

The Cerrillos Rustler.

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SLUMBER LAND.

"Mamma take her darling baby,"
Says a tired little voice;
"Baby sleepy, sing 'How, Brothers!'"
This is often baby's choice.

Little head of silken ringlets,
By the summer sunlight crowned
Till its golden rays entangled
Fast in baby's curls were bound.

Drooping rests on mamma's bosom,
And forgetful of the day,
Happy thoughts to dreamland gliding
Falls in sunset light away.

"How, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."
Snowy lids, like tender petals,
Close upon the eyes of blue;
Mother thinks no gem could rival
That serene and perfect hue.

Little hands devoutly folded
Seem to speak a silent prayer;
Surely, some sweet angel whispers
To my sleeping one so fair.

"Blow, breezes, blow; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."
So may I, my darling treasure,
Lay me down in peace to sleep;
When the night of earth is over,
"Pray the Lord my soul to keep!"

And with such divine composure
Fold my weary hands to rest,
As I drift into the haven
Where immortal souls are blest.
—Annie Russell, in N. Y. Ledger.

TWO AMBITIOUS BOYS.

Our Experience in "Making Men of Ourselves."

[Written for This Paper.]



The prejudiced eyes of Sim Sims and I, Herk McKeherin, was a boy to be envied. He was not a pretty boy, and people older and wiser than we had long ago decided that he was not a nice boy. Our fathers frowned on Hercules when he came about, and directed him to move on, or if he had, which was not often, started him off as soon as it was done, and cautioned us to avoid his companionship.

Even his own father did not appreciate him. For the elder McKeherin to speak disparagingly of his son seemed a good deal like the pot calling the kettle black. McKeherin was not a model citizen. When there seemed really nowhere else for him to go, he might have been found at home going through some of the motions of cultivating his half-farmed farm or waiting for somebody to come along and banter him to "swap" horses. He was lazy, his honesty was open to doubt, and he was argumentative. He hunted a little, fished a little and passed about half of his time loafing in town, where he whittled the edges of the dry-goods boxes and vowed that the rest of the world was in combination against him to hold his unfortunate nose on the grindstone of financial degradation. Altogether, he was little better than a worthless lumberer of the ground.

And Herk was pretty thoroughly a chip of the old block. But, in spite of his wrong-doing, there seemed something about him for us to admire and envy. He was a year or two older than we, and that was one point of superiority. And then he was so independent and enjoyed so much liberty. He came and went when he pleased. If he desired to fish, he fished. If it suited him to return at noon, well and good. If he did not get home till midnight, there was no strapping in store for him. When his father strapped him at all it was simply upon general principles and not for any particular misdemeanor.

He went to school when he felt like it, and granted his own vacations. He wore what he liked and that in the fashion that suited him best. He did not suffer the festal miseries of wearing best clothes on Sunday, topped off by a riding collar. He wore his battered hat upon the back of his head or upon his ear. He swaggered boldly and professed not to be afraid of anybody. He even had the hardihood to saunter Col. Ludington, the pompous old banker of Jackson Center, when riding by one day, insultingly addressing the great man as "Old Fatty."

At first we avoided Hercules. Then we pitied him, growing at length to admire him in a sneaking sort of way. And, finally, we began associating with him, slipping off, now and then, to bask in the sunshine of his superiority and to listen to his words as to those of an oracle. We regretted that one so bold should be so bad, and presently began to condone and admire some of the faults we had previously condemned. The accomplishment which seemed to us the most manly was his smoking. He smoked a pipe when he pleased and a cigar when he could get it.

"You'll never be men till you learn to smoke!" he told us.

We were at first ashamed of our-

selves, then envious, and presently matters went on from bad to worse till we resolved to, so far as acquiring the vile tobacco habit went, make men of ourselves. Neither Sim's father or mine smoked, but we knew many men who did, and ere long, owing to Herk's rascally reasoning, we began to feel sneakingly that our fathers were old-fashioned and behind the times in abstaining from tobacco.

Herk, having tempted us, made our fall sure by volunteering to superintend our degradation. When this point was reached, one day, it was decided that Sim and I should meet Herk when we went to drive up the cows, toward the close of the following afternoon, at which time we were to take our first lesson in smoking. He promised generously to supply the materials and give us the benefit of his experience.

That night, in bed alone with my sober senses, I heartily wished that I had refused to have anything to do with Herk and his temptation, and I resolved to rebel upon the morrow, or at least keep out of his reach and persuade Sim to do likewise.

Sim must have made the same nocturnal resolve, for, when we met, next day, he broached the subject of rebellion in just about the same cautious fashion that I had intended to open to him. And this very coincidence defeated the good purposes of us both. There seemed a vast difference between a fellow's declaring for the right of his own choice and having it thrust upon him by another fellow as if he was a baby who didn't know anything for himself. Thereupon, we promptly accused each other of cowardice, a desire to back out, and all that. And, in less time than is required to tell it, the good resolutions were dissipated and we had taunted each other into emphatic denial of any intent to desert and a proclamation that nothing should prevent our pressing onward to the end.

The afternoon proved a hot one, and by the time that Sim and I set out for the cows a storm threatened. The sky was patched with clouds and a wall of "thunder-heads" was rolling up from the south. We met Herk according to appointment about half way up the lane which led to the woods pasture. He was nonchalantly smoking a stinking old pipe, and when we saw how manly he looked we were both glad that we had not backed out.

We stopped in the shade of a sprawly old oak. It was our intention to smoke there awhile and then proceed after the cows, smoking as we went. It requires some practice to hold a pipe artistically, you know. The thunder-heads had rolled nearly half way up the sky by the time we began to smoke, the sun was hidden and the distant thunder muttered growlingly.

Herk produced a sack of villainous tobacco and two new cornob pipes of his own manufacture. I have wondered since why he did not provide us with two old and nicotine-soaked pipes and thus do up the matter thoroughly while he was about it. But perhaps he did not desire to have us die outright before his eyes.

We watched the "loading" of the pipes with interest. A remembrance of something he had heard returned to Sim.

"Will they make us sick?" he questioned.

"Nah!" sneered Herk. "Gettin' afraid, are you? Huh! It's just as easy as skinning a cat!"

Never having skinned a cat, I am not even now prepared to disprove this assertion, though it is my belief that Hercules deceived us.

He lighted one pipe, gave it a few preparatory puffs with his own mouth and handed it to Sim. In like manner



HE LOOKED SO MANLY.

the other pipe came to me. For a little time we were hugely elated. The smoke was not nearly so sharp and biting as that of the sections of grapevine that we had several times surreptitiously smoked. After Herk had shown us how to keep the smoke from getting into our throats and choking us, we were delighted to find that we could puff out clouds of it in a most manly fashion.

Ah! That was something like it, to be sure! We felt very large and rapidly growing. At the time, it did not occur to me to wonder why Herk grinned when we made a few rather grandiloquent remarks. He sat braaced comfortably back against the trunk of the tree and sucked his nasty, old pipe and smiled slyly while we strode up and down before him, smoking like men.

"Why, it's nothing at all to do!" quoth I, airily.

"Just as easy as skinning a cat," announced Sim.

The thunder rumbled louder, but we were too much elated to pay more at-

tention to it than to think that we could scud home out of the way of the storm if there arose any necessity for it.

Something began to affect me queerly. The perspiration oozed out between my shoulder blades, though at the same time I began to feel chilly. I puffed on, and these unusual symptoms increased. My head felt strangely light, and I flushed hot and cold alternately, and the perspiration started out all over me. I looked at Sim. He was very grave and seemed distressed about something. A strange dizziness came over me and I began to entertain internal qualms. Sim looked at me with feeble suspicion.

"You are getting sick," he taunted, without animation.

"No such stuff!" I retorted, weakly. "You are getting sick yourself."

And, to prove that we were indeed men and not to be conquered by a little tobacco, we both smoked fiercely for a few moments.

"Mebby it's the weather," suggested Herk, cheerfully.

Thus encouraged, we persisted for a little time, and the work was done. Five minutes later I had lopped over on the grass and Sim was also down. It is beyond my powers of description to tell half of what we felt. It has been



"IT'S JUST AS EASY AS SKINNING A CAT."

said that a tobacco illness, while it lasts, is the most distressing of all sicknesses, and we had a thorough attack. We could scarcely have stood erect if it had been to save our lives. I am satisfied that there were never two more thoroughly sick boys than Simeon Simcoe Sims and Thomas Perkins Morgan.

"The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a drop on a dog's tongue will kill a man!" I heard Sim moan, in agony of body and spirit.

In his extremity, Simeon had recalled and sadly mixed two old and doubtless truthful adages repeated to him by his father. I did not correct him. Herk grinned like a badger.

The cows filed homeward along the path, a hundred yards away. There came a burst of rain-cooled wind, a large drop plashed on my cheek and others pattered on the leaves of the oak. Herk jumped up and pocketed his pipe.

"Wal," he said, coolly, "I guess I'll be goin'!"

And, without further farewell, he deserted his victims and sped homeward at a rapid trot. We tried to struggle to our feet, but fell back limp and nerveless.

The storm burst with a flash of lightning, a crash of thunder and a flood of water. It was a veritable summer tempest, brief but full of fury. And we two miserable little wretches lay shelterless and suffering on the ground, and feeling as if we would never be well again, while the lightning flashed, the thunder boomed and the torrents of water seemed beating and soaking the last remnant of life out of us.

The sun set and darkness fell almost instantly. The black became so dense that I could not have seen my hand before my face except when a brilliant electric glare rent the gloom. I wondered vaguely if we were to be struck by lightning in addition to our other punishment, and felt scarcely a care if we were. I remember yet that I thought miserably that the lightning had not done its duty if it had allowed Herk McKeherin, the deliberate author of all our woe, to escape unharmed.

A little of the deathliness began to pass away and I struggled into a sitting posture. A gleam of lightning revealed Sim sitting up, a wretched, soaked, white-faced scare-crow. The storm passed away as suddenly as it had come, and presently the clouds parted and the moon shone out. The howling of the thunder sounded less and less loud and the drops fell from the drenched branches of the oak with a musical tinkle into the puddles below.

Presently we felt sufficiently recovered to start homeward. Our fathers, who had grown anxious about us, met two soaked, muddy and half dead little wretches coming in a very forlorn and limpy fashion.

The truth came out. We did not attempt to conceal it, and so broken spirited were we that I doubt if we would have made any serious objection had they set upon us and beaten us close to the point of death.

But they did nothing of the kind. Justice was tempered with mercy. We were cleansed and cuddled off to bed by our pitying mothers, and upon the morrow our fathers, believing that our transgressions had carried sufficient punishment along with them, contented themselves with giving us a good talking to.

It is to be recorded that no punishment of any kind befell Hercules, the tempter. The lightning failed to do its duty, and he hardly even got wet. When he proudly related the incident to his father, that personage, instead of strapping him as he deserved, merely grinned.

A day or two later, as Sim and I were passing along the road together, we encountered Herk sitting on a stone beside the track. He smiled genially and seemed desirous of entering into conversation, but, like the priest and Levite of old, Simeon and I passed by on the other side.

TOX P. MORGAN.

SLIPS OF TONGUE AND PEN.

Blunders of Writers from Carelessness and Bad Manuscript.

A writer recently said of Dr. Johnson: "Invariably late down for breakfast, he did once happen to be so soon as to have to wait for others." This fairly rivals George Saintsbury's "constantly right in general," and surpasses, if possible, the characterization of a politician as "rather radical in the extreme."

Treating of the French, an author observed that "the decline of the material comforts of the working classes had now reached to an alarming height." A physician once boasted: "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and to communicate it to the public." The buyer of a horse was once warned that he might find himself "saddled with a worthless animal." Many of the mistakes that occur in newspaper offices arise from faulty chirography.

A Brooklyn paper relates how some manuscript of Dr. Talmage came to its office at one time in which occurred the words: "My text finds the Lord." When the words appeared in print they were neatly transformed to read: "My tall friend, our Lord." Horace Greeley's manuscript was a puzzle to most people, and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that when he wrote: "'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true," the types made his say: "'Tis two, 'tis fifty; yes, 'tis fifty-two."

On a Rochester daily a few years ago a reporter wound up a sketch of a little boy, who had died from the effects of an explosion of firecrackers, which he carried in his pockets, in these words: "His afflicted and bereaved parents will have the sympathy," etc. The announcement as it appeared in print was an offer of sympathy to "His afflicted and burned pants."—Irish Times.

HAIR CUTTING IN THE EAST.

The Solemn Ceremonial Which Marks the Marriageable Age in Children.

In some eastern countries children's hair is not cut until they are ten or twelve years of age, the girls then being considered marriageable. Up to that time it is coiled on the top of the head and adorned with fresh flowers. When the great day for cutting comes, there is a grand ceremony and much feasting.

One who was present at a royal hair-cutting tells us that the darling of the harem was robed in long, flowing garments of silk and lace, confined at the waist by a golden girdle. Her long hair, coiled for the last time, was fastened with diamond pins which gleamed and glittered among fresh white flowers and green leaves like pearly drops of morning dew. There, in the presence of the ladies, her father, and an officiating priest, surrounded by her maidens, some two hundred in number, she knelt under a canopy of flowers and leaves, while prayers were chanted.

Then the beautiful tresses being unbound, her royal father, dipping his fingers in rose water, and drawing them carelessly over her head, clipped off about an eighth of an inch of hair and threw it into a golden-basin, depositing at the same time on a great silver placed ready to receive them presents of jewels and gold. The priest cut the next piece, her mother the next, and so on, each guest serving in turn until the little lady was shorn.

All gave costly gifts intended for her marriage dowry, princess, ministers of state and dignitaries of all sorts, who waited in the outer courts, sending in theirs by the attendants. The day ended in feasting and a display of fireworks.—Irish Times.

What Keeps the Bicycle Upright.

Let us suppose a cyclist mounted on his wheel and riding, say toward the north. He finds himself beginning to tilt toward his right. He is now going not only north with the machine, but east also. He turns the wheel eastward. The point of support must of necessity travel in the plane of the wheel; hence it at once begins to go eastward, and, as it moves much faster than the rider tilts, it quickly gets under him, and the machine is again upright. To one standing at a distance, in front or rear, the bottom of the wheel will be seen to move to the right and the left. Then the stability of the bicycle is due to turning the wheel to the right or left, whichever way the leaning is, and thus keeping the point of support under the rider just as a boy keeps upright on his finger a broomstick standing on its smallest end.—Popular Science Monthly.

"But I had asked you, darling. Why then didn't you keep our engagement secret for a little while?" "I couldn't, Edward. That hateful Miss Oidish said the reason I wasn't married was because no fool had asked me, so I up and told her you had."—Philadelphia Times.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Bed ants will not come where tar is. The odor is enough for them.

—Keep your salt box covers to put hot iron utensils on from the stove, and save your table tops.

—To clean gold jewelry with the stones in, wash in warm suds made of fine soap, with ten or fifteen drops of sal volatile in it. This makes jewelry very brilliant.

—Fritters.—Two eggs, one cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour to make thick batter; drop into hot lard and fry brown.—Detroit Free Press.

—Brown Bread.—One pint of Indian meal, one pint of water, one-half pint of rye flour, one-half cupful of molasses, one-half teaspoonful of soda, salt. Let stand one hour, then boil three.—Good Housekeeping.

—Italian Jelly.—Half fill a mold with clean gelatine jelly flavored with lemon; lay round this a wreath of stiff blanc-mange flavored with vanilla, and cut in small rounds, then fill the mold with currant jelly and put it into ice one-half hour before serving.—Boston Herald.

—Sheep's Tongues.—Having parboiled the tongues in a little stock, give them a few turns in bacon fat melted, strewn over them salt, pepper, a little cayenne, shred parsley and bread crumbs. When well covered with the latter, lay them on a gridiron and broil them slowly.—N. Y. Ledger.

—To Clean Chamois Skin.—Rub into it plenty of soft soap, and then lay it for two hours in a weak solution of soda and warm water. At the end of this time rub it until it is quite clean, rinsing it in clean warm water in which soda and yellow soap have been dissolved. Next place it in a rough towel, and wring it dry, after which pull and brush it.

—Perhaps the best device in the way of a home-made article for use as a lemon-squeezer and to extract the juice from fruits, is a press, very simply made from two pieces of hardwood hinged together at one end. Shape the other end into handles. Let the halves be eighteen inches long, three and half inches wide and from one-half to one inch thick.—N. Y. World.

—For potato croquettes take butter the size of an egg, beat it to a cream; add to it gradually two eggs, one teaspoonful of flour, one saltspoonful of salt, and six heaped tablespoonfuls of grated potatoes which have been boiled and then peeled. Form this mass into sausage-shaped croquettes the size of a large thumb; turn them in beaten egg, then in fine bread or cracker crumbs, and fry them in plenty of hot lard until of a golden yellow.—Boston Budget.

—Cheese Sticks.—Cheese sticks are very nice with a salad course. People who are fond of cheese relish these crisp dainties. Take a pint of sifted flour and rub into it a large tablespoonful of butter, teaspoonful of baking powder, pinch of red pepper and also of mustard, a little salt, half a pint of grated cheese, sufficient cold water to make a paste like pie crust; roll out and cut in neat strips three-fourths of an inch wide and seven or eight inches long; bake in a quick oven until a nice light brown.—Chicago News.

—Wood worms can be destroyed in books and woodwork by benzine. Books are locked up in a cupboard with a saucer of benzine. The insects, as well as their larva and eggs, soon die off. Furniture and carvings are similarly placed in a room with a dish of benzine, and kept closed up for several weeks, the time required for the complete destruction of the insects varying according to the thickness of the wood. New woodwork can be protected against their entry by a coating of glue, as, living on vegetable substances, they do not touch animal products.

A GOOD FIGURE.

Some Pointed Truths For the Fashionable Young Lady.

"A girl who sits ungracefully is a rarity," said an artist. "The sex's poses in a chair are instinctively and unconsciously slightly. Then why will not girls practice a good carriage? They spend hours of prayer and effort over their bangs and their make-up, yet everybody knows a fine figure is the most important requisite of all. Any face can be rendered attractive by expression. Any face for which we care becomes beautiful to us. But even love can only soften dislike to regret over a round-shouldered, hollow-chested form. Good carriage induces a good figure. It at least throws such lines as you have into an adjustment of harmony. It will make your dresses fit better, last longer and look finer while they last. A head well carried comes soon to be 'well poised.' Shoulders well squared back fill up your bodice and improve your silhouette as well as your profile. Hips well balanced make your gown drape gracefully in spite of your dressmaker. Feet that come down to the ground prettily come near to being pretty feet. Even an ugly hand escapes criticism if well used. A short neck is forgotten if one moves well. If women would spend their time bathing, rubbing and exercising they would have something to show for it. Instead, they sit around in 'masks,' or make themselves hideous over night. They use washes, prescriptions and oils, and they don't half wash. Oh, yes, that is true. Many women, especially those addicted to greases, do not half wash. Absolute cleanliness—sweet, wholesome, dainty cleanliness—is the best and only safe cosmetic in the world."—N. Y. Sun.