Winnipeg, January, 1910.

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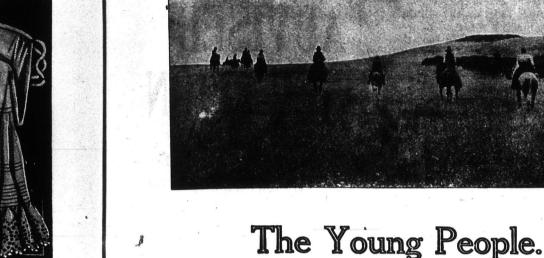
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Che Western Home Monthly

Driving a Buffalo Herd



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.

Cne rides in her carriages, fretful, forlorn,

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 command.

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,

"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 children 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 hunters made ready for the chase. I had great difficulty in persuading my father to let me go with hum. He had refused 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 We started off 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 hunters did not want the main herd to bcome stampeded before they could get have succeeded in killing many buffalo, within a short race of killing distance. As we broke over the range of small hills, we came in sight of an immense herd, numbering fully seventy thous-and. We were less than half a mile from the nearest bison. The entire herd semed to be uneasy. They had been aroused and made anxious by the arrival of small bunches of frightened buffalo, and only waited for some actual 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

have been to the saddle born to be able to keep their seats.

HOA.

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-I felt myself being hurled pened. 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 bualo. Scarcely knowing 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 distance 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 but the greatest hunt of them all wa the one in which I did not fire a shot." [Ed. Note:-This is the first of a series 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 imagination, but is a recital of actual experience of an octogenarian now living in Manitoba, but who wishes his name withheld.]

breakneck speed, in a blinding cloud of dust, they loaded their rifles and fired. The prairie was honey-combed with badger-holes and the man for granted. We prefer gush, even though we know it to be insincere, to the curt thanks that are merely "manners," not appreciation.

71

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 receive 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 bigger buying power than the ability to be grateful without being fulsome. The latter smacks of insincerity, and disgusts where words of pleasure and gratitude 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 gratitude that needs cultivating than gratitude itself. We are all more or less inclined to take things as a matter of particularly if the donor has course 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 acknowedge 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.

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MY FIRST BUFFALO HUNT. By Margaret Bemister.

The boys gathered around the fire in the old hunter's shanty and waited cagerly 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 nigh 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.

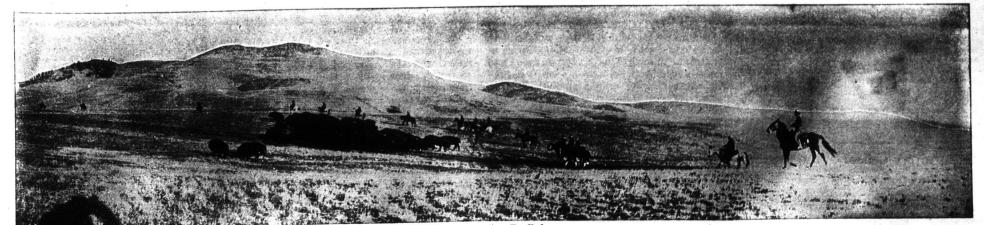
A GRACIOUS GIRL.

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

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

THE CROWDED BRAIN.

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



Surrounding the Buffale