

strangers, and will not, at present, be
recorded in his former home.—(Bowling
Green Ky.) Democrat.

A FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY.

A short time ago Mr. Buchanan, residing at McKinney's Station, Lake Tahoe, was hunting with two companions, when they suddenly came on a grizzly bear. Mr. Buchanan had, during the summer, trapped three grizzlies and had come to the conclusion that he was a born grizzly fighter, and accordingly when his companions slid up their respective trees he made after the bear. He hunted the bear for a few minutes and then the bear turned and began to hunt him. Buchanan rushed back at a pretty lively pace to where his companions were treed, but they were so high up that they could not hear him cry for assistance, or couldn't help him if they did hear him. He had a shot gun loaded with buckshot, and as the monster neared him he attempted to shoot, but his hurry or excitement had only half-cocked the weapon. Finding, as he supposed, that his gun was useless, he began running around a clump of brush, within the grizzly at his heels. He finally cocked his gun and when the bear was but twenty feet away let him have a charge of buckshot in the side of the head which seemed to temporarily embarrass the animal. Bruin soon recovered, however, and went right after his man, when he got the contents of the second barrel in the same place. Abashed, but not defeated, he went again directly for Buchanan, who at this time had rushed to climb the tree where one of his cowardly companions was indifferently looking down upon his peril. At the foot of the tree lay a loaded rifle which the other had dropped, and picking up this he shot the bear, as he advanced, under the fore shoulder, killing him, at which the other men came down and congratulated him on his escape. When the carcass was cut up two balls were found near the heart embedded in callous flesh, showing that the bear had met with rough usage before.

HOW TO HAVE A LOVING WIFE.

A correspondent sends the following to the Phrenological Journal:

If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her quite as tenderly when a maid as when a miss; don't make her the mistress of all work, and ask her why she looks as tidy and neat than when you first knew her; don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold because it does not come on the table "porridge"; don't grumble about squalling babies if you cannot afford to keep up a nursery; and remember that baby may take her his papa in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco and thus shatter your nerves, spoil your temper and make your breath a nuisance, and complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your supper, and tell your wife the good news you have heard, and not silently, put on your hat and go out to the club or lodge, and let her afterward learn that you spent the evening at the opera; don't play at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be; let whiskey, tobacco and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife; live a decent, Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty, without sense or worth; if you did, it is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

Canada claims to have produced the largest cheese on record. From the Ingersoll, Ont., factory has been turned out a cheese weighing 7,000 pounds. It was 6 ft. 10 in. in diameter, 3 ft. in height, and 21 ft. in circumference. It required one milking of 7,000 cows, or 35 tons of milk, to produce it.

soon or lime being used. It is astonishing how long a bed will keep in bearing with this treatment. When growing in clusters as they generally do, they must be cut off as low down as possible, the necessary bed being taken to avoid injuring those remaining. The temperature of the shed or cellar should be maintained if possible between 45 and 50 degrees, and the doors and windows kept closed.

THE HORSE'S BACK.

The first thing to observe in judging of a horse, so far as his back is concerned, is the length of it. A long back is a weak back the world over, and in every instance. By superior excellence of structure in other respects, the weakness of the back may be, in some measure, made up; but the horse can never be the horse he would have been had his back been a shorter one. We do not care how short a horse's back is; for it is a sure evidence that he can carry or drag a heavy weight a great distance, and not tire; neither, if he be speedy, will two or three seasons of turf experience break him down, as is the case with so many of our speedy, long-backed horses.

But, in respect to the length of the stride, we have this to say—that it is not in any way the result of the length of back, but the position of the pasterns, the slope of the shoulders, and the position of the great bones of the hind legs. There must be length somewhere, of course, or else the horse cannot stride far; or, if he attempts it, will be forever "over-reaching," or "forging" as the phrase goes. But where should the length be located? That is the question to be answered; and we say, the length should be located below, and not above. The length should be put in between the shoulder joint and the hams of the horse. There is where it was put in Flora Temple, and which gave her so tremendous a stride for so small an animal; and there, too, is where you find it in Dexter, Fearnaught, and Taggart's Abdallah, whose stride on a sandy track we have measured and found to be twenty feet! If that is not an "enormous stride" enough to satisfy any one, we should be pleased to know what is; and yet Abdallah had a short, muscular, Morgan-like back, as his sire, Farmer's Beauty, and his grandsire, Gifford Morgan, had before him.

There never was a falseness theory, or one calculated to beget more mischief among breeders, than this—that we must breed long-backed colts, in order to get length of stride. We have always noticed that the horses long in the back and loosely coupled at the hips are the horses that always come to the judges' stand padded and swathed with "pads," and "shields," and "protectors" enough to stock a small sized horse-clothing establishment. The reason is because there is too little strength in the back and loins to deliver their strokes in a straight line, or to "catch" quickly and handily when they "break." It is at such a time—the supreme hour of the animal's life, perhaps—when fame and money hang evenly in the balance and ten thousand eyes are watching him, and the horse is going at the top of his speed, that formation and perfection of organic structure tell.—Golden Rule.

TWO BIG FARMS.

"Ex-Governor Abner Coburn, of Maine, is said to be the largest landholder in America. He owns 598,000 acres, a large part of which are in Canada and at the West."

I wish to correct this by saying that Wilson Waddingham, now of New York, but formerly of Kingston, Ont., is believed to be the largest landowner in the United States. He owns in one compact body on the Canadian River in Eastern New Mexico 656,000 acres, for which he has a United States Government patent, and improvements that represent a large sum of money. On this estate he has, in connection with another gentleman, about 8,000 head of cattle and 12,000 head of sheep, the nucleus of a live-stock growing operation. In addition he owns other lands situated on the Rio Grande River and elsewhere in the same territory, about 600,000 acres more, making a total of 1,256,000 acres owned by Mr. Waddingham, or more than twice as much as is claimed to be owned by Ex-Governor Abner Coburn, of Maine.—New York Evening Post.

Stakes, won \$30,000 from the English bookmakers on that race, and as much more in France, the total winnings of the stable amounting to nearly a million dollars. Ghahm, another French representative, owned by Prince d'Arenberg (who is a partner with Count de Julgne), ran third to Jangleur for the Cambridgeshire Stakes, and as the filly was heavily backed for a place, the confederates won enormously on the race. A trio of French Clubmen, who went to Newmarket to witness the race, returned by the Dover and Calais route with two millions of francs about their persons, won on the race, and throughout the whole journey were in mortal fear of a robbery. They hired a private coupe, locked themselves in, and never closed their eyes in the dread of assault until they arrived in Paris. Jangleur is a great grandson of the American horse Lexington, being by Mars, a son of Optimist, who was by the dead Hero of Woodburn out of a mare by Glencoe.

GREAT TERPSICHOEAN FEAT.

The New York Sun of the 17th inst. says: Prof. P. Vallean Cartier, who once danced for six consecutive hours, wagered, a few months ago, that he could waltz seven hours consecutively. His dancing academy at 8 Union square was named as the place, and last evening as the time. To the music of a violin and a piano, the Professor, with his arm encircling the waist of his sister-in-law, Miss Sarah Leabohld, whirled into a waltz at exactly half-past six. Miss Leabohld danced about twenty minutes, and was succeeded by Mr. Edward Harley, he being succeeded by Mrs. Cartier danced 35 minutes with her husband. He drank lager and beef tea occasionally, without ceasing his motion. He showed some fatigue at about 11, but a cup of beef tea renewed his vigor. He danced all the various waltz steps, and was never motionless until half past 1 o'clock. The judges announced that he was successful.

A NOVEL ELECTION BET.

The Trenton, N. J., Free American says: During the late political canvass a gentleman of this city, who is a strong Democrat, in the course of a political debate with a neighbor, who is a firm believer of the doctrines of the Republican party, made a bet with the latter that if General McClellan did not receive 15,000 majority for Governor he would shave himself with a dry razor—that is, without brush or lather, and without a looking-glass—upon a street corner in a public portion of the city, between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock, noon. Yesterday morning the venerable old Democrat being satisfied that "Little Mac's" majority will not reach the above figure, took a seat on one of the corners near the City Hall, took a razor out of his pocket, and coolly began to comply with the terms of the bet by shaving himself, which operation he performed in a graceful and effective manner. The old gentleman is in his ninety-second year, and, we are informed, not only voted for General Jackson, but fought under him, he being a veteran of the war of 1812. It is rarely that a man of such an advanced age can shave himself, even under the most favorable conditions, but to do so in public without looking-glass, soap or brush, is certainly extraordinary. He occasionally looked up and smiled good naturedly at the groups of curious persons who stopped to look at him.

No Excuse for Any One being Out of Employment.—Our attention has been called to some new and useful household invitations recently patented by L. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, Ohio, which make housekeeping a pleasure, instead of a dreaded necessity. They have been having a large sale for them throughout the United States, and now wish to introduce them through the Dominion of Canada, and offer good reliable lady or gentleman canvassers an opportunity seldom met with for making money rapidly. For terms and territory write at once to L. E. Brown & Co., 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 323-nt

TRINCHAL WINNING ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

(Calculated from March 19 to Oct. 19 inclusive.)

Jockey	Mounts	Lost	Won
Archer, F.....	496	316	180
Morgan, H.....	284	219	65
Constable, H.....	302	238	64
Caumon, F.....	226	167	59
Wood, C.....	255	204	51
Goater, J.....	230	181	49
Webb, F.....	126	80	46
Bucksbaw.....	151	117	34
Hopkins.....	161	137	33
Glover, T.....	168	137	31
Osborne.....	112	87	25
Custard, J.....	134	111	23
Jeffery, H.....	100	80	20

(Walks over and divided races are counted as wins.)

Miscellaneous.

The Chinese train their ducks so that they can fish them very profitably.

"The last rows of summer" were written by a man with botanical knowledge.

John Thompson of Ponds, Merigomish, N. S., has a chicken with three pair of wings.

Horses in the city of Lowell, Mass., are dying from a distemper which is rapidly spreading.

Quite a number of farmers in Goderich, Ont., township are getting dog-curns, and a great many useless dogs are made to do active service on an inclined plane or circular platform.

An Ohio cow more than a year since, swallowed a piece of broom handle, which remained in her stomach until a few days since, when it burs' out at her side. The cow "still lives."

Charles Douglas while out hunting near Lancaster, Ohio, threw a stick to knock off an apple. The apple fell, and striking the hammer of the gun, discharged it, sending a load of bushshot through his wrist.

Rev. Dr. Smit's horse left by mistake seven days without hay, grain or water, at Cazenovia, gnawed off the halter strap, devoured a set of cushions, ate most of the top of a carriage and came out of the barn at the end of seven days as irisky as a colt.

A disease, said to be fatal, is attacking horned cattle in Central Adjala. It breaks out on the side of the head in a kind of tumor, and appears to be incurable.

Jeremiah Weeden, who was sentenced to States prison in New Jersey last spring for killing a man in a prize fight, died at Trenton in that State on Nov. 7.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that California would be better off without her gold mines, and argues the point as follows:—"There are 8,000 people in San Francisco alone who live directly or indirectly from the purchase and sale of stocks, averaging in their expenses \$5,000 a year. Here are, then, \$9,000,000 which the possessors do not earn, but which is earned by their victims. Mining is no unproductive industry, but the value of its products are more than eaten up by the gambling speculations which it stimulates."

The Treasurer of Guy's Hospital writes to the Times calling attention to the fact that bill's posted in London announce a race between two horses for fifty consecutive hours to take place at the Islington Agricultural Hall, and expresses a hope that if the contemplated exhibition is not voluntarily withdrawn it will be prohibited. It is not to be desired that the amusement of seeing how much fatigue horses can bear without actually breaking down under the strain should take a recognized place among fashionable sports.

dead.
While a party of four gentlemen from Toronto were shooting ducks amongst the swamps at Penetanguishene a fish from a large cage rifle struck an Indian lad who was wearing a potato-bell on his neck. The fish entering the groin, also glancing on a bone. Dr. Spohn has been unable to extract the bullet as yet. The Indians are very excited over the matter, as the lad's condition is precarious.

Sister Simpkins, a sister of charity belonging to the convent of "Good Success" at London, was recently walking out in charge of a procession of orphans in a park. A mad dog attacked the column when the brave sister went for help, and being held by the nose, and held him until she could be released. Her fingers were terribly bitten by the animal, and a few days after she died of hydrophobia, in terrible agony.

Columbus (via) Enquirer says: Thirty years ago Mr. King, the cattle millionaire, of Texas, was a pilot on one of our river steamers. Many men on the Gulf coast river remember him well. At the beginning of the Mexican war he floated with the tide to the Rio Grande. He owns a farm on that stream consisting of 100,000 acres, all fenced, and 2,000 horses, 300,000 cows, 75,000 sheep, and 3,000 mules.

Cubbing the other day with the Patchy, pretty Mrs. came to a creek, from which she emerged dripping from hat to boots. "What am I to do?" she said, patting her hair. Captain B., who, seeing the fall, had ridden to her assistance. The gallant captain was a lady-killer and an Irishman. "I think I must squeeze you," he said, in his happiest manner. "Thank," said the little woman, rising to the occasion; "but I see my husband coming, and I think he would do that better than you."

A Chicago young man came home early on Sunday morning, after a night's pollution, and when asked by his mother for his weekly contribution towards the family expenses, reluctantly confessed that he was "dead broke"—that he had been speculating, he had raked his week's salary in a gambling house, and lost it. "Lost it in gambling?" the mother exclaimed. "Why, that's almost as bad as putting it in a Chicago savings bank."

A horse used by the Grand Trunk Railway Company to draw grain cars from the Esplanade to the Elevator, Toronto, is certainly a curiosity in its way. Frequently, when the car give his driver the slip, he amuses himself by plunging into the bay and paddling about in the water. After the roughly saturating his hide, he returns and clatters on to the slip, apparently without the slightest difficulty. A couple of days ago he again jumped into the water, but this time, although true to his instinct, he made *terra firma* all right, he managed to leave his harness behind. The horse is a noble, but, in this case, an eccentric animal.

Charles Mathews, the elder, once indulged in his well-known taste for mimicry at the expense of Mr. Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter. "The first lot, gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly by Smolusko." "The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Mr. Mathews, in the same tone of voice. "Is a bay filly by Smolusko." The audience looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded. "What shall we say to begin with?" replied the echo. Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out, "One hundred guineas?" "One hundred guineas," echoed Mathews, "Thank you, sir," cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang. "The filly is yours?" Mathews was considerably taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock," and the company enjoyed the joke immensely.

THE HAMILTON CHESS CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Hamilton Chess Club was held last week in the Mechanics' Institute, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: H. N. Kitchin, President; R. Case, Vice-President; A. Land, Secretary and Treasurer. The regular weekly meetings will be held on Thursday evenings.