

UNCLE SAM TO JOHN BULL.

Now, Johnny Bull, do you believe  
The game is worth the candle?  
I'm slow, but when I draw the knife  
It goes in to the handle.

I'm mighty patient but I swear!  
At last you've roused my dander.  
What for the goose is sauce you'll find  
Is sauce, too for the gander.

Tho' easy-going, I'm no fool,  
I tell you, when a stone is  
Shield more than once at me, why, then,  
I try lex talionis.

That blue-nosed boy of yours has made  
An awful sight of trouble;  
Just keep him in your own back-yard,  
Or some day Master Bub'll

Wish that he never had been born;  
For, John, I swear to—well, I  
Will strip the brat stark naked, and  
Then brand him *causis belli*.

And then to that big boy of mine,  
Why, John, I'll hand him over,  
Who'll thrash him soundly, you can bet  
As sure's his name is Grover.

SWEET VIOLETS.

In the centre of all the draughts and  
chilly misery is Covent Garden Market,  
a jewel of warmth and sweet-scented  
luxury.

How warm and sweet is the centre of  
the great flower bazaar. And what a  
pretty sermon it all preaches.

A father and daughter are walking  
through the market.



"I believe, dear," she says to her  
father, "that you're not only the hand-  
somest papa that ever was, but the very  
goodest, as we used to say. So, of  
course, you are going to buy me a nice  
palm."

"I'll buy you the nice palm, but I  
don't know that I am the best father  
in the world."

"You are: you know you are,"  
answered the girl, pressing his arm.  
Two days later father and daughter  
were again in the market.

"I shall buy a few bunches of violets  
from that poor woman, father."



The girl walked up to where a  
wretched shivering woman sat, a bundle  
of rags, before here basket of violets.

"I want some violets; but how cold  
you look!"

"I am used to being cold," said the  
woman drily, but somewhat melting as  
she looks up at the pretty face.

"And I ought to be so happy," the  
girl smiled; "I have everything, and  
my father." She looked towards her  
father, who was buying a large palm  
some few paces off. "You may keep  
the change, poor woman," and she  
turned away.

The eyes of the violet-seller had  
followed in the same direction. They  
seemed gradually to dilate, and the blue  
lip opened, showing the yellow teeth.  
Then the mouth closed, and there was  
an angry glitter in the eyes.

The man came from the Arcade; his  
daughter crossed to another shop.

"A good father, indeed!" muttered  
the flower-seller.

He started as he caught sight of the  
woman.

"Come here," she said quietly bet-  
ween her teeth. His face flushed as he  
stood before her.

"It would be a cruel thing," the  
woman said, "to let the good little girl,  
who admires her good father so, know  
what sort of man he is."

"For God's sake!" the man said.

"Shut up!" said the woman coolly,  
"or I'll shout it out so that it shall be  
heard the length and breadth of the  
market, of how General Denvers, form-  
erly of the—rd, ran off with the baker's  
wife at Canterbury. Hey! and how  
that made her husband take to drink,  
and hang himself. How the good father  
was the coolest, biggest blackguard that  
ever—"

"For mercy's sake!—the child's  
coming back; she is so good, so—"

"I think she is," continued the  
woman, as the girl came towards them.  
"She gave me eightpence of her own  
accord. It's a funny world, that be-  
cause I've eightpence given me to get  
an extra quarter to-night, it should be  
the salvation of such a swell as you. Get  
away from my sight. I want nothing  
from you."

"How you were talking to that poor  
woman, dear!" said the pretty girl.  
"You looked as if you had been so kind  
to her. You are to everyone, aren't  
you dear?"

As they drove home West, the father  
was curiously silent.

There was quite a crush at the dance  
that night. The pretty girl was stand-  
ing in the conservatory. A very hand-  
some young fellow was standing beside  
her.



"No, I won't speak to you, unless  
you say after me, 'Your father is the  
best, and the handsomest, and the  
nicest father in the world.'"

"Your father is the best, and the  
handsomest, and the nicest father in  
the world."

Both their faces brightened as the  
General came up to them.

"Worse than usual, and lost her  
basket, too," said the sergeant, as they  
put the violet-seller in strong lodgings  
for the night.

KITTY AND I.

Over the lawn romped Kitty and I—  
Kitty with eyes of velvety sheen,  
With her pearly teeth and her winsome  
[ways—  
The prettiest ever seen.  
There was none like her in the wide, wide  
world—  
Kitty, my love, my queen.

But Kitty's a matron now, my boy,  
And I am a bachelor lone—  
For she ran away with Tom, you know,  
And the days and nights have flown  
—since I saw her last in the mountain pale—  
Kitty, my pearl, my own.

How did it happen! Don't ask me now;  
It is useless, mind you, to tease;  
And I couldn't tell you the reason why  
If you begged me on your knees;  
But I was a wilful, wayward boy,  
And Kitty—a pure *Mallée!*

AN ORCHID FLOWER WHICH  
LOOKS LIKE A WHITE  
DOVE.

THE HOLY GHOST FLOWER.

There is strange, beautiful orchid, to  
which the Spaniards who conquered  
South and part of North America gave  
the name of the Holy Ghost flower. The  
name seemed so appropriate that it has  
clung to it ever since. It is found  
rather abundantly in the hot countries  
already named, but in the north it is a  
shy bloomer, and a Holy Ghost flower  
coming into blossom is something of an  
event. There are very few orchid  
houses in America. The plants are both  
tender and troublesome. A few wealthy  
persons have isolated plants in their hot  
houses, but even these are not com-  
mon. The finest collection of orchids  
in America is probably in the Botanic  
Gardens at Washington.

HOLY GHOST FLOWER.

Orchids are fertilized by bees,  
moths, butterflies and various insects.  
A very strange property belongs to  
many of them. Their bloom takes on a  
weird, inexplicable resemblance to  
the insect which carries the pollen  
from one flower to another. In case of  
the sphinx moth this resemblance is  
startling.

In the illustration before us the re-  
semblance of the heart of the flower to  
a white dove is very marked. That is  
whence the plant gets its name. The  
full blown flower presents the appear-  
ance shown in the picture. Before the  
bud is fully opened a sort of hood cov-  
ers the dove. As the flower expands  
the flowers of some are so irregular and  
grotesque that they are absolutely be-  
yond description. Some orchids are epi-  
phytes, living only on air, apparently.  
Bind one of them fast to a post, a piece of  
pottery or anything of that kind, sim-  
ply to hold it, and it will grow and  
thrive as though its roots were planted  
in the eternal earth.

HENCE THESE STEERS.

Dr. Holmes somewhere remarks that  
he who would make a pun would pick  
a pocket, and the wisdom of the obser-  
vation is illustrated in the case of a  
man named Stehr (pronounced Steer)  
who has been arrested in Des Moines  
for having secured a loan by giving a  
mortgage upon five white steers he  
claimed to have on his farm. At the  
expiration of the stipulated time the  
money lender repaired to Stehr's farm,  
and, producing his chattel mortgage,  
demanded of Mr. Stehr, the only adult  
he saw there, the five white steers. The  
wife took the document, and, pointing  
to five promising boys, she calmly told  
him they were the steers covered by  
the mortgage. Stehr had utilized his  
name to procure the loan. A man who  
would perpetrate such a pun as that,  
and under such aggravating circum-  
stances, deserves no mercy at the  
hands of the law.

MISS VARINA DAVIS  
DAUGHTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.



This young lady whose first visit re-  
cently to the North has attracted  
much attention, is the daughter of the  
President of the late Confederacy and  
was born at Richmond, one year before  
the close of the war. Some ten or ele-  
ven years ago she was sent to a semi-  
nary in Karlsruhe, the capital of the  
Grand Duchy of Baden, where she spent  
several years acquiring a thorough and  
finished education, with all the ac-  
complishments implied by that term in  
Germany. Since her return, she has  
been the companion of her parents and  
the ornament of their beautiful home  
at Beauvoir, in Southern Mississippi.  
Miss Davis is said to be about to enter  
the field of literature.

MY FIRST TOBBOGGAN SLIDE.

Visiting a friend's toboggan slide in this  
City and, seeing a lad ready to start, I  
persuaded him to take me down, which  
he did in fine style. Getting back to  
the start again, I thought I would try  
myself to steer this time. I started  
alone and arrived at the foot without  
trouble, when I returned with the to-  
boggan to the top again, there were a  
number of persons arrived; a young  
lady, asked me to take her down. I  
asked the lady to sit down. I sat behind  
her to steer. Luckily we went all the way  
to the bottom and with great confidence  
went to the top again. So we thought  
to try it again. Off we started and  
after going a third of the way, some-  
thing took place and I found only my  
limbs outside the snow bank; the lady  
I found later in the snow bank. I was  
going to say we laughed but all there  
present did it for us, so we again got  
to the starting point; this time we  
lared better and I thought I had dis-  
covered the way to steer. Any way the  
next time we went down we had a very  
bad misfortune, worse than the first in  
colliding with the the snow bank. We  
were quite mixed up for a time and the  
laughter was repeated and after taking  
the snow out of our ears and mouth we  
did not mind what had got up our sleeves  
and back. On our way back I told the  
lady if it had not been for those boys  
giving us an extra push we would have  
gone all right. As we were about to  
start again she says "hurry now before  
the boys come to give us a push" so we  
went splendidly but at the bottom of the  
slide I told her that I had done very  
well for my first practice to steer so  
well. She runs to the house and says  
that you shall not practice on me any  
more, until then she had blamed the  
boys for my mishaps.

P. S.—I have found out since that I  
steered on the wrong side, and I am on  
the look out for any other victim to  
practice on.

T. P. P.

There is no more excitement in hug-  
ging a girl dressed in a toboggan suit  
than there is in hugging a bale of hay