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A WITHERED ROSE.

Only a flower—and the flower is withered;
Only a rose with the color fled,
Like one that a careless hand has gathered
And left in the dust of the pathway dead.
Only a rose! Is it good to treasure
Dreams of Dreams that were dreamt in vain?
A fugitive pace for an hour of leisure—
A thrill of pleasure, a throb of pain.
Then the fear that comes with the vanished
Who shall say? But a mystic lingers
Round the colorless rose today;
Now, to them, when her soft white fingers
Plucked the blooms from the bending spray;
Now, to them, when the summer splendor
Wrapped the hills with its wealth of flowers
And the heavens of azure were blue and tender,
And the lark sang soon to greet the hours—
Now, as then, in the golden hours,
I have kept the rose, but to them her fabled
The leaves have withered, the scent has fled,
And the skies are clouded, the world is shaded,
The summer is over, the flowers are dead,
And the beautiful love that was full and glorious
Is buried deep beneath the fallen leaves,
And leaves no trace in the dusty pressing
Faint, perfumed rose—of its long repose—
But this dusty relic—this withered rose!

—C. Ferguson in Once a Week.

MUSHROOM WEALTH.

"SANDY" BOWERS, OF NEVADA, AND HOW HE USED HIS THOUSANDS.

An Illiterate Miner Who Was Suddenly Made Enormously Wealthy by Finding That His Claim Was Included in the Great Comstock Lode.

The sudden and great accumulation of wealth during the first fifteen years after the practical inauguration of the silver mines in Nevada has no parallel in the history of modern times. The fortunes made during the flush period in California were, to use a mild term, unimportant as compared with those acquired in Nevada in a day or night, simply by the fortunate stroke of a pick.

It was not business capacity nor shrewdness in any form that brought riches to the fortunate ones during that epoch of Nevada's greatest prosperity. It was sheer luck, as in the greatest number of instances those most ignorant of all the business principles were most latishly favored by fortune than those intellectual superiors.

The case of Leonard I. Bowers, popularly known as "Sandy" Bowers, a superlatively illiterate but very generous man, is a fair substantiation of the above.

In 1859 he was earning a precarious livelihood by placer mining in Gold canyon (now Gold Hill), and in the latter part of that year, when the discovery of silver in the Comstock was announced, he found that ten feet of his claim covered a portion of the lode; and the former, after being systematically prospected, gave promise of great value. The ten feet adjoining his belonged to a widow—Mrs. Orrum—his social and intellectual equal. Sandy and the widow had known each other a long time, and now, as a new and prosperous era seemed to dawn for them, they concluded to pool their prospective wealth by getting married. The adjoining ground owned by this couple is what is known as Crown Point Ravine, Upper Gold Hill, and was called the Bowers mine.

A WEALTHY COUPLE.

About the middle of 1860, while Sandy was taking out $2,000 per day, he was offered $500,000 for his claim and refused to sell.

Neither he nor his wife had ever before been accustomed to any of the greater luxuries which are at the command of boundless wealth, and having a penchant for display of semi-civilized grandeur, the reader can form an idea of the rapid doings of the Bowers household. They were in imitation of the "Rasher" family, only that the Bowerses added a little more tinsel and red fire.

They believed themselves in possession of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, and regulated their expenses accordingly. Their hospitality knew no bounds and they entertained every man—but in such style as to cause considerable merriment for those who made their society debut before arriving on the Comstock.

The Bowerses were then the wealthiest couple in Virginia City, and while innocently rendering themselves the subject of much ridicule when not present, their ready cash commanded for them much obsequiousness at other times. In 1862 Sandy conceived the idea of erecting a granite palace on a little ranch belonging to his wife in Washoe valley. This so called ranch was then a bowling wilderness. Mark Twain once spoke of this, and, to convey an idea of its perfect isolation, observed that the first architect sent to the ranch to select the most eligible site for the structure was killed by the savage Indians ascending in that locality. Specifications and plans were soon drawn on the most extravagant scale, but in full keeping with Sandy's crude conception of doing the "grand thing."

The Bowers mine continued to yield an enormous revenue, a large percentage of which was devoted to the completion of the palace in the wilderness.

THE MANSION.

Bowers' mansion, as the structure was named, was indeed a beautiful place, and would even at this age of a magnificent style of architecture have been an ornament to Nob Hill. No expense was spared in its ought-to-be-proud. Hot and cold water was conducted into the mansion from the hills in the rear of the grounds, which by that time had been cultivated in the most modern style of the landscape gardener's art.

To convey an idea to the reader of the extravagance indulged in the construction and fitting up of that establishment it is only necessary to say that every doorknob and door rod was made of solid bullion, and all else about the premises was in strict conformity with that degree of invidious.

The whole affair did not cost less than $250,000.

The matter of economy never entered their minds. In 1863 the mansion from the same began diminishing from month to month, and in 1865 ceased altogether. The property soon became worthless, and the few dollars saved from the wreck were followed one cent.

In 1867 Sandy Bowers died, having nothing to leave to his widow but the granite palace and what it contained. It can be easily imagined that Mrs. Bowers, after the extravagant career she had indulged in for six years, found it more than disagreeable to be unable to gratify every whim, as in the past, but to meet the expense of her mortgage she was compelled to gradually dispose of the library, pictures, rich of art, costly articles of virtu and silverware, etc., until her friends scarcely recognized the interior of the mansion.

For some years subsequent the mansion and grounds were used as a picnic resort for the people of Carson, Virginia and Reno, but now the place is a habitation only for owls, bats and spooks. The widow is still a resident of Reno, and earns a living selling tortiness by means of bottle "pop stones."—Cor. Pittsburg Press.

Mellors was married to a wife who made him miserable, and Hoosman lived a most wretched life with his wife, who was illiterate.—Writer.

THE BARBER'S RECREATION.

Interesting Games That Help Pass Away Time in a Metropolitan Shop.

Being in a hurry the other day and very much in need of a shave, I ventured into a barber shop near Park place which was below the level of the street and lighted by big slabs of heavy glass, which extended across the sidewalk. The chair in which I sat was directly under one of these glasses, and, with my head thrown back to be lathered, I could see the shadows of the crowd as they passed overhead, while now and then some one would stop directly on the glass and give me a temporary view of the soles of his boots.

As the razor's keen blade was playing under my chin I began to reflect on what would occur if some very heavy man should happen to step on some weak part of one of those glasses and come smashing through on to me. The possibilities of such an unpleasant catastrophe were made more vivid by the fact that the glass was cracked in half a dozen places and cracks will occasionally break.

"What if that glass on there should break!" I suggested to the barber jocosely.

Instead of answering me he stopped shaving and, turning to a colleague at the end of the room, sang out:

"Tom makes one for you. Jim. Left side. Seven to four."

As I was entirely unable to understand or imagine what this meant, I asked the gentleman of the razor for an explanation.

"Why, sir, no offense, but Jim and me's got a little bet on that 'ere glass you was lookin at, which helps us pass away the time."

As I now understood even less than before what my friend was driving at, I told him to go on with his explanation.

"Why, sir," he continued, "the first week I worked here I noticed as how the gents what come in mostly all noticed them cracks in the glass and got kinder anxious when they was being shaved directly under it. For most a month I used to tell 'em all as how the glass was as strong as the Brooklyn bridge, and wouldn't start through if a whole circus procession was to march over it. I told 'em that patient enough for a good while, on then I got kinder sick of always tellin the same thing 'bout forty times a day, so I makes a bet with Jim over there one afternoon that the next gent as comes in would say something or another 'bout bein'er glass before I'd get through shavin in the right side.

"Jim bet me he wouldn't, but I won. Then Jim bet me the same thing again and he won. Became the next gent was near sighted and didn't notice the glass at all. Before night that day I'd won seven times from Jim and Jim had won four times from me, so he paid up the difference and we started the same scheme the next day. We've been keepin it up ever since, and some days Jim beats me and some days I beats Jim, but at the end of the month we come out 'bout square, only we gets a little recreation. That's how it is, sir. Much obliged to you. Next!"—New York Herald.

Opening for Whistling Girls.

I have just heard of at least one new branch of work which would come into the category of new employments. So far it is only practised by its inventor, who is a Parisian. Here is a facsimile of his address card:

CHARLES BICHON,
INSTRUCTOR OF WHISTLING
FOR GARDENS AND RESTAURANTS.

It appears that this artist is fully employed during the summer months. If the good Parisian bourgeois who owns a dozen square yards of garden gives a "garden party," Charles Bichon takes his stand behind flower pots or pomegranate trees and thence produces warbles, such heavenly sounds, compared to which those of the famous nightingale of the emperor of China are poor music indeed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Delightful Old Age of a Cab.

A number of very clever men spend their days looking for more things to write novels or short stories about. There is a fine subject in the sale of a cab that recently took place in New York city. It was not worn out, but it was not new. It had carried loads of all sorts at all hours of the day and night, and now, if we may believe the story which a real school girl, it is in the back yard of a fashionable girls' boarding school, and at certain intervals the daughters of good and wealthy parents from the far west wait out to the cab in a line and take lessons in the art of getting in and out of a carriage properly. The girls are most beautiful, also most graceful and young. It is a fine and quiet old age which that cab enjoys.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

A Bouquet of Antiquity.

Lilly, the astrologer and alchemist, could not see for himself sufficiently far into that future which he professed to be able to scan so clearly for others to guard him against making a fool of himself by marrying. He caught a vision "of the temper of Mars," to use his own words, and the fact that she brought him £500 as dowry did not enter for much in the way of compensation, seeing that "she and her relations cost him £1,000."—Castles's Magazine.

The Negro's Humor.

Among the old time negroes in middle Georgia was much of a humor very intermingled with the pathos, the result of contact with the white man's, which it sought to imitate, but a curious and strictly exact record on large seaboard and river plantations. In the lightness of the negro's heart, with no mention than that over sought to be gained, his wants and his department when had a fan as easy as any lover of that article reasonably could wish to see. Even the companionship, whether than otherwise, was got forth with a pensiveness as peculiar as to provoke as well laughter as sympathy. Witness the following anecdote of the return to his old master, not very long ago, of one of his former slaves after having served another person for a year:

"Why, Jim, how happens it that you quit Perkins?" asked the gentleman.

"Well, sah, Marse Jack, I gwine up an tell you jes' how 's 'dis. I work for dat man all de year, and I work hard, an I make him a good crop. Well, now, de end is, I jes' gib Tom Kim a few, just enough to give him a few, purtaters an tobakker, an one hat, an a pair of shoes, an one little thing an'nother. Well, dat, Christmas come, an he say, 'Jim, I gwine make out our 'count.' An dat he took his pieces of paper, an he pen, an he ink out, an he 'gin a-settin down, and when he done cold dat he 'count, he 'gin a-settin up, an a-settin down, an a-lyin' an lie jes' a-lyin' an a-lyin' an a-lyin' an a-lyin' an a-lyin' an lie jes' an