing up the mountain, in a little gully, through black sand, and down which a large stream of water had evidently passed years ago, they were astonished to find that in this sand were large quantities of fine gold. In some places the sand was only about half an inch deep over the granite. The gold in pieces the size of a bean and smaller was found in little fissures in the face of the bed-rock. Very little washing was necessary, and they found a little spring of water which furnished them what they needed. They obtained, they think about $600 worth in half a day's work. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon they were surprised to see an Indian woman come to the top of the gulch above and start to come down.

Upon seeing them she ran back over the hill. In less than ten minutes they were surrounded by fifty or sixty savages. The Indians were very small, and seemed to be of a different nature than they had ever seen in Arizona.

The Mexicans were not armed, except with knives, and the survivor says they were almost instantly caught with lariats. The Indians took them up the mountain and put them in a cave.

They tortured and killed his companion, and his fate would have been the same but for his escape. He succeeded in getting away with only a few knife gashes on his face. They lost their gold with all their outfit. The Indians seem to be cave-dwellers, and were evidently excited over the place being found by outsiders. Our reporter's limited knowledge of the Spanish language makes it impossible for us to obtain all the particulars of the affair. For the benefit of non-residents we will say that Superstition Mountain derives its name from the fact that no white man has ever been seen again who attempted its ascension. It is a tradition among the Mexicans that large deposits of free gold are to be found in its gulches and ravines. It is not known whether there is any water there or not.—*Phoenix (Arizona) Herald.*

A CONNECTICUT man recently said: Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me and I want to advertise that I will not be responsible for her debts.

MOTHER (noticing her son's greediness)—"George you should always leave the table feeling that you could eat a little more." George—"I do mother."

Childish Terrors.

I want to plead with mothers in behalf of their sensitive and timorous children. There are strong, healthy boys and girls who have no fear of the dark, who are continually free from physical cowardice, and who receive much praise for their bravery. There are others, in whom the nervous sensibility so predominates, that they endure, night after night, tortures quite beyond their powers to express. Oh, the horror to these poor little creatures of the dark! Its mystery compasses them about. They lie shivering in bed, when mamma has given her kiss and gone away, and as the last door between her and themselves is closed, they plunge into a depth of distress which nobody guesses and nobody comforts. After a while sleep steals tenderly into the room, like one of God's angels, and the little brain is soothed, the tired eyelids droop, and the haunting fears fly away. When morning comes, and the blessed daylight lies broadly upon the familiar room, on bureau, bed, chairs, curtains, and the pictures on the wall, the child forgets its fear. The fear does not exist, and will not return until night comes back, with its vagueness, its awe, its great wall of gloom.

A child who has been encouraged to tell its thoughts and wishes, and the little things of every day to its mother, is often saved from these weird and vexing experiences.

Many a child has been on the brink of a conversation with a mother or friend, in which he might have been helped and uplifted, so that his life long he would have been the better for that hour, when a bantering word, or an uncomprehending one has shut him in upon himself. Many a parent, thinking that fear was a thing to be repressed, and terror a synonym for cowardice, has sternly insisted upon measures which have been fraught with evil consequences, extending over years. Physicians will assure you that girls at eighteen, and boys nearing maturity often break down in their studies and are unable to reap the rewards they covet, because of an undue strain or a nervous shock, which left its germ of trouble in the system when they were three or four years old. We cannot too wisely and too gently look after the little children under our care.—*Intelligencer.*

The Newsboy's Death Bed.

I looked at the boy, whose years numbered fourteen or fifteen, and saw in the white face, hollow cheeks, and the unearthly bright eyes, the unmistakable marks of that dread disease which places its victim beyond all hope—consumption. On the table lay an old Bible, its yellow pages lying open where the mother had finished reading. The boy's mind was wandering. He was too weak to cough and the accumulation in his throat could not be removed. "Shine yer boots—shine 'em up for a nickel—morning paper, sir?" came in feeble accents from the pillow. "Paper, sir? Morning paper! All about the—" And the sufferer made an effort to clear his throat, which occasioned something like a death rattle. The mother was on her knees at the lounge sobbing, and Jack, her other son, who had brought me to the room, was by her side crying. I lifted the wasted frame and moistened the poor boy's parched lips and tongue with water from the cracked glass that stood on the window-sill. He felt the cold hand on his brow and his mind came back to him. "Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you've come home. I shan't sell any more papers or black any more boots, Jack; but don't cry. Mother's been readin' somethin' better'n newspapers to me, Jack, and I know where I'm goin'. Give my kit to Tom Jones. I owe him twenty cents. Bring all your money home to mother, Jack. Keep my badge bright, Jack. I wonder if I'll be 'papers' or 'boots'—up there? Good-bye, mother, good-bye, Jack. See 'em shine. Morning—" Jim, the newsboy, was dead.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Couldn't Converse.

They were sitting on the stoop together. It was just about 8:47 p. m. The moon was floating serenely across the heavens, which looked like an immense stretch of pale satin dappled with diamonds. There wasn't breeze enough to make the violets nod. The dew fell with its customary softness, and was pillowed upon the petal of the dreaming lily. After they had contemplated all the beauty of the foregoing tintype he broke the silence:

"It rained this morning, did'nt it my pet?"

"It did," she replied sweetly.

"We've had a great deal of rain lately, haven't we, dearest?"

"We have."

"Do you like rain, my little peach?"

"No."

"Neither do I."

Then there was another long pause, and more contemplation of the aforesaid tintype, when the youth again went on very feebly:

"Does my little gold-haired gumdrop think it will rain to-morrow?"

"I think not."

"I wonder if it will rain on next Thursday?"

"Don't know; but I think it will rain to-morrow."

"Why do you think so?"

"Why, because the skies are cloudy."

"They are quite bright," he went on with a smile.

"I beg your pardon," she responded good naturedly, "it was one of your ears that I took for a dark cloud."

And then the young man who could not get up a conversation abruptly turned ann left.

The Boys.

Boys, do you know what you are doing? You laugh because you are not caught in your devilment. You slip away from loved ones at home, and drink beer and smoke cigars until you are as dizzy as a new sailor, and as drunk as a sot, and mannerless as a cow; you think this smart. Call your parents "old man" and "old woman." You laugh at their ignorance of your whereabouts; you slip around places of bad character, and revel in vulgar associations, until your deportment tells you you are a "goner," and not likely to stop this side of the devil's domain. You say you never drink, but your associations, your deportment and your breath dispute your words. You think you can hide your faults, but you are so deceived by drink that you are not capable of seeing yourselves as others see you. You are just starting on the road that terminates only in death eternal. The gloom and despondency of endless woe surrounds you, but your eyes are blinded and you see not. You are surrounded by the fiery fiends that are finally to torment you even beyond imagination, but your eyes are closed to them. The sound of fast approaching wrath from the great and avenging Jehovah, are pealing the deafening thunder of wrath from the pit of ruined and lost hopes, are shaking the earth, and the volcanic eruptions of hell's awful pit are pouring lava just before you; it is rapidly surrounding you on every side, its venemous smoke is covering you, the demon has deprived you of sight and hearing, and you are yourself no more, but his willing subject. Stop! Let not another temptation overcome you, lest you fall to rise no more.

Something to Remember.

Here is a good rule for conversation with others. Never tell a person anything concerning himself, nor report to him anything which others have said of him or his doings or possessions, which you think will not give him pleasure. There is, of course, an exception to this rule when you feel it an imperative duty to state an unpleasant truth to another for his substantial good; but in that case you ought to approach the subject so cautiously, and speak of it so tenderly, as to show him beyond question, that it is positively pain to you to be a cause of his discomfort. Never call it frankness, never look upon it as a playful way of speaking, for you to blurt out to him your own opinion or other people's opinions which are likely to lesson his enjoyment in the thought of what he is, or of what he has, or of what he has done. There is a great deal of cruel unkindness in this line on the part of those who would never dream that they could properly be called cruelly unkind.

AN enterprising tradesman, having an eye to the beautiful, and desiring also to make his show-window attractive to passers by, and to his customers as well as himself, has adorned it with a handsome bust. It is a beautiful thing and the owner was highly gratified, when the other day a customer came into his shop and spoke about it. Said the customer:

"Ah, Mr. Blank, that's a handsome figure in your window."

"Yes," replied the tickled tradesman, "I call it so myself, sir, I do."

"Your taste is excellent," pursued the customer, "and I'm glad to see a love for art developing. What is that figure—Hebe?"

And he took off his hat and mopped his feyered brow as the tradesman replied:

"Oh, no, sir, its p'aster of Paris."

"MA, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, my little pet?" "Cos I wants to draw an elephant."

THERE is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year-old, the other day, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of the baby again. He was so bad I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

A MAN who is opposed to newspapers paid a hundred dollars for a galvanized watch the other day.

ONE reason why Chicago is not a healthy place is because the country around is always Ill.

PASSIONS are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made.

TEXT for married folks—Don't let the gas go down on your wrath.

FROM the moment a fault can no longer be concealed, we exaggerate it.

FAULTS are the only things in some people that are not false.

ADVICE to pedestrians—Go as you please, but please as you go.

NO sooner has one learned to live than one must die.

NOW is a good time to lay in your winter's coal.

THE man who pays cash is a person of account.

FALLS teeth—A biting wind in December.

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