



# The Monthly Echo.

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## HOW HE SAVED THE TRAIN.

The usual crowd of autumn liars were gathered in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little, bleary-eyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bummer with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply.

"Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched into the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff horn of applejack, he began:

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and, tight as it appeared, I had not the power to move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached, till, just as the cow-catcher was about lifting me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment, that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said:

"What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied, "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door. "The obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a ham against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero, there would have been a much bigger grease spot frescoed on the panel of the door.

## "HASN'T IT, GEORGE?"

There is quite a good joke now going the rounds at Vallejo, Cal., says the *Wheatland Graphic*. A young lady visiting there is sweet on a certain young journalist. One morning the pair started out for a long ramble over in the Contra Costa hills. Being gone all day they returned in the evening completely worn out and fatigued. The young lady and gentleman were met by a party of their friends soon after their return, and were asked as to what kind of time they had. Now the young lady has a very unhandy habit of proving any assertion she may make by appealing to any friend that she happens to have with her at the time. So, as usual, away she went and answered the inquiry as follows:—"Oh, we had a fine time. But climbing over rocks and bushes has made me black and blue all over, hasn't it, George?" (appealing to the young man who had gone out with her). George said emphatically that he'd be hanged if he knew anything about it, and now the young couple get no rest from the chaffing of their friends. — *Texas Siftings*.

THE COLONEL.—Several weeks ago, by special enactment of the legislature, the governor offered a reward of two hundred dollars for an Arkansas man who is not a judge, colonel, major or captain. The next day, a plain, unassuming gentleman called on the governor and said:

"I have the honor, sir, to claim the reward you offered for a man who is neither a judge, colonel, major or captain. I am neither of these."

"I am glad to meet you, sir," said the governor. "Just sit down a moment until I attend to a little matter of business." The man took a seat and the governor went into an adjoining room and after a moment called:

"Colonel."

"Yes, sir," said the gentleman arising.

"That's all right," remarked the governor. "I see you are a colonel. Porter, please show the military gentleman to the door and admit the next man."