and red litmus legs, exclaimed, "Steady, there! let me reduce him to the ranks, that he may know who are his superiors." Another wanted my skeleton, for lecture purposes. And so nearly every one had some professional manner of extermination. There was one, however, who did not seem to have taken any share in the confusion, but was soliloquizing, and trying to get some one into a discussion. I could catch now and then a word or two, such as "concept of an absolute existence of the universal horsetitude,"—"and aboriginally inherent in." I did not attempt to follow him, however. Suddenly I heard a voice saying, "Certainly, gentlemen, certainly; the affair will be conducted to the entire satisfaction of everybody, I have no doubt; but, gentlemen, the discipline of the Institute must be maintained." At this each one flew at me, determined to "do" me in his particular fashion; and I awoke, finding myself on my head in the sink, with my mouth full of soap, and trying in vain to shove one leg up the hydrant, while the other was waving in the air; and an admiring and enthusiastic party of students were gathered around, making various impolite remarks about me, asking where I had found the material for such a spree in the Institute? and why I had begun so early to cram for the semies, etc.

The night was over, at last, and I climbed out of there pretty soon, I tell you. But it tires one to go through such a night again, and probably will tire you to read about it.

Aff.,

YOUR SON.

The Mustang.

The mustang is a mustang wherever one finds him — here, or there, or anywhere.

He does not cease to be a mustang when he is brought within the grasp of civilization, for refining influences cannot change the pose or color of his eye.

But the true home of the mustang is west of the Missouri; there it is we find him in his perfection, with his "bucking" powers most strongly developed. The bunch grass and buffalo grass of this region produce their exhilarating effects upon him, and his soul tends toward contortions when merely a fly lights on his back.

The mustang is not always known by that name; it is strictly applied to him only when his color is black, brown, or dark bay; if his coat is roan or light sorrel we call him "cayuse," though the mustang is sometimes called by that name if he is particularly mean, despite his not having the cayuse color. A gray or white specimen is known as the "broncho"; while the variegated, calico colored, spotted beast is a "pinto."

These horses are used mostly for saddle animals, as they have, as a rule, an easy gait, and are comparatively small. Except in cities the broncho is not shod, for his hoofs are tough, and it is no easy matter to shoe him. If the blacksmith attempts it without first throwing him, he is apt to find himself unexpectedly in some other part of the shop. My pet, "Gruger," was a terror to blacksmiths, and I never was able to find one who could so much as trim his hind hoofs.

To feel at all comfortable on a mustang, the rider must be in a Mexican saddle, with a pair of spurs on his heels, and in his hands reins that lead to a Spanish bit, or a harsh curb. The spurs are particularly necessary if anything of a pace is wanted. The saddling of the mustang is not the easiest part of owning him, for one often finds the saddle too loose for safety after riding a few moments, although it seemed almost painfully tight at the start. The cayuse can swell out like a rubber pillow when he expects to be "sinched," and contracts when that operation is over. But this can be overcome by giving the beast a thump in the ribs with the knee, so unexpected a shock causing him to forget for the instant that he is being sinched.

All through the West there are extensive sheep and cattle ranges, where horses are used largely for herding the stock; and it is on these ranges that large bands of mustangs roam in a