

meaning with a few feet of the opposite limit.

THE BRACELET AND BALL.

The *bracciale* entirely covers the right hand and extends three or four inches above the wrist. An oval opening through the middle enables the player to insert his hand with ease and grasp a crossbar, which is adjusted at the lower end. The outside of the *bracciale* bristles with boxwood pegs two inches long. Of these pegs there are seven alternating rows, and the instrument completed weighs about five pounds. The ball is five and a half inches in diameter, of stitched bullhide. It is distended with compressed air, pumped in after each inning.

AT PLAY.

Play opens and proceeds as follows:—The striker at A rushes with all the speed he is capable of to meet the ball tossed toward him by I. He whirls his right arm with the *bracciale* upon it, strikes the ball and sends it in a beautiful curve high above and across the line C D. The players on the other side, who are armed with the same bracelet as the man at A, meet and hit the ball back, for if it strikes and rolls on the ground the striker's side counts one. If the ball bounds but once it is allowable to bat it back again whence it came. If the fielding party should manage to knock the ball back beyond the line marking the field of the batter's side and it fall flat and be not returned the fielders count one. The batting party at A has great advantage in the game, for if he be skillful he can bat the ball in close to the high deal wall erected along the line K L, so that his opponents are unable to bat it back. To equalize the advantages the blues and reds alternate positions every second game, so that no decided benefit may be reaped by either side on account of location. Each fall of the ball counts one point for the party which struck it last, and when either side scores four points a game is won.

DEPRECIATION OF EQUINE VALUE.

The fast horse is not the valuable property that he was a little while ago. The stock has increased rapidly and prices have gone down. A few years ago a thirty-five horse six years of age would have commanded a fabulous sum; but now such an animal is not worth more than \$1,200, if as much. The hard times and the increasing number of fast animals have done a great deal toward reducing the price of horse flesh, but for track purposes its value has still further been depreciated by the law passed last winter with regard to pool-selling. "There is a five-year-old colt in this city," says the *Troy Times*, "that has shown its 1:13 for a half mile—a wonderful performance even for these times, but ten years ago it would have been considered marvellous. It is only eighteen years since the trotting world was astonished by recording the first heat under 2:20, and there are now probably twenty-five horses that can do it, so rapidly has the breeding of horses improved their speed and endurance."

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

The unhappy Kentuckian who bet on every race during the Nashville race week and lost every time illustrates the freaks of fortune in this respect. He had just \$50 left, and in sheer desperation cried out in the crowd that assembled at the hotel after the race: "I'll bet \$50 I can name two men here with twenty-three fingers." When the bet was taken the child of Fate continued, "Anybody'll do. Here, my friend, I'll take you. I have thirteen fingers, and you have ten; that makes twenty-three. I knew there was one bet I could not lose." The stranger gazed at him a moment with a plying expression, and then said, compassionately, "Well, I'm sorry for you. You have struck a hard streak of luck. I had three of my fingers shot off at Chickamauga!"

It Fulton Russell
Mercutio G B Waldron
Benvenuto F G Cotter
Paris...Harry Pierson
Friar Laurence
W A Donaldson
Tybalt...W F Edwards
Capulet...G T Ulmer
C S Mason
Apothecary D W Vanderen
Page...Mabel Doane
Juliet
Louise Pomeroy
Lady Capulet
Miss Mary Hill
Nurse
Mrs D B Vanderen

During the evening the orchestra, under the direction of Prof. F. A. Muller, will perform the following selection:

Overture—Masaniello.....Auber
Waltz—Soldatenlied.....Jos Gungl
Cornet solo—Criterion Polka.....J Hunt
Pot Pourri of the Grand Duchesse...Offenbach
Galop—Mephistopheles.....Schacht

THE SECRETARY BIRD

So called from the fancied resemblance of some of its head feathers to pens stuck behind the ear, inhabits the southern part of Africa. Among ornithologists it is known by the pet name of *Gypogerranus serpentarius* from its propensity for dining upon snakes in general. Long legged, like a crane, it is a modification of that bird and the wild turkey, having a crest unlike either, and a lengthened, drooping tail. The Jardin D'acclimation, in Paris, has lately been the theatre of exhibitive combats between specimens of these birds and some vipers, affording "delightful spectacles" to the French bourgeois. A correspondent of the London Globe says of one of these occurrences:—"Some vipers had been procured, and were thrown down before the birds, who, to the intense delight of the spectators, lost no time in 'engaging in struggle' with them. The combat must have been rather one-sided if the birds were anything like full grown, for the Secretary has been known not only to vanquish, but to devour bodily, snakes as large as a man's arm. But the gestures and the tactics of the birds while engaged in the fight were highly amusing to the visitors, who will, no doubt, urge all their friends to go and patronize the exhibitions that may be given in future. It is certain that the gardens are far better suited for the *chasse aux viperes* than for displays of falconry; for the Secretary does not fly, but runs after his prey, and that at a prodigious pace, reserving his wings to serve as a weapon of offense and defense. When the snake is overtaken one of the wings is used as a shield, and the other as a club, while the long and hard legs of the bird are impervious to the attacks of the foe. A common viper is, however, by no means a fair match for the newly-trained chasseur, and it would be well on the next occasion to make a quarry of a stout cobra or a young python."

ON CIRCUSES.

Detroit Free Press.

It is a fact that circuses no longer pay. Dan Rice is a fair example to prove that travelling exhibitions are certain bankruptcy to the average showman. It is a fact, too, that people no longer patronize them as in years gone by. But the circus people are to blame for this state of affairs. P. T. Barnum is the wealthiest, shrewdest showman of them all, and yet he is going around the country this year with practically the same attractions that were old to the public twenty years ago. His tent is larger, his force larger, but there are the same cages of lions and tigers and other wild beasts; there is the same menagerie, the same troop of monkeys and the same elephants and camels which the public were asked to look at a score of years ago. The circus is the same. The clown is just as silly and stale; the ringmaster has the same voice and the same whip; the same feats are again performed; the same music played, and the lemonade is about the only thing which has changed. It used to be made of lemons, sugar and water, and was sold at five cents per glass. It is now made of water and tartaric acid, and sold for ten. Barnum's show is as good, if not better, than any other on the road. In fact, the know-

with a very large general cargo, among which were 146 head of cattle and 350 sheep. The whole of the consignment was landed in excellent condition. The beasts were for the most part animals of great frame, and they were in such a condition that they may at once be brought into the market. If this experiment proves a financial success, each of the vessels of the Wilson Line will be specially fitted for the trade.

As regards the dead meat traffic, both at Edinburgh and Glasgow, the demand has been brisk and prices rising. As it has been supposed that the traffic in American beef had seriously affected the consumption of home-fed meat, some returns made by Mr. Moffat, inspector of the slaughter-house, Greenock, will be interesting. They show a decrease of 861 cattle, an increase of 638 calves, a decrease of 1,960 sheep, and an increase of 118 pigs slaughtered during the first quarter this year, as compared with the corresponding period last year.

MORE AMERICAN THOROUGHBREDS FOR ENGLAND.

Mr. Sanford will shortly make an important addition to his stable on Newmarket Heath, the metropolis of the English turf, in the shape of two colts and two fillies, all two-year olds. The four youngsters are grandchildren of Lexington, and named as follows: Cataract, c, by Glenelg, out of Niagara, by Lexington; Miss Ward, f, by Baywood, out of Earring, by Ringwood; filly, by Glenelg, out of Utrica, by Lexington.

Four more promising two-year olds it would be difficult to find here or elsewhere, especially Cataract and Miss Ward. The former is a slashing bay colt, with single white ankle; he stands 16½ hands high, and is apparently almost as well furnished as a three-year-old, although time and training will greatly benefit him. The two strains of blood which meet in his veins, as in those of two of the others, are unequalled on the American and English turfs; for Glenelg is by Carnival, son of Stockwell, the latter being known throughout Europe as the "Emperor of Stallions." Lord Lyon, Blair Athol, Doncaster—all winners of the Derby—were got by him; and Silvio, winner of the race this year, is his grandson. With the bracing air of Newmarket Heath, the succulent English grass and fat Scotch oats which he is about to enjoy, Cataract is likely to acquire a muscular development for which Stockwell was so celebrated, when English turfmen nicknamed him "Lord Exeter's cart horse."

Miss Ward is a light chestnut with white hind heels, and stands within a fraction of 16½ hands high. She is every inch a lady, and critics on the other side will be loud in her praise when they see her, for she is the perfection of symmetry and breeding. She strongly reminds me, in her formation, of that famous English mare, Achievement, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger in 1867, and incomparably the best racer of her time.

GOLDSMITH MAID DISGRACED.

Under the heading "Budd Doble's Obituary," the *Pacific Life* of June 2nd remarks: "The subject of these lines is well known throughout this country as a trainer and driver of trotting horses, more particularly during the last six or seven years, since he has become in a measure identified with the wonderful performances of the great old mare, Goldsmith Maid, and until the last few months has borne the reputation of being a 'square' and upright man, who was above the suspicion of selling a race or 'putting up a job,' and turfed throughout the length and breadth of the land, had every confidence in his integrity and honesty. Since he has been in California this winter there have been rumors on several different occasions that he was not acting just exactly right—one of them tracing to the Bodine-Barns race at Oakland; but excuses were made for Doble on this and other occasions, and he still possessed the confidence of the masses, who refused to believe that the 'Bayard' among horsemen would do wrong. How all this

chaser. "Quite well, I thank you," politely answered Mr. Phelan, and he hurried on his errand. Upon returning with the coal the customer observed, "I see you do not remember me. I used to play billiards in your room in California, in 1851." Now, he it known that Mr. Phelan was continually harassed and annoyed by "strikers." They were of all grades and persuasions, their requests varying all the way from twenty-five cents to ten dollars, and if they could manage to see him their appeals were seldom in vain. Of this class of strikers none were so importuning and formidable, and of whom he had such an instinctive dread, as those who claimed an acquaintanceship in California. They were not only persistent in their entreaties, but seldom condescended to 'borrow' less than ten dollars. Upon the customer referring to California, visions of another "ten striker" flitted through the Governor's (as the fraternity were wont to call him) brain, and clutching the coal-pail tighter, he endeavored to get past his interrogator, when the latter continued, "At that time they called me Captain Grant; now they call me General." Had a bombshell exploded under the Governor's feet it could not have had a much more perceptible effect on him or the coal pail. Explanations followed, and this little circumstance was the means of forming a renewal of acquaintance, which pleasantly lasted up to the time of Mr. Phelan's death. Subsequently, about the time the nomination for the Presidency was tendered General Grant, at the invitation of Mr. Phelan the former and Hon. Thos. Murphy, since Collector of the Port, visited him at his charming little country villa on the Shrewsbury River. Mr. Phelan rowing his distinguished guests across the river from Port Washington in a leaky old scow. Many pleasant hours were spent together, the billiard-room coming in for a good share of attention. In the summer of 1869 John Deery and the writer paid a visit to Mr. Phelan at his country residence, when the latter suggested a call on the then President Grant, who was stopping at the West End Hotel at Long Branch. Deery was then champion of America and holder of the famous "Diamond Cue" (now in possession of Cyrille Dion), which he won the preceding June in the tournament held at Irving Hall, this city. The President, in conjunction with General Porter, received the party very cordially, and upon being invited to attend an exhibition that evening readily signified his willingness. He came accompanied by Hon. Mr. Borie, General Porter and other distinguished gentlemen. A grand ball was in progress at the hotel in honor of the President, in view of Phelan, who assisted Deery, suggested to the President that he would make the game short. "Oh, no! I play the full game," said he; and they did, he placidly smoking throughout, evidently enjoying the play, and apparently regretting its termination. Perhaps he dreaded the return to the ball-room. Exhibitions were afterwards given at the White House, Mr. Phelan always being a welcome visitor. Mr. Phelan was a man of a high sense of honour, and notwithstanding the friendly basis upon which he stood with the President nothing could tempt him to presume upon it. Upon being approached once by a well-known gentleman for a letter to the President he emphatically replied: "No; I would not do it for my own son." Upon being importuned further for a letter of recommendation he said: "Willingly, on your honour that you will not give it to the President."

AN OARSMAN APPRECIATED.

On Tuesday, June 12, Robert Watson Boyd, champion sculler of England, was presented at Gateshead with £200 and a magnificent gold centre-second stop watch by his backers for his recent victory over Higgins on the Thames. The occasion was a complimentary dinner to Boyd, and during the speeches of the evening, it was announced that the champion would be backed "to row any man, let him come from any quarter of the globe, for any amount up to £5,000 a side, or Boyd should row any man in the world on the Tyne for £1,000 a side, and he (Mr. Barras) and Mr. McKinnis would be prepared to bet £5,000 to £4,000 on the Gateshead sculler." Boyd may be sent to Australia in order to meet Trickett for the honor of being champion oarsman of the world.

formerly a passage of arms with him. For a time the box was quiet, and only now and then made a snip. The dog got hold at last, and seized the snake by the head, but the tails were soon turned. In an instant the box caught the dog by the upper lip and held firmly on, the dog backing vainly and trying to get away. In less than half a minute the whole of the snake's body had infolded the dog's in so close an embrace that the head only could be seen. Before choppers could be procured, blood was gushing from the dog's mouth, and I heard his bones give one crack, and it was only by chopping the box to pieces that we saved the dog. I found on examination that the box has very strong, sharp, recurved teeth, not only in the jaws, but also in the palate bones, which accounts for the dog being unable to extricate himself in the first instance, for the teeth being like the 'Vacuno beche' of South Africa, the jaws are struggled backward the tighter he was held by the box. I may add for the information of the friends of the dog that he is none the worse for his squeeze."

A BEAR KILLED.

David Betchen, of Luther, Ont., recently killed a monster bear near his own premises. Mr. B. first saw the animal a short distance from his barn, and at once procured his rifle and followed in pursuit, and when within about 150 yards he fired but missed his mark. The animal reached the woods, and passed out of sight. Mr. B. judging that the bear would cross the road about three-fourths of a mile above his place, started at a rapid pace for that point, reached it just in time to see the bear emerging from the woods crossing the road. He at once fired and again missed; inserted another cartridge and fired again, the ball taking effect in the small of the back, partially disabling the bear. The animal then made towards Mr. B. who quickly reloaded and fired again at a distance of about 20 paces, the ball proving fatal. Two more shots, however, were fired to make sure that the animal was dead. The animal was skinned and dressed, weighed 255 lbs., and measured from the point of his nose to the tip of the tail six feet four inches.

LIGHT IN STABLES.

Neither cattle nor horses should be stalled in a dark stable, as all animals require light in the day-time. A horse kept for months in a stable would be liable to become blind. In regard to light in swine-pens, a writer says that two sows having litters on the 18th and 22nd of January, respectively, were kept in two rather dark, but warm, temporary sties, and had to occupy them till about the middle of the month of April, when, for each sow with litter, one of the permanent sties was opened by selling the occupants. At that time the pigs which had been kept in the dark temporary sties proved to be less lively than, and much inferior in weight and size to those of any of the litters raised in the less warm but well-lighted permanent sties, notwithstanding that the difference in age was very small, and that food and care had been the same in every respect. One of the litters born on the 18th of January, which had accidentally the best-lighted sty, though situated in the north-west and consequently coldest corner of the frame building, exhibited the most rapid growth, and the litter born on the 18th of January, which had the darkest sty, had made the poorest.—*Lancaster Farmer.*

STUDIOUS BOY.

While going home, the other evening, a sedate old gentleman heard the voice of a boy in a stable, and looking through a broken window, he saw a lad about ten years old, reading to a group composed of half-a-dozen boys about the same age. "Now, isn't this nice?" chuckled the gentleman to himself, "these boys, crowded out of school, are still determined to secure an education." He took another look, through the window, and then placed his ear to the broken pane, and heard the boy read: "If the person who deals makes a misdeal, the cards may lie on the table only with the consent of all—" "Gracious!" exclaimed the citizen, as he sprang away from the window, "that boy's reading from Hoyle!"