

mile, they were a length and a quarter ahead of the fouling crews. Upon witnessing the foul, the Shoewacacemettes' bow gave the order to ease all and dropping their stroke to forty the crew proceeded easily, the Nodcan brothers pulling with one hand several lengths, and waving their red caps in answer to the cheers on shore. Opposite the grand stand the Shoewacacemettes raised their stroke to 48 to afford the spectators an exhibition of their powers, and passed the line many lengths ahead in 8 minutes and 21 seconds. The Columbias were very fresh on leaving their boat and made a claim to be allowed to row again in the final heat. This was disallowed.

The second trial heat for the Stewards' Cup was won by the London Rowing Club in 8 min. 23 sec.

The event of the day turned out to be the second heat for the Visitors' Challenge cup. For this the University College crew of Oxford had the inside position, the Columbia crew second, and the Jesus College crew, of Cambridge, the outside place. The crews got off in fine style, Columbia in the second, making it best of all. Lading a little at a quarter of a mile, the Columbias kept forging ahead, steering a beautiful course. At half a mile, the University and Jesus boats were about a length behind. This advantage the Columbias continued to increase, until, at the three-quarter of a mile, they were seen to shoot over to the Berks shore, taking University water without trouble. University crew was out of the race, but the Jesus College men now spurted magnificently. The last quarter of a mile was intensely exciting, the friends of both crews crying them on, and above the yelling could be distinguished the peculiar cry of the Columbias. The Columbia passed the post two lengths ahead in 8 min. 17 sec., with the Oxford boat a bad third.

The second trial heat for the Visitors' Challenge cup was won by the Hertford College crew of Oxford in 9 min. 12 sec., the first Trinity crew of Cambridge being scratched.

SECOND DAY—THE COLUMBIAS WIN THE VISITORS' CUP—THE SHOEWACACEMETTES BEATEN BY THE LONDON CLUB.

LONDON, July 5.—The Columbias have won the only boat race ever gained by an American crew in England and are the heroes of Henley. The heat of the Visitors' Challenge cup, in which they rowed yesterday, was the most interesting and exciting of the regatta, and it was almost a foregone conclusion that they would defeat the Hertford College crew to-day. The latter, however, made a plucky race. At the start for the final heat of the Visitors' cup to-day, the Columbia crew dipped oars first, and took the lead, rowing a tremendous stroke, and at Fawley Court boat house they were a length ahead of the Hertford boat. Nearing Renham the Hertford spurted and reduced the Columbias' lead to half a length, but exactly at Renham farm house Columbia increased her speed again, improved her position and was soon so clear as to be able to take the Hertford's water in the same skillful way as the day before, notwithstanding the Hertford's frantic efforts to prevent it. The Hertford's only hope now was to catch the Columbia boat by touching her and thus causing a foul, Columbia being out of her own water. Goodwin perceived the danger and called on his men for a further spurt and they answered with a tremendous burst of speed which sent them ahead fully two lengths and a half. The pace was so hot that it completely exhausted the Hertfords, whose bow dropped his oar, almost fainting. The others were also completely pumped, and the boat, not being steered, ran ashore. The Columbias continued, finishing amid ringing cheers from the shore in 8 min. 41 sec.

In the final race for the Stewards' Cup there was some delay caused by the Shoewacacemettes' over eagerness to get away, but when the signal was given the London Rowing Club men, who got off well, made for the Berks shore getting into still water, the wind to-day being favorable for boats on the Berks side. The Shoewacacemettes went straight down the middle, getting an advantage in the first hundred yards and leading London half a length. The latter crew rowed grandly, without a fault, and at Fawley Court had outpaced the Shoewacacemettes by a spurt, leading them by a quarter of a length. Thus challenged the Shoewacacemettes, who had been rowing 44, increased the number to 48. Both crews approached Poplar Point at a terrific pace on almost even terms. Suddenly London shot ahead a length in an astonishing manner, and it was soon seen that something was the matter in the Shoewacacemettes' boat, but no one was prepared to see the latter crew stop

inches above the level of the track. About two feet from the same canvas, but on the track, was a slight wooded ledge, and between the two, at every number between four and sixteen, was stretched a galvanic wire, at about an inch from the ground, each one connecting with its numbered lens on the opposite side, the wires being taken underneath the track. The investigation thus far was very simple, as it was apparent that the inner wheel would pass over the projecting wires, and by a simple arrangement on the other side would close the circuit. But, then, arose the question as to how this could be utilized to take a picture in the estimated incredible fraction of time of the two thousandth part of a second—in which period the lenses had to be exposed and closed. This was effected by a very ingenious contrivance in the shutters of the camera, to the upper and lower parts of which were adjusted very powerful springs, and when the electric current was perfected they were released, and in crossing they exposed a space of about two inches, and in this space of time, that represented but a flash of lightning, the passing figure is fixed on the highly sensitized glass, even to the minutest details. The ground over which the experiment was to be made being covered with slack lime, so as to catch even each footstep of the stride, all was duly prepared, and Abe Edgerton, with Charles Martin holding the reins, appeared on the track to show by twelve almost instantaneous photographs the true story of the stride of the horse. Down the track came the gallant gray at about a 2.20 gait, and never swerving an inch, despite the glare of the lime, that glistened in the sun like a sheet of placid water, he dashed across the lines, the inner wheel touching each of the twelve wires and causing a regular and indistinguishable clatter, and within those twelve cameras each part of his stride was fixed, that would conclusively show that the preconceived ideas of artists and horsemen were all wrong when based on the supposition that in that same stride two feet were never on the ground together. The negatives, as afterwards shown, are far clearer than can possibly be reproduced on paper. In the first picture the horse's head is under No. 8 on the board, of twenty-one inches showing the horse getting forward, until the fifth, when he almost exactly reproduces with a change of legs the previous movements, completing the stride in about 18 feet 1 1/2 inches. The first and second positions are pretty natural, one hind foot being on the ground; in the third he had one fore foot planted square in front, while the other is doubled up like the crossing of a letter T, in the fourth position the same leg assumes the form of the loop of the letter P, while the other fore foot and a hind foot are planted straight and square on the ground, producing a most musical if not absurd effect, and at the fifth position the half stride is made, and the remainder is but a repetition. Each of the twelve pictures is about half an inch in height and three-quarters in length, and so minutely is each delicate line shown that not only are the spokes of the wheel distinct in form and shape, but even the whip in the driver's hand takes shape, and the horse's mane changes also at each part of the trial. On examining carefully the footprints, it was shown that the fore legs are used mainly as props, the imprint being clearly defined, while those of the hind legs, both at the front and rear of the foot, were so vague and enlarged as to show clearly where the propulsive power mostly lay. It is impossible to state the astonishment that this most successful experiment caused in the minds of the spectators; but there was yet another surprise for them in the shape of photographing a horse at full gallop. To compass this there was necessarily a change in the proceedings, thread being stretched across the track connecting with each lens, through an ingenious contrivance that prevented any strain on the instruments. Then the noted mare Sallie Gardner was sent at full gallop against the frail obstructions, but dazed by the glare of the white lines, she hesitated a moment, then dashed on and made a bound again at the finish, thus presenting far from a perfect stride. But still she went fast, and her stride, 18 1/2 feet, was but little beneath her normal action. The negatives, however, presented the most incongruous attitudes that ever could be conceived by a disjointed imagination, and they are as unlike that fine flowing stride we usually so depicted in our racehorses as are the movements of a dilapidated marionette. And here again are the preconceived ideas at fault that the horse bounded, landing his feet in regular succession. But it will be well to reserve an opinion on this subject until further experiments are made. In any case the result was most successful, and it is difficult to state

FUNERAL OF CARNEY
The body of Ambrose Carney, the heavy-weight soldier-boxer, who was drowned by falling overboard from the steamer Quebec while proceeding with a party of excursionists to spend the queen's birthday in Montreal, was recovered June 20, having been in the water nearly a month. His funeral took place on the 21st at Quebec, and is thus noticed by a local journal. The remains were interred in the afternoon with military honors and the most genuine expression of sympathy on the part of the general public, with whom deceased was a great favorite. The funeral cortege was one of the largest and most imposing seen here in many years. As an old member of B Battery, the commandant of the garrison and the officers and men of that body, as well as the officers of the military staff and Lt.-Col. Allyn and the officers and men of the Eighth Battalion, to which deceased formerly belonged, with a detachment of Canadian Hussars, turned out in uniform to pay the last tribute of respect to their lamented comrade-in-arms. The body was drawn on a gun-carriage, the coffin being draped with the Union Jack, and the pall-bearers were old associates of the deceased since his boyhood. The firing party was composed of men of the eighth Battalion, and the cortege proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, the band of the Eighth Battalion playing the Dead March. After a solemn funeral service in the church the procession reformed and accompanied the remains to St. Patrick's Cemetery, where the final military and religious duties were paid to them and they were interred.

AN UNEXPECTED DEBUT.

Here is a little story Sol Smith told. He was in Cincinnati, and the play "Othello." There was a crowded house, and among them a girl whom Sol called Peggy.

Peggy had never before seen the inside of a theatre. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the Duke and Senators. The audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage-box, when a gentleman handed her in, and her beau, a country boy, was obliged to wait in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about her for a moment, as if doubting whether she was in her proper place, till, casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would not have induced her to take the step she did, but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those upon whom she was standing, and much more sociable, and as fate would have it, just at that moment, Othello looked nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed:

"Here comes the lady!"
The senators half rose in the expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona, when lo! the maiden from the country stepped from the box plump on the stage, and advanced towards the expecting Moor. The audience clapped and cheered, the duke and senators forgot their dignity, the girl was ready to sink with consternation, even Cooper himself could not help joining in the general mirth.

It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on the stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy.

LANGUAGE OF THE GLOVE

Following is the new language of glove flirtation as devised in England:

Drop a glove—Yes.
Crumple the glove in the right hand—No.
Half unglove the left hand—Indifference.
Tap the left shoulder with the gloves—Follow me.

Tap the chin with the gloves—I love you no longer.

Turn the gloves inside out—I hate you.
Fold the glove neatly—I should like to be with you.

Put on the left glove leaving the thumb uncovered—Do you love me?

Drop both gloves—I love you.
Twirl the gloves around the fingers—Be careful; we are watched.

Slap the back of the hand with the gloves—I am vexed.

Take a glove in each hand and separate the hands—I am furious.

Good news for American stock traders—the demand for live cattle by German and English farmers. Recently a ship load of Western cattle were landed in Tennahag, to be fattened on the rich pastures of Schleswig-Holstein. Relative prices of young stock there and in the country warrant the importation of these young lean cattle for the purpose. This cargo, numbering 822 head, 15 horses, and 46 swine, beside some fat cattle, horses, and swine for England, were purchased at Chicago, and were so well received by the German farmers that the vessel was at once sent back for another lot. "The ship arrived in harbor under salutes of cannon and a display of flags, and hundreds of people lined the quay." There is also quite a demand in England for lean cattle and hogs for fattening, and in the embargo against the importation of live cattle at English ports, an exception is made in favor of those from America. This, together with the increasing call for finely bred stock from this country from Europe, argues well for our agricultural interests. The more our attention is paid to stock farming, instead of such exclusive grain, and other production, the better will it be for our farming. English agriculture dates its present advanced position from the beginning of heavy stocking of its farms and generous feeding, which added largely to the fertility of the soil, and causing a consequent increase in the yield of crops.

BEAR STORY.

"J. M." of Port Vernon, Muskoka sends the Hamilton Times the following bear story, for which he vouches, as well he may.

A brave man, who was not a Robin Hood but a mild eyed inhabitant of the forest, while going through the bush to a neighbor's house, the other day, chanced to cross the path of three bears—Mrs. Brown and her two children. The forester was armed with a gun charged with buckshot, but thinking he had not ordnance enough for a pitched battle he ran to a neighbor's and got another weapon of larger calibre, also a ferocious looking bowie knife. He then marched back to the field of battle and found the two babes up in a tree, the old bear standing guard and confronting him about twenty five feet off. Victory shone upon him like a big sun flower, blood was in his eye, and with gun in each hand and the bowie knife between his teeth, his courage did not fail him. Oh, no. But his sympathy was suddenly excited for the poor mother, and the thought of his becoming a murderer and leaving two orphans to perish in the wilderness became too much for him, so he "rammed"—taking care, however, to do so in double quick time.

HOW SHE HANDLED THE RATTLE SNAKE.

One day last week Miss Mary Fleishman, daughter of Perry Fleishman, living two miles east of Platte City, had a thrilling adventure with a rattlesnake. She was riding on horse back alone through the woods, when she dropped her glove. She dismounted to secure it, and as she was stooping to pick it up, she discovered a large rattlesnake, at least six feet long, coiled up and in the act of striking. It did strike, but failed to reach her, and fell at her feet. She sprang back with a cry of horror, but almost instantly the snake recoiled and struck again. This time the venomous fangs stuck in the front part of her bonnet, and the hold tearing out with the force of the blow and the weight of the snake, it fell on the ground at her feet. Instantly it reared up in front of her, its venomous breath right in her face. Scarcely knowing what she did, she seized the snake just below the head with both hands, and holding it for a moment, with desperate energy she slung it from her and fled. It was a narrow escape, but we are rejoiced to say that Miss Fleishman sustained no other injuries than those which result from violent excitement and nervous prostration.

was informed by the full gathering that a horse had been there and evidently wanted to pass through, but was driven back and the gate closed. But even then he would not give away and the first time after his arrival that a team went through he made a dash and passed the gate alongside of the other horse, and after a way up the rail surving triumphant as he went. Mr. Wiggin having no longer any doubt as to where the runaway had gone drove on to Manchester as directly as he could go having from the horse occasionally all the way and arriving at Manchester there was, sure enough in his old stall in the stable which he had left eighteen months before.

THE MODERN FACED MINER

With dissipation, wild and carelessness, which waste of gold just poured recklessly in a bucketful sacks, murder, yuck, and general devilry fill the first Harro pictorial. Eureka, a mining town of the genuine stamp. The boys go slow on flowing beards and red silks. Modern gray flannel is the prevailing style of the honest miner, and he is devilish particular about the cut of his moustache. It is true that the average Eurokean has a fondness for faro, keno and poker, but the idea of blowing his brains out because he has lost a game of chance never entered the noddle of a base raider. Large quantities of whisky are consumed, and there is an occasional row and a black eye but a shooting scrape is a rarity, for the bearded miner, with all his picturesque recklessness, doesn't hanker any more after bullets in his carcass than the rest of mankind. During the past four weeks there has not been as many arrests on criminal charges as there for disturbing the peace merely. This, by a population of 6,000, is a pretty good record, and will stand a comparison with any town in the country—with even the most pastoral village in New-England. In fact, Eureka is a busy, bustling place, full of business and enterprise, but it is in the matter of crime one of the dearest and slowest holes that a reporter could steer clear of. This is disgraceful but it is true.

PEDESTRIANISM UNDER WATER.

Perhaps the most remarkable pedestrian challenge ever made is that of Captain John T. Guire, a submarine diver of Cincinnati, who has proposed on a wager of \$10,000, to walk under water on the bottom of the Ohio River, from Cincinnati to Cairo in the space of twenty five days. The distance is something over 200 hundred miles requiring him to walk over twenty miles a day. He stipulates that he is to have a flat accompany him, with an air pump to supply him with air, and moreover, to be allowed to come up as often as he likes, but the boat is to be stopped whenever he comes up so that he shall walk every foot of the way. Captain Guire achieved a good deal of reputation as a diver when the St. Louis Bridge was built, working unusual lengths of time in water seventy-five feet deep, and he has backers who will see that the money is put up.

A Bangor, Me., woman is thoroughly nonplussed. She had a little cherry rum refuse, which she threw into the yard. Her flock of turkeys devoured the stuff, and apparently died from its effects. She plucked the flock and threw the bodies into a heap on the grass. The following morning she found them walking about the yard in undress. It would be difficult to tell which was the most surprised, the woman or the turkeys.

It is stated by Dr. Cones, of the U. S. Survey, that a breed of solid hoofed pigs has apparently been established in Texas. The terminal phalanges of the toes are united to form a single broad phalanx, above this however, the other two phalanges of each of the two principal digits remain perfectly distinct. The hoof is perfectly solid, and on its sole there is a broad angular elevation of horny substance, which is curiously like the frog of the horse's hoof. The breed is so firmly established that no tendency to revert to the original and normal form is observable.