

They have a vigorous health, and last well into middle and old age. The old men are as red as roses, and still handsome. They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They think, with Henri Quatre, that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives one a nature ascendancy over another; or, with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the fine art of every Englishman of condition. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed. Every season turns out the aristocracy into the country to shoot and to fish. The most vigorous run out of the island to Europe, to America, to Asia, to Africa, to Australia, to hunt with fury by gun, by trap, by harpoon, by laiso, with dog, with acre, with elephant, or with dromedary, all the game that is in nature. These men have written the game-books of all countries, as Hawker, Skrepe, Murray, Herbert, Maxwell, Cumming and a host of travelers.

A HUMAN MONSTROSITY.

There is a phenomenon residing at 227 Stockton street, Brooklyn, Mr. Démoray, who resides at the number named, acknowledges it as his niece. Its parents are both living, the mother being a woman of medium height 160 pounds, and is five feet eight inches tall. The phenomenon is now twenty-three years old. It was born, they say, an apparently healthy infant, but after a few months it began to shrivel up and ceased to grow the ordinary way. All its developments seemed to be in the head. To-day it weighs about forty pounds, and is but twenty-three inches in height. The circumference of the head is thirty-three inches. The forehead is very low and slopes back at an acute angle, and its mouth, though natural, is so distorted by the tongue, which is five times the ordinary size, that it has a revolting appearance. The tongue protrudes habitually four inches. The ears are naturally large, and the eyes savagely brilliant. The interior of the mouth is only partly formed, and the breathing of the creature is stentorian. From the neck down the body is that of an infant. The hands and feet are very small, the latter being only two and three-quarter inches in length. This deformity has three brothers and two sisters living, who are intelligent and well formed.

FIGHT WITH A PANTHER.

Last week a hunter named Jacob Farquarson, while passing through the forest between White Fish Lake and Black Trout Lake near the head waters of the Madawaska River, encountered a puma or American panther. He came across the carcass of a deer, which he stopped to examine and found to be the remains of a large upland Cariboo. While looking at it he imagined that he heard a noise at some distance amongst the tree tops, but at first paid little attention to it, concluding, finally that it had been occasioned by the wind which was blowing pretty briskly at the time. Shortly after, however, the sounds were repeated, and on looking up he saw a large animal leaping from tree to tree towards the spot where he stood. He was armed with a Ballard rifle, and as soon as the beast came near enough, he fired at it, when to his surprise and alarm the brute sprang from the tree directly at him. In the meantime the hunter had rapidly reloaded, and having jumped aside and behind a large pine, before the infuriated animal could recover for a second spring, he fired another bullet. Both shots had taken effect, as was afterwards discovered, but neither in a vital part. After the second

world, and if he did not purchase him, that, situated as he was on an adjoining farm, he would be a thorn in his side. Mr. A. purchased Seythian, and then, in deference to Mr. Dudley's judgment, he bought Lexington off Mr. R. Ten Broeck, in England for 15,000, \$7,500 cash remainder if Lexington was living upon Mr. Alexander's arrival in America, if not he was to lose the \$7,500 already paid. Upon his return some gentleman remarked (not Mr. H. P. McGrath, who always held Lexington in the highest esteem), "that it was a poor trip to go all the way to England to buy an old blind horse who was already located in Kentucky." Mr. Alexander heard of the remark and said that he would breed and raise a colt, by Lexington, that would sell for more money than he paid for the old blind hero himself. It was in this way the odd dollar was put on and obtained for Norfolk. After Mr. Alexander bought Lexington, Mr. H. P. McGrath, who always believed Lexington the best race horse in the world, bet Mr. B. A. Alexander \$500 that he would not raise or own a colt in five years that would run in or equal Lexington's time, 7:19½. This bet Mr. Alexander lost and paid, and renewed the bet of \$500 for the next five years. After the lapse of some three years Mr. B. A. Alexander died, and his brother, Mr. A. J. Alexander, paid Mr. McGrath the \$500 in two seasons to Lexington from one of which came Tom Bowling, and from the other Chesapeake.—*Kentucky Live Stock Record.*

A KNOWING HORSE.

A correspondent "Ike," from Milwaukee, in the Turf, Field and Farm says.—
 "Our jolly Alderman, Wolff, proprietor of our extensive shipyards, is the owner of one of the best trick horses in the country. Barney is as well-known around town as his master, as docile and as knowing as a pet dog. He is quite a favourite with the alderman's friends. Whenever the Alderman goes Barney is not far off. The following anecdote explains Barney, and scores one more Darwinism. Wolff is a staunch Republican; and, of course, our friend Barney votes the straight ticket. After an afternoon's session, he took one of his brother Aldermen out for a ride. The day was fine and the two City Fathers were in good spirits. Finally, Wolff's spirits reached such a height that he thought he would play a joke on his friend. He called Barney, who pricked up his ears and stopped short.

"Barney," says he, "you've got a Democrat in the buggy." The words had hardly left his mouth before Barney was letting his hind legs fly against the dash-board as if his life depended on it. And such a comical picture as the trio presented. Barney kicking, Wolff roaring with laughter, and the other with a face on him like a drowning man. This is one of the many stories that I can tell of Barney. How he got his master a job overhauling a vessel, how he made a debtor pay \$1.50 protest money, &c., are among the good ones; but we don't want to tell all we know at one time."

MR. POWERS EXPLAINS.

We have an incoherent letter from Mr. J. Powers, the reputed owner of Whalebone, Jr., in which he informs us that he is too weak from sickness to fully explain the race at Tioga. One extract reads: "I received at least six letters signed Mr. Alden Goldsmith. I showed them; were all headed Newburg, but they had the P.O. mark, New York. Every one of the letters was asking for a remittance for a suit of clothes for a horse named after me, as the letters stated." Mr. Powers is frank enough to concede that these were "humbug" letters, and then he tries to throw more light upon the reported race: "The race was trotted in a field, on a new track. I told the parties that I did not believe but what it was a put up job to get money out of me, and that I had a good mind to show the whole concern up. I then saw it in the Turf, Field and Farm, and thought he would make the best of it." Powers pathetically adds: "Please let me get better, and I will write you all. I cannot have done a great deal of wrong. In one thing I am positive, it is a short track." We would advise Mr. Powers to make haste and get well. His incoherent explanation simply damages his case. Why did he write to us last winter, referring us to the Tioga summary, and asking us to give his horse credit for the performance? Was this intended for a joke? Get well: Mr. Powers; get well! — Turf.

Mr. Paul Woods, Halifax, is the owner of one or two fine running stallions.

We are expecting to have some fine races at the Truro fall meeting, which will be held in October. A meeting will also probably be held in Kentville. It is expected that a good deal of hidden talent will be brought to light. Some parties in Halifax were trying to establish a racing circuit, to embrace the Maritime Provinces.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT BY ROWING.

In "Harper's Magazine" for May, there is an article on muscular development, to which we invite the attention of every amateur oarsman. The writer, Mr. W. Blaikie, stroke-oar of Harvard's winning crew in 1866, needs no introduction to our readers, and brings to the discussion of such subjects, not only thorough theoretical knowledge, but a ripe, practical experience. The idea that rowing is by no means a complete or satisfactory method of general and symmetrical development was first clearly stated and intelligently supported by Mr. Archibald MacLaren, of Oxford, and has now been still further explained by Mr. Blaikie. Stripped of all technicalities, the bare facts are that the one thing needful for the oarsman is respiratory power. Strength is good and skill is better, but neither is of much use without lung power and capacity. To row successfully respiration must be free and full. Unusually large quantities of carbonated blood must be purified and oxygenated in the lungs, and then sent by the throbbing heart to where the muscles are doing extra work. Without full supply of this rich, red blood, the muscles will falter and slacken. The heart receives this blood from the lungs, and, if the lungs fail in their work, bone and muscle are at once become an engine with no steam. Curiously enough this lung power and capacity, the prime necessities for rowing, are the very things which rowing fails to develop. The oarsman's daily work strengthens and develops the muscles of his legs, and back, and loins, and abdomen, but does nothing for the upper arm or front of chest or shoulder. The attitudes of rowing cramp and constrict the lungs, and any healthy, well-developed man, who takes no exercise but rowing, will gradually, but surely fall off in chest capacity and breathing power. Running is good training for running, walking fits a man to walk, but an oarsman, who does no work outside his boat becomes from year to year, less and less able to row long and well. He will acquire skill by constant practice, and this skill will, to some extent, carry him along when heart and lungs fail. But no oarsman will ever attain his highest possible speed until he takes, in addition to his rowing, regular exercise especially calculated to enlarge his chest capacity and increase the working power of his lungs.—*Spirit*.

A WONDERFUL SNAKE.

Friday afternoon, says the Hamilton Spectator, Mr. Jamieson, repairs for the Montreal Telegraph Company, having been advised of some trouble on their lines about two miles west of Princeton, on approaching the place where the wires had become entangled he found to his amazement that a large snake, fully fifteen feet in length and two feet in thickness, was coiled around the pole, with his head sticking out through the wires above, apparently enjoying the current which was passing through his body. On seeing Mr. Jamieson come near, the snake opened its capacious mouth fully two feet, and extending a forked tongue about 13 inches long, probably wishing to intimate that a nearer approach was not desired by his snakeship—a feeling which was not reciprocated, as Mr. Jamieson quickly retraced his steps back to Princeton, and borrowing a couple of shot guns and an axe, returned to disprove the ownership of that pole, but no traces could be found of the boa constrictor.

were with the stragglers, and the coup de grace was given in artistic style by the English gentleman.

HANDLE THE COLTS

The horse submits to man's authority for the reason that he is made to believe man is the stronger. He is kind and tractable from being treated kindly and handled firmly. What a horse is once taught, no matter how young, it never forgets. When the colt is running by its mother's side it can best be taught valuable lessons. Man's strength can then easier overcome it. The more you talk to and handle a colt, the more it will know and the kinder it will be. No one should ever permit a colt to have the mastery in strength, consequently small boys should not handle them until the colt is entirely subdued in this respect. Nor should a colt be ever hitched or led by a halter which he can break. If he once learns he can break his halter it will take years to cure him of the fault, if it is ever cured. But by kind handling and playing with them—which any one can enjoy who has a heart within him—they will ever after be easily caught, kind in service and more trusting in danger and difficulty. Now is the season of the year to attend to this matter. When the colt comes about you never abuse him, but with kindness educate a familiarity with him. Teach he will be a ways gentle and easily adapted to any work. There will be no trouble in breaking a colt. He will naturally take to it. By being treated viciously the colt can also be learned mean tricks and vicious habits.—*Love a Register.*

REMARKABLE LEAPS.

Having recently noticed quite a number of remarkable instances of canine sagacity in your excellent paper, am tempted to give you a brace of marvelous feats of dogs, as related by a couple of well-known gentlemen a few days since. Prof. E. W. Anderson, well-known to the readers of the Chicago Field, as "Kerr E. Spontent," in speaking of the wonderful agility of the English greyhound, mentioned a chase which took place in England over thirty years ago, in which he participated, and in which a favorite greyhound belonging to Capt. Nixon, of H.B.M.s Royal Engineers, leaped over two fences which formed a narrow carriage way, at a single bound, without touching either of them. In response, Maj. Wm. T. Vandever, a prominent banker of Taylorville, Ill., gave an instance of the great activity of the same species of dog, as told by his uncle John Vandever, now deceased. The remarkable dog was in the habit of leaping over alley fences into the back yards of the neighbors to pick up such eatables as might be "laying around loose." One day he made a bound for intrusion on a neighbor's premises, enclosed by a very high fence, and just as he rose about the height of the enclosure he espied a large and surly bull dog on the inside. Quick as thought he "turned in the air" and landed on terra firma outside the fence.

THE BAR-ROOM JOURNALIST.

He stands in the saloons with his back to the stove and tells how he could run a newspaper, how he would be independent as a hog on ice, and call things by their right names; how he would expose corruption in high places, how he would write good, sound common sense, and none of your frivolous try-to-be-funny stuff. Then he criticises other people's methods of conducting newspapers, and just wishes somebody would give him a chance to show his journalistic ability. The way to cure one of these chaps is to get him to write a sensible article every day for a week. Before the week is out he is sure to be pumped dry, and will gap worse for an idea than a chicken does with the pump—*Nevada Exchange.*

diablene, she went to test, who married at
returned to Mrs. Seaton with the following
written on the reverse side

Don't seek, dear Aunt, my actions to transmute
 But sustain at my knot, for ever, on a ...

CAN THE DEAD WIN AT CARDS?

A very curious case recently before a civil court, arose from the following circumstances. A gentleman stood at a table in the town of Kothun, in Saxony, playing with an usual at nti usual sides. Several plays were made, and the gentleman, who was a married man, was obliged to keep forward, would repeatedly be pushed down, the winner by the other player, however, was drawn in by him, and, after several more accumulations, the game became immensely large, the winner of the bank rather anxiously requested the unfortunate man to take in his money. With his eye fixed on his card, the player took no notice of the request. Draw in, gold " was again uttered by several around the table. No answer. "Monsieur, you incommode the other players!" said the croupier. The same motionless silence. A person sitting next to the offender took hold of his hand. The winner was dead. As the body was being removed the croupier drew back the money he had shovelled toward the dead player, alleging that the game was upon reciprocal engagements calculated between the dead and the living. The croupier of the defunct presented himself a few days after, declaring that the winner had regularly commenced the game. The question was carried before the tribunal of Kothun, and will probably depend upon the testimony of the parties to the point, thus with the play reduced to live.

THE FORCE OF HABIT

An amusing incident occurred at the Charleston Jockey track a few days ago. First Chance and Annie G. had been turned out to refresh themselves with a roll on the grass. After a short time spent in rolling about, these two horses came up together without riders, bridles or saddles, and tired themselves for a race around the track. The mare led gallantly for a while, until Chance became worried up with the pace when he forgot his politeness, and threw his ears back on his neck. He cut his eye, passed her, and came on a neck ahead. Then stopped, turned around, trotted back to the stand to figure out, walked a couple of minutes, and ran around again. The horse then took another roll on the grass, looking as if they were satisfied that they had done their duty.

THE CANADIAN PRIZE OX

The London Standard, of the 20th March, has the following:—"Yesterday the Canadian prize ox, which was by special command exhibited on the 6th of August last, at Marlborough House before the Prince and Princess of Wales, was slaughtered at the abattoir of Mr. Northcote King's-Cross Road, London. The animal, which was bred by Mr. Alfred Reeves, of Toronto, Canada, after winning 40 prizes in the Dominion, was consigned to Mr. John Reeves (brother of the breeder), of the Westminster Aquarium. The carcass, without the head, weighed nearly one ton and a quarter, or 150 stone of 8 lb. 14 lb. The Prince of Wales has consented to accept a skin of the beast, which Mr. Reeves will take the honor of presenting to his Royal Highness. In explanation we would say that Mr. Reeves did not breed the ox. He was bred by Mr. J. Armstrong, Bramosa, was bought and fed by Mr. John West, and sold by him to Mr. Reeves, who took him to England.

It is asserted that the sparrows and
Louisville have been making use of the
yellow birds, and that a new variety of bird
is the result.