Saint Mary's Beacon.

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ST. MARY'S BEACON

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JAMES S. DOWNS.

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All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

Professional Cards.

THE undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have, this 3rd day of July, 1866, formed a Copartnership in the practice of their profession, under the name and style of Combs & Downs. They will practice in the County of Saint Mary's and the adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention will be paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State, or the Government.

References given, when required. Address Combs & Downs, Leonardtown, P. O., St Mary's County, Maryland.

ROBERT C. COMBS,
JAS. S. DOWNS.

July 5, 1866—1y.

Law Co-Partnership.

THE undersigned have formed a law copartnership under the name of Maddox & Crane. They will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and also in the Court of Appeals.

Especial attention paid to the collection of claims against individuals, the State or the Government. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their charge.

Address, Maddox & Crane, Leonardtown St. Mary's county, Md.

G. FRED. MADDOX,
J. PARRAN CRANE,

Dec. 25, 1867—tf.

Law Co-Partnership

The undersigned, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, have this 1st day of December, 1869, associated themselves to practice their profession under the name and style of

BLAKISTONE & MORGAN.

They will practice in St. Mary's and the adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special and prompt attention will be paid to the collection of claims. One or both can always be found at their office in Leonard Town. Address, Blakistone & Morgan, Leonard Town P. O., St. Mary's County, Md.

JAMES T. BLAKISTONE,
JOSEPH F. MORGAN,

Dec. 2, 1869—tf.

JAS. H. WILSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD.

Feb 10, 1870—tf.

D. S. BRISCOE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown,
St. Mary's Co. Md.

may 9, 1867—tf.

J. F. MATTHEWS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEONARDTOWN,

Will practice in the Courts of St. Mary's, Charles and Prince Georges.
Sept. 12th, 1867—6m.

DANIEL G. HAMMETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Leonardtown, St. Mary's County, Maryland
Oct 3, 1867—tf.

Land Agency.

THE undersigned have formed a limited copartnership, as agents for the sale and purchase of Real Estate. Persons having FARMS for sale, or who wish to purchase, will do well to communicate with either of the undersigned.

JOHN H. MILBURN, Jr.,
Great Mills,
St Mary's co., Md.
F P HOLLISTER,
Montrose,
Susquehanna co., Pa.

may 23, 1868—tf.

FRANCIS NEALE. J. H. NEALE

NEALE, HARRIS & CO.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Sell leaf Tobacco, Grain and all country produce.

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may 27, 1869—tf.

DR. PAGE EDMUNDS,

DENTIST.

Office and residence White Hall,
Leonardtown, Md.

Jan 27, 1870—tf.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

When Franklin was twenty-seven years of age (1732), he commenced the issue of "Poor Richard's Almanac," under the name of Richard Saunders. One of the features of this almanac which rendered it at that day most attractive and useful, was the great number of maxims of practical, proverbial wisdom, with which its pages were richly stored. "I filled," says Franklin, "all the little space that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar, with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry, and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly; as, to use here one of those proverbs. *It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*" In the last number (published in 1757), he gathered these scattered maxims into a regular discourse, which he entitled "The Way to Wealth," supposed to have been delivered by an aged man to a company of both sexes at a public auction. We think the present a very appropriate time to republish it.

COURTEOUS READER:—I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great many people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks—"Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grevious to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our *idleness*, three times as much by our *pride*, and four times as much by our *folly*; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; for *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on disease, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *the sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *there will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough*.—Let us then up and be doing and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and He that rises late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night*; while *Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtaks him.—Drive thy business, let not that drive thee*; and *Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise*, as Poor Richard says.

"So, what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish; and he that lives upon hopes shall die fasting. There are no gains without pains. Then help, hands, for I have no lands*; or if I have they are smartly taxed. *He that hath a trade hath an estate, and He that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor*, as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for *At the working man's house hunger looks in but dares not enter.* Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for *Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.*—What though you have found no treasure, nor any rich relation left you a legacy, *Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.*—Then *Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.* Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. *One to-day is worth two to-morrows*, as Poor Richard says; and further, Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle?—Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family and your country. Handle your tools without mittens, remembering that The cat in the gloves catches no mice, as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for Constant dropping wears away stones; and By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and Little strokes fell great oaks.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee my friend, what Poor Richard says: Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for a life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas, industry gives comfort and plenty and respect. Fly pleasures and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and Now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow.

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled and careful; and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes and not trust too much to others; for as Poor Richard says—

'I never saw an oft removed tree,
Nor yet an o't removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.'

And again, Three removes are as bad as a fire; and again, Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee; and again, if you would have your business done, go; if not, send; and again—

'He that by the plow must thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.'

And again, 'The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands; and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for 'In the affairs of *this* world men are saved not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable; for, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.' 'A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for the want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.'

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business. But to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. 'A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and—

'Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

'If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting.' 'The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.'

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for—

'Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great.'

And further, 'What maintains one vice would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch, now and then, or a diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then can be no great matter; but remember, Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of *little* expenses. 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again—'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove; and, moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.'

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap; and perhaps they may be, for less than they cost; but, if you have no *occasion* for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again—'At a great pennyworth pause a while.' He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says—'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again—'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for cake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly and half starved his family. 'Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire,' as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? By these and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing, in which case it appears plainly that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of. They think 'It is day, and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much, is not worth minding; but 'Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Richard says; and then, 'When the bin is dry, they know the worth of what is in it.' But this they might have known before if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some;' for 'He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he, that lends to such people, when they want it again. Poor Richard further advises and says—

'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again—'Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have brought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Richard says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly a folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more;
But little boats should keep near shore.'

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt.'—'Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.' And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked and suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what *madness* must it be to *run into debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do, when you run into debt! You give to *another* power over your own liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and by degrees come to lose veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for 'The second vice is Lying, when the first is running into debt,' as Poor Richard says; and again to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon Debt's back;' whereas, a freeborn American ought not to be ashamed, nor afraid to see or to speak to any man living.—But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.'

"What would you think of that prince, or of that government, that should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman, or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, had a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run into debt for such dress. Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargains you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels, as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present you may perhaps think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but—

'For age and want save what you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but remember while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says; so, Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.'

'Get what you can, and what you get hold:
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

"And, when you have got this philosopher's stone, you will surely no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven, and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarcely in that; for it is true—'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this—'They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped;' and further, that 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same thy profit will be as great as mine.

I, am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

COLOR OF HORSES.—The Arabs illustrate their estimate of the different colors of a horse by the following story:

"A chief of a tribe was once pursued by enemies. He said to his son:

'My son, drop to the rear and tell me the color of the horses of our foe, and may Allah burn his grandfather!'

'White,' was the answer.

'Then we must go south,' said the chief, 'for in the vast plains of the desert the wind of the white horse cannot stand in a protracted chase.'

Again the chief said, 'My son, what colored horses pursue us?'

'Black, O my father!'

'Then we will go among the stones and rocky ground, for the feet of black horses are not strong.'

A third time the young Arab was sent to the rear, and reported chesnut horses.

'Then said the chief, 'we are lost.—Who but Allah can deliver us from the chesnut?'"

Dun or cream-colored horses the Arabs consider worthless.

☞ Among the qualifications that should be insisted upon for a school teacher are a good temper and a humane disposition. More particularly should these qualifications be insisted upon where corporal punishment—which, to a certain extent, we hold to be necessary—is allowed to be administered. But, whether or not this system be permitted, no one should have charge of children who is unable to appreciate their peculiarities, make allowances for their foibles, and commiserate their little misfortunes.

"Stranger will you try a hand with us at poker?" "Thank you gentlemen, but there are seventeen reasons, why I cannot accommodate you just now." Seventeen reasons for not playing cards!—Pray, what are they?"—"Why, the first is, I haven't any money." "Stop! that's enough; never mind the other sixteen."

A lady refused to relieve a beggar, but heard him say in a deep tone,

'Then I must resort to my first resolution.'

Thinking this allusion must be robbery or suicide, she turned back and gave him money and asked what he meant to have done.

'Oh!' said he. 'I intended to go to work!'

Since the story has been told how Judge Breckinridge married a girl whom he saw jump over the rail-fence with a pail on her head, all the girls in Orange county, New York, are said to spend their time in watching the road, and whenever they see a carriage approaching with a man in it, they seize their pails and go for a fence.

A young lady was lighting from an omnibus, when a ribbon fell from her bonnet to the floor of the stage.

"You have left your bow behind," remarked a lady passenger.

"No, I haven't, he's gone a fishing," innocently exclaimed the damsel.

"If I am not at home from the party to-night at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me."

"That I won't wait, but I'll *come* for you." The gentleman returned at ten o'clock precisely.

Somebody, whose estimate of women is sadly at fault, spitefully says, "Eve did not know as much as the females of the present age. Had they been in Eve's place, instead of being deceived they would have deceived the devil."

In Cork, the crier of the Court, anxious to disperse the crowd around the bar, exclaimed: "All ye blackguards that aint lawyers quit the Court!"

☞ A bachelor seeing the words "Families Supplied," over the door, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

☞ A contemporary says: "An Irishman threw a stone at a dog in a neighboring city, and missed him." Not surprising, considering whose the dog was.

HOW MARK TWAIN PUMPED AN ASSESSOR.

The first notice that was taken of me when I settled down," recently, was by a gentleman, who said he was an assessor, and connected with United States Internal Revenue Department. I said I had never heard of his business before, but I was very glad to see him, all the same—would he sit down? He sat down. I did not know anything particular to say, and yet I felt that people who have arrived at the dignity of keeping house must be conversationally adept beyond and sociable in company. So, in default of anything else to say, I asked him if he was opening his shop in our neighborhood.

He said he was. (I did not wish to appear ignorant, but had hoped he would mention what he had for sale.)

I ventured to ask him "how was trade?" and he said, "So-so."

I then said we would drop in, and if we liked his house as well as any other, we would give him our custom.

He said he thought we would like his establishment well enough to continue ourselves to it—said he never saw anybody who would go off and hunt up another man in his line after trading with him once.

That sounded very complacent, but barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

I do not know how it came about exactly, but gradually we appeared to melt down and run together, conversationally speaking, and then everything went along comfortably as clock-work.

We talked, and talked, and talked—at least I did. And we laughed, and laughed, and laughed—at least he did. But all the time I had my presence of mind about me—I had my native shrewdness turned on "full head," as the engineers say. I was determined to find out all about his business in spite of his obscure answers, and I was determined I would have it out of him without his suspecting what I was at. I meant to trap him with a deep, deep ruse. I would tell him all about my own business, and he would naturally so warm to me during this seductive burst of confidence that he would tell me all about his affairs before he suspected what I was about. I thought to myself, "my son, you little know what an old fox you are dealing with." I said:

"Now you never would guess what I made lecturing this Winter and last Spring?"

"No—don't believe I could to save me. Let me see—let me see. About two thousand dollars, may be? But no—no, sir, I know you couldn't have made that much. Say seventeen hundred, may be?"

"Ha-ha! I knew you couldn't. My lecturing receipts for last Spring and this Winter were fourteen thousand, seven hundred fifty dollars—what do you think of that?"

"Why, it is amazing—perfectly amazing. I will make a note of it. And you say even this wasn't all?"

"All? Why bless you there was my income from the Buffalo *Express* for four months—about—about—well, what should you say to about eight thousand dollars, for instance?"

"Say! Why I should like to see myself rolling in just such another ocean of affluence. Eight thousand! I'll make a note of it. Why, man! and on top of all this I am to understand that you had still more income?"

"Ha-ha-ha! Why, you're only in the suburbs of it, so to speak. There's my book, 'The Innocents Abroad'—price $3.50 to $5, according to binding. Listen to me. Look me in the eye. During the last four months and a half, saying nothing of the sales before that—but just simply during the four months and a half ending March 15, 1870, we sold ninety-five thousand! Think of it. Average four dollars a copy, say. It's nearly four hundred thousand dollars, my son. I get half."

"The suffering Moses! I'll set that down. Fourteen-seven-fifty—eight—two—hundred. Total, say—well, upon my word, the grand total is about two hundred and thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars. Is that possible?"

"Possible! If there's any mistake, it's the other way. Two hundred and fourteen thousand, cash, is my income for this year if I know how to cipher."

Then the gentleman got up to go. It came over me most uncomfortably that may be that I had made my revelations for nothing, besides being muttered into stretching them considerably by the stranger's astonished exclamations. But no; at the last moment the gentleman handed me a large envelope and said it contained his advertisement; and that I would find out all about his business in it.

As soon as he was gone I opened his advertisement. I studied it attentively for four minutes. I then called up the cook and said:

"Hold me while I faint. Let Maria turn the batter-cakes."

By and by, when I came too, I went down to the rum mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and guard the strangers, and give me a fit occasionally in the daytime when I came to a hard place.

Ah, what a miscreant he was! His "advertisement" was nothing in the world but a wicked tax return.

It was plain that that stranger had enabled me to make an ass of myself. It was very, very plain, and I was not the only blind and credulous idiot he had imposed on during the stranger had induced me to claim declaring an income of $214,000. By law $1,000 of this was exempted from income tax, the only relief I could see, and it was only a drop in the ocean. As the law stood I had to pay every year to the Government the appalling sum of $10,650 income tax.

I may remark in this place that I did not do it.

I am acquainted with a very opulent man, who owns house and palace, whose table is regal, whose outlays are enormous, yet a man who has no income, as I have often noticed, by the revenue returns; and to him I went for advice, in my distress. He took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he put on his glasses, he took his pen, and presto! he was a pauper! It was the neatest thing that ever was. He did it simply by manipulating the bill of "Deduction." He set down my "State, National, and Municipal Taxes" at so much; my "Losses by Shipwreck, Fire, &c.," at so much; my "Losses on Sales of Real Estate," on "Live Stock Sold," on "Payments for Rent of Homestead," on "Repairs, Improvements, Interest," on "Previously taxed Salary as an Officer of the United States Army, Navy, Revenue Service," and other things. He got astonishing "Deductions" out of each and every one of them. And when he was done he handed me the paper, and I saw at a glance that during the year 1869 my income, in the way of profits, had been one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and forty cents.

"Now," said he, "the thousand dollars is exempt by law. What you want to do is to go and swear this document in, and pay tax on the $250.

[While he was making this speech his little boy Willie lifted a two-dollar greenback out of his vest pocket and vanished with it; and I would bet anything that if any stranger were to call on that little boy to-morrow he would make a false return of his income.]

"Do you," said I, "do you always work up the 'deductions' after this fashion in your own case, sir?"

"Well, I should say so! If it weren't for those eleven saving clauses under the head of 'deductions' I should be beggared every year to support this hateful and wicked, this extortionate and tyrannical Government."

This gentleman stands away up among the very best of the solid men of Buffalo—integrity, of unimpeachable social spotlessness—and so I bowed to his example. I went down to the revenue office, and under the accusing eyes of my old visitor I stood up and swore to lie after lie, fraud after fraud, villainy after villainy, till my immortal soul was coated inches and inches thick with perjury, and my self-respect was gone forever and ever.

But what of it? It is nothing more than thousands of the highest, and richest, and proudest, and most respected, honored, and courted men of America do every year. And so I don't care. I am not ashamed. I shall simply, for the present, talk little, and wear fire-proof gloves, lest I fall into certain habits irrevocably.

The mind of man, in its progress toward its higher destiny is tasked with the physical earth as a problem, which, within the limits of a life, it must struggle to solve. The intellectual spirit is capable of embracing all finite things. Man is gifted with powers for studying the entire circle of visible creation; and he is equal, under proper training, to the task of examining much of the secret machinery that starts the whole.

"Were you born in wedlock?" said a counsel to a witness during the trial of a case relating to some land.

No, sir,' answered a man, 'I was born in Devonshire.'

A dandy, smoking a cigar, having entered a menagerie, the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, 'lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.'

A phirend pheeling phunnily phigurative, phurnishes the phollowing: 4ty 4tunate 4eters 4uitously 4ytying 4orn 4tresses, 4ibly 4mbe 4ty 4midable 4ngers 4ming 4aging 4ess.

"I leave you, my friend," said a tipsy fellow clinging to a lamp post on a dark night, "leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself. Hic never."

A Chicago man being asked on oath if he was married or single, said he was at breakfast time, but couldn't vouch for himself at that time of day.

A lady who drew a gent's wrapper at the fair a few evenings since, now wants to draw a man to put in it.

"Bill, I eat a good deal of fish now; they say it is good for the brain." "Is it? Well, John, I'll buy you a whale."

A lady describing an ill-tempered man, said: "He never smiles but he is ashamed of it."