



Driving a Buffalo Herd

The Young People.

TWO GIRLS.

Geraldine lives on the avenue grand,
Biddy lives down on the flat.
One wears a sunbonnet all the year
round,
The other a gay Paris hat.
Yet Geraldine's laugh is a thing seldom
heard,
While Biddy's rings out like a caroling
bird.

Geraldine wears an embroidered Swiss
frock,
Biddy, a calico gown;
Geraldine's face, like a lily, is fair;
Biddy's is freckled and brown.
One rides in her carriages, fretful, for-
lorn,
The other, on foot, is as blithe as the
morn.

Geraldine's roses bloom all the year
round;
A tin can holds Biddy's one flower.
Geraldine has not a thing she must do;
Biddy works hard every hour.
Yet one cares no whit for the roses or
buds;
The other finds joy in the blossoming
suds.

One, with all beauty and wealth at com-
mand,
Dissatisfied, saunters along.
The other with Poverty trips hand in
hand,
In time to her own merry song.
Oh, what content might poor Geraldine
win,
Could she borrow the eyes of rich Biddy
O'Flynn!

—Pauline Frances Camp, in Girl's
Companion.

MY FIRST BUFFALO HUNT.

By Margaret Bemister.

The boys gathered around the fire in
the old hunter's shanty and waited
eagerly for the story. The old man
slowly filled his pipe, poked the fire
to a brighter blaze, then as the flames
shone on his gray hair and weather-
beaten face, he began his yarn.

"And so you want the story of my
first buffalo hunt. Well lads, that was
high fifty years ago. I was a tall
overgrown boy when my father took me
with him to Fort Garry, and when we
reached there we found most of the
men had left for White Horse Plains,
where they were all to assemble for the
buffalo hunt.

"My father and I started after the
party and by the end of the day had
come in sight of them. The hunters
were about two hundred in number, and
following them came the carts drawn
by oxen. In these carts were the child-
ren and women, who, after the killing
was done, would assist in the skinning
and in preparing the pimmikon. My
father and I joined the party and we
travelled on for about six days, camp-
ing on the prairie at night.

"On the evening of the sixth day
we reached the margin of a small
lake where we pitched our tents.
About an hour after sundown, the
scouts, who had gone ahead to be on
the look out for hostile Indians, and for
buffalo, brought in word of an immense
herd of bison about ten miles to the
southwest.

"Early the next morning the hunt-
ers made ready for the chase. I had
great difficulty in persuading my father
to let me go with him. He had re-
fused his permission when one of the
hunters, on finding that I could ride
well, joined me in persuading him and
at last he consented. The men were
mounted on fleet ponies and carried
rifles. Around their necks were hung
their powder-horns. We started off
quickly, keeping well to the leeward, so
that the wind would not carry our
scent to the buffalo.

In a little while we began to see
scattered bunches of the animals, who
became alarmed at our approach and
started off in a southwesterly direction.
We followed, riding slowly as the hunt-
ers did not want the main herd to be
stampeded before they could get
within a short range of killing distance.

As we broke over the range of small
hills, we came in sight of an immense
herd, numbering fully seventy thou-
sand. We were less than half a mile
from the nearest bison. The entire
herd seemed to be uneasy. They had
been aroused and made anxious by the
arrival of small bunches of frightened
buffalo, and only waited for some ac-
tual cause of alarm to stampede.

As they got sight of us the nearest
began to move off and crowd into the
main herd, alarming them, and in a
few minutes the immense herd was in
motion, with a thundering of thousands
of hoofs like the roaring of a vast
cataract.

The hunters divided into two parties,
one going to the right, the other going
to the left of the fleeing herd. A race
of two miles with their horses at full
gallop, brought them abreast of the
hindmost animals. Then began the

shooting. The men had filled their
mouths with bullets and then, going at
breakneck speed, in a blinding cloud
of dust, they loaded their rifles and
fired. The prairie was honey-combed
with badger-holes and the men must
have been to the saddle born to be able
to keep their seats.

Of course aiming was unnecessary as
they were so close to the buffalo, and
many animals fell under the rapid fire.
My pony was very swift and sure of
foot, as all the prairie-bred ponies are,
so I was in the midst of it all. The
thundering of the hoofs, the choking
dust, the roar of the guns, the mad
rush over the prairie seems like a dream
to me.

Then suddenly something terrible hap-
pened. I felt myself being hurled
through the air, and became aware in
that second that my horse had plunged
into a badger-hole and in falling had
thrown me over his head.

Scarcely had I realized this when I
landed with terrific force on something
that was moving. With a wild clutch,
my hands reached out and grasped the
hairy mane of a buffalo. Scarcely know-
ing what I did, I found myself on my
feet on the broad back, then jumping
from it to the other shaggy backs, which
were moving so closely together that
they seemed as one huge mass.

I do not remember reaching the outer
edge of the herd, all I remember was a
violent thud as I landed on the ground.
When I opened my eyes I found my
father bending over me, and in the dis-
tance could be heard the dull rumble
of the hoofs as the hundreds of buffalo
tore over the prairie. Around me lay
a score of dead animals, while here and
there, one that had been sorely wounded
would stagger to his feet and make for
shelter.

"I have been in many a hunt since
then, lads," said the man slowly, "and
have succeeded in killing many buffalo,
but the greatest hunt of them all was
the one in which I did not fire a shot."

[Ed. Note:—This is the first of a se-
ries of stories of primitive life in West-
ern Canada, by Miss Bemister, who is
coming to the front as a writer for
young folk. This tale is not pure im-
agination, but is a recital of actual
experience of an octogenarian now living
in Manitoba, but who wishes his name
withheld.]

A GRACIOUS GIRL.

Why do some girls have favors show-
ered upon them? Because, no matter
what is done for them, they never fail
to be gracious and grateful.

Let the person beware who has reach-
ed the age of receiving when she looks
on favors as her due; it will not be
long before courtesies cease to come her
way.

No matter how generously inclined or
how cynical one may be in the way of
talking of gratitude, we resent it in
our hearts when the nice little things
we do for others are taken too much
for granted. We prefer gush, even
though we know it to be insincere, to
the curt thanks that are merely "man-
ners," not appreciation.

The girl who is most apt to fall into
this error of indifference to favors is
she who has much done for her. At
first she is deeply grateful, but by and
by she grows accustomed to attentions,
and instead of being pleased to re-
ceive invitations, is resentful when she
doesn't get them.

There is no popularity that will long
withstand taking favors as one's due.
To feel the world owes one a living
or our friends owe us favors is the
quickest road to financial and social
bankruptcy.

If we got what we deserved most of
us would go shy on attention; half the
pleasure that comes our way is from the
gracious thought of some friend. Never
make the mistake of underestimating
that graciousness or of being so con-
ceited as to think it springs from your
attractiveness.

The girl who can count on her favors
continuing is she who takes the pains
to write a gracious note in return for
an invitation, and who follows it up
with the spoken word of appreciation
when next the giver is met.

There is no social coin that has big-
ger buying power than the ability to
be grateful without being fulsome. The
latter smacks of insincerity, and dis-
gusts where words of pleasure and gra-
titude count it was meant to charm. A
few well-chosen words are better than
a long letter of meaningless gush.

It is less one's power to express gra-
titude that needs cultivating than gra-
titude itself. We are all more or less
inclined to take things as a matter of
course, particularly if the donor has
heaped us with favors.

The next time some one does you
a kindness note how you take it. If
your involuntary thought is, "How
sweet of her!" your appreciativeness
will not need cultivating; if you think,
"Why shouldn't she do it?" you have
fallen into the grievous social error of
taking favors as your due.

Be very sure that the girl who thinks
it too much trouble to acknowledge a
kindness, or who is neglectful of small
attentions, will have cause to repent her
ungratefulness. When she begins to
wonder why her invitations fall off, let
her look here for the reason.

THE CROWDED BRAIN.

A boy returned from school one day
with a report that his scholarship had



Surrounding the Buffalo