

## PRUE, PLEASED AND POUTING.

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS.

When Prue was pleased,  
The nursery folks were happy as could be;  
Miss French-Doll smiled, and Pierrot never teased,  
And all the dollies lived in harmony—  
When Prue was pleased.

When Prue would pout,  
The nursery was a sadly dismal place;  
Miss French-Doll sneered, and Pierrot was a lout,  
And every dolly wore a sorry face—  
When Prue would pout.

“Please, pretty Prue,”  
The little nursery people all implore,  
“Be always sweet and gay and cheerful—  
do!  
And we'll not scold or quarrel any more—  
Please, pretty Prue!”

## THE SKEE-HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

A SNOW-STORM, heavy even for the high altitudes of Colorado and Montana, had just come to an end. The wind had literally blown itself out, and the mountains, peaks, and cañons of the great inland plateau were covered with snow, heaped and piled in marvelous drifts that changed the entire appearance of the country, raising great mounds of white in unexpected places, and covering the land for thousands of square miles with a mantle of dazzling white—the winter quilt of nature, protecting the resting trees, shrubs, and other vegetation from the deadly blizzard that swept so relentlessly over the land.

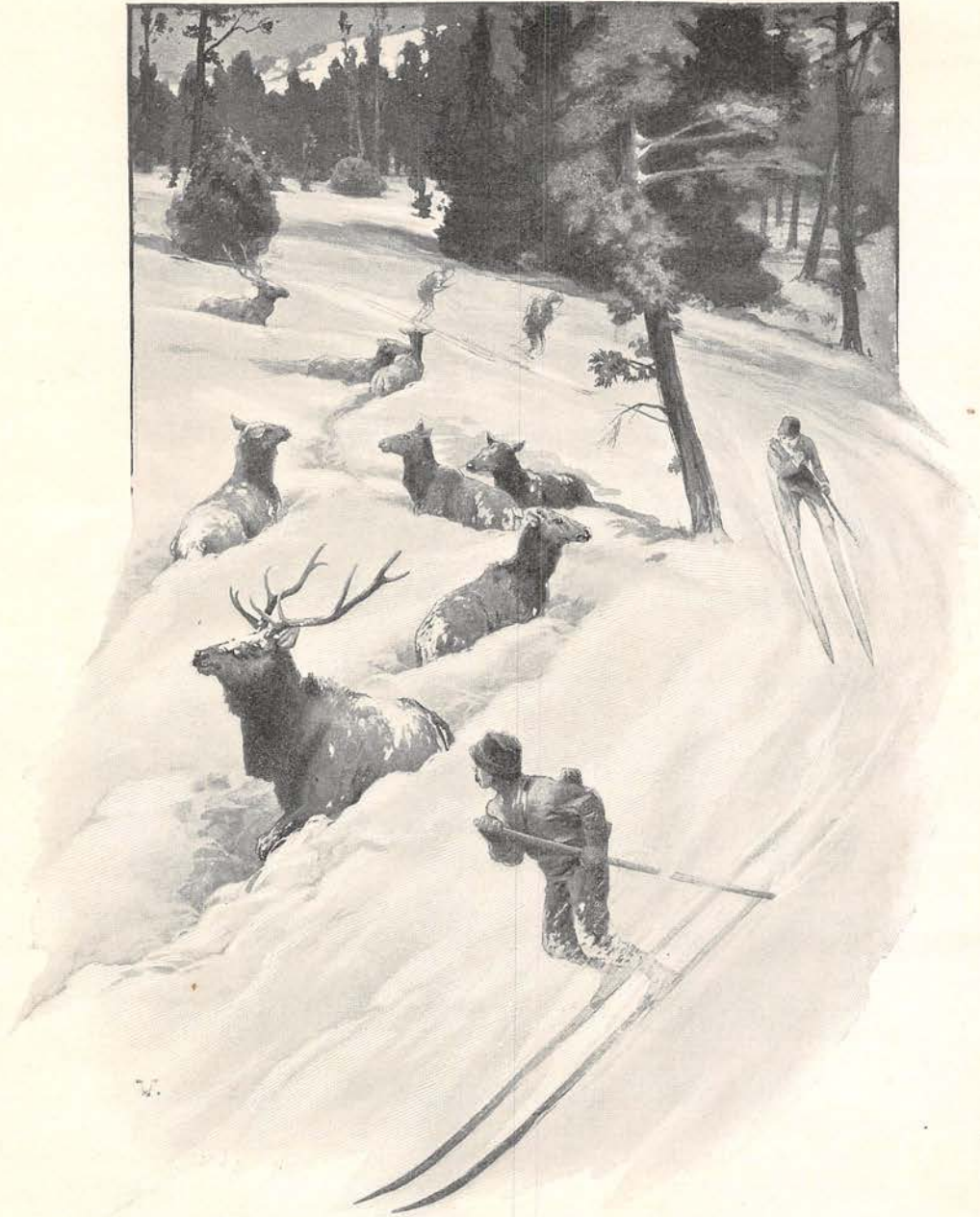
The wind had gone down, and there had followed a cold so intense that the upper surface of the snow had frozen into an icy sheet, glistening in the sunlight like silver, throwing back a thousand hues and rays.

One deep cañon in particular presented a singular appearance. It was a perfect cradle of snow, many hundred feet deep, with sloping sides, and trees like huge pompons rising on the summits of them, the interior being perfectly smooth. On the morning after the storm several furred and muffled figures could be seen

stealing along beneath the trees. Each had those peculiar snow-shoes, called “skees,” fastened to his feet, and each held a long pole firmly in his hand. The skees were pieces of wood seven feet in length and half an inch thick, turned up tightly at the end, and were really little sleds on which the men walked and slid along.

The latter were not ordinary hunters, but men famous in their county for their skill in skee-racing, and trained in the dangerous art of sliding down a mountain-side at a speed inconceivable to any one who has not witnessed it in the northern counties of California, where skee-racing is a favorite pastime, and men become very skilful. These men were engaged in a more serious work. They were the hunters who supply wild animals to the zoölogical gardens, or to the circus, or to any one who desires living wild animals. Every man was a tried woodsman; every one had killed the great game of the Rocky Mountain country—grizzlies, mountain-sheep, black bear, mountain-lion, and many more; and to-day they were in search of the elk, specimens of which were desired to stock a great game-preserve in the East.

It would have been an easy matter to go out



"THE HERD PLUNGED THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW."

and shoot an elk, as the men could have crept upon them from some concealment; but it was necessary to take them alive and uninjured, and this explained the stealthy movements of the men as they crept along the upper edge of the great cañon that dropped away beneath them.

They walked from tree to tree, keeping on the side away from the edge, but occasionally they would creep to it and glance carefully over into the cañon, looking up and down.

Suddenly one of the party stopped and uttered a low whistle. Looking in the direc-

tion indicated, the others saw a herd of elk standing deep in the snow in a secluded corner. The hunters at once left the edge of the cañon, and, now out of sight, hurried on until they reached a point directly opposite the herd. Here they held a hasty consultation, and then, at the orders of the leader, they crept out and found themselves directly above the herd.

Grasping their poles more firmly, they swung themselves lightly over the edge, and then began one of the most exciting and remarkable races possible to imagine: five men rushing down the mountain-side with the speed of the wind — now sliding along the smooth surface, now rising on a slight incline and bounding into the air. They seemed more like shadows gliding down the white sides of the cañon than like mere men.

The herd had seen the hunters at once, and, terror-stricken, dashed away, breaking through the crust, plunging through the deep snow, and becoming, in a moment, at the mercy of the flying men, who, with loud shouts, dashed down among them, even going some distance up the other side in their wild race. But they turned to slide again among the terrified elk, that now headed down the cañon, urged on by the hunters, who easily approached them. The men, by cries and shouts, added to the animals' alarm.

The object of the men was to drive them out

upon the level plain below, and so, selecting the animals they wished to capture, they threw their lariats over the branching horns and literally "drove" before them the elk steeds they had chosen.

The cañon was presently left behind, and at its entrance the men selected the two elk they wished to keep, and a photographer took their pictures as they are here shown — plunged deep in the snow, no doubt trembling with fear at the strange instrument aimed at them, defenseless and helpless, though the open country was before them.

When the elk could no longer be driven, they were caught, bound, placed upon sleds brought for the purpose, and hauled to the ranch. Here they were released in a game corral, and were fed until spring, and until the snow had melted so the railway could be reached. They were then hauled to the nearest station and shipped to the game preserve for which they were captured.

In this way, by plunging down with great velocity among the animals, scattering them here and there, and forcing them to break through the snow-crust, nearly all elk are taken. Even bears and wolves are sometimes captured in the same manner, though the latter are more often followed by wolf-hounds that have been carefully trained for the purpose.

