

VALORATSHADY RILL

A BRUSH BETWEEN RAILROAD MEN AND BUSHWHACKERS.

Trainmen Who Saved the Ladies of a Good Old Southern Family From a Band of Marauders—Comedy Contributed by a Negro Servant and a Fireman.

All day the train had been waiting at Shady Hill for orders. Once in awhile the engineer would ask the brakeman to cut him off, and he would race up and down the track in order to "pump her," for there were no injectors on the locomotives in 1892. All day the conductor sat in the caboose, where an operator was working, expecting orders to back away, for the trainmen were getting the better of the Yanks. Once, when the engineer went down the track into the pine forest, he saw a band of bushwhackers riding leisurely through the wood in the direction of Shady Hill. These were not men of the north nor yet of the south. They were marauders, murderers, masquerading as soldiers and equally dangerous to each army. The engineer told the conductor what he had seen, and, taking a couple of muskets and one of the brakemen, the captain put himself into the wood tank and set out to hunt the bandits. It was an odd way to go to work, but the conductor considered it better than remaining at the run to be plundered, if not murdered by the band. The bushmen must have heard them coming, for they were sitting on their horses, still as statues, when the old wood burner came creeping round a curve, her links and chains rattling like a dray on cobblestones.

"Halt!" cried the leader, and the engineer hooked her over. "What do you want?" demanded the conductor. "What have you got?" asked the bushman.

The negro fireman must have seen the humor of the man's reply, for he poked his head round the corner of the cab and laughed a laugh that seemed to come from the very bottom of his bare feet. It filled the forest and rippled away down the wood like the song of a reaper reaping in a valley near the hills.

"Fo' de Lawd, dat am funny," said the negro, wiping his eyes.

"Nothing that you can have," said the conductor back at the bushman.

Immediately the negro opened his mouth and began to ripple again, but this time the flow of his mirth was broken by the sound of muskets. Bang, bang! went the guns of the marauders, and the negro, changing his laugh to a cry of pain, fell upon the deck and begged the brakeman to shoot him.

"I've done killed fo' de Lawd, I've shot plumb frow de ha't."

"Then die, you crazy nigger," shouted the brakeman. "Think I'm going to waste a load on you?"

When the conductor and the brakeman had emptied their guns at the gang, the engineer opened the throttle and backed away with the bullets rattling on his front end and smashing the glass in the cab windows.

Upon arriving at Shady Hill they found that only the tip of one of the negro's fingers had been shot away, and when the engineer had bathed the finger in black oil, bound it up with a rag and kicked the negro three or four times the fellow was able to take his place at the furnace door.

The conductor instructed the operator to report what had taken place to the army officer in charge of the railway, and then went over to the Shady Hill plantation to warn the women there of the coming of the bushwhackers. He had been over once or twice for supplies, which were given, if not grudgingly, reluctantly, for how were these poor women, whose fathers and husbands and brothers were down there where the steady, monotonous booming of cannon spoke of danger and death, to smile upon the people of the north? These men were come into the country, the women were able to persuade themselves, to take the property of the people and lay the country waste. So now, when the conductor lifted his hat in the presence of the venerable dame and her proud daughter, the women drew themselves up and looked down upon him from the veranda.

"If they ah no'te'n soldiers, I reckon they can't no'te'n kill us, an if they ah southe'n soldiers they ah southe'n gentlemen. So we might bettah take our chances with them than with you all, who ah no't soldiers at all."

"Neither are these soldiers. They are bushwhackers and murderers. Come, I beg of you, let me help you to escape."

At that moment the sound of musketry was heard from down behind the orchard, and a moment later an old white haired wench came falling round the house, rolled up the veranda steps and threw herself at the feet of her young mistress.

"Fo' de Lawd, honey," she howled, "de wood faily full o' Yankies. I fought dey dun been our folks, case dey dun hab on blue clo's, but minit dat fool Jim poke his head obeh de fence an shout, 'Git out dis, yeah o'chad,' dey all bang loose at him, an, fo' de Lawd, dey dun tak' he heart out an eat it right fo' my ole eyes."

A negro can always be depended upon to supply the details in an exciting narrative and to fill in with bits of pathos, but the women, making due allowance for the exaggerations of a frightened negro, had no doubt that they were now in great danger.

"Shall we have time to dress, suh?" asked the lady with a hauteur that under the circumstances was pathetic.

"No. Fly for your lives," said the conductor, for even as he spoke he saw a couple of men riding under the apple trees.

The women saw them, too, and throwing on whatever lay in reach in the way of wraps hurried over to the train. The old negress, still telling her story, went with the two women and helped them into the caboose. Now the two robbers who had ridden through the orchard saw the trainmen and immediately opened fire. The conductor and the brakeman, walking backward, kept the desperadoes back, killing one of their horses. Just as the trainmen reached the caboose the conductor was shot and fell near the rail. The rest of the band had come to the rescue of their comrades, and now the lead was raining upon the side of the car. The brakeman, having dropped his gun, stooped to lift the conductor aboard, but he could not do it. Now this delicate young daughter of the south, seeing the danger in which these men, her enemies, had voluntarily placed themselves for her sake and her mother's, leaped to the ground and with her white hands that had never lifted anything heavier than a riding whip helped the brakeman to lift the limp form of the conductor into the car while the bullets rained around her. When they had laid him upon the locker, the young woman lifted his head and held it in her lap, and so, as the engine backed away, the conductor died.

—New York Sun.

ELEVEN HANDS OF POKER.

They Ought to Have Won Every Time, but Didn't.

It's the bewildering uncertainties of the great game of poker that make it so popular with most Americans. Systems and the law of averages do not seem to obtain as much in the play of this game as they do in most other games of chance and skill. This point never was more strikingly illustrated than it was one night not long ago in the short space of half an hour.

The game is a regular institution on one of the late suburban trains out of New York. The first stop that is made by this train is exactly 30 minutes after the train leaves New York. The game always starts on time, and the cards are gathered up and the players jump off usually as the train begins to get headway after the first stop.

This explanation is necessary to fully appreciate the array of hands that makes the real point of this story. One player with a good memory held in the 30 minutes' play the following hands, with these results:

- Four aces—won, of course.
Five full on aces—beaten.
One flush—beaten.
One straight—beaten.
Three aces—beaten.
Four sets of aces up—all beaten.
Three sevens—beaten.
Queens up—won.
Jacks up—won.
Tens up—won.
Nines up on fours—beaten.

In this really remarkable collection of 11 hands only 4 of them were winners, and yet the man who held them says that he came out even. He got scared on his five full and on his flush and just called. He lost considerable on his three aces, but he won more on his queens up that he held only once than he did on his four aces. His jacks up netted him more than any other hand, for he had them pat and played them so on the opening of a fat jack pot.

The five full was beaten by a ten full and the flush was beaten by a queen full. None of the other men in the game thought that his hand was especially strong or weak, and it would be expected naturally that the array of hands given above would quit the game considerably to the good if one did not know that most of them were beaten. —New York Press.

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APHORISMS.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.—Bailey.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.—De Ministre.

Who makes quick use of the moment is a genius of penitence.—Lavater.

Opportunity sooner or later comes to all who work and wish.—Lord Stanley.

To see what is right and not to do it is want of courage or of principle.—Confucius.

Set all things in their own peculiar place and know that order is the greatest grace.—Dryden.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive some useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear bought experience.—Washington.

Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us—viz, avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride. If those enemies were to be banished, we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.—Petraoch.

Pain and pleasure, like light and darkness, succeed each other, and he only who knows how to accommodate himself to their returns and can wisely extract the good from the evil knows how to live.—Sterne.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorns and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds, and faults of some kind nestle in every bosom.—Spurgeon.

NOVELTIES.

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STAGE GLINTS.

Alexis Gissiko, professionally known as Markham, has retired from the stage and is interested in the publication of a magazine in New York city.

W. S. Gilbert is suing the London Era for an alleged libel contained in an article criticising Mr. Gilbert for his criticisms of leading English actors.

Andrew Mack will play Sir Lucius O'Trigger to Nat C. Goodwin's Bob Acres in a scene from "The Rivals" at the Actors' fund benefit in New York.

Paul Gilmore is negotiating with Mrs. Alexander Salvini with a view to securing her late husband's repertory and paraphernalia, and it is very likely that he will star.

E. H. Sothern will not attempt a revival of "Change Alley," but will rely upon his repertory for the present season. Next autumn he will produce a new play by Anthony Hope.

Julia Arthur has received a fragment of the sword she carried in the initial performance of "A Lady of Quality," which has been recovered from the ruins of the burned Detroit theater.

Judith Berolde, who has been absent from the stage for several years, will reappear in the New York Independent theater's production of the one act Italian tragedy "The Rights of the Soul."

D'Oyley Carte has recovered his health, and while he has not yet assumed the burden of business cares he is present every day at rehearsals of "The Grand Duchess" at the Savoy theater, London.

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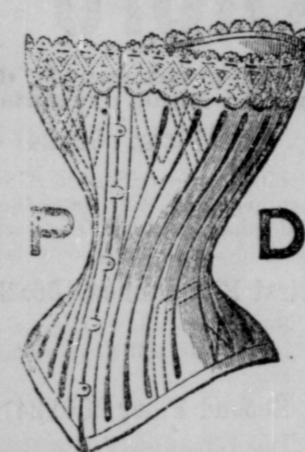
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