Peninsula Enterprise.

VOLUME IV — ACCOMAC C. H., VA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 10 1885. — NUMBER 27

Peninsula Enterprise,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT ACCOMAC C. H., VA.

JNO. W. EDMONDS.

Owner and Editor.

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ONLY WAITING.

Only Waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight cold and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come;
Quickly, reapers! quickly gather,
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate
By whose side long have lingered,
Weary, Poor, and desolate;
Even now, I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

SETTLING DOWN.

Ahem! Well, my dear, we'll settle down for good. No more nonsense now, you know. Married people must be sensible some time, so we may as well begin right away."

"Exactly, Louis; that is just what I think. Now, of course you'll leave off smoking, and won't think of treating your friends just to be 'sociable'—of course I know you don't care about it yourself; and as for interviewing the barber every morning and attending champagne suppers in the evening with frivolous bachelors, why—"

"Now just hold on, little girl; I began this conversation."

"Yes, sir; and I'm finishing it."

"But, my dear, you must abide by my judgment."

"Must, did I hear you say? Why this assumption of noble ability, my lord and master? But of course I will listen."

"Well, saucebox, to begin with, married people are generally dignified. What is becoming in a young miss is very unbecoming in a married woman."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, but I do say! And now remember you said you would listen."

"And haven't I been listening?"

"Then allow me to finish my remarks. You must learn to be more dignified, more circumspect in short, I would like to have you drop some of your impulsive manners.—They are very inconsistent with your present position, and the fact is, I want you to put the repressor on your conduct."

"Do you indeed? Well, now, Mr. Weldon, would you not like a glass of water or a sip of lemonade after that long-winded speech? You ought to get a position as a Sunday school superintendent, you can give such good advice, and it seems so natural for you to command obedience."

"And I'm afraid it's equally natural for you not to obey."

"Now, Louis, I think it would be prudent to drop the conversation."

"Agreed, my dear!"

And Louis Weldon and his month-old bride stopped talking and looked at each other; he was grave and dignified, and she just as impudent and unconcerned as possible.

Louis Weldon was a grave, proud man, with a splendid intellect, though somewhat prejudiced against strong minded women.

And she, Lelia Weldon, was one of those gay, irrepressible girls who, like a mettlesome horse, chafed at the least restraint.

She might be crushed, but she could not be curbed, and there was where Louis Weldon made a serious mistake in judging his wife, but why he should care to suppress the characteristics that had charmed him in their lover days was a mystery to Lelia.

She was a handsome girl, in the dark style of beauty.

Her eyes were simply glorious.

The ideas of Louis Weldon and his wife were generally different; but they both agreed in one respect, and that was their love for each other.

They had spent nearly a month roaming around sight-seeing, and they had been so happy, Lelia vaguely wondered if the perfect Heaven-caught rays of the honey moon would continue to shine until the silver setting of life's evening.

"Now, Louis, I don't want you to scold me;" said Lelia, making a comical failure of trying to assume a martyr-like air as her husband began to talk seriously.

"Of course I shall not scold you!" And Louis Weldon kissed the half-pouting lips. "But really, my dear, I want you to abide by my wishes."

"With pleasure, Louis."

"Now I consider my judgment superior to yours in some things."

"And if you can only convince me of the last-mentioned fact, I suppose things generally will assume that even tenor that is so admirable."

"Well, we won't discuss the matter any further at present."

And Louis Weldon lighted a cigar and strolled leisurely down town, forgetting for the first time to leave the accustomed kiss on Lelia's scarlet mouth.

One thing was evident, thought Mr. Weldon: Lelia showed signs of rebellion, and, in his judgment, to have a happy home man must be the ruler.

And yet he did not mean to be unkind.

Oh, no!

No man ever does; but Lelia would not please him if she continued in the old irrepressible way.

One day, as he sat reading, a pair of soft hands blinded his eyes, and the owner of the hands said gayly:

"Who is it!"

"Lelia."

"Yes, sir; right the first time.'

"Lelia, don't you know I don't like to be disturbed when I am reading!"

"Then you shouldn't read while I'm present."

"This paper is very interesting."

"Complimentary to the paper!"

And Lelia began humming a little snatch of love-song to hide the lump that seemed swelling in her throat.

"Lelia, I wish you would leave off singing those sentimental songs," said Mr. Weldon, without glancing from his paper.

"Well, then, what would you prefer—'Hold the Fort' or 'Old Hundred!'"

But Mr. Weldon was reading a very interesting item, and failed to answer.

The next morning he was sitting philosophically smoking, when Lelia waltzed gayly into the room.

"Oh, Lelia, do try and be more dignified! You are so impulsive for a married lady. What you need is taming, my dear. Mustangs have been broken in, you know," he added, as he saw a rebellious light gather in Lelia's big black eyes—"What do you want, my dear?"

There was a spice of temper about Lelia, as she answered:

"Louis, we are out of vinegar, but I have mixed some sugar and water together, and if you'll just step down and talk to it a little, no doubt we shall have plenty of the sourest kind."

"Lelia!"

"Sir!"

"Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"Certainly, Mr. Weldon; I'm talking to the flower of the family; in fact, you are the entire plant—vinegar plant, to speak accurately!"

Mr. Weldon puffed at his cigar reflectively a few moments, then said:

"I see plainly that you need taming. I have got my little mustang lassooed, and now I must tame her. But let's make a bargain, Lelia, dear. What will you take not to do anything unbecoming to a married lady for a month?"

"Just the same amount you will take not to speak a single cross word to me during the length of time mentioned, or scold about anything."

"Now, Mrs. Weldon, I prefer to be the judge of my own conduct, without any restraint from petticoat rule; and really, pet, you wouldn't have other people think that I was a henpecked husband, would you?"

And Mr. Weldon pinched Lelia's cheek playfully.

"And, Louis, my love, you would not have other people think that I was a downtrodden wife?"

Mr. Weldon wrinkled his brow thoughtfully, but said nothing; yet he kept well in his mind a set determination to subdue to proper decorum his impulsive little wife.

At the end of the year he flattered himself that he had succeeded admirably; but somehow he did feel lonely with his reticent wife when ever he thought of their old lover days.

He had succeeded in his wishes and yet he was not satisfied.

Then interfering people would talk when they saw the change creep over Lelia Weldon.

"Ah, she has found him out," one old maid remarked.

"He's taming her, that's plain," said a married friend. "And when she is demure enough for an old woman eighty years old, then he'll flirt with all the gay girls, and have the beautiful excuse that home has no attractions for him; his wife uncongenial to his nature and must seek an affinity elsewhere."

"It's all nonsense, love is," said another acquaintance. "Before he was married he went to see her three times a week and took her everywhere, and was so devoted; and now I don't suppose he takes her out once a month. His presence at his meals is sufficient for a married woman. I suppose that the awful fact that she might actually enjoy a theatre or lecture never enters his mind; but such amusements seem to be necessary to his happiness still."

These and many other remarks not complimentary to Mr. Weldon were freely indulged in by their talkative friends.

But had they really known under what suppression Mrs. Weldon's high spirits were kept, they would have been greatly surprised.

Mr. Weldon did not mean to treat his wife unkindly, but if he had only taken a peep at her end of the telescope.

Only married a year, and yet it seemed a lifetime to Lelia.

One evening when sitting alone she heard Mr. Weldon's step earlier than usual.

A wave of gladness swept over her face, then it died away, and a hard, bitter light crept into those glorious eyes.

She started as to meet her husband, then sat down as she wearily thought that it was of no use; he would only frown at her childishness.

But somehow a different spirit seemed to actuate Mr. Weldon.

As he came in he looked half pityingly at the quiet woman sitting there, then said, with assumed lightness:

"Can't you kiss a fellow, Lelia, when he comes home earlier than usual?"

Mrs. Weldon was somewhat surprised, but she answered coldly:

"I hardly think it would be becoming to my dignity as a married woman."

A sort of a frown gathered on Mr. Weldon's face, but he crossed the room to where she sat in her pride.

"Lelia," he said, tenderly, "a boy brought a telegram to my office today that said that "Lily was dead."

Lelia knit her slender hands convulsively together, and repeated the words slowly, as though scarcely comprehending their meaning.

Lily was Lelia,s older sister, and Mr. Weldon remembered the grave, pallid girl who was introduced to him at their wedding as "Sister Lily."

And he wondered how anyone, and especially Lelia's sister, could grow so spiritless.

Her husband was a grave, reticent man that Weldon had admired for his changeless dignity; but he could not help contrasting the impetuous tiger-lily and the white wilted lily, as he called the two sisters.

"Now Lily was dead.

She had died at her mother's home, where she had been for a month or two, with a mother to care for her.

The first tears that Lelia shed for her sister Lily was when she saw her lying in the hushed room, with its soft perfume of flowers, its white and black drapery, and its awful stillness.

Not the man who had been called her stay and support in life knelt beside her flower-embalmed casket, but the one who had cared for the child and guarded the girlhood of the sleeper, watched alone by all that was mortal of poor, pallid Lily.

While Mr. Weldon stood silently by, he was shocked at the growing likeness between the face of dead Lily and that of his Lelia.

There was a grand funeral next day.

Lily's husband was there, carefully dressed in the excess of mourning; his tears did not moisten the marble face of the sleeper, yet he grieved inwardly for the bird that had flown from him forever.

But he was one of those individuals who consider an outside expression of any emotion as an evidence of weakness, so he never betrayed what he really felt.

When the last clods had fell on all that was mortal of poor Lily, the mourners dispersed.

The bereaved husband went methodically back to his old duties, began life again, and he only thought that it was a dispensation of Providence.

Mr. Weldon was kind-hearted and sympathetic, and a strange thought came to him.

What if his Lelia was dead!

And then a great wave of pity moistened his eyes and made his heart ache for Lily's husband.

His wife and mother were with him, and he said:

"Do you not feel sorry for poor Arthur!"

A hard, bitter light came into the sorrowing mother's eyes as she answered him.

"Feel sorry for him—her murderer? Do you think I could feel grief for the man to whom I gave my first-born to love and cherish, gave her to him, believing that he would make her happy? But instead, he brought her back to me in five short years to die. And she was murdered, my beautiful Lily, not by any crime that the law can punish—that would have been quicker and more merciful—but by the slow torture that killed her, our queen Lily, as we called her, in five years."

Weldon was shocked.

He had never heard of such a thing; and Mrs. Everett continued:

"'Tis drop by drop of little ills that wear away the most invincible barrier, and our Lily was once just like Lelia, though only those that knew her then would believe it. But if you had known under what constant suppression our queen Lily was kept, you would not have wondered at the change.—When she had only been the bride of half a year she suffered keenly that worst of pains—the heartache—and she grew to realize fully that man's love is of man's life a part, but woman's whole existence. It was a slow but sure way that Arthur Warden took to tame his bride, but she could not be curbed. She and Lelia were alike in that respect. When he took away all the joyousness he took away her gay spirits, and that is death in the end to all natures like our Lily's.—There was never a time when Arthur failed to make cynical remarks; in truth, he kept my love-cherished child under a continual cloud of disapprobation. If she laughed, she was silly; if she enjoyed society, she was frivolous; if she wanted anything pretty, she was just like all the women—didn't care for anything but dress; if a noted person spoke to her and she mentioned the fact, she was vain because those above her noticed her; and if she spoke to anyone under the ban of society, she was told that no lady spoke to such a person. And oh, it was wonderful what an effect it all had on her, our darling! She who had laughed to scorn all restraint from a lover now yielded meekly; but she was crushed, not curbed. She had grown tired of fruitless resistance, and now the sequel of it all is told by the folded hands and silent lips of my murdered child. Murdered the same as many others will be that are on the torture rack to-day; and yet no man ever thinks that he is treating his wife unkindly. But men have such peculiar ways of showing their affection for those that are nearest and dearest. When Arthur began to think that Lily must be ailing, he brought her home to gain strength; but she died, and he, her murderer, is to-day receiving the condolence of scores of pitying friends!"

Ah, how every word of Mrs. Everett's struck home!

Had not Mr. Weldon's treatment of Lelia been almost an epitome of Arthur Warden's treatment of Lily?

How he remembered now of hearing an acquaintance remark that Lelia was growing delicate, and they thought she'd go just like Lily.

And Weldon could not help admitting that the tiger-lily had changed to a stately cella; but she could not wither and die if he could make any atonement.

That evening, when they were alone, he actually kissed her, which was something novel of late, and then said, "Lelia, darling, can you ever forgive me? Are my eyes opened before it is too late to make amends? Won't you kiss me, wifey? and on this, the anniversary of our wedding, we will begin the second year anew, and all that pleased me in my little sweetheart will doubly please me in my precious wife."

And Louis Weldon never forgot the lesson he learned; and when the royal color came slowly back to his Lelia's pale cheeks, he realized fully that gravity and decorum will do for business men and the world generally, but love and gaiety are as essential as the breath of life to make a home for those we love.

The Knot and the Mile.

The "knot" and the "mile" are terms often used interchangeably, but erroneously. The fact is that a mile is less than eighty-seven per cent. of a knot. Three and one half miles are equal, within a very small fraction, to three knots. The knot is 6,082 feet in length. The statute mile is 5,280 feet. The result of the difference is that the speed in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and if a person forgets this and states a speed at so many knots, when it is really so many miles, he may be giving figures verging on the incredible.—When we hear parties say that such a vessel is capable of making twenty knots per hour, we usually take the statement with a very large grain of salt, for twenty knots is 23.31 miles per hour, a speed which very few vessels have made, and it is doubted by some who have the best opportunity for making actual measurements whether any vessel has made twenty-five miles in sixty minutes. It has been said that some of the English torpedo boats have made as high as twenty-four or twenty-six knots. Twenty-four knots are over twenty seven and a half miles per hour, and twenty-five knots are upward of twenty-eight and three quarter miles per hour, distances that are incredible.

Loves to Talk too Much.

I know a farmer who is a good clever man and behaves himself decently, but he loves to talk so well that he can't work. He will talk about the weather for an hour without stopping. He came to my house the other day to borrow a spade, and said he was in a powerful hurry to get back. Without thinking of the consequences I just asked him if the storm damaged his corn any, and that started him.

He told about the storms and hurricanes from away back to his boyhood, and how a man hung to a sapling and never got nary bruise, but the wind blew his breath away and didn't give him time to draw another, and so he died for want of breath, just as a cow dies when she loses her cud. He couldn't work his bellows in such a wind.—And he told how another storm blew an old cow head foremost against a poplar tree and stuck both her horns in so deep they couldn't pull her out by the tail, and they had to saw her horns off and leave them in the tree, and they are there now. And so he kept on until I told him I had to go, for I was in a hurry too. That man has lost half his life in talking. It always scares me to see him coming.—Bill Arp.

Lawyers will gladly learn that Brougham, the great English Barrister, was always careful of his throat, and further that Dr. Ball's Cough syrup is the best remedy for bronchitis and other throat troubles

Part of His Profession.

"Pap, I thought you said the other night when you read that piece in the paper that if you'd catch any one huggin' your wife you'd leave her."

"Yes I did."

"Well, then I reconed you'll have to leave mother, for yesterday when that dentist fixed her teeth he all the time had his arm right around her neck."

"Oh, well, that's a different thing. That's a part of his profession."

"And kin he hug girls, too?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, by golly, I'm goin' to learn the tooth doctor trade!"

Dismal People.

There are many people who take a strange delight in being dismal. Some of them are so selfish that nothing is ever right, because they imagine they ought to have something extraordinary in the way of luck. A few are ill-tempered, and adopt the dismal line on purpose to spite those who live with them, being well assured that this is the most effectual way of so doing.—But the majority of the dismals are good people (or, at least, people who want to be good), and they appear to be dismal strictly on conscientious grounds. If they put their feelings into words they would probably say something of this sort:

"This world is made up of sin, and sorrow, and suffering. It is a probation, and we need not look for anything pleasant until we pass into the next. We must not give way to happiness, or encourage joy. It is true that God gives the sunshine and flowers, but He intends that while looking at them we shall constantly remind ourselves that the rain will come and that the flowers will die."

It seems impossible that such hearts can love, but perhaps they do so after their own dismal fashion. Everything is done for duty, and if by chance in performing this duty they stumble upon the doing of anything pleasant they are sure to spoil the taste of it. The question is, what pleasure do such people find in life? The best thing that mortals can do while passing through this thorny world is to pluck as many roses as possible.

My Hand and Seal.

A thousand years ago, the masses, the nobility, the poor and the rich, were wholly unacquainted with the mysteries of the alphabet and the pen. A few men known as clerks, who generally belonged to the priesthood, monopolized them as a special class of artists.—They taught their business only to their seminaries' apprentices; and beyond them and their few pupils, no one knew how to read and write; nor was it expected of the generality, any more than it would be nowadays that everybody should be a shoemaker or a lawyer.—Kings did not know how to sign their names, so that when they wanted to subscribe to a written contract, law or treaty, which some clerk had drawn up for them, they would smear their right hand with ink and slap it down upon the parchment, saying, "Witness my hand." At a later date some genius devised the substitute of a seal, which was impressed instead of the hand, but oftener beside the hand. Every gentleman had a seal with a peculiar device thereon. Hence the sacrimental words now in use. "Witness my hand and seal," affixed to modern deeds, serves at least the purpose of reminding us of the middle ages.

"Increased fever, pulse feeble, legs and ears cold, and great physical prostration." That will do. Inflammation of the bowels. Give the horse the usual quantity of Day's Horse and Cattle Powder.—Price 25 cents per package of one pound, full weight.

He Experimented.

He was a bashful wooer, but there was a certain manliness about him which indicated that he only needed a little encouragement to let himself out. She saw this, and resolved on a policy of encouragement

"Do you believe these stories in the funny papers," she asked, "about the willingness of young ladies to be kissed?"

"I—I really can't say," he replied. "They may be true." Then, gathering courage, he added: "I hope they are true," and he drew closer to her.

"It seems to me," she said, "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or not."

"What way is that?" he asked.

There was a brief pause. Then, with a far away look in her eyes, she answered:

"By experimenting when he has an opportunity,"

He experimented.—Detroit Free Press.

The Auckland, New Zealand, Daily Herald, in referring to the departure of His Majesty, Tawhiao, for England, to visit the Queen to be confirmed King of the Maoris, expresses pleasure, editorially, at the cure of His Majesty of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, and says that during his stay at Mercer he was introduced to the Great German Remedy.

A Lying Crowd.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?" asked an Austin lawyer of a female witness in a shooting scrape.

"I was lying down on the sofa."

"And where was your husband?"

"He was lying down in the gallery."

"And where were your children?"

"They were lying on the bed fast asleep."

"Any other member of your family lying down?"

"Not that I know of, but if my brother had been there he would have been lying down in the courthouse. He is a lawyer like you.—Siftings.