Saint Mary's Beacon
JOB PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
BILL HEADS
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH;

Parties having Real or Personal Property for sale can obtain descriptive hand bills neatly executed and at City Prices.

Saint Mary's Beacon.

Saint Mary's Beacon
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
At Leonardtown, Md.,
By T. F. YATES & F. V. KING.
A Dollar a Year in Advance.

TERMS for TRANSIENT ADVERTISING:

One square, one insertion.........$1 00
Each subsequent insertion........50
Eight lines or less constitute a square.

A Liberal Deduction made for Yearly Advertisements. Correspondence solicited

VOL. XLVIII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1888. NO. 389.

ESTABLISHED 1822.

JOSIAH H. D. SMOOT,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Shingles, Laths,

NAILS, LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, &c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURER OF

FLOORING, DOORS, SASH, BLINDS FRAMES, MOULDINGS, MANTELS, BRACKETS AND ALL KIND OF WOOD WORK.

Office and yard No. 21 North Union St. Factory Nos. 13 and 15 North Lee St.,

ALEXANDRIA, VA

☞ Seasoned Lumber and flooring kept under cover.

B. R. ABELL, Agent, Leonardtown, is authorized to sell and collect. Orders left with him will receive prompt attention.
March 18, 1886—y.

PROFESSIONAL.

RICHARD B. TIPPETT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
11 E. Lexington St., near Chas., Balt., Md.

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore city, Court of Appeals of Md., in the counties Charles and St. Mary's and Washington city. Special attention given to Admiralty practice, collection of claims, &c., Being a member of and counsel for the Real Estate firm of E. J. Chaisty & Co., all parties desiring to sell farms in Maryland can place them in our hands. Persons desiring to buy or exchange should call or send for list of property. Money loaned on first mortgage. Jan 20—y.

DAN'L C. HAMMETT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
LEONARDTOWN, MD,

Having removed his Law Office to the room adjoining his dwelling house, lately occupied as the Post Office, will be pleased to see all his old friends and clients and as many new ones as may see fit to call.

All business intrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

Special attention paid to the Collection of Claims and the Sale and Conveyance of Real Estate.
Jan 8'85 1m

JO. F. MORGAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Agent for Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, Mutual Life of New York and Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
LEONARDTOWN, Md.
April 1, 1880—tf.

HENRY F. SPALDING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
No. 25 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Prompt attention given to all business intrusted to his care.
Jan 1, 86—tf

GEORGE BLAKISTONE,
Attorney at Law,
45 Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
Will continue to practice in the Courts of St. Mary's and adjoining counties.
June 6, 1878.

D. S. BRISCOE,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
41 St. Paul's Street, Baltimore, Md,
Jan. 16, 1873—tf.

R. C. COMBS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Leonardtown, Md.
Aug. 12—tf.

B. HARRIS CAMALIER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Leonardtown, Md

DANIEL R. MAGRUDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
(late of the Court of Appeals.)
Has associated himself with B. Harris Camalier for the trial of cases in the Circuit Court for St. Mary's county. Office and address Annapolis, Md.

WALTER I. DAWKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
No. 1 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
Will continue to practice in St. Mary's and adjoining counties. Nov 3—tf.

JO F. MORGAN,
Insurance Agent & Broker,
LEONARDTOWN MD.

Represents the following First Class Companies with combined assets of twelve million of dollars, and has facilities for placing large lines of insurance on the most favorable terms in home or foreign companies.
Royal Fire Insurance of Liverpool,
Watertown Fire, of New York,
London, Liverpool & Globe, Fire,
Mutual Endowment Assessment of Baltimore, Life.
New York Mutual Life.
Connecticut Mutual Life.
Jan 12, 82—yt

FOR RENT.

STORE, dwelling and lot, with livery stables attached. Fine stock of MILLINERY goods for sale, on reasonable terms. Possession given at once.
Mrs. E. WALTER MATTINGLY.
Mechanicsville, St Mary's Co., Md.
Dec. 8,'87—

MISS NELL FENWICK has just returned from Baltimore with a large and well selected stock of Millinery, which she is selling very cheap for cash. Call and examine her stock before buying elsewhere.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

Letter from the Assistant Foreman of the Delivery Department—A subject in which Thousands are Deeply Concerned.

About five years ago I suffered from great pain and weakness in the lower part of my back, pain in the limbs, bad taste in the mouth, disgust at food, and great mental and bodily depression.

I live at 241 York street, Jersey City, and on arriving home one night I found a copy of the *Shaker Almanac* that had been left during the day. I read the article, "What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?" It described my symptoms and feelings better than I could if I had written a whole book. My trouble was indeed "like a thief in the night," for it had been stealing upon me unawares for years. I sent for a bottle of Shaker Extract of Roots, or Seigel's Syrup, and before I had taken one half of it I felt the welcome relief. In a few weeks I was like my old self. I enjoyed and digested my food. My kidneys soon recovered tone and strength, and the trouble vanished. I was well.

Millions of people need some medicine simply to act on the bowels. To them I commend Shaker Extract in the strongest possible terms. It is the gentlest, pleasantest, safest and surest purgative in this world. The most delicate women and children may take it. One point more: I have all the more confidence in this medicine because it is prepared by the Shakers. I may claim to be a religious man myself and I admire the Shakers for their zeal, consistency and strict business integrity. What they make may be trusted by the public.
W. H. HALL.

For sale by all druggists and by A. J. White, 54 Warren street New York.
Jan 19—y.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,
Leonardtown. Md.,
UNDER CHARGE OF THE
Sisters of Charity
OF
NAZARETH, KENTUCKY.
Terms per Session of 5 months.

Board and Tuition in the Common Branches, viz: Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Plain Sewing, Marking and Needle Work, $75.00
Board and Tuition in the Higher Branches, viz: History, Philosophy, Rhetoric, Chemistry, Botany, Algebra, Composition, etc. $85.00

EXTRA CHARGES:

Washing	$6.00
For use of books for and Stationery	5.00

DAY PUPILS:

Senior Class	$15.00
Intermediate Class	10.00
Junior Class	7.00
Primary Department	5.00

Books for day pupils at stationer's prices.
All payments to be made invariably in advance. Charges made from date of entrance.
No deductions will be made unless in cases of protracted sickness or dismissal.
From 7 to 12 year old boys will be taught on same terms.
For further information apply to
MOTHER SUPERIORESS,
Leonardtown, Md.

H. G. DUDLEY. J. W. CARPENTER
DUDLEY & CARPENTER,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
No. 57 Light Street,
BALTIMORE.

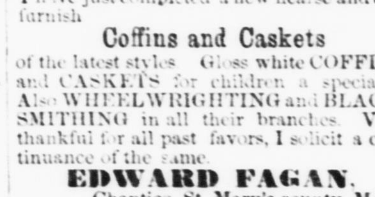
Sell Tobacco, Grain & Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

CAUTION.

I hereby forewarn all persons against trespassing on my farm with dog, gun or otherwise. Against persons disregarding this notice the law will be rigidly enforced.
BENJAMIN DAWSON.

UNDERTAKING!



I MOST respectfully inform the public that I have just completed a new hearse and can furnish

Coffins and Caskets

of the latest styles. Gloss white COFFINS and CASKETS for children a specialty. Also WHEELWRIGHTING and BLACKSMITHING in all their branches. Very thankful for all past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.
EDWARD FAGAN,
Chaptico, St. Mary's county, Md.
Oct 2, 1884—tf

JAS. S. CRAWFORD, Washington, D. C. THOS. F. TURNER, Pr. Geo. co., Md
CRAWFORD & TUNER,
GENERAL
Commission and Produce,
No. 937 B St., Northwest,
Washington, D.C.
REFERENCE—Citizens' National Bank Washington, D. C.
Sept. 29—y.

HUNT UP YOUR
old Stamps and Stamped Envelopes issued from 1840–50. Send me a sample of any you may have, stating quantity of each kind, and I will make you an offer by return mail.
WM. E. BAITZELL,
412 N. Howard St.,
Baltimore, Md.
April 5 3m.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried-up, irascible man, and he used to wear a red comforter around his neck and red flannel ear-lappers on his plug hat when he went to meeting in winter. He was always ready to argue that these modern times were awfully bad, and that the good old times of a hundred years ago were just right. He would decry invention and improvement and say that the world would be better without them. He took a newspaper on purpose to count the murders recorded in it and tell how bad the world had grown. He would stand for hours on a corner in the village and retail his deductions on the present and his regrets on the past.

One day he had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen, he tipped back his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep. He had not slept over five minutes before his son John came in and said:

"Come, father, we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it."

Blewitt got up and yawned and followed his son to the barnyard, where his two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles.

"What in the nation are you doing with those old sickles?" said Blewitt.

One of the boys looked astonished and said: "Doin'? Why, we are getting ready to cut the wheat."

Blewitt stared a moment and then said, "Why in the thunder don't you hitch on to that reaper and stop foolin' with those sickles?"

The boys looked at each other in surprise, but said nothing. Blewitt ran to the shed, but there was no reaper there. He came back. The boys had got over the fence and were on their knees reaping the wheat and carrying it in gavels.

"Boys," said Blewitt, "what do you mean by this foolishness? Where is that reaper?"

Charley, the second boy, looked at his father pityingly, and then tapped his forehead and looked over to John, who nodded and looked sad.

"Why, darn it," said Blewitt, "you can never run those bundles through a threshin' machine."

"Threshin' machine," said Charley; "why, you know as well as I do that I shall have to flail this wheat out mornings and nights while going to school this winter. What ails you, father?"

Blewitt, as we said, got mad easily, and now he just hopped up and down and said:

"Flail it out! It must be threshed ready to ship on the cars next month."

"Cars, cars," said John, "don't know what ails you, father, or what you mean. I know I shall have to team this wheat down to Albany and sell it for what it will bring. Here you come out talkin' about reapers and cars and threshin' machines, and darned if I don't believe you are crazy, so now."

Blewitt pinched himself to see if he was awake and strode angrily to the house. As he approached it he heard a rumbling and roaring like wind, and he looked into the kitchen and there was his wife spinning. Who-o-o went the wheel and Blewitt sank into a chair and yelled:

'Now, Maria, what under the canopy are you doin'?'

'Doin'?' said his wife, 'why, spinnin', of course. I must get out forty yards of full-cloth for you and the boys, and twenty yards of pressed flannel for me and the gals.'

Blewitt looked down at his legs and saw them encased in full-cloth of coarse texture, and the seat of his trousers he felt reached clear up to his shoulder blades, and the legs were as two-bushel sacks.

'Well, I'll be darned,' was all he said.

Dreamily he sauntered out again to the wheat field and John hailed him:

'Father, if you ain't goin' to help cut the wheat suppose you yoke the oxen and go up to the woods and draw a draft or two of logs for wood?'

Blewitt was composed, but he said: 'I had intended to burn coal in the sitting room and parlor, and not cut much wood.'

'Coal, coal!' said John, angrily; 'now see here, father, I don't want any more of this foolish talk. I am goin' to git a doctor.'

Blewitt began to think he needed one himself. Here his boys had never heard of a reaper or a threshing-machine or cars. He felt of his full-cloth pants and groaned. On the lounge at the house he laid himself down and tried to calmly think things over. When the doctor came he called for a pail and bared Blewitt's arm. He took out his lancet, and then Blewitt groaned again.

'I must take a gallon of blood,' said the doctor, 'and then he will calm down and be all right.'

'Don't you know bleedin' was played out fifty years ago?' said Blewitt.

[illegible] and plunged in his lancet. Blewitt fainted. When he came to himself he heard one of the girls talking about an artist down in the village who took profile pictures with a spindle as natural as life.

'What do you want of such blamed pictures as that?' said Blewitt from the lounge. 'Why don't you go down to Takem's at Albany and git photographs?'

'Photographs,' said the whole family; 'what funny names he gets off in his crazy fancy.'

Blewitt was too weak to argue, and he seemed to be somehow out of sympathy or knowledge with all mankind, so he lay still and watched the girls get supper. He noticed that the fireboard was down and a fire was built in the fireplace. A kettle was on the hearth and was covered with live coals. Soon he saw the girls take out of the kettle some nice biscuits and he weakly said:

'Why don't you use the cook-stove?'

'Poor pa,' said Angelina, 'how he wanders. Cook-stove! Wonder what he means?'

Blewitt closed his eyes and thought. Bayley, his new neighbor, was a man he could trust—that is, in anything but money matters. He knew Bayley was badly in debt, but he was a good fellow. He would send for him; so he called his wife and told her to send over for him.

'Why, you [illegible],' said Mrs. Blewitt. 'Bayley has been in jail for debt for the last ten years.'

'In—jail—for—debt,' said Blewitt; 'here we are again. I have been transplanted. I give up; but say, here is two cents. You send a letter down to brother John and he will be up here in a day or two.'

'Why, husband, the mail only goes once a week, and then he will be three days coming up on the stage, and furthermore, it will cost a shilling—twelve cents—to send a letter to Albany.'

'Say,' said Blewitt, 'just bury me, will you? I don't belong to this century. Stage coaches, twelve cents postage! Telegraph him, then!'

'There goes another new word,' said his wife in a solemn voice, and she wetted a cloth and laid it on his forehead, as she repeated to herself, 'Telegraph;' what a funny word!'

Blewitt was in despair. Could it be that all the common things of life were to him a dream? Had he ever ridden on the cars? Did he ever own a mowing machine? Was there ever a telegraph pole in front of his house? He turned his eye and looked out. He only saw the tall post and long pole of the well-sweep. Along the other side of the road ran a dense forest. He was willing to swear that he had once owned a nice meadow where that wood was. Backed up against the log fence was an ox-cart with a neap as large as a young liberty-pole. Down cellar he could hear the banging of an oldfashioned churn. He looked up the road to the east and saw the road was full of great hemlock and pine stumps, and over it the doctor was coming on horseback, with saddle-bags before him.

Blewitt was a man of determination, and he arose form the lounge and went to the door to consult with his wife.

'Maria,' said he, 'there has been enough of this foolishness. You stare at everything I talk about, and I can't locate myself, or seem to fay in with my surroundings. Now will you just answer me one question?'

'Certainly I will if I understand it,' said she.

'Well, then, who is President of these 'ere United States?'

'Why, John Adams, of course,' she said.

Blewitt sank down and whispered: 'Then you never heard of Cleveland swingin' round the circle?'

'No, never,' she answered.

'Then all right. Shoot me or put me in a bag and lay me away up garret. I have got through,' said Blewitt, and he went back to the lounge and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was Sunday morning, and the whole family were stirring around getting ready for meeting. His wife, of whom he was somewhat proud, had put on a dress with a waist about nine inches long and a skirt so tight she could hardly walk, and on her head such a bonnet! It made Blewitt hold his breath, but he had got through talking. The boys had on suits of full-cloth and shirt collors seven inches wide. Blewitt smiled but said nothing. At last Mrs. Blewitt came to him and asked him if he was going to church.

'Certainly, certainly,' said he, 'anything to accommodate. Tell one of the boys to hitch a horse on to the top carriage.'

'Top carriage! There you go again.'

'Well, then,' roared Blewitt, 'hitch on to the stone boat, hitch on to the ox cart, hitch on to anything. Have it your own way.'

'Why, we will go on horseback—you on the saddle, I on the pillion, behind,' said the wife.

'All right,' said Blewitt, and away they went.

Blewitt made some adverse remarks about the singing at church, which was led by a deacon with a fiddle. The sermon was too long, too. It lasted two hours. On his way home from church his wife appeared to be in fear of something and urged him to hurry up. He asked her what ailed her, and she told him, in a trembling voice, that his queer talk had made the minister think him bewitched, and she feared he would be burned or drowned.

'What kind of a country is this, anyhow?' asken Blewitt.

Then Mrs. Blewitt reminded him that in New England several had thus died, and that everybody believed in it and the church was death on witchcraft.

'Then I guess we better light out from here,' said Blewitt, as he clapped spurs to his horse.

Away they went, rattle-te-bang, over stumps and logs and stones, and there was a rattle and roar behind and he knew they were after him. They came to a log bridge over a brook, and they struck it so hard that down it went, Blewitt and horse and wife, and with a yell of despair he awoke—yes, awoke, for the chair had tipped too far back and he was in a heap on the floor, with his head in a pan of apples and his feet in Mrs. Blewitt's work-basket. He heard the rattling yet, and he looked out of the window to discover its source, and saw that the boys had started the reaper in the field of wheat. One of the girls had just driven into the yard with the top carriage, and was just taking out his daily mail, and had offered him a telegraph dispatch about his hops. His wife was putting in a tenor to the racket with a sewing machine in the front room, and the hired girl was blacking the cooking range.

With a pleased smile Blewitt sauntered out to the wheat field, and, as the reaper stopped, he said: 'Darn the good old times! These 'ere times is good enough for me.'

'What's that, father?' said John. 'I thought you was in favor of the real, honest, reliable, good old-fashioned times of a 100 years ago?'

'Never you mind, John,' said the smiling father. 'You can go down and buy that Thompson colt you've been wantin' and let Charley have your side-bar buggy; and—say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt, you may go down to Barnum's circus to-morrow and cut the wheat next day.'

He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest and muttered, as he went to the house: 'Darn the good old times! These 'ere times will dew fur me!'—*Prof. Gouge in Albany Journal.*

Doctor—There is one consolation for you, may dear Bjones. Your case is only the third in the wholy history of medical science.'

Bjones—'Does it often prove fatal, doctor?'

Doctor—'Oh, no, not often. There have been but two deaths from it so far. So cheer up, old man, cheer up.'

☞ Slightly Aquainted with her—'I hear you are about to be married?' 'Yes to Mrs. Grisby, who recently obtained a divorce. Do you know her?' 'Slightly. She was a wife of mine once.'

THE PICKET COUNTED NINE.—As the sun went down and darkness began to creep over the face of the earth the angry artillery died away and the crackle of musketry was less spiteful. For a while the fighting on the extreme right hung on, to settle the question of who should occupy the old earthworks, but at length dead silence fell upon the whole field.

Silence? No! It was silence compared to the awful roar of the long afternoon, but it was a silence broken by the screams and groans and prayers of wounded men—by the movements of wagons and artillery—by the subdued voices of 75,000 men as they camped for the night without fire, and anxiously debated the chances for the morrow.

The sergeant marches off to the left at the head of a half a dozen men. He drops a man at 'Post No. 1,' and gives him whispered instruction. It is the same at posts 2, 3, 4, etc., until the last man has been stationed.

There must be vigilant, wakeful men between friends and foes while the long night wears away.

'Post No. 6' is under a great beech tree. Shot and shell have scarred and riven its trunk, and shot and shell have scattered and riven its thick limbs. A quarter of a century hence this tree will bear witness to the terrible struggle of to-day.

'From this tree to the edge of that thicket, and the countersign is 'Justice,'' whispered the sergeant, and as he passes on the picket takes up his beat. He counts as he passes them by—one, two, three, four, five six, seven, eight. What? Corpses! They are lying on the grass so near the path he travels that he can touch any of them with his foot. There are others to the right and left, farther away. It was here that the enemy charged a battery—here our heroes rallied to preserve it. Grape-shot and canister, bullet and bayonet, found victims there. Some lay as if asleep, worn out with the tremendous conflict—others raved and prayed and cursed God and man before death released them from their sufferings.

The picket counts them them as he walks, and a sigh escapes his lips. To-morrow night some sentinel may number his mutilated corpse with others on the same meadow. To-morrow night the autumn winds may vainly seek to rouse him from his death sleep.

From tree to thicket and turn. From thicket to tree and turn. He must watch and listen and be on his guard, but by and by he finds time to count again. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine! What! He counted only eight before! Was he mistaken, or can the dead of the battle-field creep and crawl? Six—seven—eight—nine! Yes, there are nine. In the darkness he had made a mistake. Nine! Well, what matters one more or one less corpse upon a field of battle?

To the tree and turn. To the thicket and turn. As he heads for the tree again the ninth corpse assumes a sitting position and looks after him. A moment later it struggles up, and a figure goes creeping after the picket. The grass on the meadow is thick and matted. His footfalls give out no sound. Softly—softly—silent as the shadow of death—creeping—creeping, and now he is close upon the lone picket. There is a gleam of steel in the darkness—a swift and powerful blow, and he who was placed to watch will watch no more.

Through the gaps the spies will pour in and skulk about the camps, a regiment will be silently advanced to the key position, the ghouls will scent plunder and creep up to rob the dead.

The picket had counted, 'seven—eight—nine!'

There is no missing corpse. The number has been made good!—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ Eczema causes an itching so persistent as to produce, not only sleeplessness, but, at times, even delirium. Local applications will not remove the cause, which is impure blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures this disease by cleansing the blood and eradicating all humors.

☞ 'Now, I know where we are,' said a rustic youth, who had been engaged to act as guide by an Austin sportsman, as they plodded with difficulty through a deep swamp. 'Well, where are we?' asked the sportsman. 'We are bogged.'

THE QUEERNESS OF THINGS.—This is a sort of topsy turvey world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and another is flying from it.

One man is saving up to buy a house and another is trying to sell his dwelling for less than it cost to get rid of it.

One man is spending all the money he can earn in taking a girl to the theatre and sending her flowers, in the hope that he may eventually make her his wife, and his neighbor is spending all the gold he has saved to get a divorce.

Smith is drinking imported ale to put flesh on, while Johnson is living on crackers and walking ten miles a day to reduce his avordupois.

The laborer with ten chileren keeps out of debt on $10 a week, while many an unmarried bank official with a hundred a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.

Robinson takes a sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't touch a drop of it on account of his apoplectic tendencies.

The doctor tells Morril that if he doesn't stop work and take a rest, he will go into a decline, and then tells Blakely that if he does not abandon his sedentary position and go off somewhere and work on a farm he will die of torpidity of the liver.

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor doesn't keep one for fear of shooting some member of the house by mistake.

You will sometimes see a man planting trees around his place for the shade, and, at the same time, you will see another cutting down the trees around his house because they produce too much moisture.

One man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can wear anything. While a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

One man is killed by accident and another tries to commit suicide and fails.

One man escapes all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on the railroad, another man goes through a half-dozen wars without a scratch and dies of the whooping cough.

The prize fighter reforms and becomes a preacher, while the theological student leaves his university to become a professional base ball pitcher.

The man who can make twenty thousand dollars a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn anything at all.

We know a wealthy merchant who keeps half a dozen horses, who recently stated that his store was closed on account of a 'holiday,' and we also know a proof-reader who can spell every word in the English language correctly, and the only time he experiences any horse is when he eats horse-radish.

Good people die and bad people live. The man who is fat with health can't get employment, and the man who is making money hand-over-fist has to give up business on on account of ill health.

☞ Here is a good story told about Judge Moulton, of Shelbyville, when he was upon the Supreme bench. The Judge is powerfully nearsighted. For instance, one day he was going up to the Court House from the hotel when he met an amiable town cow on the crossing. The Judge is a courteous gentleman, with old school manners, and, taking the cow for a lady, he lifted his hat gallantly. With a bow, a smile and a pleasant "Good morning, madam," he stepped clear of the walk, to allow the object of his deference to pass. When the Judge got to the Court House the whole bar jumped on to him, and guyed him unmercifully. They got him madder than a hornet, and after standing it about as long as he could without fighting, he gathered up his umbrella and hat, and put out for the hotel. Just as he was in the middle of the same crossing he met a lady, but he wasn't to be fooled again by a deceptive appearance, so, with a flourish of his umbrella, he shouted "Hwa there, d—n ye! get off the walk!"