

The Man-Eater's Meal.

Professor R. H. Tapp, the celebrated American horse-tamer, commenced a week ago to tame the Petaluma Man-eater, as described in last Sunday's *Chronicle*, and has every day since given public exhibitions of his process and progress in a temporary amphitheater in the rear of the Record Stables, on Market Street, opposite Seventh. Yesterday, however, the Man-eater changed the programme, and attempted to tame Tapp in so effective a way that Tapp emerged sorely wounded, and only by a miracle with his life. The Man-eater, whose other name is Cogniac, is a dark dapple gray Norman stallion, seven years old, weighing in fighting trim 1,800 pounds, foaled in Normandy, France, imported two years ago to Illinois, and subsequently bought by Joseph Wooden, the Norman horse-breeder, of Petaluma, and brought to this state, and declared by horsemen to be the finest horse of the breed ever brought to America. Until brought to Illinois he had been an exceptionally gentle animal, but, having indiscreetly, and probably playfully, bitten out a couple of pounds of an Illinois groom, he was so injudiciously and brutally beaten, that, as Deacon Duncan would say, he experienced a change of heart, all his latent devilry was developed, and he has ever since been the terror of all whom necessity have thrown into his company. With the exception of occasionally eating a hostler he is an invaluable brute, and Mr. Wooden consigned him to Mr. Tapp to have him cured of this sole little foible. Yesterday at 2 o'clock the exhibition commenced in the presence of about two hundred spectators, and progressed till half-past 3, during which time the horse had been handled by the professor, and even driven to buggy, and appeared perfectly tractable and to have kind of lost his appetite for stablemen. After being unhitched he was crosshobbled by making a stout rope fast from the fetlock of his right fore leg to that of his off hind leg, an arrangement which permitted him to trot, but prevented his galloping as also his kneeling down, and which is why Tapp still lives to again try conclusions with him. The horse stood near the centre of the inclosed circle, and the professor about midway between him and the enclosing high barricade, the horse perfectly subdued under the eye of the commander. Some person on a seat in the rear of Tapp asked him a question, and for one instant Tapp removed his eye and half turned his head to answer. In that instant the crafty brute sprang upon him like a tiger. There was a yell of horror from the spectators as the horse caught the man up by the clothes at the small of his back, shook him as a terrier does a rat and flung him through the air against the enclosing planking. Before Tapp could regain his feet the ferocious monster was again upon him, seizing him with his teeth by the left shoulder and endeavoring to kneel down upon him, which is his last and most approved way of killing his keepers. This the cross-hobble prevented him from doing, and the cool Professor, with his shoulder still in the cruel grip of the monster's jaws, struggled to his feet, and with his right hand so held the bit as to prevent as far as possible the successful working of the horse's jaws. The crowd was intensely excited. Mr. Wooden seized a long pole and poked it between the halter and the horse's lower jaw and still further retarded the biting. The friends of Tapp called for a gun, but there was no gun, and what is remarkable in a collection of 200 Californians, no one had a revolver, or the murderous brute would have been shot dead instantly. The horse and Tapp continued fighting half way around the ring, Wooden on the seats outside till hampering the former's efforts with the pole. The spectators on the front seats also did all they could to distract the Man-eater's attention, one lady seizing the crutch of a man sitting next her and beating the horse over the head with it. By the aid of these distractions Tapp was enabled by degrees to draw his arm through the horse's jaws, the horse chewing it impartially as it slipped away from him, until finally it was entirely withdrawn. The crowd shouted to Tapp to jump for his life, but the plucky trainer called for his whip, and with his mangled

left arm dangling by his side, so tickled the fetlocks of Cogniac that that enterprising animal was again in what Tapp fondly calls subjection. Last evening the trainer was in the stable office with a friend pouring an odorous liniment over his bandaged arm, and the Man-eater, with all his evil passions inflamed with the taste of blood, was romping around his prison, and eagerly reaching up for a mouthful of any timid spectator that ventured near enough to look down at him. The people will continue to look forward with interest to the solution of the problem of whether Tapp will tame the Man-eater or the Man-eater tame Tapp.—*S. F. Chronicle*.

"Movin' On."

The prisoner was about as big as a pepper-box, and unspeakably ragged and dirty. He stood there a tiny little waif, a human atom alone in the big, bad world, so far as friends or relatives are concerned. One dirty little fist was crammed into his right eye, while the tears washed white channels down his grimy face, and in his other hand he held a huge chunk of switzer kase.

"What is your name?" was the question.

"Denny Feely, sir," was the answer.

"Where are you from?"

"From N-n-new York," was the sobbing answer.

"How old are you?"

"T-t-twelve years, sir?"

"Shut up your crying. Nobody's going to hurt you. When did you leave home?"

"Two years ago."

"What have you been doing all this time?"

"Travelling around, sir."

"Have you a father and mother?"

"Yes, sir; on Thirteenth Street."

"What does your father do?"

"Gi's drunk."

"What does your mother do?"

"Gi's drunk, too. That's all they do."

"What made you leave?"

"They licked me, and said I could light out whenever I pleased. So I did."

"How do you travel around?"

"On the cars. I make believe deaf and dumb to git rides and git a living. Please let me go. Don't lock me up."

Twelve years old and for two years a professional tramp! A keen, bright boy, and able to read and write. There is the making of a smart thief and a noted criminal. He was taken back and locked in a cell with a couple of crackers and his chees for solace.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

A DISAPPOINTED LADY.—A lady from Indianapolis came all the way to Omaha a few days ago to meet her lover from California, to whom she had been engaged for two years, and was about to marry. He had written her a letter from Salt Lake on the 9th of September saying that he was coming east and that he had some property at Atlantic, Iowa, which he was going to dispose of. The lady thinking that Atlantic was on the C. B. & Q. took that route, and upon learning her mistake came through to Omaha, and then telegraphed to Atlantic, but received no reply. She had just ten cents left, and when she could find no trace of her lover she burst into tears and wept for three days, during which time she refused to be comforted. She stopped at the Union Pacific Emigrant house, and finally Mr. B. Hansen secured a pass from Mr. Philippi, the C. B. & Q. agent, over that line to Peoria, and from Peoria she succeeded in obtaining passage home to Indianapolis by pawing her trunk.—*Omaha Bee*.

The fashion journals say: "Feathers are still the style for hats and bonnets." Beds, too. We slept on a hotel bed the other night that must have had as much as thirty or forty feathers scattered around on a car load of slats, but this is carrying feather decoration to the extreme of fashion.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

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