

Killed by a Mustang.

A Tale Told in a Texas Cow Boy's Camp.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

It was a clear moonlight when, after a hard day's "drive," and the herd of wild horses had been penned, the cow boys stripped their tired ponies of saddles and bridles, and stalked them out to graze on the thick mesquite grass which fringed the bank of the San Bernardo.

After this duty had been attended to, the cooking utensils were brought forth, and soon the coffee pot was singing a musical little song, and a leg of fresh calf ribs spluttering before the fire. The repast, though rough, was made enjoyable by an appetite which only violent exercise and pure air can give, and after the boys had eaten until it became necessary to unbuckle their six-shooter belts, blankets were spread under the branches of a live oak, which seemed to stand guard over the broad expanse of prairie, and they settled down for a quiet smoke.

"I tell you what, boys," said Ned Curtis, who was one of the hardest riders and best poker players west of the Brazos, as he lit a cigarette, "we are going to handle some pretty rough mustangs to-morrow, and if any of you fellows want to show your fancy riding you had better be fixing your flank girls and rolls, because there are some unbranded four-year olds in that bunch, who are going to make you hum like a churn-dasher, and you'll have to fork 'em deep to stay in the saddle. There is one in the pen that is a perfect picture of the mustang mare that sent Bill Hall to the angels."

"Wasn't he some galoot from the old States?" inquired one of the boys, turning over on his blanket.

"Yes," replied Ned, "howas a long tow-headed chay, greener than an August persimmon, with legs shaped like a pair of hames."

"How did he happen to get killed, Ned? Did the mare flirt him a little too strong?"

"Yes, that was the way, of it. You see, he had just come from Goorgy, and had never been on the back of a wild horse before in his life, but he was spunky with all of that, and wasn't scared of anything. One day, while driving out in Nueces County, we made 'round up' of all the horses in the range, and after 'cutting out' all that were in the 'diamond P' brand, the boys began throwing come down and riding 'em, just to see the wild devils 'buck.'

"Well, Bill Hall took a darn fool notion to ride on himself and he picked out a little Roman-nosed mustang mare, pure Spanish, and wilder than a cayotte, and got some of the boys to help him throw her down, because he didn't know any more about handling a lariat than he did about running a prayer meeting.

"When the saddle had been strapped on her and Bill forked it, she was turned loose, and the crowd stood back to see the fun. Well, sir, that plug raised her head, looked back, bellowed a couple of times, and then she lit into the prettiest backing I ever looked at. 'Stick to her, Bill!' I yelled, but the only thing he could say was, 'Whoa! Stop her, boys; darn her old hide.'"

"While he had his knees gripped to her sides like a vice, and his hair standing like a brush heap, the rousting stretched herself out like a step-ladder, put her head between her front legs, and then, bringing herself together like a rat-trap, she slammed Bill Hall against the ground harder than I ever heard a fellow hit before. When we picked him up one ear was jammed around to the back of his neck, and from the look on his face, we knew that he wasn't long for this world. He lingered for a day or two, and we did all we could to ease his pain, but one morning he motioned for us to come to him, and as I knelt beside his couch and took his hand in mine he said: 'Boys, I'm going to pass in my checks, but I ain't going to shiver about it, even if I do die out on a prairie, with no one but a few friends around me. I'll have a big broad bed to rest in, and if some day you ride by my grave won't you get down and think of me awhile?'

"Well, sir, the boys—the ornary cusses—were crying like women, and I felt terribly shaken myself, but we all promised that we would, and then he raised himself a little, and in a faint voice said: 'Hed I want you to write to my mother and tell her that I wasn't a very dutiful son, but I loved her just the same.'

"Ned," he muttered so faint I could hardly hear him, "don't tell my folks when you write that I was slid into Heaven by a d—d mustang," and with that his head fell back, his grasp on my hold relaxed, and Bill Hall

was on this earth no more, and when I thought how his mother would grieve it made me feel weak in the knees.

"We buried him, and Jack Jones, who is something of a scholar because he had a chance to go to school down in Bay Prairie, wrote on the headboard of the grave:

"WILLIAM HALL
GOT A FALL,
K.'d dead as a Bug
By a Texas Plug,
BORN IN GEORGY,

"It always makes me feel bad when I think of that poor fellow, and how to-day he sleeps on the bank of the Santa Gertrudes with nothing but a big live oak to mark his last resting place in the bosom of the prairie. Do any of you fellows want a little draw-poker to-night?"

From the Talmud.

"Who is strong? He who subdues his passion. Who is rich? He who is satisfied with his lot." "He who sacrifices a whole offering shall be rewarded for a whole offering; he who offers a burnt-offering shall have the reward of a burnt-offering; but he who offers humility to God and man shall be rewarded with a reward as if he had offered all the sacrifices in the word." "There are four characters in scholars: Quick to hear and quick to forget, his gain is canceled by his loss; slow to hear and slow to forget, his loss is canceled by his gain; quick to hear and slow to forget is wise; slow to hear and quick to forget, this is an evil lot." "There are four characters in those who sit under the wise; a sponge, a funnel, a strainer, and a bolt-sieve. A sponge, which sucks up all; a funnel, which lets in here and lets out there; a strainer, which lets out the wine and keeps back the dregs; a bolt sieve, which lets out the pollard and keeps back the flour." "He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; while he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot." "If thy wife is small, bend down to her and whisper in her ear. He who forsakes the love of his youth, God's altar weeps for him. He who sees his wife die before him, Las, as it were, been present at the destruction of the sanctuary itself—around him the world grows dark." "He who marries for money, his children shall be a curse to him." "Rabbi Jose said, I never call my wife 'wife,' but 'home,' for she indeed makes my home." "Underneath the wings of the seraphim are stretched the arms of the divine mercy, ever ready to receive sinners."

A Neat Reply.

Dr. Mountain, chaplain to King James I., waiting upon his majesty when he was walking in St. James' park, the king said to him that he was more troubled how to dispose of bishopric of London, which was then vacant, than ever he was in his life. "For," said he, "there are many who apply with so strong an interest that I know not to whom to give it." "How," said the chaplain, "if your Majesty had as much faith as a grain of mustard seed, you might say to this mountain: 'Be thou removed and be thou cast into the sea.' It is said that the king rewarded this piece of ready wit by the immediate bestowal of the mitre.


The late President Thiers was again honoured in Paris, a few days since, by the unveiling of a statue, with the inscription, "First President of the Republic." He holds the map of France in his hands, with the word "Belfort" standing out in large gilt letters, indicating the fortress which he successfully expended his every effort to wrest from the Germans.

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