

# Saints & Sinners

## ST. MARY'S BEACON

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## DIRECTORY

### St. Mary's County.

**JUDICIAL COURT.**  
The sessions of this Court begin on the third Mondays of March and September, and on the first Mondays of June and December. The March and September Terms being for the trial of causes wherein Juries may be required—those of June and December are the non-jury or intermediate Terms.  
Chief Judge—Hon George Brent.  
Associate Judges—Hons Robert Ford and Daniel B. Magruder.  
Clerk—J. Frank Ford.  
Deputy Clerks—Robt A Young and Jos F Neal.  
State's Attorney—J. Parran Crane.  
Commissioners in Equity—James T. Blakiston and James S. Downs.  
Commissioners in Law—J. Frank Bohanan (tax collector) and J. Scott.  
Auditor—Robert C. Combs.  
Sheriff—Benjamin Foxwell.  
Deputy Sheriff—George A. Simms.  
Justice of the Peace—James A. Simms.  
Crier—James F. Wathen.  
Deputy Crier—Zach Latham and Jos Latham.  
Messenger—J. J. Graves.  
Deputy Grand Jury—Thomas P. Guy.

### OFFICERS' COURT.

This Court meets on the 2nd Tuesday of every month.  
Chief Judge—Hon A. J. Spalding.  
Associate Judges—Hons L. H. Center and Z. H. Tippet.  
Register of Wills—James T. M. Raley.  
Deputy Register of Wills—Wm B. Goddard.  
Crier—Benj H. Swan.

### COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

This Court meets on the 2nd Tuesday of every month.  
John R. Abell, (President) John Parsons, Philip B. Lacey, A. C. Tennyson and A. F. Fenwick.  
Clerk—C. J. Durant.  
Messenger—Ester R. Graves.

### COUNTY SURVIVOR.

George B. Dent.

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Secretary—Benj Tippet, (County Examiner and Treasurer).

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Officers—J. Summerfield Joy.  
Clerk—John D. Yates.  
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1st District, John L. Foxwell  
2nd do Wm Frank Ford  
3rd do Joseph T. Gough  
4th do James R. Alvey  
5th do J. J. Redmond  
6th do R. King Clarke

### OFFICERS OF REGISTRATION.

1st District, G. M. C. Jones  
2nd do (vacant)  
3rd do Joseph S. Ford  
4th do Robert F. Barber  
5th do J. Lewis Barber  
6th do Stephen Jones

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2nd District, J. A. Wise, F. J. Thomas, J. S. B. Hammett, Thos Dent and Geo C. Loker.  
3rd District, Jo F. Morgan, D. C. Hammett, Zach Tippet and J. Felix Morgan.  
4th District, Thomas H. Fowler, W. L. Dent, J. C. Curry and J. Russell.  
5th District, H. C. Dent, George W. Burroughs and H. C. Adams.  
6th District, Jas G. Spalding, Wm B. Tucker and Z. T. Spalding.

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2nd District, James H. Saunders, R. M. Edwards and J. L. Milburn.  
3rd District, George A. Simms and Joseph T. Gough.  
4th District, James R. Alvey, Jos H. Shemwell and J. J. Alvey.  
5th District, James H. Alvey and J. J. Redmond.  
6th District, R. King Clarke.

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3rd District, Y. P. Dawkins, Stephen Foxwell and Sebastian Thompson.  
4th District, Llew J. Altman, W. L. Dent and F. G. Love.  
5th District, John Harrison, Thos Harrison and H. C. Dent.  
6th District, J. G. Spalding, Henry Jones and H. C. Graves.

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Deputy—George A. Simms.  
Trustees of the Confederate Cemetery, Point Lookout.  
Capt Jo Forrest, (President) J. Parran Crane, Wm L. Thomas, James R. Langley, Thomas Martin, Dr John M. Brouse and (two vacancies).

## ANECDOTES OF DOCTORS.

Foremost among the old English physicians whom we propose to sketch, must stand that blunt, clever, irascible Yorkshireman, Dr. Radcliffe, whose memory the great library at Oxford (for which he bequeathed forty thousand pounds) will never allow to perish.— Though there was perhaps a certain pride about his honest bluntness, we must respect the man who could tell the truth even to royal patients.  
Two years after his arrival in London, Radcliffe was appointed physician to the Princess Anne of Denmark; and soon after the accession of King William, was rewarded for the cure of two of William's favorites, by a present of five hundred guineas from the Princess. Though refusing the post of court physician, Radcliffe is said to have received from the king in six years nearly eight thousand guineas. His gains, indeed, seem to have been enormous, for, in 1691, he received one thousand guineas from Queen Mary for successfully prescribing for the young Duke of Gloucester, the son of the Princess Anne; and we cannot disbelieve the story that Dr. Gibson made a thousand a year by receiving patients who were unable to obtain admission to Dr. Radcliffe.

In 1694 he attended the good Queen Mary for the small-pox, and on merely reading the prescriptions of the other physicians, at once pronounced her "a dead woman," a prediction very soon verified. Queens and princesses might shrug their pretty shoulders at his name, but they could not dispense with Radcliffe's services, and we find him telling a messenger of the Princess Anne, "that she had nothing but the vapors, and was as well as any other woman in the world, could she but think so." He was dismissed the court for this bit. Even royal pride, however, had to bow before the great doctor, and he was, in 1699, again sent for to see the Duke of Gloucester, whom he at once, abusing soundly the court physicians, pronounced as beyond the reach of medicine.

In 1695, King William gave Radcliffe twelve hundred pounds, and made him the offer of a baronetcy, which he declined, for the good reason that he intended the Earl of Albemarle, who, on his recovery, had sent him four hundred guineas and a diamond ring. The king Radcliffe did little to enlighten, and told him frankly that all promises to cure him were futile. He might, he said, if he gave up drinking long toasts with the Earl of Bradford (who drank hard), live three or four years; but no art would carry him further. When the king was finally seized with dropsy, he asked the doctor what he thought of his legs. Radcliffe replied: "Why, truly, sir, I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms."  
"Can we wonder that William ever afterwards refused to see the blunt doctor, in spite of the intercessions of the Earl of Albemarle and other nobles?"

For many years, Queen Anne remembered the message about the vapors, and never sent for him to the palace; but when her own husband, Prince George of Denmark, was dying, she had again to have her pride. But Radcliffe was both blunt and rough, and told her plainly that no medicine could preserve him more than six days; and the Prince died of dropsy within that time.

Fond as Radcliffe was of money, he could bear losses philosophically, if the story be true, that, losing five thousand pounds in a foolish commercial adventure, he coolly remarked in his city tavern, that, after all, it amounted to going up five thousand more pairs of stairs. He was equally calm when he lost fifteen thousand pounds down a city bridge. With that strange inconsistency common to human nature, Radcliffe, though he hated breaking a guinea for small payments, was charitable in a large way. He secretly sent five hundred pounds to the Nonjuring clergy of Norwich, and on another occasion three hundred pounds to the poor Episcopal clergy of Scotland.

To those whom he respected the doctor was rough; to those whom he despised, he was terrible indeed. Tyson of Hackney, a notorious usurer and miser, once came to him disguised as a poor man, in order to save the fee.— Radcliffe recognized him, and at once shook death's dart in his face.  
"Go home, sir, and repent!" he roared. "The grave is ready for the man who has raised an immense estate out of the spoils of orphans and widows.— You will be a dead man in ten days."  
Tyson died within the time, having the wretched satisfaction of leaving behind him three hundred thousand pounds.

Radcliffe, who died in 1714, was succeeded by his protégé, Dr. Mead, the son of a dissenting minister at Stepney, who first practiced inoculation in England. Though an ardent Whig, Mead was a friend of Pope, Garth, and Arbuthnot. Educated at Utrecht, Leyden, and Padua, Mead became famous at an early age, and soon acquired a European reputation. Though a mild, forbearing man, he once drew his sword on his scurrilous rival, Dr. Woodward, and forced him to beg his pardon.— His grand home in Great Ormond Street contained a library of ten thousand volumes, and curiosities innumerable, which he could well afford to purchase out of his six thousand pounds a year. A liberal patron of arts and sciences, he helped to start the Foundling Hospital, and was generous to ar-

tists and scholars. As physician to St. Thomas' Hospital, anatomical lecturer to the Surgeons' Company, and Vice President of the Royal Society, he knew every one who was eminent. He corresponded with his old fellow-student, Boerhaave, and was eulogized by Pope, who says: "I highly esteem and love that worthy man."  
Like his patron Radcliffe, Mead was fond of taverns. He spent his evenings at Batson's coffee-house; and in the forenoon, apothecaries used to consult him, for half-guinea fees, at Tom's coffee-house, near Covent Garden.— With all his learning, Mead believed that the sun and moon had influence over human bodies, and wrote a work on the subject.

At the age of twenty, Frobergill, the son of a planter in Tortola, released his fifty slaves, and became a voluntary beggar, then commencing practice, he amassed nearly two thousand pounds in six months, and came to England, where he soon became renowned for his benevolence and his learning.  
Passing over Freund, whose Jacobitism got him into the Tower, and Cheselden, with his predilection for pugilism, we pass on to that excellent man, the Quaker physician, Lettson. When only forty years of age, Dr. Lettson is said to have made twelve thousand pounds per annum. The charity and generosity of this amiable man knew no bounds. For a highwayman who stopped him and took his purse, he obtained a commission in the army. His rich patients he neglected for the poor. He was one of the earliest supporters of the Margate Seabathing Infirmary. He promoted vaccination, and helped forward the Royal Humane Society. Lettson is described as a tall man, with a dark yellow face. The well-known epigram upon him ran:  
When any sick to me apply  
Physic, bleed, and sweat 'em;  
If after that they choose to die,  
What's that to me?—Lettson.

A greater man, and quite as social and amiable, was Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. A chance remark of a Gloucestershire dairymaid was the origin of his great and useful discovery. He was the son of a Gloucestershire clergyman, and on the expiration of his apprenticeship to a surgeon near Bristol, studied under the celebrated John Hunter. In 1790, Parliament voted Jenner twenty thousand pounds, as it appeared clearly from a report of the College of Physicians that, out of 164,311 cases of vaccination, there had been only three deaths. Jenner seems to have been a meek, gentle, and modest man, astonished at his own fame. The character of the man is well shown in a letter he wrote to Clive, who assured him, if he came to London, he would earn ten thousand pounds a year.  
"Shall I," he says, "who even in the morning of my days sought the lonely and sequestered paths of life in the valley, and not the mountain—shall I, hold my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock should I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it—a gilded bubble, forever pierced with the arrows of malignancy."

John Hunter was a remarkable instance of natural genius discovering its true bent. The Glasgow cabinet-maker's boy was right when he left the plane and chisel, and turned anatomical assistant, to be in time surgeon general of the army, and, without a doubt, the first surgeon of Europe. On his great collection, now in the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Hunter is said to have spent ninety thousand pounds. It was purchased by the government for fifteen thousand. Hunter's skillfulness may be gathered from the fact, that he once removed a tumor as large as a man's head, and healed the wound, as surgeons say, by the first incision. He was so different a lecturer, that he is said to have always taken thirty drops of laudanum before he commenced his discourse. In character, Hunter was arrogant and contemptuous, trampling down all opposition. When told of a hostile criticism being published, he said: "Yes, we have all of us vermin that live upon us." Hunter died in 1793, suddenly, at a meeting in St. George's Hospital, where some opposition had irritated him. A fear of hydrophobia from a cut he had received in dissecting a hydrophobia patient, had lately preyed much upon his mind. His chief discoveries were in relation to cancer and popliteal aneurism; but he carried the study of anatomy further than his predecessor, and established the existence of new properties in gastric juice. Hunter was fond of keeping wild animals, from which he sometimes ran great risks.

In Abernethy, we come again to one of those rough, eccentric physicians of whose kindness innumerable good stories are told. Like Dr. Johnson, he had a warm heart under a rough exterior. Though he could be absolutely brutal to fine ladies and affected misses, he is said to have been an amiable man, beloved of his family and friends. But to tire some patients and malades imaginaires, he was at times the personation of rudeness: "Sir, that's enough; go home and read my book." To a lady, who complained of low spirits, he would say: "Don't come to me; go and buy a skipping-rope." Sometimes, however, he met his match. Curran one day came to consult him, and was rather diffuse in describing his symptoms.  
"Sir," said Abernethy, "you had bet-

ter tell me your whole history, and Curran sat down, and began: "I was born in the county of—, Ireland. Abernethy burst into a laugh, and determined to be brief, and to the point, one day entered his room, and thrusting out his hand, merely said: "My dear man, you are a good fellow, and I am glad to see you here." "You, madam," he exclaimed, "are the only amiable ever had for a patient."  
A gentleman, equally diffident, was roughly interrupted.

When a patient of eminence was brought to him, he would sit up in bed, and with an air of great importance, and a more conscientious but rather dull port, whom Dryden had condescended to maul. That Sir Richard had once kept a school was the chief charge pressed home against him. Nevertheless he was a man of high standing, whom William III knighted, and made physician of the household.  
Among the last of the clever but eccentric class of doctors, was Scott of Bromley, who flourished within the present century. Crowds flocked to him from London for his advice; although aware that they might meet with some unpleasant rebuff. Scott, like some other shrewd physicians, trusted more to dietetics and general habits than medicine for his cures. He usually ate a glass of wine, and was very abstemious, late dinners, snuff-taking, and so on. In a few words, he peremptorily ordered a change in these respects. A gentleman having gone to consult him, was told to dine early on a mutton chop, drink no more beer, and give up taking snuff. The injunction was hard, and only to a limited extent obeyed. The patient "some time afterwards returned to say that he was not getting well. Scott in an instant detected the disobedience of his orders. "You still take snuff, sir?" "Yes, sir." "Then, go away and die; why trouble me?" This time the order was obeyed in all its integrity. The patient got completely well, and lived to be a nonagenarian.

**THIRST AT SEA.**—A correspondent calls our attention, says the London Daily News, to the fact that while the survivors of the Comaric suffered agonies of thirst in their boats, the two men from the La Plato, who were actually in the water up to their waists for nearly all the time of their three days exposure on the damaged raft, felt no thirst and no hunger. Only when the sight of the Dutch vessel, their rescuer, made them feverish with hope and excitement did they begin to find their throats grow parched. Does not a plunge in the sea relieve thirst, our correspondent asks, and he gives his own experience as a swimmer in a sea-port town, when he was young, in testimony that it does produce that effect. The water entering the pores relieves the parched up palates, and perhaps, as he puts it, a filtration takes place in the process which gets rid of the presence of the saline matter. The theory is affirmed with great precision, we remember, by one of George Sand's heroes, not a high authority certainly on scientific questions, but the experiences of a hero of romance, if only they are adopted from anybody's actual life, are as good so far as those of Hippocrates or Huxley. The question ought to be easily settled, and the only wonderful thing about it is, that if the belief of our correspondent and the French romancer's hero be correct, there should ever have been any question at all. We fear that if so readily and simple a remedy were also sure, it could hardly have failed long ago to find universal recognition. The thirst which is caused by mere heat would be naturally assuaged by a plunge in water fresh or salt; but the thirst that is born of exposure, exhaustion and want of food is perhaps not so easily conquered or cured.

"Editing a newspaper is a pleasant thing. If it contains too much political matter, people won't have it; if it contains too little, they won't have it. If the type is too large it don't contain enough reading matter; if the type is too small, folks can't read it. If we have a few jokes, folks say we are nothing but rattle heads; if we omit jokes they say we are old fossils; if we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving them original selections; if we publish original selections, folks say that we are too lazy, for giving them what they have read in some other paper. If we give a man a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial; if we do not all hands say we are a hog. If we do not pay all bills promptly, folks say we are not to be trusted; if we do pay promptly, then they say we stole the money."

The New York Court of Appeals not long since decided that a man has no right to the fruit growing upon branches of a tree overhanging his land where the trunk of the tree stands wholly upon the land of his neighbor. But the law regards the overhanging branches as a nuisance, and they may be removed as such; or the owner of the land shaded may remove them if he is careful not to commit any wanton or unnecessary destruction in so doing. Where the trunk of a tree stands on the line, the owners of the adjoining land have a joint ownership in the tree and fruit, and neither one has the right to remove it without the consent of the other.

## THE GIRAF.

Giraf is the longest necks of all other animals. I never see such long necks like a stepple, but no bells in it. There heads is little, too, but maybe not little only for them. I suppose if we see a giraf's head on a cat we would say wot a big head that cat's got, wot don't you make it a sho? It's like elephants havin little eyes, but if a baby had 'em, wot's them? Maybe giraf's heads is little cos they is up all most out of sight like larks.  
The giraf is spiky like them leppers in the zoo, which makes some folks call 'em cannible leppers, but that's not, cos they aint no more like a cannible than Billy is, and if spots makes leppers its sister's new dress is a lepper, and it aint cos it don't bite.

When a man wick had never see a giraf was to the Zoo, he was passin a horse wick is in the Zoo, and a giraf wick was on the other side of the house look over the roof at the man. The man diddnt say any thing then, but he went and foun the keper, and said had a dear and the keper said perhaps he had and perhaps he haddnt, they was all ways hidin their selfs about the groups. Then the man said you git me a ladder and the keper said you are nobody but me wot ever think of lookin for it, but I wuz a Zoonan myself once, and I kwo wot dears is. So the keper wick tho the man was crazy tole him were to fine a ladder so he wud go a way, and the man brot the ladder, and set it again the house, and went up to fetch down the dear for he tho he was on the roof. But wen he got on the roof he saw the giraf in the back yard a catin the top of a tree. Then the man he got down again, and lugd the ladder back to were he foht it, and went to the keper, wick he was a lookin on, and said I tho if I wud get real high up maybe I could see over the groups and fine your dear for you, but if you aint sure you have loss a dear it aint wot wile.

When you come to see a owl cloce it has offe big eyes, and wen you come to feel it with your fingers, wick it bites, you find it is mosely fethers, with only just meat enuf to hole 'em to gather.

Once they was a man tho he wud like a owl for a pet, so he tole a bird man to send him the bes one in the shop, but when it was brot he lookt at it and squeered it, and it diddnt suite. So the man he rote to the bird man, and said he kep the owl you sent, tho it aint like I wanted, but wen it is wrot out you mus make me a other, with littler eyes, for I spose these eyes is number twelve, but I want number sixes, and then if I pay you the same price you can afford to put in more owl.

Owls has got to have big eyes cos they has to be out a good deal at nite a doin bismis with rats and mice, wick keeps late ours. They is said to be very wise, but my sisters young man he says any body cude be wise if they woud set up nites to take notice.

That feller comes to our house just like he use to, only more, and wen I ast him wic he come so much he said he was a man of science, like me and was a studiyin ornithology, wick was birds. I ast him wot birds he was a studiyin, and he said anjils, and wen he said that my sister she lookt out the winder, and said wot a fine day it had turned out to be. But it was raining cats and dogs, ren she said it. I never see such a goose in my life as that girl, but uncle Ned, wick has been in of parts of the wot, he says that they is just that way in Pattygony.

In the piter alphabets the O is some times a owl, and some times it is a ox, but if I wud, and the piter Lde have it stan for a oggur to bere holes with. I tole to ole gaffer Peters once wen he was to our house lookin at my new book, and he said you is right, Johnny, but here is this H stans for harp, but hoo cares for a harp, why dont them make it stan for a horgan? He is such a ole fool.

As a policeman passed upon his beat in Detroit he observed two broken windows. He looked through one of them and saw a man on the floor with a broken and bound-up head, while furniture and fragments were heaped about him. Inquiring as to the origin of the ruin, he was answered by a woman with a baby in her lap: "You see that man there? Well, he's my husband. Baby's sick. He said, 'Give her castor oil.' I said 'Give her goose grease.' There he lays."

## CHEAP THINGS.

One of the worst mistakes which can be made is to purchase an article because it is cheap. Very many persons are in need of a first-class Sewing Machine, yet do not feel quite ready to pay the full price at once, and are sometimes led into purchasing an inferior machine, at less cost, because a machine of some kind is really needed in every family.— And then, again, some say "I will get me a cheap machine now; it will perhaps do my work at present, and I will learn to run a machine, and sometime I will get a better." To all, both high and low, we would say:—when you select a sewing machine you should be as particular as you need to be in selecting a family horse. See that it has a reputation unexceptional; see that it is made for endurance; see that it is sound; see that it is always ready to go; see that it has no bad breaks; see that it can do all kinds of work; see that it is in good health, so that it will not need doctoring; see that you get one you can depend upon, to do all the work, and do it just when you need it done; and above all don't buy a balky horse, nor a balky machine. A poor sewing machine is worse than none and a constant source of trouble. Many of what are called selling points in a machine are simply frivolous, and intended to tickle the fancy of those who are sold. It is no great recommendation in a horse for family use, that it can walk on three legs; and so useless tricks in a Sewing Machine should be avoided. Substantial excellencies only can stand the test of time and use. The How Machine has stood the test, and to-day over a hundred thousand are in use throughout the civilized world. Mr. J. P. GREENWELL, Leonardtown, Md., offers this machine on such easy terms that persons of moderate income can obtain one by paying small monthly installments, and thus in time become possessed of a machine that is not cheap in any sense of the word, but one that will earn its cost many times over and be a constant source of relief and comfort.

Professor Tyndall illustrates the value of a single potato by supposing that every potato in the world but one was destroyed; that one would contain in itself the possibility of again stocking the world with an invaluable article of food. If one potato would produce, when planted, only a crop of ten potatoes, in ten years, the total product of a machine that is not cheap in any sense of the word, would be equal to ten thousand millions, which would be sufficient to stock the whole world with seed. The real value of that single potato, then, would be such that it would be better that the city of London or New York should be totally destroyed than that tuber should be lost to the world.

Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2—a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer, whenever there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a five to the answer. Multiply 464 by five and the answer will be 2,320; dividing the same number by 2 and you have 232; and as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now take 357, and multiply by 5; there is 1,785. Divide the same number by 2, and you have 178 and a remainder, you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,785.

Somebody has figured out the interesting fact that the total amount of State, county, city, and town taxes collected in the United States in 1870 was \$289,591,000, which was about \$7 a head for the entire population. The total amount of these taxes collected in 1860 was \$94,186,000, which was about \$3 a head for the entire population.— It cost, therefore, more than twice as much to take care of a man in his State, county and municipal relations in 1870 as it did ten years before. This does not include the Federal taxation.

Josh Billings says: "If you are going to give a man anything, give it to him cheerfully and quick, don't make him get down on his knees in front of you and listen to the ten commandments and then give him five cents."

An English minister says that "If Scripture said one thing and the London Times another, five hundred persons out of every five hundred and ten would believe the Times."

The man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one has invented a machine with which he can cook his dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.

Avoid annoyance; be cautious and kindly. It is not safe to trample upon so humble a thing as a bit of orange peel.

The Danbury News says that Boston has at least one man who cannot tell a lie. He is a deaf and dumb pea nut merchant.