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LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1881

NO. 28

PROFESSIONAL.

B. HARRIS CAMALIERE, ENOCH B. ABELL.
The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 1st day of January, 1880, formed a co-partnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Camalier & Abell. They will practice in the county of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties. Special attention will be paid to the collection of claims.
Office in the Court House. Address CAMALIER & ABELL, Leonardtown, St. Mary's county, Md.
B. HARRIS CAMALIERE, Enoch B. Abell.
Jan 8, 1880—1f.

Law Co-Partnership.
The undersigned, Attorneys-at-Law, have this 8th day of February, 1881, formed a Co-partnership in the practice of their profession under the name and style of

CRANE & HAMMETT.
They will practice in the county of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties, and give special attention to the collection of claims.
Address, CRANE & HAMMETT, Leonardtown P. O., St. Mary's county, Md.
J. P. CRANE, DANIEL C. HAMMETT,
Feb 10, 1881—1f.

J. O. F. MORGAN,
Attorney-at-Law
and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool.
LEONARDTOWN, MD.
April 1, 1880—1y.

JAS. H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Leonardtown.
Feb 10, 1870—1f.

D. S. BRISCOE
Attorney and Counsellor-at-law.
41 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.
Jan 16, 1873—1f.

C. COMBS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Leonardtown
Aug. 12, 1875—1f

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
45 Lexington St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties. June 6, 1878.

D. S. HENRY CAMALIERE is located at Great Mills prepared to attend to all calls in the line of his profession.
Dec. 21, 1876—1f

DR. RANDOLPH WALTON,
DENTIST,
WHITEHALL, LEONARDTOWN, MD.
Dec 4, 1879

FOR SHERIFF.
At the solicitation of many warm personal friends in different sections of the county, who claim that I have made a humane but prompt and efficient Sheriff. I am induced to ask an endorsement for the same position in 1881, and will be thankful to my fellow-citizens for their support.
Sept. 23, 1880. J. FRANK SMITH.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.
Messrs. Editors:—You will please say through the columns of your paper that if Mr. ISAIAH CANTER of the 6th District, will consent to be an independent candidate, for a seat in the next Commissioners' Court, he will be warmly supported by the people of
Nov. 4, 1880. Leonardtown District.

SOLE and prompt attention given to LAND SURVEYING
BY
JOHN H. CHUNN
MECHANICSVILLE MD
Jan 13, 81—1y

Real Estate Agency.
The undersigned have made arrangements with foreign agents for extensive advertisement of Real Estate at their own expense. All persons desirous of selling or buying real estate will furnish description of land wished to be bought or sold. No charge made without sale is effected.
J. F. MOORE,
JO. E. MORGAN,
April 15, 1880. Leonardtown, Md

NO RICE.
All persons indebted to Herbert F. Moore on Hotel accounts are notified that settlement is not made with him, by cash or its equivalent, on or before January 1st 1880, said indebtedness will be placed in the way of legal collection, without regard to persons.
HEBERT F. MOORE
D. 4 9. Moore's Hotel

George Elliot.
Judge not! The keen, the diamond-pointed pen Hath fallen from the woman's weary fingers, And on the mouth which spake high truths for men Death's lone'y silence lingers.
The eyes that sought life's mysteries to scan, With a ring glance from which no depth was hid, Now rest content to see no farther than A straightened coffin-lid.
We crowned her brow the queen of such wide fame, As seldom man's more ardent thought hath wooed; But still our hearts were heavy for the shame She brought to womanhood.
Judge not! It is not Genius, it is Death Who lifts her error sacred from our blame, Weep for the passing of her mortal breath, And praise her noble name!

(Written for the Beacon)
BRETA.
BY ERLE.
CHAPTER XV.

The next morning was dreary, and the snow fell thickly and steadily through the bleak, cold air, loading and bending the earthward the skeletal arms of the trees, which extended ghostly welcome to all. A few, stray, shivering snow birds flitted among the falling flakes, and as the snow came down upon their backs, they seemed, of a truth, birds of snow. I gazed upon the chilling scene with a deeper chill at my heart, than that caused by the cold. Down the street wandered a forlorn little news boy, noisily crying his papers. Men, who gained a little money by cleaning snow off the pavements, were watching the dark, leaden clouds anxiously.
What made the sky and earth so black to me? Why were the snow crystals so many, great, agonizing, frozen tears? Even the low moan of the wind was mournful, and I listened to the sound with a stern, set look on my face. I had battled all night, and now I stood at the window weary with the conflict, but resolute in the purpose I had formed. As I looked on the dreadful, airy solitude, so full of lifeless motion, it whispered of my future life, and said, "Behold the hereafter when you will move among those around you as if dead to all the dearest hopes of life."
I wondered when I would die, for just then life was worth little when deprived of what I desired.

We reprove a child for throwing away its toys and playthings, because it cannot have the moon, or cannot play with a loaded gun, but look at us grown up children; take from us what we want, and with childish impatience we would willingly, nay, often do throw away all, because we cannot have the special treasure on which we have set our hearts. No philosophical reasoning eased the pain of my soul; my brow ached and I groaned in the intensity of my pain. I was young to offer up a sacrifice, and no heathen king's heart could have bled more freely, as the white robed priest waved in air the murderous-sacrificial knife over his dearest, than did mine, as I voluntarily prepared to immolate my love on the fiery pyre of renunciation. I rose mechanically and paced the floor while my blood coursed sluggishly through my veins and beat dully at my heart. The pain has come, I said; I cannot ward it off. Would to God I could bear it for him, but impossible! All must bear their own burdens; perhaps he will not think of mine. That thought is unworthy of him and me. Oh, my love, forgive me. The days will be so lonely; no prospect of seeing him, only a dreadful silence, worse than death; a silence that can only be broken by death. I will live for Roe, now, and try to keep the sad, dark circles from under her eyes; she shall smile as she used to in the long happy days when we were together, and were so happy, or at least, I was, for I was with her and that was enough to content me. Why could I not remain a child and know no other love? Sad and strange is the change that comes over our glad child-life and wakes us to needs and feelings never known before. I will go back to those times; I will forget that I ever loved any but Roe, and we will live in Arcadian simplicity and happiness.

"No backward path; ah! no returning; No second crossing that ripples' flow."
I have crossed the threshold of the second period of my life, and suffering has written with a pen of iron the record of events that have taken place. Childhood allows the leaden storm to thunder around its ears in indifference; the effects are not seen or appreciated, but I must live and bear this heavy load never to be lifted from my shoulders till stiff and white they straighten me for the last time.
But I must not forget that something must be done as well as thought.— Seating myself at my desk, I wrote to Fenn, asking him to call at an hour that would insure the absence of both Lewis and Martha, as they intended to make a call in the evening.
Laying down my pen, I stared blindly at the dainty little note, repeating the words contained in it, over and over, without an idea of what they meant, till the breakfast bell rang. The necessity of controlling myself before others roused me, and going to the glass, I tried to smile, for my face was white and haggard from my woful vigil. The effort was a failure, rendering my wretchedness more apparent. Throwing a shawl around me, I hurried to the

breakfast room. The meal was eaten in dogged silence, and I thankfully noticed that no one, not even Roe, perceived the trace of tumult and sorrow in my face; so, resigning myself to gloomy reflection, I ceased watching for signs of discovery.
It was a holiday, a blessed boon to both scholars and teachers, when the one is relieved from the toil of trying to make the young idea shoot, the other is allowing the tense string of the bow to regain its normal condition. My thoughts did not dwell long on my absent class, but with the morbidness of misery, concentrated itself on the last great pain.
The day dragged out its hours, each minute bringing me nearer the dreaded appointment. I could not keep it off, I had set the time myself but would willingly have on away long before the door bell rang. He had come! The color came to my cheeks, a gentleman wished to see me. How long it took my trembling fingers to wrap a fleecy shawl around my black dress!

How could I meet him with the message I meant to give? Surely, I could not! I crept along the winding stairs, pausing at the landings, unable to think or still the boundings of my heart. But we reach a time when we can delay no longer. Pushing open the door, I meet a sight I shall never forget.
Standing on the rug, in front of an open fire, was Fenn, looking with happy, smiling face into its flickering embers. The bright light seemed to dance around and radiate from him. His grand head was thrown back, and one could well imagine him the genius of the fire as he stood with kingly look lost to all around him. The noise made by the door startled him. He turned and came swiftly towards me, his face aglow with life and love. I had never seen him look so happy. Taking my hands in his, he drew me to a sofa.

"So you have decided at last to retract your cruel resolve in regard to our union, is it not so, darling?"
He passed his arm around me and laid his head on his shoulder. At his touch the coldness vanished, and the power he had gained over me seemed in the ascendant.
"Oh, Fenn, you do not know what a miserable little wretch I am. I don't deserve your love and care; you think entirely too much of me."
"My darling, I think the more of you for your modesty; you are so unlike other women I have met that I admire and love you more than I can tell or you would believe."
With a gesture of impatience I tried to throw aside the impression his words and manner made upon me.
"Do you know why I sent for you this evening?" I asked, raising my head and looking into his eyes.
"I do not know, but I hope that you have decided to make me supremely happy at such a time. Breta, say it is so."
His tone, at first light, changed to a prayer at the end, betrayed his fear that I had no such idea.
"I sent for you this evening to tell you what I have barely courage to do. Fenn, have pity on me. I should have told you long ago, and not allowed you to suffer all this pain; but I only decided as to my future course a short time ago. I shall never marry! Don't look at me so; I know I deserve your anger and contempt. I hate myself for not finding this out sooner. Can you forgive me, Fenn?"

"I looked pleadingly at him; he caught me suddenly in his arms and covered my face with passionate kisses.
"My darling, mine, you shall not leave me; you belong to me and I will keep you! Why, you poor little dove, you would have your wings torn completely off in this inhospitable world if you try to pick your way among its thorny citizens without the protecting talisman of an inexhaustible love. Breta, we were destined for each other; you are trying to fight fate; better give over the unequal contest and submit at once where certain defeat is inevitable. You have misunderstood something and imagine it your duty to take this step. Tell me, darling, that it is all a fancy, or only tell me that you still love me."
His magnetic eyes were hard to resist, but I met them firmly.
"Fenn, I love you; you know that I would not permit you to touch me if I did not; but all the same, I mean what I said. I shall never marry."
"A look of intense pain crossed his face.
"Breta, this is a strange, solemn step you are taking; have you thought of the probable consequences to both our lives? Of myself I will say nothing; men are made of cast-iron or are supposed to be on certain occasions; it will be little use to tell you I feel this blow as if the greater part of my existence were darkened. But that is of no consequence. And you! Women need some support; it is a heavenly ordinance that they should lean with affectionate trust upon their natural protector—man. You will feel, as time goes on, perhaps not so much now, but as the long, lonesome years shadow towards their setting, you will need a strong arm to uphold you; a love to ever encircle you. Oh, darling, I cannot give you up. I have learned to love you, to watch for your coming. If a day passes without our meeting, I am miserable; then imagine the long years of the future. You cannot be so cruel. There is some great mistake; I have done something to offend you; tell me what it is, and I am sure I can explain it."

He spoke rapidly and leaned his face caressingly on mine.
"There is no mistake, Fenn; you have done nothing to anger me; you are entirely too good for me, and I only wonder that you have had the patience with me that you have; but the sooner this is over the better; we can be nothing more to each other than friends, the very best of friends, I hope. I should be sorry to think that this sorrow would embitter either of us. Promise you will not think hard of me?"
"Ay, stab Caesar and beg him, as he writes with the pain of the mortal wound, to love and bless the hand that struck the mortal blow."
"Can you not see that it hurts me as well as you? Have you no mercy on me?"
"Bless them that curse you; yes, bless and curse not; you have cursed me. My lost life looms behind me like a gigantic phantom, waving its fiendish arms and threatening to take me in its dreadful embrace. A few moments ago I was so happy; then I believed your love eternal; I would sooner have expected the sun to rock in the vaulted sky and shoot from right than that. Oh, my God! I did not expect this! My love has been growing since the first time I looked into your eyes; you are interwoven with every fibre of my being. It is impossible that I should give you up. Come, let us forget that we have been unhappy and be ourselves again."

"It cannot be, Fenn; I have thought over this long, and nothing you have said or can say, will change my resolution. You will get over this, for our happiness does not depend on others, but on ourselves; if you do your duty happiness will come."
"I have no incentive; your approval was all I cared for, now it makes no difference to you what I do. I have not yet reached that elevated plain from whence I can look down calmly and say, 'do your duty and be happy.'"
"I clasped my hands and looked straight in front of me despairingly.
"I wish there were no such thing as love; it is so troubled, so joyous, so utterly powerless to shield the possessor from ill."
"No, Breta, as much as you have grieved me to-night, I would not give up the precious knowledge of your love. It will be a light to me in the otherwise rayless darkness. Will you not be persuaded to change your mind? I will wait patiently any length of time if you will give me the slightest hope."
We had risen; I trembled so that I caught a chair quickly to hide my agitation and steady me.
"I can give you no hope."
"But you will surely give me your reasons for this strange proceeding?"
"That I also withhold."
"Then I am to understand that you have deliberately trifled with me as long as you cared for such amusements, and now have cast me aside as a tiresome toy," he said, bitterly.
"A haughty answer rose to my lips, but I checked it as I thought he has cause to complain, and he cannot know how sore my heart is. Stepping close to him, I laid my hand on his arm and said earnestly:
"Fenn, you believe nothing of the kind; you know that I would never act so; it has distressed me very much to feel that you have cause to think harshly of me. Tell me you forgive me."
"I do; let me take you in my arms once more, and now, good-bye—forever."
The next instant I was alone, stunned and half unconscious of my loss. Would I ever be able to regain my normal condition, I asked myself, and repeated the words over before I knew what they meant? I rose and paced the room. Na one must know what I had done. There should be no cause for triumph in my woful fate. As I walked, I was surprised to find how cold and calm I was becoming.

"Why are you in the dark child?" said Roe, coming into the room.
"I was too lazy to light the gas, Roe, and this firelight is so pleasant."
I laughed; yes, and did it naturally. I am not fond of darkness, and as you have had your way quite long enough, shall have mine now; reach me that match, Breta."
I handed it to her reluctantly, for I was uncertain what tales my face might tell in the glare of the truth-telling light.
"I am a perfect owl, Roe; I cannot see as well in the light as in the half dark; the glow hurts my eyes," and I turned from the gas.
"You develop new characteristics every day; I remember your telling me only last week that you could not bear to sit in the dark; that it filled you with all manner of gloomy fancies, and here to-night you turn in owl-like disgust from the gas jet. Can you tell me how I am to suit you?"
"By simply not trying to suit me at all; whatever you do is right."
Roe laughed and patted my cheek.
"You are a cunning little flatterer, but tell me, have you seen Mr. Paul this evening?"
Such a transition to the subject I most dreaded and wished to avoid unmentioned. I gave a little shriek and cried out, "Oh, that mouse!" and when we fruitlessly searched for it, I said, gaily, "let us leave the mouse alone; I have a letter here from a friend who has been to the Centennial; let me read you her description of the trip."
"Very well; I should like to hear it."
With inward thankfulness for the diversion, I read:

"We started for the Centennial one bright morning in strong force, resolved to have a good time, and let the wide world wag as it will, we'd be gay and happy still. We spent the greater part of the first day in Baltimore, winding round and round those monumental steps till our necks were so far in advance of the rest of our bodies that we would have to pause to allow the remaining portion time to catch up. Then having regained our equipoise and no longer in momentary danger of walking on our heads, we would dash vigorously after the dark form in front of us, who was holding a smoky lantern for the purpose, probably, of showing off the Centennial. But our nervous system received the severest shock when the awful announcement was shouted down the line, passengers from the opposite direction! All we could do was to draw up against the wall in solemn expectancy. Horrors of horrors! one of the men was a young hog-head. Now you know I am rather good-sized myself, so how shall we manage to pass each other? I can dodge one way and he the other, and unless we unfortunately get wedged in, the passage can be made. So I waited, and at last with a sigh of relief saw the last head disappear down the dark and narrow way. I was elated that my hat sustained no severe damage than all the leathers skinned off the front, and the shape was hopelessly transformed into an imitation of a man's walking hat, crushed in the middle. With the quiet joy of success beaming from my visage, I hurried after my companions, and found they had reached the summit of their expectations and were placidly contemplating the really beautiful scene of Baltimore spread out beneath them, with the bright sun rays gilding and tinting houses, churches, spires and the distant waters of Maryland's great inlet of the Atlantic. I gazed on the scene with a quiet joy in my heart, for surely a scene of beauty is a joy forever." But unfortunately catching sight of a pedestrian beneath, I was moved to experiment on the attraction of gravitation with an apple I had in my hand. An untimely dare breathed into my ears settled the question. The missile, gathering power from its rapid descent, turned an umbrella to one side, and the gentleman looked up as if he were searching for an apple tree in the clouds. Of course no waving green branches were visible. He had his revenge, for he walked off quietly devouring my apple before my eyes. We descended as we had ascended, perhaps with a slight increase of velocity, and were glad to find ourselves once more on terra firma. A workman directed us to Druid Park, telling us it was about a mile to it. We thought the distance quite short, and determined to walk there. After walking nearly two miles, our enthusiasm began to flag. A gentleman in our party inquired of a good-natured looking man the way and distance to Druid Park, etc. He said keep straight ahead, the distance is about a mile. A queer depression weighed on us; we forgot to chat and laugh, and went in dreary silence, thinking the miles had a magical way of lengthening. We walked on and on, past trays set out on the front pavements by careful housewives to save the man with the tin horn extra time and trouble; across gutters filled with slime and weeds into wider streets lined with stately mansions, whose marble fronts and plate glass looked aristocratically down with a mute but far shall thou come, but no farther. Still no Park appeared. We began to grow unreasonable; we said here we have been walking a mile for the last three hours; now we know that this Park must surely have been walking in the opposite direction or we would have reached it before. We will ask one other man and then give up if he deceives us. We accosted him, "We are weary; we have been walking to Druid Park half the day and yet have not reached it; we wish you to tell on your honor as a Baltimorean the way to the Park and how far we have to go." Said he, "go straight ahead for a mile and you will be there." We grew savage and said, this Park shall not escape us; it is plain that it has heard of our approach and is lo-ging, but we will surprise you yet. Having formed this commendable resolution, we soon arrived at the long looked for goal, and found it one of the most delightful places in the world; we enjoyed ourselves for a time, but suddenly remembered that music, sunshine, flowers and pleasure must have an end sometime. Our feet moved reluctantly away from the beautiful grounds. We went immediately to the boat that was to take us to Philadelphia. To say there was a crowd would be a mild description; we were packed like sardines. To have stools was an un-speakable luxury, and to have cigar smoke puffing in our faces was ditto; however, anything was acceptable to cover the smell of beer and other beverages which was breathed out by motley groups of men. There were no places on the top decks for us to rest our weary limbs, so we went below to a side deck, so narrow that we could not even sit Turkish fashion with our feet. There were three stools among our party of seven, and after each of the dimmutive tops were covered by two persons, one reposed on the floor. We had an abundance of time for reflection; in our ill-humor, we may have murmured some ill-natured remarks about our surroundings. We were very hungry, and looked forward to supper as a redeeming feature of the situation. Here again we were doomed to disappoint-

ment. The moment the bell rung, there was a general rush for the table; we saw at once that it would be impossible to reach it, so with the patience of Jobs, we settled ourselves again and waited an hour; then our patience was exhausted, so we took up stools tenderly and started for the table. After considerable waiting and maneuvering, we arrived where we could look upon it, and lo, it was bare! We waited another hour, and then obtained some cold victuals. Two young men had very politely secured a seat for me by them, but they courteously masticated the viands within our reach; so, young men have enormous appetites. Of course I was grateful, but not knowing exactly how to class their attentions, decided at last that their was Centennial politeness. Having finished the meal, they offered to carry my stool for me; but I was possessed with a nervous dread of seeing the stool disappear as I had seen the eatables disappear at the supper table, so declined any assistance; perhaps it was just as well. Every berth and stateroom had been taken, so we looked at the little tops of our stools with a vague consciousness they were to be our resting places for the night. Afterwards the consciousness became anything but vague; it was strikingly vivid. Have you tried a trip like this? Unless you have, you cannot appreciate our experience; and really in its way, it was unique. I shall long remember that night watch, when I counted each minute and thought it longer than the last. The weary time passed slowly, but was at last over, and we found ourselves on the Delaware, which glowed and blushed under the vivifying influence of the morning sun. We were in no amiable frame of mind after our vigil, but contrived to smile with faint animation as we reached the landing place.
"P. S. You can make a little allowance for miles and minutes if you want to."

I folded the letter and looked at Roe; she was smiling.
"Have you replied to that lively epistle?"
"Oh, no; not yet. I always wait a month and then answer my correspondents."
"A very naughty child," laughed she, as she left me.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THINGS LEARNED BY EXPERIENCE.
If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the knife frequently in cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices; if the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge in boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully; never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing very gently for two hours, pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of liquid when done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up make a gravy of the pint saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will run them. Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in a gravy of either roasted or fried meats is improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

SUDDEN CHECKING OF PERSPIRATION.
A Boston merchant in "lending a hand" on board one of his ships on a windy day, found himself at the end of an hour and a half pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest, and engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise, he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained two years; and for a long time afterward could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposure than this have in constitutions not so vigorous resulted in inflammation of the lungs—"pneumonia"—ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatism, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four years, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise, or work, or play, or of remaining exposed to the wind, even for a few minutes. Many lose their lives by becoming chilled after skating.

The rising generation is lamentably ignorant. At one of our country schools, the question was asked, "Who is at the head of the United States government?" And every boy in the class promptly answered, "Sitting Bull."

Dying Words
When death, the mighty conqueror, comes, we often find the spirit which has ruled in life still dominant; and the condensed eloquence of these utterances of expiring saints and sinners possesses an external significance:
Julian, the Apostle: "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered!"
Melancthon: "Nothing but Heaven."
Tasso: "Into thy hands, O Lord."
Halyburton: "The beginning and ending of religion are wonderfully sweet."
Dr. Doddridge: "There is a hope set before me."
John Knox: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."
Wilberforce: "I am very happy. Let us talk of heaven."
John Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell!"
Bishop McKeandree: "All is well."
General Havelock: "Tell my son to come and see how a Christian can die."
President Edwards: "Trust in God and you need not fear."
Hobbs, the deist: "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark."
Voltaire: "I am abandoned by God and man. I shall go to hell."
Tom Paine: "If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been that one."
Mirabeau: "Give me more laudam, that I may not think of eternity and what is to come."
Salmasius: "Oh! I have lost a world of time."
John Randolph: "Remorse."
Queen Elizabeth: "Millions for an inch of time."
Charles IX., of France: "If Jesus Saviour would number me with his redeemed."
Edgar A. Poe: "Rest, shore no more."
Goethe: "Open the shutters and let in more light."
Robert Burns: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."
Keats: "I feel the daisies growing over me."
Byron: "I must sleep now."
Herden: "Refresh me with a great thought."
Haller: "The artery ceases to beat."
Grotius, the Christian philosopher: "Be serious."
Chesterfield: "Give Dayrocles a chair."
Washington: "It is well."
John Adams: "Independence forever."
Jefferson: "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."
John Q. Adams: "This is the last of earth."
Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross the river and rest in the shade."
Commodore Maury: "Bear me through the post when the laurels bloom."
Nathan Hale: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."
Admiral Nelson: "Tell Collingswood to bring the fleet to anchor."
Captain Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship."
Napoleon: "Head off the army."
Josephine: "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!"
Maria Louisa: "I will not sleep. I wish to meet death wide awake."
Madame deStael: "I have loved my God, my father and liberty."
Madame Roland: "O liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"
Quin, the actor: "I could wish this tragic scene were over; but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."
Talma, the actor: "The worst of all is, I cannot see."
John Palmer, the actor: "There is another and better world."
Sir Walter Raleigh: "It matters little how the dead lie."
Sir Thomas Moore, to the executioner: "I pray you, friend, see me up safe, and for coming down, let me shift for myself."
Anne Bolyn: "One stroke will sever it."
Julius Caesar: "And thou, too, Brutus."
Nero: "Is this poor fidelity?"
Septimius Severus: "Little urn, thou shalt soon hold all that will remain of him whom the world could not contain."
Horace Greeley: "It is done."
Tom Hood: "O Lord! say 'Arise, take up thy cross and follow me'."

"See!" said a "reformed" man who had entered the mini-try, "here is an illustration. At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly. But look now!"
Raising his hand, he said gently,—"Go away, fly! go away!"
But the insect only tickled his nose the more. The reverend gentleman, raising his hand at length with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender, and, being successful, uttered a cry of pain, and, opening his hand at the same instant, exclaimed,—
"Ugh! damn it! it's a wasp."
"What I want to get is the animus of the transaction," said the judge; "But your honor," said the complainant, "there wasn't any at all. He came up quiet like, and grabbed the coat, and was off before I could see what he was at. No, sir, there wasn't any muss."
"What are you doing there?" calmly asked an elderly and pious-looking skater of a young man who had fallen on the ice and was rubbing his thigh with considerable energy. "Dedding" he exclaimed, pressing his jaws together to keep back a volley of profanity, "I'm trying to be a Christian."

DRYING WORDS
When death, the mighty conqueror, comes, we often find the spirit which has ruled in life still dominant; and the condensed eloquence of these utterances of expiring saints and sinners possesses an external significance:
Julian, the Apostle: "O, Galilean, thou hast conquered!"
Melancthon: "Nothing but Heaven."
Tasso: "Into thy hands, O Lord."
Halyburton: "The beginning and ending of religion are wonderfully sweet."
Dr. Doddridge: "There is a hope set before me."
John Knox: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."
Wilberforce: "I am very happy. Let us talk of heaven."
John Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell!"
Bishop McKeandree: "All is well."
General Havelock: "Tell my son to come and see how a Christian can die."
President Edwards: "Trust in God and you need not fear."
Hobbs, the deist: "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark."
Voltaire: "I am abandoned by God and man. I shall go to hell."
Tom Paine: "If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been that one."
Mirabeau: "Give me more laudam, that I may not think of eternity and what is to come."
Salmasius: "Oh! I have lost a world of time."
John Randolph: "Remorse."
Queen Elizabeth: "Millions for an inch of time."
Charles IX., of France: "If Jesus Saviour would number me with his redeemed."
Edgar A. Poe: "Rest, shore no more."
Goethe: "Open the shutters and let in more light."
Robert Burns: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."
Keats: "I feel the daisies growing over me."
Byron: "I must sleep now."
Herden: "Refresh me with a great thought."
Haller: "The artery ceases to beat."
Grotius, the Christian philosopher: "Be serious."
Chesterfield: "Give Dayrocles a chair."
Washington: "It is well."
John Adams: "Independence forever."
Jefferson: "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."
John Q. Adams: "This is the last of earth."
Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross the river and rest in the shade."
Commodore Maury: "Bear me through the post when the laurels bloom."
Nathan Hale: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."
Admiral Nelson: "Tell Collingswood to bring the fleet to anchor."
Captain Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship."
Napoleon: "Head off the army."
Josephine: "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!"
Maria Louisa: "I will not sleep. I wish to meet death wide awake."
Madame deStael: "I have loved my God, my father and liberty."
Madame Roland: "O liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"
Quin, the actor: "I could wish this tragic scene were over; but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."
Talma, the actor: "The worst of all is, I cannot see."
John Palmer, the actor: "There is another and better world."
Sir Walter Raleigh: "It matters little how the dead lie."
Sir Thomas Moore, to the executioner: "I pray you, friend, see me up safe, and for coming down, let me shift for myself."
Anne Bolyn: "One stroke will sever it."
Julius Caesar: "And thou, too, Brutus."
Nero: "Is this poor fidelity?"
Septimius Severus: "Little urn, thou shalt soon hold all that will remain of him whom the world could not contain."
Horace Greeley: "It is done."
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