

DR. W. F. CARVER.

THE CALIFORNIA RIFLE SHOT.

The following romantic biographical sketch of Dr. Carver appears in a western paper: Dr. William Frank Carver is a native of the State of New York, having been born at Saratoga Springs, May 7, 1840; the doctor is therefore nearly thirty-eight years of age. When but four years of age Dr. Carver's parents removed to near St. Anthony's Falls, Minnesota, where Minneapolis is now, and living pre-empted a tract of 160 acres and built a rude log cabin, the parents with their children, the subject of our sketch and his sister May, lived for a few months.

From the Oakland (Cal.) Mirror we clip the following, which gives the history of Dr. Carver from that period to when he issued his challenge in our columns and became familiar to our readers:

It was in the month of September, 1844, that the father bade his little family goodbye, and started down the river for St. Paul in a supply of provisions for the winter. On his return, three days thereafter, a happy home he had so recently left was a mass of smouldering ruins, in the midst of which were the charred remains of his beloved wife. No dead or living trace of his young children could be found; and with a crazed brain the distracted father and widower sat out upon the Indian trail, which was plain to be seen. After following this several miles the body of his little May was found scalped and full of arrows. A long and fruitless search for his missing boy, Frank, caused the heart-broken father to desert this wild country where so much misery had befallen him, and he sailed for Europe, where he is still living.

When little May was shot to death and scalped, her little four year old brother, Frank, our Hero, was compelled to carry her scalp in his hand an entire day. The Indians took the boy a long way up the Minnesota River to their village, where, for several weeks he was treated very harshly; finally, one bright morning the Indian chief, Red Wing, came in contact with the youthful captive, and being so much pleased with his appearance, he took him to his lodge and snowed him very clear attention. From this time on, until the massacre in 1862, the subject of this sketch lived with the Indians.

It was during these early years that our hero became an unerring marksman, winning thereby the great respect of the Indians. While passing the nomadic life among the "noble red men" of the forest, a trapper appeared upon the scene, and, by his skillful marksmanship, won at the target all the furs and robes that the Indians had. They then bantered the trapper to shoot with a white boy they had, "who would shoot without putting the gun to his shoulder," offering to stake all their horses against the robes the trapper had won from them.

The wager was accepted, and our hero, Wasechassulla, "the lone white boy," was sent for. The result was that the trapper lost everything he had, and Wasechassulla, the victor, was greatly revered. The boy's shooting so greatly interested the trapper that he persuaded the Indians to let him take Wasechassulla all over the West to shoot matches for money, promising to return with the boy and many presents and much money. The trapper and Wasechassulla started on this match shooting excursion, and in the many pistol and rifle contests entered into, our hero never lost one. They broke faith with the Indians, however, the trapper persuading Frank, "the lone white boy," to accompany him to his home at Winslow, in Illinois, where Wasechassulla attended school for four years and learned his profession—dentistry.

After this, without remaining in the States to practice his profession—the inclination to again be upon his native heath being so strong—the youthful doctor betook himself to the plains once more. He soon became famous as a slayer of buffalo, elk and beaver, a vocation he made for himself a fortune at killing buffaloes at \$2.50 a head. Many are the times he would kill from twenty to sixty-three, the highest number of buffaloes ever slain by one man in a single run, and many are the hair-breadth escapes, from being gored to death by a bleeding and frenzied buffalo, that he has passed through.

SNAKE FASCINATION.

Many and marvelous are the cases I have heard related of snakes charming persons, birds and small animals. In most discussions some believe, some doubt, and most think if they do it at all, they do it with the eye. Writers on natural history, as far as I know, do not believe they have any such power. The best evidence to any one is his own senses, the only difficulty being that senses do not clearly apprehend facts as they are. If all the writers on science saw things as they really are, there would be absolutely no disagreement.

That there is a power of fascination, charming (perhaps mesmerism), possessed by snakes is to me a fact, and although it is a snake story, still I write what I know. Snakes can charm—they can fascinate, of that I have had ample experience. At the age of about eighteen, in the town of Lyme, Conn., where I was brought up, my father had a shad fishery on the Connecticut River. One morning in April I was sent to carry a fish to my sister, about two miles distant. Part way there I took a wood road through a rocky and bushy place, where the timber had been cut. Carrying the fish on a little cane stick on my shoulder, my attention was arrested by hearing a rattling in the dry leaves a rod or more from me. Stopping I looked, and saw a large black snake (*Coluber Constrictor*), five to six feet in length. Some two or three inches of the end of the tail was in rapid vibration or quivering, which made the noise by rattling the dry leaves. I had seen small striped snakes do something like it, and thought nothing of it. I stood to look at it with my stick on my shoulder, not conscious of any danger, having seen and killed, of such snakes, perhaps hundreds. In a few moments the vibration was so rapid that I could only see it without any form. It was like a splint or straw in a strong wind, fastened at one end, so rapid was its motion. Soon after looking at it, the vibrating portion began to show all the prismatic colors with such beauty of combination that no language can describe it. Seemingly, they went through a million of combinations and mingling of colors, changes and recombinations with every tint of shade, instantly. I stood enchanted at the most beautiful sight I ever beheld, unconscious of danger! Did I say enchanted?—charmed—fascinated!

There I stood, lost in ecstasy, without motion—how long I do not know. My eyes at first seemed a little blurred or dimmed. There was a pleasant, dizzy sensation in my forehead. The first I knew I felt myself falling to the ground. The partial falling frightened me, and in saving the fall, it turned my eyes from the snake. I felt dizzy—eyes blurred—muscles and nerves unsteady. In my fright at my condition I went for that snake with my staff. He stood ground, and raised up two feet or more at me with forked tongue. I struck without hitting several times. The snake ran, stopped, raised up at me again. I made several strokes, but could not hit him, although raised right in front of him. He ran again, and raised his head with forked tongue almost in my face. At last, the third attack, I hit him and then killed him. Before getting through the woods I heard another rattling the leaves—I did not look him up.

I made experiments with four others of the same kind of snakes the same summer—none less than five to six feet in length. I had learned to look but a few moments at a time after the first adventure. As soon as the prismatic colors began to appear beautiful I turned my eyes. The last one attempting to charm me, I called two of my brothers who were near. We all witnessed the snake's mode, one at a time. To arrest the eye they rattle the leaves to make a noise. You turn and look, and instantly the tail begins a rapid vibration, that destroys distinct appearance of any form. Soon the colors begin to appear and commingle so beautifully that you have no desire to look away or turn your eyes. The longer you look the more beautiful they become, and the more desire to look at them. We looked at the snake alternately, and then would turn each other away. When we all looked away he stopped. Let any of us move, he rattled the leaves, if we looked at him he began to charm till we looked off. He knew instantly when we turned our eyes from him.

English Gurf.

SHIFNAL, WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL.

The old song, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," was never better illustrated than it was by Shifnal in winning the Grand National Steeplechase. Since 1872 Shifnal has been constantly on the turf—in his young days on the flat, and for three years as a jumper—and although he has won many good races, he never until to-day won what may be called one of the blue ribbons of the English turf. His effort to-day was the third that he has made for the Liverpool honors. Shifnal was foaled in 1869, and is by Saccharometer (he by Sweetmeat, out of Defamation, by lago), dam Countess Amy, by St. Albans, her dam Cantino, by Orlando. Shifnal began his career as a two-year old in 1871, and it is safe to say that no horse has had more owners. In that year he started seven times, winning the Croft Charming Stakes at Worcester, the Witham Selling Stakes at Lincoln, where he was bought for 150 guineas—and the Selling Nursery Handicap at Stewsbury. As a three-year old in 1872 Shifnal started twenty-two times, but he only won the Thrift Handicap Sweepstakes at Royston, the Members' Handicap at Barnstable, the Park Plate at Alexandra Park, and the Optional Selling Stakes at the same meeting, where Mr. J. Nightingale bought him for 160 guineas. He at once withdrew the horse from the flat and sent him to Epsom to be schooled in jumping. He did but little worthy of mention in 1873 and 1874, but in March, 1875, when he began trying for some of the big events, he was beaten for the United Kingdom Steeplechase at Croydon, the Asnton Court Steeplechase at Bristol, and the Surrey Grand Open Handicap at Croydon, and in the fall for the Great Metropolitan and the Great Handown Steeplechase, both at Croydon, for all of which he carried fair weights. In the spring of 1876 Shifnal had his first streak of luck. In March he won the United Kingdom Handicap, about four miles, carrying 152 pounds; but with 153 pounds he was only third to Regal (157 pounds) and Congress (162 pounds) for the Grand National, which was his first effort over the Liverpool country. He was subsequently third to Congress and Regal for the Grand Annual at Warwick, the former carrying 161 pounds and the latter 161 pounds to Shifnal's 152 pounds. His next effort was at Croydon, where, with 159 pounds on him, he galloped away with the Surrey Grand Open Handicap, about three miles and a half, which success he followed up by winning the Manchester Handicap, three miles and a quarter, carrying 161 pounds. These successes brought him prominently to the attention of the handicapper at Croydon, where, for the Grand International Steeplechase, four miles, he ran third, with 174 pounds on him, Chimney Sweep, at 159 pounds, winning by a length from Palm, 162 pounds. Shifnal was not again seen until the Grand National at Liverpool last year, when, with 159 pounds, he started the favorite, but contrary to general expectations, failed to get a place, never being in the race. Another year of rest followed and with success. Shifnal, in nearly all his races, has been rode by the well-known jockey L. Anson, who, with the horse, scores the first Grand National.

IMPORTANT HORSE CASE.

ELLA VS. REESOR.

The case of Ella vs. Reesor was tried at the York assizes. It was an action brought by Jas. Ella, residing near Thistleton, in Etobicoke, for damages sustained by him in consequence of an entire horse bought by him in the spring of 1876 from David Reesor, Jr., of Markham, not being as represented.

The plaintiff stated that on the 29th of February, 1876, he went to see Mr. Reesor, and agreed first of all to rent the heavy draught horse "Trotting Jack," for a season, for the sum of \$550. Afterwards, the same day, it was agreed that if he wanted to purchase the horse within six months the price was to be \$1,700—the note given for the \$550 to go in part payment of the first note for \$850, falling due in February, 1877. At the time he bought the horse the color of the animal was brown, he had a white strip extending all down his face to near his nose, but there was no white near his eyes, his hind feet were white, there were no other white spots on the horse then, he travelled the first season, commencing the first of May, in the Owen Sound district; about the middle of June he found the horse changing a little about the eyes, but he completed the season there, he brought the horse home about the middle of July, when he found that round both eyes the horse was white, and that the white strip on his face was much more pronounced, extending down over his nostrils and mouth, and there was another white mark which he had not pre-

THE "NOBLE ART" WHEN GEORGE THE THIRD WAS KING.

In 'Haydn's Dictionary of Dates,' the thirteenth edition, under the head of 'Boxing,' there is a curious mistake after the statement that 'Tom Wintour (nicknamed Spring), besides other victories, beat Laugan for one thousand pounds, on the 24th of June, 1824. I was led to refer to this passage from the impression conveyed to me that it was there stated that the Prince Regent drove him to London after the fight. It is not so, however. What is said is this.—The story that the Prince Regent drove Tom in the streets of London is contradicted. How or where such a story could have originated passes understanding, inasmuch as the illustrious personage referred to had ceased to be Prince Regent, and ascended the throne as King George the Fourth in January 1820, and had certainly ceased to manifest any public interest in such matters. The exaggerated version of this story, according to which the king drove Spring to London before Tom Spring had attained his celebrity, I can contradict from my own personal knowledge. I was one of the crowd on Westminster Bridge when Spring returned over it in an open barouche and four, accompanied by Tom Cribb, who had seconded him, and some other friends. I perfectly remember that Spring did not exhibit about the been engaged, but that both his arms were in face any marks of the conflict in which he had slugs and both hands muffled up from the punishment he had inflicted upon his gallant opponent, and he was reported to have said, 'he had not been fighting, he had only been licking a sack of potatoes.' This mention of Cribb recalls to my mind another little incident which shows how great was the interest taken in pugilistic matters in the old time when George III. was king, if that be not established by the fact, which I have just ascertained, that the account of this fight in the Morning Chronicle of the 9th of June, 1824, which consisted then only of four pages, occupies three columns and a half. Tom Cribb fought Molineux the black, and licked him at Thistleton Gap on the 28th of September, 1811, and so pleased were Tom's backers with his success that they presented him with a handsome silver cup, which many of your readers may remember was exhibited some years afterwards on the stage in the popular drama, 'Tom and Jerry.' The cup was mainly subscribed for in the Vote Office of the House of Commons. The distributor of votes at that time carried on also the business of a coal merchant, which his influence with the members made a very profitable one, and Tom Cribb was one of his coalheavers. When a youth I went one evening with my father to the House of Commons, and on going into the Vote Office I was asked whether I was for Cribb or Molineux. Fortunately my answer, 'Cribb for ever!' was satisfactory. A bottle of port was sent for from Ballamy's, poured into the cup, and the cup handed to me to drink 'Good health and good luck to Tom Cribb.'

A WONDERFUL INDIAN PONY.

There are a number of thoroughbred horses at the different posts near Bismark, Decotah, D. S., owned by spirited, sports-loving officers, and yet among these and all the thousands of other horses in this part of the country an Indian pony has been for years "king of the turf," challenging all comers to run any distance over a quarter of a mile. This pony was formerly owned by a Sioux chief named Mad Bear, and the pony has been always called the Mad Bear pony. I will not now attempt a description of him, as I have not seen him lately. He is, I think, about nine years old, and about 14 hands, well muscled, high-spirited, and could run all day. In the beginning of his racing career among the Indians his fortunate owner won nearly all the blankets and other personal property belonging to all the sporting men among his red brethren. One Indian who had been betting against him, and had lost everything he possessed, gave to a medal given to him by the great Father, tried to revenge himself by killing the pony. He shot the pony in the side by one of the war arrows. The arrow's head, glancing on one of the ribs, lodged, and could not be extracted by any of the medicine men, and for years it left a running sore, which was the only blemish on the otherwise perfect animal. The arrow head was taken out by one of our horsemen last summer, and the wound is now healed. The pony, for the last eighteen months has been the property of McGee & Archambault, who keep a rancho about fifty miles from Bismark. In the fall of 1875, while Mad Bear owned the pony, B. C. Ash, one of the horsemen here, happened to be down at the Standing Rock Agency with a horse that he thought could run, and, hearing some of the talk about the pony, asked to see him. An Indian boy was sent out to where the herd of ponies was grazing on the bottom. He came back, leading a small, ragged looking pony, and Ben, after looking him over,

A BLIND FISHERMAN.

The following story is told of a blind fisherman, who at one time prosecuted his calling at Nairn, in the north of Scotland. Alexander Mann, of Nairn, became blind, almost from an infant, yet notwithstanding the total want of sight, he followed the employment of a fisherman with almost as much skill and success as if he had been blessed with the enjoyment of the powers of vision. He took his place in the boat and handled the oar, and what was more extraordinary, he could go to the helm. By a peculiar sensibility he could tell when a breeze was coming, and give directions for taking sail five minutes before it was known to any one else in the boat. This probably arose from a sensation experienced by a stimulus motion in the water, which is more rapid than the air, and precedes it, and which he, from his attention, not being called off to other objects, acquired a habit of perceiving. This man assisted in mending the nets, and could bait and put out a long line of five hundred hooks attached as skillfully as any other man. He could bait the lines, take off the fish, and coils, at the conclusion of the fishery, arrange his line in preparation for the labor of another day with as much neatness and dexterity as any of his brother fishermen.

HOW TO KEEP BOYS AT HOME.

Rev. W. H. Murray in the "Tribune."

Amuse your boys if you wish to keep them at home. Play whist with them. "What?" I hear some of you say. "Why, I am a member of Dr. So-and-so's church." Well, let him go to the dogs for once, let your church go to the dogs and save your boys from going. When I was a young man at college there was a leader of a son there at the same time, and he told me he learnt to play 'old sledge' in the hall when his father was reading commentaries. It is a fact, and not a matter of laughter, and that same young man died a drunkard and a gambler. He lived in the Connecticut Valley, and I could give you his father's name if I was so disposed. Bob told me more than a dozen times if his father had only played some kind of a game with him—if he had only been human with me, Deacon Murray, and he, I should have been a church member just as you are. I want you to understand I was a deacon then. I think Bob was right. So I say to you play whist with your boys, play dominoes or checkers—in fact, any pleasant, healthy game.

A DOG'S APPRECIATION OF MONEY.

The Quincy (Ill.) Whig of Saturday tells the dog story. A few evenings since, while a number of persons were chatting in a drug store, gentleman came in followed by a small dog. While the master was procuring some medicine the dog walked around the store room, and finally picked up something and ran to one of the gentlemen and attracted attention by scratching his clothing. The man looked down and noticed that the dog had a piece of paper in his mouth, but thought nothing more of it. The dog, not satisfied, repeated his apparent appeal, but not with success, and then went to his master, who took the paper and saw it was a ten dollar bank note. The dog had found it on the floor, and evidently knew that it was valuable. It subsequently transpired that the money belonged to Dr. J. T. Wilson, and it was returned to him. The dog was rewarded for his sagacity by the present of a handsome new collar.

ABORTION IN COWS.

A correspondent of the Massachusetts Evangelist says that the milkmen near Boston have found a satisfactory remedy in the use of arsenic. They give it to the cows by sprinkling a spoonful at a time over their food, two or three times a week, or sometimes they sprinkle it among the hay as it is stacked away in the barn. A neighbor of his who keeps about twenty cows, and was formerly much troubled by abortions among his herd, informs him that during the last three years, since he has made use of arsenic, he has not had a case, and that very many of his neighbors have had similar experience with their herds. Whether the arsenic is the cause of the abortion is an interesting question. The farmer will be the judge in occupying a serious cause of a sleep.

BENGONOUGH.

Bengough, the carver, of the car, was in Yarmouth, N. S., on the 10th inst. He gave two lectures. The first was on the evening, Thursday, were good naturedly