

ing, however, after a time, to withdraw the captured member. Day by day the combat dragged out its weary length, sometimes one side being temporarily victorious—as when the lobster lost a large claw—and sometimes the other. At last the combatants were separated, the lobster being placed in a new and unappropriated domain in an adjoining tank.

Now comes the strangest part of the history; for the octopus, as if seized with the passion which, if exhibited in humanity, we should term one of "dire revenge," climbed over the partition separating the tanks, seeking his enemy, and having found him proceeded to wage war anew. The result was most disastrous to the crustacean, for the octopus was found, we are told, with the lobster in his clutches, literally torn into halves. Thus to natural ferocity, we find the octopus unites immense agility and stolid persistence. The same cuttle fish extended no sympathy to his own species; for when two others—in addition to the two who had from the first been his companions—were introduced into his tank, he chased them from the water, and forced them to take refuge on the dry docks above. Another octopus, in a British aquarium, pulled out the plug of his tank and brought death on himself and all his companions in a single night.

ONE COW A MINE OF WEALTH.

The history of the shorthorn cow, Duchess 66th, which was sold in 1858, at Earl Ducie's sale, in England, to Col. Morris of Fordham, for 700 guineas, or \$8,675, is remarkable as showing the actual value of one good breeding animal. From this cow, which was calved in November, 1850, there may be traced in direct descent a number of animals which have sold for about \$5,000,000. Let it be admitted that as much of this value as may be depending on fancy or rich breeders, and is not the intrinsic value of the beef and milk produced; yet no one can help admitting that an immense value, estimated in these alone, has accrued to the world from this cow; and in proportion to this value may be estimated the profit to a breeder from any superior animal he may produce. A line of breeding animals is brought into existence which spreads out fan-like, and diverges year by year, wider and wider, until we can no longer reach the bounds of the beneficial influence. It is in this that lies the value of any good animal, and it is an unfair disparagement to confine its value to the weight of meat upon its carcass, or its produce in milk and butter. The breeder who produces a superior animal sets in motion an impulse which must in time spread and increase enormously, and far beyond computation.

A little black-and-tan terrier in Pittsburgh recently gave birth to four pups, which are daily taken in charge by a large Brahma hen, the property of Mr. Henry Rahe, who is also the owner of the dogs. Whenever the mother leaves her offspring the hen goes to the kennel, and the pups gather about and go to sleep under her. At other times, when they are in the yard playing, the hen will cackle to them, and they will follow her about like so many chickens. Occasionally a fight will occur between the hen and the mother of the pups, resulting in a victory for the hen, which she celebrates by cackling as loudly as she would over a newly laid egg. A correspondent at Pittsburgh vouches for the truth of this story, which is as amusing as it is remarkable.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250-om

and rear sights; can hold it with a vise-like grasp, can repress for a moment all motion and hold his head steady as a rock, and pull off the three pound resistance of the trigger, and care not at all for the 200-pound kick which the rifle gives, then, if he has not misjudged in any particular, he may hope to see the rising of the white disk over the black bull's face.

EQUINE OBITUARY.

SALLY CHORISTER.

This famous brood mare, sired by Mambrino Chorister, dam by Blood's Black Hawk, and second dam by Brown Pilot, was recently killed in her paddock by a ferocious bear, that lacerated her abdomen with his tusks, from which she died about two weeks since, and proved a great loss to her owner, Mr. Bryan Hurst, of Fayette County, Ky. This mare was not only a noted premium mare, both as a brood mare and in harness, but was the dam of several fine and fast colts. Her first produce was the mare Belle Braasfield, by Viley's Cripple. This mare has a record of about 2:38, but, owing to her thoroughbred sire, is a little too high-mettled for a reliable trotting mare. She was also the dam of Proteus, by Blackwood, who, at three years old, showed a mile on Col. West's track in 2:38, and was in foal at the time with a "catch colt." She is also the dam of the filly that trotted at the late meeting at Lexington, in the two-year old class, as Blazefac, although it is said her name is Belle Patchen. She won the second and third heats and race; time 2:41, 2:42. This filly was by Mambrino Patchen, to whom her dam has been bred for several years. Her last produce was by Administrator, and was bred by Col. Stevens, he paying \$500 and a free season for her at training, as per contract made at the time of breeding. This filly trotted, when about six months old, led by the side of a horse, a half mile in 1:50, or at the rate of 8:40 for a mile, which is said to be five and a half seconds faster than any weanling ever trotted in the State. She won the second premium at Col. Stevens' prize exhibition for weanlings by Administrator, and was only beaten by the little trotting wonder Momento, dam Keepsakes, by Alexander's Abdallah; second dam by Stockbridge Chief. Sally Chorister, at the time of her death, was again in foal to Administrator, which was an additional loss to Mr. Hurst, as her produce was again contracted for by Col. Stevens at \$600 and a freeseason.

A HORSE THAT CAN TALK.

There is a retired trainer, named Long (says the San Francisco News Letter), residing on a small farm in Alameda County, who lives for nothing but the pleasure of being near horses. He eats his meals in the stable, often times passes the night in the same stall with a favorite pony, and among his equine pets is a mare who whinnies in answer every time he speaks to her. Our informant relates that the most perfect understanding evidently exists between Mr. Long and at least three out of five horses in his stable. The training of horses, their obedience, docility and tricks in a circus are no novelty; all off us have seen a horse fire a pistol, stand on two legs, waltz, lie down with his trainer, and perform a hundred acts of sagacity, but these are simply the result of patient training and systematic correction. What Mr. L. claims is far more astounding. He asserts that, from a life-long intimacy with horses, he understands their speech; he goes further, and declares that their nasal, guttural, explosive, and unobstructed sounds have a different meaning, are used by the condition of the brain and vocal organs, and not only do his favorite horses understand him, but that every sound they utter is perfectly plain to him. When arguing with him that, though he might comprehend the meaning of the sounds emanating from the vocal chords of

such a patient, one that is not "under a dust; then drop some honey in the dust, and drop one or two drops in the eye twice a day, morning and night, and in a very short time the white scum will be eaten off the eye. Twice a day, morning and night, I cured a dog three weeks blind in one week.

For the mange, take one-half pint of whisky, put two drachms of nitrate of silver in the whisky; wash the sores with warm water and Castile soap; then take a sponge and wash the sores with the liquor; be careful not to get it on the hands, as it will stain anything it touches; the mange I speak of shows itself in running sores.

A CHAMPION BETTER.

The following story is going around in French military circles. An officer, Verdier, was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet. None of his comrades could boast of ever having been victorious, and at last no one cared to enter a bet with him. One day Verdier was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him. After a supper tendered him by his new comrades on the evening of his arrival, and when the champagne made its appearance, General B. called out: "Is it really true, Verdier, that you win every bet?"

"So it is, General."

"But how the deuce do you do it?"

"Oh, very simple. I am a physiognomist, and bet only when I am quite sure."

"You are a physiognomist. Well, then, what, for instance, can you read now in my face?"

"I can see," said Verdier, promptly, "that your old sore on the upper and back part of your leg is broken out again."

"Nonsense," thundered the General, "I never had a wound there."

"I beg pardon, my General, but—"

"No but! after I assure you, sir."

"Perhaps you do not like me to speak of it—perhaps a duel—"

"La diable!—you won't believe me. What will you bet?"

"Anything you like, General."

"Five hundred francs."

"All right, five hundred francs."

"The gentlemen present are witnesses."

With these words the general at once proceeded to divest himself, *ans gens a* Suwarrow, of his pantaloons, and a scrutinous inspection by all present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound by sword or ball.

"You lost the bet, Verdier!" shouted the general, packing himself up again.

"I have lost indeed, this once. Men may err sometimes. Here are your 500 francs."

The general put the money with a chuckle into his pocket. After he arrived home he at once wrote to his old chum, the general in command of Verdier's former regiment: "Dear friend—The story about Verdier's luck is all humbug. He just made a bet that I had a wound on my back, for 500 francs, and of course lost it." The answer came back: "Your naivete is truly charming. Your winning of the 500 francs cost me 2,000, which Verdier bet me on the day of his leaving that he will make you, on the first evening of meeting, take off your inexpressibles in the presence of your officers, and that you yourself would inform me of it."

MIND, MATTER, MONEY, BEAUTY—Webster's Quarto Dictionary, as now published, has cost more intellectual labor, more money in its "getting up," and contains more matter, and a larger number of beautiful engravings, (300 or more, with four pages of colored plates,) than any single volume ever before published for popular use in this or any other country. It is largely the standard in England as well as in this country. Bell & Daldy, the publishers of Bohn's libraries, are the London publishers of this magnificent volume.

increased, but between ten and eleven o'clock the enclosure was crowded to such a degree that it was almost a matter of impossibility for one to budge from the spot where he located himself. Indeed, as closely packed was the interior of the rink about eleven o'clock that orders were given to the doorkeeper not to admit another individual. Immediately after O'Leary retired at 11:30, Mr. E. a Hague entered the judges' box and briefly addressed the over-enthusiastic assembly. It was with considerable difficulty that he could make his voice heard above the cheering and buzz of excitement, but when some degree of quietness had been secured, he intimated that O'Leary had accomplished the task which he had undertaken. "Mr. O'Leary (Mr. Hague continued), is too much exhausted to address you; but he desires me to thank you all for the kindness which has been shown to him during the week; and for the fair play he has received. O'Leary is open to challenge any man in the world to walk 500 miles for £5,000."—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A FREEDMAN NAILED BY A BEAR.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 26, 1876.

ERRATA CHICAGO FIELD:—We have all heard bear stories, but the following facts are as true as they are novel. Mr. Simpson living at Robertsonville, about 150 miles below Memphis, like other planters living in the same section, is greatly troubled with bears depredating on his pig pens and cornfields. To assist in ridding himself of these pests he purchased two huge steel traps and gave them to the freedmen to set in the edge of the cornfield. It is a well-known fact that bears will cross at or near the same spot in entering and coming out of cornfields for a long time if not disturbed. With a little observation it is easy to locate their place of entering and exit. Mr. Simpson gave the freedmen instructions to "locate" and set the traps. If successful advise him when the bear was caught. In a few days after the traps were set a freedman came and told Mr. Simpson one of the traps had "kitched" a bear. Mr. Simpson being busy at the time, told the man to wait a few minutes and he would go with him and shoot the bear. The freedman thinking this a good opportunity to kill his bear, as he was fast in the trap, shouldered his musket and started for the trap and bear. Mr. Simpson, through with his duties, started with his double barrel gun in the direction of the traps. When near the field he heard the report of a gun, and walked in the direction of the shot. He had proceeded but a short distance when he heard cries and yells of the freedman for help. Hastening toward the freedman he came in sight of the bear and freedman in deadly combat. He was trying to get an opportunity to shoot as he advanced, when he was horrified to find himself a prisoner and spectator to a mortal combat. He had stepped into the other trap and was unable to render any assistance except encourage the brave man, and direct him how best he could defend himself. By a herculean effort the freedman released himself from the bear and ran to Mr. Simpson for life, closely pursued by the bear. Mr. Simpson getting an opportunity to shoot fired and killed the bear. He asked the freedman how he came in such a dangerous situation. The freedman said he approached quite near the bear as he was fast in the huge trap, and fired the contents of his musket into the beast. The bear fell over to all appearances dead. The man proceeded to unlodge the trap; when he succeeded, the bear nailed him—his bearship not being killed by the shot, only stunned. The bear dead, Mr. Simpson asked the man to release him from his prison, but the man was so weak he could not release the trap. He had to go nearly a mile before he could find assistance and send it to release Mr. Simpson. Mr. Simpson fortunately had on heavy boots, or his leg would have to have been amputated. He will suffer for many days the effects of the trap. The freedman swears he will never release another bear dead or alive.

BLUFF CITY.

A Goderich paper says most of the fishermen returned from the Islands last week. The season has been unfortunate, and during the gales some 500 nets were lost which represent a value of \$3,000. The schooner Star arrived on Saturday with 1,000 packages of fish, and loaded some supplies for the fishermen.

When last I saw thee drink Away, the dream is o'er, I could not live a day and know that we should meet no more. They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong, They tempted me, my beautiful! But I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wast sold? 'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold! Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scout the distant plains; Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.

A WONDERFUL STEAM YACHT.

The gleam yacht built for the Baroness Adolphe de Rothchild, which has just completed an experimental trial on the Lake of Geneva, must be a marvel of naval architecture. Only 91 feet long and 18 feet broad, she runs 43 English miles straight on and, at an average rate of 23.89 statute miles per hour, under by no means exceptionally favorable circumstances. The firm by which this vessel was constructed had previously built another—the "Sir Arthur Colton"—for the Indian Government, which performed equally well on her trial trip, so that the wonderful speed attained cannot be regarded as a lucky accident of construction. Some of the great Atlantic steamers are, we believe, capable of steaming at the same pace, and the Royal yachts are known to be very speedy. But they are of large size compared with the tiny craft turned out by Messrs. Thornycroft, and it is this difference which gives something of national importance to the performance of the *Gitana*. Baroness de Rothchild's new yacht.

As despatch boats, their services in time of war might prove almost invaluable, while it might, perhaps, be possible, by some modification of their lines, to render them capable of carrying guns. In this latter event, a fleet of such midge-like craft would soon drive from the sea the maritime commerce of a hostile nation, leaving our larger vessels even in regard to the ordinary passenger traffic in British water, the success of the *Gitana* deserves attention. By building an equally fine line, and with machinery proportionate to increased size, it would be possible to turn out steamers far surpassing in speed most of those now employed in the Channel and on the Thames. England has too long remained content with her past achievements in constructing swift steam boats, and we, therefore, trust that the success of the *Gitana* will spur on her shipbuilders to renewed exertion.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy.

I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result:

No. 1—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter. Yields on evaporation a thick syrup of invert sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine.

Sample X—Dark color, with dark matter on standing, has an acid and slightly bitter taste, contains Cinchonine but no quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

No. 3—Campbell's—Light color, clear, has no deposit, contains Disulphate of Quinine in the proportion of 1 grain to two fluid ounces. Is made with *cowslip sherry wine*.

N.B.—The latter (Campbell's), is the only genuine "Quinine Wine" of the three examined.—Signed,

JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy, Montreal College and College of Industry, Montreal.