

CAN THE HORSE WORK WITHOUT SHOES?

The question as to whether working horses should be shod or not, is a subject which undergoes periodical resurrection. In England, the subject is much exciting much attention. Mr. Ransom, Major General Römer, and others, proclaim in the London Times, that shoeing is as little necessary for English as for Brazilian and Australian horses. Mr. Ransom backs his theory with the fact that, during a residence of twenty-five years in Brazil, thousands of unshod horses, carrying three hundred and twenty pounds of produce, travel long and tedious journeys over every description of road. Gen. Römer says that, during his service at Natal, he has driven artillery horses unshod over rough ground, and their hoofs were not injured. Now, these gentlemen do not seem to take into consideration the differences in climate between Great Britain, South America, and Africa. The climate of Africa, South America and Australia, is warm and dry; that of Great Britain is, for the greater part of the year, moist and cool. A warm, dry climate tends to render the hoof of the horse strong and compact; a moist and cool climate, in which there is great fluctuation of temperature, renders artificial protection necessary.

History tells us that, during the wars of Ancient Greece and Romans, immense bodies of cavalry were rendered useless, because the hoofs of the horses wore away during long marches, or came off altogether while traversing swamps; and that was the rule, until the metal shoe was invented in Julius Caesar's time. It is the custom in England, as in this country, to remove the shoes when a horse is turned out to pasture; and it is true that a run for a few months in this condition does the feet good. But, let the horse be put to hard work, unshod, afterward, and the feet will be injured, unless he is used in ploughing, or other work where no hard roads are encountered.

The feet of horses reared in warm countries are more concave than those native to temperate or cold climates, and are consequently more able to stand the wear and tear. If a horse, active to Great Britain or this country, should be taken to the torrid zone or South America, his shoes removed, and kept there for a length of time, his feet would assume the concave form, the horn become more compact and solid, and he could do as well without shoes as any other horse. There is another thing to take into consideration, and that is: the horses native to 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 OAT 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 mischievous 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. Flying thus escaped what would have been a deadly 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

the buggy dangling at his heels. He showed a disposition to pace, and he was put into training at that gait. Directly he could make 2:21, but wounded his knees so badly as precluded his winning distinction at that gait. He was set to trotting. In the first race before the word was given, he upset the sulky and ran away. This second escapade gave him such a bad name that few of the drivers cared to take charge of his tuition. Senator Lewis had made a present of a half interest in him to Mr. Hawkins, of Sacramento. Mr. H. sent him to Dennis Gannon, of San Leandro, who had been successful in curing Venture of many of his unruly habits, and in his hands he has developed into the great trotter he now can safely be ranked.

Before the start Fullerton was the favorite, bringing \$80 to \$40. The race was won with ease in 2:18½, 2:19½ and 2:21½. On Oct. 4, in the 2:30 class race at San Jose, he distanced Rustic in 2:19.

WHAT EVERYBODY WILL RECALL.

HOW THEY FIGHT THE "FIRE FIEND" IN THE COUNTRY.

Near the burning building stood a barn which seemed likely to go. In that barn was a calf and Mr. Plug determined to rescue the animal, or perish in the attempt. He rushed in and seized the calf by the tail, and as it was fastened by a halter it would probably have been strangled by Plug in his efforts to get it out if some one hadn't cut the rope. As it was he dragged the creature out, using its tail for a handle, and threw it over the fence into the street; then jumping over after it he hauled it to the opposite fence and was about to throw it over, when Mr. Gallagher, who had recovered his breath and got possession of an axe, interfered. "Stop," he said, "you never can throw that calf over that fence! Let me cut the fence down!" But Mr. Plug would not heed him, and he hauled the calf over, followed it, grabbed it and ran it a quarter of a mile to a ditch where he dumped it, and where it was found drowned the next day. The barn burned and the house near it was in great danger. Mr. Plug, having got back from rescuing the calf, was satisfied that the house would go, and determined to save the furniture. Turning to the crowd he asked: "Are we men?" "Yes," replied Limerick and several other boys. "Then let us save this house!" He rushed in, upset a large flower-stand, breaking the pots and plants on it, threw a boot-jack through the window and, then getting 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 bannisters; 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 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 a snort, he made again for the shore 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 on the ledge

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 butchery treatment based upon it. A well-known

REFLECTIONS AFTER SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT.

After the momentary exultation was past, I thought regretfully of the noble life which I had sacrificed to afford the pleasure of a few hours' mad excitement. The beast to whom nature had given so noble a life; which had roamed these grand solitudes for probably not less than a hundred years; that may have visited the spot on which it now died half a century before Waterloo was fought and which but for me might have lived for half a century more,—lay bleeding and still quivering before me, deprived of its harmless existence to gratify the passion for sport of a youth hardly out of his teens. Nor had it had a fair chance. I had not faced it boldly and killed it in open fight. It had not even seen its enemies, nor had a chance of retaliation. Trackers from whom escape was as impossible as from bloodhounds had been urged in pursuit; the most powerful weapons which science could place in the hands of a sportsman, against which any other animal of creation would have gone down at once, had been used for its destruction. Could I congratulate myself greatly on my achievement? The forest around was indescribably grand. No sounds but those of Nature fell on the ear. The trees were of immense proportions, and to their huge stems and branches numbers of ferns and orchids of different kinds clung. Their trunks were un-grown and weather-beaten. The undergrowth consisted of ferns up to our shoulders. Truly an elephant has a noble nature, and one may almost believe he delights in the wild places he inhabits as much for their beauty as for the safety they afford. He wanders from stream to hill-top, rubs his tough hide against the mighty forest giants, and lives without fear, except of man, his only enemy. What a blood-thirsty creature the self-constituted lord of creation is! Though impressed with the wild beauty of the creations of Nature around him, how his heart jumps at the sound of the game which he has doomed to destruction! and, with Nature only as a witness, how he fearlessly raises his impious hand against her creatures! 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.

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AN EAGLE'S EYE.

The wonderful mechanism of the eagle's eye is one of the most striking things in nature. From an exchange we clip the unjoined interesting comments upon the eye of the "King of the Birds."

When we recollect that an eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that elevation will perceive its unsuspecting prey, and pounce on it with unerring certainty; and when we see some birds scrutinizing, with almost microscopic nicety, an object close at hand, we shall at once perceive that he possesses the power of accommodating his sight to distance in a manner to which our eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable. If we take a printed page we shall find that there is some particular distance, probably ten inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness; but if we move a page to a distance of forty inches we shall find it impossible to read it at all; a scientific man would, therefore, call ten inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. We cannot alter this focus, except by the aid of spectacles. But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of his eye just as he pleases. He has only to look at an object at a distance of two feet or two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. The ball of the eye is surrounded by fifteen little plates, sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When the bone expands, the ball of the eye is squeezed into a rounder or more convex form. The effect is very familiar to everybody. A person with very round eyes is near-sighted, and only sees clearly an object that is close to him; and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing clearly except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make his eyes round or flat, and see with equal clearness at any distance.

DEATH OF MR. D. G. FORBES.

Duncan George Forbes, a former prominent resident of East Whitby, Ont., died at his residence, Millburn House, Inverness, Scotland, on the 7th ulto. The Inverness Courier contains the following obituary:

"We regret to announce the death of Forbes of Millburn, which took place on Saturday morning last at Millburn House. Mr. Forbes was educated at the Inverness Academy, and when a young man went to Canada, where he resided until the death of his uncle, the late Mr. Welsh, 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 birds; 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

FEED A LITTLE CORN MEAL.

It's nonsense to say it makes no difference what you feed your milch cow. The quality of the milk, cream, and butter, depends very much on the kind of feed used. A little experience of our own may be worth relating in evidence of the statement. During the winter and early spring we had been giving our grade Jersey cow a mixture of meal and middlings, but, when we put her on good pasture a few weeks ago, we thought we might safely discontinue the ration of meal, and accordingly fed only a few quarts of bran at milking-time. Mrs. K. soon began to wonder what was the matter with the cream, it was so thin compared with its former appearance. She became anxious about her "Lul" and wondered if she wasn't sick; but her fat sleek sides and contented look said "no" to that. After an experience of about two weeks with the bran diet, we returned to the corn meal mixture, and, on the very next day, a change in the cream was clearly perceptible. It now skims off thick and heavy, and the cream crooks fill rapidly, so that churning-day comes twice a week. We are both satisfied that it pays to feed corn-meal both summer and winter.

BEAR HUNTING ADVENTURE.

Mr. Duncan Fleming, Tank Superintendent of the Hamilton & Northwestern Railway had just an interesting time of it about three weeks ago near the village of Airley. According to Mr. Fleming's story, a passing train had run over and killed a steer belonging to a farmer, the carcass being left on the side of the track, where it attracted the attention of a number of bears. Hearing of the fact, Mr. Fleming armed himself with a double-barrelled shot gun, loaded with slugs, and creeping up alongside the largest bear, while it was busily engaged eating, he delivered the contents of one barrel just behind the ear, and a bruin looked around to see what was the matter, the charge in the other barrel was deposited behind the left shoulder, when bruin turned over and kicked his last. On being dressed, the bear weighed 250 lbs. It is in contemplation with a number of our local sports to arm themselves with the proper implements, and go forth to slay and destroy the rest of the bear tribe around Barrie and the neighboring towns and villages.

THE RISE OF THE DEER.

It is a most surprising thing to see the deer get up on its legs—at home, I mean, and when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation at one end then of the other; then a great yawn and a crack of joints, and a lazy twist of the tail and a mighty snort of bovine satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pasture. But she don't budge, mind, without the regular formula. How does a buck start for pasture when you drive him in the morning? Why, he lies with his four feet under him, and when he is ready to go it is little Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with a power and facility rest and warmth have given, and the plump body, like a well flatted rubber-ball propelled by a vigorous kick, flies lightly into the air. The simile is borne out as it seems about to descend, light as the sle-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 Elias Hoover conjointly 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's 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 2:40½. A slight break having occurred just at the finish probably cost 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*