

Ough, my heart was in dreadful pain, till you said "yes"
so sweet and plain,
Troth you're illigant as the "quane,"
Darling Nora Maloney.

Chorus—

T'was your smiling so swate, that made me bate
That blackguard Mickey Mahoney.
Shure I battered the spalpeen's head till he was spacheless,
"so he said,"
Lying there on the ground for dead,
All for Nora Maloney.

W. W. ROGERS.

New York's Celestial Corner

THIS is simply a short account of an evening spent among the inhabitants of the "pigtail district" It would be a very hard matter to write anything new about this peeky-pokey eyed combination of humanity, but we so thoroughly enjoyed the different attractions which the settlement offers, that even if none of my readers care anything about it some of them may some day desire to use some of the information as material for a story: anything will do for a story providing the right name is signed to it—so I will inflict it upon you.

Starting at Pell Street, only a few yards from New York's once famous Bowery, we were right in the heart of China as completely as if we had entered the gates of Peking, and everything was as thoroughly Chinese as the odor of collars and cuffs from a Chinese laundry. The little shops full of such oddities as dragons, incense burners, back scratchers, ivory carved gods and a hundred odds and curios each bearing the name of the "artist" who worried