

DAYS AND NIGHTS.

Higher the daily hours of anguish rise,
And mount around me as the swelling
deep.
Till past my mouth and eyes their moments
flow,
And I am drowned in sleep.
But soon the tide of night begins to ebb:
Chained on the barren shore of dawn I
lie,
Again to feel the day's slow-rising flood.
Again to live and die.
—Anne Reeve Aldrich, in Lippincott.

A NIGHT RIDE.

"Yes, boys, they've left the Reservation, and are killing and scalping ter beat thunder. I met a scout terday, over in their Big Coolies, an' he posted me."
"How many are that of 'em, Jack?"
"Wal, as near as he could tell, thar was somehows erbout thirty er thirty-five."
"How are they off for shooting irons? or didn't yer find out?"

"I think say they was all heeled fer keeps. The scout told me that they all had Winchester, an' a hull lot of 'em had six-shooters as well. And now, boys, we've got ter ride like sin ter-morrow, an' gather in all the critters, an' push 'em over into the Deep Creek country fer safety. I hardly think the reds will navigate that way. So here's fer a smoke, and then bed."

The speaker, big Jack Burns, foreman of the I. C. Horse outfit, leisurely produced pipe and tobacco as coolly as if the murderous Apaches were a thousand miles away instead of thirty.
We were only seven men, cunting the Mexican cook, in the dug-out attached to the corral, and were employees of the big I. C. Company; and well we knew what an Apache outbreak meant, for we all had suffered more or less from their cruel raids. But we had been intrusted with the horses, and we intended, if possible for human power to keep them out of the clutches of the redskins, to do so, for we had all received many little kindnesses from the company, and from the highest to the lowest there was mutual good-will and friendly feeling, very different from some outfits, who treat their vaqueros with far less consideration than they do their horses or cattle.

"Jimmie did yer go down to the Cactus Ranch fer the six-shooter cartridges?"
"Yes, bet I did, an' got purty close ter a thousand rounds."
"That's kind of comforting. Did yer here tell of any news down that?"
"Nothing perticuler. They was a talkin' erbout that settler, over on Antelope Flat; they allowed that if trouble come with the reds, he would be in a purty tough place, specially as he is a tenderfoot. I'd hate ter see anything happen ter 'em. I passed that the other day, and his leetle gal come out, and says, sorter anxious like:"

"Mister, hev you got a leetle gal?"
"So I says, 'No, little sissy, I hain't.'"
"No no leetle boys," says she.
"Nary one," says I, and I told her that she was the first leetle un I'd seen fer many a day, an' we hed quite a leetle onfab, an' then her mother come out, an' she was a very pleasant lady, she war, an' she said she allowed that the leetle un war lonesome fer other leetle uns ter play with. They've got a right young baby thar, too, but the leetle gal says that baby can't do nothing but sleep, an' laugh, an'—"
"Hark! listen, men, listen!" and in second big Jack had pushed open the door, and was looking intently over the moonlit prairie.

"What is it, Jack?" asked the boys, as they gathered outside.
"Did yer hear shooting?"
"No, but thar's a shod hoss a-coming like blazes."
"Yes, the thud, thud, thud, of ironshod hoofs were now plainly heard, and away out a faint glimmer of dust could be discerned."

"Boys, I'm afear'd that thar's trouble somehows," continued Jack.
"Wal, jodging from the way that hoss is a-hitting the trail, we can mighty soon tell now," said Hank Shover.
And soon the sight that greeted our eyes showed us that there was trouble somewhere, for out of the dust and glimmer sprang a powerful white mare, with on her back, securely tied to the heavy frontier saddle, was the new settler's "leetle gal."

With astonished and anxious faces, we sprang to the mare's side, and lifted the little maid out of the saddle; and the big Jack carried her tenderly into the dug-out, while with wondering faces the rest of us quietly followed.

"Please, Mr. Big Jack. I've brought a letter from pap."
"A letter, child. You've brought a letter twenty miles fer me. What in the name of the Great White Medicine yer der a thinkin' erbout ter send a baby like you in thar?"

"I don't know, please, Mr. Big Jack, perhaps he's hurt, 'cause his eyes were wet and mamma was crying. Then papa wrote a letter and put me on old Nan and told me to keep on the wagon trail till I got to the lone tree, and then head for the Black Canon, and he gave me a switch to beat the good baby Hank said if Nan didn't run good, baby Hank would never laugh any more, and that would be awful. So I beat her all the way, and came drefful quick, and jodging from the mare's heaving sides, the little one had ridden her for all she was worth."

"Wal, give me the letter, leetle un, an' we'll mighty soon see what's wanted."
The letter had been securely fastened to the little one's dress, but it was soon in Jack's hands.

"Sissy, don't yer feel like eatin' a bite of grub, and drinkin' a cup of coffee?"
"No, thank you, sir, but I am sleepy, and very tired, and—"
"Juan, keep the child sort of amused fer a minit, an' boys come"; and big Jack led the way to the far end of the room.

"Boys, here's the deuce ter pay." In a low voice, he read the letter:

To the Boys at the Stone Corral:
I was out on the ridge at the back of my shanty, and not over twenty miles away I saw a big band of Apaches coming. They will be here inside of three hours. My little girl is a good rider, and the mare is sure-footed and fast, so I send this by her, asking you ter aid. May God guide her to you. If you cannot help us, our doom is sealed. My relatives live in —, Michigan, write to them in regard to my little daughter.

Hoping and prying you are in sufficient force to aid us. FRANK STANTON.
God knows I would not want help for myself, but think of my wife and baby.

Tears were in our eyes, as Jack finished the short and rather incoherent letter; and then, good heavens, to think that we were only seven in all.

"O boys, if we've only a few more."
"What can we do, Jack?"
"Wal, I'm afear'd if we tried ter git help from the Cactus Ranch it would be too late."

"Do the leetle gal know the trouble?"

"No."

"Wal, let's ask her if her dad hav got shooting irons."

"Sissy, did yer pap hev guns, and things ter home ter shoot jack-rabbits with?"

"Yes, sir, he's got a shotgun, and he bought a nice rifle that shoots without loading, and please, Mr. Big Jack, can go to bed now? I'm so tired."

"Jimmie, put the leetle un in your bunk, an' you kin turn in with me if we gets time ter sleep."

"But Jack, hain't we ergoin' ter try an' help 'em somehow?"

"God knows I wish we could. But we have ter leave one man with the horses, an' what are six agin a crowd?"

And truly it looked hopeless, but O, to think of the fate of that gentle mother and tender babe.

"Boys, this is maddenin'. We must do somethin'."

Jimmie had by this time fixed the bunk and taken off the child's shoes.

"And now, dearie, pile in, an' take a real good snooze."

"But Mr. Jimmie, you must hear me say my prayers first."

If a shell had come crashing into the dug-out it could not have created more astonishment than the simple request of the child.

Quick-witted Jimmie had, however, pulled himself together quicker than a flash, and before the child noticed the astonished and confused looks, he had carefully spread a bearskin on the dirt floor, and gently as her own mother bade her "sassy her prayers."

The beautiful Lord's Prayer was repeated in the clear voice, and then came, "And please, my Heavenly Father, bless my own dear papa and mamma, and little baby brother, and Mr. Big Jack, and all the boys at the Stone Corral."

Starting up and drawing the back of his hand hastily across his eyes, and endeavoring to steady his voice, big Jack said: "Jimmie, you an' Juan stay an' tend ter the leetle un. We uns are ergoin' to help the folks."

Crash, and the dug-out door flew open, and five determined men—yes, men, in every sense of the word that night—rushed to the corral, buckling on the heavy six-shooters as they ran.

The heavy stock saddles were slapped on, and in a few moments the men were on the long latigo straps, until the chinchas seem as if they would cut through hair and hide, so tight are they.

"Be sure and cinch 'em well, boys, we can't stop to tighten 'em after we get started."

"Ay, ay, yer kin bet on us, Jack."

"Ay, yer all O K?"

"You bet."

"Then head fer the Baldy Mountain an' if ever you spurred, spur this night."

Out and away, leaning low, until our breasts almost rested on the saddle horn, and with spurs tightly pressed against our bronchos' sides, we swept swiftly away from the stone corral. Big Jack was on the left and a little in the lead; and we rushed over a low sand ridge, and saw him and his horse showing dark and clearly out against the sky. He was riding his best this night, and his blue roan was stretching himself like a thoroughbred.

And now we came to a long stretch covered with loose and jagged granite; at any other time we would have pulled up and carefully picked our way over. But to-night the stake we were riding for was far too precious to care for horse-flesh, or even our own necks; so with slightly tightened reins and only our toes resting in the brand stirrups, we pushed maddly across, the sparks flashing as the iron shoes clashed against the rough rock. Across at last, thank God, and once more on the smooth plain, our gallant cayuses, with ears well forward, and distended nostrils, were stretching themselves and throwing dust like heroes.

Out of the sand and up on the rim rock we tried a spur, but the jaded animals were doing their best, and the steel failed to get an extra jump out of them. Another mile would bring us to a point where we would be able if we were daylight to see the settler's cabin.

Through a long sag, then a dry creek bed; crashing through the stunted willows that lined its banks, we breasted the slight ascent, and in another minute were on the summit. We involuntarily checked our panting horses, and a thrill of horror ran through us as we saw a bright glare of light ahead.

"Too late, too late, boys. The reds have got 'em." Jack's voice sounded almost like a groan.

"How far are we from the place?"

"Erbout five miles 'round by the wagon road, but we kin lead our horses down the deer trail, and git thar in two."

"Then let's follow the deer trail; we may yit be in time ter help 'em some way."

Leading our staggering, trembling horses cautiously, we crept down the precipitous trail, and no main, headed straight for the glare, which even in the valley could be distinctly seen.

Nobody now remembered that we were only five to thirty, and goaded and cut by the spurs, the cayuses carried us rapidly over the ground.

When within half a mile we halted in the shadow of some overhanging rocks, while Hank crawled up, and out on a projecting shelf to reconnoiter, for if the Apaches had any scouts thrown out we should have to be careful, as our only chance of success was to surprise them.

While we were waiting we carefully examined our six-shooters, and in another minute, to our great joy, Hank was telling us that the barn was on fire, but the dwelling-house was still intact, and that he could distinctly hear the crack of rifles, showing us plainly that the brave settler was still defending his loved ones.

"Now boys, here's ther best plan I kin think on—I hain't extra much of a general, but I hev an idea that it's the best way fer us ter do. We'll lead our cayuses down this gully till we git ter the scrub willow kin do thar without the reds ke'ching on ter us, then we'll mount. Yer see by that time the cayuses will be gitting their wind purty well. Then we'll ride 'right square down on 'em, yellin' like fury an' wherever a red git up we'll down him. Then if they make it too hot for us, we'll dodge inter the cabin."

"Wal, what then, Jack?"

"Wal, we'll sorter help the settler to hold the fort. Anyways we kin keep 'em from settin' the shanty afire, till the cavalry comes. By this time the troops must be on the trail an' after 'em red hot. They can't be a great ways off, now."

Silently as spectres then we led our horses down the gully, carefully avoiding the rocks that had there cropped out through the sand. Reaching the scrub willows, we found ourselves within 300 yards of the house, and perhaps about 400 from the burning barn.

Climbing quietly into our saddles, we bent low, to keep out of the glare, and Jack whispered, "Are yer all ready?"

"Yes," whispered back, and we pressed our sombreros tightly down on our heads.

With a rush and a crash we tore through the brush and rode at full speed out into the clearing, now almost as light as day, for the big, heavy barn timbers were burning clearly and steadily. As we went, our excited animals plunging and leaping like panthers, but still no Indians.

Past the house and within a few yards of the burning barn we pulled up. The silence confused us. Were we to late after all? Mechanically we closed up a fatal move, for with unearthly yell and blood-curdling whoops, the Indians from a low sag in the ground on the left sent a murderous volley crashing into our midst.

Down went our brave horses, and down went their riders. Four of us scrambled to our feet as we cleared ourselves from the stirrup leathers, only to throw ourselves behind our lead-riddled dying animals just in time to save ourselves; for again the villains poured their lead into us—this time, thank heaven, doing us no harm.

Using our horses for breastworks, we tried to return their fire, but they were effectively concealed.

"Anybody hit?"

"Yes, I saw Hank throw up his hands and fall face down."

"Boys, we've got ter get out of this or they'll surround us sure."

"Kin we make a break fer the cabin?"

"I think we might manage ter crawl thar, by kinder keepin' the horses between us and the red cusses."

"Hark, somebody is hollerin'!"

Looking over our shoulder, we saw that the door of the shanty was partly open, and the settler vigorously beckoning to us.

"We must try an' see if poor Hank is clean done fer, fast."

One of the boys crawled cautiously around to the dead horse and fallen rider, and returning in the same manner, whispered sorrowfully that "poor Hank had passed in his checks."

"Now, boys, we'll make a run fer it—stoop low," and with a spring, away we rushed for the door.

Another stream of lead whistled by us, but nobody fell, and in another second, we were inside the heavy door, and helping the settler barricade it.

"I heard you when you charged by, men, but it took me some time to open the door, as I had a hull lot of things piled agin it."

"Are ye all safe so far, Stanton?"

"Yes, thank God. My wife is guarding the back of the house, and I'm watching this part. What we feared most is that they will fire the place, like they did the barn. My little daughter reached you safely, did she?"

"Yes, and is staying in the dug-out at the corral. We left two of the boys with her."

"Now, men, I'll show you the loopholes in the logs, and I'll go and tell the wife the little one is safe."

Hour after hour we strained our eyes, peering through the loopholes trying to catch sight of the redskins. But they were very wary and seemed to have a wholesome dread of venturing into the firelit space in the front of the house.

Presently Stanton came quietly in and said: "Boys, there's something going on at the back that I don't understand."

Leaving one man in the front room, we repaired with him to the room in the rear of the building.

Jack pressed his face close to a loophole and stared intently into the darkness. Suddenly he stepped back, and pulling his six-shooter, pointed it through the loophole and fired.

A wild yell of rage answered the shot.

"Aha, I thought I could fetch him. I saw him crawling up, an' had a burning stick under his blanket. I guess he won't burn no more shanties. Give me a claw of terbacker, somebody."

And now we saw a faint streak of dawn in the east, and soon the sun was gliding the distant Baldy Mountain, and what to us was a far more welcome sight still—was glistering on the scabbards and accoutrements of a company of Uncle Sam's boys as they came through the pass at a sharp trot.

The barricaded door was quickly thrown open, and rushing out we saw the Indians in full retreat a mile out on the mesa. Judging from their haste they must have seen the cavalry, for they were pushing their ponies.

The cavalry had also caught sight of them, for they were coming like the wind, and as they swept by, in spite of our weariness and grief at the loss of our pard, we cheered them until we were hoarse.

The next day we obtained horses and safely escorted the settler, his wife and baby to the Cactus Ranch.—(Overland Monthly.)

Wild Mustangs in Pennsylvania.

On Black's Island, five miles from the City of Philadelphia, on the Delaware River, are a drove of eighty or more untamed mustangs, not one of which has ever been shod or touched with a strap of harness. The island is a bleak waste of meadow land, covered by a heavy growth of thick grass. Here the mustangs live, as wild and uncared for as though on the Western plains. The horses are owned by Messrs. Richard and Lester Wistar, two wealthy and eccentric Philadelphians. In 1873 they took a couple of Chinototeague mares up from the South and placed them on Black's farm, just below Fort Mifflin. Both the mares were in foal, and they were turned on the island and allowed to run wild. From that beginning the herd has increased as stated. The ponies are at perfect liberty all the year round, and are without shelter in winter as well as summer. In fact, they are to all intents and purposes, as wild as the wildest mustangs in the West. The ponies are foaled without shelter of any kind, and grow up strong, rugged and as wild as though hundreds of miles from civilization. During the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, the horses are obliged to paw holes in the snow in order to get at the dead grass underneath. After the manner of wild horses they divide themselves into smaller herds, each having a stallion for a leader. There appears to be a rivalry between these herds, and royal battles are waged between the stallions. In color the horses are mostly bays, creams and piebalds, as d range from thirteen to fifteen hands. Although the Wistar brothers have not visited the island for thirteen years, they steadily refuse to part with any of the ponies under any consideration.—(Philadelphia Record.)

A WORTHY SON.

"I just had a pleasant chat with you friend, Col. Gilkerson."

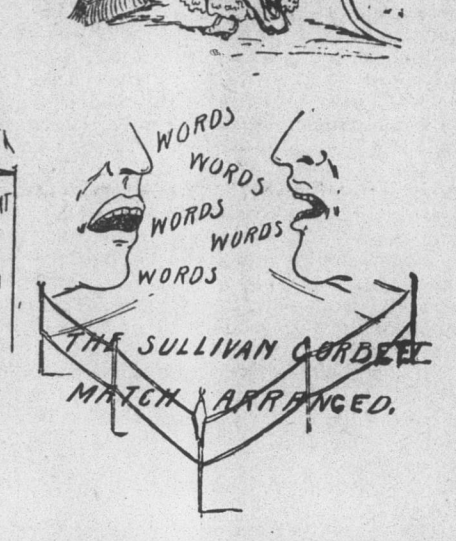
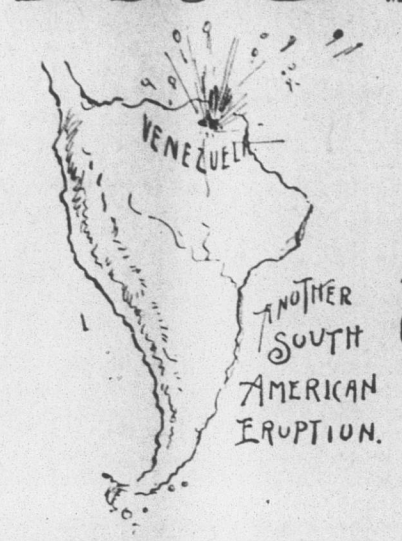
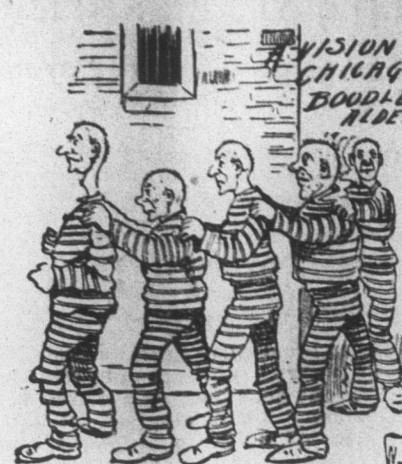
"So? What were you talking about?"

"The colonel was telling me what a fine family of children he had. Eight sons, I think he said, and every one an honor and a comfort to his father."

"Why, the old liar! His eldest son is serving five years in the penitentiary for a gilt-edge embezzlement."

"Yes, so the colonel said; but he didn't give up the money."—(Detroit Tribune.)

THOUGHTS AND THINGS PICTURED.



TREATING TYPHUS.

How New York Patients Are Cared For at the North Brother Island Hospital.

When a contagious disease is contracted in New York City, the patient is immediately hustled off to the contagious disease hospital at North Brother Island.

North Brother Island is at the extreme north end of the archipelago in the East River, and is dotted with institutions for the suffering and the criminal of the city. It is cut off from the Fordham shore by only 700 yards of water, too short a distance, perhaps, for absolute safety to the inhabitants of the city. Yet the girth of water which divides it from the shore is an effective guarantee against anything but a general epidemic.

The Health Department hospital boat Franklin Edson, which has left the Reception Hospital, at the foot of East Sixteenth street, daily for the past eight weeks, invariably conveying one or two more afflicted passengers for North Brother Island, has had on every trip to pass this string of refugees.

North Brother Island is the dumping ground for typhus-stricken patients. It is scarcely twelve acres in extent, and with South Brother Island, a little less in size, almost fills the Sound opposite 138th street. It is not unlike a reclaimed sand bank.

In combating the typhus epidemic the Health Department has erected a number of walled tents on North Brother Island for the treatment of patients. The plan of housing patients in open structures of this kind is comparatively modern, and some eminent authorities claim that patients down with the fever are more likely to be cured in structures of this character than in brick or stone buildings. In tents, the authorities claim, the ventilation is better, as the patients in them enjoy the advantage of a constant circulation of pure air without being exposed to any draughts. Chief

with bichloride of mercury, including inclosure of the effects in a retort, which absolutely renders them safe for use on a future occasion. The latter, of course, means absolute destruction by burning.

This is also a recognized system in the transmission of patients to North Brother Island. Half of the Reception Hospital rests on the dock, and patients have merely to be shifted out of it into the little steamer Franklin Edson that conveys them to the Sound. The vessel is a miniature hospital and everything is provided in it for the comfort of the patient.

On approaching North Brother Island and a system of signals is interchanged between the boat and the shore. A long and a short whistle from the steamer announce that typhus is on board the little vessel; three short blasts announce smallpox; two, scarlet fever; and four, measles. Yesterday afternoon fortunately it was a long, shrill whistle, which meant that there was a clean bill of health on board, and none were more thankful than the overworked officials.

THE INDICTED ALDERMEN.

The Record of the Chicago Councilmen Charged with Boozing.

William J. O'Brien, Alderman of the Sixth Ward, is professionally a ward politician and incidentally a saloonkeeper. He was born in Gloucester, Mass., thirty-eight years ago, his people being Irish folk, and he worked on the fishing smacks which belong to that port.

When 16 years old he came to Chicago with his mother, his father being dead, and he grew up around the corners of what is now the Fifth Ward, much as other boys grew up

there before and have since. At the time of the fire he happened to be in jail on complaint of a young woman, and the prisoners accused of the lesser offenses being liberated on that occasion to save their lives, he escaped and proceeded to get as far away from Chicago as he could.

Landed in Boston, where he became a bartender, and finally got a saloon of his own. O'Brien got into trouble with the Boston authorities, and rather than have further difficulty about it, fled to Canada. From there he returned to Chicago in 1876. Three years ago he was elected Alderman of the Sixth Ward, and was re-elected last spring.

Daniel R. O'Brien, Alderman of the Twenty-third Ward, is a product of that peculiar part of the city known as "Goose Island." He is 35 years old, and was born in what is now the First Ward, but his parents soon moved to the North Side, and he grew up in the peculiar political and moral atmosphere which existed and still exists in the North Market and Franklin street saloons. He got what education he has received at the old Kinzie School, and went into politics at an early age. He was first employed in the office of the North Town Clerk, and afterward became North Town Clerk himself. He was elected Alderman six years ago, and has been twice re-elected.

Stephen M. Gosselin, Alderman of the Seventeenth Ward, is a native of Chicago, descended of German parentage. He is now but a little over 30 years old, and is a graduate of the local public schools and West Side high schools. He is a lawyer, having been admitted to the bar about five years ago. He is now serving his first term in the Council, having

been elected a year ago through the votes of the young men of the ward.

Nicholas "Nick" Cremer is a native of the First Ward, which he now represents in the Council. He was born in Sherman street, thirty-two years ago, when his father was a small cigar maker, and as he grew up extended the business until it assumed fair proportions. He was educated at the Jones school, at the corner of Harrison street and Plymouth place, and at the death of his father inherited considerable property, the lot on which his Sherman street home was located becoming in time extremely valuable. Ald. Cremer had, until he was elected to the Council, enjoyed a good reputation and stood well among the German residents, of whom his father was one of the oldest in Chicago.

Philip Jackson, Alderman of the Fourteenth Ward, was born in the old First Ward of Chicago in 1856, of Hebrew parentage. He started in making a living for himself at an early age, being first a newsboy and then branching out as a general news-dealer. Then he became a fireman, beginning as a member of the old PHILIP JACKSON, First Ward Volunteer Department, and when the paid department was established he joined it. Becoming tired of this, he opened an insurance and real-estate office in the ward he now represents in the Council, and has been engaged in that business ever since. He was elected to the Council first three years ago, and ran again last spring.

John F. Dorman, Alderman of the Tenth Ward, was born in Germany forty years ago. He came to Chicago with his parents when a boy and received his education in the Lutheran parish schools of the southwest section of the city. In the winter of 1887-'88 he was one of the Representatives of the Fifth Senatorial District at Springfield. He has been a committeeman from his ward for a number of years, has held minor appointive positions in the City Hall and other public offices, and has been more or less of a local politician for a long time. He was elected to the Council a year ago.

P. J. Gorman, Alderman of the Thirty-third Ward, was originally an iron-worker. He was born in Lowell, Mass., thirty-four years ago, and came to South Chicago in 1874, where he was for a long time employed in the rolling mills of the Illinois Steel Company. He became prominent in labor organizations, with which he had been for many years identified, and was elected to the Council in 1889, when South Chicago was annexed to the city. He was re-elected two years ago.

Thomas O. Harter Prevented Leo from Entering the Capital.

When Jerry Simpson, in the course of his remarks on the floor of the House, not long since, solemnly exclaimed, "Now, Mr. Speaker, I have a constituent of my own here from the State of Kansas, who, I will venture to say, has done more for this country in regard to valuable services rendered in the war of the rebellion than any man recommended to a position in this Congress, I do not care where he comes from," he referred to Sergeant Thos. O. Harter, of Ulysses, Grant County, Kansas. He continued:

"He actually saved the army of General Pope from destruction in 1862, saving the city of Washington from capture by the rebel army. He was a man in the employ of the Se-

cret Service, and went through the lines into Richmond, entered the rebel army, becoming a spy, and got intelligence that would save the army of Pope. As soon as he obtained the intelligence, he worked his way through the rebel lines, swam the river, got across safely, and informed General Pope of the danger which menaced him. And he has evidence to show for it, being the signatures of Generals Pope and Sigel."

DEER CAPTURED BY TRICKS.

How South American Indians Lay in a Supply of Venison.

The manner in which the South American Indians hunt deer in the Cordilleras is very interesting and somewhat ingenious. They first ascertain the locality in which the animals congregate to graze, and then the men, women and children of the tribe make extensive preparations to hem in the herd. In order to cause a stampede they blow horns, yell and make other bewildering and outlandish noises. As a natural consequence the frightened deer quit their grazing places. They form in line in regular marching order, the older males leading the way, followed by the females and young, while the rear of the column is brought up by the young bucks, who act as protectors to the centers.

The Indians now close in upon them, seeing which the animals prepare to do battle for their lives. The hunters then proceed to prepare the instruments of destruction, consisting of large lances, resinous torches and nooses fixed to long poles.

The worst enemy of the deer is the jaguar and wildcat, and their animosity to them is such that they have been known to leap over a hunter in order to attack either of these feline foes. The Indians, knowing this, employ it to great advantage during these hunts. The women stuff a number of jaguar and cat skins, which are placed in prominent positions on the edges of precipices, in full view of the deer. Immediately the bucks make a violent effort to get at them, in order to hurl them into the abyss beneath, but are thus treated themselves by the wily hunters, who push them over the cliff, where they are quickly unstrung or otherwise disabled by the women, who are stationed below. After the first onslaught on the stuffed figures, the remaining deer seem to recognize the fact that they have been tricked, and huddle together, awaiting another attack.

Then the Indians throw lighted torches among them and a panic ensues. They make desperate efforts to escape, but the relentless hunters drive them over the crags until they see that a sufficient number have been captured—usually four or five hundred. They do not usually harm the females and fawns and also allow a few bucks to escape. Very seldom is a doe killed, and if a doe fawn is captured it is immediately liberated. The flesh is eaten by the Indians and also carried to the villages to be sold.

NEBRASKA'S BUILDING