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CHIGNECTO POST.

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SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 735.

From the Range to the Shambles.
Chicago Cattle Market.-Cattle Kings and Cow-boys. The Texas Steer and his Successors.-The Range of the North-West.-How to Invest in Cattle.

An establishment in Chicago which combines the operations of "shipping" and of "canning" beef has a slaughtering capacity of 400,000 head annually. When we add to this the requirements of other similar although smaller concerns, and the large number shipped eastward on the hoof, we have a grand total of not far from 2,500,000 head marketed in the city of Chicago alone. To meet this unceasing and insatiable demand there must be an unending supply of beef, some where in reserve from which an average daily quota can be expected. Whence does it come? Let the five great trunk lines which have their termini on the borders of Lake Michigan answer. Like the cut stretched fingers of a hand, they meet in the central point, Chicago. All from the West, but from the extreme northern and southern portions, Texas representing the latter, and the utmost limits of Montana the former. Ten thousand miles of rail at least are occupied in the transit.

Twenty years ago the pseudonym of a "Texas ranger" conveyed to the mind all that was lawless and lawless in the uncivilized border white man. Tall, raw-boned, long-armed, with broad sombrero hat, and wild and unkempt looks and visage, he was at once the representative of the State and the terror of the newly arrived emigrant seeking a better life in the wilderness. To-day some of his characteristics have descended to the native steer, and the broad-horned, lank-sided, long-legged bovine ranger of the prairies has usurped the title and the place of his more human predecessor. To each class of these native Texans are we indebted for much of the stock which is now covering the immense grass-producing regions of the broad Northwest. With the gradual annual cattle drives which start from the arid plains of the Red River and the Pecos comes the wild cowboy, with his six-shooter on his hip and his leather girdle bristling with the little metal cylinders. The cool breeze from the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies temper somewhat his heated blood, and the semblance of law and order growing out of the necessity for a better protection of life and property, which is now pre-eminently the place of the northern Territories, has already had its effect in modifying his reckless disregard of any restraint not imposed by himself.

Change of temperature and climate has likewise produced a marked impression upon the Texas steer, after being for a very few years transplanted to a more temperate zone. The nutritious grasses of Wyoming and Montana, combined with the fresh and vigorous air, give even to the beef of a southern steer a more improved flavor and quality; while the great attention recently paid by stock-growers to the introduction of the best-blooded animals has already been instrumental in raising the grade of the beef to a level with that of the northern ranges. No beef producing Territories have a higher reputation than those above-named in the markets of the Lake City, and while in the Eastern States the indiscriminate title of "Chicago beef" is given to all passing through its slaughter-houses, yet the expert buyer knows full well from what source to seek for his choicest supplies.

There are many Eastern housekeepers who profess a great aversion to what they are pleased to designate as "Western beef," not knowing, or perhaps not caring to know, that the very finest corn-fed animals in the world come from the broad and fertile prairies which have been subdued into bearing the richest grasses and the most abundant fat-producing cereals in the country. The greatest reservoir from which has been drawn the bulk of the cattle which are now becoming so abundant in all our Western Territories is the State of Texas. In 1870 one-seventh of the horned cattle in the United States was found within its borders, and it outnumbered the aggregate of those of all the other States and Territories west of the Missouri, California and the Pacific coast included. This ratio was slightly changed by the statistics of 1880, the state representing somewhat less than one-eighth of the whole number, while it still contained more than half the others mentioned above. From this source of supply has been drawn the great bulk of the range cattle now to be seen on the public lands in the Rocky Mountains-an industry which has grown to huge proportions, and yet dating back in these States and Territories a few years only. As an evidence of this we note that in 1870 the number given for Montana Wyoming, and Colorado was a little less than 280,000. Ten years later Wyoming alone equaled this, while the three together aggregated nearly 800,000. We do not doubt that an accurate census taken in the intervening years would double these figures. To Texas, then, we must still look for the supply from which to

draw recruits to further develop the capabilities of the northern ranges. Like the tide of immigration which is daily landing thousands of foreigners on the shores of the New World more than equalling the relative birth increase, so the annual cattle drive from Texas must yet be the base of supplies for all the country north.

Said one of the "kings" who holds his court on the broad ranges of the great plains to a friend spending a few weeks at the Little Rock, Arkansas, partly for recreation, but more particularly to gather information concerning the cattle business of the Southwest: "If you are inclined to invest in cattle, and want to move cautiously in an enterprise in which at present you have no experience, buy steers." On this hint I acted, and while I drop the personal part of what I may have to say in the remainder of this article, the facts as stated are the result of somewhat definite knowledge in the premises.

There are several ways of becoming interested in the cattle business on a northern range. One may commence by buying out a small herd, with the ranch and primitive equipments which accompany it, and with this nucleus build up by natural increase and additional purchases from time to time. To do this the owner must have had some experience in the business, or have secured the services of a competent foreman, or, better, both. Or, again, one may contract Texas during the winter for a given number of one or two year old steers, to be delivered on a certain range in Wyoming or Montana the coming summer. Having previously made an arrangement for their herding for two or more years, for which he pays an annual one dollar per head, including all expenses, all he has to do is to wait their arrival about midsummer, see them counted and branded, and then turn them loose upon the range. Or, thirdly, he may become a stockholder in one of the organized gigantic companies already existing, in which case he will probably pay full value for his shares, and if the present high prices of beef cattle continue, will receive fair dividends for his investment. In this latter case he may remain in the business ten years, and if at the end of that time he should fail to count out one-half of the original number, he would no more be the owner of a broken band of roaches than the man who has known where to look for his missing capital.

If the second method is adopted, in accordance with the advice given above, we will suppose a purchase made in Texas of a band of steers, one half to be yearlings, and the other half two-year-olds, to be delivered on a range in Wyoming the following summer. These would be bought at from a eighth to a quarter of a head respectively, and then only as part of a larger drive of perhaps ten or twelve thousand going through the same locality. About one-third cash will be paid at the signing of the contract, an equal amount when the cattle are started on the trail early in April, and the balance when they are delivered on the range. Of course in a transaction of this character responsible parties must be dealt with, but most of the large herders and "princes" in fortune as well as "kings" in the business, are men of honor having a reputation to maintain.

With the early starting of the grass in the spring the cattle are on the move. They have the road brand by which the present owner is known, and are headed northward for their new and distant home. A thousand miles they will travel before they reach their destination, and in the windings of the road, and in the course which they may wayward steer will take, no doubt much more. If all goes well and no mishaps occur, the end may be reached in three months' time, or about the middle of July. In the fertile prairies which have been subdued into bearing the richest grasses and the most abundant fat-producing cereals in the country. The greatest reservoir from which has been drawn the bulk of the cattle which are now becoming so abundant in all our Western Territories is the State of Texas. In 1870 one-seventh of the horned cattle in the United States was found within its borders, and it outnumbered the aggregate of those of all the other States and Territories west of the Missouri, California and the Pacific coast included. This ratio was slightly changed by the statistics of 1880, the state representing somewhat less than one-eighth of the whole number, while it still contained more than half the others mentioned above. From this source of supply has been drawn the great bulk of the range cattle now to be seen on the public lands in the Rocky Mountains-an industry which has grown to huge proportions, and yet dating back in these States and Territories a few years only. As an evidence of this we note that in 1870 the number given for Montana Wyoming, and Colorado was a little less than 280,000. Ten years later Wyoming alone equaled this, while the three together aggregated nearly 800,000. We do not doubt that an accurate census taken in the intervening years would double these figures. To Texas, then, we must still look for the supply from which to

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"She was a brave woman," said the mate last night. "She could see that death was before her, but she tried to smile and lighten me up. It was the last view she had outside of the forecastle. As she turned away we saw another monster wave coming. I put one foot on the rail, and then the other, and drew my boots off, and then I felt water rise up around me. I must have been carried down a good ways, for I was a long time working my way up. I had just about given up all hope when I got my face clear and drew a fresh breath.

"Then I looked around. I saw Robinson, Mike Gilvery, and two others, who had also reached the surface. There was a spar with a rope or two floating near us, and I and Robinson soon reached it. The boy had plenty of pluck, but he was getting very weak. The sailor carried him forward, stripped him, rubbed him with rum, and gave him a little with water. After a time he began to revive. Then a chicken was killed and broiled made for him. 'No one could have taken better care of me than Captain Pina,' said Mr. Stevens. 'He put me in a comfortable bunk in the cabin, and nursed me like a child. When I was picked up I wasn't able to stand, and I haven't been out of my bunk since. I'll be home, when I was able to walk a little.'

Capt. Taylor was about 37 years old. He had been married less than two years. He lost his first child last winter, and his wife then went to sea with him. She liked the ocean very much, having sailed with him two or three voyages after they were first married. Capt. Taylor was a cousin of Capt. D. E. Taylor, of the firm of P. I. Nevins & Son, ship brokers, 11 South street.

"Could you bale her out?" "No. Every wave rolled over her, but we had something to stand on. I said to Mike, 'This is better than hanging on to the spar, ain't it?' 'It is that,' said he. So we kept up our courage pretty well for a while, but we had swallowed a good deal of salt water, and the sun was beating down very hot. It gave us an awful headache, and I seemed to be all burning up inside, although I was up to my waist in water, and some of the waves broke clear over me.

Toward night Mike began to get uneasy. He was stirring around and talking to himself, and finally crawled over and sat on one rail of the boat. I was afraid the waves would roll her over again, so I said: 'Mike, wouldn't you better trim ship a bit?' 'That I will, sir,' said he, and back he went to his place in the bow. 'After a time he got uneasy again, and crawled aft along the thwart to the cabin door. Then he went over the stern hanging on by the lashings of the spar. I knew he couldn't hold out there very long, so I told him to go forward, and he went at once as fast as he could, talking to himself all the time. Then the sun began to set, and we were more comfortable, though the wind blew about as hard as ever. I held on to the spar as best I could, and Mike held on by the oars we always had lashed forward in the boats. The morning came, and then Mike began to ease the oars drift. He wouldn't listen to me then, but I caught two of the oars and lashed them to the spar. They helped to keep the boat on a level keel. But Mike soon lost his hold, and the oars were gone, and then I was all alone.

"As the sun grew hot I thought I saw a big steamship come up alongside. The men on the deck hailed me, and when I tried to get them to help me off they only laughed at me. Then a revenue cutter seemed to appear, and then a big black ship appeared alongside of her. The men waved their arms and shouted at me. The noise seemed to split my head. Then night seemed to come again. I guess I was a little queer, for no men could do what those men seemed to. By and by I woke up again and the sun was as hot as ever, and a big white barkentine was bearing down on me. I hailed her just as I had the rest, and she sailed right by as they had. Pretty soon she came back again. I knew I was wild, but I couldn't help seeing her nor could I help shouting to her.

"This time a man jumped on the rail, and seemed to throw a line at me, and then the man all shouted and waved their hands. I couldn't understand a word they said, and the vessel sailed on. I was wondering when it would all end when that same barkentine hove in sight again. I thought she'd run me down this time, but another man jumped on the rail with a heaving line. It seemed very strange to me even when I felt the line drop on my arm. I made it fast around under my armpits, and that is the last I remember about being in the water.

"The Spanish barkentine 'Rafael Pomas,' Capt. Pina, arrived here yesterday, 13 days from Havana. On last Sunday, while First Mate Juan Gutierrez had charge of the deck, he saw a man drift in a boat. He notified the Captain and ordered the wheel up. In their anxiety to avoid running the sailor down, the vessel was kept so far away that they could not reach him. As they passed the boat the man put out his arms in a

most pitiful way, but no help could be rendered that time. The sailors worked with a will when putting the vessel about and she was soon headed for the man again. This time they ran within reach, and a sailor leaped on the rail and threw the line. A wave struck the vessel and the line fell short and the vessel drifted out of reach. The sailor seemed to lose heart entirely then and sank down in his boat and a wave rolled over him. Then he got up again and stood staring straight ahead apparently not seeing the vessel.

It was 2 1/2 hours before the vessel was brought near enough to reach the man. When the mate dropped a line across his shoulders he secured it around his waist, and was drawn on board. He was then insensible. His clothes were torn to shreds, and his face and hands were in a bad condition. The sailors carried him forward, stripped him, rubbed him with rum, and gave him a little with water. After a time he began to revive. Then a chicken was killed and broiled made for him. 'No one could have taken better care of me than Captain Pina,' said Mr. Stevens. 'He put me in a comfortable bunk in the cabin, and nursed me like a child. When I was picked up I wasn't able to stand, and I haven't been out of my bunk since. I'll be home, when I was able to walk a little.'

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Accommodation for Moncton... 12.25 p.m.
Express for St. John... 1.27 p.m.
Spring Hill Accommodation... 7.48 a.m.
Express for St. John and Quebec... 11.27 p.m.

WILL LEAVE DORCHESTER:
Express for St. John and Quebec... 12.25 a.m.
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Accommodation for Moncton... 12.25 p.m.
Express for Halifax and Pictou... 12.10 p.m.
Express for St. John... 1.27 p.m.
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