

## THE TALISMAN AND THE LEECH: A FRAGMENT.

It was a lovely lady that on her sick-bed lay;  
It was her lordly lover that spurred for the leech  
away.  
And met upon the highway, crouched on the  
old hard stone,  
A withered white-haired beggar that made for  
sins her morn.

The lordly lover cast her his purse from saddle-  
bow.  
"My love is lying dying, and for the leech I go.  
In yonder ong physician a many are, I know.  
Would that the skillfulness of all among them I  
could know!"

"Take this," the crone, upstarting, placed on  
his hand a ring  
Of dark, dimpled copper, a mean i-ba-  
ker's thing.  
"Wear this, an i when thou ridest up to the  
leech's door.  
See for thyself what company of guests doth  
stand before."

And be'or the knight could thank her she van-  
ished quite away,  
And there was naught but a wee brown bird  
sitting upon the spray;  
And the light-hearted lover onward he spurred  
With a slender ray.  
And kissed the battered talisman, and blessed  
the kindly fay.

Up the ringing street he darted to the chief  
physician's door—  
Heavily with ghastly company was standing it  
The souls of all the slain were there, ten thou-  
sand souls, I trow.  
Like witch-fires in a pallid night, a-wavering to  
and fro.

On passed the knight to another leech, but be-  
fore the door perdie,  
Was spied as ghastly if not quite so great a com-  
pany;  
And so all down the burg he rode, but every  
where he went,  
Watched the spirit of each patient under a  
monument.

"Alack! doth never a leech have skill?" was his  
deep-sighing cry;  
"And where the wily Cunequin in her youth  
and beauty die?  
There is but one physician left, and yonder at  
his door—  
Oh, heavens! there floats a single ghost—a single  
ghost, no more!"

"Oh, a blessing on the talisman and on the kind-  
ly fay!  
Here is the surgeon skilled shall charm my  
lady's hurt away.  
Ho! bus, ye, bus ye, Master Leech, and ride  
And thou shalt save a precious life, and win a  
priceless fee."

Up sprang the good physician then behind the  
gallant knight,  
And dallying the bounding road clattered the  
courage wight;  
And merrily the knight he sang and shouted in  
his glee,  
"A blessing on the kindly fay that guided me to  
thee!"

"Now, by our good Saint Anthony, what is it  
thou dost say?  
Dost thou not know, Sir Knight, there is no  
goblin, neither fay?  
But tell me truly, who it was to me thy steps  
did guide,  
How should a poor leech be known through  
out the country-side?"

"Oh, trust me, trust me, Master Leech, thy fame  
is spread far and near;  
On each side of thy heald skill what miracles  
we hear!  
For though thy cheek doth lightly bear the rose  
hue of youth,  
There is no doctor so renowned in all the land,  
good sooth."

"Sir Knight, it ill becomes thy rank to mock a  
simple man,  
One who doth practice Galen's art with all the  
skill he can;  
But only yesterday I hung my shingle out at  
thee,  
And I have had but a single call—one patient,  
and no more."

"Now by Saint Anthony!" exclaimed the knight

The remainder of this interesting ballad has  
been lost.—*Harper's Magazine*

## HIGH UP IN A BALLOON.

Late on a clear autumn afternoon of 1888—the well-known "Woodard's Gardens," in the city of San Francisco, could scarcely contain a surging crowd come together from all quarters of the city to witness the ascent of a monster balloon. In that ascent our artist and the faithful reporter were directly interested; nor was the flight into ether which they and the Captain (an experienced aeronaut) of the undertaking proposed by any means a common-place affair, being no less than an attempt to cross in mid-air the mighty range of the Sierra Nevada, and land far on the other side of that tremendous palisade, in Salt Lake City itself.

It is hardly necessary to state that this aeronautic feat had never been accomplished. Undertaken, the truthful writer regrets to confess, it had been, and by the same venturesome trio, who, sitting in shambles on the roof of the cow-shed where they had collapsed at the very outset of their trip, railed at the brick chimney which had wrecked their air ship, endured the jeers of the throng below with humility, and vowed to repeat the attempt within a week. A charity picnic afforded an excellent opportunity. The balloon had been patched, the temper of the trio restored, and once again the immense swollen bag toppled in air, pulling upward with all of its 34,000 cubic feet of gas.

Our party were fairly prompt. We took our places amid the cheers of the crowd. Everything was looked to quickly. "Are you ready?" rang out the question. "Ready; let go!" assented the Captain. The cables were jerked off; with the sweep of the hurricane our aerostat shot up into space. The ground, the crowd, the buildings surrounding the gardens, the tallest trees outlying us, dropped like enchantment below—still further below—far beneath. Our undertaking was well begun.

So much has been said of the impressions which the air voyager derives during the first half hour of his ascent that space may be saved here. The thrill of intense excitement as all connection with earth seems sundered; the up-turned faces and black coats in the concourse of spectators becoming black and white dots; the universal "fore-shortening" of all creation as one looks down upon it—all combine to produce a feeling that can never pall. The fascination of floating at so vast an altitude as a balloon can soon attain is delicious. Few persons are troubled by giddiness. Confused sounds rise lulling to the ear, one scarcely distinguishable from the rest. A kind of intoxication steals over the navigator. To live and move thus seems a rapture. Small wonder that the man who "balloons" once will "balloon" again and again, each time becoming more infatuated in tempting fate.

Our evening was perfectly serene and cloudless. A gentle breeze waited us northward. The earth became a pale green and gray map as we reached the level of 2,000 feet above the Bay of San Francisco, which stretched out glimmering toward the horizon. We could discern the city, the Golden Gate, the Farallone Islands. On the east rose

Mount Diablo and the Coast Range summits. Northward rippled Sacramento Bay, with a golden dust of cloud hanging over it. The prospect invigorated us and soda water was appropriately absorbed by all present, stronger beverages being interdicted. Sunset came on. We had been gradually reaching the speed of ninety miles an hour. Not that it was possible to perceive the fact without scientific help. Even if a hurricane be blowing, there is still the endless sensation of floating, floating, for the air-current and the air-ship keep exact pace. Thanks to the pieces of tissue paper which were flung out lavishly from time to time, and to the gauze streamers fluttering from our cordage, we could ascertain the direction of the wind. Even a few handfuls of sand thrown out from the ballast bags hanging over the rail caused us to rise perceptibly, for the best and most delicate scales in the chemist's laboratory cannot register the fractions of an ounce as does the balloon. The sun went down. Dusk advanced. "We must descend and put up for the night," said our Captain. With the vault above turning to a deep indigo we sank gently, and skirted along the country from which the Coast Range rises.

We were just in time to attract the attention of a number of farm hands returning from work through the fields. With much shouting back and forth, our dragging ropes were caught and made fast. "Tie it to anything from a gate-post to a steeple," suggested our artist, in a series of whoops worthy of a calliope. After a stiff battle, in which some of our kind assistants were pretty severely pulled about, we found ourselves on terra firma, and on the way to a neighboring farm-house. There we made light of a famous supper, washed down gayly with superb California wine. Our first stage was accomplished, and we slept the sleep which it would be a great pity for only the just to enjoy.

"Daylight already?" was the common exclamation when our vigilant Captain administered sundry shakings to each of us. In an hour breakfast was over, and we were retracing our steps through the fields. The anchors were loosed after hearty handshakes with our hospitable hosts; once more the delightful sensation of boundless freedom and buoyancy. "Isn't this rising early in the morning with a vengeance?" quipped one of the fraternity, as the Captain announced us to be overtaking 16,000 feet.

"The man who will make a joke of that character under such matutinal circumstances, deserves to be thrown out of this conveyance," responded the Captain, grimly. "But our atmospheric conditions were not long favorable to joking. The cold grew intense. Our voices seemed mysteriously muffled, and it was necessary to shout instead of chat. Ears tingled, and the rush of blood to the forehead foreshadowed the sudden nose-bleeding that followed. Our Captain, prudent sailor, thoroughly approved of husbanding the ascensional powers of his craft. We dropped apace to a warmer and more normal level, where life was livable at lower pressure.

By this time our second day was well begun. The morning mists evaporated around, above, and below us. The west wind spun us toward the gigantic peaks of the Sierra Nevada, which finally mounted the eastern sky in full sight. We greeted them with cheers.

"Ah, old fellows, we will be on the other side of you soon!" cried one of the party.

"Take care," responded the Captain, smilingly; "you are by no means there."

Beautifully penciled in green and black, the forest slopes extended to our view. "Look over there," ejaculated the Captain. "Do you make out the track of the Central Pacific? See! There is a train climbing up that grade!" Our artist did make out railroad and train, and contrived to sketch the same. In a little time we passed nearly over both, and caught the rumble and roar of wheels and the sight of a flurry of handkerchiefs from the car windows. But our mighty air ship could not delay for courtesies; the lightning express fell far behind. Steadily, wind and all else favorable, we rose and swept forward. With a fresh cheer we saw the highest peak of the lofty mountain wilderness lying 3,000 feet beneath us.

"At this rate we shall be on the other side, and asleep in Salt Lake City to-night," cried two of us.

Alas! this boast was scarcely uttered before its punishment came upon us. Streaks of cloud suddenly appeared above the great Nevada table lands. The wind veered to the north. Its speed and ours increased. Our Captain's uneasiness grew evident. A moisture like dew began to freeze over us. We began to sink rapidly. Clearly we were in train for experiences of a most unexpected sort.

"Throw out the ballast!" called our Captain. Rising once more, we darted into a dense cloud, and there drifted with lightning speed still northward. Water froze upon our cordage. There was only one thing now to do. "Over with all the ballast!" commanded our leader. It was in vain. We shot down perpendicularly with the speed of a bullet—1,500 feet in each second. Presently the whizzing of the gale in the tree tops of the mountain summit became terribly audible. To land under such circumstances was impossible. Everything we possessed was tossed overboard—our spare clothing, our provisions—still to no purpose.

A moment or two later, with a series of crashes, and bounds, and leaps that made us hold on like grim death itself, our vessel was dragging through the thick-set pine tops. Who could fitly describe the frightful sensations that ensued? With all visiots dissipated of success in our expedition, and possibly reaching Salt Lake City or anywhere else alive, we writhed with clinched teeth and set teeth in the basket. Occasionally, we were borne across some depression in the mountain sides, we were free from collisions, and were swept somewhat upward. I well remember that during one of these intervals our Captain, finding the rope of the escape valve had become entangled above, with masterly

address clambered the network of the bounding globe, and, clinging tightly to what slender hold he found, adjusted it. It was afeat to tremble at in recollecting. In less than ten minutes after it had been accomplished we struck the tree tops again, and were hurled more mercilessly than ever among their creaking branches, until with one tremendous shock our basket struck the strong limbs of a mighty forest giant and held firm. To pull the ringing rope was the work of a second. With a crack a whole seam of the balloon parted. The gas fell about us in our wretched situation, nearly choking us. Our late tyrant collapsed and hung suspended from its colossal peg, the pine tree. We were safe.

Upon the remaining adventures of that luckless day neither reporter nor artist is disposed to dilate. Our valiant Captain, being inured to such untimely ends to all the pomp and circumstance of glorious ballooning, was subsequently seen to smile over the affair.

With vast difficulty we managed to glide down the slippery trunk of the pine, whose only branches, among which we perched, grew eighty feet from the ground. We had landed on the summit of a spur of the Sierras. By compass we took our bearings and set out for shelter. Around us rose the wilderness pure and simple. There was no trace of road or habitation, and we were forced to fight our way through the dense undergrowth until nightfall. Without provisions, and utterly exhausted, our little party threw themselves down under the thicket's shelter, and slept till the pallid dawn. A second day of such fruitless wandering meant something so nearly approaching death that we hardly cared to contemplate it as we trudged onward.

By noon of the second day the strength of one of the party had given out entirely. The other two were manfully preparing to carry him between them, when a roaring brook was struck, and feebly followed with reviving hope. It was scarcely a quarter of an hour before the expected flume was discovered, at the foot of a steep declivity. A solitary Chinaman stood beside it plowing a spade. We made our way toward him. At first our haggard appearance and scarcely understood tongue made the suspicious Celestial little disposed to listen to us or have aught to do with us; but, speedily becoming convinced that we had no designs upon his claim, he lent a wondering and compassionate ear to the narrative which our Captain communicated, and presently summoned all his pig-tailed fellowship to hearken and aid us. We were, in truth, very kindly cared for by our yellow-faced friends during the two days which we found we must pass in that lonely camp before mules and wagons and men could be summoned from Nevada City, fifty miles distant.

When they arrived the balloon was looked up, and ripped apart, forwarded to Reno. The overland train was finally taken, and our trio speeded to San Francisco, in defeat, but with thankful souls.—*Harper's Weekly*.

## Waxing Hard-Wood Floors.

"Yes, I deal in antique furniture, and get up new furniture on antique models, and repair things, and so on, but my principal business is in waxing floors—hard-wood floors, of course. This is increasing all the time. I don't have much to do with the floors of dancing halls, because the men having charge of them get into the way of waxing the floors themselves. It is in private houses that my services are in demand. We are, in truth, very kindly cared for by our yellow-faced friends during the two days which we found we must pass in that lonely camp before mules and wagons and men could be summoned from Nevada City, fifty miles distant.

When they arrived the balloon was looked up, and ripped apart, forwarded to Reno. The overland train was finally taken, and our trio speeded to San Francisco, in defeat, but with thankful souls.—*Harper's Weekly*.

"To wax a floor properly we first clean it with turpentine, so that not a speck of dirt is left either on the surface or imbedded in the exposed pores of the wood. If the wood is rough we sometimes scraze it and give it a coat of shellac, to fill the pores. They were both too lazy to work, and riding on the cars was just about exercise enough. They would go to Milton Junction, or Janesville, and back, and conductors got so that if one of the Jefferson editors did not show up at the depot when the train stopped they would hold the train. The pass became so worn that it had to be renewed the first six months. It was a proud day for the writer when his face became so well known to the conductors that it was not necessary to show the pass. The pleasure of pulling out the pass before a carload of passengers gradually wore off, and there was more pleasure in having the conductor come along and smile and pass on, because passengers would think the man so favored by the conductor must be at least one of the owners of the road. Since then the writer has ridden on passes across the continent, and up and down it, and has been offered a pass to Europe, but in all the free rides of thousands of miles he has never felt so much as though he owned the earth, and had a fence around it, as he did when he got that first pass on the old Northwestern, and put in a solid year trying to make the pass pay for its keeping.—*Peck's Sun*

Scott Dictating "Ivanhoe."

Lockhart says that Sir Walter Scott dictated the greater part of the "Bride of Lammermoor," the "Legend of Montrose," and "Ivanhoe" to William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne. "Good Laidlaw," he adds, "entered with such zest into the story, as it flowed from the author's lips, that he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight: 'Gude keep us a'!—the like o' that—eh, sirs! eh, sirs!'" Mr. Laidlaw used to shake his head at this passage of Lockhart: "I remember," he said, "being so much interested in the part of 'Ivanhoe' relating to Rebecca, the Jewess, that I exclaimed: 'That is fine, Mr. Scott! get on—get on!' He laughed, and replied, "Ay, Willie, but recollect I have to make the story." I have more than once heard Mr. Laidlaw relate this anecdote; adding, that Sir Walter was highly pleased with his character of Rebecca, saying, "I shall make something of my Jewess!"

A Petulant Passenger.

"Kind sir," pleaded a fashionable lady to a palace-car conductor, "won't you please, please, please, allow me to take my pet poodle in the car?"

"No, ma'am, can't do it, ma'am. The company permits only one car pet in the coach, and that is on the floor now."

"Oh, you dear little angel!" sobbed the lady, as she kissed the poodle's nose, "the wicked man will make you ride in the baggage-car, Pet!" and, filled with anguish, she entered the coach, sadly, sorrowfully and alone.—*The Hoosier*.

Friendship Between the Great.

The friendship between great men is rarely intimate or permanent. It is a boswell that most appreciates a John-son. Genius has no brother, no com-mate; the love it inspires is that of a pupil or a son.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

## The First Pass.

If a man never has a pass on a railroad he goes through life paying his fare, and never thinks of its being a hardship, but when once the free pass enters the system he is no good to a railroad forever after, and he looks upon the paying of fare on a railroad as a wicked scheme, an outrage, as it were. Up to 1860 the writer had always paid fare on railroads, and probably had expended as much as \$7, all told, in riding from one town to another on the cars, and he never missed the money, feeling that it was the duty of every citizen to support the great highways of commerce. In an evil hour the writer became interested in a newspaper at Jefferson, and one day there came in the mail a pass for himself and his partner, on the Northwestern Railroad. It was a great event in the history of that road. After the recipient of the pass had recovered from his astonishment, and had begun to realize that he was entitled to ride free between Jefferson and Chicago, and had shown the pass to nearly all the populace who were at the Postoffice waiting for the mail to be distributed, he began to inquire of the depot agent what time the first train passed the station, going either way. It did not make much difference to the editor which way the train was going, as long as it went. It was found that a freight train would go along in about five hours, bound south, and the holder of the new pass was compelled to sit in those five hours waiting for the train. It seemed a month, and the pass seemed to burn a hole in the pocket, and it was taken out a dozen times to cool off, and to show to different persons who had heard of its arrival and had come down town to see it. Finally, the train pulled up to the depot, and the editor took his seat in the caboose, and it seemed as though the people on the depot-step were talking over the new era in railroading. It seemed as though the train never would start, and after it started it seemed as though the conductor never would come through to look at the pass. A lady had a crying baby, and the editor in his kind-heartedness attempted to quiet the baby by showing it the pass, and was nearly paralyzed when the child put a corner of the pass in its mouth and began to chew it. By prompt measures of choking the infant the pass was recovered, and the editor handed up his pass with an air of one who always rode on a pass. The conductor looked at the date of the pass, and it did not take effect till the next day, and he said the editor would have to put up twenty cents, the fare between Jefferson and Fort Atkinson. It was cruel, but no argument would convince that freight conductor that the pass ought to be good until the day after, and it was necessary to pay good money for a ride down and back, forty cents, a ride that was taken for no other purpose on earth except to try the pass. That night the editor took a solemn obligation to make that railroad sorry for the outrage, and for a year afterward he was a cold day when the railroad did not have to carry the writer or his partner somewhere. They divided themselves up into reliefs, and it was the duty of one of them to go somewhere every day. They were both too lazy to work, and riding on the cars was just about exercise enough. They would go to Milton Junction, or Janesville, and back, and conductors got so that if one of the Jefferson editors did not show up at the depot when the train stopped they would hold the train. The pass became so worn that it had to be renewed the first six months. It was a proud day for the writer when his face became so well known to the conductors that it was not necessary to show the pass. The pleasure of pulling out the pass before a carload of passengers gradually wore off, and there was more pleasure in having the conductor come along and smile and pass on, because passengers would think the man so favored by the conductor must be at least one of the owners of the road. Since then the writer has ridden on passes across the continent, and up and down it, and has been offered a pass to Europe, but in all the free rides of thousands of miles he has never felt so much as though he owned the earth, and had a fence around it, as he did when he got that first pass on the old Northwestern, and put in a solid year trying to make the pass pay for its keeping.—*Peck's Sun*

PEOPLES are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some behind may at the same time be缺点 on their own.—*Texas Siftings*.

FLORIDA is a good place for camphor trees.

## HUMOR.

The dark horse—a dead darky. An old gentleman who got tripped up while trying to cross the ball-room, remarked, as he slowly crawled to a perpendicular, that it was always pleasant to be thrown in the company of young people.

"Are you near-sighted, miss?" said an impatient fellow to a young lady who did not choose to recognize him. "Yes," she retorted; "at this distance I can hardly tell whether you are an ape or a puppy."

"Are you to take astronomy next term, Elsie?" inquired a classmate of her young friend. "Hardly. But Augustus is giving me splendid astronomical lessons during the vacation." "Isn't that nice! Has he text-books and an atlas?" "Oh, Louise, my dear, we have been to the water-soaked earth, is believed by Indians to have been a severe blow to the growing wheat.

EX-MAYOR KIMMEL, of Lafayette, at present Government Agent for Alaska, now home on leave, will probably not return to his post, on account of ill health, but will resign.

MAURICE EVINGER, a young farmer living near Terre Haute, was waylaid by highwaymen and robbed of \$180. They dragged him from his horse and out him severely before rifling his pockets.

ONE of the reasons set forth by James P