

the Mustang Valley, he was wont say to Joe Blunt and Henri — with whom he always sojourned — that “nothin’ he ever felt or saw came up to his *first* grand dash over the Western Prairies into the heart of the Rocky Mountains.” And in saying this, with enthusiasm in his eye and voice, Dick invariably appealed to, and received a ready affirmative glance from, his early companion, and his faithful loving friend,—the dog Crusoe.

THE END.