

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. *8:* Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to

2nd VOICE. *8:* Sweet is the hour that brings us home, Where all will spring to

PIANO. *Allegretto. ♩=96.* *f* *8:*

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

tr *cres - cen - do.* *p* *p* *Ped.* *

cres. frowns and wrath, And care been sore - ly press - ing, 'Tis sweet to turn from our rov - ing path, And
ritard. frowns and wrath, And care been sore - ly press - ing, 'Tis sweet to turn from our rov - ing path, And

cres. *dim.* *colla voce.*

Ped. * Ped. *

1st time. *f* 2nd time. FINE.

find a fire - side bless - ing. find a fire - side bless - ing.

find a fire - side bless - ing. find a fire - side bless - ing

ff *f* *dim.* *rall.* *p* FINE.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

SECOND VOICE.

cres - cen - do. *dim-in-u-en-do.*

Oh,..... joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly dear— Dear is the home - ward track,..... If

♩. = 88.

tempo. p

cres *cen* *do.* *dim - in - u - en - do.*

we are but sure of a wel - come back! If we are but sure of a wel - come back!

cres - cen - do. *dim-in-u-en-do.* *sf*

Oh,..... joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly dear— Dear is the home - ward track,..... If

Oh,..... joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly dear— Dear is the home - ward track,..... If

cres - cen - do. *dim-in-u-en-do.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped. * Ped. *

cres - - cen - - do. *cres.* *rit.*

we are but sure of a wel - come back! If we are but sure of a wel - come back!

we are but sure of a wel - come back! If we are but sure of a wel - come back!

cres - - cen - - do. *cres.* *rit.*

Ped. *

FIRST VOICE. *cres - - cen - - do.* *dim - in - u - en - do.*

What do we reck on a drea - - ry way, Though lone - ly and be -

f tempo. *p*

Marcato il basso.

cres - cen - do. *cres - cen - do.*

- night - ed, If we know there are lips to chide our stay, And eyes that will beam..... love -

f

light - ed?— What is the worth of your dia - mond ray To the glance that flash - es

f *mf*

rit. *D.C. to §*

plea - sure, When the words that wel - come us..... be - tray We form a heart's chief trea - sure?

rit. *D.C. to §*