

ways in hand, from Cartridge, who showed pretty fair form at Stockbridge.

### THE RACE.

Bunbury Stakes (handicap) of 15 sovs each, 2,000 sovs added; winners extra. Bunbury Stakes; 7 starters, 196 yards. Nine subscribers.

M H Sanford's br f Start, by Imp Glenelg, son of Citadel and Bapta, by Kingston) Ham Stamps, by Lexington, 3 yrs, 89 lbs  
Lemaire 1  
G Payne's br Cartridge, 3 yrs, 96 lbs  
Gallor 2  
Hartington's br m Chaplet, 3 yrs, 124 lbs  
H Jeffery 3  
W R Marshall's Tiber, 4 yrs, 115 lbs  
F Archer 0  
H Saville's Fir's Spring, 3 yrs, 100 lbs  
H Covey 0  
Lagrange's Tartine, 5 yrs, 124 lbs  
Gownr 0  
Betting—9 to 4 against Chaplet, 8 to 1  
Start, 5 to 1 against Tartine, 7 to 1  
against Tiber and Cartridge, and 100 to 1  
against First Spring.

Tart and Cartridge made play, clear of Chaplet and Tartine. They ran thus the distance, when the first couple singled themselves out and ran home together, Start being by a head, but easily nevertheless; Tartine was a bad third. Tiber was fourth and Tartine last.

### SUBTERRANEAN FISH.

At the meeting of the academy of sciences in San Francisco on July 3rd, specimens of a supposed to be trout, were presented, accompanied by a letter from Thomas R. ... of Humboldt, Ventura county, Cal. ... were thrown up from an artesian well, ... feet deep, near that place. The well, ... is nearly 900 feet from high water ... was bored in 1871, and every year ... has thrown out immense quantities of ... spawned fish in April and May. The ... fish this year were observed in March. ... well is capped, having three two-inch ... tubes, from one of which people were in ... habit of filling barrels with water for ... households. In that way the presence ... was discovered in 1872. The cap was ... and fish were ejected in incredible ... quantities until the cap was replaced. In a ... it will one-fourth of the weight of the ... water is fish. It is proved that these ... have appeared every year, as it was ... recently that much attention was paid ... to this phenomenon. The pipe is badly rusted, ... at one-half of the water escapes and ... rises from the surface, carrying up fish, ... who are forced by a strong current through ... tubes into small lakes, where sea birds ... devour them. These fish are of ... various sizes, the largest about an inch in ... length. The nearest stream where fish are ... found is Santa Paula creek, twenty-five miles ... from the well, but it empties into the Santa ... river, distant seven miles, at a point ... five miles distant. Fish cannot live in ... stream on account of ever-shifting sands ... in the channel. Professor Davidson said that ... saw Mr. Baird and believed that he was ... observing the same kind ... observed in Santa Clara county, near ... José, when red wood sawdust was thrown ... into the artesian well many miles distant ... into the mountains on the west side ... of the peninsula.

### A CLEVER JOKE.

A human heart has been described as ... full of deceit; it is, however, guileless ... compared with the smile of a three- ... trick man. The heathen Chinese, with ... their faces packed up his sleeve, may ... have been possessed of a smile both childlike ... and, but we never heard that even the ... Chinese himself attempted to 'ramp ... in court. The scene was the ... Police Court, where Charles Hig-

captured, they fell upon the king and nearly ... tore him to pieces. After that Kit easily secured ... the rest of the varmints, and was paid \$300. ... Such is a specimen story of Kit's rat catching. ... Where did Kit obtain enough rats for his famous ... rat pit, where at one time thirty games a day ... were played, and ten rats killed at each match?

### A WORD IN BEHALF OF THE MANLY ART.

Rev. Wm. R. Alger, in his work on the life of Edwin Forrest, pays a just tribute to athletic sports, of which the tragedian was a great admirer, and thus truthfully refers to the science of manual defense, in which Mr. Forrest took a deep interest:

During his second year in New York he took a series of lessons in boxing. He felt a great interest in this art, became a redoubtable proficient in its practice, and was ever an earnest and open admirer of its prominent heroes. Those who feel this to be discredit to him will find on reflection, if they think fairly, that it was, on the contrary, a credit to him.

"Surely it is better to be a perfect animal than an imperfect one. When all things are in harmony the finest corporeal condition is the basis for the highest spiritual power. A champion in finished training, with his perfected form, his marble skin, clear, unflinching eyes, corky tread, and indomitable pluck, is a thrilling sight. When the crowd see him, their enthusiasm vents itself in a shout of delight. His mauling his adversary into a disfigured mass of jelly is indeed frightful and loathsome; but that is a base perversion, not the proper fruition of his high estate. The functional power of his bearing is magnificent. He is in good condition of god-like potency. It is a higher thing to admire this glorious wealth of force, ease and courage than to despise it. Personal gifts of strength, skill, fearlessness, are certainly desirable on any level in preference to the corresponding defects. To turn away from them with disgust is a morbid weakness, not a proof of true superiority. While in this world we cannot escape the physical level of our constitution, however much we may build above it, is it not plainly best, as far as possible, to perfect ourselves in every part of our nature? An admirable Crichton, able to surpass everybody on all the successive heights of human accomplishments, from fencing with swords to fencing with wits, from dancing to dialectics, cannot be held, except by a markish judgment, as inferior to a Kirke White writing verses of pale piety while dying of consumption brought on by overstimulus of literary ambition.

### SLOW BUT SURE.

The "slow fighter" was a tall, raw-boned specimen of the Pike County breed, the boys began to have fun with him—to "mill him," as they call it in the parlance of the mines.

He stood it for a long time with perfect equanimity, until finally one of the party dared him out of doors to fight.

He went. When they got all ready and squared off, Pike County stretched out his long neck and presented the tip of his big nose temptingly close to his tormentor: "I'm a little slow," he said, "and can't fight unless I'm well riled; just paste me one—a good 'un—right on the end of that 'smeller!'"

His request was complied with.

"That was a good 'un," he said, calmly, "but I don't feel quite riled yet" (turning the side of his head to his adversary); "please chuck me another lively, one under the ear!"

The astonished adversary again complied, whereupon Pike County, remarking that he was "not quite as well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he could," sailed into the crowd, and for the next ten days the "boys" were engaged in mending broken jaws, repairing damaged eyes and tenderly resurrecting smashed noses.

The Prince of Wales stood at the foot of the grave of Admiral Rous, and near him were Prince Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, and many of England's noblemen.

the English stroke, or the waterman's stroke, or some special style understood as named. No one event, perhaps, has done more for this interest than the Centennial races at Philadelphia, when England's best, both professional and amateur, home and provincial, met our oarsmen and taught them all they knew, and learned something besides. That it is pleasant to find and chronicle this growth need hardly be said; for while undoubtedly, individuals will occasionally undertake too much and overdo themselves, the masses are finding out what will bring back the fading health and substitute vigor for languor, and are by these fine exhibitions of strength and skill in so many directions spurred up to at least a moderate activity in this direction. And as this sensible, healthy outdoor work is gradually usurping the place of gymnasiums, often hazardous and seldom so beneficial as the former, parents are beginning to wish their children the benefits which can really be had so readily, benefits which Washington evidently valued, else he could not have jumped the Rappahanock where its breadth was twenty-three feet. Let us foster this judicious and systematic care of the body and so keep it in its normal state, and be fit for the utmost we may be asked in our various spheres to face, whether of anxiety, care or strain of any sort, as well as to enjoy much the more keenly, all the sweets of life.—*N. Y. Herald.*

### HOW TO FISH FOR TROUT.

Always, if possible, fish down a stream. There are many reasons for this, among others the following: In fishing up stream the bait is continually coming home to one's feet after every cast, and the nearer it approaches the person, the less chance of a bite. The contrary is the case in fishing down stream; the bait is carried by the current away from the fisherman, and his chances of capture are each moment increased.

If the brook is large enough—and even in very small ones—if practicable, it is always best to wade in the bed of the stream, as by this means one can keep the bait in the water for long distances without making a cast, which, in the localities I am speaking of, almost always, unless skilfully done, ends in one's seeing one's tackle fast to some overhanging bough, or crash overlapping the stream. Again, in fishing up stream, it is impossible to keep the bait stationary in any spot one may desire to cast in, unless by standing upon the bank, and the chances of capture are thus greatly decreased; while in fishing down stream, one can not only hold the bait in any one spot, but by a motion of the arm conduct it in any given direction—sink it toward the bottom, draw it up stream, to the right or to the left—to tempt the hidden trout, the motion of the running water upon the bait giving one complete control of it by the slightest motion of the arm. To be successful in this sport, first give up all idea of using artificial flies; there is usually no chance to cast them, a very few fish will rise to them, and then only, usually, at sunrise or sunset. Use a light but very short-jointed pole, not over twelve feet in length, with fine delicate running gear and small compact reel; small hooks, gauged upon silk work gut, of any make that one prefers, there being great diversity of opinion on this matter among fishermen. The Limerick hook has nearly gone out of date, and how it was endured so long is a mystery. The Kirby and Aberdeen have taken its place. Put no lead upon your line at any time; it kills the artistic and natural motion of your bait. Use, as the most killing bait yet discovered, angle-worms; and these may be much improved by being kept a few days upon clean moss in an uncovered, large mouthed bottle, that they may scour themselves. In baiting, do not pay the slightest attention to whether the point of your hook is covered or not; it is of small consequence, or rather it is more deadly and better not to be covered than otherwise. The trout does not nibble, he darts; he takes, as a rule, the bait at once, or leaves it severely alone. You

are aware of the fact that you have got to make a splash and dash, and complete exposure of yourself to get at your dangling lure, so that you may fish in vain in the same pool afterward. Remember that trout are very shy, and once having disturbed them, it is useless to fish for them.—*Douglas Fraser, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

### BETTING ON THE WEATHER.

They have no pools in Ajmer, India, neither any horse-races, regattas, base-ball matches nor elections whereon to bet. Therefore the residents bet on the weather, first consulting certain local seers of great repute for their weather wisdom. After the "straight up" has been purchased from one of the prophets, the buyer commences bellowing that he will take or lay certain odds about the fall of rain within a given time. The ordinary quotations are sixteen to one against heavy rain coming down within twenty-four hours, eight to one against a light shower happening, and longer odds in both cases as the time is reduced. When the weather happens to be exceptionally variable, the whole street becomes flooded by an excited throng of gamblers. As the hour approaches for the majority of the bets to be decided the more nervous gamblers are heard offering their chances of winning at heavy discount. This allows the weather prophets an opportunity of "hedging" at considerable advantage, and it frequently happens that the book of an old seer will show a certainty of gain whether rain falls or not. With "Old Probabilities" over their heads the man who reads the weather reports at Calcutta or Bombay and his agent at Ajmer could scoop in the unwary natives!

### A CURIOUS ORNITHOLOGICAL FACT.

A correspondent states that "a medical gentleman in charge of Allan's line of steamers, plying between Liverpool and Montreal, presented a young lady living in Dorchester street, in that city, with two St. Helena sparrows, which remained in her possession until the month of October, 1875, when one of them, the male, escaped from the cage and fled to parts unknown. On Saturday afternoon last, to the young lady's very great astonishment and delight, the sparrow, at its old and its gay plumage, alighted on the deserted cage, which was hanging on a veranda out of doors, and in which its mate had spent so many long months, and rejoined its companion. By a little artifice the bird was enticed into a dark room, where it was easily caught and placed in the same cage with its discontented partner. The inquiry will naturally arise, where did the bird go in the interval, between its escape and capture, and was it instinct and affection which prompted its return? It is confidentially believed that there are no other St. Helena or wax-bill sparrows in the city.

### A CLEVER COSSACK AND HIS HORSE.

Many stories are told of the cleverness of the Cossacks in obtaining what they need for themselves or horses, and all tend to show that their morality is of a different type to that of European civilization generally. Some of the stories may possibly have been invented, but they show the general tone of feeling, and what is expected from these quaint, reckless, merry troops. Passing through the streets of Galatz, the thin, weary-looking horse of a Cossack fell suddenly, and lay lifeless on the ground. Its master was moved even to tears, and bewailed the unhappy fate which had not only deprived him of a favorite, but left him horseless just at the most interesting moment of the war. A crowd gathered around, and in it were men whose kind hearts would not suffer them to leave the poor man without some practical expression of their pity. A subscription was made, and the man taking the saddle from the lifeless animal, went on his way with dried tears, for he had actually wept. As the crowd were bending over the little horse in pure sympathy, a whistle was heard at the other end of the street. The horse sprang to his feet, and with a joyful neigh, joined his master, whose clever trick was much admired, even by those who suffered by it.

On Monday night a young man named Edgar Hunt, 18 years of age, son of Mr. T. Hunt, Farmers' Hotel, Waterchute Road, Westquaster, suddenly dropped dead whilst playing with a number of his comrades, in the vicinity of the Askin school-house. It appears that the lad, who was a promising young man, well liked by all who knew him, engaged in a race for about eighty yards with several of his youthful companions. At the close of the race he turned back, walked a few steps, and fell down. His companions at once ran to his aid, and were terrified to find that he had ceased to breathe. He was carried into a neighbor's house, and within twenty minutes after his melancholy occurrence Dr. Stevenson was in attendance, but his aid was of no avail, as the boy had died instantly on falling. It is supposed to have burst a blood vessel fatally. He had not been exerting himself more than usual during the day at his employment as apprentice nursery-man with Messrs. Pouty & Taylor. His parents have the sympathy of the community in their affliction.

### Horse Notes.

BLACK FRANK.—Mr. A. Welch, Chesham Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., it is stated, has purchased the trotter Black Frank, paying for him \$8,000.

FOR THE ENGLISH DERBY.—It is rumored that Mr. Pierre Lorillard will enter his recent purchases, Brother to Parole and Brother Wanderer in the English Derby for 1879.

ACCIDENT TO SPITMAN.—In the three-quarter mile dash at Long Branch last Saturday, the saddle broke on Indiana, and her jockey, Spitman, was thrown to the ground, receiving a bad scalp wound, but not otherwise dangerously hurt.

Bass measuring over two inches in length have been caught in the river N. Embury.

A dog followed the remains of his mistress, Mrs. C. B. Forest, of Morris, Ont., to the grave-yard last week, and from that time took his stand near Pennington's horse, in Brussels, and cannot be driven away from the premises.

The Whitby Gazette says:—"Mr. James Whiteside, who resides on the north part of Lot 21, in the 7th con. of Pickering, and who owned two imported draught stallions, and had recently returned home with the horses, after the season was over, suddenly took them out of their stable to the adjoining bush on Friday morning last, and there and then shot them both through the head, and afterwards cut their throats. The horses were valuable and said to be in good health." The reason given as the one which incited the proprietor is that the season did not prove as profitable as anticipated.

An encounter with a bear occurred lately near Chatham, N. H. A man named Hanscom was on his way home with a couple of pigs in his wagon, when he saw an animal which he at first thought to be a very large dog. It turned out, however, to be a black bear. His boatship commenced the battle by trying to spring into the wagon, between the forward wheels and the horse. Hanscom, finding he had got to fight, seized hold of the bear's head, and, by chance, happened to catch him in the nostrils. Being a very muscular man, he held his grip, the hind feet of the bear all the time dragging on the ground, and thus they were dragged by the horse over twenty rods. Hanscom shouted for help, but no one heard him. His strength then failed him, and the bear, making another spring, freed himself and ran outside the wagon, and Hanscom got away. The bear was accompanied by its cubs.