

itself descended on his head, and stretched him senseless on the floor. Parker, assisted by one of his friends, placed the unconscious man in a hack, drove him to a drug-store, had a doctor sew up the wounded ear, and instructing the druggist to "tell that blowhard that he has been fooling with Phil Parker of —, who has marked him with his private ear-mark," returned to finish his game in the back-room of Woodlieff's saloon.

Two years after the date of the occurrence described above, I spent six days in a little town in one of the New-England States with Phil Parker. I did not know then, nor for some time afterwards, who he was. During those six days I knew him only as "the man from Texas."

When I first met "the man from Texas," he wore a wide-brimmed black *sombrero*, ornamented with a silver cord and tassel. His long boots of alligator-skin reached to his knees; and between the crown of the one and the soles of the others there was six feet two inches of a man whose equal was not in Warren County on the day the train went through the bridge. Before the accident, he was sitting in the smoking-car, with his feet out of the window. His coat was off, and he was smoking cigarettes; the train rushing along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, panting through cuttings, rattling over trestles, and shooting around curves, like a house on fire. It was a sad accident. The alliterative head-lines in the newspapers next morning spoke of it as, —

AN AWFUL ACCIDENT!

DIRE AND DREADFUL DISASTER!

BROKEN BRIDGE!

ELEVEN LIVES LOST!

PARALYZED PASSENGERS!

BRUISED AND BLEEDING BRAKEMEN!

ETC., ETC., ETC.

The blame was widely distributed. The directors, the engineer, and the rotten timbers, — all had their share of censure; but the praise was all for one man. He it was who carried the