

It would have been all up with us.

We kept it up mile after mile, and it began to look as if the milk-producing quadrupeds were going to stay at it until we reached the Rocky Mountains. As we progressed, the gait became more regular and both parties settled down to steady work. Our wheels flew along the splendid path and we pedalled with the earnestness that the thought of impending doom alone could impart. A fall would undoubtedly have meant a horrible death. As a knell, came the thundering cavalcade behind. They swung along with extraordinary speed, for the free and easy life on the plains had made them, as all such cattle are, excellent runners.

When we became somewhat used to the deafening noise, we could hear each other speaking. We expressed ourselves as able to keep it up a while longer, but would rather that our friends, the enemy, see the error of their ways and call a halt. Jack peered at me from under his arm and evidently seeing my dried-up, dust-covered face, asked, "Are you thirsty?"

Horrible thought! Was I thirsty? My mouth was parched and had a lining of dust several layers thick. We were all thirsty, and—thank Heaven—so was the bull. So was the whole cavalcade. That old disgrace of the bovine race was thirsty and thought he had done enough work for one morning. I watched with pleasure his tail come down by degrees. The others followed suit, the gallop slowed to a canter, it to a trot, then to a walk. They stopped. So did we. Mr. Bull looked at us for a moment, shook his head, then turned right about face. As he did so the trail was cleared and he trotted between his ranks and as, before they closed in behind him. You can imagine with what interest we watched this. In the run after us the

weaker cattle had fallen to the rear, so when the whole crowd had filed through the opening and began going the other way these poor specimens were next to us. Then we had our revenge. Jack started out after the herd, and yelling at the top of his voice started a stampede in the rear rank. This soon spread, and as we stood and laughed at the spectacle, we had the pleasure of seeing the tired animals running for all that was in them towards the stream. They were soon lost to view in a cloud of dust, but for a long time the drumming on the ground taught us that they were still in a great hurry about something.

We found a farm house some ten miles up the trail. We were badly in need of one. A good shower bath under the pump, and a liberal supply of buttermilk fixed us up. We felt fine. In fact, and it is a fact, it was that afternoon that Jack made the accepted records that now lead at certain distances in Canada, and practically entitles him to the championship of Canada at these distances. But no wonder he went fast that day. I was very sorry I did not take a crack at the world's record myself.

We sat around a crock of buttermilk and discussed the incident. We decided to keep it a dark secret, because nobody would believe cattle could keep up with a wheelman. But, take my word for it, that was the most athletic crowd of animals I ever struck. They were Westerners, and no mistake. Jack proposed the toast of Mr. Bull and his friends. We drank it in buttermilk. We decided that we had had a bully ride. We also thought that if we had been caught by those frightful looking horns we would have had a high old time. So did the bull. So did the whole cavalcade.

WELFORD W. BEATON.