

# THE CHRONICLE.

COLFAX, - - - LOUISIANA.

## FOREVER NEW.

Once more the sweet unrivaled spring  
Makes green the grass about our doors;  
In living light the phebe soars,  
And, thrilled with life, forbears to sing.

Yet those broken notes belong  
Sweetest, too deep for words,  
For we must leave to eager birds  
That which we fail to put in song.

Though no new tidings she may hear—  
The same with each succeeding May—  
Yet must we listen and obey  
And find immortal passion there!

Though hills are green, and country ways,  
And were since Life and Time began,  
There comes anew to every man  
The hope and power of April days.

So might those eager lines contain  
A breath of spring that stirs me through;  
The springtime is forever new,  
The April sunlight and the rain—  
—Dora Baskin, in Christian Union.

## OLD TIME HEROISM.

It was a sultry morning in the month of August, 1782. Freshly the green woods waved around the little settlement of Bryant Station, pitched in the far Western wilderness, near the shining Kentucky River.

The previous summer a party of settlers from Lexington had built their cabins at this place, and surrounded them by a fence of logs, called a stockade. A deep, narrow ditch was dug, and large, long logs were planted in it upright and close together, when the soil was filled in around them.

Such a fence or palisade was usually fifteen or twenty feet high, and an efficient fortification against an enemy that had no cannon with which to destroy it. It was built with crooks or angles, called bastions, and was pierced with many loopholes, through which those inside could discharge their rifles at a foe outside.

Ingress and egress was afforded by a heavy gate of logs, swinging on huge wooden hinges, which, when closed, was as strong as any part of the walls. There were about fifty families living within Bryant Stockade—one hundred and fifty souls in all. The men were principally farmers, and their beautiful farms lay without the fort, covered at this time with corn, potatoes and flax ripening for the harvest.

On those green, growing crops the settlers were depending for their winter's support, and they guarded them with watchful eyes. There was labor and care in it, for daily the husbandman worked in the field with his trusty rifle beside him, and night and day a guard stood sentinel in the little watch-tower on the walls to prevent an Indian surprise.

It was a peculiar time on the frontier. Incited by English agents the Western savages were waging a fierce war against the encroaching whites. The red men were carrying devastation far and near, burning cabins and hamlets, and putting their prisoners to death with cruel torture. Aply was Kentucky termed "the dark and bloody ground."

Upon this particular morning there was unusual stir within the stockade. All night long the men and women had been busy cooking, moulding bullets and making preparations for an early march to Hay's Stockade, near which they had just heard Captain Holder had been defeated by the savages. At sunrise the whole garrison stood on the parade ground, all armed and equipped, and their knapsacks holding food for four days.

The women and children were all out saying good-bye. Captain Reynolds had issued his last orders, and the gate was about to be opened for their departure, when suddenly every face paled and the little children began to cry with fear at the horrible war-cries of Indians.

There was a rush to the picketing, and through the portholes the settlers saw on the hillside, among the standing corn, forty or fifty savages brandishing their tomahawks, firing guns and uttering fearful whoops.

"Let's out at them," cried one of the young men. "We outnumber and can beat them in open fight." Instantly thirty of the pioneers rushed to the gate; there they were stayed by some of the older men. Versed in backwoods life they knew Indians too well to thus venture their lives by leaving the fort.

"Go not out for your lives," said Captain Reynolds, an experienced frontiersman. "Yonder band of yelling Indians is only a decoy party to draw us out where some larger concealed force would destroy us."

So none left the stockade at that time, but afterward, when it was quite certain that a large body of the savages were gathered in the surrounding woods, the settlers determined to send some one to Lexington to warn the people there, and to obtain assistance.

Two of the garrison volunteered to undertake the dangerous mission. There were horses in the fort, and mounting two of the swiftest, the brave men darted out of the open gate, and rode as fast as they could down the Lexington road.

Everybody in the stockade looked to see them fall, shot down by Indian bullets, but the concealed enemy remained perfectly quiet, thus showing that they counted on their presence being unsuspected, and were also numerous enough not to fear any reinforcements that might be sent from neighboring stations.

The Indians along the road were not in sight of the gate or of the road, and they still continued to make their horrible noises.

"Yell away!" exclaimed an old Indian fighter. "We ain't fools enough to go out and lose our scalps, and the durned imps ought to know it."

The garrison now held a council in order to consider what was best to do. They felt that they were but a handful beside the enemy, and knew not what their savage foes would attempt. It was determined to keep a constant watch on every side of the fort, but in no other way to show any suspicion of the ambushade in the woods.

There was no water inside the stockade.

The last drop had been used during the night in preparing for the march so suddenly interrupted. The spring within the enclosure had given out weeks before, and through the long, hot summer the garrison had depended for their supply on a spring some ten or a dozen rods from the stockade, and near the bushes where the savages were supposed to be concealed.

There was no knowing how long the siege might continue. It might hold out for several weeks, but even if it continued twenty-four hours there were fears that the pioneers would perish from a worse foe than the bloodthirsty savages. Something must be done, and that immediately.

A long discussion took place. Several plans were proposed, but none seemed feasible. If the men went out in any number it was almost certain that they would be shot down, and a rush made for the fort. What could be done?

"I will go out alone," said the commander, at last. "The redskins will not fire upon a single man, and I can bring water enough to save us from death by thirst."

"Nay, that should not be," cried a dozen voices. "Take any of us, but don't go yourself, Captain. The risk is too great, and we cannot spare you."

"Why need a man go at all?" asked a girl standing by. "Let the women go after the water, as they always have done. Probably we could go to the spring and return in safety. The Indians surely will not forfeit their hope of taking the stockade by surprise just for the sake of killing a few women."

Captain Reynolds's bronzed face grew pale. It was his daughter who spoke—a brave young thing scarcely seventeen, whose lover was one of those heroes who had risked their lives to go to Lexington.

"Lass, thou art too forward," answered the commander, sternly. "When the men lose their courage, then the women can go and risk their lives."

Others opposed the bold project. Those brave men had no heart to see their wives and daughters shot down by skulking savages. They could venture their own lives, but they could not permit the women and girls to rush upon destruction.

But the idea of Deborah Reynolds was popular with her own sex. The older women spoke in favor of it, and so many and such good reasons were urged in support of the undertaking, that Captain Reynolds and the men at last assented to the plan.

In order that there should be no partiality, every woman in the stockade able to carry a pail of water was to engage in the perilous task. It was also decided that they should not rush out in a crowd, but should file along by twos or threes, as naturally as possible, so as to excite no suspicions among the Indians.

In order to run the faster if they had need, the women took off their shoes or moccasins and went barefooted. The strongest of them carried two pails, but a large number took only one.

Before the gate was opened the minister knelt and prayed, and all, fair women. When they arose there were tears in the eyes of the bronzed frontiersmen, and the faces of the women were paler than ever, but they looked very brave and solemn.

Then there were hand-shakings and hurried farewells said, for none knew whether they would ever meet again. Captain Reynolds kissed his wife and daughter, and with a broken voice said: "Look out for mother, Debby. She is not so spry as you are. Take good care of her, and may God save you all."

One by one, two by two they began to slip through the gateway and start for the spring. Two of the strongest pioneers stood by the gate to close it if a rush was made. The rest of the men were gathered along the stockade at the portholes, each with a loaded rifle near him, besides the one he held in his hands, ready to fire on the savages if they offered to attack the women.

Some of the latter could not help glancing timidly toward the tall woods and thick underbrush, but most of them walked carelessly, as if they suspected nothing, though their pale faces and swiftly beating hearts told of the fear and suspense they were in.

Young Deborah Reynolds was the bravest of them all, she whom the captain had asked to guard her mother. As they stepped out of the gate the heroic girl placed herself before her older companion.

"Don't do so, Debby," said the mother, "walk behind me, then if the Indians fire they will have to kill me before they can hit you."

"No, I told father I would look out for you; and for his and the children's sakes you will let me," replied Deborah. "I should not be missed half so much as you."

And so the brave young woman kept between her mother and the savages, both going and coming from the spring. A glimpse of red legs in the shrubbery and the glint of a tomahawk when a sunbeam shone upon it, did not serve to make her more assured, but in a few minutes they were all back in the stockade and not a shot had been fired.

Some of the buckets were not very full, it is true, but the poor women did their best, and it was a heroic deed. In all history we know of no more daring deed than the women of Bryant Station performed on the borders of the Western wilderness almost a hundred years ago.

The Indians kept hid until night, when nearly a thousand of them attacked the stockade, hoping to surprise it. But they found the garrison ready for them, and they were met so resolutely and vigorously, that they had to fall back, leaving many dead and wounded.

The next day the surrender of the fort was demanded, but a spirited refusal was returned, and as the savages had already experienced the determined resistance of the whites, they molested them no further, and stole away through the great forest.

ulous and highly civilized region. Many years have passed since the last Indian left the spot, but the visitor there will be told the story of the heroism of the Bryant Station women, and on the outskirts of the town he will be shown a ruined cellar, above which stood the house where brave Deborah Reynolds and her brave husband lived for many years, and where they died more than forty years ago.—Boston Budget.

## "A Lump in His Throat."

Had he said he was a hundred years old you would have believed him. He was so old and thin and trembling that it was painful to note his progress. In one hand he carried his staff, and in the other a little clay flower pot with a small rose in it. His limbs finally gave out and he sat down on the curb stone to rest. A pedestrian who had known the good old blackman for years passed that way and said:

"Well, Uncle Billy, aren't you lost?" "Deed I hain't, sah, but dis ole fram o' mine tires out purty quick nowadays. Ize had a heap o' walkin' to-day an' Ize gwine back home wid a lump in my froat."

"What's the matter, uncle?" "Did you know dat my ole woman was dead? Yes, sah, she died las' fall, jist befo' de snow came. She was tooken off purty quick, wid some sort o' fever. It wasn't much of a fun'ral. I had to go up to de grave yard in de wagon wid de coffin, an' den I stood by while dey buried de body in de poof' field. Tell you, sah, dat was a sad day for me. It's put de aige on me powerful fast."

"Yes, you have grown old very fast. What's your trouble to-day?" "Deed, sah, you—see dis little flower? I bought dat to put on her grave up dar. Seuse my voice, sah, but Ize got de heart-ache, an' I can't keep de tears back!"

"And you've been up there?" "Deed I hev. When we buried de body I looked at de trees an' grave-stuns an' paths aroun' dar, an' I fought I could walk right to de spot whenever I wanted to. I went up dar dis mawnin' to put dis flower on de grave, but I was all turned 'round an' I couldn't find de spot! I looked an' looked, but twan' no use, an Ize takin' de flower-home agin'!"

"I wouldn't feel bad, uncle." "Ize tryin' to brace up sah, but Ize got so old an' trembly dat I feel like a chile. No, tain't no use to feel bad. I spect de body will rest jist as well wid-out de flower, only Ize bin feelin' sorter tender hearted o' late, an' I dreamed dat de grave looked lonesome."

"Don't worry—it will be all right. The grass will cover the grave and make it look as well as any." "I reckon it will, sah. I'll sink git de tears outer my eyes if I kin find dat way. Joggin' long down from de grave yard I war wonderin' if dey would bury my ole body longside o' hers!"

"Perhaps so." "O! I hope so, sah! I know dat de dead can't talk, nor see, nor feel, but somehow it seems as if we'd boaf rest easier if I war clus by, an' when I go into heaven I want to be looked arms wid de wife whose love would hev lasted forever but for death. Am you gwine? Waal, good-bye. I'll set yere for a little time yet. My ole eyes keep fillin' right up, an' I can't see de way till I grow stronger. Tain't nothin' to cry 'bout, but Ize feelin' dreary to-day."—Detroit Free Press.

## Claude Melnotte in Real Life.

I was recently told by a young French gentleman (the son of the Prefect of La Rochelle) one of the strangest romances of real life that ever came to my knowledge. Some four years ago a peasant boy who lived on a farm near the town of Clermont-Ferrand saw and fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a gentleman of good fortune and position, he being at the time seventeen years of age and the young lady just sixteen. This new Claude Melnotte was so madly in love that he went straight to the house of the young girl's parents and demanded her hand in marriage. The father treated the preposterous proposition with good-natured scorn. "Come back when you have an income of 200,000 francs, (\$40,000)," was his answer, "and then we will see about it." The infatuated youth took him at his word, and forthwith set to work.

Now, one of the peculiarities of the town of Clermont-Ferrand is a scarcity of water. There is no river near it, so it relies for its water supply on springs and wells. Under these circumstances, a spring is a valuable piece of property, and commands a relative high price. So the young peasant lover set off for an adjacent mountain, there to search for hidden springs. My informant said that he had honeycombed the whole side of the mountain with his works, constructing at one point a tunnel over two miles in length. All this was executed with his own hands. He works from dawn to dark, lives upon potatoes of his own planting, and never spends so much as a sou upon a mug of beer. Every Sunday he goes to mass in the town, after which he proceeds to the house of his lady-love, to ask if she is married, or likely to be. On receiving a response in the negative he plods contentedly homeward and starts out fresh to his toil on the morrow. This life has continued now for full ten years. Up to the present time he has discovered three important springs, each of which he has sold for \$5,000, but though now possessed of what for a man in his condition of life is wealth, he abates none of the hardships of his existence. He has one fixed idea, namely, to become the possessor of a fortune sufficient to enable him to claim the hand of the object of his blind passion. Yet no one who knows the parties even imagines that the young lady will ever consent to marry him. She is now twenty-six years of age, and is pretty; refined and accomplished, while he is a coarse, unlettered peasant, without even physical comeliness, as he is short, thick-set, with a broad, stolid countenance. What will be the end of his dream. I wonder? My informant told me that the story was true in every particular; he had himself visited the works, and entered the curious tunnel, and been presented to this new Jacob, willing to serve even more than seven years for his Rachel.—Mrs. Hooper's Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

—Wheat of excellent quality is raised on the shores of Puget Sound.

—Good, unimproved, cotton lands can be had in Louisiana for \$1 an acre.

—There were 6,714 births in Rhode Island in 1878 and 4,441 deaths. The little State is getting crowded.

—A sawfish fourteen feet long, including its saw, which is three feet long, and with forty-eight teeth, was caught in a net at Mayport, Fla., a few days ago. Its teeth, it is said, indicate that it is twenty-six years old.

—John W. Bacon, of Lexington, Ga., owns a mule twenty-one years old who always goes alone to the blacksmith shop when she loses a shoe or when anything else is the matter with her feet.

—A young fox taken from a litter was placed with a litter of kittens at Watkinsville, Ga., a few days ago. The mother cat at once adopted it, and now evinces a much greater interest in it than in any of the rest of her family.

—A wood-chopper near Binghamton, N. Y., who recently had his leg pinned by a falling tree, was rescued through the intelligence of his dog that started off, and through its piteous barking and persuasions induced the man's son to follow it to the woods.

—A woman rushed into the Pawtucket (R. I.) Free Library a few days ago and earnestly requested the librarian to select for her an interesting novel, as her husband was not expected to live until morning, and she wanted something entertaining to occupy her mind.

—The Queen of England, says a London journal, never moves, either at home or abroad, without being accompanied by untidy-looking bags, bundles and baskets, and innumerable small boxes, all containing things which would be much better placed in one large trunk.

—The Denver Tribune office is surrounded by a moral crowd. There are three saloons and four gambling houses, an "opium joint" and a ten-pin alley about it, a lottery in the building and one side fronts on Holladay Street. Under such conditions, says the journal named, it is quite a task to get up a strictly Christian paper.

—Sir Hugh Allan, the millionaire ship owner of Montreal, began life as a dry-goods clerk with a capital of \$100. He is now worth \$10,000,000, is seventy years old, and may be seen at his office, busy with the details of his business, from 10 o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon of every working day.

—Personal investigations in various sections of Ireland by those who deeply sympathize with the unfortunate people of famine-stricken districts have revealed, not perhaps actual starvation, but conditions of distress and wretchedness to which death would indeed be preferable. Gifts from America are relieving multitudes.

—Brigandage is assuming threatening proportions in Spain, where there are now at least thirteen bands of brigands actively and profitably at work. The most celebrated leaders of these bands are: "Juanillos," whose headquarters are in the Sierras; El Terrible, in the province of Alcazar; "El Zurdo," in the neighborhood of Malaga; "Agul," in the Asturias; "Miguelillo" and "Rubio," in Grenada.

—A more than extraordinary case of longevity is reported from Tachiribori, Osaka. A man called Iseki Gihai is living there who was born on the 10th of July of the 8th year of Kuanzei, and who who reached in March of this year the age of 243 years. As he expressed himself, he can be considered as a living chronicle of the Tokugawa Government, which was established about 280 years ago.

—It is bad enough to have athletes compete in long-distance walking matches. It is too bad to induce cripples to do so. Yet there is to be held soon in Paterson, N. J., a thirty-six-hour walking match, in which all the competitors must be one-legged, and walk on a peg or artificial leg. The first prize will be an artificial leg worth \$100 and thirty per cent of the gate money. There should be a society formed over there for the prevention of cruelty to one-legged men.

—The Rev. Mr. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., is the happy possessor of an umbrella that is fifty years old. It is made of green silk, with a white border, is in an excellent state of preservation, and will yet outlive many umbrellas of more recent manufacture. It has not yet experienced the uses of adversity. Perhaps it has found tongues in trees, books in the Rev. Mr. Brooks, sermons in old umbrellas, and good in pretty much everything.

—A distinguished Connecticut clergyman performed the marriage ceremony for a wealthy couple. Immediately on its conclusion the groom fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and, extracting with his thumb and finger a small package, handed it to the clergyman. It is not considered etiquette to examine such a package until after its donor has departed. The emotions which agitated the soul of that clergyman on finding that the package was nothing but a paper of tobacco would be difficult to describe in type.

## Newfoundland Dogs.

Every one is familiar with the characteristics and appearance of the Newfoundland dog, but few are aware that it is a popular mistake to suppose that to secure a good specimen of these noble animals it is necessary to send to the country from which they are named. In point of fact the pure breed is almost extinct in Newfoundland, and there are to be found there now in their stead a race of mean-looking, shabby, cowardly, thievish mongrels, the degenerate descendants of a once noble race, and as different from them as the modern Greeks from the heroic Greek of Homer. Neglect, ill usage, starvation and hard work have wrought the change. Rather more than two years ago an effort was made to introduce another breed, the celebrated Leonberg dog, the finest in the world, a development of and a decided improvement on the original Newfoundland. The breeder of this race is Count Esseg, of Leonberg, Wirttemberg, and hitherto his endeavors have been crowned with success.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Lies go by telegraph; the truth comes in by mail, three hours late.—N. O. Picayune.

—It doesn't take a plate of soup long to cool, unless you want to eat it.—Salem Sunbeam.

—The reason that persons file their marriage intentions is that everything may pass off smoothly.—Yacoo Straus.

—The census man will be around about the 1st of June. Now, ladies, brace up and own up. Don't let the figures violate the old adage, you know.—Graphic.

—Every time a man truly repents he is born again, but there is lots of people who repent every night regular so to be ready for active bizzness to-morrow.—Josh Billings.

—"Aint that a lovely critter, John," said Jerusha, as they stopped opposite the leopard's cage. "Waal, yes," said John. "but then he's dreffully froekled, ain't he?"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

—"Don't you wish you was a big man?" said one newsboy to another. "K'rect I do. I'm jist dyin' to be big enuff to git shaved an' have one o' em barbers powder me all over and squirt cologne juice at me," was the reply.—New York Express.

—A medicine firm sends us a sample bottle, with the advice to "give it a trial." We gave it a trial, which is more than we would do for its inventor. The unanimous opinion of the jury was that shooting on first sight would prove highly beneficial in his case.—Danielsonville Sentinel.

—Down in the dell where the grasshopper sleeps  
Its heart is beginning to beat,  
And the locust of Egypt will make up for  
his leaps,  
And levy on somebody's wheat.  
It has nothing to do the whole summer  
through  
But steal and chirrup and eat,  
And fill up its trunk, as the grasshoppers do,  
With kernels of bearded wheat.—Frisia Post.

—An exchange, deprecating long visits, long stories, long essays, etc., advises persons to "Learn to be short." When our contemporary sends out a man to collect subscriptions, he will be surprised to learn that nine out of every ten persons have already mastered that lesson.—Norristown Herald.

—"It isn't dying," said Mrs. Brown-smith, "that troubles me. I am not afraid of death; but it makes me sad to think of leaving my friends. I often think what would become of you if I were gone?" "O! you needn't let me interfere," replied Brown-smith eagerly; "don't let me stand in your way, darling." And the house took up the question of "Resolved, That Brown-smith is a brute," passed it through its three readings without a dissenting voice, and adjourned precipitately for a real good cry.—Boston Transcript.

## What an English Election Mob Can Do.

On Friday, the election day for Cricklade, a holiday was granted to the men employed at the Great Western Railway Carriage Works, near New Swindon. It was at first thought that the election would pass off quietly, but soon after six o'clock the crowd became vicious, and, starting from the lower part of New Swindon, attacked each of six or eight hotels and inns which had been placarded with Conservative bills, and by means of stones and bludgeons smashed in the lower plate-glass windows and the upper windows, and filled the bars and the bedrooms with flints and bricks of every size and shape. Most of the landlords had had warning, and managed to get their doors locked and their bars cleared of glasses and jugs, and with their families and customers, secluded themselves under the bar counters or in small back rooms. In one case the mob attacked a china shop, kept by a Conservative elector, wrenched off the bar of the shutters, which they pulled down, crashed in the window and did damage to the stock upstairs and down to the extent of £40 or £50. They then passed up to Old Swindon, smashing the public lamps and the windows of several private houses and there attacked three or four well-known hotels, and then they turned to the back of the premises of the North Wilts Herald, the printing offices of which were lighted up for the men who were at work getting out the paper, and sent stones through the windows and caused the stoppage of the printing machine. A body of policemen turned the roughs out of the lane, and prevented their attacking the front of the offices in Bath Road. After that the mob went again to New Swindon, still smashing and howling as they passed down Prospect Hill, and there continued the uproar. It was now getting on toward midnight. It had been feared the disturbance, if any, would take place at Cricklade, and there the larger number of constables had been gathered. But matters went off quietly there, and the police were despatched as soon as possible to Swindon, where they arrived in time to enable the local superintendent to tell the mob in Regent street that if they did not disperse and cease their violence he should attack them. The ringleaders sneered, and threw a volley of stones at the police, who, about thirty or forty in number, ran upon them, and after a stiff struggle, dispersed them, and no further attempt was made to continue the riot.—London Telegraph.

## How Curran Broke Down.

A successful man can well afford to tell of his first failure, and laugh over it. The great orator Sheridan and the Prims Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, broke down in their first parliamentary efforts; but they persevered as every one must who will triumph. The following is Curran's description of his first appearance at a debating society: "I stood up. My mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but for want of a preface the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling at every fibre, though remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully. I took courage, and had actually proceeded about as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet it was to my pain-stricken imagination as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled thousands were gazing on me with breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried, 'Bear down! but there was nothing to bear down. My lips, indeed, went through the motions of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that his enemy had maliciously soaped the bow or rather like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indelicately neglected to administer the words." Such was the debut of Jack Curran or "Orator Mum," as he was waggishly styled, but not many months elapsed before the sun of his eloquence burst forth in dazzling splendor.

## Breaking a Bronco.

A bronco colt is usually allowed to run on the range till he is four or five years old without being handled at all, and in some cases they become so wild that, if at all badly handled in breaking, they will never be quite broken.

When a colt is to be broken the breaker of horses in which he runs is driven into the corral and the breaker throws his lariat on his neck, while another man ropes him by the fore feet in order to throw him down. Some men prefer to throw him in this way, and others merely rope him by the neck and choke him to the falls. As soon as he falls a man runs to his head, losing the rope on his neck so as not to choke him, and kneeling on his neck, holds his nose up in the air, the rope on the fore feet being pulled tight and held short so as to raise his feet off the ground. Held in this position the horse cannot get up, and the breaker can put on and adjust his halter and blinds with perfect facility. The rope that was thrown on his neck in the first instance with his nose is removed and the end tied to the neck in a firm knot, the rope being passed through the halter ring and fastened there. The blinds are drawn over the forehead, but do not cover the eyes, they are ready to be drawn down.

After all these things are done, the rope on the feet is slackened so that the nose will open and fall off, and the head is loosed at the same time and the horse gets up. There are one or two men holding the head rope, so that there is no fear of his getting away. After he is on his legs, the breaker walks up to his head, keeping a hand on the rope, so as to be able to jerk him round in case he should attempt to whirl and kick, and stroke him on the nose. If he is a wild one, it will take several attempts before the breaker can get a hand on him at all, but in a short time he can be handled on the head and nose.

If the horse is worth taking some pains over, the breaker will handle him perhaps half a day before putting a halter on. He will begin to teach him to lead, will handle him all over, and teach him not to be afraid of a man, and will rub him down the legs and pick up his feet, and do all he can to get the horse's confidence. If, however, the breaker wants to do the work as fast as possible, he will, as soon as he can, rub the horse on the head, draw the blinds down over the eyes, and proceed to saddle him. It is not usual to put on a bridle at first, as a horse cannot be pulled up by a bridle until he has learned that it is meant to stop him, but a hacomore is used instead. This consists of a plaited rawhide that encircles the nose, being fixed on a headstall of the same material. Short hair rope is used for reins, ends being tied on to the ring under the jaws; the ring is placed so far down the nose that when pulled upon it will shut off the horse's wind and then he can be stopped.

Everything being adjusted, the breaker mounts and pulls up the blinds and starts the horse up with his quirt. He usually begins bucking at once, and breakers prefer to let him have a good spell at it and to quiet him well meanwhile, and then in many cases he will never buck again. It takes a good ride to sit on a bucking horse; the rider must be thrown well back in the saddle and the back as loose as possible, while the saddle is gripped tight.

It is usual to have an assistant on a gentle horse to give the unbroken one a lead, and to head him off from any danger or dangerous ground that he may try to run into, for, knowing nothing of the use of the reins, he can only be guided by pulling his head round to the main force. After being ridden two or three times the colt will travel well with another horse, and soon become broke, through his nose being made wide by the hacomore ring, and then a bridle is put on as well as the hacomore ring and both reins used at once. After a few lessons at this the hacomore is dispensed with and the bridle used alone.

A colt will very soon learn to drive a band of horses, but at first he will be run into the band instead of round them. He can be made very useful in driving horses within a week of being taken up, but it takes longer before he will be of much use for cattle. In ten days to three weeks he will be so gentle that any fairly good rider can manage him, though he will be liable to buck for some time when anything goes wrong. If at first he does not succeed in getting rid of his rider he will give up trying to do so, but if he once manages it he is encouraged to attempt it whenever he can take the rider at an advantage.

A breaker will have several horses in hand at once; he will keep them on a picket rope or in the stable for some time at first, teaching them to let him walk up to them in the corral.

When a horse is badly handled at first, and allowed to get loose with his rope on, and to throw his rider, and to have his own way, he is frequently "spoilt," and in many cases never comes thoroughly broken. He has learned that he is stronger than a man, and that he can have his own way if he takes advantage of his opportunities.

A breaker will undertake to break horses at from \$5 to \$10 a head. He will gentle them so that any ordinary rider can take them to put to work, but he cannot at that price make them thoroughly breakable, nor break them in every particular. They will need careful handling and watching for some time, and cannot be trusted like an old gentle horse.

It is important to see that the horse is broken on both sides.—Chicago Tribune.