

"CREASING" A MUSTANG.

The Animals Formerly a Great Nuisance to Cattle Raisers—Catching an Untamed Mustang with a Rifle Ball—Irreclaimably Vicious Brutes.

J. T. Hill, who for many years has been engaged in cattle raising in Texas and the Indian territory, remarked to a reporter the other day "In the early days of the cattle business in Texas from 1857 to 1860, the ranges were overrun by bands of wild horses. These animals were a great nuisance, as they would get mixed with our tame horses and run them off when any one approached. As a rule they were a rough, ill shaped set of beasts, and almost untamable, so that few attempts were ever made to catch them, it being considered best to shoot them on sight and thus get rid of a disturbing influence in our horse herds. Sometimes, however, a really fine animal would be seen and the ranchmen would try hard to secure it. But the ordinary mode of capture, lassoing, could seldom be used against wild horses, and these beasts were very shy and even a poor horse, carrying no weight, could outstrip a very fine animal with a man on his back. I have chased wild horses 100 times and have become thoroughly convinced of the truth of the English saying that the weight of a stable key will win or lose a race.

NOVEL METHOD OF CAPTURE. "In this extremity the Texans used to resort to a means of capturing the horse which is, I believe, exclusively American. It was discovered, I do not know how, that a blow upon a particular sinew in a horse's neck, located just above where the spine joins the skull, would paralyze the animal temporarily without doing it any permanent injury. In those days the Texans were nearly without exception fine shots, and at short range could send a rifle ball with phenomenal accuracy. The horses could not be approached except on foot, and it was impossible to catch them on horseback. But, not to be overcome by any such difficulties, the cowboys discovered a way to capture them. Taking his rifle, a hunter would crawl through the thick chaparral until within fifty or sixty yards of the horse he desired to secure. Then, taking careful aim, he would endeavor to send a bullet through the top of the neck so as to strike the sinew. When this was properly done the horse would fall as if struck by lightning and remain insensible for ten or fifteen minutes, recovering completely in an hour or two, with no worse injury than a slight wound in the back of the neck that soon healed. Of course many bullets went astray and hundreds of horses were killed, but a good shot would secure about one horse in three that he attempted to capture, as this mode of capture was called.

"The large calibre rifles commonly in use were not adapted to this peculiar mode of hunting, as if they touched the sinew they were sure to break it, and the wounds the .44 or .52 calibre balls inflicted were too severe. The weapon universally employed in creasing mustangs was the old Hawkins rifle which carried a bullet not much larger than a pea, had a set trigger and required but a small charge of powder. These weapons were wonderfully accurate up to 100 yards, but in a trifle less than that distance the bullet was likely to take a course through soft flesh around any hard object, instead of tearing through it, as a larger ball propelled by a heavier charge of powder would do. Hundreds of mustangs, all ways the best animals in the herd, used to be creased every year, and this practice was kept up until the herds had entirely disappeared.

NOT OF MUCH USE. "Some of the horses thus secured were very tough and fleet animals, but few were of any practical use. Nearly all were stallions, as a wild mare that was good for anything was seldom seen, and the captured horses were nearly, without exception, irreclaimably vicious, even when judged from the Texas standpoint. Even when broken to the saddle they could only be ridden by the very best horsemen, and were always on the look out to do their riders an injury. Strange to say, they seldom tried to kick, but a man had to be continually on the lookout for their fore feet and teeth. They only used their hind feet when a man was about to mount, but nearly every one of them had a trick of kicking forward as soon as the rider put his foot in the stirrup, and unless he was wary he would receive a terrible blow on the leg.

"I used to own a horse that, I believe, could scratch himself between the ears with his hind foot, his hind leg being apparently made of India rubber. The instant he felt a foot in the stirrup his hind hoof would come forward with the speed of lightning in the attempt to inflict a most vicious kick. I gave up mounting him in the usual way, and always used to vault into the saddle without touching the stirrups, a feat easily enough performed in my younger days, although I would have some difficulty in doing it now. I used to like to ride wild horses, but after one or two narrow escapes from their deadly fore feet, which they would use if a man carelessly stood in front of them, I gave it up and stuck to the tame stock."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Test of Color. When I go shopping, if I've any doubt as to whether a color is fast, I just ask for a pattern and slip it into my mouth and chew it once in a while, and if the colors haven't run by the time I'm ready to leave the store, I'm certain they're fast.

REMINISCENCES OF CHICAGO.

Told by a Lady Who Came to the Place Fifty Years Ago.

"My father took a claim on the North Side near the river and not far from Mr. Clybourne's," said Mrs. Mary Ann Draper. "Here we lived for quite a long time. I have gone through many dangers and hardships on the North Side in early days. The Indians were numerous, and were always coming and going. Sometimes they were friendly and sometimes they were not. My father always had his gun and sword by the bed at night and a dog in the house. Often he would not remove his clothing. The Indians would come up and go around the house, and now and then strike their tomahawks into the logs and cry 'Chan in chan muck-a-mu—no good white man.' I don't see why they didn't kill us. They did kill one man and woman just before they 'treated.' They hung the man up in the woods and threw the woman in the lake.

"I think there were only thirteen dwelling houses, all told, when I came to Chicago. My father helped to build the famous Green Tree Tavern. These houses could not all be seen at one view. The grass was south, and all the North Side nearly was covered with very heavy woods. Wild rice grew in the river, and beautiful white and yellow pond lilies were to be seen along the shores. I had several adventures and some narrow escapes. "But I want to tell you how, I sometimes believe, I saved Chicago from a massacre. This adventure I call my 'bridge disaster.' I was about 13 years old then, and we lived on the North Side, near the junction of the north and south branches of the river. Mother wanted me to go to market. So I took the basket on my arm and started for the only bakery then in Chicago, which was on the West Side, and also for the only meat market in town which was on the South Side, where Mr. Clybourne had his shop. Near the two rivers was a pole bridge which I had to cross. I went over all right and secured my bread and meat, but on my return I found the bridge blockaded with Indian ponies, and I should say there were about 3,000 savages in that vicinity. The ponies were stationed on the bridge in such a manner that it was supposed no one could get through. But I passed over with my basket by going along on the ends of the poles outside of a rough railing. At the farther end stood a big Indian with a long knife in his hand. I shied around him, too, and had gotten fairly over only when the bridge broke down and tumbled poles and ponies pell mell together in the river. A thousand war whoops seemed to rend the air, and the big Indian whooped the loudest of all, and lifting his great knife, started after me.

"Run! I should think I did. I ran through a house near by quicker than I can tell it, and the Indian after me. I dodged into a thicket of wild apple trees, and got into the woods and made my escape. But I did not feel safe until my long hair was shorn off and my disguise so complete that the Indians would not recognize me. This racket called out the garrison at the fort. The drums beat, and even my brother ran around, crying out 'The war's commenced, the war's commenced, get your guns ready quick.' Alexander Robinson, the chief of the tribe, used to tell me that the Indians thought I had bewitched the bridge and brought on the calamity, and therefore tried to kill me. Later in the day, however, they changed their minds and said I was a 'fairy' sent by the Great Spirit to punish them because they would not 'treat' with the white men. The treaty was agreed upon that very afternoon, and peace, instead of a massacre, prevailed. Thus, I expect I helped to save Chicago."—Chicago Herald.

Effects of Absinthe Tippling. The young men are cultivating absinthe, and when the present generation reaches middle age the absinthe tippler will be one of the frequent guests at our hospitals, which are now full of drunkards and narcotic takers. I am now treating a man who has reached the last stage. The effects are fearful. It is a drink that serves as a powerful stimulant at first, but is the most injurious in the end because of its strength. It is easy to drink absinthe to excess because it requires such a small quantity to do the work. The intoxication it causes is exhilarating and pleasant, but after it is drunk to excess the digestive organs are destroyed and the appetite ruined. With the effects worn off comes a terrible thirst, with giddiness and a tingling in the ears, mental depression and finally hallucination and loss of brain power. The symptoms of an excessive drinker breaking down are muscular quiverings, loss of physical strength, emaciation and a sallow complexion. Paralysis finally sends him to the grave.—Physician in Globe-Democrat.

A Paper Collar That Cost \$125. "One's wants are one's needs," has been said, but paper collars at \$125 each are not now regarded as necessities. Still that amount has been paid for one of these almost obsolete articles of male attire and Maj. D. W. Sanders enjoys the reputation of having broken the record by his purchase. It was during the war, and Maj. Sanders, then an officer in the Confederate army, was in Tennessee. He received a month's pay, \$150, in Confederate bills, and then discovered that he needed a clean collar. He found a man who had a spare collar and began negotiations, but the happy possessor of the article did not want to part with it. After some trouble, however, he persuaded the owner to sell, but only when \$125 had been offered. It is difficult, however, to estimate what the cost of a clean shirt would have been about that time, even when the quotations of paper collars are given.—Courier-Journal.

NAVAL CHIEF OF PIGEONS. The French authorities are attempting to make use of carrier pigeons for conveying information from war-ships at sea to certain stations on land, and with this object have fitted up on the St. Louis dove-cote, painted the most gorgeous colors, in order to permit the birds to recognize their home from a great distance.—Scientific American.

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