

ated Robert Bagnall, of the Ouseburn, at the Tyne Championship Course, for a side on January 15, 1878, and his first great match previous to this event was with William Nicholson, of Stockton-on-Tees, for £200 a side, to decide which of the two was most entitled to throw down the challenge to Higgins, with a view of trying to bring back the Championship once more to the Tyne. This came off on Monday, 4th, a windy day, with the water very rough; and Elliott, served by his great strength, and by no less than 500 yards. Immediately afterwards a match was ratified with Higgins for £200 and the Championship, to take place on June 8 next; also the one above noticed with Thomas for £100 a side, over the Tynes Championship Course, which Elliott was trained by James Taylor, who, with J. R. Hymes, accompanied him in his training in a double-scuttling boat.

## COURTNEY ON HANLAN.

HANLAN TO BEAT MORRIS.

A Herald correspondent at Watkins reports the following interview with the oarsman Courtney:—

I have just seen Courtney. Asking him about Hanlan-Plained race, he said the latter did begin to go away as fast as the start as he when he enjoyed Riley so much at Saratoga; that Hanlan did not row in as good form at the Centennial; that he is held in undiminished admiration in his own neighborhood, is undoubtedly a hard man to beat, that he is accustomed to very rough water and quite at ease in it, and that he ought to win the Morris at Pittsburg on the 20th of June. He thinks the American oarsman who ought to row Hanlan is James Riley of Saratoga, and says that Owaseo Lake last Fall the latter's race with him practically ended at the turning stake. Speaking to him of the two best-known oarsmen of the world to day, the two Tricketts, one of whom is said to have recently lost two fingers, he says that he does not believe the story, and that the way he has been deceived by despatches in English papers purporting to come from Australia, he cannot be blamed. He adds that negotiations under the former alleged challenge from Trickett have fallen through, his representative, Mr. Case, had actually seen Mr. Case, Trickett's representative, and that on the 30th of April he (Courtney) sent a challenge to Trickett to row in Australia or this country for £200 a side or any sum he liked, and to give \$1,500 for expenses if he would come to this country; or he to give \$1,500 should he go to Australia; that his considerable hope that he will come here, and otherwise his (Trickett's) money-making in the car in Australia is at an end, as if he goes one else there would ever row him, and Courtney wins the same result is likely to follow that the best way would be for Trickett to come here and get on a match with Hanlan, and the English champion, and whoever would face him, and save his race with Courtney till all the others are first disposed of. He adds also that the people about Owaseo are seriously design getting up a professional rowing race, with very large prizes, in case the English champion, Hanlan or Trickett, will come.

While talking with Courtney he received a dispatch to row at Skaneateles on the Fourth for \$300. It is hardly necessary to add that his visit here amounts to almost nothing and that he is constantly surrounded with friends of men who are glad to meet him. He looks hearty, says he weighs 193 lbs and has not been working much lately.

A taste for wagers of an eccentric character becoming perceptible in the overcrowded ranks of our "gilded youth." The other day a man suddenly appeared at the top of the shipside attired in ragged military costume, and wearing on his head a fashionable top-hat. In one hand he carried a number of toy-balloons, and in the other a large umbrella. Of course he was followed by a considerable crowd, but just as the police were about to interfere he jumped into a cab and was driven away as if by magic. It has been transpired that the seemingly eccentric individual was a young gentleman of good family, who won a bet of fifty pounds by making a fool of himself.

\$75, and a bull-terrier, valued at \$500, for \$4.

A party of five gentlemen returned on Friday to Collingwood from Brower's Lake, in Osprey, bringing with them as the result of the previous afternoon and morning's fishing in the lake and in Pretty river six hundred and ninety speckled trout, weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Some of the fish weighed over two pounds each.

Mr. Edward Whalen, of Buffalo, N. Y., who has been connected with the Erie Railroad for the past ten years as engineer, has just returned from Hepworth, Ont., where he succeeded in catching 940 brook trout. The length of thirty-five of them was 12½ inches, and the length of eighteen, the largest being 13½ inches.

## THE GARDEN AND CABIN-BUILDING BIRD OF AUSTRALIA.

This bird selects for its hut and garden a spot on a level with the plain, having in its centre a small shrub, with a trunk about the height and size of a small walking stick. Around the base of this central support it constructs, of different mosses, a sort of cone, about a span in diameter. The cone of moss serves to strengthen the central pillar, upon the top of which the whole edifice is sustained. The height of the cabin is at least half a meter. All around, from the top of the central pillar and diverging outward therefrom, arranged methodically in an inclined position, are long stems, their upper ends supported on the apex of the pillar, and their lower resting on the ground, and thus all around, excepting immediately in front. In this way is made the cabin, conical in form and quite regular in the shape, the whole presents when the work is completed. Many other stems are then added and interwoven in various ways, so as to make a roof at once strong and impervious to the weather. Between the central pillar and the insertion in the ground there is left a circular gallery in the shape of a horse-shoe. The whole structure has a total diameter of about a meter.

The long, straw-like stems of which it makes use as rafters, are the slender and upright branches of a species of orchid (*Denarobium*), an epiphytal plant that grows in large tufts on the mossy branches of tall trees. They are as slender as fine straws and are about half a meter in length. These stems retain their small and closely packed leaves, which are still living, and continue to maintain their life a long time, as is the case with greater part of the epiphytal orchids of the tropics; and there is little doubt that these sagacious birds select this plant on account of this vitality, purposely, to prevent the decay of their dwelling.

But the aesthetic tastes of our 'gardeners' are not restricted to the construction of a cabin. Their fondness for flowers and for gardens is still more remarkable. Directly in front of the entrance to their cabin is a level place occupying in superficies about as large as that of the structure itself. It is a meadow of soft moss, transported thither, kept smooth and clean, and free from grass, weeds, stones, and other objects not in harmony with its design. Upon this graceful green carpet are scattered flowers and fruit of brilliant colors, in such a manner that they really present the appearance of an elegant little garden. The greater number of these ornaments appear to be accumulated near the entrance to the cabin. The variety of the objects thus collected is very great, and they are always of brilliant colors.

## SAW DUST FOR CLEANING HORSES.

I have been experimenting to find a way to avoid the dust that is so disagreeable when grooming horses, and have found a way by which a very dirty horse may be cleaned in a few minutes. I use oak sawdust, that which comes from a green log is just moist enough to be good. I have tried pine sawdust, but did not like it because, after a time, the pitch in it will make the hair a little sticky and of a dull color. Sprinkle a few handfuls over the horse, on the side that you are on; then commence at the tail, and with a circular motion of the carry-comb toward the head, carry the sawdust into the hair, brush off clean, and the dust and dandruff will be removed without flying around. If the legs are muddy, fill the face of a stiff brush with sawdust and rub hard until the fine dust or dried mud begins to fly; then fill the brush again, and proceed as before. This operation takes off all dirt and dust, and leaves the hair clean and glossy.—B. P. O. in Country Gentleman.

Expelled. J. G. Blow and his trainer, Law Riggs Bill Bass was not expelled, for the reason that he is owned by Gen. Price, who was not present and had nothing to do with the fraud. This decision has given the widest satisfaction. At Lexington a man speedily bankrupts his reputation. It is no place for the schemer. If young Blow had had a level head on his shoulder he would not have thought for a moment of attempting the job which has buried him in disgrace. Let his fate prove a warning to other misguided men.—Turf.

## CHALKS HIS NOSE.

The novel game of billiards between Capt. Robert, the French expert nose player, and Messrs. Maggiori and Ooste, attracted an audience of about 150 spectators in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel last evening. The crowd was very quiet and was only roused to enthusiasm when the Captain chalked his nose preparatory to executing a difficult shot. Captain Robert played entirely with his nose, laying at full length upon the tables when he made his shots, and as he is rather short and stout, it was quite an exhibition of physical strength and endurance if not of skill and science. The entertainment consisted of two games of 200 points each, and as "the man with the nose" had to jump on the table to make his play and then jump down again, he must, calculating the table to be three feet high, have jumped up and down about 2,400 feet, nearly half a mile; and it was not a very nice night for jumping either. The nose player beat both his opponents, and looked fresh and lively at the end of the contests. The only noticeable change in his appearance being a slight redness at the end of his nose.—New Orleans Democrat.

## FAST RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

On the 24th ult., the Directors of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad were run by special train over the G. W. R. from Detroit to Suspension Bridge, at a speed that deserves to be chronicled. The train left Windsor at 9.16 a. m., and arrived at Clifton 2.12—four minutes less than five hours. Out of this is to be deducted the actual time of stops at various stations and level railway crossings, amounting in the whole to 56 minutes; making actual running time between stations four hours, or average speed for 229 miles, 57½ miles an hour. It should be borne in mind that Friday being the Queen's Birthday, was an exceedingly busy day with excursion and other trains on the railway, and it is satisfactory to find not only that this special was run with perfect safety to itself at this extraordinary speed, but also without interfering with the other traffic on the line. We hear that the C. B. & Q. R. directors, to whom it was a matter of great moment to overtake the Atlantic Express at Suspension Bridge, have expressed themselves, as well they might, exceedingly gratified with the manner in which they were "put through," and thus enabled to keep their engagement in Boston.

## BREAKDOWN OF BOB WOOLEY.

Mr. Jas. C. Murphy's brown horse Bob Woolley, six years old, by imp. Leamington, out of Item (Idalia's dam) by Lexington, her dam Katona (Tom Ochiltree's dam) by Voucher, out of Countess by imp. Margrave &c., &c., broke down in a trial run just preceding the spring meeting of the Kentucky Association at Lexington, Ky. Bob Woolley has grown, thickened and spread a deal in the last two years, and stands fully 15½ hands. He was one of the speediest horses that ever trod the turf, and the day he broke down he ran a mile with heavy shoes, under blankets, in 1:41½. His race for a sweepstakes at Lexington, Ky., Fall meeting, 1875, a mile and an eighth, which he won in 1:54, the fastest on record, was run at the rate of 1:41 to the mile. From his breeding and performance he should make a valuable addition to the stud, for a better actioned horse is not to be found.—Ky. Live Stock Record.

Early last Wednesday morning ex-governor Romualdo Pacheco, being out for a salt-water paseo in his yacht Consuelo, his attention was called by the crew to an unusual troubling of the waters near the shore of Angel Island by some monster which the old shell-backs aboard had concluded must be a double-barrelled sword-fish. Mr. Pacheco's keener and less superstitious eye instantly recognized what had been mistaken for a sword as the antlers of a magnificent three-year old buck, which had probably just completed the voyage down from the forests of Washington Territory. The blue blood of the cavaliers of Spanish California, who time out of mind had thrown the terrific lariat over any convenient protuberance of the wild cattle of the plains, was up in an instant, and hastily improvising a lasso out of the main balyari, he ordered a boat lowered away and he himself pulled swiftly to the game. The boat had got to within just 63 ft. of the buck, as it was about to wade out into the stone quarries on the island, when the Governor, rising in the bows, gracefully swung the coiled rope three times around his head, and then, with the combined dexterity of a vaquero and a veteran harpooner, cast the deadly loop through the air and over the buck's neck. Then ensued a quite interesting time, crowded with lively incident. The buck abruptly drew the boat ashore, and scattered it and its crew among the sharp-edged rocks, with no special care for regularity, and then started out for a canter with the novel appendage of an ex-Governor. But Mr. Pacheco was powerful, too, and it seemed a very even toss up whether the buck had lassoed Mr. Pacheco or Mr. Pacheco the buck, with the call slightly in favor of the Governor, as he seemed determined to fight it out on that balyard line if it took him all summer. The sailors shouted the war cry of the period, "hemp," but it was not definitely ascertained whether they were cheering the bipedal or quadrupedal end of it. At the end of an hour, the buck being pretty well peeled, and the ragged edges of Angel Island rock flitting with the remains of gubernatorial garments, Mr. Pacheco vanquished the brute, which was brought to this city and presented to the post commandant at Goat Island.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## A CONSCIENTIOUS JUDGE.

Clinton Lloyd, Esq., for many years Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington, and withal an enthusiastic trout fisherman, tells the following story of the late Hon. Robert C. Grier, whose example, a correspondent suggests, is worthy the imitation of all who are clothed in the second ermine:—

"The Judge had an utter repugnance to any method of catching a trout other than with an artificial fly. On one occasion he went to Youngwoman's town on a fishing excursion. Arriving late in the afternoon, he inquired of the landlord if he would give them trout for supper. 'Oh, yes,' was the reply. When supper was announced, the Judge's eyes were greeted with the sight of a dish of splendid trout, cooked to a turn, and calculated to tempt the appetite of a gourmand. 'How did you catch those fellows?' asked the judge in an excited tone. 'With a grab.' 'And what is a grab?' It was explained that it consisted of a stiff pole, on the end of which were fastened three hooks, with which the operator leaned over a deep hole where the trout lay quietly, and hooked them out by catching them under the belly. 'Take them away, take them away,' screamed the Judge. 'I wouldn't eat a trout caught that way if I was starving to death, and if I could get the scoundrel that caught them into my court in any way, I would send him to the penitentiary for life.'"

Mr. Longlen, of Arras, France, recently made known a curious case of the transmission of physical traits to the third generation. A man named Gamelon, who lived at the close of the last century, had six fingers, two thumbs on each hand, and two great toes on each foot. This peculiarity was not perceptible in his son, but in the third generation all of the children conformed to the malformation of their grandfather. A similar instance has been observed in the lower animals by Quatrefages.

he never practiced medicine, he owed to him by which he was best known. Doctor Lunt says: His father sent him to London to be educated in medicine and surgery, but he remained at college but a year or two, being the favorite of others by the news that Edward Marryat did not remain long in Australia, but returned to England, ravaged extensively in Belgium and elsewhere, made the acquaintance of patrons of the turf, and possibly did a little in the way of reporting for Ben's and other London sporting journals. Coming to this country at about the beginning of 1857, he joined the staff of the Clipper, with which, except for a comparatively brief interval, he was connected until his death. The first important task assigned him on this journal was one of the reporters of the Hesperian Marquissey fight, and his first important duty on the New York Herald, with which he was long associated, was to report in part the Dead Rabbit fight, in the course of which he narrowly escaped death, a man who was standing beside him on a brick pile being shot. In addition to his duties elsewhere, he was the sporting editor of the New York Tribune for many years, or until about 1873, when sporting events ceased to be a feature of that journal. About eighteen years ago, while co-operating with Charles J. Foster in reporting turf events for the Spirit of the Times, he also generalized the dramatic news for that journal, and until 1863 was its billiard reporter, as he was again for a time in the summer of 1866. In 1873 he again attended to his turf columns. He was the successor of the late General Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Henry") as the editor of the Billiard Cue, and so continued until the Spring of 1864, and for a brief period in 1873 he edited the billiard columns of the turf Field and Farm, in which service he may be said to have closed his long and creditable connection with billiards. Possessing a wide general knowledge of sporting events, and scrupulously attentive to his duties, he was an uncommonly useful man on a newspaper, and there is scarcely a metropolitan journal of long standing that has not at one time or another called upon him to suddenly fill a gap. A genial companion, he yet never permitted generosity to carry him beyond prudent bounds or to cause him to neglect his duties. Deriving his very life from the excitements of the world of sports, and many from those of the turf, as soon as his physical ailments began to seriously interfere with his attendance at race-meetings, and the like, it was but natural that he should begin to die. Death had been crowding him for many months, yet with indomitable will the "Doctor" sought to keep his feet, and he was at the Copper when as late as four days before his death, when at most any other man with whom surgery had experimented as it had with him would have been in bed. A wife survives, but he leaves no children. In 1865 he married the wife of John Sloan the actor, and later, once a favorite actress, has long been in retirement.

## EXCITING COMBAT OF SNAKES.

An exciting "milk" took place at the National Museum the other day. Two live snakes, of which there are quite a number, are kept in four glass cases, the bottom of which are covered with sand. It only a water snake was put in the case which the king snake occupies. His kingship resented the intrusion and attacked the visitor, and the two went tumbling around the case together in approved pugilistic style. Three rounds were fought. In the first two the king snake forced the fighting, and the water snake confined himself mainly to getting out of the awkward and dangerous positions in which the strength and skill of his adversary placed him. But as the "dodo" will turn when trodden upon, so will the water snake when bitten too hard, and when rubbed down with a sponge after the second round he seemed to get his second wind and was eager for the fray. Meanwhile the king snake had opened his mouth to its full capacity, and was sharpening his teeth against the side of the case. Then came the fierce encounter, and both snakes fought nobly. Finally the king snake took his adversary's head entirely in his mouth and began to chew on it, which seemed to discourage the water snake, and caused his backer to throw up the sponge. The victor of the match is an old hand at contests of this kind, and recently bit an offending neighbour completely in two.—Washington Star.