

there was scarcely a drop of water, scarcely a blade of grass, and not a single living animal of any description.

And now began the real troubles of our journey. We had come into the country of the warlike Indians, and they were not slow to

acquaint us with that fact. Every day they prowled around us in great numbers, threatening and insulting us. Occasionally they used

and yet another, loading as rapidly as we could, and firing revolvers where we had them. The effect was terrible. Many must have been



A. Waud.

“CREASING” MUSTANGS IN TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 742.]

refuse.
The good talking with one another, and Grignon advanced toward them. He whispered something in a low voice to our representative, who withdrew.

Grignon then stood facing the Indians.
"Are you the Captain?" said the spokesman of the Indians, suddenly, as he noticed Grignon.

"No, I'm the medicine-man; you can't shoot these men, or these horses; I save them."

The Indian translated this to his companions, who burst into roars of laughter.

Grignon advanced more closely. He was looking steadily at the Indian, and we noticed that the latter appeared to be uncomfortable under his gaze.

"See," said Grignon, "you can't shoot me. Here"—and he drew a pistol from his pocket, a revolver—"fire at me."

The Indian smiled.

"You don't want me to kill you?" said he, scornfully.

"You can't."

The Indian's eyes flashed.

"Shoot!" cried Grignon, folding his arms.

The Indian hesitated a moment. He looked at us suspiciously. Then he looked at his companions and said something in their language. They all responded vehemently.

The Indian took aim.

"You tell me to shoot," said he.

"Shoot!" cried Grignon again.

The Indian fired.

Grignon smiled, and, walking forward to the Indian, he handed him a bullet.

The Indians looked paralyzed.

Grignon showed him how to fire it again.

The Indian fired the other five shots.

Grignon caught each bullet, sometimes seeming to catch it from his breast, sometimes from his face, and each time he handed it to the Indian.

The other Indians were now in a state of wild excitement.

"They may all shoot if they choose," said Grignon, and saying this, he went to his trunk, drew out nine pistols, and coming up to them proceeded to load each one. He took the powder and put it in, then the wadding and bullet, and the Indians saw him do it. He handed a pistol to each on loading it. Suddenly one of these fellows took aim and fired. Grignon, without seeming to have noticed him, raised his hand and seemed to catch a bullet from his forehead. He tossed this toward the Indian, who picked it up with an air of stupefaction.

Then he stood off, and told all the rest to fire.

Eight reports sounded in rapid succession.

Grignon took off his hat and walked up to the Indians. To their amazement eight bullets were in his hat. Each man took one and looked at it in wonder.

"Do you want to fire again?" asked Grignon.

ful, however, of the duties of hospitality. He walked off to the Indians who were holding the horses, who had been watching the scene in stupefaction, and offered some to them. The smell of the whisky was enough for them. They drank, and wanted more.

But Grignon shook his head.

"Not now," he said to the spokesman. "I'll give you a bottle apiece to carry home with you." And going up to the blanket he shook out a dozen bottles of the same kind as the last.

By this time the Indians were in the jolliest mood conceivable.

"Before I give you any more," said he, "let me make you so that you will not get drunk."

He walked up to the first Indian, and took his hands in each of his, and looked at him steadfastly in the eyes for some time. Then he stroked his brows, and left him; this he did to each. The Indians had got over all suspicion, and merely expected that something good was coming. So they allowed him to do as he chose.

Grignon then stood off at a little distance, and in a loud voice ordered them all to look at him. Whether they understood English or not made no difference. They certainly all did look at him.

I had seen plenty of experiments before in mesmerism and electro-biology, so that the present scene did not surprise me so much as it did my companions and the other Indians.

Grignon simply stood at a distance, waving his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

First they all began to dance.

Then they all knelt down.

Then they touched hands, and could not sever themselves from one another's contact. The Indian who had been spokesman rushed wildly around, with the others all joined to him, trying to free themselves, but utterly unable, yelling and howling like wild beasts.

At last, at a shout from Grignon, the charm was dissolved. They sprang back from one another and stood motionless, like so many statues.

Suddenly they all began to shiver as though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them, their teeth chattering and every limb trembling.

Grignon spoke.

In an instant they were panting as though suffering from extreme heat, drawing difficult breaths, gasping, and flinging off those blankets which but a moment before they had wrapped so tightly about them.

Then this passed.

They began to bark like dogs. They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and the croaking of frogs. After this they went through performances too numerous to mention. At one time they became rigid, and arranged them-

"Only clumsy performers use tables," said he. "I could have done far more wonderful things, but they would have been thrown away on those savages. I'll reserve my good tricks for San Francisco."

And so he did; for of all the wizards, magicians, and conjurers that have visited the Golden State, none have won such fame or excited such wonder as my friend Grignon.

WILD HORSES IN TEXAS.

OVER to the eastward of the Sakatcho Mountains is an uninhabited tract of country, about eighty miles long by forty miles wide, that abounds with wild mustangs. There are three ways of catching them in general use—"walking them down," "snaring," and "creasing." The general impression is that wild horses are all lassoed; but that method is of no use except to break down "gentle" horses, to illustrate geographies, and to embellish watch-cases; it is not practiced to any great extent on the prairies.

Whichever way you choose to operate, first and foremost you must find where the horses "water." Their drinking-places in this dry country are few and far apart, and a "bunch" of mustangs will often graze in the same vicinity and drink from the same waters for weeks at a time, if undisturbed.

If it is proposed to catch the whole herd by walking, it requires four men, and about two "led" horses to each man. These go to the watering-place and wait quietly the appearance of the herd, when two of the men, with their extra horses, show themselves and start slowly after the herd, taking care not to frighten them into a run.

The mustangs keep a respectful distance, very much astonished and puzzled at two men who act so strangely, running neither toward them nor from them.

The men take it very easy, do not move faster than a walk, and aim to get a position upon the flanks of the herd, and just barely keep them moving, so that they can not eat.

The season of bright moonlight has been chosen, and the plain trail in the tall grass is easily followed through the long night, until the gray light of early dawn reveals the drove a trifle nearer and a trifle tamer than before, but still full of the nervous fire that would carry them far out of harm's way upon the first note of alarm from their leader.

The men, who by this time are fifteen or twenty miles away from their friends at the water-hole, and have tired one horse and rode one of the extras part of the night, now head the mustangs and start them on the back track with little trouble, for they are tired and just begin to thirst for another drink from the familiar watering-place.

our artist is a sort of Vanity Fair on wheels. He is a young clerk with his smile and his flash; the flashy millionaire with his magnificent turn-out; the young spendthrift with his gay, carouse-loving comrades; the rone and the gambler; and a long, never-ending procession of pleasure-seekers. Fast men, fast women, and fast horses hold a sort of monopoly over the Lane on Sunday afternoons, and as they emerge into the Avenue the road on either side is usually almost lined with curious or admiring spectators. This fleeting procession wears, after all, only the mask of gaiety, which hides below it the rottenness and dreary desolation of a life devoted to fashionable vanities.

SKETCHES IN THE ADIRONDACK REGION.

If you choose to "rough it," there is no section of this country more favorable for your purpose than that in the immediate vicinity of the Indian Pass through the Adirondack range of mountains.

Via the wagon road from Crown Point on Lake Champlain the distance is just fifty miles to Adirondack village. Thirty miles of this road is corduroy, which is so rough that the buck board wagon is or ought to be the only vehicle used to convey the tourist into the wilderness.

The deserted village of Adirondack was built nearly thirty years since by a wealthy company of gentlemen who constructed extensive iron-works there, and finally discovered that, after transporting iron pigs fifty miles by wagon, the profit on the metal amounted to nothing. Then the works and the village were abandoned. Furnace-men and charcoal-burners went their several ways. The Adirondack Bank called in its circulation. The huge iron chest, heavy with specie, was sent from the source to the mouth of the Hudson. And one family, that of ROBERT HUNTER, was left to inhabit the village and take charge of the works.

There is a curiously well-balanced boulder which you will see by the road-side twenty miles from the village, a huge mass of rock, to all appearance so nicely balanced that you may, by means of a fence rail used as a lever, throw the boulder from its resting-place on the rock.

MAX TREADO and JOHN CHEENY, both well-known as successful hunters and skillful trappers, make their home at Ta-haw-hus, a small settlement ten miles from Adirondack. With them you may tramp through the forest, camp out, hunt and fish, until, satiated with sport, you are weary of the woods and long for civilization.

The top of Mount Marcy, the highest peak in New York State, is within thirteen miles of Adirondack. The Great Indian Pass runs near by from Lake Henderson, which is not more than half a mile distant.