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 the Shameen. sing as they?

Do you see that verdant meadow where the ,

buttercups are growing, Where the golden-hearted daisies twinkle 'mid lish Consulate. That is, she was atthe tender grass?

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

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 wand'ring by the river,

Where the catkins clothe the willows and the

water-cresses grow? Tell me, robin, pratty robin, and I'll be your

debtor ever. For her father does not love me, and so, mind

you, whisper low. -[Chambers' Journal.

MRS. GORDONS AMAH.

A STORY OF THE CHINESE RIOTS.

The great bell of the Honam temple was toilling the hour for service. This bell, twice the size of a man, of ponderous tone and exasperating harshness, was being most energetically pounded by a shaven and cowlless priest; yet a woman standing under its shadow seemed, in spite of its deafening roar, to be unconscious of this metallic thunder, so absorbed was she in thought. She was 'a slender woman, her deep coloring showing her to be of the Sampau class, but the fineness of her coat, the white sheerness of her long, flowing undersleeve, the beauty of the chasing on a gold ring she wore, and the ring of a gold watch peeping out from her breast-pocket proved her either the wife of a foreigner, or a favored servant in a European family.

She was leaning eagerly forward, watching the carven door from which the procession of priests was to enter, and pressing in her small, olive-nailed fingers two "chopped" silver dollars,

ner to oe given that evening at the Engness that life in the Orient develops, servant on the cheek. greatly annoyed at the absence of her of the dressing room were only slightly bye.' veiled in lace and thin silks, in order

trifles on her dressing-case to flutter, and Mississee must go-go quick !" even raising slightly the petals of the

she should attempt to put it on alone. It to the English Consulate, and thence to his arm impatiently and sprang up the was too provoking! If Jack were only the English gunboat.

here! him to send still another coolie for the cropped lawn. recreant maid, and that almost simul-

stillness that followed the punkah's ceseim, Faiti! Che fang sheen."

the szetsai. Was the world coming to an lawns, trusting in this way to postpone ly, my dear Mrs. Gordon," he added, "I end? The punkah-coolie stopping with- the detection of Mrs. Gordon's escape, out orders on such a hot night-and her and gain time for her mistress. amah playing truant when she knew her mistress to be dining out! What could beautiful scented room, awaiting her cer- Let me take you down." it mean? As she waited for the szetsai's tain fate. response to her ringing, a light steps sounded and her amah entered, not quietly and gently, with her usual Oriental deliberateness, but with a hasty step and excited air that added to Mrs. Gordon's astonishment. The amah rushed to where her mistress was standing before the dressing-case, and dropped on her "Oh, Mississee," she said, embracing her mistress's feet, "China man very angry. Burn all Shameen to-night Burn Mississee's hong, Keecheo ; hong to-night-perhaps this hour. Mississee must go-run-fly English gunboat. See! Mississee wear amah clothes. Oh, Mississee, dear Mississee, go quick. This house all gunpowder behind. Chinaburn. Mississee must go."

owner was in sight, to dispute her ac- a Chinese woman's aid. The peculiar Kong. I fancy we shall start before THE JOKER'S BUDGET. tion, then kicked off her shoes, stepped and undeviating arrangement of their long. lightly in, deftly untied the sampau, and women's hair is the most inexorable of lifted the huge yellow, or sampau oar. Chinese sumptuary laws. Fortunately the rail beside Mrs. Gordon. The men-Luckily she had grown up in one of these Mrs. Gordon was a brunette. With each tion of Emui recalled his last horrible boats, and propelling a sampau was sec- hair smoothly drawn back, and laid in hour at Shameen. Down below he had ond nature to her. Without a backward place, and the whole mass securely coiled given the captain a fuller description of glance, she steered the stolen craft and interlooped about Emui's cherished his search than he cared to unfold bestraight for the crimson-lighted bend of jade hair-guard (it had been the amah's fore its object. great--grandmother's), Mrs. Gordon's coiffure defied criticism. When her

rapid toilette was made, even to the I saw I was too late. A deadly fear Mrs. Gordon was dressing for a din- great swinging filagree and jade ear- smote me. I had determined to save Mrs. rings without which no respectable Gordon at all hazards, of course, and was lish Consulate. That is, she was at-tempting to dress, in a kind of helpless- mistress bent and kissed her Chinese ing as to the wisest course to pursue

As across the sky of azure they fantastically amah and ringing from time to time for this trouble is over, and I get safely to fangui lady had escaped. Of course they pass? not come in, and at last giving orders to mentally). "you must come, and be my send a coolie for her. The long windows amah again. Good-bye, Amah, good- the wealthy Keecheong hong had been

that any wavering breeze which might amah sadly and then, as she heard the captured. The way between the Consuchance to enter should meet no impedi- sound of feet-a sound for which she late and Keecheong was thick with these ments, but the punkah, pulled by a coolie had been listening with dread keenness devils. That plucky little amah not outside the door, created an artificial during all the hurried dressing-"My only aided in her mistress's escape, but breeze in the room, causing the delicate hear Chinaman inside court. Dear what do you think? She put on some of

Mrs. Gordon was deathly pale, but at down in full view of the mob, with open roses whose long stems were drying on a that minute she was conscious of no fear. windows, lights, and all that, you know, silver tray; roses to be worn at her breast, She knew what horrible fate would be so as to make them secure of their prey, at the brilliant dinner of the English | hers if she fell into the power of that and, by delaying the game, to cover Mrs. Consul that night. The room was a Chinese mob, the house deserted even by Gordon's escape. There are not many softened blaze of many candles, and the her own servants, her husband absent, no Europeans who would do better than delicate fairness of Mrs. Gordon's arms friend near. But she was brave, and that. Women? No, nor men either. and neck was reflected in many mirrors. taking the little rice bowl and chop You can imagine the fury of those de-But a deep frown was on her brow, as sticks which it had been agreed she was mons when they learned the truth. Poor drawing off the pale pink stockings she to carry down and out to the amah's Emui! I hope to heaven that it wasn't had worn with her tea gown, Mrs. Gor- quarters, according to the a rah's usual death by a hundred strokes-they are don proceeded to turn wrong side out, custom, began with enforced and exasper- quite capable of it-but I saw a hand, and pull laberiously on, the creamy silk ating deliberateness her hegira. The one of the poor creature's little brown netting that would cling so exasperating- amah's quarters consisted merely of a paws, I'm afraid it was, on the grass, ly in spite of frequent dabs of violet small house within call of her mistress's with a lot else that was ghastly, when I powder. The night was warm, Mrs. bedroom, and apart from the quarters of crawled away. The wing of Mrs. Le-Gordon was getting heated, a thing she the other servants. Fortunately Emu nox's rooms was totally destroyed.' greatly disliked before dinner, and her had been in the habit of using a side amah was unconscionably late. She veranda door, and not of crossing the the Captain had returned, laying his glanced again at the tiny French clock, courtyard, as the other servants did. hand on Lenox's arm. "She thought the and then, her feet being shod, she stood From the amah's house Mrs. Gordon was world of that amah." irresolutely before a dainty mass of silk to leave by a door at the back, choosing and lace on the bed, and asked herself if a propitious moment, and make her way Dwight?" said Lenox, as he withdrew

But her husband had gone to She went, with determined leisureli-Hong Kong; she was at her amah's mercy. ness, down the broad staircase of her at last, and turning to his companion, However, it was obviously impossible home, still brilliantly lighted (she to lace oneself into a dinner-gown that wished it had been less so), and out at exciting day and you must be greatly fastened down the back. M.s. Gordon the small side-door, meeting no one, but fagged. What can I do for your comfort? sank despondently on an India mat, and shuddering at the constantly increasing May I not get you another wrap? fanned herself wearily. Then she drenched tumult of strange voices in the court. arms and neck in cool violet-water, She crossed the lawn, gained the amah's Gordon, still pondering. Never before had her door, and unlocked it (never had her continually riveted on her burning amah annoyed her so. Then she rang fingers seemed so inexpert), and closed it home, and on whose ears Lenox's quesagain impatiently. In her own agitation behind her, just before the great court- tion fell unheeded, "I am so worried she failed to notice the startled whiteness yard doors swung open, and a strange about my amah. Of course you did not of her own szetsai's face, as she ordered mob came howling out on the carefully-

Mcanwhile Emui, with the recklessuess taneously with his respectful departure of desperation, yet with a kind of dogthe breeze from her punkah died suddenly like heroism in her weird, Eastern eyes, down. At last she noticed the warm had donned her mistress's flowing, white stillness that followed the punkah's ces-sation, and she called in great surprise to hair, and flinging aside the curtains so flinchingly (Lenox felt he could lie scienthe punkah-coolie, "Tim Kai ni, Kun- that the brilliant lights of the dressing- tifically, if lie he must), and then, as the room streamed out into the night, began lady glanced across at the Shameen No answer coming, she rang again for to pace up and down in full view of the again with a sigh and a shudder-"real-

Lenox shivered a b't, and leaned over

"You see, Captain," Lenox had said. "when I got near the Keecheong hong, when luckily I happened to overhear "Dear Emui!" she said, "when all some words in Chinese that told me the because their well planned surprise on so sudden and complete, but because she "Yes, Mississee, thank you," said the must have escaped in disguise or been her mistress's togs, and paraded up and

"Not a word of this to Mrs. Gordon."

"Do you take me for a blooming idiot, gangway.

"It is getting very chilly," said Lenox "Mrs. Gordon, you have had an awfully

"Mr. Lenox, " Mrs. asked whose eyes had been see her?" questioning with her eyes, to which he gave an answering look in the negative. "D) you suppose-are you quite, quite sure she is safe from harm?" "I am quite-absolutely sure she is

safe from harm," Lenox answered slowly,

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

And They Came Home-A Long-Feit Want-Wearing On Him-Hard Lucks 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

Till the summer fair was done. Then when the season was over,

To the city they hied 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

Mrs. Scraggs-I wondered what made his features look so irregular .--- [Puck.

HARD LUCK.

"That was a pretty bard 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 Wycks

an utter fool till last night. Brooks-Why, he doesn't know any thing Bridges -- Yes, he dees; he knows

enough to realize that fact. UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION.

Featherstone-Hew is it, old man, that one pocket of your space coat hangs down so much lower than the other? Ringway-That's easily explained. In one packet I carry all my blis 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. Pola one has I hope they'll do nothing of the kind. been my constant companica for five I have trouble enough to collect the small Mudge-I guess not. This one has

Yabsley-Yes; that is where its hard collect a larger one, it would set me luck comes in .- [Indianapelis Journal.

UNEXPECTED ACCIDENT.

"Charley Smithers is exceedingly lit-"Were you ever in a rai road accident? erary and interesting and all that sort of "Yes," replied the man who travels a

thing," said a young woman. "He showed great deal.

A POOR RIDER.

"So you saw Oharley Smithers yesterday?" said one girl. "Yes," replied the other.

"Was he on horseback?" "Y-Yes. A second or so at a time."

MARD ON SMIGGINS.

"Ah! If I were only that ring on your finger!" sighed young Mr. Smiggins.

"If you "Yes," replied the fair girl. were you'd be worth five hundred dollars.

WISDOM AND CONVENIENCE.

"There is a good deal of wisdom in that line of Pope's. 'Man know thyself'." "Humph! It is often a great deal more convenient to have the paying teller know you."- New York Press.

SPEECHLESS.

"Are these the French sardines that you have given me?"

"Now, as to that I couldn't say, for

they were pasht shpaking whin we opened the box."--[Inter-Ocean.

JUST LIKE THE ASTRONOMERS.

"I think," said Mr. Smickens, "I'll make an astronomer of my boy.' "Has he a taste for mathematics?"

"No. But he is a wonderful guesser."

HE UNDERSTOOD.

Miss Mamie (as her father returns from the office)-Oh, there you are at last, you dear, sweet old thin g.

The Dear, Sweet Old Thing-No, you don't, Mame. You had a new \$20 hat only two days ago and now you've got to wait awhile.

CAUTION RECOMMENDED.

He-I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it?

She-I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter. -- [Life.

NOTHING TO FEAR.

Jimson-I tell you what it is, old boy. You ought to see Dr. Cureall about your case. Sick Friend -To be frank with you, I

Jimson-Oh, you needn't be afraid of

Cureall. He isn't a regular doctor .-

HIS TROUBLE INCREASING.

The Parson's Wife-John, there is a

eport about the village that the church

The Parson-Raise my salary? Well,

salary they pay me now, and if I had to

HIS BOOK CAUGHT HER.

am a little afraid of doctors.

is going to raise your salary.

New York Weekly.

crazy.-[Puck.

greatly to the interest of the bell-ringer. The temple was crowded, for it was a fete-day, and the woman and the bellringer were thrown nearer and nearer together, when at last, at a given signal, the priest's door was opened, the rank and file of yellow-gowned acolytes entered, and the bell ceased its clamor with a hoarse and resonant groan. The young woman pressed yet more cagerly forward toward the altar.

Last in the row of acolvies came a youth whose shaven head, and long yel- knees before her. low robe, proclaimed him a Buddhist ncophyte. After salaming ten times, with forehead to the floor, before the great idol of Buddha, he withdrew with his companions to the side of the altar, and then gazed with apparent carelessness over the audience. His challenging gaze met that of the young woman, who at once began a slow and toilsome pilgrimage through the crowd toward man light very quick, Mississee die-He, in turn, as the service prohim. gressed, dropped away from his companions a little, and at last the two met at the base of a huge pillar, which partially concealed them from the mass of the people.

"See, Ah Ye," she said, "I have brought you the silver. Is there news of the fanqui uprising? Tell me!"

The young neophyte cast his eyes fancy the Chinese will bur heavenward, and placing the palm of one Nonsense. They dare not." hand over the back of the other, stretched them in front of him with a gesture peculiarly Chinese, but made no answer.

"If you can tell me nothing, I will keep my silver," said the woman, as she with baskets of tropical flowers, and drew a small purse from her breast and dropped therein her two dollars. The neophyte watched their disappearance and shrugged his shoulders, Chinese fashion.

"They would kill me if they knew," he said, glancing toward the priests, "but look there !" He thrust his sister forward, so that through the temple's portico she saw the sky gleaming with a urid, red light. "That is the fire on olive-hued hands. Shameen," he said grimly. "They begin with the French Concession."

Keecheong hong-must that go, too ?" "All-all ! Even the servants of the

fanqui [foreign devils] who remain with | can, vivacious and excitable usually, was their masters will perish. There is only quiet almost to impassiveness. Therein one English guaboat of the fool-foreigner in port, and the Viceroy, noble son of tween the sophistical Occidental, and heaven, has placed obstructions in the the artless child of the Orient. stream, so that is only a little one. They will crush the foreign devil so!" he stepped on a heetle which had run out from the stones. His sister looked on, unmoved

"Go home, Emui; go back to Canton," he added, as the girl placed her dollars simply, relieved at her mistress's submis-in his palm and was hastening away. sion. "Chinaman no hurt Chinawoman." "It is a bad night for amahs on Shameen.'

Emui made no answer. She looked at him an instant, then caught his hand under the folds of his long robe, and pressed

it. After all, he was her brother. He drew his shoulders forward, and again made the characteristic gesture with the lowered paims. "It is all one with the lowered paims. "It is all one "Keecheong for so many years-one to me," he said, "fanqui or no fanqui. I hundred years-been good to Chinaman." am a priest of Buddha

But the girl had fled.

Emui tore down the long stone-paved walk, which runs from the temple portico arranging her mistress's hair, tea potto the river's edge. There was no one in sight but an empty sampau was anchored ever else might be lacking, a failure to to the stones. Whose, she knew not. But she did, not pause. She glanced mode would invite instant detection. around a second to see if a possible Hence it would have been impossible for

The amah was already attempting to place her own sandals over the cream silk stockings that Mrs. Gordon had donned with such trouble.

"What do you mean, amah ?" asked her mistress, all impatience gone, and an absolute calmness growing within her, in the face of a real danger. "Do you fancy the Chinese will burn Shameen?

"Mississee," said the amah, wringing her hands, "look there." She pulled Mrs. Gordon to the great

balcony, through whose arches, hung lighted with dense globular lamps, shone the same crimson gleam of light.

"Mississee, look! Already Chinamen burn French Consulate. Very soon Keecheong hong burn all samee. Mississee must go. Master gone Hong Kong. All coolie, all szetsai "-very contemptuously --- " run away. Only aman here just now. Dear Mississee, go!" The amah was kneeling and wringing her little

Mrs. Gordon looked at her Chinese maid. She was entirely self-controlled "And the English Concession-and now. The Oriental calm, not to say phlegmatic, in ordinary times, was in tensely excited. Mrs. Gordon, the Ameriis one of the character-differences be-

"Amah," said Mrs. Gordon, as she submitted to the change of apparel, "what will you do when I am gone--gone, and in your clothing? Will they not hurt you?"

"I am a Chinawoman," said the amah No tremor betrayed her loyalty. Well Emui knew the fate of a Chinese traitress-who had dared betray her country. "Emui," said the mistress as the maid

buttoned her own coat under the fair, white chin, "how can they burn Keecheong hong?" [the Chinese name for the Gordon residence from time immemorial].

The amah shrugged her shoulders. 'Some Chinaman very bad," she said simply. She was now hastily, but deftly fashion, in the Chinese coiffure. What-

wear her hair according to the Chinese Mrs. Gordon to make her escape without

So she walked back and forth in the and this view is too depressing for you.

The English gunboat "Oriole" was filled with a company not usually found | -and drank tea. -[Romance. on board a man of war ;- ladies in evening toilette, or still more confessed undress, children more or less en pajamas, foreign governesses and nurses in wild. agitation, and boat-loads of men in dress uits and boutonnieres, but generally hatless, who knew the resistance of so small a force to be useless, and whose anly duty seemed to be that of escorting and protecting the ladies and children to H. M. S. "Oriole." One of the last boat-loads brought an American lady in Chinese native dress, under the escort of the English consul, who had been the

last man to leave the burning island of the Shamcen. Behind them gleamed the fitful glare of the fire of their homes, and even the trees, where here and there a massive branch of the campbor or banyan fell to the ground, showed the savage fury of the Chinese mob. Mrs. Gordon shuddered as she glanced fearfully back, and

clung closer to her escort. Just after Mrs. Gordon had gained the shelter of the "Oriole," a light racing paper shell, sculled by an oarsman in the unusual boating costume of full evening dress, even to the chrysanthemum on his lapel, drew swiftly alongside the gunboat. The oarsman, on gaining the deck, threw the dainty shell adrift, with a half sigh. "Pity to let her go, isn't it ?" said the young man, turning lightly to the gunboat captain. "Little beauty of a shell. Just got her out from One more loss to-night to the home. credit of the beastly Chinese. Shall you

fire on them, Captain?" "Oh, we'll give them a shot or two as soon as we are sure there are none of our people left on Shameen, but we don't want to bring the Chinese gunboats down on us yet. My business is to get these

ladies and children to Hong Kong. After a few minutes talk with the cap-

tain, the young man gained the upper deck, where Mrs. Gordon was standing with some other ladies, leaning over the rail and mournfully watching the destruction of her home, which was partly visible from that side of the gunboat.

"D'ye do, Mrs. Gordon!" said the song came afterward." oung man, as serenely as though they you to-night. Got a telegram from your husband asking me to take you in charge. Alabaster telegraphed to Hong Kong as soon as we knew of this business. Jack's telegram to me was the last before these

blooming pagans cut the lines." "I should have looked you up in any case," added Lenox, cutting short Mrs. Gordon's murmured thanks, "but every one thought you were at the Consulate. You were there to tennis and at tea, you know.'

"Yes," returned the lady, "I only went young Jewett-consular clerk, you know -and a chair for me. He got into the mob some way and was killed (think how

must insist upon your going below and getting some tea. You are shivering,

And Mrs. Gordon, in her Chinese garments, with the little jade ornaments still thrust through her hair, went below

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 regroes 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 case, comfort and material happiness of every descrip-tion. In those days negro singing and minstrelsy were in their infancy, and any subject that could be wrought into a bal-

lad 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 aprung from their admiration of a Northern man named Dixie, who took a noble stand upon the question of 'Sou hern rights.' He had moved South

and lived among us many years. The General Longstreet became a graduate had met at a ball. "Just saw you coming on board with Challoner Alabaster. I of West Pfint in the year 1842. He is pre-eminently a man of reminiscences and, of West laftnt in the year 1842. He is on board with Challoner Alabaster. I pre-emineraty a man of remains ences and came in a racing-shell, myself. Beauti-ful boating togs I'm in. Mrs. Gordon, I've been plunging all over Shameen for with it. The information he has contributed in this instance will, therefore, be recognized as in the highest degree val-

uable By General Longstreet's account, the man Dixy 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 Dixy disposed of his slaves to un-suspecting Southerners, thus fortifying himself against the possible loss of prohome to dress. The Alabasters sent perty which might accrue from the agitation regarding slavery then prevailing

terrible, Mr. Lenox), and the chair cool-ies ran away. Had it not been for my good amah I should never have escaped. I shall send for her when we get to Hong The origin of the song "Dixie," as in"When?"

"The other day. I was on the Great books last night when he proposed to Goslo railway and the train came in on me, and I accepted him," said the other time." girl.

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?

ma coming and so I had to gobble it up in a hurry.'

A SOFTENED REFUSAL.

Dallas-I hear that you proposed to cook of the house was absent and the Miss Testy last night and got a refusal? young man's exceedingly pretty and bluntly refuse me; she wouldn't wound The young man huddled himself into a my feelings by doing that, yet the infer- chair in the dining room. He had no ence of her remarks was plain enough. She said if I was the last man on earth | that quite half an hour must have passed she might consider it .- Boston Cour. before his impatience roused itself to the ier.

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, Willie," said his mother, in a low "You must not ask for anything tone. Remember, now, that little boys more. 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."

CAUSE FOR GRIEF.

Cora (at Madge's wedding)-What on earth are you crying for, Bertha? This isn't your marriage? Bertha-I know (boo-hoo). That's why I'm crying.

MARS.

Telescope Fakir-Step right up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. Five cents, mum,

Old Lady-Oh, laws! hain't it round and slimy?

Telescope Fakir-Will the bald-headed gent please step away from in front of the instrument?

A SPIRIT OF SELF-RESPECT.

Wandering William-Go in that corner house, 'Nommy, and ask the leddy to hev the kindness to feed two pore,

to be insulted.

READY FOR HOSTILITIES.

steak well?

one of his books last night." "Jack Jenkins showed me one of his

> "What was it? Poetry?" "No; it was his bank book."

Boston Boiled Egg.

Everybody who has ever been in any way an invalid appreciates what an imperious thing a convalescent's appetite is. Probably pretty nearly everybody will, "No, dad," replied Johnie, "I heard therefore, sympathize with this direfu case of a certain young man who was just putting by an attack of malaria and craved a soft-boiled egg, says the Boston Transcript. Now, as it happened, the

Callous-Well, as to that, she didn't æsthetic sister preferred her services. watch about him, but he felt quite sure point of investigating the kitchen. When he entered the pretty sister was bending over the stove with flushed cheeks and eye-glasses much awry. "Why, what a hurry you're in," she remonstrated. "It

has only boiled about a second." "A second?" Then, as she afterwards told of it, over he marched to the clock and said something under his breath that looked very savage indeed; and then he informed her that it had stopped. But that wasn't the worst of it by any means. "You have caten all that is good for When she had frantically begun skimming around and finally brought the solitary egg to the surface he gave it one glance and his face fell as only a malarial young man's face can fall, but all he said was: "It's a china nest egg!"

They Cannot Let Go.

The mechanism of the leg and foot of a chicken or other bird that rocsts 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 roosts 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 fect 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 they will rest comfortably and roost, 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 im-"Yes, mum." "Well, put some cologne in the butter and call the boarders to breakfast."— INew York Weekly.

starvin' men out of work.

Tommy the Tramp-Not if I knows it. T'ree weeks ago I inkwired there for assistance and they asked me to wash up before eatin'. I may be persecuted by the cruel hand of fate, but I ain't goin'

Mrs. Slimdiet-Did you pound the

Servant-Yes, mum.

"And steam the bread ?"