

STORY OF THE TIN PEDLAR AND SLEEPY DAVID.

The following story, extracted from the work, "A Yankee among the Nullifiers," purports to be told to another by a South Carolinian:

"The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too cute for us in everything but horseflesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse Southern for a purse of two thousand. He had won a little sum the year before with all ease. In short he was the best horse at that time in South Carolina. There were, to be sure, two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him, but they were no touch to Southern, as I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting this moment—when who should come along but a Yankee, with a tin cart! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse I ever put my eyes on. He had a lean, slab-sided, crooked legged, rough haired 'critter' as over went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact his owner called him Sleepy David. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the pedlar, whose exterior corresponded marvelously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zedlock Barber, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse with the rest.

"Your horse!" exclaimed I—"What, that sleepy looking devil there? You'd better enter him for the turkey-buzzards."

"Not as you know on, Mister," rejoined the Yankee, with some show of spirit. "To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him Sleepy David, but he's a j-o-f-d smart horse for all that. He's like a singed cat, a darn sight better nor he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him against some of your South Carolina horses. To be sure I don't come all the way from home on that purpose, but as I was coming out this way on a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it so as to kill two birds with one stone, for thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle off my notions at the same time, I shall make a pluggy good spec. But I had to hurry on like the nation to get here in time; and that's one reason why my horse looks so shabby and out of fix this morning. But for all that he'll perform a day's work, I tell you."

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse and that all he said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him begone, and not trouble me with his Yankee palaver.

"Why, mister," said he "this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk or let it alone, just as he can afford. Now I've taken a great deal of pains to get here this morning, in order to run Sleepy David agin some of your Southern hosses. I ain't joking, sir, I'm in earnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazing to pick it up."

"You talk of picking up two thousand dollars with that bit of carrion of yours! Away with you, and don't trouble us further."

"Well, if I can't run, I suppose I can't; but it's darnd hard anyhow for a man to take so much pains as I have to come up to the races, and then can't run after all."

"It's too late now; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plank the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet."

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea that he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

"How much might the entrance money be?" drawing out a purse containing a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper. "If it ain't more nor a quarter of a dollar or so, I'll plank it on the nail."

"It is two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred!" exclaimed the Yankee. "By guiney, what a price! Why they axed me only twenty-five cents to see the elephant and the hull caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! Why you must be joking now—bless me! my hull load of tin ware, hoss, wagon and all wouldn't fetch that. But, mister, don't you think I could git in for ten dollars?"

"Nothing short of two hundred, and that must be paid in five minutes."

We now thought we had got fairly rid of the fellow; but he returned to the charge and asked if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy, then a hundred, and finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it provided he could find any one to loan him the money, for which he would pawn his wagon load of notions, and Sleepy David to boot. He asked one, then another to accommodate him with the loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse the money should be returned and he would give a dozen tin whistles into the bargain. He however got more curses than coppers until some wag who had plenty of cash and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice. Though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had plenty of money about him and was merely "possum" all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle. In this he was also accommodated; and taking Sleepy David from the tin cart, he scrambled upon his back and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit on a horse so awkward in your life. Every one said he

Here, however, all were mistaken again, for the pedlar hauled out a greasy old pocket-book, and planked the thousand dollars. It was covered, of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered, and to suspect the Yankee was after all more rogue than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. Southern was not a horse to be distressed by such a miserable devil as Sleepy David.

The second heat was now commenced, and if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble Southern, that confidence was strengthened as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the purse as now my own property. In imagination I had grasped it and was about putting it safely into my pocket, when lo;—and behold! the pedlar's horse shot forward as if the devil had kicked him, and stretching his neck like a crane, won the heat by a head!

Everybody was astonished. "That horse must be the devil himself," said one. "At least he has the devil to back him," said another. "I was sure he would play some Yankee trick before he got through," said a third. Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee, in the meantime, offered to take another thousand dollar bet; nobody felt disposed to bet with him, and it was well that they didn't, for at the third heat Sleepy David not only distanced every horse but even came in a quarter of a mile ahead of Southern himself.

"There, by guiney," said the Yankee as he dismounted, "I'll take that ere little purse, if you please, and the other cool thousand, tew. I knowed well enough that your Southern hosses couldn't hold a candle to old Sleepy David."

TYPE SETTING TOURNAMENT AT MONTREAL.

The tournament at Montreal among the lightning compositors was concluded on Saturday 23rd ult. The terms of the match were as follows:—

Competitors to set as much as possible for two hours, when time will be called, proofs of the matter set be read, and the competitors then to correct their mistakes, those first through to continue setting till the last proof is corrected. The amount of work done was measured by "ems." To the uninitiated reader we may explain that an "em" is a small square of type metal, and that is nonpareil type, which was used in the match, 26 1/2 of these go to make up a line; the type is set in "sticks"—iron holders—which contain ordinary about 26 lines of that type, or 699 ems. The "copy" to be printed was a New York Herald editorial. At twelve minutes to four, or after exactly two hours' contest, time was called, and the proof-readers then set to work. By a singular coincidence, several printers omitted a couple of lines of the article, the repetition of the same phrase, a line or two further on, misleading the eye. After proofs were returned, the printers began correcting them, those through first to continue setting till the first man had finished corrections. It was here the careful printers gained their great advantage. Alty, winner of the first prize, had nineteen lines in type before the last proof was corrected. As the setting of 1,000 ems an hour is considered good work, the performance of the prize winners on two hours was very creditable.

	No. of ems.
Thomas Alty, of Larkin's Job Office,	
1st prize.....	3,630
Wm. S. Humphrey's, Star, 2nd.....	3,604
Alphonse London, L'Espresso, 3rd.....	3,550
John T. Wardly, Gazette, 4th.....	3,498
A. Barrette, Witness, 5th.....	3,339
Isaac Glennon, Witness, 6th.....	3,312
Alex. Allan, Gazette, 7th.....	3,206
Dan. McMullin, Gazette.....	3,021
Thos. Gorman, Herald.....	2,928
Samuel L. Kydd, Gazette.....	2,915
George Birnie, Herald.....	2,915
Alfred Sabourin, Le Nonveau Monde.....	2,915
Alfred Clement, Minerve.....	2,888
John Lynch, Witness.....	2,835
James Williams, Gazette.....	2,756
Wm. Hibbins, Herald.....	2,703
Alex. Walker, Herald.....	2,628
D. Taylor, Star.....	2,484

The prizes were presented by Mr. Richard White, the winners being cheered as they received the rewards.

A Barrette has challenged the winner to a match for \$20 a side. It is stated that Mr. Humphrey's friends will back him in a match against Alty for \$50 or \$100.

BREEDING TO SELL.

If a man breeds for his own use, and has any particular or singular opinions about animals, he has, of course, a right to breed in accordance with those opinions, be they right or wrong; but if a man breeds for the public, even allowing his ideas to be more correct than those of the public as to what is the choicest animal, it

THE SHORT-HORN BUSINESS.

We clip the following from the Chicago Times, and while we do not endorse all its statements and criticisms, we think it approximates the truth very closely, when limited to a commercial point of view. Mr. A., purchasing of Mr. B. at very large prices, and then Mr. B. purchasing of Mr. A., a few months after, at equally large prices, and to about the same amount, has the suspicious appearance of making trade lively for a purpose; but we will let the Times speak for itself:—

The report of recent sales of Short-horns, as published in this paper, shows pretty conclusively, that the 'bottom is dropping out' of breeding fancy animals of this breed of cattle for profit. It is not likely that a Short-horn will ever be sold for \$27,000 in this country again, or that a cow that has seen her best days will bring \$40,000 at an auction sale. Even Short-horn breeders are recovering from their mania, and are beginning to talk like rational persons.

There has been more humbug about the Short-horn business than in anything in which farmers were ever engaged. There was never a domestic animal of any kind worth \$40,000, for any purpose, and it is not likely that there ever will be one. Even \$1,000 is a very large price to pay for an animal which can only be used for food. Still many farmers have been persuaded into investing in a heifer, expecting to double their money with every calf raised from her.

The Short-horn is an excellent animal for beef, inasmuch as it matures quickly, while its flesh is of good quality, and has a small proportion of waste. That is the most and the best that can be said of this breed of cattle. In England, the land of roast beef epicures, the Short-horn is not generally regarded as the animal which furnishes the most delicious meat, but the preference is given to the Herefords and the Highland cattle. This is the case, notwithstanding the great number of persons who are interested in extolling the merits of Short-horns as beef-producers.

The Devon is the superior of the Short-horn in respect to beauty and hardiness. The same is true of the Herefords and Ayrshires. The latter are excellent milkers, and their milk is very valuable for cheese-making. The Short-horns, on the contrary, are not generally large milkers, neither is their milk very rich. As a rule, the smallest Jersey will produce more butter during the year than the largest Short-horn, while it will bring double the price per pound.

The Short-horn has been bred both in this country and Great Britain, almost entirely with a view of developing size, symmetry, and early maturity. The animals have been pampered till they have no hardiness, and need to be tended like sick babies. Many of the fashionable families of Short-horns produce a smaller number of offspring than fashionable families of human beings. In some instances their numbers have diminished, rather than increased, in a term of years. If a cow happened to half a calf, the event was noticed in all the papers, and the young child was immediately put out to wet nurse, for the reason that the mother did not give milk enough to support its life. Generally its period of maturity would be in an inverse proportion to the length and purity of its pedigree. Promising Short-horns, like the children described in Sunday-school books, and like those the gods love, die young.

Like every kind of business, not strictly legitimate, there has been a good deal of fraud in its management. Thousands of dollars have been paid in premiums by agricultural associations for bulls that never sired a calf, and for cows that never gave a drop of milk. Sometimes show herds or barren animals have been collected, which could be done with little difficulty, fattened till they could hardly walk, and sent by rail about the country to take premiums at agricultural fairs.

The complaint has become general, that a very large proportion of purchases reported at the annual Short-horn sales, which have become so fashionable during the past few years, are not genuine. Every breeder is anxious to keep up these scales, and to have prices sustained, and accordingly, they buy with the understanding that the seller buys to an equal amount when their sales occur. In many cases no money passes, and no notes are given."

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. Campbell & Co.

BUFFALO HUNTING.

St. Paul is becoming the Western emporium of buffalo hides—a principal source of supply being Fort Benton. From this point the robes are shipped by boat to Bismarck and thence to St. Paul, and from St. Paul to Chicago and New York. The buffalo ranges are annually becoming circumscribed, and their ultimate exhaustion is merely a matter of time. Formerly the bison roamed all over the North American continent, while now, according to Major Eastman, this animal can only be found in about three localities. One herd ranges along the head waters of the Arkansas and Platte Rivers; a smaller one browses among the Big Horn mountains and the valleys and plains in that region, while the great mass make their home north of the Missouri, and spread themselves to the Saskatchewan and westward to the Rocky Mountains. There seems to be no difficulty in securing forage in the North during the winter, for buffalo killed in January are as fat as at any other time, while the meat is much better in winter than in summer. The buffalo, with their feet and horns, scrape the snow from the prairie and eat the dry grass with a relish. Major Eastman says that domestic cattle in Montana also run wild, and live through the winter unprotected and uncared for, and in the spring are found in comparatively good condition. The theory of those most familiar with the subject is that the buffalo and the Indian will perish together. Though the Indian is in constant pursuit of this noble game, the buffalo never avoids his savage persecutor. On the contrary, the Indian will establish his camping ground, and then actually drive the buffalo to within a short distance of his wigwam before he kills him, thus avoiding any extended transportation of the raw hides to the place where they are dressed by the squaws. Now on the other hand, the buffalo, like the Indian, seems to have an instinctive aversion to the white man, and when the emigrant wagon and the railroad car shall people the West and Northwest, the buffalo will seek new and more accessible fields, and, finally, when he is surrounded on all sides, he will lie down and die, and we shall have no more buffalo robes. Men now living will remember when the Pacific slope was one vast buffalo range, while to-day there is scarcely a buffalo to be seen west of the Rocky Mountains. But it is admitted that it may be a long while before the last buffalo shall pass in his checks, for a vast range of country spreads out between the Missouri River and the Saskatchewan, which is a natural feeding ground for the buffalo, and there is no perceptible diminution of the prodigious herd that roams over this space. There are collected annually at Fort Benton alone about 120,000 robes, nearly all of which are taken from the great Northern herd, and yet the Indians and traders find no greater difficulty now in getting them from their original owners than they did years ago.

DOES A DOG THINK?

If the following story about "Colonel," a dog owned by Charles Keatley, a hotel proprietor of Denver, Col., is true, we should answer in the Affirmative Tribune of April 29, and runs thus:

"The animal is about five years of age, and has been with his present master from his (the dog's) birth. One of Colonel's amusements is the play of 'ball.' From some cause or other no one of the reasoning human family saw fit to pay any attention to Colonel's wishes and feelings in regard to the ball business during all of yesterday forenoon, and the ball itself was laid away in a drawer that occupies the centre of a writing-desk in the main office of the hotel. The Colonel stood thus with canine dignity for several hours, but finally concluded on making an attempt to secure his ball, without regard to the human race. He spent the better portion of an hour in trying to open the drawer by pressing his feet against it. As this only makes matters worse, he next endeavored to secure the 'open sesame' by pulling the knob in the centre. This knob, however, was both small and round, and the Colonel could secure no grip with his teeth. His next effort was a 'rear attack,' and was perfectly successful. Going under the desk he manifestly observed the location of the back of the drawer, and also saw, and reasoned that, by standing on his hind legs, he could insert his front paws between the back of the drawer and the back of the desk, and so press the former forward and thus secure his much-coveted treasure, the ball. To think, with such a dog as Colonel, was to act, and almost sooner than it can be told, and in the presence of a number of parties interested in the matter, the drawer of the desk was pressed out. Colonel at once appeared in front, from under the desk, and leaping upon it, he saw and eagerly clutched his plaything. The efforts made by Colonel, his temporary confusion and distrust, his perseverance and final triumph, were all witnessed by a number of gentlemen."

STOCKING A DEER PARK.

ONE HOUR AND A HALF IN THE STRATHROY KENNELS.

The following communication from Mr. F. G. Simpson of Owen Sound is clipped from last week's Forest and Stream:—

"Having been away for a short time for holidays in the middle of September trying to find a little shooting, I returned, after the first week, from Point Pele on Lake Erie, almost disgusted with myself for having gone so early, and so wasted a full week which could have been well spent later in the fall, at the same place, amongst the ducks and woodcock, which are there in great numbers next month. Making the best of it, I came to London and spent another week in a very pleasant way among my sporting friends of that place, going out every day and getting a few cock, and some ruffed grouse. Finding my time almost up, I had yet one great desire to satisfy before I left for home, viz: to go and see the far famed Strathroy kennels of blue blood setters, owned by Mr. L. H. Smith. Accordingly I got my friend Mr. Blake, United States Consul at London, to accompany me, to Strathroy, distant from London some 25 miles. Reaching Strathroy, Mr. Smith took us to his place, a short distance from the town and first showed us the fine cups won by Paris, Leicester, Dart and others of his kennel. The Centennial prize won by Paris and Petrel, had not arrived yet. From there we were shown to the kennels. The first sight greeting us, was the beautiful litter of pups by Dan (Mr. Llewellyn's) out of Petrel; there are eight, all of which are disposed of. Next was a kennel containing five very fine pups between three and four months old, two being by Paris out of Ruth, the remainder, I think, by Leicester, out of Dart. Next we had the pleasure of seeing that perfection of dog flesh, Petrel, lately imported by Mr. Smith from the kennel of Mr. Llewellyn, Petrel being the first prize bitch at the last Birmingham show. Petrel is a perfect beauty, a pure Liverack, and Mr. Smith may well be proud of her. Among the others, we saw the old bitch Dart, also very handsome, and several more just as fine and beautiful. When Mr. Smith at last locked the door leading into the kennel containing the bitches, unlocks the next door and calls out 'Paris,' the visitor will stand amazed (providing he knows what a dog is; if he doesn't, let him stay at home; he will feel inclined to say 'I have never seen a true setter in my life until now.' It is useless my describing Paris. Most true American sportsmen have either seen him at Memphis, Chicago, or Detroit, or have heard of him through the columns of Forest and Stream, devoted to the kennel. All I can say to those who have not seen or heard of him, is, go and see him, it is worth your while. We saw as well, the famous Leicester, the sire of Paris, Llewellyn, also a dog of fine qualities, and several others, after which we had a run to get the train, and decided it was the best afternoon we had spent for many a long day, and it will repay the lover of good dogs well to go 60 miles to see that kennel. I might write and describe the dogs I saw, giving points and particulars all day, but I am afraid I have taken up too much space as it is, by giving this mere outline of my visit, but so much was I taken by what I saw, and the beautiful training Mr. Smith had given his dogs that I can't refrain from telling to brother sportsmen, what a delightful hour and a half I spent in the Strathroy kennels."

THE LAGER BEER QUESTION AGAIN.

In St. Catherine's they have been exercising over the question whether lager beer is intoxicating or not, apparently not trusting that the Police Magistrate of London has effectually settled the question more than a month ago. Mr. Darlington, a manufacturer of pup in St. Catherine's, was cited to appear before Police Magistrate Barns on Saturday, charged by License Inspector Wiley with selling liquor without a license, by carrying up lager beer in bottles and selling it around the cemetery. The defence was that Darlington used the lager as a flavoring, and that he charged it with carbonic acid gas, the same as he did with the main manufacture. The magistrate said if any portion of the liquid contained lager it was an offence to drink. He had watched the London case, and was satisfied the decision given there was correct. The court imposed a fine of \$40 and 50 cents, or in default 30 days imprisonment.

DEATH OF WHITE CLOUD.—A serious accident occurred last week on the race track of the Agricultural Society, at Canton, N. Y., which resulted in the injury of two persons, and the death of the trainer White Cloud.