

In this case, they not only eat more in a hay, but they also eat much more eagerly and greedily, which can be so much more injurious, as experience proves that those very horses which are most inclined to the colic eat most greedily. —*Industrie Blatter.*

THE ONLY TRAMP.

The New York Tribune is responsible for the following:—

There appeared in the Tribune office yesterday evening Mr. George Lawrence, journeyman printer, the original tramp, whose life of adventure far outdoes that of a base imitator by the name of McGinty, concerning whom paragraphs have recently been floating around the papers. Mr. Lawrence, who is now 68 years of age, has, according to his story, been identified with the history of the country during the last forty odd years. He has been by turns a printer, circus clown, Methodist minister, navigator of a canal-boat and a whaleship, and master of a raft on the Susquehanna. He raised Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, was an old chum of Burdette, and first discovered the genius of Nasby. He invented dots and dashes used in the Morse alphabet, made the first composition roller used in any newspaper office, and taught Gen. Anson Stager the art of telegraphing, being himself the oldest operator in the country. In company with Mr. Sankey, he travelled over America selling 'Flood's Innocents' Relief' from a wagon, the music being furnished by Mr. Sankey. Coming to Chicago at an early day with Dan Emmet, whom he discovered, he ran four minstrel halls, turning the old Mansion House into a temple of chaste and pleasing amusement. He was on intimate terms with Lottie Hough's father, having worked in the same office with him, helped to set up the Mormon Bible at Palmyra, and Morgan's 'Revelations of Masonry' at Buffalo, and was also one of the survivors of the wreck of the Buffalo Republican office when it fell down, crushing fifteen printers in the ruins. During one period of nine months he set type in America, Europe, Asia and Africa. There were at that time no printing offices in Australia or he would have taken that country in also. He has but recently returned from Brazil, where he has been setting up Portugueses for some months. He is intimately acquainted with all the editors in the State of New York, nearly all of whom he raised, and with the fathers of most of whom he was on friendly terms. An old acquaintance of Barnum's having won \$5 from him on a bet once, he was solicited lately by that gentleman to take general charge of his advertising business, but declined. He will probably remain in this city for a few days.

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM.

A writer in the American Agriculturist tells how to learn to swim:—

"When I was a boy, I learn to swim by means of a swimming board. This is the safest method possible. If corks are used, they may slip from around the breast down beneath the body, throwing the head below the surface, and putting the wearer in danger of drowning. Some country boys get two bladders and tie them together with a short cord, and use them as a support. They are the most dangerous things possible for a boy to have. The board is perfectly safe, and one may learn to swim in a very short time by using one. It should be over a foot wide and two inches thick, made of soft white pine or cedar. To use it a boy wades into the water up to his shoulders, then taking hold of the end of the board, he pushes it before him—toward the bank, and not into deeper water—springs forward with his feet, and throws himself flat upon the water. This movement carries him along a few feet. He then draws up both his legs, at the same time keeping the knees as far apart as possible, and then strikes out with both feet, and

Noble. It is stated that the latter indorsed notes for the owners of Slow Go, and took the horse for collateral security, and out of the circumstance grew the dispute. The question will be settled by the courts, and in the meantime Noble will, of course, retain possession of the horse.

SUICIDE OF A MINSTREL PERFORMER.

A horrible tragedy was enacted in Dock-erill's Opera Hall St. John, N.B., on the evening of the 3rd inst. The California Minstrels have been performing there during the week, Lew Davis, song and dance man, being amongst the company. Just before the performance was to commence that evening, Davis was in a dressing room with Atkinson, another member of the company. He borrowed Atkinson's pipe, then obtained tobacco from the property man, and next got a loan of Atkinson's pocket-knife. Turning his back, he suddenly cut his throat from ear to ear, and fell on his face and hands on the floor. The spectacle presented by the dying man as the blood flowed in streams from the gash in his throat was sickening. Davis expired in fifteen minutes without uttering a word. The money was returned to the audience that had gathered and the lights turned down. Coroner Earle was immediately brought to the hall, and after viewing the body decided to hold an inquest on Monday. Davis was about 80 years old, belonged to Bangor, Me., and is said to be unmarried. For some years past he has been travelling with Billy Case. No cause for the suicide is assigned, but it is said that there has been something preying on his mind. He refused to go on the stage once or twice during the week, and has been morose and silent.

IGIN OF THE CANADIAN HORSE.

I have occasionally seen it asserted in our agricultural papers that the Canadian is a Norman reduced by scantier food, colder climate, etc. Now, this I think physically impossible, as a reduction of size in this way, I am confident, would produce a long legged, slab-sided, stumbling brute, very different from the compact, hardy, fine-formed, little Canadian, as he has existed there as far as the memory of man, still maintaining his ground in considerable numbers, notwithstanding the numerous crosses in late years of larger English horses. When I was in Quebec in 1852, I saw a very fine light or dappled gray stallion, much in the style of Mr. Dunham's Success, except he was finer in his points. He was about fourteen hands high, possibly not over thirteen and a half hands—a real beauty, with fine action, etc. In Paris in 1867, I saw the exact counterpart of this stallion, also other equally small horses, of same style, though not so fine. Now, I have no doubt that when the French first settled in Canada, this was the sort of horse they imported, and have continued to breed and own to the present day. Ships, or rather brigantines, in those days were too small, I presume, to bring over seventeen or eighteen hand horses, weighing eighteen hundred to two thousand pounds, as some of the Western and Scotch Canadian breeders boast of importing now.—*Letter to Live Stock Journal.*

AN OLD ELEPHANT.

The Times of India says.—The oldest of the white elephants, which was born in 1770, died in its temple of Bangkok in November last. Everyone knows that this famous white elephant, before which a whole people bow the knee, is the emblem of the people of Siam. It is honored with the most beautiful presents, for the Indians, full of the idea of metamorphosis, still believe that so majestic an animal could be animated by only the spirit of god or of an emperor. Each white elephant possesses its palace, a vessel of gold, and harness resplendent with jewels. Several mandarins are attached to its service, and feed it with cakes and sugar cane. The King of Siam is the only personage before whom it bows the knee, and a similar salutation is rendered by the monarch.

a very valuable horse, belonging to Mr. Henry Oakley, of Hart County, Ky.; was sunstruck, and ever since has been crazy. Mr. Oakley found it impossible to keep him confined, so last Saturday he was turned into a lot near by, where there was a large pond, the centre of which is about 25 feet deep. The horse made a complete circuit of the pond twice, and then waded out as far as he could, without swimming, and put an end to his suffering by drowning.

BILL MONDAY.—Col. Hawkins, Petrolia, Pa., has sold to Mr. Frisbee, Parker, Pa., the gray horse Bill Monday, six years, by Rogers, dam by Engineer.

JIM IRVING.—The famous trotter Jim Irving, by Melbourne, Jr., dam by Lear's Sir William, has again broken down this time hopelessly, and has been withdrawn from the turf.

SALE OF JEWEL.—The b g Jewel, 6 years old, by Jewel, dam by Hall's Glencoe, property of Mr. Geo. L. Squires, Buffalo, N.Y., has been sold to Messrs. Treasy and Wilson, Lexington, Ky.

SALE OF ALLEVEUR.—Mr. R. R. Hunt has sold the b o Alleveur, three years old, by Gilroy, dam Sequin, by Imp. Eclipse, out of Belle, by Frank, to Michael Murphy, for \$500. The horse will at once be trained as a hurdler and steeple-chaser.

FARM HORSES.

There is much discussion among our farmers about which breed of horses, or what sized horses are suitable for farm horses. I am inclined to horses from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds in weight, as being the best size, and I think that a blood stallion bred to a large rooney mare, will give us the most satisfactory stock. Many incline to the Norman horses, and if you want to sell the colts, you will find them as profitable as any; but I would prefer horses with less beef on their legs. I have seen two teams this spring, each having a beefy horse and a trim-built one, and each case the beefy-legged horse had the scratches badly, while his mate was free from the ailment. That these beefy horses will keep in good order on less feed than a high-strung, active horse, I am quite willing to admit; that they are able to do as much when well fed, I doubt; and am certain that in an emergency, one active horse is worth two of the others. There is almost no limit to what an active, ambitious team can pull for a short distance, and after a rest or 'blow' they can do it again and again, while your big, beefy horse is discouraged and has to be urged to make him take the collar after a severe pull. And, anyway, with our farm work, pluck is more needed than weight. I have seen a big team tired out ploughing, when a small active team had done more work and felt fresh at the end, in ploughing a fallow where the ground was soft.—Col. J. D. Curtis, in *Rural New Yorker*.

TERRIBLE SITUATION.

A young man named Penny, while out hunting his steers barefoot the other day, stepped on the head of a large rattlesnake. He had his heel on the snake's head, and being afraid to move did not know what to do for some time while the hideous thing was writhing and squirming and vigorously lashing the youth's leg. Penny was badly frightened, but recovered presence of mind sufficient to take out the knife and reach down and cut off the snake's head.—*Cherokee Georgian*.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland and Maine 318-ty

General Washington, it will be a phenomenon in breeding, and it will be surprising if it is not a phenomenon in speed. It will possess eleven crosses of Messenger in its pedigree, and a profusion of the very best trotting blood outside of the, such as the Hambletonian, Black Hawk, Mambrino Chief. Everybody knows what the record of its dam is; and its sire's dam has a record of 2:18, and its grand sire one of 3:31. If it inherits the style of its sire, and the action of its dam, may we not look for a wonderful animal?

A BAD MULE.

Not on the hills was a performance at one of the theatres in Nevada. The play of the 'Forty Thieves' was lately presented, but in rather a meagre manner from the lack of abundant scenery and properties in the West. When Ali Baba had seen the thieves enter and quit the cave, he went to the wings and brought in a mule, which, having taken grave offence at something, awaited his opportunity for revenge. No sooner had Ali come out of the cave with his bags of wealth, and attempted to put them on the back of the beast, than he began his part of the performance. He let fly with his heels; kicked the shavings (the supposed riches) out of the bags; kicked down the cavern; kicked down a whole forest; kicked down the wings; kicked the end of the viol, leaning against the stage, to pieces; smashed the footlights; and finally doubled up Ali by planting both feet in the pit of his stomach. The mule fairly cleared the stage and set the audience into a great roar, the miners laying wages that he could out kick any mule in the State. The quadruped continued kicking as if were hung on a pivot, until a rope was fastened around him and he was dragged off by the united strength of the company.

SWEET SWIMMERS

Pretty. Yes. One can say a hearty amen to that as they take a peep in the Chicago Natatorium, where forty of the feminine sex may be seen disporting themselves in the soft green water of Lake Michigan. Just then is heard a tremendous splash, nothing is to be seen, but in a moment up crops through the waves, looking with her golden hair and white skin like a great water lily, a handsome blonde. She has jumped a distance of thirty feet plump into the water, and now she swims back like a duck, runs up the ladder and dives down head first; up again in a second, flops over on her back and floats about for a rest.

Starting from the steps, cutting the water with long, graceful strokes, comes a young married lady, a scholar of last summer. A pair of beautiful arms, white, and hard with muscle, and perfect limbs, carry her to the centre of the tank, where a swing is suspended from the ceiling. She climbs into it, and, starting it in motion, goes on until the long ropes are in a horizontal line. All are wondering what will come, when up go her heels over her head and like a ball she drops into the green water. A splash, a silence, and here she is, an aquatic Johnny-jump-up, laughing and breathless. Then she races through the tank with two other proficientes, and to the uninitiated it looks somewhat like a game of leap-frog.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

A GREAT FISH POND.

The greatest eel pond in America is on the farm of James N. Wells, in the town of Riverhead. It covers five acres, and is now so full of eels that they can be raked out with a garden rake. Two years ago Mr. Wells put 2,000 dozen of eels into the pond, intending to have them undisturbed for five years. These have increased to millions. They are fed regularly every third day on "horse feet," a peculiar shell-fish. The eels know when they are to be fed, and the stroke of Mr. Wells' whip against his wagon calls thousands of them up to dinner, although any one else may pound away all day without any effect. One of these shell-fish fastened to a strong cord and thrown into the water, may be drawn out in a few minutes with hundreds of eels clinging to it.

who are then to be digested, and that a horse would be irritating, and a damage. When there is more than one to be weaned make a trough out of plank one and a quarter inches thick, and the full length of it, with end-boards four feet long, to prevent its being upset. If the colt is a late one, and is weaned after grass is gone, feed oats as before, with hay, and a night feed of three quarts of good sweet wheat bran, with from a pint to a quart of wheat middings added to it, and just damped through with water. It should not be made wet, and bran should never be fed to a colt dry. This feed is cooling and relaxing, and in some measure supplies the place of grass. Some prefer ground oats, but I have always found that colts prefer the whole grain, and they always grind and digest it well, if they are supplied above, and not allowed to get so hungry as to gulp it down without mastication.—*Cor. Country Gentleman*.

LUCK AT WHIST

An interesting match of 1,000 points at whist was completed recently by four gentlemen in this village, the winning pair making 1,000 points to their opponents 991. The most remarkable feature of the match was the persistent ill-luck of the winners till just at the close. The defeated side had the lead from the very first till their score had reached 990, at which point they were passed for the first time. The total number of games played was 181, the winners making 95 to their opponents 89. At the twenty-fifth game the defeated side was 90 points ahead; at the one hundredth only 7 points, at the 150th, about 60 points; at 180 they were at 11 about thirty points in a advance. It was then luck turned over to the other side, who passed them at 990 and won the match only 9 points ahead. The best hand held contained eight trumps, the highest card in one hand was an eight, in another a nine. Only one slam—the entire 13 tricks—was made during the match. The side which had been winning all the way through only to see fortune jilt them just at the last retired somewhat disgusted, we are told.

FALL SHOWS

The Provincial Exhibition at Toronto, Sept. 23rd to 28th, both inclusive. West Riding of Huron, Sept. 15th and 19th.

Western Fair at London, S. pt. 30th, and Oct. 1st to 4th.

Central Fair at Guelph, Sept. 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.

The best running long jump without a final aid is 23 ft. 14 in., by J. Lane, Dublin, Ireland.

A very large lynx was seen by F. Cody, Jr., on the 1st inst., on the farm of F. Cody, Sr., West Oxford. The animal was fully five and one-half feet in length and scarcely the height of a coolie dog. Mr. C. chased the beast with a horse on which he was riding and succeeded in twice running it down; but it finally escaped and ran into the woods of Mr. James Dawson. The unearthly screams it uttered, which were similar to those of a child in agony, were really appalling.

William Cokenour, of Hagerstown, Md., seems to have accepted Bogardus' challenge "to shoot any ten men" and to have scored one. Samuel Donahue, who was picking up the dead birds, was the first man, a rapid quarterer to the right, but Mr. Cokenour hit him hard with his first barrel, one and a half ounce shot, twenty-one yards rise, and killed him. Score: Cokenour, 1—1.

A great invasion of kangaroos recently occurred in various settled parts of Australia, especially Queensland, the animals doing, no doubt, driven from the interior by the drought and its effect, in search of food. They came in thousands, devouring everything in the shape of herbs or grain, so that the sheep and cattle were often reduced to dry leaves for fodder. The colonists promptly met the attack, in some cases driving the kangaroos into an inclosure and shooting them. In two battles more than 4,000 kangaroos were killed.