

Poetry.

SKOWHEGAN'S CHAMPION.

A BILLIARD LAMENT.

It thar dwells on the air but one critter,
In jest this particular elimo
That I'd like to set my eyes onto,
For simply a moment of time,
It's that varmint! The reason? I'll tell yer
Just how it was. Neighbor. You see,
I thought I was posted on billiards—
That's what was the matter ov me.

In Skowhegan there's less than a dozen
I'd knuckle down to in a game,
An' I thought when I came to this region
That my betters was less than that same;
So when he proposed that we ante
"A ten-dollar note, jest for fun,
To enliven the game," I assented,
And that's whar my trouble begun.

Gewhitaker! how he did stumble
On balls that the d— would miss—
First the nine-cushion shot upon that end,
Then a double-cross carom on this;
His game didn't seem so surprisin',
But he managed to scoop in the p'int
In a manner that caused me to weaken
And feel kinder slum in the j'int

And the idea jest struck me like lightuin'
He was foolin' ov me from the start;
But, Lord! if you'd seen him a playiz'
You'd never hev dreamed he was smart;
So when I proposed that we spot 'em,
And try it for fun once again,
He swore he must run like the dence
Or he'd sure be too late for his train.

And when I enquired if they knew him,
And told the amount of the stake,
They asked in an innocent manner
If I didn't know Billiard-ball Jake;
Well, if ever he comes, in the future,
Along ov a chap ov my size,
I'll make a jest the prattiest carom
With my fist upon both ov his eyes!

Well, I guess I shall hev to be goin'—
But, stranger, say what'll ye take?
Could you give me precise, the location
Of this 'ere Billiard-ball Jake?
And if ev rye come to Skowhegan,
Jest look on that pasteboard, and you
Will find the address ov a minkum
That thought he could handle a cue.

"THE IGNORANT CUSS."

"Is you the editor?"
The writed looked up from the desk on two
small gamins with dirty faces, who had entered
the sanctum and stood nervously twitching
their ragged caps before him.
"Yes sir. What do you want?"
"Well, you see, the 'Irish Boys' and the
Silver Stars' had a game of ball to-day, and we
kinder thought as we'd like ter have it published."

"Is that really so? I know these two crack
clubs were going to play, but I thought it was
next week. To which club do you belong?"
"We belong to the Silver Stars. I'm ketcher
ov a I he's short stop. And we waxed them other
fellows, didn't we Bill." "You bet," responded
Bill. "Why didn't you say so before? The
'Irish Boys' are a good enough club, but by
Jove, give me the Silver Stars. "Why, I'm
delighted to meet both of you," and the "editor"
rose up, shook both of them warmly by the
hand and yelled for the "printers-devil" to
bring both of them chairs." The two re-
doubtable Silver Stars looked at each other very
much peeped, and seemed at a loss whether
to sit down or dash out of the office. Finally
they adopted the former plan, and
padding their chairs over near the door, so as to
be ready to start out at the first sign of hostili-
ty, sat unobtrusively eyeing "the editor," who
reached himself behind a mass of paper,
and said, "Now, then, tell me all about
it, and I'll write it down."

"Well, the Irish Boys they was a braggin'
ov, and we said we had twenty-
cents which said they couldn't. We played
ov, and give 'em six goose eggs."
"Oh, now boys," said "the editor," "don't
say lies. It is wrong to lie. Where could
I get goose eggs this time of the year?"
The catcher and short stop of the Silver Stars
looked at "the editor" in amazement, and then
came to be mentally deciding that he was an
old dot.

"We means to say," continued the catcher
of the Silver Stars, who was first to recover from
shock to which he had been subjected, "that
whitewashed 'em." "Oh, I see," said "the
editor," with a sudden burst of intelligence,
"but whitewash over them until they looked
like eggs. By jove, that was a good idea."
said the catcher of the Silver Stars, with
a "we skunked 'em, you know—skunked
'em—what do you mean by

WATCHING THE BULLETS.

Three gentlemen, members of the Amateur
Rifle Club of New York, on Saturday las' were
in the town of Brighton, target shooting. The
distance was 200 yards. All three were shoot-
ing Creedmoor rifles. From the firing point to
the target the ground gradually ascended, and to
the rear the ground ascended so that a small
telescope, but a good one, firmly fixed in true
bounds on a tree, at a distance of perhaps thirty
feet, made a fine point for observation. One of
the shooters, while looking through the glass to
mark the shot of one of his companions, exclaim-
ed that he saw the ball as it sped on its mission.
The announcement was received with incredul-
ity; but one of the other shooters went to the
glass, and he also saw the ball almost as it left
the gun and through its whole flight, nearly the
whole line of its trajectory, until it struck the
target. So interesting and beautiful was the
sight that every shot was watched by one or the
other of the gentlemen, and it is an actual fact
that the point at which the ball would strike the
target would be seen before the ball struck. It
was even insisted upon that the rotary motion of
the ball could be observed. An old gentleman,
whose reputation as a gentleman is fixed, came
upon the ground, and on being told of the dis-
covery said he would believe it when he saw it.
He went to the glass, saw, and was delighted.
Other gentlemen who heard of the matter last
evening said that he knew such a thing was pos-
sible and had before been observed, but had
never before had the good fortune to witness the
sight. It is proper to state that the sun was
shining brightly at the time and was at the
shooter's backs. The glass was at a point
about three feet above the head of the shooter,
and at least thirty five feet in the rear of him.
It was just the right distance, so that the whole
line of the trajectory was in the field of the
glass. Some day not far in the future a number
of unbelievers will be given a chance to witness
the sight and testify to the truth of the above
account.

A STRANGE DOG.

There is one of the strangest and most singular
dogs in Lexington, Ky., that we have ever
known. He is a medium sized yellow dog, with
some long wiry hairs about his muzzle, with
unusual reddish looking eyes, as if he had been
weeping. He is a waif of unknown parentage
and ownership, and no one knows from whence
he came and where he sleeps and habitates. He
looks to be about two and a half years old, and
as he has no owner nor home, he goes by the
euphonious title of Gutters. The strangest and
most peculiar trait in his character is his fond-
ness for funerals, and for the last two years not
a funeral cortege has passed through the gates
of our funeral cemetery but what has seen Gut-
ters in close attendance. Mr. Bell, the Superin-
tendent of the Cemetery, says that Gutters visits
him twice every Sunday, morning and evening,
and that it is only on Sundays that he dedings
to notice him or any of his family, totally ig-
noring them upon every other day of the week.
When spoken to he does not approach you with
a wagging tail, and cheerful countenance, but
seems to accept your attentions formally and
with a sad air.

Some malicious person has put out one of
Gutters eyes, which gives him a sad and melan-
choly countenance. He seems to visit few places
besides the cemetery, but about 7 o'clock every
morning he can be seen in front of the butch-
er shop of Mr. Featherston on South Upper street,
waiting for his breakfast. After his morning
meal he is not seen again during the day, except
there be a funeral, when he is certain to be
present, and take his place among the mourners,
starting with a vacant and sad look as the coffin
is lowered to its last resting place. How he
learns when there is to be a funeral, we are un-
able to state.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

A CURIOUS LAWSUIT.

Los Angeles has had a novel lawsuit. It came
before a justice's court, and was to this effect:
A had a sick horse which was in great suffering,
and which he thought was sure to die. So
he took the horse to B, a lively stable keeper,
and said, "I will give you \$5 to kill this horse
for me." "All right," said B. So A paid the
\$5, left the horse in charge of B and went away.
B could not, however, summon sufficient nerve
to kill the poor animal, so, in his turn, B said to
C, "if you will kill this horse for me I will give
you \$5." "All right," said C, and C took the
horse away with him. C, however, did not kill
the horse, but doctored him and restored him to
health. A, much to his surprise, one day saw
C driving a fine animal, which A unmistakably
recognized as his former sick horse. A demand-
ed the horse from C: C refused to give him up,
and A brought suit against C to recover posses-
sion of the horse. The jury decided that C was
entitled to the horse. We understand that the
case will be appealed to the county court.

A LADY BEAR HUNTER.

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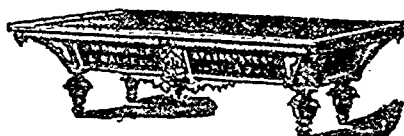
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