



THE COWBOY'S LAMENT.

Ah, Maté, my old horse, we grow old, you and I,
 We have heard the faint click of the whips in the sky,
 The whips of the riders up there, far away,
 Who ride on the round-up for God all the day.
 But I know we are ready. Would God we could go,
 Ere the last of the grand trails are fenced here below,
 Ere the stock whip is silent, the chaparral torn,
 The mesquit plowed under and planted in corn!

A CHRISTMAS DRESS PARADE.

"All present," said the Adjutant, on Christmas morning, as his wife gave him a new dressing gown and slippers; "or accounted for," he added, when the bill for them came in on the first of the month.



MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

I gave her a ring,
 My love to declare;
 'T was the daintiest thing,
 Not unworthy my fair—
 Gold with diamonds there,
 Quaintly chased and embossed;
 And I scarcely should care
 To tell how much it cost.

In return—well, you see,
 I have nothing to show.
 Then she must have scorned me
 And my loving gift? No!
 What she gave me was—oh,
 Far more precious than this!
 Heart and soul overflow,
 For she gave me—a kiss.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

'Tis no more than ten years, my Maté, since we rode
 From the Alamo's banks to where Rio Grande flowed,
 And with never a fence nor a farm in between;
 Just the blue sky above, at our feet the fair green
 Of the prairie; fresh air in our lungs. Not a sound
 Broke the primitive silence that reigned all around,
 Save the crack of a whip, or a Colt, now and then,
 Or the neigh of a broncho.

But then, that was ten
 Years ago.

Now farms dot the plain; the grand trail
 Is deserted—those plowboys ship cattle by rail!
 Where the horns clustered thick, where the whips rang like shots,
 Rolls the cattle car now, close to city town lots.
 Where we camped in the night under God's own blue sky,
 Rolls the smoke of the factory.

So, you and I,
 My Maté, we are both of us passed in the race,
 We are played out and useless—there's no place
 For us here. The steers are all fenced up in corrals,
 The calves are all branded.

And now we two old pals,
 Who have ridden the prairie these many years,
 Who have roped in and driven some thousands of steers
 In our time, we must step out of file. It is hard!
 But we go with fair Nature, whom man ever marr'd;
 We are soil of the prairie, we two, horse and man,
 When they tear up the prairie, they tear horse and man;
 When they fence in the prairie, our breath comes and goes
 With a gasp, for they tie up our hearts with those
 Cedar post stakes.

But it can't be long till the boss
 Of the great ranch above will compel you to toss
 Me clear up from the saddle to receive his own brand.
 You have never bucked once since I broke you, Maté,
 But you'll do it for me on that last, solemn day?
 Yes, you neigh; and I think, good old horse, that you'll go
 To some paradise fit for a cowboy's broncho.
 Ah, well! we must wait, till the round-up in the sky
 Reaches us, and the whip cracks grow loud, then, good-bye.

J. PERCY POLLARD.