

man to Mr. James Howard, and, pleading the illness of his wife, begged to be excused. Mr. Howard, who travels with Doble, was less reserved in speaking of the Rarus and Goldsmith Maid race. He stated that it is generally believed in California that Splan put up a job to beat the Maid while he was handling her during Doble's illness.

'He gave her too much work,' said Mr. Howard, 'he tried to break her up so he could win a race from her. All through the exhibition heats, which you people here would call lapodromes, he pushed her as hard as he could, and would claim that he didn't know he was trotting so fast. When Doble took sick, and he got hold of the Maid, he overworked her. The result was, when she came upon the track she was in no condition for the race. Splan said to Doble that she was all right; was in splendid condition, but it was soon evident that there was no trot in her. The morning of the race Doble told him to give her an easy mile and repeat—not to drive her better than '28. Instead of doing this he sent her around on the outside of the track in :28 the first mile, and in the second in :22.01. No horse in creation would be fit for a race after such work. She wasn't herself, and got mixed up in the second heat, and threw a boot, cutting her hoof badly. She came in on three legs.'

'Was the injury serious; I have seen it stated to the contrary?'

'Yes. She broke in the shell of the hoof. I telegraphed to Mr. Smith, her owner, that it would be seven weeks before she would be fit for work. The people who saw the race of course thought something was wrong. They had seen the Maid go often enough, and knew what she could do. Splan was afraid to go into the pool-room at first, as he didn't know whether his scheme was going to work or not after all. But after the first heat he saw the Maid was off, and his mer went to work buying pools on Rarus. The crowd knew him, and this looked bad. Some papers I see say that \$30,000 worth of pools were sold. I knew better. My brother is the pool-seller, and I have seen the tickets. There were about \$14,000 worth sold. The people out there don't feel very kindly toward Splan.'

#### COULDOCK AND RAYMOND.

John T. Raymond's passion is for flipping up coins—any sort of a coin from a cent to an eagle. When he perceives a victim, he rubs his chin thoughtfully, scans the victim's countenance and general appearance with assiduity and suspicion, with a side-wise glance, sidles up to him, and whispers, chinking some coins (without which he never travels) together in his pocket, "I will flip you just once." When he loses—as he generally does—he leans his cheek pensively on his hand and says bitterly, "Why, O why was I cursed with this fatal passion for gambling?" Once upon a time when he and C. V. Couldock were travelling together, and the coins in their flippings had fought against Raymond (whose agent had hired out to him at low wages, knowing that he could make it up by flipping with his employer), the agent had got considerably ahead, and Raymond was determined to get square. They had left the sleeper and gone forward into the smoking-car, where Couldock and some friends were playing a moicest game of draw-poker at a ten-cent limit. Just as they reached Couldock's seat, Raymond turned and said, "I will dip you just once for a hundred." They did, and Raymond won. Couldock rose from his seat, opened the car window, and distributed the poker-deck over that section of the State of Minnesota through which the train was passing, with the simple remark, "Flipping for a hundred dollars a pop, while legitimate tragedy is playing draw-poker at ten cents a corner—!"

The Montreal Witness thus speaks of a venerable and well-known Quebec character:—"The Recorder's Court was honored this Wednesday morning with a centenarian and Chateaugay Voltigeur. The old man had his certificate of baptism, and it was to the effect that he, Augustine Doyer, was born at St. Charles, County of Bellechase, on the 25th of November, 1775, making the old fellow one hundred and two years of age. The certificate is signed by the Rev. D. Martineau, priest. The old gentleman wore on his breast the medal and clasp, which he won under the gallant DeSalaberry at Chateaugay. He is hale, hearty, and walks with a brisk step. By a second marriage some years ago, he has a child about five years of age, and a great pet of the old man, who is very proud of the youngest member of his family. He receives the usual pension of \$20 from the Government. He is in rather poor circumstances.

#### THE BOY AND THE PANTHER.

The Colusa, Cal., Sun tells the following story:—"Master George Williams, aged thirteen, was out hunting near home, on Elk Creek, when he ran across a panther, and gave him the benefit of the contents of his rifle. The panther made off, and the boy loaded up again and gave him chase, getting in another shot shot on him. This time, however, the panther got out of his sight, but he could see from the blood that he had been hit. He went home and dreamed all night, of course, of fighting panthers, with a grizzly or two thrown in to make it interesting. Next morning, bright and early, he gathered his gun, determined on finding that panther. He got on the blood, which he traced into a hollow log. He fired into the log, and then got an axe and cut the panther out, finding him still alive; but he finished him up, and dragged his trophy in triumph home. An inspection showed that both balls of the previous evening had gone through the panther's lungs. He was an immense fellow, measuring seven feet from tip to tip."

#### GARRICK'S HUMOR.

When Garrick was in Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and, being in a gay humor, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly plied between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in Garrick ordered the coachman to drive, but the driver answered that he could not until he had got his complement of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick. He determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers, Garrick slipped out of the opposite door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of facial expression, palmed himself off upon the coachman as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted in the coach each time as a fresh passenger. Garrick slipped out a third time and addressed himself to the coachman, who said, in a surly tone, that he had got his complement. He would have driven off without Garrick had not Preville called out that, as the stranger appeared to be a very little man, they would accommodate the gentleman and make room for him.

The export of eggs from Kent County, Ont., is estimated at three thousand dozen per day, and one dealer in Chatham has laid away in pickle for the fall trade over fifty thousand dozen. When one reflects that one thousand dozen fills a ten barrel tub, some idea may be formed of the space and labor requisite to carry out this trade.

#### STRICT PRECAUTIONS BY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

Swall, the United States consul at Somenberg, Germany, makes a report concerning the milderpest, and says l-hes, dry, frozen, and a sited, n from infected animals, or if infected by contact, carry the infection to foreign parts. When the disease is prevalent within, or near, its borders, the German Government strictly prohibits traffic in all articles liable to carry the disease with infected districts. The poison will attach itself to sheep, goats, dogs, cats, fowl, pigeons, hay, straw, wood, leather, and earth. It is easily carried about by clothing, especially woolen garments, and adheres for a very long time. The Government compels the destruction of hides, with bodies of the infected animals; regulates the intercourse of the people, and the movements and use of animals of the infected places, and enforces the complete isolation of the diseased cattle. Sound cattle may be killed and other property destroyed, a fair remuneration being made. There need be no fear of the exportation from German ports of infected articles.

#### FASHIONABLE DOGS.

Not long since I told you of the rapid progress of dogs of this city towards a superior consideration, and possibly their mental development is also progressive.

It is not an uncommon thing to receive the following reply to the prevailing question:

"Where do you go for the summer?"

"We have not quite determined. We do not know if Gypsey will be happy by the sea, or if it will quite agree with him, as we have never taken him there. It might make him nervous to see us bathe, and you know that there are fleas wherever there is sand."

One family who had promised to rent their house furnished for the season to a friend while they went to Europe, withdrew their promise when they discovered that a strange servant would be one of the residents of the domicile, because, said the lady owner, "Don Juan might not like this man-servant, and, if he did not, the poor dog would be miserable until we returned in the autumn. He will be passably content with my own domestics to whose manners he is accustomed, and so, for his own sake we'll just keep the house open, and these two old servants will satisfy the poor old fellow as well as anything can in our absence. He is too old to travel. I have taken him to Europe three times, and he don't altogether like being on shipboard."

The house was kept open for the canine Don Juan.

A gentleman and lady paid us a conge visit last night. They were going to Geneva Lake, near Chicago, to pass the summer.

"Which route do you take?" I inquired.

"We shall travel by the New York Central, to stop a day or two at Niagara, but Peter, the angel, will go by the Pennsylvania Central, as he has no especial taste for waterfalls, and it would be stupid for him. He will follow us directly, and reach there about the same time."

#### HORSE RACING CIRCASSIANS.

A war correspondent writes: "Shortly after leaving Renova we saw a number of Circassians engaged in their favorite pastime at racing. The way in which they race is this: One competitor takes a white flag in his right hand and suddenly breaks away at full gallop, followed by any one of his opponents who chooses. Pursuer and pursued urge their horses to their utmost speed by fierce shouts and blows of the flag or whip, and the flag bearer turns his sure footed horse from right to left, like a hare before a greyhound until either the pursuer acknowledges defeat and returns to his comrades, or else passes the holder of the flag, when he takes it, and the pursuer becomes the pursued. The second heat then takes place, and, should the winner of the first be again successful, he wins the tie, and two other competitors takes their places. The game is very exciting, and calls forth all the splendid horsemanship for which the Circassians are so justly famed."

that they were at out two feet across, and that it had a head resembling a fox, with a pouch at its side for carrying its young, when the unknown, which seemed to have awakened from a slumber, suddenly left its frightened companions and winged its way to the skies, when last seen being but a mere speck in the heavens. From the description given, we should pronounce it a Kalong. This animal, which measures 5 feet in the spread of its wings, is a native of Java. The upper part of the neck is a smoky red; the rest of the fur dull. In the lower part of Java it is very common, and lives in troops, which do not appear to visit the more elevated district. They select a large tree for their resort, and suspending themselves by the claws of their hind limbs to a tree present a curious spectacle. They pass the greater part of the day in sleep, hanging motionless; ranged in succession with the head downwards, the membranes contracted about the body, and cling in close contact, and look like part of the tree. They emit piercing shrieks when awakened. How it found its way to the township of Stephen is the question of the day.

#### BILLIARDS.

VIGNAUX RUNS FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR.

M. Plot, employed at the Casino of Biarritz, Paris recently invited Maurice Vignaux to engage with him in an exhibition of billiards at the Salle Frascati, Rue Vivienne. The arrangement was that they should play 1,200 points up on two nights, suspending operations on the first night as soon as either man had reached 600. The first half of the game was begun at nine o'clock on the night of June 6, and Vignaux scored his 600 to Plot's 240. In the third inning on the next night Vignaux made a run of 454, which enabled him to score his remaining 600 while his antagonist was making 63. The latter's total was therefore 333. It is fall of the run of 454 that "the balls were never once spotted." This may mean either that the players used one of the 4x9 or even smaller tables so common in France, and on which close nursing is not necessary; or that, as is the custom in that country, Plot took Vignaux's word for it, that the balls did not touch when close together. The affair is spoken of as a "grand match" but when billiard professors in France come together it is never called anything else. It was also a "grand match" between Ulassy and Burger, but there was not a franc at stake, or even a prize. There is nothing in the reports of this 1,200-point game to indicate that it was other than an exhibition, and hence it is fair to presume that Vignaux's run of 454 (like Garnier's reputed run of 2,000 odd—in France) is not a record. Vignaux's average in the 1,200 was a fraction over 36.

#### RATHER PLUCKY.

A good story of Prince Paskievitch, father of the Princess Volkonsky, and grandfather of the charming Princess Kourakino. During the siege of Warsaw he had ordered a certain Polish battery to be silenced by his own artillery, and became perfectly wild with rage on observing that the artillery fire produced no appreciable effect. Galloning to the battery he asked: "What idiot is in charge here?" "I, sir," answered an officer. "Then down you go to the ranks this very day," Paskievitch; "you don't begin to know your trade; your shells do not explode." "I know they don't," answered the Captain, "for the best of all reasons, that they can't explode." That's a lie," said the Prince. "Is it? See for yourself, then," replied officer, coolly picking up a shell from the pile and lighting the fuse, and holding it up between himself and the Marshall. The Marshall tranquilly crossed his arms and watched till the fuse sputtered and went out. "There, sir," said the artilleryman, triumphantly, as he threw the shell on the ground. "You were right, after all," growled the Marshall, and rode away to another part of the line, but at night the Captain received at his tent the cross of St. Vladimir for bravery in the field.

CRICKET.—The noted "Young America" team of Philadelphia, one of the strongest on the continent, will visit Ottawa about July 17th.

the third he lost. In the many subsequent tests, however, she was never again defeated, triumph over the little brown gelding. In 1861 she was purchased from Mr. Roll by Mr. A. Welch of Philadelphia and Mr. James P. McMann of New York, who, after winning numerous races with her, and reducing her trotting record down to 2:18, sold her to Dan Maco, for Mr. N. H. Smith for \$5,000. She won three races for her new owner, and led far to place many brilliant victories to his credit, when, in 1870 while en route from Rochester to Buffalo she met with an accident which necessitated her retirement from the trotting turf. Her best performance was at Narragansett Park in 1869, when she trotted against the race Palmer Goldsmith Maid, Lucy and American Girl, and beat them easily in four heats, of which George Palmer took the third. Time, 2:19, 2:18, 2:19, 2:21. She leaves behind her a two-year old and a two-year old foal, both by General Knox, and both of remarkable promise. She will be buried alongside the judge's statue on the Tronton Course, and a monument will be erected to her memory.

Lady Thorn was supposed to be in foal to Jay Gould and within a short time of foaling, but a post mortem made by Professor Cairns revealed the fact that she was not in that condition. A curious circumstance occurred very recently, which, taken in connection with the death of this noted mare so soon after, may tend to manuce to her history. On the Fashion Stock Farm there is a mile track, and Lady Thorn a week since leaped over a fence which enclosed an I, trotting leisurely down to the three-quarter pole, turned, and putting on a full head of steam came up to the home stretch as though trotting a race, with head and tail up and eyes flashing fire. A number of the employees of the farm noted this queer incident of the great speed she showed. This was the last effort of the grand old mare.

#### CANINE ATTACHMENT.

A remarkable instance of the attachment of a dog to his master occurred recently at Windsor where the man, having shot himself, it was with the greatest difficulty the animal could be removed. When the body was found, the dog, a large mastiff, was keeping guard over it, and at first he would let no one near the body, but lay beside his dead master, and as he is a very fierce dog none dared approach. At last he allowed those whom he knew to enter the room, but no amount of coaxing or stratagem could get him to leave the chamber of death. When the jury assembled he would not let them in, and finding force or bribery in vain, a rope was flung around his neck, and not until he was nearly choked to death could he be dragged out of the room. He had to be securely chained up to keep him from tearing to pieces all who opposed his return to his late owner.

#### INFATUATED HUMMING BIRDS.

The Ottawa Free Press contains this interesting story: "Yesterday afternoon Mr. John Thompson's man, Julius Maher, gathered a large bunch of lilacs from a tree in the garden in Nepean, as he was about coming to the city to deliver milk. A couple of humming birds hovered around the bush at the time, and these followed after the bunch which had been picked. Strange to state, the little winged creatures came along with the rig to the city, at every opportunity sipping the honey from the petals of the flowers. At the Queen's Restaurant, for which the flowers were intended, the birds visited the bunch at the door of the bar entrance. The flowers were placed on the table in the dining-room, a faded bunch being substituted at the door; but, after flying once round the latter, the birds left it and soon found the others again, entering the room through the open window. The boarders present were astonished at the tameness of the birds, which might have been easily caught if that had been desired."