

SAVED BY AN OUTLAW.

A Stockman's Thrilling Adventure With a Wild Bull.

Mr. Charles Davison, a well-known stockman of Yuleta, Texas, reports a singular and well nigh fatal adventure which befell him recently in the valley of the Franklin Mountains, lying north of that 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. You may not be aware of the fact, but some years ago—fifteen or twenty now—there was a large drove of cattle stampeded near here by the Indians and driven into the mountains, where they escaped and in the course of time grew quite unsuited to this country. They are very shy and are rarely known to leave the mountainous heights, but a bull sometimes, when driven off from his herd by a stronger rival, will descend to the valleys, and often prove a dangerous foe to encounter even on horseback.

The Mexican warned me that the one he had been attacked by was, doubtless, still in the neighborhood, and that it would stand in hand to keep a look out for him. I had ridden on 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 unseating 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 a 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 out and blistered by the sharp rocks, and had sat down to rest near a clump of cotton wood 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 black 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 cotton woods, 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 me 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 in my knife in 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 in 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 it 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 a 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 buffet 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 strong 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 his 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 toward the dead beast, when my senses failed me and I fainted. When I came to myself my horse was standing near me tied to a bush, and my strange rescuer had withdrawn a few feet and was watching me intently. I went up to him, and, thanking 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 finest horseman I ever saw."

A NOVEL INVENTION.

Hereafter You May Carry Your Own Typewriter in Your Pocket.

A pocket typewriter is shortly to be offered to the British public. Typewriting instruments now in the market are of considerable size and weight—at least a person could scarcely think of carrying one about with him regularly. This one under notice is not only inexpensive, but is so small that it may be carried in the waistcoat pocket. Its retail price will be under ten shillings; it measures 3½ inches by 3 inches and weighs about four ounces. Though so small it is not a mere toy. The inventor claims for it that it will turn out better work and be found more useful than larger and more expensive machines. With reference to its construction, all that can be seen when superficially examined is a disk about the size of the face of a gentleman's watch, in which the type is fixed, and one or two small rollers. It will print a line from an inch to a yard long, and paper of any size or thickness can be used. Any one can use it, though as in the case of other instruments, practice is required to enable the operator to write quickly. Another advantage is that by means of duplicate types the writer can be used for different languages. Patents have been obtained for most of the countries in Europe as well as for America, Canada and Australia.

Marriage Unpopular in England.

The unpopularity of marriage continues unabated, and last year was the first in recent times in which, while the price of wheat fell, the marriage rate remained stationary. It is now 14.2 per thousand. The decline in the popularity of matrimony is greatest with those who have already had some experience of wedded life. Between 1876 and 1888 the marriage rate fell 12 per cent, for bachelors and spinsters, 27 per cent, for widowers, 31 per cent, for widows. The drop in the remarriage of widows, however, is probably due to the glutting of the marriage market with surplus spinsters. The excess of women over men in England and Wales is estimated at 765,000!

Another interesting fact is that the births have now reached the lowest rate recorded since civil registration began. In 1876 the rate was 36.3 per 1,000; it is now 30.6. This is very satisfactory, and it is also notable that the illegitimate birth rate has declined, the proportion, 4.6 per cent, being the lowest yet registered. The worst feature in the Registrar General's returns, however is the fact that the male births had fallen in proportion to the female; in the last ten years 1,038 baby boys were born for every thousand girls, and last year the male preponderance had dropped by 5, and is now standing at 1,033 to 1,000. With a surplus female population of three-quarters of a million this is a move in the wrong direction.

It is worth noting that while the increase in marriages between English people has not kept pace with the population, (having increased only 4 per cent, in the last nine years,) marriages according to Jewish rites have grown no less than 65 per cent. If this rate is kept up they will become Anglo-Israelites indeed, in a way not dreamed of by those enthusiasts who have identified them with the lost Ten Tribes.

Septuagenarian Monarchs.

We live in an age of old monarchs, grand or otherwise, as well as of old statesmen. A throne in our century seems to give its possessor a fair prospect of longevity. The Pope is, of course, expected to be an old man. The two oldest men next to him are the King of Holland and the reigning Prince of Schaumburg Lippe, both of whom were born in the year 1817. Next come the King of Denmark, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and the Duke of Cobourg-Gotha, Prince Albert's brother, all of whom first saw the light in 1818. The following year, 1819, was marked by the birth of Queen Victoria, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Then we have seven septuagenarian rulers in Europe if we may extend the term ruler to the small German princes who, since the foundation of the new Empire, have not been allowed to do much ruling.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

A Patriotic Scot.

Walter Scott tells the story of a blacksmith in the south of Scotland who disappeared from the range of vision of the great novelist and was found afterward practicing medicine in an English city. The astonished novelist asked the blacksmith if he knew anything about the healing art, and the latter acknowledged that he did not, but trusted mainly to "two samples—laudnum and calomel." "Samples with a vengeance," said Scott; "don't you kill more than you cure?" "Perhaps I do," returned the patriotic blacksmith, "but it will be a long time before I make up for the Scots that the English killed at Flodden."

Clara—"I wouldn't like to have such a fat husband as Emily has got." Bessie—"Neither would I. But they do say she puts her portfolio of autumn leaves under the cushion of his chair, and he presses them out splendidly."—[Burlington Free Press.

RAISING A SPIRIT.

A Canadian Ghost Story.

About thirteen or fourteen years ago, a gentleman of the name of Grant, living on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, over a hundred and fifty miles below Quebec, was obliged by business to go up to that city, late in October. The only way of doing so was to cross the river (which is there over thirty miles broad) in a yacht or other sailing vessel to some village on the opposite side to take the train up. The house where Mr. Grant lived was a new one, so he did not like to take his young wife and three children down to be exposed to the cold of a partly unfinished dwelling during the very severe winter. So, as on previous occasions, Mrs. Grant remained for the winter with her father, a well-known doctor, who has since died. Business being over Mr. Grant hastened to return, as navigation is not very practicable at the late season (for by this time it was November), and having but lately recovered from a severe illness he wished to avoid as much as possible a bad crossing.

Arrived at the station he hailed a cart, and, hearing that his yacht was in port, asked some questions about the tide and wind. Just at that moment the train shrieked and so frightened one of the horses standing by, that, swerving quickly round, it knocked Mr. Grant to the ground. On being picked up it was found that he had fallen with his back on a sharp stone so as almost to have broken it. Although in pain and very weak he would not allow the yacht to remain longer than was necessary to take in a load of fresh beef, mutton, eggs and butter (articles required in his establishment), as he feared for her safety, but thought he could doctor himself, having quite a medicine chest at home and knowing something of medicine.

The day on which the yacht started out so bravely from the safe little inlet where she had been moored, seemed to all appearance a fine one, and all on board (Mr. Grant the captain, one sailor, and two passengers) expected to cross in about seven or eight hours, for the wind was blowing freshly, quite filling the white sails, and the little boat danced merrily along over the green waves seeming to skim as lightly as one of the sea pigeons that played around. "Well, captain, this is going nicely, but it seems that we will have a blow."

"Ay, sir, I'm afraid we won't get in before it either, but we'll weather it, I'll be bound, for the 'Sea Gull' is a tight little craft. You had your eyes open, sir, when you bought her."

"Well, you see, I knew the 'Mary's' weak points and when she went down last spring I made up my mind to get a smaller but a stronger boat, one that could be more easily managed."

"Well, the 'Mary' had her good points too, and would have sailed a good while longer if she had not been run into by those lubbers."

"I know it, but we had it out then, Captain, so there is no use, I suppose, in going over it again, but I always will say it was one of the most criminal pieces of carelessness I ever saw, to run right into a moored boat and sink her, but there I won't say anything more about it."

While this talking had been going on, the wind had been rising, dark clouds began to cross the sky, ominous signs not unnoticed either by the captain or his employer, who had crossed the river so often as to be quite familiar with the river signs. Reefs were taken in and all things got ready for a squall. Bravely the 'Sea Gull' mounted each rolling wave, passing unhurt to the next, though they seemed almost large enough to engulf her, but as strong and seaworthy as one of her namesakes she struggled bravely on. However, after a time, the wind veered to the north and blew a hurricane, so that it was quite impossible to run in the teeth of the gale. The vessel was put about and all speed was made to enter some place of shelter. "Captain, where shall we run? We can't go back for we are already several miles lower than Saint C—, and the current runs down here! Yes, sir, and the tide must be going out or soon will be, so it would be dangerous to run for the shore, but I think we can make for St. Barnaby's Island, a little to the south-east here." Accordingly, the course was changed and they were soon being literally driven towards the island. Unless they could slacken their speed it seemed as though they must run aground, and yet to cast anchor on that angry sea was an impossibility. What was to be done? "Our safest course is to run her ashore on the south-west side, sir, there is a good bit of beach there, it is our only chance." "All right, captain, I know you will do your best to save her as well as us."

On came the little craft, driven by wind and wave toward that uncertain shelter. But the captain's good steering soon brought her to the shore, where she was carried high above the ordinary water-mark. The moment she grounded and the waves rolled back the captain, sailor and the other two men with ropes in hand sprang to the beach, and as the yacht rose on the next wave, drew it as high as they could out of harm's way. As the tide was falling the boat was soon high and dry on the beach. Being eagerly examined by the captain and sailor it was found to be very little injured, but, as they could not with help get it down to the river again, they were prisoners on the island till such time as they could signal some passing boat, the island being too far from shore for their signals to be noticed. Mr. Grant was in a very weak state, the only thing he could take being a little broth made from the fresh beef they were so fortunate in having on board. All next day as well as the following no boat passed near enough to notice them. After that, owing to the lateness of the season, very few vessels were to be seen and these either did not see or would not notice the signals of distress. During this time great anxiety was felt in Quebec at not hearing anything of Mr. Grant. On enquiry the members of the firm learnt that he had left on the day of the storm, but letters coming from—, the place whither he was going, said that nothing had been seen or heard of him there.

CHAPTER II.

"What a wind there is out, Mr. Abel! I think we are in for more bad weather."

"Yes, sir, I think we are. I was fortunate in getting here before that last storm we had."

"That was a storm and it cost us dear. Poor Grant! Do you know it is a funny thing that nothing was ever seen of the yacht; it is now two weeks since she went down."

"Well, I suppose she must have been carried right out to sea."

"I suppose so. Since you have finished tea we may as well go to the sitting-room, where there is a good fire, and I think I hear some one there." "How d'ye do sir! How d'ye do! How do! Blowing a gale, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mr. Abel, and I were just remarking that it is almost as bad as the storm poor Grant went down in."

"So it is, sir. Just what we was thinking of as we came along; Joe, and Bill and me, we came to see about that bit of hauling on the Back river."

"Oa! I'll talk of that to-morrow. Cook here will be glad to see you, eh Cook? But who is at the door?"

"Three or four Indians, sir, who want to see the new store clerk about some provisions."

"Oh, show them in, Cook, by all means. Now, Mr. Abel, here is a chance for some fun. Being a ventriloquist you must amuse us this evening."

By this time the Indians had entered, and we asked: "How? Miser Brown, how?"

"Ab, is that you Michael and Jerome? How d'ye do? Come in! Come in! So you have business with our new clerk. Here he is, and, by the way, mind you don't vex him, for he is not to be meddled with; let me tell you he can raise spirits if he wants to."

"Now Miser Brown very funny, Jerome no frightened of new store man! He not raise spirits, no more than Cook there."

"Oh, can't he? Well, if you don't look out he may. What do you think, Jacques?"

"Jacques live long time, never yet see man that make spirit come."

"All right sit down there and see what he can do."

"Well, really, Mr. Brown," said the ventriloquist, "if they want to see a ghost, I have no objection."

"Will that do as well, Jerome?"

"When Jerome see the spirit he then he-Eva, but not say it is well. Good man not call demons."

"Silence now, as I think he will come down the chimney," said the ventriloquist.

Instantly silence reigned in the room. The four Indians were as mute and motionless as though cut out of stone, while the other men quietly smoked their pipes and watched to see what was coming. Nothing was heard for a moment or two, but the dismal sound of the wind, and then a scratching sound was heard as of claws against the bricks. All faces were as awn as nature allowed.

"Who is there?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Your friend," answered a well known voice recognized by all as Mr. Grant's.

"What do you want?"

"I come because sent for," answered the ventriloquist, making his voice answer from the chimney.

"When did you die?"

"When I ceased to live."

"One ghost very good, but when I see two the same, Jerome say better still."

All eyes were turned in the direction of the speaker, and saw his gaze fixed on the door behind them, where, pale and ghost-like, stood Mr. Grant.

This was too much for the onlookers, who scattered in all directions, except Mr. Brown and the old Indian whose quick eyes saw that their friend was in need of assistance. When this had been given and he was sufficiently recovered, Mr. Grant told how he had been obliged to remain on Barnaby Island till the salt water froze sufficiently for them to walk over to the mainland, which ice, as it continually does, broke up next day by the action of the water. He had with difficulty procured a yacht which that day had crossed with him to the north shore, but owing to the rising wind they had been obliged to land some miles below the settlement, and he had escaped notice. Weak as he was he had been obliged to walk up and only reached home after dark. No one had heard him and he had just walked into the sitting room in time to hear his own ghost speak. Mr. Abel soon got over the fright he had received, for though he raised a spirit, he did not care to see the real article as he thought had been the case that time. He had known Mr. Grant formerly, and it was thus that he could so well imitate his voice in speaking for a ghost.

Many and many a time in crossing the river on a fine day, I have gazed from a distance on that island where Mr. Grant was so nearly made a ghost of.—[Montreal Witness

Ostriches That Run Races.

Some time ago a gentleman visited a pen of tame ostriches in Africa. At his call two beautiful birds came up to him. Being desirous of testing their speed he arranged with the keeper that they should run a race. So, he crossed the birds and showed them a handful of figs, of which they are very fond. The ostriches were held while the visitor walked to a certain distance. At a signal they were set free and began to run for the figs. They came bounding along at a terrific rate, taking twelve or fourteen feet at a stride. They ran neck-and-neck for more than half the distance, their wings working like arms and making a great sound. Presently one drew ahead, and looking behind, as you may have noticed a boy in a foot race do, to see where his rival was, and, finding him beaten, the winner slackened his pace and gently trotted up for his prize of figs.

Stanley to Winter at Cairo.

It is not surprising that Mr. Stanley has decided to winter in Cairo, and will not be seen in London before next spring. After one has lived within the tropics for several years, a sudden change to a winter climate in the latitude of London is to incur great risk of a serious impairment of health. This is the reason Dr. Junker spent a winter in Cairo before going home, and many an African traveller, eager to get back to his friends, has halted midway for a time waiting for spring. Madeira is a favorite resort for explorers going north in winter, and Wissmann is among the travellers who have made that beautiful island their temporary home. Stanley will probably improve the greater quiet of Cairo to write his new book, and he may have it off his hands by the time he returns to Europe.—[N. Y. Sun.

The Bitter End.

De Cranque—Here's a suggestion for the world's fair which, if it could be carried out, would—

Editor—James, just carry this suggestion out, will you? And while you are about it just carry the suggester out, too.—[Puck.

What One Juror Can Do.

At a rough estimate the witnesses' expenses in the Cronin trial were \$5,000, legal expenses \$20,000, stenographers and typewriters \$10,000, the jury \$8,000, and the total cost not far from \$100,000. Had Juror Culver been a little more obstinate, or had there been one man on the jury who had persisted in voting for acquittal, this immense sum of money would have been a total loss, and it would have become necessary to spend as much more for another trial. The mischief of which one juror is capable is practically incalculable.—[Rochester Democrat.

The Patient Died Too.

The doctors who attended the late King of Portugal during the last few weeks of his illness presented bills for their services amounting to nearly \$100,000. One of them demanded \$14,000 for ten visits, another demanded \$17,000 for fifteen, while a third thought that \$30,000 was not too much to ask for attendance at eighteen consultations. Eventually the new King succeeded in effecting a settlement of their claims by means of a lump sum of \$60,000.—[N. Y. Tribune.

None so Deaf.

It has been noticed that sometimes people who are slightly deaf appear to be able to hear certain sounds better than they are to hear others; and from this the proverb has arisen, "None so deaf as those who won't hear."

The story is a well known one of the rich father, who was somewhat deaf, and who was asked one day by his scapegrace son,— "Father, will you give me fifty dollars?"

"What?" said the father, putting his hand to his ear.

"Will you give me a hundred dollars?" shouted the young man.

"Hold on!" said the father, "I heard you well enough the first time."

A somewhat similar story is told of Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was preparing a room in York Buildings, London, for public orations, happened to be a good deal behind in his payments to his workmen.

Coming one day into the hall to see what progress was made, Steele ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, in order to observe how it could be heard.

The carpenter mounted the stage, and, scratching his head, told Sir Richard that he did not know what to say.

"I'm no orator, sir," he said.

"Oh, no matter," said Steele, "say the first thing that comes uppermost in your head."

"Why, then, Sir Richard," said the man, "here we have been working for your honor these six months, and cannot get a penny of our money. Pray, sir, when do you intend to—"

"That will do—that will do!" said Steele, "You may come down. I heard you quite distinctly, but I didn't like your subject."

How Things to in Life.

McFingle—Do you know that seedy-looking individual over there?

McFangle—Yes, he's the inventor of the most wonderful and useful engines in the world.

Indeed! And who is that handsomely dressed, prosperous-looking man to whom he is talking?

"Oh, he invented an oil can to use on the engine invented by the other."

The Farmer Knew Better.

"What is that?" asked the farmer of the musician, pointing to his tunning instrument.

"That is a pitchfork," was the reply.

"You must take me for a jay," commented the farmer, as he took departure.

One More Score.

The Czar—Great Peter! all is indeed lostworth! Who fired that bombvitch? General, the Count Skippoff—Peace, sire.

It was his imperial highness the emperor of Germany kissing his imperial highness the emperor of Austria on the other side of the train.—[Puck.

Not That Time.

"Did you—did you ever—?" he began as he leaned across the aisle of the street car.

"Did you ever—?"

The other lifted the hammer of his shooting iron.

"Did you ever have the quinsy?"

"Ah! I thought you were going to speak of the weather," sighed the gunner, as he returned his weapon to its place.

Memory Doctor Wanted.

Caller—"Are you the memory doctor?"

Professor—"I am a professor of the science of—"

"Yes, I know; you fix up memories."

"In common parlance, yes."

"That's what I heard. Well I want my memory doctored."

"That is very easily done. All you have to do is to adopt my system and in a little while you will get so that you can remember anything at all."

"That isn't what I want. I want my memory fixed so I can't remember anything, I have been called as a witness in a boodle trial."—[New York Weeklv.

Heroic Treatment.

Customer (in drug store)—Give me about ten grains of quinine in four ounces of whiskey. My physician says if I don't take plenty of quinine I'm a dead man.

Clerk—Sorry, sir, but we're all out of quinine; there's a carload on the way.

Customer—I s'pose there is, but it doesn't do me any good. Well, give eight ounces of whiskey then, I've got to do something for this terrible ma

A Little Too Previous.

A good story is going the rounds about a certain married man. He got up one morning in a terrible hurry, rushed around frantically, built a fire, decided that he wouldn't have time to wait for breakfast, had his wife make him a cup of coffee—all he could take time for—swallowed the coffee, put on his overcoat, said "good morning" to his wife, looked at the clock, found it was 2.30 a. m., and went back to bed.