TESTS OF ENDURANCE

SOME SPORTING EVENTS IN THE DAYS OF LONG AGO.

The Remarkable Performance of a Saddle Horse Ridden by Heavy Coachman.

Thormanby, in the London Sportsman, writing of equine endurance, tells these tales:

"A very extraordinary match was run at Northampton races in 1791, between a bay and a black pony, at two four-mile heats. The black was thirteen hands two and one-half inches high, the bay mare barely thirteen hands. They ran the first four miles, carrying 14st. each, in twelve minutes, the second in thirteen and one-half minutes. The odds were 10 to 8 on the black, which won by about half a length.

"A curious match was made at Epsom in 1795 for 8525 between Mr. Grisewood's horse, Crop, and Mr. H. Harris' roan. Crop was to go 100 miles before the roan went 80. Crop ran his first twenty miles in one hour and a minute, but going around the eleventh time was nearly knocked out. The other was also so tired that he could not even trot. After this they walked round the course with their riders on their backs, people going before them with bowls of oats and locks of hay to entice them on. By the time the roan had done his eighty-one miles Crop had only accomplished ninety-four.

AND CONSEQUENTLY LOST.

"A Yorkshire clothier once for a wager rode his pony, which was well stricken in years and under thirteen hands high, eighty miles in eleven hours and fifty-five minutes on the Morpeth road. The time allowed was thirteen hours. The man weighed 14st. 8 pounds., the horse was only of the common cart-horse breed, and had previously been used in that capacity, which renders the feat much more remarkable, and when it was over he seemed none the worse for his exertion.

"A still more astonishing feat was performed many years ago by a horse which had never been bread to the business. A coachman weighing 14st. was sent post haste from Arlington to Exeter for a physician, his master being dangerously ill. The distance is forty-seven miles, the road was then a bad one, and the horse accomplished it in forty-seven seconds under three hours.

"Mr. Cooper Thornhill of the Bell Inn, Stilton, made a match for a large sum to ride three times between Stilton and London—213 miles—in fifteen hours, no limit being placed on the number of horses he might use. The feat was accomplished on April 29, 1745, and the following shows the result:

From Stilton to London .. 3.52:59
From London to Stilton .. 3.50:57
From Stilton to London .. 3.49:56

"This was three hours, twenty-six minutes, and eight seconds.

UNDER THE TIME ALLOWED.

"In 1790 a gentleman drove a single horse chaise fifty miles on the Hertford road in four hours and fifty-five minutes, the time allowed being five hours. In the same year a man rode from the fourth mile stone on the Essex road to Chelmsford twice and back again, one hundred miles, in fifteen hours and a half, though he had sixteen hours to do it in. Soon afterward Mr. Samuel Bendall, of Dursley, Gloucestershire, at the age of seventy-six, rode a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours on the same horse.

"A man has been known more than once to beat a horse in speed. In 1761 a noted pedestrian named Pinwire, for a bet of $250, walked against a horse for twelve hours and beat it easily. This was not the only time his two legs came off victorious against four; in several successive years he beat some of the best roadsters in England.

"The late Mr. Edward Hayward Budd, one of the finest all-round athletes of his own or, indeed, any other day, and an especially good sprint runner, tells the following story of how he was once matched to run against a horse. One day after dinner a son of General Archdale offered to back his horse to do a hundred yards against me for $50. I entirely forgot to make it fifty yards out and back, added to which disadvantage on my side he brought his horse to the post in

A COMPLETE LATHER.

Notwithstanding my mistake, we started, and as I had expected, I was beaten, but he did not get away from me until we had run eighty yards, and then he flashed the mud in my face, as the ground was much softened by rain. It was in Hyde Park, and—not much to my credit—on a Sunday morning. Races between pedestrians and equestrians have, of course, been a familiar spectacle in the great circus shows, but then these are probably "arranged affairs" and the horses are not fast.

*

Woman isn't necessarily the weaker vessel in the British class.

Girls of the present day imagine themselves dignified to be a breadwinner than a breadmaker.

HABITS OF HINDOO SERVANTS

If Not Watched will Sell Household Stores and Rent Out Washing.

Excellent servant as the Indian is in many respects, honesty is not one of his qualities, and he has to be strictly looked after when either money or goods are entrusted to him. A mistress cannot go into her kitchen, consult the cook as to what the meals should be and what should be ordered from the shops and leave the rest to him. She has to give him out from her locked up stores every spoonful of everything that is required for the day's cooking, else the goods would be sold outside.

The dusters, the name in India for every description of kitchen and pantry and stable towel, have to be doled out every day or every two days, the soiled ones being counted and locked up till they are given to the dhobi (washerman), who must not be allowed to keep the clothes of the household longer than is absolutely necessary or he will let them out to his friends for small sums—silk handkerchiefs for feast days, stockings and woollen undergarments in the cold weather, so that holes appear in unaccustomed places.

A khitmatgar (table servant) will be observed to wear a pair of cotton socks one day, silk ones the next, woollen ones the next, not belonging to his master—detection would be too easy in that case—but hired from some one else's dhobi at aprice (a farthing) a pair. As the house servants of course never wear shoes indoors the stockings suffer considerably.

The cook goes to the bazaar every morning to buy meat, fish, ghie (native butter), vegetables—all the food in fact that cannot be stored, and his book is brought for inspection every day, or else expenses would increase in a surprising manner. He, of course, pockets a percentage on all he spends: that is dastur, the custom of the country, and so long as it does not exceed an anna in the rupee, 6¼ per cent., no one objects. But it is only by long experience that one gets to know proper prices, and newcomers are woefully imposed upon, 100 or 200 per cent. being often charged.

The cook arranges his prices to suit the circumstances of his master, and as soon as promotion with increased pay comes up goes everything, so that a Colonel's beef or mutton costs more than a Major's, a Major's than a Captain's, a Captain's than a subaltern's, though there may be no change at all in the style of living or in the number of the family.

In the civil service the same thing happens. The pay of every post in the various services is published in the official lists, and the servants know to a halfpenny what their master gets. Some ladies try to do their own marketing, but things are always much dearer for them than for the natives in the bazaar, so that there is no advantage in it, and it is, besides, extremely disagreeable, for the less one sees of the stalls there, particularly the meat stalls, the better.

NATURALLY SO.

Wife—You seemed to be having a warm discussion with our landlord, John.

Husband—Yes, dear; it was about a new furnace.

NOT IMPRESSED.

"I have been abroad in the best of society," boasted the city youth. "Why, even my trunks bear the labels of Switzerland."

"Gosh! that ain't nothing, sonny," drawled his rural uncle. "So does a box of cheese."

AGREED.

"I assure you, sir, that I can't live without your daughter."

Her Rich Father—"I believe you. With your salary it's quite impossible!"

A PIERCING MOTIVE.

"That farmer's wife certainly does stick her boarders."

"Very likely; it's her pin money."

FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

First Bride—"Does your husband ever say anything about his mother's cooking?"

Second Bride—"Sometimes; but I never pay any attention to it. It's what he says about my cooking that makes me angry."

A poor little fellow called Vaughan
Was playing one day on the lawn;
When a whirlwind came nigh,
Took him up to the sky,
And none could tell where he had gaughan.

"My dear, you grow prettier every day!" "And shabbier, John. Compliments are all very well, but I'd like to see a little ready cash occasionally."

Railway Director—"We have divided up the work so that each of the directors has a fair share to do. Higgins is secretary, I am treasurer, and Spriggs——" Griggs—"Why, Spriggs is so deaf that he can't hear thunder. What does he do?" Railway Director—"Oh, all the complaints are referred to him."

ROAST BEEF INDICTED

RECEIVES BLOW AT THE BRITISH MEDICAL CONGRESS

Booms Fish and Cheese—Alcohol Pernicious in Some Cases.

The roast beef of old England received a severe blow at t sectional meeting of the British Medical Congress, at Sheffield, the other day.

Lieut.-Col. Davies, professor of hygiene at the Royal Army Medical College; Major R. J. Blackburn, Major G. S. Crawford, both of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and Capt. W. Sinclair, R.A.M.C. (militia), in papers read in the section devoted to the army, the navy and ambulance work, all agreed that abundance of meat was quite unnecessary, and that cheese and fish, both of which were cheap, were excellent and nutritious food.

Major Blackburn said that experiments had rather upset the popular notion that roast beef was the solid foundation of the British army.

How "Tommy Atkins" might deal with such a change in his diet as that suggested was indicated by Lieut.-Col. Fotheringham, of Canada, who spoke out of the fulness of his own experience.

WASTE OF CHEESE.

Lieut.-Col. Fotheringham agreed that cheese had an extreme value as an article of food. An attempt had been made to introduce it into the rations of the Canadian soldiers, but they were palpably not cheese-eaters, and the savory item had to be abolished because of the abominable waste that went on.

It was urged that the revision of soldiers' rations should provide for a better supply of fish, while a bread and cheese supper would prevent a great deal of unnecessary drinking.

Buckets of cold water were also poured on alcohol in the same section by Major Predmore, who, speaking from a long experience in India, said he had proved that non-drinkers were far more immune from sunstroke than those who did drink alcohol.

Major Blackburn, after pointing out that he held no brief for total abstainers, said experience had taught him that not only was alcohol best let alone by the soldier, but even in the hospitals its use, even on scientific grounds, could rarely be justified.

SAILORS AND RUM.

Alcohol was not a preventive of cold, and tots of rum to our sailors were not only needless, but actually pernicious.

The various papers and speakers in the discussion agreed that alcohol was not good for long or sustained effort.

Dr. James Kingston Fowler, dean of the faculty of medicine in the University of London, and president of the Medical Society of London in the course of an address on the subject of "Medicine," said he looked to a more general use of sanatoria for a variety of affections other than tuberculosis.

"As the advantages of an open-air life, combined with careful medical supervision, become better known," said Dr. Fowler, "the sea voyage, which so often means life in a windy passage on deck and a stuffy cabin below, and the hotel at a health resort on the Continent, where influenza, perhaps, is rife, will be replaced by sanatoria."

SORRY, BUT—

"Gumbolt and I have made a bet and agreed to leave it to you. He says a drowning man gets his lungs full of water, and I say he doesn't. Which of us is right?"

"What are the terms of the wager?"

"The loser is to pay for a dinner for the three of us."

"H'm—I never knew Gumbolt to pay a bet. You lose."

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

"And then, mind you," exclaimed Miss Passay, indignantly, "she asked me if I wouldn't marry the first man that came along."

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Cutting. "Don't those obviously unnecessary questions make you tired?"

TRUE!

A Montreal man who recently died left his fortune to a bartender. Most men attend to that part of the job during their lifetime.

She—"Is it the amount of talking a man does that makes him a bore?" He—"No; it's the amount he doesn't say while he talks."

Judge (to old offender)—"Have you anything to say?" "Only this, my lord. It comforts we to know that one wise man on the bench can undo much of the mischief wrought by twelve idiots in the jury box." The minimum sentence was passed by his lordship.

A boy of twelve, having been asked to describe the method of imparting instruction in the schools, replied: "They ax you once, and then they hits you."

HOW FLOWERS HIDE HONEY.

Where Sweets are Stored in Lily—Concealed Nectar of Monkshood.

Before "the bee sucks," as Ariel put it, he must find the wonderful places where the flowers hide away their honey, to be found like the priest' hiding holes in ancient mansions, by the right sort of visitor, and to keep away all intruders.

In the recesses of the crown imperial lily at the centre can be seen six large honey pits, one on every floral leaf, and each is brimming over with a big drop of honey and glistening like a tear drop. Shake the flower and it "weeps" as the big drops fall from it, soon to be replaced by other tears in the rapidly secreting flower. The simple folk call the flower "Job's tears."

The snowdrop is literally flowing with honey, for in swollen veins traversing its fragile whiteness are rivers of nectar. The petals of the columbine are ingeniously and elaborately designed with a view to providing good places of hiding for the honey. Each is circular, hollow, shaped like a horn. In each the honey is secreted in a round knob at what would be the mouthpiece end of the horn, and the five are arranged in a ring side by side with the honey knobs aloft. Though the honey store is obvious from without, yet the insects who would sip it must creep into the flower and penetrate with a long nose up the curving horn to the knob.

Sometimes the petals are joined together into a tube and the sweet nectar simply exudes from the inner side of the wall and collects at the bottom. This is the case in the dead nettle, the tube of which forms so toothsome a morsel that some children call it "suckies." The honeysuckle is similarly planned, and its sweetness is so striking as to have furnished its name.

The monkshood has quaint nectaries. If the hood be drawn back there suddenly springs into sight two objects on long stalks which are sometimes like a French horn, sometimes like a cowl, or, looked at sideways, not unlike a pair of doves. Their presence within the hood has provided the nicknames "Adam and Eve" and "Noah's Ark." Thus the honey bags are carefully tucked away and protected.

STING IN THE TAIL.

"Harry, love," said Mrs. Knew to her husband, when he entered his home a few evenings ago, "I've been dreadfully insulted."

"Insulted?" repeated Mr. Knew, indignantly. "By whom?"

"By your mother."

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense, dear. She's the kindest woman in the world. And how could she insult you? She isn't here; she's miles away."

"But, Harry, she did insult me," persisted Flora, "and it was done in a letter."

"Show it to me."

"I'll tell you about it. A letter came for you this morning, addressed in your mother's handwriting, and so, of course, I opened it."

"Of course," said Mr. Knew, dryly.

"It was written to you all the way through, you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that, but where does the insult to you come in?"

"In the postscript. When I read along to that it said, 'Dear Flora,—Don't fail to give this letter to Harry; I want him to have it.' Now tell me, wasn't that an insult?"

CHECKMATE.

A man went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand, with a card bearing this inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds' weight. I will be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property, he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

"This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not return."

PRACTICAL POINTS.

The meek inherit the earth, but the mortgage is held by the other fellow.

Don't hide your light under a bushel—use a reflector and make the most of it.

Success is the ability to forget failure.

You can't play hooky from the School of Experience.

OVERDUE ON PURPOSE.

He—Artists say that five feet four is the divine height for women.

His Darling (crossly)—You know I am five feet nine.

He (quickly)—You are more than divine, my dear.

AMATEURISH.

Last year they wed.
With much regret
We hear she can't
Make biscuits yet.

MATRIMONIAL AMENITIES.

Mrs. Henpeck—Before our marriage you told me you were well off.

Mr. Henpeck—So I was—only I didn't know it!

Better a cheerful failure than a morbid success.

THE OLD LOG CABIN.

Forget not the days when our fathers were ringing
Their chorus of axes, through woods rich and rare;
Remember the cabins where mothers were singing,
With hope in their hearts, and their hands full of care.

Like incense, the voices of glad sons and daughters
Arose with the smoke, from the clearing to Him,
Whose Garden of Maples, beside the sweet waters,
He gave us, and blessed our rich cup to the brim.

The dearest of homes was the cot in the wildwood;
No palace nor castle in England or France
Could ever compare with the shanty of childhood—
Now is shadow recedes like an exquisite trance.

At "bees," or at "corners," they met their good neighbors;
They talked of old lands with a trembling voice;
And they gallantly shared with their oxen the labors,
Of hewing out homes in this land of their choice.

A shot from the door brought a buck to the table,
A spear thrust in water tossed "lunge" to the fire,
Wild pigeons in millions o'erhead were no fable,
And Nimrods found here all their hearts could desire.

Say, Memory, where are thy johnny-cakes' riches?
Give back the molasses our maples distilled;
With pancakes of buckwheat, and such divine dishes.
That kings, to obtain them, log houses would build.

What tongue has the power to tell of their sorrows?
What pen has recorded the lives gone before?
Their bitter to-days and the mocking to-morrows?
And joys in that sacred log cottage of yore?

The noble old stock in their graves now lie thicker,
And children forget where their grandparents lie:
The forest and cabins fade farther and quicker—
Oh, let not their virtues in us ever die.

Young Canada sports his white cuffs and high collars,
But grandmother spun all his father had worn;
Remember, you boys, set with diamonds and dollars,
That in dear old log cabins our nation was born.

O, forest-bred children, wild Nature's caresses
Gave you the hard bone, and the brawn, and the brain.
Her sanstum sanctorum's most secret recesses
Were bound to Log Temples by God's golden chain.

—William H. Taylor, Tweed News.

EVERY RELIGION IN INDIA.

From Ancestor Worship to Scotch Presbyterianism.

Shared by 295,000,000 people in India there are at least a dozen families of languages. Somewhere about 80 different languages are spoken, of which there are 20 languages spoken by not less than 1,000,000 persons each. English is very widely understood, while Hindustani is the prevalent language.

There is probably no religion which is not represented in India, from ancestor worship to Scotch Presbyterianism. Nearly three-fourths of the total population are followers of the Hindu religion, and these, together with the Mohammedans, comprise nearly 92 per cent. of the whole. There are about 3,000,000 Christians.

India possesses very few foreigners in proportion to its population. In fact, the total number of persons residing there not born in India, including the French and Portuguese possessions, is only 642,000, and most of these were born in countries contiguous to India. The actual British-born population residing in India amounts to about 100,000; as already mentioned, the population of India is 295,000,000, so it will be seen that England rules India with a mere handful of men.

THEY WOULDN'T HARMONIZE.

"My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?" asked Mr. Biller.

"Certainly not!"

"Why not, my dear? They are good friends of ours."

"What if they are? I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

"Well, can't you invite the Greens as well?"

"Why, John Biller, you shock me with your taste! Brown and Green in my drawing-room together! Why, next you'll be asking me to wear blue and yellow. I declare, you men have no idea whatever of harmony."

"Do you consider it unlucky to walk under a ladder?" "Not so unlucky as to fall off one."

SCOPE FOR THE INSANE

DEVELOP THEIR GIFTS BY HARMLESS PURSUITS.

Valuable Inventions Made in French Asylum—Avoiding the "Fixed Idea."

One of the most interesting of the Paris museums is that of the insane, established by Dr. Marie, head surgeon of the men's section of the asylum at Villejuif. Dr. Marie is the physician who introduced the system by which the harmless lunatic and the idiot are separated from the more violent types, and permitted to follow their harmless pursuits in the belief that they are living at home in freedom.

THE FIXED IDEA.

Under this system, the first task of the doctors and nurses is to distract their patients from the "fixed idea." When gentle treatment, indulgence and the required regime have reduced the patient to relative calmness, he is encouraged to make himself at home, to act freely—if his impulses are harmless—and to do any kind of work that may please his fancy. As the result of this wise system most of Dr. Marie's patients follow some fancied trade. Men of artistic instinct model in clay, paint or carve wood.

NATURAL GIFTS.

In a study of lunacy, Dr. Marie declares that his experiments have convinced him that one of the best ways of reconciling a madman to captivity is to encourage in him the development of his natural gifts. A mind forgets its obsessing evil when intent on an agreeable task.

A few years ago the first prize offered by the Academy of Sciences fell to a man confined in the madhouse at Charenton; at another time an engineer in the lunatic asylum at Villejuif was second in the open competition for the design of the Metropolitan Railway station in Paris.

NATURE OF INSANE ART.

Usually the art of madmen is infantile. It is often melancholy, and almost always irrational. The chief defect is greater or less lack of perspective and proportion. For instance, an architect who has lost his reason often imagines that a house ought to be broader at the top than at the bottom.

A sense of art is often developed for the first time in the insane. Men who have never drawn a line discover the artistic instinct as soon as they have been placed in confinement. But their work is always similar to the attempts of primitive races. Thus an "Apache" or "thug" of Paris made a sketch of his life as he understood it. He began by making a picture of the women he had loved. Then he remembered that before he met her he had lived in Africa. Africa made him think of palm trees and pyramids; and pyramids made him think of Napoleon. His picture was an extraordinary mixture of palm trees, negroes, pyramids and Napoleon invoking the centuries to encourage men to kill one another.

MAKING OF WEAPONS.

One of the patients, an insane ex-physician, manufactures bludgeons and hatchets resembling the weapons used in prehistoric times. As he is too violent to be trusted with any sharp instrument, he makes his tools by breaking one piece of flint against another, or by rubbing two pieces together to wear them down to the required shape. Having shaped them to his intention, he fixes them in handles made of pieces of jasemine vine, or between strips made from the soles of old shoes. Some of the ingenuity exhibited by the violent insane gives cause for grave anxiety. It is impossible to watch an ingenious lunatic so well that he will not pick up something at some time to shape into a dangerous weapon. Some of the "harmless" cases demand surveillance by night and day.

VALUABLE INVENTIONS.

Some of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "panification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted faucets. Having set up his machine, he produced loaves of bread the size of a man's head. The bread was good—so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor watched him as if petrified for a moment; then he fell upon the machine, wrenched it apart and trampled it under foot. The invention—an exceedingly useful one—was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares to speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack.

WHAT HE MEANT.

Housewife—Why don't you get a job and keep it?

Hobo—I'm like de little bird dat keeps flyin' from limb to limb.

Housewife—G'wan, you're only a bum! How could you fly from limb to limb?

Hobo—I mean de limbs o' de law, mum!

We live and learn until we are forty; then we live and unlear—