

## A JOY OF THE PAST.

### Hunting the Buffalo in Days That Have Gone By.

"A buffalo is more timid than those calves browsing there, and more powerful than a lion. A rifle will scare the white out of him; but unless you hit him in a vital part you can almost put a whole cartridge box into him before you will bring him down."

The speaker was a raw-boned frontiersman, who for more than thirty years had lived in the West. He had taken Greeley's advice and grown up with the country. He had swung through wide ranges, and had lived among the mountains, but now owned a large ranch on the plains. Though engaged extensively in the cattle business there was a time when he was well nigh as largely engaged in the buffalo business.

"Yes," he resumed, "you can send them flying as easily as you can a brood of chickens, but it will require the wit of a thoroughbred horse to catch up with them. And when a buffalo runs he is the most ungainly, lumbering creature going."

"Just about twenty years ago I was along here when down from the northeast rained a big herd of them, containing fully 30,000 buffalo. It had been a dry season. I was among the hills yonder when I heard the thunder of the heavy drop. The earth fairly shook beneath the tremendous movement. Great clouds of dust rose above them, as though a cyclone was tearing up the earth and filling the air. That small stream we crossed a short distance back was not near so full of water as it is now. But the buffalo had scented it, and had come from miles away for it with a mad rush."

"It seemed as they approached that their speed quickened. The herd was led by a number of great, powerful bulls. Their eyes rolled while their tongues hung from their open mouths. I had watched herds approach and pass me before. But, hidden behind a rock so as not to disturb them, I watched with a truly new interest the sweep of this herd, impelled by the fiery torments of a consuming thirst. I quickly perceived its object, and, as the channel of the stream is a trifle deep, I judged that there would be a sudden increase of speed for a brief moment when the banks were reached."

"I had witnessed a comparatively dry river-bed quickly covered by a foaming torrent, whose rising tides soon swirled and boiled up to the very top of the shores—a result of heavy storms nearer their source. I concluded from the impetuous rush of this turbulent stream of buffalo that the channels of this river would soon be covered and quite filled. But a moment later my conclusions were more than realized. For when the leaders reached the very brink they plunged down the steep bank, and themselves would have suffered no particular injury from the sudden and swift descent. Because a buffalo, though awkward and weighing a ton, when he goes down almost a precipitous decline will so combine a tumble with a slide and roll and leap that, much like a cat, he will soon be right side up at the bottom. It was what came after that prevented the leaders from getting the best of the bargain in reaching the water first."

"For this great herd was almost a solid, compact mass, and it had acquired such a momentum in its headlong career that considerations for the fate of the leaders were not of sufficient force, for they had been entertained soon enough, to perceptibly check its movement. So down the banks they tumbled on top of the leaders, rank after rank, until the channel for a quarter of a mile was full and overflowing with them."

"Yes, the momentum was so great and the stop so sudden that from my point of observation I saw the water suddenly blacken with those edge led suddenly swollen higher than the succeeding body, and it was rolling over and over because of the undertow. Pushed on by the great mass behind, the buffaloes which reached the bank had to leap upon the backs of those ahead for their lives, and so that great mass rolled over and over, throwing many on the opposite bank. You would have supposed that fatal consequences would have resulted to great numbers."

"The rush was soon stopped. Then the herd widened out, those in the rear hurrying up and down the stream; and those tumbled into a heap into the bed of the stream rapidly extinguished themselves until, in an almost incredible short space of time every buffalo was comparatively free. I do not suppose there were more than a dozen that were seriously injured. It is simply remarkable, the toughness of the buffaloes which used to roam in this great West."

"Hunting the buffalo is exciting sport. To an old hunter, though, it is usually a simple affair. For a long period during my life the commonness of the hunt rubbed off about all the novelty there was in it and it came to be regarded as quite an ordinary event."

"I want to say, too, that the wholesale way in which these huge animals were slaughtered by speculators is something which always fills the blood of a Westerner when it is referred to. If you cannot recall these grand old beasts without being reminded of the brutality and unpardonable bloody work of many a white man from the East."

"I remember a chase which took place down near the Arkansas River along in the early spring of the year '60, I think. Our camp was beginning to suffer for provisions. One afternoon I mounted my pony, intending to wing some ducks in a distant bend of the river, where there were sedge marshes, and where they found a favorite resort. But I was unable to discover the faintest sign of their presence, and, after exhausting both myself and my pony in a long search beyond, I concluded to stop where I was for the night. The next morning my hunt for ducks was made to appear small and insignificant pursuit, in worthy of a strong man; for their in the distance was a great herd of buffalo feeding. It was to the windward, and consequently I ran no risk of being scented."

"Hastily eating what little lunch I had remaining from the previous night I started. Luck favored me. I discovered the serpentine line of narrow hollow formed by the waters when great rains fell, moving to the river. This line wound around in a long and circuitous fashion until it came near the herd. I was soon into this hollow, and my pony picked his way down it on a fast walk. As I came near I could hear distinctly the rippling sound which innumerable mouths made as they tore the green grass from the sod."

"I had not reached quite the point where I determined to mount the bank and make a charge upon the herd when I came unexpectedly into an opening where the bank lowered away, exposing me to the full view of the cows that happened to be browsing in that direction. They instantly tossed their heads and started. The attention of others was drawn and then some bulls gave a sharp snort, which was the signal for a general stampede. Away the whole herd plunged. It was then or never. Soaring my pony up the grade I tore after the herd. They were in good condition for leading to

## HOW HE WON THE SHOTGUN.

BY F. S. PALMER.

Two years ago Mr. Lindsay took his two sons and nephew to Lake Moloka for the trout fishing in the last two weeks of August. The boys so enjoyed the place that he promised them to stay through September.

It is contrary to law to catch trout during that month; however, Joe and Hal Lindsay had good sport getting for grouse and quail.

But Arthur Blake, not having so wealthy a father as his cousins, owned no shotgun; and when he wished to join in their shooting expeditions he had to borrow an old muzzle-loading musket belonging to one of the guides.

While the other boys were off hunting, Arthur tried to amuse himself catching mink in deadfalls—rude traps which the guides taught him to make.

But as he was an inexperienced trapper and the mink were scarce, not many were captured; so one evening about the middle of September, when his uncle announced that he was called back to the city, Arthur was not sorry to leave. Trapping mink was very poor sport.

On seeing his sons' disappointed faces, Mr. Lindsay made a proposal.

"Boys," he said, "if you three promise to be careful, I might leave you here a week longer with the guides. Even then I'm cutting short your holiday by a week, and to console you I make this offer: To the one who gets most game in the next seven days I'll give my high-flying piece."

"I need a heavier gun," but this one is about right for a boy, and you know what a beauty it is. So that Arthur may have a fair chance to win I'll leave the gun here for him to use."

On the afternoon of the following Monday, the last day of the competition, his cousins' skill in wing-shooting had made it self-evident that Arthur was behind in the race. Joe led him by a dozen birds and Hal by nearly as many.

Just before dusk of that day, Arthur decided to row across the lake and look at some traps he had set along the opposite shore. The evening was damp, and, as he didn't want the prize gun to get rusty he left it at his father's house.

After visiting the traps he started toward the boat, which was moving quietly along when he noticed, through the twilight, something swimming in the water.

It was too large for a loon or a deer's head. His curiosity was excited, and he rowed rapidly towards the moving object.

Now he had no difficulty in recognizing it. It was a moose head; he had once seen one of these animals stuffed, and there was no mistaking the over-hanging upper lip and broad antlers.

He had no weapon, and how should he capture it? This part of the lake was narrow; before long the animal would reach land.

He rowed along side, and snatching up an arrow he struck the head, but with one powerful plunge the moose was out of reach.

There seemed no other way of killing it, and they were approaching ominously near the bank.

Arthur decided to make another attempt to stun the moose, and this time he rowed around it, getting between it and the shore.

As he poised an oar for the blow, the great animal, instead of jumping away, threw its weight against the side of the boat.

The frail craft careened and filling with water went down.

When the boat sank Arthur was sucked beneath the surface, and came up coughing and choking. He was not a good swimmer and realized his danger.

As he rose above the water he saw right in front of him the antlers of the moose. Leaping forward he grasped these, and drew himself onto the creature's shoulders.

The moose had been surprised at the disappearance of the boat; now, feeling the boy astride its neck, it grew frantic and kicked worse than any Mustang.

## Animal and Plant Life.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

It is a marked characteristic of the cactus tribe to be very tenacious of life, when hacked to pieces, to spring a fresh in full vigor from every scrap or fragment.

True vegetable hydra, when you cut down one, ten spring in its place; every separate morsel of the thick and scullent stem has the power of growing anew into a separate cactus.

Surprising as this peculiarity seems at first sight, it is only a special desert modification of a faculty possessed in a less degree by almost all plants and by many animals.

If you cut off the end of a rose-bush and stick it in the ground under suitable conditions, it grows into a rose-tree. If you take cuttings of scarlet geraniums or common verbenas, and pot them in moist soil, they bud out as new plants like the original parent.

Certain special types can even be propagated from fragments of the leaf; for example there is a particularly vivacious begonia off which you may snap a corner of one blade, and hang it up by a string from a peg on the ceiling, when, presto! little begonia plants begin to bud out inconspicuously on every side from its edges.

A certain German professor was once further surprised when he chopped up a liver-worm very fine into vegetable mincemeat, which he then spread thin over a saucerful of moist sand, and lo! in a few days the whole surface of the saucer was covered with a perfect forest of sprouting little liver-worms.

Roughly speaking, one may say that every fragment of every organism has in it the power to rebuild its entire organism again, like the one of which it was once formed a compound element.

Similarly with animals. Cut off a lizard's tail, and straightaway a new tail grows in its place with surprising promptitude. Cut off a lobster's claw, and in a very few weeks that lobster is walking about as if on his native rocks, with two claws as usual.

True, in these cases the tail and the claw don't bud out in turn into a new lizard or a new lobster. But that is a penalty the larger organisms have to pay for their extreme complexity.

They have lost that plasticity, that freedom of growth, which characterizes the simpler and more primitive forms of life; in their case the power of producing fresh organisms entirely from single fragments, once further limited to the few body, is now confined to certain specialized cells, which, in their developed form, we know as seeds or eggs.

Yet, even among animals, at a low stage of development, this original power of reproducing the whole from a single part remains inherent in the organism, for you may chop up a fresh-water hydra into a hundred little bits, and every bit will be capable of growing fresh into a complete hydra.

Now, desert plants would naturally retain this primitive tendency in a very high degree; for they are especially organized to resist drought—being the survivors of generations of drought-proof ancestors and, like the camel, they have often to struggle on through long periods of time without a drop of water.

That is why the prickly pear is so common in all countries where the climate suits it, and where it has once managed to gain a foothold. The more you cut it down the thicker it springs each murdered bit becomes the parent in due time of a numerous offspring.

Man, however, with his usual ingenuity, has managed to best the plant on its own ground, and turn it into a useful fodder for his beasts of burden. The prickly pear is planted abundantly on bear rocks in Algeria, where nothing else would grow, and is cut down when adult, divested of its thorns by a rough process of hacking, and used as food for camels and cattle.

It thus provides fresh meat fodder in the form of a succulent green, which is dried up and all other pasture crops have failed entirely. The flowers of the prickly pear, as of many other cactuses, grow apparently on the edge of the leaves, which alone might give the observant mind a hint as to the true nature of those thick and flattened expansions.

For whenever what look like leaves bear flowers or fruit on their edge or midrib, as in the familiar instance of butcher's broom, you may be sure at a glance they are really branches in disguise masquerading as foliage.

## Being out of breath, it rested for a moment.

This breathing space gave Arthur time to turn his hunting-knife.

As the animal again came on, he moved aside, and as the broad neck passed struck several rapid blows with his knife. The moose turned, but this time Arthur confronted it, and, though feeling a blow from its fore foot, thrust forward the blade again and again.

The boy managed to pull himself to the other side of the log, and the moose had no strength to follow. The great animal floundered about for a few minutes, and then lay quietly.

Soon after, when Mr. Lindsay was being rowed across the lake on his return to the camp, he heard a faint shout coming from the other side of the log, and he turned to attempt swimming ashore, clinging to the log in the water near him was a great, shaggy mass.

The moose was taken in tow, and, without waiting for explanations, Mr. Lindsay hurried the chilled boy to the campfire.

After supper Arthur told his story. "A plucky fight," commented his uncle. "And now boys," turning to his sons, "I suppose there's no doubt who gets the shotgun; you haven't been killing moose, too have you?"

The next autumn, when the three boys were again at lake Moloka, Arthur could hold his own at shooting; he had made use of the prize gun and was now as skillful a wing shot as either of his cousins.

## CROMWELL'S CHARACTER.

BY CHARLES S. MAY.

Never was the government of the great protector so strong—perhaps England herself was never really so great and commanding among the nations as on the day of his death. And this in spite of all the enemies he had made, in spite of the malice of factions which he had crushed and silenced, of the vengeful hate of the cavalier and royalist whose cause he had overthrown in battle, and of a standing offer of £500 and the honors of perpetual knighthood to his assassin from the young exiled king across the channel.

Ten conspiracies to take his life were unearched in his short reign. All this and these, and yet he could hold on firmly and grandly to the end. What vigilance! What power! Never was he so to feel the assassin's dagger or be brought to the scaffold or the block, or sent to breathe his last, a hopeless exile, on some barren rock in the sea.

No, he was to die at last at the very height of his power, on this fortunate day—the day of Dunbar and Worcester—in the royal palace of England, and to be buried among her kings with a vast funeral pomp and a wide-wailing grief such as never followed a hereditary king of England to his tomb.

And Nature, herself, as she had seemed at Dunbar to light up with glory his greatest victory, now clothed herself on the day of his death in robes of terror and black despair as the awful tempest swept over the quaking island and the seas, and toppled down the houses of the affrighted and grief-stricken city.

What a coincidence that in latter times another here and conqueror, Cromwell's superior intellect but his inferior in moral greatness, should pass out of the world in the midst of a like tempest which shook and roared around that desolate island in the Southern Ocean! Does inanimate nature, indeed, know and feel when mighty heroes are to die?

Cromwell died at the comparatively early age of 59, of his old enemy, the certain plague, the only enemy that ever conquered him. He was worn down with public cares, with watching and with domestic griefs. In his last moments as he lay dying, he murmured: "My work is done."

He was a man of a high and noble character, a commander of the army, a statesman, a soldier, a patriot, a hero, a conqueror, a great general of the world. If we consider simply the disparity of numbers, the uniform and unbroken success, the smallness of his own losses and the terrible losses and overthrows inflicted upon his enemies, he stands at the head of all commanders, ancient or modern. Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick and Napoleon each lost great battles, disastrously, and Caesar received checks, but Cromwell never lost a battle, or skirmish, even—he was never beaten. He may not have been equal to Napoleon, or some of the other great captains as a strategist, a planner of campaigns—it is certain that he never had the same opportunities—but as a tactician, a commander on the battlefield, in the immediate presence of the enemy, he ranks with Hannibal and Frederick, and I know of no other great soldier in history entitled, in this respect, to bear them company.

The enemy that met him on the field of battle was never left to renew the contest. He won no barren victories, and his comparatively few great battles brought campaigns and wars to an end.

As a statesman and ruler he seems greater even than as warrior and commander; especially when we consider the difficulty and greatness of his task. He did not usurp authority. He was no usurper as that term is understood in history. He took no man's seat in parliament and only dissolved them for good cause. He wanted a written constitution, like ours of this day with a strong executive and a legislative department, representing the people, and he gave England the best constitution she ever had in his "Instrument of Government," as it was called, under which he took power and the expansion of the monarchy in the Long Parliament. He was constantly anxious to govern according to law, if law could be had. But when there was no law, or law was made a pretense for injustice, then he could take power into his own hands, but only for the safety and welfare of the nation.

The strong arm of Oliver Cromwell might have been laid to rest in the same manner as the chaos of the French Revolution. It did indeed, begin to do so after his death, and it was this that reconciled thoughtful men in England to the restoration of the monarchy. Had Cromwell lived he could have held power no matter how long his life.

It was only after he was gone that the cavalier came back to insult the dead lion from they had kept at a safe distance while he lived.

He was a just as well as a practical statesman, and in all his rule worthy of his great title of "Lord High Protector of England"—with all his austerity and imperious will he was ever the champion of toleration. He protected the Quakers, and defended all sects in their rights of conscience. This was a good deal in that day and from the greatest of the Puritans. He even admitted Jews into England after three centuries of expulsion. How grandly does this example of the man whom history has branded as a "tyrant" compare with the conduct of a powerful and so-called Christian nation of our day, which is now outraging the sympathies of the world in expelling this long-persecuted and unhappy people from its borders?

What shall I say of Cromwell's foreign policy—his magnificent rule and management of the foreign relations of England? There is no grander chapter in the history of that great nation than this. Think of it in the Court of Peterborough, not often have children been doomed to a more melancholy fate than are his two daughters, aged respectively 15 and 17.

Last fall the two girls were bitten by a dog, but as the injuries were but slight and the wounds soon healed up no attention was paid to them, and the matter soon passed out of mind.

Friday the eldest girl began to show symptoms of hydrophobia, and she soon became so violent that she had to be strapped down.

The terrible grief the family felt was further intensified on Sunday when the younger girl also began to manifest similar symptoms, though of not so violent a character.

The sufferings of the two afflicted girls, especially of the eldest, are horrible.

Dr. Grant Apeley, and Dr. Harding Coe Hill, have charge of the case. They say the youngest girl may recover, but have no hopes for the eldest.

Spaniels, of which there are many breeds, are supposed to have first come from Spain.

Negotiations between Spain and the United States regarding copyright have been satisfactorily concluded.

A large Paris bank failed Saturday. One of the directors committed suicide, two abandoned and one was placed under arrest.

Eight persons who took part in the recent Berlin riots were on Saturday sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from fifteen months to three years.

our times, the daring ambition of Napoleon passed on the shore where England's navies still ruled the seas and Nelson uttered her voice of command from the smoke and thunder of her floating citadels.

But with all this, with all that he did for liberty and for England, men say yet that he was a "despot." Grant it, if you please, but let me say here a bold thing, perhaps, but one which I believe. The best kind of ruler in the world is a despot, if you only have a good one. The best kind of government in the world would be a despotism if you could only be sure of your despot. But the trouble is that brains and conscience will cannot be transmitted. The world never saw better or greater rulers than Cromwell and Frederick, and they were both men of despotism will.

I do not believe in the old *vox populi, vox dei* doctrine, nor in the cheaper modern maxim—certainly as applied to government—"everybody is wiser than anybody." For it is not true. Our great ignorant, sluggish, perverse humanity has ever to be lifted up and held up by great men and God-given leaders who stand out and tower above the mass.

I know the gibes and sneers and prejudice which for 200 years were poured upon the head of Cromwell. But I would take the word of John Milton against that of all the lying hypocrites of royalty from the restoration to this day who have attempted to blacken and defame his character. It took the Ithureal spear of the genius of Carlyle to slay these lies. That great hater of imposture and fraud and sham has brought out the grand character of the man from his letters and speeches, and henceforth Cromwell takes his rightful place in the pantheon of the world's greatest men—the avenger of outraged liberty and justice in war, their great protector in peace.

No, Cromwell was no mountebank, or harlequin, or hypocrite, or dissembler who by fanaticism or hypocrisy, or juggling of god-fortune had mounted to the place of kings. He was a real king of men. And he was no monster of cruelty, as he has been painted. He was always tender when duty, as he saw it, did not make him stern.

Indeed, it is not Richard the First who deserves to be called *Coeur de Lion*—"the lion-hearted"—Richard, the unflinching; the cruel enemy; the hero of savage single combat; the half-barbarian warrior—but Cromwell, the dutiful boy who honored his father and took his place when he died; who kept his old mother in her last days with all tenderness and respect, like a queen dowager in the royal palace of England; who, from the awful carnage of victorious battlefields, where in his terrible might he had crushed and trodden under foot the enemies of England, could send loving messages to wife and children, and whose great soul moved to sympathy and to tears by the sight of human suffering, ever-protected the poor, the weak and the defenseless, while with his stern, high sense of impartial justice he could bring to the block a king who had oppressed the people and trampled on the laws—Cromwell is the ideal, the true lion-hearted hero of England.

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