

MY OLD SWEETHEART JILL.

Talk not to me of modern maidens,
Of Blanche and wend and Lili,
There's n'er a one among them all
Like my old sweetheart Jill!

Long years ago, when we were you,
And climb'd that horrid hill,
She bore the weight of half the pain,
A helpful sweetheart Jill.

And when I tumbled down that day,
(I have the sore there still)
She shared my luck as she does yet,
Dear helpmeet, sweetheart Jill.

When happiness comes down our way
Her laugh is like a rill,
The sun shone on the bridal day
Of merry sweetheart Jill.

If fortune frowned upon our path:
As frown, sometimes, she will,
There's si ver back of every cloud,
Says cheery, sweetheart Jill.

Then drink this toast, ye envious ones;
Ful! All your gasses fill!

"May every Jack get such a wife
As my old sweetheart Jill!"

—[Edgar Wade Abbot, in Boston Times.]

WHAT HAPPENED TO HALLIE LIE.

BY SARAH BIERCE SCARBOROUGH.

Nothing had ever happened to Hallie. At least, that is what she claimed.

"Fourteen years is a very long time to pass away without anything happening to a body," was what her father had gravely remarked when she persisted in the assertion; and Phil, her grown-up brother, had quizzically asked if she would be satisfied with anything less than lassoing a crocodile in one of the Colorado mountain lakes or shooting a dodo in the canyon below.

"I don't expect the impossible," she had retorted; "but I do want something that might be called a 'happening'."

The hunting excursions with the boys, the round-ups on the plateau, the mountain climbing and the goat hunting—all these she refused to consider in the category of "happenings." They were expected things and "happenings" were—well—"something that she had not looked for—very long, at least," she explained.

But, according to her own definition, several things happened very soon. In the first place, her father and mother, who went every year to the time of full moon in September, to Pueblo, had promised to take her with them on this trip; but the very day before they started her mother called her aside for a private talk. At its close Hallie emerged from the sitting room with suspiciously swimming eyes.

"Try not to mind it this time, dear," said her mother. "You know that we are to take your Aunt Catherine, and if you think how ill she has been and how much she will suffer from the discomfort of being crowded, and how necessary it is that her poor nerves be not annoyed in any way, I am sure that you will find some pleasure in the sacrifice of your long-looked-for trip."

So she watched them depart, only heaving a great sigh as they disappeared from view.

"I should say that here is a happening with a vengeance," remarked her twin brother, Hall, by way of consolation. "But I wouldn't mind it: and we will go up after agates. Maybe we will find one as a mate for the one you want set for a button—that will be another kind of a happening."

—Even that favorite amusement had lost its charm.

"It is bound to be pokey the best way you can fix it," she replied, gloomily. "Then, too, it would not be right to go off. There is nobody here but Phil and us, and Phil isn't to be depended on to stay."

"You forget Garcia and Manuel," said Hall.

"They are never left alone."

"That is so. Heigho! I don't know but I wish with you that something would happen."

Hallie was right about Phil. That noon one of the boys came down from the upper ranch to tell of the stampede of the cattle, and their suspicion that it was caused by a mountain lion. Instantly Phil was alert. He had long wanted a mountain lion's skin, and it did not take long for him to convince himself that his presence was indispensable at the other ranch.

"I'll go up for a couple of days, and Fred and you can look after everything. Manu will take good care of things. Isn't that so, Manuel?"

"Si, Señor." The man showed a glinting row of teeth as he answered.

"And I am sure that Garcia is to be depended on."

The woman bobbed her head without hearing; for she was as deaf as a post.

"And I don't like it a bit," said Hallie, as Phil rode off.

As for Hall, had he not secretly wished to go with Phil, he would have thought it just the thing to be left in charge. As it was, he was discontented, and roamed about, leaving Hallie to her own devices.

It was dull enough for her, as Garcia was no company at all. But company came. At night, two men—Mexicans—rode up from the mountain road and stopped to talk with Manuel.

"They want to stop all night," said Hall. "Manuel says that they are all right."

"And that would be a good reason why I would not have them stay," Hallie murmured.

"Pshaw! Here's a girl that is always wanting something to happen, and is afraid it will at the same time."

"I am not," was the indignant reply.

"Only it might not be what I wanted."

"They can stay in the adobe part, and Manuel is all right to look after them."

So they stayed, though Hallie kept wishing in her heart that something would bring Phil back. But he did not come, and Hallie sleepily declared that nobody need fret. The consequence was that long after he had gone to sleep Hallie was in Phil's room next the adobe part, listening to the conversation going on among the men. The thin partition made this an easy thing to do. Late in the night she tiptoed to Hall's bedside.

"Wake up! Hall! There is some plan among these men. I can't quite understand—there's so much Mexican Greaser talk; but I know they think of waiting for Papa's coming back, and mean to meet them in the upper canyon."

"Now, Hallie, you have imagined half of that, I expect," yawned Hall, drowsily, as he prepared to turn over.

"But I haven't, really. Hall, wake up! I tell you I heard something about money, too; and you know that Papa brings up the pay for the boys this time."

"Manuel must have got hold of that fact somehow. The old rascal!" Hall was awake now. "If Phil were only here!"

"We must get him here. It is only

twenty miles, and Padre could make it quick enough. Then he could go right on and meet our folks. They'll not start before Friday."

The two talked until morning, and by that time Hall felt quite convinced that he had done a very unwise thing to harbor the men and was willing to do almost anything to rectify his mistake. Hallie, however, thought that it was the very best thing that could have happened because otherwise they themselves would have known nothing about the proposed act of the highwaymen.

"You will not be afraid to stay?" Hall asked, as he made his preparation for an early start. "Perhaps you had better go with me."

"No, I'll stay, so that they may suspect nothing. They'll hang around until about Friday before they set off for the trail."

At daylight Hall saddled Padre, "just to have a day of hunting," he said to Manuel who was watching him. Hallie nervously saw him disappear, but began to busy herself helping Garcia, so that the day would not seem so long. Hall would reach the ranch by noon, and the two would be back by night; there would be no danger before that she was sure.

But at noon another man rode up from the mountain road and was taken into the adobe part by the others. Hallie hurried to Phil's room with forebodings.

What she gathered from their talk not only surprised but terrified her. The last comer had been a spy upon her father's movements. He reported that they had already left Pueblo—much earlier than they had expected—and with the stop of one night, which they always made, they would reach the upper canyon about an hour after midnight.

Hallie saw it all. They always preferred to travel in the evening when the weather was warm and there was moonlight. It was Aunt Catherine's health which had probably caused the change of time for return, as well as the night travel in September. What should she do? If Phil would only come, there would be time, or perhaps the boys could see some plan to prevent the men from leaving. The last idea proved itself impossible, as at noon the three men rode off upon the upper road.

All the long afternoon she watched for a sign of Phil or Hall, but night came and neither had reached home. Manuel had noticed her uneasiness and had carelessly remarked that Hall might get on the track of the mountain lion, too. This did not not allay her fears. It only reminded her of what she had lost sight of—that possibly Hall might not find Phil, and there was no telling when the two could get back.

It caused her to reach a determination. Manuel slept in the far end of the adobe part, and Garcia would hear nothing at any time. So she set about her preparations.

"There is really nothing else to be done," she murmured to herself, as she put on the short suit that she wore when hunting with the boys. "Father must be warned by somebody before those men meet him."

She knew just where the attack was planned to take place—at the bend, after the party had left the lower canyon. If she could only reach the canyon before they crossed and took the long wagon road to the upper one. She believed she could. They would leave "Hunt's"—their night's stopping place—at sunset. She remembered so vividly the ride, as she had taken it three years before—when they passed into the lower canyon and stopped the bronchos to see the grand sight under the pale light of the moon which brought out all the beauties of the place with weird effect—just midight, so she remembered.

Manuel solemnly affirmed that he knew nothing of their design; but whether he did or not, Mr. Bur thought it best to rid himself of him soon after.

"Well, Hallie, you can never again complain that nothing has ever happened to you, I am sure," said Phil, when all had heard of her ride with that cry reverberating in her ears.

"And I think I am cured of ever again wishing anything to happen," she replied, with a shudder.

But her "happenings" had begun. Aunt Catherine learned how Hallie had given up the trip to Pueblo for her sake, and the next announcement made was that her niece was to go back to the East with her. And when they went Hallie carried the mountain lion skin with her.

"She has earned it all, too," said Phil, proudly. "Not many girls would have done what she did. And think of that shot right in that animal's temple!"

But Hallie has always persisted that that was the most extraordinary happening of all.—[The Independent.]

should hear it!—No; perhaps she could outrun it—whatever it might be.

Then came another thought that fairly made her heart stand still. Suppose that the men had been mistaken, after all, and her father was not coming that night. Hallie had never fainted in her life, but for a second everything reel'd before her. Still she pressed on.

Was not that a rattling of pebbles? She drew up Phister to be sure. There was a descent of the opposite side where the broncho's hoofs might loosen the pebbles and send them down. But all was still. Then there was another crash, and the moon, which shone right into the depths, showed a long dark body on a swaying limb overhanging the canyon road some twenty feet below. Phister saw it, too, and trembled. A low, panting, purring sound came from the beast teetering thereat length, its eyes fixed on the road beneath.

There was a rattling; she was sure of it. There was a murmur of voices, and the wagon train emerged from the opposite trail. If the beast had followed her, it was evident that its attention had been suddenly drawn to the new comers and it lay with angry, quivering body and lashing tail, ready for a leap into their midst.

Like a flash Hallie saw it all. Her father or mother might be killed in that unlooked-for spring, or, if this did not happen, what a terrible shock it would be to her aunt's nerves! Her own seemed to become steel at the thought. She slapped Phister smartly. The broncho stepped tremblingly forward. The lion turned its head at the sound. As Phister stopped short again, Hallie raised her revolver, took deliberate aim and fired.

There was a snarl, a convulsive bound, then the beast sprang out, clutching at the limbs, and rolled down the canyon's side.

With the report, Phister gave a terrified snort, dashed frantically forward, fairly leaping over the stones, whirled around the turn in the path and bore her straight into the midst of an astonished crowd.

"It is our Hallie!"

With Mrs. Burt's exclamation, everything was confusion for a few moments, and it was some minutes before Hallie herself could recover self-possession enough to tell of her ride and its cause.

"My brave girl!" was all that her mother could say, as they looked at the lion stretched dead across the road.

Bur her father held her firmly by the hand as he decided upon the course to pursue in regard to the Mexicans. If Hallie could ride down the old trail, they could ride up it; so the women, with Mr. Burt and another man, took the bronchos and slowly rode back. Aunt Catherine rising equal to the occasion, declaring that her comfort was not to be thought of longer.

It was daylight when the ranch was reached. They found old Garcia in a state of terror. Hall and Phil had returned late that night and, taking Manuel with them, had immediately set off on the upper road after the Mexicans.

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Cruelties of Nurses.

Servants employed to look after the little folks are, as a rule, so anxious for their own pleasure that they frequently slap their charges into submission in order to free to gossip with their confreres below stairs. This course of action usually takes place at bedtime, and any frolicsome disposition on the part of little "wide awake" is, according to the personal observation of our informant, speedily reduced to a condition of sobbing and sleep, owing to the employment of methods known only to these guardians of these treasures of the home. There are other atrocities also practised on children by their nurses, which savor of actual cruelty. If these cases are numerous, can it be possible mothers are unaware of them? Is it that the duties of society so completely take up both time and attention that the doings of the nursery are unknown to the mothers of the little dwellers therein? Motherhood is a far nobler office than social leadership, and the little souls commended to a mother's keeping are greater treasures than the diamonds that are the envy of all other women in that circle in which only the elect move. Therefore these human jewels should be guarded with a constant and jealous eye, and their caretakers should be chosen with due regard to their mental and bodily welfare, instead of selected at random simply to get somebody who will be capable of keeping the children out of sight and hearing when company is around, by whatever means, fair or foul, they choose to employ.

To Broil STEAK.—Steak for broiling should not be thin or it will be dry and hard; at the market, ask them to cut your steak three-fourths of an inch thick, cut off the suet, grease the broiler and have it hot, lay the steak on the broiler on a bed of hot coals, turn the meat often; when done remove to a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and spread butter over it; serve immediately.

To Roast LOIN OF VEAL.—Take a white and fat loin of veal with the kidney attached; saw off the spine and remove what is left of the hip bone, season with salt and pepper; tie up the flop over the kidney, put in a buttered sauté with a glass of water, and bits of butter on top; cover with a buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for nearly two hours, basting occasionally with the gravy; drain, turn, place on a dish, add a little broth to the sauté, skin the fat, reduce to a demi-glace sauce, strain over the meat and serve.

To STUFFED BEEFSTEAK.—A large slice of round is best for this; if there is any bone, with a small knife, loosen the bone and take it out, season with salt and pepper; have ready prepared some dressing, made of stale bread crumbs, moistened with cold water, seasoned with one egg, a spoonful of butter, salt and a little parsley or sifted sage, mix well and spread on the slice of steak, roll up closely and wind with a cord; have the oven very hot, put it in a tin in the oven, baste half an hour, mix a spoonful of butter and water together and put in the oven while baking; when done, remove the cord and serve hot, cut in slices from the end of the roll.

To STUFFED CHICKEN.—A large fowl, with the giblets removed, should be dressed and truss'd; have ready prepared some dressing, made of stale bread crumbs, moistened with cold water, seasoned with one egg, a spoonful of butter, salt and a little parsley or sifted sage, mix well and spread on the inside of the fowl, roll up closely and wind with a cord; have the oven very hot, put it in a tin in the oven, baste half an hour, mix a spoonful of butter and water together and put in the oven while baking; when done, remove the cord and serve hot, cut in slices from the end of the roll.

To STUFFED DUCK.—A large fowl, with the giblets removed, should be dressed and truss'd; have ready prepared some dressing, made of stale bread crumbs, moistened with cold water, seasoned with one egg, a spoonful of butter, salt and a little parsley or sifted sage, mix well and spread on the inside of the fowl, roll up closely and wind with a cord; have the oven very hot, put it in a tin in the oven, baste half an hour, mix a spoonful of butter and water together and put in the oven while baking; when done, remove the cord and serve hot, cut in slices from the end of the roll.

To STUFFED PIG.—A large fowl, with the giblets removed, should be dressed and truss'd; have ready prepared some dressing, made of stale bread crumbs, moistened with cold water, seasoned with one egg, a spoonful of butter, salt and a little parsley or sifted sage, mix well and spread on the inside of the fowl, roll up closely and wind with a cord; have the oven very hot, put it in a tin in the oven, baste half an hour, mix a spoonful of butter and water together and put in the oven while baking; when done, remove the cord and serve hot, cut in slices from the end of the roll.

To STUFFED TURKEY.—A large fowl, with the giblets removed, should be dressed and truss'd; have ready prepared some dressing, made of stale bread crumbs, moistened with cold water, seasoned with one egg, a spoonful of butter, salt and a little parsley or sifted sage, mix well and spread on the inside of the fowl, roll up closely and wind with a cord; have the oven very hot, put it in a tin in the oven, baste half an hour, mix a spoonful of butter and water together and put in the oven while baking; when done, remove the cord and serve hot, cut in slices from the end of the roll.

To STUFFED VENISON.—A large fowl, with the giblets removed, should be dressed and truss'd; have ready prepared some dressing, made of stale bread crumbs, moistened with cold water, seasoned with one egg, a spoonful of butter, salt and a little parsley or sifted sage, mix well and spread on the inside of the fowl, roll up closely and wind with a cord; have the oven very hot, put it in a tin in the oven, baste half an hour, mix a spoonful of butter and water together and put in the oven while baking; when done, remove the cord and serve hot, cut in slices from the end of the roll.

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