

sufficient proof of imposture, and should bring the impostor to condign punishment. It is incumbent upon the College to take prompt steps to protect its members, and with an amended law and the appointment of a public prosecutor, whose special duty it would be to bring the unlicensed humbugs to justice, we might hope to place the profession in a better light before the public, as well as to protect the farmers and others from the losses sure to follow the operations of ignorant pretenders.

A VICTIM OF QUACK V. S.

Nov. 6, 1878.

A GOODLY TRIUMPH.

NOW A BODIE PARSON CLINCHED CHEROKEE JACK.

A Renoite, corrupted by a recent visit to Bodie, is ruining his soul by the relation of a sinful anecdote concerning Cherokee Jack, a Bodiean gambler, and a clergyman of that place. The parson was asking for subscriptions looking to the erection of a church for the ornamentation of the Bodie landscape, and entered a saloon where the gambler was seated at a table, stirring a hot whiskey. The parson hailed him in this style:

"Mr. Jack, you are an ungodly, but, I believe, a generous man. Will you contribute something to the erection of a church in our midst?"

The gamblesome one thought deeply for a time, consumed half his punch, and made reply:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, parson. You were one of the boys yourself once, I've been told. Suppose we play a game o' seven up to see whether I give you \$10 or nothing."

A light, born of the recollection of other days, gleamed in the eyes of the holy man, and he lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

"It's a whack!"

They sat them down, these two, the godly and the sinful man, and cut for deal. The parson won and turned up a jack.

"Count one for the Lord," spoke the parson, and Cherokee begged.

"I'll give you one," said his reverence.

"It goes," said Jack.

"And that makes one for the devil," quoth the parson. But, behold, when at the end of the deal he took account of that which had come into his net, he spake:

"High, low, and the game added to my friend the Jack, scores four for the Lord."

"I'm buckin' agin a game that the devil can't help a fellow in," complained Cherokee, as the parson scored three on the next deal and went out. "When the feller you're playin' with puts the prayer hoodoo on the keards," he added, as he handed over the \$10, "there ain't no show for such as me."

ALL DOGS NOT BAD.

It is rather hard on dogs to call them 'our domestic wolves,' because they kill some sheep. They have saved the lives of myriads of sheep for every sheep they have killed; and but for their presence probably wolves would have eaten up both sheep and shepherds. The number of boys who steal fruit, and so forth, and injure orchards and gardens, is larger than it should be; yet do we not term all boys domestic destroyers and thieves, and intimate that they ought to be killed. The number of men who commit murder is far from small, and not a few men are burglars, or fire-raisers, or swindlers, or forgers, or defaulters, or thieves, or 'rapists,' or highwaymen, or footpads, or mutilators, or tamers, or till-tappers, or general offenders; and yet we do not denounce all men as social nuisances, and liberally provide for them the gallows and the grave. Indeed, it is not an easy matter to get even a murderer comfortably and amiably hanged, thought red-handed and in the act. Considering these things and their consequences, we should be charitable to the dog, for he at the most has only his share of that evil which belongs to all things in nature, animate and inanimate. He is an amiable animal if well treated, and should no more be denounced and destroyed than a horse, which kills many men and women and children every year, for a horse in a fright is a most destructive beast—and yet who will remove him on that account, or refuse to admit how useful he has been in steadily drawing the car of civilization?

There has been a recent stock excitement there have been many instances where parties owning lots and small homesteads have sold them, and have invested the money in mining stocks. In rare instances the parties may have made a temporary gain. In most instances they have lost. There is nothing in the condition of the stock market which will warrant any man in selling a homestead or a lot in order to invest the proceeds in stocks. The homestead is a certain and tangible thing. It may increase in value slowly, but it is the one thing which ought to take the precedence of all speculative investments. During stock 'excitements' the attention of thousands is drawn away from real-estate, and they come to think lightly of the slow gains which come from holding on to land. It is to be noted also that many of those who have made large sums in mining-stocks put a large part of their gains into real-estate. There have been instances recently where women have sold the single lot which they owned, in order to obtain money for stock speculations. They will probably find themselves at the end of twelve months without land and without stocks.

ARE THEY MISTAKES.

A question has been raised as to whether many of the deaths which have been foisted by some means or other on to dogs are not owing to a totally different cause. The most recent case, traced by the medical authorities to hydrophobia, but when a non-medical, but seemingly equally sensible man ascribed to lockjaw, is reported from Dee, Kent, where a man named Thomas Riches died a few days ago, owing, it is said, to the bite of a dog, which, however, was never known before or since to be mad, and which he received two years ago. Dr. Chittenden, of Lee, was called in after the man had been taken ill one day, and he pronounced it to be a case of hydrophobia beyond medical aid. Another physician also stated that the symptoms could only be traced to the bite of some rabid animal. The coroner said he was afraid dogs had to answer for a great deal more than they had anything to do with. In his humble opinion the man was suffering from lock-jaw rather than hydrophobia, but they could not put aside the opinion of two physicians with such large hospital experience. After a short consultation, the jury found a verdict that hydrophobia was the cause of death.—*London Gazette.*

A FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

[Boise City (Idaho) Statesman.]

Charles Norton, who has been engaged in mining on the Boise river, near the junction of the north and middle branches of the river, had a very serious encounter with a bear last Saturday morning. He had gone on the top of a steep hill, and when near the summit had taken hold of a small tree to pull himself up so as to reconnoiter the valley beyond; where he had been accustomed to find deer, when a large she bear that was lying with her two cubs just on the other side of the bush, which concealed them, sprang upon him, seizing him by the under jaw and tearing the lower lip down, making an ugly wound. The front of the upper jaw-bone was also fractured just above the teeth, six of which were loosened and hung down with the fractured and detached portion of the jaw. Another fierce bite of the enraged animal lacerated the cheek and tore the scalp in several places. The right arm was also bitten through. In the scuffle, Norton and the bear both lost their equilibrium near the top of the hill, and together rolled down the steep hillside a distance of forty feet. Upon reaching the bottom they were about six feet apart, when Norton's dog was heard barking at the top of the hill where the cubs had been left. This attracted the attention of the bear, when Norton, who had had his gun strapped to him all the time managed to direct the muzzle against the rear portion of the brute, and reaching back cocked the piece and fired it. The ball passed lengthwise through the body of the animal and through the head, killing her instantly. Norton then made his way home, whence he was brought to the house of William Paxton in this city, where he was immediately attended by Dr. E. Smith, the physician who has charge of the patients in the county hospital. Dr. Smith restored the broken jaw and teeth to its place, sewed up the torn under lip and dressed the wounds, and has the patient in a fair way of recovery.

is thrown in. has a chance to do a little bit of swindling. He places a "shore up" on the stump of the natural spur before the artificial one is put on. This "shore up" is a wooden ring that carries the gaff out over half an inch and gives its wearer an immense advantage over its antagonist. It is covered by the straps which hold the gaff to its place, and is therefore difficult, in fact impossible, to detect its presence except by a close examination.

Up in Kensington, not a thousand squares from Beach and Hanover streets, stand the Bolivar House, where one Dixon handles fowls and directs the progress of mains. In that old house some of the most sanguinary ornithological discussions have taken place that this country has ever known. Cock-fighting history that is presumptively truthful, relates how one time in London one hundred battles took place, lasting for thirty-eight hours, without intermission, resulting in the slaughter of eighty cocks, the fatal wounding of a score of others and the maiming of all the rest, except twenty-two. This was the greatest cocking main ever held, and it is told how fifty thousand guineas changed hands and a young nobleman who was ruined by the defeat straightway went and hanged himself. As the last statement is not properly a part of the history of cock-fighting, it may be taken with grains of allowance.

THE FOLKS WHO GO TO COCK FIGHTS.

Up at the Bolivar House and at another establishment away out on Kidge Road mains are often held, and perhaps it would be an interesting list that gave the names of some of the people who go there to look on and enjoy the sport, also to bet their money. There are a good many club men, some merchants, and all the sporting men who can get the "tip;" but as a rule it is only the better class of the sporting fraternity who can obtain admission. The writer in a journalistic relation to the event attended one of these chicken disputes recently, where there were present about about fifty persons, over half of which number drove there in their own carriages. Dry Verzany was the tipple and Keina Victoria the brand of cigars that were consumed, while the chickens struggled for victory in the ten-foot pit below. These facts speak for the pecuniary relation of the witnesses to comfort—their presence spoke for their taste and the liberal way in which money was staked for their interests in the battles.

"Cock-breeding is a right 'ard business; hit requires judgment, care, alth' attention. The fowls must be looked arter half the time or they'd soon loose their breeds with two or three 'achin' of them." And then old Ashford went on to say that preparing the cock to fight, that is the preparatory training before a fight, was a secret as "undred of thousands of dollars couldn't buy from no breeder, 'cause hits a secret, don't you see?" His questioner fondled a much less sum, and did not bid for the information.

NOW GAME CHICKENS ARE RAISED.

However, the breeding of game chickens and all that relates to their daily existence, except getting them into fighting trim; the old gentleman readily explained. For the greater ease of explanation a pair will be taken and their treatment from their earliest hours reported as follows: A pair, cock and hen, are brought up by the natural course of incubation, and until they are three weeks old set to each other as the ordinary barn-yard fowl. Then the cock begins to display that imperious temper that distinguishes his kind, and will fight anything, and will even put his spurs to his mother or square off at the side of a house. He wants to fight. If he has brothers he sinks all fraternal affection before he is six weeks old, and enjoys a fight with his relation at all times and under any circumstances. All this he does before he is fully fledged; but directly his feathers grow his combativeness knows no limit, and he is separated from the males and sent to confinement with his sister. The hen, in proportion to the growth of the fighting propensities of her brother always becomes meeker and meeker. She will not fight at all. She never quarrels with her own sex; she never resents the insults of her imperious lord. If he is particularly overbearing she flies from him in terror. If she cannot get away she bears his maltreatment with a look of resentfulness entirely edifying. Until the cock becomes two years of age he is called a stag, and great care is taken to prevent him from engaging in a battle. But when he develops into a two-year-old, and his natural propensity is gratified in the pit, no pent-up Ulica contracts his powers, and he goes for his antagonist to win or die.

IS IT RINDERPEST?

(From the Washington Post.)

Considerable alarm is being felt by the citizens of Washington and the neighboring country over the destructive disease raging among the cows in this section, and great interest is manifested to ascertain whether it is really identical with the German rinderpest, the foot and mouth disease or another and less dreaded complaint. Dr. J. W. Gadsden, a veterinary surgeon of Philadelphia, has sent a communication to Health Officer Townshend, of this city, enquiring whether the rinderpest was prevalent in this section. He said he was one of the government inspectors in England during the great cattle plague of 1856, and advised that all cattle affected with it should be killed and buried. Dr. Townshend, in replying to Dr. Gadsden, said that he did not think the disease was rinderpest. He described the disease, as in expected, to be a species of lung fever, with such symptoms as blue, watery milk, the animal losing flesh rapidly, the milk drying up entirely, the supervention of fever; a copious discharge from the nose, and great suffering from difficulty of breathing and a loss of appetite. He also informed Dr. Gadsden that the article published in the Post calling the disease rinderpest was published without the knowledge or authority of the Health Office.

Notwithstanding Dr. Townshend's opinion, the impression that the cattle disease, now carrying off milk cows in this section, is the German rinderpest is gaining ground, and some of the circumstances appear to be in favor of that impression against the health officer's opinion. The symptoms he gives as those of lung fever are also characteristic of the rinderpest. The disease is a terribly fatal one. Besides the cases on the north bank of the Potomac, there are very many certainly of pleuro-pneumonia in Alexandria, Fairfax, and contiguous counties in Virginia.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED CRICKETER.

Another of the grand old Kent Eleven of half a century back has left us, says the London Globe, and Mr. Walter Mynn's place knows him no more, after having passed the threescore years and ten by five years. He was elder brother to Mr. Alfred Mynn, the celebrated bowler, whose longstop he always was in Kent matches in the days when the ground behind the crickets was not kept like a lawn as it now is, and very hard work it must have been. The Mynns were a family of giants, descendants of an old German family of ten hundred years' standing, all the sons being over six feet in height, and the daughters of very tall stature, and remarkable for their beauty. Mr. Walter Mynn's affection for his brother Alfred was extreme; and after his retirement from the game, whenever the younger brother played in a match in the home circuit the elder was always with him. Fuller Pilch used to say, "Mr. Alfred all round was the finest single-wicket player in the world, and one of the best men in a match; but Mr. Walter never was a pretty player, but cramped and awkward, but one of the best men I knew to put in when a notch or two were wanted, or we wanted to play out time, for he was afraid of nothing, and had the heart of a lion and the patience of Job." In proof of this, in the celebrated Gentlemen v. Players' match of 1846 he went in first with Mr. Hagyard to break the bowling, and was kept till last second innings, when he had to get one to tie and two to win, and made the winning hit and made a hit for two and won the match. He was a very handsome man to the last, a fine shot, a good billiard player, and a genial companion, a thorough "man of Kent" to the backbone, very proud of his country and the Old Eleven; and he had some cause for this, as five men of the Eleven—Pilch, Wenman, Dorrington, his brother, and himself—were all six feet high and upwards, and the Eleven were utterly ignorant of jealousy and petty rivalry, and were, as Pilch used to say, a band of brothers, who had one thing at heart only, and that was "the honor of Kent."

Il web antilui Science? A few since an academician, rising in his place, made in a tone of the deepest earnestness the following announcement: "Gentlemen, it is with unspeakable satisfaction that I have the honor of informing you that, thanks to the most persevering efforts, Mr. P—, our correspondent of the Maritime Alps, has succeeded in inoculating a man with the mange of the dog, a cutaneous disease which thus far has seemed wholly incompatible with the human temperament." (Prolonged enthusiasm.)

Sir Richard Sutton, an eminent sporting baronet, son of one yet more famous, died lately. He owned Cambridge House, Piccadilly, long the residence of Lord Palmerston, and a great deal of London property. He succeeded a brother who became a Roman Catholic, but died childless, of whom his father had said that he would "give any £10,000 who'd make John a sportsman; but John preferred to play the organ in a church at Bruges, and loathed dogs, guns, and stables to the last.

NOVEL METHOD OF CATCHING STURGEON.

Vice-Consul Gardner in his trade report on Poti gives an account of an ingenious method by which sturgeon are captured by fishermen at the mouth of the River Rioni during the Spring and Summer months. The process is simple in the extreme, yet difficult to describe and hard to believe. A strong line or lanyard about 100 feet in length, with short lines attached at a distance of six feet apart, and having a large hook at the end, very sharp but barbleless; a small gourd is fastened to the back of each hook to keep it floating point downwards; these lines, hooks, and gourds are neatly arranged on the gunwale of a dug-out, or boat made from a single log, and run out quickly across the river, and are visited morning and evening. If a sturgeon in its passage down to the sea is pricked over so slightly by one of the hooks, it remains stationary, without making an attempt to escape. The fisherman on reaching his lines carefully overhauls them, and on finding a fish strikes it with his gaff, passes a rope through its gills, and tows it behind his dug-out to the shore. If the fish is not mortally wounded, it is fastened to a post on the river side, opposite the fisherman's cottage, where it remains alive until a purchaser arrives. These fish vary in weight from 36 lbs. to 216 lbs., realizing 63. per lb., the caviare obtained from the female selling at 2s. per lb. Gray mullet are also caught in a rather unsportsmanlike fashion, but in considerable quantities, by floating a mat of reeds, 50 ft. long by 5 ft. to 10 ft. broad, on the surface of the sea in bright fine weather. When the mullet in swimming reach the shade occasioned by the mat, they foolishly jump out of the water, fall on the mat and are taken by the fisherman waiting in his boat to receive them.—*Live Stock Journal and Fanciers Gazette.*

A FOX MILKING A COW.

Andrew Freemeyer pastures his cow on the flats near Middleburg, N.Y. It being evident that the cow was being milked every day before she was brought home, a watch was set for the thief a few days ago. Toward evening the person on watch saw a large red fox steal slyly out of a piece of woods on one side of the pasture. Looking carefully about for a few moments, the fox trotted direct to the spot where the cow was feeding. Taking another survey of the field he took his position under the cow as a calf would, and sucked her milk with evident enjoyment. The cow stood perfectly still until the fox had satisfied himself and trotted back again to the woods, and then went on with her feeding. The day afterward Mr. Freemeyer went on watch with a gun. The fox came out of the woods as he had before, and Mr. Freemeyer shot and killed him.