

to many a jaded idler of society; and he who was once a gay member of the "Knickerbocker," "Union," "White's," or "Boodle's," a frequenter of the "Burlington," a haunter of the "Aquarium," or a dissolute dashing guardsman (Ouida's model Englishman), the darling of society, and the best of riders, — he it is who, through lack of means, or dearth of excitement, chooses the wild life of the cattle-driver, with no music but the roar of the wind or the dash of cataracts, and no partner in the dance but his Indian pony.

The cowboy of whom I have heard and read so much is not always the dare-devil depicted in "The Police News;" for during my whole journey from Omaha, during which time I saw hundreds of cowboys and cow "punchers," I never saw a revolver fired, or any evidence of that recklessness which is so proverbial. In isolated mining camps, revolvers are recklessly carried; but one might start from New York, and make the whole Western trip by the regular roads, and seldom see a single exposed weapon. There were occasions, on our farther journey, when it was prudent to be well armed.

Four hundred and fourteen miles from Omaha, we reached Sidney. From Sidney, stage-coaches start daily for Deadwood, 267 miles.