

Payne not Admiral Hous, who also saw the race ran for the first time that day. Their friendship was ever afterwards unbroken until death removed his old companion from within sound of the saddling-bell. Sir Tatton Sykes, while he lived, was also his friend. With the exception of the year when Charles XII. ran and won, Sir Tatton never missed a Leger for more than sixty years. He used to stand with Mr. Payne beside the rails of the enclosure under the shadow of the grand stand, and both of them were introduced the same day by their friend Gully to the redoubtable Tom Sayers and Sir Joseph Hawley. The turf was not the only medium of speculation employed by Mr. Payne. As a whist-player he had few equals, and at *ecarte* and *piquet* could take a hand with the best. He played for high stakes. A few years ago an exceedingly amiable and good-looking gentleman was conspicuous in London for his luck at cards. He lived right loyally on a slender income played heavily at two clubs most notorious for high stakes, and won steadily. Whist-players of great skill and experience tried their hands against him, but retired losers. All wondered at his persistent good fortune and at Mr. Payne's objection to play against him. "No, no," said the veteran; "he is a good fellow, a handsome fellow, and holds good cards. I like to back him."

As a country gentleman Mr. Payne, when he was known as the Squire of Sulby Abbey, was worshipped by the inhabitants of sport-loving Northamptonshire, where the merry-making which celebrated his coming of age over fifty-five years ago is not yet forgotten, or more than the magnificence of his turnout when he served as High Sheriff of the county. When in London he lived in Queen's street, Mayfair, and here he has been lying these many weeks suffering. He was a great traveller, and was as much at home in France as in his own country. He was ever a welcome guest of the French Jockey Club, while the late Baron Daru and M. Lupin were among his friends.

## EDWIN FORREST.

### THE PHENOMENAL TROTTER OF 1878.

No more appropriate subject for a sketch could be chosen, at this time, than the wonderful horse Edwin Forrest, whose name is now on the lips of every admirer of the American trotter, and who has leaped at one bound from comparative obscurity into the very first rank. He is a rich bay in color, stands 16 hands, but is a full inch higher at his withers than at his rump. Indeed, a connoisseur upon inspecting the horse, and knowing nothing of his powers, would probably pronounce him deficient behind, as his quarters and stifles are not at all remarkable and suffer in comparison with his tremendous forward development. A better neck and chest, with more lung room and more capacious breathing apparatus, are seldom seen. He weighs ordinarily 1,150 lbs., and in trotting condition about 1,000 lbs. This horse was bred by Mr. James H. Haddock, at Harrisonville, Cass County, Mo., and was foaled in April, 1871. His sire was a horse of local reputation, named Ned Forrest, Jr., and owned by a Mr. Brannock, hence sometimes called Brannock's Ned Forrest, and the sire of Ned Forrest Jr. was Joe Downing, a son of Ned Forrest, by Alexander's Edwin Forrest; dam of Joe Downing, a Wagner mare. The dam of the present Edwin Forrest was named Fanny Mundy, and was by Flight, a son of Leviathan. Her dam is said to have come from Tennessee, but Fanny Mundy does not appear in the Stud-books, and, probably, was not strictly thoroughbred. We are informed, on what we consider good authority, and in contradiction to statements that have been made, that this Missouri wonder was a natural trotter, but he was broken to the saddle-gait when four and a half years old, and hence arose the necessity for a subsequent conversion of him to a trotter, which might more properly be called a revival. When broken to harness, he had forgotten his natural proclivities, and was liable to go any gait under the sun. The party who took him in hand was G. H. Conkling, trainer, of Kansas City, and he educated him with one-pound shoes

out with the fourth canny, but being compelled to extend himself. The disgraceful job with which his name is connected at Utica is fresh in recollection. We are grateful that none of the odium of the transaction can attach to the noble horse. In the fourth heat of that race he came from the rear at the last with a burst of speed that amazed all beholders, and caused Charley Green to make a dead rush for the owner of Forrest, and secure the refusal of him at \$10,000, within five minutes. The bargain was consummated at Hartford, and Green is now the sole possessor of this wonderful trotter. All stories to the effect that he bought him for another party are erroneous. Green wisely did not start him at Hartford. He had not had time to learn the ways of the horse, and, after Utica, did not feel like trusting him with his old driver. He had purchased him for a star, and did not propose to have his light dimmed by another defeat. But the magnificent exhibition of speed made by him on the last day, which is fully described elsewhere, more than entitles him to the prominence now given him, and many, Green among the number, believe him to be the fastest trotter in the world.—*Spirit*.

## CARRIER PIGEONS.

In his interesting manual of natural history, which is now appearing in small instalments, Scarpaneri says that carrier pigeons of good breed, although they may be started in company and bound for the same place, fly quite independently of one another. Each one selects its own course, some taking a higher, others a lower flight, and speeds on its way without taking any heed of its neighbors. The birds, in fact, seem to know that they are racing, and each one exerts itself to the utmost to arrive first at the goal. In the neighborhood of every pigeon house there are always certain places, trees, etc., which are usually favorite resorts of the birds; but when coming in in a race the well-bred pigeon never stops for a moment at any of these haunts, but flies straight to its own particular house, frequently arriving there in so exhausted a state as to be unable to eat the food it is most fond of. Birds which are sitting, or which have lately hatched young, are generally taken in preference to others for racing, but instances have been known in which carrier pigeons of good breed which have been taken to a fresh home, and which have hatched young there, have deserted their brood and flown away to their original home at the first opportunity that they had of escaping.

## A DESPERATE FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

The Bakerville (N. C.) Republican, of the 14th ult., tells the following:—"Last week, while E. J. Campbell was engaged digging wild ginger on the side of the Roan, about one and a half miles from Clondland hotel, he found the nest of a gray eagle in a fallen tree-top under the cliff of the mountain, containing one young eagle. While examining the nest and its contents, suddenly he heard a loud noise, and before he could ascertain what it was, the old eagle had struck him in the face with her bill and claws, and, taking a circuit through the air, alighted on a tree about 200 yards distant, but in plain view of the nest. Again the parent bird made an attack, aiming at his head, but he avoided her, and she struck him on the arm, making a slight wound. She returned to her post of observation, but as soon as he attempted to touch the nest containing the young eagle she made a third attack, when Mr. Campbell struck her with a stick and brought her to the ground, where, after a severe struggle, he succeeded in killing her. She measured seven feet and two inches from tip to tip of her wings. The male bird was not seen. The place was a wild, unfrequented part of the mountain. It has generally been supposed that the eagle always built her nest in the cleft of the rocks, but this one had her nest in a fallen tree-top, some feet from the ground, but in a spot seldom visited by man. This bird is the one known as the gray or bald eagle."

weeks old. Our answer has been, so far, always in the negative. We have always thought, and still think, the purchase of such young things is about as poor an investment as a man can make with his money. For instance, Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones advertises he has for sale a litter of whelps, by the celebrated Skyrocket, ex Nitro. Then follows a long string of names, with probably as much meaning in the list as the pedigree of the whelps we refer to. They all run in similar style, namely, Skyrocket, by Paper, ex Gunpowder, Paper, by Pulp, ex Rage; Gunpowder, by Charcoal, ex Sulphur, Sulphur, by Miner, ex Mine, and Charcoal, by Fire, ex Wood. There is nothing so meaningless, in our opinion, in God's world as the fancy pedigrees of some of these whelps. We would ask what virtue there is in a long string of names, in which lengthy string there is not a field dog in the lot? Yet, despite all this, they find purchasers. As the fools in this world predominate, the breeders of these puppies find buyers. For the present it is the fashion, and so long as the current sets that way we cannot find fault with the breeders if they meet the demand.

These babies, therefore, are sold, and what is the consequence? Why, ninety per cent. die, and the purchaser tries his luck again, only to meet the same ending at another repetition of his folly. The breeder has a bitch who whelps, say on the average, ten at a litter—as often fifteen. These represent to him a certain cash value, for all can be sold at high prices if he can carry them along to a selling age. As soon as whelped he advertises them for sale, to be delivered when they shall be four weeks old. Not a bitch is destroyed; not even the runt of the litter is made away with, but the mother is fed all the stimulating food she will eat. The puppies at a week old are taught to suck a finger held in a saucer of warm milk, so that all will, to all appearances, thrive. At ten days old, and before their eyes are opened, they are partially weaned. At two weeks old they are eating rich soups, thickened with oatmeal or barley meal. At three weeks they are getting scraps of meat, gravies—anything that will force them along. At four weeks they are ready for distribution. Do they look well? Of course they do. Their coats, from eating so much fat, are shiny and bright. They are as fat as a "roasting pig," and are of large size. The purchasers are pleased—delighted. The seller is the recipient of any number of letters, in which is related that Mr. Jones, having purchased and just received one of the famous litter of Skyrocket ex Nitro, is more than pleased with the puppy upon its arrival. These letters are so many endorsements of the breeder, and are reserved for future publication, if the character of the seller's stock should ever be defamed.

Now, the happy buyer, in a week's time, finds his puppy out of order. He has fed him, as all the books instruct him, on bread and milk or crackers and milk, but the youngster doesn't get along. He fancies the pup needs more food, and so the unfortunate whelp is crammed until his belly looks, after feeding-time, like the body of an angry blowfish—to speak plainly, all gut and nothing else. The puppy, musing the rich pap with which he had been stimulated, eats all that can be given him, or that he can get at. His digestive organs fail to perform the task allotted them. The food remains in the stomach as it was eaten. The worms always present—but, under a correct system of feeding, never hurtful—now come forward, and, under the present conditions, they thrive at the expense of the whelp. He goes from bad to worse, until death steps in and relieves him of his pains. This happens not once, and in exceptional cases, but all the time, and continuously.

If, after this life, the pup does sometimes pull through, he never becomes a sturdy, hardy dog. To be sure, once in a while, as in the human race, pups are whelped which,

will say what little there is to be said on the other side at a future time.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

## A WICKED OLD GENTLEMAN.

HOW HE JING DASS AND BARELY TOOK IN THE BOYS.

Nice old gentleman he was; big white waistcoat, low-cut shoes, bald head and silver-bowed spectacles. He led in the singing on Sunday evening in the hotel parlor, and sung that old-fashioned bass in "Coronation" and "China" in that sonorous up-and-down style which country choristers used to practise in accompanying the big fiddle, and which had the bland benevolent look of a good old up-country deacon.

He was "looking round the house" next night, and stepped in where some of the boys were playing cards—something where they were talking of "calls" and "raises" and "seeing." The boys looked a little disconcerted, but the old man didn't say anything till the hand was played out, and one of the party, under pretense of having an engagement, winked at the others and said he must go, intending to break up till the old man had gone away and then resume the game. But he had scarce turned his back when the aged visitor remarked:

"I wonder he didn't 'raise' ye with the hand he held."

"Do you understand the game?" asked one of the party, taking a cigar from his mouth.

"Wall, a leetle, I've seen 'em playin' on it, an' sometimes thort that I'd like to take a hand 'es' for fun."

"Just so," said another, "suppose you try a game or two with us."

"Wall, I don't mind 'es' for the fun or the thing." So the old man sat down and with a good deal of instruction managed to get through with the game and won on the penny ante. "Thar," said he, "if that feller that's gone had been spunky and put in \$5 he'd got it instead of these 8 cents, wouldn't he?"

"Why, certainly," said one of the young men, "certainly; it's your deal, uncle; now, why don't you go in for a \$5 ante?"

"Wall," said the old fellow, throwing round the cards, "I dono but I will, but I hain't got nothin' but a \$20 bill that I drew outen the bank to come here with."

"Well, uncle," said the other, gathering up and glancing at his cards, "I'll go yer twenty, and you can put it in the missionary box when you win it if you like."

"Sho' so I ken," said the old man, "I don't think 'twud be gambollin' at all ef that's the case."

"Not at all," said the other, winking to his companions.

"Wall, then I don't care ef I go yer this 'ere other fifty—but I s'pose you'll think I'm doin' on it to skear ye—but our denomination's t'arnal poor, and a big contribution is jest what they're hankerin' arter."

"Oh, no, I cover your fifty uncle, we ought to be liberal, you know," and so the game went on till finally the old man remarked, "Well, I'd no idee I had this 'ere roll o' bills in my pocket—so you call, do ye?—\$500 up!—yes, you hev got 'tis kinder queer I got tother queen—haw! haw! haw!"

"Yes, I'm sorry for you, but what are your other cards?" said the young man, triumphant.

"Well, three oh 'em ez kings—why, darn it, all that ere pot o' money's mine, young feller," said he, stretching out a powerful paw and squeezing the bills out of the hand of the young man, who had already begun to roll them up. "Praps, mister, you'd like to take your hand again," said he to the other who had returned meantime; "they are goin' to sing some sam tines up stairs before going to bed, and I promised I'd jine 'em."

There was a blank look of amazement in that circle as he left, and the thought forced itself into more than one mind of the danger of trusting to appearances.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

## A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. LIXAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 352-em

supporters at 3 to 2, and adopting the tactics as before, she waited to inside the distance, when she came with a rush and won easily by a length and a half. After the race the starter lodged a complaint against the well-known jockeys Archer and Glover, and against Mr. Darling, the owner and rider of one of the horses.

## TOOTS AND TOUTING.

Touting used to be difficult and dangerous at the famous training establishment of Mr. John Scott's blacksmith, Jacob, used to beat the woods at night with a huge bloodhound that had been trained to black slaves, and when he had trod a tout the smith would produce a horse-pistol and remark, "Noo, then, the man coom doon, and down would come the watcher, to be hunted off by Captain, who, however, was mercifully muzzled. The story is recalled apropos of the attempt to get at a Leger favorite, and another instance is given of the Leger of 1880, when Mr. Watt started Bolshazar and Rockingham, the former being the favorite and Mr. Watt electing to win with him. At noon on the day of the race both horses were well, the boy who rode Bolshazar in training had been ordered not to take his eye off the cult till he was saddled, Mr. Watt and the trainers were watching the plying of the horse's mane when a friend called and they went to speak to him. The head boy, whose honesty was not suspected, pretended to have a touch of colic and asked the boy to run and get him some peppermint, in the moment or two he was gone. Bolshazar was given half a pail of medicated water, and his backers had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars, though the second horse, Rockingham, won. The head boy never was seen who bribed him, and the bribe did him no good for he lived and died in extreme destitution.

## HOW TO RING A BULL.

Every bull should be ringed by the time he is a year old, and if done five or six months earlier it is all the better. Use only a copper ring, two and a half inches outside diameter. With the little key accompanying take out the screw and with three pieces of pipe—one to be used as a wedge between—carefully open the ring, light taps on the wedge. This done, secure your animal firmly to a post, by the horn above and the muzzle below, using for the purpose a long and flexible rope. A good head stall will enable you to apply the rope more securely. Having everything in readiness, hold the nose in the left hand, and with a scratchawl puncture the thinnest place between the nostrils, just below the cartilage, thrusting the awl well through that the hole may be large enough to receive the ring readily. A little pointed metal shield on the ring will be found a great help in getting it through. Put the ring so that the head of the screw will be underneath, and with a little block of pine drive the ring well together, insert the screw, and push off any rough pieces with the file blade of a pocket-knife or similar instrument. During the operation be very careful that the screw is not lost, to prevent which an apron or box should be held underneath to catch it, if accidentally dropped.

In leading never pull hard on the ring. To touch a bull to lead, attach a strap to the ring, and another to the headstall, gently pull away at the same time, and he will soon learn to follow. I have known a calf to resist the ring a first. With such cases hard pulling does no good, time and patience, with a switch behind, are the only remedies.

Those keeping dairy stock will find it a great convenience to have their cows ringed, and there is no cruelty in the operation. The temporary confinement is resisted more than the insertion of the ring, immediately after which any animal accustomed to being handled will, hungry, proceed with its eating, manifesting neither uneasiness nor inconvenience. Farmer.

The Sultan of Morocco has presented Emperor William with ten fine Arabian horses. These are of different colors and breed, rather small in build and well adapted solely for riding purposes.