

THE MONTE KING.

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE OF THE GREAT CARD-SHARP, CANADA BILL.

A travelling correspondent of the *Leavenworth Times*, writing from Dodge city, narrates the following anecdote of the late "Canada Bill."

On the cars, a short distance out from Kansas City, I fell in with a detective, employed upon one of the western railroads, and while engaged in the endeavor to pump him of anything which might possibly prove of interest, he favored me with an anecdote of the late "Canada Bill," the famous three card monte man who died a short time ago. The conversation was general at first, and while discoursing upon various subjects the detective said: "I see by the papers that Canada Bill's dead. Well, I knew him pretty well; met him often. He was as gentle as a woman, and as cunning as a fox; he could beat any man at his own game, and there wasn't but one instance to my knowledge where he got left. You know Ramsay? Killed out near Stockton, in Rooks county, or somewhere near there, about two years or so ago. Bill didn't like Ramsay at all; hated him worse'n poison, 'cause Ramsay had treated him rough, at least Bill thought it was rough, and put him off Union Pacific train once for robbing passengers. One day Bill was operating on the train, he was out on the P. U. then, and was getting his nest feathered pretty snugly, when he ran across a young feller sitting in a seat by himself. Bill saw he was green, so he slaps him on the shoulder in a careless sort of a way and asks him his name. The lad thought he had struck a friend, so he told him he was a nephew of Alex. Ramsey, sheriff of Ellis county, and was going out to Hays. Bill didn't want any better chance than this to get even with Ramsey, so he sits down and in a few minutes he had the young fellow's money, watch and everything, and didn't leave him enough to get his supper. After he had fleeced him, he turned to the boy and says: 'You go home now and tell Ramsey that Canada Bill got all your money. Don't forget now; tell him that Canada Bill got your money for old acquaintance sake. Tell him you had to go without your supper 'cause I had your money, and that I haven't forgotten the time when he put me off that Union Pacific train and made me walk.'

"When the boy got to Hays and told Ramsey about it you can bet he was mad. So he goes up on the road either with Jack Bridges or met Jack there, I don't remember which, and they got on the same car, flourishing around, when Jack and Ramsey came in. Jack sat down in the corner, and Ramsey, pulling his hat over his eyes, goes to the seat where Canada Bill was playing and bets on the game. Of course he lost, but didn't say anything until about \$1,000 was put up, when Ramsey pulled two big six-shooters down on Bill and says, 'Turn down that card. You know me. Hand that money over d—n quick?' Bill wasn't scared at all; he was too cool for that, but simply passed the cash over, with the remark, 'Of course the money's yours, you won it. You hold the winning cards in your hand.' It broke Bill, that play of Ramsey's did, but he knew it wasn't worth fooling with Ramsey. Bill was good-hearted, but he liked to snake in the greensies."

NEW RACING LAW.

The wag of the *Sporting Times* has the following among other changes in the Jockey Club Rules: "A flat race is a race the gains upon which are to be shared equally among all the 'dats' on the course, to the utter discomfiture of the 'sharps.' A 'maiden' means a horse, mare, or gelding of such a bashful, shy, retiring disposition, that he, she, or it, is afraid to meet the judge's eye. A match at 'catch weights' means a match when the weights are so arranged beforehand that owners and their commissioners are enabled to 'catch' the unwary. A meeting shall be deemed to commence whenever it likes, and shall conclude at ten in the evening of the last day, of the races, provided the Clerk of the Course be drunk enough by that time. The barbarous practice, now so much in vogue, of causing a jockey to be 'suspended,' or hung by his heels from the telegraph frame, is hereby revoked, and the Stewards shall in future have no authority to prevent any official from 'acting' at the meeting—provided he be as good an actor as Mr. John Sheldon, and does not essay any of Hamlet's soliloquies until after the last race. They may, however, fine as many evil-doers as they can find, provided that they shall not fine any one person more than two and sixpence for drinks (unless he may be a member of the Jockey Club, in which case they can impose any fine not exceeding a monkey). After the conclusion of a meeting the Stewards may go wherever they like. The law is repealed which compelled them to sleep in the lavatory after the last day's racing. Yearlings shall not run for any cup, juvenile depravity, and especially a taste for 'supping' must be rigorously 'nipped' at the root. Two year-olds shall not run with their

another trade. He had entered into a compact with a number of guides to clothe himself in a bear's skin, "which, I can assure you, is as hot as purgatory in such weather as this," and plant himself in one of the mountain paths. "When one of my associates comes along this road with a tourist, I suddenly show myself. The foreigner is ready to die with fright, but the courageous guide rushes at me and drives me away, naturally receiving a very handsome douceur for his bravery in risking his own life in order to preserve that of his employer." In the evening the bear and guide generally met at an inn and divided the spoil. The bear pleaded so piteously that the artist did not have the heart to have him arrested.

WILD TALK ABOUT ROWING.

A press despatch from Omaha reports that Mr. E. H. Buckingham, of the Yale class of 1873, District-Attorney of the Third District of Nebraska, died yesterday of heart disease, at the age of twenty-nine, and that "a council of physicians has decided that the disease was the result of violent boating exercise while attending at Yale College." We may as well put an end to this inference of the 'council of physicians' promptly. It was probably arrived at in this wise: The patient had attended Yale College; at Yale College there is boating; over-exercise in boating may induce heart disease; the patient had heart disease; therefore he had over-exercised himself in boating at Yale College. As a mere matter of fact, Mr. Buckingham, who was the son of an Ohio clergyman, and was fitted for college at Andover, never rowed in a boat race at Yale, never trained for a boat race at Yale, was not a boating man at all, not a base-ball player or a foot-ball player, or interested personally in any description of athletic sports. He was, while at College, a great smoker of tobacco. Possibly, when the Western newspapers have done with the moralizing about "boating colleges," which the ridiculous statement attributed to a "council of physicians" will lead them into, they will be able to make their point as effectively against "smoking colleges."—*N. Y. World.*

CURVE PITCHING.

Hitherto scientists have contended that the curving of a ball through the air, except under the influences of attraction and gravity, was an impossibility; but the experiments made during the baseball season of 1877 led to the discomfiture of the college professor of mathematics, the practical demonstration of the fact by several of the leading curve-pitchers of the season opening the eyes of the learned men of the country to a fact in the science of motion of which they were previously in ignorance. It was practically demonstrated in Cincinnati before over a thousand witnesses, including several prominent mathematicians, and the experiments made were thoroughly successful. The trial occurred Oct. 20, and the result was published in *The Clipper* at that time.

The theory of the curve is a very simple matter when it is examined into. The curve is produced by imparting to the ball a rotary motion, which causes it to revolve on its axis, similarly to the spinning of a top. By this motion double the amount of friction through the air is induced on one side of the ball to what is produced on the other, and thereby the horizontal curved line through the air is the result. The *modus operandi* of imparting this curve to the ball is thus described by R. H. Hammond, of Cincinnati. He says:

"A right-handed pitcher can easily curve the ball to strike near the handle of the bat by revolving the ball to the right, but as pitching the ball out of the reach of the batter is desirable it must revolve and curve to the pitcher's left. Here is where a left-handed pitcher has the advantage, as most batters are right-handed. For a right-hand pitcher to do this there are several ways; one is to draw the thumb as far as possible towards the little finger in holding the ball, and in drawing the arm back to pitch to turn the hand outward; when the arm is brought forward the hand is turned over towards the left, by which the ball revolves to the left, and again the revolving is increased as much, if not more, by the action of the thumb in its position turning the ball as it leaves the hand."

THE MONEY CONSIDERATION IN GIVING THE SECOND HORSE A RECORD.

This question, "Will it reduce his money value?" we take it, embraces the pith of the opposition to the proposed measure of timing the second horse. It is possible some men may oppose it merely for the sake of maintaining a kind of mystery about their horses, without having any special object beyond that; but men are all cast substantially in the same mould, and we think the only argument, either solid or specious, that can be urged, is the financial one. To the effect of the question, then, we have

makes money, ten others lose; and where one trotter brings a fabulous price, because he has been dishonest, ten others are greatly depreciated thereby.

The conclusion of the whole matter then is, that, in timing the second horse you not only cut up by the roots of a most fruitful source of trickery and fraud, but, at the same time, you put money in the pockets of nine out of ten men who own trotting-horses.—*Wallace's Monthly.*

TAMING THE MAN-EATER.

A FAMOUS REFRACTORY HORSE IN CALIFORNIA BRIDLED WITH DOUBLE-GEARED LIGHTNING.

Yesterday afternoon, at the Record stables on the new city hall lot, in exhibition of an electric bit, for subduing refractory horses, was given. It is the invention of a Californian of this city, who watched with much interest Prof. Tapp's attempts to subdue Cossack, the Potomac man-eater, and finally concluded that such refractory horses could be tamed by the application of electricity. The process is simple. The bit is made of solid leather or rubber, both being non-conductors. At each end of the bit copper wire is wound around the leather, leaving only about three inches in the centre of the bit devoid of wire, so that it is impossible to establish a current through the bit. Extending from both sides of the bit are two wires running along the two reins, being imbedded in the leather, terminating at the rivets in the reins, near the driver's hand. In the driver's pocket is a small battery, about the size of a large pocket-book, from which two wires extend, each of these wires terminating in a copper-plate sewed in each of the thumbs of the driving gloves. This is the whole apparatus. It is simple, but it is terrible, for it is literally double-geared lightning. The horse becomes frightened or vicious and tries to run away. The driver, with a seraphic smile, calmly presses both his thumbs on the rivets in the reins. The electric currents start from the battery in his pocket, run along the wires, and complete their circuit through the horse's jaw-bones, giving that equine such a shock that he thinks the top of his head is blown off. The battery can be charged at various degrees, for a light shock which will only amaze the animal and one of sufficient weight to knock him down. The apparatus is also designed for horseback riding, the wires running from the battery into the spurs and through the animal's body. If the horse is very unruly a circuit is established from the crupper under his tail to his mouth, thereby sending a stream of chain lightning along his spine that doubles him up like a jack-knife. It is claimed that a few shocks will effectually bring any horse, however ugly, to terms. The bit will be tried on Cognac on Sunday afternoon. Prof. Tapp, who has made Cognac his study, states that the man-eater's propensity for taking a slice out of every man he sees is directly caused by cruel blows on the head given him by former owners. These blows deranged his brain and rendered his head tender, and instead of fighting with the feet, as is the natural way for horses to battle, he fights with his mouth in order to protect his sore head. Tapp further thinks that the electricity, in addition to keeping the man-eater in check, will also tend to regulate his brain. At any rate, the result of the exhibition on Sunday will be another brick in the tower of electric science. The experiment was tried on a mustang at the stables yesterday with gratifying results. But Cognac is blissfully unconscious of the forthcoming earthquake in his mouth.

HOW A HORSE KEPT WARM.

The Meriden (Conn.) Republican tells this story:—"One cold morning last week, Dr. Wilson drove up to a house on Crown street, and left his horse without hitching it. The horse waited a few moments, and his master not returning, he began to dance a double minuet, presumably to get his feet warm. Finding this rather monotonous, he started up toward Olive street, keeping up a kind of Kentucky break-down. When he had gone several rods, he cramped the buggy, backed, and turned round as neatly as though guided by a skillful driver, and pranced back to the hitching-post. Here he waited about five minutes, and then started toward Main street, going through several kinds of paces. Near the corner he stopped and turned round as skillfully as before, and frightened a boy, who had tried to stop him, almost out of his wits, by pursuing said boy with open mouth and bent back ears, as though his usual habit was to eat every small boy that he came across. He then continued his antics until he had reached the house where he had been left, and when Dr. Wilson came out he was standing at the hitching-post, as demurely as though he had never thought of leaving it."

W. H. VANDERBILT'S NEW HORSE.

A few days ago Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt despatched his agent, Mr. W. D. Warren, of New York, to Chicago with instructions to open negotiations with Mr. George Higbie, of Canton, Ill., and Mr. Frederick Schulenberg, of St. Louis, the owners of the trotting horse Little Fred for his purpose. Mr. Warren reached Chicago November 28, having been forwarded in a special car, and met Messrs. Higbie and Schulenberg at the Grand Pacific Hotel. A trip to Canton, where the horses was stabled, showed that he was in first class condition, and the trade was soon concluded. Mr. Warren, on behalf of Mr. Vanderbilt, paying \$10,000 in cash for "the little red horse." He was shipped November 30 in a special car, over the Michigan Southern road, and is now at Mr. Vanderbilt's stables. There is no doubt that Little Fred is one of the speediest horses in the country, and as he is remarkably handy and trots out of his breaks with amazing speed, he cannot fail to be a great assistance to any horse with which he is harnessed. As Little Fred has now in all probability been permanently retired from the turf, a brief summary of his performances will be of interest. He was bred in Iowa, and sired by a horse known as Eastman Morgan, his dam being a mare by Simpson's Blackbird. In 1873 he was purchased at Davenport by Fred Schulenberg, after whom he is named, for \$600, and the following season brought out by Morris Higbie, obtaining a record of 2:30 at Peoria. In 1875 he began to appear prominently as a fast trotter. His first appearance that season was at Dexter Park, where on July 23, he defeated Lady Turpin, York State, and eight others in 2:28½, 2:25, 2:27. At Rochester, August 11, he won a race in straight heats from Adelaide, Eva and five others in 2:25, 2:25, 2:25. At Buffalo, August 7, he defeated Albert, who won the first heat; Eva, who won the fourth, and ten others, in 2:26½, 2:26½, 2:26½, 2:28, 2:29½. In 1876 he started through the Eastern circuit in the 2:24 class, and at Cleveland defeated Leece, Carrie, May Bird, Brassfield, Amy B., Sleepy John, Little Gypsy, Richard and Blue Mare in 2:21½, 2:23½, 2:21½. At Buffalo on the following week he won a still harder race, the field consisting of himself, Amy B., May Bird, Richard, Blue Mare, Belle Brassfield, Nellie Erwin and Breeze. Fred won the first heat in 2:23, Amy B. the second in 2:19½ and the third in 2:24. May Bird took the fourth heat in 2:25½, and Little Fred the 5th and sixth in 2:23½, 2:26. The next week at Rochester he trotted the three best heats of his life, beating Blue Mare, Little Gypsy, May Bird, Amy B. and Breeze in 2:21, 2:22, 2:21. This year he again started in the Eastern circuit, and at Buffalo obtained a record of 2:20. He was then prostrated by a severe cold and did nothing of consequence afterward.

GIBB CUTS DOWN THE FIGURES.

On Saturday, Nov. 17, a ten-mile race for a challenge cup presented to the London A. C. by F. S. Weall came off at the grounds at Stamford Bridge, London Eng. More than usual interest was evinced in this race, it being generally anticipated that J. Gibb would accomplish a wonderful performance. His only opponents were W. E. Fuller, P. H. Stenning, and W. A. Tyler, and they were not in the hunt after the first "quarter," Gibb, without being pressed, ultimately winning by nearly half a mile, completing the ten miles in 54min 46sec, or 1min 18sec faster than any amateur had previously run the same distance. Gibb finished remarkably fresh, and wonderful as the performance is, there is no doubt that had it been necessary, he could have made even better time. His times for the following distances were also the best on record: Six miles, 32:07; seven, 37:46; eight, 43:30; nine, 49:15.

CRANE ON CRANE.

Mr. W. H. Crane, the well-known actor, who "learned his business" in this city, unbosomed himself of sundry reminiscences to a report for a Boston paper the other day: "I was always wild on music," said Mr. Crane, "and fond of singing; so when, on leaving school in 1863, at the age of eighteen I had an opportunity of joining the Holman Opera Troupe, I jumped at it, and I un-

derstand that fearful 'imperial' just as it was, and hastily tumbling it upon my chair. The front once more. As I turned, a sort of howl arose from all parts of the house, and I had stuck the long, grey turf on cross-axes, and the sight was too much for the civility of the audience. I thought they had had entertainment enough, and dashed behind the scenes without stopping to bow my acknowledgements. I do not often lose my self-possession on the stage, but sometimes it has been sorely tried. Once, during a three months' vacation from the Holman troupe, I went to the opera theatre in Washington, and while there I was cast for the first player in 'Hamlet.' I knew my part, but several members of the company persisted in prompting me, and came on during my run. In the scene between Hamlet and the players I had to say:

When he finds me
Striking too short—Greek, etc.

Just as P. Donus had given me my cue of my mischievous friends prompted me in this wise:

When he finds me
Striking at too short Greek.

It was only by an immense effort that I escaped making a laughing stock of myself, faltered and almost stopped short at the word 'striking,' but managed to read the line correctly, and nursed my wrath as best I could through the remainder of the scene."

BURYING A PRIZE-FIGHTER.

THE MAN WHO DIED IN PRISON AFTER BEATING AN OPPONENT TO DEATH.

Some five or six hundred idlers, none of whom had probably witnessed the funeral cortege of a defunct prize-fighter, were congregated around the humble home of the dead Weeden's parents, on McKean street, above Eleventh, yesterday afternoon. The interior of the house was also thronged with relatives and friends of the deceased. The body was laid out in the front room or parlor in a plain black coffin. A profusion of flowers was scattered over the white shroud, and at the feet was a wreath of immortelles, in the centre of which the words "At Rest at Last" were tastefully woven. The face of the dead man was calm and bore few traces of the prolonged illness through which he had passed. There was perceptible little or no emaciation of the frame. Altogether Weeden looked as robust as when he faced Walker in the ring at Pensville. He seemed rather to be asleep than dead.

At the foot of the coffin his mother sat weeping, while to the assemblage the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Macedonian Baptist Church, spoke of the lesson which was taught by the life and death of her misguided son. His eloquent warning fell upon the ears of many who had been Weeden's companions and admirers during his career as a pugilistic. They all listened respectfully and some were moved to tears.

Arthur Chambers was on hand, the acknowledged master of ceremonies. He had been the first friend of Weeden, and his eyes were red with weeping. Fred Smith, a well-known "boxer," was also present, as was Frank Germley, the referee in the fight at Pensville, where Walker met his death, and "Bill" Coates and Noah Morgan, the two Harry Hyatt, and William Early, all known to fame in the world of fact and fiction.

At the appointed hour the lid of the coffin was screwed down, and the remains were taken to the hearse. The pall-bearers were Arthur Chambers, Harry Hocken, Stephen C. Clark, and Mike Clerly. The last named was a man who was once the opponent of Walker in the ring. At 3:30 o'clock the hearse, followed by four carriages, rolled slowly to Mount Moriah Cemetery.

Weeden died of heart disease, and his consumption as was generally supposed. His illness came upon him suddenly, and he was undergoing imprisonment in the Trenton Penitentiary for the beating of Walker, and was probably induced by the terrible body punishment inflicted on him during the fight, which was a very early one. He was a native of Blacksmith in Morris & Taylor's opera troupe, I jumped at it, and I un-