

"run his check," presuming on his position, which he hoped would carry him through. The signal for the start was given, and at the very first hurdle Mesozo tried to bolt. He is a nasty, awkward tempored animal, and re- gilled leading over every jump. Goddard is compelled to keep close to his opponent, and both horses and jockeys were ironically cheered and hissed as they passed the stands the first time. The Count, who had been watching the horses through his neat little opera glass, to which a legend is said to be attached, found that the "game was up," and, unperched, managed to slip out of the stand and quit the course, finding a hiding place at Trouville. At the last hurdle the two were neck and neck, and it required all the jockey's strength to prevent the favorite, Marcadieu, from winning. A regular storm of howls greeted Goddard as he returned to the paddock. A number of Englishmen made a gallant rush to save their country- man—still an Englishman, however culp- able—from being mauled by the crowd, and amid a shower of blows from fists and sticks managed, with the assistance of the police and some constables, to bring him out of the angry, surging crowd. Count Hocquart de Turtot and his fellow steward, M. Staub, were as indignant as they were determined, and met at once to discuss what punishment should be inflicted on owner and jockey. M. de Bordas, anxious to be acquitted of any participation in such a swindle, refused to put in any claim for the stakes, and at his request the match was declared null and void. Goddard, on being brought before the stewards, made a clean breast of it, informed them that he had received orders from his master not to win on any account, while, to make assurance doubly sure, the Count, who had saddled Marcadieu with his own hands, had omitted to notice such a trifle as a ten- pound saddle cloth, so that the horse could not have been qualified to win with that weight short, even in the event of its coming in first. The intention was evident, and the stewards felt justified in deal- ing very severely with the persons who had been instrumental in deceiving the public. A fruitless endeavor was made to find Mar- cadieu's owner, but he had got clean off, and the diligence of the crowd was in vain, although the river Touques did run so muddy. Goddard has by one foolish action carried a long and honorable career. No one could have believed he would ever have been guilty of pulling a horse, and few would have ventured to give him losing orders, for he was always thought when he put any colors on that he was "going for the money." He has learned a bitter lesson in his disap- pointment for two years. We shall be deprived of one of our best cross-country riders, but he will have time to repent of the folly of such practices as those he has been guilty of, and when he again commences his career it must be his task to atone for the past by stern rec- itude and rigid honesty in the future. Count Clermont Tonnerre has been warned off the Deauville race-course. The Steeple- chase Society of France consider the case next week, as also the Jockey Club, and no next week, as also the Jockey Club, and no will meet with the same fate everywhere, while our turf will be completely purged of one of those men who regard horse racing as they do a gambling hell, where the croupier at the roulette table by some hidden mech- anism controls the spinning ball. The Deauville stewards deserve the thanks of every sportsman for the energy they have displayed and for the utter impartiality with which they sat in judgment over a disgrace- ful member of one of their own set. We are told that Count Clermont Tonnerre has de- clared forfeit for all the horses engaged by him, and an advertisement in the French sporting papers announces that at the request of C. Pratt the inmates of the Count's stables are to be offered for sale by auction to pay training bills, &c.

The average city resident never looks more out of place than when he gets a corduroy suit, a double barrelled, and begins to prow through the woods in search of squirrels.

ly be allowed to fall and rest upon the shoulders of General Peel, were the health of the gallant veteran but sufficiently good to enable him to take a more active interest in turf affairs. But, failing General Peel, and with the apparent indisposition of Col. Forester to come to the front, it seems prob- able that the offices combined in the person of Admiral Rous will be put into commission, and divided under the supervision and tutelage of Lords Falmouth, Rosebery and Har- wicke. It is much to be desired that the name of Lord Coventry should be added to this list, since we believe the short letter to the Times, penned last April by the noble owner of Thalestris and Emblem, was con- ceived in a spirit than which none could be happier as regards the best interests of the turf and the highest development of the thoroughbred horse. "It is the opinion of the best authorities," wrote Lord Coventry, "that encouragement lavished in England upon short races is doing an immense amount of injury to the horses in this country." For ourselves, we entertain no sort of doubt that the injury inflicted upon our breed by the last ten years of the "Rous Era" will be still more apparent in 1887 than it is in 1877. For the moment it is sufficient to notice that, the numbers of horses in training being now as great as ever, the entries for all the Autumn handicaps, both short and long, are worse than they have been for many years. This and many other signs of the times seem to indicate that our entire turf system needs searching examination and reform at the hands of the Jockey Club; and, unpopular though such a measure must always be among those connected with race meetings held during the first half of the year, we are of opinion that until the French practice be adopted, of refusing to allow two-year olds to be stripped in public before Aug. 1, there will be a never-failing stream of non-stayers to deluge our race-courses. Years will prob- ably elapse before the Jockey Club can make up its mind to enact such a stringent law as this, and in the meantime the tendency of the day is so much in favor of establishing fresh gate-money race meetings in the neigh- borhood of the metropolis, that we can clearly foresee the advent of a day when there will be a lot of English race-horses running upon courses which repudiate the control of the Jockey Club and of its racing code. We have just heard of a new speculation of this kind, which will attract horses and owners by a much better race-course and more com- modious stand than are to be found at San- down Park; and the utmost that we dare hope is that, between them, the Jockey Club and the Legislature will combine to provide that the originators of these new gate- money enterprises shall be forced to go farther afield than Kingsberry, Streatham and Bromley."

LIVE AND DEAD WEIGHT OF TUR- KEYS.

Farmers frequently have occasion to sell turkeys by live weight, and wish to know what is the fair relative price between live and dead weight. In turkeys dressed for the New York market, where the blood and feathers only are removed, the loss is very small. For the Eastern markets the heads are taken off and the entrails are taken out. This makes a loss of nearly one-tenth in the weight. A large gobbler was recently killed, weighing 31½ pounds. After bleeding and picking he weighed 29½ pounds, a loss of two pounds, or one-fifteenth. When ready for the spit he weighed 28½ pounds, a loss of 8½ pounds, which is nearly one-tenth of the weight. When the market requires the New York style of dressing, the price is 16c. a pound, live weight, or less, if the labor of dressing be counted anything. In the other style of dressing if the price were 20c., the farmer could sell for 18c. or less, live weight, without loss. Farmers who never tested the loss of weight in dressing, often submit to the deduction of three or four cents a pound for the middlemen, who are interested in making this large difference.

Will in the play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," the elder Booth playing Sir Giles Over- reach. In 1838 he made his first appearance at the Walnut Street Theatre, Boston, as Count Malaban in the comedy of the Honeymoon, but his first great hit was at the Yankee Jerediah, in the play of The Iron Son of '76, in 1843. He travelled afterwards through the towns of the United States, winning an extensive reputation in both tragic and comic parts. Late in the year 1847 Mr. Davenport engaged with Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, as leading gentleman for a European tour. He did general leading business and became a favorite in London. He next played second to Macready, the tragedian, and did his work so well, that on the night of Macready's farewell of the stage, the great actor, in a speech before the curtain, said that he looked upon Mr. Davenport as the rising tragedian of the day, and hoped that he (Davenport) might be his successor. William, in Black-Eyed Susan was another of Mr. Davenport's successes abroad. T. P. Cook, the original William, pronounced it the finest piece of acting he had ever witnessed. Another of Mr. Davenport's successes in London was as Hamlet. While in London Mr. Daven- port married Mrs. Vinny, an actress of merit, who afterwards appeared with her husband in the United States.

His daughters Fanny, Banne, and Lally were born in London. In 1851 Mr. Davenport with his family, returned to this country, and began a season at the old Broadway theatre, appearing in a series of his most popular parts. From New York he started through the leading American cities and played second to the famous tragedian, Forrest. Nearly twenty years ago he associated himself with J. W. Wallack, forming what was then known as the "Wallack-Daven- port Combination," and did a fine business. In December, 1870, Mr. Davenport assumed the management of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Boston, and held it for two seasons, on his relinquishment of the management resumed his career as a traveling star, and last season added to his great reputation to his personation of Dan'l Druce.—*Spirit of the Times.*

DEATH OF GEORGE TOPLEY.

George Topley, who was at one time champion walker of England, died at Chis- wick, Eng., during the week closing Aug. 18, of fatty degeneration of the heart, at the early age of thirty-three. His death was a sur- prise to the public, as it was not known that he was unwell, and when he attended the race between Hawes and Perkins, July 16, he seemed in the best of health. Topley vis- ited this country in 1868, in company with Mickey Wakefield (who for several years has kept a public house in Paterson, N.J.) and during his stay made many friends. Not long after his return to England he gave up walking, and earned his livelihood by driving a cab in the metropolis.

WHAT A LONG-TAILED YELLOW DOG DID.

An old fellow, just up from the Kern River country, says that one day while down in that region he went out hunting. He procured a fine, gentle horse and borrowed a dog that was highly recommended as a noser-out of almost any kind of game, from a quail to a full-grown huck Indian. He was told that the dog once be- longed to some Mexicans who had taught him to ride, and that in case of his becoming tired he might be taken up on the horse until a likely place for game was reached. The hunt was but indifferently successful, though the dog seemed to be quite industrious. He was a long-bodied short-legged, long-tailed animal, of an old-fash- ioned yellow color. He showed no desire to ride until a start was made for home, when he came whining about and was taken up on the horse behind our hunter. All went well enough for a time, but presently the horse started off on a keen run. When stopped he stood quietly en- ough, but as soon as started up he broke into a run again and could not be held in. Says the old man: "What had got into the 'tarnal crit- ter, I didn't know; but presently, happening to look back, I caught that infernal yellow dog standin' up on all fours, a whippin' the boss just as hard on he could lay on with that long, lim- ber tail o' his'n; he was bound to get out of that boss all the run there was in him."

from tip of nose to the ear, the tips of the flippers, 11 inches; shell, 5 feet 7 inches; width of mouth, 11 inches; length of flippers, 8 feet; weight of flipper, 40 pounds, 25 pounds. The doctor estimated weight at 800 pounds, which is more than it actually was. The turtle was blind, his eyes having been charged of buckshot, which he had taken at some time. The fact of his being supposed to be one of the causes of the turtle being so far from the usual haunts of his description. It is evidently the first turtle ever captured this side of the

THE "BLUE LAW."

A correspondent writes asking what is meant by the "Blue Law." The law means the laws of the State of Connecticut, which were framed by the framers of the Constitution, and which he gives below. "No food or lodging shall be given to a Quaker, Adamic, or other heretic." "If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return on pain of death." "No priest shall abide in the town, or shall be banished or suffer death, or turn. Priests may be seized without a warrant." "No one shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, or be present to and from meeting." "No one shall travel, cook, or sweep houses, cut hair, or do any work on the Sabbath day." "No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day." "No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents, £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

HE QUIT RIGHT THERE.

Some months since a fond Detroit father imagined that his only son, a young man of twenty, was going into consumption. A doctor was consulted, and he advised that the son be put through a course of gymnastic training. The young man seemed to like the idea, and for two or three months he was in daily attendance at a gymnasium. Then he began to grow careless, and finally quit it altogether. The father thought he could see signs of failing health again, and to induce the son to go back to rings, bars and gloves once more, he fitted up a private gymnasium in the barn and began a course of exercise himself. The other morning he remembered that he used to be a boxer in his young days, and he remarked that he'd give the son a few lessons. He was valuing himself on his heel and feeling out with both hands, when something hit him, and half a minute afterwards he dimly realized that some one was bending over him and saying:—

"Father, dear father! are you dead?" He sat up, looked around, and hoarsely inquired: "Jim, what on earth happened?" "Why, father, I got in a love-tap on your nasal—just a little feeler, to see if you were solid on your pins." "Didn't you strike as hard as you could?" "No—not half—not a quarter. It was what the boys call 'feeling for claret.' Your nose will spring back into position in less than half a day." The father got up, let the gloves fall from his hands, and as he caught the trapeze to steady his legs, he said: "Jim, your mother and I thought you were going into consumption, and Doctor —, he backed us up in it. That's why I sent you to learn gymnastics. Jim, I'm a fool, your mother is an awful good woman, and if we can get the doctor up here long enough to let you feel for his claret I don't care how soon I die!"

that either one of them objected to himself and whispered:—"But didn't I warn it to that chap, eh?"

A CHICKEN FATTENING MACHINE.

Much has been heard of the sharp ingenu- ity of our cousins over the border, with their basswood hams and wooden nutmegs, but a son of la belle France has come to the front with a machine, or rather apparatus, which will prevent Canada from being thrown into the shade in so far as sharpness is concerned. The arrangement is nothing more or less than a machine to stuff chickens with food or gravel, just before killing them to bring them to the market, so as to make them weigh heavy. To describe it would be a task for some learned professor. Suffice it to say that in a frame work is a tin reservoir for grain, sand or gravel, at the bottom of which is a tube which is stuck into the chicken's throat and kept there until the crop is full to bursting. The contents of the reservoir is pressed down and out of the tube by a plun- ger fitting close, a heavy weight being at- tached to it. The apparatus has been pat- ented, and is now on exhibition at the Patent Office. Poultry raisers who want to bring into market heavy weight chickens—crops full of sand and gravel—should invest in one of the patent chicken fatteners.—*Ottawa Free Press, Sept. 5.*

DEATH OF THE BROOD MARE MAGGIE.

On Tuesday night Mr. Ashbaugh, of Hamil- ton, lost his valuable brood mare Maggie, whose death then took place, after an illness occasion- ed by a kick on the leg received from a horse while they were at pasture. The bone was not broken but the injury was very severe. The part swelled to a great size and the fluids on gathering therein poisoned the mare's blood, causing death. Everything that could be was done to save her, the best veterinary skill being employed, but uselessly. Though Maggie had no regular record on the turf she was well known as a fast trotter. To a sloth she has travelled half a mile in 1:14, very fair time for a horse that never was forced to see what she could do. For the past year or two she has been kept for breeding purposes and promised to be the dam of some first colts. She had recently weaned one of whom good expectations are entertained. Maggie was nine years old at the time of her death.—*Hamilton Times.*