THE WILD HORSES:

HOW EXTERMINATED—BECAUSE THEY LEAD ASTRAY TAME ONES.

The Ruse of the Pawnee Will Steal a Mare of Horse, or Entice a Male from the Corral Stockades—How They Are "Walked Down."

The wild horses which used to roam the Texas prairies are about all gone. I asked an old resident what had become of them, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun, and he told me that only a very few remained, and they were in the large pastures, and they were being killed as often as a shot could be had at them. I asked him the reason for this destruction and he said that they were worthless in the first place, and in the second they stole other horses which were good and carried them off with them. He informed me also, that of all the wild animals, a horse or mule which had formerly been under the dominion of man was the wildest when once it became a part of a wild herd. The stallions of the wild herd were always anxious to keep their herds filled, and would steal a mare or horse or even a mule from the settlements or cow ranches when the occasion presented itself. When once a tame horse or mule got with a wild herd he became the wildest and most cunning of them all. As the wire fences went up the territory of the wild horse contracted. Finally all that remained were in the large pastures.

I was told that before the pastures came it was the custom to "walk down" the wild herds and reduce them to servitude. One gentleman told me how this "walking down" was done. He said that the wild herd which one was determined to capture always had a certain haunt. This haunt was known from men who scouted on the prairies. For instance, one man may have seen the "bunch," for that is what a herd is called, up near some particular point in the northwestern Panhandle. Another range may have seen the same "bunch" fifty miles southeast of where the first man saw it. Others may have seen it along the route between the two points. Thus it would be conceded that the range was between the two points mentioned. Four or five men would enter the expedition to walk down the "bunch." A man would be stationed every twenty or thirty miles along the range, and then the "bunch" would be started. For the first day the wild horses would scamper off, throwing their manes and tails to the breeze, making a sight that would whet the desire of those pursuing them to capture them; for there is nothing prettier in the world than a troop of wildhorses in their wild state. It was the sight of the animals that inspired the Spanish conquerors with the desire to own them. The man who starts them on their trip follows them for a day on a pony, taking his time. His place is taken about nightfall, presuming that the bunch was started in the morning. This second man follows them all night, for the hunt is made when there is a full moon, so that the bunch can be tracked at night as well as during the day. On the morning of the second day, the stallion, or master of the bunch, is behind his herd, biting and kicking the laggards in it. The third day, or even the evening of the second day, finds the bunch strung out in straight line, each following the other in Indian file. They are getting very tired now.

They are allowed no time to eat or drink. The pursuer, knowing that they are tiring, forces them, and thus the chase continues for about five days when the whole herd is so tired that it is easily taken with the rope or lasso or can be driven into a corral. But, so said my informant, when the work is done and every horse taken, the pursuers are always unanimous in their verdict that the game was not worth the labor expended, for the horses taken are a measly set and never good for anything. Here and there a pretty one and a good one may be picked up, but these instances are rare. There are stories about these horses on the plains something like the nautical stories about the "Flying Dutchman" and the like. There was once a white stallion that ranged with his bunch from the panhandle to Colorado. Every effort was made to run him down and to "corner" him, but all efforts proved unavailing. It was said that he could pace faster than any tame horse on the plains could run, and his herd was exceptionally fast. All sorts of stories are told about his swiftness.

There was a very fine stallion down in the southwestern part of the State which defied all efforts to reduce him to slavery. Dick Ware, former marshal for the western district, was very desirous of obtaining this horse and he had himself made several efforts to capture him. Finally a man came along who said he would walk him down. Ware offered a large sum for the animal. The man who knew how to walk him started out after him and failed. But he was not to be beaten by a creature of the desert, and so he started out after him this time with a great determination to "cease" him. In a day or two he got back and bore the animal's tail. He explained that he shot too low and killed the animal. When the animal was alive his tail swept the ground, Ware had it a short time ago in his office. "Creasing" means, thought the animal just beneath the mane, not low enough to break the neck, and yet low enough that a shock sufficient to bring down the animal will be inflicted. It requires the best marksmanship to do this, and as the distance at which the shooting must be done is usually great, very few animals have been taken in that way.

FRANCE'S GRIP ON SPAIN.

The Relations of the Two Countries Have Long Had Peculiarities.

Ever since, and even before, the days when the kings of France and Spain met on the Isle of Pheasants and made the treaty of the Pyrenees, one of the chief aims of the French policy has been to obtain influence and control in Spain. It was for this that France fought her two most bloody and also most unsuccessful wars. The war with the Spanish succession was chiefly fought out in Bavaria and the Low Countries, but the object of France was control in Spain. Louis XIV., in fact, defied the world, and very nearly ruined his country by insisting on his policy of controlling Spanish affairs.

It was the same with Napoleon. Though, like Louis XIV., he did not try to annex any part of Spain after the manner of his annexation in Italy and Germany—he knew how dangerous it is to "spoil the face" of a Spaniard—yet he strained every nerve to obtain control of the Iberian Peninsula, and may indeed be said to have undermined the empire by his determination to make political satellites of France. But for the Peninsular war Napoleon might have escaped his final debacle. But no sooner was Napoleon finally overthrown and the Bourbons re-established than the secular desire to control Spain reasserted itself.

In 1823 a French army crossed the Pyrenees and occupied Madrid, and for the time France obtained complete ascendency in Spain. The influence thus obtained had no doubt to give way to English pressure; but it reappeared again with Louis Philippe's scheme which so nearly produced war with England and seemed to promise so much for French influence in the peninsula.

Napoleon III. always exercised a great deal of indirect influence in Spain, and was careful to maintain the old policy—that of possessing what Americans call "a pull" on the government at Madrid. It was, indeed, the fear of losing French influence in Spain that nominally produced the Franco-Prussian war. (The immediate cause of the war was a dispute as to the filling of the Spanish throne.) After the war France for a time too busy at home to pay much attention to Spanish affairs, but it was with a sense of deep indignation and disgust that she learned that Alphonso XII. had visited Berlin, had accepted the colonelcy of a regiment of Uhlans, and that Spain was apparently slipping under the influence of the Triple Alliance. Immediately the French statesmen saw the error that had been made, and it became at once the avowed object of the French foreign office to do everything that was possible to conciliate Spain and re-establish French influence at Madrid. Chance helped the French by the death of the king, and since then French influence over Spain has been steadily and zealously built up by every possible means.—London Spectator.

Fish Sleep.

Fish, which not only sleep like other creatures, but yawn when drowsy, and exhibit quite recognizable signs of somnolence, sometimes seek a quiet chamber to slumber in. This is obvious to any one who will watch the behavior of certain rock-haunting species at any good aquarium. The "lumpsuckers," conger eels and rock fish will retire into a cave in the grotto provided for them, and there go fast asleep; though as their eyes are open their "exposition of sleep" is only proved by the absence of movement, and neglect of any food which comes in their reach. Their comparative safety from attack when asleep in open water may be due to the sensitiveness of their bodies to any movement in the water. But pike are easily snared when asleep, probably because, being the tyrants of the waters themselves, they have less of the "sleeping senses" possessed by most animals which go in fear of their lives from hereditary enemies.

Chestnut Flour.

Chestnuts dried and ground into flour are made into bread and used for food by the mountain peasantry of France. The poor people during the fall and winter often make two meals a day from chestnuts, which in good seasons sells as low as one cent a pound retail.

The crookedest brook in America is No Name pond brook in Maine, beside which an electric road runs for some distance below Crowley.

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

A TIMELY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Subject: "Make House Happy"—The Doorstill of the Dwelling Is Home Is the Foundation of Church and State—The Christian Love Abide Therein.

TEXT: "The disciples went away again unto their own home."—John xx., 10.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The doorsill of the dwelling house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life overarches and undergirdes all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel piece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race into parts, and then He gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character bring the cog wheels in the social mechanism. One person has wholesome; another has too much courage, another has the placidity, another the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or is made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its ballast in its cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for left wing people of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the dangers; four shoulders to shove that which stands in the way; four feet to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing when the pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand the business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes at half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, the business of fashion, and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the bankstocks, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into bankruptcy and shame, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many women marching on earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer, and you may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes no difference; you going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many women marching on earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer, and though one