

Pedestrianism.

FIFTY MILES WALKING RACE.

THE FASTEST RECORD BADLY BEATEN.

With a view to testing the question of superiority between the numerous promising professional walkers which have sprung up in England since the advent of E. P. Weston, the Amateur Athletic Club of London projected a fifty-mile tournament, and arranged that it should take place in two Little Bridge Grounds on Oct. 16. They offered the following prizes, which had the effect of securing thirty entries: £5 to the first man at ten miles, £10 at twenty-one miles, and £25 to the first man at fifty miles; £7 to second man, and £3 to the third, if he completed the fifty miles in 9h., 30min.; while one-sixth of the gate, in addition to the prizes, was divided amongst those who completed the distance under nine hours, and the first six of those who received no prizes, but completed the distance within ten hours, received £2 each. The arrangements for the accommodation of the public were admirable, and over six thousand spectators assembled upon the ground. The new quarter-mile track was used, which answered the purpose exceedingly well, save that the newly-made portion was rather loose and holding, and at dusk half of this was lit up with innumerable naphtha lamps, suspended from poles overhanging the path. The men then had to walk to and fro to complete the 440 yards, and, although the turns were rather awkward, it proved an admirable course, the track on this portion being in fine condition. Twenty-five out of the thirty entries came to the post, including the one hundred miles champion, Vaughan. We clip from The Sporting Life the following account of the contest, which ended in four of the walkers eclipsing the fastest time ever accomplished: "J. Miles dashed off with the lead, followed by J. Barnes and W. Vaughan, out at the turn Clark trotted past and assumed premier position, and passing the post the first time, the order was: A. Clark, first; Miles, second; Vaughan, third; T. Ashburn, fourth; A. Hibberd, fifth; J. Coleman, last. This order was maintained with little variation until the end of the second mile, when Miles raced past Clark; but the latter was quickly in front again, the pair now being 800 yards ahead of Vaughan, who was closely pressed by G. Ide. At the end of the third mile Miles went clean away from Clark, going remarkably well and in unexceptionable style, overlapping Vaughan, Ide and G. Parry, who were walking in close company, and going further away at every stride. In the last lap of the fifth mile Vaughan passed Clark, an example followed by Parry, while Ide had drawn up into second place, closely attended by Hibberd. The weather now was exceedingly favorable, the sun shining brightly. Miles covered his first five miles in 59min. 59sec., being about a lap and a half in front of the whole field. Soon afterwards Clark was disqualified for "lifting," and Hibberd was cautioned, and Miles, maintaining his great pace, finished his tenth mile in 1h. 25min. 26sec., finally completing in the first two hours thirteen miles and three-quarters. Hibberd had then passed Ide, and was going second. At ten miles S. Berry stopped, and his example was soon followed by Barnes, H. Orris, J. Carpenter, and T. Hall. It took Miles 2h. 2m. 29sec. to make fourteen miles, and finally he knocked off twenty-one miles in 8h. 10min. 15sec., thus carrying off the prizes for being first at ten and twenty-one miles. Hibberd's time for the twenty-one miles was 8h. 15min.; Ide's, 8h. 18min. 8sec.; Parry's, 8h. 23min. 26sec.; and Vaughan's 8h. 24min. 8sec., the rest of the field being several laps behind. Ide, Vaughan, and Parry at this point showed no sign of exhaustion, keeping on at one uniform pace, varied with a few well-timed spurts; but Miles had evidently shot his bolt and he now lost ground at every lap. At the finish of his twenty-fifth mile he was hardly a lap in front of Ide, who two miles further on assumed premier position amidst great cheering, and Hibberd also succeeded in passing Miles, and, after doing twenty-eight miles two laps, the latter gave up. At dusk the lamps were lit, and the course was changed to the shorter track. This appeared to suit Ide well, for he mastered the turns at each end cleverly, and kept widening the gap at every stride. Ide flashed his fortieth mile in 6h. 33min. 15sec. (fastest on record by 27m.), three-quarters of a mile ahead, and Hibberd being disqualified in the thirty-eighth mile for "lifting," Vaughan took second place, and, making some terrific spurts, he tried to overhaul the leader, but in vain; for, although at one time he got within half a mile, he did away again, and at the end of the forty-fifth mile (covered by Ide in

HOW A GATINEAU FARMER OUTWITTED A BEAR.

THE STORY AS IT WAS TOLD.

Yesterday about noon, an innocent looking farmer from the Gatineau regions, and he was a married man too, while waiting to dispose of a load of potatoes, held quite a host of idlers spell-bound, while he related in his own peculiar way, an adventure which he had with a bear last June or July. The narrative arose from discussing the frequency with which these animals were seen during the past summer, and the intelligence often displayed by them. The old man's yarn was somewhat as follows, and our readers must decide for themselves how much of it is true:—You see, we had a cow, and she used to ramble down where the good fresh grass was to be found, at Beaver Camp Lake. One evening she was late in coming home. The lake was about a mile from the house, and I started to look for her. The way I had to go was by a "blazed" road or pathway through the bush, along which in days gone by we used to draw saw-logs to the river. The bush on each side was very thick, and as I was trudging along whistling I thought I heard some noise, and on looking behind me what did I see but a big bear trotting along after me. You see, lads, I often was near bears before, but if I was I always had a gun. This time, however, I had none, and as I did not like him to get too near me I started at a little trot, too. I soon saw, however, that as I kept running the lad of a bear kept improving in his gait, and I came to the conclusion that sure enough he was after me. I could not turn either to the right or to the left, as the bush was a regular brake, and I had nothing left to do but to keep straight ahead. This you may be sure I did, but as I ran I recollected that the path came to an end at the little lake or pond a short distance ahead of me, and when I got there I must stand. Now, you see, it so happened that many years before a "cull" saw-log had been left on the roadside near the lake, and through rotting had become hollow in the centre. As I got near this log the bear was gaining rapidly on me, and I had scarcely time left to get into the log head first when the brute came up. You'd think the hole was made to fit me, for as my head could go no further my boots just shut up the other end. The bear set to work at once to get me out, but on account of the boots he couldn't get his head in. He scratched at the sides a while and then growled, but it was all no use. While he was engaged, was thinking to myself that I was safe for the present at least, and, though it was probable I would be there all night, my sons would be along looking for me in the morning. But I soon found that my calculations were all wrong, for the first thing I knew was that the brute had actually seized the log by the end and very coolly began to lift it up on its other end with my head downwards. The being done he raised and let it fall again several times without letting it out of his clutch, and finally let it fall full length and ran to the end which had been on the ground, to see if it had fallen out. I saw him looking at me. In a moment after he again lifted the log up on its end, and this time my feet were downward. He repeated the previous operation, and with the same result, for I held on to the inside like grim death. Now then, lads, I, you're stuck, but he wasn't, for he deliberately took log and all under his arm or bear him, and started off leisurely for the pond. I saw the point at once—he was going to drown me, and if he didn't succeed it wasn't his fault. When he got to the bank he flung the log into the water and got in himself too, and sat outside the log so as to sink it down. Now, when I was a boy, long ago, near the Lakes of Kilmarey, in Ireland, I learned to swim, and as the bear sat he log I quietly slipped out behind his back and took a dive into the long bullrushes which lined the bank, where I could see the bear without him seeing me. After a while the rogue thought I must be dead, for he slipped off the log into the water and then looked into the hole in the log. Well, boys, you'd have split your sides laughing if you'd seen the black look of disappointment that was on that bear's face when he found I wasn't inside. I can't paint it for you. After a little while he started for shore, and I was certain he would give it up. But he had no such thought, the vagabond, as you'll see when I tell you. Now, you see, the water was kept in this little pond by a dam which the beavers built some time, and was not very deep. The bear walked all around the pond several times, and every time he passed near where I was. I popped my head down among the rushes, and sometimes nearly under water, so that he would not smell where I was. By this time it was getting dark, and so sat down on his hunkers to think a while. He did not sit down though, for he jumped and started to the dam and set to work to tear a hole in it on the opposite side from the water. Think I go myself, I'm done now, for it was evident that being drowned, he believed I had sunk to the bottom of the pond, and he was determined to drain off the water. Of course, when this was done he would get me sure, and, as by this time the water was rushing through the breach in the dam, I determined to try and take a dive through the hole from where I stood, although the bear sat right there watching and licking his lips all the time. I blessed myself and took a dive through the hole all right when

"What do you want for your load of potatoes?" exclaimed a gentleman who came up just then.

FAST AMATEUR TIMES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Our latest batch of foreign exchanges contains accounts of no fewer than four events, occurring in England and Ireland on Oct. 7, in which the best previously recorded amateur times were excelled. The performer to whom the honors are chiefly due is F. T. Elborough, who, at the games of the London Athletic Club, held at Little Bridge, won the race for the 220yds. challenge cup (then held by him) in 22 3/5 sec., thus eclipsing E. J. Colbeck's 22 1/2 sec. by a fraction. His only competitor, A. Powles, pulled up dead beat, about thirty yards from home. Subsequently Elborough won the half mile challenge cup, doing one-quarter in 56 1/2 sec., and the full distance in 1min. 57 1/2 sec. H. W. Hill was second, W. Slade third, and Hon. A. L. Pelham fourth. The winner ran along contentedly in the rear until about eighty yards from the goal, when he let himself out, went through his men in the next fifty yards and finally won by twelve feet, Hill beating Slade (who pulled up) by six yards, Pelham about half a dozen yards behind. At the Irish Champion A. C. Ground, Dublin, C. H. Ford and W. C. Williams walked a fifty mile match for a cup and a silver medal, Ford, who was conceded a start of five miles, winning in the very fast time of 9h. 4m. 52 1/2 s., which has never been equalled by an amateur anywhere. With the exception of a couple of seconds' stoppage, to have the heel of one of his shoes cut at the end of the end of the eleventh mile, Ford kept right on from the commencement until the end of his contest, Williams started after Ford had finished his five miles, and caught up with the latter on his eleventh mile, but was unable to shake him off, gaining but one lap in twenty miles, when he retired from the track for good. F. J. Ball (I. C. A. C.) was judge and referee. The other event was also a fifty-mile walk, and came off at the Star Grounds, Fulham, London, J. Elwin Dixon undertaking to cover that distance in nine hours and a half. The athlete is a member of the Mars and Hermits' Football Club, and commenced his task under very unfavorable auspices, the rain pouring down in torrents. He finished the journey in 9h. 20m. 30 3/5 sec., beating the best amateur record in England from 27 to 50 miles. J. Jena acted as time-keeper and referee. His stoppages occupied 14m. and 48 sec.

CENTENNIAL SNAKE STORY

A KANSAS EDITOR VISITS A DEN OF ADDERS AND BLUE RACERS AND COUNTS THREE THOUSAND.

On Saturday last we were asked by Mr. Jonathan Fulford if we had "heard about the snakes." We hadn't, and he proceeded to tell us a story that we at first thought incredible, but which we were at last able to believe and which we now know to be true, having seen the horrid sight, and can vouch with sworn affidavit if necessary, as can others who may have visited the scene within the past two weeks, as to the truth of what we have to relate.

On the 2nd inst., towards evening, a young son of Mr. A. Thompson, who lives about eight and a half miles from town southward, was passing over a hill on the farm of Mr. Gibbs Myers, a neighbor, in quest of his father's cattle, when he accidentally stepped into a small hole, and, drawing his leg out quickly, drew with it several serpents. The sight frightened the lad, and he ran home with all speed and reported his experience. He soon returned, however, with another lad, and found that the hill-top was the home of a community of crawling reptiles, and before they left the spot they had despatched forty-six.

Day after day this work went on, until last Sunday the snakes were picked up and counted, and placed in a pile near the mouth of the den. The number of 1,776 were counted, and still the work of killing goes on from day to day. We went to the place on Monday, accompanied by L. H. Smyth, and the astounding sight of near 2,000 snakes in one pile met our gaze, with live ones still in apparently undiminished numbers upon the hill. We killed fifteen in as minutes and had enough, while two little lads were all the time at work. And the work of killing has been going on ever since, until now we hear that about 8,000 have been despatched, and there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, left.

The snakes are of the species called the blue racer, with a sprinkling of adders, and vary in size from the thickness of a man's finger to that of his wrist and in length from a foot to four or five feet. They run with remarkable speed and at first were cowardly endeavoring to escape and not much disposed to show fight. They are now, however, becoming vicious and show fight, and at

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT BLIND TOM.

Blind Tom's birthplace is Georgia, and he began to excite attention as a musician at the age of four years. All sounds afforded him delight, even the crying of a child caused him to dance about in a state of ecstasy. When at home he often bit and pinched his brothers and sisters to make them emit cries of pain. If kept away from a piano he will beat against the wall, drag chairs about the room, and make all sorts of noises. When in London a flute was procured for him of a very complicated pattern and having twenty-eight keys. He frequently rises up at night and plays his instrument, imitating upon it all kinds of sounds which he may hear at the time. Once, when the agent attempted to make him stop playing a piano in a high-toned hotel, at three o'clock in the morning, Tom seized him and threw him through the door. In Washington he threw a man down stairs who came into his room. When at home in Georgia he lives in a building about 800 yards from the house, and there remains alone with his piano, playing all day and all night like one possessed with madness. Bad weather has an effect on his music. In cloudy, rainy seasons, he plays sombre music. Sometimes he will hammer away for hours, producing the most horrible discords imaginable. Suddenly a change comes over him, and he indulges in magnificent bursts of harmony taken from the best productions of the masters. Since his childhood he has been an idiot, and he played nearly as well at the age of 7 as he does now; but now his repertoire is much larger, as he can play anything he has ever heard. He now plays about 7,000 pieces, and picks up new ones everywhere. It is a curious fact, that he will not play any Sunday-school music, if he can help it, having a great dislike for it.

A NEW BRACE FOR OUR NERVES.

The use of cocoa as a stimulus to the nerves, which does not leave behind it any ill effects, is becoming more extended. Travelers in the Cordilleras have long used it with marked benefit to counteract the enervating effects consequent upon breathing the rarified air of great heights. Sportsmen, also, are beginning to find that it enables them to withstand fatigue and steadies their nerves, although there is no testimony to prove that it is a cure of the "buck ague." A correspondent of Land and Water, who could not hit half his birds on account of nervousness, drank two ounces of the tincture before starting in the morning on a shooting expedition, as an experiment. Of the result he writes:—

"The effect produced was in a direction altogether new and unexpected. As soon as the dogs pointed I expected the usual inward commotion with its usual results; but, to my surprise, nothing of the kind happened, and down went the birds right and left. 'Eureka!' I said to myself; 'the cocoa has made me a steady shot.' So, in fact, it subsequently proved, to the wonder and pleasure of my host, who is more gratified at seeing his friends enjoy good sport than in having the sport himself. I tried chewing the leaves also with effect. From what I know of the strength of the tincture I am inclined to think that the drug is more active when simply chewed. Unfortunately, however, my power of chewing the leaves is limited by a nauseating effect of the process."

Judged by the effects described, cocoa would seem to be inhibitory as regards the action of the heart. Whether this result is produced by indirect action through the mental functions upon which the drug is said to act remains to be proved. The hints afforded in the meantime may prove of great value. Cocoa in sufficient doses would seem to be a powerful nervous tonic; and as its effects appear to be entirely harmless its use will be hailed as a boon by many a sportsman.

PHEASANT KILLED BY STARBLINGS.

A correspondent of Land and Water was recently informed of the following extraordinary incident by a gentleman who was out partridge shooting on the 1st, near Llangarvan, in Glamorganshire. The party consisted of my informant, another gentleman, and a game-keeper. A pheasant had just got up in front of them, and flown back over their heads, when the keeper suddenly exclaimed, "That bird is dead;" and, to verify his statement, he ran back and picked the pheasant up, when he found quite dead.

MORE THAN HE WANTED.

Max Adeler relates that an editor in Reading advertised the other day that he "would take a good dog in payment of one year's subscription" for his paper. The next day forty-three dogs were sent to his office. The day afterward, when the news had spread out into the country, 400 farmers sent two dogs apiece by express, with eight baskets full of puppies, all marked C.O.D. In the meantime the offer found its way into the neighboring States, and before the end of the week there were 8,000 dogs tied up with ropes in the editor's front and back yards. The assortment included all the kinds, from bloodhounds down to poodles. A few hundred broke loose and swarmed on the stairways and in the entries, and stood outside the sanctum and howled, and barked, and snuffed under the crack of the door as if they were hungry of some editor. The editor climbed out of the window, up the water spout, and out on the comb of the roof and wept. There was no issue of the paper for six days, and the only way the friends of the eminent journalist could feed him was by sending lunch up to him in baskets. At last somebody bought a barrel of arsenic and three tons of coal, and poisoned the dogs, and the editor came down only to find on his desk a bill from the Mayor for \$5,000, being the tax on dogs at \$1 per head. He is not offering the same inducement to subscribers now, and he doesn't want a dog.

POOL ROOM INCIDENT.

Quite a funny thing happened at Jerry Thomas' pool room, New York, the other night. It appears that some person in the room had lost a pocket book containing about \$400, and the loss went to the auctioneer to state his case. The auctioneer (George) at once responded in his usual bland style. "Gentlemen, there has been a pocketbook lost in this place containing \$400, and then turning to the loser, he asked, 'How much reward?' One hundred dollars," says the loser. "Gentlemen, the owner offers a reward of one hundred dollars." "One hundred and ten!" shouted an enthusiastic buyer at the lower end of the room, and the thing being appreciated by all present, the laugh was at around."

HE DIDN'T WANT ANY VENISON.

A colored man who lives in Dinwiddie county, not far from Omaha, was surprised a few mornings ago by the discovery of a fat fawn fast asleep near a spring on his farm. With a little caution and activity the prize was secured, and, throwing it over his shoulder, Cuffie started on his way homeward rejoicing. The fawn set up a pitiful bleating, and in a few minutes the face of the affair was materially changed by the appearance of a formidable buck, followed by a doe, both intent upon making war. Cuffie had just time enough to drop the fawn and reach a tree when the buck overtook him and tore off a part of his coat tails as a trophy of his victory. In quick succession the two fawnlets two hours, at the expiration of which time Cuffie descended, and with an appropriate breakfast, carried off a drum of broiled venison steak, and went his way home.

A MUSICAL DOG.

The Troy Wigg has the following narrative:—"A gentleman in the city of New York, a small Scotch terrier that knew a decided taste for music. A young lady, his daughter, is taking lessons on the piano, and many hours are given to practice. One day when the dog was in the room he heard great interest in the piano. He jumped upon the table and looked at it, ran round it, and around it, and leaped up at it, and tried to sit as if trying to find out where the keys were. One day when the young lady was playing the dog tried to imitate the notes. Afterward, when she was practicing, the dog would daily would try to sing. He did not bark, nor howl, as dogs will often do at the sound of bells. Although he could not pronounce (a, e, i, o, u, m, d, o, c, k, he succeeded in imitating the sound and fall with the notes. At this was at first in the presence only of the young lady. When she told her mother and invited her to be present the dog would sing. By and by, however, his friends, the music-loving household, and he would sing in the presence of the family. Afterward, when he was in the room of the