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ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

The following poem, written by Mrs. Sophia P. Snow, is one of the most exquisitely touching and beautiful that we have ever read. It cannot fail to reach the hearts of all who peruse it, besides being peculiarly appropriate to the holidays.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; 'Good night' had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheardof than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as Santa Claus ever had been.
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock in the steeple tolled ten:
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, 'Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?'
'Why, no, brother Willie,' a sweet voice replies,
'I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus;
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before poor mamma died:
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say;
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sack full of presents he brought every year.'
'Well, why tant we pray dest as mamma did then,
And ask him to send him with presents adain?'
'I've been thinking so too.' And without a word more
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
'Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive:
You must wait just as still till I say the Amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.'
'Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring;
And an ebony work-box, that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen!'
'Please, Jesus, let Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light.
I want he should dive me a nice little sled,
With bright, shiny runners, and all painted red;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen, and then Desus, I'll be a good boy.'
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
'I was harsh to my darlings,' he mentally said,
'And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But just to [illegible] I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before.'
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arriving at the door heard both of their prayers.
His Annie's "bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
'Strange, strange I'd forgotten,' said he with a sigh,
How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness,' he inwardly said,
By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed.'
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid
And on it a ring, for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
'With bright, shining runners, and all painted red.'
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were pitched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top;
As if getting ready more presents to drop,
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had been amply paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
'I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stocks fall ten per cent. more!
Hereafter, I'll make it a rule I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve.'
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied:
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound:
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for 'papa' to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light.
'And now,' added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
'You believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;'
While dear little Willie climbed up at his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be:
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God in heaven had answered her prayer!
'Then we det up and prayed dust as well as we could,
And Dod answered our prayers, now wasn't he dood?'
'I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little sly,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.')
Blind father, who opened your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the loving who taught you that softly up stairs
And made you like angels to answer their prayers.

A GAME FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

It was night in the camp of Maximilian's army, and sounds of merriment were heard upon all sides, for soldiers are ever want to indulge in pleasure, regardless of what the morrow will bring forth.

In a small tent in the inner circle of the camp sat two officers at a rude table, upon which was marked with lead pencil a chess, or checker board, while black and white buttons served for the "men."

Around the tent were stationed guards and both of the officers were unarmed, while not a weapon of any description was visible in their canvas room.

They were prisoners; soldiers in the service Juarez, captured the day before; but their appearence indicated that they were not Mexicans.

Both men were of tall, commanding forms, and of easy, graceful address; but, where one had dark blue eyes, and light hair and mutsache and side whiskers, the other had eyes that were large and black, with brown hair and mustache.

Both men were exceedingly handsome, and upon their faces bore the impress of noble souls and hearts that knew no fear.

A love for adventure had caused them to leave their homes in the north, after the close of the civil war, in which both had fought bravely, and cast their swords with Jaures, to aid in driving from Mexican soil a German emperor.

Capoul Montieth, the blonde officer, was a young man of wealth, a New Yorker, and a pet in society.

Garnet Weston, the brunette, was a poor man, a young lawyer in New York, of poor parentage. He was possessed of superior intelligence, and was fast winning a name, when he crossed the path of Mable Montieth, the sister of Capoul, and a beauty and an heiress.

So deeply did Garnet love Mable that he was miserable when not in her presence, and he believed she cared for him; but his pride was great, and he would not offer a pauper hand to a belle and an heiress, and struggled hard to win fortune and fame in his profession.

One day, an evil day for Garnet, a pretended friend told him that Mable was his promised wife, but that their engagement had not yet been made public.

Like one in a dream Garnet Weston listened, and then in despair determined to seek some stirring field, where the image of his love would not be ever before him.

A month latter found him a cavalry captain in the army of Benito Jaurez, where, a few weeks later, he was surprised to be joined by Capoul Montieth, who had also offered his service to the Mexican President.

In an engagement, two days before they are present to the reader in their tent, they had been captured and carried into the lines of Maximilian.

That night in camp they were playing a game of checkers, *pour passer le temps*, and Capoul, who was an expert player, was surprised to see how readily he was beaten by Garnet.

Suddenly a heavy tread resounded without, the sentinel challenged, there was a response, and the next instant three of Maximilian's officers entered the tent, one of whom was an American, a Republican fighting for Imperial Mexico, against the Republic; another was a flashy looking Frenchman; the third was a Mexican colonel.

'Gentlemen, I am sorry to disturb you: but news has come to-night that Benito Jaurez has executed a captain of our army, and I have orders to select one of you, and march you forth to die in retaliation,' and the American Imperialist looked sad over the duty he had to perform.

"You cannot mean that one of us must die for an offence against Maximilian by Jaures,' said Capoul Montieth, rising.

'Even so are my orders, sir; but I know not which to select, for my duty is most painful.'

'Let the gentlemen play a game for the choice—the loser to die,' suggested the young Frenchman.

'A good idea, monsieur. Gentlemen, I observe you were playing a game of checkers when we entered, so now set to work and play three games, the one who wins two of them to escape, the other to die.'

'When is this execution to be?' asked Garnet Weston.

'Within the hour, sir.'

'Very well: Capoul, I am ready for the game of life or death.'

Capoul Montieth paced to and fro the tent with quick, nervous strides: he was young, handsome, possessed of vast wealth, and fond of life, and he cared not to be thus shot down like a dog, but he was a brave man, and thought of Garnet Weston, whom he had always admired, and half-wished to be the loser rather than to see his friend die.

'I am ready,' he at length said, and the two friends, strangers in a strange land, sat down to play the game for life or death.

Capoul Montieth played with the utmost caution, for, if one must die, I have as good a right to struggle for life as has Garnet,' he thought.

Garnet Weston played with indifference, it seemed, and smile upon his face, and seemed almost to favor the move efficiently and the chances that were to be the executioner of the losing one.

Ten minutes passed, twenty, and the game was won by Capoul Montieth, whom fine flushed crimson and then paled again.

Garnet Weston's face never changed an expression, for the same smile rested there.

The second game passed quickly, Garnet making his moves the instant Capoul had raisod his hand, and surprising all by his reckless indifference, but cool manner.

Five minutes passed, and the second game was won by Capoul Montieth.

'My God! Garnet, old fellow, I feel for you from my heart,' cried the winner, and tears starting to his eyes.

Garnet pressed his friend's hand, the same smile upon his face as he said quietly:

'I was ever a poor unluckly dog, Capoul; but, my friend, when I am dead, look in my saddle-roll, hanging there, and the papers you find please deliver to the proper address, and—and—Capoul, say to—to Miss Mable I left a farewell for her.

'Gentlemen, I am ready.'

'Curses on your Imperial humanity! Will you slay a man as though he were a hound?' cried Capoul, angrily turning toward the officers, for it cut him to the heart to thus part with his friend.

'I yield to the fortunes of war, Capoul, and these gentlemen but do their duty.

'Come let it be over,' replied Garnet, and shaking the hand of his friend warmly, he was marched away.

Half distracted with grief, Capoul Montieth paced his tent, his thoughts whirling, and his brain on fire, as he gazed at the stool where a short while before poor Garnet had sat.

An hour passed, and the American office of the Imperial army stood before him.

'Well?' said Capoul, hardly daring to ask the question.

'*He is dead*,'

'God have mercy upon him,' groaned the sorrowing friend.

'Yes, Captain Montieth, he is dead, and though I have seen many men die I never saw one face death with such perfectly calm indifference as did your friend.'

'He gave the order to the platoon to fire, and fell instantly; but ere he died, he wrote this note to you,' and the American Imperialist handed a slip of paper to Capoul, and turning left the tent.

In Garnet's bold hand was written:

"CAPOUL:—

"I gave my life away to save you, for I loved Mable too dearly ever to let her brother die where I could be sacrificed instead.

"I dare tell you this now, for I stand on the brink of my open grave.

Farewell!

GARNET."

A bitter night of sorrow passed Capoul Montieth in that lonely tent, for well he knew his friend had spoken the truth, and when months after the star of Maximilian's crown had set in gloom, and he resigned from the army of the successful Jaurez, he wended his way homeward with a heavy heart, for he could not forget that Mexican soil covered the noble man who had fallen, a sacrifice to save his life.

* * * * * * *

Three years passed away after the game for life or death, and one pleasant evening, toward the sunset-hour, a horseman was riding slowly along a highway, traversing a fertile valley of a South-western State.

Three years had added more dignity to the face, and perhaps saddened it; but otherwise no change had ever come over Capoul Montieth's fine features.

Upon his right hand, setting back from the road, was a pretty little farmhouse, surrounded by fertile fields, and the sight promised well for a night's lodging "for man and beast." Capoul turning in at the white gateway, and rode up to the front door, and dismounted.

The owner of the mansion descended the steps to greet him, and Capoul Montieth *stood face to face with Garnet Weston*.

'My God! has the grave given up its dead!' cried Capoul, in dismay

'No, old fellow, you find me flesh and blood ready and willing to give you a hearty welcome to this my home, left me by an old bachelor uncle, a few months since. But come in; I will tell you all.'

The surprised and delighted Capoul willingly accepted, and around a well-spread tea-table that evening he heard how Garnet had been carried forth to be most bunglingly executed; but a squadron of Juarez cavalry had appeared and frightened off his executioners ere the first platoon had retired, and that a watchful ranchero had seized him and borne him to his range where, through months of suffering, he recovered, and was able to depart from the house of his good friend.

The kind old bachelor was one day thrown from his horse, and night and day Garnet had watched by his bedside, until death relieved him of his sufferings, and the young man found that his uncle had left him all his wealth.

'But, old fellow, why did you not write to let me know, for you know not how I have mourned for you?' asked Capoul

'I did write to my old law partner in New York, and he said you had moved away, none knew whither.'

'True; your Mable failed in health, and I carried her to Europe, but we soon returned, and to effect a change in scene and air I purchased a fine farm about two day's journey from here, where we now live. Mable is contented, if not happy.'

'She married—'

'She married! Fiddlesticks! No, she never had any idea of marrying any man excepting yourself, and you went off to Mexico and nearly broke her heart.'

'God, I thank Thee,' cried Garnet, and he buried his face in his hands and wept like a child.

* * * * * * *

The months passed, and the bachelor home of Garnet Weston had a mistress to preside over it—a queenly-looking woman of twenty-two, perhaps, with dreamy sad eyes, and a face of wondrous beauty.

That woman was once the heiress and belle of New York—Mable Montieth—who had, after long years; married her first and only love, through that game of life and death, in the gulf-washed land of Mexico.

☞ One day a lady entered a grocery store, where she found the proprietor fanning himself with his hat, and looking somewhat overcome with the heat.

'Why, Mr. ——, you look worried,' says the lady, elevating her eyeglasses so as to take a close look.

'Worried? These careless clerks of mine are calculated to worry any man,' he replied.

'Why, what's the matter?' asked the lady. 'Any of your clerks absconded? or have they make a mistake and sixteen ounces for a pound?

'No, neither, madam; but worse than that. While putting a barrel of wine in the cellar, through their carelessness they let it drop, and out came the head, and I lost all the wine. But,' he added, 'some person will have to pay for it.'

Later in the afternoon, a six-year-old son of the lady came into the shop, and said:

'Father wants to know what his share of that barrel of wine is.'

'Your father don't owe me anything for wine.'

'Well, father said that your book-customers would have to pay for that barrel that busted, and he wants to know how much his share is, and he will send it over.'

☞ She led him to a sofa, and in a deep base voice called him her soul's idol and inquired what his monthly income was. Seeing his gaze fixed upon her boa-constrictor-like mouth, she remarked:

"Darling. I see you notice my large and beautiful potato-trap. Let me explain to you the reason of its unusal size. When I was quite a child I was playing on pappy's cellar-door; it gave way; I was precipitated down into the basement and caught by the mouth on a projecting meat-hook, which ripped up my face and extended my mouth several inches.'

With his eyes full of sympathetic tears, he rose from the sofa, and replied, as he made toward the door:

"My angel, you are perhaps mistaken. Probably in the excitement of that awful moment you left your mouth down in the basement and accidentally brought up the cellar. We shall meet again in a better world. Adieu.

☞ They had been very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarreled, and were too proud to make up. He called afterward at her house—to see the old gentleman on business, of course. She was at the door. And he said:

"Ah, Miss Blank, I believe? Is your father in?"

"No, sir,' she replied, 'pa is not in at present. Did you wish to see him personally?'

"Yes," the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding; "on very particular personal business," and he proudly turned to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the last step, "but who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.

AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half of the amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our own hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hor to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul work in their faces.
Quiet conscience gives a quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged in grow into little thieves
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are near kin.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose anything by doing a good turn.

The St. Lawrence is the only river in the world which enjoys the symmetry of having its head larger than its mouth.

Many feet are required to make a road, but a single foot sometimes suffices to make one slide.

THE KIND OF RELIGION SIMON STRINGER BELIEVED IN.

Simon Stringer was a bluff old farmer. He prided himself upon being a plain, matter-of-fact man, about whom there were no foolishness or sentiment. On more than one occasion he had mortified his wife and daughters by hustling them out of religious meeting when they had begun to show signs of emotion. He said he didn't believe in 'misekerious conversions,' that the people who cried and yelped over getting religion 'wasn't gettin' it by a durned sight.' He believed that the genuine article was smoothing and calming, and not exciting in its influence.

Once the Campbellites held a protracted meeting in his neighborhood, and as it was carried on without any sudden outbursts of feeling, Simon took kindly to it, and attended regularly. One Sunday morning he told his wife to lay him out two suits of clothes.

'Why, Simon,' she exclaimed in her shrill tones, 'what do you want with two suits of clothes?'

'That's my business—not yours,' he replied gruffly. 'You lay out my black suit for me to put on, and wrap the brown one up in a bundle, and don't ask any foolish questions.'

His wife wonderingly but silently complied and Simon donned one suit, and with the other under his arm mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the anxious eyes of the big and little Stringers, who marvelled greatly and said one to another: 'What's dad goin' to do with his t'other clothes?'

Simon din't return till supper time and he took his seat at the table, which was the usual signal for the family to begin an onslaught upon the victuals, but on this occasion his voice arrested every arm in it's descent, and for the second time that day astonished his family. Glancing around the astonished circle, he thus delivered himself:

'I want it understood that the head of this family has this day been baptised. He is a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and the first critter at this table that dips into anything afore a blessin' is asked 'll get snatched bald headed. Drop yer eyes, ye heathen.'

The blessing was asked, and that meal was eaten in silence.

After the chores were done, the Stringers were stringing off to bed when the stern voice of the old man again arrested them and filled their minds with grave forebodings as to what was coming next. He addressed them as follows:

'Come into this room, every devil of you, and flop down on your knees. It is my duty as a devout Christian, to have family worship, and I'll have it, too, and have respectful attention, or I'll bust some domestic ties asunder. This mansion must resound with praises to the Most High, or it will resound with some one getting a hell of a thrashin'—I mean bein' severely chastised. The first one who snickers, or makes any onseemly noise, I'll get up and throw a cheer thro' him, or her, as the case may be. Let us pray.'

The prayer was prayed, and never was there a more attentive audience.

This sort of thing continued about two weeks, and the Stringer family was kept in a state of extreme misery. The younger members had been several times severely whipped for conduct unbecoming the children of a true believer, and the older ones had received harsh reprimands for failing to fall into the new order of things and comport themselves with due dignity.

Then one morning Simon came in with a bad limp, a battered milk pail, and the knee of his pants torn. Dropping into a chair at the table, he plunged his fork savagely into the nearest dish. The children looked up from the banks of their plates, questioningly, and their mother squeaked, 'Why, Simon!'

'Shut up, and eat,' he growled, and then in a few moments added:

'This blessin' and praying business is suspended for a while. I don't forget my obligations an' duties as a Christian, an' I'll rescom 'em as soon as I've conquered that dodblasted red heifer. The tarnal critter presooms too much on my Christian forbearance. Burn a hypocrite! I don't pray when my soul ain't into it. It's too great a strain. For time bein' I have descended from grace. Pass the tomattuses.'

A sigh of relief went round the circle, and if the red heifer had know how she had risen in the esteem of a majority of the Stringers, her fractious soul would have leaped for joy.

That was several years ago, and now the red heifer is a cow, and the worst one in the neighborhood. The [illegible] as they punch and plague [illegible] we keep Old Red wild, [illegible] more o' that awful [illegible]

☞ A Wo[illegible] "I need them every hour," and [illegible] it to her cheek. She knew he would [illegible] At noon time there was milk, and [illegible] the pigs morning and night, and business [illegible] to be attended to.

☞ Tooth [illegible] be discovered.

From the New York Observer.

SOMETHING ABOUT MOCKING BIRDS.

When I first commenced preaching, I was a bachelor, living in Gallatin, Tenn., and, to while away the lonesomeness of the hours in my study, bethought me of a pet in the shape of a mocking-bird. Tennessee is the home of this sweet day and night singer, and he well deserves the name of nightingale, whether it belongs to him or not. During the late war, hundreds of them were sent North, by the soldiers, to their friends. The negro boys would sell a nest full, ready to fly, for half-a-dollar.

At the time mentioned above, some twenty-five years ago, there was a nest of young birds in the garden, which I secured, placing the nest in the cage, and the cage in the window. The old birds were soon attracted by the cries of the young, and in less than ten minutes commenced feeding them through the wires. I had frequently heard that old birds would poison their young when confined, and, if so, it proved false in this instance, for they continued to feed until their young were grown as large as themselves. In about a week after their coming in my possession, the cage was placed in the room, opposite the window, which was left up,—the old birds still continuing to feed regardless of my presence, whether at my study or walking in the room.

One day, while busy writing, my attention was attracted by something dropping every few minutes, which sounded like shot falling on the bare floor. Laying down my pen and sitting still, I watched, and soon discovered the cause. A wild-cherry stone dropped on the floor and rolled at my feet, and soon another and another. On watching the cage closely, one of the birds stretched himself up at full length, and, extending his neck with a sudden jerk forward, threw out a stone; and, the mystery being solved, I learned this lesson in Natural History—that mocking-birds are fond of wild-cherries, but do not like the seed. The old birds had fed the cherries to their young.

The mocking-bird in its wild state gets very excited while singing; sometimes rising perpendicularly twenty or thirty feet, gushing out his wonderful song while going up and coming down. And very often, especially during the breeding season, he sings as well and effectively at night as during the day, imitating nearly every singing bird of the forest. Hear what good Izaak Walton, "now with God," wrote two hundred years ago:

"But the nightingale breaths such sweet, loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, should hear as I have heard, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above the earth, and say Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on the earth!"

I once witnessed a musical duel in Fayetteville, N. C., between a parrot and a mocking-bird, which lasted over half an hour. Whatever sounds the parrot would make were perfectly imitated by the mocking-bird, until the parrot gave a good old-fashioned rooster crow, which failed of a response.

Another anecdote of the parrot and I have done. A clerical friend of mine was once conducting family worship at a mutual friend's house, and in the midst of his prayer his ears were startled with—"Lewis! Lewis! oh, Lewis!" This was repeated several times much to the good man's annoyance. The lady of the house felt it her duty to explain that Lewis was the house-boy, and the parrot, who did not care for prayers, called Lewis just at the wrong time.

☞ The political muddle [illegible] facetiously by the Detroit Free Press:

☞ At 5 o'clock yesterday morning the proprietor of a small saloon on Randolph street, put down the curtains, locked the door, and was walking off, when he was hailed by a policeman. The latter came across the street to the other and said:

'Dat bloke is glosed up for ten week.'

'What's the matter?' asked the officer.

'Well, I gan't stand pay vorkage aroundt. In de first place, a man comes in und says, 'Well, Dutch is dead,' and he kicks after the [illegible] comes another man in and he says, 'Hooray! Hayes has got ten more!' and he kicks after a bottle. [illegible] in a little while comes in another man and he says, 'Mr. goofy is elected boy mush by one hundred seven gollars, which vas dot ten is been for a week, and I am glad encouraged. If somebody says Hayes is elected, I be. dot gan't it somebody says Tilden is elected, I be. dot gan't it somebody says nobody [illegible] de country vhas [illegible] dot I have glosed up for ten weeks, und dot consequently gan't get in,' replied the man, and he turned his face homeward.

Texas is to be a fresh garden of Mexican exiles from Russia to this country.