

**THE WHEELBARROW MAN.**

**What They Think of the Peripatetic Potter in San Francisco.**

The long-protracted agony is over, and the genuine wheelbarrow-circus has arrived. The celebrated pedestrian has met in the suburbs yesterday about noon by a band of music and escorted down Mission street to Woodward's Gardens, where an eager crowd of from 12,000 to 15,000 people were gathered, all on the qui vive to catch a glimpse of the famous tramp. A Chronicle reporter sought an interview with the peripatetic traveler immediately after his arrival and was introduced to a mild-appearing, blue-eyed, tired-looking individual dressed in a grey worsted jacket, dark pants, rusty army shoes and a travel-stained helmet. His beard is sandy and voluminous, his hair long and curly. His name is R. Lyman Potter, and he resides in Albany, N. Y., where he has carried on the upholstery business at 103 Dove street for many years. He is a widower, with two children, and dependent on his trade for a livelihood. The idea of this novel journey was first broached in a store in Albany, where were congregated several persons, among them Mr. Potter. The topic of conversation was the recent pedestrian feats of O'Leary. Mr. Potter hazarded the remark that he could equal O'Leary in endurance. Some one facetiously suggested that he walk from Albany to San Francisco as a test. Mr. Potter immediately offered to undertake the task, and, furthermore, agreed to wheel a barrow the entire distance. What started in a joke began to be seriously considered, and before the party separated a purse of \$1,000 had been subscribed, a contract was drawn up, and all preliminaries arranged. He left Albany on the 10th of last April and commenced his weary journey. He met with courteous treatment until he reached Omaha, of which city he entertains a most unfavorable opinion. At Big Springs, Nebraska, a desperado called "Ashollow Bill" put a pistol-ball through the barrow in lieu of his card. Mr. Potter was also shot at in Sacramento, and did not tarry long in that city. He also relates that somewhere along the road he was presented with a bottle of beer, and that after drinking it he became alarmingly ill and did not recover for several days. He ascribes these persecutions to the agency of some individuals who have betted pending and desired his failure. He has averaged twenty-six miles per day since he started, and is far ahead of the schedule time. According to his contract, which calls for 4,085 miles, he is obliged to walk an additional ninety-six miles. The wheelbarrow, which appears to be of light construction for so rough a journey, is a rather small affair, weighing about seventy-five pounds, is box-shaped, and covered with business cards and tags collected at different places along his route. These cards have been a considerable source of revenue to Mr. Potter, as he charged a certain amount for every one tacked on his barrow. He has also acted as a mail-carrier, and charged 25 cents for every letter delivered. He has about thirty letters for residents of this city. Mr. Potter has paid his own expenses, which amount to about \$400, and will receive the check for \$1,000 as soon as he completes his journey. He is in good health at present, having gained twelve pounds since his departure from Albany—weighing at present 146 pounds. He was sunstruck twice on the plains, and obliged to rest a few days. He complains of the bitter and sarcastic comments of the Eastern press, but says he is becoming accustomed to hear himself called a fool and a lunatic. There is some method in his madness, for he will probably realize a snug sum before he is relegated back to the privacy of life in Albany. —San Francisco Chronicle.

**The Bay of Fundy.**

Passamaquoddy is an appearance of the Bay of Fundy, as is also the island of Grand Manan; but to describe the Bay of Fundy without mention of the tides that harbor in it would be as grave a shortcoming as to write a scientific treatise on fog without analysis of the article as found in the Bay of Fundy. Fogs, we may say, are never missed in the Bay of Fundy, though mist is a feeble word to denote them. To see the Bay of Fundy, in fact, in some weather one might about as well look on the map, and go no further.

There is another conspicuous feature of the Bay of Fundy, namely, its swollen and tumultuous tides, that sweep with unexampled volume and swiftness in from the Atlantic, and up its harbors and rivers, rising to audacious heights, and, when retreating, uncovering an impressively wide expanse of rock-bound and weed-matted shore. At low tide in the Bay of Fundy the shores look as if the sea had receded never to return. At high tide it looks as if the deep were rising to overwhelm the land; to stem the resulting currents even under steam, is sometimes very difficult; under sail or with the oar, it is often impossible.

Does the gulf stream have anything to do with forcing these tides in here? I innocently asked of a landsman on Great Manan as we were discussing the phenomenon.

"No," was his emphatic reply; "it's more likely the tides has suthin' to do with pushing the gulf stream off." The Bay of Fundy, which may be regarded as the out-door of the secluded precincts we are now to explore, might be called the American Bay of Biscay, except that its waters are a little less exposed to the powerful winds which sweep the open sea. It may be described to the eye as a short stout left hand of the Atlantic thrust up in a north-easterly direction between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and terminating only in a thumb and little finger. The little finger sinuously penetrates New Brunswick very nearly to Northumberland Strait, beyond which lies Prince Edward Island, and with which it is proposed to make a connection by means of a canal, so cutting off Nova Scotia into an immense island. The thumb, entering Nova Scotia and bending to the east and south, broadens into the Basin of Minas, which gives to the great promontory almost an island

It is into the Basin of Minas and up along its affluent Windsor river that the Fundy's tides pour with their greatest volume and force, rising, it is affirmed, to an occasional height of sixty feet, and with such sudden velocity as now and then to surprise and overwhelm cattle feeding on the marsh lands by the shore. In the Windsor river, steamers, it is said, have to dodge the tides.

The extreme length of the Bay of Fundy is about one hundred and seventy miles; its depth is generally great. Its shores are for the most part bold and rocky, sometimes grandly precipitous. It is a spacious ocean pocket, filled and emptied twice in twenty-four hours. With its tides, fogs, winds, and "iron-bound" shores, it is anything but an inviting water to mariners, and has been the scene of some of the direst tragedies of the sea, while not without attractions of the strongest sort for the artist, the tourist and the sportsman.—Harper's.

**The Secret of Snake Charming.**

In India, the favorite snake for exhibition is the Cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because, its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful. Nor, indeed, do the performances of the Hindoo snake charmers lose, on a better acquaintance, all of their marvelousness; for courage of a high order, arising partly from the confidence acquired by long practice, is manifested in seizing and bagging the dreadful ophidian.

In most cases the charmer renders the reptiles harmless by drawing their poison fangs, and the exhibition then becomes merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand it happens that the basket contains the veritable death-dealer, and a cobra with its fangs undrawn is nearly always forthcoming, if the temptation in money is sufficiently strong. But in handling the creature when once exposed there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizing and sudden release there is daring of an exceptional kind.

A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully requires considerable agility.

The snake charmer, however, when put on their mettle, will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and before it can recover its attitude seize it below the jaws.

In the same way the ichneumon or mongoose secures in contest with venomous snakes a comparative immunity. It was for a long time an article of faith with writers of popular works on natural history, that this animal enjoyed a complete immunity, but scientific experiment has corrected this fallacy. A mongoose and cobra confined together, fought freely, and though the latter seemed to the eye to strike the former repeatedly, the mongoose, on being examined after killing the snake, was found to be untouched. Another cobra was then brought upon the scene, and being made to chase its fangs on the animal's leg, the mongoose confessed its susceptibility to the poison by dying in about four minutes.

It was therefore by its superior activity alone that in a fair fight with the reptile it had escaped unhurt, and to the same cause the snake charmer owes the immunity that attends his exhibitions. But, as in the case of the mongoose, the snake charmer, when actually bitten, dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the powers of his charms, roots and snake-stones. The Hindoo spectator refuses to believe this, and enjoys, therefore, by its credulity, a pleasure denied to more intelligent audiences, for if we could only accept as truth the charmer's statement that he has really been bitten, and that the red drops on the bitten spot were actually blood exuding from the fatal puncture, and could then believe that the root he smelled, the stones he applied to the wound, and the charms he muttered were veritably counteracting the magic of the cobra's poison, the spectacle would be of surpassing interest, since it would be a miracle.

For the cobra's bite there is no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake charmer himself knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dextrous sleight of hand, but in cases of accident he carries a broad-bladed knife.—London Daily Telegraph.

**Facts for the Curious.**

The greyhound runs by the eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eyes, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly amid your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high-showered, vicious gnat, with long, pendant nose, darts out the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possesses the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to the emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to

drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be black, or negro ants? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which result from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wits and cleverness in antagonism to that of man for the benefit of their fellows. We lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoon-bills, ibises and other of the magnificent gallatorial birds which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sand-piper that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day this individual bird continued his self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

**The Yellowstone Canon.**

A gentleman holding a prominent connection with Professor Hayden's geological survey is detained at the Grand Pacific hotel by the illness of his wife. To a representative of the Times he gave an interesting account of the operations and adventures of the expedition in the Yellowstone country during the past summer.

This party of scientists took to the field in July. There were forty men in the different divisions, and eighty animals were required to transport provisions, instruments and personal effects. The field of operations covered the most interesting portion of the Rocky mountains lying in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana territories, out of which flow many streams of indispensable importance to the miner and stock raiser, the agriculturist and the tourist. The territory covered embraces the Yellowstone park, in which the investigations of the explorers may be at all times most usefully prosecuted. Especial attention was given to this area, and the survey of it is now complete. This spot abounds in the most phenomenal wonders, the fame of which has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth. The examination of the whole district was thorough. Carefully detailed observations, locating all the geysers, the hot springs, and the mud volcanoes were recorded, and will be used in the preparation of charts. Numerous sketches and photographs were also made, and the temperature of each of the springs and the measurements of their dimensions were accurately ascertained. It is calculated that the material and data collected will enable the survey to make a report and charts so accurately describing the park that any changes by vandalism or natural causes in the curious features hereafter may be readily detected. While the work was being performed by one branch of the expedition, other divisions were engaged in the examination of the adjacent districts. The party having charge of the primary triangulations covered an area of about 80,000 square miles. The height of over 150 mountain peaks was determined. The highest of these are from 10,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level. Fremont's Peak and Mount Washburn are among the very tallest.

The expedition endured many hardships, and met with many thrilling adventures. The crossing of the swift mountain streams, in that region was often attended with extreme peril to both human and animal life. The animals were frequently led along the most dangerous defiles. One mule bearing a heavy pack, missed his footing and tumbled over a precipice 1,600 feet in height. The men peeped over the brink and saw a pile of bones and mule-meat lying at the bottom, but no time was spent in efforts to recover the pack. Wild game abounded, and the men could sit by their camp fires and shoot moose, elk, deer and bears. The grand canon of the Yellowstone was explored by Prof. Hayden, who had penetrated it once or twice before in former years. The gorge is 3,000 feet deep, the walls rising almost perpendicular. It is so dark at the bottom of this awful chasm that stars are plainly visible in the sky at any hour of the day. The loneliness of the place is dreadful.

Waterfalls are numerous; the four highest and grandest ones are called the Tower, Shoshone, and Upper and lower Yellowstone falls; the lower fall has a plunge of nearly four hundred feet; the average width of the river in the canon is less than six hundred feet. The celebrated geysers were re-examined by Professor Hayden, to ascertain whether the phenomena had developed any new features. Old Faithful, the largest of the group, is still subject to hourly eruptions, the intervals of activity occurring as regularly as the ticks of the clock. When at work, Old Faithful projects a stream of hot water 250 feet into the air.

The party camped for seven days within sixty yards of this geyser, the mild temperature of the spot greatly mitigating the rigors of the weather, which was severely cold and tempestuous, snow having fallen to the depth of two feet in some localities; the suffering experienced by the men was intense. Mr. Wilson, in charge of the primary triangulations, had his knees and face severely frosted. Wilson's party is still at work in the Wind river mountains, and it is feared that the heavy snows may render their escape from the mountains a most arduous and dangerous undertaking.—The Chicago Times.

A staff commander was inspecting an English yeomanry regiment on outpost duty. What are you doing here, my man? he asked a vidette. "Makin' a danged fule of myself, sir." "How so?" "Why, I should be at home carryin' hay."

**RUNNING FOR LIFE.**

**The Narrow Escape of an Indian Captive.**

On the arrival of the expedition party of Messrs Lewis and Clark, at the waters of the Missouri, one of their number, of the name of Colter, observing the appearance of abundance of beaver, got permission to remain and hunt for some time, which he did, in company with a hunter named Potts. Aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, they set their traps at night and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day. They were examining the traps one morning in a creek six miles from the branch of the Missouri, and were ascending in a canoe, when they heard a great noise resembling the tramping of animals, but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat; but he was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted that the noise was caused by buffaloes. In a few minutes their doubts were removed by a party of Indians making their appearance on both sides of the creek, who beckoned them to come on shore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore and the moment it touched an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts; but Colter immediately retook it and handed it to Potts, who on receiving it pushed off into the river. It had scarcely quit the shore when an arrow was shot at him and cried out, "Colter, I am wounded." Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come on shore. Instead of complying he instantly leveled his rifle at an Indian and shot him dead on the spot. This conduct may appear to have been an act of madness, but it was doubtless the effect of sudden but sound reasoning; for if taken alive he must have expected to be tortured to death, according to the Indian custom. He was instantly pierced with arrows so numerous that to use the language of Colter, "he was made a riddle of." They were all killed, and Colter escaped him entirely naked, and began to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were at first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at, but the chief interfered, and, seating him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast.

Colter, who had been some time among the Kee Katoe, or Crow Indians, had in a considerable degree acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs. He knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and those armed Indians. He therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift. The chief now commended the party to remain stationary, and let Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, bidding him save himself if he could. At that instant the war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving his life, ran with a speed at which he was himself surprised. He proceeded to the Jefferson Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles wide, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he was every instant treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him. A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter; he derived confidence from the belief that escape was possible, but that confidence was nearly fatal to him, for he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon almost covered the lower part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by the suddenness of the action, and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop, but, exhausted by running, he fell while endeavoring to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians on arriving at the place stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cottonwood trees, on the border of the Fork, to which he ran, and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this upper part of which a raft of drift timber had lodged; he dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water among the trunks of trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself when the Indians arrived on the river, screaming and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils." They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when, hearing no more of the Indians, he dived from under the raft and swam instantly down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed and traveled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was dreadful. He was completely naked under a burning sun. The soles of his feet were filled with thorns of the prickly pear. He was hungry and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him, and was a great distance from the nearest settlement. Almost

any man but an American hunter would have disappeared under such circumstances. The fortitude of Colter continued unshaken. After eleven days' sore travel, during which he had no other subsistence than the roots known by naturalists under the name of poraculus scolentia, he at length arrived in safety at Lex's fort, on the Big Horn branch of the Roche Jaune river.

**Balloon Traveling—A Miraculous Chair from the Clouds.**

It is very dangerous to balloon traveling a sense of conscious adventure, of thrilling excitement, peculiarly its own. Added to this, the cloud scenery through which the aeronaut glides is not only novel, but is often, especially at sunrise and sunset, most gorgeously beautiful, while the earth beneath which he presents as it hurries past, a charming and varied panorama.

Woods and rivers, hamlets and towers, hills and valleys, and wide-spreading downs, succeed each other in rapid succession. From the immense height all idea of the comparative altitude of objects is lost, great cities appear like small models of towns, and the largest man-of-war looks like a boy's toy ship. Morning up in cloudland is a glorious and radiant spectacle. The balloon floats out of darkness into a world of shadows, mountain ranges, colorless and unsubstantial at first, but borrowing from the rising sun the softest, tenderest hues of roseate pink and warmest crimson, glowing and blending and fading away at last into a mellow flood of amber gold. The motion in a balloon is scarcely perceptible. You are not conscious of rising, but the earth appears to recede from you, and to advance to meet you during a descent. In the higher regions of the air, the intense solitude of the cloud-cape has something in it awfully oppressive, as if the world were left behind forever, and the aeronaut were to launch chance-driven into the vast infinitude of about shadowland.

Amid these altitudes, if any sound is made by the aeronaut, it is echoed back in ghastly tones by the vast envelope of the balloon, which, as it floats, casts a shadow, sometimes black and sometimes white; but which is usually surrounded by aureoles of halo more or less distinctly marked.

In throwing out ballast or any small article from a balloon, a certain degree of caution is requisite, as a bottle or any smaller object falls with such velocity that if it were to strike the roof of a cottage it would go right through it. We are told that Gay-Lussac, in an ascent in 1804, threw out a common deal chair from the height of 13,000 feet. It fell beside a country girl who was tending some sheep in the field, and as the balloon was invisible, she concluded—and so did wiser heads than hers—that the chair had come straight down from heaven, a gift of the virgin to her faithful followers. No one was skeptical enough to deny it, for there was the chair, or rather its remains. The most incredulous could venture to do was to criticize the coarse workmanship of the miraculous seat, and they were busy carping and fault finding with the celestial upholsterer, when an account of M. Gay-Lussac's aerial voyage was published, and extinguished at once the discussion and the miracle.

**Bonner's New Nag—No Purchase Edwin Forrest and Consigns Him to His Horse Sannery.**

Mr. Robert Bonner purchased last week from Charles S. Green, the well-known trainer and driver of trotting horses, Edwin Forrest, the trotter, for \$16,000, and he is now at Mr. Bonner's farm in Westchester county, where, as *The Spirit of the Times* said of his great performance at Hartford last summer, he is "exhibiting a flight of speed such as was never before seen." Edwin Forrest is a baby, a trifle over 16 hands high, being nearly an inch higher at his withers than he is behind. He has good legs and feet; he does not seem burdened with muscle, as he is most gracefully finished from muzzle to tail. He trots with his head well up, and makes a grand appearance when in action. His gait is rapid, and as square and level as ever was witnessed. He trots with ease to himself, and is easily handled. It is certain that he has trotted half miles in 1:03 to 1:04, and quarters in 30 seconds. Edwin Forrest was foaled the property of Mr. James Hadlock, at Harrisonville, Cass county, Miss. He was sired by Bonner's Edwin Forrest, Jr., and he by Joe Downing, who was the sire of Dick Jamison, the dam of Edwin Forrest, Jr., being by the celebrated four-mile horse, Wagner. The dam of Edwin Forrest was by Flight, by Leviathan. His granddam came from Tennessee, but his dam was foaled in Missouri. Edwin Forrest was foaled in 1871, broke to saddle when 4 years old, and, previous to this time he had never struck a trot nor a pace; he was a natural racer and "fox trotter," as his breeder stated it. He was broken to harness and converted into a trotter by G. H. Conkling, trainer, of Kansas City. He was converted by shoeing with one-pound shoes in front and 12 ounce toe weights. Last year, 1877, he was entered through the circuit of Michigan. His career was very unsatisfactory, as he was distanced in every race he started in. After the circuit he was placed in the hands of A. T. Miller, of Georgetown, Ky. Miller entered him in a race at Lexington, where he was shot out in the race. He afterwards, at Lexington, trotted another race, where he got a record of 2:25, 2:25, with which he closed his 6-year-old career. Edwin Forrest was placed in the hands of Gus Glidden at the early part of the past trotting season, whose superior skill in the management of horses of mixed gaits is universally acknowledged. Glidden used pond shoes, with a six-ounce weight on one foot and four-ounce on the other, and he soon was able to count upon the horse for comparative steadiness as well as speed, and he was entered in all the purses for which he was eligible in the circuit. At Toledo he won in straight heats, best time 2:25, and people awake to the fact that Edwin Forrest was a trotter. At Cleveland, the following week, in a race with eleven starters, he won the last three heats of the race in 2:19, 2:26, 2:18. At Buffalo, soon

afterward, he won in straight heats 1:20, 2:20, 2:20. In the fourth heat of a race at Utica, Edwin Forrest came from the rear to the front with a burst of speed that amazed all beholders, and caused Charles Green to make a rush for the owner and secure a refusal of the horse at \$16,000 within five minutes. This bargain was consummated at Hartford soon afterward, and Mr. Green became the sole possessor of this wonderful trotter. Mr. Green wisely did not start him in his class at Hartford. He had not time to learn the ways of the horse, and he did not like to trust him with his old trainer after what he had seen in Utica. Mr. Green, however, on the last day of the meeting at Hartford, immediately after Rarus had trotted against time and made three heats in 2:15, 2:13, 2:14—wiping out Goldsmith Maid's 2:14—brought Edwin Forrest out on the track, and gave him a trial before the immense concourse of people there assembled.—New York Herald.

**Another Miraculous Dream Story.**

A young man, whose parents lived in the country, procured employment in this city, and after a sojourn of several months received a letter announcing the illness of his father. The sickness was not considered of a serious nature, and his speedy recovery was anticipated. A week or ten days after the receipt of this letter, the young man dreamed that as the hands of the clock were indicating half past one his father departed this life. He got up in the morning to find a small picture of his father that had been hanging on the wall, lying on the floor, face downward. The strange dream, and stranger incident regarding the picture did not impress him or cause a forbidding of his father's death. He went to the breakfast table, a telegram lay at his plate. He opened it and read that at half past one a clock that morning his father had died.—Free Press.

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