

JOE WESS,
JOAQUIN MILLER.

My dark brown daughter of the sun,
Dear Bodo of the desert sands,
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,
Of savage Sinai, Babylon—
O Egypt-eyed, then art to me
A God-embodied mystery!
I see thee flatter in thine eyes,
The oblique, the pyramidal,
Lie hidden beneath thy drooping lids,
The tawny Nile of Moses lies
Portrayed in thine strange people's face,
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair
Falls like some sad twilight of June
Above the dying afternoon,
And mourns thy people's mute despair.
The large shadow of night,
O land, is in thy night!

Then come where stars of freedom spill
Their splendor, Jewess, in this land,
The same broad hovel of God's hand,
That held thee ever, outcasts still,
And whether you may be right or nay,
The God is not. Russia is here to stay.

THE STORY OF A NOSE.

I am a woman-hater, and of course, an old bachelor, rather eccentric—my friends say decidedly eccentric.

I had made up my mind at the age of seventeen to despise the sex. I regarded them as interested and selfish, with but one aim, and that was matrimony, to accomplish which they would make use of all sorts of deceptions and arts, until they had secured the victim, and then, and not until then, they would exhibit their true colors. Hence, though I had often been solicited by my friends to make the acquaintance of very agreeable young ladies, I had always strongly refused. But "maia reventosa a note mouton."

I was one day walking along rather musingly, when I came in sudden collision with two young ladies. I made rather a hurried apology for running against them, which they graciously received, and then passed on. I looked back at the young ladies accidentally, and perceived that one of them was looking back also. She blushed slightly on being discovered, and I blushed also, without knowing why. There was, perhaps something peculiar in her appearance. She was slightly made, had light hair, blue eyes, rather a melancholy cast of features, and a very pretty mouth. But let me come to the center of attraction, which was her nose. She had one of the most ravishing noses that mortal eyes ever beheld.

Reader, pray do not laugh here. It was a very beautiful nose, it was Grecian, as indeed, all her features were. I thought I could discover in the one little organ all the elements of thought, poetry, intellectuality and—no—not love—I hate love. I had but a short glance at it, but it seemed, even in that little time, that her countenance underwent a thousand changes, all of which I ascribed to the power of her nose, such an intellectual nose, a nose that "knows" something; yet such a mischievous looking nose, a nose up to snuff—in short, a feature to be sneezed with, but not to be sneezed at. I went to bed late that night and dreamed of that nose.

I awoke early next morning, and determined on an introduction to its possessor. I was fortunate enough to find one of my friends who knew the lady in question, and he undertook to present me to her that evening. I was in a state of restlessness bordering on distraction until evening came. I ran into the garden to look at the dial—for all bachelors have dials. I liked mine better than a clock; there was something in its circle that reminded me of a jolly, sunny face, and its pointer looked not unlike a huge nose.

I bade her good-bye, took my leave, and hoped to have the pleasure of a further acquaintance, to which she kindly responded.

The next day I bought a treatise on Noseology, and being somewhat of a trigonometrician, took my instrument to find the precise proportions of her nose. Having ascertained it to be an acute angle triangle of about forty degrees, I sallied out for a further examination of the noses of everybody I met so farthically that I almost had mine pulled more than once during the day for my supposed impertinence.

At length the evening came. I partook of a slight supper and some fruit. I chose that peculiar kind of apple called "sheep's nose." I then took my friend's arm, and sallied out in a very nervous state of mind. A few minutes' walk brought us to the domicile of the young lady, and I was introduced to her. Her name was Helen Somerville. I couldn't credit to common conversation, but felt extremely awkward. We talked of all subjects. She laughed outright at my confusion more than once. All the time, however, I was watching her nose—it was perfect. She jokingly asked me if I had seen the elephant. I told her yes, and commenced a discussion on its proboscis. We spoke about the classics. I mentioned Cicero and Ovidius Naso; their names pleased me. "Beautifully chiseled," said I, still regarding the object of my admiration.

She then spoke about love, and, like all young ladies, jesting about bachelorship, saying that the gentlemen could never get married.

"Not at all," said I, "the difficulty is to find a nose—I mean a lady to suit; 'facilis descensus Avernus, sed revocare gradum.'"

She fairly shrieked, and exclaimed against those horrible classics, asking me if I saw anything of the blue stocking about her.

She seemed anxious to draw me into conversation, and asked me if I had ever been to Niagara.

"What a bridge!" said I, in an undertone.

"I don't like the bridge at all," said she, pettishly.

"Pardon me, miss," said I, coloring. "I have said, perhaps, too much."

She seemed to think I had said too little.

Not knowing exactly the etiquette of courtship, I supposed the best way to conciliate my Dulcinea would be to purchase her some presents. I armed myself with a beautiful bouquet (I prefer the country name, "nosegay"), and a dozen fine handkerchiefs, and started for her house again. With some hesitation I presented my gifts. She seemed a little surprised at the handkerchiefs, but smiled graciously at the bouquet, and held it to her nose. I trembled with delight and admiration. I began to feel queer. I experienced an irresistible desire to pull that beautiful little nose to see how it was fixed on. In the midst of my trepidation, scarcely knowing what I did, I felt upon my nose, and, "My dearest Helen," said I, catching hold of her hands and looking into her eyes, or just a little below them, while Miss Helen blushed deeply, "I am frantically, madly, devotedly in love—"

I thought I felt a slight pressure of the hand, which encouraged me, "with—"

"Who told you, sir," said she, blushing.

ing more deeply than before, "that that object was engaged and had not the power to reciprocate?"

"All—everybody, my dear Helen," I cried; "everybody—everyone that knows anything about a nose is aware that it does not possess one tender feeling, except when you pull it, or have a very bad cold."

"Sir," said she, rising in evident anger, and turning up her nose, "do you mean to insinuate that she seemed to choke for words. 'Can you see no other quality to admire than my nose?'"

"No, my dear miss," said I, frankly. "I can see no further than you nose."

"Allow me to say, sir," she said highly, "that I have been enraptured, and that I request you to leave the house, and never let me see that nose again."

I went home rather dejected, and lit my cigar with a couple of leaves from my treatise on Noseology and then went to bed.

The next day I learned from my physician that Miss S.—had fallen on the ice and broken her nose, so as to spoil that feature completely. Never was a general so overjoyed at the winning of a battle as I was on hearing this news.

Pigeon English.
The journey over the Union Pacific railroad is not filled with novelty after it has been repeated fifteen or twenty times, and yet when you consider the new people, and the shifting incidents peculiar to each trip, it is always new. On board our train, and occupying one section of the Ogallala, was the Oriental gentleman with the self-cocking name who had been sent to Washington by the Chinese government on special business connected with the affairs of State. He wore a long, broad, old-gold gown, with embroidered purple overskirt, cut plain and tied together with silk cord and unique buttons. He wore his hair plain and braided down the back, and his black boots with cork soles looked like a plug hat in a gale of wind.

Everybody of course eyed him with curiosity, and sighed to have some fun with him. One old lady with reddish whiskers under her jaw, sided up to him at last and began to lecture the new people, and the shifting incidents peculiar to each trip, it is always new. On board our train, and occupying one section of the Ogallala, was the Oriental gentleman with the self-cocking name who had been sent to Washington by the Chinese government on special business connected with the affairs of State. He wore a long, broad, old-gold gown, with embroidered purple overskirt, cut plain and tied together with silk cord and unique buttons. He wore his hair plain and braided down the back, and his black boots with cork soles looked like a plug hat in a gale of wind.

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dismally in contemplation of the prospects.

"I'm glad you're going to stay home to-day," continued Mrs. Spoonpendyke, soothly. "You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out; and by and by we'll have a piping hot dinner."

"That's it!" squealed Mr. Spoonpendyke, bounding out of his chair, and plunging around the room. "You'd got to say something about a pipe! I know how it would be! You want me to die! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! You'll fetch it! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!" and Mr. Spoonpendyke buried his face in his hands and shook convulsively.

"I mean it for the best, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "I thought I was drawing—"

"That's it!" ripped Mr. Spoonpendyke. "Drawing! You've driven me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done! All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk toast to be an inebriate's home! Where's that cigar I left here on the mantel? Gimme my death warrant! Show me my imported doom! Drag forth my miniature coffin and Mr. Spoonpendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor and howled dementally.

"Isn't that it?" asked Mr. Spoonpendyke pointing to a small pile of snuff on the chair in which Mr. Spoonpendyke had been sitting. "That looks like it."

"What?" yelled Mr. Spoonpendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. "Another time I swear off, and you go into the country, you hear!" and Mr. Spoonpendyke dashed out of the house, and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoonpendyke, "when he sneezes off again, I'm willing to leave, and in the meantime I suppose he'll be healthier without his pipe, so I'll hang it up on the wall where he'll never think of looking for it," and having consigned the tobacco to the flames, Mrs. Spoonpendyke gathered her sewing materials around her and double clinched an old resolution never to lose her temper, no matter what happened.—Brooklyn Needle.

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