

Allen fancied his superiority, and he at once led off with his left and very early got home on the nose and finished up the round by crossing his opponent with the left and bringing him to his knees. The next round was brisk, but brief; they worked away in close company till they were carried to their corners before they had been fighting one minute. In the third round Allen made free use of his left and time after time reached his mark without ever being stopped. The fourth round was all in favor of Tom, who could clearly do as he liked with his man, on whom he repeated frontal visitations and the last fighting was rapidly its having effect. With an upper cut from the right he was knocked completely off his legs, and the round, of course, was at an end. The fifth round, after a few rallies, was terminated by the Lincoln man getting down on his knees, and in the sixth Allen still scored every point, the other going in for body blows when he found he could not reach his opponent's face. The seventh and last round was a merry one. Allen was slightly out of wind, but scatheless, while Gilbert's face showed crimson streaks in more than one place. They quickly got to close quarters, when the countryman was seen to hit his man more than once below the belt, a proceeding which evidently riled Mr. Thomas, who in turn went to work with a will, and planted one or two blows that made Gilbert wince and reel all over the ring. He again took the unfair fighting, and Allen, throwing himself, landed him all his length on the floor and fell beside him. As wrestling was forbidden a claim of foul was made by Dillon and Terry, but the referee wisely ordered the men to fight on. Gilbert, however, had enough of it, and neither argument nor persuasion would get him to again face him who had administered so severe chastisement in the last round. There was nothing left, therefore, but to proclaim Allen the victor, and with the playing of "God Save the Queen" by the band the affair was at an end.—*London Sportsman.*

A BENEVOLENT PEDDLER.

HOW HE DISPOSED OF HIS WARES AND SOLD A CROWD.

One evening last week a carriage containing one man stopped on Hancock Street, Gloucester and the occupant soon gathered a crowd by his persuasive eloquence. Then he took from his pocket a dozen or so of rings, which he sold at ten cents each, and which he requested the buyers to hold up so he could see them, meanwhile haranguing the crowd to the effect that the money he had received was his, or belonged to the house he represented, and that he could do with it as he pleased, or, in his own words, give it to the poor, scatter it among the crowd, or put it in his own pocket, but in this case, he should return it to the persons who had bought the rings of him—which he did. The next move was to sell silver half dollars for twenty five cents; a number of which he disposed of to his confederates in the crowd, two or three or three of whom came with him. Then he had a dozen chains, "only a dozen," which were sold at \$1 each, and every one that bought one was requested to hold them up, and he distributed the money he had taken for the chains among them again, all the while impressing upon their minds that the money was his to do as he pleased with. He then told the crowd that he had one dozen more of extra long and nice chains that he would sell for \$10 each, before disposing of a dozen watches, which he would soon sell at \$4 each, most of which he readily disposed of to the crowd, which by this time was very jubilant over the bargains he was giving, and vying with each other to see who could pass up their money first. After talking to the crowd as he previously had done about doing with the money as he pleased, the peddler quietly said he guessed he needed the money as much as anybody, and would put this in his pocket, and bade the crowd good evening, saying he hoped he would meet them in heaven, and in an instant he whipped up his horse and was gone, leaving the crowd perfectly dazed and bewildered at the suddenness of his departure.

A MAN WHO SAW A MULE DIE.

"Aint it a curious thing that nobody never seen a mule die?" remarked an old teamster in Gilbert & Weber's saloon. "No man living ever saw a mule die, I s'pose." "Thus remarked Mr. Daniels, lighting a fresh cigar. "In 1850 I was mining on the south fork of the Yuba, and it came my turn to cook for my gang. We took turkeys each week, you know. Well, I was going to show how economical I could run the commissary. I went and

in this country or America a single scull race for £500 or £1,000 a side and the championship of the world. Trickett has forwarded from Sydney the following fair proposal, in which he is prepared to meet any man in the old or new world for a large sum which will doubtless result in a reply from either Haulan, of Canada, or Courtney, the wonderful oarsman of the United States. Trickett offers to row any man in Great Britain, the United States, or the colonies, a single scull race in the best and best of boats, distance from three to five miles, straight-away, for £500 to £1,000 a side. He offers to allow any oarsman who accept the challenge expenses to row on the Paramatta river, the race to take place four months after signing articles, and the editor of Sydney Bell's Life to be stakeholder and referee. Should neither Higgins nor Boyd, the present champions, accept the challenge, Trickett offers to row any man in the United States or the Provinces in a three or five mile single scull race for £500 or £1,000, and defray any oarsman's expenses to row at Sydney. If none agree to go to New South Wales, he will row any man in the United States or the colonies, and if they agree to row for £1,000 a side he will defray his own expenses. If they decline to row for this sum, he will row for £500 a side—no less—and will take £100 for expenses. The New York Clipper to be stakeholder and to select a referee. At first when the challenge was received in London it was expected that either Higgins, who now holds the championship, or Robert Watson Boyd, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, would be matched against the Australian; but neither Higgins nor Boyd can find backers to accompany them to Australia, and unless the champion agrees to, again visit England the prospects are no one there will leave there to meet him. Perhaps some of the American oarsmen may agree to meet Trickett and row for the championship of the world, which the Australian took with him from England when he outrowed the champion on the Thames."

HANGED FOR A BET.

On April 15, 1812, two men were charged before the magistrates under the following curious circumstances; a constable who was passing along Hampstead road on the previous evening observed a stout man six feet high hanging by his neck from a lamp-post attached to a wall, having been tied up and "turned off" just before by a short man. The officer rushed to the spot, and when he arrived there the handkerchief by which the tall man was suspended gave way, and he fell to the ground. His eyes were protruding from their sockets, and he was nearly "gone"; but, on recovering himself sufficiently to stagger on his legs, he immediately struck the officer so violent a blow on the nose as nearly to knock him down. Both men were with difficulty secured, when they explained that the tall man, who was being hanged was simply paying a "debt of honor." The two had been "tossing" in the afternoon, first for money, then for clothes, the tall man having won the other's jacket, trousers and shoes, they agreed to toss up who should hang the other. The short man won the toss, and forthwith proceeded to hang the tall man on the lamp-post. The tall man urged that had he won the toss he would in like manner have assuredly hanged the short man; but the magistrates, expressing their horror and disgust at the whole story, sentenced both prisoners to find bail for their good behavior. Not having bail they were committed to Bridewell.

STAGGERS AND INDIGESTION.

This disease is thus treated by the agricultural editor of the New York Times: It is known as "staggers," or congestion of the brain, resulting from indigestion and distention of the stomach and bowels. It is often called "stomach staggers," and frequently occurs when horses not subject to indigestion are overfed with grain or green food. The treatment is to relieve the bowels by a purge of half an ounce of powdered aloes in warm water, or a pint of linseed oil, or an injection of warm soap and water with a handful of salt. Afterwards to feed the horses very cautiously, giving only the lightest and best food, viz. sound timothy hay, cut, moistened, and mixed with oats and rye ground together. Half a tablespoonful of ginger should be given in each food. A drachm of sulphate of iron in each feed for a week should be of use. Care must also be taken to give water in small quantities, but often, and always to treat the horse so that the stomach may never be overloaded or overworked. If this is neglected there is danger that on some occasion a fatal attack may occur.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Those who assail the Prince of Wales are soundly taken to task by the editor of Truth in a long and earnest article, in the course of which the habits of the Heir Apparent are referred to as follows. "He is fond of field sports and rides well to hounds, while he shares with the humblest of his future subjects that fondness of racing which is one of our national characteristics. He is equally at home on the ocean as in the hunting field and at the covert side, and he is a bold and successful yachtsman. When in London he is, like his ancestor George III., a great patron of theatres, and so singularly is he in unison with theatre-goers that managers are ever anxious to know his real opinion of a new play, for what pleases him is almost certain to please the public. In Norfolk, where he has purchased an estate, he leads the life of a country gentleman, talks learnedly with his neighbors about crops, has strong opinions respecting the merits of different breeds of sheep and cattle, and is never so happy as when he has carried off a prize at an agricultural meeting. There he mixes, almost as a private gentleman, with squires and farmers, and as his popularity in the county where he resides and where he is so well known is unbounded, amongst high and low, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is merited, for the severest censors of princes are those who come in habitual contact with them."

A WILD MAN.

The Fremont (Neb.) Tribune, of October 21st contains an article giving the details of the discovery of a wild man in that vicinity. Two young men were out hunting water fowl when they came upon the strange being. He was just emerging from a clump of trees and underbrush when they caught a glimpse of him. His dress was of the most primitive style, consisting of a woolen shirt. He had a stick in his hand, which he swung around his head as if striking at something he saw in the air, and uttering the while a sharp, unearthly noise. Like a wild animal he was constantly on a sharp lookout, nervously looking this way and that, as his ear detected the least unusual noise, or his eye noticed the shaking of a reed, or anything that was the least extraordinary. After a few moments he squatted on his haunches under a tree and began to dig in the ground with his hands and the stick, occasionally carrying something to his mouth which he seemed to be eating. The boys became more interested in the strange being than in the object of their hunt, and crawled cautiously toward him until near enough to satisfy their curiosity. He was digging roots and feeding upon them. As nearly as they could judge from appearances he was about forty or forty five years of age, of strong and bony frame, his hair was so long as to fall in snarls over his bronzed and dirty shoulders; his beard, like his hair, long and shaggy, and his entire body covered with a growth of hair which could not have been less than an inch long. His complexion must have been originally light, as his hair was of a lightish brown. After viewing him a short time they concluded to retreat. After going a few steps the monster sprang up and stared intently at them. Becoming frightened, he sprang into a platte, crossed over to Little Island, and disappeared in its thick underbrush.

The Anti-Horse Thief Association has 961 lodges and 8,000 members in Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois. It does not encourage lynching, although that course is permitted in places where the officers of the law cannot be relied on to prosecute thieves. In a recent convention in Augusta, Ill., it was said that the order had secured the conviction of over one thousand thieves within a year.

\$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. HALLERT & Co., Portland, Maine. 318-ty

Mr. Haight.

The mare glided around the half-mile track with the speed of a Coney Island Railroad dummy, eager for a smash up. As she passed under the string Mr. Hunkley shouted "Half mile in 1:10," and Haight: "She made the quarter around the turn in thirty-three seconds. The other timers corroborated them."

"That mare can beat all the fast trotters in the world," said an old Long Island horseman who was present.

To the writer he said. "She is a California mare without a record. She is a seven year old bay, with tremendous muscle in her shoulders and quarters, large lungs, and points that I think will make her the wonder of the trotting world. John Splan saw her in California, and started East with her to beat Rarus and other flyers; but she was taken sick in Omaha, and Hong's brother, who is interested in her, brought her to Seneca Falls. She is now uncovered recovered, and is called Lady Hong."

WOMAN DIVER.

In the vicinity of New York there is a professional woman diver. Her husband is a diver in the Santa Barbara pearl fisheries, and from him his wife took his place in the pearl fisheries. She says there is a fascination about diving business which is stronger than all its terrible dangers, and the fascination acted powerfully upon herself. She was able to remain down as long as any of the men. Once she was almost suffocated by a break in the air supply, and when she was dragged to the surface her face was black and stained with blood which had started even from her eye sockets. She was unable to go down again for two days, but at the end of that time she resumed her perilous trade.

A NEW USE FOR CHURCHES.

A Montreal firm in the oyster fish and fruit business wrote to the trustees of a certain church on St. Catherine Street, offering \$100 for the privilege of affixing one of their gilt edged posters to the vestibule of the church. The reading matter in the posters is very modest, simply informing the public that "we are extensive importers of smoked and dried fish, green and canned fish, milk and shell oysters, foreign domestic fruits, &c." In a postscript the parties state. "We have offered your Church \$50 more than any other Church, believing that your congregation are greater eaters of the luxurious bivalves."

The Thorold Post, 9th inst., says:—"About a week ago, Mr. Ralph Garner, Stamford township, was shipping some horses at Niagara for Toronto. One of the horses, a fine grey, slipped off the side of the gangway, and fell into the river. The horse made for the shore, but some individuals having run along the side of the wharf attempted to catch him, and this scared Mr. Horse, who struck out boldly for the opposite shore, at the old fort. Here the current bore him out into the lake. A boat started from the shore in pursuit of him, but they could not catch up to him. Another boat was launched from the steamer, and between the two the horse was brought back to the Canadian shore and landed safely on the deck of the steamer. This is one of the most remarkable swims heard of round here. The distance was calculated by those who saw the occurrence to be over two and a half miles."

No Excuse for Any One being Out of Employment.—Our attention has been called to some new and useful household invitations recently patented by L. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, Ohio, which make housekeeping a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity. They have been having a large sale for them throughout the United States, and now wish to introduce them through the Dominion of Canada, and offer good reliable lady or gentleman canvassers an opportunity seldom met with for making money rapidly. For terms and territory write at once to L. E. Brown & Co., 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 323-ut

anchored raised by the hand of man, and reached so lofty a point. The cross of St. Peter's at Rome is but 453 feet above the ground.

A Yankee gentleman said that Nantucket horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness, inebriety and marvelous slowness. He said a citizen sold on a cavalry officer during the civil war, and was wanted him to be a good war horse. The soldier came back afterwards in a towering passion, and said he had been swindled. "As how?" said the Nantucket r. "Why, there's not a bit of go in him, and yet you warranted him as a good war-horse. Yes, I did, and he is a good war horse, he does or die than run!"

In 1733, the Duke of Queensberry, then Lord March, made a match to convey a letter a certain number of miles within a given time. Even the most knowing ones of the day deemed the thing impossible. His lordship, however enclosed his ticket in a cricket ball, and stationed in a large circle twenty young men, who were good hands at catching, made them throw it from one to another at the appointed period, at the expiration of which, the ground being measured, the distance that the ball had been made to travel was found to exceed, by nearly one-fourth, the stipulations of the wager.

Mr. A. J. Wyatt, Mt. Sterling, returned home on Saturday, from a fishing trip to the mountains where he had been several days. When he arrived at the store he turned his horse, starting him home, a distance of about one hundred yards. A bull dog belonging to Mr. Wyatt saw the horse and ran to meet him, and went back with him to the gate which being shut at the time he unlatched with his paw and pushed it open, permitting the horse to enter. After the horse had gone in he latched the gate and began playing with the horse, showing his joy at his return.

The New York Herald of November 4th says: "A Jewish lady by the name of Davis, who resides on East Fifth street in this city, is 100 years of age." The lady referred to is Mrs. Phoebe Davis, mother of Mr. Saul Davis, of Clifton. We understand the old lady has passed her 101st year and is able to read and sew without the aid of glasses, and joins in all the amusements of the young with as much zest as if she were herself in the prime of life.

The box constructor at the New York Aquarium, which recently gave birth to fifty young snakes, is said to have transferred its affections from its young to a common land turtle, which occupies the same apartment, curling its body under and about the turtle, and embracing it in a most affectionate manner. In this position the snake oft falls asleep. The turtle seems to accept the situation with the utmost satisfaction.

FOOD FOR BIRDS.

It is not a good thing to feed birds upon bird lots, nor in fact splinters from such pellets. We do not apprehend such action among American sportsmen, nor should we elsewhere, in those of other countries, but for a very grave assertion which has lately reached us through the columns of a foreign exchange. The story is nevertheless interesting. A short time ago the keepers on Sir H. Fawcett's estate at Ashford, England, noticed a singular mortality among the pheasants. The cause was not immediately discovered, but it was eventually found out that the birds swallowed the splinters from spent bullets lying about on the ground at the range of the local volunteers, which was close at hand. The lead did not produce immediate death, but caused led poisoning, to which the birds by slow degrees succumbed. Other even more remarkable instances than the above have occurred with pheasants and grouse swallowing shot picked up in the covers that have been shot, and among the heaviest in mistake either for seed or gravel. Last year a considerable number of pheasants died in one gentleman's preserve at Lancashire from this cause, and there is very probability that many of both pheasants and grouse annually found dead from some such cause, owe their death to picking up pellets in this manner."