

Miscellaneous.

Mankind has to be cheated, but they want to have it done by an artist.

The following sentence, "John very quickly extemporized fine tow bags," contains all the letters of the alphabet.

A car load of horses belonging to Mr. James Allan left Perth yesterday for Manitoba. They were a splendid lot of animals.

Miss Nelson told a New York reporter that she cleared \$6,980 in Toronto and will soon go to Europe, to remain perhaps two years.

In a case heard at a recent sitting of the Division Court, in Oshawa, an item of charge for the pasturage of a hen on a stubble field for one month last fall, involved a fine point.

The latest style of gentlemen's pantaloons have a slab of sand paper set in the rear of the leg, and men who are not smokers are wondering what it is there for.

Last week a cow belonging to a Mr. Durkee, near Oshawa, gave birth to a calf with eight legs, two back bones, and two complete sets of internal organs, but only one head and tail.

Mr. Ridd, V. S., of Wingham, the Times of that place says, has a curiosity in the shape of a colt's leg, having two distinctly formed feet. The colt saw the light of day in Lower Wingham this spring, but having other infirmities which would render it useless, it was killed, after enjoying life for two days.

A cat belonging to Mr. Louis Hansen, of Kingston, gave birth to a litter of kittens, among which was one great curiosity. It has two bodies from the shoulder down, seven legs, two tails, two mouths, two tongues, and four eyes. We understand that when the old cat saw how the kitten looked, she killed it.

An English lady who is celebrated in "The Squires" for riding straight with hounds, has stated that for across-country riding side-saddles are simply ridiculous and that next season she will ride in "masculine fashion." If this lady—who by the way is an excellent wife and mother—should carry out her intentions, no doubt others of her sex will follow her example and take to riding a straddle.

On Monday night some parties supposed to be animated by jealousy, cut the throats of four horses, owned by two stage drivers of Lucan, near London.

Scene in trial of a gambling house case in a Washington, District of Columbia, police court. "What is poker?" asked the court; "a game of cards?" "Yes," answered several lawyers at once. "I only wanted to know as a matter of proof," remarked the court, with a smile at the enlightened lawyers, and the case proceeded.

Owls are of immense service as vermin destroyers. An English gamekeeper found an owl's nest with one young bird in it. He visited it for thirty consecutive mornings, and in that time removed from it 105 rats, 19 mice, 11 shrew mice, 2 robins, 1 sparrow. The owl, and what it might have been, over and above what the owl's consumption demanded.

Some of our exchanges are wrestling with the old, old problem that has puzzled the heads of the steady-minded and virtuous for ages. They ask, "How is it that there is a class of young and old men in almost every village in the country, who toil not, neither do they sow seed, and yet drink more beer and wear better clothes than those who work six days in the week?"

When Farmer Budge read that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for five thousand dollars, he remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal, but if Rosa didn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. And his economical wife replied that she thought he might paint it himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are now that the bull will be painted.

A favorite deal with Chicago grain "scalp-

DO HORSES KNOW EACH OTHER?

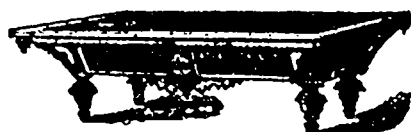
Sam Hoagland accommodated himself to the change the establishment of Prospect Park and its boulevard system brought with it, and moved toward the sea. His little place, on the shell road, is a very popular resort now with those who drive good horses and like to gossip about the good times of the past. More fortunate than man, only the good horses are remembered. Sam bears a strong resemblance, in many respects, to Hiram Woodruff. Like him, he is honest in his calling, and as simple outside of it as a boy. He has old Hiram's love—for no other word will do—for a horse, and all his fondness for talking about horses. "Do horses know each other, Sam?" said one of a party who were making themselves at home, at his hostelry, some time ago; "have you any doubt but that horses know each other?" "Horses know each other!" exclaimed Sam, as if incredulous that anybody should think it worth while to ask such a question. "Know each other," he began after a pause; "horses know each other as well as you and I do.—Let me tell you a story about Dexter and Lady Thorne. Mr. Real, he sent for me," proceeded Sam, "to see how well Lady Thorne was doing—Mr. Real, you know, owned the mare. Well, it was just before the race on the Fashion, and the friends of the mare thought she'd beat Dexter, sure. I went out to see what the mare was doing, and they spun her round the quarter. She was moving as finely as I ever saw her. 'Sim,' says Mr. Real to me, 'I am going to beat the little horse next week.' 'No, Mr. Real,' says I; 'I am going to do it, as true as you live. Dexter never trotted in his life, as the mare is trotting this very day,' said he. 'She is doing very well,' says I, and indeed she was as fine as silk. 'And you think she won't get away with the Little Horse?' said he. 'No, sir, and for the reason that the mare will not keep up her heart, after she sees the Little Horse.' 'Well, sure enough, when the mare came on the track she looked as if she could trot for a man's life. The horses were brought out, and from the moment the mare laid her eyes on Dexter, she changed. Dan (Pfeifer) saw the mare was even uglier than usual, and she was very ugly in her temper when she had a mind to be. He pushed her round two or three times at almost her best, but she did not seem inclined to settle down to her work. The sight of the Little Horse worried her. They took her out and cleaned her off, but when she came back, she was still ugly. Dan spun her round a bit, and by that time, she was rung up to score. Just as I said. The mare wanted to win, and tried hard. It looked like anybody's heat—the first one did—until they turned to come home. The mare saw she could not do it. The Little Horse began to slip away from her. Thorne threw up the sponge. Her heart was broken, sir. I believe to this hour that she could have beaten any horse in the world that day, except Dexter, and she would have beaten him if she had not known him. Yes, sir," added Sam, as if this closed the case, "horses know each other, as well as we do." I was present at the race, and so far as Lady Thorne's conduct on the track went to verify Sam's theory, it did so fully.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

CLERICAL SPORTING.

The gambling propensities of the Russian priesthood are amusingly illustrated in the following story:—A Russian priest who loved whist as much as the ceremonies of the church, chanced to have a good hand at trumps, but at the critical moment of triumph the bell rang for service. It was agreed to continue the game when he came back, and, still holding the cards, he threw over his shoulders his canonicals and went to the church. During the service the cards fell on the floor below the altar. Nothing abashed, the priest turned to his congregation, and

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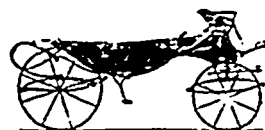
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