

The train was just entering Erin, Tenn., when we heard the sharp toot! toot! toot! of the whistle, and such passengers as looked from the window saw an aged African with a bundle over his shoulder straight ahead on the track. The whistle was blown and the bell rung, but he paid no attention, and all of a sudden the cow-catcher picked him up, flung him fifty feet on one side. A gang of men brought the body to the depot, and among the dozen of us who stopped off at the village a coroner's jury was selected. It seemed a plain enough case. The man came to his death by being struck by a locomotive on the L&N Road. Such was the verdict rendered, but no sooner was it announced than the coroner observed:

'Gentlemen, return and amend your verdict. You haven't said anything about carelessness.'

We returned to the room and amended by adding that the engineer was blameless in the case, and the coroner received us with:

'Very good, gentlemen, as far as it goes, but the man was probably deaf, and it would be well to amend the verdict accordingly.'

We went back and amended to make the victim as deaf as a hitching post, but we are not through yet.

'You haven't got the name of the county in your report, and you don't say whether it was a freight or passenger train,' observed the coroner.

We returned to room for another tussle, and were just congratulating ourselves on having everything in ship-shape, when the coroner put his head into the doorway and called out:

'Gentlemen, amend your verdict! The confounded nigger has come to life!'

And when we rushed out of the freight house he was sitting up on end and asked if anybody had seen his bundle.—Detroit Free Press.

YOUNG SNAGWELL GIVES HIS MOTHER DEAD AWAY.—The minister called at the house of Mr. Snagwell the other day. 'You are very comfortably situated,' said he to the Christian wife and mother. Your little place is almost self-sustaining; but sister, where are all of your chickens? When last here I noticed flocks of them in the yard.

'Yes,' replied the Christian lady, we raised a great many, but they became so troublesome to our neighbors that, rather than give offense, we killed them.'

'Very considerate, I am sure.'

'Oh, I cannot bear to be looked upon as an imposition and—'

'Ma!' called young Snagwell. 'Yes, son.'

'Did you sell the chickens 'cause they were troublesome?'

'Yes, son; run along now.'

'No you didn't 'cause I heard you tell pap that the chickens all had the cholera an' that he'd better take 'em down an' sell 'em before they all died.'

terwards the boy had reason to believe that the mercury had gained an altitude of several inches.—Arkansaw Traveler.

COULDN'T STAND THE REMEDY.—A miserly, unkempt old man, who had been sick for some time, called on a doctor, and after telling his symptoms, asking what he should do.

'Well, sir, you must take a cold bath every morning.'

'What, wash all over every day?'

'Yes.'

'Will I die if I don't do it?'

'You certainly will.'

'Well, doctor, I ain't able to walk down town; will you go and get a preacher and an undertaker? I'll go home and get ready to see them. You may send your bill to my administrator and he will settle it after I'm gone. Good day.'—Boston Post.

GENTRY'S GHOST.—Yesterday afternoon the people along Wentworth and king streets were astonished beyond measure to see Jack Gentry, the man recently shot by Levy and whose life was supposed to be hanging by a thread, walking along leisurely and alone. His step was unsteady and his face haggard like that of a corpse. He was making a beeline for the Kennel, into which he strolled and took a seat. The companions of his old carousals were seated around, and they thought for awhile that they had spirits to face as well as swallow; that Jack had come back to 'em from the dead. But when the ghost put its elbow on the counter and its hands in its pocket, and told the barkeeper to 'set 'em up for the crowd,' and supplemented the order with the old interrogatory, 'Gentlemen, wat'll you have?' it was too much life to be misconstrued, so they crowded around him and shook his hand.

Gentry had left the St. Xavier Hospital by some means, and managed to rear his old resort. He was taken back at once, and late last night was about as usual, that is, very badly hurt.—News and Courier, 2nd.

HE WAS NOT A WORKING MAN.—A few mornings ago a tramp applied at a house on Austin avenue for some breakfast.

'Go into the back-yard and chop up a few armfuls of firewood, and I'll give you your breakfast.'

'Well, if my breakfast is ready, I don't see why I should work for it.'

'It will not be your breakfast until you cut some wood.'

'Cut wood! If you want any wood cut, you had better hire some poor working man to do it. You ought to know by my looks that I don't work for my living. Good morning.'

—The latest boarder in an uptown establishment recently offended his landlady by pointing at the fishballs and asking the waiter to pass him another hand grenade.—Puck.

—Cotton is improving through-out Pickens.

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