

## HOW TO TELL A HORSE'S AGE.

A difficulty occurred recently through the sale of a horse, resulting in a law suit which is likely to end in tedious and expensive litigation. As both parties are determined to weather it through, it may safely be estimated that the price of several horses will be involved in the issue, whichever party gains the suit. This is not the first time that difficulties have arisen through the same cause, and any means that will be found effective in avoiding the trouble will be readily adopted by parties trading in horses. A gentleman from Alabama, who appears to have great confidence in his theory, lays down the following method for determining the age of a horse. Up to the age of nine years the teeth are an unfailing guide, but beyond this age the dental test is powerless. There is another equally infallible test, however. It is this: After a horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If, for instance, the horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman; and he is confident it will never fail. As good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried, and it would be well for those who do try it to give their experience to the public. There are a number of stock breeders, for instance, who own aged horses and brood mares whose ages they are familiar with. By counting the wrinkles "at the upper corner of the lower lid," in these aged animals, it will be easy to determine if the above test is borne out by fact. Will some one of our many readers try the experiment, and report the result? If the theory proves a correct one the sooner it is made public the better.

## KILLED BY A RATTLESNAKE.

## A HORRIBLE DEATH IN THE WOODS.

PORTAGE, PA., July 20.

On Monday morning last Miss Sarah Goodloe, daughter of a prominent resident of this place, and two little girls, named Jennie Wagner and Laura Webb, went out in the Wyckoff Mountain to pick huckleberries. About ten o'clock the Webb girl returned crying to the village, and said that Miss Goodloe had been bitten by a rattlesnake and was sick in the woods about a mile away. The young lady's father, accompanied by a couple of friends and Dr. Crane, hastened to the spot guided by the girl. On reaching it a fearful sight presented itself. Miss Goodloe lay in convulsions on the ground and was swollen to an enormous size. Dr. Crane at once tore her clothing loose and revealed the fact that the flesh had commenced to turn black. She was entirely unconscious and was at once pronounced beyond all human aid. The snake had sunk his fangs deep into the calf of her leg in two places, and one of them was found hanging to her stocking. The doctor administered such remedies as are used in such cases, but the unfortunate young woman died in a few minutes after the arrival of her father and party. Her limbs swelled so that the one bitten by the snake burst the skin. She died in the most intense agony.

## THE CIRCUMSTANCES

attending the case are related by the little girl as follows:—They were picking berries near the top of the ridge and had the pails nearly filled. Suddenly Miss Goodloe gave a loud scream, and, dropping her pail, ran wildly out of the bushes toward a plot of grass near by, shouting, "My God, my God, a rattlesnake has bitten me!" She threw herself on the grass and commenced rolling and shrieking. The little Webb girl ran toward her and saw a portion of the snake, when seemed to be still attacking Miss Goodloe. About half of the snake, from the rattles up, was exposed, and it was sounding the latter in a manner denoting the greatest rage. The little girl, with singular bravery, seized the reptile by the tail and jerked it loose from Miss Goodloe and killed it with a club before it got away. She then told the young lady that they had better start for home at once, and they hurried homeward, the two little girls assisting Miss Goodloe, who continued to grow ill from the effects of the bite, and finally dropped in convulsions at the spot where the Webb girl left her and hurried on for aid.

## PROFITS OF TEXAS CATTLE RAISING.

The profits arising from the investment of money in pasturing stock in this region, says a Houston (Texas) correspondent, are enormous. Mr. Alfred Smith, a prominent citizen of Austin, Texas, whom I met in the Indian Nation on his way home for a trip to New York, informed me that at the close of the war he invested \$2,800 in horses. By

sheep. Taking into consideration accidents, diseases etc., the sheep double themselves every three years. No feed is required during the winter except the mesquit grass so plentifully afforded, and the genial and mild climate precludes the necessity of housing during the same period. But while this country is marvelously adapted for grazing, it is also a fine agricultural country.

## ELEPHANTS AS RAILROAD TRAVELERS.

When about eight miles on, one corner of a bridge gave way, and five cars of the third section ran off the track and turned over into the soft mud. The first car contained horses the second an elk and a camel, the other three the five elephants. The small animals were easily liberated, but the elephants were all in a heap. To remove them the top of the car was cut away, and then was exhibited the intelligence that marks these half human brutes. They obeyed every command of the keeper like children, crawling on their knees, turning on their sides, squirming like eels taking more wonderful and novel positions than any described on the show bills. After their release there was not a scratch on them, and no school boy ever gave more emphatic expression of relief than did these five elephants. They trumpeted, swayed back and forth, and did all but talk. The remaining distance to the city was made overland, and a happier crew never started on a march than were those animals. The cool, breezy atmosphere and the bright moonlight were all inspiring. As all bridges were gone, at every stream the elephants took fresh enjoyment of their liberty. They arrived here before the train.—*Chicago Journal.*

## RE-TAILING A LION.

The lion, the mate of the lioness which was whipped by the donkey, some months ago, had his tail nipped off by a vicious hyena, confined in an adjoining cage. The noble king of the woods was much mortified in consequence, and it was feared would worry himself to death. He kept continually biting his tail, and playing all kinds of mysterious pranks in the cage. Two men were kept constantly employed, at an expense of \$21 a week each, to watch the lion and prevent him from further injury upon himself. Mr. John Carney, the new superintendent of zoological gardens, has succeeded in carrying out a plan for the pacification of the king of the forest, which has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. He had a small box-cage constructed adjoining the lion's cell, and coaxed the wounded beast therein. The cage was so constructed that the lion could not turn about in it. Once in his tail was treated medically and covered with a black snake's skin. The lion now seems perfectly satisfied with the amendment to his tail, and holds his head as erect, and is as proud as ever. Mr. Carney is a genius.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

There were a score of women gathered together at Mr. Johnston's house. Mr. Johnston is a good hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The woman had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnston entered the room. He was at once appealed to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:—

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society the first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, threw out a \$10 bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—," they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes—"

"Well, now," said Johnston, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this \$10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:—

"Why, now Mr. Johnston!"

"If fifteen of you make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him," they exclaimed; each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants this 'X' goes to the society," said Johnston.

"Such a man," they whispered.

"If there are five

the owners, confident that they had a good thing, held on to it until tempted by this large offer. Governor Sprague goes east under the charge of Mr. M. Higbee, and is entered in the 2:30 class at Cleveland, Rochester, and Poughkeepsie and the Centennial stallion race, which comes off at Philadelphia in the early part of September. The Higbees have been very successful in stock rearing, having formerly owned the noted Flora Belle, who sold for \$22,500.

## RAPIDITY OF GROWTH IN CERTAIN FISHES.

Mr. Mitchell, in a communication to Nature, presents some remarkable facts in regard to the rapidity of growth of fishes. Referring to the species of carp, called by the natives *kallah*, he states that this is a species which does not breed in fresh water, but that the natives are in the habit of introducing the fry into ponds, etc., where they thrive very satisfactorily. According to his account a tank 65 feet long, 58 feet broad, and 13 feet deep, was dug within the premises at Garden Reach in May, 1875, and a number of the *kallah* fry, from half an inch to an inch in length were introduced in the end of July. On the 22nd of September the tank was swept with nets to catch one or two fish of the pike species that had been accidentally introduced with the others. In the net were taken several dozens of carp referred to, one of which weighed 14 ounces and was 11 inches in length. Others were only a few ounces lighter. The food supplied to these fish consisted, in addition to the natural vegetation of the pond, of the refuse of rice and other substances thrown into the pond by the natives.

## AN ANECDOTE OF FORREST.

The little old theatre at Albany, N. Y., has been made the scene of many curious theatrical stories. On one occasion Mr. Edwin Forrest, then a young man, and more famous for his muscle than his genius, gave a tremendous display of his really powerful acting. He was supposed to represent a Roman warrior, and to be attacked by six minions of a detested tyrant. At the rehearsal Mr. Forrest found a great deal of fault with the supes who condescended to play the minions. They were tame. They didn't lay hold of him. They wouldn't go in as if it were a real fight. Mr. Forrest stormed and threatened; the supes sulked and consulted. At length the captain of the supes inquired in his local slang, "Yer want this to be a bully fight, eh?" "I do," replied Mr. Forrest. "All right," rejoined the captain, and the rehearsal quietly proceeded. In the evening the little theatre was crowded, and Mr. Forrest was enthusiastically received. When the fighting scene occurred the great tragedian took the centre of the stage, and the six minions entered rapidly and deployed in skirmishing order. At the cue "Seize him!" one assumed a pugilistic attitude, and struck a blow straight from the shoulder upon the prominent nose of the Roman hero; another raised him about six inches from the stage, by a well-directed kick, and the others made ready to rush in for a decisive tussel. For a moment Mr. Forrest stood astounded, his broad chest heaving with rage, his great eyes like flashing fire, his sturdy legs planted like columns upon the stage. Then came the few moments of powerful acting, at the end of which one supe was seen sticking head foremost in the bass drum in the orchestra, four were having their wounds dressed in the green room, and one, finding himself in the dyes, rushed out upon the roof of the theatre and shouted "Fire!" at the top of his voice; while Mr. Forrest, called before the curtain, bowed his thanks pangfully to the applauding audience, who looked upon the whole affair as part of the piece, and had never seen Forrest act so splendidly.

## GREAT SWIMMING FEAT BY A GIRL.

The London Echo of July 6th says. "Yesterday Miss Beckwith succeeded in swimming from the Old Bridge at Chelsea to Greenwich pier. Large crowds had gathered to see the start, and when, a few minutes after 4, she leaped from a waterman's boat into the river, she was loudly cheered. There was a fair breeze, which made the water rather lumpy, but the force of the ebb tide was in her favor. With a gentle breast-stroke the young swimmer, with every encouragement from the curious public, proceeded on her arduous feat. A pilot in a small boat, in which were her father and brother, the latter ready to jump to the aid of his sister in the event of any emergency, led the way. She swam close to its stern, and kept that position more or less during the whole of her task. About ten minutes after starting she placed a straw hat on her head, but so soon as the hat became a

the head with their bows. Opposite Greenwich pier Miss Beckwith, at 5:55, was taken on board the Volunteer, having swum the ten miles in two hours and forty-six minutes. During the time she was in the water she declined all offers of refreshment, and when she appeared on board the steamer she was apparently as fresh and sprightly as when first she came out of her cabin at Chelsea."

## DERANGED BY THE BITE OF A HOG.

The Baltimore News says: Nine weeks ago Pet r Harris, living on the Belair road, just back of the Baltimore cemetery, and in the employ of Mr. Chester, blacksmith, was bitten by a wild hog, which had been roaming about that portion of the city, resisting all endeavors to trap him. Mr. Harris suffered severely from the bite, and soon began to exhibit all the symptoms of hydrophobia. He foamed at the mouth like a mad dog, became hysterical, smashed chairs and looking-glasses, and wanted to bite his friends. Measures were being taken to remove the unfortunate man to quarters where the lives of other people would not be endangered when suddenly, about ten days ago, he mysteriously disappeared, and has not been heard from since. The conjecture is, that Mr. Harris has died, or he would have been heard from somewhere ere this, as he was at the time of his departure a raving maniac. He was attended by Dr. White, of Chase street, who states that hogs, as well as dogs and wolves, are subject to hydrophobia, taking the disease themselves without being bitten. Mr. Harris was a married man, twenty years of age, and worked on a farm.

## MR. ALEX. BALTAZZI.

From Baily's Magazine (London) of the present month, we reprint the following extract concerning Mr. Baltazzi, the fortunate owner of the great Kisher, winner of the Derby and Grand Prix de Paris. We have frequently seen notices of this gentleman in the American press, but they are all at variance with the extract we append, and considering the high character of Baily, we deem it the most correct:

"Mr. Baltazzi, one of four brothers, the sons of a gentleman having a good position and an honorable name among the mercantile magnates of Turkey and the Levant, has been barely more than four or five years settled in this country, and about the same period his colors have been seen on the turf. Born in Turkey in 1850, Mr. Baltazzi was educated at Rugby, and there, it is fair to suppose, imbibed with his English education many of those English sporting tastes which a public school does so much to encourage. Returning for a while after the completion of his Rugby studies to Constantinople and Vienna, he came to England again in 1870, and soon became naturalized amongst us. Newmarket knew him very soon, and his stud, placed under the experienced care of Joseph Hayhoe, soon began to furnish winners. Melton, too, knew him quite as well as Newmarket, and his hunters were as perfect as money and good judgment could procure. The right hand of fellowship was soon held out to the young foreigners who had so much of Englishmen in their composition, besides Mr. Baltazzi's quiet manners, combined with his evident keen taste for those sports so much identified with our country, soon gained him recognition and reception among our leading sportsmen."

## HOT PUDDING.

The students of an American college being constantly annoyed by the nocturnal and inquisitorial visits of a professor who suspected them of playing cards, one evening prepared a kettle of mush—otherwise called "lumpy pudding"—and by the time it was boiled had seated themselves at the table in the attitude of card playing, waiting patiently for the well known footstep of the professor. It was no sooner heard than the large outside pocket of one of them was filled with hot lumpy pudding, and all were seated as before. As soon as the professor had opened the door, the student who was loaded with the mush made a sudden sweep over the table with his hand, as if to gather up the cards, and, with another motion, apparently put them in his pocket containing the mush. These movements could not help being noticed—as they were intended to be—by the professor, who, considering them as a pretty strong evidence of guilt, broke out with the following:

"Well young gentlemen! I've caught you at it at last, have I?"

"Why, yes, sir; we are all here."

"So I see you are! And you have been playing cards, too!"

"No, sir; it's not so!"

"It isn't, ha? What have you got in your pocket, young men?"

## Poetry.

## I HAD FORGOT THE GUN WAS COCKED.

BY JOHN J. PROFFER.

Come forth, come forth ye comrades come,  
And greet the early morning sun  
As he peeps through the misty veil,  
Come forth, come forth, let us inhale  
The sweetest perfumes of the morn  
For joyous call of bugle horn,  
Born on the gentle morning gale  
Floats dreamily o'er hill and dale.  
While the tongue of a score of hounds  
Answer the call the bugle sounds  
Nearer and louder comes the cry,  
Clearer and nearer sounds the reply.  
Oh! such a melody of sounds  
From the throats of a dozen hounds!  
Such music my heart rejoices  
More than harp and human voices.  
Hark! 'tis an antlered buck I hear,  
Crash, crash, crash, crash! he's coming near  
With tail aloft and nostrils spread,  
And proudly high he holds his head.  
With rattling leaps he looks onward,  
To be coming with winged speed  
Before the hounds he's cantering.  
It is his way of bantering.  
He is saying to dogs and man,  
At each leap, catch me if you can!  
I could not shoot him if I would,  
I would not shoot him if I could.  
I'll see if I can hold my gun  
On his heart while he's on the run.  
Ah! I confound the luck! down he's knocked!  
I had forgot the thing was cocked!  
Hear him kick among the bushes!  
See his horns above the rushes!  
See his last breath floating in air!  
And those crimson spots on his hair!  
Those fine prongs on each of his beams!  
In his eye fire no longer gleams.  
Reader, forgive! I know you're shocked,  
But I'd forgot the gun was cocked!  
It certainly was the gun's fault  
That made him turn a somersault.

## THE STARTER AND STARTING.

The man who undertakes to start horses in a race shoulders a big responsibility. He may, if his best and yet give cause for complaint. Horses are fractious beings and cannot be set in motion like some machines by simply touching a spring. When you think that all are ready for the word you will discover one or more lag, guards, if the field happens to be large. There are two things which have to be controlled. First the jockey, second the horse. Every starter in the desperate effort to be original, has a pet system of his own, and as the jockeys ride on the different tracks where the diverse methods are in force, there is an absence of discipline which is vexatious to the public and often ruinous to the owner. The jockey fails to become well drilled in either system, and works too much on the independent basis. Unity of action is destroyed, and the good gentleman who holds the flag aloft gets red in the face and raves without establishing order in the demoralized ranks. To make the horse and jockey act in concert, and to prevent the annoying delays, all the starting should be done under one method. The rival starters should give up the attempt to eclipse each other in originality, and settle down to work under one general plan. We take, in military life, raw recruits, and reduce them to clock-like motion by adhering to one formula, no matter how often the drill masters are changed. There is but one way to shoulder arms, independent of who gives the command. And there should be but one way for a jockey to bring his horse up to the line, regardless of who holds the flag. We are well aware that it is easier to preach than to practice, still, even the rival starters will admit that their work would be rendered less difficult if the jockeys were so drilled as to be ignorant of every method but one.

Since the turf has become the great arena of speculation the task of the starter has been rendered more difficult. When thousands of dollars in the shape of pool investments depend upon the result, eager eyes are strained to note the particular manner in which the flag is dropped. If one horse is given an advantage over another, the unlucky flag dropper may make his mud, as he walks slowly back to the stand, that some one will bitterly complain. If a man is on the most friendly terms with the owners, and the prominent pool buyers, he would advise him to nip in the bud every aspiration to officiate as a starter. If he does not he will speedily find his old friends arrayed against him. But thankful as is the task of the official starter, it is a task which has to be performed. It is impossible to have races without a starter of some kind. In the face of the well known fault-finding spirit of the public, we discover plenty of men who are eager to officiate as flag droppers or drum-tappers. Why they should be so eager we cannot understand, unless dim visions of profit rise before their eyes. Your starter should be a man of quick perceptions, unflinching nerve and sterling honesty, and the less he knows about the odds and those who make them the better. He should have no interest, direct or indirect, in any race. All races and all horses should be the same to him. In the short dashes, so common on the turf to-day, the starter wielded an immense influence. He can drop his flag as to destroy every chance at a start.