

The following verses were found on a scrap of an Anglo-Chinese newspaper used to wrap the editor's laundry. The foot-note was scrawled in lead pencil at the bottom.

The Golden Egg

(Translated from the Chinese of Fang Whang, Univ. Pekin, by Rahyma Kalabash, Prof. Poetics and Demonstrator in Chem., Univ. Korsabad, India.)

Ivory casket and golden-hued jewel
 Reposing on couch of albuminous folds,
 Nucleate essence of sublimate gruel,
 Gallinate grit in elliptical moulds.

Rises the lymph to the almond-shaped optic,
 Sinks the Adamic pomaceous knob,
 Clutched in the grip of its virtues synoptic ;
 Such is the pleasure of drowning the swob.

Culled from all simples that spring in the meadow
 Culled by the calcarate cacchinate hen
 Posed in the nidulous cradles at Yeddo
 Or dropped on the nodulous knools of the fen.

Gathered by hands of the world's cradle rockers,
 Their dear little feet on the nodulous knolls,
 Packed in the freshest hermetical lockers,
 Shipped to the Occident subject to tolls.

Theme of the orator, theme of the poet,
 Theme of the sage and the cacchinate hen,
 Theme of the spouter and all who can go it ;
 Sold for nine cents in the markets of men !
 Sold for nine cents !

China hen eate much bad rice, square Mellican
 man's circle. J. LEE.