

ROYAL RANGER RALPH.

The Waif of the Western Prairies.

BY WELDON J. COBB.

CHAPTER XIX.

Walford, the old hermit, started slightly as Inez stepped before him. He looked anxiously, curiously into her face, and then set her hand, his impressive face aglow with sudden emotion.
'Yes,' he murmured. 'It is indeed the daughter of my old friend—I could not mistake that!'

was only in a measure correct. What had really happened was this:—
White Fawn had rode toward the place where she supposed the Modocs were encamped. She had seen her father and had told him all the cruel story of her wrongs.
Within an hour the warriors were arrayed in Despard's trenches, and were on the war-path, wild with emotions of revenge and rage.
One hour after Despard had left she outlaid strougled with Inez Tracy, the savages arrived there. The lands left behind fell immediately claims to the vengeance of the Modocs, but White Fawn managed to induce her father to spare her life.

DRY TORTUGAS PRISON.

NOTABLE INMATES OF A FORMER FEDERAL FORT.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ADVENTURES.

The attention of the two bondsmen was now entirely centered upon the fact that had crossed the ravine.
At exactly the place where these outlaws had first seen the horse in the air, several savages were visible. The explosion in the cave had evidently only temporarily checked their progress.
So far, apparently, they had not seen the occupants of the cabin, but as they retraced the straggle but pointed to it, the hermit knew that they meditated a visit.
'They must not come here,' he said to his companion.
'Of course not,' replied the scout; 'but how are we going to prevent them?'

TWO BROTHERS REUNITED.

They Found Each Other at a Reunion of Confederate Veterans.

A very pathetic incident that occurred during the recent reunion of Confederate veterans held in this city was related one afternoon recently by a prominent state official.
One night at a late hour the manager of one of the leading hotels in this city walked into the rotunda of his hotel and observed an old Confederate, who appeared to be sleeping in a chair. He noticed that he was as usual, and being himself an ex-Johnny Reb, he decided to render the veteran a service by waking him and taking him to his room.
As he touched the veteran he observed that he had spent some time in worship at the shrine of Haelius, and at that time was just recovering from a mental. While this scene was being enacted another veteran, who happened to be passing, stopped close by, and the gentlemen who told the story.
'Hello, Johnny Bob, have you returned a room?' a loud the hotel manager said.
'Yes,' replied the awakened man, with a surprised expression.
'What is your name?'

HELPS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Baked Apples With Walnuts.

Peel six large apples, scoop out the upper half of the cores; place them upright in an earthen dish. Put two cubic cavity one English walnut broken in small pieces, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of butter, sprinkle with salt, sugar and pour in the dish one cup of cold water. Bake for twenty-five minutes in a quick oven.
An Excellent Nursery Dish.
A piece of onions is an excellent nursery dish, and a really great favorite among the babies. To make it in perfection, peel and slice eight large onions in four Spanish onions. Sprinkle the slices with salt and place them in a large stewpan, with a small piece of butter and a little oil, if desired, by the inmates of the nursery. Place the saucepan at the side of the hob and let the contents simmer slowly until the onions are cooked. Do not let the quantity of milk become thick, remove from the fire, and with the back of a wooden spoon stir the onions through a fine wire sieve. Mix well with the milk, and if necessary, add a little salt. Make the milk and sugar with squares of butter. If the butter is not quite thick enough, it can be improved by the addition of a little flour, used in the ordinary way.
How to Cook Sweet Potatoes.
Sweet potatoes are regarded as a luxury by most Northern people, and are seldom seen on a farmer's table. Nevertheless, if it would take the trouble to grow a few in the garden they would be found an agreeable and healthful addition to the commonest diet. Sweet potatoes are known as the American potato, since it is indigenous to this country.
The sweet potato is at its best early when baked, because of the fact that the sugar about the common potato is gradually transformed into dextrin, and is much sweeter and richer without this preliminary, however, but require slow baking in a moderate oven. An hour is not too long if they are of good size. Baked sweet potatoes make a delicious supper dish, and require no special beyond plenty of butter that is the best, and it must be confessed, however, that the sweet potato is not so easily digested as its cousin, the white.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Wise people are the most modest.
First be just, then you may be generous.
Constancy and temperance strengthen virtue.
Hope is the fire that has never been extinguished.
When you get into difficulty beware of your friends.
If the man does not show at ten, he will not at forty.
It is always the other fellow that needs reforming.
Cows don't give milk—but it can be taken from them.
Too many remember enemies better than they do friends.
The best family medicine is large doses of good example.
Some men want a great deal of good time giving poor advice.
People are known by where they spend their leisure time.
Most people believe in the total depravity of somebody else.
A man with an alcohol-tinted nose seldom deserts his colors.
He is well balanced that will take advice against inclination.
The more some men owe, the more they want to buy on credit.
The man who loves his neighbor as himself cannot be a hermit.
Love may be blind, but the neighbors usually have their eyes open.—The South West.
LIFE IN THE MINES.
How the Kaffers Spend Their Wages—What a Native Will Do for Tobacco.
Life on a South African mining property can hardly be mentioned. The report of a traveler fresh from the Cape gives a curious insight into one phase of labor on the Rand. It used to be the custom of the Kaffers, on receiving his salary—usually \$5 per week—to save half and invest all his earnings in bottles of brandy. He would then return to his hut, squat down and drink it like beer until he succumbed. This went on regularly among the mining staffs of all the large companies until, in order to prevent a complete cessation of labor, the companies adopted the method of making all their native employees make a compound, and starting them in like prisoners until their time of service had expired.
Visitors to the compounds of a mine in a pound or so of the native—tobacco, for a handful of which the Kaffers, under stress of their deprivation of tobacco as well as liquor, will often gladly exchange fine old native bracelets and knobkerries. The native method of smoking is peculiar. After the pipe is filled several long punts are taken and the smoke swallowed. The bowl is then taken off, the stem is inserted in a bowl of water, and the water is smoked through it and swallowed also. Thus comes the tug of war. The man who can hold out longest without coughing is considered a hero. After a short time the smoker will conscientiously cough four times or five times, and then can quite understand why the Kaffers is not allowed out to buy tobacco. In the case of the traveler, who gives these details, the mine manager asked him to cease bartering the pipe for native trinkets, otherwise the whole party would be unfit to go down when their time came.
The Kaffers usually returns home after six months or a year at the mines, and is considered a rich man. He buys two or three wives and takes his case while they do all the work.—Pittsburg Dispatch.
He Stopped It.
Macomber, the sculptor, was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on a boat in a river, and, having some friends with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine-room.
He took a seat in the corner and pulling his hat down over his eyes appeared to be in a reverie.
Presently a certain part of the machinery began to creak. The engineer eyed it and went about his duties. In the course of a few minutes the creaking was heard again and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same part.
Again he resumed his post, but it was only a few minutes before the old crank was creaking louder than ever.
'Great Jupiter!' he yelled, 'the thing's breaking!'
More oil was administered, but the engine began to creak a bit. Pretty soon the creaking grew louder, and he slipped up behind Macomber, he slipped him a part of oil down the back of his neck.
'There,' said he, 'I guess that crank won't squeak any more.'—Spartan Messenger.
Objections to X Rays.
M. Goullanme criticizes very forcibly the project of custom house officers making their examinations by means of X rays. He says that the use of a traveler, well informed on the subject, who packs in his trunk a box of tobacco, some new garments, some neckties, and gunpowder not contained in cartridges, as the X rays show none of the above. But if a tourist bring back a precious collection of undeveloped negatives, after a journey of some months, a few minutes' exposure to the tube will thoroughly spoil them all. If arms or jewels are disclosed the traveler will not show whether the former are prohibited or the latter brought in lawfully. The screen will not reveal whether he has taken a rubber stamp. It is the wood thoroughly afterward.

THE HERMIT'S STORY.

CHAPTER XX.
THE MODOC.
Walford, the old hermit, started slightly as Inez stepped before him. He looked anxiously, curiously into her face, and then set her hand, his impressive face aglow with sudden emotion.
'Yes,' he murmured. 'It is indeed the daughter of my old friend—I could not mistake that!'