

were now convinced that Ross was defeated. Lynch had won four trials against three won by Ross. There remained only two more, and one of these Lynch was pretty sure, because of his greater lightness and elasticity of limb. This was the running high jump. Ross cleared a height of four feet and eleven inches, and failed at five feet. Lynch bounded over the bar lightly, and was hailed as victor with hearty cheers. As the five points scored by Lynch made him the victor the final 100-yard foot race was declared off, although Ross wished to run. Lynch said that he could not win it because of the condition of his knee, and he would rather give it to Ross than to run it.

## WALKING HORSES.

Walking is the most important gait for useful horses, yet little attention is paid to developing this most valuable quality. The fast walking gait is of immensely more importance than the fast trotting gait. An increase of one mile per hour in the walking gait of all the farm horses of the country would represent hundreds of millions in the economy of labor for a single year. Yet this might much more easily be accomplished than what has already been done in increasing the trotting speed. The ordinary walking gait of a horse on the road is three miles, and on the plough, two and a quarter to two and a half miles. Supposing this could be increased one mile per hour in each case; it would represent thirty-three per cent. extra travel, or ten miles per day on the road, and about the same on the farm. The money value of this for the 2,500,000 working teams would be enormous, but it is perfectly capable of accomplishment. If the attention could be turned to this practical improvement as it has been to the pleasurable and fanciful one of trotting, it would in ten years add more than a hundred millions to the annual productive industry of the country.

In England, the draft horse is not permitted to be driven faster than a walk on the public road. Heavy draft and steady movement go together, and any attempt to mix up trotting action with work must result in failure. But the useful horse should be trained with the same care and zeal for the special purpose to which he is devoted as is the trotting or running horse; and could this same enthusiasm be infused into the breeders of these faithful servants as the sporting fraternity gave to the rearing and training of their pets, it would soon produce almost a revolution in the motive power of the farm and local commerce. The walking gait is the working gait, and the work of the world is more important than the pleasure; therefore let no breeders ignore the useful horse, that is connected with the highest progress of mankind.—*Lice Stock Journal.*

## THE STOCK REGION OF TEXAS.

The section of country along the Gulf coast lying between Houston and Galveston, and extending far around to the Rio Grande, is the famous pasturage region of Texas. The country consists of open bottom land, skirted everywhere by the blue horizon. Its fertility and luxuriant crops of grass, the even temperament through the year and the numerous small streams of pure water, make it emphatically the paradise, not of the 'Port,' but of the cows. Some of the cattle farms in this country are respectable principalities in their way, rivalling many petty kingdoms of the German States, and their proprietors are literally lords of all they survey. From 100,000 to 800,000 acres, all in one farm, are no unusual thing, and this, too, under fence, where roam thousands on thousands of sleek and saucy bees. It is a kingdom of cows. The owners, too, are live, energetic men, awake to the importance of having the best breeds, and, accordingly, have imported Brahmin and Syrian bulls, which make a most excellent cross on the Texas stock. Durham and Devon stock do not succeed well, being too subject to fever. Great as it already is, it is believed that the cattle business of Texas is yet in its infancy. The European demand for fresh meats will tend to stimulate and enlarge the business.—*Rural Messenger.*

seventh Street Police Court in the afternoon. 'Well, auntie, do you know the prisoner?' asked Judge Duffy. 'Deed I does, sah. I've been buyin' policy tickets ober since last winter I'm 'm.' 'How long have you been playing policy?' 'Olus onto fifteen years; sometimes two cents, sometimes five and sometimes a dolla.' 'How do you make a living?' 'Does a little sewing and house cleaning, but not much—jes 'nuff to keep policy a going.' 'Have you made many hits?' 'I make my living at it.' 'What happened on this occasion?' 'It was jes this way, Judge. I went to his place this mornin' and paid a dime for that ticket, and I played nine, ten and forty-five. The gig was suah to bring two and sixpence, and he knew I had a bit. He told me I had got all I was going to git from him, and I told 'im I'd go to his master if he didn't pay up.'

'Who did you mean by his master?' 'Why, the man' backer, down Broadway.' 'Who is his backer?' 'I kind o' think Mr. Cornish is his backer. Me and Mr. Cornish is just as intimate as brudder and sister.'

'What is the biggest hit you ever made?' 'I once hit \$775. I guess you've heard on Will Simmons. Well, I played it on him that time. The two numbers came double.'

'If you have made so much at the game why do you complain of losing 10 cents?' 'Because he acted so kind o' mean, without the slightest prevarication.'

'How did you know you had a hit this time?' 'I got the nine.'

'Supposing you had got another number as well, how much would you have made?' 'Two dollars.'

'How did you select the numbers?' 'I dreamed them this morning at home. I saw the figs on a slip. Fuhst came the 10, then 45 and then the 9. I've been a widder and policy has been a power o' good to me. It helped me to bury three children for me.'

'Policy is a bad business, and you are sure to lose at it. Besides its sinful.'

'No, sah. It's more sinful to go hungry than it is to play policy.'

'Very few people know anything about the game. I don't know its first principles.'

'Why, Judge, you're one in a hundred, then.'

'How much have you spent in a day at it?' 'Once \$28, but then it did me a power of good. If you strike \$10 or \$15 it helps to pay the rent.'

The prisoner admitted having sold the ticket, but denied having refused to pay the woman her winnings. He was held in \$500 bail to answer for keeping a policy shop.

## DR. CARVER ON ARCHERY.

'You see,' said Dr. Carver, as he deposited a whole sheaf of brightly feathered arrows on the table, took off his umbrageous felt, and drew up a chair, 'I must be shooting something or other all the time. If it isn't a Winchester it's a bow and arrow. Pretty, they are. But most too fine. Fancy things, these arrows, for handsome young ladies to shoot on grass plats at straw targets. Now an Indian arrow is a good bit longer, maybe thirty-two inches—and when an Indian draws it chock up to the bow it fairly hums when he lets it fly. An Indian arrow has grooves cut in it behind the barb, that is to say the ones they use in hunting, so that the blood can flow, otherwise the wood would spoil and swell. The arrows are nasty things. The barb is put on the shaft so that when it hits you the steel, or old hoop iron, stays in the flesh when you go to pull out the arrow. Dear sakes! what ugly wounds I have seen them make? An Indian boy begins to handle a light bow when he toddles, maybe four or five years. His bow is taller than he is. He shoots at most anything around the camp. When he is twelve he uses sharp arrows. A boy must be strong at eighteen to use a man's bow. Now, a white man who takes an Indian bow for the first time has all he can do to bend it. It wants some strength but more knack. The bow is made straight. When it is strung, the cord, even when in tension, almost touches the bow. It is thick—some four and a half to five feet long, that is their hunting bow—and has extra stiffening by having sinews pasted on it. I have seen We-shessa has-ka, that's the long man, and he was the best of the Ojib Sioux, kill an antelope with his arrow at 125 yards. We-shessa-has-ka was nearly seven

oped opinions from many prominent athletes, both amateurs and professionals. Notably acceptable are the remarks of Prof. Wm. Miller, the Graco Roman Athlete, which appeared lately in a prominent daily, and from which we extract a few germs for public distribution:

"I wish to say that, according to my experience, running is the most important of all outdoor exercises. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that so many of our athletes neglect this means of training, which is, in fact, the most essential to success. It clears the lungs, strengthens the wind, and gives to a man great powers of endurance, making him—as we say in the athletic world—a 'stayer.' All the most prominent oarsmen of the world have relied on this mode of training above all others for its effect on the chest and lungs, as, for instance, Coombs, Chambers, Renforth, Sadler and Reily, who were all champions of England at one time or another; or Hickey, Green, Rush and Trickett, who were champions of Australia. Any of those men would think a man mad if he should attempt to row a severe race without practising running to clear his lungs and get his wind.

"In a long race, where a man requires to how his 'staying' qualities, he must place great reliance on running as a part of his training. If he neglects this exercise, he is likely to break down any moment, when hard pushed, for the simple reason that his lungs are in bad order, or, in athletic phrase, 'his pipes are not clear,' and running is the only exercise that will clear them. Many a man who neglected the preventive before the race, has found out this truth after meeting with ignoble defeat."

## A DIPLOMATIC ANSWER.

The old man Smith of Richfield, is a self-sufficient sort of old fellow, and prides himself upon his riding abilities.

One day he espied his young, hopeful leading a colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked:

'Why on earth don't you ride that beast?' 'I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me.'

'Bring that hoss here,' snapped the old man.

The colt was urged up to the fence, and braced on one side by the boy while the old man climbed on to the rails and stocked himself on the colt's back.

Then he was let go and the old gentleman rode proudly off.

Paralyzed by fear, the colt went slowly for about twenty rods without a demonstration.

Then like lightning his forelegs bunched together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch and the old man shot up in the air, turned seven separate and distinct somersaults and lit on the small of his back on the middle of the road, with both legs twisted around his neck.

Hastening to him the young hopeful anxiously inquired:

'Did it hurt you, pa?'

The old man rose slowly, shook out the knots in his legs, brushed the dirt from his ears and hair and rubbing his bruised elbows, growled:

'Well, it didn't do me a bit of good. You go right straight home.—*Cleveland Herald.*

**\$777** is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$83 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine 318-ty

sire, 3rd Cherry Duke (28174), dam Jantiana, by Steamer (25241), g. dam Jantja 3rd, by Exline (12845), &c., &c.

6. Saphy (Crags), roan, calved December 29, 1871; sire, Duke of Kent (25979); dam, Saphire, by Standard (23963); g. dam Mary Stuart by Standard (22963), &c., &c.

Sapho and Jex Blake were purchased from Sir Geo. R. Phillips, Weston Park, Warwickshire, England.

The Seraphiques were purchased at the sale of the late Lord Sudeley's herd, from this branch of the Seraphina tribe (so favorable known on this continent as the Sanpareil family) Lord Sudeley bred amongst other well known prize winners the celebrated bulls Cherub 1103, exported to America and sold at auction for \$5,600 in Illinois, and Mandarin (26369) by 2nd Duke of Wetherby, (21618) dam Seraphina, 15th by John O'Gaunt, (16322), etc., etc.

## AN ASTONISHED CANINE.

A grocer on Carr street yesterday placed on the sidewalk in front of his store a sugar hogshead, which he had just emptied. The adhering sweets attracted myriads of flies and a few honeybees, which seemed to think they had found a bonanza. A vagabond looking dog was laying down in the shade of the sugar hogshead, and was pestered much by the flies, which found the dog's nose a good place to roost after they had filled themselves with sugar. After the dog had wearied himself out by his ineffectual snaps at the flies, he buried his nose between his paws and took the annoyance philosophically. At length a bee came humming around him, and being bigger game, the dog concluded to go for it, and watching his opportunity snapped at it and caught it in his mouth. Then he made a sudden spring to his feet as if he had just thought of something that he had to do in a hurry, and the hair all over him raised on end as if he had been electrified. Then he pranced around for a moment shaking his head frantically as if he were worrying a rat. A little black object dropped from his mouth which he looked at inquiringly for a brief instant, and then started off in haste to see a man around the corner, howling dismally as he went. The man was not there and the dog came back and once more made an inspection of the little black object that lay on the sidewalk and poked it timidly with his paw. He perhaps wanted to be able to recognize one of those little things if he should ever encounter one of them again. After satisfying his curiosity he went and laid down with a sort of grin-and-bear-it-you-old-fool, giving vent to his feelings occasionally by a subdued canine sigh.—*St. Louis Republican.*

## THE ATTRACTIONS OF A FAIR.

It is curious how attractive fair are, especially to that class who are so much opposed to racing and trotting, on the days when the trots are to take place. They are bitterly opposed to trots and go simply to see the display of agricultural implements and the different kinds of cattle, hogs and sheep. They are never able to find the implements, or see the cattle, hogs and sheep, but they manage to see every heat of the trots. They remind us of a celebrated Methodist preacher who formerly lived near this city. He was a most unfortunate person with his cows, of which he kept a number, and invariably lost one spring and fall, and what was still more singular, it always occurred during the week of the spring and fall race meetings. Another singular fact was that his cows always went towards the race track, and promptly at 12 o'clock each day, spring and fall, this eminent divine could be found stationed out on the Winchester road near the half-mile pole, which commanded a good view of the races, in search of his stray cow. He was very unfortunate in never being able to find his cow until the close of the race week, but he took in all the racing.—*Ky. Record.*

## A FRIGHTFUL SCOURGE.

The Province of Bahia, Brazil, is afflicted with a scourge of vampires. Whole herds of cattle are sometimes destroyed by this venomous bat. It was long a matter of conjecture how the animal accomplished the insidious and deadly work, but scientific men have decided that the tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillae which are so arranged as to form an organ of suction, the lips having also tubercles symmetrically arranged. Fastening themselves upon cattle these dreadful animals can draw their life blood from their victims. The wound made probably by the small needle-like teeth, is a fine, round hole, the bleeding from which is very difficult to stop. It is said that the wings of this deadly bat fly around during the operation of wounding and drawing the blood, with great velocity, thus fanning the victim and lulling while the terrible work is in progress. Some of these creatures measure ten feet between the tips of the wings, and they are often found in great numbers in deserted dwellings in the outskirts of Bahia city. The negroes and Indians especially dread them, and there are numerous superstitions among the natives in regard to them.

## A STURGEON'S EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

Although it happened half a century ago, the following story, recounted for us by Mr. Chester Burbank, of Watervliet, an old resident of the town, will be found interesting, even at this late date: "In the year 1826, the sloop Robert Burns of Castleton, was lying at anchor off the Palisades. The sloop was 200 tons burden, and was manned as follows: Captain, Arad Buckman, pilot, Wm. Forgy; cook, Chester Burbank, who now relates the story; and Henry Douglass, Titus Mink and one Bogus of the crew. There were also two young ladies aboard, who occupied the cabin, one of whom was named Miss Almira Austin. About 12 o'clock at night the crew were roused by the shrieks of the young ladies, and a terrible commotion in the cabin. The door was broken in, when it was found that a huge sturgeon was the cause of the trouble. Appearances indicated that the fish had leaped from the river upon the locker and slid through the open window of the cabin, landing in the berth occupied by the young ladies. The young girls, unable to realize what the object was, were paralyzed with terror at first, but soon regaining their senses, gave utterance to shrieks for help, and springing from the berth crouched in the farthest corner of the cabin, where the fish, finding himself in strange quarters, flopped about in the berth. It is needless to add that the sturgeon was speedily despatched by the sailors and divided equally among those on board. The young ladies, however, refused their shares, and could not be induced to even taste of the fish after it was cooked.

One of the largest boa constrictors in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens was taken sick nearly a year ago, and wasted away to a mere snake skeleton. No snake medicine seemed to do him any good. Even snake-foot failed. A large blanket was put in his cell one night for the boa to sleep upon. Next morning the blanket was gone; the boa had swallowed it, and was swelled up to three times his former diameter. One morning, about four weeks afterwards, the blanket was found in the cell again, and the snake immediately began to improve. He ate like a gourmand, and grew fatter and fatter every day. He is now one of the healthiest snakes in the country, and the blanket is preserved as a relic.

**SALE OF LITTLE FRED.**—Mr. Morris H. Bee has bought of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt New York city, the bay gelding Little Fred by Eastman Morgan, dam by Simple Blackbird, and he will be trotted in the Western circuit this fall.