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## J. M. BEAVEN,

HILLSBORO, MD.

THE OLD OVER-THE-BRIDGE STAND

I have received my Spring assortment of

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L. R. BEAUCHAMP


*All persons indebted to me on store account are requested to make immediate settlement.*

On nearly all the Journals sent out this morning the dates of the expiration of each is printed. Our subscribers may thus see at a glance when remittances should be made.

### HAPPY ALBANY.

How dear to our hearts is the old pump on First street
As, when we are thirsty, its form greets our eye,
Or as, when our throats seem to crack with a thirst heat,
We hear some one pumping it as we draw nigh!
How eagerly, quickly we pump the sweet drink up
Into the old tin cup that to it is chained,
And then how our lips seize the rim of that tin cup
And hold it until its sweet contents are drained.
The old pump on First street,
The sweet pump on First street,
The old pump on First street, not far up from Swan.

There beautiful maidens oft moisten their sweet lips,
There rollicking schoolboys repair after school,
And often the good natured matron's discreet lips
Are bathed in its crystalline beverage cool.
There panting old age, with a flush on each feature,
May often be seen in the cool of the day,
Awaiting his turn to fill his small pitcher
With clear, cooling nectar to carry away.
The old pump on First street,
The sweet pump on First street,
The old pump on First street, not far up from Swan.

How sweet to the lips of stern toil's sons and daughters
When homeward repairing as eve's shadows float,
Old pump, are thy scintillant, life giving waters!
How cool, how refreshing to each shriveled throat!
Oh, there all may drink without fear of a scandal!
To all it is free as the blooms of the meads,
For just a few strokes of its old wooden handle
It yieldeth far more than the thirstiest needs.
The old pump on First street,
The sweet pump on First street,
The old pump on First street, not far up from Swan.

—James Rowe, the Blacksmith Poet, in Albany Argus.

## OVERCONFIDENCE.

The waves glided in softly, lazily, almost as though 'twere too much trouble, and slid back again, with little angry hisses at the greediness with which the baking sands welcomed them and sucked them in. The seaweeds spread out their long arms eagerly to be taken back and refreshed and given new life, for the sun had been very merciless that afternoon. There seemed to be only one cool spot in the length and breadth of the cove, and that was where a large rock threw a shadow across the sand, bearing the brunt of the sun's fierceness on one side while he protected his little friends in the pools on the other.

The Girl sat on the other as quiet and still as the anemones on the pool, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes idly watching a boat making its way across the blue waters apparently to the very spot where she was sitting.

The Man was in the boat. He was rowing jerkily, stopping every now and again to inspect the coast. During one of these inspections he caught sight of the Girl's white sunbonnet. He breathed a sigh of thankfulness.

"A native at last, thank goodness. I'll see if I can get any sense out of her."

He was very warm and very cross, and the girl saw it as he jumped out and drew his boat up and was amused thereby, though no trace of her amusement showed itself in her face. She looked at him unconcernedly, a trifle haughtily, it seemed, but it may have been that the curves of her lips gave her a haughty expression at all times.

The man sauntered up to her, struggling into his blazer the while. "Can you tell me the name of this inf—this place?" he asked curtly, not troubling to remove his cap.

She looked at him from his toes upward, and being tall he began to feel uncomfortable long before her eyes had reached his face.

"I can," she said slowly. He waited for more, but no more came.

"Then will you?" he asked. "Can't you see I'm in a devil of a hurry?"

The Girl looked away over the glittering water and smiled a tiny, maddening smile. "Yes," she said. "I can, and I suppose that is what has made you so angry."

"Confound the girl!" he broke out rudely. "If it is that you won't give any information unless you are paid for it, why on earth don't you say so?"

Her eyes were full of laughter now, though her face was cold and stern, but she kept her head bowed, so that to the Man nothing was visible but the outline of a round pink cheek and a cluster of little dark curls, struggling out from under her sunbonnet.

"If you had asked me civilly, I would have told you at once"——

The Man took off his cap, with an elaborate bow. "Will you oblige so insignificant a person as myself," he said mockingly, "by informing me of the name of this cove, Miss—Miss"——

"Doris Carew," the Girl answered, looking up at him with a little triumphant sparkle in her eyes, "and this is Tremellen cove. It belongs to my father, and I am waiting here for some friends we have asked to picnic here today. And you?"

"I—I am a friend of the Martyns. I was to have met them here. I—I believe you were so kind as to include me, but—but"——

"Ah, here are the servants with the provisions, and there is a boatload of my friends coming round the point."

She began to move quickly away, then stopped and looked at the Man.

He stood transfixed in the same spot, uncomfortable, ashamed, furious with himself and everybody. She looked at him so oddly that he grew still more uneasy. It was as if she were questioning something she was revolving in her own mind. Then she held out her hand, with a smile that drove all the haughtiness from her face.

"We will forget our first meeting," said she kindly, "and imagine we have only just met. I am very glad to see you. Your mistake was all the fault of this bonnet of mine. All my friends know me and my bonnets, but of course to a stranger they are a relic of the dark ages," and she gave it a little vindictive push back off her face.

"Yes, confound the thing!" thought the Man, not having soul enough or sense to see that it was, beyond any other, the most becoming headgear she could have worn.

Then they went off to superintend the tea arrangements, and the Girl, by her tact, soon set the Man at his ease, so that by the time the loaded boat drew in to the shore they were, to all appearances, quite friendly and the Man not disinclined to put on airs before these newcomers and pretend to a greater friendliness than existed.

"She is deuced pretty, after all," he said to himself. "Not at all bad for the country. Of course she has no style and can't dress, but I don't at all mind that unaffected sort of girl once in a way. I've a good mind to get up a flirtation." He looked at her as she stood calling to the people in the boat, the soft breeze from the sea just raising the curls on her forehead, her face flushed a little, her eyes flashing and sparkling. "By Jove, though, I must be careful, for I might have no end of a bother when I leave! Those dark eyed girls are the deuce and all when they are in love with a chap."

Just at this moment a man came clambering down a path through the rocks into the cove—a tall, lithe man, with fair, curly hair and a plain, good tempered face.

"Another native I suppose," thought the Man. "They aren't a bad set to look at, but of course there's no knowing what figure they'd cut in town. What a cap and blazer! By Jove! I'd be ashamed to wear them even down here." And he looked complacently down at himself and flicked off a diminutive fly whose tiny black body was marring the effect of the new whites. But when he looked again he saw that the Native had two oars on his very shabby cap.

"An old 'Blue,'" he commented more respectfully. "Well, I'm blessed if I know how a man of that sort can stand this kind of thing!"

He referred to the country, the company, the entertainment, and spoke as a fellow martyr.

"He'll be quite thankful to have some one from town to talk to."

The Girl, turning round from welcoming her friends, saw the Native coming toward her. The little cry she gave was expressive and full of meaning, but it was utterly beyond the Man's comprehension. He only saw her step quickly up to the Native and give him her hand.

"I am so glad you have come."

"You knew I should."

That was all. The Native looked at the Girl; the Girl blushed a little, the Man saw nothing. He placed himself beside the girl and bored her unutterably, nor did he see that either.

There were several girls there, some pretty, some plain, some simply dressed, others reminding one painfully of London and fashion plates.

The Man allowed himself to be attracted by one of these after a time, and found, when the conversation reached London, that they had much in common. Probably he would have relinquished his cruel designs on the peace of mind of the Girl if it had not been that when wandering along, disconsolately wondering how much longer "these people are going to stay here," he happened upon the Girl and the Native walking together and talking earnestly. True, he saw nothing beyond the fact that they were walking together, but that was enough.

"Confound the fellow!" he said savagely. "I meant to have caught on there myself. I will, too, by Jove! And I'll cut him out. It'll be as fine as licking him at Henley."

That evening the Native wandered back over the cliffs, silent and thoughtful. The Man returned home with a triumphant smile on his lips and pride in his heart. The Girl went to her home on the cliff top, smiling happily happily.

It was odd that such a lazy individual as the Man should sacrifice himself as he did during the next week or so and still more odd when one remembers that sea water is death to new white flannels and tan boots; also that the Girl from town was lodging in the place. But day after day the Man in his boat shot out across the bay to Tremellen cove, and day after day found the Girl sitting in her favorite corner, reading or working or idly staring out to sea.

She did not always smile at the Man when he arrived. Sometimes she was very cold and distant. Once or twice she only bowed and went on reading, leaving the Man to wander disconsolately about the lonely beach or to take boat and return, but he, being of the hippopotamus hide species, did neither. He seated himself beside the Girl and began to talk. Then she, being a lady, closed her book and listened, while her eyes wandered from the sea to the path down the cliff and back again. They did not often include the Man in their gaze, but he put that down to shyness.

There were times, though, when the Girl seemed in high spirits and was exceedingly gracious and attentive, and he noticed that she often inquired how much longer his visit to the west would last. His reply generally caused the Girl to turn the conversation abruptly or to get up and walk about a little, but he put that down to her emotion or determination to cast all care away from her until such time as she could no longer do so.

The Man had a month's holiday every year—a fortnight in the summer and a fortnight at Christmas—but this year when his fortnight had nearly expired he wrote for an extension of leave, asking to have another week now instead of in the winter. That happened several days after the picnic and when he had become accustomed to the lack of smartness in the Girl. In fact, he grew really quite fetched by her country style, he told himself.

"I must really let her know I am off tomorrow," he said as he rowed across the bay on the last day of his holiday. "Poor little soul, I hope she won't take on much! By Jove, though, I shall feel it myself! I've been an awful fool. I'd no idea I should fall in love with her like this; was never really gone on any one in my life before and I don't like the feeling at all. It takes all the starch out of a fellow." He sat and meditated long and earnestly; then he looked around to see where his boat had drifted. He was not far from the cove, for the wind was high and had carried him in. Under the sheltering rock, where he had first seen her, was the Girl in her white sunbonnet. "I'll do it, I'm bothered if I won't.

"Hang it all, she can't refuse, and she'd cause quite a sensation in town when she was dressed smartly. I'm really awfully fond of her. I'd no idea I'd got it into me to be so fond of any one." He pulled swiftly in, and the Girl looked up from her book with a bright, welcoming smile and was unusually gracious to him. She knew it was his last day. They strolled back to her favorite seat, where they would be out of the wind and from whence she could watch the cliff path and the sea. The Man lay on the sand and looked up at her.

"I'm going away tomorrow," he said abruptly, watching her keenly. The Girl withdrew her eyes from the cliff slowly, and a second or two passed before she answered him. It almost seemed as though she had not heard his remark.

"Going away?" she said at last. "I am so sorry. It means the end"——

The Man sprang into a sitting position. Since he had been in the Girl's presence he had not felt quite so certain of her, but these words of hers gave him unbounded assurance, her silence, during which, of course, she had been striving to master her emotion, spoke volumes—to the Man, at any rate. He knelt on the sand beside her. "My"—he began, but she, not noticing him, continued absently, though a little sadly, as though her thoughts had been elsewhere.

"It means that the summer is nearly over, and I am so sorry."

"It means more than that to me," burst forth the Man impetuously.

"Yes, of course; to you it means work. It must be very hard to go back to town and its fogs and dirt after this," waving her hands toward the beautiful country before them. "I am always so thankful I live in the country."

"Would nothing induce you to leave it?" he asked eagerly. "Don't you think you could get as fond of London in time—that you might be willing to live there now—if your home and your husband were there?"

She colored confusedly. "But my home is here, and I—I have no"——

"Yes, yes, I know. But would you not leave this home and the scenery for the sake of some one you loved?"

The Girl grew collected enough in a moment or so.

"Yes," she said seriously. "I would do both, and I would live in London all the year round for any one I cared for."

She glanced slyly up the cliff path, though there was nothing there to account for her shyness.

The Man sprang up.

"Then do it for me," he cried.

The Girl sprang up, too, and looked around her as if for help.

"Are you mad, or—or"——

She could think of no other excuse for his extraordinary behavior.

But the Man grew annoyed at the suggestion and then and there blurted out his love—which really was very genuine, for the time at any rate—and his thought that she loved him. He was rather certain on that point and spoke with some assurance, so that it was not to be wondered at that the Girl grew angry and rose to great heights in her indignation.

"Understand," she said, trying to speak calmly, "this cove was my boudoir, dining room, drawing room, long, long before you came and invaded it and will be for long after you are gone. It was my nursery even, and I did not see why I should be driven from the place I had spent my days in for you.

"I could not order you off, and you refused to take my silence or coldness as a hint that your continuous intrusion was an annoyance to me. Such a possibility was beyond your comprehension, I suppose. If you suffer, it is your own fault, and I hope it may teach you to be a little less presumptuous in your opinion of girls. Now, I think you had better go."

There was a pause, during which the Man tried to think of something very telling to hurl at the Girl in reply, but before he had thought of it the girl gave that same little cry she had given on the same day of the picnic, when she turned and saw the Native.

She moved away a little and then stopped. "Perhaps I had better tell you," she said more gently, "that I am engaged to that gentleman you see coming down the cliff path. Now, perhaps you will understand how mistaken you have been." Again she moved away; again she hesitated and returned. "I am awfully sorry I spoke as I did just now," she said, smiling sweetly at the Man, "but, believe me, you can offer no greater insult to a girl's feelings than by taking it for granted that she loves you, particularly when, as in your case, you deliberately intended to make her do so." Then she left and joined the Native.

So in this case it was the Man who had to bear the mortification and the pain, and, unlike a woman, he could not bear it well, perhaps because he was not so accustomed to it. He walked away almost rudely, with words and feelings that would not bear interpretation, and took boat and rowed hard across the bay, and as he rowed the air grew heavy with his remarks anent the wind, the boat, the sea and the Native, but his remarks about the Girl were so weighty that they could not rise.—Gentlewoman.

### Scholar Gypsies.

In former times gypsying was part of a scholar's life. He was compelled to journey over half of Europe, it might be to the college of his choice, in a time when journeying was not always pleasant and seldom safe. The laws against begging were relaxed in his favor. He had no baggage except a book or two, and with his staff in his hand he trudged merrily forward on his adventurous way. These men were the most cultured of their age. The head that was covered by that tatterdemalion bonnet might be debating grave points in the Aristotelian logic or with Plato framing immortal commonwealths.

A sun browned scholar was not apt to suffer from pedantry or unreal visions of things, while to sustain him on his way he had his love for learning and many rich eclectic stores to draw on for his entertainment. In days nearer our own some few members of the fraternity still survived. Goldsmith, fresh from his desultory college life, tramped through many countries with his flute in his pocket and gained that large kindliness which makes one of the best features of his work.—Macmillan's Magazine.

### Uncle Billy's Snap.

The Philadelphia Record says that in Porter township, Pike county, Pa., there are 16 voters on the registry list, all being Democrats, with one exception in "Uncle Billy" R. Rake. "Uncle Billy" lives five miles from his nearest neighbor and ekes out a living on a small farm, which pieces out the salary from the offices of township supervisor, auditor, clerk and inspector of election. Questioned as to his ability to run his division and as to how he became elected to so many offices, he replied: "The Democrats up here are not enough to fill all the places, and I have to take what is left to help them out. As to carrying my precinct—why, I've not been beaten for 42 years, 'cause, by Jehoshaphat, there's been nobody to contest with!"

### The Tallest of the Baptists a Lady.

Colonel Craddock tells the following story in his usually unique style in the Paris Kentuckian-Citizen: "'Yes, you may record in The Kentuckian-Citizen that I am the tallest of the Baptists,' said Miss Anna Luman of Mount Carmel vicinity at the Baptist association at Mayslick. 'I am 6 feet 6 inches in full dress and weigh 143 pounds. One brother same height, my father 6 feet 4 inches and 313 pounds, but mother is only 5 feet 5. I wear a No. 6 shoe and 6¾ gloves. The Luman Bros., furniture dealers of Winchester, are my brothers. I am a farmer, my father giving me a fine estate of over 100 acres.' We added, 'Well, if you desire a partner, I'm a bachelor and always felt I'd like a woman I could look up to.' She is a most interesting conversationist."

### "Telegraphy" Before Morse's Day.

Heliographic signaling from Pike's peak to Denver only repeats in more scientific fashion what was done by Washington's army at Valley Forge in communicating with the congress sitting at York, though there were intermediate stages. It is interesting to note, too, that the name telegraphy was applied to this system made his experiment across Washington square.—New York Sun.

### Curing Tobacco.

Sun cured tobacco is hung first upon scaffolds for from five to ten days, according to the weather, and is then hung in the barn, where it is cured by air alone, no fire being used. Properly constructed barns for curing tobacco by this process or by what is known as the air curing process should be built practically airtight, with adjustable ventilators. Rail pens or cheap and open sheds are, however, often used as a makeshift from lack of means or desire to erect better buildings. The custom of curing tobacco with open fires is still practiced to some extent.

The tobacco is placed upon scaffolds four or five days until it is well yellowed, when it is hung in the barn and fires are kindled under it. The fires are made to burn with the least possible blaze, slowly at first, but the heat is gradually increased and maintained continuously until the leaf, except the upper half of the stem, is entirely cured. This process is fast losing its old time popularity and will doubtless soon be superseded by better methods.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

### Unwritten "Copy."

The phonograph may have a useful and labor saving career before it, after all. It is stated that a firm of printers are introducing it into their office for purposes of "copy." You speak into it, and then the compositors set up your spoken words as the machine divulges them. The thing sounds as simple as possible, and it looks as if it might have the effect of creating a school of journalistic oratory, besides doing away with the troublesome process of writing. Whether the compositor would like it is not perhaps quite so certain. There is the difficulty of punctuation, for one thing. Might not the various voices and dialects be somewhat trying too? It is disagreeable to have to decipher bad writing, but a room in which there is a battery of phonographs might be even more unpleasant. It raises visions of a noble craft in the grip of the Old Man of the Sea, holding his victims fast till he has told his story.—London Chronicle.