Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. VII — LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1869 — NO. 9

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

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SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—"Has the circle ever been squared, and it is possible to square one?" From the time of Hippocrates and Archimedes to the present, this problem has exercised the minds of all mathematicians. The best solution ever attempted is the following: make a circle A. B., and let the diameter of it's area be A. C., and 14 feet long; which, multiplied by 3 equals 42, to which, if you add the seventh part of the diameter, which is two, you have 44, for the circumference of a circle is three and one-seventh greater than the diameter. Now, the circumference and diameter being known, you can find the area in this way. Divide the diameter by 2, equals 7; divide the circumference by 2, equals 22; 22 multiplied by 7 gives 154, and which, if there is any reason in mathematics, (we think there isn't much,) is the area of the circle.

The whole diameter is	14)	7 the quotient.
Its half	2)	
The whole circumference	44)	22 the quotient
Its half	22)	

The two quotients 22 and 7, multiplied, give 154. Now the points to find a square equal to this. The diameter being divided as before into 14 parts, a line is to be drawn from the eleventh part to the circumference, from point D to F., so that it makes a right angle with the diameter; and then a line is to be drawn from the last part of the diameter to the same point F., and there is made a line C. F., and so that square will be equal to the circle. The line C. D., is eleven feet, multiplied by 11, equals 121. Draw a line from the centre of the circle to F., and you have the triangle D. E. F. The line E. F. is equal to half the diameter, which is 7, multiplied by 7, equals 49—from which deduct 15, which is the multiplied number of the line E. D., which is four feet, which, multiplied, equals 16; take 16 from 49, and 33 remains, the value of the line D. F., to which add 121 and you have 154, the area of the circle and the value of the line F. This calculation is, of course, made on the corpuscular hypothesis which holds all things to be composed of atoms, and lines to consist of indivisible points; while on the Aristotelian doctrine that a *continuum* is infinitely divisible the thing is perhaps impossible.

A FREE PASSAGE.—Among the numerous passengers on board a Mississippi river steamboat was a tall, gaunt Yankee. He did not walk up to the captain's office and pay his fare, so the clerk hinted to him that the money was wanted. The stranger was not disconcerted, but replied:

"I'm goin' up the river a little way; it's all right."

The clerk not being much the wiser for this answer, again politely asked:

"At what point do you land, sir?"

"Don't land at any point. It's all right though."

Here the clerk left our hero and went to consult with the captain, who at once lost his good humor and proceeded forthwith to bring the matter to a focus, accosting the Yankee with:

"How far are you going to bear us company up the river, stranger?"

"Oh, I'm going up a little way with ye—but it's a-l-l right, captain."

"But, sir," said the captain, "you have neither paid your fare nor given the clerk your place of destination; and you are old enough to know that when a man refuses to pay his fare, or give a good reason for not paying, we put him ashore immediately."

"Well, captain, I s'pose it's your custom, but it's all right."

Here the captain lost his patience and ordered the pilot to land at one of the stations, and our hero to make ready to go ashore; to which he graciously replied.

"It's all right, captain."

After getting on *terra firma* the captain gave him a short blessing for causing him the trouble to land, and threatened him with a thrashing if he ever saw him again, etc., to which the stranger responded again, with an ear of triumph, pointing to a fine-looking cottage just above him on the bank:

"It's all right, captain; that's my house captain; it's all right."

The captain swore again for a few minutes.

When the hand hath done a good act, ask the heart whether it was well done.

SERVED OUT

In the year 183— there lived at Bordeaux the last—or one of the last—of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call *the Code of Honor*. This was a certain Comte de V——, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable *sangfroid*, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as a man said, when the fit—the duelling fit—was not on; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the *code* aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire; only the less noisome vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte de V—— previous to the story I am about to tell, was to goad a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied, that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half-year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river-side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our well swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the centre of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not please him. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good humored. He was engaged in reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte de V——, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold.

As the Comte approached this table, it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature hunted—especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some one in the dress-circle. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garcon!"

"Garcon," said he, when the functionary appeared, "take me away that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garcon was embarrassed.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Count. "Take me that thing away!—No one has a right to place his hat on the table."

"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur."

The garcon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him,—

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But, Monsieur de Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to me?"

"But, Monsieur de Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"By no means," observed the stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter; and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table, and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter, of contempt going round the circle.

"I am not a foreigner, Monsieur."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I."

"May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?"

"Certainly. Because, if I was a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely."

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning, precisely, you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count. Half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you."

"Death of my life! I am the Comte de V——."

The strawberry-eater looked up, and the easy, good-natured face was gone.—In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly.

"The Comte de V——," he repeated in a low voice.

"Yes Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?"

"I? O nothing."

"That may be well for you."

"But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card.

"I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two.

"Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me."

"And that is?"

"That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not,—my faith, what care I what they think?"

"And thou—thou art a Frenchman!" No one *but* a Frenchman could have thrown so much disdain as he did into the "*thou*."

The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called "Garcon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off.

"Garcon," said the stranger, "is there a room vacant in the hotel?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?"

"But certainly. They are all large,—own apartments."

"Then engage the largest for me for to-day, and another—no matter what—for Monsieur le Comte."

"Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary," said the count lottily.

"I thought to spare you the trouble.—Go, if you please," (this to the waiter,) "and prepare my rooms."

Then the strawberry-eater returned to his strawberries. The bully gnawed his lip. He could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad, that the count had not found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully.

"Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to make use of a word which amongst men of honor—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Which amongst men of honor—"

"But what can Monsieur le Comte possibly know what is felt amongst men of honor?" asked the other with a shrug of incredulity.

"Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not?" roared the count, goaded to fury.

"If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no doubt, is now prepared for me," replied the stranger, rising, "I will satisfy him."

"Good," said the other, kicking down his chair; "I am with you. I waive the usual preliminaries. I only beg to observe that I am without arms; but if you—"

"O don't trouble yourself on that score," said the stranger, with a grim smile. "If you are not afraid, follow me."

This he said in a voice sufficiently loud for the nearest to hear, and the circle parted right and left, like startled sheep, as the two walked towards the house.

Was there no one to call "police," no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul! The dreaded duelist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end there.

The count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the Garcon had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture, so as to leave the room free for what was to follow,—the count standing with folded arms, glaring at him, the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantle-piece behind him, and said,—

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycees, I should perhaps, have gained more book knowledge; but, as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and of them is not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I cannot flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of mere brute strength against the weak, or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I come here, Monsieur—"

"Never mind for what you came; be content with what you will get. For example,—to follow what I was observing,—if a man skilled with the small-sword, for the mere vicious love of quarrelling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more,—a cowardly murderer, and a knave."

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—" foamed the bully.

"I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned, would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix our own weapons, Monsieur," said the count; "let this farce end."

"Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I have ventured to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguish some,—who have not had a similar enlightened education,—would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation befitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see: I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the count.

"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions."

"You will fight me then?"

"Yes At the school we have been speaking of, I learned, among other things, the use of my hands; and, if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got."

"You would take advantage of your skill in the box?" said the Count getting a little pale.

"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small-word with your young B——."

"But it is degrading—brutal!"

"My dear Monsieur, just consider.—You are four inches taller and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow, it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—— *had* got over your guard, it would have gone hard with you. But, then, I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front, whereas you killed *him*."

"I will not accept this barbarous encounter."

"You must; I have done talking.—Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, *then* you shall have your revenge,—even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully—coward—knave, take that, and that, and that!"

And the wiry little Anglo Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it, the great braggart was rendered unpresentable for many a long day. *That* number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; *that* number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; *that* number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other *thats* had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and—well, another and lower part, and flung him out of it into the flower-bed below.

The strawberry-eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfil his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then, again, the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had Angelo for a master as well as Orton Swift, and after a few passes the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridiculo—so awful to a Frenchman—rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.

ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

I herewith send you an extract from a letter received from Mr. George C. Coleman, giving the particulars of a terrible contest he had with an American Lion. Mr. Coleman resides near Aberdeen, Mississippi, and did not anticipate the publication of the extract when it was written, but I have taken the liberty of forwarding it to you, believing the readers of the *Turf, Field and Farm* take an interest in "hairbreadth 'scapes" and deeds of heroism. The following is the extract:—"Believing you would like to know the full particulars of my encounter with an American lion, described in Natural History as the puma, or American lion, I send you the following. One evening, while riding through my farm, I was hailed by a negress, who, in an excited manner, stated that she had seen a bear, as big as a cow, up in a tree down in the woods. Knowing the woman to be truthful, and, from her excited manner, that she had seen something unusual, I went to the house, got my long Spencer rifle, took my hostler along, giving him my shot-gun, heavily charged with buckshot, and, with no little persuasion, induced the woman to go with us to point out the spot where she had seen the object of her fright. About a half a mile from my residence she stopped and pointed out a leaning tree, about four hundred yards distant from us, where she said the animal was lying apparently asleep. I advanced a short distance, and discovered a monster animal was lying among the limbs of two large trees that had fallen together, somewhat in a cone shape, interweaving the boughs of one with the other. He was evidently fast asleep. I went up within forty yards, carefully surveyed the spot; and arranged the attack. I whispered to my boy to stay as close behind me as he possibly could, and to hold the shot-gun so as to hand it to me for use in close combat, as we were about to encounter the largest species of American lion, and that he would certainly prove a formidable enemy. Considering myself a better marksman than the boy, I cautioned him not to shoot unless I become disabled, or in the event of being separated from him. Thus arranged, I advanced a few steps and fired deliberately, sending a ball through the center of the body, bringing his slumbers to a premature close. He awoke enraged, roared, tore the trees with his teeth and claws, and on seeing me he prepared to spring toward me. I fired again, hitting him in the breast, which shortened his leap, although he struck the ground within thirty feet of me. My large dog, Bulger, a white English mastiff standing by, at a signal from me, rushed to meet the lion—made a good effort to hold him, but was tossed through the air some thirty feet. Being good game, he again rushed to the attack; I, advancing at the same time with cocked gun in hand, wishing to thrust the gun barrel into his mouth and shoot him internally. He rushed at me a few leaps. I knew I must be resolute; I was almost to desperation. I caught his fiery eye—he quailed—his eye was riveted upon me. I still advanced; he stopped, lowered his tail, turned and fled. My dog, though crippled, still pursued about two hundred yards through the woods. I followed as fast as I could.—The lion jumped up on the first limbs of a large tree fully fifteen feet from the ground. I advanced to within forty yards of the tree, and again opened fire upon him, shooting six Minnie balls clear through his body in different directions. I had only one more ball left, which I shot while he was leaping about in the tree. This took effect in his right fore foot, which infuriated him more than ever. He beat the air with his wounded foot, and roared, tore the bark from the tree, and started at me furiously. My boy was standing about fifty yards from me. I called to him to bring my gun; frightened, he put the gun down and ran off. I ran to the gun as fast as I could, the lion pursuing by jumping from tree to tree, and when I reached the gun he was leaping into the one over me; and by the time I was ready to fire he had came over me, and made a spring at me. In an instant I aimed deliberately, knowing if I missed my end had come. I fired, giving him twelve buckshot in the heart. I saw he was mortally wounded, but able to hurt me. I threw my gun down, drew my knife, and stepped back a few paces. He struck the spot upon which I stood when I fired last, reared up, and made a spring at me. I avoided his first, but could not escape the second. He succeeded in laying hold upon my arm with his mouth and had his forelegs around my waist, leaving me the use of my right arm; and I assure you I made quick and good use of it, for in an instant I would have been torn to pieces: and, with all the strength and celerity that a knowledge of the imminence of my danger could impart to my arm, I cut his throat from one side to the other. The blood flew all over my face. He fell backward perfectly dead; and I felt like I had been dead and just restored to life—I felt sensations of relief that I have never experienced before. I had him conveyed home, and kept him on exhibition for several days; many persons coming to see him. Dr. H., an intelligent naturalist, says he is the largest of his species, and a genuine American lion."

"Gentlemen," (to boatmen,) "You must often, I should think, get wet, do you not? Artless boatman: "Yes, yer honor, we does werry wet, werry wet, indeed; but I'm werry dry just now, ye honor, and no mistake."

COLLECTING MONEY.—An attorney recently received an account for collection, and in reply he made the following statement of the financial condition of the section in which he resides, which was doubtless perfectly satisfactory to the creditor:

Now I am perfectly astonished at you for sending a claim for collection in these times. You might as well cast your net into the "lake of fire and brimstone," expecting to catch a sunfish, or into the celebrated stygian pool to catch speckled trout as to try to collect money here.—Money? I have a faint recollection of seeing it when I was a small boy. I believe it was given to me by my uncle to buy candy with, (the candy I do remember) But it has been so long since I have seen any, that I almost forget whether gold is made of corn or mustard, or silver or white onions or fish-scales. Why, sir, we live without money! You're behind the times. It is a relic of barbarism, of ages past. We live by eating, sir—we do. Hoot man, the millenium is coming, the year of Jubilee has come, and all debts are paid here as much as they will be, unless you take "projuce." The word money is not in our vocabulary, in the latest Webster, (revised for the medium,) it is marked "obsolete," formerly a coin representing value and used as a medium of commerce. A few small pieces can be seen in our Historical Society collections, where they are exhibited as curiosities, along with the skeleton of the "Mastodon," Noah's old boots, and Adam's apple.

Leisure is never so enjoyably as when it comes unexpectedly, like the visit of a long absent friend. And to be sweet it must be short. Too much of it pails upon the appetite. Luxurious as a warm bath it is also as enervating. He who finds himself suddenly possessed of leisure in great plenty will do well to dispose of the bulk of it as soon as possible by setting himself something serious to do. Systematized activity is one of the best preservatives against "dull care." Leisure is but a sauce of life, which helps to make work more palatable and digestible—the one apart from the other soon becomes disgusting. Man of leisure, as they are called, are most commonly restless, fidgety, and unhappy men. The kindest thing which can be done to them is to deprive them, if possible, by hook or crook, of the greater part of their leisure. At first sight it does not seem so, but a very short experience will prove that it is so. Much leisure infers the absence of a purpose, and life without a purpose is a perpetual burden.

"What did you come here after?" inquired a miss of a bachelor friend who made her a call when the rest of the folks were gone out, during the holidays.

"I came to borrow some matches," he meekly replied.

"Matches, that's a likely story. Why don't you make a match? I know what you came for," exclaimed the delighted miss, as she crowded the old bachelor into a corner, "you came to hug and kiss me almost to death, but you shan't unless you are the strongest, and I know you are."

TRAINING DOGS.—In the course of some conversation in relation to dogs, Governor Anderson, of Ohio, related a Texan practice in training dogs with sheep:—"A pup is taken from its mother before its eyes are opened, and put with an ewe to suckle. After a few times the ewe becomes reconciled to the pup, which follows her like a lamb, grows up among and remains with the flock, and no wolf, man, or strange dog can come near the sheep, and the dog will bring the flock to the fold regularly at 7½ o'clock, if you habitually feed him at that hour."

THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my lad if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For your part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my lad, but work on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you.

A BILL VETOED.—A fond father, the other day, wishing to form an alliance between his stupid son and a fine young lady of his acquaintance, sent him to her mother with the following note:

"*Dear Madam:* Allow me to present my Bill for your acceptance."

The lady sent the spooney back to his father with the following reply:

"*Dear Sir:* Your Bill is vetoed."

TO RELIEVE ASTHMA.—Soak some blotting paper in a strong solution of saltpetre, dry it, take a piece about the size of your hand, and on going to bed light it, and lay it on a plate in your bed room. By so doing, persons afflicted with the asthma will find that they can sleep almost as well as when in health.

"A kiss," says a French lady, "costs less and gratifies more than anything else in existence."

People who are behind the times should be fed on ketchup.

THE WONDERFUL PRAYER.—Which? Why that one which your mother taught you. Did you ever think, short though it be, how much there is in it? Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—'Our Father.'

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above earth—'Who art in Heaven.'

It tells us we must reverence our Heavenly Father—'Hallowed be Thy name.'

It breathes a missionary spirit—'Thy kingdom come.'

And a submissive, obedient spirit—'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.'

And a dependent, trusting spirit—'Give us this day our daily bread.'

And a forgiving spirit—'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'

And a cautious spirit—'Deliver us from evil.'

A CURIOUS TREE.—In the Island of Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable called the sorrowful tree, "because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are seen, and yet after half an hour the tree is full of them.—They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some fall off and others close up. The tree continues to flower in the night during the whole year.

HOW TO DRAW TEA.—When you pour boiling water upon the tea, it causes most of the aroma to escape with the steam.—First pour tepid or cold water enough on the tea to cover it, place it where it will warm, but not enough so as to cause the aroma to escape in the steam. Let it remain about half an hour, pour on boiling water and bring to the table.

Find fault only when you must, and then in private if possible, and some time after the offence. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are chided without witnesses; and the accused may be impressed with the forbearance of the accuser, who, although noticing the fault, waited for a proper time to mention it.

"Mother," said a lad, "is it wrong to break egg-shells?"

"Certainly not, my dear," said his mother, "but why do you ask such a silly question?"

"Because I have just dropped the basket with all the eggs in it, and a pretty mess I've made of it."

A fellow, having a spite at a sausage maker, rushed into his shop, when crowded with customers, threw a large dead cat upon the counter, and said:

"This makes nineteen! We'll settle when you're not so busy!" then made his exit. He was, of course, followed by the sausage amateurs, empty handed.

An editor his says "attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a girl handled a broom," whereat a brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so pleasant.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

As a test of the Christian timber in a man, just set him to putting up an old mis-matched stove pipe, and keep him at it for an hour. If he don't swear, he is seasoned.

An ex-devil of a country printing office was questioned as to the duties of a 'printer's devil.' He replied: "to bring water, carry out dirty water, steal wood, lie and numerous other things."

It is claimed that the white of an egg is a certain cure for the croup—given in repeated doses so long as necessary in sweetened water.

Spriggins says he once prevented a severe case of hydrophobia by simply getting on a high fence and waiting there until the dog left.

THIN MAN—"Boy, what's that hungry dog following me for?"

Insulting Boy—"He thinks you're a bone, I reckon."

"Jake, lend me ten dollars till I sell my dorg." Jake replied soothingly and sympathetically: "O Jim! I wouldn't sell him."

A story is told of a young man who was going West to open a jewelry store. When asked what capital he had, he replied: "A crowbar."

Descriptions decide nothing, that is to say, they do not convey any distinct idea of either places or people to those who are not acquainted with them.