

My Fight With Paintlegs

By JACKSON MUNDAY.

I spent thirty years in the South-west as cowboy and ranchman. My family were people of consequence in Kentucky, but they had lost everything in 1837 by the failure of the State banks and the ensuing panic. And that is how I happened, when a lad of nineteen, to go with Waugh to his ranch at Zapato Springs and begin life as a line-rider.

I knew nothing of ranching except from report and was, in the parlance of the time, a "green hand from the States." When I alighted at Waugh's, my only possession likely to be useful in my new calling was a lariat of braided hogskin, which I had purchased at a store on the distant Brazos.

I did not make friends quickly with the men, I did not gather a penny's worth of information in a week of time. I found it galling as well as mystifying to have my questions curtly answered in a borrowed and foreign vernacular: Si, na, poco tiempo or quien sabe.

Waugh's departure quickly followed our arrival—he had two large ranches, on which were both horses and cattle—and no one seemed authorized to furnish me with horse, saddle or information. And so I lounged idly or practiced with my lariat upon an accommodating bound pup which followed me about.

So matters ran for a week or more, much to my disgust, and then came a change, sharp, decisive and welcome. There was a gathering of men and horses and a hurry of preparation one morning. An indifferent cow-pony, an old saddle with worn cinches, and a bridle to match were given to me, and I was ordered to "throw on leather" with the rest.

There was to be a horse rodeo or roundup at the big stone corrals on Elm Creek flats, and we jog-trotted thirty miles between breakfast and high noon. I rode with Curly Jack, an Alabama boy, who was obliging enough to talk, and I learned much about the new business of ranching.

At Elm Creek we met another "outfit" of men, our "cook wagon" came up, and we planned our campaign for the following day.

I found myself with Curly Jack again, and we two swung off to the left of the scattering army to "ride out" the arroyos, or gullies, of a hog-back or ridge which lay between Elm Creek and Zapato Springs. We were to drive all the horses we should find to the stone corrals, some ten miles above our starting-point.

Curly Jack and I had ridden over perhaps half the route assigned to us, and had a small bunch of horses going in our front, when a band of fifty or more, led by a white pony with black stockings, burst from an arroyo and sped away in our front.

"That's Paintlegs and his band," said Jack. "I low he'll jump the manada in about an hour."

Then my companion explained that Paintlegs was a fleet seven-year-old mustang, which had escaped the branding-iron, and that neither hand nor rope had ever been laid upon him. Paintlegs was fleet as a jack-rabbit, elusive as a heel-fly and as "ugly" as a tiger-cat.

No rodeo could tame Paintlegs in its coils, and he had learned to leave his hand to hang about the stone corrals, always keeping at a safe distance, until his herd, or some portion of it, was again turned out to him.

By nightfall most of the horses within a radius of fifteen miles or so had been gathered and penned at the big, round stone corrals, where colts were to be branded and fresh horses subdued by professional mustang-breakers.

With the work of branding and breaking in my time of trial had come. Like most Kentucky boys, I was fond of horses, and was accounted a good horseman, where the term means something. But I must confess that after watching the work of the mustang-breakers, when my turn came to ride a "broken" pony I mounted the blindfolded and trembling brute with a large respect for its fighting ability.

The pony, a rangy buckskin, had been ridden once by a breaker, and was turned over to me for my use. Of course I was "pitched" off time and again, and finally the breaker had to take my pony in hand again. It was my first experience of the tricks of the genuine "bucker." I retired to my blankets the butt of the camp, sore of body and of heart.

On the next morning, after the herders had penned the stock, a "gentle" horse was given me to ride. The animal was pronounced "not a pitcher, but a plum runner from way back."

And he ran with me, an exhilarating dash straight up Elm Creek slope toward the mesa. I let him go—that kind of riding suited my style exactly. When near the mesa level, however, the treacherous rascal hauled skyward and came down upon his head and forefeet in a lightning stop.

I was thrown so violently that my bridle rein was wrenched, broken from my hold. I got to my feet unhurt, but had the chagrin of seeing my pony scamper away to freedom with saddle and bridle attached. It would take two line-riders a half day, perhaps a whole day, to round the animal up and bring him in.

I was disgraced in the eyes of all these splendid horsemen.

The misery of it blurred my eyes with tears. I stood looking after my pony and dreading to go back to the rodeo. Then I was aroused by a shrill, angry snort on my left. I turned to find Paintlegs, the wild mustang, threatening me with stamping hoofs and snapping jaws.

This beast had been continuously circling the rodeo, showing himself a dozen times in the day as he trotted upon the mesa slopes calling to his hand. He feared the rope of the range rider and kept at a safe distance, but here was a man afoot, a strange, detached creature, and I was quickly made to feel that the mustang's fear of me was not great enough to save me from attack. The vicious brute, beating the ground with his hoofs, squealing with anger and clacking his jaws like a mad boar, was already advancing.

Back he came, swift as a returning boomerang. He wheeled so short, to stop his downhill rush, that he stood, for an instant, like an equestrian statue, erect upon his hind feet. His charge was again quick and furious. I leaped and again narrowly escaped a crushing blow.

Then I made a rapid dash down the mesa slope, wheeling as I again heard the clatter of his hoofs behind. This time he was going like the wind. I struck at his head with my noose and leaped aside at the same moment. His speed was too great to permit him to deliver the side stroke, but I felt the coils of my riata go whirling out of my left hand. I clung to the rope mechanically and turned to see Paintlegs rearing with my noose in his teeth.

Quite by accident he had caught the poorly flung loop in his wide-open jaws, and not feeling its light strain in his mad excitement, he wheeled upon his hind legs as before. Catching the rope with both hands, I gave a mighty backward pull at the crucial instant while he was rearing high, and the valiant Paintlegs measured his full length upon the mequet-grass.

Frantic with pain, Paintlegs struck at the rope with both forefeet, and became entangled as he thrashed about. Enraged and frightened, he pitched and plunged, drawing his nose and forefeet into coils which I could tighten at will. Then in a mad leap, he threw himself with his head twisted under his shoulders, in a way that would have broken the neck of an ordinary horse.

As he lay panting and helpless, the cheers of the cow-men came up to me from the corrals. They had been watching my fight.

I advanced boldly, for indeed I was no longer afraid, and placed myself astride the fallen mustang. I leaned over, uncoiled the rope from one foreleg and loosened the coils upon the other. Paintlegs, with me on his back, struggled in a dazed way to his feet. With legs gripping his thin flanks, while the half-stunned pony stood quivering and snorting, I leaned forward, grasped the riata behind his jaw and drew the remaining coils off his leg.

Still Paintlegs stood, painfully musing, his nerve-centers shaken by the wrench to his neck. And the noise of cow-men came up to me in a series of hilarious whoops which set my nerves tingling with the joy of capture.

As much in response to them as with intent to start Paintlegs, I sank my spurs into the mustang's flanks, lashed him with the end of the riata, and yelled like a Comanche. Then Paintlegs gave a great leap and went faster and faster toward Elm Creek. Our fight was meteoric. I think we must have gone a mile in less than two minutes, and as we passed the rodeo, I saw its stone fences lined with the men who had mounted and were swinging their sombreros in a furor of cowboy excitement.

I had gathered in my rope and now, by a hard, outward pull upon the mustang's jaw and swelling tongue, I not only kept a firm seat, but drew Paintlegs off a straight course and, avoiding the creek, swung him round in a wide ellipse. Again we passed the corrals and the shouting cow-men.

All the mustang's energies were concentrated in that burst of crazy running. In an incredibly brief space of time, we had swung round the corrals in a two-mile circuit accompanied by cries of jubilation and encouragement. On we sped, my arms aching with fatigue from the steady pull. Foam flew from the mustang's jaws, and his white flanks dripped rain down my legs. Three times we raced round that wide course, and then, when I was ready to drop from my seat from sheer exhaustion, two pony riders swung into line, one upon either hand, in my front.

Each whirled a riata. I understood their purpose and leaned far back to give them room. I held to Paintleg's mane, and threw my own rope loosely across his neck. The cow-men's swift ponies were now able to keep the pace, and the riders dropped their nooses over Paintleg's head and hauled steadily at his neck. Soon his leaps grew feebler and slower, slackened to a series of weak lunges, and I leaped from his back clear of danger.

Thus was Paintlegs captured and my standing fixed at Waugh's. Most generously the wild riders applauded the exploit, and Paintlegs was taken in hand by a "professional," to be thoroughly broken to my use.

Oddly enough, the mustang never was a "pitcher," but became a sober and honest cow-pony whose extraordinary fleetness was a matter of pride at Waugh's until, three years after his breaking, he was captured in an Apache night rush upon one of our camps.—Youth's Companion.



NEW EXPERIENCE FOR A LION.

Capt Hennebert, of the Belgian army, who has long been in the African service, amused a lecture audience a few weeks ago with a story about a young black woman he saw last year on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, at one of the missions of the White Fathers.

"I must tell you first," said the Captain to his audience, "that at those Catholic mission stations the black women are invariably clad in a cotton gown extending from their shoulders to their feet. This young woman went out into the forest to pick up dead limbs for firewood.

"She tied up her bundle of fagots, balanced it on her head and was trudging home along the narrow path when just as she turned a sharp corner around an enormous rock she saw a large lion in the path, and they were instantly face to face in uncomfortably close quarters.

"The girl stopped so short that her bundle of wood fell to the ground behind her. The sudden apparition caused the lion to settle back almost on his hind quarters. He was getting into the attitude for a spring, but his surprise was so great that very likely he did not know exactly what he was going to do.

"Quick as a flash it occurred to the woman that if she turned to flee she would probably be killed at once; and simultaneously she did the thing that saved her life.

She gave one pull at a cord and her gown was loose and open from top to bottom. She whipped it off her shoulders, swung it through the air, and the cloth came down like a mop over the face of the lion.

"This was an entirely new experience for the animal. He was blinded, baffled, dumbfounded. He sprang out of the path, and fled like a rabbit.

"No one knows just how it happened, but he carried the gown with him. A bit of it may have twisted around his neck or perhaps some of it got into his mouth; at any rate, the lion and the gown disappeared together into the bush, and the young woman was not anxious to hunt for her garment.

"Some astonishment was created by the reappearance of the girl in the village with her bundle of wood on her head, but in the attire of the mothers of the previous generation, which was nothing at all. Bits of the gown were later picked off the bushes for some distance from the place of this curious meeting, and the larger part of it was finally found in one piece, but so full of holes that it was beyond patching.

"The girl was the village heroine, very proud of her sudden fame and quite certain also that she had no desire whatever to meet another lion."—New York Sun.

A TEACHER BY ACCIDENT.

Stephen A. Douglas, who is now chiefly remembered as the rival of Abraham Lincoln, was, when the rivals met in joint debate fifty years ago, the centre of a national interest. He was born in Vermont, but after removing to New York, and before finishing his academic course, he started for the West. His money was not sufficient for the needs of his journey, and he reached Jacksonville, Ill., with only fifty cents. At Winchester, ten miles away, writes Prof. Allen Johnson in his biography of Douglas, a school-teacher was needed, and hearing of this, the youth set forth on foot for Winchester.

Accident, happily turned to his profit, served to introduce him to the townspeople of Winchester. The morning after his arrival he found a crowd in the public square, and learned that an auction sale of personal effects was about to take place. Every one was eager for the sale to begin. But a clerk to keep record of the sales and to draw the notes was wanting.

The eye of the administrator fell upon Douglas. "He then spelled his name with the double s." Something in the youth's appearance gave assurance that he could "elpher." The impatient bystanders "lowed that he might do," so he was given a trial.

Douglas proved equal to the task, and in two days was in possession of five dollars for his work.

Through the good-will of the village storekeeper, who also hailed from Vermont, Douglas was presented to several citizens who wished to see a school opened in town, and he soon had a subscription list of forty scholars, each of whom paid three dollars for three months' tuition. He found lodgings under the roof of this same friendly patriot, the village storekeeper, who gave him the use of a small room adjoining the store-room. Here Douglas spent his evenings, devoting some hours to his law-books and perhaps more to comfortable chats with his host and talkative neighbors round the stove.

For diversion he had the weekly meetings of the Lyceum, which had just been formed. He owed much to this institution, for the debates and discussions gave him a chance to convert the traditional leadership, which fell to him as village schoolmaster, into a real leadership of talent and ready wit.

Even while he was teaching school, Douglas found time to practice law in a modest way before the justices of the peace, and when the first of March came he closed the school-house door on his career as a pedagogue. He at once repaired to Jacksonville and presented himself before a justice of the Supreme Court for license to practice law. He was duly admitted, although he then lacked a month of twenty-one years of age.

THRILLING TRIP IN A BALLOON.

Thrilling adventures with the wind and water are added to the stories of the international balloonists in their race flight from Chicago to establish a new long-distance record. The Canadian balloon King Edward, containing John Bennett as pilot, and Gerald Gregory, fifteen years old, dropped into Lake Michigan twice.

Like the Ville de Dieppe, the French balloon, in which Capt. A. E. Mueller and George Schoenech nearly lost their lives when it was ten miles out from the Illinois shore, the King Edward sank into the water and submerged the two occupants to their shoulders. They were nearly in mid-air when the balloon took its first dip.

"We had just lost sight of the sky-rocket display in Chicago when we suddenly felt ourselves sinking into the lake with a fearful drop," said Gregory, who returned with the balloon, which finally landed near Port Huron, Mich.

"We had our heads down in the bottom of the basket arranging things for the night, and when we looked up again we were not more than 100 feet from the water. We immediately tossed over nearly all our ballast, but we could not stop the car from striking the water. It caused a great splash and we were in the lake up to our waists.

"Two of the sacks of sand were washed off, and we managed to get up again after being in the water about five or ten minutes. We had our life preservers on. Then we ascended to a height of about 1000 feet, and went along at a fast pace. We could not see the water below. Suddenly we felt ourselves dropping again.

"This time the descent was more rapid, and as we had thrown all except two bags of the ballast overboard we were at a loss what to do. We shot down into the lake as if we were diving into it.

"The water came into the basket, and we were forced to climb into the netting above. We tossed out everything we had, including provisions, and rose again.

"Before we went up we were bouncing along over the waves, driven by the wind, and I thought we never were going to get up into the air again. When we finally did go up we went fast. Mr. Bennett said we went up 6000 feet in six minutes.

"We had no sand, and when we came in sight of Lake Huron early in the morning we decided not to risk the chance of crossing it, as the distance was 150 miles. So, although we were up at an altitude of 5000 feet, we came down gently. I landed about ten miles from a farm where I am going to spend my vacation."

BOYS BATTLE WITH SNAKE.

Dan Russell, of Brownsville, and Wren Tyus, residing west of town, were fishing Thursday in Big Hatchie River near Van Buren, nine miles from here. As they stepped into the boat they noticed a big moccasin snake crossing the stream. They agreed to follow and kill it.

They had hardly left the side of the river when the moccasin discovered their design and came back, meeting them in midstream, showing fight by his upright position. Russell struck the snake with an oar and sent him under the water. He came up more vicious than ever. He struck savagely at the boat and its occupants and made a dash for the inside of the boat.

In their efforts to keep the snake out the boys overturned the boat and both were in the water with the mad snake. They dived and came up directly opposite the reptile. A second dive was made and the snake followed Tyus and bit him in the thigh. He came up calling for help.

Russell managed to get him to the bank and examined his wound, which was fast swelling. He carried him to his home near by and there medical assistance was rendered. He is very sick, but the attending physician thinks he will recover. —Brownsville Correspondence Nashville American.

ELEPHANT SAVES A BOY.

Clarence Macomber, of Worcester, Mass., with 2000 other spectators, watched the swimming antics of elephants of W. W. Powers, of New York, in Lake Quinsigamond. The Macomber lad was standing on the taffrail when he lost his balance and tumbled into ninety feet of water.

Jennie, the largest of the elephants, seemed to divine his danger and as he was sinking for the third time caught him by the arm with her trunk and thrashed toward shore, holding him up in the air, until a policeman lifted him safely to the float.

Beech Lumber.

Beech lumber has the lowest market value of any American wood. Lumbermen pay \$4 a thousand feet as against \$35 for oak. It is used in the mines for ties, posts, stringers and rails in buildings for studding, rafters and joists, and should be used at home, reserving more valuable trees for important use and for sale. —Arboriculture.

How the Japs Learned to Shoot.

That the Japanese know how to shoot has been made apparent to all nations, but it would puzzle most people to say who gave them their first lesson in the use of firearms. It might possibly be supposed that they borrowed the art, as they have borrowed other things, from their Chinese neighbors, who were certainly acquainted with the virtues of villainous saltpetre long before gunpowder was introduced into Europe. But it was no Chinese musketry instructor who taught the Jap to handle a gun.

The lesson came from a Portuguese traveler and soldier of fortune, one of the companions of the renowned Fernand Mendez Pinto, who tells the story. Pinto had been called the prince of liars, but the libel is quite without justification. He was an accomplished traveler. Among other things, he went to Lhasa, and took down a sermon preached by the Dalai Lama; but that is another story. His adventures in Japan were not the least interesting part of his experiences. He tells us that when sailing the Eastern seas he and his comrades were wrecked and left stranded on a desert island. There they were picked up by a Chinese pirate. From his craft, after a series of mishaps, they landed on the island of Tanikuma, which may be identified with Tanega Shima, just to the south of the southernmost of the four great islands of Japan. Here they were well received by the governor, who asked many questions about Portugal, "whereunto," says Pinto, "we rendered him such answers as might rather fit his humor than agree with the truth."

Invited on shore by the Japanese governor of Tanega Shima, the Portuguese employed themselves in fishing, hunting or visiting the temples of these Gentiles, as Pinto calls them. It happened that the governor, when out riding, saw one of them—Diego Zeimoto—shooting with an arquebus, "wherein he was very expert." The governor had never set eyes on a gun before, and was so mightily taken with this manner of shooting that he desired to be informed of the secret of the powder, which he concluded must be some source of sorcery. Proud of the sensation he had created, Diego "made three shoots" for the governor's benefit, bringing down a kite and two turtle doves. The governor was so delighted that he told Diego to get on his horse, and so rode with him to the palace, accompanied by a great crowd. Diego gave his arquebus to the governor, who declared that he valued it more than all the treasures of China, and then persuaded his guest to teach him how to make gunpowder. Clever Japanese craftsmen were employed to make guns of the same pattern; and before Pinto and his companions left the island—that is, within five or six months—six hundred muskets had been turned out. The fame of the new weapon was soon carried across what we now call the Van Dieman Straits to the island of Kiu-Kiu, Pinto's kingdom of Bungo. The king, who was possibly no more than a Daimio of high degree subject to the ruler of all Japan, having heard of the arrival of the Portuguese at Tanega Shima, and of the wonders of their discourse, wrote to the governor asking that they might be forwarded to his capital; "for I have heard of a truth," he wrote, "that these same men have entertained you at large with all matters of the wide universe, and have affirmed unto you

on their faith that there is another world greater than ours, inhabited by black and tawny people."

The governor was unwilling to part Diego Zeimoto until that marksman had taught him to shoot as straight as he could himself; but he sent Pinto and another Portuguese. These two were rowed across the Straits, and, after a long journey by land, came to "Fueha," the capital, this doubtless being the Fukuoka of our maps, on the northwest coast. The "King" was suffering at the time from gout; but Pinto, according to his own version, cured him in a month, by means of "a certain wood infused in water." While the King was laid up, the Portuguese traveler enlightened him and the grandees of the court on the subject of the universe in general and the kingdom of Portugal in particular, devoting his leisure time to sport. He shot a great store of turtles and quails with his arquebus; and this new manner of shooting, he writes, seemed no less marvellous to the inhabitants of this land than it had been to those of Tanega Shima.

But the first introduction of firearms into the kingdom of Bungo threatened at one time to have tragic consequences for the Portuguese. The King's son wanted to learn to shoot, and begged Pinto to teach him. Pinto did his best to put off the young prince; but one day, when the Portuguese was asleep, the prince, seeing the arquebus hanging on the wall, took it down, charged it about two spans deep with powder, and then stole off with his prize. Selecting an orange tree as a mark, he aimed carefully, and then fired, the result being that the barrel burst, and the young gentleman's right thumb was all but blown off. Two Japanese boys who came with him ran away, and raised the cry that the prince had been shot by the stranger's gun, and Pinto was roused by an angry mob, who put him in irons, while the priests—"servants of the devil" he styles them—loudly required that he should be tortured to death. Fortunately the "King," carried in a chair, appeared on the scene, and, on hearing Pinto's explanations, ordered him to be set at liberty. Pinto at the same time undertook to heal the prince's wound, and, though no "chirurgion," managed to do it in the space of a month, for which he received a fee of fifteen hundred ducats. The Portuguese then returned to Tanega Shima, whence they sailed for Liampo, "which is a seaport of the kingdom of China, where at that time the Portugals traded." Liampo being the modern Ning-po.

Some time later—namely, in 1556—when Pinto was sent by the Portuguese viceroy, Don Alfonso de Noronha, on a mission to the King of Bungo, he found that there were about thirty thousand arquebuses in the city of Fueha alone. He was also informed by certain merchants of good credit that in "the whole island of Jappon" there were above three hundred thousand firearms, and that the Japanese were exporting them, by way of trade, to the Liu-Kiu Islands. "There is not so small an hamlet," Pinto writes, "but hath a hundred at least; as for cities and great towns, they have them by thousands, whereby one may perceive what the inclination of this people is, and how much they are naturally addicted to the wars, wherein they take more delight than any other nation that we know." —St. James' Gazette.

Harvesting the Wheat.

By AGNES C. LAUT.

But the wheat field is ripe and harvest has come. It is the apothecosis of the year. Insects pests and fungous pests, hail and frost, the yellow field has escaped them all, and billows a sea of gold from sky-line to sky-line beneath a midsummer sky purpling to the haze of coming autumn. A multitude of little voices file and trill from the wayside grasses. The drowsy hum of the reaper fills the air with a singing. Out on the Pacific Coast wheat farms they are cutting the wheat with huge harvesters driven by engines drawn by twenty or forty horses, machines that cut a swath from sixteen to forty feet wide, carry the wheat to a moving thresher and throw it aside on the field sacked and ready for market where it lies in a rainless season till it can be drawn to the train. A hundred acres a day, these huge machines will harvest and thresh. Up in the Northwest on the fields of No. 1 Hard, two and three and four teams draw the self binders that cut and bind the wheat to steam threshers at work on the same field. Down in Egypt they harvest by hand-sickle, five men to the acre, at a cost of a dollar; while in Russia and the Argentina they are just beginning to learn the use of the American self-binders.

If you listen to the hum and the click of the reaper, it grows on you like magic. It is no longer a mere song of the reaper. It is a chorus, the full-throated chorus of the harvest, the anthem of joy from the foodfields of the world.—The Outing Magazine.

World's Enormous Steam Power.

A German statistician has calculated that the steam power in present use on this globe is equal to 120,000,000 horse-power. The coal needed to supply this steam for a year would make a freight train extending ten times around the earth.

Getting Into Monte Carlo

By ARTHUR HEWITT.

I came to Monte Carlo at night; it was as though some palace of a fairer land had greeted me. Monaco's giant rocks rose heavenward, their lighted headlands blending with a starry, yet ink-black, sky. You leave the train behind—there is an ascent of many steps, marble steps, a stairway of splendor adorned with bronzes. At the top, through a garden of great palms, you get the first glimpse of the Casino, a building of gaudy splendor, somewhat subdued at night; and your thoughts are of satisfaction and pleasure. But musings like these came to an abrupt end; the crowd swept on the Casino, and the reality was before me.

Now came the formality of obtaining from the authorities the admission card. I experienced difficulty, and it was only after proving my identity and professional standing that the green card was handed to me.

No one is wanted in the Casino who is a local resident; you have to live far away and be an employer rather than an employe; this rule is made to lessen the chance of the scandal often coincident with loss. After traversing the splendid hallways the card was scrutinized, and at last the doorkeepers, with profound obeisance, ushered me into the gambling salon.

You ask me for impressions—first impressions. Well, I will tell you—the neurotic perfumes of this southern land, the noise as of raining gold, the atmosphere or aura of the place, unseen yet none the less forceful, these impelled me to dive into my pocket and test the goddess Fortune.—The Bohemian Magazine.

The most active years of railway construction in the United States were in 1852, when 1,569 miles were added to the operated railroads, and in 1857, when the increase was 12,867.