

**The Dawning Revelations.**

Now that seers of modern science flash with cathode rays defiance  
Through these substances we used to call opaque,  
Let the rising generation quake with fear and trepidation  
At the awful revelations they will make.  
Many foreheads cleft with ridges that bespeak a brain prodigious  
Will be found to cover nothing but a wheel;  
Many peach and cream complexions will reveal, through these dissections,  
Skins the color of an old banana peel.

And if rays should be directed through the breast of some rejected  
Man who thinks his heart is broke or something worse,  
In nine-tenths of all the cases it is safe to say the basis  
Of the breaking would be found to be the purse.

And it is a question whether many a shoe of patent leather—  
Could these rays but pierce the upper and the sole—  
Would present a cotton stocking of immodesty so shocking  
That each toe is robbed of clothing by a hole.

But the saddest revelation of this modern innovation  
Would be brought upon our sample hunting shoppers;  
For if science e'er disperses rays of light throughout their purses  
It were doubtful if they'd fall on aught but coppers.

—Chicago News.

**Fortune Escaped Him.**

Major Abe Austin is a type of the old-school westerner who retains all the elements peculiar to that school. He has spent more than thirty years beyond the Mississippi, and during that period he has met everything peculiar to a pioneer's life. For a number of years he has been a resident of Helena, Montana. Major Austin has been in the city for the past ten days. The writer met him at one of the Broadway hotels. The tall, bronzed major leaned back in his chair, blew a cloud of smoke from a fragrant cigar and queried:

"Did you ever hear that Chicago at one period of its existence very narrowly escaped being 'swapped' for a pair of mules? It's worth telling, I think, if you never heard about it. The story sounds like fiction, but it's a fact, I assure you. It all came about in this way. My father pulled up at Chicago along in the forties, toting along with him everything he possessed on earth, and it wasn't much of a load, I can assure you—just an old carpet sack and a chunk of a boy. That boy was myself. Well, as I say, he landed there in Chicago, but at that time a few scattered log cabins was all there was to it. It was only a pioneer settlement, and a shaky one at that. I was a small, bandy-legged lad, just big enough to stand guard over our scant worldly possessions when we had pitched our tent, while my father skirmished around for an outfit. He was making grim preparations to begin life over again, this time in the overland freight business.

"He had bought a waggon from a Connecticut Yankee, who had barely landed on the shore of Lake Michigan, a swampy wilderness, when the 'tall Yankee timer' got the ague, and it mightily soon had the western fever shaken out of him. Our outfit was completed when my father traded a small tract of Ohio land for a blooky little team of mules. Well, preparations were at once made to leave with the next overland waggon train.

"I think it was on the very morning that we were breaking camp preparatory to leaving on our first trip overland that a tall, bronzed woodsman came to camp. I remember that his long, frowzy hair, grizzly beard and formidable array of six shooters gave me a decidedly uncomfortable feeling. I fully expected to be perforated or flayed alive by this rough-looking specimen of the woods. He seated himself on a stump and greeted us with:

"I reckon, stranger, ye must be goin' to take a trip overland?"

"Yes," replied my father, and we went on harnessing the mules.

"Wall, pa'dner, I own this patch of timberland hereabouts, and had calculated ter stay hyar, but now, I've got er notion ter go furder west an' try my luck at minin'. Now, how would yer like ter 'swap' that pair o' mules for this quarter section o' timber?"

"My father considered the proposition for a few minutes, and then declined to make the 'swap.' It was the mistake of his life, for that quarter section of timber lies in what is now the hub of the city of Chicago. The land for which my father refused to 'swap' a pair of flea-bitten mules is now worth untold millions.

English Tourist (to Highland Farmer)—And you will get only £7 for that fine cow? Why, man, if you took it to London you would get £20!

Highland Farmer—Ou ay, fery likely; and if she would take the Loch Joon tao a certain place she would get at least a shilling a gill for it.

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**Last of Buffaloes.**

LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED OF THE ANIMALS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The scientists of Washington are much alarmed at the possible extinction of the buffalo. Mr. Lumley, the head of the Smithsonian Institution, says Frank C. Carpenter in Philadelphia Press, does not think that there are as many as 100 buffaloes left in the United States. There are a few in the National Park, a small herd at Washington and in the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia. Austin Corbin, the New York millionaire, has several, and it may be that there are some small scattering herds in different parts of the west. Of these, however, the Smithsonian Institution has no record, and such as exist are probably half-breeds. The only pure buffaloes outside the above are those of the Yellowstone Park, which two years ago numbered about 200 head, and which are now reduced to 50. One of the largest buffaloes ever known was shot by Mr. Hornaday. It is now preserved in the National Museum. It is just five feet eight inches at the shoulders, and is ten feet two inches long from nose to tail. Many buffaloes weigh over 1600 pounds. The natural life of the animal is about twenty-five years. The cows usually breed once a year and begin breeding at the age of two years. The buffalo calf at birth is covered with red hair. This hair changes after a time to brown and then black. The hair on the head of a buffalo is very long. Many a woman, in fact, would be glad to have as long hair as one of the stuffed buffaloes in the National Museum, which measures, I am told, twenty-two inches. The buffalo cows weigh less than the bulls, a good, fat one weighing from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds. They have small udders, but their milk is very rich.

The value of buffaloes has been increasing more rapidly than anything in this country. Town lots in Chicago are nothing to them. About ten years ago they were a drug on the market. Thousands of them were killed for their tongues, but a good buffalo is now worth at least \$500 when dead. Its skin is worth from \$100 and upward, according to quality, and the head is worth from \$300 to \$500 for mounting and preservation as a relic of this great animal of the past. Such is the value of a dead buffalo. Live buffaloes for breeding are worth much more, and I am told that the Government buffaloes are worth from \$1000 to \$2000 apiece. Few people are now aware of the former wonderful extent of the buffalo. No animal has ever existed in such large numbers nor covered so much territory. In 1871, now only twenty-five years ago, Colonel R. I. Dodge rode for fifty miles through a herd of buffaloes, which he estimated as being twenty-five miles wide. This was along the Arkansas River. At one point he was able to get upon a hill and he says he could see this vast herd of buffaloes stretching out from six to ten miles in every direction. The herd was moving, and it took it five days to pass a given point. Professor Hornaday says that at the lowest estimate there were 4,000,000 buffaloes in this one herd, and this, as I have said, was only twenty-five years ago. In 1868 a traveller along the Kansas Pacific Railroad states that the train at one time passed through 120 miles of solid buffalo. The plains were blackened by them, and more than once the cars were stopped by them. The best authority of the National Museum as to the early buffalo is George Catlin, who spent the greater part of his life in the west studying the Indian, and who made many pictures of the buffalo as they existed before the great destruction began. He tells of herds of millions, and says that their roaring sounded like thunder; and tells how the Indians killed them by the hundreds of thousands for their skins, for which they received only a pint of whiskey apiece. You would not think that such immense herds could be wiped out. The buffalo, however, are very dull beasts in many ways. They are a mixture of stupidity and intelligence which it is hard to understand. These mighty herds are made up of companies or clumps, of buffaloes of from twenty to one hundred each, each clump being led and taken care of by one strong bull. In going for water one of the old cows of the clump would start ahead and nose along the track of a dry stream for miles until it found a waterway, the others of that company following in single file. The herd would then drink and would lie down to rest before eating. This would seem to mean a high degree of intelligence. But such evidence is not shown in their attempting to escape from man. A hunter might lie with a repeating rifle near such a herd and pick off one after the other without apparently frightening or scaring the rest. If they ran it was usually against the wind, and they were cowards except when brought to bay.

When frost glitters in the stable the cows will be poor before springtime.