

The following little incident which I find most amusing was published in the Nov. 17, 1881 issue of the Albion Daily News. Let me re-tell 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 were shocked at the site 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, 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 for 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.

Being all upset, he vowed that he'd fix the villain who 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 they thought they were

is no telling what he might have done had he not met a friend the next day and told him his hard luck story.

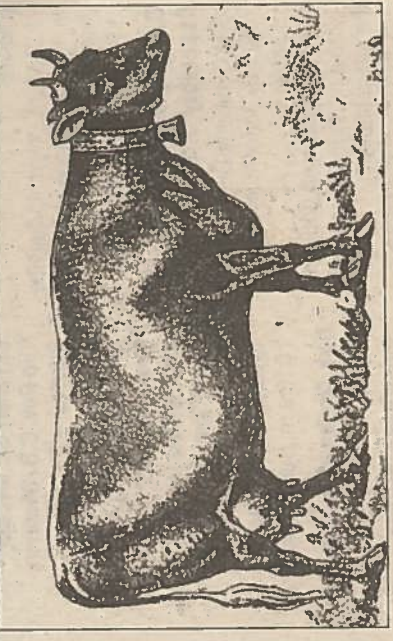
The friend, however, upon hearing this tale of woe said, "Why, that's all right, a cow never has teeth in her upper jaw."

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

"It's true, although not one person in ten know it," said this 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

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

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