

Jersey Lyrics.

We have received, from Robert Slinnlecken, author, Trenton, N. J., three poems, copyrighted, for which we return many thanks to the gifted author. We confess never having heard of him before, but after reading the poems we hasten to express an avidity for a better acquaintance with him and his works.

As if suspecting the truth that his fame had not yet spread beyond the narrow confines of his native land, the poet, (who it appears is also co-editor of the *Monthly Voice*) refers us for his pedigree to the "Boston Public Library, Library of Congress, editorial waste-baskets, and other depositories of Excelsior literature"—"Excelsior" being the nom de plume which his modesty assumes. We shall certainly look it up.

Space will not permit anything like full quotation of these noble lyrics, but a specimen stanza or two may bring to public stupefaction their peculiar merits. One of them begins:

Bill was a faithful old fire-engine horse,
And he went to a fire with a vim,
But now he is only a fire-blackened corpse;
For, the latest fire came to him,
His stable was burned, ere escape he could make,
And his friends are now mourning his loss.
The children who fed him with candy and cake,
Will now grieve for their old friend, the "old horse."

The ingenious manner in which "corse" and "loss" are both made to rhyme with "horse" will surely attract the attention of all poetsasters. The dirge continues for four paroxysms much like the foregoing, and ends with a touching envoi thus:

Noah—the wild-western, young 'mustang' horse,
Bills epitaph now brings to mind—
Run away with a corn-pow, when homeward
his course,
While I hold his handles behind.
This flavor of personal reminiscence is what penetrates to the heart, and these poems are raking with it. Mind this wall—in four bursts, all as odd as this and all printed on green paper:
Like caldies cow, I'm lonely, now—
I've lost my better half,
Yet, she might now be called the cow,
And I, the blattant calf.
I dream about her every night,
And I think of her, all day,
I'm surely in a sorry plight—
My girl has gone away.

Who says that New Jersey should not be annexed to the United States by the Arthur Kill bridge. Who convicts it of raising no crops but sand-flies and hotel-keepers? Its shores harbor a poet, and we have dry-docked some of his verse. If it isn't poetry it is built that way, and we leave it to anyone if the lines don't loom up in traditional oob-house style—one long and one short, with a jingle at the end? Pshaw! Of course it's poetry.—*Buffalo Press.*

THE LAND OF SHE.

A Romantic Trip to the Mountains' Gate, Montana.

Comparatively few of Helena's population, says the *Helena Independent*, are aware of the existence of the great scenic resort distant from this city about eighteen miles in a northerly direction, and know as Hilger's ranch or the Mountains' Gate. Much has been spoken of the locality by the few who have been favored with a visit to the attractive spot, and at times their reports have been looked upon merely as exaggerations, many not being inclined to believe in the grandeur and sublimity of the view as pictured. A personal visit to the premises, however, will dispel all doubts; instead a scene of awe and wonder greets the eye which almost baffles description. All is true that has been depicted of it, and one visit is but an appetizer for future trips. A good wagon road, romantic in appearance, leads thereto, permitting the voyage to be made in about three hours. Emerging from a canyon, the mighty Missouri and the humble though delightful country home of Mr. Hilger, pleasantly situated on the east bank of the great stream, and a broad expanse of grassy fields and heavily-timbered slopes spread before the eye of the tourist, forming a panorama grand in the extreme. An hour's halt at the cozy farm-house, where one is treated right royally by the genial host and his most hospitable family, and the little steel cruiser *Rose* of Helena is in readiness, and, all prepared, she steams out into the broad and swift current on her way through the wonderful gorge so aptly named. The diminutive vessel, though appearing little larger than an ordinary skiff, is a marvel of mechanism, and said to be the only craft manufactured which has successfully breasted the powerful currents of the upper river. Constructed entirely of steel-plates, propelled by a small but powerful engine driving with force a stern wheel of peculiar construction, proves a most formidable subject for plowing the

stubborn stream; Judge Hilger ably handles the rudder, steering its course through the tortuous and circuitous route, bringing the bounding tug through with safety to any desired point. Mr. Boeco, the adroit engineer, admirably handles the valves and levers with a self-satisfied air, and smiles complacently at the casual unbusiness expressed by some when rounding a sharp bend or ascending turbulent rapids. Pleasing and genial withal, he becomes an immediate favorite with the voyagers, his fastidious presence adding jollity to the occasion. On speeds the boat through the narrow defile revealing yawning chasms on either side of the river, the escaping smoke from the steamer's funnel leaving a dense black outline in the azure sky a grim indicator of the path taken.

Frowning walls of rock are encountered, their turreted battlements reaching far into the heavens, each turn in the river revealing new wonders. Winding along in its sinuosity the stream is encained on either side with castellated walls and great cliffs of solid granite, towering columns and arches, dismal and unexplored caverns whose entrances even have never been traversed by man, mythical castles, heaven-pointing steeples and spires, all standing like gigantic sentinels on the outpost of the rock-bound home of some fabled giant. The whole scene, novel and marvellous weird, grand, and majestic, is such that can but be compared with the views described in fiction. Here, apparently, rocks have been upheaved by the violence of nature and forced to a sublime height, which before cooling were sculptured and chiseled out in the blue sky in designs known only to the gods.

With a slight tax on the imagination faces, forms, and figures can be easily discerned, and the weird fantasies of the brain and the sketches of the vague borderings of the dark Plutonian shore as seen only in vivid minds are brought to view. A voice, whether aloud or in a whisper, reverberates from cliff to cliff, and a laugh is sent back from mountain peak as though echoing in mimic defiance the impenetrability of the surrounding heights. Such in brief is a description of the land here endeavored to portray, and be it the Switzerland of America or the phantom precincts of She, the fact remains that we have within easy access of Helena a locality which in justice to one's self should not be overlooked, especially when the advantages offered for its inspection are so favorable. During the fall months nature is at its best, and pleasure-seekers can act no wiser than to avail themselves of the opportunity suggested in visiting the spot, as before long the mighty ice king, who displays his herculean power by blockading with barriers of adamant ice, will have sealed for months the entrance to the Mountains' gate.

Buffalo Bill's Mascot.

Henry Beaconsfield of Leavenworth, talking of William Cody's early life, said: "When I knew Buffalo Bill first in 1861 he was exceedingly wild, and woolly, and unpromising. We speak of the wild and woolly West sometimes with a vein of humor in our remark as though we enjoyed it. Well, of all the hard-looking citizens I ever set my eyes on young Cody was the worst. The school-ma'ams who used to come out from Illinois and Ohio about that time used to refer to him as Sweet William. He wore his black hair very long, his pants in his boots, a shambling gait, and an unkempt air generally that marked him as the most unpromising youth in that section of the rowdy West. He had no pride about him, and it did not appear that he would ever amount to anything."

"About this time he fell in love with a dashing little school teacher and proposed to her. Everybody but Bill knew his fate long beforehand. They knew he was destined to get floored, but Bill had no inkling of it. When he received a negative reply he was utterly crushed, and remained so for days. He was perfectly collapsed and lifeless. But after a week he began to brace up. The rough frontiersmen had ridiculed his grammar and poked fun at him on everything. Bill bought some books and began to post up."

"He was soon thereafter in the field as a scout, and three years after, when he came back, he was the most changed man I ever saw. His defeat had proved his victory. The girl was his mascot. Had it not been for her I am confident as I can be of anything in the world he would never have amounted to anything and he would never have been heard of."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Two Wealthy Chicago Gamblers.

Around the Palmer house, rotunda any evening may be seen a tall smooth-shaven man, with twinkling eyes, a nose tipplified as Tomnyson's Maud, and a generous paunch. He wears not a single article of jewelry. His clothes are costly as money can buy. This is Charles Bush of New Orleans and Chicago, called the richest gambler in the south. To New Orleans he is what Phil Daly is to Long Branch. His establishment is one of the minor sights of the city. For three or four years he has controlled the pool privileges at Washington park and cleared handsomely every season. Bush is what is called a jolly good fellow. He knows everybody. There are scores of men who would hobnob with Bush. He is said to be worth \$500,000, invested in cattle-farms, real-estate securities, and in solid cash. In the reign of Carter Harrison he was a partner of O. S. Hines in a no-limit game on Dearborn street.

Hines, about whom little is heard, is altogether the wealthiest gambler in Chicago. He owns at least fifty dwelling houses alone of the better class. He is an old man, between 60 and 70, and has a wonderful physique. Save on the very coldest days in winter he never wears an overcoat.—*Chicago News.*

A California Diamond.

"Yes, sir, I'm quite positive that it's a California diamond," said an expert to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter who had asked him about a lately discovered stone. "I purchased it about six months ago from A. Schmidt, an old miner, who was the person who found it at the Volcano, Amador county, in 1882. Prof. Hawks has made a close examination of it. You see that it is quite transparent and colorless, a regular octahedron with convex faces. I don't know its commercial value. To me it is invaluable; \$1,000 could not buy it. I found one myself in 1849 when mining at the junction of the South fork of the Yuba river. You will observe that it is much smaller than the one Schmidt found, it being only five-eighths of a carat, whereas his is about 1 1/2 carats. No, sir; I was not prospecting for diamonds at the time. I was, or had been, placer mining—working the river bed—when the floods came and drowned us out. We had each been making \$16 a day, and grumbling at the low grade of dirt. On Sunday I started down the left bank of the river, prospecting, and in grubbing about I picked up this crystal. I did not know it was a diamond, but I kept it for its looks. I have no doubt that there are many brought to light in our mining operations, but, their value being unknown, they are thrown heedlessly aside. I don't think they could be discovered anywhere in the state in sufficient numbers to warrant search, and yet we may some day discover extensive diamond deposits. In fact, we are only on the threshold of discovery so far as the mineral wealth of our state is concerned."

Catching a South American, Loom.

In a Barclay street saloon is a splendid specimen of the South American loon stuffed by the same artist of Rochester who has preserved Jumbo for posterity. It is nothing but an enormous sea duck, with a four-inch bill, sharp as a needle and keen as a blade. The other day a sailor dropped in and paused admiringly before the bird.

"Where did he come from ship-rates?"

"Off the coast of Brazil," the proprietor replied.

"Well," said the old salt, "I was askin' because I've bot rations and grog as I'm the only man as ever had one o' them darned things in my hand alive. They're smarter 'n a fox, and devilish hard to shoot. We was a sailin' the Gulf o' Mexico in the Victor 'bout ten years ago, when one of them critters came alongside and cast anchor on the bowsprit. I was younger then as I am now, and says I: 'Bird, ahoy! Dem me if I don't run down that thing.' It was nearly dark, and I feels my way cautious-like along the bowsprit and grabbed him suddenly by the neck afore he knowed what was up. I'm a tellin' you it was a job a gettin' that fellow on deck. He cut my coat like a razor. We bound him to the deck with a three-cord rope. He took a loaf of bread we tossed him and halved it with his bill like a knife. Before daylight he'd worked his way through that rope and was gone. Swear if I don't believe them birds can bite through a lamp post."—*New York Evening Sun.*

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

I heard yesterday the true story of the reasons which led to the remarkable marriage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts to Ashmead Bartlett, of Philadelphia. There never has been any satisfactory explanation of this marriage. The Baroness was over 60 at the time of the wedding. The bridegroom was less than 30. I saw the two at the opera the other night. The Baroness is a stout, heavy-faced, German-looking woman with a kindly expression. Her brown hair shows a yet little signs of grey. She was dressed in black, and wore a small, white lace cap on the top of her head. Her husband is a fresh-faced, young-looking man. He is a blonde, with regular features. His face is smooth-shaven, with the exception of a reddish brown mustache. The husband and wife were accompanied by a very handsome-looking, slim, proud-looking brunet with bluish black hair, and the most lovely fresh complexion. She was in white, and gave but little attention to the husband of the Baroness. He was very attentive to his wife, paying her about the same devotion that an affectionate son would pay to his mother.

I have heard that the explanation of this marriage is to be found in the reading of the will of the Duchess of St. Albans. This will provided that all of the great property of Coutts, the banker, which was left by him to his wife, the Duchess above mentioned, should descend to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, subject to the following conditions: If she married, and her husband attached the name of Burdett-Coutts to his, then that would constitute him the heir in a direct line to his wife, and that in the event of her death and his subsequent marriage, if he still retained the name of Burdett-Coutts, the children of this second marriage would become the heirs, to the exclusion of any of the other relatives. It is said that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts fell out with her relatives and that this marriage was simply the result of a well considered plan to defeat by any possibility this great property ever going to any of them. It is said that the marriage that she has made with young Ashmead Bartlett is a marriage in mere name. She selected him on account of the belief that she herself would live for many years. She wanted a young man reasonably certain to outlive her, and yet be young enough to marry again. When she dies, if he carries out the agreement already made with her, he will marry as soon afterwar as possible, so as to provide for a family of heirs which will cut off every one of her present relatives. The Queen, who used to be very friendly to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts on account of her great charities, never approved of this marriage and has not been on friendly terms with her since.—*T. C. Crawford, in the New York World.*

Missionary C. D. Tenny some time ago resigned his place in China under the American Board on account of his independent religious opinions. He remained in China, and now thinks that he was divinely directed to resign because Viceroy Li Hung Chang, has chosen him to be tutor to his sons, thus giving him a much more influential place in respect to the development of China than he could possibly have occupied as a missionary.

There is a dog in St. Catharines, Ont., that can climb a lamp-post as easily as a squirrel can a tree.

Already a Lot of Electric Motors.

Many will be surprised by the statement that more than 3,500,000 passengers are carried annually in this country on street cars moved by electric motors. In Montgomery, Ala., electricity is used on eleven miles of road, and the cost is reported by the general manager to be only one-half the cost of horse power. Roads on which electricity takes the place of horse power are found in Baltimore, Los Angeles, Port Huron, Detroit, Scranton, Appleton, Wis., and Denver. Electric railways are either in course of construction or under contract in twelve other cities, and thirty-seven companies have been formed or other steps taken for the building of such roads. Upon none of the roads now in operation in this country, however, is force supplied by storage batteries attached to the cars. In most cases power is communicated by an overhead conductor.—*Electrical Review.*

A Jackson, Mo., dog was seen the other day catching bull-frogs.