FIRST LOVE.

How does a woman love? Once, as more
Than life, she loves, and once, as man deplores;
Does in sorrow or does in sin,
One king reigneth her heart within.
One alone, by night and day,
Moves his spirit to curse or pray.
One voice only can call her soul
Back from the grasp of death's control;
Though the world be full of friends dearie,
Yet, when she sinks another man's bride,
Still for her lost lover her life makes moan—
Once is forever, and once alone.

How does a man love? Once for all,
Tho' he remember a score of may call,
Sorrow doubt him or death dismay,
Joy's red rose bedeck his way;
Fortune smile, or jest, or frown,
The cruel thumb of the world turn down;
Fate betray him, of love deladed,
Through storms or sunshine, by day or
night,
Wandering, toiling, asleep, awake,
Though so oft may madden, or weak hearts
break,
Better than wife or child, or pelf,
Once and forever, he loves himself.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

THE CONCEALED LETTER.

"You, madam," he said. "Yes, you, if you please"—for she hesitated and looked about her. "May I beg you to come this way?"

Still she girl hesitated.

"Madam," said the hypnotizer, "I see in you a wonderful subject. We have never met before, but if you will honor and oblige me with your presence on this platform, you will materially assist me."

At this the girl arose and advanced with dignity. She was pale, and her features had the regularity of a Greek statue.

Mr. Nouchette asked her some questions in a low tone. She seemed to reply in the affirmative.

Then Mr. Nouchette drew a large arm-chair to the center of the stage.

The lady, having removed her hat and gloves, seated herself therein.

"May I beg a gentleman to step forward?" asked Mr. Nouchette.

A sudden thought occurred to me. I would forestall the coming confederate, and offer myself. I rose to my feet.

"Will I do?" I asked, with a view of making a joke. I expected to be declined with thanks, but on the contrary, Mr. Nouchette smiled upon me.

"Step this way, if you please, sir," said he, politely. "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Hallendine, of the Comet, is known to many here, no doubt. I am sure we have never before met the young lady who has been so kind."

"Never," I said, bowing first to the lady and then to the audience. "Never, upon my honor."

"Will you permit this gentleman to hold your hand, madam?" asked Mr. Nouchette.

The lady offered me her hand at once. It was small, white, and with cut a ring of any sort.

"Now," said he, "look at me, and neither speak nor move."

He placed the tips of the fingers of his right hand on my left temple, his left hand fingers upon the lady's right temple, his thumb resting on the center of the forehead of each subject. I do not know how long he continued this performance, but at last he removed his hands gently, and said to the lady:

"Madam, tell Mr. Hallendine, if you please, what the has in his vest pocket."

The lady answered in regretful tones.

"No," she said, "I am very sorry, but I cannot tell you. I am not in the least a clairvoyant."

"I am disappointed," he said, evidently speaking the truth. "I will try again."

As for me, my eyes were shut, and I tried in vain to guess them. Yet I felt the lady plainly. I saw her fair head to foot. Moreover, I saw! for only the stitching on the outside of my coat pocket, but its interior and all its contents.

"Hullo!" said I. "I say, Mr. Nouchette, something has happened to me. I see the lady's pocket, and all that is therein."

"Ah!" cried Mr. Nouchette, "is it possible?" You are the clairvoyant then. Well, what do you observe?"

"I see a black silk purse with gold beads," said I.

"Is that so?" asked Mr. Nouchette.

"Here it is," said the lady.

This seemed applauded.

"I see a handkerchief and a letter," I said.

The audience roared again. The lady must have produced them.

"And," said I, "I see a glove-button."

Again a roar of applause.

"Anything more?" asked Mr. Nouchette.

I kept silent. I saw something else, but a strange power forbade me to name it. I had read the folded letter. It contained these words.

"To reach me you risk sight. Lest any innocent person should fall under suspicion, I desire to inform that I have committed suicide. I have no friends on earth. I must beg or starve, since I cannot get honest work. I believe that God will forgive me for coming to Hip Joyce (he called me).

In the same pocket I had also seen a little bottle marked "Poison." It was certainly not safe to let this young woman disappear. However, she did not leave her seat until the others rose to go, and I followed her rapidly. I felt, although I had known this girl for years. In some strange way the magnetizer whom I had believed to be a mere trickster, and who I still believe had trained his confederates in their little sneak-thing scene, in their weeping and fighting performances, had divined the truth. I reported with the forlorn Miss Gray. I knew her and of her vaguely. How I could not say, at if I had been asked to a story told amidst interruptions.

As I stood upon the corner of the street, I thought: "From the country, an orphan, persecuted by some one, robbed." Her memories had in a measure become mine. I partially read them when I had folded the letter, as I held her hand. But they gave me no clew by which to follow her. Chance did that. A white object lay upon the pavement. It fluttered toward me. I stooped and picked it up. It was a lady's handkerchief, fine and old, and in the corner was a name, "Esther Gray." It was hers, for this was the name that I had seen at the bottom of the letter I had read so mysteriously. She had turned to the right, then. I had this small clew, and I hurried on more hopefully.

Official duty ordered me back to the office with my report. Other duties, and those imperative, it seemed to me, commanded me to "find the young girl and save her, if possible, from destruction."

Happily, at this moment I saw that I was at the door of a telegraph and city messenger office, and hurrying in, sent my copy to the Comet—by a boy, and felt my conscience lightened.

As I passed out of the door it occurred to me to put a question to an envelope which I had dropped there.

"Young fellow," said I, "have you noticed a lady passing? a slender lady in brown?"

"Awful white and scary?" asked the boy.

"Yes, I may be frightened, being alone," I said.

"One like that turned up alongside the new buildings there," the boy said. "Awful white she was."

I gave him the first coin my fingers closed on as I thrust them into my pocket, and hastened up the street. The new buildings were a row of large flat houses, only partially finished. A thick-set old watchman, with a coat that reached to his heels, was trotting up and down, swinging a lantern.

"Good-evening," I said. "Have you seen a lady pass? Slender, tall—"

"Pass!" he answered. "Ah, sure, it was a lady then!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Sure, she flew! Sure, I'm some thin' odin, flitting up the stairs, wid the whitest face of ever seen since I was born, and didn't I take for a ghost! I shrieks for the officer and he came. 'Patsy Hogan,' says I, 'I've seen a ghost. I'm in a trimble.'

"'I'm no wonder,' he, in regard to ghosts,' says he, 'but if it's a woman—'

"'Where is she?' I asked.

"'Up above,' said he.

"I must find her at once," said I. "Which way?"

"'I'll go wid you,' said he. "'Wait, Patsy has orders in regard to wimmin, I'll call him.'

He struck his club on the pavement. Another answered him from afar. A policeman was with us in a moment, and the watchman's lantern shone along the new stairs. "Follow right, upstairs," said the policeman, "follow right, upstairs."

"Here is the woman, he said; and crouched in a corner, with terror in her eyes, I saw the girl for whom I was searching. Her face was white, heaven knows; her hands were passionately clasped.

"Not even here!" she cried. "Not even here!"

"What do you mean by this? Come along!" said the policeman, advancing toward her.

But I interfered.

"Officer," said I, "this young woman is slightly out of her mind. She has run away from home. I have followed her, but lost sight of her for a little while ago. I will take charge of her."

"And who may you be?" asked the policeman.

"Her husband. There is my card," said I, offering one.

"Ah," said the policeman, "I suppose it's all right." He held it to the light of the lantern, and added: "Lead the way, John. You might get a fall here easy, and I don't see a light."

Meanwhile, I stood over the young woman.

"I lied for your sake," I whispered; "I did not think you wanted to go to the station-house."

She made no answer, but suffered me to lead her down stairs. Once in the street I kept fast hold of her. When we were out of hearing, I said:

"Do you understand?"

"You were on the platform at the hall," she said.

"Yes," I said, "when I fell into the curious condition in which I saw the purse, the handkerchief, and the letter. I also saw a bottle labeled 'Poison,' and the contents of the letter. If in you spoke of your intention to commit suicide, and your faith in God, God has chosen to answer by sending you a friend." Look upon me as one believe me, that though there are villains in this world, an honorable man is ever standing ready to defend a lady in distress." I took her hand in mine. A strange thrill ran through me. "Miss Gray," I continued, "command me."

"How do you know my name?" she asked.

"I read it in your letter." I answered. "You are from the country; you were crushed; some one insulted you. Poor little soul! you are safe now."

"Oh you are very good!" she said, bursting into tears; "so very good to me."

At that instant, I, who had eaten a good dinner at six o'clock, began to feel almost torturing sense of hunger. I understood it at once. It was my lady who was faint for food. I felt faint and I now quite understood why she was so pale.

"We must eat before we do anything else," I said, and shortly, we sat together at the table of a restaurant.

I saw the color return to the sweet girl's face. I saw that she was herself again. Suddenly she turned to me.

"I must tell you my story," she said. "I don't want you to think me an adventuress. I am the daughter of Owen Gray, a clergyman, who died five years ago. My father—My mother had already passed away and I went to live with my married sister.

"Six months ago she died also. I never liked her husband, but I stayed with the children until—

"Stop!" said I.

"He offered himself to me," said I. "Yes," she said. "Then I went to teaching school. He persecuted me, and I fled. I had some money with me.

"Which was stolen. I added.

"With all my heart I ran. I went on; "I could get no work. My brother-in-law had spoken ill-ly of me in my native town. I knew I must starve or beg. I preferred to die. There, you have it. Except that I was at the lecture by accident. The door stood open. I entered and took a seat. I was very weary. No one noticed me. I think.

"Miss Gray," I said, "will you give me that little bottle and the note?"

She handed them to me quietly.

"I will leave you here. There is a decent hotel attached to the Comet ran," I said. "Will you assure me that you will remain here until I see you again? I shall then be prepared to place you in a good position."

"God certainly sent you to me," she said. "I promise."

I left her in the landlady's care, and went post-haste to the Comet office.

In the early morning hours I sought my bed, and there the thoughts that had been floating through my brain, condensed into a resolution that I would marry Esther Gray.

And so I went to the hotel next day with a rose in my buttonhole, and found her fairer than ever, sweeter, more lovely.

I wasted neither time nor words in placing proofs of my respectable position in life before her, and offering her my hand and heart.

She was startled but the idea did not shock her.

Slowly I took her hand and held it, and in the strange old fashion, read that the influence that drew us together had the same power over her heart that it had over mine.

"You must write to people I will tell you of; you must make sure I am what I say," she said.

But I only laughed and kissed her.

And so we were married that very day, and no couple could be happier.

It is a curious fact that I have still only to hold my wife's hand in order to read her every thought; and it is a delightful one, that knowing this, she is always ready to place her palm in mine.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

Naming the Great Lakes.

Lake Michigan, persistently called at first "Illinois," was called "Michigan" first by Senor Ulla, and "Dulce Chai." Senor called it "Cadaraqua." Washington's journal, McNeil and Pownall called it "Mishesagy."

The earlier discoverers of Ontario called it "St. Louis," and afterwards the early French called it "Lake Frontenac," after the governor. The English when they first claimed dominion, called it "Katarakui," or "Cataraqui." Mitchell and "Cataraqui," and Pownall the same, but the name "Ontario" was always used.

WIVES OF UTAH'S SAINTS

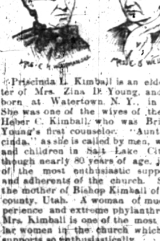
Women Who Are Leading Spirits in the Mormon Church.

Many of Them Are Earnest and Intelligent Workers in the Salt Lake Hive—"Aunt Zina," Head of the General Organization of Relief Societies—Emma Taylor.

The ladies of whose sketches are given in this article are all the leading women of the Mormon church in Utah to-day and in many instances have been leading spirits for years. It has been often said that the Mormon church depends on proselytes from foreign countries to sustain its strength in its ranks, but it is the strength of the Mormon women herein are native born Americans. Another characteristic of these women, which seems to strange contradiction to their lives and religion, is that they are all strong advocates of woman's suffrage and of the rights of women in all phases of life. Temperance also is a favorite tenet of their work, and among them works of charity and benevolence are the rule, although such work seldom if ever extend beyond the members of their own sect. Their religion is to them first of all, and the system by which its progress and spread is attempted would do credit to any creed. From veritable infancy to actual old age the laws and beliefs of the church are constantly spread before their faces and held forth in the hourly happenings of their daily life. Were it not for the circumstances that surround the life of a Mormon woman it would be difficult to believe that she was different from her christian sister.

Mrs. Zina D. Young was born at Waterdown, Jefferson county, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1821. She was one of the wives of the late Brigham Young, and has always been prominent as a worker in the benevolent institution of Utah, and is now at the head of the general organization of the relief societies of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which is the formal title of the Mormon church. This organization embraces the whole territory and is next to the church in influence and authority. Throughout Utah Mrs. Young is known as "Aunt Zina." Her maiden name was Huntington and her brother Dominick H. Huntington was one of the most famous Ute Indian interpreters in the Rocky mountain regions.

Mrs. Young is one of the most amiable and motherly of women, with strong devotedness to the principles of her religion, and exceptionally active in the concerns of the church and the relief society, of which she is president. Mrs. Young is noted for her fluency of speech and the impressive earnestness with which she addresses an audience.



Helen Mar Whitney is one of the strongest characters in the Mormon church now alive. She is the eldest daughter of the late President Heber C. Kimball and his first wife, Vilate. Her husband was Horace K. Whitney, son of one of the most famous and able bishops of the Mormon church. Mrs. Whitney, although well over 60 years of age, is one of the most effective writers and speakers in Utah. Her oldest son, Orson F. Whitney, is a bishop in Salt Lake city and considered one of the finest speakers in the church and a poet of no mean ability. He is of a prominent family in the church. Mrs. Whitney has no little influence in Mormon circles. Her actions and speeches denote strong intellectual powers and a desire to extend to the utmost limit the principles of which she is an able exemplar and advocate. To her the church is the great aim and its extension her ambition.

Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball is one of the strongest woman suffragists in the Mormon church. Although over 60 years of age, she still controls the affairs of the oldest relief society in Utah, and so business-like and thorough has been her management that the society owns its own building and not a little other property besides. Her late husband, Hiram Kimball, was one of the foremost business men in Salt Lake City, and her son is now a member of one of the largest banking houses there. As a woman's rights advocate Mrs. Kimball has gained no little reputation. Her belief is very near the conclusion that man is the inferior animal and woman his superior. Possessed of an intelligent education and a bright mind Mrs. Kimball wields not a little influence. She is one of the chief advisers of Mrs. Young in church charitable work and successful in all her organizations through the exceedingly kind manner she possesses in a marked degree. In spite of the amount of society work that Mrs. Kimball does, her wants are better known among the poorer people and none gave more freely to aid distress.

They Let Him Out.

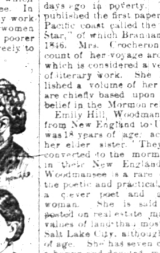
After they had jailed a tramp in Indiana as "poor, friendless and having no home," he invited the Sheriff to dinner, sent out a hundred dollar bill to his chaperon in New Orleans, and asked him to take charge of $2,000 he had been carrying in his boot-legs. They managed to get that jail door open back to the jamb as he walked out.

Work Very Slack.

Mrs. Suburb (to tramp) "You say you come from New York. Why didn't you stay there, where you are known, instead of tramping through the country?" Tramp: "Please, mum, I can't get work at my trade there." "That's very strange. What is your trade?" "I am a builder of monuments to great men, mum."

Princinda L. Kimball is an elder sister of Mrs. Zina D. Young, and was born at Waterdown, N. Y., in 1824. She was one of the wives of the late Heber C. Kimball; who was Brigham Young's first counselor in the Priesthood." As she is called by men, women and children in Salt Lake City, although nearly 80 years of age, is one of the most enthusiastic supporters and adherents of the church. She is the mother of Bishop Kimball of Rich county, Utah. Great is her experience and extreme philanthropy, Mrs. Kimball is one of the most popular women in the church which she supports so enthusiastically.

Elmina S. Taylor, a wife of Bishop H. B. Taylor, is the president of the young ladies mutual improvement society of the Mormon church. This association is composed of the younger women of the church, and is intended as a means of education and amusement to go hand in hand with the tenets of the church, so that no matter what the line of pleasure and study pursued the young women cannot lose sight of the cardinal requirements of their religion or be tempted to stray therefrom. Mrs. Taylor is about over 50 years of age and a native of the state of New York. In the church she is recognized as a leader and possesses an extraordinary ability as a speaker and teacher. Her husband, though a bishop, is one of the foremost business men in Salt Lake City.



Elizabeth Howard, a native of Ireland, is one of the few foreign-born Mormon women who occupy positions of any prominence. She is chief secretary of all the relief organizations of the Mormon church an able speaker and most energetic worker. Her husband, William Howard, is a wealthy man fort which enables Mrs. Howard to gratify her generous impulses to an extent greater than is possible to many of her sisterly members of the church. She is the mother of a large family of children and noted for her cheerfulness and geniality. She is a prime favorite in all entertainments and methods of enjoyment, and is in consequence a great favorite among the female people of the Mormon church.

Emeline B. Wells, a wife of Gen. Daniel H. Wells, is the very able editor of the Woman's Exponent, a paper published in Salt Lake City and devoted to the interests of women. Mrs. Wells was born in Massachusetts of good old Puritan stock and has lived over 60 years of age. In matters relating to woman's suffrage Mrs. Wells is noted, having several times attended the suffragists convention held in Washington, D. C., going to the capital as a delegate from the women's association of Utah. There are few women in the country who can write more trenchantly or speak more effectually than Mrs. Wells. She has quite a large family of daughters who promise to carry on the suffragist doctrines of their mother. Mrs. Wells is strong position in the woman's rights question and the fact, that she is an editor makes her position in Utah one of the greatest prominence and influence.

Mrs. Mary E. Freeze is a wife of James P. Freeze, and president of the young ladies' mutual improvement association in Salt Lake county, these associations being divided into territorial, county and municipal divisions. Mrs. Freeze is an able and intelligent speaker and a strong advocate to her religious faith. As she confines her work more to her own sex the portion of which she is president she is not as prominent in the affairs of the territory as others.

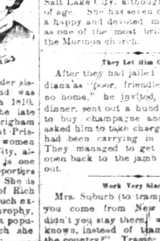
Mrs. Jane S. Felt, a wife of Josiah H. Felt, is a native of Connecticut, a little over 40 years of age and president of what is called the Primary association of the church, an organization having for its object the moral and religious training of the little children, from infancy to the age of 8. In the doctrines and beliefs of the Mormon church Mrs. Felt is a noted enunciator and advocate, and is singly popular among the little ones she teaches.

Dr. Romania R. Pratt is a graduate of an eastern medical college, a full fledged physician and surgeon and a firm believer in the doctrines and principles of the Mormon church. She is a woman of marked ability and intelligence. As physician in charge of the Deseret hospital and a noted woman suffragist she has an extensive practice and occupies a prominent position in Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Zina Young Williams is a daughter of the late Brigham Young and widow of the late Thomas Williams, famous as the founder of the "Zion's co-operative mercantile institution." Mrs. Williams was born in Utah and is a woman of great natural ability, and is a prominent worker in the church, a leader in the interest of her people and her very intelligent presentation of the Mormon creed and her open amiable character made many friends for her in the east. Ava, daughter of Brigham Young, she has been quite prominent in the affairs pertaining to the church and the educational organizations of the Mormon religion.

Augusta Joyce Crocheron is one of the most gifted writers both of poetry and prose that can be found among the Mormon people. She is a native of New England and when a child she, with her family, made the voyage from New York to San Francisco, going around Cape Horn in the ship Brooklyn. The Joyce family formed part of the Mormon company gathered in the New England states by Sam Brannan, then the famous Mormon elder, who afterward left the church and became a fortune teller in San Francisco for a while, but died a few days ago in poverty. The Mormons published the first paper issued on this Pacific coast called the "Yerba Buena Star," of which Brannan was editor in 1846. Mrs. Crocheron wrote an account of her voyage around the Horn, which is considered a very fine piece of literary work. She has also published a volume of her poems, which are chiefly based upon her faith and belief in the Mormon religion.

Emily Hill Woodmansee emigrated from New England to Utah when she was 18 years of age, accompanied by her elder sister. They had become converted to the Mormon faith when in their New England home. Mrs. Woodmansee is a rare combination of the poetic and practical, being at once a clever and good business woman. She is said to be better posted on real estate matters and the values of land than any other lady in Salt Lake city, although now 50 years of age. She has seven children and is a happy and devoted mother, as well as one of the most brilliant lights of the Mormon church.



The King's Goldfinch.

Once upon a time the good King Rhond went in taken his customary walk in the wood of Ledfe with his friend Earl Reigin, who felt much alarmed at the many dangerous enemies that were daily multiplying themselves in the king's own palace. He urged the king to consider some means to prevent it, and to send immediately away from his household any whom he suspected of being treacherous or untrustworthy.

As they were walking and talking, thus earnestly through the beautiful wood, they heard something scream piteously in a tree.

"It is only a little bird," said Reigin. "It does not sing, it screams," said the king. "The poor thing is in trouble."

"Let it scream," said Reigin. "Just now we have more important affairs to think of than a little bird in a tree."

"The nearest duty first," said the king. "There is nothing more important just now." And he looked up into the tree.

"It is impossible to rescue it," said Reigin, "it sits too high up."

"In the isle of Vilas I have learned to climb a tree, and am not yet so old that I have forgotten it."

"But there are no branches down below for the trunk," urged the earl.

"Then you must lift me. I am only a small man, not heavy to raise."

"But, if I fall and get killed, it would be an eternal shame to have it said that your king lost his life for the sake of a bird."

"Many have lost it for less," said the king, as he prepared to climb the tree. So the strong, square shoulders of the earl helped to lift the slender, active form of the king, and then he climbed and ventured himself out on the uppermost branch (it came down safely) and a little goldfinch in his hand. It had taught its little legs to perch of the wood, and could fly away.

"It shall be adopted by my child," said the king, as he stroked the feathers, and the plumage of my little son."

He took the bird home, and had a beautiful cage made for it. "How childish the king is! kind one of his most faithful warriors, who disapproved of the king's vantage he thought to so small a thing as a bird." Nevertheless, when he died, after, he finds time to save a little bird, and takes care of it himself. Does he not care, Reigin, for his own misfortune?

Meanwhile, their desire for vengeance was satisfied by the death of Rhond was decided upon. He had discovered the secret of the conspirators, he had their destiny in his hands, and he hated them. They had secretly known his death, and by their influence had caused the king's own slaves that waited on the king's bedchamber, promising them liberty and great wealth if they helped in his death destruction.

Late, when the king was hunting, with his men, an oaken plank was loosened in the ceiling of the king's bedchamber, and fell, killing, by some inexplicable contrivance, then had made it keep in its place, and the conspirators had to escape from the second story with a rope, and let it fall. The king could thus be crushed on the floor, and he was not killed, but he fainted, and then. He sprang from his couch, saying:

"Oh, that poor little creature! did I save my life for nothing? put the period. With these words he poured water into the little cup and gave it to the poor bird.

Just then the plank fell from the ceiling with tremendous noise, and, striking the bed, crushed it flat to the floor. There was a great confusion in the palace yard; the warders came and seized their swords, the frightened servants rushed in with torches shaking in their trembling hands.

"The king is killed!" they cried.

"King Rhond is crushed to pieces."

But there stood the king unhurt and smiling, with the bird cage in his hand, and he cried out to them:

"Do not fear, my friends, God has kept hand over me.

When Earl Reigin heard how everything had happened, and how the plank had fallen and what had saved the king, he stood in speechless. Then, fixing his tearful eyes on the king, he said:

"I shall never again doubt a Divine Providence."

"Hound, stilling, answered

"Reigin, you can see, Reigin, one should not scorn little folks. Can a king save a bird. Then the bird can also save the king."

Another Piece Paid.

New Orleans Picayune, February 16.

Another couple of lucky investors in the Louisiana State Lottery arrived in town yesterday. They were two young men named John B. Mitchell, a prominent cotton factor of the Texas Savings Loan Association of Waco, Texas, and his book keeper, J. C. Hess, whom they were accompanied by their friend, Mr. J. A. Van Ness of Waco, Ark., where the Mitchell and Hunsell, formerly resided. Messrs. Mayfield and Hunsell were co-recipients of the Mammoth prize in the lottery, which drew the capital prize of $150,000 and the presentation of the ticket at the office of the Louisiana Lottery Company were promptly given a check for the full amount, $150,000 less the $1,000. Two thirds of the prize was paid to Mr. Hunsell, and he immediately gave him a certificate of deposit for $10,000 before the ticket was cashed. Both gentlemen would return to their homes in the carnival old will leave for home on Wednesday next.

It looks as if the 50th anniversary of the Mormon church would be celebrated or celebrated in a confusion on the part of the American people that politics takes a back seat and religion comes up. It has great humiliating situation, but we have to take it as it comes to it and go without its fate.—Boston Herald.

AT THE UPPER GATE.

Abraham Jasper's Speech at Shany Town Picnic.

Abram was an arrant politician, and took an active part in such matters. The following, from Journal of recent date revives the speech made at a colored picnic during a campaign: Fellow-freeman, says he you all know me. I are Abram Jasper, a Republican from away back. When there was a war I was a Union man. When there was a war I was a Union man. When there has been any voting to do I has voted as a Union man. When I has been seen and heard, dat, I has been in the thick of it. I are above proof, old time, and tax paid. And I has seen many changes, too, and I has seen many Republicans up. I has seen the Democrats up. But is yit to see the nigger up. Father night I dreamed I was up in heaven. Dat I was went to heaven. When I got to de pearly gates, ole Saint Peter, he says, "Who dat?" says he.

"Dat Abram Jasper," says I.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says he.

"I is afoot," says I.

"Well, you can't get in here," says he. "Nobody allowed in here dat ain't mounted," says he.

"Why, Saint Peter, I can't get mounted dis distance." But he never says nothin' no, an so I starts back an bout half way down de hill I was does I meet, but General William Mahone. What is you gwine, General?" says I.

"I is gwine to heaven," says he.

"Why, Gen'l," says I, "I tain't no use. You just been upstair an nobody's allowed in dat city comes mounted, an you is afoot."

"Is dat so?" says he.

"Dat is, Gen'l, it is."

"Well, de Gen'l sorter scratched his head an after a while he says, says he: "Abram, I tell you what I tells de Lord I is afoot, an I wants a git down on all fours an I'll amount and ride you in, and dat way we kin both get in."

"Gen'l," says I, "do you think you could work it?"

"Sho' nuf I kin," says he.

"Do down I gis on all fours, and de Gen'l gits hat-saddle, an we ambles up de hill again, prances up to de gate, and de Lord he says:

"Who's dat?"

"Gen'l William Mahone, of Virginny," says he.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says Peter.

"I is mounted," says de Gen'l.

"Gen'l what?" says Peter, "Gen'l right, says he, "jest hitch your hoss outside Gen'l, and come right in."

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