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DESERET EVENING NEWS.

Monday, March 31, 1890.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

SAVED BY A BRAVE OUTLAW FROM AN INFURIATED BULL.

Mr. Charles Davison, a well known stock man of this vicinity, reports a singular and well nigh fatal adventure which befell him in the valley of the Franklin mountains, lying south of this place. Your correspondent calling on him learned the following particulars which he gives in Mr. Davison's own words:

I had ridden out to a ranch owned by a man named Blake, about twenty miles from my place, for the purpose of looking at a lot of imported sheep he had for sale, and was returning when I met a Mexican with a broken arm hobbling along the road who told me that a bull had charged him the day before and flung him into a water hole, breaking his arm and bruising him severely all over. The bull was a wild one from the mountains and dangerously savage from some cause.

A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

The Mexican warned me that he was doubtless still in the neighborhood, and that it would stand me in hand to keep a lookout for him. I had ridden a mile or two when I dismounted to drink of a little running stream I had reached, and to eat my lunch. My horse I left standing without taking the precaution of tying him, though without unsaddling him. He was a young mustang, as nervous as a woman, and, without any apparent cause that I could discover, threw up his head all of a sudden and broke down the valley in a mad gallop, carrying, of course, my saddle, with my belt containing my pistols, which I had rather foolishly removed from my waist an hour or two before, and hung from the horn of my saddle.

There was nothing for it but to follow the horse on foot, so off I put in as bad humor as you can imagine, for I was already fatigued by my long ride, and a tramp of perhaps miles was anything but inviting. I trudged on for an hour or two, until my feet were cut and blistered by the sharp rocks, and had sat down to rest near a clump of cottonwood trees, one of great size, and the rest of them mere saplings. At that moment I heard a loud roar and a crash in a bush behind me, and out rushed at a terrific pace a large bull, charging straight at me. I had only just time to throw myself to one side flat on the ground as he thundered by me. My next move was to make for the clump of cottonwoods, which I succeeded in reaching just as the bull turned again. My hat had fallen to the earth as I ran, and this the animal now attacked with a ferocity and maddened rage that showed how little mercy would be shown the man when his turn came.

Having torn the hat to pieces with horns and hoofs, and having smelled me out, he commenced a circuit round the trees, stamping, pawing and bellowing frightfully. With his bloodshot eyes and long, sharp horns, he looked like a demon. I was quite unarmed, having, by some unlucky chance, neglected to put on my knife on leaving home, and my pistols, as I said before, being in my saddle, and I was wearied into death. The situation was a desperate one, and my only chance consisted in dodging the bull round the trees until he should be tired out, and this was, indeed, a faint hope, for the animal seemed fresh and warranted to outlast the strength of ten men. The bull charged again and again, sometimes coming against the tree with such force that he fell on his knees, sometimes bending the saplings behind which I stood until his horns almost reached me. There was not a branch of the one large tree low enough for me to seize and climb up, and I had no time in which to scale it between the bull's charges.

How long this awful game of "touch wood" lasted I cannot tell, for after the first excitement of self-preservation passed off weariness again took possession of me, and it required all the instinct and love of life within me to keep me on my feet. Several times the bull left me for a few seconds, pacing suddenly away, bellowing his malignant discontent of my refusal to come forth and be trampled and gored to death, but before I could cross over to a better position he always came back at full speed. My tongue began to cleave to the roof of my mouth, my eyes grew hot and misty, my knees trembled under me, while a ringing in my ears warned me that nature was exhausted, and I felt impossible to hold out until dark.

THE RESCUE.

At length I grew desperate, and determined to make a run for the opposite covert the moment the bull turned from me again. I felt sure I was doomed, and thought of it until I actually began to welcome the idea of its ending in any way. The bull seemed to know I was worn out, and grew more rapid and fierce in his charges, but just when I was going to sit down under the great tree and let him do his worst, I heard the rattle of a horse among the rocks above, and a shout that sounded like the voice of an angel. Then came the barking of a dog and the loud reports of the stock whip, but the bull, with his devilish eyes fixed on me, never moved. Up came a horseman at full speed, and crack fell the lash on the bull's black hide, while the blood spurted out in a long streak. The animal turned savagely and charged the horseman, bellowing with astonished rage and pain, but the horse wheeled round just enough to baffle him—no more—and again the lash descended, cutting like a long flexile razor; but the infuriated bull was not to be beaten off with a whip—he charged again and again. But he had met his match, for right and left, as needed, the wiry Spanish mare turned, sometimes on her hind, sometimes on her fore legs. It was the most magnificent exhibition of equestrianism I ever saw, and I actually forgot my fatigue and exhaustion while I watched it.

My rescuer now shouted something, leaped from his horse and strode forward to meet the bull with an open knife between his teeth. As the beast lowered his head to charge, he seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a struggle, a cloud of dust, a stamping like two men wrestling. I could not see clearly, but the next moment the bul was on his back, with the blood welling from his throat and the limbs quivering in death. The stranger, covered with dust and blood, came up to me then, saying, apparently as unconscious of triumph as if he had been killing a calf in as laughter house: "He's dead enough now, sir; he won't truble anybody any more." I walked two or three paces towards the dead beast, when my senses filed me and I fainted. When I came to myself my horse was standing near me, tied to a bush, and mystanger rescuer had withdrawn a few feet and was watching me intently. I went up to him, and, thinking him for the service rendered me, inquired the name of him town om I owed my life. The man laughed a little and then replied: "Well, I don't mind telling you, under the circumstances. I am ——." No, I'll leave his name untold—he was an outlaw and a fugitive from justice, but he certainly saved me from a cruel death, and he was the guest horseman I ever say.—*Faleta (Tex.) Cor. Atlanta Constitution.*

An advertisement for a wife in a Colorado paper brought such a heavy mail to the advertiser, Mr. Paul White, a prosperous ranchman at Rocky Ford, Col., that he had to convey it from the postoffice to his ranch in barrels in his farm wagon. For a month he has spent his evenings perusing his correspondence, and he has not yet made a choice.—*New York Weekly.*

The Best Way of Entertaining.

Some of the more agreeable features among the English social customs most appreciated by foreigners, especially by Americans, arise from this selfish national characteristic of self-sufficiency, this Doric reticence and insularity. An illustration in point is the average treatment of a guest in a country house. To put guests at their ease should be the aim of every entertainer. This end is perfectly accomplished in England. The ability seems inborn; but it frequently arises not from a sense of propriety and true politeness, as when seen in the Americans, but really from an isolating racial selfishness by virtue of which an individual insisting upon being let alone himself, allows others by neglect the same pleasure. The plan works well; it works naturally. And the opposite ideal of entertainment seen in America and equally characteristic of the people works ill, namely; the tactless struggle to entertain, the nervous anxiety a guest always encounters in a host who fears he may suffer from ennui if every moment be not filled for him. This is exasperating; it renders average entertainment in America intolerable to one who has tasted the delightful independence of the unencumbered hours in an English country house.

The Moving Stone of Buenos Ayres.

The remarkable geographical phenomenon of the moving stone of Buenos Ayres is situated on the mountain of Tandil in the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres. It is called the moving stone, and is famous throughout South America. This enormous rock appears to be sustained on its base by an invisible axis, and has an oscillating movement from east to west to and from the mountain, the power of a single man being sufficient to put it in motion. It measures twenty-four feet in height, ninety feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth. It represents a volume of over five thousand cubic feet, and its approximate weight as calculated is twenty-five tons. Its figure is that of an irregular cone, and the base on which it rests has also the form of a cone which has a diameter of about ten inches. When the wind blows from the south-east the movable stone sways, rises and falls after the manner of the branch of a great tree.—*La Rodriguez Repuncla.*

Improved Sounding Machine.

The old method of "heaving the lead" was a cumbrous and often unreliable process, which occupied a considerable time, and could only be performed when the vessel was brought to or going at a very moderate speed. With Sir William Thomson's improved sounding machine the depth can be accurately found with little trouble, and without altering the speed of the vessel. A line of soundings can be taken with great ease, and the ship's place be made known by a comparison with the chart, long before she comes near to any dangerous position. For steamships going at a great speed, and especially when nearing land, the use of this machine is absolutely indispensable. —*Ex.*

Useful Storm Anchor.

During a late eventful voyage of the steamer *Paris*, the vessel, in the worse of the very bad weather she encountered, owed much to a storm anchor which the captain decided to employ. It was made of three spars arranged in triangular shape, with canvas and cross bars. This anchor was floated and enabled the ship to ride well and steadily for some time. The contrivance is said to have been first devised by North Sea fishermen, by whom it is called a "drogue." It has been much improved, and in the opinion of practical men, it is but too little known to sailors, and too seldom employed in rough weather at sea. —*Ex.*

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