

Saint Mary's Beacon.

LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Farmer Single's Mud-Hole Mishap.

You was wunst a boy, I reckon,
With your rigg' 'r' full of vim,
And a pack o' musin' fancies;
Bustin' ef'ar above the brim;
Lookin' out fur any frolic,
Whooopin' everythin' fur fun,
Not a keerin' fur no lickin'
Underneath the shinin' sun.

Wunst when I was such a shaver,
Dad he sent me off ter town
Fur to git my Aunt Jerushy,
(Oth'wise her name was Brown.)
Sez he: "Take the loctie wagon
An' the dapple troatin' mare;
An' in case yer aunt should want it,
Jist put in that willer chair."

So I started bright an' airly,
On a warmish Aperi morn,
Leavin' dad an' 'toder fellers
In the field a-plantin' corn.
I wa'n't sorry fur to miss it;
Don't suppose 'twas any needs
Peevin' sorry 'cause I had ter
Gin up plantin' punkin' seeds.

Aunt Jerush was thar' an' waitin',
With her bundles an' her wraps;
Can't see why those pesky wimmen
Hev ter hev so many traps.
She hed satchels an' valises
An' ban'boxes by the score;
An' when I thought all was loaded,
Thar' laid half a dozen more.

But we fin'ly got ter humpin'
Purty well along toward home;
An' aunt's tongue it kep' a-rattlin'
Like a 'tarnel little drum.
She could beat the world fur talkin',
This same Aunt Jerushy Brown;
She was wound ter go forever;
Seemed she couldn't be run down.

You remember up ter Millies
(That old mud-hole in the road?)
Tallers was thar' allers will be.
Now ye see, I rudder knowed
Aunt Jerush was summat' afraid like;
Still, she stabled such a streak
That I loved as how I'd skeer her,
Jist to make her tongue run weak.

So I started up a-trottin',
An' a lickin' of the mare,
Not a-thinkin' as we had'n't
'Tud that playey willer chair.
Plunk! I struck the orn'ary mudhole;
Then I heed Aunt give a yell,
An' I turned an' seen a sight, sir,
Thet no words o' mine can tell.

Thar' sot Aunt, a-yellin' fearful,
Right in the 'ere mud an' wet;
Fur the chair had tumbled backwards,
An' she'd turned a summeret.
Oh! but she was jist a pictur',
Waiting patient to be framed,
An' a pictur' thet, correcty,
Aint no never could be named.

Mud, ef'ar from her heels to top-knot,
Then back down from head to heels;
Sweatin' mud like all creation,
Spittin' mud between her squeals;
Mud a-drippin' from her fingers,
Sweatin' mud from every pore;
Mud a-coverin' her completely,
Both behind her an' before.

Such another lookin' critter
Don't expect you ever see;
An' I hardly think you'd keer to—
Leastwise thet's the way with me.
Fur instead of its a-tightenin'
Anything about her tongue,
I made it waggle more'n a ever,
Like 'twas on a pivot hump.

An' she jawed me thar' hand runnin'
Fur a matter o' four mile;
With her pesky voice a-squarkin'
Like a old three-cornered file.
Why, she scolded till I dray up
By the gateway thar' to hum;
An' her 'tarnal gab an' elater
Made me think my end hed come.

So it hed, or was diskitvered
By my old paternal dad,
Who made note ov his diskitvery
With a limber hickory gad.
An' when Aunt Jerush was toted
Back to town, I wunst thar';
It was dad hisself, in person,
Kid behind the dapple mare.
—Peck's Six.

IN A PANTHER'S DEN.

[From the New York Sun.]

The lumber firm in which I was employed desired to establish a camp near the head waters of the Wolf River, Wisconsin, he says, and I was instructed to look over the ground and report. I left Shawano in August in a skiff, taking with me provisions, firearms and a camping outfit, calculating to be gone about twenty days. I was accompanied by my dog, a large and savage bloodhound. I am writing of that twelve or fourteen years ago, and the country about the source of Wolf River was then wild enough to suit any hunter. On the way up I met with plenty of small game, and on two occasions saw the tracks of bears, but no incident worth recording happened until I had been two days on the site selected for the camp. With my ax I cleared away a place for the buildings, blazed the way to a spring, and cut down a number of small pines to be ready for firewood when winter and the men arrived. The supplies were to be run in from Menominee, forty miles away, and as soon as my work was finished at the camp site I was to haul my skiff ashore, sling my pack, and blaze a road through the wilderness for the teams to follow.

I had a small tent with me, plenty of good provisions, and the first two or three days and nights passed without alarm. On the afternoon of the third day, while I was prospecting along the river to ascertain its depth, width, etc., a black bear visited my tent and carried off a smoked ham I had brought with me. He also tore open the sugar bag and wasted most of its contents. I followed him for half a mile or so by his tracks, but then lost his trail. That same night, as I sat smoking at the door of my tent, I heard the cry of a panther from a jungle across the river. There was no mistaking the sound. The man who has ever listened to the long

draw scream of a panther will never confound it with the cry of any other wild beast. This fellow screamed out three or four times, with an interval of about five minutes between the screams, and then he was suddenly answered by his mate, who was on my side of the stream and apparently not more than twenty rods away. I've had to do with various wild beasts in my time, and I never knew anything to weaken a dog like the yell of a panther. That dog of mine wouldn't have hesitated a moment to attack a bear or wolf, but the yells of those panthers made a coward of him in no time. He crawled into the tent, and I could neither coax nor drive him out. However, I didn't blame him so very much, for every yell sent the shivers climbing up my spine in a way to make me ashamed of myself. I heaped on the wood until I had a big fire, and after the beasts had called to each other a few times they ceased screaming, and the woods were as silent as a graveyard. In about an hour the dog regained courage and came out of the tent and began sniffing around. By and by some small animal ran across the open ground in our front, and the dog uttered a bark and dashed after it. I heard him rushing through the woods for two or three minutes, and was about to whistle him to return when there was one loud, fierce yell from one of the panthers, a yell of terror from the dog, and I knew that he was a goner. I whistled and called, but I had seen him for the last time.

I got but little sleep that night, feeling that I was at the mercy of the beasts if they had a mind to attack. Directly after breakfast I started out in the direction the dog had taken, and after traveling about 250 feet I came upon the spot where he had met his death. I think the panther had leaped down on him from a tree and secured a great advantage, for there had been no struggle. The pine cones were spashed with blood and tufts of hair could be found here and there where the dog was dragged off in the direction of the stream.

I had with me a double-barreled shot-gun and a revolver, and I determined to revenge old Tiger's death. I had noticed a big heap of driftwood a short distance up the river, and on the other side, and from this heap a fallen tree bridged the stream. When I came to inspect this tree I found more blood and more tufts of hair, and it was plain that the dog's body had been carried across to some den in the driftwood. I crossed by the log and mounted the heap. It was composed of limbs, trunks and dead logs, which had been flung there on the low ground in high water. It looked like a good place for a panther's den, and as I carefully moved about I held the gun ready for a shot.

My idea was to descend the heap and look for the opening of the den, but I descended in a manner entirely unlooked for. A limb suddenly gave way under my feet, and I went crashing down through the pile, which at that spot contained a hollow as big as an ordinary bedroom. Both barrels of the gun exploded as I fell, and the gun was lost from my grasp. I landed in a heap on the ground, surrounded by broken branches, and enough daylight came down to enable me to see what sort of place I had fallen into. It would be no great job to climb out, and I was about making a move in that direction when I heard the faint squeals and squeaks of kittens, and looked down to find a pair of wee little panthers almost under my feet. Scattered around were bones and pieces of flesh to tell the fate of old Tiger. I was in a panther's den, and as I realized it my heart jumped into my throat until it seemed as if I could not get my breath. I was thoroughly rattled and ready to run, and for two or three minutes I made frantic efforts to clamber out. As fast as I reached a limb it broke under my weight and let me down again, but I was still trying when I heard one of those panthers yell out. It wasn't the cry of the previous night, but a snarl of rage, and I knew I was to be attacked. Now for what followed I have received the credit of being a very brave man, but I am ready to confess that I never felt myself more of a coward. I was at bay, and cowards will fight when driven to the wall. I just beat down over those cubs, drew my revolver, and in about a minute I caught sight of a panther's head as she worked her way in through the drifts. I took quick aim and let her have it, and she didn't kick a half a dozen times. I knew the other one was around there somewhere, and I didn't have over three minutes to wait. He came for me by a different route, and he was almost upon me before I fired the shot which finished him.

The kittens were about two weeks old, and after the old ones had been finished I knocked the little ones on the head. When I returned to Shawano I carried the paws to prove that I had destroyed four panthers, and, as

I told you, I got the credit of being a lion-hearted Nimrod. I deserved not one word of praise. I simply had the nerve to use my revolver when pinched, and the killing of the first beast by one bullet was simply a lucky shot.

How to TAKE A PAPER.—An exchange gives the following amusing account of the way a farmer was taught how cheaply he could take a paper. The lesson is worth consideration:
"You have hens at home of course. Well I will send you my paper for one year for the products of a single hen for the year and the proceeds. It seems trifling, preposterous, to imagine the products of a single hen will pay a subscription—perhaps it won't but I make the offer."
"Done, I agree to it," exclaimed Farmer B., and appealed to me as a witness of the affair.

The farmer went off apparently much elated with the conquest; the editor went on his way rejoicing.

Time rolled on, the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in its orbit as it formerly did. The farmer received his paper regularly and regaled himself with the information from it, and said he was surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information.

Some time in the month of September, I happened to be again in the office, when who should enter but our friend, Farmer B.

"How do you do, Mr. B.?" said the editor, extending his hand with a bland smile. "Take a chair and be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine indeed," he answered, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. hunched his chair backward and forward, twirled his thumbs abstractedly, and spit profusely. Starting up quickly, he said addressing the editor, "I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It was amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down.

When at the wagon the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the products, amounting to eighteen pullets, worth twelve and a half cents each, and a number of dozen eggs, making in the aggregate, at the least calculation, one dollar and fifty cents more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it, too. I don't miss this from my roof, yet I have paid for a year's subscription and over. All folly, sir; there's no man but what can take a newspaper; it's charity, you know, commenced at home."

"But," said the editor, "I will pay you for what is over the subscription; I did not intend this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay—"

"Not a bit of it sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir,—doubly paid, sir. And whenever a neighbor makes a complaint, I will relate to him the hen story.—Good day, gentlemen."

GOING A-FISHING.—The fishing season is thoroughly in force at present, and the efficient and experienced liar emerges from his lair and takes advantage of the occasion.

He sits there patiently all day amid the mosquitoes and rattlesnakes and anacondas and poison nettles and red ants that chew holes in him and lizards that crawl into his boots until he wishes he was dead; and over him big trees bend, from the branches of which green worms fall on him and crawl down his spine, and he throws a rock at a cow which is coming towards him, and the rock falls in a bees' nest, and the bees follow him up and camp on him and dig caves in his eyes until he stands on his head and howls.

And at night he gathers up the three-inch scrub fish he has caught and rubs mud in his ears to take out the bee stings, and shakes the snakes out of his pants, and fishes the lizards from under his collar and starts for home.

He swears by Saint Bugo that he will never go fishing again, and he doesn't—until the next time. And then the same old circus occurs again, and it is followed by the same stern vow.

Young man, if you must go fishing, use some judgment. Don't go to the woods or to the water; go to the fish market.

An Irishman visiting Boston was being told by a Yankee about a famous machine they had there, the bullock being driven in alive at one end and coming out at the other ready made sausage. "Oh, that's nothin'," replied Pat. "Shure and we have a machine jist the same in County Clare, only if the sausages begin to get high, they jist put them in at the other end of the machine and they come out live bastes again."

There is in New Guinea an electrical tree which knocks down any man who touches it. The woodman spares that tree.

For a young woman to begin to brush the dust off a young man's coat is said to be the first symptoms that the young man is in peril.

TAKING AND GIVING ADVICE.—Taking good advice is quite a different thing from giving good advice. Almost everybody knows how to do the second; next to nobody knows how to do the first. Yet taking good advice is, nominally, at least, quite as important as giving good advice; and in the present state of the world, it is much more important. What a sudden change there would be in this blundering old world, if the taking of good advice were as easy and as pleasant as its giving.

It was a favorite thought and conceit of the classical writers that men were divided into three classes: "Men who, themselves, knew what they ought to do; men who did not themselves know, but who were willing to learn from others what they should do, and men who neither knew nor would learn from others what was best for them to do. If one cannot belong to the choice few who form the first of these three classes, he ought, at least, to see that he does not belong to the ignominious many who form the third."

A cynical old bachelor says: Ideas are like beards; men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any.

Published every Thursday Morning at

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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Published every Thursday Morning at

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Jan 12, 82—7.

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Arriving at Brandywine, 2:10 p. m.
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Leave Mechanicsville, going West, Mondays and Thursdays at 5:45 a. m.
Arriving at Brandywine at 6:50 a. m.
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