Voetry and Miscellany.

THE MAN WHO RODE TO CONEMAUGE

Into the town of Conemaugh,
Striking the people's souls with awe,
Dashed a rider, affame and pale,
Never alighting to tell his tale,
Sitting his big hay horse astride,
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried:
"Run to the hills!" was what he said
As he waved his hand and dashed ahead.

"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried. Stun for your nees to the miss. The Spurring his horse, whose reeking side Was flecked with foam as red as flame. Whither he goes and whence he came Nobody knows. They see his horse Plunging on in his frantic course, Veins distended and nostrils wide, Dead forever to earthly fame.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried;
"Run for your lives to the mountain-side

dam above the South Fork Creek."

ahead.
"Run for your lives to the hills!" he cried,
Lashing his horse in his desperate ride.

Down through the valley the rider pas Down through the valley the rider passed. Shouting: and spurring his horse on fast; But not so fast did the rider go As the raging, roaring; mighty flow Of the million feet and millions more of water whose fury he fled before. On he went, and on it came,
The flood itself a mighty flame
Of surging, swirling, seething tide,
Mountain high and torrents wide.
God alone might measure the force
Of the Conemaugh flood in its V-shaped course.

course.

Behind him were buried under the flood
Conemangh town and all who stood
Jeering there at the man who cried,
"Run for your lives to the mountain-sid

On he sped in his flerce wild ride.
"Run to the hills! to the hills!" he cried.
Nearer, nearer came the roar
Horse and rider fled before. Nearer, nearer came the roar Horse and rider fled before. Dashing along the valley ridge. Dashing along the valley ridge. They came at last to the railroad bridge. The big horse stood, the rider cried, "Run for your lives to the mountain-side!" Then plunged across, but not before The mighty, merelless, mountain roar Struck the bridge and swept it away Like a bit of straw or a wisp of hay. But over and under and through that tide The voice of the unknown rider cried, "Run to the hills!" to the hills!" it rided—"Run for your lives to the mountain-side!" —John E. Bowen, in Harper's Weekly.

OUR PEGGY.





over some old dresses, lengthening the skirts and relieving them of superfluous tags of trimming which might get caught in the might get caught in the coline, and finally to manage it. The cousins had written that, with its fourth wheel behind, it was a clums aftair compand with their mew three wheeler; but we, who were used to no lighter means of transportation than the family wheelbarrow, were more than satisfied with our new store that the family wheelbarrow, were more than satisfied with our new step seed to be considered consistent with good deporting the constance of the

at us, in what we hoped was admiring at us, in what we hoped was admiring a we.

"Yup."

"Is he at home—the horse, I mean?"

"No, he aint."

On we went without another word. At the next house there was a horse, feeding as a neighboring orchard. Daphne gave it one glance.

"Madge," said she, "I could run sater than that barebones. Are you good for six miles more?"

"For twenty!" I cried, with more zeal than accuracy.

As to the work that followed, I can still declare that I never knew anything ys owildly exhilarating. Our breath came fast, and our cheeks were burning; but we gained on time, and annihilated distance, the same of the same was a word of the same was a word of the same was thouse—and certainly no hearts ever sank lower than ours, when we were told that the dector had driven away five minutes before.

"He took the road to Greensboro'," said pretty Mrs. Miller, "but I am almost sure he meant to stop at Mrs. Moore's cottage, about a mile and half from here." Away we toiled, working almost against hope, for the Greensboro'road was terribly sandy. I heard nothing and saw nothing; I only breathed and struggled.
"Hurath!" cried Dapline, at last. "There's the house, and there's the world!" in his carriage, and was ure.

TWO QUEER CASES.

THE PARTIMAGINATION PLAYS IN DISEASE.

ly Stabbed—A Patient Who Endired Torture for the Purpose of Fooling the Doctor.

There are two cases to which I will call your attention that afford an illustration of what a curious thing human nature is, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer. The first is that of John Burke, who has been a butcher at Eastman's slaughter-house for about 1 year. He is a muscular fellow, with the usual high flow of spirits and vitality possessed by men who follow this calling, and the direct opposite to what is termed the nervous temperament. Burke got into a quarrel with a fellowworker in the slaughter-house and came to blows. Burke was getting the best of it, and the other combatant, in order to even up matters, seized a kinife and made a vicious thrust at Burke's abdomen. Burke cried out: "I am stabbed," and fell upon the floor unconscious. There was a long rent in his red-flannel shirt, and as he rolled over on the floor he was covered with blood from head to foot. An ambulance was speedigl summoned and Burke was packed into it and driven at full speed to the Bellevus-Hospital. He moaned ard cried aloud with pain all the way to the hospital, and said that he felt he was dying and wanted a priest sent for. When he reached the hospital he was pulseless, pate and exhausted, and was hurried without delay to the surgical ward. Dr. Comor, the house surgeon, ripped off the man's clothing with nervous haste, and the sight that met his eyes nearly threw him into a fit. Instead of the viscera that he expected was hanging out, he was astonished to find that there was not a spot or blemish upon Burke's body. The knife had simply slit the shirt and grazed the skin without breaking it. The ambulance surgeon, in the first instance, had been deceived by the blood which Burke had fallen into on the s'aughter-house floor. Pr. Connor told Burke that there was not a spot or blemish upon Burke's body. The knife had simply slit the shirt and grazed the skin without breaking it. The ambulance surgeon, in the first instance, had been deceived by the blood which Burke had fallen into on the s'aughter-house floor. Pr.

was neither honest in action nor intention.

Fitzgerald is a young man, with a
dark skin, firm muscles, and presumably large development of the bony sysem. He was a little wild, and his
stather placed him on the schoolship St.
Mary for discipline. After he had been
on the ship a year he fell into the hold,
broke his arm and ruptured one of the
auscles in the neck. An abseess
primed from the neck and discharged
pus for two months before it healed.
After he got out of the ship's hospital,
and was compelled to report for duty,
he began to have fits daily. He had severe convulsions, frothed at the mouth,
became perfectly rigid, and exhibited
the symptoms usually found in ep'elepsy.

The tests ordinarily made to discover

OUR FEGGY.

Ye Man source with a proper service of the proper serv

physician constantly hammered into his mind that he was an impostor, and finally his resolution gave way and he admitted that he had been practicing deception ever since he had the epileptic fits on the St. Mary.

This was a most remarkable confession. He had endured pain and torture of almost every kind without a murmur, simply for the purpose of being a curiosity and deceiving the physicians. He picked up enough knowledge to carry him through by reading medical books while on the schoolship. Such endurance as he showed was never seen before, and the manner in which he could control the muscles so as to prevent the out ward manifestation of pain, by will power, tided as it probably was by a body not naturally sensitive, will be an interesting study for students in metaphysics. Fitzgera'd now admits that he felt everything that was done to him, and says that the pain at times was severe.

An Article of Food Which the Piute

When, in 1849, the California gold fever was making itself felt throughout the country, J. M. Keeler was a young man living in the East. He was not proof against the impulse to seek his fortune in the mines, and came to New York with the hope of finding partners. In this he was not disappointed, and with a number of others he chartered a New Orleans packet, stocked it with provisions to last a year and a half, sailed around Cape Horn and reached the Golden Gate in safety. Since them Mr. Keeler has almost lived continuously in California, but is now visiting this city, and has brought with him many flue mineralegical specimens. After showing these to a reporter the other day, he han led to the latter a small bottle, saying: "Do you know what those things are:" In the bottle were a dozen or more dark colored objects, shrivelled, but juicy-looking. The average length was about one inch, and they had the appearance of luscious raisins. The reporter said he supposed that was what they were. The Californian smiled, too, as he said: "No, they are not, they're worms." Then he went on to say that they were Considered a great laver by the Plues Indians.

"I call them the nut pine worm, because they feed on the nut pine tree; what the scientific name is I do not know. On the Eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Southern California, between Bodie and Bishop's Creeks is a great stretch of these nut the trees begins to be covered with green worms, thick as a man's finger and from one and a half to two and a half inches in length. The worms soon grow wings and fly into the trees. The worm, which should now be dignitized by the name of butterfly, does not leave the tree, but soas around among the branches extracting the oil from the nuts. In about a month the body is full of oil; so full, in fact, that the entrails have been larvery by the Blues Indians.

"It is about this time that the Piute smake their appearance and camp among the trees. They come in large numbers and provided with sacks. The worm lawing lost its

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY

What Kept Him-A Matter of Daily

WHAT HE CALLED SLOSHING ABOUT.

At a certain "court time" in Pike county, there was a trial for a general row, and a witness testified that the Stantonstall "just kept sloshin' about." As this remark regarding the chivalrous Slantons-tall was frequently repeated, said the lawyer for the defence:

"Come, witness, say over again what it was that Mr. Slantonstall had to do with the affair."

"Slantonstall? Why, I've told you several times the rest of 'em clinched and paired off, but Slantonstall he just kept sloshin' about."

"Ah, my good fellow," exclaimed Nat, quite test by, "we want to know what that is. It isn't exactly legal evidence, in the shape you put it. Tell us what you mean by sloshing about."

"Well," answered the witness, very deliberately, "I'll try. You see John Brewer and Sykes, they clinched and fought. That's in legal form, ain't it'.

"Oh, yes," said Nat, "go on."

"Abney and Blackman grave Abney a black eye—that's legal, too, ain't it'."

"Simpson and Stokes and Murray was altogether on the ground, a hittin one another—that's legal, too, ain't it'."

"Yes, but what about Slantonstall'."

"And Slantonstall made it his business to walk backward and forward through the crowd, with a big stick in his hand, and knock down every loose man in the erowd, as fast as he come on 'em. That's what I call sloshin' about."

—]New York Mercury. WHAT HE CALLED SLOSHING ABOUT.

A MATTER OF DAILY BREAD.

"My friend," said the long-coated old man, solemnly, "have you made prepar-ation for the day of judgment;"
"Sir," replied the young man, "that's how I make my living."
"Young man!"
"I'm employed in the sheriff's office,"
—[Time.

Type-writer Agent—I called to see you in reference to your type-writer. Would you exchange if you could get some improvements? Merchant—I can't; I'm engaged to COMMUNING WITH NATURE.

COMMUNING WITH NATURE.

Close by the sparkling brook whose silvery waters danced in the sunlight and rippled joyonsly over the golden sands they sat in silence—George and Laura—drinking in the glorious beauty of the rustie scene and communing with Nature in one of her chosen shrines. Afar in the west the sun seemed to linger on the horizon's brim as if unwilling to shut out from his gaze the lovely landscape that glowed with a softened and even melancholy radiance in his departing beams.

A thriling cry burst from the lips of the beautiful girl,

"George? George!" she almost shricked.

"George? George!" she almost shrieked.
"What is it, darling?" he asked, placing his arm tenderly around her waist. "Has the romantic, yet oppressive, liveliness of the scenery saddened your spirits—"
"No, George!" she screamed, wavher hands wildly and making a frantic jab at the small of her back. "I think it's some kind of a bug!"—[Chicago Tribune.

Prudent Parent—But can you support a family, Mr. Dolley?
Dolley—Oh, I don't propose to try to. I've been warned against marrying all my wife's family.—[Bazar.

Little Nan, of four summers, considering it her duty to entertain a lady who is waiting for mamma, enters into conversation:

Nan—Have you got any little girls?
The Caller—Yes, I have two,
Nan—D-do you ever have to whip

'em?
The Caller—I'm afraid I have to, The Caller—I'm afraid I have to, sometimes.

Nan—What do you whip 'em with?
The Ca'ler (amused)—Oh, when they've been very naughty I take my slipper.

Nan (most feelingly, as mamma enters)
—Y-yo-you ought to use a hair-brush; mamma does, and it hurts awfully.—

[Life.

A PROVISO ADDED.

An old vag who had been in the habit of calling on a certain business man on Griswold street for dimes was asked the other day how much he would take to keep away for all future time. He thought for a moment and then replied:
"Give me fifty cents and I'll never bother you again."
"I'll do it, Here—let me draw up a writing to that effect."
An agreement was drawn up and the vag read it over and laid it down with the remark:
"I can't do it. There's something cold-blooded about that."
"Sut you agreed to."
"Start do it. There's something cold-blooded about that."
"Sut you agreed to."
"Sut you agreed to."
"Well, how much do you want?"
"A dollar."
"Well, how much do you want?"
"A dollar."
"I'll split the difference with you."
"Well, I'llsign, but I want a proviso inserted that I do not fereby lose my self-respect, and that I do not ferit the right to come up stairs and strike the man in the next room if I get hard up."
It was added, and he signed and went

THE BOOM MESSINGER ROY.

Bagley—I saw a meancholy sight a few days ago—a messenger boy standing pensively on the street corner.

Fogg—That's nothing.

Bagley—No, but some one had hung on the boy's back a sign: "Will move about August 1."—(St. John Telegraph.

SO MORE AMES.

WILKINS'S SLUR.

Grigsley (after offering his box to Wilkins and both have lighted their cigars)—I like to lie back in an easy chair like this, Wilkins, and forget the cares of the day. What a solace is a good cigar! See that! How pleasing life looks through an azure cloud of Havana! We've nothing to complain of, I should say, Wilkins.
Wilkins—Nothing; unless it is the cigar.—(Chicago Herald.

WHAT KEPT HIM.

Irate Mamma—Goodness me? It's half an hour since I sent you around to the store to get those things, and here you are back without them.

Little Dick—It was such a long time before my turn came to be waited on that I forgot what it was you wanted.

"Them why didn't you come home and find out?"

"I was afraid if I left I'd lose my turn."—[New York Weekly.

A QUERY.

--Have you ever perceived the expression Of joy that creeps over a man's face, When the bootjack strikes with a dull, dead thud
And he knows he has struck the right place?
—[Lawrence (Mass.) American.

A TINGLING MEMORY.

Times there are when people tingle Recollecting days of old When the mother took the shingle And the thud was harsh and bold. —[Boston Couri

PAIR PLAY. Ah, husband, do not scold you wife And make her poor heart ache, Because she can't build pies like those Your mother used to make.

That is, unless your quite prepared To see the whole thing through, And buy her hats and dresses as Her father used to do.

ONE MORE FAKE.

Mrs. Rilgood-Poor man! how did you lose your leg?

Mr. Riptout (accepting the quarter)—
It got stolen.

Mrs. Rilgood—Stolen?

Mr. Riptout—Yes, marm; lifted.—
[Judge.

A COOL SPELL.

Mr. Jingle—What word is Alice forming with her blocks?
Mrs. Jingle—I tee cream.
Mr. Jingle—I thought so. Do you know, when she makes that word it always puts me in mind of the little tiff we had several weeks before we were wearried?

Mrs. Jingle—Why? Mr. Jingle—It's such a cool spell. NOT SO VERY THRILLING.

"Has McCorkle told you that hairraising story of his?"
"No; is it thrilling?"
"Not particularly. It's merely his account of cultivating his moustache."

A FUNNY STORY.

Dumloy (who has just told a funny story)—Ha! ha! ha! notbad, ch?
Featherly—No, Dumley, not very bad; and you tell it so much better than you used to.—[Harper's Magazine,

MUST BE FRIENDLY.

Bjoraes—You and Giles have become great friends of late. Merritt—I should say so. When we meet now he doesn't tap me on the shoulder; he thumps me in the back. HE HAD BEEN WARNED.

HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU. She—Oh, they are probably making some current remarks.—[Philadelphia Press. He-What are the wild waves saying?

Farmer—See here, stranger, ther hain't no fish in this stream!
Fisherman (sadly)—It doesn't make any difference; I wouldn't catch any if ther was!—[Puck. A DISMAL DRIVE.

A DISMAL DRIVE.

She—I am sorry, Mr. Browne, that I cannot be otherwise than a sister to you. It is getting late, by the way, and I think I had better be home soon; would you mind hurrying up the horse?

He (savagely)—Oh, not at all, but you see I expressly asked for an old horse, and we are seven miles from home, and this nag only makes three miles an hour. Get up, there, you!—[Bazar.

DOES IT PAY?

"Does it pay to strike!" shouted the orator.
"It depends on how much you strike for," said the base ball enthusiast. "If it is a three-bagger it pays every time."

it is a three-bagger 10 pays - 0.

A CHANGL OF OFINION.

"A nymph of the wood," he called her when
She tripped over mountain, field and glen;
But then—alas for his fancy free—

A nymph of the wouldn't she proved to be,

—[Bazar.

"But you agreed to."
"Yes, I know, but think of a man selling his manhood for fifty cents. I'd starve first."
"Well, know much do you want?"
"Well, we much do you want?"
"I'll split the difference with you."
"Well, I'll sign, but I want a provise inserted that I do not hereby lose my self-respect, and that I do not forfeit the right to come up stairs and strike the man in the next room if I get hard."
It was added, and he signed and went off to strike a free lunch counter.—[Detroit Free Press.

WOULDN'T BE DABED.
"But if you don't love him, Clara," why are you going to marry him?"
"Pecause he dared me to, mamma. He knew my high-spirited nature, too. O, I'll make him sorry enough for it, don't you be afraid!"—[Chicago Tribune.

"But if manhood for fifty cents. I'd average a message a message a message a message a few days stand.

"California's Seed Trade.

The seed trade appears to be destined to a very great expansion in California has not very distant period. In the single county of Santa Clara, not less my less my self-tespeed and 120,000 pounds of onion seed lave been shipped East in a single season. In other counters and peas for the supply of distant markets. While the State may not seem the monopoly of the seed business, because good seeds are grown in the Atlantic States, the rapid increase of business in California indicates of the seed business is said to be in that State, the rapid increase of business is said to be in that State, the seed business in self to the great centies of the seed business in the production of garden seeis. Over 60,000 pounds of onion seed lave been shipped East in a single season. In other country of sant a least of the interpretation of garden seeis. Over 60,00 pounds of onion seed lave been shipped East in a single season. In other country of santa Clara, not less my less of onion seed lave been shipped East in a single season. In other country of santa Clara, not less my less of onion seed lave been shipped East in a single season. In other country of onion seed lave been

Profit From Beet Sugar.

Profit From Beet Sugar.

Some idea of the profit to be derived from the beet sugar industry may be formed from the fact that the refinery at Bagley—No, but some one had hung on the bey's back a sign: "Will move about August 1."—[St. John Telegraph. No More Sales.

Confectionery and Ico-Cream Man—We'll lose ten of our best customers text week."

Assistent—We will? Are they going to Oklahoma?

"No; they're going to get married.
[New York Weekly.

"What is an echo?" sked the teacher of the infant class.
"It's what you ha ar when you shout," replied a youngster.
"Is it caused by a hill or a hollow" again asked the teacher.
"Both," was the ready reply.
"How so?"
"The hill throws back the holler."—[Binghampton Republican.