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in the bunch jingled merrily and musically in the cool fresh air.

We were all sleepy and cold, and as we sat around the fire to eat, someone said: "Where's Holder?" The foreman glanced around the circle of men, set down his plate and cup, and strode over to where Shorty had rolled out his bed the evening before. It was empty, and what was more, hadn't been slept in at all. A hasty questioning developed the fact that none of us had noticed him after we had come in from the stampede.

"Well," said Alkali, "it's one of two things; either he has run into one of those blamed cracks and is hurt, or else he has got a bunch of steers that got cut off from the herd in the rain and has had to stay with 'em all night, because he got so far from camp he couldn't work 'em back alone." As this was not an unusual thing we all felt sure it was the case, and, after a hasty breakfast, all of us, but the men just off guard, struck out to look for him.

Somehow I felt a premonition of trouble as I rode out into the prairie, and leaving the rest to scatter out in different directions I rode straight for the cracks. It was an easy matter to trail up the herd, and as I looked along I couldn't get Shorty's hymns out of my head. As I drew near the crack country I saw by the trail that we had not been at the leaders when we thought we were, but had cut in between them and the main herd. I could see our tracks where we had swung them around, leaving probably one hundred head out.

taking the man thus dismounted up behind me, we led the horse with its sad burden back to camp.

I think death, when it strikes among them, always affects rough men more than it does men of fine sensibilities and breeding. They get over it more quickly, but for the time the former seems to be fairly overwhelmed with the mystery of death, and seem dazed and helpless and often lose their heads.

But "Alkali Pete" quickly pulled himself together. It was thirty miles to Fort McLeod and with our heavy chuck wagon it would take more than a day to get the body there. Packing it on a horse was out of the question, so we decided to bury him right there.

Shorty had no relatives in Alberta, nor any nearer friends than we rough "punchers," so we thought no wrong would be done anyone by burying him there. We laid his crushed body under a little shady poplar, and Alkali and I went to find out a place to dig a grave. About half a mile from Long Bottom was a big rock which in the glacier age had been deposited with others in a string running southeast and northwest in the foothills of the Canadian Rockies. The cattle men of the south had christened it "Lone Rock" and some years after a ranch near it took its name. It was a land-mark for miles around and as Alkali remarked, "It was a blamed sight better headstone than they'd give him in the little yard at the Fort."

So we dug his grave, and then wrapped him in a gorgeous Indian



Kakabeka Falls, Near Fort William

I hurried along their trail, and as the daylight got stronger and the sun began to peep over the hills, I could make out about a couple of miles from me a bunch of cattle feeding. I knew this was the bunch I was trailing, and already some of the other boys had seen them also and were hurrying toward them. But between me and the cattle was I knew a dangerous crack. It was some six feet wide and ten deep, and probably half a mile long. If Shorty had ridden into that he was either dead or badly hurt. As I neared the cracks my heart sank, for I saw the trail would strike it fairly about the widest place, and my worst fears were realized when I reached it, for there lying under a dozen head of dead and dying steers was poor Shorty. The trail told the whole story. He had almost turned them when they reached the crack, and he had ridden into it sideways or diagonally, and some twenty steers had followed, crushing him and his horse to death, and killing about a dozen of them. The balance were wandering around in the bottom of the crack, following it to the river in an attempt to get out.

Drawing my six-shooter I fired two shots, which in cow-boy and frontier sign language means "Come to me." The punchers quickly rode over to where I was, and we managed to get Shorty out from under his horse and up on top. Tenderly we laid his body across the saddle and lashed it with a rope, and

blanket which poor Shorty had carried with him to all the outfits he had worked for in late years, and laid him away as carefully and tenderly as in our rough way we knew how.

The day herders had grazed the herd up close to the rock, so they could be at the grave; the cattle were scattered around us, and the cook had taken out the chuck box and used the chuck wagon to bring the body over in.

When the last sods were placed on the mound, Alkali, with tears running down his sunburned face, which he vainly tried to wipe away, slowly and brokenly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and with broken hearts and bowed heads we joined in "Amen," and went back to our beef drive to Peigan Siding.

Not a Matter for Prayer

In a certain town where two brothers are engaged in a flourishing retail coal business a series of revival meetings were held, and the elder brother of the firm was converted.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got religion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church. One day, when the elder brother was making another effort, he asked: "Why can't you, Richard, join the church as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"