

for the tired riders. Everybody has an appetite out west, always; so it will be seen that a first-class cook is an absolute power in a cow-camp. I have since learned that it was the ambition of every errant cow-puncher, with a stomach, to get on the Bar U outfit with Charlie. Good-bye, Charlie; I leave your genial presence a better-natured and a fatter man.

The meal over, the men straggled out. Amid squealing, kicking and dust, the herd of saddle horses reached the rope corral. Although a picture of this contrivance is given, it may be as well to add a few words of explanation.

In this case a rope was stretched from the wheel of the cook's waggon to that of one of the bed waggons, some forty feet distant. At either end of this rope, and attached to the waggon wheels by one end only, are two long strips of raw hide. The horses are driven up to the first rope. Two men, one being on either side of the band, take each an end of one of the long raw hide strips and carry it out at right angles from the waggons. Thus the animals are enclosed on three sides. Mounted men guard the front. The rope hands enter the enclosure and catch up the horses pointed out by the foreman. These are in turn taken over by the several cow-punchers to whom they are allotted, and used for the half day's work.

This is the juncture at which any self-asserting animal will enter such protests as he feels he should. Saddling up after a meal, especially breakfast, is at times injurious to both necks and digestive organs. Things were fairly peaceable in this camp, however, and the cowmen, one by one, disappeared in the direction of the herd.

Saddling up BX and strapping my camera case to the horn, I followed leisurely. I was anxious to try my "quod-tripod"—this name has been invented for BX, as meeting all requirements—so I tested him carefully; for the camera was worth a little if I was not. He worked beautifully. Soon, from a commanding point, I had

a fine view of the round-up on the wide plain below.

It was indeed a sight calculated to make a back concession farmer burst a blood-vessel—thousands of cows and calves in an unbroken mass, bellowing tumultuously. The cowboys held them together while the representatives of one brand "cut out" their own. It is no small task. The sharp-eyed riders pace to and fro amongst the restless herd, till, having spied their especial mark upon a cow, they work her, with her bawling offspring, to the edge of the bunch, whence others drive her to a distance and hold her there. One by one and two by two they come, till all are collected ready to trail homeward. The work is always more or less exciting, and a few wild cows, like a few wilful women, can raise an appalling commotion in a crowd. The dashing, sweating horses, the earnestness of the men, the daring and skill displayed, have invariably a great effect upon the stranger who attends a round-up for the first time.

I tried conscientiously to get a snapshot of two of the "boys" stretching a steer. The steer was roped head and heel; their knowing cow-ponies stretched him upon the ground. The picture, although given herewith, is somewhat of a failure, owing to my quod-tripod getting excited and seeming doubtful as to which end of him was his head and which his tail. At one stage of the proceedings I honestly began to think they were on wrong, but, as I couldn't change them just then, I was obliged to make the best of circumstances. The galloping, and rushing and bellowing continued, till darkness compelled a cessation of the work, and the night herders took charge of the cattle.

By the light of the lantern in the cook's tent, the cattlemen ate their evening meal, then chatted, cracked jokes, sang songs, till finally, seeking their several tents, they rolled in their blankets and slept the sleep of the tired. The rattling of the tin dishes ceased; the light of the lantern disappeared; the unutterable silence of the