

sight was a cloud of dust which appeared to have something desperate going on inside of it. Closer inspection revealed a man and a horse having a "bang-up" argument. Sometimes the man was on top, sometimes the horse. Finally the rider got into the saddle, and an armistice was declared. I knew in my bones that if that animal was BX (at present the unknown quantity), I should never see the editor of this publication any more. The man proved to be Ewing, so, with much trepidation I enquired for BX. To my relief he rode away, shortly returning with a big gray animal in tow, on whose shoulder appeared "BX." He turned him over to me with the assurance that he "was warranted not to rip, tear, ravel, run down in the heels, or slit up the back." It was nice to know that. He—BX—turned out to be eminently respectable, and a well-trained cow-horse to boot. In consequence both that animal, Ewing and myself were shortly on the best of terms. To be sure he had four legs—BX I mean again—which, as every body knows, isn't proper in a tripod; but I overlooked that extra leg, and allowed it to stay there. It proved its usefulness later on.

Filling in time till the arrival of the round-up, an examination was made of the wonderful collection of skins, heads and Indian gear which the manager had collected, and which served to make the sitting-room of his home one of the most interesting possible. After this a tour of the ranch buildings was in order. Truly the Major's pride in his place is justified. The river leaves the foot of the high bluffs and takes a sweep northward, then turns east once more. This forms a cosy corner of level land, about one quarter of a mile long east and west, and nearly one hundred yards wide, on the average, north and south. High bluffs, as well as the heavy bush which grows on either bank of the stream, afford excellent shelter to the northward along the whole distance. On the southern side terraces of grass rise

to the upper prairie. At the western end, near the ford, stands the manager's house, with its long straggling line of outbuildings. About one hundred yards east from these were the breaking stables and corrals, the team stables, waggon sheds and the men's quarters, all being built in a straight line along the north side of the trail that passes through the centre of the ranche. Opposite this main group were several log shanties used as store-houses; giving the whole the appearance of a little village street. The branding corrals were on the hill north of where the trail dips into the valley, and the feeding corrals stood on the bottom lands just on the other side of the river. It is a truly well thought-out and workmanlike arrangement.

U, OH, 86, U, IS, P

As the accompanying illustration stands, it looks like a compromise between what King Belshazzar saw on the wall after dinner, and an up-to-date boxer's opinion of a missionary. It is neither. Here is the interpretation:

BarU—OH—Eighty-six—Seven U—IS—Anchor P. The signs themselves are facsimiles of the different brands which I found burned into the hides of varying numbers of the great herd of cattle that debouched, bellowing and shouldering each other, upon the wide valley of the north fork of High River. The round-up was with us at last. The cook's waggon and bed waggons rumbled dustily into the river bottom; in an incredibly short time the tents were pitched, the stove blazing, and the entire camp in ship-shape. On the bluffs above it the herd of saddle horses, for the use of the cowboys, grazed; the merry whistling of the herder drifted pleasantly down the wind. But more pleasant still was the sound made by a knife handle vigorously thumping the bottom of an old tin pan, announcing that "grub pile" was waiting. A laughing gang of cowmen cantered into camp, on time to the minute; then, having unsaddled,