

and if we had a pony would go and put a stop to the wanton slaying of that which we could not use. Towards noon we see him bearing down on the train, his horse jaded and spiritless. He has evidently come for a span and wagon to bring in the defunct animals. We feel ill-pleased at the thoughtlessness of the man. Why, by all that's good and pious, didn't he have sense enough to throw one over his saddle-bow and bring it in for dinner. The thoughtless wretch; it is positively tantalizing, after having expectation reduced almost to certainty. As he arrives, questions are showered upon him. "Where's the antelope?" "Why didn't you bring in one?" "How many did you kill?" "How far off are they?" Under all this fire of questions Clark preserves an equanimity worthy of a stoic. He is the only cool individual in the crowd. When we are almost devoured by torturing suspense, he coolly informs us that he has killed—nothing. "Why, what is the reason?" was enquired by all in a breath. "Too wild" was the answer. Why, then, did you fire so many shots? He said what was very true: that if he fired he *might* kill some; but if not, there was no chance. This was the way with him, always hunting, continually firing, and never killing anything. He got to be a regular nuisance, scaring all game from our path; when, in self-defence, we set him to kill prairie dogs, by one and all vouching for the fact that Uncle Sam's representative in Denver paid twenty-five cents for each scalp on presentation. There was more than usual excitement among the dogs for several days following this announcement. One could not show his nose without a rifle ball whistling past it; but the measure of his success was about equal to that in the antelope line. When not engaged in hunting, he sang for us with a pertinacity which was worthy of all praise, having evidently cultivated a taste for this desirable accomplishment in his youth. He appeared to have learned but the one song, and, unfortunately, of this he remembered but a single line, and that was, "I wish I was in Dixie's land, and away." Now this is, no doubt, a fine old song when sung in full; in fact, we know it is. There is just enough of the patriotic about it to stir the blood, while many of the minor parts, which appear to be dragged in without relevancy or connection, are very affecting. When we are plaintively told, "The old woman acted a foolish part to die for the man that broke her heart," we see before us a long train of female woes brought on by

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