

horse not taking much interest in what they were doing, but feeding in the bunch grass, which was waist-high everywhere. The broncho, however, after a little time, became conscious that something was wrong, and began snorting. Turning his head, he got a good smell of the deer on his back, and then the circus began. Snorting and jumping, the beast flew around, scattering dirt and pebbles everywhere, while the hunters sat on a knoll, holding a rope fifty feet long tied to the broncho's neck. The tremendous bucking soon loosened the hams, and they began to take all sorts of positions; but finally the last knot gave way, and the deer rolled off, receiving two parting kicks before they reached the ground. A like performance was expected from the other cayuse; but he was not disturbed in the least by the character of his load, and carried it safely to camp.

Nearly all mustangs are hard to catch when they are running loose in a large pasture. When one has them securely, they are as docile as possible; but they are not docile till one gets them where they can't escape. I remember following a cayuse all one afternoon, trying to catch him. I offered him with one hand, hay, salt, barley and oats; and though he was willing enough to eat these, the moment my other hand was stretched out he was off. Not willing to own defeat, I concluded to follow him, and at a slow pace I dogged him wherever he went, till after three hours of this maneuvering he allowed me to approach and put on his halter.

I watched a gang trying to catch a long-legged pinto, one day, and it certainly was amusing to watch the animal's actions. If any of the party tried to get near him, he would stick his tail straight up into the air and run past them like a locomotive; if they attempted to surround him, he dashed through their ranks regardless. Indeed, the pinto had a wide reputation for his fondness of freedom, and the only way he could be caught was by being lassoed; a thing not easily done, for he could run faster than most horses.

The mustang, however, is not all meanness;

he has his good qualities as well as his bad ones, and at his worst is but a child in comparison with a mule. At the same time he is patient and faithful, sturdy and enduring. He is cheap, seldom costing fifty dollars; and he is small, so that one does not get hurt if he tumbles off. The mustang is not the animal of civilization, and the pure-blooded mustang is not so easily found as formerly.

Crosses with finer-blooded horses have changed him considerably, more particularly the gait, which, short and easy in the native, becomes longer and harder by the crossing.

My First Day's Shooting.

WHO can ever forget his first day's shooting? — his feelings of mingled anxiety and alarm as he clumsily balanced his shot-gun on the broken limb of some accommodating tree, doubting even in that ecstatic moment whether himself or his *game* is to be "knocked down" first; or the thrill of delight which passes through his whole frame as he pulls the fatal trigger, and consigns to an ornithological heaven the immortal part of some jaunty little wren shaking herself on a neighboring fence-rail, or some red-headed woodpecker tapping a hollow beech-tree. Who can ever forget his feelings of exultation as he folded the quivering limbs of his prize in his jacket pocket, and in a loud voice informed his companions that he had "bagged his *game*"! Who can ever forget the proud step with which, upon his return home, he has invaded the dreaded precincts of the kitchen,—until that moment as sacred as the dragon-watched garden of the Hesperides,—or the majestic tones in which he has ordered its aproned guardian to serve the *game* — *i. e.*, one wren, one woodpecker (red-headed), one ground-squirrel, and a sparrow (a record of whose death, he presumes from his early reading of Scripture, has been marked to his account above) — for supper, *precisely at 7 o'clock!* Who can ever forget the minute details which he has given of this, his first day's shooting, to the family as a "grace" to the meal which his mighty arm has provided