

And, after considering the matter, Uncle Sol arose, and the pile disentangled itself.

Sol looked at them, rather doubtfully, as they resumed their arms.

"Oh, we are not going to trouble you, again," said the captain. "We shall keep our promise."

"Well, you'd better stick to that idee," said Uncle Sol, calmly. "For I want to tell ye naow, that ye ain't got men enough in the hull British navy to take me."

The trader, who afterward visited Brunswick, brought the story to Maine, saying that when he saw that press-gang coming, he knew there would be fun.

But somehow or other they don't have that variety of double-fisted old chaps in these days.

UNCLE SOL'S "HOSS-RACE."

At another time, an English sporting man came over to New Brunswick, and brought a crack race horse with him. The horse was a fine, slick, coal black, with his head way up in the air. The English sport swelled around a good deal, offering to bet £100, that he could beat any horse in the provinces. He bragged so much and insinuated that no one dare race with him, that one day Uncle Sol got out of patience, and said,—

"Mister, I guess I've got a hoss that can beat yourn."

He looked Sol over, and judging from his appearance that he could not raise £1, he told Sol if he would put up £50, he would race horses with him.

Uncle Sol says, "Well, I've only got £25 with me, but I guess I can borrow the rest." Happening to see a well-known sea captain in the crowd, he asked,—

"Captain, can you lend me £25, until to-morrow?"

"Yes; or a hundred, if you want it," replied the captain, readily.

So the money was placed in the captain's hands, the race to take place the next day, at a stated place, and to start from a certain point.

At the time appointed, the English sport was on hand, all decked out in fine style, his horse pawing the ground and anxious to get the word, "Go." The sport sang out to Sol to know where his "hoss" was.

"Oh, close by," was Uncle Sol's answer, as he went into a barn, near by, and soon appeared leading one of the most sorry-looking horses ever seen. He was gaunt, his bones stuck out, and you could count his ribs as far as you could see to tell his color. The horse could hardly get his legs over the sill of the barn door, but finally got out and stumbled across the yard to the bars, which were all down but the lower one, about