HOW WE JACK LEARN A NEWEST SPORT ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

The Sport Is Not Polo, Cricket Nor Golf and Yet Combines Some Features of Speed —What the Pony Part in the Game.

It is a fresh morning. The air, light and crisp, blows from the east. The prairie is carpeted with flowers. Far in the distance rises a lonely butte, blue and purpling like a cloud. A line of dark clouds almost upon the horizon's edge betraying that their roots are washed by a shallow stream that becomes a deadly torrent in the rainy time. The yellow-breasted field lark carols keenly from the grass. The sparrow hawk cuts the air with sigzag wing. Seven are in the party—five men and two women. They are well mounted. The horses are the small, nervous, closely built product of the prairie. They do not seem stiffs as far as the big horse of the cities, but they pick it up faster—with marvellous swiftness, in fact. They are hardy, too. They shall carry you at top speed until they drop and he is nothing the worse for it in a day or two. They get little corn, which is heating, but all they can eat of the most nutritious grasses in the world.

The dogs are coupled—sleek, graceful, handful creatures—and their owner holds them by a stout cord which passes around his wrist. Their slender limbs are quivering and their eyes blaze with excitement. The greyhound is probably the least intelligent of our canine friends, but he knows when he is wanted for the chase. It is his chief dissipation. A hundred and fifty yards ahead and slightly to the right a jack-rabbit springs from a clump of weeds. He is bounding away in long, slow leaps at half speed, he looks not unlike a fawn. His tremendous ears point straight upward. He is traveling upon three feet, holding the other clear of the ground. The dogs are unleashed and are off like a bolt from a crossbow. Simultaneously the rabbit lengthens his stride and begins to get down to business. With a backward glance of his prominent dark eye he has seen them and knows that the race of his life is on. The pursuers are fifty yards away and going like the wind when the word is given and the reins are loosed.

The turf is springy and level as a floor. The rushing air sings in the ear. One feels the quick leaps of the horse, but the eyes are fastened upon the chase. It is all in plain view. It could be seen two miles away.—The dogs do not give tongue. They run wholly by sight. Their chase is as silent as the grave and as relentless as death. They have put a half a mile behind them and are warned to do their work. The quarry has left them by seventy-five yards