

acious of memory. This is why the "breaking" takes on the character of an art.

With a fine disregard for consequences, out she goes again "with a spring in every muscle," only to be jerked off her feet when she comes to the end. Still she refuses to be taken in leading or to be tied, so to speak, to another horse's apron-strings. Her wind is cut off, but nevertheless she struggles, though all to no purpose. After a bit there is bloody foam at her mouth and nose, and even then she makes strong and furious plunges against the rope. "Ah, my dear wild thing! you are hopelessly entrapped in the snare of the fowler. Your heart may bleed, your heart may break, but for all the years you have found a master."

Another period of foolish rebellion, and at last she leads. Here is a picture for Rosa Bonheur! But her troubles are not over. The rope is transferred from her neck to her leg, and she is helplessly hobbled while a fifty-pound saddle is thrown on her back and the girths tightened. She is corseted for the first time, and not in any "common-sense" corset either, for, speaking comparatively, her 26-inch waist is squeezed into an 18-inch "straight-front." The man is in the saddle and her leg is unroped. Now for some impromptu rough-riding! By all the rules of dynamics the "buster" ought to have been turned over half a dozen times; but the high cantle gives firmness to his seat, and he sits back at an angle of forty-five degrees.

We thought Miss Broncho was tired, but

her pyrotechnic repertory of feats was only beginning. Now, she seemed a bunch of muscles flying through the air; and again, in the vindictive menace of her soul, she tries to kill the man by rolling on him. This is the congenital iniquity of the cow pony, that has come down in almost as straight and ancient a line as original sin. It is no use. She is always worsted by the quick wit and daring of her rider. We are glad when it is over. To-morrow, and the next day, she will go through a similar performance, till she is declared broken.

From the Eastern standpoint, we would consider her education still highly superficial, and so it is. The finishing touches are given by the poor cowboy who has to ride her. After awhile he will teach her to turn by the pressure of the knee and to stand when the bridle is thrown over her head, and to drag a big steer out of the mire or all over the plains for that matter. She will have first place in her rider's affections, for while the cow is his interest his passion is horse.

And Miss Broncho? Perhaps one day she will break her leg in a badger hole, and the cow-puncher will despatch her with his gun. Or it may be that one thundery night, when the herd stampedes, she and her rider will fall in a *coulée* under the hoofs of a maddened avalanche of flesh; or a rattlesnake, "whistlin' wid its tail," may give her the quietus. In the meantime she will be hungry, thirsty, cold and tired, but never lazy—a real companion of her rough but chivalric master, the natural son of the plains.