There was one season of the year I dreaded—dehorning and branding time. I always shuddered every time I went by the Squeezegate and I used to shut myself up in my room and stuffed cotton into my ears so I would'nt hear the loud bellowing and bawling of the tortured animals.

The round up was a beautiful sight, with the cattle pouring down the hills and access the meadows from every direction—long armies of them, tr trailing along with the riders, in their pictures que chapps and hide shirts and flowing ties and cowboy hats, riding before, behind and flanking either sid

One branding time I am never likely to forget. There were 2500 head in the corrals. All night long the mothers of the calves that were being weaned had kept up an incessant bawling, andswered by their young in adjoining corrals. The calves besides being weaned were to be branded, and a load of yearling stuff that had come up from the stock yards were to be not only branded but dehorned. They were big stuff all most full grown. In some way or another one of the corrals gave before the mad stampeds of some of the penned cattle. They burst through and with their bleeding heads shaking from side to side, they swept down upon I was in the living room at the time. The first I knew that the house. something unusual had happened was when there was a great thump against the outside wall of the house. I heard the loud shouting of the riders, tearin down in oursuit of the "doegles", as they call the cattle.

I looked out of the window and it seemed to me as if the house were surrounded by cattle. They were trampling over my flipwer beds and crashing against the walls. Some of them had actually come up on the verandahs and at least one window was smashed.

Of cour se, the fugitives were soon driven back, but when at last

I dared to venture out I saw a sight that shocked and namesated me. All one
side of the house —it was painted white, with green roof and gables—
was splashed thick with blood! I sat down on the ground weakly and I found