

BULL BAITING.

A THRILLING SPECTACLE AT SAN FRANCISCO— DISGUSTING BRUTALITY— MEXICAN FEROCITY ILLUSTRATED.

From the San Francisco Chronicle, Nov 12

The announcement that a bull fight would be held at South San Francisco Park yesterday afternoon, drew a number of persons to that resort. Those who expected to witness a well-furnished Spanish bull fight, where a savage wild bull is turned loose in an amphitheatre to engage in mortal combat with professional matadores, were disappointed, as the bull was not fought, driven to frenzy by carts and finally killed after having gored a man or two to death, but was ridden like a horse or any other beast of burden. The vocation of the bull rider, or *jinete*, as he is called in Spanish, demands great coolness, agility and excellent horsemanship, while that of the bull fighter demands all these and daredevil bravery into the bargain. Still the *jinete*, coping single handed with savage bulls, as he does, is necessary a man of courage. The *jinete* does not kill the bull. He enters the arena, aggravates the animal with a scarlet banner, and when the beast is sufficiently infuriated the vaquero rides into the arena, lassoes the bull and throws him on the ground. The *jinete* then jumps on the bull's back and rides him until he is exhausted, then springs to the ground, vaults out to the arena, and the bull is returned to his pen. Thus it will be seen that the bull ride is a much more harmless amusement than a bull fight, where horses are often ripped open, picadores gored to death, and the entertainment is concluded by the slaughter of the bull by a matadore. The exhibition yesterday was a "ruse." The *jinete*, Ramon Chevarria, is a swarthy Mexican, forty-two years old, who is a bull rider by profession, having followed the vocation for twenty-three years. He is a short man, rather heavy set, with a stolid face, and his movements do not indicate much agility. Yet he is as active as a cat in the arena.

The bull was of Texas stock, which is noted for ferocity. The Texas animal is a cousin to the Spanish, but is larger and more savage, his horns sometimes measuring ten feet from tip to tip. The bull in question was a sinewy animal, ponderous but not unwieldy, and was chosen for his extreme viciousness. Several vaqueros were sent into a herd of seven Texas bulls, fresh from the sagebrush steppes of Nevada, and brought to this city in a band of cattle owned by Mr. Spreen, proprietor of the park. When the vaqueros entered the place where the bulls were kept, one of them instantly uttered a savage bellow and chased the Mexicans out of the enclosure. He was accordingly selected for the exhibition. A circular arena about twenty-five feet in diameter, surrounded by a tight board fence about eight feet high, was built for the encounter, and a small corral for the bull was constructed adjoining the arena. The bull was with difficulty enclosed in this corral in the morning and soon pawed the ground into a bog. At the approach of some curious person the animal would become enraged and charge upon him with ferocity, being kept in check, however, by the fence. For several hours he bellowed about his corral, shaking his massive head and throwing mud into the vicinity, and when the hour of exhibition arrived was worked up to a frenzy and thirsting to gore a victim.

At three o'clock Ramon Chevarria appeared, dressed in a flaming suit, consisting of bright red shirt and cap, green trunks and gaudy striped hose, and carrying a scarlet banner about three feet square, calculated to torment the beast to frenzy. He was accompanied by a vaquero named Lopez, and a chulo, or blanket man, to distract the attention of the beast from the rider when necessary. Chevarria sprang lightly into the arena, made his bow to the audience, among whom were several women, and called for his brute adversary. The gate between the amphitheatre and the pen was thrown open and the bull, with a fierce bellow, rushed into the arena, where Ramon, flaming in scarlet, calmly awaited him. The bull

crisis several vaqueros rushed in and succeeded in diverting the bull's attention for a moment, and the brutal butcher was dragged out of the arena more dead than alive, with his clothing in tatters and bleeding slightly from several bruises, but rescued from the fate he so richly deserved. All this time Ramon was mounted on the bull. He sat on the neck, facing the tail, with his legs clasped around the animal's throat and holding himself on by a rope placed like a scurrying circle around the brute's body. By this time the bull began to show the effects of the conflict. Blood was oozing from his mouth and nostrils, great patches of skin and flesh had been scraped off and the eye covered by the drunken butcher was swollen and bleeding. In vain he struggled to shake Ramon off; the *jinete* clung to him like a monkey, and after charging about the arena for a few moments terminated *toro* gave it up and stood motionless, glaring at the audience with Chevarria hanging to his neck like a scarlet excrescence. It now became necessary to divert the bull in order that Ramon might spring off his neck and escape. At this moment the gates were thrown open and a handsome coach dog, belonging in the neighborhood, trotted in and wagged his tail affectionately at the audience. It is not positively known that he was driven in by the Mexican to divert the bull's attention, but it is supposed that such is the case. Several men cried out to Justo Martinez, the Mexican in charge of the gate, to take the dog out or he would be killed, but the stolid attendant shook his head.

The dog was evidently a pet and was disposed to make friends with the bull, and trotted up to him wagging his tail, with good nature shining in his intelligent eyes. But the frenzied beast charged upon him, and the poor dog, astonished, darted aside. The bull now commenced a persistent chase after the affrighted dog, with Ramon still clinging to his neck. The dog, whinnying piteously, ran to the gate several times, but Martinez, with the cold cruelty characteristic of his race, inhumanly closed the door against him at the same time shaking the scarlet banner at the bull. Many of the audience denounced Martinez for his brutality and begged him to let the dog out of the gate, but the hard-hearted Mexican refused. The wretched dog presented a pitiful picture as he ran wildly about the arena, springing frantically against the gate, moaning and appealing to the audience with his expressive eyes, and with the implicable bull in hot pursuit. Finally the dog became bewildered and paralyzed with fear and amazement at not being assisted by the human beings around him and crouched against the wall. The bull drew back, lowered his head, and charging upon the suffering animal, crushed him against the wall with terrible force. The crunching of the dog's bones could be heard. He screamed with agony—not with the howl of a dog, but with a shriek like that of a terrified woman. The dog lay in a heap, crushed. The respectable portion of the audience became wild with indignation and cursed Justo Martinez in unmeasured terms. Captain Henry J. Burns, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals, now interfered and commanded Chevarria to stop the exhibition under pain of instant arrest. Ramon, who had by this time succeeded in escaping from the bull's neck, calmly assented. Captain Burns then arrested Justo Martinez for cruelty to animals in not allowing the dog to escape. Several Mexican's and hoodlums manifested a disposition to rescue Martinez, who struggled with Captain Burns and refused to go to the prison, but the stalwart Captain was not to be trifled with, and took his struggling prisoner to the City Hall.

COL BARNES' FIGHT WITH A BULL-DOG.

A sanguinary red bull-dog was one of the most marked features of the bench show, in the early part of the week. So abnormally savage was this creature that his food was always thrown to him from a convenient distance, and his drink pushed within his reach by means of a long pole. He was in a state of sullen fury from the moment he

HORSE-SHOING.

In a state of nature, or in soft soil, the crust, bars, frog and sole all assist in supporting the weight of the animal, and perhaps in the same proportion as the order in which we have mentioned them. If it were possible, therefore, to invent a shoe that would enable these parts to support weight in the same proportion as in a state of nature, this would certainly be the best shoe that could be applied. This, however, seems to be unpracticable, inasmuch as it is necessary, in consequence of its durability, to apply an unyielding metal. We are therefore obliged to select that part which can best support the weight, and bear with the least injury the insertion of nails. This part is the crust, which in a state of nature supports the greater part of the weight, it is on the smooth, hard road is obliged, with occasional exceptions, to support the whole. It is impossible to afford the sole that moderate degree of pressure that would be useful, and therefore we are constrained to remove it from the pressure altogether.

It is needless to observe how much the preservation of horses' feet depends on the careful and skillful application of the shoe independently of its being constructed on other principles. Many horses, with very bad and weak feet, are enabled to go sound for years by this combination of care and skill, whilst with bungling hands a single shoeing would suffice to lame them. It requires considerable tact to fit a shoe properly on a bad weak foot, so as to save the weakest parts and economize the horn. It is very common, when an attempt at neatness is aimed at, to find the heels considerably too short, and corns produced in consequence. At other times the upper surface of the heels of the shoe present a rough depression in the middle, with coarse projections too on each side. This is done in rendering the heels of the shoe narrower than the other parts, and is a fruitful cause of corns. We often see the outside heel of the shoe considerable within the crust, and the inside heel without it, from improper fitting; at other times, the upper surface of the shoe is extremely rough and irregular, pressing too hard on some parts, and not at all on others, the nail holes perhaps in the middle of the shoe, and carried very near the heels. These are a few of the faults often exhibited in shoeing.

To fit a shoe properly, it ought to be made perfectly flat on the anvil, the foot surface having been rendered as smooth as possible; in this state it may be applied hot, though not red hot, to the foot for a few seconds, when the parts that are above the level are affected by the heat, and should be reduced. Some persons object to the application of the hot shoe to the foot, but their grounds for objections are more imaginary than real. If the shoe be not too hot, or too long applied, we can see no evil likely to follow, and it certainly enables the smith to get a good and equal bearing for the shoe. The circumference of the shoe ought to correspond exactly with that of the foot; for the want of which it often happens that much horn is unnecessarily cut away, and the natural shape of the hoof destroyed. The shoes should bear lightly on the heels, particularly on the inside of the fore feet, and should extend about a third of its width outside the horn at this part, so as to allow for the expansion and the growth of the foot. In the hind feet care must be taken that the shoe does not project beyond the crust on the inside, but should be rather kept within it, so as to avoid cutting or interfering.

However well a shoe might have been fitted it will not answer for its purpose, unless properly nailed on. There is a great difference in this respect, even in men that have had the same opportunities. A bungling hand will perhaps nail the shoe on, however well fitted, with one nail too much without, and the other too much within the crust, in driving his nails, he may make several attempts at each nail before he succeeds, thus perforating the crust unnecessarily, and weakening it considerably; or, he may drive the nails too high up, so that they are altogether buried in the crust; or too near the sensitive part, so as to occasion lameness; or he may fasten the shoe on so insecurely that it comes off in a short time; or he may nail it on with such force (draw it too tight) so as to lame the horse. A good shoer avoids all these faults, nailing on the shoe firmly, expeditiously, and cautiously; and he exhibits a superiority to the bungler both in the head and in the hand, and we doubt not, possesses in the latter a firmer sensation of touch. These remarks are written for the purpose of guiding the reader in the selection of a proper blacksmith.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A HOT "COLD DECK."

In the early days of California, when the miners were digging bushels of money out of the gulches and hills, Reddy & Andrews, (Tom Andrews, who is well known here and in the mining towns of California) owned immensely rich diggings in Forest City, Sierra county. They frequently cleaned up from \$20,000 to \$30,000. When a clean-up was made one of these partners would take the dust down to San Francisco to the mint.

In making these trips they generally took turns. It was their habit to stop over night in Sacramento, and take the boat the next afternoon, at 2 o'clock, for San Francisco. When Andrews came down to Sacramento he frequently did battle with the tiger, but Reddy a strong man was piker. Three aces was his big hand. When he held three aces he would bet his bet ten dollars. This was well known among the sports.

On one occasion Reddy had been playing all night with some of the Sacramento sports, and in the morning quit \$500 ahead of the game. The sports—Charley Dawson among the number—did not much relish his getting away with the coin, and concluded, "just for the fun of the thing," as they told Reddy, to take a little run down to the "Bay."

The boat had not proceeded far down the river before, as the most natural thing in the world, a poker game was started. In the game were Reddy, Foster (hotel keeper from one of the southern mining counties) and Charley Dawson and two other sports.

A job had been put up to "raise" a "cold deck" and give Reddy his favorite hand of three aces. The game proceeded, and at the proper time Dawson "raised" the deck.

The cards were dealt and Reddy got his three aces, Dawson three kings, and the others indifferent hands. In the draw Dawson got the other king. Reddy drew two cards, but having his three aces he felt strong enough to fight an army, and did not pick up or look at the two cards drawn.

Betting began and Foster and the two sports that were with Dawson did not come in.

Having four kings, and being confident that Reddy had but his three aces, Dawson went in strong; and, having his three aces, Reddy felt that nothing could whip him. He was so sure that he paid no attention to the cards gotten in the draw.

The betting was red hot, and most of the loungers about the boat were gathered around the two men, watching the game with breathless interest.

Among the lookers-on was "Domingo Joo," a nervous, restless little sport, who was Dawson's friend and chum. Joo was skipping back and forth in his restless way, peeping over the shoulders of the two men as their cards as often as an opportunity offered, his eyes sparkling with excitement. He felt quite confident that the cards had been properly "stocked," yet he would have given much for a peep at those Reddy had not yet picked up.

Seven thousand dollars had already been bet, and finally as a stumper Dawson went \$2,000 better, Reddy promptly "saw the raise," and said, "I go you another \$2,000 better." Quite absent minded he then picked up the two cards that had all the time been lying unnoticed by his side.

The wazel eye of "Domingo Joo" detected the other ace as the cards were lifted, and an ashy pallor spread over his visage—it was as though he had been stricken by death.

He almost instantly recovered his self-possession, however, and thrusting both hands into his trousers pockets, he sheered off from the party, and carelessly sauntering up and down the boat, began singing

"And the other fell in, too, boys,
And the other fell in there, too."

This was enough for Dawson. The words of Joo's pretended song came to his ears as a death knell. He turned pale, then red, threw down his cards and said: "Take it all, I squeal!"

As Reddy raked down the whole pile he threw a glance around at the faces of the crowd of silent spectators and sang, as though the words of "Domingo Joo" and just reached his ears:

"And the other fell in, too, boys,
And the other fell in there, too."

THE PROFESSION OF TRAINING TROTTERS.

There is a good deal of column attached to the business of training and driving trotters, partly

merits entitle them at all with the law, a voice in framing the laws which will be their governing code, there would be less anxiety for such a rigid surveillance, and the chance to prove their capacity, show that they are recognized as having some value at the odds are long that they will be able to manage them they are under the present penitentiary. We have heard it argued that to give them a voice in the law-making, and especially to see since that they were elected with the president and secretaries of the various associations would be to put the whole of the training spirit of the country. We think differently, and that if the put he placed a higher estimate upon it, in they would feel that they had more character to protect. It would be that a dishonest driver would start with his companions as a tricky merchant or fraudulent banker does with the square members of the Chamber of Commerce and the Exchange and his associates would urge his utter banishment, and insist that he never be permitted to play the game with the public again. Nine-tenths of them will endeavor to live up to the higher estimate, the other one be forced outside.

TYPOS AS ACTORS

THE THEATRICAL PEOPLE WHO BEGAN LIFE IN THE TYPING OFFICE.

"Printers" did you say remarked Steve Robson inquiring a few nights ago, as he was his way to a Boston train. "Why, my dear fellow, all our leading actors have worked with a stick and rule at the case. It's the most natural thing in the world for printers to become actors and for writers and players to rub elbows together."

"How do you reason at your theory?" "Setting type is composition. A printer couldn't write an ungrammatical sentence or tried. So with writers. Writing is but another word for acting. Both are the literature of thought, if you will allow the expression. It's art; and it's the most natural thing in the world, I should fancy, for printers to draft for the case to the stage or the editorial room."

"Who of the actors of the present day are printers by trade?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Robson, musingly. "There's J. H. Stoddard, one of our best men," he was a typo, and a good one too. Then there's Montague of Wallack's. I wouldn't think to see him bowing up Fifth Avenue behind his span of bang-tailed thoroughbreds that he was once a printer."

"Is that so?" queried the reporter. "I heard that he was in some way connected with a nobleman, and that he has had the exceptional advantages of good surroundings and a university education."

"You've been misinformed, my boy. Montague, the gallant that half Murray Hill is trying its heart over, was typo setter on the Edison Era, and that not a very remote period either. Then there's Harry Gray and Clarence Barrett, both were printers. Barrett has a humble origin, but he has been a tailor, and is now one of the best real-estate in the profession. John Moore, of the Fifth Avenue theater, is another typo. Joe Jefferson, the best actor of modern times, once carried bread at the case. So did that capital one, W. H. Crane, as William Warren, of Boston, and Charles Burke, of Philadelphia. Of the actors who achieved world-wide fame, W. E. Burton and James W. Wallack, Jr., are due to the craft. John X. Brille was a typographer. So was your humble servant, but I think I have better printer than I am an actor. I have Neil Bryant was a fly boy, and I am Barney Williams was one. Steve Fiske, of the Fifth Avenue theater, had something to do with the newspapers, but I am not certain that he was ever employed in a composing room."

"Joro Hamilton, another good actor, was a printer for years. I had almost forgotten Charles Fisher. He used to stock type for race horse. Not long ago he told me he went into a printing office for the first time thirty years. He said he found the situation all the boxes readily, except the receptacle for the interrogation marks; and that he was to know what the mischief I was doing to the N. Y. Sun."

WAS NOT AT THE DOG SHOW

The Virginia City Chronicle man laments lost opportunity. He says: "It is a great regret to the staff of the Chronicle that Fleabite was not one of the attractively beautiful women who were present at the dog show."