

collected, was presented to him. He refused to take it. He was insulted, but was finally induced to accept it as a temporary loan.

Later in the afternoon one of the gentlemen who had witnessed the scene in the saloon, met the one-armed man, who was slightly inebriated, and said:

"You did just right to knock that scoundrel down. He deserved all he got."

"He thought he deserved more," responded the one-armed man; "he got half the money, and wanted more because I hit him on the nose; but he don't deserve any more, for I had to do all the talkin'."

The Austin man, who had contributed liberally, gasped for air, while the ex-Confederate drifted down Austin Avenue in the direction of the nearest saloon.

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TOO MUCH PROVERB.

While the prisoners in the Austin jail were out in the yard a few days ago, two of them who were under sentence to the Penitentiary, were heard comparing notes about as follows:

"I don't believe in proverbs," said prisoner No. 1; "it is believing in proverbs that brings me here."

"How so?" said No. 2.

"Well, you see when I was a boy, I often seen folks pick up pins, and when I asked them why they did it, they said-

"If you see a pin and let it lay,  
You will have bad luck all the day.'"

"Yes, that's so. I've heard that myself."

"Well, it don't work. I have picked up a pin, and I have had bad luck ever since. I was arrested the very