DUTCH COURAGE

From McClure's Magazine.

we played that I wud not like to play agin.

"How she did blow! Tin thousand divisis scratchin' an' yellin' overhead an' th' pine trees goin' 'Moo, Mooo,' like a cow that had lost her caif. I had somethin' to kape the wather out tho,' an' I disremimber how many times I consulted th' neck av ut. No doubt 'twas considerable, bekase I know I sthopped at th' crossin' where Daddy Briggs was deliled, ye remimber, an' invited his ghost to come an' hov' a drink wid me. Ye know there's thim that size he walks av noights, an' I ginerally size nothin' but hurries whin business calls me by there after dark. 'Tis not I that wid do Jinks wid a dead man whin I'm sober.

"Whin I made th' top av th' hill I ""How' ye thought av the thres"Whin I made th' top av th' hill I ""How' ye thought av the thres"Whin I made th' top av th' hill I

It was O'Keefe told me this as we as on a pile of rotten the below the railroad embankment in the stiffing quiet of an August noon. His empty dinner pail lay beside him, and from the bowl of a marvelously black and shiny clay the puris of smoke sailed out as regularly as the ticking of a clock. Also the immediate neighborhood was redolent of 'home grown' so highly scented that in self-defence I had to burn up the cigar I had been saving for the homeward walk as I listened to the story.

"The a curious thing is whisky, sorr, an' thot's widout denyin'. Ut makes a man do what he wud never think av do fit' widout ut. Twil get him into scrapes av all kinds an' yet 'twill generally get him out, too. Do I not know? I how' lived wit ut for forty years. 'Dutch courage,' I hov' heard ut called, tho' why I do not know, unliss that boily a Dutchman wad be foolish enough to do otherwise. Wance ut caught me thot way an' 'tis uv that I mane to tell you.

"Bedad, ut was an awful him in thin we was out in the pen where the wind cud play wid us. Sorr, it was all, an' a wind, blowin' harder ivery second, whippin' yold. Th' wind blew down th' cut fit to kill, an' ivery now an' thin a dash alv rain ud slap me in th' face an' migh take me breath away—what little I had. Th' moon was shinin' somewhere, but here in th' woods 'twas black as your hat. Ye cud fair fale th' drakmess uv ut as if ye was wadin' thro' ink. I'd bin down to the culvert this side th' turnpike bekase av a surly strame av wather thot wud not got home, an' two miles uv thot wind to face.

"How she did blow! Tin thousand with larvention, was laughin' an' belief out ill the to like to play agin.
"But Larry, bein' tickled to death with his invention, was laughin' an' both wid his invention, was laughin' an' belief out till the tarry had bolted into it.

"Thot lived wit ut if the defence of him the was a featherweight; a dittile stubby felly. Dut grit clame the hill and the law in billings county. For th' hone of white law is the list of him the list was a featherweight

HIT THRICE BY TWO TRAINS, BUT UNHURT.

Rut Bobs Up Berenely.

TORK, Pa., July 15.—Struck and tossed three times by two trains. Henry Amig, the twelve-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Amig, of this city, has no injuries to show as a result of his experience on Saturday.

Henry told this story of his experience coday: "It was about nine o'clock Saturday morning when I started across the West street crossing, while cn an errand for my mother. I did not see a Pehmar excursion train coming on the Western Maryland tracks, as I was looking at a train coming in the opposite direction on the Pennsylvania tracks.

"The Penmar train struck me and I went whizzing through the air. I thought it was all over with me. Then I fell on the track and the other train bumped me into the air. The Penmar train struck me a second time, throwing me back on the Pennsylvania tracks.

"I was frightened when I found myself lying beside the track. There was a crowd around me, and I thought sure that my legs had been cut off or that I had been mangled in some way, when I recovered my breath I got to my feet, and I wasn't hurt a bit. I tell you I was glad."

About twenty-five persons saw the lad being tossed between the two trains and expected to see him killed.

BOYS SHOT AT GHOST; BULLET HIT A GIRL.

Ball Was Deflected by a Corset Steel, And Young Woman's Life Was Saved.

COLUMBUS, O., July 1 .- Miss Alice Walters, residing near Arlington, can thank the corset which she was wear-

