

Even on the prairie they are subject to mysterious maladies, due no doubt to improper food, and they have been noticed to be plentiful one year and very scarce the next from this cause. The year 1873 (or 1874) was said to be a scarce year for prong-horns. Owing to their rapid nimble gait they can cover long distances, especially when disturbed. "In fleetness", says Caton, "they exceed all other quadrupeds of our continent." When feeding out in the open, usually standing prominently on some rounded grassy area, they are visible from a long distance; but on the lower flats, and near coulees, they are less easily detected as their peculiar patched coloration effectually masks them. When watched one sees them feeding for a few moments and then moving on, one or two of the herd constantly raising the head and keeping a lookout. The wolves are their main enemies, apart from the insatiable cruelty of man, and in June when the young are born, the prong-horns are especially on the alert. Theodore Roosevelt tells of the spectacle described by a western rancher who saw a prong-horn attacked by two eagles. It was a brave contest, the animal rearing on his hind legs and striking like a goat with his horns and hoofs. Curiosity is so strong in these animals that it makes them an easy prey. When suddenly startled they make several leaps, high from the ground, then stop and stare wildly. They are easily shot then. Often a band will run a few hundred yards, wheel about and stare vacantly, and return almost to their starting point. This "circling" habit enables the unscrupulous hunter to slaughter a whole herd, indeed a hunter has been known to shoot a wagon load of them before the remnant of the herd fled away. When once started in full cry they veritably fly, apparently scarcely touching the ground; but they are soon exhausted and a horse has no difficulty in keeping up with them if the chase is prolonged. A bright cloth waved on a stick will cause a herd to approach a partly hidden hunter. The older larger animals are the most inquisitive, and the hunter can make sure of the finest prong-horns. Curious, nervous, swift in flight, they have the reputation of being plucky when cornered and make a gallant and dangerous fight. When leisurely trotting along at their leisure, as I saw them from the end of a Pullman car, nothing could be more easy, elegant, and confident. I have only once tasted prong-horn or antelope steak, and I found it juicy, fine-grained and of exceedingly good flavour.

Why is it that this lovely and scientifically interesting native animal is allowed to be exterminated? Its numbers on our prairie are few compared with the large bands of twenty years ago. Unlike the buffalo, as settlement proceeds, it need not become extinct if protection is afforded and our prairie