

of us had use for an Indian was a long piece off.

An early start was made in the morning, for we were anxious to reach Macleod before the fall round-up started out, somehow I always counted on getting employment on one of these. In those days my greatest ambition was to be a cow-boy or "cow-puncher," as it is generally termed out west.

During the afternoon we saw the first bunch of range cattle, all fat, sleek, chunky creatures, the calves particularly so. I believe the fat of one of those would keep the old I. G. Baker bull team in waggon grease on a trip from Fort Benton, Montana, U. S., to Fort Macleod, Alta., N. W. T.

It was no trick to find a good camping place through this country, but on halting for the night it was with sorrow we talked of this as our last camp, for we had had a good time, learned and seen more than in one year of our lives. Dick, as thorough a good fellow as ever threw leg into a saddle, had given us many tips, and taught us many things, that in all probability would never have been ours in a life time. We kept up a continual chew-the-rag till wood and "buffalo chips" were nearly exhausted, so we were obliged, though it was reluctantly done, to turn in for the night.

Sun rise again found us well on our way (we had a foot trail to follow now) for Macleod, which we hoped to reach before many hours.

All day yesterday and to day a long thin column of smoke could be seen in the south-east. Dick was for once puzzled and brought to stand-still, still he had never seen it before and could not account for it now. We were all of the opinion that it must be an Indian signal; afterwards we found out that it was from the heavy engines used at the Lethbridge colliery works. During Dick's time they had not commenced working the vast coal fields that lay for many miles around that post, to use his own words it was only a howling wilderness. Many changes have taken place since then, and now it is one of the most progressive towns we have through the territories, in fact its resources cannot be surpassed.

Reaching the banks of Willow Creek, Macleod could be seen looming up on the south side of the Old Man's river. We were not long in reaching it, and after fording made for the feed stables. Leaving our cayuses here, we followed Dick up town to old Camosses. He was both pleased and surprised to see Dick, for he had heard that he had passed in his check up in the Peace River country. Old Harry was glad, there was not a doubt about this, for he set-em-up all round, remarking that he was very sorry the town was dry, but a dance had been on the night previous, and now he could only offer pop and painkiller or home made ale. But never mind boys, a whole cargo is expected to-night if the police don't catch on.

We had supper in great style that night. No grub to cook, or dishes to wash, and to cap it all had a pretty young lady to wait on us. She seemed to kind of tone the thing up a bit, but we were out of place, didn't have room enough, and were either running our legs into some fellow's lap or poking them with our elbows. Just a little out of practice you see.

Many years have passed since then. Dick, poor fellow, passed in his check the following summer while engaged as scout for the U. S. army, while carrying a dispatch. Billie, I believe, is in South Africa, at least he was when I last heard of him, now he may be trying for the north pole. Hawk returned east. Bye-the-bye, that just reminds me, I heard a few days ago he had grown tired of single life. I wonder if it is the one who brought him a drink of water the night we made the dry camp in the Sand Hills. I suppose so, for he told me at the time that it was no one he knew, but it was his ideal of what Mrs. Hawk should be. Long life and happiness may his be, a journey through a pleasant country. He certainly has set the remainder a good example.

I am still in the country, very likely to remain, in fact, I don't believe a bull team could haul me away, strange to say the country is the only attraction. Thus we must be friends, then part perhaps never to meet again. To-day one may have more friends than you could shake a stick at, to-morrow—you may be as desolate and lonely as a young range born calf lost