

"Jack, Jack! Pigs, pigs!" to make every hog within hearing run for that hole in the pen.

Once, and only once, the big dog went over the fence to punish a small pig that had been uncommonly exasperating. The knowledge then and there absorbed by him lasted the rest of his life. He was willing to rest his forepaws on the fence, to look over and bark at the occupants of the pen, but when urged to go over he sulked, and said by his looks: "I tried that once, and, believe me, it was not well."

I had a big crop of corn and oats, and prices were very low. Not being in immediate need of money, I determined to breed pigs enough to eat my crop. In the course of my shooting prairie chickens, I one day strayed on horseback some thirty miles from home, and coming across a large pig pen, found in it a lot of pure razor-back sows. I thought I would like to be the owner of these razor-backs, so I returned with a couple of teams and bought twenty-two of them—long of snout, long of leg, roach-backed, long tailed, heavy in the shoulders, high in the withers, light and low in the ham.

Not to enlarge the troubles and vexations those pigs caused me before I got home, I will simply say that I lost all standing in my church from what was overhead on that journey. But I got the pigs home. My wife had raised some eighty turkeys, and countless chickens ranged around my stacks, sheds and barns. We used to select and point out with the index finger the gobblers we would eat when cold weather came. We enjoyed many turkeys that way—and it was well we ate them in anticipation, for we did not taste them any other way.

The razor-backs were turned into a large yard, containing about an acre, and the process of building up meat on their open bone-work began. The still hunt of the sows also began—turkeys and chickens the game they stalked. Though I was on the point of losing my mind, as I looked on, I could not help admiring the skill displayed. A wagon-load of corn would be scattered on the ground in the pen and the sows would slowly rise up on their haunches. Sitting in all conceivable attitudes, they would yawn, opening their long jaws much as an alligator does his when he sees a young colored person indiscreetly coming to play in the river. Then getting on their feet, they would slowly feed up and down the pen.

A turkey would hop over the fence and begin to pick up corn, and, maybe, in his exceeding comfort, spread his tail and give

voice to a cheerful gobble or two. A long, lean, wiry sow would look at him, her bright black eyes sparkling with the pleasure of anticipation. She would slowly feed toward the turkey, mild grunts issuing from her the while. She would not hurt a turkey—not she! Slowly and cautiously she would draw near to the bird, and nearer yet, until she was within three or four feet of him. Suddenly, a long, active body would be launched through the air, a snapping of great jaws, a sudden jumping on the forefeet on the body of the gobbler, a firm grip of the jaws on leg, wing or breast, a quick, powerful, upward jerk—and the gobbler that strutted in my yard was being converted into pork. I once saw a sow miss a turkey and the fowl took to wing. The sow gathered herself for a run and, jumping high in the air, snapped at the flying bird. The flying turkey was horrified to see every sow he passed over rise up in the air toward him and vainly snap her jaws at his dangling legs. The gobbler who had made an escape of this kind would spend hours in standing around, meditating on the hard times it would be for turkeys if razor-backed sows had wings. The upshot of this stalking of my fowls was that I lost all I had, and there was not a fowl left on the place.

Once I had a couple of sows, each of which raised me nine pigs. I let the little ones run out (it was a grasshopper year and they could hurt nothing). Kansas was considerably pestered with wolves that year, and my neighbors predicted that I would lose my pigs. I met them all over the neighboring country, but at sundown they were generally at home. I used to think they were lucky, until one day, while shooting prairie chickens, I saw a wolf dancing around in the grass in a very peculiar manner. I watched him from a distance, but could not comprehend his behaviour. So I walked toward him, and by taking advantage of a ravine, was able to get within forty yards of the beast.

Lying down behind a bunch of blue joint grass, I looked on. The coyote had found my eighteen pigs, then some four mouths old, and wanted one for dinner. The pigs, objecting, had formed a circle, with their heads out, and were bravely grunting defiance. The wolf was running around them, snapping his jaws and doing all in his power to frighten a faint-hearted pig out of the circle.

The compact ring of sturdy little porke slowly moved down the road, never faltering, but constantly keeping up their war grunt. As they passed me at

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