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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, face, she earnestly said: go into the house and prepare our lunch, and while you do so I will tell the captain of our wild race for happiness."

obeyed, leaving behind her the admonition that her husband must closely follow the lines of fact, and not sing her lieve he has murder in his heart.' praises in cloquent words as he sometimes did.

reached there the previous evening. in the valley, and now that I was the me, and when the wealthy ranch ownfrom his own lips.

"I first struck Sayles' ranch four on the Brazos in Texas, seeking a country more to my liking, and after working on various ranches along the trail I came to this valley, and it suited me. The spring round-up was coming on, and old man Sayles was short of riders, and I soon broke a mount of the horses and went to work. I reckon I had worked there about three weeks before I saw his daughter, Cassie. I never had occasion to go to the big house, and she never happened to visit the cowboy's quarters when I was present, but I'd heard of her very often, for every man in the valley was in love with her, and the praises of her beauty and western accomplishments were deavor to carry out his threat and drag almost becoming tiresome to me. I had come from a land noted for its pretty women, and I often told my fellow-riders that if they could see a few Texas ranch girls they would, no doubt, think Miss Cassie a very ordinary creature

"One morning while we were saddling up for the day's work the old man came out to the corral, and with him came his daughter. I tell you, Jack, that when she familiarly spoke to some of the boys near me, and then with a sunny smile turned her bright eyes on had turned on me and kicked me right

daring rider, and could throw a rope with an expertness which any knight of the saddle might well enty. On our ride homeward when a great long-horn 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. "When nearing the home ranch I

ventured to tell Cassie of Zack Barstow's threat, and, looking into my

"'I have abhorred that man ever since he first came on the range, and yet papa regards him as one of his very best men. His actions are disgusting The beautiful little woman smilingly to me, and I always feel a strange uneasiness when in his presence. Do be

careful and don't anger him, for I be-"I will not go into the details of the occurrences of the next few months We were sitting on the veranda of further than to relate one incident: the great Rocky Bend ranch, on the With the foreman and every man on Pecos river, in New Mexico. I had the ranch excepting Barstow, I was on the most friendly terms, but the big wearied with a long ride on the trail of fellow hated me bitterly and did not some renegade Mescalero Apaches, and try to disguise his feelings toward me. had determined to rest a day before He annoyed me in every possible man- ing the hope that in time her father setting out for my post at Fort Craig. ner, but, at Cassie's request, I paid lit-I had often heard of the queer marriage the attention to his actions. Several of Dick Arnold, then but a common times while he was conversing with old the same faithful messenger we maincowboy, to the pretty daughter of old Bob, I noticed that both he and the old tained a constant correspondence, and, Bob Sayles, the wealthiest cattle king man would cast furtive glances toward at last, despairing of ever obtaining the guest of the hero and heroine of that er assumed a cold, indifferent air towild ride, I was eager to hear the story | ward me I knew that Zack was poisoning him against me.

years ago this spring," Arnold began. few miles distant on an errand for "I had drifted up from the range down our foreman. I had no arms with me, and was totally unprepared for what hour Cassie met me at the rendezvous was to follow. While riding quietly homeward, I heard horse's hoofs beat- of the Mexican town. ing the ground behind me, and, glancing back, saw Barstow riding rapidly on my trail. As he came on he took down and coiled his lariat and run out the noose, and when about a hundred As they drew near I recognized them feet distant cried out:

"'I've got you at last, you high-toned duck, an' I'm goin' to rope you an' drag

the life out o' you.' "He came on, swinging his rope for a throw, and, being unarmed, I put my horse to its utmost speed to escape him. I knew the heartless ruffian would enme to death behind his horse, and my only chance of escape was in being able to distance him and reach the ranch before he could carry out his murderous design. We rode for about a mile without any perceptible change in the distance between us, and then the superior wind of his horse began to tell, and he rapidly gained on me. I confess that I was thoroughly frightened,

for the thought of being dragged to death behind a horse was a frightful one. I knew the villain had conceived the idea that when my horse would me and politely bowed. I almost reach the ranch riderless a search would thought the broncho I was saddling be instituted, and when my lifeless body should be found the inference over the heart. Her beauty was a rev- would be a natural one that I had been thrown and dragged to death. Turning my head to my pursuer so I were worshiping at the shrine of her could watch his actions, and if possible dodge his throw, a sight met my eye that drove back the clouds of despair crowd the limit in so strongly referring and again filled me with hope of escape. But about fifty yards behind the me. The dignity of wifehood adds to would be murderer, gracefully swinging her rope, her horse straining its every nerve in response to the touch of her spur, rode Cassie. I saw the rope tuk a notion that she'll ride on the leave her hand and fall over Barstow's round-up to-day. The little gal's been shoulders; then, as she drew the rein corraled a long time in the house and set the horse back on its haunches, s-helpin' her mother, an' a whirl over the burly villain was dragged from his the range'll do her good. One o' you saddle and thrown to the ground, while his riderless and affrighted horse "I had often heard and read of love ran on toward the ranch. I wheeled at first sight, but never believed such a my horse and rode back in time to hear the brave girl say to the prostrate man: " 'Oh, you murderous willain, would 'I war only a foolin', Miss Cassie,' that rough corral was the first link in he whined. 'We of'n play at sich games what would one day be a golden chain on the range, an' I only wanted to have of love. You can picture my joy when a little fun with the boy. I wouldn't a hurt him fur the world.' "'Don't lie to me, you coward!' she smoothest strip o' country to-day, Cas- cried, her eyes blazing with anger and sie, an' I reckon you'd better ride with excitement. 'You would have murhim. 'Take good care o' her, Dick, an' dered him, and you know that was don't ride too hard, fur the little gal's your intention. Now get up and leave, had more housework than outdoor fun not only this spot but the country, or I lately, an' ain't toughtened up like she will send to town and have you arrested for attempted murder." "'It's easy to talk o' leavin', Miss to mount, assuring the old man that Cassie, but not so easy to do with a she should be carefully looked after. broken leg. You've done me up, gal, As I took hold of her dainty little foot an' it'll be a long time afore I kin do "Then her tender, womanly sympathy asserted itself, and bidding me hasten to the ranch for assistance she dismounted to render such aid as she could to the wounded man. "I had gone but a short distance when I met one of the boys from the

surprise, that Cassie was a skilled and 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 steer proved rebellious and broke from 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. "Inside of an hour I had packed up and was riding away, cursing the fates that had been unkind to me. I secured work on the XTC ranch, about six miles distant, and, in a few days, through one of my old companions on the Sayles ranch, sent my betrothed a long letter, declaring that she would yet be mine, and bidding her hope for the best. Two days later came a reply couched in terms of the most devoted love, assuring me that, though she might not see me again for years, she would be faithful to me, but expresswould relent and crown our happiness with his consent to our union. Through old father's consent, we planned an elopement to a neighboring Mexican village where we could be married by the native justice of the peace. I rode "One day I had ridden to a ranch a to the county seat and procured a license, and so perfect were our arrangements that promptly at the appointed

> fixed upon and rode off in the direction "We had gone perhaps a mile when, on looking back, I observed a cloud of dust, in the breast of which two horsemen were galloping swiftly after us. as old man Sayles and Barstow, who had recovered from his injuries, and from



"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. "On turning round a low sand hill in the valley we noticed but a short distance ahead a horseman riding leisurely toward us "'There's Pony Bill, the cowboy preacher,' Cassie cried. 'He may help us.' "I recognized him in the distance, and yelled to him to wheel his horse and ride beside us. His trained animal responded quickly to the spur, and as we dashed along I explained to him the situation, handed him the license and begged him to then and there perform the quickest marriage ceremony in all his experience as a preacher in the far west. He glanced over the official paper to satisfy himself of its genuineness, and cried: "'Join your right hands, and keep your spurs working on your horses.' "We did so, and, dashing along at breakneck speed, our promises were made to love and cherish each other through life. At this point the preacher's horse stepped in a prairie dog's hole and fell, throwing him heavily over its head, but springing quickly to his feet, he yelled after us: "'I pronounce you man and wife, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' "We were married, firmly and legally married, and slipping my arm around the waist of my wife, I drew her toward me and imprinted a kiss on her trembling lips, the first marital kiss. Our horses were yet flying over the ground at a fearful pace. Glancing back, I noticed that Pony Bill had halted our pursuers, and was waving his broad sombrero as a signal for us to return. As we reined in our faithful steeds Barstow galloped back toward the ranch, leaving the old man alone with the cowboy preacher. We rode slowly back. expecting to meet the wrath of the father, for we knew that the preacher had told him we were married. As we rode up there was a strange look on the old man's face, an expression that seemed a mixture of chagrin, astonishment and admiration. Advancing to meet us, he said: " 'By Godfrey, boy, I like your narve. Clean grit will win with me every time. an' a man that 'll work that hard fur a wife desarves her an' 'll make her a Fewscods to his friend Hostetter Mcgood husban'. Gimme yer hand, Dick, Ginnis "Sorry I can't lend you five you durned aggravatin' reperbate, fur dollars. But have is a nickel car-fare. each other for years. I found her a his own searching for the rider, who, I ain't a goin' to kick bekase I'm a You can ride home and get your charming conversationalist, and, as I he thought, had been thrown off. I loser in the game. I welcome ye, boy, money," replied Hestetter.-Texas had passed through college and had hastily told him Zack was badly hurt, as my son, an' ef you always show the Siftings. seen a great deal of the world before and bade him hurry to the ranch and gvit you have in this jamboree, I'll be choosing the rough but fascinating life get a wagon and enough men to care- dashed of I won't be proud o' you. Git of a cowboy. I felt that I was a not fully lift him, and then rode back to down of state ur hoss, an' give yer ol' Pitcher street last Saturday, and met uninteresting companion for her. Cassie and her wounded charge. I don't dad which here. Arnold, fur he ain't a at the kitchen door a lady wearing manhar else.'

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.

-A nominee for congress in one of the New York city districts, to fill a vacancy, is Mr. Lemuel E. Quigg, whose initials, as a staff writer, have appeared under some of the most important matter, political and otherwise, that has been published in the New York Tribune.

-It is said that Harriet Hosmer, the famous American sculptress, can wear as many medals as a hereditary Genoa duke. She has lived in Europe almost continuously for twenty years, and has been a tremendous worker. She says if she could live her life over again she would stay more in her own country and keep in touch with her own countrymen.

-Mrs. Emily E. Ford, who died very recently in Brooklyn, was the widow of Gordon L. Ford, a former publisher of the Tribune; the mother of Washington Ford, the statistician; the granddaughter of Noah Webster, of dictionary fame, and last, though by no means least in these athletic days, the mother of Malcolm W. Ford, at one time the champion amateur athlete of America.

-King Oscar of Sweden, on his way to Christiania the other day, passed through a small Norwegian town, which had been elaborately decorated in his honor. Over the door of one rather gloomy-looking building there was a flaring inscription with the words: "Welcome to his majesty." The king asked what building it was, and received the reply: "Our town prison, your majesty."

-Twenty-three countries and sixteen languages are represented in the seven thousand volumes comprised in the Women's library at Chicago. This will form a nucleus for the collection of the literary work of women in the future, as it will be placed in the permanent Women's Memorial building to be erected in Chicago. Along with the library catalogue, soon to be issued, will be published a complete bibliography of women's writings up to the present time.-Harper's Bazar.

-Very rare books, now in a double sense, are Prof. Tyndall's "Glaciers of the Alps" (1860) and his "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871). For several years the author was unable to obtain a copy of the former. "I am told by a friend." he wrote to a certain bookseller, "that you have two copies of my book. The price is high, and this is in a way very gratifying to the author. And as, unfortunately, I have no copy myself, I shall be glad if you will send the books to me at the price named."-Outlook

-Horace Greeley had a high opinion of the merits of poetry, to judge from the following extract of a letter he wrote to his friend, Mr. Ransom: "As to prose, it is not worth writing, except for bread. To live it must be poetry, only unmarked by rhyme. I have written acres of it in my treadmill way, with sometimes a good paragraph, but it can never live a year; and a good prose work can hardly survive a century. Where are the American prose writers before Irving? Where are the British novelists before Scott? Yet Shakespeare and Milton live on forever."

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:

When the toughened old farmer flings round his arms

As if he'd throw them across two farms When cars are rubbed and noses are red. And sheets are like ice in the spare-room bed; When water-pipes burst and wells freeze up, And the tea isn't hot when it leaves the cup: When stray dogs coming along the street Never stand for a second on all four fact: When little boys cry if they have to be out, And are heard for a full half-mile if they shout; When the day is as clear as the thoughts that fled

Out into the world from Shakespeare's head; When the air about seems as still as a rock, And a sudden noise is a sudden shock, And the earth seems deserted, lonely, and old-You are pretty sure that it's pretty cold! --St. Nicholas.



How He Climbed the Steeple of Rushden Church in England.

We give here some sketches of a daring feat just performed at Rushden, Northamptonshire, says the Westminster Budget. A man named ingram, known as "Parachute Joe," having obtained possession of the keys of speedly commenced to climb to the top of the lofty spire by means of the stone crotchets. A crowd of spectators gathered in the street below. Having reached the weather-cock, which he swung round several times, he pulled off his necktie and threw it to the ground. He then turned round, and, placing his back to the masonry, waved both his arms to his horrified Budience below. He succeeded in returning safely to the ground, to the

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.

Mars was his name. He was noted for his almost human intelligence. He never was known to bark as dogs are wont to do, but, when angry, rattled his teeth by shaking his head violently, so that they could be heard at a distance. This he never did except as a warning, and woe unto the intruder that passed unheeding. His disposition was mild and even playful with those of the household, but friend or foe never approached the house unchallenged at night. Mars had a deep, sonorous voice, when he chose to let it out, which was very seldom; then it was more akin to a lion's roar than to anything else earthly. He seemed to know instinctively what was his duty, and when and where his vigilance was needed.

Our grandfather, who was a clergyman, was recommended to reside in the parish church, was soon after- the country on account of feeble wards seen on the battlements and health; hence the family retired for several years to a beautiful farm in



Indiana. It was there that Mars' finest faculties were developed. His usual place at night was the large barn that stood about four hundred yards from the dwelling. The master of the house had frequent occasions to be absent several days and nights. Without one word or sign from anyone, during the nights on these occasions, Mars would invariably lie across the threshold of grandmother's door, which opened out into a wide passage; but as soon as the master returned Mars resumed his usual place in the, barn.

Our grandfather was copartner in a dry goods establishment in the village, about a mile from his home. Our uncle, who resided with him, was chief clerk. Mars was much attached to him and would frequently attend uncle there, then return. As evening approached he would go to the store, as if to guard him on his return. In winter or in stormy weather, uncle would often ride on horseback to and from the place of business. One stormy winter evening, with Mars, as usual, in waiting, he hastily closed the store, locked the door, and leaped onto his horse to ride home. When Mars saw the horse wheeled for home, he jumped and gently held uncle by the pants. Thinking that Mars was only glad at seeing him start, he shook him off and proceeded briskly on. Again the dog leaped up and rattled his teeth uminously. Uncle stopped. Mars gently wagged his tail and trotted a few steps back. Uncle pondered as to what he meant. He knew the dog well enough to know that something was wrong; but what? With his eyes fixed on Mars, he slowly started again homeward. In an instant Mars arrested him as before. He then turned his horse's head and retraced his way toward the store; while Mars, full of apparent joy, ran on before, but still turning every moment to see if he was followed. On they went. On coming again in front of the store, uncle perceived at once the cause of the dog's strange actions: for, although he had locked the door, he had forgotten to take the key out. He instantly dismounted and secured the key; seeing which Mars ran homeward without further pause, but with a look of assured content in his splendid eyes which uncle never forgot .- Chicage Field.

elation to me, and from that moment I was numbered with the devotees who loveliness. You have seen her, captain, and know that I do not in the least to the impression her beauty made on rather than detracts from her girlish grace and loveliness.

'Boys,' the old man said, 'Cassie has ketch up a hoss fur her.'

thing possible until that morning. My whole soul seemed to go out to that beautiful girl, and deep in my heart I you murder a man in cold blood?' felt a presentiment that our meeting in the old man said:

"Arnold has been put onto the used to be.'

"I stepped forward to assist the girl to place it in the stirrup a thrill went any movin' o' my own accord.' through me and stronger and stronger grew the presentiment that I had found my affinity, and that destiny would link our future lives together.

"There was some confusion in riding through the gate of the corral, in which a burly rider named Zack Barstow, a man to whom I had taken a great dis- ranch leading Barstow's horse behind like on account of his bullying ways and profane language, rode close to sue and said:

" 'You're a pilin' on a heap o' agoay fur a new man on the range. Look dut that you don't get trimmed down, d -- n you.

"Before I could reply he hit his horse with the spurs and was dashing away in the direction assigned him by the foreman. I felt that the speech was prompted by mad jealousy, and I resolved that after becoming acquainted with the young girl I would warn her against him, for I knew he was an unprincipled scoundrel.

"Together we rode down the beautiful valley, Cassie and I, and ere we had gone a mile we were chatting as sociably and merrily as if we had known us to make the valley ring with our the present. laughter.



"DON'T LIE TO ME. YOU COWARD."

uninteresting companion for her. She possessed that charming frankness and unstudied grace of manner so characteristic of our western girls, and through her conversation ran a vein of droll wit that more than once caused us to make the valley ring with our the source the source caused the source caused is to suppress the true facts for the true facts for the source caused is to suppress the true facts for the make the valley ring with our the source caused is to suppress the true facts for the true facts for the source caused is the source caused is the true facts for the true facts for the source caused is the true facts for the true facts for

"During the day I learned, to my I ture I declared my love for the little come venily injury, b d ed with his

"But a short time after that adven-"But a short time after that adven-"But a short time after that adven-tion time time after that adven-tion time after that advention time advention time after that advention tim stocket ctual + 4

ows) Opinion

HUMOROUS

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

-Boarder-"Is this genuine vegetable soup?" Waiter-"Yes, sir; fourteen carrots fine."-Rochester Demoerat.

-Customer-"Why do you call this the 'after Christmas' rose?" Florist-"Because it hasn't a scent."-Indianapolis Journal.

--Agnes-"Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud-"Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get." -Elmira Gazette.

-He-"Why do you regard marriage s a failure?" She-"So many make use of it to get money belonging to others."-N. Y. Herald.

-A servant girl, writing home to her parents, said: "I am sorry I have no money to buy a stamp for this letter; will put two on the next."-Tit-Bits. -It was not his winning looks,

Nor yet his smile so bland. That helped to keep him in the swim-

It was his winning hand. -Atlanta Constitution.

-"But how do you know that Fenderson is a fool?" "Why, they selected him as a juryman in a murder trial without challenge on either side."-Boston Transcript.

-"Do you believe that story of Santlev running off with his cook?" "Yes; he'd do anything to please his wife." "Please his wife! What do you mean?" "You see the cook was breaking up her valuable china terribly."-Inter Ocean.

-Ballet girl (to admirer)-"Only think of it; the society for the prevention of cruelty to children was here today to inquire about me." Rival-"What a shame: I can testify that you are very good to your grandchildren." -Kate Field's Washington.

-"Can you let me have five dollars? I left all my money at home, and I haven't a cent with me," said Johnnie

-Where He Was .- The tramp entered the rear yard of a house on



relief of all who witnessed the dangerous exploit.

"Parachute Joe" has written the following description of the adventure: "On Monday, about two o'clock, Ingram made a catlike ascent up the Rushden church spire. He climbed to the very top, where he balanced himself on one foot, holding the other in his hand. He then took a leisurable view of his surroundings from the lofty position. Being apparently satisfied he commenced the descent, and having reached the topmost crotchets, to the horror of the crowd below he deliberately turned his back to the steeple and stood motionless with extended arms, his feet alone resting on the slight projection of the crotchets. Vancy a man standing with his back to a rock resting on a narrow ledge 6 inches in whith, with a vawning chasm close on 200 feet deep, into which he might plunge headlong at any moment, and you feel Ingram's position! A horrible stillness reigned below throughout the crowd, who every moment expected to see Ingram plunge headlong down through the awful space. To the surprise of all Ingram swiftly turned round again, catching hold of the steeple by one hand, and began making the descent in a swinging cat-like action, to the relief of all onlookers. Ingram warns any persons from imitating his action up this special spire, as the crotchets are nearly worn through by the action of the weather. Ingram other spire only for the purpose of working thereon, Rushden being the also be on his guard against abusing it. last of many spires he has ascended."

A Curious California Weed.

grows a weed called the rattlesnake tion?" weed. It is so named from the story that when rattlesnakes get to fighting and bite each other, this weed, if eaten by them, will prevent death. It grows about six inches tall, has a red stalk and slender leaves. On the top of the stalk comes a head of flowers, and the seeds of these flowers are said to be very annoying to one in passing through a mass of them, as they are furnished with sharp barbs, commonly called stickers. The early settlers who had herds of sheep always made their herdsmen keep with them a bottle of strong tea made of rattlesnake weed, and when any of the sheap were bitten they were drenched with this tea, which always saved them.

Perhaps.

George Washington," said Mr. Cumso. "What about him?" asked his wife. "I was wondering if Martha ever asked him if her hat was on straight." -Detroi Free Press.

The Wrong Shop.

Penclope-Well, what's the latest gossip?

Perdita-Dear me, the latest gossip what I came here to find out .- Truth. dred dollars .- Puck.

Disgualified.

To be a great historian one must be savs he never intends ascending an- endowed with what is known as the "historic imagination," but he must

"John," said the teacher, "in your essay upon George Washington you say that he was not fond of fishing. In Santa Clara county, Cal., there What is your authority for that asser-

> "Why," answered Johnny, "we have always been told that he could not tell a lie.

The Comic Valentine.

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

Extraordinary Punishment.

A Frenchman was teaching in a large school, where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes. One day he was teaching a class which was rather disorderly With the heat and the troublesome boys he was very snappish. Having punished several boys and sent one "I have just been thinking about to the bottom he at last should out in a passion: "Ze whole class go to zo bottom!"

An Expensive Drug.

Angry Man-That prescription you gave me to have filled for my wife cost me a pretty sum. My dog ate it.

Physician-It certainly will not cost you much to have it refilled.

Angry Man-That is not the point. always comes from you, and it's just The dog died; and he cost me a hun-

