

Once and again they circle around,  
Till o'er the decoys they hover.

That pause is fatal to many a one,  
For the time of the slayer is come;  
Now he opens his miniature battery with grape,  
And half a score tell him "well done."

So sport for the hunters, but death for the ducks  
Goes on with its merciless round;  
All along our line on the right and left  
Is the same booming duck-slaying sound.

Of teal and mallard the bag is made up,  
And a now and then red head or goose  
Swings around near by and comes down with a  
rush,  
As the fiery storm is let loose.

Now the early morn is well grown unto day,  
And the ducks are setting to rest  
On the sunny side of some sheltered nook,  
Where the wild rice rears its crest.

We, too, are beginning to weary of death,  
And to call on our forces for leaving  
The marsh to birds and game fowls wild,  
In their sport the black waters cleaving.

On our homeward journey we fight o'er again  
In mind the battles just gained,  
How here and there a long shot was made,  
And how a bird got away lamed.

Thus often after, by the camp fire bright,  
As the laugh and jest go round,  
Each one of us his experience tells  
Of duck shooting long ago found.

Now in after years should we indulge in dreams,  
During moments we have to spare,  
Of joyous sport past, and that  
To come, build castles in the air.

And some should chide us, for excuse we say  
That when he had moments to spare,  
The immortal Washington shot ducks,  
And built castles in the air.

#### A NOVEL FISH.

Our trap fisherman are continually capturing curious specimens of the finny tribe, and one of the oldest and ugliest specimens we have ever seen was caught in the trap of Wm. Weaver, off Taylor's point, Cadiz Island. It is about three and a half feet in length, by about one and a half feet in breadth in its widest part, with skin like that of a shark, an ugly mouth with four rows of teeth, and its shape is something like that of a bellows fish. Its mouth is on the head extremity, and not at all under-rear; while its fins are more like the clipped wings of a fowl. It was very savage, and when an attempt was made to take it from the trap with a large iron-rimmed scoop net, it sprang like a snapping turtle and seized the rim of the net, and hung to it until it was placed in the boat. One of the fishermen afterward attempted to poke him with a short stick and the fish seemingly contracted his body and sprang savagely forward, seizing the man's finger, lacerating it severely. This nondescript weighs over thirty pounds, and is now packed in ice, awaiting the arrival of Hon. Samuel Powell, who takes charge of all novelties from the waters of our part of Narragansett Bay. None of our fishermen have ever seen anything like it.

**LASSING WILD DEER.**—One of the sporting family of Bentwicks in England laid a heavy wager that with the assistance of a single dog he would capture and hobble a certain number of fallow deer running loose in a park, and this wager he won. But a fifteen-year-old in California performed, we think, a much more difficult feat, thus recorded in the Napa Register: "Tom Shouse a fifteen-year-old son of Berry Shrouse, living in Suscol, on Tuesday last saw a deer about a year old on the Hollpoke ranch. The boy was on horseback, and immediately giving chase, ran the deer into the mouth of Hollpoke Canon, where he lassoed, tied and brought it home alive, and gave it to the other children to show his prowess."

#### QUEER DOINGS AT GALESBURG, ILL.

GALESBURG, Oct. 12.—Dear Spirit.—The trotting meeting which was held here last week was inaugurated under very favorable auspices, but, as you have probably heard, owing to sheer rashness at too close, has proved a disastrous failure. The track had passed out of the hands of the original officers, and was, it is understood, under the exclusive control of B. M. Reynolds, who has been its general superintendent. This year he leased the grounds, it is now supposed in order to cover a fraud, to J. Ben Moats, a farmer living in Knox County, and who had borne a good reputation. The first meeting was held in July, and was a failure financially, on account of bad weather. General sympathy was felt, and when the fall meeting was advertised, with premiums amounting to \$25,000, this feeling was manifested by the number of entries, many horsemen coming from a great distance to take part. The weather prevented any trotting the first day, but on the second day the sport was proceeded with. Matters were not altogether satisfactory. There was a suspicious reticence with regard to the payment of premiums, and the decisions of the judges were frequently and loudly questioned, but all expressions of dissatisfaction were ignored. A crisis was reached in the 2:30 race. Mary C., Pine Leaf, Janesville, and Winita started. The former was the favorite, but many thought that Pine Leaf could beat her. Mary C. won the first, second, and third heats, but the judges then declared the third heat void, ruled the driver of Pine Leaf off, and ordered a new driver, Capt. Tough, the owner and driver of Pine Leaf, then took his position, to the effect that the whole business was a swindle; that he was willing to exercise his mare a little, but that when the association was not intending to pay its advertised premiums, they could not count on his entry, and if he could not drive her, nobody else should; and he drove his mare. The culmination of the queer doings was on Saturday, when the lessee, J. Ben Moats, the honest farmer, lit out for his unknown, taking with him, it is estimated, from \$8,000 to \$10,000, receipts at the gate and from entrance money. Up to this time nothing has been heard from him. Very few bills have been paid, and none of the premium money. Reputable citizens here deeply regret this occurrence, as they fear that the reports of the swindled horsemen will permanently injure the track, and that it will be difficult for another management to ever count on the track's success. I hope, however, that this will not be the case. Our track is a fine one, among the best in the West, and all it needs is honorable management to insure its great success. X.

#### OLD EGGS.

The yolk of eggs will keep for many years after the whites have disappeared. This has been tested by experiment. The Manchester Mirror and American says that twenty-four years ago a gentleman in a suburban town packed several eggs in a box of oats, and put them in an out of the way place in the attic of his store, with the intention of testing their condition at the end of a year's time. Forgetting all about them, nearly a quarter of a century had passed, when in overhauling the contents of the attic, he came upon the box in its hiding place. Upon breaking the eggs, the shells of which appeared sound, the whites were found to have totally disappeared, while the yolks remained dried and quite hard. The oats in which the eggs were packed were sound as the day when they were put in the box, and the gentleman has planted several with a view of discovering whether they retain their vitality. In the box was found a memorandum giving the date on which the eggs were deposited.

**MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY.**—Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, (300 or more, with four pages of colored plates,) than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in England as well as in this country. Bell & Daldy, the publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

thunder sounded in his ears. He opened his eyes for a single instant, and it seemed as though a stream of fire was passing before them, and now came that in visible activity of the brain which characterizes all such perilous situations where one's whole life seems to pass in review in an instant of time. But the captain was a very practical man, cool and courageous always, and, consequently, still a little possessed. He began to struggle with all his muscular power to reach the knife which he wore in his belt. He felt that he was growing weaker every instant, and that it was now or never with him, though we should say, parenthetically, that what takes so long to describe occurred in time that was reckoned by seconds rather than minutes. Oh, if he could command but his right hand for one stroke upon that fatal hilt! Now his heart began to fail him. He did not absolutely despair, but his brain reeled, his nerves seemed to alternate before his eyeballs, and his head felt as though compressed in an iron vice. Were these his last moments? He thought, in spite of the agonizing pain he endured, he would make one more brave effort. The line providentially slackened for a second; he reached his knife, and, as quick as thought itself, as the rope became taut again, the keen edge of the knife was upon it, and by a desperate effort of his arm it became severed. He was freed, and then commenced his upward passage, caused by the natural buoyancy of the human body. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a gurgling spasm, and all was over until he awoke to an agonizing pain of reviving consciousness in the arms of his boat's crew. Truly one of the most remarkable escapes from death on record.

#### A DOG AND A MONKEY FIGHT.

The race track was yesterday enlivened by a very attractive programme, in which a fight between a dog and a monkey was the leading specialty. While the amusement was progressing a stranger horse in sight with a small black dog, and sauntered up to a post upon which the monkey was basking in the sun. To all outward appearance the monkey was dead, and seemed to be hung up on the post to keep him out of the way of the chickens. The stranger moved up to the monkey and poked the lifeless animal with his cane. At the touch of the stick the animal's legs swung back and forth without volition on their part.

"When did the monkey die?" asked the stranger of a small boy.

Before the boy could furnish an explanation of the monkey's taking off, the black dog came up and sniffed the animal's tail. The next thing anybody knew was the fact of the monkey sitting astride the dog and the dog howling and squealing like a neglected candidate. The monkey had fallen upon him like a cloudburst, and immediately the wildest excitement prevailed. The crowd was on hand at once, and Daggett, rushing about and flourishing an immense cane, acted as master of ceremonies, and Joe Stewart, pulling out a handful of twenties, wanted to lay odds on the monkey. As soon as the dog recovered from his surprise and realized the somewhat important fact that the monkey was one of the quick instead of the dead, he rose to the situation and made a vigorous defense. The monkey, however, got the dog by the collar, and then winding his tail about the post, held him with a pretty substantial grip in one hand, and cuffed him vigorously with the other. Under this treatment the dog howled for mercy, and tugged and scratched until the collar gave way, after which he started for the back yard with the tip of his tail curled under his tail like a crescent. The stranger who owned the dog stood by, a passive and astonished spectator of the scene, and when the dog had disappeared and the monkey resumed his state of torpor on the top of the post, the boy simply remarked, "Don't act like he was dead."—Virginia City Chronicle.

with the exception of a decayed spot on the foot a long time below the hollow place in which he had imbedded. How did he get there? and what did he live on?

#### THE SQUIRRELS' DUET.

The red and gray squirrels do not lay by winter stores; their caches are made with out pockets and whatever they transport is carried in the teeth. They are more or less active all winter, but October and November are their favorite months. Invade some butternut or hickory nut grove on a nasty October morning, and hear the red squirrel beat the "juba" on the horizontal branch. It is a most lively jig, what the boys call a "regular break down," but repeated with squeals and snickers and derisive laughter. The most noticeable peculiarity about the vocal part of it is the fact that it is a kind of duet. In other words, by some ventriloquial trick he appears to accompany himself, as if his voice split up, a part forming a low guttural sound and a part a shrill nasal sound.

#### SALE OF TROTTING STOCK.

On Monday, the 5th ult., Col. Henry Russell, of Milton, Mass., sold the following stock, consisting of colts, fillies and brood mares with sucklings. There was a large attendance present, and the bidding quite spirited.

Blanche, gr m, 5 yrs, by Smuggler. Thos. J. Kelly, South Boston, \$300.  
Morgan, b c, 4 yrs, by Smuggler. Thomas Nesmith, Lowell, \$450.  
Driftwood, blk m, 4 yrs, by Fearnought, dam Fanny Provost by Erickson. Dr. N. Page, Taunton, \$310.  
Cadmus Maid, b f, 3 yrs, by Smuggler, dam Gaddy by Iron's Cadmus. Joshua Wilkins, Braintree, \$220.

Evergreen, ch c, 3 yrs, by Fearnought, dam Yellowhammer by Midas. O. H. Tilton, Ashland, \$400.

Eagle Wing, ch c, 3 yrs, by Fearnought, dam Mambrino Maid by Eureka. Hon. Henry L. Pearce, Milton, \$325.

Gaddy, b f, foaled Sept 28, 1875, by Smuggler, dam Ella Ellwood (2:29). J. B. Fay, Jr., Southborough, \$220.

Gipsy, b f, foaled Oct 27, 1875, by Smuggler, dam Whisper by Volunteer. James Darrow, Brighton District, Boston, \$370.

Jazelle, b f, foaled April 14, 1875, by Clarence, dam Black Pearl by Balkonia. Dr. N. Page, Taunton, \$150.

Grumbler, b c, foaled April 28, 1875, by Cro-Ole, dam Hambletonia by Old Hambletonian. B. F. Dutton, Boston, \$105.

Guardian, ch c, foaled May 23, 1875, by Blue Bull, dam Yellowhammer, by Midas. W. B. Angler, Milton, \$255.

Grace, b f, foaled Sept 5, 1875, by Blue Bull, dam Mollie D. by Old Mambrino Chief. J. B. Fay, Jr., Southboro, \$105.

Glory, ch f, foaled April 15, 1875, by Bay Chief, dam Ready by Iron's Cadmus. W. B. Angler, \$150.

Jessie Wales, blk m (2:37) in double harness, with colt by Smuggler. Robt. B. Forbes, Milton, \$325.

Ella Ellwood, b c (2:29), with filly by Smuggler. F. W. Hardin, \$400.

Lady Balch, blk m, by Rising Sun, with colt by Smuggler. R. B. Forbes, Jr., \$220.

Mollie D. br m by Old Mambrino Chief, filly by Smuggler. J. M. Forbes, Jr., \$210.

Whisper, br m, by Volunteer, filly by Smuggler. H. J. Gilbert, Milton, \$180.

Black Pearl, blk m, by Balkonia, with colt by Smuggler. R. W. Little, Boston, \$205.

Minnie, ch m, by Ringgold, with colt by Smuggler. J. F. Mills, Newport, Me. \$190.

**A CARD.**—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Leman, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250-ctm

#### A BRIGHT HORSE AND A STUPID ONE.

The Boston Journal relates the following:—Among the many horses owned by the Highland Street Railroad Company is one who used to give the horse as a great deal of trouble by stopping his halter and running at will about the stable. The halter was a chain one buckled on as tightly as possible, but to no purpose, for the horse would invariably be found half an hour afterwards making a dogged tour of the stable. The horse became so much to the staff, and so determined to ascertain the method of escape by which his equine friend secured his liberty. Against his halter was tightly buckled on, and taking a seat where he could watch his troubles in charge, he awaited developments. Pretty soon a horse was stood beside the trouble some one was served to poke his nose into him in a high stall, and catching the end of the halter strap between his teeth he pulled at it. His first, second, and third attempts to unloose the buckle were unavailing, but with remarkable perseverance the horse returned to his work repeatedly, and finally cut dropped the buckle tongue, the throat strap fell, and the horse of inquisitive mind was soon stalking about the stable again. A change of location was, of course, a necessity. A large, heavy, padded gelding, owned by the company, used to manifest a strange regard for a white mare he formerly worked beside. In the stable he was hitched with a rope halter, and, until a chain was substituted, he used to gnaw off his halter, march deliberately to the stall occupied by his mate, and squeeze himself into the same stall, which was only large enough to accommodate one horse comfortably, and a good deal of effort was required to separate the equines after they had become wedged in so closely.

#### SPIRITS INTERFERE WITH GAMBLING.

One of those strange coincidences that serve to trouble the minds of credulous people with a belief in spiritualism occurred in Hartford last week. A Dr. Langley, a medical man, was shown a box of hair from the head of a hospital patient who had the consumption, and he informed the parties who consulted him that nothing could save the consumptive; that he would die in exactly four months and a half. Nothing was thought of the matter until last week, when the patient died, and it was found that he had died exactly on the day that Dr. Langley predicted he would. As the patient was never informed of the prediction, he could have been frightened into dying on that particular day. Dr. Langley was firmly a gambler, a faro-bank dealer, and says he quit the profession because the spirits said he would never win again.

The Avonport Review, Oct. 26th, says: "On Monday last Mr. Wm. Wallace, living near the City Bank, discovered a young hatter, belonging to him, and dead near a gun, at a distance of about 100 yards from his residence. On examination, an arrow was found that had been shot into the hatter's back, and he had been shot in the back, the arrow having entered the body, passing out and along the back bone. When found the animal was as fresh, having only a few small wounds. The hatter was a very valuable animal, and when a misadventure of this kind unfortunately occurs, it would be a great loss to the owner. The hatter was a very valuable animal, and when a misadventure of this kind unfortunately occurs, it would be a great loss to the owner. The hatter was a very valuable animal, and when a misadventure of this kind unfortunately occurs, it would be a great loss to the owner."—The Avonport Review, Oct. 26th.