

Last Friday night, Si Black nearly ended his earthly career. While scuffling in his shop—he was a little light-headed—he fell through the window, cutting a fearful gash in the side of his neck about an inch above the jugular vein and nearly bled to death. Dr. Kerr was called in to stitch him up and Si not having as thin a skin as the most of us, the Dr. had hard work to push the needle through. Si saw this, and remarked “Jab it through, Doc, jab it though, if it don’t hurt the needle it don’t hurt me.” Whiskey is the cause of the whole business and this is the second time within three months that Si has been almost killed while under the influence of liquor. If he was one of those fanatic temperance fellows, he would not be in such a condition.