

*Frank.*—An accident, how was that?

*Charlie.*—She was thrown on the sidewalk and severely hurt, which, of course put an end to my visit.

*Frank.*—That's why you're looking so sober, is it? I don't wonder you look disappointed, I am sure I should be.

*Charlie.*—Oh, I'm not particularly disappointed; I can go again when she gets better.

*Frank.*—I suppose you can, but that won't be Christmas, all the same.

*Charlie.*—I don't care about that, I always enjoy a visit to Hillsbro.

*Frank.*—How did the accident happen?

*Charlie.*—That's what makes me mad, Frank.

*Frank.*—I thought you didn't like to give up your visit.

*Charlie.*—My visit! It isn't that, it's because sober people have to suffer for other folks' folly.

*Frank.*—What had that to do with the accident?

*Charlie.*—Just this: the sidewalk was not half big enough for a drunken lout to walk on, and to save himself from falling, he grabbed at Aunt Ellen, and knocked her over.

*Frank.*—Was she alone when it happened?

*Charlie.*—Yes; they carried her into a drug-store that was near, and she was taken home in a carriage. Uncle Manson was telephoned to, and he hurried home, taking Dr. Wilson with him.

*Frank.*—What did the doctor say? Was the accident very serious?

*Charlie.*—Dr. Wilson said her right arm was broken, and her nervous system considerably deranged by the shock.

*Frank.*—That was too bad, but what did they do with the drunken man?

*Charlie.*—The drunken man, I suppose he managed to get home or into another saloon.

*Frank.*—I should have had him arrested.

*Charlie.*—Uncle Manson made complaint, but the policeman on the beat said he had seen no drunken man.

*Frank.*—Probably he was taking a drink himself; once when I came by the saloon where father used to go, I saw one sneak into the door and pour down a glass of beer that the saloon-keeper handed him.

*Charlie.*—Uncle said that was where the trouble lay; instead of doing their duty and enforcing the law, too many helped the rum-seller to evade it; they are bought for a glass of grog.

*Frank.*—I tell you what, Charlie, if there were no saloons what pain and wretchedness, what poverty and crime would be done away with.

*Charlie.*—That's so; I wish they were all closed up forever. How's things at home, Frank?

*Frank.*—Oh, there's a great change there, Charlie. Father does not go to Price's saloon any more.

*Charlie.*—Why! you don't mean to say he's got down low enough to patronize Jacob Graw's place, eh?

*Frank.*—No, he does not go there; things are not quite so bad; he gets his drinks now from T. and C. Company.

*Charlie.*—Where in the world is that?

*Frank.*—It's located at present in our kitchen, and when fully rendered reads: Tea and Coffee Company; it has been established two months.

*Charlie.*—Why! that's the news; no wonder you look jolly. I suppose that parcel is on its way to the "Company"? How ever came your father to give up the saloon?

*Frank.*—Hold on, not so fast; one thing at a time.

*Charlie.*—Well, first tell us how it all happened.

*Frank.*—Mother attributes the change to prayer and faith. Father says it was the saloon-keeper's Christmas. I say it was both combined, the foundation being prayer.

*Charlie.*—The saloon-keeper's Christmas. Christmas is not quite here. I don't understand where that comes in.

*Frank.*—I'll explain it to you as near as I can.

*Charlie.*—All right.

*Frank.*—First thing we knew, father came home with his week's earnings; after supper he picked out two quarters and gave one to me and the other to May. "Here, children," said he, "put those by for Christmas." "For Christmas," said mother, looking up in astonishment. "For Christmas," said Mary.

*Charlie.*—What did you say, Frank?

*Frank.*—Me! I just looked on.

*Charlie.*—I just fancy I see you; but did not your mother come in for her share?

*Frank.*—Oh, yes; father turned to her, and says he, "Mary"; he always calls mother Mary; "I've got through going to saloons." "Thank God!" she replied. And May went and put both arms around his neck, and kissed him.

*Charlie.*—That's just like her, the little tot.

*Frank.*—Then father told us how it all came about.

*Charlie.*—Oh, tell us that, Frank?

*Frank.*—He said that Price was telling the crowd of the jolly time he expected to have at Christmas; and how much he was going to spend on his wife and family for presents. Father said this went to his heart; his wife and his family were looking forward to anything but a happy Christmas, and all on account of Price's saloon. "Christmas without Drink; that's my motto," said he; then he told us we should have twenty-five cents a week to save up for presents, and these are two I bought to-night, and I have one dollar left.

*Charlie.*—What a charming Christmas it would be were every drinker to adopt that motto. Frank, you don't know how glad I am.

*Frank.*—You must come over to-morrow and see how we look under the new dispensation; the T. and C. Company have a meeting at six, and I know the senior members of the firm would be pleased to see you.

*Charlie.*—I shall certainly try and be there, Frank. Good-bye!

*Frank.*—Good-bye, Charlie! I shall be on the look-out for you.

#### MAMIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I want a piece of talito  
To make my doll a dress;  
I doesn't want a big piece—  
A yard 'll do, I guess.

I wish you'd fred my needle,  
And find my thimble, too—  
I have such heaps of sewing  
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy's tored her apron  
A tumblin' down the stair,  
And Cesar's lost his pantaloons,  
And needs anuzzer pair.

I wants my Maud a new bonnet  
She hasen't none at all,  
And Fred must have a new jacket—  
His uzzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's—  
You promised me I might;  
I know she wants to see me—  
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wash the dishes  
And see in grandpa's watch;  
I wish I'd free, four pennies  
To buy some butter-sotch.

I want some newer mittens—  
I wish you'd knit me some,  
'Cause all my fingers freezes,  
They leak so in the fum,

I wored it out last summer  
A pullin' George's sled;  
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—  
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;  
I'm hungry as I can be;  
If you hasn't pretty large ones  
You'd better bring me free.