

could call him up to him by a certain signal to which the horse readily responded. Campbell crawled up through the tall bunch grass towards the bulls, and rising, fired at the nearest one. He aimed for the head and struck the old fellow fairly, but about the only effect it had was to scare the other two and cause them to trot off, while his quarry was hurt just about badly enough to make him thundering mad. He got a glimpse of Campbell and started on a trot toward

toward the hunting escort that was amusingly waiting the denouement. Campbell was a good runner and was making good time toward the escort and the old bull was very evidently gaining upon him. He hadn't time to stop and fire again. It was a pretty race for a few minutes, and the bull would have certainly run him down but for three or four of the best shots of the escort riding out and heading the old bull off. The ponies understood their business thoroughly, and the

a moment and then rise again, turning on his nearest foe, the blood streaming from his nostrils and sides, a splendid specimen of brute courage and ferocity. It took nearly a dozen pistol shots to bring him down finally.

Campbell came out to get a good look at the animal, but he could not get his horse near him. He merely observed that he wouldn't have run from the beast at all, but when the old fellow turned on him and started after him, he looked bigger than a mountain, and he didn't know whether the bull was going to eat him when he caught up with him, trample him to death or just give him a toss or two.

Before the hunt was finished Lord Campbell concluded to ride a pony on the chase and leave his fool horse tied to a wagon to eat oats.

These hunting ponies soon know the animal that the hunter picks out and will stay right alongside of the brute until he is down. It is an error to suppose that the buffalo cannot turn quickly on the run. The pony knows this, and is always on the alert for any sudden coup his buffaloship might undertake, and is out of his road in an instant. About all the rider has got to do is to keep his seat in the saddle and pump lead into the buffalo he is chasing. The pony will take care of himself and the rider, if the rider will only hang onto him. In this particular case Lord Campbell redeemed himself by killing two fine young bulls and a cow, while the general party only killed enough to supply the garrison with meat for a season. Half a dozen of the buffalo were killed on the five days' hunt, and the robes and meat were all secured by the butchering detail that accompanied the chase with wagons. S. S. PETERS.

Beatrice, Neb., Oct. 26, 1901.

CINCINNATI'S PAST GLORY.

Did you ever notice a belief that lingers in the minds of some eastern newspaper writers that Cincinnati is the center of the pork packing business of the United States? This is perplexing to a westerner, because Cincinnati really comes very far down the list, but it is explained by the fact that the business started at that point, and its growth at other places has not come to the notice of the writers in question. They read Charles Fenno Hoffman's book when they were young, and it is still good enough for them.

Hoffman traveled to the remote western wilderness in the 30's, getting as far as St. Louis. Then he wrote a book on what he saw, from which we give an extract below. The yearly pack of Cincinnati, at which he marveled so greatly, was considerably less than half of what Nebraska City's little house does, and



PLATE III.

him, his head lowered and his diminutive tail erect and switching savagely. Campbell fired again and hit the old fellow in the head again, but it didn't phase him a little bit. By this time Campbell was a trifle discouraged, and started toward his horse, signalling for him in the meanwhile. The horse saw the buffalo too, and instead of responding to Campbell's call, he turned tail and galloped off back

bull seeing a new foe coming, abandoned the pursuit of the fleeing nobleman and turned on the more plebeian enemy, the escort hunter nearest him. The others got alongside the old bull and getting a pistol shot or two in the old fellow's flank just behind the shoulder, soon had him down on his knees. The old fellow was game to the last. He struggled to his feet again and then stood at bay, magnificent in his pain and savagery. He would sink down on all fours for