

RAILROADS.

OREGON RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION CO.

"COLUMBIA RIVER ROUTE."

Trains for the East leave Portland at 9:30 P. M. and 7:45 A. M.

TICKETS

Elegant New Dining Palace Cars. Free Family Sleeping Cars run through on Express Train to

OMAHA, COUNCIL BLUFFS and KANSAS CITY. WITHOUT CHANGE.

Close connection at Portland for San Francisco and Coast Points.

YAQUINA BAY ROUTE.

Oregon Pacific Railroad

Oregon Development Co.'s Steamers.

Short Line to California.

Freight and Fares the Lowest.

STEAMER SAILING DATES.

FROM YAQUINA

Willamette Valley, Jan. 12, 13.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Willamette Valley, Jan. 5, 12.

GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE.

Northern Pacific R.R.

TWO FAST TRAINS DAILY.

NO CHANGE OF CARS.

SHORTEST LINE TO CHICAGO.

St Paul and Minneapolis.

The Northern Pacific Railroad

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA.

Southern Pacific Company's Line.

Portland and San Francisco 39 Hours.

California Express Train runs Daily between Portland and San Francisco.

Tourist Sleeping Cars.

For accommodation of second class passengers attach to express trains.

Bet. Portland and Corvallis.

Mail Train Daily, except Sunday.

Through Tickets to All Points South and East.

Via California.

FRANK BUTLER,

County Surveyor and Auctioneer.

Through Tickets to All Points South and East.

Via California.

FRANK BUTLER,

County Surveyor and Auctioneer.

"WORK DONE" BY MOUNTAINEERS.

Calculation of the Force Expended by a Man Who Climbs a Hill.

The physical energy or force sometimes exerted by the human body under certain conditions is known to be astounding, but no one has ever taken the trouble to put before us that force in figures. De J. Burchard has now made a most interesting calculation on the "work done" by mountaineers in ascending heights, which will serve as an illustration. Supposing a mountaineer weighing 168 pounds is making the ascent in a summit 3,800 feet high from the point of starting, he has to expend an amount of physical force found by multiplying his weight by the height to be ascended. In the case assumed a weight of 168 pounds plus a height of 3,800 feet equals 638,400 foot-pounds; or, in other words, 1,760,000 pounds to be lifted 1 foot.

This work performed merely by the muscles of the legs; but, besides this, the contractions of the muscle of the heart are involved, and into account. Its function consists as well known, in propelling the blood collecting in the heart, on the one hand, into the arteries, and, on the other, into the lungs. This is effected at an initial velocity of 11 feet per second, which represents in the case of an adult a weight of 4 foot pounds for each contraction of the heart. The pulsations of an adult are on the average 72 per minute, but in ascending heights, owing to the additional exertion, the number is increased to an extraordinary extent.

Assuming, for the sake of simplicity in calculation, only 100 beats of the pulse per minute, that would give 400 foot-pounds per minute, 24,000 foot-pounds per hour, and 120,000 foot-pounds for the five hours supposed to be required in ascending a height of 7,000 feet. The work performed by the muscles in breathing, by the expansion and contraction of the chest, may also be estimated at 4 foot-pounds. Assuming, further, that the number of breathings per minute is on the average only twenty-five, although, as a matter of fact, it will be found to be higher in a mountain ascent lasting five hours, we have to add further work of 30,000 foot-pounds.

The total work performed during five hours by a mountaineer consequently amounts to 1,238,400 foot-pounds, and this estimate also included the physical force spent in overcoming the friction on the ground, the exertions to be made in keeping the body erect at dizzy heights and in dragging heavy boots and foot-gear, not to mention the muscle power in cutting steps in the ice, not to reckon the work performed in carrying an ice axe, or the physical force exerted in crossing fresh, loose snow. Taking all these conditions into account, Dr. Burchard arrives at the conclusion that the work done in an ascent of 7,000 feet, lasting five hours, cannot be placed at less than 1,380,000 foot-pounds.

A Poor Time to Squeal.

Representative William Engle of Bangor is an extensive lumber operator, and he is reported to be a man of high standing in the community. It is said that he ran a case who had a barrelful of hay to sell. It looked nice on the outside, and Engle struck a bargain whereby the man was to press it and then deliver to Engle's teamster for \$17 per ton.

Later in the season he went into the camp, and there he found a lot of pressed wire-grass, which he said, was not fit for a horse to sleep on.

"What's this?" he asked of the foreman.

"Why, that's some hay you bought."

"I bought?"

"Yes; that's some Davis' toted in."

"Well," said Engle, "I always thought I was a fool, but I never was fooled enough to buy that stuff."

But he had bought it. The interior of that hay was a big fraud, and when the seller struck Engle for a settlement he was told he was a cheat and he couldn't get a cent.

But there came a time when some settlement must be made, and after much discussion it was agreed to the whole matter should be left to one W. G. Davis, an honest, backwoodsman, who had tested the material in his own way.

Engle was delighted, for this man Davis had worked for him for years, and William was quite sure a good big slice would be knocked from the bill, which amounted to several hundred dollars. Davis, however, went out in the hotel, and after opening up to him the proposition, all took shingles and began to whistle, while Engle told his story in true legislative style.

The seller couldn't say much, he thought in his averaged woe and would have opened the mow if he had been asked to do so; and on the whole made bad work of a poor case.

Then Davis, the jurymen, whittled awhile, after which he cocked his eye toward the hay and asked:

"Bill, you accepted the hay?"

"We'll, y-e-s, my man did."

"And you have fed it out?"

"Yes, the man did. He didn't have any other feed."

Davis sat down awhile and then said: "You bought the hay, Bill, accepted it and all winter you have been feeding it out, and betwixt you and me, William, I think it's a darned poor time to squeal."

Engle says he saw the point and he paid.

Education at Home.

A Detroit father has undertaken a little educational venturing with his own children, and he is trying to make them give up slang, and the use of ambiguous terms of speech and other peculiarities affected by the youth of the day. Yesterday he asked his 14-year-old daughter where a certain book was.

"I haven't an idea, papa!" answered the young lady.

"I didn't ask you for ideas," said the father sternly, "just answer my question. Where is that book?"

"In the top shelf of the book case," replied the girl, like a parrot.

"Can you reach it?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was a long silence, the father waiting impatiently for the book. At last he asked:

"Well, why don't you bring it?"

"Bring what, sir?"

"The book I wanted."

"You did not say you wanted me to get it," said the daughter in a demure voice, "you asked me if I could reach it."

"Nellie," said the father, as a smile made his mustache tremble, "get that book like a good girl and bring it here to me."

"Now, you're talking sense, pop! I'll have the book in a jiffy," and she whisked off after it, while the father sighed over the degeneracy of the times.—Detroit Free Press.

Gladstone on America.

In an address to a workingtons' organization in Gladstone said recently: "It was not extravagant to say that there were but 2,000,000 people in the thirteen American colonies at the time of the American revolt, yet from among those 2,000,000 of people there proceeded a government that crushed a nation that might defy the whole history of the world to beat them in any one state and at any one period of time. Such were the consequences of a well-regulated and a masculine freedom."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Rothschilds Contract a Loan.

Sara Bernhardt III in Paris.

THE LARGEST ICEBERG EVER SEEN.

Disastrous Fire in Rue Serbie, Paris—Floods in Queensland.

Carl Hallberg, Stuttgart publisher, is dead.

Sara Bernhardt is ill in Paris, and has discontinued her performances.

The Rothschilds have contracted for a Hungarian loan of 30,000,000 florins. A French newspaper states that a loan of \$30,000,000 francs will shortly be issued.

Sir Edward Watkin, the railroad king, slipped in getting out of bed, and broke two of his ribs.

The great annual sporting handicap at Southfield, England, was won by Collins, the American.

The French caravan thought to have been massacred by lions in Africa has arrived at its destination.

Socialists attacked a liberal meeting at Leipzig, Prussia. The police interfered and many persons were wounded.

Preachers at Ottawa have condemned from the pulpit the action of the governor general in playing hockey on Sunday.

The strike of the Dundee (Scotland) dock laborers was terminated by the masters conceding the demands of the men.

The pope has ordered his bishops everywhere in the world to let the people eat what they choose without restraint.

The Melbourne federation conference has met. The prime minister of Victoria was elected to preside over the deliberations.

The Greek steamer Spiritus Vagiano has been wrecked. Captain and thirteen others are supposed to have been drowned.

Herr Maybach, German minister of public works, has offered his resignation, but the emperor will not permit him to resign.

The Spanish corvette Castilla and Navarro touched at Tangier, inquired regarding the movement of the British fleet, and departed.

The steamer Minola, from Hamburg for Philadelphia, passed the largest iceberg ever seen. It was seven hundred feet high and a mile long.

In the election for Patrick, Scotland, Parker Smith, the Unionist, received 4,148 votes, and Mr. Tennant, a Gladstonian Liberal, received 3,929.

The Parnellite members of parliament held a meeting and re-elected Mr. Parnell chairman. A vote of confidence in Mr. Parnell was adopted.

A census of dock owners and wharf masters was held in London at which it was resolved to employ nonunion men whenever it shall seem desirable.

The new steamer Arethusa, built for the Persian Monarch in Queensland harbor, was launched at large by the manufacturer and the Arethusa grounded.

The former palace of Marguerite of Navarre, on the Rue de Seine, France, was burned down by fire.

The British government will propose to parliament an appropriation of \$100,000,000 for the land purchase scheme for Ireland.

The steamer Coral Queen, from Rotterdam, was sunk on the coast of Greenland. Sixteen persons on the Coral Queen were drowned.

A judicial order has been handed to the correctional police of Paris for the apprehension of M. Secretan, the secretary of the latter's printer, and several other members of the ring.

The United States squadron landed 700 men at Villefrance for drill exercise, the French government having granted permission, which it declared it would return to any European fleet.

Banwshiri, the Arab chief, a greater soldier than Bushiri, who was recently hanged by the Germans, holds the field with a large army against Major Wiseman, the German invader of East Africa.

A fire in the Rue Serbie, Paris, has destroyed Osborne's library, valued at \$60,000, containing unique documents of the Cromwell and Stuart period in English history, and concerning the history of Spain and Italy.

New Year's day was remarkable in Australia for many fatal accidents. One of the most prominent was the collapse of the old Volunteer Artillery hotel in Sydney, in which two people were buried in the ruins and burned.

Disastrous floods occurred in Northern Queensland January 16. In one of the dwellings swept away was a man named Comber, his wife and three children. Comber caught hold of a tree and was found the next morning. The wife and children were all drowned. Several other fatalities are reported in connection with the floods.

Orondo, the Big Bend, the upper river and the Okanogan country are badly in need of freight transportation, as the sudden lay up of the steamer took the merchants by surprise, and the short of stock. It is to be hoped that the steamer will be ready to run by the 1st of March.

John Dillon, M. P., the Irish agitator, took passage on the steamer at Auckland, and Sir Henry Edwards, who has been visiting the Samoan islands, came on board at Titila. They both stopped over at Honolulu on the arrival of the Zealandia at that port. They will come on to San Francisco.

Advisers received from stations on the Sierra Nevada mountains caused railroad people to fear there will be another struggle with snow at the scene of the recent blockade in the Cascade out on the Central Pacific. The party of seventy Sacramento excursionists who left San Francisco for Truckee were "snowed in" at Cascade and had to have food carried to them from Summit. There are several hundred men at work endeavoring to clear out the drifts with shovels, but are making slow progress as the snow continues to fall.

The balance sheet of the late Samoan government conducted by Herr Branders and the pretender Tamasese has been published. There ought to be \$22,000 worth of property and between \$200 and \$300 cash to be handed over to Malietoa's government, but all the surplus money and all the property bought and owned by the Tamasese government, had been mortgaged to German firms, who were treasurers of the government, for goods, etc., supplied but not specified, so that all the property that is left out of \$80,000 collected from the whole of Samoa during the time the Tamasese government was run by Branders is only two light towers and some municipal effects.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Love is blind—that is until after marriage.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The more you tip a waiter the better he preserves a correct perpendicular.—Boston Herald.

The scientist says an absolute vacuum can not exist, and yet the duke lives.—Texas Siftings.

Ginger is now an explosive article, and yet everybody is familiar with the ginger snap.—Boston Post.

It is said that smacking the lips is a vulgar habit. Much depends on whose lips you smack.—Boston Weekly.

The less a woman believes in a man the greater the respect he has to feel toward her.—Milwaukee Journalist.

It is paradoxical, to say the least, that the higher classes are the more conservative, and the lower hire.—Lawrence American.

When a married woman goes out to look after her rights her husband usually left at home with his wings.—Boston Courier.

No, it's not the hoodle Alderman "I shall not lend my vote to such a thieving scheme." And he didn't lend it. He sold it.—The Spillenger.

Some people who pride themselves upon their frankness seem to think that frankness consists in freely saying unkind things.—Somerset Journalist.

Some one writes, "Who is Browning, the poet? We don't know who he is, but he is Browning the poet, but the critic is frequently roasting him.—Texas Siftings.

Editor and Persistent Writer.—Now, if you'll promise me on your honor never to send me anything more of your kind, I'll print this poem.—Fleigende Blätter.

She (between the acts)—"Where are you going?" "Out to see a man for a moment." She—"Is he going to buy it, or are you?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Jaggus—"Does Raggs owe you any money?" Raggs—"No, why? Jaggus—"I thought maybe he did. He seems to dislike you so much."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

They are going to have smokeless powder in the navy. That's all very well, but the crying need of the hour is smokeless cigarette.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

To husbands who think of remarrying too hastily after the demise of their first: "Ring the bell softly, there's craps on the door."—Boston Transcript.

"Gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Malaprop, "I read in the papers of a Congressman named Jaggus. I don't know who he is, but I think he is a man of great worth. I thought I would buy some of his goods before he becomes any more famous."—X. Y. Sun.

A fortunate stock broker when asked if he owed his success to being long or short of the market replied: "It was neither. I think it was because I was square."—Boston Bulletin.

"I tell me candidly, old fellow, why you don't marry." "If you must know, because I don't want to lose the hope of finding a perfectly delightful little wife."—Fleigende Blätter.

"O, how I envy the man to whom you are waving your handkerchief." "Just take the next train, Mr. Jones, and you will find out what it is with pleasure."—Fleigende Blätter.

A company has been organized in the South to pay Jeff Davis debts. It might extend its operations so as to include other people without making them enemies for life.—Rochester Post-Express.

"I never object to my wife going to my pockets," said Jaggus. When upon Jaggus laughed a hollow, mocking laugh as full of significance as a small boy's pocket is of old junk.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mr. Newlyield—"I can see that baby will be a great society leader when he grows up." Mrs. Newlyield (delighted)—"O, do you? Why? Mr. Newlyield—"I wish a haw! every night."—Tribune.

How provoking it is when you want to give vent to your temper by slaming a man's office door behind you, to have one of those "air" arrangements close it for you never so gently.—Berkshire News.

"I'd have you to know," said Cholly Van Antwerp, "that my reputation as a city man is as any other man's is to him." "I should judge that it cost a good deal to get a reputation like yours."—N. Y. Sun.

"Have you any paper collars?" he asked, as he sidled into the store on tip-toe. "Certainly, sir," replied the proprietor. "I will take them to you." "How is everything in East St. Louis?" "Clothing and Furnishers."

Tailor (calling a doctor)—"Here is this bill of \$6 that I have called on you half a dozen times about, and this is my last visit sir!" Doctor—"This is right, sir. I charge a dollar a visit and will call it square."—Clothing and Furnishers.

A farm journal asks: "Why do the young rural to the town and cities?" The answer is easy enough. It is because they are anxious to get there. And the fact that there are no farms in the city may be something to do with it.—N. Y. Ledger.

Mrs. Sowders—"Mrs. Jones told me this afternoon that burglars broke into the church last night and took everything they could lay their hands upon." Rev. Snowden (somehow absent-minded)—"Did they take a collection?"—Kearney Enterprise.

"Well, my dear, we should be comfortable enough here. Stationary tub, water, and all modern improvements." "Yes, (dejectedly), John, that's all very nice, but where is the stationary dentist?"—Do you buy a dozen?

Missionary (to converted cannibal)—"You remember Dr. Marrowfat, I presume. He was a good man, I never learned what became of him." Cannibal—"Yes, Dr. Marrowfat was a good man—rich and jolly, but just a little stringy."—N. Y. Sun.

"Papa," said a boy much given to reading, "I have often seen the phrase, 'all right-thinking people,' in the papers. What kind of people are right-thinking people?" "They are the sort of people," said the father, "who think as we do."—Youth's Companion.

She—"Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses; and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings." He—"You don't want to walk on roses barefooted, do you? You'd get thorns in your feet."—Texas Siftings.

Mr. Bascom—"I notice young Timotheed is paid?" Considerable 'tentions on our Lily Jane. Do you 'sposn there's anything between 'em?" Mrs. Bascom (who has forgotten old time)—"Not much, I guess, when they get into mischief."—N. Y. Evening Free Press.

In Russia women are not allowed to practice medicine before reaching the age of 40 years. In free America, every woman feels herself fully qualified to practice medicine so soon as she owns a baby or can borrow one of her neighbor's for experiment on.—Terra Haute Express.

Heavy Loss of Life.

The loss of life by the recent floods in the Chinese province of Cheking is placed at 100,000.

MARKET REPORTS.

Ruling Prices of Poultry, Eggs and Dairy Produce.

AS BIG A MAN AS LINCOLN.

A New York Statesman's Experience with the War President.

For this associate the Hon. John J. Van Allen is authorized, says a correspondent of the N. Y. Sun.

Long Tom Davis of Oregon, N. Y., was a lawyer of unusual and conceded ability, an ardent republican, an enthusiastic admirer of President Lincoln, and during the latter years of the war a valuable member of the New York legislature. In 1864 he went to Washington, and while there called on the president with the intention of criticizing a certain line of policy, the expediency of which was then questioned by many patriotic citizens.

Bedies being tall enough to warrant the use of the phenomenal adjective by which he was distinguished from all shorter Tom Davises, he was a man of somber appearance and singular gravity of manner. Life for him was too short and serious for a smile; and, being incapable of understanding the ways of the capital, he returned from the convention, which he did not hesitate to express, that our illustrious president was a little better than a buffoon.

"Why, you greatly astonish me, Mr. Davis," said a gentleman to whom he had communicated the impression of the president. "I thought you were one of his warmest supporters."

"Well, I'll tell you," was the reply, "just how he received me and you can judge for yourself. Having been introduced to him in terms most flattering as a stanch republican and efficient member of the legislature, I began to make the suggestions I had in mind, whereupon the president, eyeing me thoughtfully inquired: 'Mr. Davis, how tall a man are you?'"

"I replied that I was six feet two inches, upon which he rejoined: 'Why are you as tall as that? Come, let me see, and, backing me against the door, he took a pencil, marked my height on the jamb and afterward his own, the two marks being close together.

"'We're pretty nearly of a size,' said he. 'But, Davis, I think my foot is longer than yours.' So he insisted on measuring my feet, after which he began to discuss our weights and the size of our chests and arms.

"In this way, with these trivial comparisons and conjectures, he took up all my time, fully fifteen minutes, until the man next applied for a clerical position in one of the departments on the strength of having lost a hand in the service of his country.

"Oh, you go and see Seward," said about you and; you may have lost it in a steel trap."

"Now," concluded Mr. Davis, earnestly, "do you think he has the requisite dignity for so high an office?"

The interview, of which the foregoing is a more outline, seems deliciously amusing from the fact that Mr. Davis, a patriot and statesman that he was, had not the remotest appreciation of the humor of the incident. The president, burdened and worn, bowed by his Albanian load of responsibility, and wearied by a long day's work, was in no mood to go over with his visitor ground frequently traversed before, perhaps in protracted cabinet-debates.

Perceiving that Mr. Davis was a man of pleasing disposition, the president took this opportunity to discuss the topic at hand in a discussion he dreaded. It was his ability to momentarily lay aside his dignity in a laugh or a boyish prank which enabled Mr. Lincoln to stand up under his weight of any kind, and it was this which rendered him such an enigma to the saturnine Mr. Davis.

One of Stetson's Whims.

John Stetson, who was manager of Booth's Theater and the Fifth Avenue Theater some years ago, hasn't very much of the artist in his makeup, but he has a good deal of what he calls "horse sense." He doesn't intend that any actor shall get the best of him. Some years ago a comic opera, called "Pippens," was produced at his theater in Boston, the Globe, and in the course of the performance an amateur actor who has become quite well known as a manager since then appeared on the stage, clad in white furs and made up to represent an immense cat, and "maimed and capered about the stage for ten or twelve minutes. The little specialty did not take well with the first night's audience, and Stetson at once ordered pussy out of the east. The amateur demanded a week's salary at once, saying that he had been engaged for a week.

"Very well," said Stetson, "come around to-morrow night, and through the week, and earn it."

The young man appeared the second night, and remained on the stage until he had kept a full week. Then he turned to go, but Mr. Stetson stopped him.

"Get into your costume and give your performance," said the manager.

"But Mr. Stetson, the performance is over."

"Not your mind the rest of the show. You have got to do your part of it now for me."

And so the actor had to "stian and caper" for ten minutes with "Misanthrope" and "The next night he tried to get off, and offered to give up a proportional part of the salary, but Stetson held him to the agreement to play the part of Puss for a week. Sometimes the manager remained to witness a young man's efforts, and sometimes he left a group of stage hands as an audience. The actor thought that he had fully earned his salary when he got it.

Death as an Investment.

Something less than ten years ago I purchased for a friend, who was a then not widely known but very able and original Dutch artist, Manne by name, a small but very choice picture, you would buy Manne's pictures, unframed, of course, at from \$50 to \$150 apiece here, according to size and quality of finish. Six months ago the artist died. Lately at a local dealer's priced away the work of the average quality of the part. The charges were from \$100 to \$800 apiece. "He is dead, you know," said the salesman, in a tone of cheerful confidence, "and cannot pay any more. Die of hunger and let somebody else enjoy champagne and system at the expense of your art."—The Collector.

Correcting a Prayer.

It was Elder Buzzell who called on a worthy deacon to open a meeting with prayer, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, and was surprised when the deacon began his petition with: "O thou great, insignificant God."

"Quite proper, brother," you mean ungodly, is still soliciting membership at the expense of your art."—The Collector.

The preacher repeated the correction, whereupon the deacon continued his prayer to a great length, and concluded as follows:

"Finally, Lord, bless our endeavored parson. Stuff him with religion as well as with words; break him of the habit of fault-finding; if possible, and at the hallowed hour gather him with the elders in thy kingdom."

Elder Buzzell, who was fond of telling the story, always ended by declaring that it was his first and last attempt at correcting the speech of his brethren.

It is woman's wont to have her will.—Richmond Dispatch.

SPORTING NOTES.

Sullivan Refuses to Meet Either Jackson or Slavin at Present.

SPORTING NOTES FROM ABROAD.

Jim Corbett Gets Hold of a Tarter in Tucson, Arizona.

The grounds of the New York League are to be enlarged 300 feet.

The Brooklyn Brotherhood baseball club will be one of the strongest in a Players League.

At Albany, N. Y., the Albany Coring Club defeated the New York Club, Score, Albany 30, New York 22.

Dave Burke, brother of the famous Jack Burke, has challenged any leather-wicket in England to fight for \$100.

At Syracuse, N. Y., Jack Williams knocked out Jim Ryan, rounds for \$500. Williams bats from Boston.

Jack Hopper has challenged Austin Gibbons to meet him in the ring for \$500 a side.

Neil Masterson has thrown down the gauntlet to row Peter Kemp for £1,000 and the single-scutt championship of Australia.

Mayor Hart has notified the Police Commissioners of Boston, that Peter Jackson and Jack Ashton could spar at Music Hall.

Bowdoin College intends to train a crew for the inter-collegiate races, and they have forwarded a challenge to the Pennsylvania University to row.

The glove fight between Frank Merrill of Elizabeth, N. J., and Jack Moore of Boston, at Elizabeth, N. J., which was, was stopped by the police.

Billy Myers, the well-known pugilist, will shortly arrive in San Francisco. Myers' fight on the Pacific Slope will create another boom in prize ring circles.

E. D. Holke, now in Australia, has challenged Scott, the champion, to walk any distance from 1 to 25 miles for \$500, or any man in Australia upon the same terms.

At Kingston, N. Y., Tom Crowler knocked Moose Green, a colored pugilist, out of time in five rounds, lasting 18 minutes. "Police Gazette" rules governed.

St. Louis, and an unknown of San Antonio, are soon to fight for \$100. The unknown is a member of Uncle Sam's boys in blue.

Arthur Upham, the middle-weight of New London, Conn., has refused to fight George Gifford, of Boston, for the \$500 offered by the Gloucester Athletic Club, of Providence, R. I.

Dominick McCaffrey says if the Parnell Club of Boston are eager for him to box with George Gifford they must offer a bigger purse than \$1,000, for he is making \$500 per week.

Yale College has a mirror 2 by 4 feet in dimensions, stuck on pallies, which runs the full length of the rowing tank. The crew while rowing in the tank can see how they are pulling.

John L. Sullivan, the champion, has left New York and gone to Boston. The champion refuses to arrange or negotiate for a fight with either Peter Jackson or Frank P. Slavin at present.

Jack Rose and Peter McGinnigley fought for a purse with gloves at Stator Island, N. Y. Rose knocked McGinnigley out in the seventh round. The contest lasted 26 minutes 30 seconds.

At Syracuse, N. Y., the prize fight between O. J. Eastery, middle-weight champion of Michigan, and Harry Burns, of New York, ended in a draw after 6 rounds were fought in 17 minutes.

At Hackensack, N. J., New York gave Joe's crowd over New Jersey fowls in a boxing match of nine rounds. The New Jersey fowls won one battle. The stakes were \$20 each battle and \$40 the odd fight.

Frank Cox, who recently fought Tommy Barnes and lost by a foul in 8 rounds fought in 31 minutes, near Buffalo, N. Y., offers to give Barnes another race if the Erie Athletic Club will put up a purse of \$300 or \$500.

At New Brunswick, N. J., Jack Dwyer, of Plainfield, N. J., knocked out Tom Tobin, the well-known pugilist, list, in 4 rounds. Tobin has the battle all but won when he received the straight left-hander on the bridge of the nose.

The "dogalistic" dispute between Pete, of Fall River, Rhode, 28½ pounds, and Rocky, of Providence, weight, 27½ pounds, for a purse of \$50, was decided at Providence, R. I. Rocky won in 1 hour 28 minutes. Pete is a full bred bull, while the winner is a bull terrier.

Ike Talbot and Harry Gardner fought in the Court House at Ellsworth, Me., and Talbot knocked his colored opponent out in three rounds, fought in eight minutes. The judge of the court house was discharged, and Mayor Allen ordered the city marshal to arrest all parties connected with the affair.

If the Daily Citizen of Tucson, Arizona, of recent date is to be accepted as authority Jim Corbett, who recently boxed in Tucson, is expected to take a tarter at Tucson, on the way to New Orleans to meet Jake Kilrain. Corbett's alleged opponent was George Roskrige, a country surveyor.

Mr. Gerah, manager of the Pavilion, has a force of men at work making the necessary changes for the boxing of the Portland Athletic Club, which is growing in membership, and a well equipped gymnasium is all that is lacking to set the institution on its feet. Morgan is still soliciting membership and is meeting with good success.

Jimmy Quinn, the well-known horse man at times stated that he would match Jack Quinn, the Scotch champion light-weight, against Austin Gibbons for from \$1000 to \$2500 a side. He will also match Mike Cushing, who was recently defeated against Gibbons for \$2500. Cushing is keeping himself in good condition.

Jake Kilrain, the ex-champion pugilist, has been appointed boxing instructor of the Southern Athletic Club of New Orleans. It is a position of which Kilrain should feel proud, for the organization is the most prominent in the