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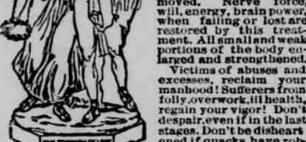
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McFagin's Flat.

McFagin's Flat. It's not often you'll hear me complain and it's sorry I am that my story is true: For iv'ry man knows it's not decent or mainly.

To go back on a friend that has stood up for you But I'll get satisfaction before I'm much older. Ye may gamble yer life, or me name isn't Pat. For I can not be aisy, I'm almost turned crazy By the airs of McFagin, that lives in the flat.

When we both were at home in the townland together. In the very same spot where his wife was dragged in. Sure the fact was well known that my people had plenty.

White McFagin just worked for the bit an' the sure he'd get the dure and a pig in the corner. With a gust at the dure and a pig in the corner. With a rusty duddeea stickin' out of his If he sniped himself here as I've seen him in Ireland. Faldraht frighten the people that lives in the flat.

In the gutters up in harlem we paddled and waited. Through water and mud, like a pair av ould snipes. Till the millerman's brother—for some cause or other—

Appinted McFagin upon the big pipes. Ah, the times he put on—ye would scarcely believe it. In less than a fortnight we had a big spat. But with all his loud boastin', his rantin' an' tostin', I never wance dhramed that he'd move to a flat!

Now he wears a billed shirt an' a chokaway coat. His son keeps his feet brushed, an' runs av with a step like an ape he slides out iv'ry evening. An' he's known to the girls as a half-witted masher.

The fat daughter Jane has set up for a beauty. She's as broad as a toad, an' as blind as a bat. When at church she meets people, she looks at the steeple— She's gone up so high since she's lived in the flat.

Well, they'll stay where they are for a little while longer. Then they'll move from the place with their illegit child. For their brother, Big Casey, is knocked out in his gut.

Sure I knew he'd be beaten as sure as he's a man. But the man that we backed, he was nobly ribbed. That's what he did the business, he gives in to that.

On the first of the month when his sons gets appinted. Faldraht's somebody else 'll move into the flat.

—George E. Devyr, in Puck.

HUMAN NATURE.

A Heartless Man Trifles with it and Has a Little Quiet Fun.

There was a man at the Wash depot the other afternoon who took a \$5 bill out of his vest pocket and spread it out on his knee and attentively examined it. Then he took it over to the window and held it to the pane of glass and examined it still more critically. Then he went back to his seat and said to the man on his right, who had become much interested, together with half a dozen others.

"Well they say there has got to be a first time with everybody, but I thought I had travelled far enough to cut my eye teeth."

"Got stuck, eh?" queried the other, as he reached for the bill. "Well, you are not so much to blame. That bill is pretty well gotten up."

"Yes, fairly well, but feel of it. Does it feel like a genuine greenback to you?"

"N—o, it doesn't, though I should never have stopped to feel of it. I can see how that it is rougher and coarser."

"They might have passed that off on me in the night," said a second man who took up the bill, "but never by daylight. I should have spotted it at once."

"Pretty well executed, isn't it?" queried the owner.

"I don't think so. The inks used were not first class, and the printing is bad. I could tell it was queer, even if held out at arm's length."

"Counterfeit, eh?" said the third man, as he took the bill in his hands. "Wall, now, I call that poopy well done. I'd a taken that bill anywhar' fur a good one."

"If somebody didn't take 'em fer good," said a man with a pair of steel-bowed spectacles on, as he joined the group, "the counterfeiters couldn't make a living. There are plenty of yahos still alive."

"Are you callin' me a yahoo?" demanded the third man.

"I'm only speaking in a general way. I'd have spotted that bill among a thousand. Just one look at the back of it is enough for me. Where'd you get it?"

"Can't tell," solemnly replied the owner.

"You ought to be more careful." "Yes, I know."

"What are you going to do with it?" "I think I'll try and pass it off on some one. Let's see if the ticket man will drop to it."

He advanced to the widow, bought a ticket for a town fifty miles down the road, and the ticket man pulled in the bill made change like chain lightning. Twenty people were watching, and each drew a long breath and opened his eyes. The owner of the bill coolly pocketed the change and ticket and calmly sat down and opened a newspaper and began to read. It was some time before the crowd tumbled to the fact that it had been gayed. Then one by one, they sneaked around or went out for fresh air. All but one. It was the man who resented being called a yahoo. He went over to the joker with a grin on his face, slapped him on the back in a hearty way, and said:

"It was a good joke, and it's just such adventures as this that make travelin' around all-fired pleasanter to me! Come out and have some lemonade!"—Detroit Free Press.

A CLEVER TRICK.

How the Killers of a Gamekeeper in Ireland Saved Their Necks.

"See that man in the corner of the car?" said a gentleman to a Boston Globe man in a Back Bay car one evening last week. "Look him over quickly, for he will get out at the next stop." The man referred to was of medium height, well dressed, had a determined expression, and would pass as a business man.

"That man," continued the speaker, "figured in one of the most sensational murders ever committed in Ireland, and he escaped by one of the cleverest tricks known to the human mind. I refer to the shooting affray that took place on Lord Clifton's estate in a place called Brandon Hill, County Kilkenny, Aug. 7, 1888, when the poachers and five gamekeepers came together, and before they separated one member of each party was stretched on the field dying."

"One of the poachers was more venturesome than the rest and started out in advance of his companions. After wandering about for an hour he was startled by a handsome bird dog bounding toward him. A moment later the dog lay struggling at his feet with a handful of buckshot in his head and breast. The discharge of the gun attracted one of the poachers named Pat Burns, who emerged from the cover, gun in hand, his face covered with a mask.

"Burns asked: 'Did you shoot that dog?' Welch replied: 'Yes, and if you don't look out I will also shoot you.' Burns did not seem worth a cent, but bent down on one knee and examined the dog's wounds. When he got up Welch had a bead on him. Welch was about to pull the trigger of his gun when a report rang out in the bushes near by and Welch, the gamekeeper, was lying on the ground with a load of shot in his head."

"The noise attracted other gamekeepers, who took it for granted that Burns was the man who had shot their comrade, and they at once opened fire on him. He attempted to escape, but the blood was running from his wounds and 100 yards distant he fell from exhaustion. A rapid exchange of shots followed and the poachers were driven back. The keepers gave up the chase to care for their fallen comrade, Welch, who was in awful agony. Burns, the wounded poacher, would probably have survived, but one of the keepers pulled the bandage off his wounded leg, and he lived only an hour, having bled to death. Welch, the keeper, died at the end of the eighth day."

"Kilkenny jail was crowded with suspects a week after the shooting took place. After the shooting the poachers took to the mountains. A surgeon was called to vaccinate a child in the neighborhood. The poachers kept watch of the child, and when the proper time came took the virus, and after scraping the flesh around their shot-wounds they inoculated themselves. The result was the shot-wounds were completely covered with cowpox marks. The poachers were finally arrested and lodged in Kilkenny jail. When the wounds on their arms were discovered experts were called in to examine them, but after a most critical examination lasting all day the men were released."

"That man I pointed out to you," continued the speaker, "is one of the two men who evaded justice so cleverly. I came to this country six months later than he did and was astonished to find him engaged in a lucrative business."

"Witches" Burned in Scotland.
Between the years 1590 and 1680 no less than 3,400 women were burned in Scotland for witchcraft.

The American Joke.

"America," said Darweesh to one of the ladies, "must be a fine place and very like Egypt. You have corn, tobacco, watermelons and a big river there."

"And crocodiles, too," she replied. "Wallah!" he cried in admiration; then, with a slight touch of jealousy that these blessings should be scattered broadcast, he added: "Do they eat men?"

"No, only dogs," she admitted. "Ah!" he returned, exulting in the superior gastronomic taste of the Egyptian saviour, "ours eat men!"

"Of course yours will not eat dogs; they are Moslem crocodiles," she answered, referring to the Mohammedans' avoidance of the dog as an unclean animal.

As one of the most lovable characteristics of the Arab is his instant and intense appreciation of the feeblest joke, says a writer in Scribner's, Darweesh seemed much amused and repeated with many chuckles, "Ours are Moslem crocodiles," as he went about his daily work.

Married a Perfect Stranger.

In the diaries of the late Mr. Cope, R. A., published by Bentley & Son, the following story is given as told by his sister-in-law: "She met a farmer friend and said to him: 'I hear, John, that you're lately married; who is your wife?' 'Well, Miss Benning, I don't quite know.' 'How so?' 'Where did you meet with her?' 'Aweel, ye see, miss, I went t' market, and as I was going I seed a canny lass working along t' road, and I says: 'Will ye git oop and ride?' 'Ay,' says she. 'So she gat oop, and I asked her: 'Are ye gangin' to t' market?' 'Aye,' says she. 'What for?' says I. 'To git a place,' says she. So I let her down t' market and left her, and as I come back t' evening there was this same lass working t' same way oop hill. So I spak t' her again and axed her: 'Ha' you gotten yer place?' 'Nay,' says she. 'I hanna.' 'Will ye git oop and ride?' 'Aye,' says she. So she gat oop and I axed her: 'Dye think my place would suit ye?' 'What place is that?' says she. 'Why, to be my wife,' says I. 'I don't mind,' says she. So we got wed, and she's a rare good wife, but she's a perfect stranger to me."—London News.

TOM CYPHER'S PHANTOM ENGINE

A Ghostly Combination That Haunts Northern Pacific Engineers.

Locomotive engineers are as a class said to be superstitious, but J. M. Pinckney, an engineer known to almost every Brotherhood man, is an exception to the rule. He has never been able to believe the different stories told of apparitions suddenly appearing on the track, but he had an experience last Sunday night on the Northern Pacific east-bound overland that made his hair stand on end.

By the courtesy of the engineer, also a Brotherhood man, Mr. Pinckney was riding on the engine. They were recounting experiences, and the fireman, who was a green hand, was getting very nervous as he listened to the tales of wrecks and disasters, the horrors of which were graphically described by the veteran engineers.

The night was clear and the rays from the headlight flashed along the track, and although they were interested in spinning yarns, a sharp lookout was kept, for they were rapidly nearing Eagle gorge, in the Cascades, the scene of so many disasters and the place which is said to be the most dangerous on the 2,500 miles of road. The engineer was relating a story and was just coming to the climax when he suddenly grasped the throttle, and in a moment had "thrown her over," that is, reversed the engine. The air brakes were applied and the train brought to a standstill within a few feet of the place where Engineer Cypher met his death two years ago. By this time the passengers had become curious as to what was the matter, and all sorts of questions were asked the trainmen. The engineer made an excuse that some of the machinery was loose, and in a few moments the train was speeding on to her destination.

"What made you stop back there?" asked Pinckney. "I heard your excuse, but I have run too long on the road not to know that your excuse is not the truth."

His question was answered by the engineer pointing ahead and saying excitedly: "There! Look there! Don't you see it?"

"Looking out of the cab window," said Mr. Pinckney, "I saw about 300 yards ahead of us the headlight of a locomotive."

"Stop the train, man," I cried, reaching for the lever.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's what I saw back at the gorge. It's Tom Cypher's engine, No. 33. There's no danger of a collision. The man who is running that ahead of us can run it faster backward than I can this one forward. Have I seen it before? Yes, twenty times. Every engineer on the road knows that engine, and he's always watching for it when he gets to the gorge."

"The engine ahead of us was running silently, but smoke was puffing from the stack and the headlight threw out rays of red, green and white light. It kept a short distance ahead of us for several miles, and then for a moment we saw a figure on the pilot. Then the engine rounded a curve and we did not see it again. We ran by a little station, and at the next, when the operator warned us to keep well back from a wild engine that was ahead, the engineer said nothing. He was not afraid of a collision. Just to satisfy my own mind on the matter I sent a telegram to the engine wiper at Sprague, asking him if No. 33 was in. I received a reply stating that No. 33 had just come in, and that her coal was exhausted and boxes burned out. I suppose you'll be inclined to laugh at the story, but just ask any of the boys, although many of them won't talk about it. I would not myself if I were running on the road. It's unlucky to do so."

With this comment upon the tale Mr. Pinckney boarded a passing caboose and was soon on his way to Tacoma. It is believed by Northern Pacific engineers that Thomas Cypher's spirit still haunts near Eagle gorge.—Seattle Press-Times.

Why Rube Stayed.

As I came along to where the high way forked, I saw a colored man about fifty years of age tied to a tree beside the road. The rope was around his waist, while his hands were free to reach the knot and release himself.

"Well, what are you doing there?" I asked, as I came to a halt.

"Dun waitin' fur Mars Chapin to cum back," he replied.

"And who's Mars Chapin?" "He's de Sheriff, sah."

"Did he tie you to that tree?" "Yes, sah."

"What for?" "Kase he 'rested me an' Moses White 'bout a hog case, sah. Moses he dun wouldn't stand to be 'rested, but cut an run. De Sheriff he tied me up heap while he went to look fur Moses."

"Seems to me it would be a very easy matter for you to untie yourself and walk away."

"Yes, sah, it would, but I reckon I won't do it."

"You are an innocent man, then?" "No, sah. I helped Moses steal dat hog fur sho, an' I reckon I'll git about six months in de coal mines."

"Well, you are about the queerest darkey I ever saw."

"Mebbe I was, sah, but yo' see I has got to figger a leetle. Arter I has served out my time an' cum home, mebbe I shall want to go up to Mars Chapin's jail some day an' ax him to took me in fur a month or two. If I was to untie myself an' run away he'd member it of me, an' he'd dun look me all ober an' say: 'Reuben, dat day I tied yo' to a tree yo' dun promised to stay right dar.' When I got back wid Moses yo' war gone. Yo' dun busted yo' my word, an' I can't trust yo' no mo'. My jail an' a nice, dry place, wid plenty to eat, an' I'd like to take yo' in an' make yo' comfortable, but I can't do it. When a nigger busts his word wid me dat settles it. Yo' go right away an' starve to death or I'll sick de dawg onto yo'!"

I tossed him a quarter for his common sense philosophy, and he was still waiting for Mars Chapin as I rode away.