

NO BABY ACT FOR HIM.

A Wounded Brakeman Does Not Cry Till Urged to Do So.

Pat Conley was rear brakeman on a Southern Ohio railroad train that broke in two while he was on deck, according to the Omaha Bee. He made for the brake-wheel to keep the rear section from dashing into the forward part of the broken train. The brake chain snapped, he was thrown off the car before the wheels and in an instant both legs cut off below the knee and one hand severed.

What was left of him was hurried upon the engine to the station, fortunately very near at hand. The stumps were amputated and dressed without anaesthesia, the call being too sudden and summons too hasty to procure them, if the man's life was to be saved at all. Pat never uttered a sound. Quivering with pain, white and perspiring with agony, he never so much as winced. Gangrene set in and the arm had to be taken off above the elbow. But the brakeman uttered never a moan.

Late one night, when he was still weak from the second operation, the hospital cot on which the shattered form lay broke down. The patient fell to the floor, the bandage was loosened upon his leg, the ligatures burst, and but for the quick action of the nurse Pat Conley would have bled to death.

When the surgeon arrived the brakeman's face was drawn with anguish. He was so weak from the loss of blood that it grew doubtful whether life could be coaxed back into his frame. Every thing that could be done was attended to at once.

Fainting, sick, racked with incredible torture, the poor fellow looked up at the surgeon, who was compelled to stoop to his pillow to catch the feeble words. In a whisper that was inaudible to the rest of the room Pat murmured: "Dec, how long—ought a feller stand this before he hollers? I can't stand it—much longer without—cryin', but I don't want to do the baby act."

"For God's sake, Pat," cried the doctor, "cry if you want to. It'll do you good."

Then for the first time in all those days of pain Pat turned his thin face to the wall and wept like a child.

THEY DIDN'T FIGHT.

BECAUSE OF THE DISCUSSION OF THEIR SECONDS COOLED THEIR WARLIKE SPIRITS.

There is a good anecdote told of Cham, the French caricaturist, and Philippe Gilie, a man of letters, says the Waverly Magazine. Once they had a violent quarrel in a theater after the play was over. Their friends interceded, but only made matters worse. One of the men challenged the other. Seconds were named on the spot and both men insisted that the preliminaries of the meeting should be arranged at once.

The seconds stepped into an adjoining room to make the grim arrangements for the duel, leaving the two principals in the same apartment. "What shall the weapons be?" one of the seconds asked.

"Pistols."

"No," said the first speaker, "with pistols it is all over so quickly that no one has a chance to see anything."

The partition between the room in which this discussion occurred and the one in which Cham and Gilie were waiting, glaring at the floor, was so thin that the two men heard every word. They looked up at each other.

"That isn't very funny to hear," remarked Cham.

"Hardly," said Gilie. "we'd better go out on the stage."

They went out into the solemn gloom of the deserted stage and found that also rather unpleasant.

"Let us go into the street," said one to the other.

They went out together and presently saw a good many people going into a restaurant. They followed the crowd mechanically and sat down at a table.

Half an hour afterward, when the seconds had completed the arrangements for the duel they were surprised to find that the principals were not where they had left them, and when they went in search of them they found them supping merrily together, entirely reconciled.

Wanted Encouragement.

"Got any weddin' clo's here?" he asked of a polite clerk in a Woodward avenue clothing store, according to the Detroit Free Press.

"Plenty of them," replied the clerk with a winning little grin.

"How much are they?"

"All the way from \$18 to \$50."

"Good stuff in 'em and genuine store clo's?"

"Nice enough for a millionaire to get married in. We make a specialty in that line."

"Let me look at a few, won't you?"

"Certainly. Walk right back this way, please."

After about a half hour's investigation he found something that he thought would suit.

"I'll be in next week, I s'pose, and take 'em," he said, moving off.

"Let me wrap them up for you now," urged the clerk.

The customer gave a nervous start.

"Geusalem, mister," he exclaimed, "I hain't ast the gal'yit. I'm jist doing this to gimme sand in my craw so's I can pop."

The Crow.

The early Romans believed that the crow was a very crafty, observing creature and a sly spy—whence the saying, "To scratch out crows' eyes"—meaning to overcome cunning by cunning. Hence the Roman ladies who were given to sorcery and gallantry were accustomed to put the eyes of a crow into their witch cookery. This, it was believed, closing the eyes of husbands to the irregularities of their wives.

AN OLD-TIME PRIZE FIGHT.

The Way a Foul began and the Way it Was Ended.

At a log-rolling on the farm of James Lowry, near Milton, Wayne county, in 1851, the dinner was over and something of a domestic nature and offended Horton Furgason, who, as he passed out into the yard, told Lowry he was going to whip him. He attempted to carry out his threat, but Belmont interfered, says the Indianapolis News. A Mr. Wallace took the matter up, saying to Furgason: "I will settle this with you on election day."

This was announced, and the event looked forward to with more interest than the election, and drew a big crowd in anticipation of the important "set-to."

Both men were well known in the vicinity. Furgason was a heavy-set, raw-boned man, larger than his opponent, who was an active, wiry man, but altogether they were well matched. Furgason kept out of sight that election day, avoided his rival and did not want to fight. A horse race was on hand near by, outside the town, during the afternoon of that memorable day, where the crowd had collected, and Furgason got his horse out to go home. In the meantime word was sent out to Wallace at the races that Furgason was seen in town. Wallace started for town and the crowd followed, stringing out nearly a quarter of a mile in length, with a shout and hurrah, on a run, like so many wild animals.

Wallace had the seeming advantage a preponderance of friends on hand, an advance of the mob met Furgason as he was coming out of an alley on the back, and Wallace cried out that he was there to "settle that matter." Furgason sidled off on the opposite side of the horse and made an effort to get away, but Wallace struck and laid him down before he could get up.

Wallace soon swelled to immense proportions. A ring was cleared and the men went like savage brutes for a while without cessation. Furgason was getting the best of the fight, and his friends separated them. He scarcely a rag of clothing was left on either of them, and both men were as battered and bloody as to be recognizable human beings.

Wallace had a fond that was increasing in the community, and the result, according to its culture, was to disgust some people. It had the effect of bringing up in a great measure, the feeling of eastern Indiana of settling their disputes by public exhibitions of prowess and skill in the unarmed art.

A READY WIT.

The Execution of Which Saved the Life of Abbe Maury.

A humorous proof of Maury's readiness was his retort on the brutal Parisian mob which hunted him through the streets of Paris, with the shout, "A la lanterne!" "And when you have hung me in a lantern, will you see any better?" A retort which saved his life. On one occasion, a wretch, armed with a cleaver, pursued him, but without recognizing him, saying: "Where is that Abbe Maury? I will send him to say mass in hell!" The abbe stopped, and, seizing his pistols, said: "Yes, but you shall come and serve me there; see, here are my cruets" (the two vessels for the water and the wine). The populace applauded heartily, and he walked off triumphant. In the tribune he exhibited the most undaunted composure, in spite of the vehement interruptions of his adversaries, the yells and cries of those whom popularity-hunters designate "our masters." "Obtain me a hearing!" he shouted to Mirabeau across the tempestuous sea of heads: "If you believe you can really triumph over my principles, for in the midst of this tumult you triumph only over my lungs." Mirabeau, shaking his fist at him, vociferated: "There is the greatest rogue I know!" "Oh, M. de Mirabeau," rejoined Maury, "you forget yourself!"

HE WAS TOO PARTICULAR.

A Tramp Printer Who Got Discouraged by a Towel.

The printer's nomadic propensities are proverbial. He is a wanderer on the face of the earth and is unlike Jack Falstaff only that he alternates his walk from tavern to tavern by journeying from print-shop to print-shop to obtain the means wherewith to purchase temporary entertainment at the former.

A fair specimen of the bohemian type claiming to have come from everywhere via Glen Falls, put in a day's work at the Saratogian office during the week with the option of staying a month if he chose, but at nightfall he announced his intention of journeying onward and demanded his pay.

"What's the matter? Type not 'ghat' enough?" asked the foreman. "Oh, no; not that; splendid place to work; nice fellows here, too; but there's a mystery about this shop I can't unravel. Your office towels are actually clean, sir—actually clean! Only office of the kind in America, and I can't stand originality!" Then he moved on.—The Saratogian.

A Futtile Experiment.

When I proposed to her I thought I would have the last word, and this is how I didn't get it:

After describing my condition and prospects I said: "Will you have me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Thank you," said I.

"You're welcome," said she.

"You are very kind to say so," I said.

"Not at all," she answered.

"I am very grateful," I added.

"Don't mention it," she said.

I let it go at that. I saw it was no use.—New York Press.

UNLUCKIEST MAN EVER BORN.

How an Unfinished Sentence Kept Him a Bachelor.

"Talk about luck," said the weary-eyed man with the long face to a New York Tribune reporter. "I'm the unluckiest man that ever was born. No other man in the world ever had such hard luck. I was born on Friday, on the 13th day of the month, and I was the thirteenth child in our family. On my thirteenth birthday I fell out of a three-story window and knocked out all my teeth. Afterward I had all the maladies known to man. I went out West and had to walk back. My father left me some horses and they burned down. I bought a share in a schooner and she sank on the very next trip. I went to work on a railroad, and in three days was knocked 400 feet in a collision and was in a hospital for six months."

"You do seem to have had your share of hard luck," said a sympathizer.

"Luck!" said the man. "Why, look at me when I wanted to get married. I fell in love with a girl, and I thought she loved me. I went to her, and I said: Elizabeth, were you ever married?"

"Why, no," she said blushing.

"You know that?"

"Well, Elizabeth," I said, "you are a good girl, and since no man"

"Then she burst out crying and ran out of the room, so that I could not finish what I wanted to say."

"Well, that was a funny way to ask a woman to marry you," said the man of sympathy.

"What way?"

"Telling her that you were sorry that no man would have her."

"No man have her?" said the unluckiest man. "I never said a word about that. I was going to say since no man could be good enough for her I hoped she would forgive my failings. Wasn't it hard luck that she wouldn't let me finish my sentence?"

"Why didn't you go back and explain it?"

"Well," said the unluckiest man, sorrowfully, "I was bound to get married, so I went and proposed to Sarah Smith, and she took me."

"At any rate you got married?"

"Married? Not a bit of it. Sarah Smith heard that I loved Elizabeth and had made that mistake, and she got mad and broke the engagement."

"Then you had your chance to go back to your first love?"

"I did."

"Didn't you get her?"

"Got her? No! I tell you, man, I'm the unluckiest being alive. I went back and asked her plunkout to marry me, and found that after she heard about my engagement to Sarah Smith she'd gone and promised to marry a fellow who'd been begging her to marry him for five years."

"Why didn't you wait then to see if she didn't break her engagement?"

"Hang it, man, I did."

"Did you go back again?"

"No, I didn't."

"Why not?"

"Because I'd changed my mind about getting married. Didn't I tell you I was the unluckiest man in the world?"

Why the Bird Didn't Sing.

Mrs. Clamwhopper, an elegantly dressed lady, followed by a servant in livery bearing a cage in which there was a green parrot, entered the establishment of a New York bird dealer.

"I bought this bird of you six months ago and he has not spoken a word yet. When I bought him you told me he would repeat every word he heard," said the lady, indignantly.

"Well, I say so yet. He will repeat every word he hears," replied the bird dealer, calmly.

"But he doesn't repeat a single word!"

"That's because he can't hear a single word. He is as deaf as a post. You forgot to ask if he could hear and I forgot to mention it. My motto is 'Honesty is the best policy.' Morning, ma'am."

Mrs. Clamwhopper left the place suffering from rage.—Texas Siftings.

He Was Right.

Giggling girls—we believe that most girls giggle at times—do well, when they are in the mood for a titter, to seek the society of other girls who are bent on the same form of sportive silliness. But a giggling woman—can even another woman giggle endure her society?

Those who saw and heard her quite agreed with the husband of the woman of at least forty years of age who attracted much attention in a railway carriage by her spasmodic giggling, simpering and occasional fits of pouting.

Finally she turned to one of the ladies with her, and said loudly enough to be heard by all near:

"My husband often says that I'm an awfully silly and foolish thing, and I do believe I am."—Saturday Evening Post.

He Declined.

Young Woman—I want you to draw plans for a nice, cosy home. My husband's mother will live with us, and I—

Architect—Madam it is impossible.

Young Woman—Why, don't you do such work?

Architect—No, madam; no architect has yet been able to draw plans for a house that is large enough for two women.—Judge.

Only One Necessary.

When the great musician Frederick Chopin was young his personal appearance was the last thing he thought of. In a letter sent to his parents from Vienna, in 1831, he says: "I have left my whiskers only on the right cheek. They grow very well there, and there is really no occasion to have them on my left cheek, as I always sit with the right one toward the audience!"—Argonaut.

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