How the Cowboys Brand Cattle.

The word "round-up," so often seen in print, is known by most people to be a western term, but its real significance is not generally known, says a Denver letter to the Philadelphia "Press."

On the northern ranges in Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming territories the cattle are all allowed to run at large through the winter and summer. They do not stray a great distance off, however, and unless stampeded may usually be found within thirty miles or so of their respective ranges.

To collect these immense herds of cattle in the spring and fall is no easy matter, and to do this a "round up" is formed. This is made up by the owners of the ranches which are on the same range sending a "round up" outfit and their quota of cowboys.

A "round-up" outfit consists of, besides the indispensable cowboys, a camp-wagon drawn by four horses or mules, at least five horses for each cowboy, branding irons, cooking utensils, and last, but not least, a cook, who generally drives the wagon.

These respective representatives of the diffrent ranches meet at the end of their range of district and slowly go through the country, collecting and branding the cattle and calves. The wagons do not drive more than ten or fifteen miles a day, but the cowboys in search of cattle ride sixty or seventy miles. This is where the necessity for each cowboy having so many horses comes in.

The cattle collected during the day's riding are all driven to the nearest ranch where there is a corral. Cattle are not collected every day, as the cowboys stop every other day to brand the cattle caught. The cattle collected in a day's ride by a "round-up" of thirty cowboys make an immense herd. This herd is watched very carefully during the night, and the next morning the work of "rounding them out" begins.

"Rounding-out" is the term applied to separating the cattle of different brands from the herd. This is difficult work and is done only by very expert cowboys. They ride into the herd, and when they find one of their own brand they slowly drive it out from the bunch. When it is driven out it is taken in charge by another cowboy, who drives it to a small herd which is entirely composed of cattle of its own brand. It will take two or three hours to get the large herd separated into as many small herds as these brands are represented in the "round up."

After the small herd is separated the cows with calves and unbranded cattle are rounded out from the branded cattle. The branded cattle are put into a herd and driven several miles back over the same ground and turned loose. A fire is built in a corner of the corral, where the "round-up" is, the bars are let down, and one of the herds of cows with calves and unbranded cattle are driven in.

Two ropers walk their ponies into the corral, the bars are put up, the brands of the man who owns the cattle in the corral are heated in the fire. The work of branding begins.

The ropers ride around the corral, swinging their ropes around their heads. As they see single calves on the edge of the herd their lassoes leave their hands with a snap and wind around the calves' two hind legs. This is called "heeling," and is a great deal more difficult to do than catch them by the neck. The calves when caught are dragged up to the fire where they are held and branded. Branding does not take long and soon the corral is ready for the next herd. The ropers are quite expert with the lasso and keep the men at the fire busy. The calves are not only branded to mark them but some owners cut their ears in different shapes. Other owners even go so far as to cut one of the ears off entirely. After a herd that is marked this way has left the corral the ground is sometimes covered with ears. In almost every herd that is driven into the corral there are some cattle that were not branded the year before and these have to be handled more carefully or else they gore the handler.

One of the ropers walks his horse around until he sees a good chance, when, quick as a flash, he catches the steer by the hind legs. The steer knows he is caught, and turns at the man who caught him. As soon as he turns the other roper throws his lasso around the animal's horns, which holds him fast. The steer is thus held fast, and in that condition is branded. When done the lasso around his head is taken off and he is allowed to rise. The men all get out of the way, and then the rope is taken off the steer's hind legs by a skillful twist of the roper's hand.

When the whole herd is branded they are driven out of the corral, and the next herd is put through the same process.

When all the cattle are branded they are driven back over the same ground that the "round-up" traversed the day before, and turned loose.

On the "round-up" each man leaves his horses to the care of men called "wranglers," who keep the horses in herds which are easily guarded. Every morning one of the herds is driven in near the wagons, and after breakfast some good lasso-thrower stands near the herd, and as the cowboys come after horses he catches ponies for them. So the cowboys do not ride their own horses but have to take whatever is given to them. Some of the horses are "bucking bronchos." Any one may be the unfortunate man that gets a "bucking broncho."

Breakfast on round up is at 3 o'clock, and by 4 the wagons are all moving and the cowboys are riding off in different directions. They ride all morning and at noon stop an hour for dinner. After dinner they change horses and start out again.

Life on the round-up is hard work. The cowboys are in all sorts of danger, have to sleep on the ground, rain or snow, ride hard one day and work hard the next at branding.

Think Over This.

There is food for reflection in a couple of advertisements which appear side by side in a contemporary, which read, with the omission of address, as follows:—

WANTED.—Young lady in publishing office; quick writer; $4 a week.

WANTED—An experienced girl for general housework in a family of seven; assisted with washing; wages $4 a week.

It will be observed that the rate of compensation is the same in both these cases, but that while the "lady" receives simply $4 per week the "experienced girl" gets in addition her board and lodging. Whether gentility—the word most beautifully expresses the thing!—is worth what it costs must seem at least an open question when the rate is so high.—[Boston Courier.

Unexpected Passenger.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal tells a story of a fishing trip in the Moosehead region. It was just at daylight and his boat was about a hundred yards from the shore. He had cast anchor and was getting ready to smoke his pipe. Just as he lifted the lighted match he saw a wake in the water.

The animal making it was heading toward the clearing in such a way as to lead him across my bow. Immediately I started to pull the anchor, and at the noise the wake at once headed for me. This was a surprise, and thinking the animal might be a water-snake, I took up the paddle, ready to do battle if necessary.

On came the wake, but as I was about to strike I saw the creature to be a small one. I dropped the paddle into the water, thinking to "flip" it into the air and get sight of it. But before I could do this, like a flash something ran up the paddle, across my wrist and out to the bow, and then I saw that I had a red squirrel for a companion. He was panting; his sides worked like bellows, yet he watched me keenly.

I did not approach him, and as the fish now began to bite at the end of my one hundred foot line, he sat there unmolested until long after the sun had risen. A hail to breakfast was a welcome one, and as I approached to the bow to pull the anchor, Mr. Squirrel took the stern sheets. Paddling in, I put my end of the boat against the rock, intending to keep the squirrel aboard.

But as the paddle touched the rock as I "fended off" the craft, the squirrel came along the gunwale of the boat, over my arm, down the paddle, over the boots of my companion and up a spruce-tree, all in the twinkling of an eye, and their he chirped and chattered gaily.

The squirrel must have swam a mile before I saw him and evidently was bound for the scraps which fishermen throw out around the camp, for he lingered all day and then disappeared. An old guide told me that he chose an hour when the night birds, hawks and owls, had gone to roost, and before the day hawks had come out, in which to swim across, and that "he jes' knew what he war about;" and I don't doubt the statement.

A Curious Story.

George Nisbet, *alias* Osman Digna, was born at Rouen in 1836, and attended a school in Paris till he was thirteen. The Nisbet family then removed to Alexandria, and shortly thereafter the father, Joseph Nisbet, died. Madam Nisbet (one is tempted to say Mrs. Nisbet, the name looks so English) having made the acquaintance of a Mussulman merchant from up-country, married him; and she and her boy George went first to Cairo with him and then to Suakim. George attended the military school at Cairo. His step-father was much attached to the youth, who was thenceforth brought up a Mussulman. He took his step-father's name, Osman Digna, and joined him in his business as a slave dealer in Suakim. The young Osman Digna had the whole business to himself when the stepfather died in 1865. He became the Mahdi's friend and general, and the enemy of the Egyptian Government. Such is the tale that is being told. Osman Digna is described as a tall man of an imposing figure. He has a piercing dark eye, and his jet black beard reaches to the pit of his stomach. He has adopted the calm and dignified attitude of a sheik since he became recognized among the desert tribesmen as a leader. He is a man of temperate habits, and has only three wives, who being connected with some of the best families of the Soudan tribes, bring him much influence. All the other women about Osman Digna are concubines and slaves. Osman Digna has only one arm, the other having been lost in battle. He was a fellow-student of Arabi Pasha, and the latter's insurrection paved the way for his present career. Such is the description that is being given.

A Great Speech.

A lawyer whose eloquence was of the spread-eagle sort was addressing the jury at great length, and his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Lawyer B—— is making a great speech," said a countryman to the bored attorney.

"Oh yes, Lawyer B—— always makes a great speech. If you or I had occasion to announce that two and two makes four, we'd be just fools enough to blurt it right out. Not so Lawyer B——. He would say:

"'If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desired to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers we should find—and I assert this boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find—and by the particular arithmetical formula before mentioned—and, sir, I held myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the other two integers would be four!'"

How He Accounted for it.

"How do you account," said a north country minister of the last age (the late Rev. Mr M'Bean, of Alves) to a sagacious old elder of his session, "for the almost total disappearance of the ghosts and fairies that used to be common in your young days?" "Tak' my word for't, minister," replied the old man, "it's a' owing to the *tea*; when the *tea* came in, the ghaists an' fairies gaed out. Weel do I mind whan at a'oor nabourly meetings—bridals, christenings, lyke-wakes, and the like—we entertained ane anither wi' rich nappy ale; an' when the verra dowiest o' us used to get warm i' the face, an' a little confused in the heads an' weel fit to see amaist onything when on the mujr, on your way hame. But the tea has put out the nappy; an' I have remarked that by losing the nappy we los bath ghaists and fairies."—*Hugh Miller.*

As if there were not already sufficient legal grounds upon which divorces can be obtained in the United States, a Connecticut man has petitioned the Legislature of that State to sever the knot which binds him to his wife on the ground that she has become insane. So far as we know insanity is not a legal ground for divorce in any of the States except where one of the parties was, unknown to the other, insane at the time of marriage. It seems, however, that two precedents have been found—one in 1691 and the other in 1856—in which the Connecticut Legislature granted divorces on the ground of insanity after marriage. The petitioner in the present case, however, is not likely to have his request granted, as such a proceeding would render necessary the repeal of a statute giving the Superior Court of the State exclusive jurisdiction in all divorce matters.

His Reasons For Choosing.

There must necessarily be great variety in the reasons which influence members of a congregation in choosing a minister. Some of them are amusing as well as instructive. Recently a promising young minister was appointed to a parish in Ayrshire. One of the elders who had zealously supported him, having been asked on what ground he had done so, replied, "Weel, I had several reasons. First of a', when he cam' up to the kirk in the mornin', ma neebour elder an' me was stannin' at the plate, an' he said in a frank way, 'Good mornin', gentlemen;' I likit that. Then, after I gaed into the kirk, I noticed that in gienin' out the psalm, he named it twice; I likit that. Then again, when he was preachin', some of them in the kirk were coughing raither much; he just stoppit till they were dune, an' then gaed on again; man, I thocht a deal of that!"

Was Pretty well Acquainted.

"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother-tongue, my boy?" asked the school-teacher of the new scholar. "Yes, sir," answered the lad, timidly; "mother scolds me a good deal, sir."

His Way of Managing.

Blinks—"Think your wife would object to having you go off duck shooting with me?"

Jinks—"I'm afraid she would if I asked her, but I'll tell my little son to order her to let me go. She always obeys him."

Gleamings of Humour.

Inveterate Loafers.—Bakers.

Invariably a Scapegrace.—A man late at dinner.

The difference between the dude and the turkey is, that one is dressed to kill and the other is killed to dress.

"John, what would you do if I were to die?" said a wife to her husband. "Bury you, my dear," he replied.

It requires long practice before a lawyer can smile kindly on the jury with one eye, and glare at the witness with the other.

A convict with a ball and chain attachment gave as an excuse for not taking a summer vacation that he was too closely tied to business.

No Fish-Balls that Day.

An honoured guest at a city hotel recently was a portly and dignified old lady. Increasing deafness led the old lady always to carry an ear trumpet with her.

It happened, however, a few mornings ago that the old lady reached the breakfast table without her trumpet. She did not seem troubled at forgetting it, but, adjusting her glasses, inspecting the bill of fare and ordered the breakfast, concluding with a request for some fish-balls.

"There ain't any fish balls, ma'am," said the waiter, respectfully.

"I prefer them done brown," she said.

"There ain't any fish-balls this morning."

"And I wish you would tell the cook not to fry them in lard. Use a little piece of salt pork."

"There ain't any——"

"And wait a moment. Tell her to be very careful not to use halibut for fish-balls intead of codfish, I understand it is frequently done."

"There ain't any fish-balls to-day," repeated the waiter in loud tones.

"You really ought not to serve fish-balls every day, John," she said, pleasantly.

"The old way was to have them for Sunday breakfast."

"There ain't any fish-balls," shouted the waiter.

"Yes, serve them with parsley."

The unfortunate waiter glanced helplessly about, and then bending down to the old lady's ear, in tones that proclaimed it to the entire dining-room, he roared out again—"There ain't no fish-balls to-day."

"Why didn't you say so, then? John," she added, gazing at the flushed waiter severely over her spectacles, "I think you have been drinking. You have been muttering to yourself there for the last five minutes. Never mind about the fish-balls, but I shall report you to the manager."

The Life Current.

Deprive the vegetable world of moisture and it pales, withers and dies; the whole earth becomes parched, and desolation pervades the landscape. Deprive the human system of pure blood and health is impossible, disease inevitable. The skin becomes charged with repulsive humors, the lungs loaded with foreign secretions, fevers ensue, and, unless speedly arrested, death follows. Renew to healthy action the liver, the great blood-purifying gland, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and health flows through every avenue, restoring every organ to vigor. All druggists.

It is not the best man at a wedding who gets the bride.

A Lady's Chances of Marrying.

Every woman has a chance of "catching husband," but it is conceded that young ladies between twenty and twenty-five years of age are more likely to draw the matrimonial prizes. However, in is not an unusual thing to hear of the marriage of a lady who has passed the three quarter century mark. Yet, how can a woman, weak, dispirited, enervated and tormented by diseases common to her sex, hope to become a happy wife and mother? Of course she cannot; yet by the magic aid of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, all these obstacles are swept away. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, it is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

Every French bank has a photograph of every employee.

Do Not Think for a Moment

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

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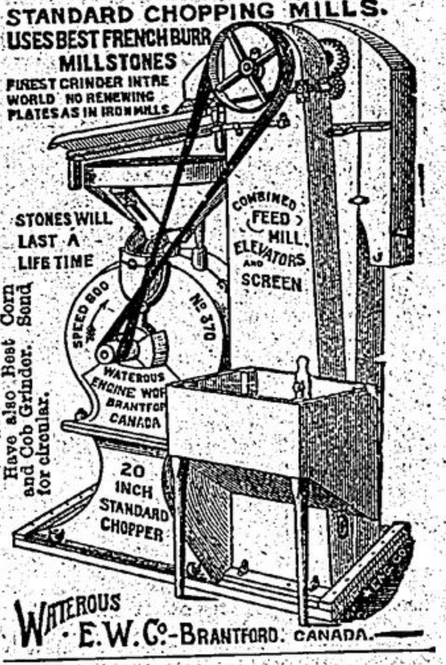

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