

## DAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

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### THE GIRL WHO LOVED HIM SO.

"Ha, ha!" said Chappie Fizlewig, and he laughed in ghoulish glee.

"I'm making love to a dozen girls, but none shall marry me;

I sigh to them and I lie to them and I fall upon my knees.

As I twist their trusting hearts about precisely as I please."

And the parlor clock  
Beat on tick, tock.

And the gaslight flickered low,  
As he waiting sat and held his hat for the girl who loved him so.

And when she'd frizzled her old-gold hair and painted her faded face,

She came a vision fresh and fair with comely, child-like grace.

"Poor, unsuspecting soul!" thought he; "she little dreams that I

Flit on from bud to bud as does the careless butterfly."

And the parlor clock  
Beat on tick, tock.

And the gaslight flickered low,  
As he somehow planned to hold the hand of the girl who loved him so.

And when the proper time arrived he fell upon his knees,

And words he wished to emphasize he'd give her hand a squeeze:

There was no one near his tale to hear so he told her of his love,

As true and pure and constant as the stars that shine above.

And the parlor clock  
Beat on tick, tock.

And the gaslight flickered low,  
As with subtle art he won the heart of the girl who loved him so.

And the tender, trustful maiden, she—she laughed a gentle laugh.

For she knew each word was clearly caught in her sofa phonograph,

And when he knelt before her, she a button gently pressed.

And her photographic camera in silence did the rest.

And the parlor clock  
Beat on tick, tock.

And the gaslight flickered low,  
And she sweetly smiled did the guileless child—the girl who loved him so.

The world went round and by and by he tired of her love.

'Twas then that she reminded him the stars still shone above.

And into the court the phonograph and the photographs were brought,

And the girl young man threw up the sponge for he saw that he was caught.

And the parlor clock  
Beat on tick, tock.

And the gaslight flickered low,  
And the guests all came and he gave his name to the girl who loved him so.

—Chicago Post.

## COWBOYS' HARD WORK.

### What They Do in a Branding Round-Up.

#### Why Cattle Are Always Driven North—Seven Horses for Each Rider—What a Night Storm Means to a Cow Outfit on the Range.

The sun is beginning to lift its broad disk above the line which marks Eastern sky and land. It is a big, red sun and will become smaller and hotter as it climbs the dome of day. It is sunrise in the Cherokee strip and the first long slanting rays light up a rolling prairie, illimitable in expanse and stretching away until its irregular, wavy outline is marked against the sky. Now and then, and miles away, small clumps of stunted cedars and jack-oaks make a dark-green polka-dot in the lighter colors of the grass, while a streak of thickly growing trees which serpentine across the scene marks the rocky channel of some water course. There will be a breeze to-day and the long grass, now cool with dew, is already seen to bend and move under its influence.

Over to the north a mile glances the white canvas cover of a wagon. It is the "chuck wagon" of a round-up outfit, and the thin blue smoke which rises near it shows that breakfast is going forward. To the left a herd of some 2,000 cattle of all sorts and sizes, from the complaining calf to the adult, is stretching slowly to the northwest, the members whereof are feeding as they move. Three cowboys in big hats, booted, spurred, with cotton handkerchiefs knotted loosely about their sun-browned necks and waists adorned with a cartridge-laden belt and its dependent six-shooter, ride slowly about on the sides and rear of the herd, never urging, but holding and pointing the animals in the proper direction. The present purpose of this outfit is to work to the nearest pen and brand the unmarked calves it has collected.

Branding is the most important feature of ranch life. It is the purpose of a ranch owner to keep his cattle within certain limits, which limits, however, expand and grow with his herds. These limits are called his range, and, being free pasture, are occupied, not only by his, but by the cattle of perhaps twenty other owners. Each owner to protect himself has his brands, such as 7 K, L X, L I T, etc. Ex-Senator Dorsey's brand is a triangle of equal sides enclosing a dot and is known to the cattle world as the "triangle-dot" brand. These brands are on the left or right side of the animal and owner's rights find further exposition in certain earmarks. There are divers methods of ear-marking well known to cattlemen, and are variously called swallow-fork, under-crop, under or over-bit, under or over-back, crop, half-crop, etc. The purpose of an ear mark is greater safety to owners, but, aside from that, it is a labor-saver to the cowboys. Brands are

difficult of discernment when cattle are crowded into herds, but both ears are ever pointed forward for inspection as soon as one attracts the animal's attention. This enables a rider as he moves through a herd searching for the cattle of a certain brand, to find his animals with ease.

Branding goes on all the year round and as often as an unbranded calf is found. Every rider carries as part of his outfit a curved iron, not over large or long, which he calls his "running-iron," and at any time if he discovers an unmarked calf he ties it down, builds a fire and brands it.

The latter spring and earlier summer months is the epoch for the general round-up for the purpose of branding calves. This spring round-up is engaged in by all owners on a certain range in concert. They form among themselves an association, the books of which point to the number of calves the owner brands each year, and in making up these round-up outfits and in furnishing men, the proportion of each owner is determined by the number of calves he last branded. The number of men and ergo the outfits necessary to round-up, handle and brand the cattle and calves on a certain range, is determined by the number of cattle and calves shown by the association books. The number of men fixed on, they are broken up into outfits, each in charge of a range boss and accompanied by a cook and chuck-wagon, which serves the dual purpose of purveying the grub and packing the blankets. Generally there are from eight to twelve men in each outfit, not all representing the same brand, but all taking their orders from the range boss of that outfit. Each rider has seven horses, and as these form quite a bunch, two of the men are detailed as "hoss-hustlers," and one of the two has charge of the bunch night and day, holding it near and carrying it along with the grub wagon as the cook moves camp.

The number of men and outfits being determined and the quota to be furnished by each brand being fixed, on a certain day they all start for the south side of the range. Each outfit takes an assigned post and all together making a line along the southern border of the range, reaching from its eastern to its western limits—sometimes a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Then the round-up begins, all moving to the north, covering the entire country, and bringing the cattle along much on the same principle that a room is swept. Every man save cook and hoss-hustlers ride to the right and left of his chuck wagon, so far as to touch the work of the outfits next in hand, and the cattle as fast as found are driven into a herd—one herd with each outfit. Two or three men are then detailed to hold and bring on the cattle thus collected, while the rest of the men still scour the range for more, every hour in the day seeing fresh additions to the general herd. This is hard work on horses, and a cowboy generally saddles three of his seven ponies each day, reserving the best one for hard and unusual work during dark and stormy nights.

The object of the round-up at this time is to brand, but as it first starts out it sweeps northward with all the cattle it can find; steers, bulls, cows and calves alike. When a bunch grows so large as to handle with difficulty, a stop is made to cut out all except the cows and calves, the cattle thus eliminated being turned loose on the range again. The work then proceeds as before, and this cutting out process is resorted to as fast as the size of a herd makes it necessary.

The purpose of bringing all the cattle as far northward as possible is to keep them on the proper range. Cattle in any voluntary movement of their own never work north and but seldom and slightly to the east or west. Every storm, however, coming as storms do from the north, sends the cattle to the south and unless turned back yearly to drift over the same range again the cattle of the entire Western country, from the Yellowstone south, would in time pack themselves into the southern extremity of Texas between the Rio Grande and the Gulf.

An outfit from the commencement points to some corral or branding pen. On its arrival there the marking of the calves begins. A branding pen proper and constructed for the purpose is circular in form and made of twelve foot palisades stuck endwise in the ground and flaring outward towards the top like the sides of a funnel. The flare is to keep the cattle as they charge around in the pen from hurting themselves against the sides thereof.

There is one opening through which the cattle are driven, and the center of the corral is marked by a large snubbing post two feet in diameter. A round-up outfit on coming to the pen may meet some other outfit similarly bent, in which event they join herds and forces. As many of the cows and calves as will fill the corral are forced through the entrance and locked in, and then the fires are lighted and the fun begins. Every calf is branded with the brand on its mother, the roper calling the brand to the men at the fires, as he rides up dragging the victim. As fast as a pen full is branded it is turned loose on the range and the pen refilled from the herd. The work is continued until completed when the outfit again moves northward and resumes the further collection and branding of the cattle until the range has been completely and thoroughly combed and the work performed.

Returning to overlook the outfit discovered in the Cherokee Strip, the scene is found to have changed but

little. Breakfast is over and the rolls of blankets which had before been scattered about on the ground are now in the wagon. The cook is hitching on his four mules preparatory to a journey to a bunch of timber which conceals a spring, distant about seven miles and where it is intended the next camp shall be.

This cook, like all good round-up cooks, is a great man and his favor is much sought after. His wages are about twice as large as a cowboy's, and in his way and business he is supreme. His duties are arduous, and besides cooking for the whole outfit, extend to hitching up and driving the four mules which impel the chuck wagon. This is done twice a day, to a noon and a night camp, the selection of which camps is performed by the range boss.

All through the blistering, sun-burned day, the bunch of cattle, guarded by the men mentioned, crawl slowly to the north. Occasionally, at intervals, away over to the right or left, a small herd of cattle is discerned, and presently comes panting up to join the main herd. The cowboy who brought them seizes on the chance, and after a copious drink at the water barrel in the wagon, saddles a fresh horse and rides away. So the work, hard and driving on horses and men alike, goes patiently on.

At night a gently sloping hillside is picked to bed the cattle on. The range boss, assisted by the riders, who are all come in by now, rounds up and stops the herd, the horned members of which, first standing or slowly moving about, at last lie down to sleep. The nine riders are marked off into three guards of three men each—the first to ride the herd until eleven o'clock, the second going on until three o'clock and the third holding the herd until morning.

"It looks like it might be a bad night," says the range boss, "so you all better ketch up and saddle your night ponies and be ready to go on herd any minute."

Supper of bacon, biscuit and canned sweet corn is over and every man's best horse, brought up and saddled, is left to wait any necessity which may arise. By eight o'clock each tired rider not on herd is asleep in his blankets. Two hours go by and the fire has burned out and no longer shows red in the darkness. Suddenly a flash of lightning blazes in the northwest and soon a dull rumble of thunder follows. In an instant every horned idiot is on his feet and moving uneasily about.

All hands are roused out and, grumbling, cursing and blaspheming, ride to the herd. A stampede must be avoided for with so many young cattle in a herd it would be doubly disastrous. The riders—some ten in all—go circling about the herd at a trot or gallop, turning in any cattle which attempt to point out or get away and accompanying their efforts with whistle, song and shout. Meanwhile the rain begins and is presently falling in torrents. The lightning grows brighter and its flashes more frequent and at last as the storm reaches its climax, it seems to quiver, leap and dance on the very horns of the cattle sans intermission. The thunder itself has grown into a constant, never ending roar, and the frightened herd with heads upraised and glaring eyes push about ready on the instant to stampede. This would mean serious business, this turning \$100,000 worth of cattle loose in pitch darkness, to break their scampering legs and frightened necks over precipice and rock. So the boys crowd upon the herd, still circling it, riding harder and singing louder than ever.

At last the morning breaks and the storm, with the coming of the sun, dies away. The herd again is composed and the tired boys, leaving it to stretch out to feed, come riding up to breakfast.—Cor. Kansas City Star.

### THE KING-BIRD'S PREY.

It Carries a Tuft of Feathers with Which It Charms Honey Bees.

Benjamin Franklin Huntington, in old Franklin town, a few miles north of Norwich, keeps a great many bees, and he often wondered what it was that thinned out his swarm. Finally he shot a king-bird, one of a flock of the birds that continually hovered about his garden near the bee hives. He dissected it and found thirteen honey bees in its crop. The king-bird was killed early in the forenoon, so had barely completed his breakfast at that time. It is the opinion of Mr. Huntington that a flock of king-birds, if they are not interrupted, will clean out a hive of bees in one season. Mrs. Huntington's little grandson, Huntington Phelps Meech, who is studying natural history, says the king-bird uses the little tuft of red feathers on its head with which to charm the honey bees. The bird alights on the awaying top of a mullen stalk or in a bush or tree, he says, then turns its head on one side, so it will resemble a flower, then ruffles the rosy tuft of feathers for a charm. The bee comes humming along the flower-like tuft and just as it is about to settle down into the turf the king-bird snaps up the bee and bolts it. Then he sets the trap or charm again and in a moment gets another honey bee. The king-bird, also, is the bravest of feathered champions. He defends weaker birds and their nests against all marauders, doing it seemingly for very love of fighting. Crows, which steal and suck song birds' eggs, are his game always. He will chase a crow a mile and in that time peck all the feathers and skin from the black robber's head. To escape his little tormentor a crow often has to plunge into a thick tree or a thicket, where the little fighter can't get at him. As a reward for such services he catches honey bees.—Cor. N. Y. Tribuna.

### BUTTERWORTH RIDDLES IT.

The Ohio Congressman—His Again and Exposes the Absurdity of the McKinley Bill—It Gives a Tin-Whistle Tariff to Farmers—Necessity of a Broad Market For Our Farm Products—Volley After Volley of Hot Shot For High Protection.

Speaker Reed is a mighty man when it comes to making members of Congress vote as he wants them to vote, but he has not yet acquired the power of putting a gag into the mouths of a few members of Congress. Outside of Congress Blaine continues to "breathe out threatenings and slaughter," and, emboldened by his example, Congressman Butterworth has indulged his soul by giving vent to some more fine reciprocity talk.

Butterworth, as is well known, has long been a strong advocate of reciprocity with Canada. He is not one of those blind leaders of the blind protectionists who think it a good thing to shut ourselves up with tariff bolts and bars and "have nothing to do with abroad."

In his celebrated attack on the McKinley bill it will be remembered that Butterworth complained of our policy toward Canada in these words: "Against our own countrymen here on the North, in whose veins courses the same blood that courses in our own—united to us by a destiny which is above the control of Kings or Congresses—we shut the door, we refuse even to accept their lumber, but send our children shelterless to bed rather than have a fair exchange with them."

In that strain Butterworth went on to show that under President Grant a treaty was negotiated "designed to open the avenues of trade between the northern part of our continent and the southern, not only providing for a free exchange of manufactured and natural products, but opening up the canals and railroads in order that the healthful tide of our commerce might sweep North and South, as it does East and West."

But this treaty was not confirmed. "What prevented it?" asks Butterworth, and he answers his own question:

The avarice in certain localities. The opposition was dictated from the potato patch, from the cabbage patch, from the hop patch. [Laughter and applause.] And before the bill is over you will see my honored friend in charge of the hop brigade, endeavoring to persuade the farmer that his highest good is in confining ourselves to a market where we do not sell now more than three-fourths of what we produce.

After Butterworth had made such a brave onslaught on McKinley's queer measure—with its duty on eggs amounting to "just one omelet a year to each of our people"—some persons were led to suppose that he would vote against it; but party pressure was too great, even for a man with "no star of ambition above him that would tempt him to climb on false ladders."

So Butterworth keeps up his spirits by talking against the bill he voted for. His latest talk was suggested by Harrison's little reciprocity message to Congress transmitting Blaine's letter on the same subject.

He gives his fullest sympathy to the South American reciprocity scheme and says: "The patriot who fails to recognize in the policy foreshadowed by those papers a great opportunity for renewed National prosperity don't read correctly the signs of the times. It is not difficult to discover in the restless discontent which has grown up under the partial operation of our tariff a sure harbinger of the overthrow of those who defend and uphold the extravagant rates of duty which are now imposed."

Butterworth has a very positive opinion that we have carried this protection business too far, and he rejoices that there are signs that a halt is to be called. Here is the way in which he expresses himself: "The country does not believe such high rates are essential to adequate protection. There is no nation in Europe where the Government shows less inclination than our own to mind its own business and let the private concerns of the people alone. When conventions are brought to approve a policy they do not understand, and applaud particular acts of which they have no definite knowledge, we have reached perfection in political machinery. In the presence of such trying conditions, refreshing to read the message alluded to mentioned, pointing out the necessity of multiplying the opportunities of our people by enlarging the area of our trade and commerce."

The prospect of the party for 1892 does not by any means please the Ohio Congressman and he asks: "What is our situation as a party? The tariff un-revised, and no consoling prospect that the Senate will do more than transpose the exorbitant rates than abound in the present schedule."

Then he comes back to the subject of reciprocity as a means of widening the farmers' market, and complains bitterly of a "Congressional policy that would narrow the field of our commerce and snub the nations of this hemisphere, with whom alone we could hope to secure enlarged and favorable trade relations. We make proffer of a plan to give farmers sugar at a reduced rate, but we won't let him sell his corn or pork in order to pay for his sugar. We pacify him by pointing to his home market, as if we had to stand guard over it to keep him from losing it. Yes, the farmer has a home market and he holds it by a title above the power of Congress. He is shown a tariff schedule which runs the whole gamut from snap beans through peas, onions, peanuts, squashes, cabbages, eggs, oranges, hops, corn, rye, and wheat—all of which is as useful to him as a duty on tin whistles."

McKinley's "farmer's tariff" is further derided by Butterworth:

What use to him (the farmer) is a tariff on wheat? We don't import any. Of what avail is a duty on corn? We can't bring a peck from abroad. But we have succeeded in shutting ourselves out of the Canadian market, where we sold over \$21,000,000 worth of farm products each year. "But," says the adversary, "we shut the Canadian out of our market." Yes, we burned the farmer's candle at both ends. We euchered him by shutting him out of the market where he sold a large part of his surplus and kept our people from buying of the Canadian what we don't produce in kind and quality at home.

And what are the protected manufacturers doing to deserve the high protection that we are giving them at the expense of the farmers? Butterworth answers:

In the meantime it is claimed with a show of justice that the favored ones are charging your home folks more for the output of their plants than they charge foreigners for many lines of goods. And there are those who deem it possible that the people will approve of that course of conduct, relying on a Republican Senate to disregard the protests of those who suffer.

And what a fine attack is this on the present rage for high and higher duties!

I repeat again—and the approving echoes are coming back from all points of the compass—that every increase in the rate of protective duty beyond what is essential to secure to our manufacturers an equal opportunity with their foreign rivals in the competitive field is a gross wrong to the taxpayers, the consumers, and is anti-Republican. It is a blunder that is akin to a crime.

And we are confronted with the charge that we are still blundering and voting it in the interest of a few thousands and at the expense of the millions. The injury comes in various forms. Its most humiliating aspect is in the fact that it makes our prosperity partial and makes the mass of the people the servants of the few, and does it in the name and under the guise of protecting labor and cherishing our infant industries.

As the remedy, finally, to all this unreasonable high tariff policy of exclusion Butterworth says we must "remove all the barriers that hamper our commerce and rule us out of the markets of the Western Hemisphere." We must not yield to "the clamor of a few along the border who would ignorantly or selfishly sacrifice the broad interests of a nation of sixty-five millions of people to the special, peculiar and wholly partial advantage (if it could, in fact, prove an advantage, which I utterly deny,) of a very few," for "this is a Nation, not a neighborhood, and our legislation must be fashioned to promote the good of all."

Now let Butterworth vote as he thinks, and all friends of a low and reasonable tariff will believe in his sincerity, and claim him as a co-worker for the best interests of the country.

### THE FARMER'S NEED.

Mr. Blaine as a Witness that the McKinley Bill is Hostile to the Interest of the Farmer.

After Mr. Blaine's recent letter to Senator Frye, it does not seem necessary to go into any very elaborate argument to show that the present tariff and the proposed McKinley tariff are hostile to the interests of the American farmer. Mr. Blaine is a protectionist of unimpeachable orthodoxy, and a Republican of the straightest sect. He, more than any other one man, is responsible for the radical position which his party now occupies on the tariff question, for it was under his leadership in the campaign of 1884 that the party came to advocate protection for protection's sake. Yet he says in the Frye letter:

"I do not doubt that in many respects the Tariff bill pending in the Senate is a just measure, and that most of its provisions are in accordance with the wise policy of protection. But there is not a section or a line in the entire bill that will open the market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork." That is a very serious charge, it means that Mr. Blaine's Republican friends have constructed a tariff bill which, however much it will help the various trusts, is sure to have disastrous results upon the largest and most important industry in the country—the agricultural industry.

If there is one thing that the farmer needs more than another it is a market. He has a large surplus each year which he can not dispose of at remunerative prices. The supply is largely in excess of the demand, and so prices fall to such an extent as to threaten the farmers with bankruptcy. That is the situation under the present tariff. The markets are too narrow as it is. One would think that those charged with the construction of a new tariff would remedy this defect. And yet after the McKinley-Reed crowd has done its work, the great Republican chieftain declares that their tariff "will not open the market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork." The farmers did not contribute to Dudley's "blocks of five" fund, therefore they are left out in the distribution of favors.

"Our foreign market for breadstuffs grows narrower," says Mr. Blaine. What relief do the tariff builders offer? Absolutely none. The proposed protection is a sham, for the farmer is subject to no competition in the home market. The effect of the increased duties will be to still further narrow his market, for they stand in the way of trade—that is their avowed object—and they are sure to provoke retaliation on the part of foreign nations. And when that war of retaliation begins—may, it has already begun in France and Germany—it is the farmers' products that will suffer.

Mr. Blaine is right. And it is encouraging to know that many of the farmers, notably those in Minnesota, have at last got their eyes open to the way in which they have been humbugged. It is about time they were beginning to look out for their own interests.