

FALLEN FLOWERS.
One of the workers of the world
Lived toiled and toiling died;
But others worked and the world went on,
And was not changed when he was gone,
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled;
And only a few men sighed.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fall,
And fell down slain in his blood-stained
mail,
And over his form they step;
His cause was lost and his banner furled;
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from o'erwrought heart;
But ere men listened the grass and wind
Were washing the rest away like a wave;
And now of his fame that will never depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love
Loved and grieved and faded away;
Ah! me! are these gone to the God above,
What more of such can I say?
They are human flowers that flower and fall,
This is the song and the end of them all.

AN ECCENTRIC MINSTREL.
The recent illness of Mr. Charles Backus and the death of James Clark, a noted negro minstrel, were subjects of conversation in Mr. Sandy Spencer's restaurant one evening recently. Reminiscences of Mert Sexton, Nelse Seymour, Daddy Rice, George Christy, Dan and Jerry Bryant, Tom Briggs, Fred Buckley and other happy minstrels, possibly performing in a shadowy world, were exchanged over glasses of sparkling wine.

"Of all the band now dead and gone," said Mr. Spencer, "Eph Horn was the brightest. Although he could neither read nor write, he had the keenest sense of humor and was the readiest at repartee. At times he made plenty of money, and promptly invested it in ivory chips. He was an inveterate player. I remember that once I had some business in Boston, and I took Eph along for company. While there I had an opportunity to buy a fine watch and chain at a low figure. I gave them to Eph. 'Sandy,' he said, 'I'll keep 'em as long as I live.' I had been back in New York three or four days, and was going up Broadway one foggy morning at daylight when I saw Eph standing under a gaslight at the corner of Prince street. He was gazing out into the fog, a perfect picture of misery. His watch and chain were gone, his studs had disappeared, and his cuffs stood out from his wrists like the wings of a bird. Why, even his gold collar button was missing. He was absolutely suffering from a lack of jewelry. 'Eph,' I said, 'what's the matter—where have you been?' With a weary smile he jerked his thumb toward Barney Jackman's faro bank and replied, 'Why, Sandy, I've just come through a sieve!'

The laughter that followed was drowned in wine, and Mr. Spencer opened his repertoire afresh. "I never saw a man stack himself up against a bank with more energy than Eph," he began. "I remember that he once gave an entertainment in Buffalo, and cleared over \$500. The next morning he took a bath and sauntered out on the street. The old passion for gambling overcame him, and he asked a hack driver to direct him to a faro bank. The driver did so. Eph went up stairs and tackled an old striped tiger. He got terribly clawed. In less than four hours every cent was gone. He had descended the steps and turned into the street when he met a friend—it wasn't Neil Bryant who stared at him in amazement. 'Why, Eph,' he said, 'what were you doing up there? Don't you know that's a skin game?'

"You don't tell me so, my good Samaritan," Eph replied. "Then I've been cooked, sure enough." He returned to his hotel with a downcast face. On that evening, however, he re-entered the bank and asked to see the proprietor. A white-finned shark with white teeth showed up. "Do you run the bank?" Eph inquired.

"Yes, and the bank runs me," the shark responded. "What do you want?"

"Well, I'm out of business and looking for something to do," Eph answered.

"What do you allow your ropers?"

"Fifty per cent," said the shark.

"Very well," Eph remarked. "Then you owe me just \$250. I roped myself in here this morning and lost \$500!"

After the merriment was smothered in a fresh bottle of wine, Mr. Spencer again launched himself on a sea of reminiscences.

"I remember the time," said he, "when Frank Brower, Charley Fox and Eph Horn were playing with Buckley's Serenaders up Broadway. Brower lived in Philadelphia, and always went home on the midnight train on Saturday, returning in time for rehearsal on Monday afternoon. One Saturday night he fell among the Philistines, in Louis Schwartz's, and missed the train. On Sunday afternoon the trio stood before a restaurant, on Broadway, opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Brower was stretching and yawning, and didn't know what to do with himself. 'I never saw such a dead city as this is in all my life,' he said.

"What's the matter?" Charley Fox asked.

"Look over there!" said Brower, pointing to the St. Nicholas. "There's the largest and most fashionable hotel in the city, and there isn't a sign of life about it. Everything's dead. You can't even see a lady's face at one of the windows. Why, if you were in front of the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, this minute, I'll bet \$100 you'd see more than 500 people standing on the sidewalk."

"Yes," said Eph, after a second's reflection, "and all waiting for the New York papers."

There was another flow of wine and good humor. The sparkle of the champagne was reflected in the eyes of those around the table.

"Remember," continued Mr. Spencer, "when Eph first organized a band of minstrels and traveled over the country giving entertainments. Times were hard, and he had a struggle to make both ends meet. He quartered his troupe in fourth-rate hotels, and, to save expenses, they slept five and six in a room. Every night Eph deliberately folded his vest and tucked it under his pillow before retiring. He did this for two or three weeks without comment. One night, however, a member of the troupe said: 'Eph, why are you so careful with your vest? We know that you haven't got a cent, and that you haven't had any money for a fortnight.'

"Well, that so," Eph replied, with great gravity; "but I expect to have some pretty soon. I'm only rehearsing—that's all."

"I remember," continued Mr. Spen-

cer, after a third bottle of wine had been cracked, "that Eph was traveling with Matt Peel or some of the boys at one time. They had S. C. Campbell for ballad singer, and a first-class company throughout. Among them was old Abecassis, the harp player. He carried a harp eight feet high that weighed nearly 100 pounds. At first they had good luck, but times got hard, and they began to reduce expenses. One of the troupe suggested that old Abecassis' services were superfluous. 'No,' Peel said, 'we can't spare him. He helps fill up.'

"Yes," Eph put in, 'helps fill up the baggage car beautifully.'

By this time the company at the table was well filled. Wine was flowing like water, and with a perceptible effect. "I remember," continued Mr. Spencer, "of hearing Brower tell a story of Eph away back in the 40's. There was nothing doing in the city, and they raked together a banjo, a fiddle, and a pair of bones, and went out to Jamaica, Long Island, and hired a hall. Handbills were posted announcing a grand entertainment, and the boys anticipated a big rush. They took in just \$2 50. That night they held a council of war in their room at the hotel. All their traps were contained in two carpet bags. They tied the two carpet bags together and threw them out of the window, intending to recover them and walk back to New York. The bags fell astraddle of a New Foundland dog. The door was open and the dog dashed into the barroom with them. The landlord comprehended the situation at a glance. He made a rush for Eph's room, and met the party stealing down stairs. 'See here,' he shouted, 'I can't afford to run a hotel and keep negro minstrel troops for nothing.'

"Why in thunder don't you sell out to somebody that can, then?" Eph replied.

There was another hilarious outburst, followed by a call for more wine. "Yes, and I remember," resumed Mr. Spencer, "that Eph once had a room in Charley Smith's place, up in Howard street. Charley had urged him to come there, and out of a pure spirit of benevolence, and to help Smith along, he had accepted the invitation. He said there eight weeks and made no returns. One day, while in Lewis Swartz's, he received a letter from Smith. As he could neither read nor write, he asked a friend to officiate. The letter read thus:

"New York, June --, 1852.—Mr. Horn—DEAR SIR: This is to inform you that your trunk has been removed from No. 14 to the office. Your bill, at three dollars per week, is twenty-four dollars. Respectfully,
CHARLES SMITH.

"Coming from such a source, that's worthy a reply," Eph remarked. "Take a pen and write it for me." His friend wrote:

"New York, June --, 1852.—Mr. Charley Smith—DEAR SIR: I am a gentleman. If I ever meet you on the street I'll warn your law. Respectfully,
ERN HORN.

"Only those who knew Charley Smith can appreciate this letter," Mr. Spencer continued, as he drained a sixth glass of wine. "But a score of Eph's stories come to me as I get warmed up. I remember that years ago he met Zeke Chamberlain, clad in an old grey suit of clothes, on Broadway. 'Why, Zeke,' he said, 'where have you been? I haven't seen you in nine months.'

"Oh, I've just got back from California," Zeke answered. "It's a great country."

"Yes," Eph remarked, looking at Zeke from head to foot. "I see that it's not hard on clothes out there."

The seventh glass was drained, "Eph had a hand as large as the hand of Providence," said Mr. Spencer, "and thumbs of a peculiar shape. They were curved like a cimeter. His hands were so large that he could never get them into his pockets. So he carried them at his sides, the thumbs sticking out like horns on a snail. One summer he was playing an engagement in Boston. While lounging in Beacon street an acquaintance accosted him, and noticing for the first time, the peculiarity of his thumbs, said, 'Why, Eph, what makes you carry your thumbs that way?'

"To show people the way to the Post-office," he replied, working his thumbs, "it's a handy habit to have in Boston."

A moment's hilarity supervened, and Mr. Spencer again let himself out. "I remember," he said, "that when Eph was in San Francisco he was a great friend of Tom Maguire's. This friendship was all the stronger when he learned that Tom, like himself, could neither read nor write. Like most such men, however, Tom kept the fact under cover as long as possible. He bought newspapers and pored over them as regular as an old stockbroker. One day Eph saw him intently perusing a copy of the *Alta* in front of a cigar store on Kearney street. He looked over his shoulder at the newspaper, and in an off-hand manner, said, 'I see there's been a big storm at sea!'

"Where do you see it?" Maguire asked.

"In the paper, returned Eph, pointing to the *Alta*, 'the ships are upside down!'

This capped the climax. A fresh bottle was uncorked, the lever was pulled, and Mr. Spencer rattled off another reminiscence. "The Heenan and Sayers fight in England," he said, "hauled a host of sports from this country to Europe. Dan Bryant, Eph Horn and a dozen negro minstrels were drawn along in their wake. Eph spread himself over London, determined to see all the sights. One day he got into a cab, and alighted after a short ride. He asked the cabman how much he wanted.

"One an' threepence," said cabby.

"There's an English shilling for you," said Eph. "You've got it. Be off. It is all you're entitled to." It was all Eph had.

"But, mehize," replied the Englishman, "I drove you past 'er Majesty's palace, you know, and the 'Ouse of Parliament, you know."

"You're entitled to just a shilling, and no more," said Eph. "You've got it, be off."

"But, mehize," began the cabman, "you saw both 'Ouses of Parliament and 'er Majesty's palace—"

"Now," interrupted Eph in a severe tone, "I'll give you just ten seconds. If you ain't off in that time, by the Lord that made me, I'll tell the Queen."

The usual refreshments were furnished. "I recollect a story that Eph used to tell of his adventures in California along in the '60s," said Mr. Spencer. "The minstrels were always on the lookout for a

stake. They went for the mines wherever there was a great rush, and coined money. Occasionally a murderer escaped lynch law, and was executed in public by the constituted authorities. Most of such executions occurred in small towns, and drew a big crowd. These towns usually had but one hall, and showmen were always on the *qui vive* to secure it. I have heard Charley Backus say that he has known them to go to the Sheriff on the morning of an execution and say: 'See here, Sheriff, can't you get this thing off at 11 o'clock and give the boys a show for two performances?' And the Sheriff rarely failed to oblige the boys. At one time a man was to be hanged down in Santa Clara or San Mateo—I've forgotten which, but it was in a dull season for the minstrels. Eph got wind of the day appointed for the execution, and he pawned his watch and jewelry, and he sailed off to the little town and engaged the only hall for a minstrel performance. By borrowing money here and there he organized a temporary troupe. They reached the town after a day and a night, arriving there on the day of the execution. They got a terrible set-back. The Governor had pardoned the criminal three days before, and there were not enough persons in town to raise the frame of a barn. The pardon burst the company. They all walked back to San Francisco, and Eph never forgave the Governor.

More wine was ordered, and there was a perceptible swelling in the heads of the party. "I was running the Globe Theater," said Mr. Spencer, "when Eph was in the sore and yellow leaf. His stage jokes were stale and profitless, and his voice was harsh and cracked. He had not kept pace with the popular taste, and was like an old horse turned out to die. I gave him a week's engagement. One Saturday afternoon Backus and Birch, and Gus Abel and Tom Welsh, and all of the boys turned out to give him a rousing benefit. The theater was packed. Every joke and action was applauded to the echo. In one of the lulls the old minstrel advanced to the footlights with a graceful bow. 'Boys,' said he in a sad tone, 'you're too late! You'd ought to have done this last Tuesday. The programme for the coming week has been made out and sent to the printers.' A roar of laughter told how the hit was appreciated. The programme had been printed, and his name left out."

After a prolonged clinking of glasses, Mr. Spencer resumed. "One day," said he, "Eph was going up Broadway, when he met Miles Farren on the way down town. Farren was elegantly dressed. His hands, a trifle larger than Eph's, were hidden in great yellow kid gloves. He was swinging them at his side, when Eph said: 'Farren, why didn't you send them down by one of the boys?'

"Send 'em down?" Miles asked.

"Those two Cincinnati hams," Eph replied, curving one of his thumbs at the gloves."

Here a violent listener accused Mr. Spencer of plagiarism. "That ham business," he asserted, "was got off by Tweed on Tom Cramer, after Tom had got in with the swells at the Union Club." Mr. Spencer denied it. A dispute arose, and three glasses and an unfinished bottle of wine were broken. There was much excitement. The violent gentleman got to his feet, and swayed to and fro like a Lombardy poplar in a strong wind, "Gen'l'men," said he, "I like a good story 'swells any other man, but when Tom Spencer credits William M. Horn with a story told by Eph Tweed, I say 'D—Sandy Cramer!' Now, who wants to take it up?"

With much difficulty the violent gentleman was elevated to the sidewalk. His escapade, however, had broken the chain of Mr. Sandy Spencer's memory, and figuratively closed the lid of a box that contains many untold reminiscences of the dead minstrel.—N. Y. Sun.

Tea Toppers.
An interesting article in the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases* gives an account of what is called "The Tea Drinkers' Disorder." This is described especially as a malady of dealers in tea, or more strictly of the "tasters," whose judgment on the quality of tea is supposed to guide the operations of wholesale buyers. It is said that these men have in their mouths in the course of a day, though they do not always swallow, an infusion of about half a pound of tea, using from fifteen to twenty grains of each kind sampled. As a disease incident to an occupation, this is classed with the painters' colic, the poisonings of wall paper makers and other "occupation diseases." But the train of symptoms ascribed to the poisonous effects of tea—the enfeebled action of the various functions of the system, especially of the brain, are naturally involved in some degree in the case of those who use the infusion of this shrub as a beverage. Most men and women use tea in moderation, but great numbers use it immoderately; and in proportion as in their excess they approach the quantities consumed by the professional tasters they will of course suffer in a similar way, allowance being made for the fact that drinkers ordinarily confine themselves to one variety, while tasters must go through the whole arsenal. Loss of appetite, incapacity to digest wholesome food, sleeplessness, irritability, and all the well known features of a broken down nervous system are depicted as the general consequence of the prostration that follows regularly upon the stimulant effects of tea, and in this respect coffee is classed with it. People who are attentive to the various arguments presented by doctors and others as to the effects of their beverages will presently be troubled to know what they may take. There are before them all the fearful arguments of one side of the faculty against wine, beer or any distilled or fermented beverages; and here is an indictment against the paralyzing cup that cheers but not inebriates. Neither wine nor beer, nor coffee nor tea, and of course no whiskey then. Will you take milk? All the typhoid fever, half the diphtheria and two-thirds of the consumption, say yet other doctors, come to us in that mild fluid. Will you take water? Dyspepsia, say all the doctors together, marks the water drinker for her own. What will you take?—New York Herald.

An exchange says that Mary Anderson is notably deficient in her kissing, and the Albany Times finds a reason in the fact that Mary wasn't brought up in the ministry.

A Journey to the Sun.
BY JULIUS VERNE, JR.
Sir Fillemup Frog was an English Baronet. He was a cold, calm and passionless man, almost as cold, calm and passionless as he was English. For years he had been a member of the London Beefsteak Club. Regularly every morning he took his breakfast. He was a man of methodical habit. Nothing was allowed to interfere with his breakfasting in the morning. During the day he ate two other meals. At night he took his supper. Early in life he had contracted the habit of eating. In his old age his habit was his master.

Sir Fillemup had three friends at the club. They met every evening to bet. They would bet on everything. One day they bet on the length of their respective feet. Sir Fillemup won by two laps.

"I would be willing to bet I could climb up to the sun," said he.

His friends bet him twenty thousand pounds, and the money was staked.

"I will start in three days," he said, calmly.

"And how long will you be gone?" they asked.

"Ten days," was the cool response.

From that moment Sir Fillemup Frog absented himself from the club. He was preparing for his flight.

His preparations were simple. First he procured a suit of Japanese silk, light and flexible. Then he pulled on a pair of boots of his own invention. The legs reached to the armpits. The soles were of gun barrels, arranged perpendicularly. From a belt at his waist depended two thousand ton columbiads. The gun barrels and columbiads were so arranged as to load and fire themselves sixty times a minute. The process was so simple as to make explanation unnecessary. With the recoil from the firing of these pieces Sir Fillemup proposed to secure a velocity of a million miles an hour. This would enable him to reach the sun in four days and twenty-three hours. He calculated to remain there for two days. Then reversing himself he proposed to turn his guns loose again and return to the earth in the same time occupied by his ascent.

He had fixed the 7th of May at 1 o'clock in the morning. A framework had been built to suspend him until he could get his ordinance in working order. At a signal the guns opened and Sir Fillemup dashed into the air. He had not miscalculated his velocity, though it seemed to him that he ought to reach his destination in about ten minutes at the rate he was going. Still his pedometer showed only a rate of a million miles an hour. He had no way of knowing when he left the earth's atmosphere save by the darkness by which he was surrounded. Light is the result of reflection. There was nothing upon which he could reflect, and Sir Fillemup was in darkness after leaving the earth's atmosphere, except when he looked straight at the sun. It was to him then a perfectly round ball affording neither light nor heat. His guns and cannons did not produce any report. There being no atmosphere to echo their reverberations, they did not reverberate. He did not feel that he was moving. He seemed suspended in space. Still he was nearing the sun. He could see it drawing closer.

At the end of the second day he appeared to be surrounded by a yellow nebula. It was dense, but a series of not unpleasant shocks showed that he was passing through a magnetic influence. The yellow belt appeared to be composed of sparks that compelled him to cover his face and hands. They were apparently iron filings in a state of fusion. His dress was protected from danger of fire by a preparation of alum.

Toward the middle of the third day he emerged from this zone and entered another of intense cold and fearfully dark. Beyond, he could see a peculiar mass of matter, brownish in color and oval in shape. Passing through the frigid belt the detonations of his cannon almost deafened him. It was clear that he had again entered an atmosphere. The temperature was higher by several feet. During the afternoon he passed through the warmer zone, and at twelve o'clock, just ninety-five hours after leaving the earth, he stood on the dun colored mass. He had reached the sun.

What struck him as most peculiar was the warm, even temperature. There was no intense heat. Everything around him gave the impression of iron, not in a state of fusion, as he expected to find it, but moderate.

No sooner had he landed than his cannons and guns were torn from him. They stuck fast to surface of the sun. He recognized the reason. He was on an immense magnet. How large he could not tell. He thought of the yellow zone and the cold belt through which he had passed, and saw the solar principle at a glance. The sun was but a fountain of electricity, generating heat and light, and feeling but little of either.

He had two days and two hours at his disposal. He was alone. There was no sign of vegetation or animal life. There were no shadows. Even the inequality of the surface cast no shade. He walked lonely and shadowless on the barren creator of all life. Around him, like an aurora, gleamed the yellow mist of the outer circle. There were no stars. There were no worlds. He occupied the life-giving essence, oblivious to every living thing save himself. He put in two days on this line and then prepared to depart.

But his cannon and guns were immovable. He couldn't wrench the smallest rifle from its fastenings. The magnet held them like a vise. How should he return to the earth?

Then he remembered that there was no gravitation except to metal. Slipping off a boot he found he was lighter, because the nails held him down. Should he take off the other and take a step he would remain in mid-air. He could not fall again to the sun. He could not leave it, because he was not within the influence of any other gravitation or atmosphere. Then he must die in space, a few feet from substance. But he could not die. The conditions were inimical to death. Already he felt an exhilaration unknown to him. Life was pouring into his veins at a rate then oppressive. He would be smothered with life, without power of dissolution.

Suddenly he beheld himself—the magnetism can be beaten out of iron by a sharp blow. He had no stone to beat it with, but dripping water is more power-

ful than rock, since it will wear rock away. He began to expectorate. In an hour he had spit one cannon away. In another hour the second columbiad was free. He had now exactly time to the minute, to return. But he had no time to release the smaller weapons, and without the recoil could he effect his return in the prescribed time? He would try it. Starting his columbiads he found himself in space. He had no idea how fast he traveled. His face was turned from the sun and there was no light. Composing himself he slept.

When he came to consciousness he was in the hospital in London, with his three friends bending over him, congratulating him on having won his wager. He had struck the earth, but not hard enough to injure him seriously. The reason was that he had been ten days without air, and when he struck the atmosphere he had inhaled so much that he swelled up like a balloon. The swelling burst his boots off and his columbiads dropped in these, while he floated softly down and reached the ground with one minute to spare. An air pump had relieved him of the extra pressure, and he was almost as good as new.

Milk Biscuits.
At a late meeting of the New York Farmers' Club a member read a paper on milk biscuit. He said the question in his mind was: In what way other than converting into cheese can skimmed milk be made a desirable article for market? Whether the article can be prepared so that it would retain all the ingredients of milk excepting the great portion of butter which has been removed in the creameries? To produce an article which could be easily preserved, packed and shipped. Something that would not lock up capital for a long time, as cheese does, before being brought to market. Which should not be liable to decay, as cheese is, through lack of very skillful handling. These points he considered of great importance, and an article answering this was found in the production of milk or skim milk biscuits or crackers.

The enormous production of butter in the United States leaves behind a great amount of skimmed and buttermilk. Very nearly all buttermilk is given to pigs, while most of the skimmed milk does not share a better fate, although just what is contained in these refuse is the richest part of the milk, inasmuch as it serves to build up bone and muscle. And what skimmed milk serves for the production of cheese makes, as a rule, a very poor article.

The first step to the production of biscuits is, to concentrate the fluid to a certain consistency, thus removing the largest bulk of the water from the milk. Further, to mix it with such materials as would facilitate its further desiccation, which would give to it and keep its form, which would set aside the necessity of careful packing, and which would make it a ready and agreeable food. All this is accomplished by the admixture of any kind of flour, principally by wheat flour. The last process is the baking of the biscuit.

The best-flavored biscuits he found to range between ten and sixteen pounds of milk to one pound of flour, with the addition of two or three per cent. of salt. The analysis of the new article he could not give; but to get a fair idea of it, we can deduce it from the analysis of milk, deducting that of butter and adding that of wheat flour. From analysis we see that the new article is very rich in all the ingredients of the mentioned articles, containing a greater variety of the ingredients than any one of the compared articles taken singly, and perhaps in an easily assimilable form, and without doubt is more palatable than the best skimmed-milk cheese can possibly be.

For the compact form of the biscuit and the ease with which it can be preserved, it is necessarily an article that can be used where compactness and keeping qualities are of prime consideration. It would thus be well adapted as a food for mariners, soldiers, travelers, etc.; in fact, in all cases where a supply is needed for a considerable space of time. Again, as it is a prepared and baked food, it is at all times fit for consumption without any further preparation. Such an article, too, will undoubtedly replace the common cracker in every household.

AN ANT-EATER IN NEW YORK.—A tamanoon, or ant-bear, was received not long since, by Charles Reiche & Bro., at No. 55 Chatham street, which, it is claimed, is the first of its species ever brought to this country. It is a female, and came from Para, Brazil, on the ship Tom Williams, Captain Edwards. While on the voyage she gave birth to a cub, but it died. The tamanoon in Reiche's possession is about six feet long from the tip of its snout to the end of its tail, and about two and half feet in height. Its head is elongated, and is covered with coarse, brown hair, which, on the tail, forms a very heavy plume. Its front feet have claws two or three inches in length, while its hind feet are like those of a bear. It has no teeth, but feeds by means of its tongue, which is nearly two feet in length. Owing to the peculiar shape of its claws, it is obliged to walk on the outer edge of its feet, which gives it a very awkward appearance. When sleeping it covers itself completely with its tail, and presents the appearance of a rough bundle of hay. Charles Reiche & Brother intend to place it on exhibition at the Aquarium for two weeks, after which it will be sent to the Berlin Zoological Gardens.—N. Y. Tribune.

"Mamma," said little Henry, putting his arm around his mother's neck, and laying his cheek against hers, "will God wipe the tears away from my eyes, if I can't find you when I get into the new Jerusalem!"

Burdette on Commercial Travelers.
What would I do without "the boys"? How often they have been my friends when I go to a new town. I do not know one hotel from the other. I don't know where to go. The man with the samples gets off at the same station. I follow him without a word or tremor. He calls the "bus driver" by name and orders him to "get out of this now," as soon as we are seated. And when I follow him I am inevitably certain to go to the best house there is in the place. He shouts at the clerk by name, and fires a joke at the landlord as we go in. He looks over my shoulder as I register after him, and hands me his card with a shout of recognition. He peeps at the register again and watches the clerk assign me to 98. "Ninety nothing," he shouts, "who's in 15?" The clerk says he is saving 15 for Judge Dryadust. "Well he be blowed," says my cheery friend, "give him the attic and put this gentleman in 15. And if the clerk hesitates, he seizes the pen and gives me 15 himself, and then he calls the porter, orders him to carry up my baggage and put a fire in 15, and then in the same breath adds, "What time will you be down to supper, Mr. Burdette?" And he waits for me, and seeing that I am a stranger in the town, he sees that I am cared for, and that the waiters do not neglect me; he tells me about the town, the people and the business. He is breezy, cheery, sociable, full of new stories, always good natured; he frisks with cigars and overflows with "thousand mile tickets"; he knows all of the best rooms in all the hotels; he always has a key for the cage seats, and turns a seat for himself and his friends without troubling the brakeman, but he will ride on the wood box or stand outside on the platform to accommodate a lady, or he will give his seat to an old man. I know him pretty well. For three years I have been traveling with him, from Colorado to Maine, and I have seen the worst and the best of him, and I know the best far outweighs the worst. I could hardly get along without him, and I am glad he is numerous.

Adventure With a Grizzly.
The Petaluma *Argus* of a recent date prints some reminiscences of Thomas Wood, recently deceased, was known to old settlers of Sonoma as Tom Vaquero. We quote the following: Once, while riding over the low, rolling sand-dunes skirting Tomales bay, he discovered a large grizzly in a little valley or flat, quietly feeding on the clover. With a riata gyrating over his head, he swooped down upon him, and with unerring precision hurled the noose around the bear's neck. With the other end of the riata given a few turns around the horn of his saddle, and a horse that had been thoroughly trained as a "lass" animal, he considered himself entirely master of the situation, and concluded to take the bear home and picket him out. By sometimes driving, and then dragging, he got the bear within a half a mile of home, when the grizzly lost his temper and showed fight. As every step the horse took he sank his fetlock in the sand, an hour's struggle with the bear had nearly exhausted him. The grizzly had become the attacking party, and it required skillful maneuvering to keep out of his reach. In the excitement Vaquero's rawhide got caught in a half-hitch around the horn of his saddle, and he could not cast it loose. The bear, as if realizing his advantage, sat down on his haunches and methodically commenced taking in the slack of the riata with his paws as a man would a rope—handed-over-hand. He had already pulled in half of the 50-foot riata, and Vaquero said he could see deliberate murder in the grizzly's eyes. The case was becoming desperate, when Vaquero bethought himself to his sheath-knife, and with it succeeded in severing the wiry rawhide coil which had fouled on the horn of his saddle. Thus freed, he beat a hasty retreat, leaving the bear victor of the field, and winner of a riata worth at the time not less than \$10.

THE LATE ABYSSINIAN PRINCE.—The death of the young Abyssinian Prince Alamayu, at Leeds, is a melancholy termination to a career which even before it came to a close did not lack pathetic interest. The son of the late King Theodore was not a possible successor for his father, and he thus became, as it were, a ward of his father's conquerors. This involved the same difficulty which has so often presented itself in similar cases. Alamayu could not be left in his native country, where he would have not only been out of place politically but would also have been without the advantages of education, which could only be given to him in England. He was accordingly brought to England, and here he has suffered the same fate as that which has been undergone by so many strangers to our climate before him. The change from the happy valleys of Abyssinia, even though these happy valleys may lack some of the delights once attributed to them, to the chill and the bleak air of England, has once more been too much for a native of summer lands. Prince Alamayu was only 19 when he died, and he was well spoken of for moral and intellectual qualities. Had he lived, it is doubtful what career might have opened itself to him. But the ill luck of his house pursued him, and he has fallen a victim to it.—[London News.]

THE THREE ONE-LEGGED JIMS.—Sergeant James E. Barnes, of Westport who is known as "one of the one-legged Jims," at the request of the Commander McNair related how the three Jims lost their left legs at one and the same time by one rebel shell. Prefacing his remarks by stating that he was a veteran of the Seventy-seventh regiment New York State volunteers, he added: "Well, boys, it was down in a rifle-pit before Petersburg, on the 21st of June, 1864—lots of you remember the day—myself (Jim Barnes), Jim Lawrence and Jim Allen, all of Company A, and from Westport, had finished our coffee and were lying down smoking our pipes. My head was supported by my arm, which rested on my knapsack, and my right leg was curled up under me, my left one being stretched out. The other two Jims were lying near me in about the same position. The rebel shell came—it did—and three Jims lost their left legs; and—here's rapid time—inside of three hours our legs were amputated and we were in the general hospital several miles away at City Point. And thank the Lord! the three one-legged Jims are still alive and as happy as vets on crutches can be."