

# LOS CERRILLOS RUSTLER.

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LOS CERRILLOS, - NEW MEXICO

## THE FANCY WORK MAIDEN.

As 'so you kinder waster know, w'y I broke off with Sal?  
It war'n't because she war'n't a good an' mighty purty gal!  
For there ah'n't a blessed star in heaven shiner brighter than her eyes,  
An' her cheeks ar' jest like peaches on the trees ar' Paradise!  
An' her smile is like the sunshine split upon a flower bed,  
An' her hair like apronit' sunbeams, on the garding of her head,  
An' her kaff is like a single brook that bubbles as it passes  
Ther' the stuck-up tiger lilies, an' the purty smellin' grasses.  
An' I told her that I loved her, much as forty times a day,  
But she hadn't much time to bother, an' kept on with her crowshay,  
W'en I plumped right down afore her, plumb upon my very knees,  
She said: "Git off my rio-rah, an' you're rumplin' up my frizee."  
An' I tried to talk of love, an' things, an' told her I would die,  
Unless she smiled upon my soot. She simply said: "Oh, my!  
You've love my purty tidy down, an' hain't you got no eyes?  
You've planted them big feet o' yours, on them ar' tapestries!"  
An' she wore in big flamingoes, snipes, an' tarkeys on her rags,  
An' she painted yaller poodles on her mother's lasses jurs,  
An' she painted purple angels on majenta colored plagues,  
An' her orange-colored cherubs, with blue wings behind their backs,  
An' w'en I talked of love an' stuff, she'd talk of rags an' lace,  
An' as we would I take my feet off from the Chiny vase,  
I'd say: "My heart's love, O, be mine! be mine! be wholly mine!"  
She'd say: "You've got your elbows mixed in that silk skein er twine."  
Now I'm a'w'n to Arizona for to do a cowboys' fancy work,  
Driven forth from civilization by the cuss er fancy work,  
But her smile will allus haat me, allus in my visions play,  
Framed in latest styles of rio-rah, with a bakergroun' of crowshay.  
—S. W. Foss.

## HER HOME-COMING.

How the Boys Made It Bright and Happy.

If Mamma Vance could have looked in then, she would have been undoubtedly astonished. Sadie sat on the great rolling head of the lounge, pounding a pillow with emphasis as she spoke. The four boys were grouped variously about her, their cheeks rather red, their eyes rather bright, their heads thrown back indignantly. When the long-suffering pillow had received its final thump, and Sadie, her white little feet sunk in its softness, had drawn herself up tragically to her full height, Eugene asked hotly: "Whatever has put that nonsense into your head, Sadie?"

"It's preposterous!" Jack stormed. Warm-hearted little Fritz was in tears. "It's a lie!" he wailed. Stanford said not a word, but his angry tread up and down the room spoke volumes for him.

"Nonsense, I say!" Eugene repeated, angrily. "Who dared say so? Slight mother! Why, Sadie Adams, there isn't a mother in the world like ours. We'd do any thing on earth for her. I speak for the crowd."

"He thpeakth for me," cried Fritz again.

"Do you suppose we'd mope around here and actually lose our appetite for the sake of the mother bird, if we didn't love and care for her?" Jack demanded.

"I jutht love ginger-bread," this from Fritz, "and last night I thimply couldn't endure it."

"Oh, let up on the ginger-bread," Stanford cried. His trump was not conquering the irritation he felt. "Look here, Sadie, I demand, as does Eugene, your reason for this—this accusation!" The tramp had come to a halt. "We slight Marmee and make her unhappy! Who has dared hint it? Who has given you so ridiculous an idea?"

Sadie's severe little face relaxed. She was the stern accuser no longer. "Boys shake hands," she said; "two at a time, please. I knew it couldn't be true, but I had to satisfy my mind about it."

"Well, just suppose you satisfy our minds!" Sanford snapped. He didn't look any too willing to accept her overtures.

"Oh!" Sadie exclaimed, a momentary flush on her fair face.

"Your authority, please," Jack said, loftily. He had an idea that he had read some such lofty demand in his history some place. "Your authority!"

"Auntie Vance," Sadie answered, demurely.

The boys started as though they had received an argumentative knock-down simultaneously.

"The mater!"  
"Marmee!"  
"The mompsy!"

"Gee whilt!"

Sadie, still demure, nodded a comprehensive "That's what I said" to the four.

"Oh, come, now, Sadie! This is one of your tricks."

"You can't make game of us, Cousin Sadie; we know you too well."

For answer Sadie drew from her pocket a much crumpled letter, and stepped with it across to the bright lamp-light of the library table. "Read that," she said, pointing out a portion of the writing, so familiar to the four boys. "It was one of the last letters she wrote me before I came home."

And this was what the boys read:

"We have decided to take our trip, Sadie, your uncle and I. It will be our first together in our wedded life, and I know it will do us both good. I have been feeling tired and worn lately. When the boys were little fellows, though they took up all my time and thought, I never felt it. They were so grateful and loving that it was real pleasure to feel myself their daily necessity, their friend and helper. It is so different now, Sadie. They are good boys, generous and high-principled, and yet many a time I choke with tears to feel that the entire love they gave me once is mine no longer. I am afraid they have outgrown me in a way, as they have outgrown their knee-trousers and their childish dependence upon me. When they were little lads, I truly think they could not have slept without their good-night kisses to me, while now—but I shall only hurt your kind little heart with this sort of letter. Of course they love me, Sadie, they must! And it is only natural, I suppose, for boys, as they grow up, to lose their loving little ways. They are not like girls. If I had a daughter, it might be different perhaps; but mother love is strong, and I feel fairly starved sometimes; even little Fritz forgets to snuggle up to mamma's knee as he once did, and to pat her tired old hands. It has made me feel like a machine, though the duties I once had were heavy compared with the slight demand upon my time now."

Then followed details as to the arrangements of the trip, the friend who had volunteered to keep house, and expressions of gladness that Sadie, too, would be home, to brighten things up for the dear big boys.

The dear big boys had grown rather misty about the eyes. Sadie suddenly refolded up the letter and caught up her hat. "There's Lou at the gate. Good-bye, boys. Forgive me being entirely frank with you. I'll see you again about this business."

When she had gone the boys were singularly silent. "You will oblige me, Jack, if you'll fall on me and break all my bones!" Stanford said slowly. Jack was "the biggest of the big" among the boys and weighed a hundred and forty.

"I could crawl through a knot-hole," he replied.

"No you couldn't," Eugene said, and though it was a favorite joke, nobody smiled.

Fritz, with his eleven years, his dimple and his "lithp" had disappeared. There was hot ginger-bread again when the tea-bell rang, and it seemed to him less endurable than before.

"What was the matter with the boys?" Mrs. Beman asked her husband that night.

"It's never worth while to study the motives of the boy, my dear. The goat, the spider, the kangaroo, are all laid down in natural history, but the boy"—and he wiped his hands with a gesture full of meaning.

"It is on my mind, I don't care," Mrs. Beman reiterated. Whenever she didn't care, she was taking things seriously. "I promised their good mother that I'd see to those boys—the house was a minor matter in fact. I must investigate the trouble tomorrow, for trouble there is, I am sure. They hadn't even appetites. Think what an anomaly, a boy without an appetite! Mrs. Vance said hot ginger-bread would comfort them in any distress. Why, Arthur," and the little lady looked quite despairing, "only one of them touched it, Stanford, and he choked and left the table."

Trouble indeed! The boys pretended to sleep at once that night. They had nothing to say to each other. Each supposed the others asleep. Each tried to lie very quiet and each groaned at the thought that the dear patient mother had been deeply hurt at their treatment of her, when they would have resented the slightest annoyance caused her by any other. Love her! Each groaned harder at the reflection that his own conduct was to blame for her doubt of it. Suddenly there was a stir in the far corner. Fritz had bounced out of bed and down upon his knees. There was a dim light in the room. Three boys might have been discerned raised upon their elbows, staring. Fritz at his prayers a second time!

"Shows his good sense," said Stanford, in a subdued whisper to Eugene, with whom he slept.

"Well, I've had that out," said Eugene. "Did some good, too. No mat-

ter how dull my head is, as sure as I get to my knees, the Lord sends me some epick and span idea. I'm going to sleep now. I'll divide the plan tomorrow."

Sadie came again next day.

"I've an idea!" Eugene exclaimed, with some force.

"Dew tell!" and Sadie laughed, merrily. "Not all by yourself, Eugene?"

"Well, no, not all by myself," and Eugene looked wisely at Stanford.

"It came from our best Friend last night. Let me tell you, Sadie, we are going to do an old German trick to begin our new conduct toward mamma. We are going to give her a real little demonstration as a welcome home. I remember the time she got back from that district mission convention and we were all playing ball on the lot, and didn't even come in to see her till tea time. It wasn't because we didn't love her; it was—"

"Because we were blind fools," Stanford interrupted.

"But here's a point, boys," Sadie said, suddenly. "Auntie musn't know that I have had any hand in this right-to-the-blind business. I'm not going even to hint any help to you about your welcome to her. She must not suspect me. It must be all your own performing, straight from your own hearts!" With that she marched off down the gravel path to the gate.

"Of course!" shouted four boys after her.

"We aren't going to have mamma thinking we have needed lessons on how to love her. Trust us to do it alone," and Jack tossed his head in concert with three other heads.

It was the sweetest time of the year in Vernon, but October days were coming on and the flowers were growing scarce. "Flowers we must have!" the boys had said, and Fritz hung over the late roses, the sweet Alyssum and Chrysanthemums, as though his fondest hopes lay in their blooms.

Eugene, who had graduated and was at work on a salary, was keeping some very bright dollars up in his collar-box for a very bright purpose. Jack and Stanford still in school decided upon one thing they could do, at least. They could earn money after school hours, and between them hire old Aunt Dinah to make a great cake, with "Welcome" on it in chocolate frosting.

"I've thought of something new," Jack exclaimed, rushing in, quite breathless, one evening. "You know how mamma has admired Mrs. Green's dress window seats? I mean to rig one up and have it all ready for her when she gets back."

"That comes in the line of my plans," Eugene appended, with eagerness. "I meant to get her one of those pretty low sewing tables, with a chair to suit. We will fix her room up Jim-dandy!"

"What can be the matter with those boys?" Mrs. Beman said again. "Jack, whom I've always thought rather fat and lazy, is working like a beaver on a long window-seat upstairs, in which his mother may lay her dresses at full length without crumpling them. He has asked me a dozen questions about the best kind of padding for the top of it, and the prettiest color to cover it with—something warm and bright, for that's what the mater likes. I never saw such boys!"

She repeated that statement on the night when the telegram came saying, "Be home on the 5:30 train tomorrow."

The boys were quite wild all the following day. How they did work! Over the doorway within the porch there grew under their swift fingers a great green arch with Mamma Vance's initials in chrysanthemums on it. The roses and sweet alyssum went into vases for the tea-table, the library and mamma's bed-room.

"What a knack you have, Fritz," Mrs. Beman said, in surprise, for the flowers were beautifully arranged, and Fritz, his black eyes shining, was putting his very soul into his loving finger-tips. He had emptied his small bank to buy, for the returning mother, two of the loveliest winter roses the florist's hot-house held. These, their pots decked in green, occupied places of honor beside the great cake on the tea-table, and the Bon Silone bore amid its graceful leaves a card on which in Fritz's bold writing were seen the words: "Sweets to the sweet, from your loving Fritz."

It was a chilly night though the day had been clear. There were soft-sputtering fires throwing up their merry flames in the gully-decked library and the mother's pretty room. Just at five, Jack and Eugene were taking their last looks there.

"How she will like that window-seat. It is pretty, if I do say it. How the firelight brightens it up!"

"How lovely the roses look!"

"How shiny the polished table is!"

"Doesn't the chair seem easy!"

And then with a final touch of careful boyish hands here and there, they joined Fritz and Stanford at the gate.

"It's like the story of the Prodigal son, only he stayed at home in this

case, and there were four of him," Jack said, a little huskily.

"I'll tell you this, boys," said Eugene, stoutly. "I've been thinking about this thing, and either thinking or praying has brought me more new ideas. I don't believe any fellow ever gets too big to love his mother, and I don't believe, if he's an honest, manly fellow, that it's going to take away from his manliness one whit to show that he loves her. Bless her heart! Three cheers for the mater. 'Rah, rah 'rah!'"

The ring of the cheery hurrahs sounded over the frosty air and reached the back around the corner. There was a hard little pain at Mamma Vance's heart. "They are playing ball again," she thought. "They've forgotten we are coming." And then of a sudden they had reached the gate, and four bright-eyed boys were hugging her, and patting her gray hair as they did when they were the very littlest fellows.

"We've been as dull as owls without you, you darling," Stanford said, taking the smaller valises, while Eugene offered her his arm grandly. Fritz and Jack could only help Mr. Vance with the shawl-straps and the big valise, and prance like girls down the path behind "the mother-bird, waiting to see her surprise and delight over the arch, the welcome, the flowers, and the general festivity of the dear old home."

Next day when Sadie happened to drop in, she started in amazement. "Auntie Vance! You are looking ten years younger. I think you did need a trip!"

"It wasn't the trip, Sadie; it was the boys. You remember what I wrote you? It was all my silly imagination. They do love me! They were so glad to see me! Sit down, dear, and let me tell you all about it; and as pretty Sadie dropped down upon the dainty window-seat, she couldn't help saying with her glad little laugh, "I told you so, Auntie, I told you so!"—Maude Bittenhouse, in Interior.

## CASTAWAY FOOT-WEAR.

The Commercial Value of Apparently Worn Out Boots and Shoes.

The Journal of the Constantinople Chamber of Commerce describes the industrial uses of old boots and shoes which are thrown out into the streets or into ash-pits. After being collected they are subjected to a treatment which renders it a pliable mass, from which a kind of artistic leather is derived.

This in appearance resembles the finest Cordova leather. In the United States patterns are stamped on this, while in France it is used to cover trunks and boxes. The old boots and shoes are also treated in another way, by which they are converted into new ones.

The prisoners in Central France are employed in this way, the old shoes coming from Spain. They are taken to pieces as before, the nails being all removed, and the leather is soaked in water to soften it. The uppers for children's shoes are then cut from it. The soles are also used, for from the smaller pieces of the leather of the old soles the so-called Louis XV. heels for ladies' shoes are made, while the soles of children's shoes are made from the larger and thinner pieces. The old nails are also put to use, for by means of magnets the iron nails and the tacks and brads are separated and sold. The contractors of the military prison at Montpellier say that these nails alone pay for the old shoes.

Nothing now remains but the scraps, and these have also their value, for they are much sought after by certain specialists for agricultural purposes.—Chicago Mail.

## Even More Impressive.

"How long have you had that clock, Jenkins?" asked one of the regulars at the grocery store.

"About twenty-five years."

"By George, a clock is a wonderful piece of mechanism, isn't it. It almost takes my breath away when I stop to think of its tireless, tick, tick, tick, running on year in and year out."

"Yes," replied the grocer, "but there is one thing that affects me still more."

"What is that?"

"The tireless tick, tick, tick that you've been running here ever since this store opened."—Merchant Traveler.

The vicar of a parish having occasion to leave for a few weeks applied for and obtained a locum tenens. The clerical substitute was very fond of gardening, and generally after the parish work and visiting was over for the day would amuse himself in the garden, with coat off and straw hat on, pruning, digging, etc. One evening as he was thus occupied, a gentleman called at the vicarage and asked the maid who answered the door bell if he could see the vicar on important business. The maid answered that the vicar was not at home. "Not at home!" said the gentleman. "Are you not mistaken? Did I not see him in the garden a few minutes ago?" "No, sir," answered the maid, "that ain't the vicar, that's the Local Demon."—Exchange.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—Apple sauce or fried apples, sweet and white potatoes and tomatoes will blend with pork.

—Pigs should be pushed forward rapidly in growth before cold weather, as a matter of economy, heat being expensive in winter. The warmer the weather the lower the cost of production.

—Morning Glory Gems.—One egg, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one cup sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake fifteen minutes in gem tins.—Albany Journal.

—A wheat farmer should be a stock-raiser. The coarse crops raised on the farm can most profitably be fed to cattle, sheep or swine; the manure used to grow wheat, which in turn is consumed, as are the fattened stock, by man.

—Intelligent work alone can raise the farmer out of the rut. Laws may help, but the farmer must exert himself. It requires much more skill and intelligence to farm successfully now than it did formerly, and for a variety of reasons.

—All sorts of vessels and utensils may be purified from long-retained smells of any kind, in the easiest and most perfect manner, by rinsing them out well with charcoal powder after the grosser impurities have been scoured off with sand and water.

—Cutting dry corn fodder into one-half inch lengths does not add anything to its nutritive elements, but Prof. Henry has found by actual test that it will cause it to produce from ten to forty per cent. more butter. All that is here done is by mechanical means, putting the fodder in better shape for digestion. Digestion costs force, and force costs fodder.

## EDUCATED FARMERS.

The Value of a Business Training to the Agriculturist of To-day.

"Where are you going to school this winter?"

"To some good business college."

"O, then you are going to fit yourself for a position in some business office?"

"Not at all; I have no desire to enter into business."

"What do you intend to do, then?"

"I intend to stay on the farm!"

"But what good is your business education going to do you there?"

"It's going to make a better farmer of me."

This conversation took place between two bright young farmer boys, and as their subject of conversation is a matter of interest to all other farmer boys, we will report the rest of the interview.

"I don't see how you make that out," was the response to the last observation.

"It is very clear to my mind," came the ready answer. "It seems to me that if any business on earth requires the thorough knowledge and practice of good business principles, that business is farming. Agriculture is not what it used to be. When farmers went to the blacksmith shop to have their plows made; when they raised nearly all they ate, and ate nearly all they raised; when they made their own clothes from wool that was grown on their sheep's back; when they manufactured their own farm machinery, and their greatest social event was to go to the circus once a year, there was then not so much need of a business education except as a stepping stone to getting into some other employment. But now things have radically changed. Every successful farmer is, to a certain extent, a merchant. He has much buying to do in order to equip his farm with the tools and machinery necessary for successful farming. Then he must sell his products and he must know how to sell to the best advantage. He must know what kind of farming is the most profitable, and to know this he must have an exact system of accounts. He must know how to protect himself against the tricks and traps of sharpers by a familiarity with all kinds of business forms and commercial papers, and a fair understanding of the laws of business will come very handy. He ought to be a ready penman and a good correspondent, quick and accurate in business calculations, and even a knowledge of short-hand won't do him any harm."

"You see now my ambition. I want to be a business farmer. I am going to try to make the farm profitable by giving it as close attention as the merchant does to his business. I shall try to increase the profit account by decreasing the waste account, and all my business transactions with the outside world will be recorded under a clear system of debit and credit."

"I believe you are right—in fact, I know you are, and when you select your school let me know so that I can go with you. Perhaps when you get your farm well under way I'll start a competing establishment, and we'll see who is the best business man and consequently the best farmer."—West-ern Plowman.