

Last Monday, the 18th inst., several young men went out hunting on horseback and when near Wm. Nelson's farm they suddenly came upon two huge bears. They fired upon them and succeeded in killing one but the other ran for the timber and passed out of sight, notwithstanding that one of the boys, Johnny Northover, put four charges of buckshot into him at short range.

As the bear seemed likely to escape, Adam Benson said he would ride around the thickets, which was a short distance, and head him off. He accordingly started off alone, and reached the other side of the wood before the bear. He dismounted and tied his horse to a tree, and had waited but a few moments when the infuriated beast broke from the timber and rushed for him. He fired two shots but the bear was upon him.

The bear rose upon his hind legs as Adam struck at him with his rifle, and knocked the weapon from his hand. Then with a stroke of his paw he fell Adam to the earth, knocking him between two logs, and commenced to bite and claw him. Adam held the bear from his throat by grasping him by the shaggy hair on each side of his head. He is a powerful young man, but he felt his strength beginning to fail, and he knew that his only hope was in his knife that he carried in his belt. He let go of the bear with his right hand, and reached for the knife, but found it was gone. Thrusting the empty sheath into the bear's mouth, he gave himself up for lost. The bear was mangling the muscle of his arm in a terrible manner, and would soon have killed him had not Jack Barnes' dog Rover come upon them.

The dog attacked the bear fiercely and compelled him to leave Adam, who managed to crawl upon his horse and ride back to where the rest of the party had stopped to skin the other bear. When he reached them he was too weak to tell what had happened. His friends carried him home, and on the way he managed to tell them he was not anxious to box with a bear soon again. The hunters went to look for the bear, but found that it had escaped. As Benson's injuries are all flesh wounds, it is thought he will soon recover, but he may lose the use of one arm. — Tacoma (Washington Territory) Herald.

#### A SINGULAR INSECT.

Some two weeks ago a curious little animal was caught in a pool of water at Frank Ramsey's, in Plymouth township, and presented to Dr. C. S. Baker, of this borough, who placed it in his aquarium. It is about two inches long, and less than an inch broad with six crooked legs. Its color is dark brown and has large prominent black eyes. The back is marked as though undeveloped wings were hidden beneath its hard outer coat. It swims readily, but generally fixes itself to a stone or some other object, to which it clings with its two hinder pairs of legs, holding its head downward and its forelegs raised. It has a sting or lance like a mosquito, which is only thrust out when attacking its prey.

After having been placed in the aquarium it remained quiet for several days, during which time it was not seen to eat anything. On Friday, the 21st of June, it made an attack upon a little terrapin, much larger, however, than itself, which it caught by the head with its fore-feet, running its lance into its neck. He soon died, and his destroyer dragged him to a brick, in the centre of the aquarium. Then, fixing itself on the brick in its favorite attitude, it held the terrapin for twenty-four hours, and seemed to be sucking its blood. How much longer he would have held him is uncertain, for its prey was then taken away. When it is remembered that the weight of the terrapin was several times its own, the strength of the insect may be imagined.

On the following Sunday it sprang upon a water-snake eleven inches long. The battle was brief and exciting. The insect pursued

quae, by which it is possible that he in aut a lusur nature.—Gazette.

#### HOW S. PURDY RODE ECLIPSE TO VICTORY.

Although a chapter of ancient history, the following from the New York Star may not prove uninteresting at this time, being a description of the great four-mile-and-repeat race between Eclipse and Henry, which was run on the 29th of May, 1843. Uncle Jake is relating the story to a reporter, and after describing the rush to see it, etc., he goes on to say:

"Well, it were the biggest race I ever looked at, and I guess that were ever run on that track. American Eclipse, as he were called, was a sorrel horse, bred by Duroc, and his dam was Miller's Damsel. He had scooped in everything for some time. I am not positive who owned him. I think it were General Coles; anyhow, his owner offered to back him for \$20,000 against any horse in the world, at any distance. Colonel Johnson covered his money, and brought the four-miler, Henry, from Virginia, to run Eclipse a race of four-mile heats, best two out of three, on the Union track. The race, as I told you before, took place on a Friday afternoon, on the old track, and it were just lined with people. Well, sir, you may think that I'm joking, but I'll be gosh-darned if there weren't 30,000 people come there to see that race! Well, Henry won the first heat, nearly shutting Eclipse out, in 7:52. This made the boys feel blue. They all had their stuff up on old Eclipse. Yes, I'll bet they even had their shirts mortgaged and the money planked up. The nigger that rode our horse was n. g. The boys felt sure he had sold us out, and run him off the track. They didn't know what to do, and while Bill Shaw was looking around for somebody to ride him, he spied Sam Purdy standing up near Eclipse's stable. I had got down from my roosting place and was standing close to him. Sam always rode Eclipse, and he was a great favorite among the boys, but he had had a falling-out with the General, and had refused to ride him in the race. I kin remember how blue he looked when he see his old favorite cut up so bad. 'Sam n,' says Bill, 'won't you ride Eclipse for us?' Sam shook his head, walked over to where Eclipse was, patted him on the neck and spoke to him. Well, sir, that horse must have known Sam, for he winnied. Sam stood a moment, with tears in his eyes. He looked at Bill Shaw, then at the horse, and says: 'By —, I can't stand by and see this horse beat! Where's my yaller cap?' He always rode in a yaller cap and black velvet riding-jacket. He rode that horse a winner of the next two heats, landing him under the wire in seven minutes and forty-nine seconds, and the last in eight minutes and twenty-four seconds. When that race was finished there were the liveliest times around them diggin's you ever saw. Everybody was wild. The niggers bucked their heads, and you couldn't hear yourself speak for the cheering. Some of the lads carried Sam off on their shoulders, and all our boys were wild. I'll never forget it, my boy."

#### HOW TO MAKE COLTS GO.

Nature exercises her colts in the field; she sends them tearing through bushes, and jumping brooks and boulders, and racing over hills, nor will she let them stop until their necks are moist, their nostrils distended to their widest capacity, and their flanks all aquiver. We accept the hint, and standing in the centre of the exercise lot whip in hand, have our groom send our favorite colt around time and again, until his nostrils show their red, his neck moistens, and his ribs stand out to sight as lifted by every inflation of the lungs. This, remember, is done day by day, month in an out, the year round. It is this steady persisted in exercise touching any organ, that gives to it the end its highest possible development. Those who think that they can develop a horse's wind in two or three months are greatly mistaken. Lungs, like ships, are not built in a day; they cannot be put in a horse's mouth before the expected race. They must be grown up in the horse, beginning at the day he is able to trot by the dam's side.

In conjunction with the exercise lot, and alternating with it, if convenient, comes jogging on the road round the track. Some people say, "Never drive or harness a colt before he is five years old." This is sheer nonsense.

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shedding a burden to close each day's sport, and purses in the aggregate amounting to \$5,000. The purses, averaging about \$500, will be so arranged as to give a good variety each day, and many of the owners of running horses, who have frequented the tracks at Jerome Park, Saratoga, Long Branch, and Newport, have already indicated a desire to join in the contests. The Revere, Tremont, and Parker House have already agreed to offer stakes of generous amount during the meeting, thus showing a liberal spirit, which will unquestionably be followed by other proprietors in the same line, as the establishment of a successful running meeting would bring hundreds of sporting men to this city each season, who would otherwise never visit the Hub. The proprietors of the park show every desire to forward the success of the meeting, both by liberal treatment of the horsemen, by making the park attractive, and by providing every inducement for a first-class meeting that is in their power.

The class of gentlemen who have indicated an interest in this meeting are seldom seen at the race tracks in this vicinity, and they all express perfect confidence in the entire success of the proposed meet. No money or pains will be spared to make the Beacon Jockey Club's first meeting the initiation of a series of annual gatherings, which shall equal the Jerome Park meetings in New York. — Boston Herald, July 13.

#### QUEER PLACE FOR A WORM.

Henry R Funk of Allentown, has for some time past been the victim of a disease which he believed to be consumption. He wasted away under his besetting malady until there was hardly anything left on his bodily frame save the skin, and he had about made up his mind that it would be best for him to prepare for the inevitable. He had for a considerable time experienced at intervals queer sensations in his windpipe, as if there was something creeping in it, and frequently remarked these experiences to his family, but was so often talked out of it as being the natural results of his sickness or mere imagination. On a recent day while seated in a rocker the sensation again presented itself. It felt exactly, he says, as if some reptile was endeavoring to crawl up and out of his trachea, and being about the same time taken with a severe coughing fit, he to his great surprise, as well as the utter astonishment of his family, expelled a curious worm about two inches in length and thick in the middle as a straw stem. It was of a whitish color, and so clear that the blood in its vitals, and which it had absorbed from its victim, could be easily discerned. The worm's head was sharp as a needle and its hinder part flat and stumpy. It was remarkable active and worked its head with great energy. How it came to the man or in what manner it originated is a thing altogether inexplicable, his doctor, to whom the worm was given, and who has it preserved in alcohol, never having heard of a like case before. The man has since experienced a change for the better, and feels so much improved that he is inspired with confidence that he will soon be a well man.

#### BULLDOG AND WILDCAT.

At Edenburg, in the oil regions, on Wednesday, 100 people gathered at Walster's slaughter-house, one mile from town, and thrice as many more climbed trees, to witness a fight between a wildcat weighing thirty pounds and a bulldog weighing thirty-five pounds. The match was made for \$50, which amount was put up by Philip Wise, owner of the wildcat, and Tiffany, owner of the bulldog. Coulter Dennison was chosen referee. The dog was let into a large cage in which the catamount was confined. The dog made a rush for the cat. The latter hopped to the top of the cage, and hung to the bars in apparent fright. The dog caught it by the foot and pulled it to the floor, maddening it sufficiently to make it combative. The animals fought four rounds, each time ceasing hostilities through sheer exhaustion. At the end of the fourth round the dog rested a minute or two, and then made for the cat again. The cat did not rise, and its owner threw up the sponge. Both the animals were terribly punished. — Pittsburg Post.

reached odds as short as 4 to 1 against him, but the last quotations show that 100 to 15 is freely offered, but goes begging, which indicates that it is a case of "hope against hope" with the fine colt.

They Have Returned — The enterprising horsemen of Brooklyn, whose thriftiness led them to believe they could make a dollar out of western New Yorkers by trotting some fast ones out of their classes, have returned, poorer and wiser men. Webb & Mills, Sodus, etc., were not the bonanzas they had imagined. The other entries were too fast for the riders, and the judges were too sharp for the owners of the horses with many aliases.

#### THE CURIOUS NEST OF THE TARANTULA.

The nest of the tarantula, occasionally found, excites the admiration of both old and young, and, indeed, nothing could be more ingeniously contrived. It is a subterranean house about the size and shape of a cocoon of medium growth, and is made of small pebbles and grains of sand glued together with some viscid matter. Its interior is lined with a silky material as fine and white as satin. Just at the surface of the ground is a circular opening nearly an inch in diameter. Into this fits a little door or lid, made of sand and fine gravel glued together. This lid is lined with the same silken stuff as the nest proper, and at one side has a hinge made of many strands of the same. This door the tarantula can open and close at pleasure. When the lid is closed it is almost impossible to find the nest, as owing to the sand and gravel on its upper side, it presents the same appearance as the surrounding ground, from which were gathered the materials of which it was constructed. — Virginia City Enterprise.

#### GEORGIA'S FISH STORY.

J. B. Watkins, of Quitman, Ga., tells it, and there is certainly no doubt of its truth. He says: "While fishing with set lines for cat-fish in the Coosa river a small three pound cat was caught. This cat was put on one of the lines whole for bait. Visiting the hooks next day, it was discovered that something tremendous had been caught. It proved to be a cat which weighed forty-two pounds. From examination it was found that the first fish of three pounds had been swallowed by an eleven pound cat and been caught, and in turn the two had been swallowed by the forty-two pounder. The three weighed fifty-six pounds."

Capt. Edwards of the fishing smack Amelia reports that when off Skunkett, on the Rhode Island shore, one day last week, he discerned an object swimming off his bow which he finally made out to be a horse. He made sail but could not overhaul the animal, which was making desperate efforts to reach the main land three miles away. At times he would disappear from sight in the waves which broke over him—the sea running very high at the time—but a moment later would reappear, and with a loud snort and toss of the head shake off the water from his ears and eyes, and then renew his struggle. At last he made the shore, and without pausing a moment, dashed up the beach, his long tail and curling mane floating outward in the wind.

\$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. HALLITT & Co., Portland and Maine 318-ty

A Florida ox and a strange and fatal encounter with Lake Jackson alligators a short time ago. The ox had waded into the lake to drink, when an alligator closed on one of his front legs. Enraged with pain the animal started for the shore, dragging his assailant after him, hosts of whose friends were attracted by the smell of blood. The alligator, it was finally loosened, and the furious animal proceeded to attack the fresh water monsters, two of which he tossed with his nostrils, but getting into the water again, another alligator caught the ox by the nose and drew his head under water until he died.

Some of the foreign papers, we are given to see, introduce the descriptions of certain of Dr. Carver's marvellous feats in rifle shooting with the vicious title "More Yankee Lies." What suspicious people these English! Why, the glass-ball shooting of Bogardus, which they think so wonderful, is nothing to Carver's performances. The Sun says that the other day, at two o'clock Dr. Carver stepped into the field. It was raining hard. He began firing at the drops, and in five minutes had shot a dry space of half an acre around him! Now, that is what might be called tolerably good shooting, even in America.

Colonel G—, of Bowling Green, Ky., made a heavy play against a faro bank where five lunches were set at all the houses, and jumped over \$1,000, which computing was him out. He reluctantly laid aside his "copper" and lead pencil and called for his cloak and cane. The colored attendant brought the required articles, and, while adjusting the cloak, politely remarked, "Loo, is just ready, Colonel, won't you stay and have some?" "Looch, h—!" roared the Colonel, grinding his teeth and taking a firmer grip on his walking stick. "Dey n think I can eat eleven hundred dollars worth of ham and get even?"

The latest instance of a party in a horse race near Casterville, N.Y., where on the 3rd ult., a horse belonging to Peter Rags, a went of his own accord to the blacksmith's shop. As he stood looking in at the window, the blacksmith, who had observed his movements, said to a neighbor "I believe that horse wants something done, if he comes in, I'll tend to his case." The words were barely out of his mouth before the horse waded into the shop and held up a fore leg as if he had lost a shoe. A new shoe was fitted to his foot, and the horse went on his way rejoicing. The next day the owner of the horse received a bill for the work performed, and great was his astonishment when he discovered the had given the order to the shoemaker. The truth of this story is vouched for by men of unimpeachable veracity.

There has lately appeared in several of the bays on the south side of Lake Ontario, a strange fish which has puzzled some of the wisest fishermen to give the stranger a name. There are millions of these fish in East bay. They swim close to shore, and can be shot out with a scoop shovel by any person standing in the water. Last week some Cypriotes were up there and returned with about two bushels of this "unknown." They were examined by many of our scientific fishermen, and were decided by some to be herrings that have come up from salt water. Others called them young shad, that have been put into the lake by Seth Green; while others call them a cross between shad and herring. The residents of East bay are scooping out barrels of them, and salting them down for future use.

#### A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the effects of indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a card that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a man in South America. Send a self addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Baltimore, New York City. 352-ty