

ROYAL RANGER RALPH;

The Wail of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ranger Ralph the old scout, was not like with the event, described since his misadventure at the river was transpiring.

When the horses ran away and dashed the wagon over the cliff near Lone Canyon, the ranger at first gave himself up for lost.

The descent was a terrible one, and he clung to the sides of the wagon as it turned and fell, and finally struck the water with a crash.

Then, dazed and breathless, he was half-conscious that the horses had become separated from the vehicle, and that the latter, badly shattered, was floating down the stream.

It had now become so dark, especially in the shelter of the cliff, that he could not estimate the situation except that he was being borne rapidly away from the scene of the accident by the stream's swift current.

In the midst of the darkness, any way, he muttered grimly, and probably near his strength, I wonder if young Grey has managed to get the girl or if she is still a captive and on her way to this desolate place.

His predicament was not a pleasant one, for the wagon was in a perilous position, and he was well through from the dip in the stream.

Finally he began to think as to how he was enabled to climb out on the bank, and the next day he was on his feet.

He would be able to successfully carry it into execution. Rapidly he formulated his plan. It consisted, first, in the assumption of a perfect disguise, and, secondly, in the preparation for such contingencies as the present one, was ready to work on a thorough transformation of his personal appearance.

With a license and razor he shaved off his luxuriant beard. Then he succeeded in painting his face and arranging his attire in accordance with his desires.

When he had completed his toilet he was doubtful if his nearest friend would have recognized him. He resembled a half-breed, and his stained shirt, one eye shaded by a bandage, limping gait and general uncivilized appearance may be just the things he desired, to enable him to penetrate to the enemy's camp with his identity unsuspected.

When he had fully comprehended his mental plan of action, the scout cautiously climbed over the ledge of rocks and made his way toward the campfire.

Several forms sprang to their feet and looked at the stranger with interest as he reached the entrance to the cave. A man whom he recognized as Van's brother, and another as the Indian chief, were the first to greet him.

In accordance with his assumed character, the scout looked at the men with a steady gaze, and adopted a calm, determined expression on his face.

"The Black Crow," he muttered, "I bear a message. Where is the Crow?" "Why do you wish to see him?" "He will know when he remembers his broken pledge to Shadow Snake."

It was evident from Van's manner that he regarded the scout as a spy, and he was not slow to show it. He advanced, double-dealing with the Indian chief, and pointed toward the entrance.

He glanced upward beyond the supposed messenger from the Mobes. "Did you bring news?" he asked.

"I am here," he replied, "and I have brought you a message. Where is the Crow?" "Why do you wish to see him?" "He will know when he remembers his broken pledge to Shadow Snake."

He stood spell-bound, yet excited, and he felt that the girl, whose hand was held in his, was his, as if in spite of his desire. Rapidly he began to form a plan for reaching the girl in the cave, and for punishing her.

As he stood there, a sudden epiphany flashed into his mind. He saw the girl's face in the cave, and he saw the girl's face in the cave, and he saw the girl's face in the cave.

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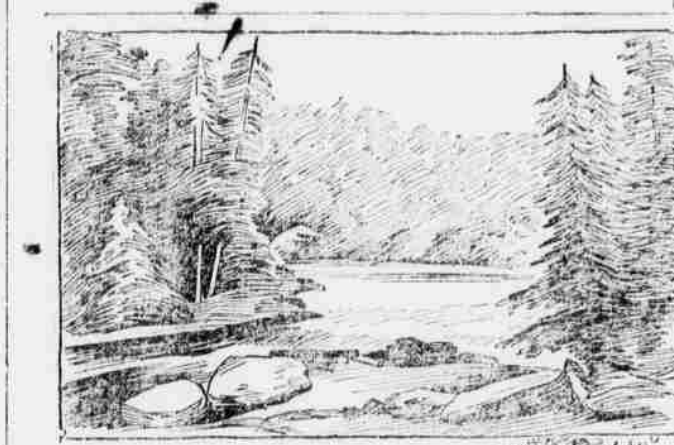
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AMERICAN PEARLS FOUND IN PLENTY.

The pearl lagoon is the latest discovery of Klondike and the attendant excitement. For several weeks the people of Arkansas have been working over the discovery of pearls in some of the lakes and rivers of that State, and in some places half the population have been industriously digging in the hope of sudden wealth.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN PEARL FISHERIES.

Several Memphis citizens have been reported to have discovered pearls in White County, and the concern already referred to will make an organized effort to develop the industry in the lakes and ponds which it contains.

The greatest yield of cattle ever seen in this country is owned by J. D. Avery, of Bushland, Mass. They are named Joe and Jerry. Their age is eight years and they measure ten feet in girth.

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He received an offer of \$100. He found them all in the course of a week. Many of the natives in White County have in their possession pearls of more or less value taken from the ponds before the excitement set in.

WORLD'S LARGEST OXEN.

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HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Success-Cure Rheumatism Lintment. One new egg, well beaten; a half-pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, and half an ounce of camphor. Beat all together well; then shake ten minutes in a bottle and cork. It is ready for use in half an hour, and can be used three or four times a day.

To Make Caramel Custard. For six ordinary-sized custards melt six tablespoonsful of sugar, stirring carefully to prevent burning. Pour into each of the custard cups, give each a sort of whirl that the sugar may also line the sides. Beat three eggs without separating; add three tablespoonsful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, and a cup and a half of milk. Stir with the sugar is dissolved; pour the mixture into the cups on top of the caramel. Stand in a baking pan half filled with water, and cook in the oven fifteen minutes. Turn while hot from the cups. Serve cold.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Word About Feing. With any of us it is almost impossible to get confectioners' sugar, unless we read to the city stores for it, but a lady who uses ordinary powdered sugar and consistently says it is just as good. Her way of using it is this: With one cup of powdered sugar mix thoroughly a rounded tablespoon of cornstarch, then wet to a smooth icing with two tablespoons water or milk, and flavor to suit. The ingredients are simply mixed together and spread with a wet knife. It is claimed that if a cake is lightly rubbed over with this before spreading with icing it will overcome the tendency to run off. Another wrinkle that is worth remembering is this: If only the top of the cake is to be iced and it cannot be done with the cake left in the tin, butter a strip of paper and put it around the cake, letting it rest about half an inch above the top. When the icing is set, remove the paper, and a neat looking cake will be the result.—American Agriculturist.

Stains on Silver. To remove stains from silver, especially such as are caused by iron, use or by neglect, use sulphuric acid, rubbing it on with a little flannel pad, then rinse the articles most carefully at once. For best stained silver, the pulp of a lemon, whose juice has been used for lemon squash, may be recommended as both efficient and harmless. Indian silver and brass is always cleaned by natives with lemon or limes. It may be as well to warn householders in these days, when they are so anxious for a combination, that where one has had to resort to a silver dish from which it is impossible to rid the surface, a baking tin should be half-filled with hot water, a double sheet of paper should be placed in this and the silver dish stood upon it, after which it will take no harm from the effects of the oven heat. Again, as eggs and vinegar are almost as effective as lemon or silver dishes, always run a little weak jelly over the silver dish before dish-washing, the mayonnaise, etc., to be served in it, and if this coating is allowed to set before putting in the other materials the dish will suffer no damage that hot soap and water will not easily remove.

Mending a Kilt of Wo. Mending may be so perfectly done that the rent article is established rather than distinguished by the stitches which repair it. Especially is this true of kilts, which, although they are very few who know how to mend a kilt successfully and neatly.

A simple little use book in the sewing side, every little needle being used. Such a needle prevents further tearing of the kilt and enables the needlewoman to take closer, shorter stitches than could otherwise be done.

An actual hole in the kilt requires different treatment. It cannot be—should never be—drawn together. There are two effective ways of repairing such a place. The most admirable method is that of the button-stitch. For this a fine needle is necessary, the silk thread the same shade as the kilt, and a spirit of hair-ure and put-staking care. The place to be neatly buttoned all around with tiny stitches, just as if button-hole stitching had been done. It is with the same infinitely tiny button-hole stitch, the second row of stitches being taken out of one between each stitch in the edge of the first row. This row is formed, the second row being, of course, smaller than the first; a third row is then done by catching between the stitches in the edge of the second row. This process is repeated until the hole is narrowed circle ends in the centre of the rent. When well executed the result is so beautiful that one would almost wish for a break in a glove in order to ornament it with such needless care. Any one can do such a bit of mending, but a fine needle and thread must again be insisted upon. The shade of the thread must be just the same as that of the kilt. This is a very necessary for the rent, and the task is soon accomplished.—Woman's Home Companion.