"GINGER."

Little Gingie strolled listlessly along the mossy cliffs of coal which rose near the cut bank down to the crossing of the Cottonwood, thinking to herself how beautiful everything was, and how strange it was that all her friends should conspire to keep her shut up in the gloomy room house back under the hill, when such strange and delightful places were to be found just on the out side of it.

The sun was high in the cloudless northern sky; but the cool breeze, which came full in with the spicy smell of pines, lightly lifted the little girl's curls under the brim of the old sun hat and tempered to another heat.

The short season of summer blossoms was at its height, and lilies and wild roses were lying crowded by golden-rod and the tall spikes of the yucca with the sagebrush varnished, under the heat of the sun, that pungent odor that reminds one of New England pastures, that is by point palings and filled with beds of sage, thyme, rue, balsam and all the aromatic herbs our grandmothers knew and valued—yet in actual, a wild, sweet perfume quite distinctly its own.

A little way out on the level which sloped the cut bank at the right by the trouble of the Antelope accumulating and resembling against the side of the sky, while on the other side the bluff ran gradually into the plain to join, between run the road along one of these lower levels, where the sage grew and tone of another group of pine, wound its way down into the canyon below, and was gladly swept at as a highway "ready to hand" by the drivers in these mountains, who pass and repass this wild road the bluff, leaving slipped away from her memory, who was busy in her own room sewing below, and the housekeeper sheltered in the cellar, where the manufacture of butterscotch jelly in the kitchen, had set out upon her travels.

"Papa Jack! Papa Jack!" she sang at the door of her little little room, as she wandered on, "Daddy's needs to wake up big daddy wind you, Papa Jack!"

The results dogs came out and sat on the roofed their houses and chattered back and forth, as "Ginger" raised their off into a few lazy calls and then sank back under the protecting shadow of a greenwood; a lynx cat, stretched in a crevice of the ledge above, opened his half shut eyes, thinked about the hot and the soft wind, sweeping through the tops of the big pines that stood everywhere among the hills, caught up her and dropped her down.

And so the whole came just in time to the sake of Jim, who was feeding a long horned steer back to the bunch which was being held for the work of the round up, half a mile away on the other side of the Cottonwood.

Jim was a member of the Cowcreek and Goldy's gang right hand man, and though he was when Jack Fordham called a "cuffy brute," he never cowman ever called a rope or he made a branding. Jim—the name by which he was and far between—knew cattle as well as the Crows knew the "Charlie Arthur Shakes," but a cuffy man needs to be redeemed not by rough calling, and since Charley, a great man, and was well liked among the men, was ruled out of court by the fact that it belonged to him of right, he was called Jim, and the name suited he, and the man answered to the name as one who answered the name.

Jim and his horse Ginger were worth none on the "round up" that any other two men or three ponies on Cottonwood or the bluff, and Jim knew it as well as any other man on the river. He had more than once been offered big money to take charge of some rival outfit, but Fordham had picked him up pass he was dead broke backing against the luck at faro in Jake Rickard's "Place" in the Old Adobe Walls and they had had together ever since that old time.

Ginger, the colt of Jim's best mare, the very apple of his eyes. No common horse, but a clean built little mustang, with a record as a row pony behind them the wild Texas country when Jim had rides. What he wouldn't do at Jim's command you might be certain he knew could do. Rear till you swear he was bound to fall backward and crush his rider; walk at a word from Jim into a saloon and sovereignly wait an eye at the man behind the bar, and as for more—holding, driving, herding or cutting out—he knew it as well as his master, and a great deal better if he rather happened to be a green hand.

And now, as I said, horse and rider were on top of the cut bank some twenty rods from the road, along which trotted Jim idly, while he her small vision in imitation of "Papa Jack," scouting and rushing along to his parents of a big Texas steer that had broken away from the bunch, the branding iron, will and sewage with pain and wither and anger, savage for the rough handing given him by Jim and Ginger.

And so, as he had been working the herds a half a mile away on the Cottonwood and just made cross, and to the round moment "Papa Jack" was saying, as he pulled the saddle from off his horse's back:

"I'll throw this onto Tube and take one to the ranch for dinner. It's only a couple of miles; I'll be back before you are fairly at work."

And so, Jack, his rest thrown over his arm and his right leg curled around the pommel of the saddle, to rest the tired muscles, he galloped his fresh horse easily up the slope from the Cottonwood, to gain the bluff, and then leisurely, the bluff ran along the road, and, turning forward him, with arms only stretched, crying, "Papa Jack, I tumed to wake!" And behind her, only a few rods, coming at full charge, head down, eyes wide, nostrils to their blood full nickels, maddened by his morning's rest, and well to attack something—the big Texas steer, which had slipped down a blind coulee under the very eye of Jim and Ginger.

"Great heaven!" cried the father as the full significance of the sight burst upon him. "Drop! Scatter! I can't make it! Take!" and voice and rear and spur were put at their work, and leaning forward in the saddle the man thought all the strength that was in him to the task of bringing up the horse.

The horse was a fine, fast, and fearless, and, coming to his full reach, shot out from beneath the sudden strain, and was flicked with the flying hoofs from the mouth which snatched with the blood drawn by the sharp dagger ends of his bits. But in vain! The chance was too great, and Jack Fordham closed his eyes and his senses rocked at the thought of the horrible thing which he saw that he was powerless to prevent.

Meanwhile Jim had mined his way and, riding near the edge of the bank in a line with Jack, had caught a glimpse of her approaching father, and pouring over look in the situation at a glance. Mounting from his stirrup of vantage the sudden exercise of the muscles in the arms below, he wheeled his horse and galloped back a few yards, then turning him toward a point which would bring him between the child and the infuriated animal, which was now approaching her, he gave a significant stroke to the bridle.

"Ginger, to do it, Ginger," he said, "Good, old boy," and straight as a shot the obedient creature quivered and leaped and man came racing down with a crash that put an effectual stop to the career of the brute below, which, recovering his old alertness, turned and fled down the valley of the Cottonwood.

A minute later Jack Fordham flung himself from his panting horse, and with difficulty dragged his half senseless form away from the cutting of your Ginger, whose neck had been broken in the desperate leap.

"Jim!" he cried, "Jim, old man! do you know what you've done? You've saved her from those horns and hoofs, man! The brute don't you understand? Think of her mother, Jim, and of me, old man. What is it? Your leg? Well! I'll have you in bed in the house and the best doctor in the country—Jim, old friend, can't you speak to me?"

Jim opened his eyes, and the friends saw that a smile was was standing in each of them.

"Never mind the leg!" he cried, "the poor old Ginger I'm thinking of"—Detroit Free Press.

The Evolution of the Razor.

When it ever occur to you to wonder, when you complain of the tedious shaving, how men managed to have their faces close before the comparatively temporary and crude of today were invented? said a scientist.

"You have only to consider the earliest techniques to see that shaving was practiced in the earliest times. The faces of the old Egyptians are represented in their statues and bas-reliefs as clean shaven, and hieroglyphics on the tombs. Whatever of names did they use. Nobody knows but something is known about the condition of the razor in a general way.

"The flint razor was a pair of sharp or pointed shells, with which our savage ancestors pulled out the hairs of the head by grasping them as with pincers. In the course of time it was found out that by sharpening the edges of the shells they could be pressed against the skin so as to cut off the hairs. Two keen edged flakes of stone could be employed for the same purpose, and the Mexican Indians utilize like of obsidian. As a rule the straight, baked and scent boards are there today, like the North American Indians, shack off their hairs. The Sandwich Islanders red of their savage hair with shells of lime, which they manufacture by burning coral.

"When the bronze age arrived razors were made of that material, which has been superseded by improved steel. The latest razors are fire and electricity. Barbers of the most advanced school nowadays singe the hair instead of cutting it, and an electric needle is used to destroy hairs where they might not be so easily being thrust into the follicles, and current killing the roots."—Washington Star.

Every Now That He Didn't Go Himself.

A gilded youth who was too lazy or too second to pay the attention to his best friends, and who cut off in was incumbent upon him to make personal visits at houses where he had incurred social obligations, concluded to take his chance, sending his friends out, and leaving a tempting afternoon and a messenger boy armed with his cards. The modern Mercury, however, with the peculiar obtuseness of his race, landed in every instance upon Rating a tenpenny gives him for every batch of cards delivered, and brought back with provoking leisure to his enraged employer a dozen or so of signed papers testifying that the cards had been duly delivered.

What was still worse, a couple of his fair friends, rather quickly appreciating the situation, took the opportunity of sending back word the following: "Mrs. A——has received from Mr. B——one visiting card in payment of dinner given," and another had scribbled across the paper "Full satisfaction for all social obligations incurred."

The Result of an Accident.

Talleyrand was the greatest diplomatist of his day. His father was a military officer, and the boy would no doubt have been educated to the same profession but for an accident which befell him in childhood.

The fashion of the day of the time, he was intrusted to the care of a woman, some miles away from home, while in her charge his foot was dislocated by a fall. It was not properly cured for, and his parents did not become aware of the fact until it was too late to correct the error.

The abnormal strain brought upon the other foot soon induced a lameness in that also, and the boy thus became a cripple for life. This enforced misfortune determined a change in his plans. It was decided that him, and as a result the cause of Talleyrand has become one of the most familiar among the great ones of modern history.—Youth's Companion.

A Feast of False Faces.

There is an annual feast of False Faces among the Onondaga Indians in northwestern New York that fell here some weeks after the White Dog feast. According to the Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, who has made exhaustive observations among these Indians for many years, both men and women belong to the order, if it may be so called, but the women do not dance. The faces are mostly wooden masks made by themselves, but are not old.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worse Than an Inquisition.

Young Wife—I don't like that evening school teacher at all, she has neither patience nor consideration. She's actually cruel!

Husband—Cruel! nonsense! He doesn't really make you out the lesson, does she?—New York Weekly.

WASHING DISHES.

With a Little Thought and Care the Work May Be Made Very Pleasant.

"Plain Everybody knows how to wash dishes" you exclaim. If I believed that I would not write this article. I have many a time seen dishes washed in a way not at all fit to be eaten from. Some people will pile a lot of greasy dishes into a pan with the cups and saucers and tumblers, pour on about a quart of water and then dump out when a fashion that does not make them come with cleanness. Some washes the dishes in warm water, and others in cold water, each a method. I use both.

There are many people who never make potatoes before they sit down to the table to have a dainty of hot water ready, when the meal is over, many who never put water into the spider in which bacon or other food was fried, and, now, this dish is which must be been boiled, use a dish in which soap, lather, etc., has been mixed, or that which at other times has been used for a dish cloth, or, if they will be more sound not dry and then, when it comes to the washing, elbow Grease right into the dishes, greasy cups and saucers, pots and pans and scrape with a knife to get off that which might have been so easily removed by soaking before cooking and washing. Let the cup run on cracked, and it any one has a better way, I will gladly learn it if they will tell me.

Mixing dishes and boiling dishes are not to come directly after eating, if there is any economic advantage that would otherwise be difficult of attaining. In this case I wash dishes all of a sun before bringing the dishes to the pan. I see that the tumbler is filled out of a bottle of vinegar that some days before I set down to the table. When the dishes are washed I scrape the plates which are not fit to be eaten from into a pail, a little but enough to make good soap and wash them before putting them into the dishpan, for I do not like rinsing greasy dish water.

First I wash the cups and saucers, spoons and forks, then each dishes as one the knives, which I do the first, the water dishes coming last. I have the water very hot and use a bottle mop for the knives, which I wash and wipe before I do the dish cloth from a wire twist. I have two pieces of linen dishcloths and each each knives. I have also aging towels of the finest fresh supply, but that is not really essential, it is a matter of taste merely. My towels of my dishpan I have another dish cloth I place the dishes on I wash them, arranging them handy, and even there pour hot water to rinse them of the sticky wash. Then they wipe as much as easily when hot.

This water is used to wash the towels, the knives, and second best dishcloth, which may, of course, not have been used before on after the other, instead of dumping the water into a bucket. The dishcloth is then washed in the dishpan, and also the knives and towels are rinsed, and wiped out, the pan and dish are washed in clean water. I never use a dish mop, or anything saving my dishcloth, they are so dirty, and I think they are unsanitary. Sometimes, of course, it is necessary to use the same water for washing other things, while at other times it would be savage economy to have two or more pounds of water, but when time an only one dish pan is used the cups and saucers are first washed, then the plates, etc., are previously partially cleaned.

I am sure that this tends this much work, but it is not really, and if it were, who would not be an extra price to have the dishes clean and tempting and the stove perfectly sweet—M. D. Wetmore in Housekeeper.

Gloves for Kitchen Work.

Every cook is provided with her hands dainty. But when she is forced to do her own kitchen work, it is impossible to keep her hands as the condition of her gloves. Nothing is more chilling to a fastidious lady than the skill empty which it is necessary to use in washing greasy dishes or stoving greasy utensils. A pair of long sleeve gloves, such as shoulder sometimes use in laboratory work, will protect the hands in the kitchen drudgery. These gloves are in black, white and best color, in sizes considerably larger than kid gloves. The smallest size sold, we believe, is 10. The black small enough for a lady who wears kid or six kid gloves.

After one becomes used to them it is easy enough to do everything, dishwashing and scouring after tasks in these gloves, which cost from $1.50 and $1.60 a pair, and properly taking up and dusting when need will last a long time. It is a great mistake to buy such a glove too short in the wrists. It should reach high up on the forearm. Wrists will well be worn by a short glove so that it is no protection to the hand.—New York Tribune.

The Greek Dress for Women.

It is not to be wondered at that those women who care for their beauty rather than for style in their attire should again and again revert to the idea of introducing among English ladies the graceful fashions of ancient Greece. The flowing draperies and cunning folds in which the robes of the Athenians were arranged formed the very ideal of a suitable attire for women, if they studied only the art of making themselves appear charming.

That this idea is really the only mode of attire suited to the fair feminine is sufficiently attested by the fact that a woman of taste adopting a like dress status of herself, or to make would think of arraying herself in any other fashion of clothing. How would the bodice, short or long in basque, according to the prevailing style, the full straight skirt or the Romanist petticoat, the tight lined waist and the peaked shoulder pieces, when clinched in mortise or rendered in brassie. So far, however, the demand for classic tunics has been made in vain. We attempted to revive the beautiful fashions of the Greek women have been developed and infrequent, and the few ladies who have tried the experiment have either been soon tired by the extra trouble involved and compelled by the action they contend, or they have not possessed sufficient moral importance for their example to be largely followed. Lace.

SAPONIFIER

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