TWO MEN OF NERVE.

One Was Loud-Mouthed, the Other Quiet, But Neither Was Afraid.

"I have been among the Western cowboys for twelve years," said J. Ar. Barnett, of Salida, Col., "and have seen their nerve put to the severest test, but I didn't know the human family produced men who could equal, he made no flinch in the face of certain death until three months ago.

"I took an outfit for a round-up in Western Kansas. In a party were Joe Dillard and Bud Powell. The latter was a burly-burly, loud-mouthed, devil-may-care sort of a man, who had been in a number of rows, innumerable, and who in his time perhaps, shot out as many lights. Just for the fun of the thing as are now blazing in this city to-night. Dillard, however, was a very different order of man. He was so quiet and demure as to be an enigma to the rollicking roysterers of the little Western town and settlements. He was never known to use an oath, and, so far as any of us knew, he didn't know the taste of liquor. He was from somewhere in the East and that he had a history was the unanimous verdict of all of us. But there was something in his manner that said plainer than words that he wouldn't do to fool with.

"While our outfit were in camp South of Dodge City Powell got noisily drunk one evening and seemed bent on provoking Dillard's ire. Dillard took his chaffing goodnaturedly, which only had the effect of causing Powell to become more annoying and brutal in his persistent flings. At the supper table Powell walked up behind Dillard and emptied a cup of coffee down his back. Dillard sprang from his stool like a frenzied tiger. His eyes flashed fire and his frame quivered with anger. 'I ought to shoot you down like a dog,' he said, 'but I will give you a chance for your life. Meet me at sun-up to-morrow morning with your Winchester and we will fight it out at fifty paces.'

"There was a deadly determination in his voice that sent a shudder around the supper table and Powell, though a bandit drunk, blanched white as a sheet. The silence that brooded over the camp that night was awful. I tried to reason with Dillard, but he was immovable. He had made up his mind to kill Powell and he was going to do it or die in the attempt. Both men went quietly to their cots at 8 o'clock and were sound asleep in a half hour. I had a fitful night of it. It was my duty to prevent the fight, and all my persuasions had failed to shake Dillard, though Powell seemed a little more reasonable.

"Well, to cut a long story short, they met the next morning, each with a repeating Winchester. Dillard stepped off the fifty paces and as he turned firing was to begin. Seven shots each were fired, the men advancing on each other at each shot. When they were separated by about only ten feet they both dropped to the ground. Powell was dead and Dillard was breathing his last. Two of Powell's bullets had plowed through Dillard's right cheek, one had pierced the left ear, while another had lodged in his shoulder and the seventh penetrated the brain. A yardstick suspended straight from Powell's heart would have covered every one of the seven bullet holes in his body, showing Dillard's desperate determination and cool aim. He had intended to hit him in the heart and his last shot did it. I don't think the world will ever know another such duel because I don't believe there are any two men with the nerve of Powell and Dillard who were so unlike in outward character and yet so like in iconic bravery.

A BOAT WITH A HISTORY

A Trading Vessel, a Slave Dhow and Finally an Explorer's Craft.

A little vessel having a remarkable history has plied for years on Lake Tanganyika. Her story illustrates the progress in that region from slavery towards civilization. The boat known as the Calabash, was originally a large dhow, built by slave-by the axes of the natives with enormous labor and then, with axe and adze and fire moulded into shape. Boats like the Calabash are seldom new vessels though in their lines they suggest rather a clumsy hippopotamus than a swan.

On one of her voyages after she had served as a trading canoe for three years he entered the ports of Ujiji, where she was bought by a Mswahili slave-trader. For three years she plied back and across the lake, bringing forth cargoes of wretched men, women and children to the Ujiji slave market. One day's number of slaves had just been landed on the coast when Mr. Hore, who had recently come to Ujiji as an agent of the London Missionary society, saw the little craft and decided that she was about what he needed for exploratory voyages around the lake.

He succeeded in purchasing her and the little boat was once more launched upon Tanganyika as the first missionary vessel on the lake. Consecrated to the cause of peace, she became known in time to every tribe as the harbinger of good will.

Lake Tanganyika, it appears on our maps to-day, is the result of these surveys which Mr. Hore carried out on the Calabash. His survey is the best that has yet been made of the lake. He paddled and sailed along the shore, every day seeing a grand panorama of unknown lands and new tribes, by careful measurement and observation, month after month, the outlines of the lake and the names of the bordering countries were marked on the map of Africa.

Well Regulated Love.

"Gwendoline, darling, do you love me?"

"Have you satisfied my father and regarded to your social and financial standing?"

"I have."

"And I am to have the elegant establishment you promised?"

"You are."

"Horses, carriages, diamonds and so forth?"

"Everything."

"Then I do love you, Reginald."—Philadelphia Times.

An Artist at Work.

Artistic Dentist, to sufferer—Now, sir, fix your eyes on the side of that chandelier, think of something pleasant and try to smile.

The Sufferer, wildly—Holy smoke! What in blazes do you think you are going to do?

Artistic Dentist—I am about to draw from life, sir.—Smith, Gray & Company's Monthly.

Forgot Herself.

Little Girl—Shall I invite Lucy Locket to my party?

Mamma—Why shouldn't you?

Little Girl—I dunno, only I forgot, an' lawyer everybody I know. If I don't slight somebody it won't be exclusive. — Street & Smith's Good News.

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DARWIN'S THEORY APPLIED.

How a Berlin Professor Succeeded in Drowning a Pet Herring.

In Berlin there lives, says the Independance Roumaine, a savant who is an ardent votary of the theory of evolution." Not long ago, when at the seaside, he caught a live herring on which he resolved to test the accuracy of the Darwinian doctrines. Every day the gentleman took a spoonful of sea water out of the aquarium in which he had placed the herring, substituting in lieu thereof a spoonful of fresh water. He continued this process until the aquarium contained nothing but fresh water. His occupant was then consigned to a large glass bowl. The herring continued live and healthy. Still undaunted the professor had no means completed his investigations. Every day he took a spoonful of fresh water out of the bowl until not a drop was left. A bird cage was now substituted for the glass bowl. The herring was happier than ever, now and then it would utter a cry of exultation when the professor caressed it too roughly or failed to supply it at the proper time with the little patties specially prepared for the interesting creature. The herring grew sleek and fat, but after a few weeks its "manor" began to exhibit signs of melancholy. The professor spent hours in trying to fathom the cause of these unhappy symptoms on the part of his protegee. At length he disco ered that the creature was suffering from indigestion; it had evidently ruined its stomach by a too free indulgence in pastry. "Donnerwetter!" the philosopher exclaimed. "I quite forgot to give the animal something to drink!" He promptly filled a large wooden bowl with water and put it in the cage. Next morning on going to inspect the cage the learned gentleman found the creature dead; it had dipped its head in the water trough—the herring was drowned!

ONE TIME ALL AROUND.

The World Should Be Divided Into Twenty-Four Zones.

Traveling has been made so easy and rapid of late that some systematic arrangement of international time has become almost a necessity. It is well nigh impossible to remember the exact difference between the times of two places, says Harper's Weekly, as there are usually a lot of odd minutes to take into consideration.

This is a great nuisance for the traveler, though it will hardly do to suggest that the time should be reckoned the same at the same moment all the world over; we are so accustomed to the sun high up in the sky at 12 o'clock that such a drastic change would be too great a shock to our feelings. But a proposal has been made by which the time at one place can be easily comparable with the time anywhere else.

For this purpose the world would be divided into twenty-four zones; each zone would have its own time, which would of course differ by one hour from that in the next zone. This certainly seems worth considering, and if it could be satisfactorily arranged would be extremely convenient to travelers and for telegraphic purposes.

Moreover, the time at any place would never differ by more than half an hour from the mean sun time, so that it would still be 12 o'clock when the sun was at its highest point. North America is already divided on this principle into five zones, the most easterly of which is four hours after Greenwich time, and the time is called "international." The others in order are "Eastern," "Central," "Mountain" and "Pacific" times, differing successively by one hour.

Italian Rings.

Rings of Italian workmanship are remarkably beautiful. Venice particularly exceeds in this art. In the Londesborough collection is a fine specimen. The four claws of the outer ring, in open work, support the setting of a sharply-pointed pyramidal diamond, such as was then covered for writing on glass. The shank bears a fanciful device, being a serpent swallowing a bird, of which only the claws connecting the face remain in sight. It was with a similar ring that Raleigh wrote the words on a window pane, 'Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall,' to which Queen Elizabeth added, 'If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all,' an implied encouragement which led him on to fortune.

Gloves.

The ancient Persians were the first nation to adopt the use of gloves, and we hear of them being worn by the Romans before the fall of their mighty empire; whilst we have every reason to believe that they were introduced into England at a very early period, for in the illuminated MSS. of the Saxons, bishops and other persons of high rank were generally represented with gloves on their hands, frequently ornamented with costly rings.

Will They Come Again?

The big pavilion of 1720 were worn with a "breezer," a bustle made of linen cloth, gummed and folded, which squeaked outrageously with the slightest movement of the wearer.

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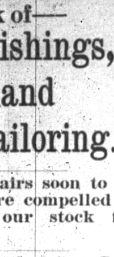

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