

PETER'S QUESTIONS.

When Peter was a sturdy lad
He moved from Grassvale with his dad;
And left behind him Joe and John,
And little Jake and Jefferson;
Four chums of his by day and night
With whom he used to play and fight;
Now where is Joe, and where is John,
And where is Jake and Jefferson?

Ten years passed by and Pete came back
With these four questions in his pack:
"Now where is Joe, and where is John,
And where is Jake and Jefferson?"
"Joe digs his livin' with his pick;
An' John keeps store down to the 'Crick';
Jake is away to school I think;
An' Jefferson has took to drink."

And Pete came back in ten years more
With the same questions as before:
"Now where is Joe, and where is John,
And where is Jake and Jefferson?"
"Joe caught cold dithin' in the rain,
An' — we shan't see poor Joe again;
John has got rich an' Jake got wise;
Jeff is a scamp who all despise."

In ten years Peter comes once more
And asking questions as before:
"Now tell me where is old friend John,
And where is Jake and Jefferson?"
"Why, John he died a millionaire;
Jake's gone to Congress, I declare.
An' Jeff, the poor old worthless scamp,
Is nothin' but a common tramp."

And once more ten years later on
He asks: "Where's Jake and Jefferson?"
"Hain't heard how Governor Jacob died?
He was the State's special pride,
An' to his solemn funeral grand
The great men came from all the land;
But Jeff—it's no good to bewail—
Why poor old Jeff has gone to jail."

And once more ten years later on
Does Peter ask for Jefferson?
"Why, hain't you heard the story yet?
The papers they was full of it.
It filled the land from side to side,
The way the poor old fellow died—
The Jeff who played with you when young,
The worthless, gray-haired Jeff was hung."

Ten years are gone with days that were,
Gone questioner and answerer,
And with his questions comes no more
The gray-haired Peter as before;
And people ask for him no more,
And no one asks his questions four:
"Now where is Joe, and where is John,
And where is Jake and Jefferson?"

—S. W. Foss, in *Yankee Blade*.

THE BUSHRANGERS.

After a voyage from Liverpool to Melbourne I went up country with an American acquaintance named Shaw for a sort of vacation. I had sailed with Shaw while he was Captain of a New Orleans ship, filling the berth of second mate to his satisfaction, and, as I had saved his life on one occasion, there was a warm feeling between us. He was now the owner of a big sheep ranch on the Murray River, and I was only too glad to get a run ashore and see something of a country noted for its anomalies. This was before the days of railroads and while the penal colony was in full blast and the bushranger king of the road.

We were five days riding out to Shaw's ranch, our vehicle being a wagon loaded with six yokes of bullocks, which were almost as wild as buffaloes. I heard very little about the bushrangers until we reached the ranch, and then Shaw gave me such accounts of the fellows as made me hope I should never be obliged to form their acquaintance. His immediate district had not been visited for two or three years, but they had come in to the north and west of him and indulged in many robberies and murders. There were three Englishmen and twelve natives on the range, which was an extent of country nine miles long by five broad. The force at the headquarters house, after our arrival, numbered three white men, a white woman, three natives, two black women, and four or five black children. No gang of bushrangers numbering less than six would dare to attack us, as the house was well armed and the black women could fire a musket as well as a man. Shaw had instructed his help to adopt a peace policy. In case a bushranger applied at any of the stations for food or shelter he was to be accommodated, and if they picked off a sheep occasionally no notice was to be taken of it. As I said before, he had not been disturbed thus far, but while he deluded himself with the idea that it was an account of the policy pursued, events were about to occur to prove that the gentlemen of the bush had been waiting their own convenience.

A bushranger was, in every instance, a desperate criminal who had made his escape from prison or the penal settlements. There wasn't one of them who had not deserved the gallows before he fled to the bush. A dozen or more of the most desperate characters sent to Tasmania had escaped and reached the larger island and penetrated to the interior, and these men were particularly ferocious and without mercy. Shaw seemed to rest easy, however, and so during the first week of my stay I did not bother my head about the rangers. Indeed a newcomer had enough to do to get accustomed to the snakes, lizards, insects and other annoyances which kept him stirred up day and night.

On the tenth day of my stay Mr. Shaw and I set out to visit one of the outlying stations in charge of an Englishman named Thomas. This man was about forty-five years old, and had deserted from an English man-of-war. He had three black men under his charge, and one of them had been sent in the day before with a badly written note to the effect that many sheep were being killed, and that all signs went to show that a gang of rangers had settled down in the neighborhood. We were mounted on good horses and well armed as we rode away, and after an hour's ride we drew near the station, which consisted of a stout log hut for the keeper, another for the blacks, and pens for herding the sheep. We found the place silent and apparently deserted, and leaving our horses in a thicket, we cautiously approached on foot. The first discovery made was that the

blacks had been killed, and we pushed on to the larger hut to find Thomas with in half an hour of breathing his last. He could speak in whispers, and he told us that seven bushrangers had appeared the evening before and committed the atrocities visible on every hand. Although he had made them welcome and prepared supper, they had come for a different purpose. The blacks, one by one, had been tortured in the most horrible manner, and when the last one was dead they had turned on Thomas. They had sliced off his ears, broken his fingers, cut off the end of his nose, hacked off his toes, and tortured him in other ways and had not left the place until about an hour before our arrival. Everything of value which could be carried off was gone, and a bloody knife was left sticking in the door-sill as a sort of defile to Shaw and the officers of the law.

There was no Government patrol in that district at that time, and the only move we could make was to alarm the two nearest ranchmen and organize a pursuit on our own account. By noon next day we had ten white men and about twenty faithful blacks in hand for a start, and the trail was taken up at the cabin. No one had any great hopes that we should overtake the rangers, but it was argued that pursuit must be made or they would soon terrorize the whole district. If we did happen to uncover them there would be a hot fight. Every ranger had a price set on his head, and would fight to the death, and the ranchmen were men who had faced death almost daily for years. The white men were mounted, while the blacks were on foot, but they had no trouble in keeping up with us. After running across the grazing lands for about a mile the trail entered the broken ground covered with thickets, and at the end of another mile we had to leave our horses and follow the trail on foot. It was quite evident that the fellows did not fear pursuit, for they had gone at a leisurely pace, and the men best acquainted with the country predicted that the gang had headed for a rocky ravine in the midst of a heavy growth, about six miles from the cabin. The prediction was soon verified, and we went forward with greater caution, hoping the fellows would be sound asleep after their night's carnival. They had taken two gallons of whisky from the cabin, and the chances were that they would be stupidly drunk.

When within about two miles of the ravine we suddenly ran into an ambush and received a volley. One white man was killed and another wounded, and one black man was stretched dead. Shaw was acting as Captain of our troops, and he ordered us to deploy and advance in open order. The rangers were in a thicket, and we soon drove them out and killed one. In pressing on after the others we became more and more separated, and after a bit I found myself alone to the right of the others. I kept advancing toward the ravine, supposing the others to be doing the same, and I had advanced a mile or more beyond the point where we had been ambushed when it suddenly occurred to me that I was acting very rashly in separating myself by such a distance. I at once bore to the left to join forces, but, unknown to me, all the others had halted half a mile in the rear, held a brief council, and then decided to retreat. I was still bearing to the left, and wondering why I did not discover any of the troop, when the whole gang of rangers suddenly rose up from the earth around me, and I was a prisoner. There were six of the wickedest-looking villains an honest man ever clapped eyes on. They were roughly dressed, their hair and whiskers long and unkempt, and their clothing was mostly of sheep skins. I have seen some hard-looking men in my time, but never anything to compare with this half dozen who were under the leadership of the notorious Joe Trimble. This man had been transported for murder, and during the two years he was in the colony he killed two guards and led a revolt. He escaped from Tasmania by floating out of the harbor on a plank, being loaded down with forty pounds of chain at the time, but whether he was picked up at sea or driven to Australian coast was not known to the authorities. He got there somehow, and for two years previous to my story had been a veritable terror in a district 100 miles square.

For a minute after the rangers rose up about me not a word was said. Each man was heavily armed, and, though I had a rifle in my hands, it would have been folly to move.

"Well, who are you?" asked the leader, after we had all taken a good look at each other.

I gave him all the information asked for, and was honest in stating the number of the party in pursuit. They did not know that the ranger whom I had seen lying dead had fallen by our bullets, but supposed he had become separated from them as they retreated. When I admitted his death their rage knew no bounds. Had I been an unarmed traveler they would doubtless have taken my life just the same, for this gang had never been known to spare any one. But when they knew that I was one of the party, and was more or less responsible for the death of their comrade, they would have cut me to pieces then and there had it not occurred to them that such a death was too merciful for me. And, too, they were not aware of the fact that Shaw's party had retreated. After an outburst, lasting three or four minutes, I was disarmed, my pockets emptied, my hat appropriated by one, and my jacket by another, and we set off for the ravine at a dog trot, two of the men going before and the others following after me and striking me at every opportunity.

The ravine was a dark and dismal spot, reached by a well worn path, winding about and making a gradual descent. We went down in single file, and when we finally got to the bottom I found a hut made of brush and limbs and rock, with the numerous evidences that the place had long been occupied as headquarters. It had now come to be sun-down, and as nothing had been heard from Shaw's party since my capture the

outlaws reasoned that they had given up the pursuit. I got a pretty good look at the surroundings, and, as near as I could make out, the path was the only way out of the ravine. As we came down one of the men took his seat on a rock, with his revolver in hand, to act as guard, and, as I got no orders, I sat down on another rock near the hut. One of the men started a fire, another cut some meat, and a third went down a ravine and got a can of water at a spring. While supper was preparing the leader of the gang took a long pull at the whisky jug and then came over and stood in front of me and indulged in a tirade of oaths, threats and abuse. He swore he'd clean out every ranchman in the district, and that he would have twenty lives for the death of his comrade. He boasted of the number of his victims and the amount of his plunder, and ended up by declaring that I should be skinned alive and my head sent to Shaw as a reminder of what was in store for him. I made no answer, knowing that anything I could say would only add to his fury. I was hopeless. I could not figure out the slightest chance to escape my impending fate.

A primitive meal was soon ready and five of the outlaws sat down to devour it, while the sixth kept his place on the rock. At this time I thought I heard a noise as of distant thunder, and the air felt to me as if a storm was brewing. It had come to be fully dark now, and after an interval of three or four minutes there came a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder, which seemed to illuminate and shake the whole island. The men suspended their eating to look up, and the guard rose to his feet. There was a minute of perfect silence, and then there came another flash, followed by a rush up the ravine. A drove of kangaroos, which must have numbered 300, dashed right into our camp, seemingly terrified by the storm, and as they reached us there was another flash, a crash, and I heard the outlaws shouting. I opened my eyes to see the guard lying on the earth and the path clear, and guided by the instinct of self preservation I dashed up the path. Some of the beasts had gone ahead of me, and some behind, each one squealing in alarm, and I have no clear recollection of my trip out of the ravine. It came on to rain at tremendous rate, and by and by I found myself in the woods and compelled to fall down in a heap from exhaustion. I believe I was then two miles from the ravine. The storm lasted for two or three hours, and after recovering my breath and my wits I crept into a thicket and remained there until daylight. Two hours later I had the good fortune to come out of the woods in sight of the ranch where Roberts had been killed, and before noon I was at Shaw's. Three days later after a new party was organized and descended to the bushrangers' hiding place. The fellows had departed bag and baggage, and none of their kidney were seen in that section again for a couple of years.—*New York Star*.

Finish It.

When Samuel F. B. Morse, afterward famous as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was a young painter studying in London, he made a drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules, intending to offer it to Benjamin West as an example of his work.

Being anxious for the favorable opinion of his master, he spent a fortnight upon the drawing, and thought he had made it perfect.

When Mr. West saw the drawing, he examined it critically, commended it in this and that particular, then handed it back, saying: "Very well, sir, very well. Go on and finish it."

"But it is finished," said the young artist.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. West; "look here, and here, and here." And he put his finger upon various unfinished places.

Mr. Morse saw the defects, now that they were pointed out to him, and devoted another week to remedying them. Then he carried the drawing again to the master. Mr. West was evidently much pleased, and lavished praises upon the work; but at the end he handed it back, and said as before: "Very well indeed, sir. Go on and finish it."

"Is it not finished?" asked Mr. Morse, by this time all but discouraged.

"Not yet; you have not marked that muscle, nor the articulations of the finger joints."

The student once more took the drawing home, and spent several days in retouching it. He would have it done this time.

But the critic was not yet satisfied. The work was good, "very good indeed, remarkably clever," but it needed to be "finished."

"I cannot finish it," said Mr. Morse, in despair.

"Well," answered Mr. West, "I have tried you long enough. You have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished drawings."

—*Yankee Blade*.

The Hereditary Principle Illustrated.

The principle of hereditary has received a most striking illustration in the case of the family and kinsmen of ex-President Theodore Dwight Woolsey, of Yale College. Dr. Woolsey was a descendant of James Pierpont, the famous native of Roxbury, who having become dissatisfied with the liberal tendencies of Harvard College, induced Elihu Yale to found a more conservative school at New Haven. The present President of Yale, Timothy Dwight, is also a descendant of the same founder, and with the history of the families of Dwight is interwoven that of Edwards and Pierpont, who have given many illustrious names to American history or letters. It is no mere coincidence that both Woolsey and Dwight, nineteenth century Presidents of Yale, should both have been great-great-grandsons of the principal founder of the college; for the high thinking and plain living of the early families who were closely associated with the institution, developing itself into a hereditary impetus or ability, was quite likely to supply the qualities needed in future Presidents.—*New York Star*.

GEMS THAT ARE BOGUS.

PRECIOUS STONES MADE BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

Making Counterfeit Rubies—A Ten Thousand Dollar Gem From Five Dollars' Worth of Sparks.

"That is a very beautiful stone," said a *Star* reporter to a Washington jeweler, calling the latter's attention to a dark purple gem of considerable size, with a vivid red fire, which lay in a satin-lined box within the glass show case. "It seems very cheap, too, for its apparent value."

"It is cheap for the reason that it is not a real stone," replied the dealer.

"An imitation?"

"No; it is not an imitation. On the contrary it does not at all resemble, to the eye of an expert, any gem that is known in nature. It is simply a chemical product; that is all. You see, the chemists having abandoned the manufacture of gold as hopeless are trying now to make precious stones artificially, and with some success. I dare say you are not aware that actual, bona-fide diamonds have been artificially manufactured for years. An English experimenter first accomplished the feat and it has been successfully repeated many times since. The only trouble is that the diamonds turned out by chemical artifice are almost microscopic and therefore practically worthless.

"But other stones can be made artificially of profitable size?"

"A few. No real gem, however, except the diamond, has been fairly reproduced exactly as it is found in nature, though imitations are plentiful enough. The precious stones made by the chemists, if such they may be called are new inventions to the lapidary. Many of them are very beautiful. This purple one you have asked about, for instance is lovely. It has been named the "violence du cap," and is as attractive a jewel as many natural ones, four times its price. French chemists are the great experts in this branch of manufacture, and their inventions are usually kept secret. Some of the artificial gems they make are doubtless pretty costly to produce, as for that matter are the microscopic diamonds, which are as expensive to turn out as good big ones in the market."

"Are rubies made artificially?"

"Yes; but not with entire success.

Two or three years ago, certain French chemists claimed that they had discovered a process for absolutely manufacturing big rubies in the laboratory, by fusing together small ruby sparks, such as can be bought for almost nothing. If you will remember that the value of the ruby is nearly double that of the diamond, the color and quality otherwise being first rate, you can imagine what an agitation such an announcement occasioned among dealers. Nor was the announcement altogether without truth, as appeared from the report made on the subject by the celebrated Professor Friedel, of the French Institute, who said that he found the chemical composition, density, crystalline form and refractive power of the artificial specimens to correspond in every respect with the natural ruby. The only difference he could find was a slight variation in the shape of the tiny air bubbles. However, the dealers threatened to prosecute any one for fraud who ventured to issue the artificial rubies as real ones, and inasmuch as their combination is very rich and powerful, and the laws against selling counterfeit jewels for actual ones are very strict in France, the fused rubies have never got upon the market. It was a great scheme to make a \$10,000 ruby out of five dollar's worth of sparks."

"The 'sparks' you speak of are real rubies, of course?"

"Oh! yes. That is the trouble about rubies. There are plenty of them, but very few good-sized ones. The greatest ruby fields in the world are those of Burmah, where the natives have for centuries been digging for them in the most primitive and therefore most unprofitable manner. They are found in quantities in successive strata, with layers of earth and clay between at a little depth below the surface soil. But nearly all are so small as to be scarcely valuable. Only occasionally a big one, with the true pigeon's-blood color, turns up. Rubies are also largely obtained in Ceylon, where the natives make a business of hunting for them in the streams that come down from the huge cone of mountains in the central part of the island, where it has been supposed for centuries that a great matrix of rubies existed, above the clouds, from whence those found in the rivers are washed down. Nor is such a theory entirely without reason, though nobody has been able to find the matrix yet. When discovered it will afford a profitable opportunity for the use of a few pounds of dynamite."

"Are there pearls from Ceylon?"

"Yes, the waters thereabout are a great pearl-fishing ground. Next spring will be the harvest of pearls at Ceylon, which comes only once in three years. Between the harvests the natives wait patiently for the oysters to grow. Pearls are largely counterfeited, as you know, the best imitations being made of hollow glass beads, lined with transparent wax and scales taken from living fish. The pearl is chiefly composed of carbonate of lime, with films of animal membrane between its many layers. These membrane films, becoming dry, gives the pearl its hardness. The substance of the pearl is a slimy secretion of the oyster, which is ordinarily deposited upon the interior surface of the shell, forming what is called 'mother of pearl.' Grains of sand or other foreign bodies, lodging within the shell, produce an irritation of the tissue which causes the deposit of a pearly matter around them for the oyster's protection. This matter is deposited layer after layer until the pearl is formed. By the artificial introduction of flinty particles pearls can be made to grow.

The Chinese in this manner compel a certain kind of fresh water mussel to produce pearls in great numbers, though of small size. Sometimes they introduce diminutive images of their gods and other things within the shells and have them turned into pearls by a sort of oyster-plate process."

SELECT SIFTINGS.

The city of New York has 600 Sunday schools.

The Queen of England makes her own tea when traveling.

About 25,000,000 letters pass yearly between the United Kingdom and North America.

Athens, Ga., has a cow that walked on the cross ties over a trestle 65 feet high and 150 yards long.

Nearly every vessel cleared from San Diego, Cal., nowadays carries from ten to eleven tons of honey.

The Florida State Board of Health requires all cities of 10,000 inhabitants to dispose of refuse by cremation.

Four million shoe boxes were used by New England manufacturers last year. They cost from 25 to 50 cents each.

There are 32,000 benefit and burial clubs registered in England and Wales, with funds which amount to \$155,000,000.

When petroleum was first discovered in the United States it was bottled and sold for medicinal purposes under the name of rock oil.

France's production and consumption of milk amount every year to 1,350,000,000 gallons, which is three times in excess of the production of wine.

A well recently found near Pittsburg delivers fresh water, salt water, and gas at the same time. There are two castings, one within the other.

Within the last few weeks more than 50,000 acres have been bought in the Bahamas by British and American capitalists, to be devoted to raising sisal hemp.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals intends prosecuting all householders in London who go to the seaside or elsewhere, leaving their cats to starve in the streets.

A curious feature of the artificial teeth industry is the variety of color required for different countries. Canada, for instance, demands teeth of snowy whiteness, South America those of yellow color, and China only black teeth.

A San Diego grocer kept a fine malted cat to kill off rats. One night he was attacked by a giant tarantula and was found dead the next morning. The tarantula was subsequently captured and is now on exhibition. It is four inches long.

A German paper publishes statistics showing an uninterrupted growth of Socialism. Berlin in 1882 contained twenty-four Socialist societies; now it contains over 100. Bavaria in 1886 had 1021 societies, with 58,000 members. It now has 2000 societies, with 122,000 members.

A London shoemaker has invented a boot to make small people appear tall. The invention is an odd and ingenious one. Instead of tacking six inches onto a person's heel, a pair of entirely false feet made of cork are put into the shoes. When the wearer gets into them he or she is raised according to the inches of cork. Of course, in this invention the original foot is made to combine with the cork one under the leather in such a manner that the line of demarcation is not perceptible.

The Restless Columbians.

The Columbians of Central America are naturally a restless people. There is no country on earth where the spirit of patriotism is more highly developed, or where politics is the occupation of so large a portion of the population. They were the first to rebel against the authority of Spain, and under the leadership of Bolivar the first to establish their independence. Eighty-five per cent. of the inhabitants are ignorant, submissive peons, of the aboriginal or mixed nativity, who care very little who govern them, or in what manner they are governed; but they make good soldiers, and are willing to fight under one leader, and for one principle, as for another. They are obedient to the commands of their officers, and being fond of activity and excitement, reckless of their own lives, and regardless of the lives of others, can always be relied upon to create as much disturbance and cause as much disaster as possible whenever the orders are given.

The remaining fifteen per cent. of the population are to a large degree highly educated men, and most of them make politics more or less of a profession.

With the exception of Peru, which is populated largely by a race of slaves, the other South American republics seem to be doing better. Chili and the Argentine Republic, especially are developing at a wonderful rate and when their representatives come to the North and South American Congress this fall they will be able to make a showing that will open our eyes.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

The Most Numerous Animal.

Figures are given to show that man is the most numerous animal on the globe. There are about fifteen hundred millions of him altogether, against five hundred million sheep, three hundred million cattle, a hundred million pigs and only sixty million horses. Of wild animals it is of course impossible to make any census whatever, but there are probably very few species, at any rate of the larger kinds, whose numbers reach into the millions. In the lower orders of creation, however—fishes, insects and so forth—the figures would run vastly higher. Who can count the mackerel in the Atlantic or the mosquitoes in New Jersey!—*Argosy*.

Utilization of Running Streams.

The utilization of running streams is the object of many recent devices, among which may be mentioned that of M. Taya, a Russian engineer. His apparatus consists of an endless cable, carrying a series of canvas cones, which open and shut like an umbrella. The cable passes over a double drum on board a pontoon, and at the other end over a pulley suspended from a buoy. On the lower part of the rope the cones are opened and forced forward by the current of water, thus setting in motion a shaft or drum.—*Sas Francisco Chronicle*.

A BIG WESTERN WOLF HUNT

EXCITING SPORT OF THE WYOMING RANCHMEN.

Wolves and Coyotes Driven From Their Dens by Dynamite—Clearing the Country of Wild Animals.

A correspondent of the *New York World* writing from Cheyenne, says: Although hunting parties have frequently gone out in Wyoming for the royal sport of wolf-hunting, yet the idea of a systematic drive, having for its scene of operations several hundred square miles of territory, was a novel one and attracted widespread attention among Wyoming people.

The rapid settling up of Nebraska has driven many wolves and coyotes across into Wyoming. The repeal of a scalp-bounty law by the last Territorial Legislature has removed much of the incentive to killing the animals and has resulted in their increase to phenomenally large numbers. The stockmen have been young losers from this condition of affairs. Heavy calves and colts fall easy victims to a pack of hungry gray wolves or coyotes. Even yearling calves were pulled down and killed if they strayed away from the herd of cattle to which they belonged. Hundreds of dollars have been lost this season by the cattle and horse raisers of Southern Wyoming, and a big wolf drive was the outcome.

At daylight, from every ranch in the wolf-infested region, stockmen, herders and cowboys, well armed and mounted took the field against the wolves. They were reinforced from Cheyenne by over three hundred mounted men and boys. Stockmen and cowboys from other parts of the county joined the Cheyenne party and brought horses and dogs to aid in the chase. A large number of ladies attended on horseback and in carriages to witness the drive.

At 7 o'clock the long line of riders, under command of ten captains of the chase, spread out and moved forward. From the hills near the Organ ranch, where the extreme right wing of the line started, the scene was unique and stirring. As far eastward as the eye could reach horsemen were riding to and fro in the tall grass of the creek bottoms. Mingling with the cornet calls of the captains of the different divisions was the musical clamor of scores of yelping and barking dogs of every description, from the shapely hound to the yellow cur, who was present to go under horses' heels and take stray shots into his anatomy. All the haunts of the wolves and coyotes were ridden through and beaten. The occupants usually were scared by the din of the approaching chase and raced across the prairie toward the shelter of the caves in Chalk Bluffs far in advance of the line of hunters. Occasionally a slinking pair of coyotes or a snarling gray wolf was run down and a fusillade of shots from the hunters cut them down without mercy. Whenever a wolf came into sight a bunch of riders would race after him in true cowboy style, horses on a dead run, hats waving and every man yelling in a style that would scare an Indian.

A lively incident of the chase was when the hounds turned a big gray wolf and brought him at bay near the line of riders. Afraid to shoot at him for fear of killing some of the dogs, expert cowboys set out to rope him. A skillful roper threw his lariat fairly over his wolfship's head. The other ropers missed him and the successful cowboy had a lively time bringing his quarry to the death. The brute snarled and snarled and made a savage rush at his captor. Whirling his horse quickly to one side and then giving him the spurs the horseman rode at full speed across the prairie, throwing the wolf off his feet and dragging him to death across the rough ground. Jack rabbits and antelope were raised by the chase, but were not disturbed, the rules of the drive as laid down by the captain, prohibiting the killing of game.

At the different points of rendezvous along the bluffs ample preparations had been made for the hunters. Tender yearling steers had been barbecued and big kettles of boiling coffee added an appetizing flavor tempting to the hungry riders. For a while the hunt partook of the nature of an immense picnic, and while the cow ponies of the ranchers and the thoroughbred mounts of the town sportsmen munched their oats in common their riders formed picturesque groups under the cottonwoods, and over their roast beef and coffee detailed the adventures of the morning's drive.

After dinner the real work of the day commenced. Along the line of bluffs for their entire length the dens of the wolves had been marked, and some of them barricaded with stones to prevent the escape of the occupants. From the four point of rendezvous along the valley the hunters moved against the cliffs. Fires were built at the entrance of the caves. Green bushes and sulphur were thrown in the flames to make a smoke disagreeable enough to the wolves to force them from their hiding places. A cordon of men and boys, armed with shotguns, rifles and revolvers, formed around the cave. When the blinded and bewildered coyotes and wolves broke into view through the smoke and flames they fell easy victims to the volley of bullets which greeted them. When fire failed to bring out the wolves, charges of dynamite and giant powder were exploded in the caves and the entire front of the cliffs blown down, burying the animals in the rains. All afternoon the work of extermination went on, and was only brought to a close by nightfall. Several hundred coyotes and gray wolves were killed along the entire line. Many predicted accidents from the handling of so many firearms, and most of the townspeople who attended this hunt took out twenty-four hour accident policies. Over \$110,000 was the aggregate amount of insurance taken out. But one accident occurred. A hunting wagon was overturned on a side hill and one of the occupants had his arm broken.

The tin mines of the Black Hills, Dakota, are beginning to attract general attention.