

# A COW PUNCHER'S FOURTH

## Sport with a Bronco for Which Everybody Had a Grudge.

### HITCHED HIM TO AN OLD WAGON

#### No Use to Buck, so He Ran Away to the Accompaniment of the Yells and Shots of His Tormentors.

The young ex-cow puncher was ruminating. His stalwart figure was stretched out at full length on the family sofa, his arms were over his head, and his feet, as he had gradually slipped down, so that his whole body was on a level, were hanging over the lower edge for a foot or two. There is no attempt at a pun in that last statement.

It was not a dignified position. The young man was aware of this. He is blessed with numerous sisters, who at a moment's notice, and at any sacrifice to their own feelings, are willing to point out the paths by which a young man may mend his ways and to show him wherein he has deviated from the strait and narrow line of etiquette and conventionality. But for this he cared not.

"Well," he said, preceding his remark with a mild expletive, "if a fellow can't do as he pleases in the bosom of his family, I should like to know where he can," and he changed his position a little, with the air of one who has made an unanswerable argument.

"I remember the time we had one Fourth of July in Wyoming," he continued, rem-

tanée, but every here and there are what are called draws. These are indentations varying from five to fifteen feet below the level of the range, in some places so gradual that they are merely undulations, but in others going down almost perpendicularly.

"Our old broncho, going like the wind, or as though the regions infernal had him by the hind leg, as the boys say, took all these draws without hesitation, carrying the buggy and the man in it after him, while we followed, keeping up the e-e-yip! e-e-yip! e-e-yip! all the time, and shooting without too much care to keep the bullets at a distance from his head.

"Drive without bridle or reins? Not much. The man in the buggy was very busy keeping there, and any spare energy he had he used to put in a shot and give an extra yell. The old horse went until he broke the whiffletree from the buggy and departed with it and the wire traces for new fields or new parts of the same old pasture, and the boys went back home.

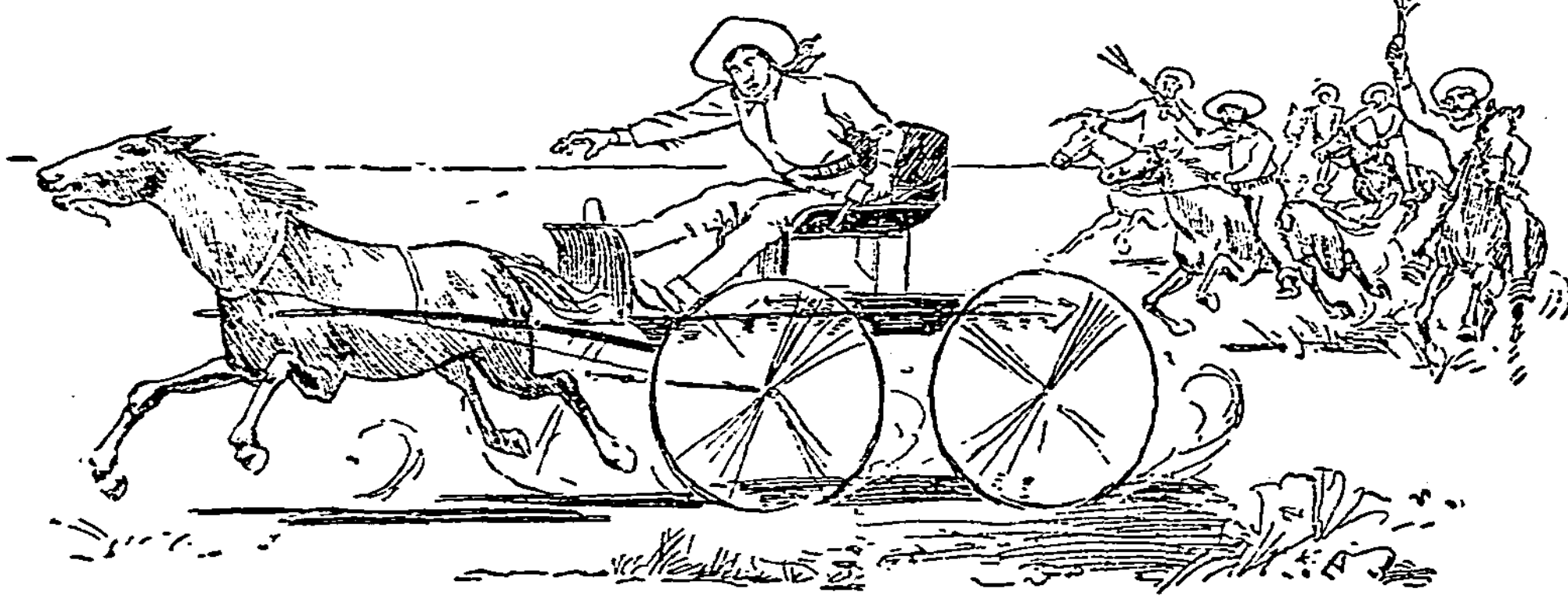
"Talking about cow punchers, they have a hard name around here, but they are pretty good sort of fellows. You meet one of them when you are strapped and he is with you every time. I got out of money going into a new place at one time and wanted a cheap place to board. There was another fellow with me. We came across a cow puncher and he spent three hours going around with us to get a place. Then we wanted work, and he took us everywhere and vouched for our being good men when he didn't know anything about us."

There was a silence for a few moments, when the woman who always likes to know something a little beyond the end of the story was heard to query gently: "I do wonder what became of the poor horse." But there was no answer, for the hands of the young ex-cow puncher had fallen to his side and he was enjoying the comfort "a fellow should have in the bosom of his family."

### ABUSED A CHILD, IT IS CHARGED

#### Mrs. May Charles Accused of Beating and Burning Her Husband's Adopted Daughter.

Mrs. May Charles was a prisoner in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday, charged with beating and burning her eight-year-old adopted daughter Ethel. The child's arms were covered from the shoul-



Fourth of July in Wyoming.

iniscently, to the admiring family audience. "The boys were all tired that day, and to go to town as they usually did on the Fourth meant a big time, and they decided to have some fun on the ranch.

"No, they were not cowboys. You don't hear of cowboys anywhere but here in the East. They were cow punchers and bronco busters. A bronco buster is always a cow puncher, but a cow puncher is not always a bronco buster.

"No, they didn't wear their trousers in their boots. It is only the picture and show cow punchers who do that. You can't wear a lot of stuff tucked into your boots without its hurting you—and you dress for comfort, not for looks.

"A regular cow puncher will wear long trousers, a loose flannel shirt, a cartridge belt around his waist, and a silk handkerchief around his neck. He always wears a sombrero on his head and high-heeled boots. He has to get the latter if he wants anything to fit him, if he is an old-time cow puncher, for, from riding constantly with the hollow of his foot across the stirrup, using it for a brace with a mean horse or when he is lassoing, he has a high arch and instep.

"In winter he wears the chaparajos, called chaps for short, over his trousers. These are of calf, kip, seal, or angora fur—usually the plain kip or the calf, with the fringe up the side of the leg. They are waterproof and warm; too warm for summer.

"The cow puncher always has an elaborate pair of spurs. He rides on a strong stock saddle that will stand any kind of range roping, to which is attached a variety of saddle strings. There are strong wooden stirrups, brass or iron bound, and a curb bit.

"He hangs a strong rope lasso on the right-hand side of his saddle and frequently has fur-trimmed saddle pockets. He does not wear the tapaderos, or taps. Those are the leather covers that make a toe-piece for the stirrup. They are a part of the trappings you see in pictures. They would be good for some reasons. They are heavy, for instance, and would hold the stirrup down when you have a bad horse, but at the same time to get a good strong seat on your horse it is necessary to put your foot through the stirrup to the hollow, and that you can't do with the taps. The Mexicans wear them, for they dress for show. Occasionally a cow puncher has them on, but he is 1 in 400, and it is always noticed.

"This is about the way the boys looked the day of which I was speaking. It is an understood thing that every one will go into town on the Fourth. There is always sure to be something going on there. We were about fourteen miles north of Cheyenne then, and the regular thing was for every one around to bring in the meanest horses they could get hold of, and have some fun. The ranchmen, the cow punchers, and the sheep herders from miles around come into town on the Fourth.

"As the people come in they get together in some convenient place with their horses. The worst one is picked out and some one goes around and takes up a collection. That is the first part of the ceremony. The next is the riding.

"A good man tops the horse and stays with him until he gets the dirt out of him. The man busts the horse or the horse busts the man."

The ex-cow puncher was getting excited and relapsing into Western phraseology.

"That horse will be mean until he discovers he has a master. That will be sometimes ten minutes and sometimes half or three-quarters of an hour, and sometimes until the horse is played out. It is riding that you see there. The rider who succeeds in staying with his horse takes the money. If he is thrown they try other riders until one succeeds.

"They take a collection for each horse and keep up the fun until they have used up the horses or are tired of it, and try roping, racing, and fancy riding, and the day winds up with a dance and every one feeling pretty lively.

"That was the kind of a time our boys gave us the day we had a private exhibition with the bronco.

"He was the meanest animal that ever lived. There was nothing he wouldn't do. He would buck, kick, roll, and he also had a pleasant little way of running his rider into the barbed-wire fence around the pasture whenever he had the chance. There was not one of the boys who hadn't a grudge against him, and he had been left alone for some time.

"We decided that day to have some sport. There were a dozen or fifteen of us, and we took an old buggy that was out of use and started for the pasture. An old buggy in the West means a very old one, because they are used about as long as they will hold together. Besides the buggy, we had an old collar and harness, an old harness saddle, and some telegraph wire.

"A Western pasture is not like a pasture in the East. There is one large company in Wyoming which is said to have 100,000 acres of pasture fenced in. All these cattle pastures are so large that old stagers who have been around there thirteen or fourteen years have been known to get lost in them.

"We found our horse; half a dozen of us lassoed him, and held him while we made the knots into what we call bowknots. You pull one rope and it draws the noose up tight, and you pull the other and it pulls your rope home. When we had the old broncho firm, we harnessed him into the buggy.

There was no bridle, so we put on the collar and fastened the telegraph wire from it to the whiffletrees. The saddle we used to hold up the shafts. One of the boys climbed into the buggy, another mounted his horse, and we were ready for business.

"E-e-yip! e-e-yip! e-e-yip! That is as near as you can come to the cow puncher's yell. It is a blood-curdling shriek at all times, and we gave the old broncho a first-class edition that was not reassuring to a mean horse hitched into a buggy for the first time in his life, with no breeching to keep the buggy off his heels. That was just as the lassos were pulled off and he found himself free.

"The plains look very level in the dis-

der to the wrist with scars and black and blue spots. Her face was covered with marks, too, and her legs were burned so that she could hardly stand. She trembled like a leaf at the sight of Mrs. Charles, and clung to Agent Frank Barkley of the society.

Mrs. Charles and her husband live at 249 West Fifteenth Street. He is a truckman. The child was adopted several years ago by Charles's first wife, who died a year and a half ago. He married again six months ago.

Ethel says her adopted mother began to abuse her at once. The child was forced to do most of the housework, she says, and when she could not do the work she was beaten, and often burned. The child says her mother, when she said she was too tired to work, would touch her arms and legs with a hot iron, and then beat her with sticks of kindling wood.

The attention of the Gerry agents was called to the case by neighbors who saw the condition the child was in. Agents Barkley and Moore of the Gerry society went to the place yesterday morning. Mrs. Charles was at first very indignant when told of the errand of the Gerry agents. She said she was sorry the girl was not at home, but she had gone out of the city for the day with her father. Agent Barkley saw Ethel on the street. He took her in charge, and then went back to the flat and arrested the woman, and took her to the Jefferson Market Court. Her husband went to court soon afterward.

Mrs. Charles is a good-looking woman. She was very well dressed when she appeared before Magistrate Flammer. The Magistrate decided that the child, whose name is Ethel May Childs, was too young to make a complaint, but he held Mrs. Charles in \$500 bail for examination this afternoon on complaint of Agent Barkley. The woman was released on bail.

### BRACKEN SAYS HE WAS HORSEWHIPPED

#### Miss Edwards, Who Lives in Ocean Parkway, Must Answer in Court.

Miss Lillie Edwards, twenty years old, the daughter of James Edwards, a retired broker, who lives in a villa at Ocean Parkway and Avenue C, in the Twenty-ninth Ward, Brooklyn, directly opposite the house of Major Peter H. McNulty, has been notified to appear in Justice Steers's Police Court, Saturday morning, to answer a charge of having horsewhipped Peter B. Bracken, a contractor, of 556 Fifteenth Street.

Miss Edwards is a well-known equestrienne. Mr. Bracken has a farm on Avenue C, near the Boulevard, and, according to his story, told to Justice Steers yesterday, he was engaged in cutting grass Wednesday, when Miss Edwards appeared with a horsewhip in one hand and a revolver in the other.

Before he could divine what her intention was, she plied the whip again and again over his head and shoulders, and then threatened to shoot him.

Mr. Bracken said he stood the whipping, as he could not strike a woman. When he appeared in court his face was considerably bruised. He obtained a warrant for Miss Edwards's arrest. When the court officer called at the Edwards house and read the warrant to Miss Edwards, she immediately became hysterical. She and her two aunts, who live with her, say that Mr. Bracken has caused them much trouble.

Mr. Bracken says he will fight the matter to the end. The case will come up before Justice Steers to-morrow morning.