

Miss Malony on the Heathen Chinese.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart av me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin that you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nagur for the six years I've been in Amerikay—bad luck to the day I ever left the owld country—to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be lisnin' than drawin' your remarks; an' is it myself, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onst when the missus kim into the kitchen wid her palaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and it's myself that looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' its little I'll hinder nor interfere wid him nor any other man," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how those French waiters, with paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for a gurril brought up dacent and honest.

Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Ping Wing Kitty, an' you'll have too much sense to mind his bein' a little strange."

Wid that she shuts the doore, and I mistrustid if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly Fathers! may I never breathe another breath, but there stood a rale haythen Chineser a grinnin' like he'd just come of a tay box. If you'll blave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra a stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down from it, behind, wid his two feet stuck into the heathenest shoes you ever sot eyes on.

Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taich 'em all in their power—the saints save us!

Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldnt be tellin'. Not a blissid thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a 'larnin' him, and he a grinnin' an' waggin' his pig tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that chary, that you'd be shurprised.

Is it to ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythin an' he a-atin, wid dromsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me fine clothes for the ironin' an' fillin' his haythin mouth wid water,

an' afore I could hinder squirit through his teeth stret over the best linencloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of it all was the copyin' he'd been doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me ever since I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the like o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldnt have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be pealin' anything.

Did I lave for that? Faix an' I didn't. Didnt he get me into trouble wid the missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now an' then take up a cup o' sugar, or flour or tay, an' wrap it in paper an' put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit and how it cuddnt be botherin' anyone. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, and she motions like to Ping Wing (which I never would call by that name nor any other but just haythin,) she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "Oh Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythin nagur," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrest him," says I. "It's you ought to be arrested," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she gave me so much sass as I cudden take from no lady—an' I gave her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

Comparatively few persons know how the White House at Washington got its name. It was given to it because of its color. The building is constructed of freestone, and after the British burned the interior in 1814, the walls were so blackened that when it was rebuilt it was found necessary to paint them. Ever since, at intervals of a few years, the whole structure receives a fresh coat of white paint. The cumbrous title of Executive Mansion was very naturally dropped for the short and literally descriptive name of White House, and now only figures in official documents and correspondence.—[Ladies' Floral Cabinet.

It was a Frenchman who wrote: What is a woman? For a painter, a model; for a doctor, a subject; for a pheasant, a housekeeper; for a Parisian, a dowry; for a naturalist, a female; for an Albanian, a beast of burden; for a Roman, a citizeness; for a schoolboy, an angel; for an honest man, a companion.

How He Got Justice.

It has been charged upon certain secret orders and "mystic brotherhoods," that the bond among them is used to aid one another in the wrong as well as in the right; and members guilty of public misdemeanors do certainly reckon upon escaping punishment, sometimes, on the strength of their "tie;" but, if all such met the straightforward treatment described in the case below, Masonry, Odd-fellowship and the like, could never be called shields to evil-doers:

Some young men of the town of B., having "cut up" one night, to the detriment of certain windows and bell-pulls, were lodged in the calaboose, and in due time, next morning, confronted with a police magistrate, who fined them each \$5 and an admonition. One of the three foolishly remarked,—

"Judge, I was in hopes that you would remember me; I belong to the same lodge with you."

The Judge, apparently surprised, replied with brotherly sympathy, "Ah, is it so? Truly, this is Brother B.; I did not recognize you. Excuse me for my dullness. Yes, we are brother Masons, and I should have thought of that. Mr. Clerk, fine our Brother B. \$10. Being a Mason, he knows better the rules of propriety than other men. Fine him \$10. You will pay the clerk, brother. Good morning, Brother B. Call the next case."—[Good Cheer.

A Pretty Sight.

The piazza of St. Mark in Venice, a broad, open square, is the great resort of Venetians in the evening for conversation, ice-cream eating, coffee drinking and music. In the day-time it is the resort of myriads of pigeons which are fed at the expense of the state, and which have been held sacred ever since the aid rendered by one of them at the taking of Tyre, seven hundred years ago.

They are very tame, and a lady traveller writing home recently says that one of the most beautiful sights she saw in Venice, was a little girl of three years, daughter of an officer of the U. S. frigate Congress, seated on the ground surrounded by pigeons. Her attendant had scattered corn all over her, the pigeons were struggling one over another on her lap, on her shoulders, piled up on her head, and out of this fluttering mass of soft plumage peeped the child's sweet, half-surprised baby face.

Taste in Dress.

A girl's whole prospects and happiness in life often depend upon a new gown, or a becoming bonnet, and if she has a grain of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better than a pretty face under the bonnet if she would have real and lasting happiness.

There is no surer expression of character than dress. It gives evidence which none can dispute, of wisdom or folly, of refinement or the want of it; and since it is an indication of what we are, its edicts have their place among the minor morals. Taste and elegance are not always signs of frivolity, or even of an absorbing interest in the fashions.