



CATTLE ON THE RANGE.

erly placed. This lot being too young to wean, were with their dams turned into pastures to be fed during the winter months.

Cattle all properly disposed of; calves branded or weaned; the round-up over; what remains?

Perhaps, on the part of the reader, a feeling of thankfulness that this article is at last finished. Certainly on

my own part, an intense hope that it may do a little towards awakening an intelligent interest in our great North-West in some minds where heretofore none existed.

So, then, with hearty thanks to my good friend Fred Stimson, of the Bar U, his household and the boys on the ranch—not forgetting my quod-tripod, BX—I make my adieux.

MOONLIGHT IN THE ROCKIES.

SHY-peeping from a cloud of silver mist,
The Queen of Night peers down the darkened vales,
Where hurried streams through devious channels twist,
And babble forth their never-ending tales.

Black, sombre pines fantastic shadows fling
From rock to rock adown the mountain-side,
While waking leaves their dreamland secrets sing
To fairy rangers of the forest wide.

Pale gleams the light on high-thrown battlements
Of cloud-companioned, winter-mantled peak,
(The age-long butt of hostile elements)
Whose massive lines gigantic strength bespeak.

Geo. E. Winkler.