

even let him have a flower to pay him ! He was a harmless, respectable sort of young man, and——”

The harmless, respectable sort of young man nearly choked with a stifled groan, then turned and fled.

Out of the house and half-way home he'd got before Mr. Earnshaw picked him up with "Air of the room disagreed with you? Ah, it's sultry to-night. And they kept me a long while too. Deal to talk about. Colonel St. James just back from the Soudan, the man they tried to stop their daughter being engaged to before he went out. She might have been a countess, but the coronet kicked the beam when weighed against her colonel, so now he's covered himself with glory they're to be allowed to marry in August. You'll see something of the wedding if you stop with me."

But Mr. Dalby did not stop with Mr. Earnshaw. He had a gruesome attack of—indigestion ; found out Southwick disagreed with him ; took himself to the coast for a week, and by the sad sea waves meditated on what an ass he'd been. Then he got himself back

to Crouleby and, with a humility that has much improved him, courted the healing of his wounds by brown-eyed Hetty.

They two were on their September wedding-tour when the bride, foraging for a fusee-case in an overcoat her husband said he had not worn for months, brought out a letter addressed to her own maiden name.

"Why, what is this, Gerald?" questioned she; "did you write to me after all from Southwick, and forget to post the letter? And may I have it now?"

To which he made answer, "Why, yes, I wrote, but now you've got me, pet, you want nothing else, do you? There!"—tearing the paper into shreds and casting them into Windermere's waters—"we won't talk of the time I was away from you. This is a hundred times happier!"

Acknowledging which, Hetty never suspects or asks aught anent what her husband determinately consigns to oblivion: that month of midsummer madness!

THE TEXAN FARMER.

BY AN AMERICAN.



O a large class of American youth there is probably no pursuit more fascinating than farming in Texas. The Lone Star State, as it is called, represents to them a sort of modern El Dorado, where gold can be made, if not found, and where a life of pleasant adventure awaits the enterprising stranger.

The youth arrives fresh from college or from a luxurious city home, bearing in his face and person such credentials of refinement and simple enthusiasm that he is immediately dubbed "tender-foot" by the earlier settlers. Then begins a novel experience indeed, which affects the new arrival according to his own peculiar temperament. It is much less fun and far harder work than it is generally supposed to be.

Again, it is, like other pursuits, remunerative only in a certain fair proportion to the work and capital involved. There is no greater mistake than for a young man to go to Texas with little or no capital, expecting to come back a millionaire. It will end, as it so often does, in a speedy return to his home, with empty pockets, and either better or worse in health of body and morals.

This young man will perhaps relate exaggerated tales, and give various wild explanations for his change of plans. Or, if he has not lost his simple, honest disposition, he will avoid all mention of his trip, and blush at the merest reference to those days of disillusion and disappointment.

We may include another class, occupying a middle

position between the two, who went with less ardent expectations, and who will say that "it was really worth doing once."

However, to return to our young "tender-foot" as he first appears on the ranch, clothed in a dapper suit, quite ludicrous to Southern eyes, and his face radiant with hope and self-confidence. Let us suppose that he owns the surrounding acres, and the live stock thereupon; also that he has sufficient capital for his purpose, and "means business," as they say. He buys land for a song, and also sheep or cattle, or both, in what would seem to us enormous quantities.

These animals are kept entirely in the open air, quite at liberty in the day-time, under the eye of a skilful herder, with horse or dog as assistant; and at nightfall they are merely penned into what is called a sheep-coral or a cow-pen, placed in the most sheltered spot available, to be sure, but with only the mesquite bushes and tall grasses for protection against the wind.

During the night there is usually a regular watcher to keep off the prowling coyotes, and especially if a cow-boy of dubious character is known to be in the neighbourhood. The patient watcher sometimes sleeps on the bare ground, regardless of dews and rattlesnakes; but if he is on a large ranch, there will be a rude dwelling of variable size and structure.

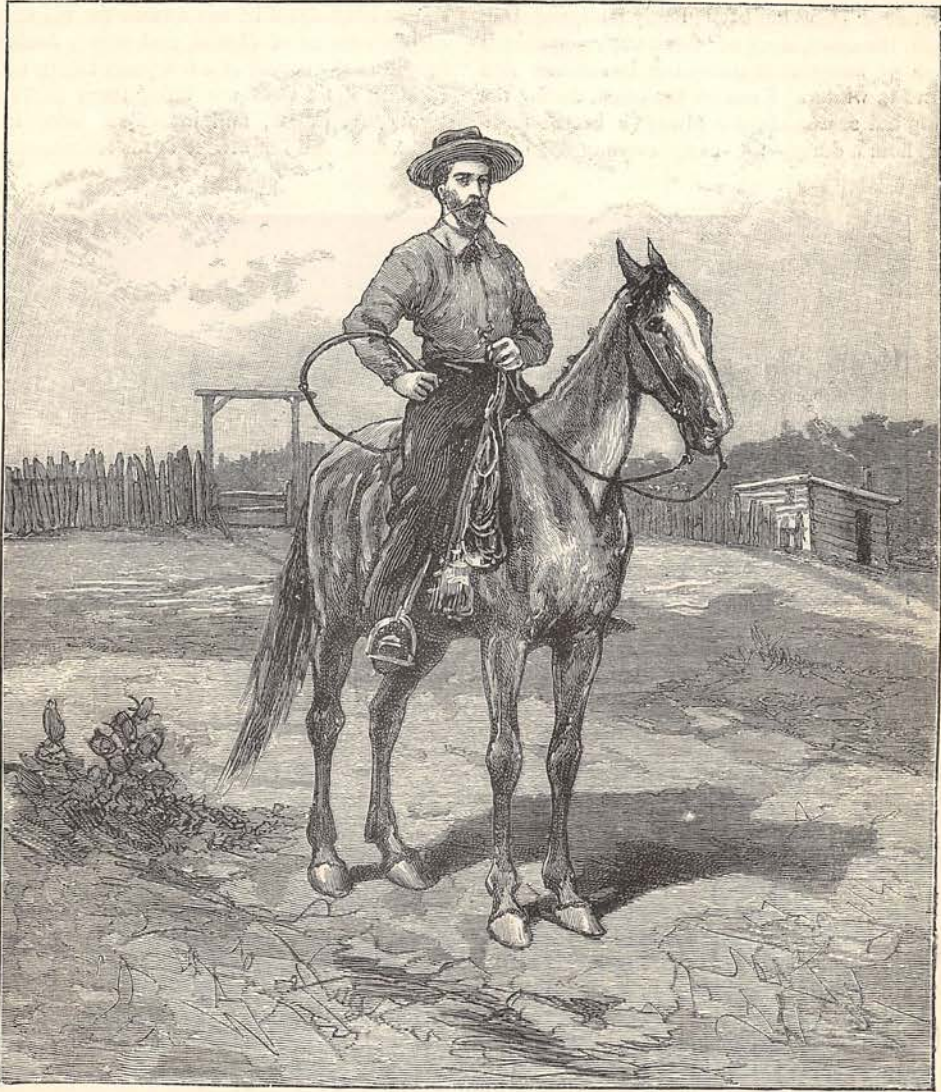
Our young gentleman-farmer puts his different corals, or cow-herds, in charge of subordinates, who may be either his friends or his inferiors. He himself will doubtless spend much of his time in riding about from post to post; in fact, to be a successful farmer he must have a keen eye over all his affairs, and must

acquire a good judgment in selecting and managing his stock and his overseers.

He may ride for hours in this semi-civilised tract of country without seeing a single habitation, for the houses are situated from two to fifty miles apart.

It is probable that the head of the house may be travelling about at the same time on a similar errand.

This indiscriminate hospitality of house-owners, and the rude honour of the guests, is one of the peculiar



A TEXAN FARMER.

Wherever he arrives at night he halts outside the gate, awaiting the invitation to dismount, which is always given immediately, but without which it would be a gross breach of Texan etiquette to enter the house. The best that the place affords is then set before the weary traveller, and he is offered and accepts a bed for the night. The next morning, after breakfast, he is always expected to ride away, and make room for other possible wayfarers. He may give his name or not, as he chooses.

features of Texan farm-life. Another one is the great dependence of men upon their horses, owing to the immense distances to be traversed daily; the result of which is that horse-stealing in this State is regarded and punished as a more heinous crime than murder.

For those who own sheep the "lambing season," of about six weeks in duration, is the busiest and most trying time of the year. The merry-making, however, follows the "shearing," and much money is then spent

in drink and cards at the neighbouring towns by the wilder spirits of the ranch. These towns, deplorable to relate, are usually a small aggregation of dwellings grouped about a tavern, a grocery, and a gambling-saloon. The cow-boys (who may or may not be owners) lead the most active and dangerous life, driving, roping, and branding cattle, and are always the most reckless of Texan youth.

The climate of Texas has been greatly maligned, and, except upon the coast, does not merit the reputation it has gained of being unbearably hot in summer and equally cold in winter. Even on the coast, during the most trying hot season there is always a breeze for a couple of hours during the early evening. In the

south-eastern part of the State the climate is really delightful; and as for the fierce winter winds—the famous “northers,” so hurtful to beasts—they are really highly exhilarating to one possessed of an average robust constitution. Indeed, invalids are now sometimes sent to the vicinity of San Antonio.

You can see that a hardy young farmer, who lives much in the open air, will greatly benefit his health by such a life; and if he has a taste for his occupation, a certain amount of capital, and steady business habits, he will in the course of a few years return to his family (that is, if he does not bring them to Texas) richer in money, health, and individual force, in romantic experience and knowledge of his fellow-men.



Welcome Back!

DUET.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by T. R. G. JOZÉ, Mus.D.

1st VOICE. *Allegretto. ♩ = 96.*
 2nd VOICE.
 PIANO. *f*

Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to
 Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to

meet us, Where hands are striving as we come To be the first to greet us: When the world has spent its
 meet us, Where hands are striving as we come To be the first to greet us: When the world has spent its

cres. cen. do. *p*
p
 Ped. *