

purpose, because in the judges find themselves, and in most cases some kind of compromise is patched up that is not satisfactory to the judges themselves, nor to anyone except the fortunate individual who is the lightning struck.

But, with whatever degree of indignation, may protest against this worse than fool-practice, into which so many societies have fallen, the practice exists, and we must consider the best way to meet it when it does occur. When the judges enter a ring of this kind, the first point for them to decide is, which family there represented the highest average price in the market. After all, the only true test of the value of a horse is the number of dollars he will fetch in his owner's pocket. After determining this question, it then follows to ascertain whether this family or breed is truly represented in the ring, and, if so, whether the representatives are closely allied to this family, whether they are mere remote offshoots. If they are well in the blood of the chosen family, and are fair average representatives of it in form, style, action, etc., the choice is narrowed to the best of the representatives of the family. The class is purely a breeding class, and the questions of blood and family are of the very highest importance. In making upon the value of the family, what may be, we may be allowed here to suggest to the gentlemen who are assigned to this difficult and thankless task of acting as judges, that the show-ring is the very paradise of bogus pedigrees. Unless a pedigree is recorded, it should be received with great suspicion. We know very well that many people, from some kind of sentimental idea, object to the money price of a horse being taken as the standard of his value. We have heard a great deal of talk against this, and have been called "fancy horses," and "farmers' horses," but really our views have always been so matter-of-fact, that, as an agriculturist, we have preferred the breed of domestic animals, or the variety of the pumpkin, that would bring the highest price. We have heard cattle-men inveigh against fancy-priced horses, as not being the kind that farmers should raise, and every same men were largely in Short-horns, that they would and could sell high for the thousands. For our life we never could see why it was right for one farmer to buy a calf and sell it for a thousand dollars, and wrong for his neighbor to breed a calf and sell it for the same price. The calf is strong in the fashionable strains, and when he comes into the show-ring, his pedigree is the leading element in the decision. Nobody complains of this, for it is right; and it is right of the colt.

There is one other point to which we will call the attention of the judges in the show-ring. There is altogether too much tendency to what may be called problematical judgment. What we mean by "problematical" judgment will be best illustrated by an accident. Somebody bred a little bit of a light leggy Arabian, weighing, perhaps, ten hundred and fifty or eight hundred pounds, on a great Percheron mare. The calf when following the dam was much like her, and they were shown at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, as a great discovery in horse-breeding. The astonishing part of that transaction is in the fact that the judges, instead of awarding a premium to the breeder of the hybrid as the greatest of his generation, demonstrated that they were themselves even greater ones by specially commending the cross as an important discovery. The judges appear to have been so ignorant as not to know that the experiment of breeding a very small horse on a very large mare had already been tried more than fifty thousand times. Again, they appear to have been so ignorant as to know that, if this colt should be kept as a stallion, his progeny would be about equally divided, half Percherons of a ton weight, and the

his head and called for an axe, when he split the log, and found the three balls in one mass, all having passed through the same round aperture directly in the centre of the card.

The Captain was also a very excellent marksman, with a bird gun, and although he was seen to make numerous shots, no one ever remembered to have known him to miss his bird.

Although Captain Scott possessed his firmness of nerve and accuracy of sight up to the day of his death, yet his qualities as a hunter were seriously impaired by age.

While in his prime, we remember reading and seeing the account (also the engraving) in the American Turf Register of his killing successfully with a pistol, while on the gallop on horseback, on either side of him two running deer.

Capt. Scott was at one time stationed at Prairie du Chien, and in possession of a wonderfully sagacious dog—a cross between the setter and pointer. This animal performed some astonishing feats. "The Captain would, for example, while sitting in his quarters at the fort, with the dog at his feet, say to him: 'Mark, I want you to go over to the island and ascertain if there is any woodcock there, and come back and tell me.' The dog would instantly go to the river, swim to the island, and, after hunting it over, return, and, if he had found birds, run up to his master, then to the gun, wag his tail and make other demonstrations of joy, which made it perfectly apparent that he had been successful. Scott would then tell the dog to get the canoe in readiness, and, strange as it may appear, he would take the cushion in his mouth, carry it to the river-bank where the canoe was moored, place it upon the seat, return for the paddle, carry that to the canoe, then go back to Scott, and look up into his face with an expression which indicated that all was ready.

All those who are not familiar with the history of Captain Scott—so astonishing, and almost alone for the accuracy of his shots with rifle, shot-gun and pistol—may have sought some desire to know what became of him. We will add for their information, that he was killed while gallantly leading forward his command in that most sanguinary battle of the Mexican war, "Molino del Rey."

Although, like most of us, he had his faults, yet, upon the whole Captain Martin Scott was a pleasant companion, an honorable man, a kind brother, and gallant soldier.

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### HOW THE GAME OF CRICKET RUNS IN FAMILIES.

There was a queer cricket match at Horsham the other day—the local eleven, quite a strong one, against eleven Lucases, all connected by family ties. This is, however, by no means the first instance recorded of a family team being put into the field. In 1845 a Mr. Pagden with his four sons and six nephews won a match at Brighton, and a year later there were eleven brothers Colman in one team. Gloucestershire recently had an eleven—father and sons, if the World is not at fault—of players very appropriately named brotherhood; two of these gentlemen played in the Montreal Club nine years ago. An eleven of Lytteltons has also been placed in the field, headed by the late Baron. Though America could not perhaps turn out such a team, cricketing runs here in families. Philadelphia could now make up a most powerful eleven of Newhalls and Hargreaves, just as she ran to Ticknors many years ago when the "Dragon-Slayers" were young; the Wright family would form a good nucleus, for an eleven of Wrights, and the Montreal Club used not long ago to have five Smiths on its rolls, all cricketers of quality.—*N. Y. World.*

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At a funeral a mourner with a passion for games of chance finds himself in the carriage with the heart-broken parents of the corpse. The procession moves at a snail's pace, and there is evidently a long hour's ride before the cemetery is reached. The mourner stands it as long as he can, then placing his hand in his pocket, rattles a few coins significantly, and turning to the sorrow-stricken father, whispers: "This is slow isn't it? I will flip you just once for a fiver."

ran I could not think of losing him, so I turned and dashed after him at a rattling pace. Liding alongside, this time a shot fired low behind me shouldered brought my fierce friend to bay. Proudly he turned toward me, rage in his eye, but with a bearing at once calm and stately. He pawed the ground, and blew with short angry snorts the long grass till it swayed to and fro. Moving thus slowly toward me he seemed the very personification of brute strength and angry pride. But his last moment had come. I recall vividly all the wild accessories of the scene—the great silent waste, the noble beast, death-stricken but defiant; but no language can picture the coloring of sky and plain, no sound could echo back the music of the breeze, sighing mournfully through the long grasses; no pencil paint the east ablaze with gold and green, and the thousand glories of the prairie sunrise. All this lasted only a moment; for the giant bull, still advancing slowly toward his puny enemy, with low-bent head and angry snorts, sank quietly to the plain and stretched his limbs in death. I am not more sentimental than ordinary men, and have done a fair share of killing, but I should like to be able to call that grim old bull back to life. Never since that fair morning have I taken the life of one of his kind.

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### CURVE PITCHING—IS IT POSSIBLE?

One of the best known base-ball men in America, excepting Harry Wright, and a resident of Cincinnati, declares that no pitcher ever curved a ball in its delivery, and, moreover, declares it an impossibility to do so. He says he will deposit one thousand dollars in bank to cover a bet which any gentleman wishes to make with him to that amount on the above proposition. To test the matter he will have three sticks driven, fifteen feet apart in a straight line, and he will wager as above that no pitcher can deliver the ball so that it will pass on one side of the second, and on the same side of the third as the first. He declares that what is called the pitcher's curve is merely a straight delivery caused by the position of the pitcher and manner in which he holds his arm. Without the resistance of a substance which touches only one part of the ball, this gentleman says, the laws of philosophy teach him that a curve cannot be produced, and, as the pressure of the air is equal on every part of the ball's surface, the theory of the curve is impossible.

The Boston Advertiser says that Professor Swift, of Rochester, declares that curve pitching is a mathematical impossibility. A writer in the Scientific American joins hands with the Rochester Professor, and has prepared an elaborate article, with calculations to prove his position. An expert visited Rochester, and, in the presence of the learned gentleman, caused a common regulation ball to curve seven feet eight inches in a distance of 127 feet. There is no questioning the fact that it is done.

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### CORMORANTS OF THE CIRCUS.

It is sometimes said that cheek is all that is necessary to take a man through the world. And it is a good deal so. Yesterday, at the circus ground, a smooth rascal stood up in his buggy, and soon had a crowd around him, attracted by his profuseness in giving away money. His mode of doing business was thus: He would fold up a five dollar bill and offer it to any one for four dollars. The four dollars he would give for three, the three for two, the two for one, and so on down until he had disposed of the whole five dollars. He would then offer four dollars in money and a watch for five dollars, the bargain, mind you, being a good one for whoever would take it. In fact he made such tempting offers that several five dollar bills from different men would pour in on him at once. He took all that came in his way, and so excited did all become over the one entitled by priority to get the bargain that the man with the V's in his possession picked up his reins and drove off with the money, not being able to tell who the bills belonged to, saying that anybody could approach him and say he had given him a five dollar bill, and how was he to tell whether he did or not? Of course, how could he, innocent man. Fools and their money are easily parted. People who expect to get more than they pay for will in the end be cheated.—*Etiquette, N. Y. Paper.*

FIGHTING FOR THE PRIZE.

The announcement that a yacht race would take place attracted a large crowd of Jersey City and Newark boatmen on October 3rd to Murphy's boathouse on the shore at the foot of Communipaw avenue, Jersey City. There were four classes with seven entries each, and the course was from off Murphy's boathouse, passing between Ellis and Belloc's Islands to Robbin's Reef and return, the course to be sailed over twice. The boats started between two and three o'clock and the finish was at half-past five. The Addie Taylor won in the first class, her corrected time being 2h. 1m. 17. In the second class the Kate Joral won as the winner, her time being 2m. 50m. 30s. In the third class the Alice won in 3h. 9. 7s. The boats of the fourth class did not turn, two of them upsetting and the others going home. On the return of the boats of the third class to the boathouse it was discovered that the judges had not kept any time, and a scene of the greatest disorder and rowdiness ensued. Everyone claimed that his boat won the race, and the judges, who had retired to a corner of the room to make up a time sheet were pelted with beer glasses and bottles. The prizes were a gold watch for the first class and a silver water pitcher for each of the others. "Top" Gilligan, of Jersey City, one of the crew of the Addie Taylor grabbed the gold watch, and claimed that the Taylor had won it. John Moran, well known in pugilistic circles as Steve Taylor, picked up one of the water pitchers and claimed that the Taylor won that also. Some one fired another of the pitchers and struck him on the head, and when one of the crew of the Alice attempted to carry off another of the pitchers a rough named Trapphagen knocked him down and bit a piece out of his cheek. As the darkness came on the fighting grew more fierce, and the judges, to save their lives, fled from the place. The boathouse was held by the roughs, who continued the fight until a cry of "Police!" was raised and they jumped into their boats and put off.

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### ELECTRIC DRIVING.

An invention has been designed in France to supersede the ordinary mode of driving horses, and to substitute for it "driving by electricity." It is proposed that under the coachman's seat shall be placed an electromagnet, from which one wire shall be carried along one of the reins to the horse's bit, and another to the crupper, so that the whole length of the animal's spine shall form part of an electric circuit. A sudden shock, which it will be in the power of the driver to administer at discretion, will, it is said, bring the obstreperous runaway to a stop, and will arrest the backsliding vagaries of the most inveterate jibber. A series of small shocks will, on the other hand, stimulate the veriest "screw" to marvels of pace and style. Both results seem probable enough. Pegasus himself would hardly have made much headway with a strong magnetic battery playing along his spinal cord, and even "screws" may be tortured into temporary displays of frantic energy.

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### A PIG WITH A HUMAN HEAD.—Dyersburg, Tenn., is excited over the birth of a pig with a human head. The pig was born on the 27th ult. It has a perfect human face and head, the rest of its formation being that of any other pig. It has red hair on its head; its teeth, mouth and eyes are strangely human; while one ear is that of a hog, the other is that of a little child. This new and strange production is the wonder of the neighborhood. Dr. Duffie, the druggist at Friendship, has preserved it in alcohol and hundreds are flocking to see it daily. In Memphis we have scores of human beings who are pig-headed, and resemble pigs no little in manner and disposition.

while about ready and to meet all engagements, set upon the opportunity to avoid payment of their honest debts. Losses, shrinkage and poverty were pleaded in order to effect a compromise of so much on the dollar. To which we beg to add. The way to make the times easier is for every man to strain a little, if necessary, in order to meet his just obligations. An earnest desire to pay in one quarter will beget confidence in another quarter. Debts of all kinds should be cleared as speedily as possible; and printing bills should not be overlooked. It is incomprehensible to us why some people should try at a new-paper dun as lightly as they do. A well-conducted journal collects the news at great outlay. It sends a representative to report a meeting, for instance, it has to pay in cash his rail and fare, his hotel bill, his bill for telegraphing, and his incidental expenses. The white paper on which the report is printed, the wages of the compositors and pressmen, and all other bills have to be paid weekly. The outlay is cash, and yet some men, who take advantage of the advertising columns of the newspaper, labor under the curious impression that it can always wait for a settlement. Possibly this is thoughtlessness on their part. Instead of putting aside the printer's bill for payment after all other obligations have been met, it should be the first to receive attention. The newspaper in its opinion, and without its support a great many enterprises would prove disastrous. We are not speaking for ourselves alone. Our remarks are applicable to the patrons of nearly all the journals in the land.—*Furf, Field and Farm.*

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### CHARLESTON'S NOVEL STAG HUNT.

Some Charleston South Carolina sportsmen recently conceived the idea of getting up a stag hunt on the Washington race course, near that city. The project was received with enthusiasm by sportsmen throughout the county, and the affair as described in the Charleston News and Courier was certainly a brilliant affair. Choice dogs from choice packs were selected and entered for the sport, and excitement ran high as the day drew near for the test. Planters left their crops and came from fifty miles around in buggies, on horseback, muleback, and, in fact, as best they could. Sportsmen came up in style, looking wise and exchanging dog talk as they grouped around the dogs and passed upon their ancestry, their bottom, their speed, etc. The chase was to begin at 4 p. m., and by 3 o'clock the ground was thronged with horses and vehicles of every description. A grand pack of thirty-two dogs was entered, elaborate rules drawn up, judges and umpire selected, the stag was turned loose, and the four regular whippers-in rode out into the track and sounded the signal horns. The dogs grew wild at the welcome sound, and the crowd fairly boiled over with excitement, and began climbing over each other in their wild effort to get a good place. For fully twenty minutes dogs and riders scoured the course without jumping the game, and the crowd waited impatiently, looking on at nothing. After a great many false alarms, the musical baying of pack and the excited riding of the riders proclaimed the fact the trail was growing warm and that the fun was not far off, when, to the dismay of all, it was discovered that the deer could not be persuaded to look upon the dogs with other than friendly eyes—in other words, he wouldn't run at all. When first jumped he ran about twenty steps, and was then pulled down by Mr. Duffley's dog Ball. The dog being whipped off the noble stag ran a few feet and tried to climb a fence. Finding that required too much exertion, he laid over on his back after the style of a naughty poodle and held up its legs supplicatingly. Every persuasion imaginable was used, but the stag wouldn't run, and was finally ignominiously dragged back to his cage by the legs by two men. This operation furnished the greater part of the crowd with their first sight of the deer, and when the animal was engaged they crowded round and feasted their eyes upon him, as if they were looking at an anthropophagus.