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ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

Only a brakeman killed by the train; Only a brakeman by accident slain. ... Only a brakeman I cried the wild throng; Only a brakeman I was called by Death's song.

how brave and noble he was. That last day I saw him I never can forget. He was so good to me. After he had bid me good-by he came back and says: 'Minnie, I cannot say good-by. It seems as if I must stay.' And then he sat down on the milk-room window seat, looking the picture of despair.

'Quicken my footsteps, I nearly reached him, when the vision faded away. 'More dead than alive I dragged myself home. Auntie inquired what made me so white and wan, but I put her off with an evasive answer.

'I dreamt that I was looking on a broad expanse of water. At first I saw nothing but fog enveloping a small boat, then gradually it cleared away, and I saw the Snowdrop with the crew on board.

Joachim Antonio de Macedo, in his historical sketch of Lisbon, goes back to the legends of the fable. It is stated that, in his wanderings stopped here to repair his ships and for repose, after contending with tempestuous weather, and while here founded the city and called it Ulyssippi, and built in it a temple to Minerva.

only trying to fool you. My bold Arkian heart beats for you, my boy. I just wanted to teach you a lesson. Never let anybody get the drop on you. If anybody insults you, just tell them that Job Augustine, the roarer, is your friend.

Guns have been constructed claimed to have capacity to throw projectiles a distance of eight miles or more with gunpowder, but the claim has not been accompanied by the assurance that any great injury to persons or property is likely to occur.

There is much difference in opinion as to the best time of the year in which to plow. Some farmers are of the opinion that the best time is during the revolutionary period, or a little after, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin were dispatched from Philadelphia, I believe, to Massachusetts on public errands.

I am a little skeptic about dreams, spirits, warnings and everything else of that description. I put no faith in haunted houses, spirit rappings and the like; but I heard a story last year which, although I had not shaken my opinion, still to me it remains a mystery wholly inexplicable.

'I trust so,' he said, as he walked away. 'I stood watching him out of sight when Auntie came in.

'I thought you were taking in the smiles of your fair Dulcinea.' 'No; she has gone West this summer. Saratoga, in consequence, becomes a howling wilderness. So here I am content to Nova Scotia to visit the old homestead. Come with me.'

At either end of the car were spacious lavatories and relative conveniences for ladies, the other for gentlemen, equipped with soap, clean towels, brushes, combs, etc., and a filter with fresh drinking water.

At the year 1851, the most influential man in San Antonio was an alleged desperado, named Bob Augustine. He was a man of great energy and vigor. He enjoyed the reputation of having killed a dozen or so of men, and was respected accordingly.

Book of Mormon. The Book of Mormon has commonly been credited to the Rev. Solomon Spalding, a Presbyterian minister of romance reporting to give the origin and history of the American Indians.

They Settled Near Day. In Albany, N. Y., a party of legislators arose from the green-covered table with empty pockets and craving stomachs.

What Prevented? He had been stopping at a hotel for a day or two, seemingly unnoticed by any of the crowd. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with a high forehead, and a pair of eyes that seemed to look straight into your soul.

'What shall we do now?' I inquired. 'Make a night of it?' 'No necessity of that; but I really like to try the inlet in the fog, so I'll take you around to Arne's Point. It may amuse you.'

'I had such a curious dream: I dreamt some great danger threatened Ben, and that I was striving my utmost to avert the danger, which grew more terrible. Finally I seemed to awake only to see Ben standing on the balcony looking in my window through the vines.

'I was during the reign of Bob Augustine, the long-ranged roarer of Calaveras canyon,' as he familiarly called himself, that a young man from Boston, named John Smith, came to San Antonio, presumably in search of health.

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