


THE WARDEN OF THE PLAINS.

 ON the wide western plains at the base of the Rocky Mountains, where countless buffalo once found luxuriant feeding-grounds, the white man's cattle were roaming in tens of thousands. It was the time of the "round up." The cowboys had been scouring the plain for hundreds of miles gathering in the cattle and horses, banding them and driving them into the corral, there to be counted and the young branded.

The "round up" party had camped for the night. Many of them were weary from the hard day's riding, and were sitting or lounging about in the tents or on the open prairie, waiting for the supper which others were preparing.

"Hello, Jake!" shouted one of these, as a man who seemed to have sprung from the prairie, so suddenly and he appeared, rode into the camp.

"All right, Bill," was the reply of the new-comer, uttered in a short but friendly tone.