

LEAVY HOME.

When a feller sorter packs his traps
to go away from home,
Whar the birds air allus singin', an'
the honey's in the comb—
Whar the sunshine is the brightest an'
the heart beats all in tune,
An' life's as sweet in winter as in
rosiest days o' June—

No matter how the skies look—
they're jest as bright an' blue
As the eyes with which your sweet-
heart twinkled messages to you—
You'll find em growin' misty—with
a haze on field and plain.
An' your eye'll sorter twinkle, an' the
lid'll hide the rain!

Per the distance—it looks lonesome,
an' though roses red an' white,
Air just as sweet off yonder, with the
dews an' with the light,
As the ones in old-time gardens, yit
—It's mighty far to roam—
An' you know mo' of the roses in the
little spot called "Home!"

So, packin' up fer home, sorter makes
you fumble round
Fer hazy thoughts o' the tears that
will come tricklin' down!
An' though you say it's foolishness,
—It's worlds so wide to roam!
An' the best world fer a feller is the
little world at home!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE NEW DOCTOR'S PATIENT

"Speaking of April Fool's Day jokes,"
said the Doctor, "reminds me of a little
experience I had not three miles
from here when I was a young practi-
tioner. It was back in the seventies.
We didn't have any such a club house
as this in those days. In fact there
wasn't much to San Carlos except a
few stores and rough-looking houses;
but there was a large stretch of coun-
try to draw from, and every one who
came here seemed to get rich on the
jump, except myself. I was a young
M. D. then, fresh from the hospital,
where I had received a few months'
practical work after leaving the uni-
versity—none too much, either, you
may be sure.

"I located here, let me see, in—
but that has nothing to do with my story.
I sat around my office for the first
three months and never a patient en-
tered my door. I treated all kinds of
diseases, set broken limbs and per-
formed the most difficult operations in
imagination, but only in imagination,
and I saw my small stock of ready
money vanishing day by day.

"You can understand with what
feelings I took a message from my
landlady one morning that there was
a patient waiting for me in my office.
I tried to appear unconcerned and
made a masterful effort to swallow a
few more mouthfuls of breakfast be-
fore leaving the table, but the food
stuck in my throat, so I had to give it
up.

"On entering my office I saw a rough-
looking cowboy sitting stiffly on a
chair. 'Hello, Doc,' he exclaimed as I
appeared. 'You're wanted at Bill
Barry's ranch. Jim's broke his shoul-
der.'

"I asked no questions, but donning
my hat and overcoat, took my little
black medicine case and followed my
guide out into the street, where he
helped me up into a 'prairie buggy,'
and off we drove toward the hills at
breakneck speed.

"Not a word passed between us until
we had long left the town and were
well on our way. My driver looked
straight ahead and did not offer me a
chance to ask a question. I had
thought out the whole process of set-
ting a dislocated shoulder, a broken
arm or collar bone, for I thought per-
haps the man had made a mistake and
Jim's shoulder might not be broken,
after all.

"The rattling old buggy bobbed vio-
lently along over the uneven road, and
I had to hold on with both hands to
keep from falling off. It was difficult
to talk under these circumstances, but
at length I asked, 'Is this Jim one of
the boys?'

"No attention was paid to my re-
mark. I repeated it.

"'Hey? Oh—er—yes,' was the answer
I got; and my companion whipped up
his horses into a burst of speed. This
effectually kept me silent once more.

"As we were mounting a hill, and
necessarily diminished our pace a lit-
tle, I essayed another remark. 'How
did Jim get hurt?' I asked.

"'Oh, he was wrestlin' with one of
the boys,' he explained, quite natu-
rally. We were now in sight of the
ranch, so I held my peace.

"My driver drew up with a flourish
beside an old tumble-down barn, and we
were surrounded by a crowd of rough-
looking fellows. 'You'll find Jim in
there, Doc,' said one, pointing to the
barn. 'I guess he's asleep.'

"At this I noticed that several of the
men were smiling, while others turned
away their faces whenever I glanced
in their direction, as if anxious to
avoid my eye.

"My companion of the ride, whom
they all seemed to call Bob, had hitch-
ed the team and was back by my side
again. 'Come right along this way,
Doc,' he said, leading the way toward
the barn. At this I heard a subdued
snicker behind me, and turning quick-
ly, caught every one of them, their
eyes and cheeks bulging out with
laughter, looking like men ready to
roll over and over on the ground with
mirth.

"Like a flash it came to me that this
was the first day of April. I didn't
need any more explanation, for I saw
at once that they were about to play
some trick on me. For a moment a
sitter, feeling urged over me, and in
my anger and disappointment I could
have cried. But in those few steps

which I mechanically took to reach
the door I had gained control over my
feelings and was determined not to
show my anger, no matter what kind
of a joke they might perpetrate.

"Flinging the door wide open, my
companion cried: 'There's Jim, Doc.
Look out he don't bite you.' And the
whole crowd broke out into yells and
shrieks of laughter. And well they
might laugh, for there, on a bunch of
hay his head between his paws, glaring
at me out of eyes that gleamed like
points of fire, lay a full-grown moun-
tain lion cub.

"I had prepared myself for a joke,
although nothing like this. After a
moment's hesitation, during which the
crowd had not ceased its uproar, I be-
gan quietly to take off my overcoat
and roll up my cuffs for work. I saw
that the cub was chained and couldn't
get at me even if he attempted it, for
he was in great agony, a huge swelling
on the shoulder telling me that what
Bob had called a broken shoulder
was only a dislocation. I tried to
appear perfectly calm and self-pos-
sessed as I prepared myself for my
task. The boys stood looking on in
wonder now, their mirth all gone.

"Opening my case, I took out a bot-
tle of chloroform and saturated my
handkerchief with it. Advancing
boldly over to where the beast lay,
uttering a low growl now and then,
I quickly threw the rag over his nose
and mouth, and in a moment he was
as quiet and as harmless as a lamb.
Seizing the great tawny paw, I put all
my strength in my arms and pulled the
bones back into place. I could hear
the ball grate as it fell into its socket;
then, pouring healing lotions on the
outset, I set to work to reduce the
swelling.

"In a few minutes the job was done
and I put on my coat. Not a word
had escaped from the crowd, and as I
turned to go one of the boys came to
me and sheepishly asked, 'Well, Doc,
how much is that job worth?'

"'It'll cost you just ten dollars,' I
answered, as I placed my case care-
fully back in the buggy. The amount was
quickly made up among the crowd and
handed to me. Bob unbuckled the team
and climbed up on the seat beside me.
In a few minutes we were rattling over
the rough road again.

"Little was said on that ride home,
for my driver was not in a mood for
talk. I kept up a run of conversation
on ordinary subjects, but, as I received
only short answers, soon lapsed into
silence. Bob dumped me out at my
door, and as he left held out his hand
to me. 'Say, Doc,' he said, 'that was
a kind of a shabby trick for us to play
upon you now, but—'

"That's all right, my man,' I an-
swered. 'Any more such patients you
have just bring them to me.'

"After that I kept my eyes open,"
said the Doctor, "but never had any
more such experiences. Somehow the
story got around, and there was no end
of fun at the expense of the boys on
Bill Barry's ranch, and it was a long
time before they heard the last of it.
As for my reputation, it was estab-
lished from that day, and patients be-
gan to come in as fast as I could han-
dle them."

Prin Talk to Club Women.

Mrs. Josephine Woodward, who is
on the staff of a Cincinnati paper, was
invited to make an address before the
Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs re-
cently. Her subject was "Women's
Clubs from a Reporter's Point of View,"
and she told the club women
some things that must have astonished
them. Among other things Mrs. Wood-
ward said:

"Once, a long time before club wo-
men had taught me how to be cheer-
fully and glibly, I undertook to give
in print a true report of some club
proceeding or other. I have never
tried it since. The truth crushed to
earth that day now rises for the first
time. Since that tragic day when I
was led from the path of truth and
duty by a club woman, I have made it
a practice in reporting club proceed-
ings to simply find out what the pres-
ident of the club or the chairman of
the department would like to have said,
and then say it. It simplifies matters
immensely.

"The club reporter is apt to incline
to the belief that women's clubs take
themselves too seriously. The differ-
ence between women's clubs and men's
clubs is that men's clubs were never in-
tended to be serious, but have always
been taken seriously by women, while
women's clubs are serious, but have
never been taken seriously by men. Most
women's club meetings are like most
American dinners and afternoon
teas and other set pieces of our social
system—absolutely lacking in a cer-
tain quality of gay, good-humored
daring, and full of a conventionalism
that is both material and dull. You
find chairmen of departments of so-
ciology and municipal government pre-
siding as if they were serving little
cakes and weak tea.

"But whether I have been able to
discover women happier, honest or
more content, or better cooks or more
agreeable companions to their fam-
ilies and friends, I will concede that I
have watched the evolution of the
timid, shrinking woman, who had
been snubbed first by her father and
brothers, and later by her husband,
and have rejoiced to see her spread
her wings and soar in the sky of appre-
ciation; and I have watched the evolu-
tion of the woman accustomed to the
battery of an over-learned mother and
foolish sisters, and have rejoiced to
see her get the dust rubbed off her
wing for it was artificial dust, not
the real black and gold and pink. But
I have not been permitted to tell about
her."

It was predicted that a Mayville
(Ky.) woman would die when a large
tree in front of her house wept. The
tree wept and her death followed.

NOTES FROM GOTHAM

COMMENTS ON THE CAREER OF COL. INGERSOLL.

A Novel Present for Dewey—The New
Tombs Prison—A Sight in Wall Street—
Echoes of the Strike—She Was In-
dustrious.

All that was mortal of Col. Robert
G. Ingersoll has been laid to rest. The
death of few men calls forth more
comment than has been bestowed in this
instance. Certainly that death
will be regretted by many thousands
who admired his brilliant oratory and
his majestic personality, even if they
could not follow him on agonistic
lines. As we look back upon the life
of this singularly gifted man, the
shadow of his unbelief seems to have
turned all his talents and golden op-
portunities to ashes. The only wonder
is that the gradually narrowing sphere
of his social, political and profession-
al influence in the last twenty years
did not seem to affect his spirit or
make him less bitter in his assaults
upon the beliefs that have for ages
been a rock of refuge and consolation
for millions. The real fact is, that
the beliefs which he so vehemently
attacked had, among enlightened
church members ceased to be held, or,
at least, to be preached. Such people
felt that it was a caricature of Chris-
tianity and not the real thing which
he was assailing. His "Mistakes of
Moses" was a brilliant and witty pro-
duction, but the words of Moses will
weigh with millions of people long af-
ter those of Col. Ingersoll are forgot-
ten. But withal his shocking un-
belief, he was a man of great and noble
sympathy, tender of heart and full of
sympathy for those who needed it—
and how much of this was due to the
mighty influence in the world of the
very beliefs which he attacked.

A Novel Present for Dewey.
Miss Adelaide Rosalind Richmond, a
pretty girl who was a society bud last
year, has sent a novel gift to Admi-
ral Dewey. Miss Richmond composes
music, and she had her latest march
entitled "Yankee Pluck," illustrated
on three American flags of heavy silk.
This makes a pretty piece of sheet mu-
sic, particularly as another flag, with
some verses of original poetry, is fas-
tened on as a title page. The young
lady has sent the march and a letter
telling the Admiral she is indebted to



Admiral Dewey.

him for inspiration that enabled her
to write the music. Now, what can
Dewey answer to such an insidious
compliment? It is not likely that he
will at least fulfill the young lady's
wish, that the march be played by the
band of the Olympia as the war ship
steams down New York harbor; Miss
Richmond's friends say that the mu-
sic is very good. However this may
be, there can be no fault found with
the way she has presented her work
to the hero of Manila.

Union Church Services.
Union services are a convenient
means of giving pastors their sum-
mer vacation. The plan is followed lar-
gely in New York, and it gives general
satisfaction. Seven congregations in
the eastern district of Greater New
York worshipped together on Sunday,
the regular pastors being away at the
seashore or in the mountains, and a
minister, specially engaged, from De-
troit, conducted the services. Nearly
every church represented was of a
different denomination, but there was
entire harmony notwithstanding. In
the congregation were Presbyterians,
Baptists, Congregationalists and Meth-
odists, and the minister in charge con-
tinued to satisfy them all. He should
and does receive a good salary.

She Was Industrious.
A thievish young woman tried to
break into a Harlem flat the other
night in the absence of the family.
She could not get the door open, so
she cooly went out and engaged a
locksmith to do it. He charged her
twenty cents for the job, and she stole
clothing and jewelry to the value of
\$600. She was arrested, and in the
Harlem Police Court declared that she
was innocent. "I am an industrious
girl," she cried weeping. "So I see,"
responded the Magistrate coldly, glanc-
ing at the pile of pawn tickets for the
stolen property that had been found
on her, and remanding her for further
inquiry.

New Tombs Prison.
The new Tombs Prison is progress-
ing rapidly, and it looks as if it would
soon be ready for use. The new edifice
is not so picturesque as the old,
with its great Egyptian pillars that
looked as if they had just come from
one of the palaces of the Pharaohs, but
it will unquestionably be more con-
venient and much more healthful for
the prisoners. It is painfully, star-
lingly, uncompromisingly modern. It is a
skyscraper—rather an unusual thing
for a prison. Its twelve stories made
it look a good deal like an office build-
ing, except for its barred windows,
and the fact that its floors do not reach
the walls. It is light and airy, and ap-
pears to be what the authorities said it
should be—a model house of detention.

One cannot help regretting the de-
parture of the old-fashioned, clumsy,
badly ventilated Old Tombs as the ob-
literation of one of New York's most
striking landmarks.

A Mite of a Building.
Land is valuable in Manhattan, and
no one who owns a slice of it likes
to let it remain idle. A little build-
ing like a doll's house has just gone up
on a three-cornered little plot on upper
Broadway, at the corner of One
Hundred and Fifth street. It has a
frontage of twenty-five feet, with a
depth at one end of sixteen feet and
at the other of six. It is the smallest
building put up on Broadway for many
years. It will probably be used as a
cigar store. The rental will pay the
owner for erecting the building.

A Sight in Wall Street.
One of the common sights in Wall
street, which always attracts a curious
crowd, is the carrying into the assay
offices of gold and silver bullion to be
tested. Between \$60,000,000 and \$70-
000,000 worth of precious metal every
year is deposited in the office to be as-
sayed. The gold and silver is brought
in solid lumps like pig iron, except
that they are sharp cornered. They
come in express wagons, and are car-
ried into the office by men who handle
the stuff as if it were indeed nothing
more precious than the lead and
copper it appears to be. It is dirty
and unattractive looking, but the
knowledge that each one of the lumps
is worth \$10,000 or \$15,000 gives it a
wonderful fascination for the idlers
who speculate with much gusto on
what they would do if they had one or
two of the bricks. A trip to Europe
and a fast horse are nearly always in-
cluded in the luxuries they name. Al-
though I heard one solemn-faced boy
of about twelve years of age say as he
pointed to a particularly dirty bar of
gold, "If I had that I would sell my
bicycle and buy an automobile."

Poorly Lighted.
At this season, when so many fam-
ilies are out of town, it would be hard
to imagine anything more dismal than
the long streets of brownstone houses
between Broadway and Madison ave-
nue, above Herald Square, at night.
A flickering gas lamp at long intervals
relieves the gloom a little, but be-
tween them one has to make his way
by sense of touch. Instead of sight.
Most of the houses are closed and
dark, the only sign of life being a con-
tinue of white-aproned maid servants
sitting in an area, or roosting on top
of the long flight of steps, because they
find it too lonely and ghostly indoors.
The policeman on the beat tramps
heavily past once in a great while,
and some times a pedestrian will
hurry along, anxious to get into the
cheerfulness of Broadway at one end,
or the bustle of Third avenue at the
other. It is not often that street
robberies are reported in these dark
streets, but it must be because there
is no one on them to rob. The ab-
sence of electric lights would give
footpads grand opportunities. Is it
not somewhat of an anomaly that the
metropolis should be one of the worst
lighted cities in the country?

Echoes of the Strike.
The eleaders now excuse the failure of
the strike by asserting that it was put
in operation prematurely and without
their entire approval. But the conse-
quences of the strike are to be felt in
the coming election if the most active
organized labor men can have their
way. A new political party is to be
launched upon the tempestuous sea
of political affairs in this city, and the
result is awaited with keen interest by
all. The growth of sentiment, hos-
tile to many public corporations, is
believed to have been much more
marked than the newspapers reflect.
The new labor party will endeavor to
crystallize the discontent. If the mas-
ses, not alone of its own organizations,
but of that larger number who be-
long to no organizations. As author-
ity and influence begins to centre in a
few men, these men will become of
importance and they will be cared for
and if possible controlled by the parties
in power. It is regretted that at
this time there is no commanding fig-
ure in the ranks of labor such as Han-
ry George was, to lead the opposition
growing to the public corporations,
many of which are firmly allied with
the government of the city.

Contributing Causes.
The press of the city is continually
contributing to the causes which pro-
duce dissatisfaction among the people,
and when the outbreak comes there is
a surprise. The patience of the peo-
ple with some of these corporations
has been nearly exhausted. The
crowding on the elevated roads has
long been a source of complaint, and
the indifference of many of the sur-
face roads for the comfort of their pa-
trons calls for much criticism. Some

of the cartoons illustrating this phase
of the subject. Here is one which
voices the protest against the enor-
mously high steps of the electric cars.
But we are promised a reform in all
this when liquid air or compressed
air come to be used as a motive pow-
er. Then the space underneath the
steps will be used for the storage of
the air, and the passengers will sit
above a power capable of lifting them
half a mile into the air, should it
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The High Step Electric Car.
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break loose from its bonds of steel.

None of them saw a crawling figure
leading a small pony that crept across
the herd's grazing ground and slowly,
without making the contented ani-
mals raise their heads suspiciously,
separated the northern third of the
herd from those of the south. Stead-
ily they drew away, and as there
were several hummocks in that region
were soon behind one and out of sight
of the regular herders. It was a
shrewd trick, and one that was played
on more than one occasion in the his-
tory of the cattle trade. Lorne was
now to it and did not even see what
had been done until one of the herders
rode up to say that there was some-
thing out of the way.

"The herd's short somehow," he ex-
claimed.
"What do you mean?"
"They're missing—stolen or strayed,
and we're out."

"Get the men together and we will
make a search."

In a moment the herders were
in the saddle and the search was on.

OPEN THE DOOR.
Open the door, let in the air,
The winds are sweet and the flowers
are fair.
Joy is abroad in the world to-day,
If our door is wide it may come this
way—
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one;
He hath made of the raindrops gold
and gems,
He may change our tears to diamonds—
Open the door!

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall
banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a
grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than
that of the vine—
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so
fair
That angels may enter unawares—
Open the door!
—British Weekly.

ON THE LONG TRAIL.
It was a good day for Lorne, the
young foreman of the Circle Bar
ranch, when he started on his first
"drive" with a herd of 5,000 cattle for
the northern shipping point.

It was his order to take the herd
to St. Louis and past through the
Ozark mountains or foothills. The
herd was traceable during the early
days of the course, but as the cattle
went on they became more nervous,
and it was with difficulty that the
herders could keep them within the
lines of the nightly round-up.

Once, when they had been compelled
to ride constantly around the herd
from evening far into the night,
Lorne went to the head of the herd to
see what was the disturbing cause.

As he sat on his horse he heard
the call of a wolf—off to the right,
answered by another from the left.
Something about the sound was un-
natural, and he listened closely.
Again they came, and soon there was
a second movement among the cattle
—something had been thrown into the
herd to startle them.

He knew then what was the matter
—some one was annoying the herd to
make him trouble. But when day-
light came he could see nothing of the
disturbers, and again he waited for
night. He took his own position far
on the outskirts that night and waited
for developments. Soon there was an-
other wolf call, then another, then
a whistling sound and another move-
ment of the cattle. He rode furiously
at the point where he thought the
sound originated, and was not sur-
prised to catch a glimpse of a dark
form which he took to be a man on
horseback.

"Halt," he cried, "or I will shoot
you!"

There was no stopping. Faster and
faster he rode and gained on his an-
noyer. Then before he was aware of
what was happening he was seized
from behind and went rolling to the
ground, a larriol called around him
having jerked him from the saddle. It
had not caught over his head and his
second assailant went rushing past
and away before he could regain his
feet.

But not quick enough for the rider
to escape notice, and one glance at
the stooping shoulders and the long
hair told Lorne who it was—Lorne,
the Mexican, who had been discharged
when Lorne went to work first on the
Circle Bar.

But there was enough to look after
at the other end of the line. The cat-
tle, startled more than ever by the
noise, had started on a stampede and
were racing toward the east at the top
of their speed, the herders doing all
in their power to stop them, but with-
out effect.

It was two days before the herd was
in shape to start on the journey
again. Then the course was turned to
the north and it was hoped that on
striking the long trail there would be
no more trouble.

On the whole the trip was going
well and they were up in the middle
of the territory with hopes of seeing
the south branch of the Cimarron
most any day. A hawk had been called
early for night, and on the level plain
the cattle were scattered for two miles
up and down the trail. The herders
were getting supper and only three
were on guard. By some means one
of these was off his horse and the
others were together at the southern
end of the long line.

None of them saw a crawling figure
leading a small pony that crept across
the herd's grazing ground and slowly,
without making the contented ani-
mals raise their heads suspiciously,
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a whistling sound and another move-
ment of the cattle. He rode furiously
at the point where he thought the
sound originated, and was not sur-
prised to catch a glimpse of a dark
form which he took to be a man on
horseback.

"Halt," he cried, "or I will shoot
you!"

There was no stopping. Faster and
faster he rode and gained on his an-
noyer. Then before he was aware of
what was happening he was seized
from behind and went rolling to the
ground, a larriol called around him
having jerked him from the saddle. It
had not caught over his head and his
second assailant went rushing past
and away before he could regain his
feet.

But not quick enough for the rider
to escape notice, and one glance at
the stooping shoulders and the long
hair told Lorne who it was—Lorne,
the Mexican, who had been discharged
when Lorne went to work first on the
Circle Bar.

But there was enough to look after
at the other end of the line. The cat-
tle, startled more than ever by the
noise, had started on a stampede and
were racing toward the east at the top
of their speed, the herders doing all
in their power to stop them, but with-
out effect.

It was two days before the herd was
in shape to start on the journey
again. Then the course was turned to
the north and it was hoped that on
striking the long trail there would be
no more trouble.

On the whole the trip was going
well and they were up in the middle
of the territory with hopes of seeing
the south branch of the Cimarron
most any day. A hawk had been called
early for night, and on the level plain
the cattle were scattered for two miles
up and down the trail. The herders
were getting supper and only three
were on guard. By some means one
of these was off his horse and the
others were together at the southern
end of the long line.

None of them saw a crawling figure
leading a small pony that crept across
the herd's grazing ground and slowly,
without making the contented ani-
mals raise their heads suspiciously,
separated the northern third of the
herd from those of the south. Stead-
ily they drew away, and as there
were several hummocks in that region
were soon behind one and out of sight
of the regular herders. It was a
shrewd trick, and one that was played
on more than one occasion in the his-
tory of the cattle trade. Lorne was
now to it and did not even see what
had been done until one of the herders
rode up to say that there was some-
thing out of the way.

"The herd's short somehow," he ex-
claimed.
"What do you mean?"
"They're missing—stolen or strayed,
and we're out."

"Get the men together and we will
make a search."

In a moment the herders were
in the saddle and the search was on.

ON THE LONG TRAIL.
It was a good day for Lorne, the
young foreman of the Circle Bar
ranch, when he started on his first
"drive" with a herd of 5,000 cattle for
the northern shipping point.

It was his order to take the herd
to St. Louis and past through the
Ozark mountains or foothills. The
herd was traceable during the early
days of the course, but as the cattle
went on they became more nervous,
and it was with difficulty that the
herders could keep them within the
lines of the nightly round-up.