

THE HOUSEHOLD PAGE.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE LADIES SOLICITED FOR THIS DEPARTMENT. TELL YOUR VALUABLE RECEIPTS, HOW YOU MAKE FANCY ARTICLES AND ABOUT THE DESIGNS AND CARE OF YOUR "ROSE GARDEN."

"GOOD THINGS TO EAT."

Devil's Food Cake.
Two cups of brown sugar.
Two eggs (beat yolks and whites separate).
One-half cup of sweet milk.
One cup of butter.
One-half cake of chocolate, grated.
One teaspoon of soda, dissolved in one-half cup of boiling water.
Three cups of flour.
Bake in a moderate oven.
Filling—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-third cup of sweet milk. Let boil until waxy. Stir constantly until cool. Spread between layers.

Fruit Cake.
One pound of flour.
One pound of sugar.
One pound of butter.
Half a pound of candied citron peel.
Four pounds of currants.
Four pounds of raisins, stoned and chopped.
Nine eggs.
One tablespoonful ground cinnamon.
One tablespoonful of mace.
One tablespoonful of nutmeg.
Three gills of brandy.
Mix the fruit together and flour it; mix the spices with the sugar; cream the butter and the sugar; add the beaten yolks, then the whipped whites and the brandy, then the flour, and lastly the fruit. Put the mixture into two large tins, lined with greased paper and take in a moderate oven for three hours. This cake will keep any length of time.

Holiday Cake.
Three-quarters of a pound of butter.
One pound sugar.
One pound flour.
Six eggs.
Two cups sour cream or milk.
One grated nutmeg.
One teaspoonful powdered cinnamon.
One-fourth pound citron.
One tablespoonful rosewater.
One teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water and stirred into the milk just before adding the latter to the cake.
Cream the butter and sugar, put with them the yolks, whipped light; then the cream and spice, next the flour, then the rosewater, and a double handful of citron cut into slips and dredged; finally the beaten whites of the eggs. Stir all well and bake in a loaf or in a "card," using a square, shallow baking pan.
This is a good cake and keeps well.

Pork Cake.
One pound of pork, chopped fine.
One pound raisins.
Three cups sugar.
Two cups milk.
Three eggs.
Five cups flour.
Two teaspoonfuls soda and spice to taste.
One and one-half cups of granulated sugar.
One-half cup of butter.
One egg.
One teaspoonful soda dissolved in one cup of sour cream.
One teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with two teaspoonfuls of flour.
Mix all together thoroughly and flavor to taste, then add sufficiently more flour to make a good, soft dough that will not stick to the hands. Bake in a quick oven.

Oatmeal Crisps.
Cream one teaspoonful of butter and rub into one cup of sugar. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and two and one-half cups of dry, rolled oats. Mix thoroughly, then add two well-beaten eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Place by teaspoonfuls, 2 or 3 inches apart, on tins lined with waxed paper, and bake in a slow oven till golden brown. They will flatten out to a sort of flaccid texture. Do not remove from the paper till cold.

Corn Cake.
A Southern corn cake recipe is a valuable addition to one's scrapbook. Mix the Woman's Home Companion. Mix and sift three-fourths cupful of cornmeal, one and one-fourth cupfuls of pastry flour, one-fourth of a cupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and five level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add one cupful of milk, one egg well beaten and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of melted butter. Beat thoroughly, turn into a shallow, buttered pan, and bake 25 minutes in a hot oven. Cut in squares and arrange on a bread plate. If a richer corn cake is liked, two tablespoonfuls of butter may be used.

Milk Bread.
One quart of milk.
One-half teaspoonful of yeast.
One-quarter pound of butter.
One tablespoonful white sugar.
Stir into the milk, which should be made blood-warm; a pint of flour, the sugar, lastly the yeast. Beat all to-

gether well, and let them rise five or six hours. Then melt the butter and all with a little salt. Work in flour enough to make a stiff dough; let this rise four hours and make into small loaves. Set near the fire for half an hour, and bake.

Pigeon Pie.
Two pigeons.
Half a pound of steak.
Quarter pound of flour.
Two eggs.
One dessertspoonful finely chopped parsley.
One tablespoonful of salt.
Quarter teaspoonful of pepper.
Boil the eggs hard, that is, for fifteen minutes, and put them in cold water till wanted.
Empty and wash the pigeons and cut each in four pieces; see that they are well washed inside; cook the bacon for a few minutes, and cut it up in rather small pieces.
Now put the steak, cut in four pieces, in the bottom of a pudding dish; sprinkle over it some pepper and salt. Then put one of the pigeons, some lices of eggs, some of the bacon, some seasoning turpentine and onion cut in slices, and enough parsley; then repeat until all are done.

Pumpkin Pie.
Make a crust of one level cupful of pastry flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt; rub into this half a cupful of cold lard and when the mixture is of the consistency of cornmeal add one-fourth cupful of ice cold water. Mix into a dough and then roll out into a lining or a pan, bringing it into wrinkles on the edge and pressing it into creases with the thumb and finger. This makes a very large pie. Take one pint of pumpkin which has been well stewed until tender and slightly scorched; add to it one teaspoonful of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of sugar, four eggs, and after beating these ingredients all together, add one quart of milk and turn into the pastry-lined crust. Set into a moderate oven to bake until the center is firm and the crust browned. Set aside to become cold and when ready to send to the table, pressed whipped cream into a sheaf of wheat with a piping tube and bag. This can be omitted and instead a bunch of grapes placed on by dropping the cream from a teaspoon into the shape.

Plum Pudding.
One-half pound stoned raisins.
One-half pound of currants, well cleaned.
One-half pound of beef suet.
Two ounces of powdered sugar.
One-half pound of bread crumbs.
Two ounces of flour.
One dozen blanched almonds.
Half a nutmeg, grated.
Two ounces of candied citron.
The peel of half a lemon.
Put all in a bowl and break over four eggs; mix all well the day before wanted, cover over until morning, then add half a gill of milk and stir vigorously; butter a cloth slightly, flour it, tie up the pudding in it, boil for two hours and a half and serve.

Dried Beef With Cream Gravy.
Melt lump of butter size of walnut in frying pan and add one tablespoonful of flour; be careful to stir until there are no lumps of flour; then pour slowly one pint of good, rich milk, making a white gravy; have ready one coffee cup full of finely shredded dried beef; stir into gravy; if too thick, add more milk; a dash of white pepper and some finely chopped parsley; the beef will make it salted enough.

Parsnip Balls.
One-quarter pound of cooked parsnips.
One ounce of grated cheese.
One-half egg.
One-half ounce of butter.
Pepper and salt.
A little flour, egg and bread crumbs and boiling fat to fry in. Rub the cooked parsnips through a sieve and mix with them the cheese, pepper and salt. Melt the butter in a small pan, add the parsnips and seasonings to it and bind with some beaten egg. Turn this mixture out into a plate, and when cold form into balls, using a little flour, to prevent them sticking to the hands. Then egg and bread crumb them and fry in boiling fat until a medium brown color. Drain on kitchen paper, and serve piled high on hot dish with a dolly under them.

Lemon Juice.
Lemon juice is very beneficial to the system and should be used instead of vinegar in foods requiring an acid.

Rice Blanc Mange.
Boil three-quarters of a cup of rice in milk in a double boiler. When it is cooked, add a half box of gelatin dissolved in a little cold milk; add sugar and vanilla to taste. When cold, beat a quart of cream that has been whipped to a stiff froth. Set in a wet mold in the ice box to form.

How to Remove Stains.
Removing stains from coats and waistcoats is best done with clear ammonia and water. Soap is too apt to remain in the cloth, becoming a gathering point for dust and future spots. The ammonia solution should be rather strong and put on with a brush preferably to using a cloth. Afterward a cloth may be wet in clear water and the place well rubbed, then pressed.
Stains, such as come from fruits, oil or paint, will yield to a home cleaning fluid that all housekeepers would do well to have. It is made of a wine-glassful of rectified spirits of turpentine and a teaspoonful each of oils of lemon, peppermint, cloves and cinnamon. Shake well and rub over the stain vigorously, using an old silk handkerchief or other soft bit of silk.

To Remove Finger Marks.
The finger marks so frequently left on painted doors by children or careless maids may be removed by rubbing with a perfectly clean cloth dipped in a little paraffine. The place should be afterward carefully rinsed in cold water and given a final polish with a clean, soft cloth. There is no real remedy for finger marks on light wall paper, but sometimes simply rubbing with a clean cloth will help. Water accidentally spilled on wall paper will usually not injure it, and should be left alone to dry, as interference may cause a lasting stain.

Sugar and Physical Exercise.
All persons taking violent muscular exercise crave sugar, and it is one of the most important articles in the mountain climber's pack, which may perhaps explain the supremacy of Swiss chocolate. Children naturally active, need a great deal of it, but, on the other hand, women who have sedentary occupations should take very little, as it will increase the weight. As a matter of fact, sugar is nearly pure carbon, and such a fat producer is indicated only, as before said, where heavy physical exercise is the rule.

To Freshen Beef or Pork.
When beef or pork are too salty, soak for several hours in one part milk and two parts water.

To Freshen Old Carpets.
Before sweeping sprinkle with pieces of newspapers wrung out of water. Sweep thoroughly, then wipe with a cloth wrung out of warm water in which is a small amount of ammonia.

Scalds and Burns.
An application of baking soda will relieve the pain from a scald or burn. Wet the surface with cold water and cover thickly with soda.

Girls Are Good.
Law court records and reformatory institutions show that only a very small percentage of girls as compared to boys, are lawless or criminally inclined.

Eyesight and Far Horizons.
People who live in vast and barren lands have the best eyesight. Eskimos will detect a white fox on the snow at a great distance, while Arabs can pick out objects on the desert that are invisible to others.

A Toilet Necessary.
One of the most useful assets of the toilet table is a pair of dummy wooden hands. After washing gloves it will be found that they keep their shape excellently, while at the same time they will be prevented from shrinking if they are slipped over the wooden shapes and drier in this way. A night on the glove trees is as good for kid or suede gloves as a corresponding time on boot trees for leather footwear.

Farms Wanted.
I have customers for reasonable-priced farms, ranging in value from \$1,500 to \$6,000. Places sell best with stock and farm implements included. List your place with me.
5412 H. E. CROSS.

Serve with raspberry juice poured over it.

Homemade Candles.
Chocolate Caramels—Three cups of sugar, one-half cake of chocolate, two tablespoonful of butter and one cup of milk. Cook until candy hardens when stirred in a saucepan. Pour into greased dish and cut into squares.
Cream Peppermint Drops—Three cups of sugar, one cup of water, nine drops of oil of peppermint. Boil the sugar and water until it drops, add the peppermint, beat slowly and drop from a teaspoon upon a marble slab.
Butter Scotch—Two cups of syrup, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter. Boil briskly 20 minutes, pour on buttered dish, cut into small squares.

How to Remove Stains.
Removing stains from coats and waistcoats is best done with clear ammonia and water. Soap is too apt to remain in the cloth, becoming a gathering point for dust and future spots. The ammonia solution should be rather strong and put on with a brush preferably to using a cloth. Afterward a cloth may be wet in clear water and the place well rubbed, then pressed.
Stains, such as come from fruits, oil or paint, will yield to a home cleaning fluid that all housekeepers would do well to have. It is made of a wine-glassful of rectified spirits of turpentine and a teaspoonful each of oils of lemon, peppermint, cloves and cinnamon. Shake well and rub over the stain vigorously, using an old silk handkerchief or other soft bit of silk.

To Remove Finger Marks.
The finger marks so frequently left on painted doors by children or careless maids may be removed by rubbing with a perfectly clean cloth dipped in a little paraffine. The place should be afterward carefully rinsed in cold water and given a final polish with a clean, soft cloth. There is no real remedy for finger marks on light wall paper, but sometimes simply rubbing with a clean cloth will help. Water accidentally spilled on wall paper will usually not injure it, and should be left alone to dry, as interference may cause a lasting stain.

Sugar and Physical Exercise.
All persons taking violent muscular exercise crave sugar, and it is one of the most important articles in the mountain climber's pack, which may perhaps explain the supremacy of Swiss chocolate. Children naturally active, need a great deal of it, but, on the other hand, women who have sedentary occupations should take very little, as it will increase the weight. As a matter of fact, sugar is nearly pure carbon, and such a fat producer is indicated only, as before said, where heavy physical exercise is the rule.

To Freshen Beef or Pork.
When beef or pork are too salty, soak for several hours in one part milk and two parts water.

To Freshen Old Carpets.
Before sweeping sprinkle with pieces of newspapers wrung out of water. Sweep thoroughly, then wipe with a cloth wrung out of warm water in which is a small amount of ammonia.

Scalds and Burns.
An application of baking soda will relieve the pain from a scald or burn. Wet the surface with cold water and cover thickly with soda.

Girls Are Good.
Law court records and reformatory institutions show that only a very small percentage of girls as compared to boys, are lawless or criminally inclined.

Eyesight and Far Horizons.
People who live in vast and barren lands have the best eyesight. Eskimos will detect a white fox on the snow at a great distance, while Arabs can pick out objects on the desert that are invisible to others.

A Toilet Necessary.
One of the most useful assets of the toilet table is a pair of dummy wooden hands. After washing gloves it will be found that they keep their shape excellently, while at the same time they will be prevented from shrinking if they are slipped over the wooden shapes and drier in this way. A night on the glove trees is as good for kid or suede gloves as a corresponding time on boot trees for leather footwear.

Farms Wanted.
I have customers for reasonable-priced farms, ranging in value from \$1,500 to \$6,000. Places sell best with stock and farm implements included. List your place with me.
5412 H. E. CROSS.

A GIRL BANDIT

The pull is uphill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep; but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, reddish-yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly, just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths, and eyes, and nostrils, and clings to their hair and ears in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try and keep up the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow-passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago; but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Back there, a mile or so, the sun shined brightly on the canyon road, making it look like a long, yellow ribbon; but just ahead the shadow of the mountain on the west, which seems to close the upper end of the pass, cuts the light off in an odd, abrupt way, and presently we shall be in comparative darkness, for the edge of the heavy timber is only a little distance before us.

Somehow, the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has relaxed from his usual taciturnity, and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish-looking chap who got on back at Alpena and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level, and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with his whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the canyon a quarter of a mile away, and remarks:
"See them two big rocks?—road runs between 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods 'd so further on—was war whar I was held up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes?" said the passenger's pleasant voice, interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"
Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and liberally, and began:
"Wal, 'twuz this a-way. That mornin' th' 'xpress-box was loaded plumb full o' hard stuff, th' hed t' go thru that day. Now, jes' luck'd hev it, one o' the gards—we had gards them days—turned up missin' 'bout th' time we wuz ready t' start fr'm Eldorado in th' mornin'. Berry McNeill, th' other gyard, goes arter 'em, an' fr'm Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' head fr'm a beer-bottle—be'n scrapperin' night 'fore."

"The agent an' me was thinkin' powful 'bout who we c'd git t' take Hauser's place if he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac, whistlin'."
"Say, fellers," says he, "Hauser got plunked with a bottle las' night, an' is lyin' on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go it b' my lonesome; I got Hauser's sawed-off gun."

"We both kicked a whole lot, but Mac, he'd made up his min', an' was boun' t' hev his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hed t' give in, an' Mac, whistlin' one o' his everlastin' toons, piles up on the box, an' we pull out. They wa'n't no passengers."
"Wal, we kep' our peepers skun rights harp, but ev'rythin' went love-ly till jus' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says: 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin' for us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y're full o' hop. I seen it, too, an' twa'n't nuthin' but a hawk, crossin' the road.'"

"I stirred up the critters a bit, howsoever, but jes' we turned th' rocks somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an' nails the leaders, an' they wuz so many guns starin' intuh my face th' it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose w' th' sawed-off shot-gun, an' then begun w' th' Winchester, gittin' two fellers an' skinnin' 'up some more—but they wuz too dern many o' 'em, an' they c'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev shot, anyhow, but he alius was a nerry cuss—more nerve 'n sense. I use tuh say, 'Mac—'"

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the roadside—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way about the dust is suddenly wide awake, and we on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two big revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat hell!"—and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant-faced, boyish looking young man who got on back at Alpena, proceeds to business, and, politely, courteously, but firmly, without a relieves us of our spare change—and more, too.

That is my part of the story. Of course, there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they, also, have a claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it; what I tried to say was that that is the only one of the events from which comes my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that part of the story the gentlemanly road agent's because he had got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together and it was his foresight—or, rather, an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver shortly after the road-agent incident. This odd notion was in the fact of a thin chamolite insole, which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should be suddenly called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty-dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty-dollar bill, but when Terence

flushed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night, I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire.

But for the rest of my story:
It was about two years after the road-agent affair, in which we lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when, one day, I was thunderstruck to receive Hallegan's wedding cards. It was the first time I had heard from him for a year, and had anyone else told me Terence Hallegan was a marrying man, I should have derided him; but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar chirography, directed me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where surcease of sorrow was obtainable in quantities to suit the purchaser, and where there were a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and console with each other. And grief was our lot, until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at, over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of the confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and, one day, came one for him who sits here burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in closing a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily, and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure, as he said:
"That I did—that I did, me boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:
"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner-time at our house—and there's no time for explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity, during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight, figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear, olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking."

There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs. Hallegan for the daughter of the little, white-haired, sweet-faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

No, I had never seen her up to half an hour ago, so I gave up studying her and fell to wondering what Hallegan was going to "explain."
Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door, Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then with a bright smile she vanished.

I flopped into my chair, breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow? Then, suddenly, there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since; the dust, the heat, the sleepy cowboy inside the coach, the dapper little chap who so politely took our money and watches. He bowed just that way when he flushed his work; and departed. "Her brother, I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble—"

"Well, me boy?"
Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, me having lighted cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all rot, the idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that hold-up!

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story long. You remembered the little fellow who held us up two years ago?"
"Of course I do."
"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning."

"Three years ago, a young fellow employed as cashier by the L. & A. R. Express company got into trouble over his accounts. The manager—Robinson—charged him with a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation and the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, as it is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager, Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term at Canyon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and

made no defense except his plea of "not guilty."
"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year, the worry and distress, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when, at last, he knew he couldn't live very long, he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him."

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went."
"She found him dying—dying in prison. It was the first she had known of his trouble, and, naturally, she was terribly shocked."

"He told her the true story of the affair—that young Robinson, between whom and himself had existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one, and how, when some of the stockholders got wind of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her."

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt where it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her."

"About this time, Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go South on account of illness, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine here in Chicago. Not long after this, the hold-ups on the different lines of the L. & A. began. For the first few times, there was only one road-agent—a little chap, but a nerry one, who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight or nine had organized, under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. & A. people. It made no difference what precautions the company took, or how many guards it employed, the road-agents were too smart, and the boldest kind of hold-ups were successfully made—and, by Jove! it 'busted' the company's business. The L. & A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The frequent hold-ups on its lines, though, proved a settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. & A. company's lines unless actually obliged to, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons had not run things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. The young man took all he could lay hands on and skipped, but was caught at Santa Fe. He's where he should be—at Canyon City, Tweedy got off on a technicality."

"About seven or eight months after we were held up, a stage full of fellows, including myself, were stopped and relieved one afternoon, about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Mule-Shoe Trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of his mask. There were only four of the road-agents on this occasion."

"They pulled out, leaving orders not to touch our arms, which were stacked on the ground, for twenty minutes, under penalty of being shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he 'didn't believe there were any road-agents around just then.' And there weren't."

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road-agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace."

"You know how the old Mule-Shoe Trail is? Well, the driver had gone, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the Shoe—it is only three or four miles across."

"I was just about making up my mind to join the other fellows, and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a woman sobbing. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road-agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was nobody else there, it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands."

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now that the famous bandit known as 'Foxy' was only a woman."

"She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother; and the result was that next day the road-agents missed their leader, and, inside of a fortnight, Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago, at her stables again."

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. & A. company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts, in a measure, for their success, for Uncle Sam is a bad man to interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do, to some extent, with the strong hold which 'Foxy' had over his subordinates, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after 'Foxy's' disappearance, and three of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the public at large."

"And—Miss Wilson is—"
Hallegan's eyes twinkled: "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said.—Argonaut.



A SMOOTH ARTICLE

is turned out by the basketful in this laundry—shirts, collars, cuffs and all else requiring starching and stiff finishing. Our latest improved appliances, coupled with skill born of long experience, enable us to turn out first-class work quickly and cheaply.

CASCADE LAUNDRY
Oregon City, ... -Oregon

HARPER WHISKY

A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE, A SAFE STIMULANT, A GOOD MEDICINE.

For sale by E. MATHIES.