

My next neighbor, Fuga, was the son of a Presbyterian Elder, near the Mississippi. The old man seems to have been born a hunter and in his old age kept hounds, and a white mule that was good for any seven-rail fence. Many a deer fell before the old man's rifle. He was said to be a strong pillar in the church, and everybody spoke well of him.

His son, until the time of the war, held slaves, who were always in for a good time on Sundays. Riding with him one day over the beautiful prairie near my house, he said:

"Just along here one Sunday morning, I counted twenty-eight deer feeding. Now you know that I am no church member, but my father had brought me up to keep Sunday. The sight of these deer was too much for me, if it was Sunday, and there was the black boys with their eyes shining through a rim of white, their white rows of wories in contrast with their dusky skins, so I said, 'Washington! get my mule, mighty quick. I am going to salt the cattle over near the Lone Elm. You can take the gun and go where you like.' A few minutes saw me riding round the west side of the deer (you know there was no hurt in riding on Sundays) and the darkies with their guns were hurrying to yon timber to intercept them as they passed towards the east, in their usual run. Shortly after the deer disappeared down the run, and the crack of the gun told me that the black boys were too quick for them. You see, father had taught me it was wrong to shoot Sundays, but not to salt cattle."

It was a distinction with some difference but I take it quite as much as has been found outside of Presbyterian training. Be that as it may, the wise man's proverb about "training up a child in the way he should go," has been verified in later years in this son, who to day occupies the same position in the church, as the old Elder, with the white mule and hounds, did forty years ago.

The Red Man's Cattle Nearly Extinct.

This network of railroads running like a spider's web over the feeding grounds of the buffalo, has brought him in contact with the deadly rifle, so that but for a few in Montana, said to be a herd of sixteen last year; some that are protected by Government in and around Yellowstone Park; a few scattering ones elsewhere, are all the wild ones left.

No wonder the Indians' wild nature, inherited for ages far back, gets under full sway when the Government supplies grow short, and his rifle and trusty Indian pony, that can keep up a steady lope hour after hour, fail to bring him food for his squaw and children.

'Tis said that partridges eggs hatched out under a hen, may for a few days develop young birds quite tame, but very soon nature assumes her sway and the young birds seek their forest home. So it seems to be with the Red Man. Give him Dartmouth, or a few years' training in these splendid Government schools, away from tribe contact entirely, send him back at twenty-one, and soon the chase and wild life have attractions for him, far greater than the white man's plough and harrow.

I said the wild buffalo are nearly extinct. The last solitary old bull, scarcely any-

thing but bones and hide, was shot far away from civilization, near Texas, about three years ago.

A tame herd of full bloods and their various crosses with the Scotch Black Galloway, are fenced in and kept on the western side of Kansas. These full bloods are held at fabulous prices, and I presume the coming young man and maiden of Canada, may take their sleigh rides in the cold, crisp, moonlight nights of a Canadian winter, well tucked in with this new coming robe of the west. That the owner has a pretty good thing financially, seems almost certain. Already robes from this herd of pure and mixed blood are worth from \$30, to \$60. Buffalo steak at 40 cents per lb., as a dainty on the rich man's table only adds to the income.

Just over the rising prairie towards the setting sun, a few miles away, my neighbors tell me plenty of buffalo were found, less than 25 years ago.

A favorite way of catching calves was to spot the locality where the cows and calves were feeding, about dark of a June evening. At day break a horseman gave chase to the herd and soon the cows and old ones were far away in advance of the calves in their mad plunge to escape. A second horseman now pursued the calves, passed them and became the leader to the poor frightened young animals, who followed the horse and rider to some corral not many miles distant.

I have seen a young calf in his fright follow a man, dog or horse, in the busy street, if separated from his mother, the same way.

Josh Gentry, and his Kentucky Blood Mare, after Deen.

Was there a "round up" in Missouri, by the neighborhood and town, to catch or destroy those pests of the prairie the "prairie wolf," (coyote,) or a hunt of any kind, Josh was on hand, rain or shine.

Through friends in Kentucky he became the happy owner of a fast blood mare. Being out on horseback with a fair cousin

one day, and some deer being in sight, he proposed to show her the speed of his fine Kentucky blood.

Screening himself by some rising ground, he approached the herd, pretty near, before he was discovered. The elevated head and a snort by a leader, soon sent them off at full speed.

Away they went, and away after them went John, and the mare. Mile after mile of the unfenced prairie was soon covered by mare and deer, the latter keeping well in advance. As the chase continued the mare's blood got, up and Josh as eagerly felt the excitement, and what at first was undertaken as a short sport for the fun of it, began to take another form.

"Is it possible this beauty of mine can overtake one of them, a feat hitherto unknown in the neighborhood? What a feather in my cap? What glory for *Flying Kate*?"

Loosening the rein Kate soon settled down to her work in dead earnest.

"Look out! Josh! see that broad, deep gully there just partly hidden by the tall prairie grass?"

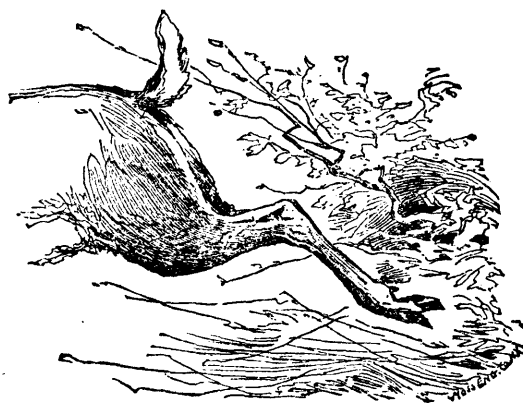
Yes, the singled out deer saw it, but too late, with a bound through the air he cleared the space safe and sound.

The mare was too near to be stopped, and with a slackened rein, she eyed the chasm for a moment as she came over the crest of the hill, and gathering her feet well under her, made the mad plunge and landed safely across on the other side.

She soon commenced closing up on the deer which became more and more frightened. Soon the day-light between them was narrowed down to a few feet, till at last the pretty thing gave up exhausted.

To spring from Kate's back and cut its throat, was but the work of a few moments, and after the girl was loosened and the mare winded, Josh threw the deer across in front of the saddle, and returned home, none of the young men ever after that daring to say ought to the disparagement of "Flying Kate" or her owner.

Burlington, Kansas, Dec. 1890.



THE END.

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