

On the Wing, and Off it Too.

Last year we gave you some accounts of our trip to Arkansas in May last, and left you in expectancy of more. On that occasion we traveled from St. Louis to Little Rock by the Iron Mountain R. R. It is well named, for this Iron Mountain is of immense length; in fact it appears an iron country from the extent of land under which that metal is to be found, extending about one hundred miles long and perhaps an equal distance wide. The land under which the iron is found is of very little value; it will not pay any one in this generation to attempt to cultivate it. A scrubby, bushy wood, not deserving the name of timber, grows on it.

Leaving this uninviting looking district we proceeded to Poplar Bluff (about 200 miles from St. Louis and about the same distant from Little Rock) which is the main station between these two points. Rich-looking bottom land lies on one side of the station and handsomely rolling high land on the other. We alight from the train and mount a conveyance drawn by mules, and proceed to the hotel. A magnificent profusion of roses, honey-suckles, and other flowers, fill the eye with delight, whilst the fragrance from them is delightful. We wished to make arrangements for a tour of inspection, to commence in the morning, but no vehicle could be procured, and our mode of procedure was necessarily on a mustang or Shank's Pony. We choose the former, which was kindly offered us by Mr. Smith, the manager of the cattle yards at this place. This is where most of the cattle are unshipped and reshipped en route from Texas to the east. We walked to the cattle yard where Mr. Smith with two mustangs were waiting for us. Having been employed at office work since commencing this journal, and not having been on a horse's back for twelve years, we were pleased with the idea of having a ride again. The mustang allotted to us was a grey, having a short back, short neck, well proportioned body and a capital set of short strong legs; a little shaggy on the limbs, but carrying a good mane and tail; the eye was docile but quick. This was Mr. Smith's favorite animal, and was trained to go by a touch on the neck with the bridle or by word. The mustangs in the Western States are guided in this manner, the bit not being used for this purpose. This animal was trained to hunt deer and to drive Texan cattle. Some of the cattle will turn and chase a horse, and as they are extremely quick in turning no English or Arabian horse can get out of their way, and are consequently killed. The mustang, however, being short and quick in sight and action as kitten, whirls around instantly and is at the top of its speed at the first bound, running away from the steers. These runs are only short, but sharp. The herdsman, as soon as out of danger, immediately turns after the steer, and with a short handled and very heavy thonged whip punishes the steer right smart, as the saying goes.

We then mounted our mustang. The stirrups, which are of wood, were so long that we could only keep our feet in them by extending our feet and legs to the fullest extent. Mr. S. tried to

shorten them and found it impossible, but as Mr. S.'s legs were much shorter than ours, and these being what he was accustomed to, we determined to use them also. The saddle had a large knob or horn standing on the top of the pommel. This



THE MOUNT.

is used when lassoing cattle or other animals. We must now inform you that we are not so young as we used to be; neither are we so thin, spare or pliable, but, John Bull like, we have



FULL FLY.

become quite corpulent. The head of our animal was let loose by the herdsman, and jump, jump, jump goes the mustang. Every jump brought our body in contact with the lasso knob on the saddle, but fortunate for us we had taken no breakfast, as it was yet very early morn. We tried to stop the beast but on it would go with a short kind of a jump. Mr. Smith and another horseman were close behind. After awhile the



THE FALL.

leap turned into a gallop, despite of our endeavors, but it was very short, and then jump, jump, jump, again. Messrs. S. & Co. now came to our side and gave us some instructions how to manage the animal. We were to touch its neck with the bridle on either side we wished it to go, which it

obeyed very well, and to hold up the reins and say "Whoa," to stop. We do not like to be conquered, and onward we go to "Victory or Death," and it very nearly proved being the latter.

We now come to where a lot of horses are running wild in a place part opening and part woods. Our mustang seized the bit in its teeth and with the other horses carried us like the wind over logs, through brush, and across a creek, in spite of our endeavors to hold it up. Our foot was knocked from the stirrup, so we then stuck our knees and heels close to the animal, which made it go faster. From the effects of the jumps over wood and water, and knocks from trees and bushes we were soon lying with our head against a tree; hat smashed, clothes damaged, blood flowing, and terribly shaken up.

(To be continued.)

Garden, Orchard and Forest.

Canned Fruit.

Every day brings us additional instances of the perseverance of our American neighbors in increasing the value of the raw products of their fields, and the addition to their commercial value by the employment of skilled labor. The preparation of canned fruit is no trifling item in their ever active industries. The home and foreign demand for canned fruits and vegetables is said to be on the increase in America, and there is a constant endeavoring to supply the demand and to furnish new delicacies to bring in the much coveted dollars. Last year a Delaware firm undertook to put up a small quantity of blackberries and huckleberries, and the experiment has proved in every sense successful.

Canned apples, cherries, strawberries, whortleberries, grapes, peaches and pine apples are largely exported to England. Nor are the preserving and exporting confined to fruit. There are also exported to the same market, asparagus, corn, peas, and tomatoes. Specimens of the products of American canners were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, and the result has been orders for samples from several places on the Continent.

What interest is this to us Canadians? Let us see. This little branch of industry gives profitable employment to the cultivator of the soil; to the manufacturer of the cans; to the packer; the carrier; the shipper, and, in a word, to all the intermediate employees. It promotes the circulation of money among the workingmen, and it serves to increase the national wealth and industry, and consequently promotes emigration to the country in proportion to the employment given. Is there not in this a lesson for us Canadians? Every good employer of labor is a benefactor to the country. As lovers of our country—this Canada of ours—we have always advocated the employment of her industries. Even when a branch of industry is looked upon as a very small matter, we do not

ignore the fact that farthings heaped together make pounds, and that millions are composed of units. The wealth of nations is formed by the industry of individuals. The raw products of the farms may be increased very much in value before they be exported, and thereby the field of labor enlarged.