

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 to 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 is not filled for him. This is exasperating; it renders average entertainment in America intolerable to one who has tasted the delightful independence of the unnumbered hours in an English country house.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

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 north 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.

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 unto 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.

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 spouted 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 flexible 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 bull 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 a slaughter house: "He's dead, enough now, sir; he won't trouble anybody any more." I walked two or three paces towards the dead beast, when my senses fled me and I fainted. When I came to myself my horse was standing near me, tied to a bush, and my stranger 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 to whom 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 greatest horseman I ever saw.

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*.