Saint Mary's Beacon.

PUBLISHED BY YATES & KING, EVERY THURSDAY MORNING AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XX. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1883. NO. 31.

New Store!

MRS. BLAIN & JONES are now opening at their store, for exhibition and sale, a beautiful assortment of

MILLINERY GOODS,

DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS,
CALICOES,
MUSLINS, plain and fancy;
LINENS,
Ulster Cloths, Blankets, Comforts, Spreads, Furniture Calico,
Shawls,
Corsets,
Hoods, etc.

And all kinds of Dress Goods; Also,

Dolls, Work Boxes,
Card Receivers,
Moustache Cups,
Vases,
Fancy Baskets,
Cigar Holders,
Photographic and Autographic Albums,
Perfumery, Toilet Soaps, etc.

Ink Stands, Satchels,
Confectionery of all kinds.

Also Plain and Fancy Ginghams, Domestics, Cretons, Cambrics, and all kinds of trimmings, Table Linens, Towelings, Crash, plain and colored ribbons, etc., etc.

Especial attention is called to the fine stock of ***Gloves,*** Lisle Thread, Plain Silk Gloves. Also, a large and well assorted lot of ***Kid Gloves,*** black and colored, at prices to suit the times.

Great inducements offered to Purchasers.

☞ Call and see for yourselves before buying elsewhere.

BLAIN & JONES,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Dec 21, 1882—tf.

LATEST NEWS!

The Big Brown Store Filled to Overflowing!

WE are now located at this well-known stand and beg our friends and the entire public to call and purchase some of the finest and cheapest goods in the market.

We flatter ourselves that no other store has a greater supply of everything needed, and we offer great inducements in

Ready-Made Clothing,

of which we have a large stock made up in the latest styles.

DRY and FANCY GOODS,

CHINA, POTTERY and GLASS WARE of the *latest novelties.*

Wines, Liquors, Cigars,

GROCERIES of all kinds and Grades.

A very large stock of fine and coarse

BOOTS and SHOES,

made ESPECIALLY for our trade.

Hats, Caps, Notions, etc.,

A choice assortment of CHILDREN'S WEAR, SACQUES, etc., etc.

Our stock is large and desirable and we invite inspection

☞ To our patrons and the public who have heretofore remembered us so kindly at our old stand, we tender our thanks and renew our pledge to use our best endeavors to accommodate each and all politely and courteously.

T. M. CAMALIER & CO

Dec 7 1882.

HARRY SPALDING,

DRUGGIST,

LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Pure Drugs, Pharmaceutical Preparations and **Genuine Perfumes, Extracts, Colognes,** SOAPS, TOOTH and NAIL BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, FLESH BRUSHES, POMADES, COSMETIQUES and HAIR OILS of the most celebrated French, English and Domestic Makers.

☞ Physicians orders promptly filled and prescriptions carefully compounded. All are invited to call and examine my stock.

☞ For the accommodation of my customers, stamps, postal cards, etc., will be always kept on hand.

March 1, 1883

NOTICE.

IT having been reported by some person unknown that I intended to close out my business and leave Leonardtown, I take this mode of saying to the public, that the report is entirely false. Work done promptly and neatly as heretofore and all will be accomodated. Will hereafter make **Repairing** a specialty. I have also made arrangements for putting on invisable patches, which will be securely and neatly done. All work hereafter positively cash, and all orders not accompanied by cash will not be noticed. Respectfully,

J. L. CONNELLEY,
Boot and Shoemaker,
Leonardtown, Md.

May 3, 1883—f.

MARYLAND SCHOOL BOOKS.

NEWELL'S REVISED READERS.
SHEPHERD'S GRAMMARS.
PIKE'S UNIVERSAL SPELLER.
KERNEY'S U. S. HISTORY.
SCHARFE'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF MARYLAND.

JOHN B. PIET & Co.
PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

Catalogue Mailed on Application.

J. W. BRADLEY & CO.,

PRODUCE

Commission Merchants,

No. 16 Camden Street,

BALTIMORE.

BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, GREEN and DRIED FRUITS and COUNTRY PRODUCE GENERALLY.

☞ Consignments solicited and prompt returns.

May 17, 1883—6m.

J. SIMMS FENWICK

CORDIALLY invites his friends and the public generally to call and examine his

Large Stock of Goods

and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere. We have

Ladies' Dress Goods
and Domestic Goods
Of All Kinds.

Our NOTION DEPARTMENT is filled with all the latest novelties. Our

Grocery Department

is always complete with all the various grades of SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES FRUITS, &c.

First Class Goods

AT THE

Lowest Market Prices.

We have on hand the completest stock in Town of

CHOICE XMAS PRESENTS.

Our Cassimere department is filled with the choicest selection of **Domestic, Foreign, Coating Suiting, &c.**

Ready-Made Clothing for MEN, YOUTHS AND CHILDREN

Fabric fine, cut stylish, make best, price low. Our

Millinery Department

is complete with all the latest styles and most handsome patterns.

☞ **Call and see for Yourselves. We Guarantee Satisfaction.**

Dec 21, 1882.

For Sale,

A FARM OF

250 ACRES,

—ON—

GREAT WICOMICO BAY,

(SALT WATER,)

near Bluff Point, St. Mary's county, Md. 200 acres in cultivation, balance in Timber, improved with Good Dwelling and all necessary Out Buildings. Fish, Oysters, Crabs and Ducks in abundance and convenient to Schools, Churches and Post Offices. For terms apply to

JAS. H. WILSON,
ATTORNEY,
Leonardtown, Md.

March 22, 1883—tf.

Lookout Farmers!

You can buy

A No. 5 Plow for	$2 90
" " 7 " "	3.90
" " 7½ " "	4.50
" " 19 M & H	3 50
Iron Frame Cultivator,	4.50

Blatchley Cucumber Wood Pumps, $6@—

Singer Sewing Machine,

3 Drawers, Drop Leaf with Lock Top, for **$25.** Every Machine guaranteed.

Large lot of Thomas Smoothing Harrows, on hand at Bottom Prices.

J. T. BALLINGER,
Mechanicsville, St. Mary's Co., Md.

Apr. 5, 83.

[*For the Beacon*]

John Wilkin's Baptism.

John Wilkins was a man of sin,
And yet good traits had he;
So John one day concluded in
A better man to be.

Then John did baptising try
One day at hour of noon;
They led him to the river side
And sang a good old tune.

Repenting, he in heart content
Did raise his voice in song,
A way he had of giving vent
To pious feelings strong.

The goodly Brother led him out
In water shoulder high;
He dipped him under head and snout
And said "how's that for high."

His head on top was very bald,
His mouth was ample wide,
To take in water, mud and all
And check the flow of tide.

Now, Johnnie found the water cold;
It entered every pore;
With rapid strides, o'er bog and hole,
He made for nearest shore.

John Wilkins now a baptist is,
Washed clean as dirty wool;
His Bible reads with solemn phiz
And sings in Sunday school.

From pious John a warning take;
Go do as he has done;
Forsake your sins before too late
The "Gates Ajar" to run. E.

THE DOOR-STEP.

Hannah Gneldt leaned upon her broom and looked out from the low kitchen door across the wintry fields and ice-glazed streamlet which lay between her and the village of Greenock, with its one tapering spire and sloping roofs and blank white walls, bare now of the summer vendure. She had done her household work, polished every article capable of polish and soaped and sanded all the rest. At the last she had swept clean her door-stone and now felt free to do what she chose, to rest or gossip or sit down to needle-work—a thing impossible to her while a spot beneath her roof was out of order. Just now she felt like neither gossiping or sewing; her heart was very full, and she found it necessary to stand still and think awhile. Only that she was not used to it, she would have cried, she was so very sad. It seemed to her that the happiest people are those who lay in their green graves in the churchyard, with crossed hands upon their bosoms, and felt quiet from all earthly going to and fro for evermore.

Not that Hannah Gheldt was tired in body or weary with the toil of household duty; she was strong in frame, and her health was perfect as her hands were willing. It was on her humble heart the burden lay; her spirit was worn with earthly travail.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been his wife," she muttered, "and I've loved him well and worked hard and faithful to keep things decent, and it has come to this at last. Things had been better," said she, "if he'd married Miss Lester."

Yes, that was what Farmer Gneldt, harassed by toil and debt, had said that very morning; and it seemed to Hannah like the confession of long repentance, forced from her husband's lips at last

"Poor man! I wish I could help him," she sighed, leaning on her broom beside the door. "I doubt he's right about Miss Lester."

With that her eyes fell and rested by chance on the door-step.

"I can mend that, anyhow," she said, "and I have time, for work is done."

So she hung the broom up and peeped into the oven and set the kettle on and then, hooded and shawled, crossed the fields to where the farm joined that of Simeon Gray.

On one spot were men at work breaking up stones lying about.

Hannah Gneldt nodded to the old farmer, and he came to meet her.

"I want a stone," she said, "May I have one?"

"I wish you'd take 'em all" said the farmer. "A lot of rubbish. You see I'm clearing away what they call the old graveyard at last. Wife talks to me o' sacrilege and disturbin' bones. Bless you, there ain't been none for years; and these hard times men can't let land go to waste. I tell wife she don't know nothing about it. What do you want to do? Have a bit around the well?"

"No, I want a step," said Hannah. "That great white one is just the thing." And she pointed to a slab hard by.

"Ike shall bring it over to-night," said the farmer.

"No," said Hannah, "I can roll it along."

"I wish I could tell what that was," she said. "Some one's age and name. Ah! there were sore hearts when that was new. I hope when I die Oliver will have written over me that I was a good wife. I've tried to be. I ought to know that big letter—wait a bit; I believe it's Z."

Then she turned the inscription downward and washed the other side clear and white and fitted it into place.

She received little credit for her work. Oliver only muttered:

"You needn't have published the fact I couldn't afford a porch to the place." And no one noticed the step afterwards save Hannah, when she scrubbed it.

Matters were very bad with the Gneldts. Oliver brooded over the fire in speechless sorrow and grew graver and balder with each passing day. Hannah kept ruin off a little by making a home of the poor house and a feast of the humble fare by her house wife's skill. She might even have been cheerful but for the memory of that luckless speech.

Working in her garden one day when the first spring grass was growing green, Hannah heard footsteps, and lifting her head saw two gentlemen beside her and arose precipitately. The nearest gentleman, an elderly man with bright, [illegible] addressed her:

"Mrs. Gneldt, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

She asked him to walk in, and he did so, the other following. In the little parlor they sat down.

"You are Mrs. Hannah Gneldt, Oliver Gneldt's wife?"

"Yes, sir; it is about—about—excuse me, you look like a lawyer, and I fear it is more trouble for Oliver."

"Re-assure yourself, madam," said the gentleman; "re-assure yourself, madam. Your husband is not concerned, save through you, and that, I hope, pleasantly. Your name was Burns before you were married."

"Yes, sir; Hannah Burns."

"Do you remember dates well?"

"No, sir."

"You have, perhaps, a record of family events—your own birth, your parent's marriage, your grandfather's death?"

Hannah Gneldt wonderingly replied, "I have mother's Bible, and they tell me it's all there,"

"How far back?"

"To grandfather's birth. I believe—Grandfather Burns. He had one child, and I am the only one my parents ever had. Oliver set down our wedding day and our two boys' birthdays."

"And your great-grandfather—the record of his death is there?"

"I don't know; you may see. Wait I'll call Oliver."

Going to the door, Hannah took down a horn used for that purpose and uttered a call, which brought Oliver Gneldt home from the field at once. He also felt alarmed, but explanations quieted him. Almost as much astonished as his wife, he brought out the Bible.

"The death of my wife's great-grandfather, Zebulon Burns, is not here," he said. "The first record is in his hand, I believe. It is the birth of his eldest child."

So it proved and the lawyer looked disappointed.

"You cannot remember the day of his death?" he said. "I mean the date of the month?"

"He died long before I was born," said Hannah, "and, though rich, left nothing to grandfather. They had quarreled, I believe. He told odd stories of him. He must have been very eccentric, and a servant or housekeeper had great influence over him; she had all the property. Margery—Margery—"

"Margery Wilber, I think," said the lawyer.

"Yes," said Hannah. "I remember now."

"You are quiet people, not likely to talk too much," said the lawyer. "I will tell you something. We have found, something. We have found a will among the effects. He died in a fit of apoplexy. Don't hope too much, mind. A will in your favor, as your father's only child. It was written by him on his death-bed, dated 10th of March, 17—, and leaves all his property to your father, his grandson, then a boy. Hush! don't hope too much. Margery Wilbur or her heirs now hold this property under a will dated March 15th, 17—."

"A later will," said Oliver. "Then of course, they are the rightful possessors. What need of all this? The latest must stand."

"Not if it is a forgery," said the lawyer.

Oliver laughed the bitter laugh of care and disappointment.

"Who can prove that?" he said.

"No one, perhaps. Yet the record of the old man's death might. A man whose dying hand signed a will on the 10th of March would scarcely make another on the 15th. We believe the will a forgery, written on old parchment. Since the discovery of the one I have spoken of Margery Wilber took possession with legal forms, for no one appeared to test her title. Where was your great-grandfather buried?"

"Here," said Hannah. "They say he was brought down at his request Mrs. Wilber as chief mourner, and his son—grandfather—not even sent for. An old graveyard somewhere. Oh, Oliver! Oliver!"

She turned quite white, and uttered a cry, "Oliver, that must be the graveyard on Gray's place that he dug over last winter in the warm spell."

"Then it is gone," said Oliver. "And our last hope with it. No, gentlemen, good luck would never come upon us. Poverty means to cling to us to the last. I wish you had better clients."

"Oliver! Oliver!" grasped Hannah Gneldt, "tell me one thing. Zebulon was great-grandfather's name. Zebulon is spelled with a Z, isn't it? Oh, do speak!"

'I think you are going mad, Hannah: of course it is.

'Oh, the big Z. I remember it so well. I know it was Z; and it would have been broken to pieces before now. Oliver, don't you remember my door-step that you were so angry at? I believe it is my poor old great-grandfather's tombstone. And not to know it when I stared at the great Z!'

Oliver Gneldt said nothing. He feared his wife's brain was turned, and that made him faint and cold as he followed her into the garden and there watched while the three others lifted at the flat stone.

It lay before them on the green spring grass, black letters on the whiteness, and bending over it they read aloud:

'Zebulon Burns. Born May, ——. Died March 14th, 17—,' with eulogistic verses, with long s's, underneath, as in duty bound.

"It's poor grandfather's," said Hannah. And the lawyer extended his hands, grasping those of Oliver and his wife.

"The proof is found," he said; "the latest will is a forgery, for it is dated the day after the old man's death. Mrs. Gneldt is heiress to a large property. I congratulate you."

And Hannah, with her head on her husband's shoulder, whispered: "Oliver, it wouldn't have been better to have married Miss Lester, after all.'

The Origin of Tornadoes.

As accounts come in of the recent tornadoes the worse they get. The loss of life, it is now thought, will reach as high as 83, while a great many are so badly hurt that they will be long in recovering. The effects of fright upon the nervous, the old and sick were also terrible, and some will never get over the experience. The destruction to property in town and country is incalculable. Tornadoes, or as they are sometimes improperly called, cyclones—a name belonging to great ocean storms—are so frequent in this country that it is a serious misfortune that more is not known about them. There are of course plenty of theories, and there have been abundant suggestions as to how they might be prevented, or rather their tremendous power for mischief practically disarmed. Various interesting pamphlets have been written to show at what time these storms may be expected, the premonitory symptoms for a day or two in advance, the course and shape they are likely to take, and also how communities may be signaled ahead of them, and measures have been detailed by which their fury may be defied. Perhaps some of these things have been tried, and there can hardly be a doubt of it, as the tornado is the terror of life in the west, and those liable to encounter them would not be likely to neglect any means of relief. But the results of such experiments have clearly not availed anything. Recent experience shows, as has often been shown before, that that these phenomena are of most erratic character, and that they develop so suddenly—almost so instantaneously—that it is impossible to make any provisions to meet them. People, animals, houses, everything is blown away in the twinkling of an eye. The late tornadoes, for instance, developed simultaneously and wholly apart from one another, and the only inference reasonably certain is that they must have had some common origin.

The most plausible theory about tornadoes and cyclones is that put forth by Professor Tice, although it is not really original with him, but was first suggested, as far as he could discover, by the Jesuit Father Baccaria, considerably more than a century ago. This idea is that all phenomena like these recent storms are of electric origin. Prof. Tice asserts that wind has nothing to do with them. "There is no wind, strong or otherwise," he says, in a recent communication to a Western paper, "when and while the tornado does its destructive work. But those who oppose my system assume that there is one, and that when it enters the vortex its velocity is from sixty to eighty miles an hour, and within a few hundred feet to centre of vortex its velocity is accelerated to 800 miles and upward per hour. Whatever may be the velocity with which air moves in the vortex of a tornado—in my new work I prove it by indubitable facts to be not less than 775 miles per hour—outside of the immediate influence of the vortex there is generally a dead calm." He instances facts that in tornadoes stone houses were leveled down to the foundation, and every stone swept away, while within sixty feet from where they stood straw sheds were untouched; that a spade leaning against a tree, standing within four feet of a house swept away, was not thrown down; that hay bins were lifted from the hay and carried off, but not an atom of hay was removed. In the latter case he asks how it is possible with the wind striking the bins with a velocity of 900 miles per hour, to leave the hay unmoved when uncovered. Everything shows, he asserts, that outside the whirling vortex there is a calm air.

Certainly strange circumstances have happened during the prevalence of tornadoes, and there have been numerous examples recently. For instance, at a place called Danbury, on the Maple river extension of the Chicago and Northwestern railway, the wind—or according to Tice, the electricity—performed some extraordinary freaks. After demolishing the Catholic Church, it made a clear jump over the adjacent schoolhouse and destroyed a dwelling on the other side, leaving the schoolhouse uninjured. In one of the barns blown away were a horse and a cow. The horse was found in an adjoining field with a part of the barn attached to his halter strap. The cow has not yet been heard from. These incidents will at once remind everybody of the erratic performance of lightning.

Prof. Tice maintains that the premonitory indications of a tornado are of themselves sufficient to show the electric origin of such phenomena, to say nothing of the fact that the storms develop apart from one another, but simultaneously. The description, by an eye-witness at Beauregard, Mississippi, one of the towns utterly wiped out by the disaster, of the approach of the the storm seems to coincide exactly with Tice's "electric symptoms," as described in his writings. The witness referred to says the sky first assumed a copperish hue (according to Tice, at night it would have been luminous)—and then became very dark. A little later a rumbling sound, like that of a freight train in a distance, was heard proceeding apparently from the northwest. "Gradually this portentious noise increased in intensity. The people became alarmed at what seemed the subterranean moanings of an earthquake. The thunder roared in the sky like detonations of the heaviest artillery. The discharges of lightning were almost continuous, and the course of the fluid through the atmosphere resembled the fall of streams of molten metal. Accompanied by these terrific phenomena, the tornado burst upon the little town, sweeping away the building, trees and other objects in its path as if they were mere toys to be tossed about and played with at the pleasure of the storm."

EXECUTIVE ABILITY.—Very few men are blessed with the talent of doing more than one thing well. In the economy of nature our gifts are few. One may be able to plan but cannot execute, while his neighbor's executive ability is his strong point.

This man is good at the wheel but lacks financial ability; another one can design china and earthenware of superior style, but falls short of success as a business manager. Similar experiences are met with in every trade.

Men may succeed in the routine of designing, and in various other departments, but when their success in any one of these encourages them to essay manufacturing, they are all at sea, simply because the latter position calls for the exercise of entirely different qualifications.

Now and again we find notable exceptions to this rule. We meet occasionally with men who possess a combination of different and varied excellencies, superior wherever they are placed; but on the whole such instances are rare—so rare, in fact, that the exception but proves the rule.

Such men are successful. They must be, for they possess every requisite in the whole range of mechanical and executive ability. Other men who know nothing, practically, about the details of construction and qualities of material, sometimes succeed, but they have executive power well developed and supported by a clear judgment trained by experience, and they master all difficulties. One class of men may not know how to draw the simplest pattern, but on the other hand, they may possess good taste, which will enable them to decide whether a design is good or bad, and their discernment foretells its reception with the trade. Give them a basis and a plan, and they will complete the structure.

On the other hand those who have the practical routine thoroughly by heart, but lack the executive power, generally fail in their attempt to do business.

What we wish to impress is the importance of executive talent. It is the all-powerful lever. It is not always a gift; in nearly every man there is a germ, which with proper cultivation, will develop this trait to a certain degree.

Young men learning any business should study it in all its bearings, and seize upon the efforts of those who have acquired the great success in the one particular calling chosen. With it success is possible even if mechanical and practical apprenticeship is wanting, but without it the best workman is unfitted for independent business operations. We do not urge this point to the exclusion of others, but we know its possession is imperative.

☞ Every one has a will and a mind to think for himself, yet many will go about hacking and coughing until a friend recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for that cough.

Spring has come. Maple syrup has scum also.

"Tell us how to save our forests from the ax." Don't ax.

The Hair After Death.

Most people understand that hair does sometimes grow after death, but there are perhaps few who know that there is a very considerable growth in at least one-third of the cases where bodies are interred in the usual manner. A story was told by Oscar Wilde at a dinner party in New York which illustrates this fact. When Gabriel Dante Rossetti was very young—scarcely more than a boy—said Mr. Wilde, he was deeply in love with a young girl, and, having a poet's gift, he sang a poet's love in musical sentiments and verses to her. She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head, so that even in the last sleep they should be, as they always had been, kept beneath her pillow. Years passed by and Rossetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writings most asked him for copies, of the songs that had been buried. He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so.

At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with the grave which had been sealed for many years was opened.

Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proved to be of perishable material and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death, had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's paper, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eye that had made response to that love.

There is nothing improbable in the story so far as it relates to the physical phenomenon. That hair grows after death is too well established a fact to be challenged, and is readily enough to be understood by any one who will give even a little study to its formation, it being an appendage to the human form, and not strictly speaking, a part of it. It might indeed be almost called a friendly parasite.

A well known New York undertaker said: "A gentleman who had lost his little boy five or six years before came to the establishment where I was working and said he wanted the remains taken up and carried to Boston. He had moved to that city, where he had lost another child, and his wife was anxious that they should both be buried in the plot he had bought in the Laurel Hill cemetery. This gentleman was anxious to see for himself that everything was done right, and went over with me to Greenwood. We had buried the child and there was not any trouble about finding the right grave and the right coffin, but he was nervous about it. He insisted on having the coffin opened after it was taken up and seeing for himself that there was no mistake. I had it done, and as soon as he saw the body he said: 'I knew it; that isn't my boy. His hair was cut short while he was sick, and look at that!' In this case there was a rather unusual growth. I should say the hair was a foot long. In cases where the body has been buried a good many years—say a hundred years—the hair is sometimes found a yard long on a man's head, and much longer, of course, on a woman's."

Another undertaker said that he was employed at one time to remove a great number of bodies that had been buried in a cemetery which had been sold. They had lain undisturbed for an average of about twenty-five years, and in nearly one-half the cases the hair on the heads of the men was from a foot to a foot and a half long. In cases of women it was evident enough from the arrangement of their hair that is had grown a great deal after death. There was no way, so far as he knew, of determining what causes the difference between cases, some hair growing and other apparently not growing or only growing a little, but he said he believed that in cases of fever there was apt to be such a growth.

It might be supposed that if a post-mortem growth of hair is as common as has been indicated mention of the fact would have been made in the accounts that have been preserved of the remains of noted persons after burial; but the only instance that is recalled is that of Napoleon I. Of him it is said that when his body was removed from St. Helena to France it was found that the hair had grown to a great length.—*New York Herald.*

"Soled again," squeaked the deacon's boot as he went down the aisle.

Rattler wishes to know what is a "full dress" rehearsal by the ballet?

The mosquito as a public singer draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

It is a curious thing, but when a man slips up, he always slips down.

The lightning glances of a pretty ballet girl provoke thunders of applause.