

CHAPTER II.

" We drive no starvelings, scraggy brown,
Loose lenced, and ribbed and bony,
Like those which grind their noses down
On pastures bare and stony.
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs,
And cows too lean for shadows,
Disputing feebly with the frogs
The crop of saw-grass meadows.

In our good droves, so sleek and fair,
No bones of leanness rattle ;
No tottering, hide-bound ghosts are there,
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.
Each stately beeve berpeaks the hand
That fed him unrepining ;
The fatness of a goodly land
In each dun hide is shining."

—Whittier.

The traveller of this story and every other observer who has ever visited the Last Mountain Valley has remarked its splendid suitability for the business of stock raising. The sheltering bluffs with which the country is so liberally interspersed in many parts, give protection when it is needed against the chilly north winds of the winter season, the abundance of small lakes gives an ample supply of water, and the luxuriance of the natural growth of grass, pea-vine and other fodders is such that no labor need be spent in finding food for the cattle. In the summer there is more than they can eat, and in the winter their foraging needs only to be supplemented by letting them have access to the stacks of straw which remain from the threshing of the previous fall. This is a consideration which weighs heavily with every farmer who is familiar with the business of raising cattle on the prairies. There are some other places where many precious hours of time are taken up in finding water and



Ample Supply of Water