

"A terrible catastrophe occurred at Jonesville yesterday when the way freight struck John Burgess in the switching yards, instantly loosing the silver cord and breaking the golden bowl."

Dear, dear, how awful! When I was young it was the Injuns with tommyhawks that was allus killin' off somebody, an' nowadays it's these railroad track injuns that's allus doin' somethin' dreadful. Where'd it say it hit 'im? (*Looks at paper.*) Struck 'im in the switchin' yards. Wal, I snum! What part of the human 'natomy is the switchin' yards? Some folks like to put the switchin' on one part an' some on a nuther. My brother Si allus wanted ma to switch him on the legs an' then he'd dance so dreatful that ma'd think she was most killin' 'im an' he'd get off easy. In the switchin' yards! Oh, pshaw now, what a goose I be! It's a talkin' 'bout the part of the track where the injun was switchin' round when it hit 'im. Now, lots a folks wouldn't a thought of that, but I believe in understandin' what I'm readin'. I like to digest things. Now what's the rest? (*Reads:*)

"Instantly loosing the silver cord and breaking the golden bowl."

Whatever in the world do you s'pose he was carryin' a silver cord an' a gold bowl for? W'y, I never saw a gold bowl in my life. He must a bin awful rich to have sech things—though a silver cord ain't very expensive. That must a bin his watch chain, but I don't see what the gold bowl was for. I wonder if it killed 'im? (*Reads again:*)

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