

A FACE-WITH-DEATH RIDE.

Remarkable Coolness and Strength
Displayed by a Stutsman
County Farmer.

E. F. Phelps of Spiritwood, accompanied by Mrs. Phelps was transacting business in the city of Jamestown yesterday and is still quite weak and nervous from the shock and strain received in his remarkable struggle against death in a run away which occurred last week. Mr. Phelps was driving a team of young bronchos hitched to a buggy. The horses were well broken but spirited. On the ride home the wagon pole broke. The horses started to run, thoroly frightened, and the lurch threw Mr. Phelps out and under the buggy, between the front and rear wheels. In some manner his feet became fastened between the front axel and the buggy spring, and the speed of the horses was so great that he was unable to extricate his foot and was dragged under the buggy for a distance of three miles. He had on a sheep skin coat, and in falling the coat collar turned up and somewhat protected his head which was close to the hind wheels of the buggy and part of the time in the ruts of the road. The coat skirt was pushed forward and bunched up around Mr. Phelps's shoulders and head also helping to protect him from striking the wheel and ground.

He knew it was useless to attempt to stop the horses by calling to them, so with great coolness he grasped the spokes of the wheel between his arms and locked fast his hands. He also thrust the other foot and leg between the spokes, and succeeded in holding the wheel steady, making it a considerable drag on the team.

This was only done by an effort that was almost superhuman. The dust and dirt filled his throat and lungs to such an extent, that while he was not conscious of it at the time, Mr. Phelps has been coughing and spitting dirt at intervals ever since the accident.

The team finally became tired and slowed down near the top of the hill and Mr. Phelps fortunately had strength enough left to call "whoa" in a natural tone of voice. The horses stopped and Mr. Phelps had barely enough strength left to get his foot free, his leg having been twisted in the run away about half way round. The buggy tire of the wheel which he held from turning, was almost worn thru from dragging on the ground, showing the length of time that he was able to hold the wheel steady. The tire was on a nearly new buggy.

The team stopped near the Bronson farm and Mr. Phelps' hired man who was behind in a wagon and who noticed one of Mr. Phelps' mittens and a piece of the broken tongue along the road, surmised what had happened. It was half an hour before Mr. Phelps was able to recover sufficiently to be taken home; and it will be many a long day before the effects of his narrow escape from death will have disappeared.

Few men have the nerve and strength to hold on to a wheel and remain conscious under a ride of that terrible character. Strange as it may seem no bones were broken although Phelps' face and neck and body are badly bruised.—Jamestown Alert.