

sounded the response seemed very meagre compared with what one has been accustomed to see on these occasions. "There are very few here from Ireland," an Irish breeder remarked, and the prevailing doubt of the day's results became accentuated. Even when the question of one of Mr. Duthie's representatives, "Have you all got catalogues, gentlemen?" proclaimed that the sale was about to begin, one could see that a good deal of dubiety and misgiving still existed, notwithstanding that the arrival of the later conveyances had added greatly to the assembled company.

When, however, Pride of the Goldies, the fine dark roan calf of the prize-winning Golden Thorn, after Pride of Avon, came into the ring, and, in answer to Mr. Lovat Fraser's, "Now, gentlemen, here is the first one of the finest lot Mr. Duthie has ever put in the ring," there came the first bid of 100 gs., followed in quick succession up to Mr. Casares' 280 gs., doubts and fears took to flight, and one felt quite inclined to agree with the well satisfied remark of a bystander, "Two hundred and eighty guineas, and for south America! That's a gye good start; there's nae fear for the trade." And so it proved. An average of £409 16s. 3d. is an average of which even Mr. Duthie may be justly proud. To have beaten his last year's record average by £105 0s. 5d. is a result which neither he nor his most ardent disciples could have dared to expect. His five highest priced calves averaged £665, and the first ten stood at the great average of £560. The highest priced animal brought 750 gs., a top price 100 gs. below that of last year. The average for the Uppermill draft works out at £69 10s. 2d.; but the average for the bull calves was £105, as against £122 last year, and for the first three £128, the top price being 220 gs.

The second of the Collynie draft to enter the ring was the rich roan Pride of Lavender, which was also started off at 100 gs., and was knocked out to Capt. Behrens at 700 gs., the runners up being Messrs. Peterkin, Dunglass, and Durno, Westertown. Mr. Peterkin began the bidding for the third, Pride of Sittytton, at 200 gs., the calf which ultimately became the property of the Denny Bros., Kent, at the top figure of the sale, 750 gs. He is a blood-red, blocky, well-coated calf, from Rose of Sittytton, a straight Cruickshank cow, and a great milker and breeder. Mr. Durno, Westertown, secured No. 6, Pride of the Herd, a rich red roan, at the long figure of 530 gs. This calf is very like No. 2, for which Mr. Durno had bidden 620 gs., and if he had a better head would be a grand bull. For No. 8, the Queen of Rothes Proud Champion, A Castle had to pay 510 gs., his chief rival being Mr. Edwards (for Mr. Leopold Rothschild). Collynie Champion, the Missie calf by Bapton Champion, which Mr. George Harrison secured for 400 gs., was considered by many the best calf in the group but for his color, which is somewhat mixed. For British Ideal, No. 17, Mr. Peterkin again started the bidding, but he ultimately went to Mr. MartinezdeHoz, Buenos Aires, at 580 gs. Mr. Peterkin entered the lists as a bidder for every one of the calves of exceptional quality, but was unsuccessful in securing any of them, and Mr. Durno, Jackston, suffered the same fate. In securing the very pretty calf Hawthorn Champion, from the Royal winning Hawthorn Blossom, the Messrs. Law were following in the footsteps of Amos Cruickshank, and they ought not to grudge the 500 gs. he cost them.

One of the plums of the sale was the Roan Lady Proud Emblem, for which Mr. Anderson, Saphock, gave 530 gs.

#### MISTER PETERS OF THE BAR-L.

Very hot? That's not half strong enough. It was simply scorching. There was not a breath of air, and the dust from the branding-pens lifted about three feet off the ground, hanging waist-deep and giving men and horses the appearance of emerging through a mountain cloud. All the boys were half dead with heat and exhaustion, and the mixture of dirt and perspiration gave them a dirty look as coal-heavers.

We were branding the younger calves and were doing the job on foot, having taken up our horses. The little creature seemed too hot to make much of a chance, and only when the hot

iron seared them would they give a beseeching cry to their anxious mothers who kept up a monotonous walk along the outside of the corral, each in her turn trying to force an entrance as the cry of her offspring reached her ears.

The afternoon was wearing away when Mr. Peters strolled up to see how the branding was progressing, artistic as usual with his white collar, English riding breeches and leather gaiters, all of which were a mortal sin in the eyes of the ranch boys.

Mr. William Peters was not a favorite. He had come from the East to take charge of the ranch in the absence of his brother, Long Pete, who had been the idol of the men, and who either was off on a prolonged tour, prospecting, or dead. At any rate he hadn't been seen at the ranch for over a month, and the boys were getting tired of the very Eastern gentleman who represented the visible authority at the Bar-L.

He came into the pen just as Harry and Grant were in the act of roping one of the larger calves. The rope dropped around the calf's hind legs with the usual sureness of Grant's throw, but a five-months old bull calf is no easy task for even two grown men to handle—and the amount of bellowing that calf did before he gave in was a credit to his family!

So much were the men taken up with the nervy little chap that no one noticed the unusual excitement in the herd of cattle outside, and not until the calf's mother thrust her body through the broken gate was the infuriated cow noticed. However, she was not bashful. She gave one hoarse bawl, lowered her head, and charged directly at Mr. William Peters.

That innocent gentleman was standing with his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, watching the man with the iron, and the first knowledge he had of his danger was the unanimous yell of the men who were fleeing in all directions, taking refuge on fences, sheds, and anywhere else out of reach. He had small time to choose his roost, but made a dive for the fence direct in front of him. With one bound he was astride it, but to the surprise and horror of us all, the cow charged straight at the fence, breaking and sending to the ground all but the top rail. Peters hung to that like grim death, shrieking a string of amateur curses and looking for all the world like a half-grown young crow out of its nest for the first time and clinging to a very shaky little branch.

The cow seemed to feel that she had not found the right article yet, so she turned, bellowed, and charged again, just grazing his boots, and eliciting an ear-splitting yowl from the unfortunate gentleman. The boys clung weakly to their perches, nobody having strength or inclination to interfere until the screeching Peters protested that he could last no longer.

Then Grant lassoed the cow, and soon brought her into submission, while Peters climbed down, and gasped his way back to the shanty.

The incident rather put the finishing touch on the boys' dislike of the boss. "Why can't he eat meals with the outfit?" asked Shady Bill, gesticulating with a doughnut at supper time. "Seems to me like a feller might come in amongst his men in a God-forsaken place like this an' not put on Government House airs. T'aint as if he were somebody, 'cause if there's a feller here that ain't a better man nor him, he'd better go an' shoot himself. Why, he blatted like a blamed sheep when he was on top o' that rail with nothin' but a doggone cow after him."

Shady Bill was not accustomed to using so much oratory, but the crowd's feelings were thoroughly aroused, and sitting on their bunks after supper they tried to think up some scheme to cure their boss of his "stuck-up ways."

"Might put him on the blue roan. She'd buck him so high he'd come back with a map of Mars in his pocket, an' by the time he got back he'd be ready to eat the steers so long's he got himself filled up," remarked Rattlesnake Joe.

"He might meet a heifer when he got back an' not even have a top rail to hang on to. We don't want ter send

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