

KILLING BEEF AT THE HOME RANCH.

they washed with prodigous splashing in the water-pans, set out by the camp-boys for them. In came Seven U Brown, captain of the round-up; genial Charley McKinnon, foreman of the Bar U; Fred Ings, who was helping work his own cattle homeward; that ancient timer "The Dutch Kid"; George Winder, the crack rider and rope hand; and a crowd of boys who were total strangers to me, but good fellows every one. Later on, the Major and the ranch secretary, having discovered that they were hungry, wandered in to have it attended to.

I seize this opportunity to apologize for having left the greatest man on the round-up to be mentioned last. I refer to the cook. For, let it be known that the cook in a cow-camp is an autocrat, and this autocrat was famous. I have, in spite of my socialistic tendencies, had a tender spot in my heart for autocrats ever since I met him. In centres of civilization he would be known as Mr. Lear; on the range he was just turned loose as "Charlie." His outfit was as follows:—A tent, to which the grub-waggon, with the tailboard let down to form a table, was backed till the hind wheels were level with the flaps. A stove; pots and pans; boxes to sit on, and a roll of blankets to sleep in. Not an extensive

menage, is it? That man affected one in the same way as a conjurer. Everybody has, at some time or other, seen the individual who makes egg flips in a new plug hat, and takes a brandy smash out of a brick bat. Well, a man of that calibre wouldn't be "in it" with Charlie. Out of that box at the back of his waggon came everything. Soup—great soup; pie—first-class pie; roasts, steaks, hashes, biscuits, cakes, bread, appeared in bewildering quantities. And, over and above all this, he had a well-developed mania for feeding people. It was impossible to stick one's head inside the tent without his inquiring if one was hungry. Within half an hour of reaching a camping ground the tents have been pitched, and a good hot meal prepared