

THE OLD ARM-CHEEK KEEPS A-ROCKIN'.

BY MARIAL R. CHADDOCK.

The old arm-cheek keeps a-rockin', a-rockin' all the day.
An' his bin a-rockin' ever since our Treatie went away.
The blue eyes, full of love an' truth as ever they can be.
Are watchin' fur a answerin' look or word of love from me.
The little hands, so restless, are waving signs again.
The han'kercher a-floatin' 'n' the brow knit tight with pain.
'N' the golden curls a-lyin' all damp on her pale cheek.
An' white lips slightly parted, that smile, but do not speak.
But when I go to take her I clasp the empty air.
'N' the cheer keeps on a-rockin' a-rockin', allers there.

The old arm-cheek keeps a-rockin', a-rockin' all the day.
An' its bin a-rockin' ever since our Treatie went away.
They tell me she's a-sleepin' in the graveyard on the hill.
That her soul has gone to heaven, an' 'tis His body will fly.
That she knows a-standin' where the holy angels stand.
With a crown upon her forehead an' a harp within her hand.
An' when I'm workin' in the corn, or movin' in the fields,
I try to take some interest in what the harvest yields.
But pretty soon I want a drink, 'n' then I come in here.
An' see her there a-rockin', a-rockin' in that cheer.

The old arm-cheek keeps a-rockin', a-rockin' all the night.
I hear it at the midnight hour 'n' in the mornin' light.
'N' I look into the parlor here, when first I leave my bed.
Hopin' to see another sight o' that there golden head.
'N' I'm never disappointed, fur all the these nights through.
Out from the pillow cushions there, look forth the eyes so true.
But when I take a furrin' step, 'n' think to clasp her hand,
She fades away 'n' disappears ez mist before my sight.
'N' then I stagger back, 'n' my heart feels rather queer.
Fur I see her plain, a-sittin' there a-rockin' in that cheer.

An' the old arm-cheek keeps a-rockin', a-rockin' all the day.
I hear it in the evenin'-time 'n' in the mornin' gray.
'N' in the still hours of night, when thinkin' henders sleep,
I listen 'n' I hear it go with slow an' steady tread.
'N' then I slip up quietly, not disturbin' any one.
'N' walk along ben ath the stars untill the night is done.
A-thinkin', thinkin' allers, till the night dews of the little hands that cling to mine, 'n' the little face so fair.
An' then I come to the window, 'n' through the lattice peer.
'N' see her there a-rockin', a-rockin' in that cheer.

'N' the old arm-cheek keeps a-rockin', a-rockin' all the day.
Nobody else can see it, 'n' perhaps it's fur the best.
They say her spirit's restless, 'n' can't never be at ease.
Because when the light of our life went out, we never told the bees;
But in all the realms of endless space she's free to come 'n' go.
'N' she comes an' stays close by me, because she loves me so.
She knows an' how my heart is broke, 'n' I hain't got long to wait.
'N' she'll be on hand to pilot me a-through the golden gate,
'N' that's why she's so constant 'n' never fadin'.

'N' she's a-rockin', a-rockin' in that cheer.
—Yankee Blade.

A DEMON'S DEED.

BY W. H. SPENCER.

One evening, in the year 1867, I was sitting in a bar-room of a village tavern in Missouri. Four men were seated at a small table playing seven up, several others were sitting around the room talking animatedly and chewing tobacco vigorously, while the fat, good-natured landlord leaned over the bar and smiled benignly upon the assembly.

Suddenly the men cease talking and every eye is turned toward the door. The heavy tramping of a horse is heard outside, and the next instant the deep, hearty voice of a man sings out:

"Whoa, January!"

The landlord fixes his gaze on the door, while the broad smile on his face grows still broader.

"How do, Jim Sherman?" he says heartily, as a tall and very muscular young man enters the room. "Step right up to ther bar an' take suttin' with me," he continues, placing a bottle and two glasses on the bar.

"Oh, I'm ez peart ez yer yearlin' colt," says the young man, helping himself to the liquor. "How be you, Tom?"

"Middlin'," replies the landlord, as he fills his glass. "How about that lynchin' down ter Frog Crick last week?"

"W'y, hain't yer hear?"

"Yes, we've heard suttin' 'bout it; but ez you live down that way, I reckoned yer could give us ther peticulars."

"I wuz thar when it happened, an' I reckon I ought ter know ez much 'bout it ez anybody."

At this announcement, the men who are playing seven up toss their cards upon the table and every face in the room is turned eagerly toward the young man.

"Tell us all 'bout it, Jim," urges the landlord. "We're all jest dyin' ter hear."

The young man draws a plug of tobacco from his pocket, takes a generous bite from it, puts it back into his pocket again, and begins:

"Hiram Peters missed one uv his best bosses from his stable one mornin', an' with 'bout twenty men—I wuz one uv ther number—set out ter look for it. It wuz early in ther mornin' an' ez ther road hadn't been traveled any, we didn't have any difficulty in trackin' ther animal. Ther trail led us right straight ter Henry Campbell's ranch; an' when we got thar we found Henry leadin' ther boss we wuz lookin' fur out uv ther barn."

"Hallo!" said Hiram Peters. "How come you with that boss?"

"I found him in my stables this mornin'," said Henry.

"Jest so," said Peters. "An' you wuz goin' to take him erway an' sell him. But, yer see, you didn't git up early enuff in ther mornin'."

"Do you mean ter insinuate that I stole yer boss?" said Henry, lookin' ez mad ez wet hen, an' er settin' one, at that.

"I don't see how else you come ter have it," said Peters.

"Then, turnin' ter ther men that had come with him, he continued:

"Boys, I don't see ez we need ter waste any time in holdin' er court on this case. We've found ther boss in Henry Campbell's possession, an' that's

proof enuff that he's guilty. Let's string him up on ther nearest tree."

"Now, Hi Peters wuzn't greatly liked wuz he wuz known, but ez he wuz thar riches man at Frog Crick, thar wuz plenty uv men thar that would do almost anythin' that he axed 'em ter; an' so, almost before he wuz done speakin', seven uv eight men had seized Henry an' wuz holdin' him."

"Wal, it did look rather black fur Henry, an' I couldn't blame ther men much fur doin' ez they did; but I knew he wuz innocent, an' I meant ter help him out uv ther scrape of I could; an' ef I couldn't, I meant ter die fightin' fer him. I knew that I'd only git myself inter trouble of I said anythin' then, while ther men wuz so excited, fur ther mout think I wuz in league with Henry. So I concluded ter wait erwhile."

"I an' Henry had been chums all our lives, yer know, an' I knew he wuzn't ther sort uv er man ter steal er boss ur cut up any other mean caper, an' I knew, too, that Peters wanted Alice Campbell, Henry's cousin, ter marry him, an' ez she liked Henry, an' didn't care two straws fur him, he'd be glad ter git Henry out uv ther way."

"Jest ez they wuz draggin' Henry erway, Alice Campbell bounded out uv ther house an' stood before ther men, aimin' er revolver full in ther faces."

"Let him go, ur I'll shute yer," she said. "He never stole that boss."

"Take that gal erway!" shouted Peters. "She's crazy. Don't let go uv ther prisoner, men."

"But ther men loosed ther bolt on Henry, an' before they could git over ther astonishment, he had broke erway from ther crowd an' wuz half way ter ther swamp, which wuz almost er quarter uv a mile erway. When we looked fur Alice she wuz gone, too."

"Shute him!" yelled Peters. "Don't let him git away!"

"Several rifle balls wuz sent after him, but ther men wuz so excited that they all went wide uv ther mark."

"Atter him!" screeched Peters, black with rage. "Scatter, an' scour ther swamp! I'll give er hundred dollars ter whoever captures him, dead er alive."

"Ther men, led by Peters, hurried ter ther swamp, ez eager to capture Henry ez they wuz ter git ther reward; fur yer know how everybody in this country hates er boss-thief."

"Ther swamp is thickly overgrown with trees an' bushes, an' thar is er hill in ther middle uv it, covered with rocks an' cliffs. Under one uv ther cliffs is er small cave, whar I an' Henry once killed er bar. Er lot uv vines grows over ther entrance an' hides it, so that nobody else ever found it; an' w'd never told whar it wuz. I knew that Henry would be more likely ter go ez soon ez I found myself alone, I made fur ther cave."

"Hallo, Henry!" I said, when I got thar; fur I knew I mout git hurt ef he wuz thar an' I undertook ter go in with-out lettin' him know who I wuz. "Be you here?" I wuz ter come in if you be. "I don't believe yer stole that boss."

"Come in, ole man," I heard Henry say; an', puttin' erside ther vines, I went in."

"Thar wuz two persons in thar, an' ez soon ez my eyes got used ter ther gloom, I see that ther other person wuz Alice."

"I'm glad that you an' Alice believe me innocent," said Henry; "but what be we er-goin' ter do 'bout it?"

"I'll prove yore innocence in er few days," said I. "Ther men that air lookin' fur you air too excited ter listen ter reason jest now."

"Hush!" said Alice. "I hear somebody comin'."

"Er heavy footstep approached ther cave, ther vines wuz pushed erway from ther entrance, an' ther ugly face uv Hi Peters looked in. I happened ter stand whar he couldn't see me, but he could see Henry an' Alice plain enuff; an' ez he gazed at 'em, I never see such er evil, exultant look on anybody's face before."

"Alice Campbell," he said, "my time has come at last. I'll be revenged on you now fur refusin' ter marry me. I'll kill yer lover right before yore face an' eyes, an' then I'll kill you. I ken say I killed you accidentally, yer know, while you wuz helpin' yore lover ter escape."

"You wouldn't dare ter talk that way, you cowardly sneak, ef I wuz afraid, like you be," said Henry, not lookin' ther least bit scared.

"Alice drew nearer ter Henry an' tuck his arm."

"What er wretch!" she said. "I didn't know that anybody could be such er villain."

"Oh, didn't you?" said Peters, laughin' like er demon. "Wal, you'll find that I am. W'y, I put that boss in Henry Campbell's stable last night, so folks would think he stole it an' I could git him hung. You didn't know whar er villain I wuz, did you? Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wuz so mad an' disgusted with Peters that I raised my rifle ter my shoulder ter shute him; but before I could fire ther vines dropped back over ther entrance, an' thar wuz ther noise uv er struggle outside. I looked out an' see Peters in ther grasp uv er dozen men."

"Come out, Henry," shouted one uv 'em. "We've got ther right man this time, an' we'll string him up in short order. We happened ter get here jest in time ter hear his confession."

"I stepped out uv ther cave an' Henry an' Alice followed me."

"Peters watched us sullenly, but didn't say er word."

"Fire some guns an' call ther rest uv ther boys," said Bill Collins. "They'll want ter see ther fun."

"Several rifles wuz fired, an' putty soon ther rest uv ther gang come stragglin' up by ones an' twos an' threes; an' when they heard how Hi Peters had fooled 'em, they couldn't hardly wait till ther rest uv ther men come, they wuz so anxious ter see him hung."

"In thirty minutes they wuz all thar."

"Who's got er rope?" asked Frank Briggs.

"I have," said Kit James, pullin' one out uv his pocket.

"Take me erway, Henry," said Alice, lookin' frightened, and clingin' ter his arm. "The wretch deserves hangin' but I don't want ter see it done."

"Henry led her erway, an' I wuz

dragged Peters ter ther nearest tree; an' er few minutes later his corpse wuz swingin' between heaven an' earth.

"Henry an' Alice air goin' ter be married day arter to-morrow, an' I've been sent here ter invite everybody in this village ter ther weddin'." We want everybody ter come. Be thar at half past ten sure. Ther weddin' is ter be at seven; ther dinner—thar'll be no less 'n' three oxen roasted—will be at twelve; an' thar'll be a shootin' match in ther afternoon."

Are We Better Than the Root Eaters?

We look back with a feeling of civilized pity upon our root-eating ancestors, who dwelt in caves, and divided their time between procuring their food and fighting their fellows. It is said that warfare is the natural state of all savage tribes. It is their business, their recreation, their second nature. Peace, with nearly all primitive races of men, is only an accident, an infrequent episode, while war is their natural and perpetual condition.

But though we look back upon our early progenitors as inhuman savages, still, we cannot deny that to-day, throughout a great portion of the civilized world, war seems to be the chief object of government and men. In the most civilized nations of Europe, vast armies are quartered on the people—immense hordes of military paupers, who never plant a grain of corn or wield a stroke of the sickle, but simply live from the hard-wrung taxes of a discouraged peasantry. How supremely absurd it is, when looked at from an unprejudiced view, that the most humane, the most civilized, the most advanced nations of the earth should strain the machinery of their government to the utmost, to simply raise revenue to hire highly trained and professional murderers for the sole object of killing and slaughtering, by the most improved devices, thousands of their fellow-men. How does this differ from the slaughter of the early root eater, unless it is a more artistic method of murder, and on a larger scale.

Europe is kept in a state of perpetual defence. Of course all these nations recognize the medieval barbarity of war. They all desire peace; but no one of the great powers would dare disband its armies, for fear of being overrun and conquered by some rival nation.

Of course this state of affairs, in nations where the common people think, cannot continue indefinitely. There is no justice in keeping the peasantry and artisans of the world in poverty, in order that a highly systematized, scientific warfare may be carried on, on a gigantic scale. In this matter of war, we are better than the root eaters?—*Yankee Blade.*

Housemaids in Livery.

The custom of putting housemaids into livery, which is common enough in England, is beginning to be adopted in New York. The costume or uniform consists of a skirt of dark livery cloth—blue, green or brown—with plain front and broad plaits at back; a waistcoat of the same cloth, with fine crosswise lines of red braid, and a coat cut away in front and covering the hips. Metal livery buttons are used on the coat and waistcoat. A small white cap, stiff white collar and cuffs and a white cravat complete the attire. A good looking maid, with a good figure, makes a natty appearance in such a livery, and is particularly useful in households where only women servants are employed to attend the door and serve the meals. Where there is a butler, she is well equipped to take the place of "second man."

As a small minority makes up the wealthy class everywhere, the customs and fashions that obtain in that class are an endless source of curiosity, speculation and interest. To a certain extent there is no good reason why this curiosity should not be gratified. The rich art collector loses nothing of the jealously guarded privacy of his home life by some times throwing open his gallery to the public—that is nothing which ought to cause him any pain or regret. No one need apologize for letting a little light in upon the domestic life of those who are known as society people. Let the doors of the closets where skeletons lurk remain locked; leave the dust in the haunted chamber unstirred; the rest may be revealed without offense.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Running Away.

A lady who does not believe in the present "high pressure" system of work and amusement says that she owes her placidity of disposition and her capacity for endurance, to an old habit of running away.

"When I was a child she says I had a notoriously hot temper. As soon as my mother saw one of the 'fits' coming on, she used to say gently, 'Perhaps you had better run away a little while, dear.' Then I would take my sled, or my garden hoe, according to the season, dash out of doors, and stay there until the evil spirit had passed by."

"We kept up that little habit, my mother and I. I entered the Young Ladies' Seminary of our town, and there I worked very hard, but, unlike many of the girls, I did not break down. Whenever my mother noticed that my forehead was beginning to tie itself up in a knot over my books, she would say:

"Run away for an hour, daughter. The sunshine is very bright, and I want you to go out and soak yourself in it."

"Of course, I didn't always want to go, but mother could be firm as well as indulgent, and the result was that I did a great deal of running away, either in bed or in the open air. The other girls kept themselves awake on coffee, in order to study late at night, and some of them did outstrip me in book knowledge. Still, I came to believe so fully in my mother's prescription, that I made it one of my rules of life, and I am consequently one of the people who have

"Lived to fight another day."
—*Youth's Companion.*

PRaise never gives us much pleasure unless it concurs with our own opinion, and extols us for those qualities in which we chiefly excel.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

INSTRUCTIVE SUGGESTIONS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

Some Information of Value to the Farmer, Stock-Breeder, Bee-Keeper, Housewife, and Kitchen-Maid.

THE FARM.

Working Breeding Mares.

The mare that is bearing a colt is apt to be either overworked or not get enough exercise. Of the two, the latter is the more serious evil. If the horse breeder has plenty of other horses, he will not take the breeding mare out of the stable except for water. She is not fast or showy enough for pleasant driving. Yet this inactive life surely tells on the character of her progeny. It will not take so kindly to work as if its dam, while bearing it, had been moderately worked. In some cases, mares that have been ill-fed and worked beyond their strength have developed in their progeny a tendency to balk. Both extremes should be guarded against.

Sheep on the Farm.

There is no animal that will pay better for his keep on the farm than sheep. They are hardy, easily kept, will eat almost anything, and there is always a market for their wool and mutton. The great failure consists in trying to keep too many, and in not giving them proper care and proper food. Fifteen or twenty good, healthy sheep allowed to run with the cows, and taken up at night along with the cattle, and given the same attention as the former receive, will be a source of profit every time. Sheep grazing with cattle will rarely be attacked by dogs, as the cattle will act as their guardians and will readily come to the sheep's assistance. They are valuable for clearing out bushes, briars and noxious weeds, and I know of no better way of cleaning up rough pieces of ground than to pasture said pieces with cattle and sheep, giving them additional food, such as mill feed, and a little oil meal every day in long, narrow troughs placed in such pastures, so that the sheep can get at them pretty thoroughly cleansed of all filth, and whatever stumps or stones may be there can be gotten out at the farmer's leisure, whereas, if the piece had to be cleared by day's labor, it would probably cost as much as the land would be worth to do it.

In buying sheep it is very important to get healthy stock. Therefore, before buying examine the feet to see that there is no foot-rot, their fleeces to see that they have not the scab, and their teeth to see that they are not old and worn out. The Hampshire down is about the best breed to have, as they are extremely hardy, of good size, produce fine, well-developed lambs, and are very docile and do well to run with cattle.

The main point is to have cool, roomy and dry pens for them to go in at night or rainy or snowy weather. Some farmers contend that rain and snow don't hurt them, as their fleeces keep them dry; but I notice that all such men have poor success with sheep, and, in fact, with any animal they may have. Bright clover hay is the best food for sheep about one-half of the year, and a mixture of shelled corn and oats mixed together and fed to each one as the morning's meal. Good, clean, bright corn fodder is also excellent, as is also fresh cut straw cut when not too ripe and fed once a day. They should have a dry pen to go in at night and this pen should be supplied every day with some dry straw, not too much, but just enough to keep their coats dry and clean. My plan is to clean out the sheep pen often, as whenever the manure accumulates the manure commences to heat, and it doesn't take long then before that bane of the sheep farmer—foot-rot—makes its appearance.

THE DAIRY.

Good Thinking on Cream.

Col. F. D. Curtis, of New York, who is one of the Butter Conference workers of that State, indulges in the following good thinking on the important subject of handling cream:

So long as people think that sourness is the chief end of cream, mistakes will occur in its care. This sourness, unheeded by other considerations, is the chief cause of so much poor butter. The study is interesting as showing what can be done, not only with strictly pure breeds, but with the higher grades, such as advanced farmers carry upon their farms and feed for the regular markets.

The figures below are compiled from the record of 131 animals exhibited. It is done for the purpose of showing the average gain in calves, yearlings, two-year-olds and three-year-olds. The classes taken are Grades and Crosses, Herefords and Shorthorns; these breeds furnished the greatest competition.

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.	
Short-horns.	Average Gain Per Day from Birth.
Herefords.	1.47 pounds
Grades and Crosses.	1.49 "
Average gain.	1.52 "

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.	
Short-horns.	TRAILINGS.
Herefords.	1.33 "
Grades and Crosses.	1.67 "
Average gain.	1.77 "

CALVES.	
Short-horns.	TRAILINGS.
Herefords.	2.64 "
Grades and Crosses.	2.78 "
Average gain.	2.88 "

These figures only add new weight to the fact already established, that it is early maturity that pays in beef production. A fall from a gain of 2.62 pounds per day during the first year of an animal's life to 1.52 pounds during its fourth year, is a great loss.

Another fact brought out is that the Grades and Crosses in one case (as calves) gained more than either of the other classes; in another case (yearlings) the gain was the same. In the two-year-olds the difference was but slight, while as three-year-olds the difference was a quarter of a pound a day against the grades, showing that the steady average gain is greater among the pure breeds than among grades. A good point, is it not also a good point that until the age of three is reached the fine grade steer may be as profitably raised the pure bred? This being the case, why tolerate a scrub bull on the farm or ranch? The successful stock-raiser must keep pushing his animals for early maturity, and he will be the gainer if he keeps something better than a "scrub" to large his herd.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Clothing of Babies.

Although I own that children are now more sensibly clothed than was the case thirty years ago, it is still common to see an infant who can take no exercise to warm himself, wearing a low-necked, short-sleeved, short-cuffed dress in the

coldest weather. The two parts of the body—viz., the upper portion of the chest and the lower portion of the abdomen—which it is most important to keep from varying in temperature, are exposed, and the child is rendered liable to colds, coughs and lung diseases on the one hand, and bowel complaint on the other. What little there is of the dress is chiefly composed of open work and embroidery, so that there is about as much warmth in it as in a wire sieve, and the socks accompanying such a dress are of cold white cotton, exposing a cruel length of blue and red leg. I cannot see the beauty of a pair of livid blue legs, and would much rather behold them comfortably clad in a pair of stockings. If the beauty lie in the shape of the leg, that shape will be displayed to as much advantage in a pair of stockings; if it lie in the coloring of the flesh, beautiful coloring will not be obtained by leaving the legs bare, and from the artistic point of view, blue or red stockings is infinitely preferable to a blue and red leg.—*Science Monthly.*

Hints to Housekeepers.

Oilcloths will last longer if one or two layers of wadded carpet-lining are laid under them.

TEA leaves are good to scatter over carpets before sweeping, not only to freshen the colors, but also to prevent the dust arising.

A SIMPLE means of changing the air of a sick room is to open a window at the top and opening the door, move it backward and forward rapidly, so as to insure a current of fresh air from the window.

ONE may utilize old matting which is no longer fresh enough to look well, by putting it under carpets. It can be cleaned perfectly by washing it on both sides with hot salt and water; hang it on a line outdoors to dry.

DISCOLORED tea and coffee pots may be cleaned by filling them with water in which two or three tablespoonfuls of wood ashes have been placed, and letting it boil up, then wash thoroughly with hot soap suds, and rinse.

TO TAKE grease out of white marble, apply a pile of whiting or fuller's earth saturated with benzine, and allow it to stand some time. Or apply a mixture of two parts washing soda, one part ground pumice stone and one part chalk, all first finely powdered and made into a paste with water; rub well over the marble and finally wash off with soap and water.

THE KITCHEN.

Butter Cake.

One tablespoonful of butter, one cup of powdered sugar, one egg, two level cups of sifted flour and three small teaspoons of baking powder, stir the baking powder with the flour; stir the butter and sugar together, add the egg, well beaten, then the milk and last the flour. Bake immediately in a quick oven. It is nice baked in a dripping pan or in patty pans, and is best while fresh.

A Slipper Case.

An elegant slipper case for a gentleman can be made for about \$1, one yard of velvet, 2½ yards of fancy cord and two plush ornaments being all the material needed, aside from large pasteboard boxes, which may be procured from any store. Dark blue or wine-red velvet cases are lovely with painted sprays of syringa buds and blossoms. A very effective one had a water lily design of buds, flowers and leaves, and was altogether charming.

Liver and Bacon.

Soak liver in cold water twenty minutes, wipe dry and cut in medium strips. Cut up many very thin strips of bacon and fry the bacon three minutes in its own fat. Salt, pepper and dredge the liver in flour before it goes in. When it is done lay in two rows the length of dish, with a strip of bacon between each piece of liver. Strain off fat, and return to the pan with a cupful of hot water, the butter rubbed into the flour, and when it has boiled pour over the liver.

Oysters for Breakfast.

An appetizing way of serving oysters for breakfast is the following: Put two dozen medium sized oysters in a saucepan with their own liquid; let them come to a boil, then strain the oysters, saving the liquid; put about one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and two of flour; beat and work smooth; add the oyster liquid and let it boil about five minutes, stirring all the while; add juice of a lemon to taste and the yolks of two eggs well beaten, salt, pepper and chopped parsley, and then the oysters; serve on toast.

Glossy Starch.

Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder, put into a pitcher and pour on it a pint of boiling water, according to the degree of strength you desire, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle—keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch that has been made in the usual manner will give laces, either black or pink, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobinet.

Paradise Pudding.

Ingredients: Three eggs, three apples, quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, one lemon, three ounces of sugar, three ounces of currants, half a wineglassful of wine, nutmeg; butter and sugar for sauce. Pare, core and mince the apples and mix with the bread crumbs, nutmeg, sugar, currants, and the juice of the lemon and half the rind grated. Beat the eggs well, moisten the mixture with these and beat all together, adding the wine last; put the pudding in a buttered mould, tie it down with a cloth; boil one hour and a half, and serve with sauce of butter and sugar mixed together.

Texas Indians.

The Texas Indians have always had a thorough contempt for the bluecoats. In 1875 the railroad boom began. The builders ran through their lines with an army of men in advance to locate back the savages. The railroads have done more to subdue the Indians in Texas than any other influence. Lo can't stand steam. The State in 1874 began to prepare for the immigration influx which followed. Despairing of protection against the Indians from Uncle Sam, the Legislature equipped the Frontier Battalion of State Rangers. This handful of scouts attacked the marauders wherever found, and did in six years what the United States troops had attempted for twenty years—drove out the Indians. Recently one of these gallant scouts was asked: "What do you rangers do out here?" "We protect the frontier," answered the ranger. "But," expostulated the inquirer, "I thought the United States troops were sent out for frontier protection." "So they were, and the rangers came out to protect the troops."