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## Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved,
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great tempest hurls its shock.
We say of him his strength is proved.
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death
We praise him till the whole land rings—
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that and then does nothing more,
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of Kings,
Were he but great in little things.

## Bronco Billy's Bonanza.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

"What man dare do the work?"
"I will, sir."

The speaker was a man clad in the uniform of a Texan Ranger, and with the rank of captain upon his shoulders, and a young man of striking appearance, wearing a costume more Mexican than American.

The former commanded the daring band of horsemen known as the Rio Grande Rangers, three score strong, and men whose lives were daily in deadly peril.

The latter was Will Powell, better known as Bronco Billy, and noted as the best horseman and deadliest shot in the command.

His face was handsome in the extreme, his curling hair, black as jet, fallings upon his shoulders, while his eyes were blue as the sky, laughing, and full of fire.

Excepting a pair of cavalry boots, his costume was Mexican throughout, from the gorgeous *serape* and *sombero*, to the pants of velvet trimmed with gold lace.

Many called Bronco Billy a "dandy," but they knew no braver heart ever beat, beneath a jacket than that same young ranger's.

To catch wild mustangs and ride them, was his pleasure, and thus had he obtained his name of Bronco Billy, while he was wont to go off alone on many a daring scout after red skins or Mexican bandits.

The rangers were men who protected the border, from both Indians and Mexican outlaws, and they were known as men who would dare any danger for the good of their fellow-men.

Their captain, Sam Hall, was a man of tried pluck on many a field, and he would have no one in his command who was not all he could wish as a follower.

But Captain Hall was not one to order one of his men into deadly peril where there seemed no chance for life, and thus had he asked the words that open this story:—

"What man dare do this work?"

All had heard him tell what that work was, and not a voice had answered.

Then up to the groop came Bronco Bill, and when the question was repeated by Captain Hall, he had replied:—

"I will, sir."

"But Bronco, you have just come in and know not what the work to be done is," said Captain Hall, with a smile.

"It must be extra perilous as none of the boys spoke up; was the reckless response, and all present felt that Billy was not in his usual humor, for his brow was clouded and face stern.

"Let me explain, Billy, that some Mexicans crossed the river and robbed a bank.

"They got the contents of a safe in which there were nearly three hundred thousand dollars, a great deal of it in gold and silver.

"Then there were bonds and valuable papers, not to speak of a quarter of a million more in value, of silver service, jewelry and boxes on storage by different people.

"The outlaws got it on Saturday night early, and had before the discovery of their crime on Monday morning, thirty odd hours.

"They did not recross the Rio Grande, but went by wagon up the river, and being recognized by some of my men as old offenders, took to the hills and escaped.

They were seen to recross the Rio Grande, but had none of their booty with them, so buried it in Texas until they could return quietly some time and get it.

"Now some of the boys tried to follow their tracks, but all have utterly failed, and so I suggested that the only way to get at them, would be to have some of my men join their camp, worm the secret out of them and find the treasure."

"How many men were in the party sir," quietly asked Bronco Billy.

"Santa Muriel, the Lieutenant of Don Sol the Bandit chief, and four men."

"Then five know the secret, sir?"

"Yes, and the bank offers fifty thousand dollars reward, while private parties, whose things were taken, have made up a purse of twenty-five thousand more."

"Quite a snug fortune, captain to the one who gets it."

"Yes indeed, Billy, and Judge Dallas has been one of the losers, I find."

"Judge Dallas?" cried Billy, with some excitement.

"Yes, and he only learned of his losses half an hour ago, and rode over to camp to see me.

"He will lose a large sum in bonds, some most valuable papers, and also some rare jewelry he had deposited there.

"He says he will pay the value of the jewels for their return, and give a large sum beside for the capture of the thieves."

"I will go, Captain Hall, but, as it is a most perilous undertaking, I wish to leave camp in my own way."

"You shall do as you deem best, Bronco Bill."

"There is a place we sometimes camp in, sir, thirty miles from here, which is under the observation of the spies of Don Sol, from the heights across the river."

"Yes, I know the fellows were watching us with glasses each time we were there."

"You know that several of our men have pretended to desert, and join Don Sol's band, and in each case they were suspected and put to death?"

"Yes, and you run a great risk!"

"Now, captain, let us move camp at once to the Rock Canyon camping-place I spoke of, get ourselves under the eyes of Don Sol's lookouts, and I pick a quarrel with you, draw my revolver, fire, you fall and play dead, while I, firing my revolver, as the boys press me, will mount my horse and escape.

"Let the boys mount and follow, and I will leap my horse over the Devil's Chasm, and—"

"Great God, Bill Powell! do you mean to say you would take that leap on horseback?" cried the captain, while all the rangers gazed at him in amazement.

"I couldn't leap it on foot captain.

"Nor can any horse."

"I would not attempt it for any sum."

"I will, and Don Sol will see that it looks like earnest, my escaping, and I will ride to the bluff, leap Midnight down the ten feet into the river and swim across.

"Then I will tell what story I please, and make love to Lieutenant Muriel."

"It is all well but that leap, Billy!"

"I'll take it sir, and let us go to the Rock Canyon camp at once."

That night the rangers camped in Rock Canyon, and they could see the next morning that the spies of Don Sol, the bandit, were already watching them with glasses, from lofty clifts across the river.

Bronco Billy went to the Devil's Chasm, and looked over.

"It's a fearful leap; but I'll make it," he muttered.

Soon a tall man, with long back hair, and a handsome face, approached him. It was Night Hawk George Powell, the Brother of Bronco Billy, and also a member of the rangers.

"Billy, it's all up with me, for Jude Dallas told me that I was but a poor ranger, and should not have his daughter, and that if I wanted her I must go off and make fifty thousand dollars to match the sum he was to give her.

"I tried to see you before to tell you."

"I knew it, for I met Kate Dallas on horse-back, as I was coming in from a scout, and she told me, and I got mad at her father's avaricious nature.

"But if I find the treasure, George, I'll give you the reward, and I am half going to get the money for you."

"You are always good, Billy, but dont attempt that leap, or risk your life on my account.

"Let me go, and, if you lend me Midnight, I'll try the leap."

"Not I, for go I will; but there comes the captain, and as Midnight is ready for the leap, I will begin my little plot.

"Good-by, George, and don't fool yourself with the idea that I am not coming out all safe, for I am."

With that Billy started across the campground.

The rangers knew what was coming and were on the alert, while the spies of Don Sol on the cliffs nearly a mile away were watching the camp.

"You won't give up your desperate leap, Billy?" called out the captain.

"No, sir," shouted Billy, and he drew his revolver, waved it, fired several times rapidly over the captain's head and turned to fly.

The captain fell promptly, and while some of his men ran towards him, others started after Bronco Bill, some of them firing their revolvers, as though at him.

Bronco Bill turned and fired, and another ranger feigned to be killed and fell.

Then Billy reached his horse, already saddled, sprung on his back, and while several rangers mounted and followed, others running on foot, he startetd in pretended flight towards the deperate leap.

The Devil's Chasm was in full view of the Mexican spies, and glancing towards the cligs, Bronco Bill saw that half-a-dozen forms were now there gazing at him.

Nerving himself for the desperate work before him, he spoke to his horse to encourage him, and grasped the reins in his hands as firm as a rock.

His horse was a superb creature, black a jet; and understood his master.

It was an appalling sight as Bronco Bill approached the chasm, and his comrades who were following him drew rein in real horror, for fear of his death.

The *serape* floated out on the wind, as he sped along, his long hair was also blown straight out, and the rider, seated well in his saddle presented a thrilling sight as the splendid horse neared the chasm.

"Go, midnight! for our lives depend od you!" cried Bronco Bill, as his horse arose in mid air to make the desperate leap.

An instant of frightful suspense, and the noble brute landed safely on the other side, while Bronco Bill saw the Mexicans on the cliff, waving their hats wildly in admiration.

And to his ears, as he sped for the rive-bank, came a cry:—

"Bravo! nobly done, Bronco Bill!"

Into the steam Midnight took the plunge, and when Bronco Billy reach the other side, he was met by a score of the outlaw band.

Among them was the Lieutenant Muriel, a dark-faced, evil-eyed Mexican.

"Well, senor Americano, you made the boldest leap I ever knew of; but what is the matter in your camp, that you had to fly?"

"I but shot my rival, senor, who happened to be my captain, and flying, fired again, and dropped a pursuer. But am I welcome in your band, for my life is worth nothing on the other side of the river now?"

"You are welcome, senor, for I recognize you as the famouse Bronco Bill."

"That is my name, senor; but let me give you a piece of news, as I am on your side."

"Well, senor."

"All the fords are to be guarded by United State's troops within the week, and I fear you will no longer be able to raid the Texan shore."

"Ha! Say you so?

"Come here, senor," and the Mexican led Billy one side.

"Do you fear to cross with me?"

"It's risky, senor."

"There is a vast sum at stake, for I buried a treasure in the Spring Canyon, as I feared pursuit, and it must be gotten now, if the fords are to be guarded.

"I will take pack horses to-night, and two men, you going as guide, for my guide is not in camp, and I will pay you well. What say you?"

"If you go at once, that is to-night, senor, I will guide you to the Spring Canyon, where you say you buried your treasure; but I would not risk it two nights after this."

"We will go at once."

"The fewer men, seno, the safer we will be."

"Well, I will take one man beside myself, and you."

"All right, senor, I am ready," replied Bronco Billy, and soon after dark that night, they crossed the river—the lieutenant, one of his men and the American, and two pack horses, brought up the rear.

Bronco Bill guided the Mexicans straight to the Spring Canyon, and then Muriel knew his bearings, and soon found the hidden treasure.

Quickly they went to work and put it on the pack horses, and then suddenly there came a dull thud, and the comrade of the bandit officer fell to the ground, while a revolver was thrust into the face of Muriel with the stern command in Spanish:—

"Hands up, senor, or die!"

"*Caramba!* A traitor!" cried the Mexican, and attempted to draw a revolver, when a bullet pierced his brain.

As he fell, Bronco Billy sprang to the side of the man who had been stunned by his blow, and quickly disarmed him.

"Now, my man, help me to strap your dead officer on his horse, and then you mount your animal, for we have some ten miles to ride," quietly said Billy.

Two hours after he rode into the ranger camp, with his live prisoner and the valuable booty.

The living bandit was at once hanged, which was ranger justice, and then Captain Hall and some of his men went with the gallant young ranger to the town where the robbed bank was located; but Bronco Bill stopped on the way at the handsome ranch home of Judge Dallas, and told him what he had done.

Then he said:—

"Now Judge your daughter loves my brother as much as he does her, and in getting back that treasure, I have gotten a perfect bonanza, and I will give all the reward I take for my services to George, if you will give Miss Kate to him."

"My brave Powell, I had already decided to let my daughter marry your brother, as I saw how unhappy my refusal made her, so keep your bonanza, as you call your reward, as I have plenty for both."

"I thank you, Jude Dallas; but I said I would give all I *take*, and shall take nothing, for doing my duty," was the reply of Bronco Bill, and as he was stern in his refusal, the bank officials and others forced him to accept several handsome presents, and he still holds them as souvenirs of how he won his big bonanza.

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The Chicago *Herald* makes the statement that in 1860 there was not a factory child in all America. In 1870 necesity had dragged 144,000 children out of the schools and for no crime but poverty sentenced them to such lives of underpay and overwork as the ignorant must lead among the better educated. In 1880, 182,000 were sacrificed to the modern Moloch. At the same ratio, 1890 will show an army twice as great as the population of Delaware, 290,000 childred educated in the school of the factory, brutified by the bosses, demoralized by insessant labor and contaminated by association without moral restraint!

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A Brave man carves out his own fortune.

## How to Cook a Husband.

A good many husband are utterly spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not tender and good. Some women go about as if their husbands are bladers to blow them up.

Others keep them constantly in hot water. Others let them freeze by carelessness an indifferance. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good when managed in this way; but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband, you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, nor by the golded tint as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select himself as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as the best are always brought to the door.

It is far better to have none, unless you patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best, but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and with the required nomber of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silken cord, called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear, steady fire out of love, neatness and cheerfulness. Set him near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputter and figgs, do not be too anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but, must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument in him to see if he is tender. Stir him gently; watch the kettle and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in a cold place.

## Superiority of Woman.

"Who is it," cried Miss Susan B. Anthony a few days ago, "who is it that fill your penitentiaries? Not women, but men And who is it that fill the churches? Not men, but women:"

Now, we maintain without ceasing the superiority of the gentle sex in every moral quantity that adorns human nature; and we cannot deny that the vast majority of crimnals of every kind are men.

Men are liable to many temtations from which women are happily free. The bolsterous passions are stronger in men than in women. The bones and musles of men are harder than those of women. The insatiable lust for lucre rages in the heart of men, not of women. The fierce competitions of life are between men, not women. The rough work of the world in business and poltics and public control, in which hostile feelings are apt to be generated, is done by men, not by women, Men haunt the liquor shop, while women do not enter, Many men prowl around the streets and public places at night when women are enjoying the domestic hearth.—New York Sun.

## Let Her Go Gallagher.

The New York *Star* says: "There have been scores of explanations as to how the term "Let her go Gallagher" originated but it is safe to say that the correct explanation has never been made. Daniel J. Gallagher. a wellknown printer of Philadelphia, is responsible for the phrase. Some years ago he became stage struck, and in order to get "behind the scenes" daily consented to assist in lifting and lowering the curtain. The ropes became intangled in his hands, and at a critical moment the curtain refused to drop. The dying villian on the stage prolonged the agony as long as he could, untill the stage manager became frantic, and, seeing the novice did not understand what to do, shouted, in full hearing of the audience, 'Let her go, Gallagher! Let her go!' And from that day forward the phrase became a street slang."

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Study tables, desks, etc, covered with leather, may be restored to very much of their original freshness by rubbbing a little vaseline over them with a soft rag. Bookcases with glass doors should be opened occasionally, as the books are otherwise apt to get damp.

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The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger.

## HUMOROUS.

Stale butter—An aged goat.

*Hard to beat*—A hard-bioled egg

Something that should be looked into—a telescope.

A clear skin—Beating a friend out of borrowing money.

Ada—"I had ten offers of marriage last week." Ella—"How monotonous and persistant of Jack."—*Tid Bits.*

Many otherwise domestic cooks are in the habit of introducing foreign material into plain soup—New York *News.*

It sems to be the custom nowadays for young men when they get a day off from work to get away off.

Teacher:—"What is the definition of flirtation?"

Intelligent young lady pupil:—"It is attention without intention' sir."

The reputation that a man gets from his ancestors often wants as much altering to fit him as their old clothes would. It is truly thus.

In the spring the old man's fancy
turns to things anen' his health,
And in liver regulators he invests
his sulplus wealth,
—Boston *Courier.*

"Mr. B., I wish you would not smoke so much" "Why, the chimney smokes, my dear.," "Well, if it does, it doesn't spit over everything."

The Whitehall *Times* says that the mouth is the window of the intellect. The toothache must be a sort of window pane.—New York *Sun.*

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "I don't know," said he, "but I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

Rejoice good friend, you're not a
Roman.
And count your privelege as great.
For well we know in these days no
man
Would have patience to write
MDCCCLXXXVIII.

Mrs. Thrifty, to shopman:—"If you will cut me a small sample of this, I will find out from my dress maker how many yards I need, and I can send for the goods by mail."

Awful child:—"Why, mamma, that's just what you said in all the other shops!"

Mother;—"Are you going to take Boby to the circus this afternoon?"

Father:—"No, these circusses are all nonsense. He will be better off for not going."

Mother;—"The poor little fellow will be disappointed. But what makes you so late to dinner, dear?"

Father:—"I have been down to the depot, watching them take the elephant off the train."

He was lying in front of the store door when the Galveston merchant came out, and sturing him up with the toe of his boot said:—

"Are you drunk?"

"You bet."

"Then you move off from here."

"Are you drunk?" queried the inebriate.

"No. I am sober," was the indignant reply.

"Then you can move off from here a sight easier than I can.

## A Dreadful Treat.

An Auston colored man, with protruding eyes, rushed into Justice Tegener's office and exclaimed:

"I wants Col. Jones, who libs nex' door to me, put under a million dollars' bonds ter keep de peace."

"Has he threatened your life?"

"He has done dat berry ding. He said he war g'wine ter fill de nex' niggah he found after dark in his hen house plum full ob buckshot,"—*Texas Siftings.*

## Her Explanation.

You know the gentleman are taking advantage of lenten quiet to to get their calls out of the way. The other night two or three "dropped in upon" a young lady many of us know well, who's bright and quick witted, but apt to speak right out in meetin', in a way more frank than eloquent. She was extremely tired, and conversation flagged. She had yawned several times, evidently not noticing it, when she caught one of the gentleman looking at her with an expression that told he was only waiting to study out a plan for leaving gracefully. Miss ——complacently ended her yawn and paralyzed the gentlemen by saying, with a graceful wave of her jeweled hand. "Please excuse me gentlemen. Not bored, but billious.

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It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss. —*L' Estrange.*