0000000000 Breaking .. 6 a Broncho.

By Philip Uerell Mighels. 0000000000

THE grassy slope of a great irrigation ditch that wound along the de above a Nevada valley a young w was lying on his back, talking a sauey bluejay perched on a near-sagebrush. The bluejay was scold-no doubt of it. He jabbered away a very shrill, discordant voice, bbed his tail and agitated his topot most ridiculously. The boy was

Sitting up presently, he gazed at the oad, level flat—the floor of the valley that stretched far to the great blue puntains, miles away on the other a cleared of sagebrush-by the flowwater, for too much water is death the brush. On it the grass grew undantly, and a herd of half-wild rses was grazing there in comfort of unusual beauty. He was of stnut color and plump and sleek. legs were slender, his neck full and ely arched. His head, which he conintly tossed with a scornful, haughty His long mane and tail floated d, this young broncho ate nervously. mped a great deal and frequently vated his nose to sniff what his eyes bt fail to see.

What a beauty he is," Bob soliloized aloud. "Oh, don't I wish that stnut were mine! Look at him now! 't he great! Oh, but I'd like to get traddle of you, my boy!"

Would you, though?" said a pleasvoice behind bim. sob leaped to his feet to find "Old

Treadwell," as the wealthy ranchhad been dubbed, on the other side the ditch, mounted on a large bay e, upon which he had ridden noisely within hearing distance of the 's speech. Yes, I would, sir!"

He's the most ornary piece of hoss sh that ever walked, that's what he rejoined the rancher, speaking emphasis. "He shorely is." is he, really? Why, how-He's mine.

ep, and worth nothin' at all. I've him busted by the best broncho ers in the valley, but it don't do good. He lets 'em ride 'cause he pitch 'em off or kill 'em; but the ute anybody else tackles him he's

bad as ever—if not worse!" bob's color had been rising while this eription had been growing. He now ked a very statue of defiance. I'd like to try that horse," he re , clowly.

Well"-here the rancher paused and waited breathlessly-"if you'll h that hose you can have him. for f me. Only I warn ye, he's no good a terror to boot." Dh, thank you-"

Hold on, Bob. Wait till you've stradhim for a second or so and see you feel. Give my regards to your her." And away rode the rancher.

b waited a moment, then jumped the air, rolled on the grass and ed himself in delight.

h, ho, you beauty!" cried he, shakhis fist at the distant horse; "someis going to grip those round sides ours mighty soon, or my name is Fuddlepudding, with lots of fuddle Let's see, now, how I'll catch without another horse to run him What's the matter with the crawltrick I learned from Injun Joe? ome.

ocuring from the shed a long, soft with a slip-noose at the end-a , though quite inferior to those of rawhide—the tall young fellow soon on his way back through the h to the open piece of ground. He out of sight of the watchful chestproceeding forward only when the al was feeding. On coming to the of the sagebrush, an eighth of a from the band of horses, he coiled then he lay flat on the ground egan to crawl, dragging the noose I, but going directly toward the

now he moved only when the ut's head was up, his object bebe seen as soon as possible. Not lid he have to wait, for, snorting. ing, the broncho quickly connce in their territory to the entire In a moment every horse in the was gazing intently at the boy.

crawled away in the opposite dion. The horses gathered in a ard him. Such a singular creature had never beheld. Their curiosity g thoroughly aroused, they became bold, trotted forward a little, then ed off and looked and wondered and

roached yet nearer. resently the horses were all about ht attempt to stamp on him. Relyhowever, upon a former experience had worked in precisely the same ner, he waited until the chestnut d close on his left. Then he rose is feet, slowly and deliberately. As had calculated, the horses were beered to such an extent that they d completely to recognize what he even while he stood erect. Graspis rope, he estimated the distance rately, and with a quick, strong nent cast the none over the head

Instantly the band stampeded, chest-inut and all. Bob was prepared, how-ever, and, bracing himself, squatted back on his lariat just at the moment the captured animal reached the length of it; and this with such effect that the fleeing creature was brought up with an exceedingly abrupt turn. As if realizing the situation, the horse, instead of tugging vainly at the rope that would choke him more and more if he struggled against is, trotted near enough to slack the pressure, and stood posing as docility on a grass pedestal. Bob was amazed.

"That's exactly what Old Man Tread-well said you'd do," he exclaimed.

Never was the animal so capable of perpetrating surprises as this same sleek-looking pony. Acting as if the wondering horses were total strangers and Bob his long-sought friend, he ig nored the scurrying band and-followed the boy with a meekness that simulated affection. He kept the rope hanging slack between himself and his captor. just as an old home-loving cow might have done, and pricked his ears as if with kindly interest in the proceedings. . Half a mile distant was a huge He stood like a sawbuck while Bob cautiously adjusted a blanket and then the heavy Mexican saddle on his back; not once did he wince while the broad cinch was tightened under and around his splendld lungs; only sadness seemed security. In the band was a bron- to lurk in his eyes as he opened his mouth to receive the bridle bit. But Bob was not in the least put off his guard by this gentle behavior. Indeed. as an extra measure of safety, he fastened a stout "bucking strap" under stion, was small and delicately the tree of the saddle and tied the stirrups loosely together underneath, so the breeze in graceful lines. As if , that they should not fly toward his ing the part of a sentinel for the head in the earthquake upheaval which he anticipated.

All being in readiness, Bob tucked his trousers into his boots, fastened on a

evidently made up his mind to go to the depths of Pickhandle guich. And HEYLYN'S COSMOGRAPHY. go there he did. Bob's utmost efforts to restrain him proving futile.

WINDS THE RESERVE THE REPORT OF

At length, when they were far down in the gloomy gulch, the horse reduced his speed; nor could all of Bob's spurring compel any more of that headlong pace. The animal seemed to be saving his energy for a final outburst, and to be choosing the spot with diabolical cunning.

Finally, he reached a hillock, where a space was clear, but hedged all about by ledges of slate, the wicked edges of There he unexpectedly bounded into the air, with a shrill neigh, and threw himself into the wildest contortions. Again and again with the violence of a catapult he jerked himself upward and joited down as harshly as a brick that falls and strikes a pavementtwisting in the air, and thrashing furi- the family. onsly, right and left, forward and back.

Down came the pony like a sack of wrought iron, jarring the very hillock where he struck; he went up again, but not so high. His neigh, sharp and quick, indicated pain; and lifting a foot all belpless and wounded, he abruptly ceased his horrible antics, and stood submissive and subdued. It was like the miraculous quelling of a storm. His whole body quivered with pain.

hazily wiped the blood from his face and slipped feebly down to the earth. How wholesome it felt!

No effort to escape or even to move did the horse attempt; but be turned a face, altered and strange, with a dumb expression of profound respect toward his master. Something else was also in his eyes-supplication.

Bob glanced him over. The foot half lifted, met his gaze. Not a moment did he hesitate-not a thought of the in-



HE SHOT INTO THE AIR LIKE A SPRING.

and strapped his belt up a couple of holes. Leading the lamb-like pony to a wide, sloping space from which a fair thereof, a sharp, white stone. and square start could be made, he secured his rope to the pommel of the saddle, and, grasping the bucking strap the thing!" And he hastened off to with all his strength, vaulted to the saddle so lightly and quickly that even that experienced animal gave a little grunt of surprise.

For a moment the pony stood as if in meditation. Then, shaking his head and heaving a great sigh indicating how much to be regretted the whole thing was, he trotted for several yards. getting his muscles well into action. And then, with a suddenness truly amazing, he "lit into" a spasm of buckppe, forming a large, easy-running endure. He shot into the air like a one of his master. spring from out a broken clock; he shook himself in mid-flight like a rag looked at the stone that had done so in the wind; he landed with his feet bunched so closely that all came down within a space a foot square, stifflegged. The jolt was enough to scatter the teeth from an Indian skull. But up he went again, his back arching like bow, his head down between his legs,

And Bob! Hanging desperately to the bridle rein with one throbbing hand, gripped the bucking strap with the other, pinching his legs together with all his might, he stald on toper bunch behind the chestnut and while he gritted his teeth to keep them an to move in a zigzag fashion, from snapping together and biting his and him. Such a singular creature | tongue off with the terrible jerking and

lugging to which he was subjected. Changing his tactics with lightninglike rapidity, the broncho now ceased his bucking. Throwing his foam-flecked mouth aloft, he ran at top speed, dash-ing away through the brush into a and Bob was a little concerned trail leading toward the mountains, the thought that the boldest Bob lay back in the clasp of the saddle, swaying with the altered motion and quite unable, for a moment, to secure

a proper equilibrium. Realizing, however, that the opening fight had been settled in his favor, the boy rapidly recovered his senses, and began to take advantage of the change. Jabbing his spur into the pony's flank, he gathered in the reiss and attempted to assume command of the heaving you live. And this too, this gold mine, and-craft that rocked so smoothly beneath him and clove the air with the swiftness of sound. In this he was not And the pony neighed a soft, affection. entirely successful, as the broncho had tionate assent.

spur, pulled his hat down hard, lashed famous treatment to which he had been his handkerchief firmly about his neck subjected by the merciless pony lin gered in his mind. Picking up the foot he found, deeply imbedded in the frog

It was only a moment's work to whip out his knife and dig away the wounding fragment-the bit of rock that had saved his life, in all probability. And such a pitcous moan of relief as that broncho gave when the fresh, healing blood flowed out of the gash!

Bob placed the foot gently down, and laying his hand on the animal's neck spoke to him tenderly. It was evident the pony had never been treated with kindness before; assuredly respect. shame, humiliation and love were in his countenance now, as he placed his nose on the lad's shoulder and rubbed -

For a momen so they stood. Bob much for them both-for now they were with peculiar lines that were weaved in and out of it strangely.

Turning it over the boy made an exclamation of surprise. He rubbed and cleaned it, and looked again. A gleaming speck, surrounded by smaller specks of equal brightness, appeared on its surface.

"Gold!" he cried, excitedly. And gold it was!

Then down on his knees fell young Cornway, pawing away at the soil while the horse looked on and seemed to love him.

He presently came to that for which he searched—the ledge of quartz, buried beneath a shallow layer of earth, from which the piece had been broken. Over this he bent in an ecstacy of joy, for gold was glinting all through it, promising all manner of wonderful things

for the future. At last he excitedly covered the spot with the sandy soil, placed in his pocket the little piece of ore, and stood on his feet.

"Oh, you beauty, you beauty!" he cried to the broncho. He threw his arms about the pony's neck and hugged him warmly. "An imp you are, and my own Imp you shall be as long as

And the pony neighed a soft, affec-

A Rare Work of Which Only Two Copies Remain.

As Old Geographical History of the World - Its Most Interesting Part Relates to America.

A Boston paper recently announced the sale of a copy of Heylyn's Cosmogwhich stuck up like pickets on a fence. raphy, published in 1677, and stated that it was the only copy of the work extant. This assertion, however, is not true, for Mr. E. A. Kent, of the firm of Kent & Stuchfield, of this city, has a copy of this valuable work in an excellent state of preservation. It was given him by his father, and is a valued heirloom in

The book, as its name implies, is a geographical history of the world, written by Peter Heylyn and published in London, according to the title page, 220 years ago, by Andrew Clark for Philip Chetwind and Anne Seile. It is a large. strongly bound volume, printed in oldfashioned English, and divided into four

The first book containes the chirography and history of Italy, the Alpine Surprised to find himself alive, Bob | provinces, France, Spain and Britain, with the isles thereof; the second book of Belgium, Germany, Denmark, Swethland, Muscany, Poland, Hungary. Dalmacia. Dacia, Greece, with the Isles thereof; the third book Greater and Lesser Asia and all principal provinces. kingdoms seas and isles; while the fourth and last book relates to Africa and all the principal kingdoms, provinces and isles, and America. The spelling of the above names is given as in the

The most interesting portion of the work is that relating to America, of which comparatively little was known at that time. In the opening chapter be bounds it as follows: America, the fourth and last part of the world, is bounded on the east by the Atlantic ocean and Virginian seas, by which it is parted from Europe and Africa, which seas the mariners call the Mare Hel Noordt; on the west by the Pacific ocean, which mariners call Mare Del Zur, which divides it from Asia; on the south by what is a part of Terra Australis Incognita, from which it is separated by a long and narrow streight called the Streight of Magellan. The north bounds of it hitherto not so well discovered that we can certainly affirm it to be island or continent."

It will be seen by the above that Australia was believed to reach to the Straits of the Magellan.

The maps, which are dated 1663, are very complex and covered with a multiplicity of names. The contour of South America is given very accurately. but that of North America is scarcely recognizable. The Massachusetts, and Virginia, and Florids coasts are fairly good and many of the names of capes. rivers and towns are the same which they now have. However, the Gulf of St. Lawrence is shown to extend from the ocean along the northern edge of New England to a point about where Chicago now stands, and here nearly joins the southern point of Hudson's bay. The great lakes are not designated. Santa Fe, N. M., is placed on about the same latitude as New England, while California is the name given to what is now known as Lower California, and is represented as a great island, its northern end extending up into the Terra Incognita.

Heylyn gives the general name of Peruana to the northern and Mexicana to the southern continent. His maps display a tendency to recklessness in the profusion of great rivers indicated. many as large as the Nile and flowing complacently through the mountains and valleys alike.

According to this work the scheme of a canal to out the Isthmus of Panama was conceived at that early date. He says: "Some have thought of turning these two peninsulas into perfect islands by cutting through the isthmus. Certain it is that many have motioned to the council of Spain to do this, and thus shorten the voyage to China and Malucca."

The reasons given for not undertaking the scheme were either lack of money or danger from giving pirates too good an opportunity. With fine sarcasm Heylyn adds that probably they did not desire to endanger the lives of ing fearful to see and more fearful to sweat-reekingcheeksagainst the bloody the few remaining natives they had permitted to live by putting them to work.

In the role of a Munchausen Heylyn is a success. He asserts that the land is friends. It was white quartz, streaked ; "blest with such an abundance of gold that they find in many of the mines more gold than earth," and that the natives, not regarding it greedily, exchange it for iron implements. He also states that the most valuable gems are found in abundance: that the land is plentiful of spices and fruits, and such creatures as the old world never knew. Among the latter are "hogs with talons sharp as razors and the navel on the ridge of their backs." Many other equally strange and terrible creatures are described.

Of the natives be asserts that their religion is idolatry, or worse, and their chief god the devil, whom they call Menitto.

A complete chronology of the kings of Mexico from the year 1322 is given and the source of the Nile river is designated at the very point where Stanley discovered it .- Denver Times.

Explained. Magistrate-Prisoner, are you mar-

"No. yer worship; those scratches on my face came from stumbling over a barbed wire fence in the dark."-Pearson's Weekly.

Desired Results. "She actually fleng berself bead!"

"H'm! What did he do?" "He flung himself at her feet.". ton Transcript.

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Chumleigh-Twenty. Dumley-And how many years have you been married?

Chumley-Twenty. Dumley-Good! Then she is just thirty-one!-N. Y. Evening Journal.

Just the Proper Article. Mr. Lodgeleigh (across the boarding house table)-Will you kindly pass the can-opener, Mrs. Skinner? Mrs. Skinner (severely)-Do I under-

stand you rightly, Mr. Lodgeleigh-the can-opener? Mr. Lodgeleigh (sunvely)-You do. madam. I wish to open this pie.-

A Peculiar Case.

Mrs. Williams-Oh, Mortimer, I do not know what is the matter with Wil-

Mr. Williams-Is he sick this morn-

Mrs. Williams (perplexed)-Well, he has the stomach ache and yet this is Saturday, and there isn't any school .-Brooklyn Eagle.

Good Looks and Economy. Lover-You are getting prettier every

Sweet Girl-Just now I am living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion. "How long can you keep that up?"

"O, indefinitely." "Then let's get married."-Odds and

Of the Face.

"A small pimple of a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it soon began to grow rapidly, notwithstand-ing all efforts to check it. My



eye became terribly inflamed, and was so swollen that for quite a while I could not without doing me any good, they gave up the case as hopeless. When in-formed that my father had died from

the same disease, they said I must die," as hereditary Cancer was incurable. "At this crisis, I was advised to try S.S.S., and in a short while the Cancer began to discharge and continued to do so for three months, then it began to heal. I continued the medicine a while longer until the Cancer disappeared entirely. This was several years ago and

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