

Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. 65. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904. 4246

Job Printing, such as
Handbills, Circulars,
Blanks, Bill Heads, executed with
neatness and despatch.

Parties having Real or Personal
Property for sale can obtain de-
scriptive handbills neatly executed
and at city prices

LUMBER BUYERS-ATTENTION.

BEST ONE INCH BOARDS—BRIGHT IN COLOR
AND WIDE BOARDS. BOARDS THAT ARE ONE
LENGTH—ALL 16 FEET—AT A PRICE WITHIN
REACH OF ALL LUMBER BUYERS:

\$1.65 per 100 square feet. These Boards too, are from North
Carolina pine forests, and when saw-
ed have been put through the dry kiln, thereby giving you the best kind
of rough pine boards for general use to be found anywhere.

North Carolina Pine Flooring at only \$1.75 per 100 feet. This
flooring is all even width, (3 inches), which makes an uniform floor, and
enables you to match up all the cuttings in laying the floor, therefore, no
waste occurs and the manufacture is so perfect that the tongue and groove
match up evenly and make a good smooth floor. This flooring too is kiln
dried and is bright in color.

Millwork for Frame Houses of all kinds kept in stock, and we are
prepared to load out in one day from one to three carloads of all the ma-
terials necessary to construct a suburban residence or a barn. There
will be no delay, no disappointments, no errors, for we always invite the
carpenters to spend the day with us and inspect the loading of their car.
We have a complete stock of

SHINGLES, DOORS, BLINDS, SIDINGS, ETC.

FRANK LIBBEY & CO.,

6th & New York Ave., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Farmers' and Planters Agency,

27 East Pratt Street, Baltimore.

For the sale of Tobacco, Grain, Fruit and all kinds of country produce.

PHILIP H. TUCK, President; Judge JOHN P. BRISCOE, Vice-Presi-
dent; SAMUEL K. GEORGE, Treasurer; SAMUEL M.
HINKS, Cashier.

Directors:

Hon. John P. Briscoe, John W. Crawford, James Alfred Pearce,
Edwin H. Brown, John Shepherd, Samuel H. Hinks,
Samuel K. George, Adrian Posey, Phil. M. Tuck.

PERUVIAN GUANO, Clover and Timothy Seed and all Household and
Farm supplies furnished. Advances made on consignments.

EDELEN BROS., COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

FOR THE SALE OF

TOBACCO, GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

Special attention given to

The Inspection of Tobacco.

125 S. SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE, MD

ALSO DEALERS IN

Edelen Bros., Special Tobacco Guano, Edelen Bros. Wheat and Grain Mix-
ture, Pure Ground Bone, Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone.

Our 'Special Tobacco Guano' and Wheat and Grain Mixture WE
HAVE HAD MANUFACTURED. SPECIAL ORDERS SOLICITED.

F. SHAW and JNO. M. TALBERT, JOHN M. PAGE,
Salesmen, Cashier.

The Maryland Commission Agency,

OF BALTIMORE CITY.

Directors: For the Sale of

J. T. HUTCHINS, President, Tobacco, Grain and Wool.

JOSEPH S. WILSON, Sec'y. AND

JOHN H. MITCHELL, F. H. DARNALL,
JOHN B. GRAY,
LOUIS F. DETRICK,
S. E. F. PALMER,
DR. GEORGE W. DORSEY.

Farm Produce Generally

South East Corner Pratt and Charles Streets.

MR. JOHN M. TALBERT will give his personal attention to the inspec-
tion of all Tobacco consigned to us.

Hiram G. Dudley. James J. Greenwell. Frank S. Dudley.

DUDLEY & CARPENTER,

General Commission Merchants,

213 South Charles St., Baltimore.

Sell Tobacco, Grain and Country Produce.

Particular attention given to the careful sampling of Tobacco.

Jas. A. Dawkins. W. Bernard Duke.

DAWKINS & DUKE,

Commission Merchants,

FOR THE SALE OF

TOBACCO, GRAIN AND COUNTRY PRODUCE.

No. 219 SOUTH CHARLES STREET, BALTIMORE.

W. H. MOORE. JOHN MUDD.

W. H. MOORE & CO.,

Grocers & Commission Merchants,

105 S. Charles Street, BALTIMORE.

Particular attention given to the inspection and sale of TOBACCO.

RECEIVER'S SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate

IN ST. MARY'S COUNTY, MD.

BY virtue and in pursuance of an order
of the Circuit Court of Baltimore City, in
the case now pending in said Court where-
in W. Bernard Duke, Plaintiff and Mary-
land Development Company a body cor-
porate is defendant, the undersigned re-
ceiver appointed by a decree of said Court,
will offer for sale at Public Auction at the
Court House door in Leonardtown in St.
Mary's County, Md., on

MONDAY, November 14, 1904,

at 11 o'clock A. M., all those five tracts
or parcels of land coming into his posses-
sion as receiver and lately belonging
to the said Maryland Development Com-
pany as follows:

1st.—The property known as part of
GREAT ST. THOMAS and now com-
monly called BELLE VUE containing
175 acres more or less, about one half of
which is arable land, and susceptible of
improvement. The improvements consist
of a dwelling house, barn and stable.
The land adjoining the property of J. H.
Parsons and J. J. Gough and is on the
public road going from Chaptico to Me-
chanicsville.

2nd.—Tract of land called "Ranclight"
containing 120 acres more or less, about
one third of which is arable, the balance
in woodland. The improvements consist
of dwelling house, barn and stable. This
property borders on the land of J. H.
Parsons and is on the public road from
Leonardtown to Mechanicsville.

3rd.—Tract of land called part of "Great
St. Thomas" or part of "Forrest Hall"
being a part of old Forrest Hall contain-
ing 150 acres. Improvements consist of
dwelling house, barn and out buildings.
This property is adjacent to the Washing-
ton & Baltimore Railroad. Houses are
in good condition. It adjoins the land of
Mrs. Billingsly and others.

4th.—Tract of woodland commonly
called Birch Manor and part Bailey's
Birk and Lot adjoining Forrest Hall,
containing about 16 acres, more or less.

5th.—Tract of land called part of "Great
St. Thomas and Addition" and commonly
called "the Dale" containing about
55 acres, more or less, about one-half
being arable, the balance in woodland.
Improvements consist of a small dwelling
house. This property adjoins the land of
Mr. James Turner on the road from Me-
chanicsville to Leonardtown. The tracts
of land will be offered separately. A de-
posit of \$50.00 will be required on each
tract on the day of sale. All of this prop-
erty is situated in the 4th Election Dis-
trict of St. Mary's County, Md., except
the 16 acre tract which is in the 5th Elec-
tion District and is well located and is
susceptible of improvement. It is adapted
to the growth of all the crops usually
raised in this section of the State.

Terms of Sale: Cash, on the day of sale,
or ratification thereof.
WALTER I. DAWKINS,
Receiver.

The remaining personal property on
said land will be sold on the same day.

MONDAY, November 14, 1904,

at 3 o'clock P. M., at Forrest Hall, the
residence of Mr. L. J. DuBois. The per-
sonal property consists of

Horses, Colts, Cows, Farm-
ing Implements, Harness and
Growing Crops, and Crops
in Barn.

The terms of sale of the personal prop-
erty will be cash.
WALTER I. DAWKINS,
Receiver.

If it is desired to buy any of the above
property on time, the Receiver will be
glad to make terms satisfactory to in-
tended purchaser or purchasers.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In pursuance of an order of the Circuit
Court of Baltimore City,
All persons having claims against said
Maryland Development Company are
hereby notified to exhibit the same with
the vouchers therefor to the undersigned
with the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Bal-
timore City on or before the 1st day of
January, 1905, otherwise, they may be
excluded from all benefit arising from the
distribution of the Estate of the said Cor-
poration.

All persons indebted to said Estate, are
requested to make immediate payment to
the undersigned.
WALTER I. DAWKINS,
Receiver.

Oct. 20, '04—ts.

— SALE! —

QUICK buyers can get low
prices on

1 Team Mules, Oak Tanned Harness
used one year; 1 Bay Mare, Buggy and
Harness used one year; 1 Jersey Cow, 1
Heifer (6 Jersey); 1 Calf (6 Jersey); Lot
of Hogs and Shoots; 1 Reaper, Plow,
Harrow, Cultivator and other Farming
implements. Also small lot Household
Furniture, Incubator, Brooders &c. In-
quire of F. W. H. Peckham, Riverside
Farm, Medley's Neck.

JERRY COCKRELL,
Oct. 20, '04—f.

FIRE SALE!

I will offer at Public Auction

SATURDAY, October 22,

to the highest bidder for cash, all the
goods saved from the recent fire in Chap-
tico, some of which is only slightly dam-
aged by water. Sale to commence at 10
o'clock sharp and to be continued each
succeeding Saturday until the entire lot
is disposed of. JAMES J. GOUGH,
Oct. 20, '04—f.

Homes for Sale.

Farm on St. Jerome's Creek, containing 30
acres, desirable for a home and its valuable
Oyster Druggery known as "Coney's Point"
and recently occupied by Jerry B. Wrightson.
Also farm on Poisoine River, in 3rd Election
District of St. Mary's County, containing 16
acres, known as "White Point." Excellent
Fishing and Oystering facilities. Apply to
Wm. M. V. BIRLEY, LOKER, ASBY,
Leonardtown, Md.

(Written for the Beacon)

JIM BOWLING AND

THE PHONOGRAPH.

He was seated on the porch of a
country roadside store, his feet com-
fortably resting upon mother earth
and loosely held in his clasped hands
an old, gnarled, hook-handled grape
vine stick which was in perfect keep-
ing with the old man himself as to
seem a part of his own individual-
ity. Well stricken in years though
he was, as attested by his scanty,
woolly covering of his head, his
wrinkled features and generally
shrunken figure, there was that
about him which belied the assump-
tion of actual decrepitude, mental
or physical. His costume was that
of nondescript character common
to many of the elderly negroes
in the Southern Peninsula of Mary-
land and which in summer is scant
in the extreme. His hat, cotton
shirt, trousers and cotton suspend-
ers, though much worn, were scrup-
ulously clean and distinctly re-
spectable looking. The hot sun, pour-
ing down upon him, bathing his
whole picturesque figure in its
searching rays, beyond accentuat-
ing each item of his make-up and
personality, caused him no appar-
ent discomfort. On the contrary,
he seemed, judging from the expres-
sion of his face and the general air
of luxurious repose pervading his
person, to revel in what, to me,
would have been active suffering.
He was slumbering gently, but was
at the same time keenly alive to any
unusual sound, as evidenced by the
swift opening of one eye and its rap-
id survey of the scene in his line of
vision, whenever the oppressive
stillness was broken. Having trans-
acted my business in the store, and
while awaiting the feeding of my
horse, I had taken a chair on the
porch near the wall, in the shade,
and had been amusing myself spec-
ulating on the history of this typical
Southern negro and watching with in-
creasing interest the frequent open-
ing of one or the other of his re-
markably alert, intelligent old eyes.
There was something both ridicu-
lous and restful in the gradual clos-
ing of the vigilant eye and its re-
lapse into slumber, and I was won-
dering how he managed to keep so
alive to his surroundings and yet
apparently so sunk in sleep when I
was startled almost out of my chair
by the whirr immediately followed
by the crash of band music which
proceeded from a phonograph inside
the store.

It was not the first time, by many,
that I had heard this phonograph,
but there was something so unex-
pected, so incongruous in hearing it
in that intensely rural, isolated place
that it is not surprising I jumped.
Instinctively I turned my eyes on
the old man, and was rather con-
fused to find both of his keen old eyes
fixed on me, but with an expression
so quizzical that I burst out laugh-
ing. The old man echoed my laughter
with one so musically mellow and
so full of intense enjoyment that I
felt drawn towards him and deter-
mined to cultivate his acquaintance.
This was an easy matter to do, and
I soon found that he was "uncle
Nace Smallwood," known by every
one in that section, and that humor
of the keenest, racial sort was his
predominant character. Apropos of
the incident of the phonograph, the
cause of our acquaintance, he told
me of an amusing occurrence he wit-
nessed when it was first brought
there, and I will endeavor to give it
in his own words, though it is im-
possible to convey a perfect idea of
the inimitable manner, expression
and gusto with which he related it.

"Talk bout funny things! but dem
funnygraphs is de out-boutness of
any funny things I ever seed. Well,
sub, the ve'y day dat air funny-
graph come here Jim Bowling, he
come, too. Who is Jim Bowling?
Well, boss, Jim is so onery dat eve-
rybody in dis deestrick know him.
He is dat ugly dat he makes you feel
like bustin out cryin when you just
see him and dere aint nary stray
dog over come round here yit dat
didn't give Jim de whole of de road
when he first come cross him. See
Jim onct and you never gwine fur-
git him. He is tall and lean and
long-necked and kinder yaller lik
and his hands and feet is monstrous.
But its when you gits to Jim's bald
and takes in his face dat yo' feelins
is all to' up. Did you ever see one
dese here no-count, yew-necked,
bow-nosed muels what makes you
sowm to look at? Well, you dess
give dat muel old Mr. Rabbits pop-
eyes and de squirrels tooth and add

to it dat lonesome look which Jim
was borned with and which he aint
never lost none of and youse got
Jim. An as to talk! Why, God Al-
mighty Hissel couldn't make Jim
talk 'ceptin 'twas to say yeh sah, or
no sah, or sunkin like dat. But
dar's anudder funny thing too and
dat is dat ugly and scanous lookin
as Jim is, dat gal Calline des loves
de groun he walks on. Wherever
you fine Jim, you see Calline, and
whatever you see Calline, Jim bound
to be som'es near. Calline is short
and fat and black and smilin all de
time, and de way dat gal kin talk,
talk, talk to Jim and Jim he never
sayin nothin, but dess rollin his eyes
roun every where dess like he tryin
to fine out whar dat soun cumin fum.
De fact is Jim all de time look like
hear sumpin and spicoin dat some-
body gwine hit him side de haid.
Well, sub, de ve'y day dat Funny-
graph come and artar Mr. Johnson
and Marse Wat fix her up for busi-
ness and sot her up de counter
behine de screen in come Jim and
Calline. I done fergit to tell you
dat dere had been a lot o' cuttin up
and low down doins among some o'
dese here good-for-nothin niggers
roun dis deestrick for some time and
de white folks dee—that is some o'
de young men—lowed dey did, dat
dey gwine to frazzle out out all de
no-count, lazy niggers dey could lay
dey hands on. Now, as Jim was
bout as no-count as you make um
an naturally born lazy and gittin wuss
every day and knowed it hisself too,
he was powerful onsey in his mine
bout all dis talk he hear gwine roun.
Pears like dat Marse Wat, as he done
tote us arterwards, had got a piece
fixed special fer dat Funnygraph
dat wus dess as full of shootin an
hollerin and sich like noise as was
enough to wake de dead. Well,
sub, Jim he cum in, he did, and
walked spang up to de counter rite
by dat Funnygraph and sot hisself
down on an empty flour barrel wid
dess a piece o' board cross de top
and most de hoops bust off. A migh-
ty ticklish think anyway you fixes
it, but Jim he sot so still when he
anchored hisself anyhow dat he
want carin nothin bout dat. He had
his back to de do and was facin dat
air machine. Rite behine him come
Calline, and she took her stan by
his back. It was one o' dese hot
days dess like dis. Over cross de
road dar by der beehive old uncle
Ab'am Barnes had done tied dat ole
wall-eyed, yaller meel and waggin
o' hisn and in de waggin he had two
shoots and three geese what he
gwine to take home. Des over de
fence dar was a strip o' terbaccer,
and powerful nice growed terbaccer
it was too, considerin of de time o'
year, and beyond de terbaccer dar
was a fiel o' corn and arter dat dar
was dat measly, muddy run dess de
same. I done fergit to say dat bout
dat time uncle Ab'am, who done all
de white-washin bout hyar, had let
bis whitewash buckit moss full o'
whitewash an de small bresh in it
at de foot o' de porch steps and
Jedge Thomas was dess comin up to
de steps lookin as cool and slick as
he always does. You know de Jedge
is mighty short in de temper when
he git started, neve'mine of he is fat
and smilin and sich a puffie gentle-
man. Well, sub, dat de way things
was—Jim settin on de barrel facin
dat air Funnygraph, Calline stan-
in at Jim's back, dat whitewash
buckit and bresh at de foot of de
steps, Jedge Thomas a-struttin up to
de po'ch, dat ole muel leanin upagin
de fence soun sleep cep'en when she
wake up and snort and drive way de
flies and de shoots givin a grunt ev-
ery now and den to let you know dey
was dar. All of a sudden Marse
Wat he teched off dat Funnygraph,
he did, an—Lord! Lord! Ef things
didn't begin to move I don't know
nothin bout it! When de machine first
break loose, scared as I was—fur I
suttinly was scared, boss, wuss'n dat,
I was dess naturally terrifid myself
—I flung my eyes at Jim and he was
a sit fluttin and sho! His eyes flew
open, dey did, and de balls popped
out and kinder wobbled roun in his
haid like dey had gone plum stracted;
his mouth dropped open and worked
like he was tryin to pray, but he
never said nothin. He dess natu-
rally riz up, he did, like he
was in a powerful hurry, or reeth-
er he started to jump up, but as
he give hisself a hunch dat bar-
rel busted and went all to pieces.
Dat didn't stop Jim, do; for by
de time he struck de flo', he ris agin,
he did, wid one barrel hoop roun
his neck and a stave swingin from
it and de way he lit out o' dar was
stonishin'. De fust break, he fell
over Calline, who had drapped on
de flo' like she was shot when dat

machine cut loose and was just git-
tin' ready to holler. Dis brought
Jim on all fours plum on top o' Marse
Wat's ole houn 'Junno', who sides
being de meannest tempored dog in
de worl dess naturally spiced niggers
and Jim in portickler. Well, Juno
she ris as Jim did, give one yelp
and as Jim was bout to straiten
out for de do, she made one swipe
at him and snatched a mouf full out
of de behime part of pore Jim's
britches, and dang my pictures, ef
she didn't pull bout half a yard ov
shirt wid it, but de shirt bein sorter
new—not more'n a year ole—hilt its
own and dess streamd out behime
him like a rudder. Jim want carein
nothin bout dat do; he aint had
no time fer scusin his back, his
business being to git away from
dar des as far as he could, and he
dun it too. He giv one jump, land-
ed outside de do; anudder one
cleared de steps and drapped him
rite by Jedge Thomas, who made a
grab at him and hollerd: 'Here, you
black rascal, wha's de matter
wid you; is you crazy?' But Jim
was gone. He made a break fer de
fence, he did, but pears like he so
scared and mixed up in his mine dat
he blime, sah, fur he busted inter
dem beehives, scatterin dem every
which erway, sashayed inter de
fence, carryin a whole panel befo
him and tuk out thu dat terbaccer
fiel like de debil was arter him.
Well, sub, you dess orter seed de
way dat nigger den tore up dat ter-
baccer. I reckon he muss'er spilt
bout an acre, fur at every jump he
give de air was green wid terbaccer
leaves, and when he flug den big
feet ov hissen ter de groun and
smashed inter dem plants it sounded
like a dozen trees a-fallin. In bout
a minit, he wuz thu de terbaccer fiel
and dem struck de corn, which de
corn was above his head and hid
him. De last we saw ov Jim he wuz
dess a-tearin up de yearth, wid his
head rared back, dem long legs and
arms ov hissen workin furious and
dat piece ov shirt adirtin out behine
at every whirl till it give a las flop,
as much as to say "good bye," and
Jim was gone. But do we couldn't
see him we could hear him and see
whar he was, fur de noise he made
arrippin thu de corn fiel could be
heard a mile and wher he was trav-
ellin dat corn thrashed bout like a
whirlwin was dar. It didn't take
Jim long to git thu de corn nuther
we all on de porch had dess drawde
breff fur anudder laugh when we
could hear Jim acovortin thu dat run
so natural dat we could almost see
de water and de mud fly. Well, but
dat want all, elder Boss; no, sah.
For dar was Calline, what Jim had
don knocked down, and you better
believe she didn't stay dar. Jim
had scacey struck de terbaccer fiel
befo' Calline, yellin at every jump
like she was crazy, whirled out de
do', missed her footin on top o' de
steps, rolled all de way down and
brung up on her hans and knees at
de bottom wid her head dess ezactly
in de middle ov Jedge Thomas'
stummic. De Jedge let go all holts
and drapped immediate rite spang
inter dat air whitewash bucket what
uncle Ab'rm dun left dar, as I tote
you. Course de bucket upset, and
wus'n dan dat, fer as dat gal riz, de
Jedge, he made a grab at her to try
and save hisself, and boss, if you be-
lieve me he pulled dat nigger woman
rite down on him. Den dere was
trouble sho nugh! Fer ef dere was
anythin on de face ov de yearth dat
de Jedge hated and spised it was
one ov dese yere black, greasy nig-
ger women, and Calline in particu-
lar, and ef dere was anybody in de whole
county dat Calline was afeerd on it was
Jedge Thomas. Lord, Lord! I kin shet
my eyes and see em now. Dere was de
Jedge fat uv his back a wursin in de
whitewash and a everlasten a slamin
dat gal over de haid wid de whitewash
bresh which he had grabbed up wid his
rite han, and every lick makin a white
streak on her black face and head and
he cussin from away back, hollerin to
her fer "git off'n him dat minit, a
awdious black husny," and der was
Calline wid her arms actual rounde
Jedge's neck a squallin at every lick,
aberrin her face inter de Jedge's neck
tryin to dodge each crack ov de bresh
and a waving her fat, black legs in de
air most scanous and one ov dem
same legs mos white whar it
dun wallered in de whitewash which
had run all over the place. At las
Calline give a jump, she did, and
made a break to foler Jim, but dess
as she was about to lite out de Jedge
grabbed her by de skirt ov her
froek and tore half uv de bark part
off. Calline never knowed dat, how-
ever, for she took out arter Jim
dess as natural and as hard as she could
lay her feet to de groun and de last
we saw of her she was streakin thu
de terbaccer fiel wid one black leg
and one half white a swingin for
all day was wuth and a screechin
terrible. But dat wasn't all
seder, for bout time Calline got into
de

gap what Jim had bust thu dat fence
de bees had got stirrin and hot too
and de fust one dat hit her bare leg
muss'er lifted her bout ten feet and
jerked such a yell outen her as was
cruel. Bout dat time too dat muel
woke up fer good and wid her years
flung every which way and tall
tight, twen her hine legs peared
wainin fer de trouble dat sholy was
rite dar. Fer de bees dess swarmed
on her and dem shotes in de waggin
too and den de way dat muel acted was
a caution. She give a snort, rared up
in de air, busted de old rope bridle
wid one swing ov her haid, went
tarn de fence, making de rain fly,
and tuk out, lot foot, arter Calline.
Sich a sight and sich a noise you
never heard in all yore born days. It
was dess dis way. Marse Wat and
we all on de po'ch laughin fit to kill
ourselves, Jedge Thomas a cussin a
hine streak at de foot ov de steps
wid de whitewash in his hair and
every where bout him, uncle Ab'am
a hollerin "whos" to dat muel, des
shots in de waggin a squallin and de
geese a cacklin fer all dey was
wuth, de speedy rip and tear ov de
terbaccer glass by Calline and de
muel and de waggin and de bustin
uv de corn stalks by Jim dess
ahead ov dem, de howlin uv ole Juno
and de barkin uv all de dogs in de
neighborhood woke up de whole
deestrick and people aint den talkin
bout it yit. As for Jim, nobody
don't know to dis day whar he
dun stop roun, fer we never laid
eyes on him agin for a fortnight
and den he look more onery, more
lonesome and more spicous dan
ever. Sub? Yeh, sah, he begin
to cum to de store agin arter awhile,
but he aint never had no use fer
dat Funnygraph nohow and noway.
Let Jim be settin in de store
der by de do, de coldest, most
servigorous winter day and let
somebody give one single wain to
dat machine and Jim he done
gots out into de weather
thout hidden nobody goodbye.
No, sah, he never complain
none; he dess makes hisself
scace, dass all."

gap what Jim had bust thu dat fence
de bees had got stirrin and hot too
and de fust one dat hit her bare leg
muss'er lifted her bout ten feet and
jerked such a yell outen her as was
cruel. Bout dat time too dat muel
woke up fer good and wid her years
flung every which way and tall
tight, twen her hine legs peared
wainin fer de trouble dat sholy was
rite dar. Fer de bees dess swarmed
on her and dem shotes in de waggin
too and den de way dat muel acted was
a caution. She give a snort, rared up
in de air, busted de old rope bridle
wid one swing ov her haid, went
tarn de fence, making de rain fly,
and tuk out, lot foot, arter Calline.
Sich a sight and sich a noise you
never heard in all yore born days. It
was dess dis way. Marse Wat and
we all on de po'ch laughin fit to kill
ourselves, Jedge Thomas a cussin a
hine streak at de foot ov de steps
wid de whitewash in his hair and
every where bout him, uncle Ab'am
a hollerin "whos" to dat muel, des
shots in de waggin a squallin and de
geese a cacklin fer all dey was
wuth, de speedy rip and tear ov de
terbaccer glass by Calline and de
muel and de waggin and de bustin
uv de corn stalks by Jim dess
ahead ov dem, de howlin uv ole Juno
and de barkin uv all de dogs in de
neighborhood woke up de whole
deestrick and people aint den talkin
bout it yit. As for Jim, nobody
don't know to dis day whar he
dun stop roun, fer we never laid
eyes on him agin for a fortnight
and den he look more onery, more
lonesome and more spicous dan
ever. Sub? Yeh, sah, he begin
to cum to de store agin arter awhile,
but he aint never had no use fer
dat Funnygraph nohow and noway.
Let Jim be settin in de store
der by de do, de coldest, most
servigorous winter day and let
somebody give one single wain to
dat machine and Jim he done
gots out into de weather
thout hidden nobody goodbye.
No, sah, he never complain
none; he dess makes hisself
scace, dass all."

F. M. NEALE,
25 Manhattan Ave.,
New York City.

A Strange Belief.

"One of the most interesting phe-
nomena," said C. L. Hughes, of
Tucson, according to the Wash-
ington Star, "is to be observed in the
Bad Lands of Arizona. Out in the
midst of an alkali plain there is a
desolate formation of rock covering
only about an acre in extent, and from
these rocks, or rather from beneath
them, there issue sounds of music as
though an organ was playing, and
the strains are echoed from every
direction. The place has never been
excavated or fully explored, and the
theory of scientists is that there is a
peculiar formation of stalactites in a
cave there, with an opening some-
where through which the wind plays
upon these stalactites producing the
music. The Indians claim, however,
that a cathedral was at one time
built upon this place, and that there
was a bad priest placed in charge of
cathedral, who abducted women and
children. One night the ground opened
during a violent storm and the earth
closed in over the top of the cathedral.
The Indians believe that the music
that comes from the ground proceeds
from the ghosts of those who were
interred at the time of the earthquake."

A Heavy Load.

To lift that load off the stomach
take Kodol Dyspepsia