

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1906.

A PILGRIM AND A COWBOY - By Edith M. Doane.

Yes, my dear Anna, and so they were married, like the prince and the princess in the stories of our childhood. Indeed, the whole thing is so like one of those familiar tales that I sometimes find myself wondering what role I assumed.

There was always the good fairy, you remember, and the wicked fairy, and the cruel stepmother, but who was it who endured agonies of anxious days and sleepless nights? There is the part I played. I know I am considered a worldly woman, I know that Margaret's brilliant marriage is supposed to be the result of ambitious schemes. But if the truth were known, my dear Anna, my role in this little drama was rather that of the poor mother left behind in the cottage in the woods.

"Of course we will. What sports?" demanded Margaret eagerly. Margaret has formed the habit of steering always for a good time if there is one in view. Dick shifted his pipe. "A little celebration we get up every year. Races—export riding—lancing wild steers. It's a great day for the people around here. Lots of competition between the ranches."

"Did Big Horn ever win?" "Twice. Prize for riding," admitted Dick. "But I'm a little afraid of the Victoria boys this year. There's an Englishman over there who can ride like the devil."

"But I must not anticipate." "You, better than any one, know what my weakness has been in considering a possible husband for Margaret. Not wealth—for the fortune Margaret's father left us ranks high even in these days of ample fortunes—but family. The man Margaret married must be of respectable lineage."

"I might have been a direct descendant of William Brewster, the elder, who I claim John Howland for an ancestor. I have perhaps laid too great stress upon this matter of good birth; at any rate I have always demanded it of my own and Margaret's associates."

"Imagine my annoyance therefore when, early in the winter, a young fellow good enough in his way but of absolutely no family, persisted in throwing himself and 'all his worldly goods' (inherited by the way, from a course but successful father) at my feet. I disapproved, at first silently, then audibly, then finding active measures necessary to rid myself of that wretched acquaintance to cease."



"RUN FOR IT!" CRIED JIM, AS HIS RIFLE BLAZED AND ONE OF THE INDIANS FELL SLOWLY TO THE GROUND.

"I was annoyed with you. 'You don't realize what you are saying.' I returned how much this attitude which you are pleased to take distresses me. At all events I forbid you to accept any more of this young man's attentions."

"I glanced at her standing tall and graceful by the window. There was a little malicious curve to her lips. The thing must be stopped at once. I thought rapidly."

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THE PILGRIM AND THE COWBOY - By Mrs. Philip Champron de Crespiigny.

"Honor," Cynthia said, balancing herself sideways on the old balustrade overlooking the lake, and dropping it to the water. "I wonder what would do if you were in my position."

"I was rather in a fix, but I felt quite sure it would be no easier to make up my mind at the end of a week—why, indeed, should it?—and that the best thing to do was to do it at once. So I did."

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