

ing. This scene is enacted twenty or thirty times during the season, but I must say by only a few old fogies who would not learn any better if they were to live one hundred years. Horses are gregarious in their nature, and will not be separated, and, therefore, should be galloped together. How easy, therefore, it would have been to have told his principal rider to walk, trot, canter, or gallop so far, within the hearing of all the other riders, "You follow this horse, and keep within a certain distance of or alongside him. They could then all set out together, and none would fret to follow the other, as in the scene just described. Another great error practised by a few old fogies is as follows: They are standing, we will say, about the judge's stand, and start their horses off, with instructions to gallop a mile and a quarter, then pull up, turn round, and trot back to the trainer. Now everybody else but they know that it is very dangerous for horses to be moving in different directions upon the race track, some walking and trotting one way, whilst others are trotting and galloping the other. Many serious collisions have occurred, resulting fatally to both rider and horse by this stupid manner of working horses. Besides the trainer cannot know the condition of his horses at the end of the gallop, when he has ordered them to stop a quarter of a mile from him. The time occupied in their returning to the trainer will make quite a difference in their respiration, and in the signs of fatigue which they would have shown to the eye of the trainer had he been standing where their work terminated, and he never will know the exact effect of the work given to his horses unless he instructs the riders to terminate their gallops near where he is standing. These same old fogies are well aware that the regulation governing the exercise of horses, on the Jerome Park, is to the effect that no horse, after passing the first quarter pole, shall be pulled up or turned round, but must continue on until he has passed the first reverse, for if he should stop there on the first reverse, the horses galloping or running behind might collide with him, and severe injury might result to both parties, for as long as the rider's back was toward the coming horses, he could not see them, and if he attempted to pull out he would then present the entire body of the horse to their collision, and it would be long odds that he would be struck by some of them. The necessity for such a rule is very obvious, for in taking either of the reverses, although in a diagonal line, you have to cross the track.

I believe it is the rule, on all tracks, to work to the left or against the sun, and particularly on this track, owing to its peculiar formation; yet these trainers do not care what ever happens as long as it does not happen to them, and persist in breaking this excellent rule, every day they gallop a horse on that track. Several riders have been thrown from their horses and seriously injured by disobeying this rule, which the secretary of the track has given to govern the exercise of horses upon the Jerome Park. If this rule is not more strenuously enforced it will deter owners of good horses from training them there, for the danger resulting from the disregard of the rule is much more serious than any person, who has not trained horses upon that track, would imagine.

Another great error among trainers is that they do not take sufficient pains to instruct their boys how to ride. The boy is put up green, timid, and unacquainted with the commonest rudiments of riding; he is never instructed by the trainer how to place his feet in the stirrup leathers, how long or short to buckle his stirrup leathers, how to brace the shoulder of the horse with his knees, how to take hold of the reins, how to hold his hands, how much pressure to bring to bear upon the bit, how to give him his head, how to pull his horse up, or how to mount and dismount. In fact, he is never told anything calculated to instruct him as a rider; if he learns anything about his profession it will be from the force of his own observation and judgment; unless he receives from some kind-hearted boy in the stable who is

for I had among some of our best jockeys a great want of knowledge on this point, should be as follows: After seeing that his stirrups are of the right length, the knot in his bridle tied in the proper place, the saddle properly adjusted, and the girth and surcingle sufficiently tight not to allow the saddle to slip back or forward, he should be told to brace the horse well between his knees, and to support him all he could in making the turns; to see that the near foot or leg is foremost when entering the turn, and if so, to let his head go straight; if not, to pull the right-hand rein gently, pulling the bit through his mouth, which will throw the proper foot foremost. This will cause the horse to glide round the turn with ease, without changing or hitting his legs; whereas, if he should make the turn with the wrong foot foremost, he would lose, at least, two lengths; and if he should happen to be tired at the time, and should attempt to change his legs without the assistance of the rider, he is sure to strike his legs, and oftentimes fall, for that is the cause of horses falling in making a turn, if tired, they will either grab their fore foot with their hind leg, or hit in changing their fore legs, and the cause of their falling has often been attributed to riders and horses who were not sufficiently near at the time to strike or jostle them.

To instruct a young rider, he should be asked often where, in the race or trial run, his horse tired or gave it up. If he should answer in the affirmative, he should be asked to describe how he acted. If he is intelligent enough to know, he will say that the horse ceased to bear as hard against the bit as he did at the start, and finally he ceased to bear any pressure against the bit, and that he had to give up his pull. If the boy had been sufficiently instructed, he would say that he pulled his horse back upon his heels until he recovered his wind, and began to bear upon the bit; that he then let him make a short run, took him in hand again, and pulled him steadily until he began to throw his stifles under him and bear against the bit; then gave him another short run until he came up alongside of his horse, but did not attempt to pass them, but lay there and rested until arriving sufficiently near the stand to make a final run home. Now if a boy should thus talk in answer to those questions, and ride as he said he did, taking care of his horse, nursing him until he gained sufficient strength to make his run, and making them short and judicious, and showing great judgment in resting when he lapped his horses, and reserving his strength for the final struggle; and if the desperate efforts he made in that struggle showed, if he did not win the race, he at least deserved to, then he is certain to rise in his profession. Now, look at the contrast between an inexperienced rider, or one who has not been properly taught, with such a rider as has just been described. In putting the same questions to him, his answers will be something like the following: "Did your horse tire in the race?" "Yes, sir." "Where?" "At the half-mile pole, sir." "What did you do when you found he was tiring?" "I drew my whip, and whipped him home." You will naturally say, "Why did you not take your horse in hand, and pull him until he rested?" "Because the other horses were running by me, and I whipped him to keep him up with them." Now, it may seem strange that so ignorant a rider should be put up to ride for money; yet I know quite a number of boys who are riding the whole season through, mostly black, but some white, who are just as ignorant as the last rider described, and it is all owing to the want of intelligence on the part of the trainer. If he has been a rider himself of much practice, he should be capable of teaching his boys how to ride, but that is the last thing they think of or practice.

"Don't cry any more now, don't cry," soothingly remarked an honest old farmer, bouncing suddenly up from his seat in a Pennsylvania country theatre, and addressing the weeping heroine on the stage.

and one there were a number of these shots, and one of them, larger than the rest, in passing upon this organ, had been the immediate cause of death. Of these shots there were in all fourteen, varying in length from three to nine inches. In color they were white, with a faint yellowish green tinge towards the base. The shot which had pressed against young Henderson's heart was considerably thicker and larger than the rest, and had a peculiar reddish tinge, which the others had not. The shots were so closely twined and twisted around the intestines that it was impossible to remove them, and so they have not been preserved to science. The case, however, was so entirely sui generis that in all probability a full and scientific account of it will be written and published by the physicians and surgeons interested in it.

EQUINE OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MAUD MULLER.

At the Home Farm, Col. H. S. Russell, Milton, Mass., during the early Winter months, the existence of a remarkable animal terminated in death. We refer to the Orloff mare Maud Muller, imported into the United States by Col. O. D. Miller, of New York, and for the past four or five years has claimed membership of the princely establishment of which Smuggler occupies the post of honor. She was bred on the island of Williamsburg, in the Elbe; foaled in 1857, was sired by Bruckwillow, a celebrated stallion in the stud of the King of Hanover, and out of an Orloff mare. True to the instinct of the Orloff tribe she developed extraordinary speed, trotting a full mile, at Haverburg, in 2:26; and it was after this that she became the property of Col. Miller. Upon her arrival in the United States she was sent into the harem, and in 1865 produced the black colt John Hastings, by Pathfinder, a son of Hill's Black Hawk; in 1866 chestnut filly Jane McDonald, by Chittanooga Clay, son of Corning's Harry Clay. Both of the foregoing are now owned by Mr. Garrett Smith Miller. In 1867 she was barren; in 1868, to the cover of the thoroughbred stallion Lex Loci, son of Lexington and Minnie Mansfield, she produced Auburn, a chestnut, at present owned and driven on the road by Col. M. The result of the union of Lex Loci and Maud was certainly a happy one, for, while possessed of an extra share of speed and form, he is large, full of ambition and unusually even tempered. In 1869 she foaled the bay filly Cowasew (Pretty Squaw), by Walkin' Chief, now owned by Mr. George J. Whitney, of Rochester, N. Y. The following year she had a chestnut colt, by a son of Chittanooga Clay, which died early. After this she passed into the stables of Col. Russell.

PRICES DOWN AT RYSDYK STOCK FARM.

It will be seen by the advertisement of Mr. J. P. Wiser, of Rysdyk Stock Farm, Prescott, Ont., that he has made a great reduction in the price of the services of the stallions there for the coming season. The rates for 1877 are: Rysdyk, \$50, Chestnut Hill, \$35; Wm. B. Smith, \$25; as against \$100, \$75, and \$50, respectively, last season, or a reduction of fifty percent. This step is taken, not that there is any lack of demand for the services of these stallions, but to meet the requirements of the hard times. Mr. Wiser shows wisdom in thus lowering and we are confident that his balance sheet will prove it at the end of the year. Other breeders should follow his example.

MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY.—Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, (300 or more, with four pages of colored plates,) than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in England as well as in this country. Bell & Daldy, the publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

work during the latter part of November. I had magnificent hunting. Early in December they changed their course west, struck the Sweet Water and proceeded along its banks and finally pitched permanent camp near old Independence Rock, in Devil Gate country. Here the hunting proved to be exceptionally fine, including elk in abundance, and mountain sheep and black-tailed deer in immense quantities.

During the stay in this locality a dozen pair of as fine antlers as have ever fallen to the lot of sportsmen to secure were obtained. Sir John Reid was so well pleased with the prizes that they were forwarded to Omaha and sent on to this city for shipment to England. Some of these antlers measure from the base of the skull to the tip over five feet, and will measure in width about four feet. The finest specimen was taken from a fine old buck, killed on Christmas Day by Sir John himself on one of the highest peaks of the Sweet Water range. When the carcass was drawn into camp there was great merrymaking, and the Christmas festivities were celebrated with increased enthusiasm. There was no wanton slaughter of game in any respect. The best specimens were singled out and followed, and after the camp was supplied with elk, deer and mountain sheep meat, and Fort Steele furnished with an ample supply, the balance was forwarded to Omaha, where it was sold at from eight to ten cents per pound to the poor, while Texan beef was bringing twenty and twenty-five cents.

The temperature during the hunt and up to Christmas ranged about zero; shortly after it began to grow colder and colder until it reached twenty-five degrees below zero. Snow also began to fall heavily, and on the 27th of December the party broke camp and started homeward, passing through Sand Creek, one of the most enterprising mining camps of the West, and reached Rawlins on New Year's Eve. Here the party separated, Sir John Reid and Mr. Eaton continuing their journey across the continent to San Francisco, en route to India; Indian Tom repairing to his old Indian haunts, and Texas Jack proceeding to this city with the trophies of the hunt secured in the interior of the Sioux country.—N. Y. Herald.

TEN BROECK TO RUN AGAIN.

Mr. F. B. Harper has decided to train his great horse Ten Broeck again. It is an established fact that he and Aristides will meet in the Cup race at Louisville, Ky., in May next, barring accident. McGrath has always contended that Aristides can beat him any race. He did beat him at Lexington, Ky., May 10, 1876, 2 1/2 miles, in 3:45 1/2, each 4 years old, and carrying 108 lbs. Aristides also won the 2 1/2-mile dash, same meeting, beating Bazar, Elemei and War Jig, in 4:27 1/2. These are the two fastest races ever run at the distances. Ten Broeck won the 8-mile dash at Louisville, Sept. 23, in 5:26 1/2, and the 4-mile race, in 7:15 1/2, carrying in each 104 lbs. These are also the fastest races ever run at the distances. Should the two meet in the Cup, 2 1/2 miles, and in condition to run, there is no certainty that Ten Broeck will be the winner, as Aristides is the peer of Ten Broeck, not only in speed, but staying quality and ability to carry weight.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.R.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy.

I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result:

No. 1—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter, yields on evaporation, a thick syrup of inverted sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine. Sample X—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing, has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

No. 3—Campbell's—Light color, clear, with no deposit, contains Disulphate of Quinine in the proportion of 1 grain to two fluid ounces. Is made with sound sherry wine.

N.B.—The latter (Campbell's), is the only genuine "Quinine Wine" of the three samples examined.—Signed,

JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.R.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy, Bishop's College and College of Industry, Montreal.

girth, \$300; glass wagon, \$400; top horse and chariot, \$1,000; 2 ponies and Underwood wagon, \$1,100; 8 lengths of reserved harness, \$200; 2 hippodrome chariots, \$50; 10 tag-gage horses, \$1,000; 10 horses, \$1,500; 10 horses, \$1,600; 10 horses, \$1,750; 10 sets harness, \$75; one lot of horses, \$1,000; 1 sore horse, \$50; 2 trained mules, \$60 and John, \$75; 3 ponies, \$175; 1 stallion trained, \$105; stallion Captain, trained, \$110; trick pony, Comanche Chief, \$80; trained horse Quickstep, \$180; trained horse Jun. \$150; trained horse Bully Button, \$75.

The sale realized \$52,730, and with the exception of two horses, which brought \$80, the entire establishment was purchased by Mr. John J. Parks, of New York. The stock and animals will be kept where they are until the summer, when they will be brought to New York previous to starting on a new tenting season.

A CALIFORNIA WOMAN EATS 30 QUAILS IN 30 DAYS.

It has been many times vigorously alleged that no person could perform the seemingly simple gastronomic feat of eating thirty quails in thirty successive days. What there is about a quail that makes the average human stomach decline to take two frequent visitations, no one but an analytical chemist with a leaning toward anatomy can decide. The quail has been esteemed a great delicacy since the children of Israel passed through the desert and had their daily feast of the fowl—not singly but in showers—and the sacred chronicler fails to record that they were received with repugnance, and they were in the wilderness a month and ten days. A banquet without quails some where in the list of dishes has almost been esteemed a failure. Then why its indigestibility? Wherefore its billiousness? This feat, hitherto deemed impossible, has been recently performed by a lady resident of Oakland, who, in a spirit of banter and on a wager of \$500 offered by a humorous son-in-law, and \$100 guaranteed by a facetious son, undertook the task, not thinking it at all difficult. She decided to take the birds broiled, and for breakfast. All went on well for some days, and it was not until the end of two weeks that the maternal quail began to repugnant, breakfast revolting, and life a burden. A plucky, unyielding will came to the lady's aid, and she persevered, and through a season of daily recurring quailna, with frequent fits of dizziness, a little tendency to obscurity of vision she finished the last bird amid the approval of a slightly alarmed household. But she says she does not care to renew the attempts—oh, no!—even for the sake of emulating the israelites, who lived on them forty days and made no sign. She is now in perfect health, and her bank account is increased by the money so hardly earned.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A STRANGE PET.

Conductor Wm. Reynolds, of Peterboro received on Wednesday last by express from Florida, a young alligator. He had been about nine days on the road, without other subsistence than the air, which was freely admitted into his box, and seemed fresh and worn out from his long journey, under such trying circumstances. He is about eighteen inches in length, of which the head and tail are fully three-fourths. The head is long and flat, and as the jaws open up right to the back, his countenance is very expressive when he opens them, although not of a pleasing cast. Of course, he is too young to look out for his own sustenance. He has a weakness for raw meat, and we understand that a good price will be paid at the Hoffman House for fat and tender infants to rear him on. When a train of maturer years he will be strong enough to make his mother in law and her friends well known to be the best abused and consequently toughest specimens of humanity that exist. If not beautiful, he has at least a useful future before him.