

again upon African soil. He was destined never to see his native land again. Livingstone had given up much for Africa. The best years of his life had been spent in the jungles. His wife was buried near the Zambesi. His family were scattered. He was alone in Africa, yet he took up his work unflinching. Eight more years were spent in exploration. More than once he loosed the slave sticks from the necks of fainting slaves. More than once he relieved the people whom he met. All those with whom he mingled, though they were savages, honored him for his goodness. The vast region beyond Lake Tanganyika was penetrated. The chain of lakes that forms the Congo was discovered. The resources of the region, its advantages and opportunities for enlightenment were estimated. As far as possible nothing was left undone. But finally he was forced back to Ujiji. Here, in poverty and distress, Stanley found and relieved him. Livingstone would not return to England until he had solved the mighty problem of determining whether the lakes he had discovered were the sources of the Nile or Congo. He started on the journey. As long as sufficient strength remained he traveled on. But he was destined never to finish his work. Aged and feeble, he persevered. The last mile was passed over while upon a stretcher. But the end came. Alone, upon his knees in the heart of Africa, David Livingstone died—died upon the threshold of the region he wished to enter; died with his task uncompleted, but bequeathing with it an example of heroism and endurance that hastened its performance by others.

Such was Livingstone's life and work. He did not finish his work; but he died at his post. The noblest life ever given to the cause of Christianity, was the sacrifice required to arouse the world to the needs of Africa. The heart, mind and soul of Livingstone were in his work. "Let a thousand die, but save Africa," was his constant cry. Such a motive was infinitely nobler than that of those who, after a discovery had rushed home to receive personal honor and recognition. Livingstone remained to finish if possible what he began.

A wooden framework, erected in one of the forests of Central Africa, marks the place where Livingstone died; and upon a neighboring tree his servants carved his name and the time of his death. His remains are buried in the vast mausoleum of England's great, but the simple carving in the forest, telling of a life given for the welfare of Africa, honors David Livingstone more than a burial place in Westminster Abbey. He laid all upon the altar and sacrificed it willingly. The world honors him for it. It is well; but it remains for humanity to finish the work so well begun and to enlighten the people, for whose redemption Livingstone gave his life.

#### A COLORED INCIDENT.

"What was I doing last summer? Well I was busy you may be sure, for I could not afford to loaf," replied my friend James Ott in answer to a question, made at the beginning of the fall term. "I was employed as rodman in one of the numerous locating parties sent out, by the — R. R., to determine upon a suitable route for a new line of road," "Jim" added. "Never been out to enjoy camp life? I thought not by the look you gave me when we shook hands. Did I have any fun? It was a picnic barring such annoyances as alkali water and storehouse bacon. More than that we did not get to a post office more than once in two weeks so I could not hear from my girl in — very often. Sometimes we ran short of provisions as we were far away from our own railroad and shipments of supplies were long in coming. But we did not grumble as much as might be supposed."

So my friend and I talked for two hours or more. He related many incidents that had happened during the summer, some perhaps were colored a little, but most of them raised a hearty laugh. One adventure, or rather mishap, was especially interesting to me, for I had once met with a similar experience.

"It is not pleasant," said Jim, "to be awakened from a sound sleep by some one tramping all over you and making the sides of the tent quiver by blood curdling yells? You know, a party like the one I was in sleeps upon the ground. Of course we have blankets, etc., and as a matter of convenience two men 'bunk,' so to speak, together. The cook is chief boss in a surveying party and of course has a corner in the tent and two pairs of blankets, all to himself. There were thirteen of us in the tent, and of course there was not much room for walking around inside without stepping on some one.

"One night, or rather one morning, about one o'clock, the cook heard the mules making a racket and crawled out to see what was the matter. He had found out to his satisfaction, and was entering the tent again, when right at his heels he heard the rattle of a snake. Now the cook was a negro and weighed about 170 lbs. He was more afraid of a snake than a time check or a discharge. The moment he heard the snake rattle he gave a yell that must have awaked the ghosts of the animals whose hides were on the saddles, then answering the purpose of pillows, and leaped as far into the tent as possible. He jumped squarely upon the leveller.

"In two minutes there was pandemonium in that tent. No one seemed to know exactly where the cook and the snake were, for every one thought the snake was around his feet and the cook was jumping on each man in turn. As two men rolled in blankets can not get up very quickly, the snake and the cook had full play for a moment; but as soon as a down-trodden sleeper could get upon his feet he proceeded to hunt the cook with malice aforethought. I suppose every man received a kick or blow that was intended for the cook. It was ten minutes before a light could be had; then every blanket was shaken in order to find the snake. No snake appeared; and of course the cook received the blame. I never knew how much ire could be aroused even in railroad men, until a heavily built cook had danced around the tent, upon them. The cook was in danger of his life for a week afterward, but one thing about it brought us joy. In order to appease our wrath the cook furnished us the best spreads that could be supplied from the party stores, until we were called into headquarters. But it will be long before I forget that night. I might say that it was long before my body allowed me to forget the effects of the cook's stampede, as I might term it, and I never believed any one else but myself was touched by the cook for I thought he was jumping upon me all the time."

#### SWANEE RIVER—REVISED.

[DEDICATED TO O. B. POLK.]

Way down around the Twelfth street corner,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber,  
Dere's wha' de oysters stay.  
All up and down de whole creation,  
Sadly I love,  
Still seeking for my satisfaction,  
For I once was deep in love.

CHORUS.—All de world am sad and dreary,  
For my girl has fled,  
No longer is my heart so cheery;  
I hope dat she is dead,