# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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### A BRIDE OF A YEAR.

She is white and slender and fair,
Her eyes are aflame with desire,
Bright with lustre of youth is her hair,
She is dew, she is starlight and fire.

Thou birch tree swayed by the wind!
More gently swayed is her form.
For a breath can move her or bind,
And his love is her sunlight and storm.

Her life is a vision, a dream,
Where she sitteth apart with her joy;
Adown the day's measureless stream
She floateth where naught can annoy.

Her smile is the smile of the morn,
Her beauty the coolness of eve;
O morning, art ever forlorn!
Why, spirits of evening, dost grieve!
—Scribner's Magazine.

## JUDGE JERE BLACK.

### A Loving Daughter's Memories of a Lovable Father.

From a new book entitled "Reminiscences of Jeremiah Sullivan Black," written by his daughter, Mrs. Mary Black Clayton, the Pittsburg *Post*, a few days ago, made several axtracts, most of which are herewith reproduced.

The great-grandfather of Judge Black, with two brothers, landed in Philadelphia from Ireland in 1830. This was John Black. In 1770 his son James left the old folks in Adams county and settled in Somerset county, at what afterward came to be known as Stony Creek Farm. Here, in 1783, was born Henry Black. In 1809 he married Mary Sullivan, and the following year, on January 10, 1810, of these two Jeremiah Sullivan Black was born on the Stony Creek Farm. Irish-American on his father's side and Irish-German on his mother's. The other children were James and Mary Anne; the former, considered a brilliant lad, was drowned in the Allegheny river at Pittsburg when he was 19. The sister "was an omniverous reader and full of genial wit." Mrs. Clayton says: "The mother of these three unusual children was a very strong character herself, of Irish and German descent. It was from her that her children inherited their wit and delightful contagious laugh." Henry Black, the father, was more than an ordinary man. He was pre-eminently a good citizen, of solid judgment and wide influence. He was a Whig in politics, and was elected several times to the Legislature. Shortly before his death he was elected to Congress. The Democrats had determined to nominate his son, and the Whig conferees, judging rightly that he would not go into a race against his father, chose Henry Black as their candidate and elected him. This was in the log cabin and hard-cider campaign of 1840. Before he had finished his first Congressional term, on the 28th of November, 1841, Henry Black was found dead in his bed at Stony Creek.

JERE BLACK'S BOYHOOD.

"At the age of 12," says Judge Black in his never completed autobiography, "I began to feel some ambition to outstrip my fellows at school at the Somerset Academy." Soon after he went to Bridgeport, opposite Brownsville, and lived with his uncle, David Black, for several years, and finished that very small share of education which he got from the schools. He left school full of the Latin classics, with fair mathematics and well read in physiology and the natural sciences. The busy bee which "gathers honey from every opening flower" was no more diligent than he was in acquiring knowledge. From the time he could talk well enough to ask questions to the day of his death no human being who knew anything parted from him without having given him of his knowledge. One reason why he was considered such a delightful companion was that he understood the art of getting people to talk on the subject with which they were better acquainted, and then their information was labeled and stored in that brain ...hich never forgot. No wonder that ...ecialists with whom he talked in his ...ter years thought that he should have ...e into their line instead of wasting ...self in any other. If he called in a ...sician the doctor generally found ... the patient knew almost as much ... the human frame and its diseases ...did, and the man who came to cure ...lly stayed to talk—to the disappointment, if not to the injury, of his ...tients. When he was on the Supreme ...ench of Pennsylvania a friend ... to see the Philadelphia markets. ... the friend's butcher said: "Ex...r, but was not that gentleman ... yesterday a butcher?" "No; ... Justice of Pennsylvania." "I ... was a butcher, he knew so much ... the business."

STUDENT-AT-LAW.

For ...ears before he was 17 the though... ...e Black's mind was that he was ... doctor, but his father very wisely d... ...gree to this, and when he was 17, ...d 6 months old placed him in C... Forward's law office in Somerset. ...is autobiography, writing of this ...he says: "Behold me now beginn... be a student of the law, a big, ...d, overgrown boy, as little like...y, ... appearance, to be a member of a ...d profession as any one you wou... ...t—bashful besides, and blushing ... consciousness of my own defects. ... of my mental p... ...derstand the state ... ...ion for the enterprise. Beyond ... have described as ...y attainment i... ...ture and science ... had read and ... ...ered everything ... my father's lib... ...hich consisted of ... story and theolo... ...nly, and some ... y serious poe... ...h as Young's ...ht Thoughts. I ... ...hamed to acknowledge that H... Meditations ... me delight. I h... ...ed the whole ..., and thought ... versed in its ...ical parts very ... I was not ... ignorant of th... I had come ... the trial of the ... —the copy ... now have—an ... with the ... interest all the ...es and all ... the ...nal proceedings ...ll as the ... This happen... ...n I was ... ° ° ° I co... ...hat my ... within me wh... ...oked at ... ...ue of books and ... many ... abstruse learn... ...requir... up a lawyer. I ... know ... general pirnci... how ...s could be solve... ...e applicatio... ...ndamental ma... ...hatever hop... ...d of mastering ... ...nce even to a... extent, lay i... ...fact that othe... succeeded in ... ...so; life was b... ...me wherein to ... ...nd labor cinc...ia. Mr. Forwa... ...w

that I needed encouragement, and he intended to give it, but his earliest lectures and conversations depressed me still more by the vastness of the knowledge which he himself possessed. He seemed to be talking to me from a height so great and inaccessible that I could never reach it. I made slow progress, but I made some.

"It happened that I never looked into Shakespeare till the second year of my study of the law. Then I read and reread all of the plays until I became familiar with them. It was to me almost a new world. I knew them all so perfectly that I have not since read them. Milton disappointed me at first, but 'Paradise Lost' took me like Niagara did. It gradually filled me with a sense of its awful grandeur. Generally literature took me off from my studies a good deal and gave me some distaste for Blackstone and Coke, Starkia and Chitty.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR.

"Before I was 20 I reluctantly yielded to Mr. Forward's urgent demands, stood my examination, and was admitted, with diverse congratulations and compliments which I did not deserve. Mr. Forward was a member of Congress, and immediately after my admission went to Washington for the winter, advertising his business into my hands. You are naturally curious to know how I looked. I can give you no precise idea, but I must have been very ungainly. My associates did not venture any remarks to me on such a subject, but later in life many of them said that while I was a student I seemed to them most awkward and unpromising. When a half-grown boy I boarded at Captain Webster's, whose wife watched me with much interest. One evening she sat knitting at the fireplace while I was opposite to her, absorbed in the study of my lessons. After giving me a long look she said with a sigh: 'Well, Jere, you may be a very good man some day; I hope you will be; but, bless my soul, you never will be handsome!' You are not to suppose from this that I was like Anderson's ugly duck, a swan out of place. When admitted to practice I was what I seemed, utterly unfit for the business I had undertaken to live by; and, what was worse, I knew it and had a full sense of my deficiencies. Yet certain extraneous circumstances gave me a full practice at the very beginning. I have already said that Mr. Forward left his business in my hands. My father was popular, and his friends thought it their duty to patronize me. Besides, I had been deputy sheriff and ran that office entirely alone, whereby I made some progress in public confidence on my own account. In addition to this I was prosecuting attorney, which brought me into general notice.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

The Somerset Bar at that time was a very strong one, and Judge Black gives an account of his leading competitors, half a dozen of whom achieved great reputation in public life. These were Chauncey Forward (a brother of Walter Forward, of national repute,) Charles Ogle, otherwise "Spoon" Ogle, who, Judge Black says, "was beyond all comparison the greatest political orator of his day and generation;" Joseph Williams, afterward Chief Justice of Iowa, of whom this is narrated:

The next person mentioned as a rival at the Somerset Bar is Joseph Williams, afterward Chief Justice of Iowa. Many years after they had lived together in Somerset he called on the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania at a New York hotel. Not finding him in he left on his table the following:

"Salutation of the Chief Justice of Iowa to the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

"Oh, Jere, dear Jere, I have found you at last,
Now memory, burdened with scenes of the past,
Restores me to Somerset's mountains of snow,
When you were but Jere, and I was but Joe."

He is thus described in the autobiography, "Joseph Williams had all the versatile accomplishments of the Earl of Peterboro—

"'In one revolving man
Was statesman, fiddler, soldier and buffoon.'

"But he was a practicing lawyer whose ready tact was very dangerous to an opponent, and he was well up in the books. After he left Somerset he became Chief Justice of Iowa, and later he was a federal Judge in Kansas. He never got over his fondness for fun, but he performed his judicial duties worthily and well, for he was a sincere lover of justice."

There were other and minor men mentioned as contestants in the legal arena. Judge Black says:

"These are the men whose competition I had to face; my seniors and superiors in everything that make practical power.

"How, under the circumstances, I kept along with a full practice and fair success is a little mysterious. But I did not fail; I was not run over; I committed no disgraceful blunders. I was diligent; I persevered; I improved; I conscientiously refused all assistance to dishonest claims or false defenses; I earned a character which gave me influence with Court and jury, and my clients took my advice with implicit confidence. At the age of 26 years most of my seniors had wholly or partially disappeared from the stage, and I began to have some reputation in other parts of the State."

JUDGE BLACK'S LOVE STORY.

There were other than legal and business associations that attached young Black to the Forward family. Chauncey Forward was a most fascinating man; brilliant and instructive in conversation, polished, kindly and gentle in manner, handsome and refined in appearance. Young Black became a frequent visitor to the Forward mansion. Mrs. Clayton tells the sequel in this pretty way:

"There were eight little Forwards. The oldest was a daughter and her name was Mary. When Mr. Black, as he was always called in the Forward family, first knew them Mary was a pretty child, to whom he used to take little presents and notice from his lofty height of nine years seniority. He observed that she was a womanly little thing, the model eldest daughter in a family of very moderate means and numerous "olive branches." After a time she went to boarding-school at Cumberland, Md. When she returned Mr. Black discovered that she had blossomed into a very lovely young woman. She had changed very much, and had taken on a certain dignity which from that day to this has never deserted her. There was no more petting at that time from Mr. Black. His manner was different. His visits to the Forward mansion became more than ever interesting. She still thought he came solely to hold intellectual communication with her father, and as they walked the floor and talked of every subject between heaven and earth she sat and listened and learned and admired them both. In the course of time, however, he began to go there on Sunday mornings, when Mary thought he might have known that both her parents had gone to church and left her at home to look after the seven little other Forwards. Very often he brought a book with him and read it to her, or took one from the shelves and discussed it with her, their enjoyment being a little marred by the clamorous wants of the seven. Gradually he came to realize that his life could not be whole without the companionship of the gentle and appreciative Mary. She understood and recognized his genius and had unbounded faith that a great future was before him and in him and entered upon her partnership with a devotion that grew and strengthened until the sad 19th of August, 1883. Mr. and Mrs. Forward already loved and respected him, and it seemed to them no unnatural thing that their daughter should one day marry him, although she was little more than a child at the time of her engagement—only 16.

The marriage was a sad one. The mother of Mary Forward died three weeks before it was solemnized, in March, 1836. Passing by the years of Judge Black's active professional career in Somerset and other western counties; the happy home and happy family ties that came to him in that charming mountain town; his services as Judge of the Somerset district, we come to the period of his recognition as one of the foremost men in the Democratic party of the State. Says Mrs. Clayton:

"In 1853 he was nominated by the Democratic State Convention for Judge of the Supreme Court, and was elected by a larger majority than any man running on the same ticket. Gibson, Lewis, Lowry and Coulter were elected at the same time. They drew lots for length of terms with the understanding that the Justice drawing the fewest years was to be chief of the Bench during the term. Judge Black wrote home on the subject of the lottery thus:

"My OWN MARY: We drew yesterday, and the result is as follows: Black, 3 years; Lewis, 6 years; Gibson, 9 years; Lowrie, 12 years; Coulter, 15 years. So you see your husband is to be Chief Justice. I don't like it. This whole business has been like our old woman's soap; 'somehow I have no luck with it.'"

He says, in the little autobiography before quoted: "The political reasons for nominating me as Judge of the Supreme Court when the elective system went into operation, if not good, were at least sufficient in the eyes of the Democracy. There were four other candidates on the same ticket with me, and five nominated by the Whigs. Of the whole ten Mr. Meredith was without doubt the greatest and most distinguished man. Yet when the poll came he received the lowest vote, while I got the highest. This shows how fallible a test the popular judgment is on the merits of a candidate for judicial office.

RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS.

In 1854, the Know-Nothing year, he was re-elected for a term of fifteen years.

Considering the political conditions of the time, Judge Black says this re-election gave him more satisfaction than any event of his political career. But we only concern ourselves with the home or inner life of the man in this notice. He had devoted much time and study to religion. Mrs. Clayton writes:

He had read many books on both sides. In his youth he had been beset with those doubts which have darkened the lives of so many. In the sad hours following his father's death he began to think about Christianity—not only as a fascinating subject for abstract speculation but as to the personal position he ought to take in regard to it. He had a great admiration, friendship and veneration for Alexander Campbell, whom he had often heard preach in Somerset, and whose delightful companionship he had enjoyed at his own house and at Chauncey Forward's. He decided to go to him at Bethany, in Virginia, and talk with him on the subject which was oppressing him. One morning in May, 1843, he ordered his carriage and horses, put his wife, baby and nurse in it, took the lines himself and called for his dear friend, Mrs. Emily Ogle, the widow of the Chas. Ogle before spoken of. This party drove over the Allegheny mountains to Pittsburgh, and thence to Bethany. Judge Black was always a reckless driver, and upset his precious Mary and her young ones many a time, and on this occasion he paid much more attention to the conversation, both serious and brilliant, which was carried on in the carriage than he did to the road. But although they had narrow escapes, they reached Bethany with no bones broken, and were enthusiastically welcomed by the Campbells.

There they tarried for some days, while the two great men exchanged thought. The result was that Jeremiah S. Black, in his mental and physical prime, after much study of the most important subject in the world, acknowledged that the Bible was the inspired word of God, from Genesis to Revelation and decided that he would yield himself, body and soul, to its requirements. He was therefore baptized in the little stream at Bethany by Alexander Campbell. Mrs. Ogle remarked that she had never seen at a baptism so much submission expressed in the countenance of a convert. Soon after the little party went on their happy way homeward. Ever after when asked what church he belonged to, he answered: "To the sect first called Christians at Antioch."

AS ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Judge Black only left his Somerset home on his appointment as Attorney General under President Buchanan in March, 1857. He never again dwelt among the scenes of his birth, boyhood, and early success. He went often back to the home farms, though both had passed into the hands of strangers. Passing by the stormy administration of President Buchanan, in which he bore so patriotic a part, in the spring of 1861, taking up his residence in the town of York, he resumed the practice of his profession and speedily gained great success and fame. In one case, that of the new Almaden mine, he got a fee of $125,000. This shower of fortune's favor would have made anybody else enormously rich, but he never made a written bargain for fees. He was importuned by Republicans during the war period to come over to the majority and not waste his splendid talents in the minority. Congressman Scofield, of this State, approached him in this way, and Mrs. Clayton tells the story:

Mr. Scofield—"Judge, you had better come over to us. We would do handsomely by you."

Judge Black—"I have thought about it sometimes, Mr. Scofield, but there is one obstacle in the way."

Mr. Scofield, eagerly—"Ah, Judge, what can that be? Is it a serious one? Can't something be done to remove it? You are too great—"

Judge Black, impatiently—"Yes, sir: a serious one. A very serious one. *"I believe in a hell."*

This was not said altogether in jest. Judge Black's political convictions and affiliations were a matter of conscience with him.

Some one met him pacing up and down the corridor of the Ebbitt House, in Washington one day. The gentleman said:

"Judge, is it true that President Grant has signified his intention of nominating you for Chief Justice in case Mr. Cushing is rejected?"

Judge Black replied very deliberately: "The President has tendered to me, and I have accepted, the highest and most honorable position which can be held under his administration—"

Here the man waited expectant.

"The proud position of a private citizen," pursued the Judge, imperturbably.

DEAR BROCKIE.

He purchased about 200 acres of land two miles south of York, and established himself at "Brockie," which was his home for nearly twenty years, and until his death. He expended an immense amount of money in improving the place. The congenial employment of cultivating and beautifying Brockie was to him a labor of love, and relaxation from legal studies and work. He took immense pride in his crops, and pondered long and deeply on the needs of every field. His professional duties carried him to every part of the Union, and in 1880 he and his wife and granddaughter sailed for Europe and remained there until the following August. He returned to find two of his closest and most intimate friends rival candidates for the Presidency, General Hancock and Mr. Garfield. On March 9, 1883, he made his last public appearance at Harrisburg in that splendid and conclusive argument on railroad discrimination, addressed to the Pennsylvania Legislature. It is appended to Mrs. Clayton's reminiscences as probably the grandest effort of his life. But the time had come when he was to be called to render an account of his stewardship.

THE CLOSING SCENES.

We quote the closing scenes so simply and eloquently narrated by Mrs. Clayton:

He was back at Brockie very early in the spring, to watch the great spectacle of awakening nature. He saw the first tender green which spread itself over the distant trees along the beautiful Codorus valley like a gauze veil. He superintended the sowing of those crops which he was never to see garnered.

In a letter to a distant member of his family, dated June 2, 1883, he says:

"There never was such a glorious looking place as Brockie is just now. The woods are a deeper green than you ever saw them. The grass is richer. Every tree is loaded with fruit. You may well say that it is 'fine stand of clover,' for it is very tall, and there is as much of it as the ground gives room for. The wheat promises the best crop we have ever had. The broad expanse of oats fills the eye with delight. The corn fields vex me, because the wet weather retards the cultivation of them. The garden is wonderfully fine.

"The bull that Mr. Tilden gave me is a perfect beauty. The cow got her horn torn off. The old Dick horse is as much of a fraud as ever. Dan and Tom are sleek and fat. I made nothing out of my bullocks except an enormous pile of manure, which is telling in its effects all over the farm."

To the same person he wrote on the 7th of August: "I never felt better in my life, inside and out, than I do today."

On the evening of the 11th of the same month he sat in his library, as usual, long after the rest of the household slept.

Upon his table lay a few pages of manuscript in pencil, the beginning of his reply to an assault upon him by Jefferson Davis.

It was not upon this task, however, that he was engaged on the night before he was fatally stricken. He had just received the "Life of Buchanan," by George Ticknor Curtis. He tore the leaves eagerly and recklessly apart with his fingers, as was his way with a book of which he was anxious to get at the contents—not at the place where he would have found his own name on the page, but at the chapter which set forth the religious experience and death of his old friend.

Before dawn he was ill, and felt that his own days were numbered.

Why dwell on the harrowing days of that awful week? Those who have followed the story of his life will believe that he felt no faint-heartedness when he came to die. In his sick room raged a battle for life in which his physicians fought manfully and the patient submitted heroically but hopelessly to all the tortures decreed by them.

A calm, courageous, trusting soul was going out to meet its Maker, prepared to render an account of the deeds done in the body. He said:

"Why should I fear to cross the dark river when my Father waits on the other side?" and then went on to speak with as much composure of his departure as if he were about to start on a journey of which he knew every foot of the way. Once only his mind reverted to his own fair fields, and he asked his wife to go to the window and tell him if they looked green.

While he still had strength and consciousness, two days before the end came he uttered this prayer:

"O Thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being and in whom I have ever trusted, grant, if it is Thy will, that I no longer suffer this agony, and that I speedily be called home to Thee. And, O God, bless and comfort this my Mary.

He died on Sunday morning, at ten minutes past two o'clock, August 19, 1883.

At his funeral there was a great outpouring of the people of his town and county, who followed his body through the town to the cemetery, which is situated on a hill opposite his home. Its marble monuments can be seen gleaming among the trees from his own porch.

It is said that Brockie never looked so beautiful as it did on the evening of the 21st of August, 1883, when, about sunset, its master passed through its gates for the last time.

## A BATTLE FOR BLOOD.

### Carney And McAuliffe Fight Nearly Five Hours.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—The Carney McAuliffe fight was planned to take place at 8 o'clock last evening at a surburban resort, about 10 miles from Boston. The chase of outside sporting men was so close that the men and their backers were unable to shake them off, and it became necessary to postpone the fight until several hours latter. The preparations for the fight after the first failure to bring the men together were managed skilfully and quietly until within a day or two. During the last 48 hours the friends of the two men talked too much. Every sporting man knew that 8 o'clock was the hour selected for the call of time, and that the fight would occur within a few miles of Boston.

The subterfuges to which they resorted in order to get out of town unobserved were clever and original. The two principals who had been keeping in strict seclusion for 24 hours, got away successfully at 2 P. M. Captain Cook went with Carney and Kennedy with McAuliffe. The twenty purse-makers slid out alone or in couples just after dark, and by various private conveyances.

The men had weighed in at noon yesterday at South Framingham in the presence of Referee Frank Stevenson, Jack Dempsey, Patsy Sheppard, Jimmy Wakely and a few others. Both men scaled within the limit.

The men left South Framingham at about 7 o'clock, and were soon at the rendezvous. Carney was accompanied by Pasty Sheppard and "Bobby" Clark. He was the picture of health, and expressed himself very confident and longing for a chance to get at McAuliffe. Mac expressed a similar desire, and the prospects were that the battle would be a desperate one. When the fighters arrived at the place first selected, it was found that the crowd was there in advance. The fight took place five miles from a telegraph station. Carney's expressed determination was to make the battle a long, desperate and murderous onslaught on the Williamsburger. He carried out his intention.

Arrangements were made to have the battle in a barn attached to the Atlantic Hotel at Revere Beach, and from the first the battle was terrific. Carney showed perfect command of his "mawlers" and early in the fight got first blood. McAuliffe justified the hopes of his friends and from the start fought honestly and well. McAuliffe won the choice of corners and the men appeared in ring costume. Both wore knee breeches, stockings and low shoes. Skin-tight gloves were then adjusted, Carney's having the fingers cut off about the knuckles. The limit of weight was 133 pounds, Carney weighed just 128 pounds and McAuliffe 130½. Bets were made just before the battle commenced of $500 to $450 in favor of Carney.

In the first round McAuliffe planted a blow under Carney's ear, the round going all in McAuliffe's favor. He fairly rained blows upon Craney's eyes, jaws and ribs, and the Britton seemed to have become very angry but recovering himself used more cautious tactics. At this point odds of 2 to 1 were offered on McAuliffe, who had so for shown himself to be in as prime condition as his antagonist, notwithstanding his recent illness. Carney, becoming desperate when the twelfth round opened, made a savage rush at McAuliffe, who met it with a hard blow on the right eye and followed with a terrific right hander on the bridge of Carney's nose, which split that organ open and caused the blood to fly. A claim of first blood for McAuliffe was then allowed.

The fighting after this was heavy and both men were badly punished. At the end of the twenty-fifth round McAuliffe appeared somewhat winded and Carney's friends claimed the fight, which was not allowed. From the twenty-fifth to the forty-second round, Carney had something of the best of it. In the sixty-second round McAuliffe's left ear was cut open. The sixty-second round was marked by terrific exchanges of blows and both fought like demons and stood the punishment like men of iron. In the sixty-ninth round Carney butted McAuliffe in the breast with his head and forced him to the floor. McAuliffe's friends became greatly excited, and repeatedly called "foul," many of them breaking into the ring. Quiet was restored and the fight went on, but in the next round McAuliffe's friends claimed that Carney had kicked his antagonist in the abdomen, and again claimed "foul." Great excitement ensued when the claim was not allowed, but the battle went on with the same frightful slugging that had so far characterized most of the struggle.

In the last round, after some heavy exchanges, the men clinched and both fell to the floor, with Carney on top. The friends of both parties rushed into the ring, claiming the fight for either man, everybody claiming "foul." When the referee could be heard, he declared that as this was a fight to the finish and neither man had been knocked out he could not do otherwise than postpone the fight to some other time.

It was after 1 o'clock when the men entered the ring. Carney wore dark blue trunks and McAuliffe blue. In the first round McAuliff forced the fighting, and by his rushes forced Carney down three times, either by his weight or through slips. From the tenth to the twenty-first round the fighting was of a desperate character, but slow, neither man being badly punished. The battle was of a kind that beggars description, and the crowd was wildly excited. The twenty-one rounds took one hour and 23 minutes, and although McAuliffe had a shade the best of it at that time, seemingly, yet the Carney men were jubilant. The betting was then in favor of McAuliffe, two to one. So far Carney's tactics were in accordance with his expressed intentions to worry and tire McAuliffe, and murder him in the ring. McAuliffe forced the fighting, but so little punishment did he do to Jem that the friends of the latter asserted that he was sure to win. At the forty-fifth round it was seen that his tactics were bound to be successful in spite of the splendid staying power of McAuliffe.

The Brooklyn boy was full of pluck and stood up to the Englishman in great shape, as long as he had enough life in him to hold up his hands or stand on his feet. At the end of that round it was seen that it was only a question of time and that Carney was surely a winner. At 4:30 o'clock Carney and McAuliffe had fought 54 rounds. The fifty-fourth was desperately fought and both men had regained strength. They were able to fight two more hours. The betting changed with every round, but as a rule Carney was the favorite at small odds.

In the seventy-fourth round Carney knocked McAuliffe down and the spectators immediately broke into the ring and knocked down the stakes and ropes. A scrimmage ensued and the referee declared the battle postponed. The fight lasted 4 hours and 55 minutes.

Carney is champion light-weight of England and once killed a man in the ring. McAuliffe is light weight champion of America.

The unsatisfactory termination of the fight has been the subject of discussion in all sporting circles to-day, and while regretting that a postponement was made necessary, this action of the referee is admitted to hade been the only thing that could possibly have been done under the circumstances. All bets are declared off and matters remain exactly as though the men had never met. Carney was seen in the city this evening and with the exception of a few scratches and bruises was apparently uninjured. He appeared to be in good spirits and declared that he would be willing to finish the contest to-night. McAuliffe is reported to be quite badly used up and weak from the effects of the fight. He is kept, for the present in comfortable quarters outside the city, where he is receiving medical treatment. There is as yet no serious talk as to the time of continuing the fight.

### Law in Arizona.

An old resident of California who has seen some very queer things and many changes, says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, got to talking the other night of a trip he made to Arizona some years ago, just about the time of the great Tombstone boom.

"It was quite extraordinary," he said. The country was full of desperadoes and bad gamblers, and they were very dangerous, too. They ruled Tombstone at that time. A friend of mine was in Tombstone, and one day he saw a man walking quietly along who was a noted desperado and murderer—a man for whose head a big reward was offered. He knew the chief of police and went and told him about it. Inside of the day he got a notice that they gave him one hour to quit Tombstone, and he quitted. Now, at Tucson there was law and order, and those same desperadoes who went about shooting in Tombstone would go down to Tucson and behave like the most guileless of citizens. This was mainly on account of an old judge they had there, a German, who feared none of them, and had his own emphatic way of serving out the law. They knew if they got into a scrape in Tucson they were in for it, and they'd get no mercy. He had, perhaps, rude ways of carrying out the law, this old judge, but they were very effective. One day a notorious cahracter was brought up for something. They had the whipping post there then. The old judge looked at him.

"I think I seen you before, no?"

The culprit admitted that he had been there on several occasions.

"Wal, I just sentence you to forty lashes. You take twenty of them to-morrow and then you was released on your own recognizances, and you come back in a week and take the other twenty."

The fellow had his twenty lashes and he hasn't been seen about Tucson since.

Another little example of the judge's way of doing things was the case of a man brought up before him for firing off a pistol in the street, or something. They had taken $340 from him when he was arrested.

"I joost fine you $200," remarked the judge.

"Why," said the prisoner, "in San Francisco they would only fine me $5 or $10."

"You vas in Tucson, mine friend; $200."

The man was complaining bitterly after he paid the fine.

"Don't kick," said another. "You were lucky. If he had known you had $340 on you, he'd have fined you all of it."

Some fellow who was being tried moved for a change of venue.

"You vant a change of venue? What for?" asked the judge.

"Because this court is prejudiced against me, and I won't get a fair trial."

"You say this court is prejodiced against you and you won't get a fair trial? You want a change of venue, my friend? I joost fine you $300 for contempt of court to begin with. Now, we'll proceed with the trial."

### For an Object Lesson.

"Have you cut down the horse thief that was lynched last night up by the school house?" asked the mayor of an Arizona town of the coroner.

"Not yet," replied the coroner.

"Well, what in thunder have you been doing—going to let the fellow hang there all day before you hold your inquest?"

"Oh, no; only an hour longer."

"Why?"

"Prof. Harvard, of the school, requested me to leave him there till after 9 o'clock."

"What's that for?"

"Well, he said he thought the children ought to become acquainted with the proper position of a horse thief, so he asked me to leave him till after they came from school. He said it was, of course, rather outside of his regular line of instruction, but he was anxious to do everything in his power to educate and broaden the minds of the youth placed under him."

"Well, by gosh!" replied the mayor, "I don't know but the professor is right. I believe I'll step up and suggest that he go out under the tree and give the children a short talk on the subject. I'm sorry that they couldn't have been up there with us last night and have seen the fellow kick!"


THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to *Shiloh's Consumption Cure*." Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.


In Bohemia the eggs of the lark are supposed to lend additional strength to the voice and increase its richness of tone