

PURSING MUSTANGS OF THE PLAINS.

Wild Horses are Game to the East and Run for Sixty Hours While Ranchmen Wait.

"Here, wake up, you fellows! an' if any of you stovemp steer stabbers want 'u' make up for th' good horses you've run to death on th' round, jump into yer saddles lively! Thur's es fine a bunch of wild horses seven miles up th' draw es ever jumped the range."

This was the electrifying way in which Busted Billy, of the "X-X" cattle outfit announced his arrival at our camp on Smoky Hill Fork the other morning, as we were at our simple breakfast of saleratus bread, "jerked" beef and coffee, preparatory to breaking camp at the close of the stock round-up for the Big Sandy district in Eastern Colorado.

Every man in our outfit that early Summer's morning knew his business, and had only to be told by Bob Graham, the boss of the round-up, what would be expected of him, to go to the exact place in the formation of the great circle intended to be drawn around the band of wild horses as the first move in their capture.

Then commenced the work of what the author of the "Fifth School Reader" would call "ringing the wild horse," but which the practical minded vaquero of the plains terms "a piece of blamed tiresome ridin'."

This is enough.

AN EQUINE GENERAL.

The beautiful black stallion, king of the band by reason of victory in many fierce battles for supremacy of kind, gives a warning snort and stands an instant motionless—a magnificent piece of animate statuary against the sky as he sweeps the plains for a second view of the intruder.

The cowboy lounges in lazy contentment on his quietly-grazing pony. But far in front of the advancing equine band its alert leader soon sees a second human form, shadowed by a spreading sombrero. With another commanding neigh the general stops, and with almost military precision the entire band obediently comes to rest in his rear.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

Soon a bronzed rider on a fleet-footed mustang breaks out from behind them and gives pursuit. Now begins the work which we are all determined shall know no pause until we shall lead these creatures of the plain captive to the use of man.

For mile after mile the startled jack rabbit and coyotes scatter on either side as the living cyclone sweeps down the stretch. It is turned at the quarter by two riders on guard at this important point.

The light of day, with its blazing furnace heat, fades into cool and shady night. The hours of the race have passed twelve and are going on into twenty-four.

All day long the grim messenger of death has been in their wake, and now is forcing the pace which for the first twelve hours the fleeing horses were themselves allowed to set.

rovers of the range. All show that it is only the sturdy strain of centuries coursing through their veins which keeps them, with their leader at the head, from plunging into some convenient "draw" to a wild and suicidal death.

THE FIRST VICTIM.

A little brown filly from the flying band falls, and is left behind, too exhausted to rise.

"A-ha-a!" says the trailer under his breath. A shot rings out and at the signal two extras come riding up. The animal is roped, but immediately leaps to her feet, lashes out viciously, and in a frenzy of strength tries to break away.

Then comes the massacre of liberty for them. All the cowboys come crowding close around the helpless animals, which make but feeble resistance. An audacious cowboy even gives the lately proud and dashing leader a cruel cut in the flanks with the flying tip of his lariat as he quietly steals up.

Our Kit Carson cowboys were hampered in their forces, and, as usual, were compelled to allow the greater portion of the band finally to escape. It is useless to try to drive a herd of these horses to the home ranch, and it is also a hopeless task to try to break an old wild horse for use.

THE CAPTIVES.

The animals we captured are fine specimens, being beautiful bays, jet blacks, roans, sorrel, three of them cream whites and four calico colored. Each of us had picked his animal from the choicest of the herd, and after roping them together securely in a string made straight for the nearest water, where they were carefully attended, to prevent their foundering from over drinking.

We took them to the home ranch with the rest of the stock, where they are now kept, the pride of the X-X outfit and the subjects of much speculation on the part of the boys in anticipation of their speed and other qualities, when the time shall come to put them under the saddle.

"I'll gamble anything y' want that my little black kin ketch any outfit 'o' other wild uns thet ever tore up th' sage," said Joe the other day to me, as he affectionately embraced the delicate head of his beautiful little horse and swept with admiring eye the deer-like build of his now favorite possession.

THE DEAD MEAT TRADE.

A Movement Proposed That Would be of Vast Importance to Canada.

A despatch from Montreal says:—Your correspondent learns that there is a very serious movement on foot to promote and export trade in dead meat from the Canadian North-west territories to China and Japan. It was first rumored that some gentlemen connected with the Canadian Pacific were interested in the promotion of this important branch of Canada's export trade, but such is not the case.

A gentleman discussing the matter to-day said that he had always been under the impression that China and Japan produced meat quite as cheaply as western Canada, but a Hong Kong gentleman had informed him that their meat was of a very inferior quality, and that if the Canadian article were once introduced in good order into those eastern countries, its superiority would even at an increased rate per lb., certainly ensure a ready and extensive sale.

Crown Lands in British Columbia.

An Ottawa despatch says:—The Minister of the Interior has authorized the publication of a notice to the effect that the Government of Canada is entitled to all the crown lands within 20 miles of the line of the Canadian Pacific railway from the summit of the Rocky mountains to the statutory terminus of the railway at Port Moody. The Government of British Columbia has assumed a line proposed by itself, but not agreed to by the Government of Canada, to be the boundary of the railway belt, has disposed of land accordingly, and the public are, therefore, warned that sales of crown lands made by the Government of British Columbia within 20 miles of the line of the Canadian Pacific railway are illegal and will not be recognized by the Dominion Government.

BRITISH DEPRESSION. In Trade and Agriculture a Very Serious Condition Exists.

Our London correspondent, says the Montreal Trade Bulletin, writing under date September 24, says: It would be difficult to say at what period in our history there has been such a season of dulness, low prices, business stagnation and complete torpidity in commercial transactions. Everywhere trade seems dead. At the autumnal meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, at Newport, this week, Sir Albert Rollit, the president, applied the condition of affairs.

The building trade was chiefly occupied in public or semi-public works, while shipbuilding was little more than a remembrance, and shipping was suffering not only from commercial causes, but also from an epidemic which, in 1892, taught to such a progressive port, as to many other places, the lesson which Hull learned in 1849—that it was not only right in itself, but true economy to make proper provision for the public health.

Live stock has gone down to a level lower than it has been at for a quarter of a century, and while the consumer still hears his butcher remark "weigh here, 6s. 8d.," the unfortunate breeder groans as he pockets but 3s. up to 4s., or a little over, for the finest animals our pastures can produce.

It must come forward. Rates, then, must come down. What drivel it is to preach to the farmer, telling him to keep trade at home by supplying all our wants, while keeping our ports open to the slaughter-houses of the world and the pastures and the cornfields of the two hemispheres.

HE HAS REASON ON HIS SIDE.

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It is a shame that that tiresome old Mother Goose had no children with talent enough to write something for women to amuse themselves with when they are talking to babies. Mother Goose did very well for her time, for doubtless babies' minds, as well as other things, were then in a somewhat immature state, but it strikes me the old lady is a little stale for this advanced age.

I find so few women who can talk plain. It is almost impossible to understand them without giving the closest attention. I trust I shall not be so backward in this matter of speech. I have been able to translate much of what they said, but this creature who is talking to me now is indulging in the most absurd combination of sounds—I'm sure I could not call them words—of which I can make no sense at all.

at a distance as heretofore. This is so in many trades, and McKinleyism aids over-production in depressing trade. And yet we still attend with open arms and gratefully accept all America and other protected countries send us. It is time a reciprocity move was taken.

NOT NECESSARY TO GO BACK TO OLD-TIME PROTECTION.

It is, however, only rational that reciprocity should be adopted. America thinks she is indispensable to us. This is not so. We are their best customers but there lies the inquiry of their tariff levelled against us. We can do without them and can supply our wants in every respect from Canada, Australasia, the Cape and India, while our possessions in Africa will presently become a valuable supplement.

IN AGRICULTURE.

Everything tends to show how serious is the crisis in agriculture, which has been brought about by bad seasons and low competition, but probably the greatest evidence on the subject is not yet before the public. This is in the large number of farms which are being given up all over the country and for which new tenants will be wanted this winter.

The Cattle Trade.

The Glasgow Mail editorially discusses the Canadian cattle trade. It slyly pokes fun at the reports of loss on the part of everybody concerned in it, and very pertinently remarks that if neither the shippers, the shipowners nor the old country buyers make money year after year out of their transactions it is simply beyond comprehension why they engage in the enterprise at all.

Baby Soliloquizes.

I have been thinking all day and have arrived at this conclusion: all the people in the world don't know much and they all know the same thing. Mamma has had dozens of calls to-day and each one approached me either with that chestnut "paddy cake, paddy cake" or that hackneyed "trot, trot to Boston" or something about "this little pig," but really this last is so entirely uninteresting that I have not troubled myself to learn it.

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The Trolley Car System.

Observation of the working of the trolley-car system in American cities suggests some considerations as to contemporary methods of measuring the value of human life. The trolley cars go fast, and for that reason—or because they are heavy, or for reasons connected with their machinery—they cannot be instantly stopped. Consequently, in cities where they are used, they run against a good many people, and they kill a considerable proportion of the people whom they strike.

As a matter of fact, the people who get killed are usually children or old people. Of course an old person's expectation of life being small, old people make the least extravagant form of killing that the trolley can find. For four old people good for five years each, however much lamented by their friends, would count no more, statistically, against the trolley company than one middle-aged man with twenty years to run.

After being buffeted about by the winds and waves of the broad Pacific for nearly two years past, the schooner Pitcairn has returned to San Francisco. The Pitcairn's mission to the South Sea Islands was to spread the Gospel to the natives. Two years ago the 20th of the present month the 150-ton schooner sailed from this port, under command of Capt. Marsh, with twenty persons aboard, besides the crew, the ultimate destination being Pitcairn Island.

The Latest From Pitcairn Island.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble. Pat—"Phware's me galluses!" Mary Ann—"Shure an' Oi have them on. It's the shoyole Oi have to keep up Patsy." Pat—"Well, yez hand them over. Oi have somethin' of more importance than the shoyole to keep up."

The awful fate awaiting the unfortunate Slav in has not served to bring him to a repentant mood. He is reported to have listened to his sentence almost in a spirit of levity, and now he refuses to accept the ministrations of any clergyman. In the evidence it was shown that his indulgence in intoxicating drinks and the fact that he nearly always carried a revolver, were the causes leading to the commission of the crime for which he will shortly suffer death.

"The Making of Man" is the title of a new book by an American clergyman, who is pleased that he is a man rather than a crocodile or an elephant. He says: "The brains of a crocodile or an elephant generate one of that subtle something called mind, which perpetually asks questions that have no answer, and cherishes beliefs that have no foundation. How does the reverend gentleman know this? How could he learn it? What right has he to say it? It may be that a crocodile's brain does generate something which asks unanswerable questions. At times, most certainly, the crocodile looks as if he were thinking. His attitude and expression seem to be indicative of thought."