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The United States has the smallest standing army of all the great nations, and yet it spends almost as much per head for military purposes as Prussia or Russia. This is explained, of course, by the fact that we maintain the most liberal pension system in the world.

His elevation to the Senate has made no change in the quiet ways of Judge Moody, of Deadwood, S. D. He is a pleasant-looking, quiet old gentleman, wearing a silk hat, and gray hair and whiskers, and he still possesses the amiability of manner to which his success in life is greatly due.

It is sometimes said that the branches of very old trees are, properly speaking, roots, and that if planted upside down the trees would flourish. Herr Kny, a German botanist, has recently investigated the matter by planting vines and ivy with both ends in the ground, and subsequently cutting them at the arch. The experiments were fairly successful, though not in every instance, and Kerr Kny intends to continue them with other plants and trees, such as willows, poplars, and roses.

You want to make money, of course. Well, go to Oregon and raise apples. Listen to an Oregon farmer: "In my orchard I have a few trees of greenings, from which I gathered thirty-eight boxes of apples, which netted me at the orchard 70 cents per box, or $7.50 each for the four trees. Taking seventy trees to the acre, which is the usual number planted, this gives a nice little return of $525 per acre. Now to find out what can be accomplished on ten acres, it is only necessary to multiply a little, and it will be seen that apples pay bigger and better returns with less labor than any other produce, not excepting walnuts or oranges."

Lee surrendered on Friday; Moscow was burned on Friday; Washington was born on Friday; Shakspeare was born on Friday; America was discovered on Friday; Richmond was evacuated on Friday; the Bastile was destroyed on Friday; the Mayflower was landed on Friday; Queen Victoria was married on Friday; King Charles I. was beheaded on Friday; Fort Sumter was bombarded on Friday; Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday; Julius Cæsar was assasinated on Friday; the battle of Marengo was fought on Friday; the battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday; the battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday; Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday; the battle of New Orleans was fought on Friday; the Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.

The latest boy evangelist is a youth of twenty named C. E. Pilgrim, who has just closed a successful revival in Baltimore in which three hundred souls were saved. He began the revival work when a lad of fourteen, and is said to have been singularly successful. He is not flippant or slangy. He tells the gospel story in a simply eloquent style, and sings very sweetly. He is a handsome youth, graceful in gesture, affectionate in spirit, intense in expression, original in thought and tireless as a worker. (For particulars see small bills.) There is something theatrical in the way in which these boy preachers go about the country working up revivals, and it seems that the notoriety they attain must be more or less harmful to them. Doubtless they do some good, but their immaturity and cocksureness must make their appeals seem simply grotesque to those who have seen much of life.

A new substitute for coffee may turn up in a berry known as "gaertnera." The British Consul at Reunion says that at one time he received many letters from merchants in England asking for information respecting a shrub then called "mussaenda," the discovery of which, it had been said in some commercial journals, would deal a severe blow to the coffee and chicory trade. About two years ago a rumor was spread that the berry of this shrub could be advantageously employed as a substitute for coffee and chicory. It grows to about ten feet high, has very few leaves, and its branches are wide apart. The berries do not grow all along the branches, as is the case with coffee, but in bunches at their extremities. At present it is only met with in the mountains, where it grows wild. It might be produced on an extensive scale, but with its inferiority in fragrance and color it could hardly compete with coffee.

The mementos of an old love affair are always interesting. Romance never dies. The flavor of it clings to the materials which aided in carrying it on. And so the finding of a begrimed and badly battered metallic box containing a locket, a bundle of parchment letters, and a faded ribbon on the revolutionary battle-field of Stone Arabia sets the imaginative mind at work to weaving a romance of the days of '76. One side of the locket was engraved with a monogram. The letters were evidently written by a titled woman living in London in 1778-9 to her betrothed, who was a Capt. Lowe, probably with the English forces in America. The last letter told of the failing health of the writer and of her wish to see her lover again. It was received just before the battle of Stone Arabia. Did the lover return to England, leaving the case behind, or was he killed in battle, and is the package of letters so carefully preserved the abiding proof that his true love's love was returned?

THE UNKNOWN SEED.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.

I saw a garden, in springtime,
Prepared with greatest care,
And I thought when comes the summer,
Rare flowers will be blooming there.
But summer found in the garden
Full many a noxious weed,
With never a flower among them,
For none had sown the seed.

I saw a life that gave promise
Of a harvest rich and rare,
Had the fertile soil been tended,
And the seed been planted there.
Neglected and unplanted—
O'ergrown with sin's foul weeds—
O, the flowers we might gather
Did we only sow the seeds!

Oh, the precious moments wasted!
The deeds of love undone;
The bitter thoughts we cherished
Come back to us one by one;
And we sigh for the vanished spring-time
Of which we took no heed,
Oh, the harvest we might gather
Did we only sow the seed!

Had we sown the seeds of virtue,
Of holy love and truth,
Of charity and kindness
In the springtime of our youth;
In the autumn we'd have gathered
A harvest rich and rare—
A harvest of fragrant flowers
Been blooming for us there.

We'd have never cause to murmur
At the hardness of our lot;
Our lives full of contentment—
In palace or in cot.
Did we improve the golden springtime,
Root out each noxious weed—
What a bountiful harvest waits us,
Do we only sow the seed!

HARVEY, Wis.

HANK'S BITTER LESSON.

BY WM. ALEXANDER BOWEN.

TRAVELING through the great pine regions of East Texas one summer Saturday afternoon found me on one of those deep sand roads, several miles from the nearest town. I knew that all business was suspended in those country towns on Sunday, and that the entire population attend church in the morning, and the men sit out in front of their stores in the afternoon and whittle goods boxes and gossip. Talk about a church sewing society! No association of women I ever knew of can compete with these gatherings of men in our small towns on Sunday afternoons, or on election, or holidays, for gossiping. Many family feuds have arisen from these Sunday male gossip gatherings in the towns and hamlets of the South which resulted in assassinations and bloody battles between the families involved for several generations.

I did not care to spend the Sabbath in one of those small towns, so I stopped at the first inviting house I came to on the road-side that looked like there was plenty of provender for my team, a shelter for my buggy and room for a "stranger," as wayfarers are called in the provincialism of the country, to sleep in.

In response to my "Hello!" an old lady came to the door, vigorously knitting on a woolen sock. Peering over her steel-rimmed spectacles, she asked what was wanted.

"I would like to stay here over Sunday, if I can. I do not wish to spend the Sabbath in a town, and I am willing to pay for my accommodation and for my horses."

"Wall, my son Hank ain't here now, but his wife is. I'll fetch her. Hank's gone ter town, an' I 'low she kin tell you more about it. Oh, Jinny!"

In answer a young woman of about twenty-two years came to the door. She said I would be welcome to stay if I would "put up with what the family had," as they had made no preparations for company. "My husband will be home soon," she said.

A boy was called, who took my team to the "lot," and I went into the house. It was one of those great double log houses, "chinked" with cement, and whitewashed outside and ceiled within and papered. It was a warm day, about two hours before sunset, and the great open fire place was used to set flower pots in with native flowers, which filled the rooms with a delicate perfume. In looking over the album on the table, I came across a girl's face I had seen in Illinois years before on a trip to the country. As the hostess passed through the "front" room, I asked her if she knew the original of that little girl's picture. She stammered and said it was hers when she was small. I then told her when and where I was at her father's house, and ascertained that she had met her husband, Mr. Hank Adams, a Texas planter, uncultured but big-hearted, while he was up there buying some fine horses; they fell in love at sight, and had been happily married more than a year. As she said this, her beaming face told of supreme happiness and contentment, and in speaking of her husband, her voice took on that soft, low accent and tone which told of deepest love and entire confidence. I mention these things because I had them forcibly and painfully brought back to me within the succeeding twenty-four hours.

When her husband came in she introduced me as an old acquaintance, whom she had met in her girlhood at her father's, in Illinois. He gave me a cordial greeting, and I heard him kissing his pretty little wife in the next room a moment afterwards, and telling her that nothing was too good for any one who had known her "folks" and her.

The next morning Hank was called away early to go to a lower plantation he had a few miles from home to attend to some breaks in the fences made by cattle which had broken into his corn and cotton fields during the night. Mrs. Adams took the family buggy and went alone to church a few miles away, as her husband's younger brother "had ter go and ride ter church with a girl up ther road who he is struttin' round," his mother confidentially informed me. This left no one at the house but old Mrs. Adams and me. Being informed that dinner would not be ready on Sunday until about four o'clock in the afternoon, I strolled out in the woods with a book, about noon, to enjoy a quiet repose under the shade of the trees and the thick-hanging vines so common to that locality.

It may have been imagination, and it may have been the spirit of prophecy, but I stopped reading to hear the sighing of the great tall pine trees as the zephyrs gently swept through them. It seemed to be whispering to them a story of sadness and tragedy. As the soft voice of the southwest winds played upon the long needles of the pines, I could hear them say, "O-o-o-h, o-o-o-h! W-w-o-o-e, w-w-o-e-e! S-s-o-o-o-r-r-o-w!"

I closed my book, the soughing, mourning pines making me too sad and lonely to read more, and went back to the house. As I drew near I heard the voice of old Mrs. Adams crying and moaning, and asking herself why was she ever born, and what had her "dear son, ther best an' kin'es' son an' trustfulest husband in the world, ever done ter deserve sich deceit an' sich er blow ter his hap'ness?" I was amazed beyond measure; but when I went in my amazement was turned into bewilderment at what I heard and learned.

Mrs. Adams started in fright when I entered, and I asked her what was the matter, and she shrank from me as if I were a ghost.

"Whur is Hank? Didn't he fin' yer?" she asked, as if amazed.

"Where is he? Find me? Why, what has happened, and what does he want with me? Where is Mrs. Adams? Has anything happened to her?"

For a moment she eyed me in solemn silence, then said, slowly, as if weighing every word, and prepared to doubt any answer I might make:

"Whur is Hank? Gone ter fin' you with er Winchester. Whur is Jinny? Thet is jes' whut he's agoin' to ax you. Look heur, Mr. McPherson, ef thet is yer name, haven't yer seen Jinny?"

"Not since she left here this morning. My God! what has happened here that your son is looking for me with a gun, and wants me to tell him where his wife is? I don't understand."

"Wall, it 'pears 'sif yer wuz speakin' ther truth. But yer'd better be hidin' when Hank comes tell I kin tell him whut yer said. Jes' read this," and she thrust a piece of note-paper into my hands. Before I could read it we heard Hank coming up the road, muttering curses on some one, and alternately blessing and cursing his wife and calling down imprecations on his own head for being blind to something or other. I could not comprehend any more than I did what it was all about. His mother snatched the paper from me and thrust me into the other room and shut the door just as he came in.

"Wall, I coulden fin' ther white-livered cuss, an' I tole yer thet all yer talk fur him wur in favor of a sneakin' wolf, mother," he said, as soon as he came in and saw no one but his mother there.

"O, ef I could jes' get a bead on him, I'd show him how ter steal inter a man's house like thet. Poor little Jinny. God knows I meant well by her, mother; an' I wuz a fool not ter see thet she wur pinin' fur somthin' whut I could never give hur. Ef she had only told me thet she wanted ter go 'way, an' thet she coulden love me as she should, I'd hev sent hur anywhur. But ter leave like this, an with a man whut——"

I could hear no more. I saw it all now. His pretty, innocent-looking wife had eloped, and he thought I was the scoundrel. I burst into the room, and exclaimed, before he could say a word in his astonishment:

"Mr. Adams, I have just learned what all this trouble is about. I am innocent of this, in thought, word, or deed. As God is my judge, and as I hope to receive mercy above, I have not seen nor heard of your wife since she left here for church this morning. You may be mistaken. Why do you think she has left you? Let me see that paper your mother had just now."

For answer he gave his mother a terrible look, and she cowered before his gaze as if in terror. He then reached for his gun, and said, in a voice so low and calm as to be more terrible than a cyclone of wrath:

"Back! Don't yer dare ter touch anything whut she has writ with yer vile serpent paws. I will give yer jes' two minutes ter tell whut yer done with her, an' then I'm goin' ter make yer swar ter keep her always. An' ef I ever hear thet yer hev let her want fur anything, or thet yer hev got tired of her, I shall kill yer on sight jes' as I would a miserable, cowardly coyote thet yer are. Whur is she?"

"My dear sir, you must be mad. I swear to you I hev not——"

With a quick motion he brought his gun to his shoulder, when his mother caught it and held on to it with a death-grip.

"Don't, Hank; not thet way. Give ther stranger time ter pray. Give him a chance. Let him read ther letter. Don't yer see his hosses an' buggy air in the lot. Don't yer put blood on yer soul whut yer can't ever wash off, Hank, my son, wait jes' a little. His comin' back shows he might be innercent."

"His hosses an' buggy ain't no sign, nor his bein' back hear, nuther, 'cause he'd be sharp ernough ter try an' blind us that way. But I'll let yer hev yer way, mother, seein' as yo air all I hev left ter me now."

He handed me the paper, and I read, in a clear, feminine hand, these terribly plain words, the outraged husband watching me closely as I read:

"Dear Hank—I thought I loved you once, but I find I do not. I ought to have told you before, but could not bear to do so, as you seemed so happy. I cannot longer bear the loneliness, and the drudgery, and the desolation of life here. If I staid longer I should hate you for bringing me here. O, how can I sign my name to this terrible letter? I go away with one you do not know, but do not try to find me. It will be useless. I will not sign my name, because I want you to forget it. Forgive me, as I hope God will."

That was all. But I trembled as I read it, and staggered, and would have fallen, had not his strong arms caught me.

"Mr. Adams," I managed to say, "this is, indeed, terrible. How you ever came to imagine I was concerned in it I do not know. But, kill me if you will; but, if you believe I did this terrible thing, I shall die forgiving you. I believe that if God ever does forgive a murder, it is when a man suffering the wrong you have suffered kills, in a moment of mad anguish, the man who stole his happiness and robbed him of his wife's honor. But, before you commit this rash act, ask yourself if you have any grounds to even suspect me? None, except that I am a stranger, and happened to meet your wife when she was a young and innocent girl. And, as I heard her speak of you yesterday, and as I saw her face beam with a happiness which could not have been feigned while telling me of how much she loved you, I believe there is some terrible mistake here—that your wife has either played some joke on you, or that this letter was not meant——"

"Stop, stranger! I believe ye air innercent; but ef yer try ter preach ter me erbout her, I shall curse her purty face. Oh, fool, that I ever brought her ter sich a lonely place as this. But I thought she meant it when she said she'd be happy anywhares with me. God curse ther day thet I ever thought she could be happy here. I wuz so happy I thought of none but myself. I see now she hain't been ther same since I got her them new dresses, an' the books of city ways an' styles, an' thet fine lookin'-glass thur. An' ther little gal has changed since ther papers I 'scribed fur came all filled up with love, an' grand ways o' livin', an' plenty o' company fur young wives. She wur all alone. I know I oughten ter expected she'd like it, an' it never oughter come 'tween us, me bringin' her here. It's awful rough, stranger, but I guess I'm ter blame. My God! she mighter stayed one day longer, an' giv' me warnin', so 's I could er drunk in ernough o' ther music o' her voice ter las' me. an' so 's I mighter bathed myself in the sunshine o' her bright eyes one mo' day. But she's gone, as I mighter expected ef I'd thought ernough ov anything 'cept myself. An' here's her note, as slick an' nice as enny schoolmarm coulder writ—but ther words seem hard and cold ter me, an' I feel like er man thet's dying by inches of ther bite o' a pisen sarpent; but yet I can hear the music o' her voice 's if it wur soundin' ter me from away off—— What's thet? Her voice? What's she sayin'? Exeuse her fur bein' so late, but she stopped by Mrs. Quillin's, whose baby's dyin'? Stop thar, gal! Whut yer comin' back hear fur?"

"BACK! DON'T YER DARE TER TOUCH ANYTHING WHUT SHE HAS WRIT."

"STOP THERE, GAL! WHUT YER COMIN' BACK FUR?"

Poor Jennie, who heard these words as she started lightly up the steps, with her lips pursed up for the usual kiss, stopped as if petrified at hearing these words, and seeing her husband with a gun in his hands. Before she could reply, he had flung the paper at her, and hissed:

"Heur, take yer note, an' go with ther man who will treat yer better 'n I hev. Go, quick, befo' I furget thet——"

She glanced at the note, recovered her spirits in a moment, and then burst into a peal of the merriest laughter I ever heard—laughter in which real mirth was mixed with the melody of a happy heart suddenly relieved of a great burden. Then, before he could recover from the stupor into which this threw him, she ran up the steps, grabbed his face in both her hands, looked into his honest eyes a moment, and then kissed him repeatedly, laughing and crying, and exclaiming:

"You sweetest of husbands, and did this little note make you jealous? And did you have that gun to kill me on sight, or the man whom you thought I had gone with?"

She explained the note was one she had penned as the beginning of a little story she was going to write for an Eastern paper, and which she did not intend Hank to see until she read it to him in the paper. She had written several stories, and had been paid for them, and was going to use his name in this one, and then read it to him, and tell him the secret.

It was a merry household that night, and I never was treated so royally in my life. Hank took me out into the "horse lot" after dinner, and saw that no one else was near, and then said:

"Mr. McPherson, I hope yer will not hint ter Jinny whut er blamed fool I made o' myself over thet fool thing. By jings, I trimble when I think how near I come ter shootin' yer. I hev told mother ter never breeth er word o' whut carryin's on we had 'fore Jinny come back. It has larned me er lesson—a bitter one, too. I'll never be jealous o' my wife ergain. I think a jealous man is ther bigges' fool on earth. I said this once befo', when I saw er play erbout thet feller, 'Thello an' Desdymony, but I never knew whut

IN THE ROYAL MEWS.

How the Gorgeous Equipage of England's Sovereign Is Housed and Cared For.

In a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan* was a very attractive article by Charles S. Pelham-Clinton on "The Stables of the Queen of England," an abstract of which can scarcely fail to be read with interest.

"The stables, which are known as the Royal Mews, adjoin Buckingham Palace, but, however, are not under the same management. The head functionary is the Master of the Horse, at present the Duke of Portland. The office goes with the government, and is always given to a man of rank and wealth as well as of great political influence.

"The main entrance to the stable is through the handsome gateway that opens upon Buckingham Palace road. In the quadrangle formed by these gates and the archway leading to the main courtyard are the offices of William Norton, Superintendent of the Royal Mews, with those of the Duke of Portland and his lieutenant, Sir George Maude. The main part of the work of arrangement and management falls upon Sir George Maude and Mr. Norton. The former selects all the horses, arranges the processions, and has the general ordering of affairs, while Mr. Norton looks after the minor details. Some idea of the work of managing such a large affair as the Queen stable's can be inferred from the fact that there are 110 horses in the stables and eighty men employed as coachmen, grooms, and outriders. The head coachman, G. Paine, has been for fifteen years in his present position and for fifty years in the Queen's employ. He always drives the state carriage in which her Majesty sits, and handles the ribbons over the famous 'creams.'

"We enter the Royal Mews through the main gateway, which is surmounted by a large clock that chimes the hours. The whole Mews was designed by John Nash, of Dover, Kent, and was completed in 1825. The courtyard is about 400 feet square. The right side is taken up by the royal carriages. Opposite these are the stables for the chargers, the harness-room, and several stables of carriage horses. Opposite the entrance are 'creams' and 'blacks,' and the celebrated thirty-two-stalled stable.

THE QUEEN'S COACH.

"I suppose in no stable in the world can such a collection of horses be seen. All are over 16 hands high, and most over 16½. The general color is bay or brown, and white legs and feet are conspicuously absent. The animals are all given names that commence with as many letters of the dealer's name as practical, as a record of their purchase. Thus Blackbird and Blackcap were both purchased from a dealer named Blackman, and Jonquil came from Jones. All the names are placed on iron plates above the racks. The floors of the stables are all sanded in patterns, and the straw litter is finished off with a neat straw plait. Against the posts are neatly arranged sheafs of straw. There is a foreman in charge of each stable, and to every eight horses a coachman, who has under him a competent number of men and an assistant coachman.

"The horses are all clothed alike in neat red, white, and blue rugs of a small check pattern, bound with red. The initials V. R. are on the quarters, and the quarter cloths have the same initials, with no display. The price of the horses varies from £150 to £250 apiece. They must be young and pass a rigorous veterinary examination. After being purchased they are thoroughly trained. The chargers have a special drill in the riding school over timber, walls, and hurdles, and are also taught to 'stand fire.'

ZULU, ONE OF THE BLACK WHEELERS.

"The coachmen have four liveries apiece—the state livery, which is a mass of gold; the epaulet livery, which is but a little less costly; the ordinary scarlet livery, and the plain black livery with white waistcoats, that is used on all ordinary occasions. All the men live in the rooms above the stables, and almost a military discipline is maintained."

Why Are Hotel Cooks So Often Fat?

"Did you ever wonder why most cooks are fleshy?" asked the chef of a well-known hotel. "Well, I have a theory that is held by many people to be correct. Their unusual amount of flesh is undoubtedly due to the absorption through the nostrils, mouth, and pores of the skin of the aroma, or whatever you call it, of food which is being cooked. The man or woman who, day after day, lives in an atmosphere permeated with savory odors of cooking food soon begins to get fleshy. Think this over and you'll agree with me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

SOME NOTED BRUISERS.

CHAMPIONS OF THE PRIZE-RING IN THE PAST.

Heenan, Yankee Sullivan, Tom Sayers, Tom Hyer, and Other Fistic Artists—Scenes of Their Most Noted Battles Recalled.

THE first champion of America was Tom Hyer, who was born in this country. He held the title for a long time; until Yankee Sullivan fought him for $10,000 and the championship at Still Pond Creek, Md., Feb. 7, 1849. It took Tom Hyer but 17 minutes and 18 seconds to confirm his right to the title of championship. Then Hyer retired, and Sullivan succeeded him. Sullivan fought John Morrissey at Boston Corner, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1853, for $2,000, and, though he really had whipped his man, he left the ring during a wrangle and thus lost the fight.

A QUARTETTE OF KILRAIN'S FORMER COMPETITORS.

A vigilance committee executed Sullivan in California.

It was in 1855 that John C. Heenan flashed into view in the constellation of pugilistic stars. He was familiarly known as the "Benicia Boy," from his residence in Benicia, Cal. He fought John Morrissey May 20, 1858, at Long Point, Can., for $2,000 and the championship. Morrissey won through Heenan injuring his hand. The latter soon challenged Morrissey again, but he would not accept, and Heenan was declared champion, and soon issued a defiance to the world.

This led to the great battle between Heenan and Sayers in England in 1860. The battle was a lively one. Sayers stood up before Heenan for thirty-seven rounds, but had the worst of it at all times. At the end of the thirty-seventh round the referee left the ring. Then seven more rounds were fought, when Sayers' friends, seeing that their man was whipped, cut the ropes and the fight ended in a general row.

Heenan challenged Sayers to another fight, but the latter refused.

After Heenan's retirement Joe Coburn claimed the championship, but had to defend it against Mike McCoole, of St.

YANKEE SULLIVAN. TOM HYER.

Louis, and also tried to make a fight with Jem Mace.

After Coburn's retirement Bill Davis, of California, loudly trumpeted his claims as the first man in America, but he was silenced by James Dunn, of Brooklyn, in Pike County, Pa.

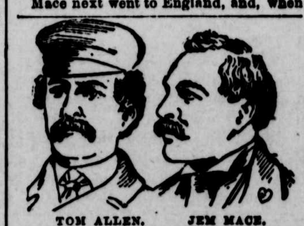
Then McCoole became ambitious and he challenged Davis, who had again become blatant after Dunn's retirement. The fight took place at Rhodes' Point, Mo., September 19, 1866, and McCoole won in thirty-four minutes. He had to defend his trophy against Aaron Jones. Joe Coburn again entered the ring and a match was arranged, but the police prevented the fight.

Bill Davis and Tom Allen, of St. Louis, next tried conclusions, and Allen won.

Tom Allen, the English pugilist, met McCoole on Foster's Island, near St. Louis, June 16, 1869. McCoole, though badly worsted, was declared the winner on a foul.

Jem Mace and Tom Allen fought for the championship and $5,000 at Kennerville, near New Orleans, May 10, 1870, and Mace won. Then Mace and Coburn made a match, which was a fiasco, but they finally got together at Bay St. Louis, Miss., Nov. 31, 1871. The fight ended in a draw.

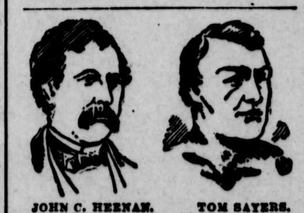
Mace next went to England, and, when he returned, brought Joe Goss with him. Goss was matched to fight Tom Allen for $2,000 and the championship. They met in Kentucky Sept. 6, 1876, and Goss won on a foul.



TOM ALLEN. JEM MACE.

Jimmy Elliott and Johnny Dwyer fought for $1,000 a side and the championship May 9, 1879. Dwyer won the battle, which was fought in Canada.

Paddy Ryan was the next champion, as he defeated Joe Goss at Collier Station, Va., May 30, 1880.



JOHN C. HEENAN. TOM SAYERS.

About this time there seems to have been a multiplicity of champions. Ben Hogan and Tom Allen fought for $2,000 at Pacific City, Iowa, Nov. 18, 1873. The battle ended in a wrangle in three rounds, lasting sixteen minutes, although Allen was in a fair way to win.

Tom Allen beat Mike McCoole at Chouteau Island, near St. Louis, in seven rounds, Sept. 24, 1872.

Feb. 7, 1882, John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan fought for $5,000 and an outside bet of $2,000. Sullivan won in nine rounds, lasting eleven minutes. The battle took place in Mississippi City, Miss.

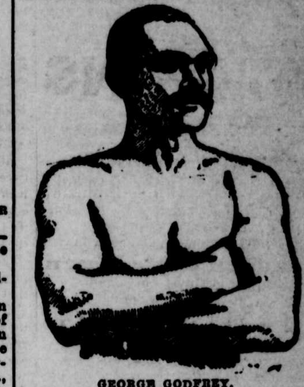
Sullivan-Coburn.

The proposed match between John L. Sullivan, the American champion pugilist, and Peter Jackson, the Australian negro giant, who lately defeated Jem Smith, the champion of England, has brought to the surface several questions

"PRINCE" MOLINEUX.

of interest to the sporting world. It would certainly be an event in the history of the prize ring in this country if, after all the triumphs won by Americans in this special field of skilled athletics here and abroad, the laurels were to be handed over to a negro who had fairly earned them by his superior skill, prowess, and endurance.

In a majority of cases pugilists begin their actual experience early in life, and soon reach the zenith of their powers. I should say that twenty-five years is the average age at which they reach their



GEORGE GODFREY.

fistic prime, although there are, of course, notable exceptions where a man is even better after that age than at any time of his life. Still, the rule holds good that for a pugilist who, like most men in his profession, has begun early, say at sixteen or seventeen, the maximum of his powers is attained in eight or ten years thereafter, at the very farthest. I have known many young fellows in England who fought twenty battles before they reached their prime. Of course, where a man's life is full of such experiences he matures physically all the faster and is the sooner worn out. There have been several noted pugilists

PETER JACKSON.

of color at different times who have made surprising records.

The question has often been asked: Has the negro the grit and the staying qualities of the white pugilist? Can he stand the punishment and face the music as well, and is he his equal in skill? I know of no reason why a colored fighter should not possess all these qualities.

One of the earliest and best was Thos. Molineux, who was called in England the "Morocco Prince," and who won nine battles in his day. Another was Bob Travers, whose real name was Charley Black. Travers won everything before him until he was beaten by Job Cobley in 1856. He was afterward defeated by Jem Mace in 1860. There was another Molineux, who fought eight battles. Still another good fighter was George Pierce. All were tremendous hitters.

I regard superiority in height and reach as of the greatest advantage to a pugilist. Other things—weight, skill, endurance, and condition—being equal, the difference in height and the consequent advantage in reach will tell heavily in favor of the taller man. This, however, is the only point where a big man has the advantage over a shorter one. He reaches farther, and, if he be equally clever and scientific, it is obvious that the greater reach will make all the difference between the two.

Weight is not of so much importance as some imagine in a fight. Take any good-sized man of 156 or 158 pounds, and he is fit to fight almost anything under ordinary conditions. Tom Sayers, one of the best men in the world, was only 5½ feet high and weighed 156 pounds when in condition. Jem Mace, who was 5 feet 9½ inches in height, weighed 159 pounds in his best days, when he scored all his famous victories. I have seen him box when he was much heavier, but it was later in life, when he was getting old and far beyond his prime as a pugilist. He weighed about 150 pounds when he defeated Travers and Reardon.

WILLIAM EDWARDS.

A Neglected Condiment.

An Englishman partakes freely of mustard; he will never eat beef, bacon, ham, or steak without it, and many of them season mutton with it. An English tramp to whom you gave an unseasoned beef sandwhich would stop and ask you for mustard before he commenced to devour it. With Americans it is different. They never take mustard with beef, and rarely with anything else, unless it is very fat ham. Americans deluge their meat with hot Indian and other sauces, but they let mustard alone. There are few restaurants that use a pound of mustard a week.

He Fell Into the Trap.

He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?

She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills.

He popped.—*Lawrence American.*

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.