

running like mad. They were bridleless, riderless; they were wild horses escaped. They ran like things possessed. No, not all were riderless, for behind them urged by silent riders, each one swinging a lasso, came as many cowboys, hot on the chase. Had the wild horses broken loose? Could they ever be headed off? We wondered. Was the fun for all the day vanished by the accident? Not so, we found. This was part of the game. Every broncho buster, if he would take part in the tests of ridership, must first catch a wild horse, that later an opponent should master. And the way those lassos swung and reached and dropped over the fleeing bronchos was in itself a sight worth stopping to see. Then, as each rider came out of the dust and distance leading the wild-eyed, terrified beast by his unerring lasso, great was the acclaim given him by the hitherto silent multitude. Every loose horse was caught before he had run half a mile, and thus haltered—the lariat around his neck—was led to the carral near the big meadow, where the man who should ride most perfectly would win the longed-for prize—a champions belt and a purse of gold.

Many famous men were met there to win the trophy—the most coveted honor a Coloradon or any ranchman may possess.

There was Marshall Nuckolds, of Rifle City, swarthy and black as an Indian, who had won more than one trophy in hard-fought contests—his square jaw meaning mastery of any four-footed thing that bucks. There was Red Grimsby, long, and lank and lithe as a Comanche, with a blue eye that tames a horse and a man alike. There was big, loose-limbed Arizona Moore, a new man in glenwood, but preceded by his fame. He it was who won the cowboy race in Cheyenne, when his horse fell, and he underneath—dead, the shuddering audience thought him—and who shook himself loose, remounted his horse and won the race amidst the mad cheers of every mortal being on the course. He rode a fiery black mustang, and was dressed in gorgeous white Angora goat's hair leggings, a blue shirt, a handkerchief about his neck. Handy Harry Bunn, of Divide Creek, was there too, a dapper little pile of bone and sinew, whom broncho, buck as he might, never yet had thrown. And Freddy Conners, solid and silent, and renowned among the boys on the ranches all 'round about. And the two Thompson brothers, of Aspen, home boys, the youngest Dick, the pride of Grand River, for hadn't he won the \$100 saddle in the big match at Aspen last year, and then carried off the purse of gold at Rifle city the Fourth of last July! Slim and clean-muscled, and quick as a flash he was, with a piercing black eye. The crowd on the streets were all betting on Dick, and Dick was watching Arizona Moore like a hawk. The honors probably lay between the two.

The big meadow in the midst of the mile track was the place. H—— sat in the grandstand, my field-glasses in hand. I was invited to the judges' stand, and even allowed with my kodak out in the field among the judges who sat on their horses and followed the riders taking points.