

warm climates are, as a general thing, smaller and lighter than ours, are not obliged to draw such heavy weights, traverse less hard roads, and go at a slower pace. In the country, where there are no pavements, our horses might be put to light work for the warmer months unshod; but, when winter comes with its snow, ice, and frozen ground, shoes will be indispensable. As for working unshod horses in cities, that is out of the question; hard pavements will knock a horse's feet to pieces quick enough, without justifying the removal of his shoes to facilitate the process.

The advocates of the non-shoeing system claim that shoes are the source of numerous evils, which the horse would not be subject to, were he not shod. That may be all very true; but the question is, Would he not contract worse diseases by working unshod in such climates as those of Great Britain and the United States? If those interested in the horse would turn their attention to shoeing upon scientific principles, there would be less need of making a pathological question of it. — *Wallace's Monthly*.

KILLING A WILD CAT IN EAST ZORRA.

The Hamburg Independent says:—While proceeding through the woods at the rear end of Mr. John Weicker's farm, Con. 17, township of East Zorra, a few days ago, Mr. Robert Vance came across a monstrous wild cat. Mr. Vance was at close quarters with the animal before they saw each other, but as soon as their eyes met, he was not long in comprehending the situation, and being unarmed, he concluded to cry out with the object of scaring this catship. The device worked admirably and our hero and the cat were soon running in opposite directions. Having thus escaped what would have been a desperately one-sided encounter with a deadly antagonist, Mr. Vance hastened to within calling distance of his brothers and some neighbors. They came, armed with guns and accompanied by several hounds. On learning the nature of the game which they were to pursue, the heart of the stoutest quailed, but Robert had by this time sufficiently recovered from the fright to take the lead, and the hounds were soon in hot pursuit. In a few minutes after the hunt commenced they came up with his catship, and were closely followed by Mr. Thomas Vance. The cat had taken up a position among some logs, and was apparently quite ready for the fray. Thomas approached within a few rods, and getting in a good position, took deliberate aim and fired. The ball struck its mark, and if it was not sufficient to kill, it undoubtedly knocked considerable vitality out of the cat. The hounds and hunters, true to their nature, immediately sprang upon their prey, but it was only after a fierce struggle that they finally conquered, and thus put an end to a most desperate conflict. The cat measured two feet ten inches in length and stood eighteen inches high—one of the largest ever seen in this section of the country. Thousands of people visited the scene of the conflict during the day and the day following. The skin has been cured and is now on exhibition.

CALIFORNIA'S REMARKABLE "GREEN HORSE."

The grey gelding Col. Lewis, a comparatively green horse and winner of the free-for-all purse at Sacramento, Cal., on Sept. 14, beating Occident and Judge Fullerton, has a history. A great majority thought his entry was a mistake, but his victory shows he is entitled to be classed with horses that have already a world wide reputation.

Fourteen years ago a party were on their way from Oregon. Up in the hilly country in the northern part of State, a fine mare they had dropped a filly foal. It was an incubance and they gave it to a man if he chose to rear it. This man sold it to a negro, and the filly being of racing form, with the characteristics of his race, a fondness for the race-horse, he concluded to run her. She was victorious at shorter distances, and he entered her in a mile race on the Tehama track. She won it, making the mile in 1:47. In the neighborhood of Tehama was Rifeham, a thoroughbred son of Glencoe. The filly was mated to him. A brother of Senator Lewis bought her, and after the colt was foaled she became the property of the Honorable Member from Red Bluff. He was a sprightly colt, and his high blood rebelled at the degradation of being harnessed. When broken, however, he was docile, and one day he pulled a rotten post, to which he was fastened down, and away he went, with

ting hold of the edge of the parlor carpet, tore quite a hole in it. Then he started to ascend to the upper story. The stairs were narrow, winding and pitch dark. He had got about half way up when some one threw a feather bed over the baulusters; it came down on his head and he rolled with it to the foot of the stairs, where Mr. Gallagher, who had just broken the front door from its hinges, grabbed bed and man and threw them out into the front yard. Then James ascended to the roof and found that the fire was under control and the men coming down. He started to descend the ladder, and about half way down met Limerick, who had a kettle of hot water, which he insisted that Gallagher should take, though he was informed that it was not needed. To oblige him Mr. Gallagher took the kettle, but the handle was so hot that immediately dropped it. There were several persons beneath the ladder, and though they stood from under with promptitude and profane observations, scarcely any one failed to get a few drops of it. One man thought that it was done on purpose and had to be held while the facts were explained to him. Scarcely had this row been settled when Mr. Plug came up and accused James of trying to smother him in the feather bed. James of course denied it. At one time a fight seemed imminent, but they were finally taken home friends, and the next day the man who owned the house and calf sued them for damages.

A HINT TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

A correspondent of *Les Mondes* calls attention to the fact that butchers, though they may be pale and thin when they enter on the business, quickly gain freshness of color, stoutness, and a generally comfortable look. It is a pure fiction, of course, that they put aside the best portion of the meat for themselves, and it is a known fact that most of them lose appetite. The correspondent attributes their general well-being to assimilation, through the respiratory passages, of nutritive juices of the meat volatilized in the air—a kind of nutrition by effusion. If this be really a fact, it is argued that young people, suffering from deficient or impure blood, and especially children of a weak or lymphatic constitution, might be subjected with advantage to hygienic treatment based upon it. A well-known French physician commends the idea, and offers the following plan for the treatment of consumptive persons, in place of sending them off to distant places with reputedly mild climates. In a well-ventilated, sunlit and sheltered room, with southern exposure, he would, by means of a Mousseron brazier, the high moist heat of which is salutary and favorable to respiration, form for the patient an artificial climate, like that of Nice or Florida, having all the advantages, without the inconveniences, of the real climate. To aid the antiseptic action of the warm moist air, rich in vapors, charged with dissolved carbonic acid, he would place in one or more corners of the room an open bottle of water saturated with sulphurous acid. By this arrangement he thinks the progress of the tuberculosis would be arrested.

DANGER DIMMED BY DARKNESS.

Owing to the darkness that fills our deep mining shafts our miners are less conscious of the dangers of their trade than they would otherwise be. A miner standing upon a bit of plank thrown across a shaft 1,000 or 1,500 feet in depth sees little of the pit yawning beneath his feet. The darkness rises up till it almost seems to form a floor under his plank, giving a place on which his eyes may rest, and preventing any unsteadiness of the head. Place the same shaft on the surface of the earth, and let it tower 1,500 feet into the air in broad light of day, and the miner standing on his single plank, at an elevation three times as great as the tallest church spire, would be unable to move—he would be paralyzed. Look up down through the awful depth below he would clutch the nearest timbers, afraid to make a move in any direction. Make for him doors on each side of the shaft, representing the openings at the stations, and he would not be likely to leap from door to door across the yawning shaft as he does underneath the ground where the dark rises up and makes a seeming floor between the doors. It is undoubtedly the darkness that benumbs the senses of the miner to the danger to which he is exposed when passing to and fro across shafts and winzes, or when climbing the interior of their compartments, trusting to the scanty hold for hands and feet afforded by the narrow ledge of the timbers projecting from the walls.

Despite these and similar somewhat sad reflections, which come upon all sportsmen at times, I can look back upon this hunt as one of the most interesting I ever had. Its length, its alterations of hope and misgivings as to the result, the final success, and the trophies I won, make it stand first in my memory.

A FISHING HOG.

The Cincinnati Enquirer prints the following in its issue of Friday: "An account of a remarkable incident comes from Aurora, Ind. A few days ago, as a trio of young men, one a son of a prominent citizen of this city, were fishing for bass in Hogan Creek, near Aurora, they were disturbed by a splash in the water as of some animal jumping into the stream. Looking in the direction they saw a large black hog, which had evidently come down from among the roaming lots of porkers which make life a burden in and around the town, swimming rapidly toward the center of the pool, which was about 100 feet wide and eight feet deep. At about the center the animal disappeared, remaining under the water for a considerable time, and on reappearing was seen to have in his mouth a live bass about eight inches long, with which he swam ashore and proceeded to eat with the avidity and relish peculiar to his species. After having swallowed the last vestige, with a grunt the animal again betook himself to the water and again dived to the bottom. Coming up with another fish, which he despatched as quickly as before. This was repeated a third time, and on the fourth trip the animal secured a small turtle, which it also carried ashore and after some difficulty managed to despatch, breaking the shell with its strong teeth, after which it rambled off, satisfied with its fishing experiences for the day. The story was remarkable, but is vouched for by a young gentleman of undoubted veracity, a son of Mr. Henry W. Smith, of this city, who saw the performance. He thinks the animal must have caught the fishes under the ledges of rock in the bottom of the stream, as it seemed to be rooting among the stones while under the water."

A CAMEL'S REVENGE.

A valuable camel working in an oil mill in Africa was severely beaten by its driver. Perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting for a favorable opportunity for revenge, he kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away. The camel perceiving that he was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beaten was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man was sleeping on a raised platform in the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stabled in a corner. Happening to awake, the driver observed, by the bright moonlight, that, when all was quiet, the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards where a bundle of clothes and a berouise, thrown carelessly on the ground resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them rolling with all its weight and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake he had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme that it dashed its head against the wall, and died on the spot.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$68 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLERT & Co., Port and Maine 318-ly

young man went to Canada, where he resided until the death of his uncle, the late Mr. Weish, from whom he inherited the Millburn property. Mr. Forbes was a kindly genial man, a keen sportsman, and possessed considerable acquirements as a naturalist. He had an extensive knowledge, picked up by observation, of birds and animals, trees and plants. In Canada he was known as an ardent hunter, many deer, bears and wolves having fallen to his rifle. His memory was stored with interesting tales of sport, and until the last he retained his love of dogs, horses, and all kind of animals. He brought several specimens of Canadian poultry to Millburn, and a valuable breed of hounds. He also planted an orchard of the most suitable fruit trees of Canadian origin, which are only now coming into bearing. Mr. Forbes' life here was unassuming and retired."

BOGARDUS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Captain A. H. Bogardus sends to the Forest and Stream a letter announcing a withdrawal from the pigeon-shooting arena for the coming two years. He resigns his title of champion of America in order that new men may arise. He says: "The championship of the world as a wing-shot I will hold against all comers from abroad; and when any man has held the championship of America for two years I will shoot him a match for the world's championship." He offers a medal of large value, to carry with it the title of champion wing-shot of America, the contest to take place about Christmas in some previously announced place. The conditions are as follows: Entrance fee, \$25; the shooting to occupy two days; on the first day the competitors are to shoot at 100 birds, twenty-one yards rise, eighty yards boundary, half doubles, half singles; the medal and one-third the entrance money to go to the winner; the remainder to the three next highest; the shooting on the second day to be at 100 glass balls, the entrance fee (\$10) divided as above. Captain Bogardus will add \$1,000 to the prize money.

CLIPPING HORSES.

A recent writer gives his views on clipping horses, saying that he had been—as was the case with ourselves—formerly opposed to the practice. His statement as to the good effect of clipping is very correct, but he errs when he says that it should never be done in cold weather, and recommends the last of October and beginning of November. As the writer never had a horse clipped before now, his advice is hardly quotable. The fact is, a horse should be clipped when his coat needs it, no matter when it is. In this section, where nearly every driving horse is clipped, it is rarely done before the end of November or beginning of December, and again, if necessary—which it generally is—sometimes in February. The danger is not from cold weather, but poor blanketing. Horses not clipped suffer most from this neglect—a neglect that is every day to be seen with sorrow. All horses should be well blanketed in the stable, and when driven should not be allowed to stand five minutes without being covered. Blankets are frequently too small and fail to protect the most vital part of the horse—the breast and lungs—there being very often an open space there, where the blanket should wrap over well. We notice in some work-horses the thoughtful driver always keeps this part protected by a piece of heavy cloth.

SKINNING VS. SCALDING PIGS.

I saw a man yesterday dressing a small pig in a manner which was novel to me. Instead of the long and laborious method of heating water and scalding and shaving, he simply skinned the animal. He claims that he could skin six hogs in less time than they could be dressed by scalding. The pork looked nicer than I expected to see it—in fact, full as well as when the skin was left on. There was one butcher or more in the neighborhood who skinned hogs for the sake of the skin, and since the process of scalding costs a dollar or more, many of the farmers who do not care to eat the pork rind have their hogs skinned, or such of them as they intend to keep for their eating. I was unable to learn what price the skins brought in the market or to what use they are put. Probably they are worth as much as the price usually obtained for butchering, or the butchers would not choose to skin for the hide instead of the money. Whether the hides are used for riding saddles or "Russian leather" hand-bags and pocket-books I know not; but if they do the world is good in that way it is more than they do in the pork barrel. As a matter of curiosity I would add that the hide of a 200-pound pig weighs about 12½ pounds.

THE RISE OF THE DEER.

It is a most surprising thing to see the deer get up on its legs—at home, I mean, when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation at one end then of the other, then great yawn and a crack of joints, and a twist of the tail and a mighty snort of boum satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pasture. But she don't budge, mind, without the regular formula. How does a deer start for pasture when you drive him in the morning? Why, he lies with his four legs under him, and when he is ready to go a little Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with a power and facility rest and warmth given, and the plump body, like a well fluffed rubber-ball propelled by a vigorous kick lightly into the air. The animal is borne as it seems about to descend; light as the tide down it nears the earth; another giant impulse from an unseen power—crash, bang—thud—thud—thud—each time fainter than the last, and your surprise is all that remains.

A GOOD TEAM.

Messrs. Ben. Gould and Elihu Hoover jointly sent a double team of well-known trotting horses to the St. Catharines Fair, which was opened on Tuesday last. Mr. Gould furnishing the noted mare Lady Upton, and Mr. Hoover the nearly equally celebrated horse Starlight. Before starting for St. Kate a trial of speed took place on the Thorold half-mile track. Mr. Gould himself handling the ribbons in such scientific and workmanlike style as to bring the two horses through the mile in 2:40. A slight break having occurred just at the finish probably lost them two or three seconds. Time was recorded by Mr. Ellison. The pair took first prize at the show for style. Lady Upton also took first prize for style to single harness. Starlight taking second.—*Thorold Post*

John B. Calder, who has just been found to be a defaulter in \$50,000 to the Provident Grocers' and Producers' bank, was unfortunately for him a member of the church, and an ardent worker in the Young Men's Christian Association. The greater must be his responsibilities, with such professions, and hence the deeper his disgrace. Calder pleads that he has made nothing by the irregularities, but that he simply accommodated his friends. The loss may reach \$100,000. The general impression is that the cashier himself used some of the money. The drain has been going on for two years or more, and the deficiency has been concealed from a not very rigid scrutiny by an extensive system of borrowing.

A Fish and Game Protective Society has been organized at Berlin with the following officers:—President, Dr. R. T. Reynolds; Vice-President, H. O. Hilborn; Secretary, Treasurer, J. M. Scully. The object of the Society is to enforce the Ontario Game and Fish Laws in that neighborhood and vigorously punish all those who violate any of the same. Heretofore very little heed has been given these laws in that locality, and as a consequence game there is becoming very scarce. Proper men will be appointed to watch the "close" seasons, and all law-breakers will be severely dealt with. A gun club has also been organized in connection with the Society for the purpose of practicing shooting.

A remarkable case of horse cure has developed itself in the vicinity of Edgar, township of Oro, Ont. A mare owned by Mr. Wm. Barron, fractured one of its forelegs about two months ago, and was about to be destroyed, when it was suggested that a remedy for the injury might be found. Mr. Brazel of Edgar was consulted and the case placed in his hands. The fractured leg was put in splints, and propped up from the ground, and after remaining in this condition, with careful attention for some four weeks the animal was enabled to move about, and is now quite as sound and active as ever, and able to nurse her colt.