

Some person on a seat in the rear of Mr. Tapp asked him a question, and for one instant Mr. Tapp removed his eye and half turned his head to answer. In that instant the crafty brute sprang upon him like a tiger. There was a yell of horror from the spectators as the horse caught the man up by the clothes at the small of the back, shook him as a terrier does a rat and flung him against the inclosing planking. Before Mr. Tapp could regain his feet the ferocious monster was again upon him, seizing him with his teeth by the left shoulder and endeavoring to kneel down upon him. This the cross-hobble prevented him from doing, and the cool professor, with his shoulder still in the grip of the monster's jaws, struggled to his feet and with his right hand so held the bit as to prevent as far as possible the successful working of the horse's jaws. The crowd was intensely excited. Mr. Wooden seized a long pole and poked it between the halter and the horse's lower jaw, and still further retarded the biting. The friends of Mr. Tapp called for a gun, but there was no gun, and what is remarkable in a collection of 200 Californians, no one had a revolver, or the murderer could have been shot instantly. The horse and Tapp continued fighting half way around the ring. Wooden on the seats outside still hampering the former's efforts with a pole. The spectators on the front seats also did all they could to distract the monster's attention, one lady seizing the crutch of a man sitting next her and beating the horse over the head with it. By the aid of these distractions Tapp was enabled by degrees to draw his arm through the horse's jaws, the horse chewing it as it slipped away from him, until finally it was entirely withdrawn. The crowd shouted to Tapp to jump for his life, but the plucky trainer called for his whip, and with his mangled left arm dangling by his side, so tickled the fetlocks of Cognac that that enterprising animal was again in what Tapp fondly calls subjection. Last evening the trainer was in the stable-office with a friend pouring an odorous liniment over his bandaged arm, and the man-eater, with all his evil passions inflamed with the taste of blood, was romping around his prison and eagerly reaching up for a mouthful of any timid spectator that ventured near enough to look down at him. The people will look forward with interest to the solution of the problem of whether Tapp will tame the man-eater or the man-eater tame Tapp.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

#### A FEMALE AERONAUT.

AN ADVENTUROUS FLIGHT IN THE MOONLIGHT—NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING—A ROMANTIC RESCUE.

Miss Lizzie Ibling Wise, a niece of the great aeronaut, made an ascension in the balloon Amazon, from Grand Avenue, Baseball Park, between five and six o'clock on Sunday evening, and landed after going some sixteen miles, in Columbia Bottom. Returning to the city yesterday morning, she repaired to her apartments in the Planers'. A *Globe-Democrat* reporter saw her in the parlor during the afternoon. "Please tell us all about your trip," he suggested. "Very well," she graciously responded. And, taking out his note book and Faber, the reporter wrote, at Miss Wise's dictation, the following narrative of her twentieth aerial voyage: "As you are aware, I ascended from the baseball ground on Grand Avenue, on the 14th inst. The ascension was delayed in the hope that a later hour would bring an atmosphere sufficiently calm to justify my exploring experiment announced. The squalls of wind, however, continued till midnight. When my car was trimmed for the flight black and angry clouds were looming up. At seventeen minutes to six o'clock I ordered the ropes to be loosed, and up and off went the Amazon. The approving plaudits of my friends in the grounds and the more vociferous shouts of my numerous friends outside the grounds sent me up and off in a happy mood. At an elevation of several hundred feet the balloon made a plunge, and careened so much that I thought she would bolt to the earth. In another moment she resumed a perpendicular shape. Close above me stood an abyss of black clouds, rolling along in billows, and my airship

staid till morning at Mr. Shera's hospitable house. Next morning we went over to rescue the balloon. Mr. Shera cut down one of the trees and thus reared the air-ship, very slightly damaged. The landing was effected on Columbia Bottom, St. Louis county, sixteen miles from the place I started. Mr. Shera brought me back with his team. I landed at twenty minutes past six o'clock. The highest point attained was 6,000 feet. Temperature at starting 60 deg.; at 6,000 ft, 59 deg."—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

### Base Ball.

#### RECORD OF THE GUELPH MAPLE LEAF CLUB. (PROF.)

	WITH WHAT CLUB.	V.	D.
28 April	M L (am.) of Guolph	29	0
10 May	Alleghenies of Pittsburg	3	2
11 "	" "	5	0
17 "	Tecumsehs of London...	2	1
21 "	Athletics of Philadelphia	5	4
24 "	Stars of Syracuse.....	5	4
26 "	Silver Creeks.....	14	4
20 "	Rochesters of Rochester	7	2
30 "	" " 12 innings	7	6
1 June	Syracuse of Syracuse...	5	0
2 "	Crickets of Binghampton	7	4
5 "	Mutuals of N'rth Adams	12	1
9 "	Man. of Manchester...	4	3
11 "	Lowell's of Lowell.....	9	1
13 "	" " "	4	3
21 "	Tecumsehs of London...	5	2
25 "	Eries of Erie.....	8	5
27 "	Luckeyes of Columbus, O.	12	5
28 "	" " " 12 innings	3	2
29 "	(Am) Maple Leaf of Guelph	9	1
30 "	Rochester of Rochester	7	8
2 July	" " "	8	8
4 "	" " "	7	2
14 "	Grand River of Galt.....	15	2
15 "	Hornells of Hornellsville	8	7
16 "	Standards of Hamilton...	15	1
30 "	Silver Creeks of Guelph	33	1
7 Aug	Tecumsehs of London...	7	8
8 "	Manchester of Manchester	6	5
9 "	" " "	5	4
11 "	Tecumsehs of London.....	5	0
13 "	" " "	6	2
15 "	" " the game	7	7
17 "	" " "	14	4
29 "	" " "	6	0

#### EXPERIMENTAL CURVE PITCHING.

With a view of settling the vexed question as to whether a pitcher can or cannot curve a ball, practical experiments were made at Cincinnati, O., on Saturday, Oct. 20, when the Boston and Cincinnati played a match. The following dispatch gives the result: A line running parallel with the line from the home-plate to the first base bag was taken as a straight line for the trial. On the Cincinnati grounds it runs north and south. The pitcher was placed at the south end of it, opposite the home-plate. Midway between the home plate and first base was placed a section of a paling fence, one end resting on the line, and the other pointing towards the infield, at the right angles. This, of course, formed a barrier to the ball started on the west side of the line, unless it should cross over to the east side. Another section of the fence was placed at right angles to the line opposite the first base, but being on the east side of line. Bond, the pitcher of the Boston, was placed on the west side of the board, and a little behind it, so that he was obliged to deliver the ball from the west side of the line. It was for him to demonstrate that the ball could be made to leave his hand on the west side of the line, cross over to the east side so as to avoid the fence on the west side, and recross to the west side to avoid the other fence. Bond at first sent the ball against the edge of the board, but after several trials he was able to clear that, and, sending the ball fairly around the middle barrier, landed it on the same side it started from at the other end of the line. The curve was not only visible to the eye, but it was

ball established, "substantiated" by the eye. It is hardly credible that any American newspaper would be guilty of such utter imbecility in describing an English sport or pastime, however wholly unknown it might be in this country; and it is not so long since the Boston and Athletic clubs visited England—practically illustrating the beauties of our national game, and giving the British cricket players a few useful lessons in the art of fielding—that our English cousins should have become entirely oblivious to the fact that a slight difference exists between base ball and "skittles."—*Clipper*.

It is announced that Mr. C. H. Morgan, the catcher and captain of the Yale University base ball nine, has left college. We suspect he couldn't learn anything more about base ball there, and didn't think it worth while throwing his time and money away on other studies.—*Norr. Herald*

#### A FRESH GIANT.

A Chinese giant, greater than the once famous Chang, is expected in England from China. Yaou Shan, when last measured, was 8 feet 3 inches high and was still growing. Unlike Chang, whose limbs were well formed and firmly knit together, Yaou Shan is badly proportioned, his head being absurdly small and his joints loosely set. The funniest thing about him is his own way of accounting for his great strength. According to his story he was no taller when he was eighteen than other youths of that age; but it chanced that one day, when he was fishing in a stream near his father's house in Kwang-ee, he caught a strange-looking, smooth skinned fish, and, unfortunately for himself, incontinently cooked it and voraciously ate it. Almost immediately afterwards he became very ill; and when after some weeks he arose from his bed of sickness he found that an immense impetus had been given to his growth, which, however, did not cease with his illness, but became even more marked as his strength increased. When asked how he accounted for his head not having grown in proportion to his body, he said: "Why you see, I only ate the body of the fish. A dog snapped up the head, which I threw away, and his head grew to such an enormous size that they were obliged to shoot him." Gigantic voracity!

#### MAN AND DOG FIGHT AT CREWE.

The *Crow Guardian* says a strange man and dog fight has just taken place at Crewe. The man, a powerful fellow, was seated upon a piece of wood among his companions, one of whom owned a rather pugnaciously inclined dog. The animal began to snarl at the man, and the man slowly advanced with his clenched fist, when the dog rushed at him and he delivered it a stunning blow on the head. The dog recoiled, but soon returned to the charge, when it received a second blow on the head. The dog again was beaten back, while the men around silently watched the strange encounter. The dog again returned to the charge, the horny hand of the man descended upon the animal's head as before, and it was once more driven backward. The dog, however, made a final effort to seize the man, but again the clenched fist struck the animal's head, and sent it reeling, and the dog was then completely cowed, and gave in, though quite uninjured.

**\$777** is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 318-ty

But it seems that the Lexington Fair such a party was held. The association has a two mile track on its grounds, and one day the officers announced that to please the crowd Mr. F. B. Harper, owner of the celebrated race horse Ten Broeck, had consented to show that animal's speed in a mile dash with his stable companion Nery Hah. The horses were brought out and breezed up and down the home stretch for a while, but when everything was in readiness for the heat, the judges and timers left the stand and announced that the race was off. The Lexington Press says that it was understood that "some persons had religious scruples about permitting a race-horse to run a mile for amusement on a track consecrated to Flora, Pomona and Ceres."

But the most extraordinary part of the performance was to follow. Immediately after the above announcement a trotting race for two-year olds which was on the programme, took place, So-Su, one of the contestants making the best time on record for that age—2.38. From this it will be admitted by almost everybody that the action in regard to Ten Broeck was little short of idiotic. He was simple to gallop a mile for the amusement of the crowd, there being no money at stake, while the trotters contended for a regular purse hung up by the association. In view of these facts, one paper very pertinently inquires whether the Kentucky people think it is easier to go to heaven in a sulky than on the back of a thoroughbred.

#### FEMININE ANGLERS ATTACKED BY A BIG DUCK.

Early in August last, a fishing excursion was arranged for three young ladies from Brooklyn, who were spending their vacation with some relatives near the Blooming Grove Park Association. On the morning of the excursion, the young ladies took an old boat and rowed out into the water and anchored. They fished for several hours, and towed once or twice around the pond, and then started to row across to the point from which they started. Near the centre of the pond the head of a buck loomed in sight. The maidens took the situation as coolly as the circumstances would admit, and began to paddle with a will. But the animal gained upon them, and seeing that further efforts to reach the shore would be futile, they stopped paddling and prepared for an attack. And their preparations were not in vain; for, slashing and plunging, and with eyes like balls of fire, the buck bore down upon them. When he was within a few feet of the boat, one with a piece of seat, and the others each with one of the oars, made a thrust at the buck's head. The blows sent him under the water, but in an instant it shot up, and the buck planted his fore feet into the side of the boat nearly capsizing it, and throwing Miss Dykman and Miss Morgan out into the pond. Miss Vail seized the opposite side of the boat and saved herself. The two girls now, each with one hand, seized the buck by the antlers, and clung to the boat with the other. Miss Vail began to bring heavy blows to bear upon the buck's head, but with little effect. The snorting monster swayed and plunged, yet the plucky girls maintained their hold and screamed.

Within a few rods of the pond lives a German, who hearing their cries, hastened to the pond with his rifle. The girls struggling to the boat, which was about five hundred yards from the shore, but the buck had freed himself, and was swimming for the opposite bank. Gliding into an old scow, the German paddled over to a good range and shot the buck dead. After the German had loaded the maidens, Miss Dykman and Miss Morgan fainted. They were cared for in a farm house near by. The clothing of the two girls who had been in the water, was nearly torn from them. They were considerably scratched and bruised by the deer's antlers. The deer was brought to the shore, and when dressed weighed over two hundred pounds.

#### A TERRIBLE LIAR.

"He was the orfullest liar I ever seen," said Cooley O'Leary, as we returned from his friend's funeral. "Why, he told me once that he lived

#### FAST!

We find the following paragraph run through the country press of Pennsylvania, that portion of the State probably where the honest old barker, continued to vote for General Jackson as though he were a living reality.

"Racing between running horses are but little indulged in in this country, although in England they comprise nearly the whole catalogue of horse speed. These animals can pass over the ground at the rate of from fifty two to fifty-eight miles an hour, and a single mile has been accomplished in fifty-two seconds.

The fastest mile-running time is 1.54, made by the American horse Ten Broeck at Louisville, Ky., with full weights on, last Spring. The next fastest is 1.11, by Kad at Hartford, Ct., but the latter was made with weights off, and in a hard trotting track, besides, horses are never officially timed in England. Private timers can make the time there just what they please, precisely as private timers years ago in this country made running horses go a mile in a minute. In England mile-running horses are comparatively unknown. So far from any horse having ever run a mile in 52 seconds, it is not possible for him to travel even fifty feet at the rate of a mile a minute. Running horses may sometimes go nearly as fast as that in England, but it can only be on some such specially fast railroad-express as "The Flying Dutchman"—*Clipper*.

#### A GALLOWAY EAGLE AND ITS YOUNG.

Some years ago I had an opportunity of visiting Kirkcudbrightshire, which, with the neighboring county of Wigtown, forms what is called Galloway. Under this guidance of a farmer's son, an intelligent and active young man, I explored some wild mountain scenery seldom visited by the ordinary tourist. In one lofty spot my friend pointed out to me an eagle's nest, a place where the eagle annually built her nest. I was directed to look at a small rocky point, where the parent birds stored the game, fish and other food procured for their young. It seems that their larder was usually well stocked during the breeding season, and that not a little of the game was high in flavor before it was consumed. I inquired how many eagles were annually hatched at a time, and was told that often there was only one, and never more than two. My friend also added that when there were two young birds they often fought fiercely in the nest, and gave their anxious parents no little trouble. Then he described to me an instance of filial affection and parental wisdom, which is perhaps new to those who have studied the history of eagles. I give his story as nearly as possible in his own words, reminding that the whole affair came under his own personal observation:—"One year the eagle had two eaglets, strong young birds, that were usually fierce and quarrelsome. Their parent, as I often observed, made many fruitless efforts to reduce them to harmony. At last, wearied out with their broils, she caught up one of them in her talons, and carried it away down to a small island in a lake at the foot of the mountain. There she left her rebellious child in a place of safety, putting it out of the range of the language of the nursery. But she regularly fed both the young birds till they were able to shift for themselves. She flew between the mounting nest where one of them remained and the island retreat to which the other had been banished, supplying both with food in abundance. A large portion of the food consisted of salmon which she procured by suddenly dashing down upon her prey in the shallow water of the lake."

An uncommon animal is that cow owned by Mr. John P. McIntyre, 10th congressional Kincardine, which has been giving a steady supply of milk for the last eight years—that time having elapsed since she had a calf. The milk is said to be richer than any given by the other cows on the same farm.

Clara Morris is said to have been restored to health. All owing, we suppose, to a horse shoe which she carried, marked, "My Father died July 24, 1877." There is the animal that was struck by lightning last summer, and there is a great deal of luck in horse shoes.