

### The Lilly of Poverty Flat.

Answer to her Lover's Letter from California,

BY BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,  
Dressed just as I came from the dance,  
In a robe even you would admire—  
It cost a cool thousand in France;  
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,  
My hair is done up in a queue;  
In saort sir, "the Belle of the season"  
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;  
I left in the midst of a set;  
Likewise, a proposal half spoken,  
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet,—  
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up!  
And then he adores me, indeed,  
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,  
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"  
"And what do I think of New York?"  
"And now, in my highest ambition,  
With whom do I waltz flirt, or talk?"  
"And is it it nice to have riches,  
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"  
"And aint it a change to the ditches  
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well yes—if you saw us out driving  
Each day in the Park, four-in-hand—  
If you saw poor dear mama contriving  
To look supernaturally grand—  
If you saw Papa's picture as taken  
By Brady, and tinted at that—  
You'd never suspect he sold bacon  
And flour at Poverty Fat.

And yet, just this moment when sitting  
In the glare of a grand chandelier—  
In the bustle and glitter befitting  
The "finest soiree of the year,"  
In the midst of a *gauze de chambery*,  
And the hum of the smallest of talk—  
Somchow, Joe, I thought of the Ferry,  
And the dance that we had on "the Fork."

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster,  
Of flags festooned over the wall;  
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre  
And tallow on head dress and shawl;  
Of the steps we took to one fiddle—  
Of the dress of my queer vis-a-vis;  
And how I once went down the middle  
With the man that shot Sandy McGee.

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping  
On the hill when the time came to go,  
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping  
From under their bed clothes of snow;  
Of that ride that to me was the dearest;  
Of the something you said at the gate;  
Ah! Joe, then I was not an heiress  
To the "best paying lead in the state."

Well, well, its all past—yet its funny  
To think as I stood in the glare  
Of fashion and beauty and money,  
That I should be thinking, right there,  
Of some one who breasted high water,  
And swam the North fork and all that,—  
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter  
The Lilly of Poverty Flat.

But goodness what nonsense I'm writing!  
(Mamma says my taste is still low),  
Instead of my triumphs reciting,  
I'm spooning her Joseph-high ho,  
And I'm to be finished by travel—  
Whatever's the meaning of that—  
Oh! why did Papa strike pay gravel  
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night, here's the end of my paper:  
Good night, if the longitude please—  
For maye while wasting my taper,  
Your soul is climbing over the trees,  
But know if you hav'nt got riches,  
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,  
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches  
And you've struck it—On Poverty Flat.

### LITTLE BREECHES.

BY JOHN HAY.

I don't go much on religion,  
For I never ain't had no show,  
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
On the handf'ul o' things I know.

I don't pan out on the prophets,  
Free will, and that sort o' thing;  
But I've b'lieved in God and the angels  
Ever since one night last spring.

I had gone to town with some turnips,  
And my little Gabe went along;  
No four-year-old in the country  
Could beat him for pretty or strong.

So peart and chipper and sassy,  
Always ready to swar or to fight;  
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker  
Just to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket,  
And I stopped in at Taggart's store  
To get a jug of molasses,  
And left the team at the door.

They skeered at somethin' and started,  
I heard one little squall,  
And hell-to-split over the prairie  
Went team, little Gabe, and all.

Hell-to-split over the parrie;  
I was almost froze with skeer;  
But we roused up some torches  
And sarched for 'em, far and near.

At last we struck horses and wagon  
Snowed under a soft white mound,  
Upsot, dead beat, but of little Gabe  
No hide nor har was found.

And now all hope <sup>seemed</sup> ~~seemed~~ on me  
Of my fellow-writers' aid,  
And I just flopped down on my marrow-  
bones  
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this the torches was played out,  
And me and Israel Parr  
Started forward to a sheep-fold,  
Which he said were somewhar thar.

At last we reached the sheep-fold,  
Whar they shut the little lambs in at  
night,  
And seen 'em huddled togeteer  
So pretty and warm and white,

And thar sot little Gabe,  
Just as peart as ever you see;  
Chirping: "I want a chaw of terbacker—  
And that's what's the matter with me."

How did he git thar? Angels.  
He never could ha' walked thar in that  
storm;  
They just swooped down and toted him  
To whar they knowed it was soft and  
warm.

And I think that saving a little child,  
And giving him back to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around the throne.

### "Give Me Raggles."

(Boston Commercial Bulletin.)

A well-known lady artist, resident in Rome, relates that while standing one day near the statue of Apollo Belvidere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a country-woman. The newcomer, a well-to-do-looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, of St. Louis, Mo., and then asked the question:

"Is this the Apollo Belvidere?"  
Miss H— testified to the identity of the work, and the tourist then said:  
"Considered a great statue?"  
The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world.

"Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing?"  
said the lady from the land of the setting sun.

"Yes," responded the now amazed artist.  
"It is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame."  
"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Beadaker, and with arms akimbo taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen the Apollo Belvidere and I've seen Raggles, and give me Raggles."

### IN THE TUNNEL.

BY BRET HARTE.

"Didn't know Flynn—  
Flynn of Virginia—  
Long as he's been 'yar?  
Look 'ee here, stranger,  
Whar hev you been?"

Here in this tunnel  
He was my pardner,  
That same Tom Flynn—  
Working together,  
In wind and weather,  
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!  
Well, that is queer;  
Why it's a sin  
To think of Tom Flynn—  
Tom with his cheer,  
Tom without fear—  
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,  
Back to the wall,  
He held the timbers  
Ready to fall;  
Then in the darkness  
I heard him call:  
"Run for your life, Jake!  
Run for your wife's sake!  
Don't wait for me."  
And that was all  
Heard in the din,  
Heard of Tom Flynn—  
Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about  
Flynn of Virginia,  
That lets me out  
Here in the damp—  
Out of the sun—  
That 'ar derned lamp  
Makes my eyes run;  
Well, there—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll  
Hear the next fool  
Asking of Flynn—  
Flynn of Virginia—  
Just you chip in,  
Say you knew Flynn;  
Say that you've been 'yar."

### I AM DYING.

The following beautiful poem we copy from the Memphis Bulletin. It is rarely that we find such contributions to the columns of a newspaper. It is sweetly, beautifully sad:

Raise my pillow, husband, dearest—  
Faint and fainter comes my breath;  
And these shadows stealing slowly,  
Must, I know, be those of death.  
Sit down close beside me, darling,  
Let me clasp your warm strong hand,  
Yours that ever has sustained me,  
To the borders of this land.

For your God and mine—our Father,  
Thence shall never lead me on;  
Whera upon a throne eternal,  
Sits his loved and only Son.  
I've had visions and been dreaming  
O'er the past of joy and pain;  
Year by year I've wandered backward,  
Till I was a child again.

Dreamed of girlhood, and the moment,  
When I stood your wife and bride;  
How my heart thrilled with Love's triumph  
In that hour of woman's pride;  
Dreamed of thee and all the earth-chords  
Firmly twined about my heart—  
Oh! the bitter, burning anguish,  
When I first knew we must part.

It has passed—and God has promised  
All thy footsteps to attend;  
He that's more than friend or brother  
He'll be with thee to the end.  
There's no shadow o'er the portals  
Leading to my heavenly home—  
Christ has promised life immortal,  
And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,  
And its chilling billows swell;  
Thou'lt thank heaven that I'm spared them,  
Thou'lt then feel that "all is well."  
Bring our boys unto my bedside,  
My last blessing let them keep—  
But they're sleeping—do not wake them—  
They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,  
Kiss them for me when they wake,  
Lead them gently in life's pathway,  
Love them doubly for my sake,  
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,  
This, the last night of my life,  
For to-morrow, I shall never  
Answer when you call me "wife."  
Now, farewell, my noble husband,  
Faint not 'neath the chastening rod;  
Throw your strong arm round our children,  
Keep them close to thee and—God.

**A Lad Proves Buck.**  
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ate S. G...  
er of Mrs...  
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time ago...  
most mir...  
her son in...  
neighbor...  
few deer...  
into the...  
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hour of...  
park a...  
buck, a...  
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