

The long ride had made all hungry, and how to cook any supper was a difficulty ; no matches could be found for some time on the shelves in the ranche, and when found they showed plainly no meat, and it was late in the evening already.

To the dark hen-house some of the party went, and in twenty minutes two fowls skinned and ready for the pot lay upon the table. One engaged in bringing wood in, one engaged in fetching water in, one making bread, one coaxing up the fires, one washing up the breakfast things, how quickly the time sped. Then a savoury odour floated to hungry nostrils, and there was laughter, a merry supper, tobacco fumes and coffee fragrance mingling.

Then night, silence, and deep slumber.

At early dawn the astonished Texan mother cows beheld their care! invaded by twelve horsemen, and then the mad chase of separation began. Now it was the red calf to be hunted from its mother and the line kept, now the black and white, or red and white calf, until the perspiration streamed from the reckless riders, and the lather showed plainly on the sides of Texan horses.

"Do you enjoy it, Englishman?" asked Kirwan, as exhausted he paused to wipe his forehead, and rest his Texan cob.

"Yes, thanks, friend Kirwan, muchly."

"Well, it's a glimpse only we are giving you of our life. More enjoyable than studying for fame in your