

A RIDE TO HAPPINESS.

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD. "Yes, our marriage was a wildly romantic one, and it was doubtless the most exciting ceremony ever performed in the whole wide world. Cassie, dear, go into the house and prepare our lunch, and while you do so I will tell the captain of our wild race for happiness."

surprise, that Cassie was a skilled and daring rider, and could throw a rope with an expertness which any knight of the saddle might well envy. On our ride homeward when a great long-horn steer proved rebellious and broke from the bunch and took the back trail with head and tail in the air, she gave chase, gracefully swinging her rope, and caught and threw the big animal so heavily that when released he was glad to hasten back to his place and remain there for the rest of the drive.

girl, and found it warmly reciprocated. She told me she had loved me from the day of our ride on the round-up, and slyly added that she had always felt very happy, for she could read my love for her in my eyes, and she knew I would some day tell her of it. With her permission I went to ask her father's consent to our marriage, and my golden hopes seemed dashed to earth at my reception. The old man flew into a violent rage, cursed me for my assurance, and commanded me to leave the ranch at once and forever. I feared he would assault me, so great was his anger at the thought that a common cowboy should aspire to the hand of his daughter and endeavor to take from him the pride and joy of his life.



"I PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE."

their actions I knew the plot had been discovered, and they were after us. It seemed but a vain hope that we could reach the justice and have the ceremony performed before being overtaken, but slim as was the hope we eagerly grasped it and urged our horses to their greatest speed. On we flew like wind, our game little animals straining every nerve, as if conscious of the great responsibility resting upon their efforts.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Archbishop Satolli has only men servants in his house. His interpreter is the only one who speaks English. He has but one fad, and that is a fondness for birds. In almost every room of the house there is a cage of birds, and the whole residence seems like a mammoth aviary.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHEN IT'S COLD. When needles are in your fingers and toes; When icicles hang from the snow-man's nose; When the frost on the pane makes sugary trees, And wagon-wheels over the hard ground wheeze;

A REMARKABLE DOG.

This Strange Story Is Said to Be True in Every Particular. My grandfather once owned a dog that was a cross between a mastiff and Newfoundland. He was large in size as the largest-mentioned breed, and in color that of an African lion, and strange to say, had a mane like one. His eyes, also, had the intelligent look of that animal.



AGAIN THE DOG LEAPED UP.

HUMOROUS.

"What a weary look that young woman has?" "Yes; she married the man she wanted."—N. Y. Journal.

RUSHDEN PARISH CHURCH.

relief of all who witnessed the dangerous exploit. "Parachute Joe" has written the following description of the adventure:

THE COMIC VALENTINE.

Saint Valentine! They call him saint! Yet when you get a dash of paint, Of horrid shape and frightful face, With verses set to suit your case, You mingle with your will complaint The question why they call him saint.

Various small text fragments and signatures at the bottom of the page.