

SALVATION OF THE BUFFALO

Its Last Hops is in the Herd Now Owned in Omaha.

TAMING THE MONARCH OF THE PLAINS

Adventures of "Buffalo" Jones in Capturing Wild Animals—Breaking Them to the Yoke—Clothing from Buffalo Wool.

Five miles west from the city of Omaha, Neb., grazing over a magnificent rolling prairie, may be seen these days a herd of strange looking animals. A barred wire fence limits their wanderings and a group of whooping cowboys, mounted on branded ponies, rounds them up morning and night into a corral, where the curious are permitted to view them at five cents a sight.

They are American bison, curiosities even in this western city and on these hills which only a few years ago shook with the tread of the mighty armies of their ancestors. What magnificent monsters they are and how grandly they loom up over their puny kindred on the neighboring hills, the domestic cattle!

There are sixty in the herd, and Jumbo is the monarch. Plainsmen who have slaughtered his kinsmen by the hundred, say they never saw a finer animal. He weighs 3,000 pounds; his brown beard nearly sweeps the ground; his strong, black horns are almost lost in a magnificent crest of silky brown hair and his shoulders are level with the head of a tall man. "Devilish Dick," as he is called, is almost as fine a specimen, but there is a vicious gleam in his eye which prevents a very close inspection of his points. Four years ago one of the cowboys came a little too near this tremendous brute, and one sudden lunge of the massive head sent the cowboy to the country where there are not supposed to be buffaloes.

This is the C. J. Jones herd of buffaloes, one of the few remaining remnants of the millions that once swarmed over the plains, and almost the only hope of the perpetuation of the species.

The disgraceful story of the extermination of the American bison has no parallel in the history of game slaughter.

Forty years ago it would have been as easy to number the leaves of the forest as to calculate the strength of the vast hosts which swarmed over all the western plains and hills, from the Mississippi to the Pacific and from Canada to the gulf. Of all the quadrupeds which ever inhabited the earth, naturalists tell us, no one species ever marshaled such invulnerable armies as did the American bison.

As late as 1871 it is estimated that there were in the great southern herd, which covered the country south of the line of the Union Pacific railway, between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 head. In that year the railroads penetrated the country and the systematic slaughter began.

The report of the Smithsonian Institution gives these figures for the "hunting" for the three following years:

In 1872 white hunters killed 1,491,480 buffaloes and utilized the hides of 407,163. In 1873 the number slaughtered was 1,508,625 and the number used was 754,323. In 1874 only 158,583 were killed and 126,867 were used. Of the gigantic array of 3,158,730 butchered by white men during these three years over half were left lying untouched where they fell.

Today even the bones which whitened the plains for miles have disappeared, and there is not known to survive a single specimen in a wild state.

In 1887 there was a herd of 200 under government protection at Yellowstone. There may be a few there now, but none have been seen for a year or more and they are supposed to have been killed off. A few others in captivity, some kept for breeding purposes and others for exhibition. Mr. Charles Allard, in the Flathead Indian reservation, Montana, has thirty-seven head. Buffalo Bill's wild west show numbers among its attractions a herd of thirteen buffaloes, but these are not of the same breed as disease and accident that very little can be hoped from it in the way of perpetuating the species. Mr. Charles Goodnight of Garden City, has nine head in the Philadelphia Zoological gardens there are eight. In Lincoln park, Chicago, there are six head and in half a dozen other places there are held groups of two and three and several single animals.

With the Jones herd an earnest and intelligent effort is being made to save the species from utter extinction, and the fact that the animals may be domesticated and made a source of profit has also been demonstrated.

Mr. Jones is perfectly well qualified for this task. He was in the center of distribution of the great southern herd from 1860 until their final disappearance and was by profession a buffalo hunter. When the great slaughter began in 1871 he was employed by his neighbors to shoot buffaloes for a head, and they would follow him and secure the hides. His method was what is known as "bull hunting" and he has averaged from thirty to forty head a day. On one occasion he shot seventy-two head without shifting his ground. He acknowledges that he was frequently ashamed of his work, but with the whole country out hunting he did not feel like missing his share. In 1873 he began to realize that the wholesale slaughter was being made to exterminate the species, and he had finally appeared on an inexhaustible supply of game, and made his first effort to preserve the species. On the Solomon river in western Texas he captured several calves which he subsequently sold. He went on expeditions to the last remaining haunts of the animals each year afterwards until 1888 and the herd now at Omaha is testament to his courage, skill and pluck in the chase. Every one of the adult animals was run down, lassoed and tied up in his own hands.

His last and greatest feat was in May, 1888. There was known to be at that time a small herd in the unbroken mountains of Texas which could not long escape the rifle. With an elaborate "outfit" of men, horses, and camp equipage Mr. Jones started from Garden City, Kan., to capture it. For forty-two days and nights the party followed the animals across the staked plains until they had finally lassoed and captured the entire herd. Only buffalo hunters can realize what such an achievement means.

From this herd "Buffalo" Jones now secures three or four fat blooded calves each year and a number of half breeds—"calves," he is his term. The hybrid product of the buffalo and Galloway cattle is a magnificent animal. Its robe is nearly black and fine and silky in texture and with a brilliant luster characteristic of the Galloway cattle. One enough of one of these robes to make a coat Lady Foster, wife of Treasurer Foster of Canada, once offered Mr. Jones \$300, saying she preferred it to seal.

In half breeds the domestic animal seems to predominate, and the casual observer might not notice the long hair, the small hump at the shoulder and the slight shagreen about the neck. The robes are driven and bred back until they were only one-sixteenth domestic, when even his trained eye could see no difference from the full blooded buffalo.

The profits of buffalo raising are very considerable. The animal feeds cheaply and looks after himself in all sorts of weather. His robe alone is worth the price of two good bullocks. In domestication his meat is equal to any range beef. One good animal will yield each year for sufficient to make a blanket. A taxidermist will give from \$100 to \$500 for his head and if Mr. Jones' big Jumbo, which was put on the market he would bring \$1,000.

What the possibilities of domestication may be yet to be determined. The two big bulls of the Omaha herd are driven to cart by the owner, and when it is considered that their agility is remarkable for the size of the animals, that their strength is tremendous and that they have the speed of the average horse this means something. This novel chariot team, with perhaps the whole herd, will form one of the attractions at the World's fair at Chicago.

Mr. Jones is more than an adventurer or a speculator. He has become an enthusiast on the subject of buffaloes, and no man ever rode hobby more honestly or earnestly. When he began capturing these animals he knew no more of their peculiarities than

other plainsmen, but his association with them has fitted him with a love for the great shaggy brutes and a zeal for their salvation that is quite sublime in its way.

In beginning the work of subjugation preferences were used by men when going about among the animals, but the buffaloes were intelligent enough to comprehend the nature of the sharp lines and when they were not to be seen they reassured their majesty. Mr. Jones hit upon the device of having short pieces of gaspipe placed at either end with wood and these pipes filled with sharp brads. These weapons were carried concealed, and when the animals became demonstrative they were jammed into the tough hides or buried at the big humps with all the force possible. At first the burly fellows received these attacks with a pained surprise, but in time they apparently concluded that these mysterious prods were a part of man and they had better not provoke attack. At any rate, they have become quite docile under the treatment. Men among them freely separating them or driving them about as readily as though they were so many cows.

In connection with his work of domestication, Mr. Jones has experimented with the buffalo's fur and has succeeded in making a cloth as fine as lamb's wool. Under the long coat the hair of the animal is a short fur of the softness of swansdown. When the hair is shed in the summer the under hair either falls off or is plucked by hand. In the latter case the animals are tied, and the more unruly are thrown to the ground and their legs fastened to the posts four and a half feet apart. There are ten to twelve pounds of fur on an animal, enough to make a big brown blanket as warm as an old-time buffalo robe and as light as a bed cover. Mr. Jones wears in winter an overcoat made of it and trimmed with the glossy fur of the catalo, and under clothing, stockings and other garments have been woven of the same material. He presented one of the blankets to the price of the fur as a gift, and he has received a grateful acknowledgment of the unique gift.

In his several expeditions Mr. Jones captured 200 animals, but saved only four, the only ones which have survived. Full grown animals taken wild invariably die in captivity. He had no success saving any over six months old. Many animals, even among the younger ones, died apparently in fits of anger. When they found themselves prisoners they went into a fearful rage, stiffened their limbs, and though they were held down and held. Others broke their necks in trying to escape.

On his first expedition Mr. Jones captured eleven buffaloes, but saved only four. He was 200 miles from a ranch having a cow, and he had to feed the little fellows on condensed milk, which did not agree with them. On his third trip he took away with him to the staked plains of Texas and out of thirty-seven buffaloes saved thirty-two.

Most of the animals that survived were from three weeks to four months old. The buffalo calf is of a tawny color, resembling the hues of the sand and the grass and the color of the great plains. For the first three weeks of its life it is hidden by its mother, and its color blends so closely with its surroundings that wolves and other enemies may pass within a rod of it without discovering its presence.

In addition to his own captures Mr. Jones bought forty-two buffaloes in Manitoba, four of which succumbed on the journey south. He has raised seventeen buffalo calves in captivity, six of them dropped this year, and has every prospect of continued success in that direction. He has ten of these catalo, the buffalo and the catalo, by the way, run together, and the domestic cow suckles a full blooded bison as calmly as though an infant of its own species.

Mr. Jones has furnished buffaloes from his herd to Paris all the way from the Golden Gate on the Pacific to Austin Corbin's reworked estate in Vermont. Others have gone to stir the curious interest of gazing holiday crowds in Europe. Wild west shows and rich individuals with private zoos to stock have also drawn on this herd for their supplies.

The oldest buffalo living is supposed to be one in a Paris zoological garden, which is known to be 20 years old. Jumbo, 6 years old, is the patriarch of the Nebraska herd. These animals breed readily in captivity, and this herd is capable of an enormous increase if properly handled.

Proposals have been made a generous proposition to the government looking to the regeneration of the race. He offered, if the government would provide the land, and pay the bare expenses, to take his herd to Texas, to watch them carefully and let him breed for twenty years without taking any of them from the herd. A congressional committee, in a report favoring the setting aside of the land, but omitted the necessary appropriation on the plea that all of Uncle Sam's spare cash was needed for dressing unknown creeps and pilfer fathomless wallows. Unfortunately Mr. Jones is a poor man. Austin Corbin and certain Englishmen are scheming for possession of the herd, and there is danger that this, the buffalo's last hope of salvation, may be ruined.

TRAINING DOGS FOR WAR.

They Take to Messenger Service and Soon Learn to Hate French Infantry. Interesting experiments in training war dogs are in progress on the Thompson and Brix, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York Sun. The work is done by noncommissioned officers, under the occasional supervision of a lieutenant. The system of training is elaborate and difficult, and often enough the results are utterly unsatisfactory. But a small percentage of the dogs tried are accepted for military service, and of those accepted the majority prove to be failures in consequence of the impossibility of suppressing their natural tendency to bark whenever an enemy approaches.

In the present work on the Tempelhof field the dogs are taught that to regard French and German uniforms as friendly, and red trousers as hostile. About half of the trainers wear French uniforms, scold the dogs in French and cuff or whip them. The dogs are taught thus in a short time to distinguish between French and German during day-time, and to give the alarm whenever a French uniform comes in sight. They are taught to give the alarm whenever anybody approaches at night, the distinction between friend and foe then depending upon the nearest sound.

Training dogs for messenger service has been found much easier than training them for picket duty. The couriers are selected invariably from the females, as they are pickier and less likely to utter along the road. The first lesson taught to such a courier dog is that she must hide upon the approach of a human being, excepting, of course, her special trainers and camp followers. A sergeant at Tempelhof field told a reporter that his dogs had learned already to hide behind hedges or to crouch out of sight in ditches whenever anybody came along the road, and then to continue their journey with renewed speed as soon as the danger of detection was by. The messenger dog wears a light iron collar, with a small bag attached for the dispatches.

The greatest difficulty, the sergeant said, had been found in accustomed to an artillery dog, and the first charge of cannon usually they bolt. After having once been accustomed to the use of firearms, however, he said, the dogs were the most courageous soldiers, and ran about without quailing in the thickest of the fight. The German spitz has been found most valuable for the service on account of its intelligence and endurance. The best color for facilitating the concealment of the messenger dog has been found to be gray, and therefore gray-haired dogs are selected whenever practicable. A few more Scotch collies have also been impressed into the service, and a few St. Bernards. This latter variety is employed exclusively by the Red Cross field service, and hence it is asserted that in the next war there will be no possibility that any of the wounded will be overlooked on the battlefield.

The officers of the York County Agricultural society for the ensuing year are: S. A. Myers, president; Dr. D. E. Forstner, vice-president; R. K. Rice, secretary; J. N. Parsons, superintendent; J. W. Robinson, assistant superintendent; John C. Robinson, marshal; W. H. Reader, treasurer.

TONS OF BRIGHT RED ROSES

How the Fashionable Swells Go Broke on Costly Flowers.

THIS SEASON'S FASHIONABLE FLOWERS

White Pinks, Violets and Roses Have Been Selected by Society Leaders as the Correct Thing This Winter.

(Copyrighted, 1892.)

"I want to be hung up." When a dapper young "bloody" or an old Gotham dandy comes into a floral establishment in Fifth avenue some bright fall afternoon and sees the above expression at the same time winking the other eye, the tradesman knows that the customer is in love, and that this is perhaps the beginning of a long campaign, in which the principal scene is to be Cupid dallying amid the flowers.

Maybe she's an actress. In that case there will be no limit to the hanging-up matter. Every swell Gotham florist knows that his customers seldom pay cash for the floral decoration to their love affairs. There is plenty of risk in the business, but the profits are so large that the tradesman takes the risk.

You would be surprised at the number of men in swell circles who play "broke" to their florist. "Chase me, chase me." "What is what they say when the tradesman presents a bill.

Flowers for the Ballet Girls.

Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent yearly by the young ladies and old chappies of Gotham on their favorite accessories. Maybe Cholly goes to the "Black Crook" some night, and there, on sight, falls under the fascination of the chorus girl's fatal beauty. She's a port little thing in pink tights. She has long, blonde hair, fine as spun gold. If you love her devotedly and truly, as Cholly does, you will readily do anything for the hair of your love. If you are cynical or dyspeptic, you will have your doubts about her age and her hair; but Cholly's eyes are bright and sparkling when the lime light is flashed, or when his beauty is enveloped in the dizzy and bewildering rainbow tints of light through the colored glass under the big calcium reflector.

That night he hangs around the stage entrance.

Next day he goes to his florist, takes that worthy aside and tells him all about it. "I think a \$100-dollar basket will do." "Cholly nods.

"I will make you a basket four feet high. It will be delivered over the footlights promptly at 9 o'clock. It will be decorated with very wide pink and blue satin ribbon a yard long. For a hundred extra I will put a couple of ovals in the basket, concealed amid the roses. The doves will have satin ribbons tied to their feet, and the basket is handed over the lights the attendant shakes the souvenir and out fly the doves. Ah, old fellow, what do you say to that, eh?" "You're well, hang me up for two hundred, don't you know."

Awfully Expensive Posters.

This is about the way the average Gotham heavyweight opens the fall season. He will keep sending flowers week after week, until his fond one takes flight, and then he will until his eye is entranced by some new beauty. If he is mainly in love, he will follow his darling everywhere, rivers and states. It is often done by the giddy boys of New York.

They usually return wiser and tamer chappies, though.

It is a common thing for a swell New York florist to prepare a \$300 basket for some actress. To order a \$100 basket is a commonplace. A \$300 basket usually consists of culled roses, generally American Beauties, of rare size and sweetness. The flowers are put with the clover and when the basket is gold-tinted basket stand four feet high. The offering is picked out with great widths of blue, gold, pink or gray ribbon. In the center of the bouquet space is left for a satin or lace bow. The usual protestations of regard are written on scented note paper. Something is said about "sweetest," "darling," "my heart's delight." This is the opening of the romance.

We will leave Cholly to follow the details.

Reckless Society Girls.

There's a new fad this fall. It is that the young society woman is to spend her pocket money buying her dear little bouquets. This may seem like a trivial affair; but then the fashionable buttonhole is something whose cost is staggering, considering all things.

"Well, Mau-ud, what are you going to buy me today?" This was his request as they strolled, arm in arm, past the swapper floral shop. The darling girl takes the hint at once. She invites him in. She gravely goes up to the counter. She studies his countenance, his complexion, and his cane. She makes up her mind what color will harmonize with his appearance.

She closes her eyes and considers pansies, violets, lily of the valley, roses, and White Pinks. She selects at last a buttonhole of white pinks. The bouquet is of enormous size. It is a good thing that her escort has a strong spine, else he would drop under the load of sweetness she now is placing on his lap.

It is the fashionable bouquet for chappies. It is as large as a plate. The swell thing this season is white pinks. The bouquet is stung in size and stung in sentiment. The swapper girl buys her chappie a bouquet every afternoon.

Miss Milton's Roses.

Little Miss Milton receives roses in January. They are rare American Beauties. They cost in Fifth avenue, \$1.50 per rose. That month she gets two dozen a day in a big blue-and-gold box. Cholly pays for these.

"There are hundreds of high-rollers in Gotham," says the excellent Miss Milton, "who spend each season to keep their families sweet in flowers for the giddy queen of the footlights and upon their lady loves. "It is not uncommon to receive an order from some young duc to deliver to his lady friend a bouquet each morning, say for a month. He will plunk down \$100 with the order. For this sum he will send little Miss Milton a bunch of selected roses for thirty mornings. There is to be an air of romance over the gift. It is to be sent to the house promptly at 9 o'clock each morning. No note or name is to accompany it. Little Miss Milton is not to know you, you know. Of course he will call each night, and see his flowers on the piano. Maybe, one night, he will be rewarded by seeing her wear one beautiful rose in her yellow hair. I am sure that is worth \$100 to any young chappie."

"Do women ever do that sort of thing—leave money for flowers?" "Well, I cannot say that they ever do."

This Season's Favorites.

The flowers that are to receive the sanction of the "fancy 1892" this fall are white pinks, first, then violets, then roses. Orchids will also have a call. These are very expensive indeed. Would you like to spend a \$2 bill for a single orchid, along with December? Maybe you would consider it cheap. At any rate, that is the price.

Most fashionable people wear their flowers on Saturday. No one knows why this is. It is one of the unique facts about Gotham's wealthy class, in the matter of flowers, their use and abuse.

More flowers are sold on Saturday afternoon than on any other day of the week. Madam drives up in her carriage. Her driver runs from the stop to her carriage door. "What will it be today? yes, some white pinks; yes, we will send them by messenger at once; three large baskets, at \$20 a piece; very well; oh, certainly, we will charge it—certainly, certainly."

Then comes the young duc; then the old chappie; then the gray-haired duc; then the pet young thoroughbred girl, with the fine eyes and the peaches-and-cream complexion, who always speaks of her gown as a "bouquet."

A car load of American Beauties and sent them over to Boston in a refrigerator car. They were designed for Miss Lillian Rossell. The chappie sped on ahead. In due season he was seen "down in front." The play progressed. It was time to bring forth the flowers. Why this waverling? Why this suspense? The dandy suddenly lost heart! He was captivated by the charms of a new beauty, the beauty who was out in the lobby. He changed his letters of affection! It was not the darling Miss Lillian now. It was some one else! It was a young, ravishing beauty in the cast. He hastily learned her name from the program! Then he went back and waited her next entrance.

What a sensation those flowers created! There were, so it appears, bouquets of rich, ripe, red roses. The audience was beside itself with joy. The blushing young woman to whom they were consigned, tried to bow her acknowledgments. The fair Lillian was in the buff! The darling chappie in the box, "down in front," gaily clapped his hands. It was an occasion to be forgotten. It was a new experience in the abuse of flowers.

And the band played "God Save the Queen." Flowers for Funerals.

There is no limit to the money that may be paid for floral decorations for a swell Gotham funeral. The late lamented Patrick S. Gilmore's funeral was made memorable with offerings whose value ran up into the thousands, but it is sweet to know, however, that many of these flowers came from the common people who loved him so well in life. General Grant's funeral was graceful, swell florists say, with more flowers than New York ever saw before or since.

In Gotham, if you die, your friends will probably remember you with a pair of "floral boxing gloves" at your demise.

In Gotham if you die at half past 8 your friends will probably remember you with a grand "floral hall clock," the banus stopped at half past 8.

In Gotham, if you die a letter carrier, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral lamp post and mail box," with a letter to yourself on top of the box, addressed with your name and the legend, "At Rest, in Heaven."

In Gotham, if you die a railroad man, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral train car engine and all." In Gotham, if you are connected with the Brooklyn bridge, and should chance to die, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral Brooklyn bridge," maybe nine feet long.

In Gotham, if you are to die a duc or a chappie, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral swigzerette case," bearing the words on the cover: "Cholly, Gone Up Higher."

JOHN HUBERT GREENE.

SOMETHING ABOUT OMAHA.

Omaha's bank clearings have shown a greater per cent of increase during the past year than have those of any other city.

Omaha's wholesale houses have nearly doubled their business within the past year.

Omaha's manufacturers are employing more than 100,000 extra men they had on their payrolls last year.

Omaha has had fewer failures and smaller losses than any city of its size on the continent.

Omaha has the largest smelting works in the world.

Omaha is the third pork packing center in the world and the present rate of increase in the business is such that it will be the city in the second place within a few months.

Omaha, according to the census of 1890, had a population of 140,452. The population in 1880 was 93,514.

Omaha has 18,180 pupils in the public and denominational schools.

Omaha has seventy miles of paved streets. There are nearly 200 manufacturing establishments in the city, having a capital invested of \$1,000,000.

There are 437 teachers employed in the schools and colleges of the city.

There are 150 miles of graded streets in Omaha.

Omaha has sixty public school buildings in Omaha.

Omaha has a complete sewer system, nearly 100 miles in all.

There are nine national, nine savings and two state banks in Omaha, with a combined capital of \$4,000,000 and deposits averaging \$25,000,000.

There are more than 100 churches in Omaha.

Omaha has as fine a water plant as there is in the country. It was built at a cost of \$7,000,000 and has a capacity of 50,000,000 gallons daily.

Omaha has ninety miles of electric railways.

Omaha has the largest distillery in the world and three of the largest breweries in the United States.

During 1891 the clearings were \$231,128,995.

The actual real estate valuation is \$250,000,000, while the assessment for taxation is \$18,000,000. The postoffice receipts for the year were \$361,588,293. This department gave employment to forty-six clerks and sixty-six carriers.

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JONASSEN JEWELER, QUITTING.

STORE FOR RENT. FIXTURES FOR SALE.

HAVING fully made up my mind to go out of the jewelry business, I shall not allow anything to stand in my way looking toward a clean sweep. The stock of

WATCHES IN GOLD or SILVER

CLOCKS, DIAMONDS, AND ALL JEWELRY

of whatsoever description must be gotten rid of before the first day of January next, and I know of no more effective way than for you to name

YOUR OWN PRICE.

With that object in view you can, between the hours of 2:30 and 5 and 7 and 9 p. m. of any week day, pick out what you want and hand it to the auctioneer who will offer it

AT AUCTION

at once. The store is open all day from early morning till late at night and those who prefer can make their purchases

AT PRIVATE SALE.

LADIES' DAY Monday.

At all times ladies are welcome, but they are specially invited to be present on Monday, when many interesting novelties will be shown.

No finer line of jewelry and all else that goes to make up a first-class stock can be found, and when coupled with my extraordinary low prices, you can not afford to miss my sale.

N. B. The genuineness of this sale is without question, owing to circumstances over which I have no control. Convincing evidence will be given, however, to those who call.

S. JONASSEN, 1311 Farnam Street.