



Bethinking of Old Orleans

Vol. XXV

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No. 27

An awful discovery *7/4/03*

A most amusing little incident was reported in the Nov. 7, 1881, issue of the Albion Daily News. Let me retell it:

A young Albion man, after some consideration, decided to buy himself a cow. After looking about and making a number of inquiries, he finally purchased an apparently fine "critter" for ordinary stock.

He made this cow the pet of his small barnyard and lavished the greatest care upon it in hopes of inducing it to give solid butter. Everything went along just fine until one day when he came rushing into the house, trembling like a leaf, with his brow covered with a clammy sweat. His family was shocked at the sight of the amateur stock-raiser as he slumped with discouragement into a chair.

His mother-in-law immediately inquired the reason for his frantic behavior.

"I'm beat!" he gasped. "I'm beat on the cow!"

Other family members in unison then inquired, "What's the matter with the cow?"

"Why," he yelled, "there ain't a solitary tooth in her upper jaw!"

Well, this was pretty rough news and everybody was silent a moment when his wife said, "That's just your luck! I knew you'd get the worst of that bargain. What do you know about cows, anyway?"

The rest of the family made some remarks, commenting that one of their kin should be so badly done for, and advised him to look, after this, into the mouth of the next cow he was going to purchase.

Upset, he vowed that he'd fix the villain who had sold him that "... bovine monstrosity, if he had to wade through gore as deep as the mud on East Bank Street."

Of course, the more he thought about it the madder he got. There is no telling what he might have done had he not met a friend the next day and told him his hard luck story.

The friend, however, upon

hearing this tale of woe, said, "Why, that's all right; a cow never has teeth in her upper front jaw."

"Hey!!!" said our would-be stock-raiser.

"It's true, although not one person in 10 know it," said his friend. "Your cow is all right."

Then the young stock-raiser went home and told his family that they were not as smart as they thought they were about dumb beasts and, in particular, cows.

As it turned out, he went back to caring for his pet cow, feeling like the world had done him a good turn.

Now there certainly is a moral to this story: Before you go getting upset and making accusations about someone, be sure you know all the facts.

I'm reminded of a delightful quote from a little book written in 1907 by George Lincoln Walton entitled "Calm Yourself." It goes like this: "Fret not thy gizzard under fates, for thy fret gizzard incapitates."