

I am acquainted with a number of trotters to-day on the turf that would be useless as such were it not for the use of these weights.

Hiram Woodruff, the most noted and skillful trainer of his day, was unable to convert a pacer and make a reliable trotter out of him. To-day, boys, by the aid of toe weights, can accomplish what a veteran trainer could not do a few years ago without their aid. Had a man told Mr. Woodruff in his day that a pacer would be converted that would trot in 2:15, as Smuggler has done, no doubt he would have set him down as a subject for a lunatic asylum. We have many fast and reliable trotters to-day that are converted pacers, and there are but few pacers that cannot be caused to trot by the use of toe weights and proper handling.

I have seen and used several different kinds of strap hobbles for making pacers trot, and in some cases benefit may be derived from them, but, owing to the tendency they have to chafe and sore the horse's limbs, it is seldom they can be used long enough to do much good.

As some of my correspondents have made inquiries as to the heft of shoe and toe weights carried by our noted trotters that carry toe weights, I will name a few of them for their gratification. Smuggler now wears on his front feet 20 oz shoes and 6 oz weights, but formerly carried more. Nettie, 16 to 20 oz shoes, and carries 10 to 12 oz toe weights; formerly had to carry much more heft to cause her to square away. Albemarle carries 14 oz shoes and 10 to 12 oz toe weights. Mazo-Manie now carries 20 oz shoes and 6 to 8 oz weights, but when I converted him I had at first to use 3 1/2 lbs on each front foot to cause him to trot. Scotland carries 15 oz shoes and 6 oz weights; Nutwood, 16 oz shoes and from 4 to 6 oz weights; Nil Desperandum, 15 oz shoes and 4 to 6 oz weights; Adele Clark, 14 oz shoes and 6 to 8 oz weights; Silversides, 16 to 18 oz shoes and 3 to 6 oz weights; Lew Scott, 16 oz shoes and 3 to 4 oz weights; Rose of Washington, 15 oz shoes and 3 to 5 oz weights; Lady Snell, 15 oz shoes and 3 to 5 oz weights. Mr. Robert Bonner's horse Grafton was formerly a gaited saddle horse—that is, he was a single footer or racker. When he was first caused to trot it required 1 1/2 lb toe weights to enable him to trot, but when he showed in trials at Cleveland 2:15, it only required 6 oz toe weights to balance him to trot.

Many of my correspondents seem to have concluded that a horse wants to be weighted in proportion to his size. By taking into consideration the size of some of the horses that carry weights and the amount of weight carried by them, it will be seen that this is a mistaken idea. Lew Scott, Silversides, Mazo-Manie, and Smuggler are all horses that measure 16 hands and upwards, and are all strong-built, yet they trot with from 3 to 6 oz. weights, while Nettie, the smallest trotter that has ever trotted in 2:15, only weighing 850 lbs, and being scant 15 hands, had to carry 1 1/2 lb. shoes and 12 oz. toe weights to enable her to make her best time. Small as Nettie is, she can carry this amount of weight and last out her races with the best horses on the turf. I have seen drivers that only kept one heft of toe weights in their stables; these they would try on all the horses they handled, and when they put them on a horse and his gait was not improved by their use, they would conclude that he did not want weights. I have seen many horses that were injured by the improper use of weights. No trainer can be successful in using toe and side weights unless he has at least from four to six pair of different hefts of weights to experiment with, for it is only by experimenting that we can learn what amount of weight best suits a horse; and we have learned what weight best suits a horse, there may be circumstances under which the same horse may want different hefts of weights used on him. When a horse is short of work, and rank, it may require 8 oz. weights to steady him in first heat in a race, but after first heat 4 to 6 oz. may be all he may want. A horse will not want so much weight when trotting on a heavy track as he will when trotting on a smooth, hard track. As the shoes wear it is necessary to have different hefts of weights so as to replace the amount lost by the wear of the shoes.

To convert a pacer or mixed-gaited horse it usually requires from 12 to 24 oz. weights, and in some cases more. After the trotting gait is established in such a horse we can in most cases commence to reduce the weights on him. To do this successfully we want a number of different hefts of weights so as to enable us to reduce the amount without taking too much off at a time. Two and even one ounce too much, or too little, weight on some horses will cause them to be

a cure for worms. That every druggist's assistant can prescribe with the same ease he can compound. That a bit of brimstone in a dog's drinking water is more valuable than the same amount of Aberdeen granite.

A MAN-EATING STALLION.

The Hambletonian stallion Risingham, owned by Dr. James A. Schultz, of Middletown, N.Y., was shot and killed on May 2, he being considered unsafe to keep. Dr. Schultz says the horse was insane beyond a doubt. He was twenty-one years old, and for nineteen years has been a confirmed man-eater. More than twenty keepers have been crippled by him, and he has killed three persons outright. No professional horse-trainer could subdue him, and all the systems of horse-training and breaking have been tried in vain. He was a thoroughbred, old Hambletonian being his sire, and his dam being a mare of fine blood. He had been in harness but once in fourteen years, and that was recently, when Dr. Schultz had him hitched up, at requiring several men to do it. The doctor then attempted to drive Risingham, but the horse became so furious and unmanageable that he was allowed to go at once to his stall, where he has remained ever since. The sum of \$7,000 was once offered for him, and refused by his owner, in hope that he might be cured. The last feat that Risingham performed was to bite the right cheek of a negro keeper entirely off, the unfortunate groom's three immediate predecessors having lost respectively an ear, three fingers, and a thumb, and the muscles of the right forearm.

Five shots were fired in the forehead of Risingham as he stood in his stall. They seemed to have no effect upon him, except to increase his attempts to get at the bystanders, and to add to the ferocity of his kicking and jumping. By strategy Dr. Schultz managed to sever his jugular vein, and he bled to death, dying as he had lived, exhibiting all the fierceness of a most vicious nature. His last effort was an attempt to seize his owner's arm in his teeth.

ADA ISAACS MENKEN

THE ROMANCE OF HER DEATH AS NOT BEFORE TOLD.

(New York Letter to St. Louis Post)

It was at Ashley's London. Suddenly a slight noise and a faint scream was heard. There was a buzz through the house, the curtain was rung down. Then the manager stepped to the front and said that Miss Menken had met with a slight accident (accidents are always slight under such circumstances.) If there was a doctor in the house would he come around. We were sitting close to the front. My chief said "Follow me," and before you could say Jack Robinson we had scrambled through the orchestra and over the footlights to the stage. The manager led us to the green-room. There upon the floor lay the beautiful Menken, her silk tights stained with crimson blood. "I don't think I am hurt much doctor," she said, "I'm only frightened." In turning a corner the horse had gone too near one of the flats and had grazed her limbs, tearing the flesh all down. Expedition was required. The wound, which was not dangerous, but must have been extremely painful, was soon dressed, and the patient taken to her home at Brompton. The performance of "Mazeppa" was not concluded that night; the audience dispersed after having been informed of the nature of the injuries the lady had received. It was my duty day after day to visit her; the wound soon healed, but the mortal shock remained. "I have been," she said, "for years in constant dread of some accident of this kind, and the fright more than the hurt has prostrated me; I shall never recover." We laughed at what we thought her idle fears, but they proved to be true. This girl in the vigor of her womanhood, full of passionate life, with every sense strung to its highest tension—a magnificent animal, such as Du Maurier loves to draw, and Lawrence and Swinburne describe—began slowly but almost perceptibly to fade away. For months she was carefully watched, then travel was prescribed, and she went on the continent. A few months later I received a telegram dated from Paris: "Come and see me before I die." I lost but little time in reaching the gay capital, but it was too late. They say she died of consumption, she died from the nervous shock caused by the accident I have related.

similar contrivances, nor shall such traps, snares, guns, baited lines or contrivances be set for them, or any of them at any time, and such traps, nets, snares, guns, baited lines, or contrivances may be destroyed by any person without such person thereby incurring any liability therefor.

6. None of the contrivances which are described as batters, sunken punts, sunken boats or night lights shall be used at any time for taking or killing the wild fowl known as swans, geese or ducks, nor shall any wild ducks be killed during the night time, that is to say from dark until daylight.

7. No beaver, muskrat, mink, sable, martin, racoon, otter, or fisher shall be hunted, taken or killed, or had in the possession of any person between the first day of May and the first day of November; nor shall any traps, snares, guns, or other contrivances be set for them during such period, nor shall any muskrat house be destroyed at any time, any any such traps, snares, guns, or other contrivances so set may be destroyed by any person without such person thereby incurring any liability therefor, provided that this section shall not apply to any person destroying any of the said animals in defence or preservation of his property.

8. Offences against this Act shall be punished upon summary conviction on information or complaint before a Justice of the Peace as follows, with costs: (1) In the case of deer, elk, moose, reindeer, or caribou, by a fine not exceeding fifty dollars, nor less than ten dollars for each animal. (2) In the case of birds or eggs, by a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars nor less than five dollars for each bird or egg. (3) In the case of fur-bearing animals mentioned in the seventh section of this Act, by a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars nor less than five dollars for each animal. (4) In the case of other breaches of this Act, by a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars, nor less than five dollars.

9. The whole of such fine shall be paid to the prosecutor, unless the convicting Justice has reasons to believe that the prosecution is in collusion with and for the purpose of benefitting the accused, in which case the said Justice may order the disposal of the fine as in ordinary cases.

10. In all cases confiscation of game shall follow conviction, and the game so confiscated shall be given to some charitable institution or purpose at the discretion of the convicting Justice.

11. In order to encourage persons who have heretofore imported or hereafter import different kinds of game with the desire to breed and preserve the same on their own lands, it is enacted that it shall not be lawful to hunt, shoot, kill or destroy any such game without the consent of the owner of the property, wherever the same may have been bred.

12. It shall not be lawful for any person to kill or take any animal or birds mentioned in this Act by the use of poison or poisonous substances, nor to expose poison, poisoned bait or other substances in any place or locality where dogs or cattle may have access to the same.

13. No person shall at any time hunt, take, or kill any deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou, for the purpose of exporting the same out of Ontario, and in all cases the intent of proving that any said deer, elk, moose, reindeer or caribou so hunted, taken, or killed is not intended to be exported as aforesaid, shall be upon the person hunting, killing, or taking the same: (1) Offences against this section shall be punished by a fine not exceeding twenty-five dollars nor less than five dollars for each animal.

14. No owner of any dog trained or accustomed to hunt deer shall permit any such dog to run at large (if such dog is accustomed or is likely to resort to the woods unaccompanied by such owner or any of his family or other person) during the period hereinbefore prohibited for hunting, taking, or killing deer, and any such owner permitting any such dog to run at large during the said period shall, on conviction thereof, be liable to the penalty mentioned in subsection four of section eight of this Act, and any person harboring any such dog or claiming to be the owner thereof shall be deemed to be the owner thereof for the purposes of this Act.

The Queen of the Belgians is one of the best lady whips in the world, and as our horses as her sister-in-law, the Empress of Austria. She guides her pony four-in-hand about the steep streets of her capital as deftly as an expert.

manly strength performed by him. It is said that he was in the habit of placing upon his shoulders two bags of wheat weighing 200 pounds each, and carrying them up a flight of stairs. This labour he would perform for two hours, never seeming to tire.

While roaming through the woods one day his dogs, which were following him, bayed a huge stag in the bed of a dried creek. Meehoo was unarmed and after several ineffectual efforts to club the deer with such unlucky success as he could pick up, he seized the infuriated beast by the antlers and by main strength buried him over his head, breaking the animal's neck.

Meehoo at one time was probably the mightiest hunter that roamed the wilds of the American bottom. Forty and fifty years ago bears were plentiful in the thick forests of the swampy regions skirting the eastern shore of the Mississippi, and bear hunting was Meehoo's favourite sport.

He still carries upon him the marks of more than one terrific contest with savage brutes. To a reporter of the Evening Post, who visited him on Thursday last, he gave a recital of a remarkable struggle he had with a bear in the winter of 1839, while hunting through the Dry Creek bottom, about seven miles south of where Centerville station is now situated. It was on the 24th day of December, and a light snow covered the ground. Meehoo had gone out for the purpose of hunting wild hogs, and had with him one dog that was trained for that peculiar sport. While traversing the bottom he was suddenly confronted by a huge black bear. The dog rushed at him, but the bear at one blow of his paw stretched the poor brute dead; and at the distance of thirty feet brained himself on his hind legs as if throwing down the gauntlet of battle. Meehoo immediately pulled down upon him with his rifle, but to his dismay the powder refused to go off. The cap exploded with a loud noise. It was immediately replaced by a fresh one, but before Meehoo could fire a second time, the bear was upon him, and in such close proximity that it was impossible for him even to use the rifle as a club. The man and beast closed in a terrific struggle, the bear in his characteristic game of hugging, the desperate Indian struggling to draw his knife from his belt. Meehoo laughingly said to the reporter, "I tell you, my son, the hug that bear gave me was the worst I ever had in my life. At first I thought my very ribs were broken, and I felt as if my entire body was mashed to a complete jelly. My breath was entirely taken away, and for a moment I was entirely exhausted, but, realizing the desperate nature of my situation, I made a struggle to free my right arm and succeeded in drawing my knife. Before I could use it the bear hugged me again, but I managed to get a small cut in upon his fore shoulder. The animal released me and began to snap at me with his teeth, and he struck me with his fore paw. One blow felled me to the ground almost stunned me into insensibility. By the time I rose the bear was upon me, but I had my knife in time and gave him a thrust that made him growl with anger and howl with pain."

The old man then proceeded to relate to the reporter the several details of the fight and its result. The contest lasted ten minutes, the bear getting in blow for blow, knocking his antagonist down, but never succeeding in getting a hug upon him. In the meantime Meehoo used his knife in savage desperation, though for a long time unable to touch a vital part of the monster. Finally he managed to stab the bear in the heart and kill him.

Meehoo now owns forty acres of land and lives with his "squaw" in a very primitive cabin. He is an inoffensive old man now, and continues his daily avocations, molesting no one.

BILLIARD ROOMS.

An experiment attended with the most unexpected success, has lately been tried in Toronto, and that success is of such an intrinsic nature that all can be of one mind in wishing it equal fruition in every city, town and village in the Dominion. We refer to what in a sense, may be called private billiard rooms.

Without wishing in any way to cast reflection on this charming game, whether participated in at the public hotel or the private house, it is obvious to all that there is a strong parental and Christian objection to young people especially, speculating in the game where bars, with their

show, and devote the afternoon to the contest. Charge a moderate admission—never exceeding fifty cents—and sandwich hurdle race between the trotting, and will be the farming community must forego. The young men and their sweet hearts, the old men and their wives, will rise with their lark, set their houses in order, dress themselves in their Sunday suits, and as (Dillon and Plouffe) to the wagon and drive to the track for a half day. At the house if they bring their big bay steed, lunch under the tree, and at two o'clock hunt a stag on the grand stand, where standing places around the track have been out proud people to see fifty thousand people massed around the trotting where horses of moderate reputation are vied to compete for a purse. At Dayton, Ohio, 2, 1874, seventy thousand people walked in the half mile track, or stood in most uncomfortable positions for hours. Goldsmith Maid trotted against time, a Judge Fullerton showed Gloster the way a race of mile heats, three in five. But these immense gatherings were at fairs. In each the horse was the great attraction. Had the people simply been invited to come to the trotting park and witness a trotting race, nine tenths of them would have stayed at home. The race was the real attraction, but without the fair grounds and scruples would have got the best of it, and their longings would not have been gratified. By reducing the admission fee, giving the people an opportunity to make a day of it, we can fill our costly parks and put money into the treasury. The money is broken, the cry is at once raised, and the turf immediately strengthened. These appeals to the masses for support will succeed by charging a price which is in proportion with the earnings of the man who toils for his daily bread. We shall have to look this question squarely in the face, and by; why, then, put it off until next week or next year? Wisdom suggests that we should calmly turn it over in our mind, now, in order that we may be prepared for the change which is sure to come. The of high prices is a dead era. The experience of last year plainly tells us that the managers who will not see any difference between the times of to-day and of ten years ago, who are blind to the fact that the price which was born when money was plentiful and the parks were few does not answer to the present, will be forced to decide between closing their gates and advertising meetings at a loss. The future of the turf in bright we will only shape our minds aright. We are well aware that this theme is not a popular one with two elect, some may even charge us with croaking, but it is a habit ours to speak frankly. If we were in error, no harm has been done, we have simply blundered in our efforts to advance the solid interests of the turf. On the other hand, if our views are correct, the expression of them will do good. It will cause managers to pause and reflect, and enable them to get on the right road before their fortunes are irretrievably ruined.—The Field and Farm.

Webber, jockey to Mr. Baltazzi, died on the first of April in Austria. He resided at one time in France, where he was a successful rider.

RED CLAUD.—This horse who figured prominently on the trotting turf two or three years ago, is stated will be entered for the fall trots.

MOLLIE MCCARTHY VS. TEN BROECK.—A great four-mile heat race between Mollie McCarthy and Ten Broeck, for \$10,000, will run on July 4, the third day of the Jockey Club.

SALE OF SLEEPY GEORGE.—John Patterson, Prdgmr, Va., has sold to W. Crawford, Cal., and the country a pacer Sleepy George for \$2,500.