

UNLIL DEATH.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
To love me, though I die, the whole life
And love no other till thy days shall end.
Nay, it were rash and wrong.
If thou canst love another, be it so:
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go.
Let's should not be a play.
Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy career,
If, after dark, my soul should linger there;
Men's hearts crave long love, close tenderness,
Love's presence, warm and true.
It would not make me sleep a care
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake, as I have loved thee so.
Hestow mine eyes!
Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners
Give
To woman's grave—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.
Hear not the heavy sighs on my head
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,
And rain-drops filter through.
Thou wilt meet many a fairer and more gay
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and day
With a more single mind.
Forget me when I die! The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears, O Nature's self forgets:
But while I live be true.

WOMEN IN AFRICA.

The Experience of Explorers and Missionaries With Them.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Some of the explorers and missionaries who are now in Africa, or who have recently returned, tell very interesting stories of their experiences with the natives. Some of them are laughable, and many of them show that African travelers nowadays know better how to deal with the natives than formerly, and that they can travel more cheaply and safely through Africa than of their predecessors excepting Livingston.

The unique present that Mtesa, the king of Uganda, offered to one of the missionaries at his capital awhile ago has highly amused that good man's English friends. Mtesa is the powerful despot whose sway extends over the country north and west of Victoria Nyansa. The writings of Speke, Grant and Stanley have made him the most celebrated of African potentates. When Stanley saw him, eight years ago, he was at war, and his forces numbered over 100,000 men. In 1877, at Stanley's urgent request, missionaries were sent to Mtesa. For many months they lived on the fat of the land, but at length the novelty of having white men at Rubaga wore away, and Mtesa began to neglect the guests whom he had welcomed so royally. When they found they were in danger of starving in the midst of plenty, one of them took their protest to the king. He listened in apparent sorrow and then gave an order to one of his attendants, who at once withdrew. Presently he marched fourteen of the buxom belles of Uganda and made their obeisance to the king.

"Here," said Mtesa, "I give you these women for your wives. I cannot feed you any longer. But your wives will plant your garden and cook your food and you will lack for nothing. Take them and go."

"But," protested the poor missionary, "we don't want wives. We want food. Besides, the white men's laws do not permit us to have more than one wife apiece, and we don't want wives anyway."

"If you could live in my country," replied the king angrily, "why don't you live as we do? If you don't wish to live as we live, why don't you leave? Here are these women if you want them. If not, you may get food as best you can."

That ended the interview. The belles of Uganda did not become the wives of the missionaries of the Church of England. The poor men were admitted no more to the king's presence, and they would perhaps have died of their privations if the envoys whom Mtesa sent to England in 1879 had not opportunely returned. They had been received by the queen and feted by the government, and they took back such wonderful stories of what they had seen, that Mtesa thought it politic to take the missionaries into favor again, and he has since treated them well. He is still alive, though the reports of his death a year ago inspired a good many not very complimentary obituary notices in the newspapers.

Travelers in Africa are not unfrequently embarrassed by the attentions shown them by the fair sex. When Mr. E. C. Hore of the London Missionary society was exploring the east coast of Lake Tanganyika, three years ago, he came across a female ruler who was not only friendly, but who insisted that he be some permanent resident of her town. He got away only by promising that he would return soon and bring with him two or three white men who would set up a mission and become the queen's subjects. When the German explorer, Buckner, lived for six months in 1879 at the chief town of Muata Nyovo, whose country is as large as all Germany, the king's sister took a violent fancy to the pale-faced visitor. She said he must live there always and expressed the utmost willingness to marry him as her husband. She was unusually fat and ugly and her attentions were one of the chief annoyances of Buckner's visit to Muata Nyovo. He was finally glad to escape from the sentimental princess and get out of the country.

Serpo Pinto, the Portuguese explorer, had quite a romantic adventure in his recent trip across the continent. He was the first white man ever seen by

the Ambuella tribe, which lives along the Zambezi river. The king of the Ambuella had two comely daughters, the youngest of whom, a girl 19 years old, had clean-cut European features and was decidedly a prepossessing African belle. Serpo Pinto gives quite a glowing description of her charms. The young damsel fell violently in love with the white stranger and exercised her privilege as the daughter of a king to propose for his hand. In this enterprise she was aided by her older sister. Every petty chief in Africa has an immense idea of his own importance, and the royal princesses of Ambuella really thought they were making the white man's most favorable and brilliant offer. They were astonished at his had-heartedness, but they would not take no for an answer. Finally, they visited him in his hut and renewed their suit with desperate ardor, begotten of their knowledge of the fact that he intended to leave the country on the next day.

Serpo Pinto politely but firmly gave them the mitten. The young girl was heartbroken and her sister became very angry.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "Is not my sister good enough for you? Are there any prettier or nicer women in the country you came from?"

Poor Pinto was in a pickle. He was accustomed to dealings with tricky, bullying, or hostile chiefs, but this new and unexpected embarrassment seemed to require some other sort of diplomacy. He was wondering how to get rid of his unwelcome visitors when one of the women attached to his caravan, the wife of one of his head men, rushed into the hut and helped him out of his dilemma.

"Look here," she screamed with feigned anger. "What do you mean by trying to take my husband away from me? He is my man. You have no right to him. Get out of here," and she bundled their royal highnesses out of the hut, and Serpo Pinto took his departure bright and early next morning without stopping to say good-by.

Capella and Ivens, in their recent two years' explorations, did much for geographical science and also made a matrimonial match in a novel and expeditious way. They had in their caravan the young widow of one of their carriers, who died on the march. Capella observed one day that the girl was looking very forlorn and dejected. He asked her if she would like to marry again. She said she had no objections. That afternoon when they halted for the day the explorer announced to the 50 or 60 carriers:

"The nice young widow whom we have with us says she is willing to marry again. Now all you men who have no wives and who would like to have her for a wife fall into line."

The white men were highly amused to see every unmarried carrier in the camp fall into line with alacrity.

"Now, my girl," said Capella, "all these men would like to have you for a wife. Make your choice carefully and be sure to pick out the man you like best."

The girl walked down the line and the explorers say it was highly diverting to see the solemn and anxious aspect of most of the men as she looked them over and deliberated on her choice. She took her pick, and the happy couple were pronounced man and wife in short order.

Many of the chiefs in Africa have had habit of appearing before the explorers and personating their sovereign, the big king, whom the explorer is on his way to visit. They do this for the purpose of getting a handsome present. The explorers have discovered a means that is generally effective in exposing these frauds. As a rule, none but the king's robes are allowed to wear or possess white clothes or colored blankets. If goods of this description are offered to the sub-chiefs who masquerade as his majesty the king, they refuse to receive them and stand revealed as frauds. Consul Elton, in his travels in East Africa, had a piece of red velvet which he reserved for great chiefs or impostors, and in both cases it answered admirably. "Many people wonder if Africa will ever be civilized," says a correspondent from over the rolling downs of a beautiful and healthful plateau about 15 degrees south latitude, two hundred and fifty miles from the Atlantic ocean. Two streams irrigate their farms and a well built canal, with many branches, brings water within reach of all their houses and gardens. Earl Mayo, who visited them last year, speaks highly of their kindness, morality and physical vigor. They are on the southern edge of the immense plateau which Cameron said was admirably adapted to European occupation, and it is not improbable that they are only pioneers in a colonizing movement which in time will place many Caucasian immigrants in the highlands of Africa.

Roller Skating With Imaginative Aid.

It was a rare array of variegated beauty and magnificence and as the eager spectators from the galleries gazed with pleasure unalloyed upon that richly varied scene, with its novel, unique and becoming representations, and as the mellifluous strains of Beethoven's full orchestra floated softly over this garden of natural and artificial beauty, it would recall scenes delineated in works of fiction and remind one of the unprecedented spectacles there depicted by the aid of a brilliant imagination.

THE BALLADE OF THE BABY.

CARLOTTA PERRY.
Bald of head and red in the face,
I'm only a baby, weak and small;
A bundle of rattle and rind and lace;
But don't I beg, into error fall,
For there's not a thing on this earthly ball,
Or big or little, or old or new,
That holds the world in completer thrall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

I can shriek a shriek to read all space,
I can choke my nurse on a frantic chase;
I can send my nurse on a frantic chase;
For pins that never were there at all,
I can make my pa, so brave and tall,
Say curious words, just one or two,
As he walks the road to hush my squall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

I can soo and soo with tender grace,
And bring my subjects at beck and call,
With cunning smile and soft embrace,
While into mischief I straightway crawl;
My mamma's anger I can forestall,
I can charm, ensnare, delude, appeal;
I can pat my cake and can peek-a-boo,
I can charm, ensnare, delude, appeal;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.

With my tiny hands I can build life's wall,
As true and strong as the skies are blue;
I am the monarch of but and hall;
Come, list to the deeds that I can do.
—Good Cheer.

ARIZONA ADVENTURES.

The Curious Customs of the Hualapais Indian Tribe.

Cor. Boston Advertiser.

It is at Hackberry, A. T., that Gen. Crook has established a station for the purpose of giving out rations to the Hualapais (pronounced Wolpis) Indians; and it was here that we were met on our arrival by Capt. Peirce, his aid. Breakfast over we visited some of the chiefs in their wig-wags. They live scattered through a radius of some ninety miles. To visit all of them would require a ride of 200 miles. They chose this as a central point to receive their rations. A few days ago we might have found the whole of the little tribe of 700 gathered here. Next week they will gather again to feast at the funeral of a chief who has recently died. So we are just between wind and water. We saw quite a number, however, though unfortunately they were considered bad representatives of their tribe. They live in little booths made of light branches struck in the ground, and so arranged as to form a framework in the shape of a dome, covered with skins, canvas or sack. These light structures serve them all the year round, merely being set up in a sheltered place for winter. They never keep house long in one place, but are continually on the move. It does not take long to move. It does not take long to build a new house, and the household effects are few. One of the Indians we met goes by the name of Little Captain, and richly deserves being, if all that is told of him is true. Twice he has tried to poison Mr. Spencer (of whom more anon) with arsenic, and was only frustrated by the soft-heartedness of the man he employed to administer it. He has poisoned his old mother-in-law because he thought he had kept her as long as she was useful (wives and mother-in-laws among the Hualapais do the work, and the more a man has of young and active ones, the more easy his life); and he also killed a nephew for some unknown reason.

The Indians would probably have taken justice themselves on him, but he gave out he was a medicine man, and that the arsenic killed because he breathed on it, and so they were afraid of him. It is a case, however, that "vengeance suffereth not to live," and he is dying of a horrible disease.

These Hualapais strike one immediately as belonging to the Pueblo race. They are hunters, to be sure; they are a wandering tribe; but the shape of the head is Pueblo. They have no industries making neither pottery nor blankets. They make common baskets of twigs. These baskets by the way, are cone-shaped, about eighteen inches deep, and are used to collect the seeds of a grass which forms one of their staple articles of diet. The seeds are ground and made into cakes.

These Indians are rather dirty, and have been but unattractive faces—a look of cunning in them. Perhaps that made them such good scouts for Gen. Crook. They have always been friendly with the white man; and complain bitterly of the treatment they have received. Their rations were cut off last winter, and the winter before, and this caused much suffering and even death.

They used to take care of themselves; but, as hunting is the only trade the older ones know, and almost all the game has disappeared, there seems no alternative but to feed them on rations. They have a reservation now, set apart simply as a place for their herds, which has not 25 acres of arable land on it. On this reservation, too, the largest springs have been stolen by white men. One is Peach spring, where the Atlantic and Pacific railroad has recently erected a steam pump. They may have secured some right to this, but it was unable to learn anywhere that they had.

The young men of the tribe, to the number of 125 or 150, are all making their own way among the white people. They are scattered over a good part of the territory doing all sorts of work, mainly farming. They are much valued for this purpose as they understand irrigation better than whites. Mr. Spencer, who has lived with them many years and who understands them thoroughly, thinks that by feeding the old people for a few winters as long as they live, the tribe will have merged completely among the whites. This is also Gen. Crook's and Maj. Bourke's opinion, I believe. There would seem to be some danger of those young men finding being fed easier than working, and falling back from the independence they have learned through necessity. This has certainly been the effect of a similar policy among our poor at home.

The Hualapais, as well as the Mohave, cremate the dead. The body is laid in the ground about eighteen inches below the surface; piles of brush and logs are thrown above and below, to make a very

A TRAINED FLY.

Which is Thoughtful Enough to Wake His Master Every Morning.

Philadelphia Times.

The floor of the saloon was a marble one, into which the day's droppings of beer and of blowing of froth could not soak. Millions of flies stung and stung it with wide-open mouths and drunk the sticky fluid. Thousands of flies, with a drunken buzz in their wings, circled tipsily at a height of about two inches above it, and strove in vain to get a little higher. Hundreds of other flies lay on their backs in the corners, with their legs either waving deliriously in the air or folded limply across their stomachs. They were sleeping a drunken sleep from which they would never awake.

After the bartender, the oyster-opener, and their customers had contemplated the awful sight long enough to take warning from it, the bartender remarked: "When it's quiet here you can hear all them live flies suckin' beer—sounds like a man goin' for the last drop in a lemonade glass. They've heard them drunken flies snoring the tramp in an alley. But if it wasn't for the vicious practices of them bum flies killin' 'em they'd drive us out."

"I do not like to hear such talk about flies," said a man who had been imbibing beer by himself at one end of the bar. "I have a little fly of my own at home that I love."

Everybody turned and looked at the speaker. He was a very fat man, with a red face and a black chin-beard. He wore an imitation sea-warder coat, which was open across a vast expanse of limp shirt bosom.

"Give the gentleman a pint of them large blue-bottles, George," said the bartender, sarcastically, to the oyster-opener. The fat man wiped the perspiration invoked by eight glasses of imported Kaiser from his forehead and calmly continued:

"I am from Frankford."

"That settles it," said the bartender, who immediately began to wipe glasses and appeared to lose all interests in the fat man's narrative. The latter paid no attention to the flight, but went on: "I do not want a pint of dissolute blue-bottles. I only allow one fly in my oomr. He is a temperate fly. He has to be. Attention to his duties demands it. He is a trained fly."

"Trained for what?" asked a Seventh ward politician; "pianner playin'?"

"No; trained to wake me up in the morning."

"Sho!" said the bartender, with re-awakened interest.

"It is a fact," said the Frankford man. "I have been the victim of over-sleeping all my life. I lost a position as conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad because I never could wake up in time to take an early train out. I also lost the hand and prospects of a wealthy farmer's daughter because I didn't wake up in time to be married, and so disgraced the girl by not appearing at the church. I have tried all remedies, even to sitting up for food. I was right. In the morning I would find myself in a window-sill of my boarding-house dining-room. I laid a drop of hot soup beside him on the sill. He gave a grateful buzz and ate his way through the soup. Ever after that he flew and perched affectionately on my nose at meal time, and instead of helping himself from my plate waited for me to feed him."

"I began to realize that the singular intelligence and regularity of that fly might prove him to be the cure for my fatal sleepiness. I took him to my room and imprisoned him, without food, for a day in a bottle. When it grew dark I took the cork out and let him free to come out as soon as daylight came. I relied on his hunger to drive him to me for food. I was right. In the morning I grew dimly conscious of an unusual noise. It sounded like a far-off saw mill. First I heard it in one ear then in the other. It half-awakened me. Then I felt a tickling sensation on my nose. I was about to let out a terrific slap toward the sensation when I remembered my fly. I at once dressed and went to breakfast with him."

"I was overjoyed. The next day, however, was a disappointment. Dicky had so gorged himself after his fast that he too awoke himself. Again I starved him. Again he awakened me. This thing kept up a week. Only on alternate days would he waken me up. At the end of that time he had entered into my scheme, and since then he has never missed a day. He arises as soon as daylight enters the room. By a simple but ingenious device I have fixed my window-sill so that it comes in just when I want it. You see—"

Wives of the Future.

A hot-headed girl—Cal. Oric. Philadelphia Call.

An Amsterdam girl baby has two tongues. She'll wear one of them out before she's fair fat and forty. Boston Times.

A New Jersey horse fell dead from fright while a railroad train was passing. It is supposed that a Philadelphia girl was looking out of the car window. Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is now said that the invention of the Mother Hubbard dress was the result purely of an accident. It has been remarked that a succession of terrible accidents has occurred of late years. Lowell Citizen.

He was describing his new girl at home and remarked enthusiastically that she "had a mobile face."

"And has she a St. Louis foot?" inquired his younger brother mischievously. Rochester Post Express.

First young lady confidant.—"You shouldn't be so prudish. You should let your young man kiss you once in a while." Second young lady.—"Well I'll tell you, Hattie, I would, only if he does it he will knock my teeth out as sure as the world." Burlington Free Press.

THE CHAMPION LIE.

Through Mail.

There were eight of them, and they had been holding down chairs in the saloon and lying for two hours, when the ninth man, a seedy fellow, who had sat at another table and heard all they had to say, came over to where they were sitting, and offered to beat the record for two drinks of fifteen cent whisky.

"Now, get ready for a big snake," suggested one of the party.

"Nary snake," the ninth man replied. "So serpent?"

"Fish story, I'll bet."

"Nary fish."

"Thunder storm or cyclone, sure."

"Wrong again."

"Shootin' match?"

"No."

"Well, go ahead."

"While I was down in New Jersey—"

"Oh, mosquitoes."

"No such thing. Stop interruptin'."

"Go on."

"While I was down in New Jersey, I loaned a feller \$3,000—"

"That settles it. He beats the record," shouted one of the crowd.

"But I aint done yet," said the story teller.

"Don't make any difference. You have told the biggest lie of the day. Barkeep two whiskies for one man, and now I move we adjourn."

"Carried," announced the chair, and the jig was up.

An Enterprising Western City.

"Yes, sir," said an enthusiastic citizen of a new western town, "we've got a right smart town, stranger. Why," he continued, impressively, "its only six months old yet and it's got two hotels, forty-eight beer saloons, twenty-seven gamblin' places, four drug stores to say nothin' of grocery and clothin' stores, and the best half mile track west of the Missouri."

"Any churches?" asked the stranger.

"Any what?"

"Churches."

"You mean them buildin's with a long pint stickin' up in the air?"

"Yes."

"No, we hain't got any idea of them. That was some talk about buildin' one, but we finally allowed it would look too dundish."

An Incident of Life in Texas.

Calvert Courier.

On Wednesday of last week a double tragedy occurred on Duck creek, in the northern part of this county. Williams and Standand, two young men, were out hunting, when they disagreed about some trivial matter and shot each other to death. They were found the next morning. Williams was living when found and survived long enough to give some account of the difficulty. He said that during the progress of the quarrel between them he stepped behind a tree and loaded his gun. He then confronted Standand and told him he was now prepared for him. Standand immediately fired and Williams fell mortally wounded. Standand then advanced to complete his deadly work when Williams shot him through the heart and he fell dead.

A More Appropriate Name.

New York Sun.

"Will you have some of the desert, Mr Dumley?" inquired the landlady.

Dumley politely allowed that he would.

"Do you know," he remarked, as he gazed at the very narrow little piece of whortleberry pie which was sent him, "that I would hardly call this a desert?"

"No, what would you call it?" she demanded.

"An oasis."

EARTHQUAKES AND EPIDEMICS.

A List of Remarkable Tremors, Followed by Some Sort of Pest.

Capt. Delaunay, the scientist, is out with a theory setting down all untoward things to the influence of the stars, following in this the opinion of the ancients, who connected epidemics with meteorological phenomena, which opinion was also shared by many learned doctors who have collected facts establishing very strange coincidences, to say the least, between the appearance of epidemics, and atmospheric and other perturbations of which are quoted the following examples, taken from (Chapel's work on the asteroids:

B. C. 30—Earthquake in Judea, in which 10,000 persons perished, followed by a cattle plague.

A. D. 17—Earthquake in Asia, twelve cities destroyed, followed by the plague.

A. D. 70—Earthquake at Rome, accompanied by a plague, of which 30,000 inhabitants died.

A. D. 145—Earthquake, accompanied by a plague at Rhodes.

A. D. 166—Earthquake, inundations and plague at Rome.

A. D. 261—Great earthquakes at Rome, in Africa and in Asia; at Rome and Greece 5,000 deaths daily from the plague.

A. D. 333—Salamis destroyed by an earthquake; simultaneous appearance of the plague in Asia.

A. D. 558—Earthquake during ten days at Constantinople, followed by the plague in that city.

A. D. 615—Great earthquake in Italy, followed by a terrible pestilence.

A. D. 683—Violent storms in Italy and fearful plague.

A. D. 823—Earthquakes at Aix-la-Chapelle and in Saxony; storms and plague in Germany.

A. D. 842—Earthquake in Northern France, followed by a violent cough (probably pneumonia), of which many persons died.

A. D. 1032—Great earthquake in the East; virulent plague in Armenia and Cappadocia.

A. D. 1068—Earthquake in England, followed by great mortality among men and animals.

A. D. 1085—Earthquake and plague in Western Lorraine.

A. D. 1097—Great flights of meteors, followed by great mortality.

A. D. 1277, 1321 and 1352—Numerous storms and exceptional mortality in France.

A. D. 1348—Earthquakes and showers of blood; thirty-five German cities destroyed, followed by a pest which lasted three years.

A. D. 1360—Similar perturbations and disease at Florence.

A. D. 1397—Earthquake and epidemic at Montpellier.

A. D. 1401—Violent tempest and plague at Florence.

A. D. 1403—Extraordinary tempest in Thuringia, with a simultaneous appearance of the pest in Saxony.

A. D. 1449—Earthquake and plague in Carniola.

A. D. 1456—Tempests, earthquake and plague in Italy; 30,000 victims.

A. D. 1531—Violent earthquake, followed by the plague at Lisbon.

A. D. 1607—Numerous earthquakes, storms and epidemics in Europe.

A. D. 1647—Great earthquakes, with immense disaster at Santiago; plague and snow during three days.

A. D. 1730—Violent earthquake, followed by the plague at Santiago.

A. D. 1783—Several shocks of earthquake at Rome, followed by diseases of different kinds.

A. D. 1798—Great flight of meteors and many pestilential maulies on the continent.

A. D. 1831—Earthquake at Ambonya, sulphurous fog and the typhus.

A. D. 1839—Second earthquake at Ambonya, accompanied by a violent epidemic.

A. D. 1845—Third earthquake at Ambonya, coinciding with a fresh outbreak of the epidemic.

A WHIRLING SPIRE OF WATER.

How a Funnel of Sea Foam Danced Along the Surface of a Jersey Inlet.

N. J. Coast Pilot.

While your correspondent and a friend were sailing in Great Bay on the afternoon of July 16 they saw a huge water-spout—the first ever known in that body of water. Our attention was at first attracted by a violent commotion of the water, covering a space probably twenty yards in diameter. By the aid of a pair of marine glasses we watched it attentively during its formation, and as it pursued its rapid flight toward the west we were enabled to make the following observations: The body of water appeared to be leaping and foaming with great violence and was traveling at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour. As it moved swiftly on its course it gradually ascended toward a dense, black cloud that overhung it. Presently we observed the cloud to change in appearance, a portion of it becoming elongated and descending toward the waters that rose to meet it, and as it drew the water up into it, changed from an inky blackness to a much lighter color.

The thing was now complete and consisted of a mass of seething, foaming water whose diameter had increased to forty yards or more, to which was joined a narrow funnel, which extended at least a quarter of a mile upward, where it united with a heavy, black cloud that still hovered over it. The funnel, if such we may call it, at first ran down in almost a perpendicular direction, but soon changed into a double curve; and as it swayed to and fro in the air it presented the appearance of a huge rope, connecting the mass of water with the inky cloud above. The whole affair lasted, as near as we could judge, for about fifteen minutes, when the upper portion gradually became less dense until it finally disappeared in a few minutes longer. From the time we discovered it until its dissolution it kept up the same rate of speed and had any boats been in its path it would assuredly have meant destruction to them.

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EARTHQUAKES AND EPIDEMICS.

A List of Remarkable Tremors, Followed by Some Sort of Pest.

Capt. Delaunay, the scientist, is out with a theory setting down all untoward things to the influence of the stars, following in this the opinion of the ancients, who connected epidemics with meteorological phenomena, which opinion was also shared by many learned doctors who have collected facts establishing very strange coincidences, to say the least, between the appearance of epidemics, and atmospheric and other perturbations of which are quoted the following examples, taken from (Chapel's work on the asteroids:

B. C. 30—Earthquake in Judea, in which 10,000 persons perished, followed by a cattle plague.

A. D. 17—Earthquake in Asia, twelve cities destroyed, followed by the plague.

A. D. 70—Earthquake at Rome, accompanied by a plague, of which 30,000 inhabitants died.

A. D. 145—Earthquake, accompanied by a plague at Rhodes.

A. D. 166—Earthquake, inundations and plague at Rome.

A. D. 261—Great earthquakes at Rome, in Africa and in Asia; at Rome and Greece 5,000 deaths daily from the plague.

A. D. 333—Salamis destroyed by an earthquake; simultaneous appearance of the plague in Asia.

A. D. 558—Earthquake during ten days at Constantinople, followed by the plague in that city.

A. D. 615—Great earthquake in Italy, followed by a terrible pestilence.

A. D. 683—Violent storms in Italy and fearful plague.

A. D. 823—Earthquakes at Aix-la-Chapelle and in Saxony; storms and plague in Germany.

A. D. 842—Earthquake in Northern France, followed by a violent cough (probably pneumonia), of which many persons died.

A. D. 1032—Great earthquake in the East; virulent plague in Armenia and Cappadocia.

A. D. 1068—Earthquake in England, followed by great mortality among men and animals.

A. D. 1085—Earthquake and plague in Western Lorraine.

A. D. 1097—Great flights of meteors, followed by great mortality.

A. D. 1277, 1321 and 1352—Numerous storms and exceptional mortality in France.

A. D. 1348—Earthquakes and showers of blood; thirty-five German cities destroyed, followed by a pest which lasted three years.

A. D. 1360—Similar perturbations and disease at Florence.

A. D. 1397—Earthquake and epidemic at Montpellier.

A. D. 1401—Violent tempest and plague at Florence.

A. D. 1403—Extraordinary tempest in Thuringia, with a simultaneous appearance of the pest in Saxony.

A. D. 1449—Earthquake and plague in Carniola.

A. D. 1456—Tempests, earthquake and plague in Italy; 30,000 victims.

A. D. 1531—Violent earthquake, followed by the plague at Lisbon.

A. D. 1607—Numerous earthquakes, storms and epidemics in Europe.

A. D. 1647—Great earthquakes, with immense disaster at Santiago; plague and snow during three days.

A. D. 1730—Violent earthquake, followed by the plague at Santiago.

A. D. 1783—Several shocks of earthquake at Rome, followed by diseases of different kinds.

A. D. 1798—Great flight of meteors and many pestilential maulies on the continent.

A. D. 1831—Earthquake at Ambonya, sulphurous fog and the typhus.

A. D. 1839—Second earthquake at Ambonya, accompanied by a violent epidemic.

A. D. 1845—Third earthquake at Ambonya, coinciding with a fresh outbreak of the epidemic.

A WHIRLING SPIRE OF WATER.

How a Funnel of Sea Foam Danced Along the Surface of a Jersey Inlet.

N. J. Coast Pilot.