THE MOUNTAIN EVANGELIST.

A PEN SKETCH OF THE ECCENTRIC KENTUCKY REVIVALIST.

A Man who will Soon Agitate New York's Religious Circles—Quaint Manners and Homely Speech Adopted in Order to Reach the Masses—What is Said in Ohio.

DAYTON, Ohio, July 13.—To say that the Dayton people are excited over the savings and doings of the Rev. George Owen Barnes, the Kentucky Mountain Evangelist, would be to put it very mildly. The stir which this man has made in this steady-going and busy city is even greater, in proportion to the size of the place, than that which Moody and Sankey made in New York. On the street, in the banks, stores, and offices, as well as in the dwellings both of the wealthy and the lowly, the question is, "Have you heard Barnes?" If this is answered in the affirmative the next is, "What do you think of him?" To this there are answers in great variety. "He's a fool," says one. "He's a crank," says another. "He's the most eloquent preacher I ever heard," says a third, while a fourth replies, "The fellow ought to have a strait jacket on and go to an asylum." One of the most comprehensive answers I have heard was that of a business man, who simply said, "Pooh!" When Barnes came here from Kentucky, about two weeks ago, most people laughed at his idea of doing anything like revival work in this city. Nearly fifty years ago he was a boy here. His father was an eminent clergyman of the sternest Presbyterian faith, and was for many years pastor of the leading Presbyterian church of Dayton. The boy George was much like other boys, and played hookey, shinny, and other boyish games. In due time he grew into his father's church, and in the natural way gravitated toward the Presbyterian ministry. He was a staid and solemn sort of a young man, and in his pulpit ministrations as stiff and as Calvinistic as the most orthodox of the brethren who now sit in stately judgment on him and vote him a crank. After considerable pastoral experience in this country, he went as a missionary to the Hindoos. For several years he labored at Lahore, but finally gave it up in order to minister to the sinners of Kentucky. While settled over a village church in that State, he made up his mind that the starched rigidity of Presbyterian rule and custom fettered the Gospel rather than helped it. So he took to independent evangelizing in his own fashion. The Presbytery and he mutually turned their backs on each other. His brethren considered him an ecclesiastical bushwhacker. He considered them a pack of formalists, and had no hesitation in speaking his mind about it.

Although educated in all the proprieties of Princeton sermonics, he threw overboard the niceties of speech to which he had been accustomed, and accommodated his style to the capacity and the customs of the uncultured people of the mountain regions of Kentucky. The story of his success there is before the public. The secret of it is that, with all his oddities and eccentricities, he put himself into sympathy with the common people. After laboring for a while among the most uncultured, he tried his hand on others, and found that plain talk would attract all sorts of other folks. In his recent work at Frankfort he announced his intention of giving the Legislature, the Judiciary, Gov. Blackburn and a host of others, and departed in triumph the home of his boyhood.

So here and now we find him in a big rink, with an audience of over a thousand in attendance, and all the town talking about him. He is about six feet high, as thin as an Indian and as active as a gymnast. With keen and piercing eye he seems to look clear through the hearer on whom he fixes his gaze. His thick mat of black hair is piled on his head like the hair of Oscar Wilde, only that it is not parted in the middle. In fact, it is not parted at all, except by the action of the evangelist's fingers, which are actively thrust through it when he is in the midst of his most impassioned oratory. His face is closely shaven, with the exception of his upper lip, which is adorned with a large moustache about the size and shape of a mouse. His nose is as sharp as a tomahawk, and would be Roman if it were larger. In alluding to it the other night he spoke of this crooked nose upon my mug. When he speaks he stands on a wooden structure, which combines the effects of a platform and sounding-board. He stamps his feet with a noise like that of the sunset gun, when he wants to emphasize some particular thing he has said. He varies this gesture by occasionally clapping his hands or pounding mightily with his fist or his outstretched palm upon the sounding desk or the limp back of his turkey-morocco Bible. His pretty daughter, Miss Marie, is organist, singer, and reader. She sits gracefully behind a cheap organ, which she handles with consummate skill. When the evangelist says, "Now, daughter, dear, give us one verse," she lifts her voice aloud and sends its pleasant tones to the furthest corner of the auditorium. As for Barnes's voice, it is not so musical. It does not in the least resemble that of a seraph, an angel, or even a nightingale. When he sings, he makes a good deal of noise. But it is not in his singing that he is powerful. In his oratory, he has a voice of great compass, in which the harsh tones, like those of an auctioneer, at times prevail, sometimes melting into accents of the most persuasive tenderness. While he has not the portly presence of Moody, he has quite as much magnetism, with a far better education, and fully as close an acquaintance with the Bible. He has not the big round voice of Francis Murphy, the temperance man, nor does he tell as many awful stories about himself as Murphy does. But even with all his slang and queer expressions, he is pleasanter to listen to than Murphy. Compared with Harrison, the so-called Boy Preacher, who recently made crowds of converts in Cincinnati, he has more common sense and a better address. He does not resort to the stagey tricks of that most mercurial of evangelists, nor does he caper like a monkey over the platform and through the aisles. Barnes is a study for theologians.

In his operations in this city, Sunday and other days are to Mr. Barnes very much alike, except that on Sunday he holds three services, while on other days he rests in the morning and preaches in the afternoon and evening. He works without assistance from the clergymen of the city. In fact, they are all down on him, with the exception of one man, a Methodist brother whom Barnes anointed with oil. Some of them have gone so far as to preach against him and his methods generally, not designating to mention him by name, lest they should seem to advertise him. Last Sunday one of the most fashionable clergymen in town preached a sermon in which he bewailed the fact that refined and educated people are turning their backs on their own churches and forming to hear strange and irregular stuff such as presented by strolling evangelists. He quoted certain of the fathers of Presbyterianism, from Augustine down, to show that these people ought not to do as they have done. The sermon delighted many of his more faintly and aesthetic followers, but had the effect of driving many others to join the crowds at Barnes's rink. Several prominent ones have told me to-day that their pastor is a "Miss Nancy," whatever that may be and that his gospel isn't half as good as that of Barnes. Brother Barnes cares little for opposition. In a talk which I had with him to-day, he said he had no unkind feelings toward these ministers. He claims that they misunderstand him, and condemn him without hearing him. He says it is natural that they should want to keep their own people, but that he does not want to interfere with them or their churches. He wants to help the churches and build them up by the addition of his own converts to them. He has no church or sect of his own, and does not intend to establish any. When anybody is converted by his agency, he sends him to some church, to become a member, but leaves the convert to his own choice as to which church he will join. There was an opposition to Barnes which took shape in very different fashion from that which beets most evangelists. This was by a young man named Pilcher, who was one time ago anointed with oil. Pilcher fell from grace, and made it his chief employment to follow Barnes and denounce him. Having followed him through Kentucky, he came here and held free meetings in the street in front of the Court House. He told the public that Barnes was a fraud, a hypocrite, a lunatic, and several other unpleasant things. He drew blackboard exercises in colored chalk, reviling Barnes. One of these, which was hung on the wall of the Court House area, represented the Mountain Evangelist as a dragon, as a fallen angel, and worse than either, as a jackass with enormous ears. After holding meetings for about a week this man went away saying that he would come back again and slay as long as Barnes does. As yet he has not returned. Barnes takes no notice of him, and says he does not care for him. He says that nearly all of Barnes's converts have become backsliders. Barnes, on the other hand, insists that of the whole 27,000 as large a proportion remain steadfast as in any church.

How about the slang? It is said that the "Mountain Evangelist" begins his discourse with slang, and that on this account many cultured people stay away from his meetings. He does use some exceedingly striking expressions. He says he fell into the way of this among the rough people of Kentucky, and that to them he does not say half so many queer and outlandish things as he did there. But the "nice people" are startled by many of his departures from the recognized proprieties of pulpit diction. The other day, in showing that Christ had rendered satisfaction to God for the sins of mankind, and that mankind had no more satisfaction to make, he said: "If God would take any more satisfaction, he would spit in the face of his dear Son Jesus." The audience writhed at this, and all the more so when he repeated it three times. Speaking of the law as compared with grace, he pointed to a conspicuous sign in the rink which reads, "Must not spit on the floor." He said: "I don't want to spit, and I wasn't going to spit, but whenever I see that sign it starts my salivary glands, and I feel that nothing can keep me from spitting." And he moved his cheeks as if he had half a pound of "fine-cut" in his mouth; whereupon the people laughed. Illustrating the same subject, he said: "I don't want to steal my friend Houck's horse, until the law tells me I shan't steal it; no, not I. I wouldn't steal Houck's horse, not for ten thousand worlds. But as soon as you tell me it's against the law to steal that horse, then my law-breaking nature rises up within me, and I want to steal him."

Describing the prodigal's return, he said: "The father met the fellow with open arms and hugged him. He didn't mind the dirty rags; didn't mind the fleas; didn't mind the stink of the hog trough." This produced great sensation among the audience. It was so "realistic." He elucidated the work of a physician by saying: "The doctor knows more about you than any other man. He knows if you have false teeth. He has seen you in your nightgown. He knows all the diseases you have." Having occasion to use a rattlesnake as an illustration, he said there was no use in treading on the tail of that viper, for he would go at you with his head. "I stamp on his head, and when his head is under my boot heel he may wiggle and squirm with his tail, but he ain't worth a cent for biting. I've got my heel on his business end; yes, my dear friends, on his business end."

Barnes's theology is peculiar, and differs in many respects from the Confession of Faith on which he was brought up. He believes that sin did not enter into the world by Adam, but by Eve. He argues that confession be made "with the mouth," without waiting for it "in the life." He draws the difference between "Christians" and "good Christians," intimating that at the outset those who "confess with the mouth" may be tolerably fair Christians, with a chance of growing in grace so as to become really good Christians. While he does not hold the doctrine of absolute perfectionism, he is hand in hand with some of the "higher life" people as to freedom from sinning. He says he consults God about everything, even the putting on of his rubber shoes and his underclothing. Consequently he does not catch cold from mistakes in apparel, while some others go about sniffling for a week" after an injudicious change in underwear. He said the devil got ahead of him a day or two ago and gave him a stye on his eye, but he took the matter to the Lord, and the Lord would make it all right.

As to the anointing with oil, Brother Barnes says he never had full light on this until about fourteen months ago. Then he saw that the gift of healing was not an affair only of apostolic times, but ought to be just as good now as ever. In reply to the question whether he generally cure disease, he says he does not claim to. All he does is in faith to anoint with oil and leave the rest to the Lord. He has not followed up the history of his anointings, for he says it would make him vain if it would be found that he had great success. He told me that he anointed was a Kentucky black woman. She died. Yesterday he anointed eight or nine Daytonites "for the healing of the body." He did not ask them whether they had corns, consumption, or cancer, but says that is no concern of his. He has anointed two ex-judges and other prominent citizens, including a lot of old ladies who seemed to be afflicted with rheumatism. On Sunday night he anointed a Methodist minister from the country. He carries the oil in a small bottle in his pocket, and with his finger presses a drop of it on the forehead of the person he anoints.

The Mountain Evangelist says he is going round the world. He has no money, but depends on what is handed him from day to day. He wants to preach in a great many places, including New York. It is not unlikely that he may visit the metropolis in the fall or winter. If he does he will create a large sized sensation.

LEADERS OF FREIGHT HANDLERS.

Jeremiah Murphy, Patrick Joseph O'Sullivan, and John R. McNamara.

Jeremiah Murphy, President of the Joint Executive Committee of the Freight Handlers' Union of New York and Jersey City, has been for several years employed on the piers of the Erie Railroad in Jersey City. Mr. Murphy was born in 1846 in Ballincollig, five miles west of the city of Cork, in Ireland. He worked as a lad in the great powder works of Tobin & Co. of Liverpool, and at the age of 18 emigrated to New South Wales, with his passage paid and one shilling in his pocket. He found employment there in a blast furnace for two years. Returning to Ireland in 1866, he enlisted in the Fenian movement of the following spring. His brother, who was in charge of Longford prison, procured his appointment as a keeper in Spike Island prison, where he remained from 1869 till 1872. There were in the prison at the time a number of Irish Nationalists, among them Tiernay, (otherwise known as O'Connor, who stabbed an informer, and Ryan, who was accused of drilling Fenians in Tipperary, and who was convicted on the evidence of his little sisters, one of them only 7 years of age, and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. While Murphy and others were considering a plot to release these and other political prisoners, he was discharged by the Governors of the prison for refusing to swear to the identity of a prisoner who attempted to escape by jumping overboard. He left Liverpool for America in 1872, and worked in Yonkers under a street contractor that summer. Next he handled freight for Mr. Archer, contractor on the Erie piers in Jersey City, for one year. In 1873 he went West, and worked on the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railroad until a reduction of the men's wages induced him to head a strike which was unsuccessful. He returned to the Erie Railroad in 1875, and has since been employed there, part of the time as a checker, and at other times intrusted with the unlocking of cars, taking the seals, examining the contents, and reporting any deficiencies. Mr. Murphy is tall and robust, with a sharp black eye and dark moustache. A ready wit and an earnest address have made him a leader among his fellows. In the spring election in Hudson County, N. J., he was put forward as an independent candidate for Chosen Freeholder in the strongly Democratic Hoboken District, and was defeated. He has a wife and three children.

Patrick Joseph O'Sullivan, another member of the Joint Executive Committee from the Jersey City Union, is the son of a victualler and was born in Cork in 1845. At the age of seven he was taken to Nantes, in France, where his father had business. After a year there, six years in London, a year in Sligo, and a year in St. Malo, in Brittany, his father settled in London in business. The boy spent a couple of years in London schools, and then his father determined to educate him as a priest, and sent him to the College of St. Joseph, in Montiugon, in the Department of Allier, in France, where he remained for four years, mastering the French language and getting a knowledge of the classics. In 1865 he went to Dundalk, in the County of Louth, to perfect his English studies. In November of that year James Stephens escaped from Richmond prison, and, with his imagination fired with the news that a rising in behalf of his country's liberty was soon to start in Cork, young O'Sullivan set out for his native place with the purpose of doing his part for Ireland. Obtaining employment in the counting room of the Cork *Herald*, he remained there until the rising of 1867, in which he took an active part. After visiting his parents, in London, he met some of the leaders of the Fenian movement in Paris. He then returned to Cork and took passage for this country. He made about a year's stay here, and then returned to Cork, where he first got employment in a shipping agency, and next opened an office of his own. Owing to ill health he had to give up his business, and he became a French correspondent in a commercial house in Newport, Monmouthshire, England. An attack of rheumatism compelled him to resign this place also. In 1871, with a number of Irish youth, he joined what was called the Irish Ambulance Corps, and took part in the Franco-Prussian war, in which he was present at Rouen, Orleans, and Caen. Finding commercial business at a very low ebb upon his return to Cork, he once more emigrated to America, bringing with him his wife and children; and soon after his arrival he found employment on the Erie Railroad piers in Jersey City as a checker on west-bound freight. Mr. O'Sullivan is of spare build and medium height, light complexioned, with a pointed moustache, and has a long face, of a rather sombre cast. It is said that he is a good organizer.

John R. McNamara, President of the Freight Handlers' Union of Jersey City, was born in Clare County, Ireland, in 1843, and emigrated to this country in 1864. He worked as a freight handler for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad until 1869. He joined the Fenians at Elizabethport soon after his arrival in this country, and was enthusiastic and active in that cause. After a brief visit to Ireland in 1869, he returned, and went to work as a freight handler on the Erie piers in Jersey City. He has a wife and eight children. Mr. McNamara is a favorite with the men. He is one of themselves, plain, unassuming, and unambitious. He has a mild blue eye, brown hair and moustache, and the bold outlines of his face bespeak an earnest character.

Crops in Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, July 15.—The crop despatches from more than a hundred points show the outlook to be still favorable. The cool weather and light rains have been favorable to the growth of the wheat plant and have prevented a formidable development of insect enemies. There has been little appearance of rust, although the grain is in such a condition that a few hot days would induce the attack, since much rust set in lights. The estimates of the chief put were promise the largest crop in the history of the Northwest. Wheat in the southern counties is very headed out now. Corn is still backward at a unprecedented rate, but small grain is well headed out, and promises an average yield, and a largely increased aggregate yield on account of the increased acreage.

F. E. Pond Not Drowned.

MILWAUKEE, July 15.—The following telegram was received by Mr James Barker, General Manager of the Wisconsin Central Railway, this afternoon, from Stevens Point, Wis.:—"F. E. Pond of the New York *Turf, Field and Farm*, is alive and well at Abbotsford."

PUGILISM AS A LIVELIHOOD.

THE MEN WHO EARN THEIR DAILY BREAD WITH THEIR FISTS.

Revenues of a Successful or a Promising Prize Fighter—A Fairly Active Market for Muscle, Skill, and Fighting Blood—The Benefit Business—Salaried Boxers.

From the point of view common to very many respectable and excellent people, to whom a thump on the nose is a suggestion of horror, the pugilist is simply a dangerous and unpleasant cumberer of the ground. It is not generally affirmed that he is a pride of civilization, but that he is a more or less honest toiler for his bread and beer is a fact that may perhaps put him in a new and possibly a somewhat less offensive light. A reporter of THE SUN, curious as to the utilization of pugilism as a means of livelihood, has been interviewing a number of the persons best informed upon the subject, not only those who pride themselves upon being "toughs" and "bad men," but those who derive a profit from the contusions of others, as teachers, exhibitors, and full-fledged members of the P. R.

There are three places in New York where nightly there are exhibitions of sparring: Owney Geoghegan's, in the Bowery; Harry Hill's, at the corner of Crosby and Houston streets, and Ned Mallahan's Alhambra Theatre, in Twenty-seventh street, near Sixth avenue. The resort first named gets into the police reports occasionally. Jerseymen have a malevolent way of going there to get "slugged" and lose their money, with consequent earnest but unavailing complaints to the authorities, and with seeming purpose to bring discredit upon the establishment. Mr. Geoghegan—pronounced Gagan, with the first a very broad—keeps ordinarily about fifteen pugilists in stock, utilizing them as waiters when they are not bruising each other's countenances for the delectation of his patrons, and is credited with either importing or employing promptly when it imports itself—for, reasons best known to itself—a very considerable quantity of second, third, and fourth class English pugilistic talent. English, in this connection, is used in a broader sense than it would be about Wallack's Theatre, and is to be understood as including Irish. Furthermore, it does not absolutely exclude American competition. For their double service, as boxers and waiters, the most accomplished of Mr. Geoghegan's company are said to receive from $1.50 to $2.50 a day each. This does not exclude them from the benefit of such contributions as enthusiastic spectators may make when the hat is passed around by the victor in a lively set-to. The lesser lights of the arena, who have still reputations to make, get no pay, but are dependent upon the generosity of spectators.

When an aspirant to pugilistic honors feels that he is competent to do so, he is pretty certain to seek an engagement to spar at Harry Hill's or the Alhambra. The terms upon which he appears are wholly dependent upon what Hill or Mallahan may deem his "drawing" capacity, and may run all the way from a kindly opportunity to show himself at nothing a night up to $25 or $30 a week. In exceptional cases as much as $50 a week has been paid, but the recipient of such a salary as that has to "go on" for two bouts or "turns," as his performances are technically known, each evening or matinée. There is not so much of the definite salary system at Hill's as at the Alhambra. There the young pugilists, after sparring for many days, get a chance to spar in the "benefit." There are so many of them, and so many more who want to get reputations as wrestlers, that it is easy for Hill to fill his nightly programme at terms to suit himself. But up at the Alhambra the boxers are hired by the week, just as dancers are, or some other stage people, and their regular turns twice at each performance. As a rule, they are engaged in pairs, and the salary received by each couple is known to nobody but themselves and the manager. At the Alhambra there are no benefits, but there is nevertheless a good opportunity for the quickest and most expert sparrers to win much more than their salaries. There are a number of club men in New York who make a practice of visiting the Alhambra, picking out boxers who please them among the young men, and getting up matches between them, to be fought out in the afternoon—when there are no public performances by the variety company—with hard gloves, according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules. In this way a number of very lively set-to's have been brought about quietly, and without public knowledge. A match between two men of that sort was gotten up for a purse of $35, on another day for $25, and upon a third occasion for $50. The Racquet, Union League, Turf, and other clubs have been represented on these occasions, and very considerable sums of money have changed hands on the parties. As a matter of course, the stake money won was given to the successful pugilist, the winner asking no more from it than the return of his own investment.

The professional public boxers have still other means of livelihood. Among these means is known the art of "macing" or "striking" such rich men as have a simple-minded admiration for bruisers. A five or ten dollar note is not infrequently the reward of the enterprise of a low class pugilist who hangs to the skirts of the men who have seen his work on the stage. Sometimes it is given as a voluntary tribute to art, occasionally as a peace offering. Then again there is a certain class of saloons in which men with a little reputation as fighters can always get their drinks free, and sometimes a quarter or half dollar into the bargain, in consideration of their constant readiness to take off the proprietors' hands a fight with a rough customer. And as a third means of support outside of salary, there are certain glove fighters who, by reason of their supposed manliness and power to afford sport, find themselves in receipt of a regular income from unfortunate women.

There are, according to the estimate of one good authority, about thirty professional public boxers deserving of the name, who go about from one to another of the places above mentioned, and receive pay for public exhibitions of their skill in sparring. Another good authority places their number as high as fifty, but his estimate probably includes some whom the other authority would rule out and classify as "duffers." Then there are four or five women who in higher venues make a living by sparring in public in variety shows. As a rule they are variety performers who either dance or sing once in the course of an evening's entertainment, and put on the gloves for a single bout only. A club man is said to be backing, or ready to back, one of these women for $500 or less to whip any other woman in the United States or Canada, in a fair hard-glove fight. The salaries of the female boxers vary all the way from $20 to $50 per week.

Another class deriving a livelihood from pugilism are the teachers of it. There are fewer just now in New York than ordinarily, the regular professional teachers. When one has named the veteran Ben Van Slyck, the oldest teacher in the city; Prof. O'Neill, the tutor of the Racquet Club, and John Woods of the Twenty-eighth street gymnasium, about all of prominence outside the ranks of prize fighters have been mentioned. Col. Monterey is temporarily out of the business. McClellan has gone to keeping a down-town saloon. Ottignon is dead, and others have vanished mysteriously. Nearly all the prize fighters who have ever made any figure in the ring have set themselves up as instructors of private pupils, and charge according to their fame and what the pupils would stand. Regular teachers' prices are low. For a course of a dozen lessons, for instance, Van Slyck would charge $12 and either Woods or O'Neill $10. But the same course from Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, or other pugilist of established reputation, would cost anywhere from $25 to $100. Pugilists who have clear heads and good habits, when they have once gained standing, accumulate money pretty rapidly. Edwards and Chambers are probably among the richest. The installation of the pugilist's own a drinking saloon. The saloon is pretty certain to yield a good, steady income, for the presence of the proprietor is a magnet that draws the patronage of not only his brother head punchers, but of admiring young men who feel that it is a great thing to be familiar with a pugilist.

"A fighter," says Ned Mallahan, who has a record of his own in that line, "like a poet, is born, not made. A teacher may instruct a young fellow how to handle himself prettily with the gloves, but nature's inspiration is required to put the fire into him for a fight with the bare hands. So, when a tyro shows himself ambitious and looks game, he is cautiously tested as to his capabilities. Some of the hardest fights he will probably ever have to make will be fought for perhaps no more than a shilling, with some other beginner like himself. In England that sort of experimenting is done much more systematically and thoroughly than in this country, and a man there must have proven himself a good, stout-hearted fighter before he can get backed for £20. Here a lad who has sparred pretty well in Hill's or Mallahan's stages is likely at any time to find some young man of sporting proclivities who will put up a hundred dollars to see him do his best with the hard gloves. And just here it may be casually remarked that those gloves, instead of softening down a fight are worse than their bare knuckles, as they bind harder and more compactly together and permit the dealing of the severest kind of blows. Some of the matches that come off almost every week in secluded places about New York under the patronage of sporting club men are as hard and as dangerous to life and limb as any ring fights with bare hands."

The terms upon which men are backed for fights differ very much, but as a rule the battle money goes to the winner who reimburses from it his backer. The expenses of training for a fight are either met by the backer or provided for by subsidiary benefits. Sometimes both methods are worked, as Ryan worked them preparing for his mill with Sullivan, R. K. Fox paid his training expenses, but that did not prevent his getting together a very pretty pot of money by benefits in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans. The benefits enabled him to keep a secretary to conduct his correspondence. It was fortunate for Ryan that he got those benefits before the fight. In no field of endeavor does popularity fly from defeat more quickly than in the prize ring. The vanquished man has to go away back in his career and take a new start up the long hill, or abandon the profession altogether. But, for the victor, enthusiastic admirers who have won money by his prowess have large bank notes; for him the general public is eager to testify its admiration by rushing to his benefits, picnics, and exhibitions; for him circus managers vie with each other in tempting offers of engagement. Mace and Coburn have been paid as much as $300 a week each for travelling with a circus and sparring in the ring at each performance. And if he does not choose to travel, scores of pupils eagerly offer themselves and gladly pay fancy prices for the privilege of being thumped about by him. If they are rich fellows, who are likely to be serviceable some day as backers, he will probably handle them as considerately and well as he knows how; but if he sees fit to set them down as greenhorns, the chances are that he will knock them out so effectually on the first or second lesson that they will not trouble him to finish the course for which he is paid in advance. At best, it is an open question whether the teaching of professional prize fighters is advantageous. They are generally vicious slugging, and do well to finish off for practical service the instruction in soft-glove boxing given by a regular teacher, but as a rule are not good trainers for beginners.

No estimate can be formed of the average income of prize fighters. Not only do each one's receipts differ from those of others, according to his luck, opportunities, and skill, but no two years are likely to be nearly alike. A man may win on a fight, say, $1,000, get $500 more in presents from admirers, and get $5,000 more by exhibitions, all in a single year—and these are exceptionally high figures—but then two or three years more may elapse before he makes another such hit. Taken as a whole, it cannot be said that prize fighting offers such pecuniary inducements as are likely to tempt lawyers, doctors, and merchants to embrace it as a pursuit, but, even in the humblest byways of the profession, its gains are generally sufficient to afford its followers the means of livelihood.

THE LARGEST PADDLEWHEEL BOAT.

Unsuccessful Attempt to Launch the Pilgrim, a New Boat for the Fall River Line.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The launch of the Pilgrim, the largest iron side-wheel steamer ever built, which was just finished at the shipyard of John Roach & Son at Chester, came to a most unexpected termination yesterday. Thousands of people had gathered to witness the event. Miss Pierce, the daughter of the Superintendent of the Fall River line, was at her place in the bow, with the conventional bottle of wine, and a few minutes before 11 o'clock the signal was given to knock away the props. As the noble steamer began her short trip to the water the crowd on board and on shore cheered enthusiastically, and Miss Pierce raised the bottle all ready for the christening. But, after moving easily and gracefully some ninety feet, the Pilgrim came to a sudden stop, to the dismay of all. Every effort was made to start her again. Three snorting tugs combined their strength to draw the great vessel down the ways by means of hawsers, but all their efforts were unavailing. An examination as to the cause of the trouble showed that the fierce rays of the sun and the great weight of the vessel had caused the tallow, with which the ways are greased, to melt and take fire, and the friction was too great to be overcome. The disappointed spectators dispersed, and efforts were begun to see what could be done to start the big hulk again. It is said that the expense of getting her down to the water will be very considerable. The Pilgrim is intended to run between New York and Fall River, and, like all the Sound steamers, has been built with a view to both great speed and large accommodations. She is 400 feet long over all, and the width of beam over guards is 88½ feet. The depth of hold is 17½ feet, and the tonnage is 3,660 tons. The passenger capacity will be larger than that of any other steamer of the Fall River line. One of the peculiarities of the Pilgrim is that she has two complete iron hulls, one outside the other, and there are eighty-four water-tight compartments. There are three decks and 253 state rooms, with accommodations for 600 passengers.

The engine, which is being built at the Morgan Iron Works in New York by John Roach & Sons, is the largest that has ever been built. It is intended to develop 6,000 horse power, with a capacity of 8,000 if necessary, which is more than has ever been obtained from a single cylinder. The shafts will be the largest ever forged, being forty feet long and weighing forty-two tons each. Their material was selected with great care, and consists of horseshoes, washers, and boiler plate cut small. The cylinder is perfectly enormous, being 110 inches in diameter, and with a stroke of fourteen feet. The piston rod is a foot in diameter. Twelve steel boilers, arranged in sets of four each, furnish the motive power, and are of a very peculiar pattern, but one which has been found valuable.

The entire cost of the Pilgrim, when finished, will be about $1,000,000, of which $700,000 is estimated to be the value of the material in its crude state. Every precaution has been taken against a possible fire and in case of an accident while at sea, due to speed, she is expected to reach twenty miles an hour. The Pilgrim was begun in March, 1881, and it is not expected that she will be finished before March, 1883. The furnishings will be of the most elegant and substantial kind, and it is intended to make the vessel the pride of any route she may land. After the Pilgrim has been finally got into the water she will be taken to New York, where the finishing touches will be given.

ELOPING ON A YACHT.

A Maryland Romance of Love, Marriage, Chase, and Capture.

From the Baltimore American.

The news of an elopement, capture, arrest, and separation comes all in a lump from the green fields of Harford county, with an aroma of freshness about it which makes it all the more delightful. Miss Mary was a sailor bold, and his big boat had been an empty thing for the longest kind of a time until he chanced to meet Miss May Whitton. Gantt had charge of a summer sailing vessel, and Miss May was of the kind which he admired to front of the house at Cedar Grove, where dwelt May Whitton with her father. The tender hearted Miss May was of the opinion that Gantt was a good fellow for board, and his request was granted. Then he began his love-making. Sitting opposite Miss May at the table, little could the unsuspicious father see the exchange glances full of meaning. Moses told the young girl a cottage for two and of all the pleasure they would have together when she became his wife. She believed his story, fell in love with the sailor, and promised to go with him, take her where he would.

So one day last week she went with him and pulling up the stakes in a little creek, they stole down the river, thinking only of love and where their breakfast was coming from. Moses Lochmyer anchored his craft about eight miles from the home of Mr. Whitton, but did not remain long, which he heard that Mr. Whitton and his son were in hot pursuit, vowing vengeance upon him for carrying off the girl. To set quickly was his only hope. So across the river he sailed, to Kent county, landed up in a magistrate, and in less than fifteen minutes Miss May Whitton was pronounced Mrs. Moses Gantt, with all the rights and titles thereto attaching. In Kent they stayed just a short time, and returned to Harford the night best to elude capture. But, alas for their love, they were caught Sunday morning at a house on the Philadelphia pike, near Hanway's store, about four miles from Magnolia. The young couple should have been there and started out bright and early in the morning with two wagon loads of deputy sheriffs. They surrounded the house. Gantt made a break for the woods but the officers fired several rounds at him and he came to a halt. He is now in jail at Belair and his love story stops here. The girl is a minor.

He Didn't Know Him.

From the Weekly Review.

At a station on one of the railroads leading out of Boston the train had arrived and departed the other day, when the station agent, who had been absent about three weeks and was looking for a call every hour to come to Detroit and take charge of the line, was approached by a quick, well dressed man, smoking a cigar, who asked:

"Keep you pretty busy here?"

"Yum." was the jerky reply.

"Business on the increase?"

"Yum," again.

"Do you run this station?" asked the quiet man, after a pause.

"Nobody else runs it," growled the agent. "Have you got a patent car coupler?"

"Oh, no."

"I was going to tell you to go to thunder with it if you had. Want special freight rates, I suppose?"

"No, sir."

"Edison, give any passes."

"I don't want any."

"Waiting for the next train?"

"Not particularly."

"Want to charter a car?"

"No."

The agent left him on the platform, and entered his office and locked himself in. Half an hour, when the quiet man looked in on him and asked:

"What's the salary of a position like this?"

"That's my business," was the prompt reply.

"What's the income from this station?"

"Ask the baggageman."

"Your name is ——, isn't it?"

"Suppose it is?"

"Oh, nothing much—only I'm the General Manager of the line, and I'd like to exchange cards with you."

The Zulu King Coming to England.

From the London Times

Cetywayo will arrive in England on August 1st. He will be accompanied by three native chiefs, and conducted to London by Mr. Shepstone, who, with Colonel Spalding, Shepstone, The Colonial Office will delegate an official for the guidance of the ex King during his stay in England. It is expected that her Majesty will give Cetywayo an audience, and for this purpose he will visit Osborne. His stay will not extend longer than September, as after that time it is thought the English climate would prove injurious to him.

From the London Daily News.

The Union Steamship Company have made arrangements for the conveyance to England of Cetywayo and his party by their steamer the Arab, which will leave Cape Town on the 12th inst. The Arab will call at Madeira about the 26th inst., and is expected to arrive at Plymouth about Aug. 1, proceeding thence to Southampton.

Revealed by a Dream.

From the Denver Tribune.

The body of the young man named Cicero Dixon, son of a guard at the prison, who fell into the Arkansas River below the Grand Canon, and was drowned about a week ago, was found to-day in the river opposite this city. Last night a Mexican named Sanchez dreamed he saw the body in a certain place in the river. He started out to find it, and, on his way, was accosted by the City Marshal, who asked him if he was not going to work. The Mexican told the dream he had, and said he was going to find the body. The Marshal tried to laugh him out of it, but the Mexican went his way, and, in a short time, returned as pale as a ghost, and said he had found the body in the place he saw it in his sleep. The circumstance is well authenticated, and is fully credited here.

HUNTING THE SWORDFISH.

AN EXCITING DAY'S CRUISE OFF THE ROCKY COAST OF MAINE.

A Green Hand's Luck with the Harpoon—The Fish's Struggle for Life—Sailors' Stories of Swordfish—Catching a Huge Sunfish.

OGUNQUIT, Me., July 11.—"Port," sang out a blue-shirted man astride of the crosstrees of a trim schooner hailing from the port of Biddeford. The vessel fell away a point or more. Another hand nimbly ran out upon the bowsprit, grains in hand, and took his place in an iron rest or stanchion put there for the purpose. "Luff," came softly from the headman again. In a moment more the harpooner raised his hand in token that he had placed the fish, and soon all hands were watching with greater or less interest the glistening dorsal fin of a swordfish as it moved slowly along upon the surface several hundred yards away. The lookout now signalled to the helmsman by hand, and, again luffing, the schooner slowly gained on the luckless fish.

"What is the fish worth, Captain?" asked one of a party of New Yorkers who had shipped for the day.

"Wall," replied the skipper, "I calculate he'd bring eight dollars as near as I kin make out," shading his eyes and looking at the chase; "but they're dretful unsartin, dretful."

"Well," said the reporter, "I want to harpoon that fellow, and if I miss I'll pay the eight dollars. That's fair."

"Sartin, sartin," rejoined the skipper, and singing out to the harpooner, "Yere, yaou John, let this gentleman heft that iron."

Thus commissioned, the green hand took the iron and accepted the place of honor in the iron rest far out over the cutwater. To the iron was attached a long rope that led aboard, where it was coiled up and fastened to a barrel which could be thrown overboard if the fish proved too unruly. By this time the fish could be plainly seen, so that the helmsman was following it himself. Gradually they grew nearer until about twenty feet to the leeward. The harpooner steadied himself, the skipper waved his big hand, and the schooner shot into the wind, bringing the fish across the bows.

"Strike!" yelled the skipper, seeing the novice hesitate, perhaps with a symptom of buck fever, and down went the harpoon. The water caught by the fish's tail covered the striker, who slipped, but caught in the jib down haul, and was jerked aboard by his laughing friends, who were leaping about in a fantastic dance endeavoring to keep clear of the line that was rushing out, making music for all hands.

"Stand clear of the keg," shouted the mate, as the rope neared the end of the coil. A second later the end came, and with a leap overboard went the keg, to rush away for a mile or so and effectually wear out the gassy monster.

"That was a good one," said the skipper after the schooner had taken her bearings, for the keg was a quarter of a mile away. "The first time I struck a fish I didn't fare so well. We fished down South off the Cape then, and when I struck the line got foul of my leg, and over I went, and I believe I must have been towed ten or twelve fathoms under water afore I got clear. Then they lost sight of me, and thought I was gone. There was a heavy sea on, and I swam until a schooner picked me up; and when I walked aboard that night at Wood's Hole you'd ha' thought I was a ghost. They'd all given me up. But that wasn't nothing to Daniel Perkins' experience. His vessel, a big coaster, was off Salem last summer, bound down East, when a swordfish half twice as big took 'em and laid the schooner on her beam ends, and in ten minutes she was down in the conscience knows how much water. Daniel was the only man that could swim, and while the rest clung on to the planks that floated he struck out for Marblehead, miles away, for help. While she was a goin' down he had just time to throw off his oilskins. Wall, to make a long story short, he swam two hours toward shore in the dark and a heavy sea, and finally caught sight of a ship's lights to southward. He swam for her, and just made out to head her off, and, having been seen, she hove to and lowered a boat. The Captain said he never saw a man git into a boat quite so lively as 'Squire Perkins did. He told them where the rest were, and they picked the crew up an hour later, and saved 'em all, with the exception of one poor fellow that went down at first."

"Starboard," now came from the lookout, and the schooner rushed up into the wind; the booms created a movement, the white sails flapped, and the sword fisherman fell off and headed down another fish. The skipper swung into the rigging, and, gaining a look ahead, sang out:

"What's the matter with ye up there? Can't ye tell a sunfish when ye see it?"

To the novice the great fin that was lazily flapping about the surface seemed that of a swordfish, but as the schooner sailed by the creature was seen to be an oval fish, six or seven feet high, with a large fin at the top and bottom. Some one expressing a wish to catch it, the schooner was hove to and the dory brought alongside.

"There is only one way to catch a sunfish," said the Captain, "and that is to gaff it in the eye or mouth. You can't put a harpoon through its hide; it's as tough as leather."

The gaff, that resembled an overgrown boat-hook, was produced, and the dory shoved off. The sunfish paid not the slightest attention, but wallowed about, sometimes on one side and sometimes upright, and not until the gaff had been jerked into its small mouth did it attempt to get away. But then it made up for lost time. The great fish trailed sight for the frail dory. The boys clung to the windward; the painter was caught about the fish, which, after a short struggle, was brought alongside and hoisted aboard the