

FLATTERY.

Oh, you pretty robin, keeping watch beside a lowly dwelling.

Where the happy sunshine rushes o'er the gorse bloom bright and gay:

Where the blackbirds and the thrushes are their loud love stories telling—

Do you know, I fancy, robin, you as sweetly sing as they?

Do you see that verdant meadow where the buttercups are growing.

Where the golden-headed daisies twinkle 'mid the tender grass?

Do you mark the lights and shadows that the fleecy clouds are throwing.

As across the sky of azure they fantastically pass?

Just above it there's a cottage, sheltered by the budding beeches.

Where the cherry bloom is scattered on the serried crocus lines.

By the playful south wind's antics, where the glistening ivy reaches.

To the red-tiled roof and chimneys where the green wisteria twines.

Pretty robin, there's a maiden tall, and fair, and rather stately.

With a voice as soft as yours is, dwelling in that very cot.

And her tresses catch the sunbeams, though she speaks and moves sedately.

And her eyes are just the color of a blue forget-me-not.

Whisper, robin—can you tell me is she wandering by the river.

Where the catkins clothe the willows and the water-cresses grow?

Tell me, robin, pretty robin, and I'll be your debtor ever.

For her father does not love me, and so, mind you, whisper low.

—[Chambers' Journal.]

MRS. GORDON'S AMAH.

A STORY OF THE CHINESE RIOTS.

The great bell of the Honam temple was tolling the hour for service.

She was leaning eagerly forward, watching the carved door from which the procession of priests was to enter.

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owner was in sight, to dispute her action, then kicked off her shoes, stepped lightly in, deftly untied the sampau, and lifted the huge yellow, or sampau, ear.

Mrs. Gordon was dressing for a dinner to be given that evening at the English Consulate.

She was attempting to dress, in a kind of helplessness that life in the Orient develops.

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a Chinese woman's aid. The peculiar and undeviating arrangement of their women's hair is the most inexorable of Chinese sumptuary laws.

Mrs. Gordon was a brunette. With each hair smoothly drawn back, and coiled in place, and the whole mass securely coiled and interlocked about Emui's cherished jade hair-guard.

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Kong, I fancy we shall start before long." Lenox shivered a bit, and leaned over the rail beside Mrs. Gordon.

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

And They Came Home—A Long-Felt Want—Wearing On Him—Hard Luck—Etc., Etc.

AND THEY CAME HOME.

She was a banker's daughter, and he was an oil king's son.

And they flirted along in a high-toned way.

Then the summer fair was done, and the city they hid away.

She to her old type-writer, and he to clerk it all day.

—[Good News.]

A LONG-FELT WANT.

Tourist—I want a book that will be good hot weather reading.

Bookseller—All right sir; here is a tale so weird it is warranted to make your blood run cold.

—[Truth.]

WEARING ON HIM.

Mr. Scraggs—That man Jones never pays his fare; he just travels on his face.

Mr. Scraggs—I wondered what made his features look so irregular.

—[Puck.]

HARD LUCK.

"That was a pretty hard doctor's bill I had to pay."

"How was that?"

"You see it was for injuries received by being thrown from a horse I was riding by the doctor's advice."

—[New York Sun.]

FIRST STEP TO CONSCIOUSNESS.

Bridges—I always thought Van Wyck an utter fool till last night.

Brooks—Why, he doesn't know anything!

Bridges—Yes, he does; he knows enough to realize that fact.

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION.

Featherstone—How is it, old man, that one pocket of your sputa coat hangs down so much lower than the other?

Ringway—That's easily explained. In one pocket I carry all my bliss and in the other my office lunch.

AN UNLUCKY JEWEL.

Yabsley—Don't you know that the opal is an unlucky stone?

Mudge—I guess not. This one has been my constant companion for five years.

Yabsley—Yes; that is where its hard luck comes in.

—[Indianapolis Journal.]

UNEXPECTED ACCIDENT.

"Were you ever in a railroad accident?"

"Yes," replied the man who travels a great deal.

"When?"

"The other day. I was on the Great Goshu railway and the train came in on time."

NO TIME TO ENJOY IT.

Stolen fruits, it would seem, are not always the sweetest.

Little Johnnie happened to find the pantry door open, and as no one was looking, he helped himself to the first thing he could lay his hands on.

When his father came home and heard about it he said:

"My boy, did you like the pie you stole?"

"No, dad," replied Johnnie, "I heard ma coming and so I had to gobble it up in a hurry."

A SOFTENED REFUSAL.

Dallas—I hear that you proposed to Miss Tully last night and got a refusal?

Callous—Well, as to that, she didn't bluntly refuse me; she wouldn't wound my feelings by doing that, yet the inference of her remarks was plain enough. She said if I was the last man on earth she might consider it.

—[Boston Courier.]

WANTED TO SEE HIM.

Clara—I got a note from a drummer the other day who said he would give the world to kiss me.

Maude—What did you reply?

Clara—I told him to call on me with a full line of samples.

HIS ELOQUENT SILENCE.

"You have eaten all that is good for you, Willie," said his mother, in a low tone. "You must not ask for anything more. Remember, now, that little boys should be seen and not heard."

"I'll quit talking," replied Willie, in a hoarse whisper, distinctly heard by the visitor, "but my silence means that I want some more of that pie."

THEY CANNOT LET GO.

The mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken or other bird that roasts on a limb is a marvel of design.

It often seems strange that a bird will sit on a roost and sleep all night without falling off, but the explanation is perfectly simple.

The tendon of the leg of a bird that roasts is so arranged that when the leg is bent at the knee the claws are bound to contract, and thus hold with a sort of death grip the limb round which they are placed.

Put a chicken's feet on your wrist and then make the bird sit down and you will have a practical illustration on your skin that you will remember for some time.

By this singular arrangement, seen only in such birds as roost, they will rest comfortably and never think of holding on, for it is impossible for them to let go till they stand up.

—[Globe Democrat.]

ELECTRICITY FROM THE CARPET.

A dentist recently complained to an electrician that certain of his instruments gave painful shocks to his patients at a mere touch to a sound tooth.

On experiment, they found that this resulted only with instruments which were entirely metallic, or were without insulated handles; and further experiment showed that the shocks occurred when the dentist had walked on his carpet floor immediately previous to applying the instruments.

He had thus charged his body with electricity.

—[New York Witness.]

The Origin of "Dixie."

When slavery existed in New York, one Dixy owned a large number of slaves.

The increase of the slaves and increase of the abolition sentiment caused an emigration of the slaves to more thorough and secure slave sections; and the negroes who were thus sent off (many being born there) naturally looked back to their old homes, where they had lived in clover, with feelings of regret, and they could not imagine any place like Dixy's, says a correspondent of the New Orleans Delta.

Hence it became synonymous with an ideal locality, combined ease, comfort and material happiness of every description.

In those days negro singing and minstrelsy were in their infancy, and a ballad was eagerly picked up.

This was the case with "Dixie." It originated in New York and assumed the proportions of a song there.

In its travels it has been enlarged. A "chorus" has been added to it, and from an indistinct "chant" of two or three notes it has become an elaborate melody.

But the fact that it is not a Southern song "cannot be rubbed out."

A writer in the Charleston Courier, under date of June 11, 1861, says, "Dixie" is an old Northern negro air, and the words referred to one Dix of Dixy, who had an estate on Manhattan Island, now New York city.

General Longstreet gives this version of the origin of the song:

"Writing from memory, one cannot claim to stand closely by the records, hence I can only give recollections of the matter. It originated with the Southern boys at the Military Academy at West Point, and sprung from their admiration of a Northern man named Dixie, who took a noble stand upon the question of 'Southern rights.' He had moved South and lived among us many years. The song came afterward."

General Longstreet became a graduate of West Point in the year 1842. He is pre-eminently a man of reminiscences, as every one knows, is especially regarded as an authority upon all matters pertaining to the Civil War or in any way associated with it.

The information he has contributed in this instance will, therefore, be recognized as in the highest degree valuable.

By General Longstreet's account, the man Dixie is certainly placed in a very much more enviable light than he is by the correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, who leads us to believe that, upon the increase of abolition sentiment, the shrewd Dixie disposed of his slaves to unsuspecting Southerners, thus fortifying himself against the possible loss of property which might accrue from the agitation regarding slavery then prevailing at the North.

The origin of the song "Dixie," as indicated by General Longstreet, makes it appear peculiarly fitting that this song should go forth as the national air of the Confederacy.

—[St. Louis Republic.]

—[Chambers' Journal.]

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