

berries. About ten o'clock the Webb girl returned crying to the village, and said that Miss Goodloe had been bitten by a rattlesnake and was sick in the woods about a mile away. The young lady's father, accompanied by a couple of friends and Dr. Crane, hastened to the spot guided by the girl. On reaching it a fearful sight presented itself. Miss Goodloe lay in convulsions on the ground and was swollen to an enormous size. Dr. Crane at once tore her clothing loose and revealed the fact that the flesh had commenced to turn black. She was entirely unconscious and was at once pronounced beyond all human aid. The snake had sunk his fangs deep into the calf of her leg in two places, and one of them was found hanging to her stocking. The doctor administered such remedies as are used in such cases, but the unfortunate young woman died in a few minutes after the arrival of her father and party. Her limbs swelled so that the one bitten by the snake burst the skin. She died in the most intense agony.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES

attending the case are related by the little girl as follows:—They were picking berries near the top of the ridge and had the pails nearly filled. Suddenly Miss Goodloe gave a loud scream, and, dropping her pail, ran wildly out of the bushes toward a plot of grass near by, shouting, "My God, my God, a rattlesnake has bitten me!" She threw herself on the grass and commenced rolling and shrieking. The little Webb girl ran toward her and saw a portion of the snake, when seemed to be still attacking Miss Goodloe. About half of the snake, from the rattles up, was exposed, and it was sounding the latter in a manner denoting the greatest rage. The little girl, with singular bravery, seized the reptile by the tail and jerked it loose from Miss Goodloe and killed it with a club before it got away. She then told the young lady that they had better start for home at once, and they hurried homeward, the two little girls assisting Miss Goodloe, who continued to grow ill from the effects of the bite, and finally dropped in convulsions at the spot where the Webb girl left her and hurried on for aid.

PROFITS OF TEXAS CATTLE RAISING.

The profits arising from the investment of money in pasturing stock in this region, says a Houston (Texas) correspondent, are enormous. Mr. Alfred Smith, a prominent citizen of Austin, Texas, whom I met in the Indian Nation on his way home for a trip to New York, informed me that at the close of the war he invested \$2,800 in horses. By judicious sales from the large number of horses this amount purchased, and by shrewd investment of the money thus realized in the purchase of other horses, and by the natural increase of his stock, he is now the owner of four thousand head. How much beside he made in cattle, sheep and land, he did not inform me, but when in Austin, I was informed by a prominent banker that "Old Smith" had realized half a million by his faith in the stock pasturing of Western Texas. Sheep raising is said to be a source of surer profit than either horses or cattle. The sheep ranges of Western Texas are unsurpassed. It is almost impossible for any person who goes into the sheep business in western Texas with a little capital to keep from getting rich. A great many of the capitalists of eastern Texas buy a few thousand sheep on the frontier when mesquite grass can be had, and then give them in charge to some party who personally attends to them, who pays all the expenses and takes half the gross profits for his pay. Mr. Wm. Kelleher of Austin, a prominent sheep raiser informed me that he made an annual profit of from thirty to forty per centum on the amount invested.

To understand the enormous profits made in sheep raising in this section, it is only necessary to mention that one man can take care of, and properly attend to a thousand

and an expense of \$2 a week each, to watch the lion and prevent him from further injury upon himself. Mr. John Carney, the new superintendent of zoological gardens, has succeeded in carrying out a plan for the pacification of the king of the forest, which has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He had a small box-cage constructed adjoining the lion's cell, and coaxed the wounded beast therein. The cage was so constructed that the lion could not turn about in it. Once in his tail was treated medically and covered with a black snake's skin. The lion now seems perfectly satisfied with the amendment to his tail, and holds his head as erect, and is as proud as ever. Mr. Carney is a genius.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

There were a score of women gathered together at Mr. Johnston's house. Mr. Johnson is a good hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The woman had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:—

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society the first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, threw out a \$10 bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—," they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes—"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tumping shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this \$10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:—

"Why, now Mr. Johnson!"

"If fifteen of you make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him," they exclaimed; each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants this 'X' goes to the society," said Johnson.

"Such a man," they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that don't need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."—*Washington Chronicle*.

A HIGH-PRICED STALLION.

The greatest interest was excited at the Dexter Park race track, Chicago, on Friday last by the news in regard to the stallion "Governor Sprague," only five years old, which has jumped at once into prominence, and has changed hands at a price seldom, if ever, obtained for the like. The purchaser, Mr. J. J. Case, a resident of Racine, Wis., where he is engaged in the manufacture of threshing machines, handed Mr. M. Higbee his check for \$27,500 on Friday morning. Governor Sprague's pedigree runs back to the old Hambletonian stock. He is by Rhode Island out of Belle Brandon, she by Hambletonian. He was foaled in Rhode Island, taken to Kansas when a few months old, and removed to Meigs, Higbee's farm at Canton, Ill., when two years old. He had been tried down in the twenties, and

was Mr. Forrest found a great deal of fault with the supes who condescended to play the minions. They were tame. They didn't lay hold of him. They wouldn't go in as if it were a real fight. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supes snaked and consulted. At length the captain of the supes inquired in his local slang, "Yer, want this to be a bully fight, eh?" "I do," replied Mr. Forrest. "All right," rejoined the captain, and the rehearsal quietly proceeded. In the evening the little theatre was crowded, and Mr. Forrest was enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred the great tragedian took the centre of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order. At the cue "Seize him!" one assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero; another raised him about six inches from the stage, by a well-directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussel. For a moment Mr. Forrest stood astounded, his broad chest heaving with rage, his great eyes like flashing fire, his sturdy legs planted like columns upon the stage. Then came the few moments of powerful acting, at the end of which one supe was seen sticking head foremost in the bass drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green-room, and one, finding himself in the flies, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre and shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest, called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pantingly to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as part of the piece, and "had never seen Forrest act so splendidly."

GREAT SWIMMING FEAT BY A GIRL.

The London Echo of July 6th says: "Yesterday Miss Beckwith succeeded in swimming from the Old Bridge at Chelsea to Greenwich pier. Large crowds had gathered to see the start, and when, a few minutes after 4, she leaped from a waterman's boat into the river, she was loudly cheered. There was a fair breeze, which made the water rather lumpy, but the force of the ebb tide was all in her favor. With a gentle breast-stroke the young swimmer, with every encouragement from the curious public, proceeded on her arduous feat. A pilot in a small boat, in which were her father and brother, the latter ready to jump to the aid of his sister in the event of any emergency, led the way. She swam close to its stern, and kept that position more or less during the whole of her task. About ten minutes after starting she placed a straw hat on her head, but so soon as the sun became obscured by clouds she threw it to her father, and never had occasion to use it again. A crowd composed of many hundreds, had followed her from Chelsea along the embankment, and at Battersea suspension bridge it became greatly augmented by larger crowds, though the culmination in the number of spectators was reached at Westminster bridge. Vauxhall bridge was reached in thirty-four minutes. When she had passed under it she several times passed her body through a hoop—a feat which elicited a special cheer. At Westminster the sight of an immense populace on the bridge was of itself remarkable. But in addition the Albert embankment seemed to be equally crowded, and on passing under the bridge the Victoria embankment as far as the eye could reach was densely thronged. In seventy minutes Miss Beckwith had reached Blackfriars bridge, and from this point to the end of the course spectators appeared on masts, crowded wharf windows, and occupied every available position. So far the young swimmer had displayed not the least fatigue. She proceeded with the ease of a skilled swimmer, while the distance had not impaired the remarkable grace of her style. London bridge, crowded, of course, was passed in one hour and twenty-two minutes. The boats after this became more unruly than ever, and on several occasions Miss Beckwith was nearly struck on

sons of a gentleman having a good position and an honorable name among the mercantile magnates of Turkey and the Levant, has been barely more than four or five years settled in this country, and about the same period his colors have been seen on the turf. Born in Turkey in 1850, Mr. Baltazzi was educated at Rugby, and there, it is fair to suppose, imbibed with his English education many of those English sporting tastes which a public school does so much to encourage. Returning for a while after the completion of his Rugby studies to Constantinople and Vienna, he came to England again in 1870, and soon became naturalized amongst us. Newmarket knew him very soon, and his stud, placed under the experienced care of Joseph Hayhoe, soon began to furnish winners. Melton, too, knew him quite as well as Newmarket, and his hunters were as perfect as money and good judgment could procure. The right hand of fellowship was soon held out to the young foreigners who had so much of Englishmen in their composition, besides Mr. Baltazzi's quiet manners, combined with his evident keen taste for those sports so much identified with our country, soon gained him recognition and reception among our leading sportsmen."

HOT PUDDING.

The students of an American college being constantly annoyed by the nocturnal and inquisitorial visits of a professor who suspected them of playing cards, one evening prepared a kettle of mush—otherwise called "hasty pudding"—and by the time it was boiled had seated themselves at the table in the attitude of card playing, waiting patiently for the well known footstep of the professor. It was no sooner heard than the large outside pocket of one of them was filled with hot hasty pudding, and all were seated as before. As soon as the professor had opened the door, the student who was loaded with the mush made a sudden sweep over the table with his hand, as if to gather up the cards, and, with another motion, apparently put them in his pocket containing the mush. These movements could not help being noticed—as they were intended to be—by the professor, who, considering them as a pretty strong evidence of guilt, broke out with the following:

"Well young gentlemen! I've caught you at it at last, have I?"

"Why, yes, sir; we are all here."

"So I see you are! And you have been playing cards, too!"

"No, sir; it's not so!"

"It isn't, ha? What have you got in your pocket, young man?"

"Hot hasty pudding, sir?"

"Hot hasty pudding, ha? Hasty pudding have you? I'll hasty pudding you?" said the professor, at the same time thrusting his hand half way to the elbow in the hot hasty pudding.

The dolorous looks, the shaking of fingers, the groaning and capers of the professor, are better imagined than described.

THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

The Aquarium at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway is now nearly completed. The establishment will be opened under the management of Mr. W. C. Coup in September. A specially organized whaling expedition is now cruising off the coast of Labrador in search of whales to replace those that died at the aquarium recently, and Mr. Coup has offered \$5,000 for the capture, alive, of the famous mammoth seal Ben Butler, which for years past has frequented the bay of San Francisco and the watering-places on the Pacific coast. A very fine restaurant will be connected with the aquarium, but it will differ from all others in the peculiarity that the fare it will offer will be only fish, which will be kept alive in a large tank where they may be viewed and selected by the hungry customer, who may enjoy the additional zest of catching his fish before eating it.

a spring. When you think of a horse race for the world you will discover that there are two things which have to be controlled: the jockey, second the horse. Every starter of the desperate effort to be original has a system of his own, and as the jockeys ride on the different tracks where the diverse methods are in force, there is an absence of discipline which is vexatious to the public and often ruinous to the owner. The jockey fails to be well drilled in either system and works much on the independent basis. Unity of action is destroyed, and the good gentleman who holds the flag aloft gets red in the face and raves without establishing order in the demoralized ranks. To make the horse and jockey act in concert, and to prevent the annoying delays, all the stalling should be done under one method. The rival starters should give up the attempt to eclipse each other in originality, and settle down to work under one general plan. We take, in military life, raw recruits, and reduce them to clock-like motion by adhering to one formula, no matter how often the drill masters are changed. There is but one way to shoulder arms, independent of who gives the command. And there should be but one way for a jockey to bring his horse up to the line, regardless of who holds the flag. We are well aware that it is easier to preach than to practice, still, even the rival starters will admit that their work would be rendered less difficult if the jockeys were so drilled as to be ignorant of every method but one.

Since the turf has become the great arena of speculation the task of the starter has been rendered more difficult. When thousands of dollars in the shape of pool investments depend upon the result, eager eyes are strained to note the particular manner in which the flag is dropped. If one horse is given an advantage over another, the unlucky flag-dropper may make up his mind, as he walks slowly back to the stand, that some one will bitterly complain. If a man is on the most friendly terms with the owners, and the prominent pool buyers, we would advise him to nip in the bud every aspiration to officiate as a starter. If he does not, he will speedily find his old friends arrayed against him. But thankless as is the task of the official starter, it is a task which has to be performed. It is impossible to have races without a starter of some kind. In the face of the well-known finding spirit of the public, we discover plenty of men who are eager to officiate as flag-droppers or drum-tappers. Why they should be so eager we cannot understand, unless dim visions of profit rise before their eyes. Your starter should be a man of quick perceptions, unflinching nerve and sterling honesty; and the less he knows about the odds and those who make them the better. He should have no interest, direct or indirect, in any race. All races and all horses should be the same to him. In the short dashes, so common on the turf to-day, the starter wields an immense influence. He can drop his flag so as to destroy every chance which this or that colt has to win if given a fair show. He exercises more or less control over the thousands of dollars which the speculators have risked upon the struggle. In the old days when long distance races were the fashion the position of the starter was less responsible and his work less liable to criticism than now. A man who is not under obligations to any owner or speculator, and who is unlikely, by the tenor of his associations, to incur such obligations, is the only one who is properly qualified, in these modern years to marshal the horses at the post and to send them off. He had better be deficient in nerve than weak in honesty. His innocent blunders will not produce as much harm as his deliberate intentions to give one horse an advantage over another.

It is easy to complain. It is human nature to grumble when things are wrong. We presume it would be impossible to find a starter who would give universal satisfaction, nevertheless we can keep trying. The faults of starters can be corrected only by calling attention to them. Should we preserve silence in the face of wretched work, no effort would be made to improve the work. Charity is kind and good in its way, but we are not prepared to stretch it until it covers a multitude of sins. We prefer to speak plainly in order to secure a correction of the faults. The grave responsibilities which rest upon the shoulders of the starter should not be trifled with. Duty should be performed without fear, prejudice or favor. And to stand the severe ordeal of criticism, it is necessary for the man to have no connections which bring him under the ban of suspicion.—*Turf*.