

Indian, or any other Algonkian or Iroquoian, he will accommodate him at the above mentioned place, but he will not row five miles for a small stake, for the reason that, in his opinion, it must be physically injurious to any man to row that distance.

As regards this challenge, we will say that its sportsmanlike character may well be questioned and criticised, and its effect will be disappointing to the many friends of the Empire State champion who are experienced in sporting matters, and who, while admiring Courtney's pluck, cannot but regret that his backers insist upon a condition which they can hardly hope to see accepted, at least by any foreign sculler; so that the most interesting portion of the definite really goes for naught. Regarded safely in the light of a liability for shell-racing, we have no objection whatever to the offer to the Owaseo Lake regatta; but on the grounds of neutrality, we cannot uphold it as a proper locale for an international contest, and it is very probable that Tackett, Boyd, and Higgins, at least, will flatly refuse to row there. Nothing else can with reason be expected, especially in a match of so much importance as is here proposed, and particularly when the choice may be had of several other sheets of equally good water further removed from the home of Courtney and his backers, and with which he is less familiar; we need scarcely say that the latter localities can also boast of better facilities for housing and other wise accommodating the immense number of people who would gather to witness such a race than can be found at Auburn. We regret that the occasion for such remarks as these presents itself, but it is better that we speak plainly at once than allow the challenge to pass without comment, as by pursuing this course those most interested may be induced to recede from the untenable position they have taken, and thus render probable the acceptance of an offer from Courtney. In reference to Morris and Haulan's interest in the matter, the offer of a sufficient amount as expenses (Courtney does not say anything about this or the amount of the stakes) may possibly induce the Canadian to give him a race on Owaseo Lake, although we fancy Haulan has other operations of a preliminary nature in view; as far as Morris, the present champion of America, is concerned, however, we don't anticipate that anything will result, as it is more than probable that he will decline to row a race of less than five miles. Since the championship was first indisputably located, in the person of Joshua Ward, over eighteen years ago, in only one instance has a match been made to row for the title over a shorter course, and even then it was a double match, consisting of two races—the first of three and the other of five miles—between Ward and James Hamill, in 1862; and though there is no law fixing the championship distance, nor any recognized championship course, usage justifies the champion in refusing to defend the title over a distance less than that at which he won it, and has repeatedly maintained his right to the position. Of course if Morris chooses to include the title he possesses in a race of three miles, or even less, he is at liberty to do so; but he has a right to demand that he shall row less than the maximum number of therefor, no more than an aspirant for the honours can demand a forfeiture of the championship because the amount of stakes he (the challenger) stipulates for may be so much heavier than usual as to be, perchance, beyond the reach of the holder of the title. It is scarcely necessary for us to comment upon the reason advanced by Courtney for hesitating to row a five-mile race. If he is convinced that by rowing such distance he would certainly sustain serious injury, he would be excessively foolish to engage in such a contest, be the amount at stake ever so large. His assertion, however, is by no means borne out by facts. To take part in a competition of any kind requiring long sustained exertion, a physique sound in every particular, great muscular force and enduring power are essential, and it is rare indeed that any injury which may result can be traced to other causes than natural physical defects or lack of proper preparation. Stamina and muscle play an important part in professional championship meetings, sometimes enabling a competitor to finally row down an opponent who may show the greater speed over two thirds of the course, thus placing very nearly on an equality men who at half the distance would be no match at all. Every man ought to know the distance he is best able to go, and should not do anything foolish; but men who are considered to be in the first rank of the profession are liable to suffer in

bold swimmer, is supposed to have taken a header into deep water. However taken, it proved to have been a plunge into the arms of death, for when the swimmers reassembled round the camp fire the girl was missed, and, notwithstanding a diligent search that evening, could not be found. The following morning, with sad hearts, the party left; but very soon those in the foremost canoe, on rounding the first point, saw (the water calm and clear) a human body as if seated on the sandy sea bottom, with what seemed like a flour bag immediately behind it. The natives knew what this meant. As soon as the canoes got together, two of the most active young men managed with daggers so to disable the monster (for it was a gigantic devil fish) that the octopus with its victim was brought to the surface. The foregoing facts have been communicated to our informant by an intelligent and respectable half-breed woman from Metchosen, who saw the body of the drowned girl with some of the prehensibles of the mollusk still adhering to it. She compared the head of the octopus in size to that of a fifty pound flour sack, full; and said that the tentacles were twelve in number, of different sizes, and the largest about the circumference of a man's arm.

INDIAN FEROCITY.

Three miles from our camp and half a mile from the Deadwood trail, writes a Black Hills correspondent, we found what had been once a human being. Some miner trying to reach our camp, or some one going into town from some camp unknown to us, had been overhauled by perhaps a dozen savages. There had been no struggle and there were no empty shells to show that a shot had been fired. He was, perhaps, overhauled there after a long chase, or had suddenly encountered the Indians and been overpowered. As near as we could make out, they had first sliced off his ears; these we found pinned to a tree. They had then held his feet on a rock, taking each in turn, and deliberately mashed them to a pulp with the heads of their hatchets. The man's sufferings must have been awful, but the fiends had only commenced. His fingers were then broken, one by one, his nose cut off, his front teeth smashed out, and it is merciful to hope life had fled by that time. As we viewed the body the scalp was torn from the head, the throat cut, each arm unjointed at the shoulder, the legs unjointed at the knees, the bowels ripped open and the eyes dug out. Even savage cruelty could go no further.

A BAD WAIT.

Lately a gentleman won at Monte Carlo—a gambling place an hour by rail from Nice—\$4,500, and only awaited the return of his linen from the wash to start homeward. But the laundress being tardy, he turned once more into the casino, and lost his \$4,500 and \$6,000 besides. For those who can keep out of the 'hell' Monte Carlo is a winter heaven. The grounds of the casino rise in a succession of terraces from the bluest of seas, and the hedges are a mass of floral beauty. There is a magnificent reading room, supplied with papers and periodicals in every tongue, a fine orchestra of 100 performers plays twice a day, and the living accommodations, and cooking are admirable. The Prince of Monaco draws \$250,000 a year from this establishment.

\$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

such a strong man was Cappelletti that he not only played some capital shots with it, but could hold it out at arm's length and whirl it about as if were a feather. An uncle of his used even a heavier stone, because as he said, no other curler on the Lochmaben ice could throw it but himself. These were roughly-shaped stones almost as they were found, and would never be allowed on a rink now-a-days. One of the Dukes of Athole, very fond both of curling and skating, suggested a game in which both were combined. The skater, armed with a long pole, impelled his curling stone with it; but though it was described as "an elegant mode—making a highly interesting game," it never took either with curlers or skaters, never at any time best of friends on the ice. At a time when the game was not as fashionable with the Scottish nobility as it is now-a-days, "Archibald the handsome," the ninth Duke of Hamilton, with a great patron of curling. He often headed rinks from Hamilton in contests with other parishes, and took the keenest interest in the "spiel." Once in "dear years," when meal was meal, the fate of a game depended on a critical shot being played; his Grace called out to the player about to attempt it, "Now, John, if you take the shot and strike away the winner, your mother shanna want meal a' the winter—I'll send her a boll"—a prize John had the satisfaction, both as a curler and a son, of winning.—*Belgravia*.

GERMINATION FROM OLD SEED.

In the silver mines of Laurium, only the slags left by the ancient Greeks are at present worked off in order to gain, after an improved modern method silver still left in that dross. This refuse ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it the seed of a species of glaucium, or poppy, was found, which had slept in the darkness of the earth during all the time. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the molting ovens, there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants with a beautiful, yellow flower, of a kind unknown in the modern bony, but which is described by Pliny and others as a frequent flower in ancient Greece.—*London Examiner*.

NATURAL HISTORY.

AN ACCENTUATED BIRD.—Canary birds may be taught to whistle tunes quite easily. A friend of ours has a canary bird that, as soon as it was old enough to pick up a living, was put into a room apart from others, and a music box placed in the apartment and kept perpetually going, repeating one tune over and over again, so that this singular pupil had no other master to learn from but that. After four months of such apprenticeship the owner was rewarded by hearing his little favorite render "A Life on the Ocean Wave" as naturally and perfectly as if that was the song of its ancestors.

An exchange very truly remarks: There is a disposition on the part of many concert and theatre-goers to encores everything. In fact, of late, it seems to have become a sort of mania. Programmes are always sufficiently lengthy, and it is seldom necessary to encores a song, for instance, simply to prolong the pleasure, or as a compliment to the performer. There are persons in every audience who never get enough of the good thing, whether it is because they desire big returns for small investments, or because they take special pleasure in flattering the singer, or because they think it the correct thing to do, we are not prepared to say; but that it is in most cases a very unnecessary, absurd, and tedious business, any one will admit. It has become a source of annoyance, and some means should be devised to "sit down" on the encores fiend.

If your furs get worn down short, whip them with forty rods, forty rods it is said, make a furlong.

the response. "I shall go to Jacksonville within a few days—but if I am wanted a telegraphic dispatch will receive prompt attention."

The next day the senator took his place at the table—conducted thither by the head waiter—he found it loaded with flowers, the gift of the ladies of the house, who, true to womanly instinct, admired the effective rebuke given to the travelling idiot from the interior. The event was the talk of the town and Morrissey's departure to Florida was generally regretted. The solid north seemed pained to the liquid south.

PROPAGATION OF THE EEL.

Owing to the obscurity that exists respecting the propagation of the eel, the following statement made by Herr L. Griesinger, of Murrhardt, to the Schw. Institution, may be of interest. Herr Griesinger writes: "On Saturday, August 12 last, some workmen who were preparing the foundation for a railway bridge over the Murr, observed an eel in the still water of a channel, a quarter of a mile below the town. The men had hammers with them for stone breaking, and, wishing to kill the eel by a blow on the head, one of them hit it, but only in the middle of the body, which was greatly lacerated. Owing, however, to the toughness of the skin, the parts held together. It was an ordinary full-grown eel, but unusually stout. I bought it and set about skinning it in my kitchen, an operation that necessitated a strong pull from head to tail. At that part of the body which had received the blow, a total separation took place, and at the same moment there fell out upon the table an animated bag or ball about the size of a walnut, from which there escaped a number of active young eels. In circumference they were of the dimensions of a large knitting needle and as long as a man's finger. They lived for an hour, during which time they wriggled about on their sides. The parent eel seems to have quit'ted the rapid water of the Murr for the still water of the channel to deposit her young.—*S. in Land and Water*.

CLUB TALK.

As an illustration of the talk in Paris about unsavory scandals in the clubs arising from high play we note the following from a French paper:

They were talking over the card-playing accomplishments of a new member of the club. 'Never saw anything like it, sir,' says one; 'he had four aces and the other man four kings on his own deal, last night, seventeen times.' 'Guess he's a rascal,' says another member, sententiously. 'Oh, I made up my mind he was a thief from the first,' says a third, 'so I've been tipping his hand.'

"JOSH BILLINGS" ON BIRDS.

"THE QUAIL."

The quail is a game bird, about one size larger than the robin, and so sudden that they hum when they fly. They have no song, but whistle for music; the tune is solitary and sad. They are shot on the wing, and a man may be good in arithmetic, fast-rate at parsing, and even be able to preach acceptably, but if he ain't studied quail on the wing, he might as well shoot at a streak of lightning in the sky as at a quail on the go.

Birded quail, properly supported with jellies and a Champagne Charlie, is just the most difficult thing, in my humble opinion, to beat in the whole history of vittles and something to drink.

I am no gourmand, for I can eat bread and milk five days out of seven, and smak my lips after I git thru, but if I am asked to eat birded quail by a friend with judicious accompaniment, I blush at first, then bow my head, and then smile sweet acquiescence—in other words, I always quail before such a request.

THE PARTRIDGE.

The partridge is also a game bird. Their game is to drum on a log in the spring or the year, and keep both eyes open, watching the sportsmen. Partridges are shot on the wing, and are as easy to miss as a ghost is. It is

AN INTERESTING SNAKE STORY.

Snake eating snake is no imaginary story. I can add my own evidence in substantiation of the fact. Several years ago, when I was located in my high island, in the county of Southampton, N. C., I discovered a very large king snake lying on a ditch bank, perfectly straight, and an unusually large. I called the attention of my servants to the snake, and directed that no snake of that species should be killed on my land, as they were said to be the special enemy of all venomous reptiles, particularly the high land moccasin. By the by, I had been bitten by moccasin, and I barely escaping with my life, sympathy was quite reasonably excited in behalf of his enemy. My servants promised to destroy it for me on the hands of one of them a washing, but I attempted to wake the snake by stepping on a part of his tail. The operation was quite artistically performed. The snake, however, did not resist it, and immediately began to disengage a large black hind moccasin, released by us as the most venomous. I had found in this section of the State. The Hon. J. J. Davis, the present representative in Congress from the adjoining district, gave me a history of a similar occurrence which he himself witnessed. Stop ping at a branch to water his horse, while on his way to one of his courts, he discovered the tail of a small king snake firmly fastened around a twig, the body immersed in the stream, and he holding fast to a large water moccasin, doubtless his size, which was struggling heroically for his life. The contest continued for some minutes, the moccasin drawing the king snake under the water, and in turn the king snake drawing the moccasin to the surface. The victory finally resulted in favor of the little king snake, and the Hon. Mr. Davis remained a passive spectator during the whole struggle. I think he stated that after the termination of the affair he pulled them both ashore. The king snake is not the black snake, or black runner. He grows to a much larger size, and is black, with white rings around the entire body. I really do not know whether or not he is venomous. The black snake is certainly not, though, by quick rattling of his tail, and rapid ejections of his tongue and apparent preparation for the fight, he would make a very different impression upon one.—*T. G. T., in Forest and Stream*.

A DINNER OF HORSE FLESH.

'I went on Saturday,' writes a Paris correspondent, 'to a horse flesh dinner given by M. Ducroix, veterinary-in-chief to the Etat Major of Paris. It was prepared by an ordinary cook, the host wishing his guests to know that the food placed before them owed none of its palatable virtues to extraordinary culinary science. Everything except the sweets at dessert was of chevaline extraction. I thought the soup better than coullion made from beef. The bouilli was very toothsome; 'Cheval a la mode' was also excellent; but the crowning dish was roast flesh, which was very tender and succulent. There was no flavor or odor that in the remotest way reminded one of the stable.'

The weak point of the feast was the salad, which was dressed with oil taken from horses' feet. M. Ducroix is an enthusiast, and dreams of nothing less than cheapening meat, and rendering the lives of horses tolerable by getting people to become hippopotragists. If the ultimate fate of the horse was to be sent to the butcher's shambles instead of to the slaughter house, cabmen, he opines, would be more merciful to the beasts they drive, and the poor would be about to fall back from dear beef and mutton upon cheaper and more nutritive meat. Since hippopotragy has been introduced here, more than 12,000 horses annually have fallen into the stew pans and soup pots of the French capital. It appears, indeed, that the supply is scarcely equal to the demand.

"On sitting down I felt, I confess, somewhat nervous. It occurred to me then sundry cheveline diseases were propagated by inoculation. M. Ducroix, who suspected my misgivings, informed me that the inspection of horse flesh for the market is more close than that of beef. The living animal has to pass a veterinary surgeon, and when it is reduced to the condition of butcher's meat it is again subjected to a microscopic examination. Some of the members of the society for the protection of Animals have invited M. Ducroix to London, to make arrangements with them for a horse flesh banquet at the Crystal Palace, "prepared by a French cook."