

LULLABY.

The beautiful little poem given below is from the pen of a pure-blooded negro, a volume of whose work has just appeared under the kind sponsorship of William Dean Howells. Mr. Dunbar shows himself possessed of high gifts, and his book merits a warm reception.

The "mammy" in the poem is, of course, the negro nurse of "Massa's" little boy.

Lullaby...Paul Lawrence Dunbar...The Bookman

Bedtime's come fu' little boys,
Po' little lamb.
Too tiahed out to make a noise,
Po' little lamb.
You gwine t' have to-morrer sho' ?
Yes, you tole me dat befo',
Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
Po' little lamb.
You been bad de livelong day,
Po' little lamb.
Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.
My, but you's a-runnin' wild,
Look jes' lak some po' folks chile ;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.
Come hyeah ! you mos' tired to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now - sich a sight !
Would you evah b'lieve dey's white !
Stan' still 'twell I wash dem right,
Po' little lamb.
Jes' caint hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Hadn't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all like you ;
You's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.
Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.
Y'ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.
You been runnin' roun' a heap,
Shet dem eyes and don't yo' peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

JOSH BILLINGS ON ASSURANCE.

I kum to the conclusion lately that life was so unsartin that the only way for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to get my life assured so I kalled on the agent of the Guardian Angel Life Assurance Company, and answered the following questions which were put to me, over the top of a pair of spectacles, by a slick old fellow, with a round gray head on him as was ever owned: "Are yu a mail or femail? If so, state how long you have been so. Had yu a father or mother? If so, which? Are yu subject to fits? and if so, do yu have more than one at a time? What is your precise fitting wate? Did you ever have any ancestors? and if so, how much? Du you have any nightmares? Are you married or single, or are yu a bachelor? Have yu ever committed suicide? If so, haw much did it affect you?" After answering the above questions like a man, in the affirmative, the slick, little, fat, old feller, with gold spectacles on, said I was assured fur life, and probably would remain so for years. I thanked him and smiled, and retired.

Thanks...Norman Gale...Songs for Little People.

Thank you very much indeed,
River, for your waving reed ;
Mr. Sun, for jolly beam ;
Mrs. Cow, for milk and cream ;
Hollyhocks, for budding knobs ;
Foxgloves, for your velvet fobs ;
Pansies, for your silky cheeks ;
Chaffinches, for singing beaks ;
Spring, for wood anemones
Near the mossy toes of trees ;
Summer, for the fruited pear,
Yellowing crab and cherry fare ;
Autumn, for the bearded load,
Hazel-nuts along the road ;
Winter, for the fairy tale,
Spitting log and bouncing hail ;
Christmas Day, for Mary's Child,
Jesus manifest and mild.
But, blest Father high above,
All these things are from your love ;
And your children everywhere,
Born in palace, lane, or square,
Cry with voices all agreed.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH INDEED !