

## IRELAND AGAINST SCOTLAND.

THROWING WEIGHTS AND HAMMERS, AND JUMPING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Emerald and Hamilton Rowan Clubs are composed of about one thousand young Irishmen. For ten years past they have been devoted to social and charitable objects. But recently their ambition was turned to the cultivation of athletic skill and prowess, in emulation of the Caledonians and Scottish-Americans. They contested for the first time yesterday in the Jones's Woods Coliseum. About three thousand persons were present. The particular interest of the occasion was due to the competition between Duncan Ross of Toronto and Thos. Lynch of New York.

On the fourth of June last Ross met Lynch in Jones Woods, and, after an exciting trial, they parted without any decisive result. They contested yesterday for \$1,000 and the championship. Ross is six feet and a quarter of an inch in height, and he weighs 197 pounds. Lynch is only five feet ten inches in height, and he weighs 180 pounds. In the contest which preceded the event of the day there was considerable interest. There were three silver prizes, four gold ones, and four of which were composed of money.

Lynch and Ross first threw a weight of 56 pounds from the side. The distance in three trials were: Lynch, 21 feet 6 inches, 22 feet 10 inches, and 24 feet; Ross, 24 feet 9 inches, 24 feet 10 inches, and 24 feet. Ross was the winner. In putting a 56-pound weight from the shoulder, Lynch measured 19 feet 7½ inches, 20 feet 1 inch, 20 feet 4 inches; and Ross 17 feet 10 inches, 19 feet 8 inches, 18 feet 8½ inches. Lynch was the winner. In throwing a 16-pound hammer, Ross's score was 86 feet, 97 feet 2½ inches, 96 feet 3 inches; and Lynch's 80 feet 10½ inches, 88 feet, 93 feet. Ross won. The 12-pound hammer was flung by Ross 105 feet 2 inches, 107 feet 10 inches, 110 feet; and by Lynch 101 feet 6 inches, 98 feet 9 inches, and 107 feet, Ross winning. Lynch put a 80-pound stone from the shoulder 29 feet 4 inches, 31 feet 2 inches, 30 feet 1 inch; and Ross sent it 27 feet 7 inches, 28 feet, and 31 feet. Lynch winning. Lynch put a 16-pound stone 40 feet 7 inches, 43 feet 8 inches, 43 feet 4 inches. Ross measured with it 36 feet 10 inches, 39 feet 2 inches, and 38 feet 10 inches. Lynch won. The seventh trial was in the standing broad jump. Lynch cleared 9 feet, 9 feet 10 inches, 9 feet 10½ inches, beating Ross, who cleared 9 feet 2 inches, 9 feet 6 inches, and 9 feet 6 inches. The difference between the best distance of one and of the other was 4½ inches.

Those who knew the capabilities of both men 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 3,500,000 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 pleasure 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

## BREEDING AS A BUSINESS.

To be successful in breeding fine stock of any kind, the individual must have an accurate knowledge of what constitutes value in the breed. They must be well up in form, size, muscular development, aptitude to fatten or produce milk, as the case may be, or for what the animals are wanted. Pedigree and its relative bearing, from generation to generation, must be taken into account. The probable results of adding one particular strain of blood upon another must be studied. These are only a few of the requisites to make a really successful breeder. It cannot be learned in one, two or five years, but this knowledge must be a growing one, and evolved from changes, and new light which is being constantly brought out must be continually absorbed. For these reasons it will be seen why the individual having mere capital, may not, as a matter of course, succeed any more than in general agriculture; or other business requiring exact art, until he understands the profession. The rearing of fine cattle is high art, just as well as farming is. In other words the prospector must learn the trade.

How to do this is the question. If the individual has a talent for the profession, it is not difficult. It is to be obtained by reading those journals which discarding mere theory, present the practical. Commence with a few individuals, and get those from reputable breeders. Decide upon the line of breeding you intend to pursue, and stick to it. This, with the reading you will get from week to week, and from month to month, with the cultivation of ordinary sagacity should enable any one in time to become an expert.

## POLICY FOR A LIVING.

A VENERABLE NEGRESS WHO PRETTY MUCH ALWAYS WINS HER SADDLES AND GIGS.

Thomas Marsh, who has a cigar store at the corner of Broadway and Fifth street, New York, was arrested last Monday by Officer George Townsend, of the Twenty-second Precinct, on a charge of keeping a policy shop back of his store, the complainant being Harriet Powell, a typical colored "auntie" anywhere between 70 and 150 years of age. The prisoner was arraigned before Justice Duffy at the Fifty-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 eber since last winter I'm 'm."

"How long have you been playing policy?"

"Olus onto fifteen years; sometimes two cents, sometimes 10' 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 th' ticket, and I played nine, ten and forty-five. The gig was suah to bring two and sixpence, and he knew I had a hit. He tole me I had got all I was going to git from him, and I tole '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 jes 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 Richards. Well, I played it on him that time. The two numbers was 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?"

"T'is dolla."

"How did you select the numbers?"

"I dreamed them this mornin' 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 it's 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."

"You take your own in a hundred, then."

even feet tall and a good Indian. On horseback, broadside to a cow, I have more than once known that Indian to send an arrow through a big cow. The arrow hung out on the other side. The bow for horseback and for war is a trifle shorter and maybe stiffer. You do not draw the arrow to the eye, but catch aim as I do when shooting from the hip. That can only be acquired by long practice. The string is drawn by the clutch of the whole fingers, though some of the tribes use the thumb and three fingers. The long man could shoot an arrow in the air out of sight, and so can I (the doctor pointed to an arrow buried up to the feather in the ceiling of our office, his own peculiar ornamentation of the Forest and Stream sanctum). I think that in a couple of months I could get into perfect practice, for I used to hold my own with any Indian on the plains. Sometimes after I had been shooting with my Winchester, an Indian would come up and show his bow, and tell me his bow was "m-oh-ee good," but then I used to take his own bow and beat him at it.

To pass away the time when I was at the Brooklyn Driving park, I bought me an English bow an arrow of Holberton, and soon got into the trick of it. I hit blocks of wood thrown into the air quite as often as I missed them. The English bows and arrows are fancy, but good. I would rather have an old Sioux one, made of hickory or ash, but the boss bow I ever owned was made of Buffalo ribs. An Indian carries his quiver of arrows over his right shoulder, so that he can get his arrows quickly. When he has discharged one arrow (the doctor pronounces arrow with a single letter; he calls it an B) with the same motion as he uses in pulling the string he clutches another arrow. If he shoots 100 yards he has three or four arrows in the air, all going at the same time. It's great fun shooting at a bird with a long tail that flies over the prairie. Knock out his tail and his steering apparatus is gone. I have knocked the tail out of many a one, and so caught him in my hands when he tumbled. See here. Talking about these things just makes me long to be back again on the plains. New York is a mighty good place, and I have made lots of friends; but somehow I want a horse, and a big field, with miles and miles to gallop over, and a buffalo just a showing on the divide." And here Dr. Carver shut his eyes and seemed lost for a while in the visions of rolling prairies in the far-off western wilderness.

## RUNNING AS A MEANS FOR GENERAL TRAINING.

This subject has attracted considerable attention of late, and, in its course, has developed 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, Sedlar and Beily, who were all champions of England at one time or another; or Hickey, Green, Rush and Trickst, who were champions of Australia. Any of these 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 show 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

## UNPROFITABLE EXPERIENCE.

I. He entered a schooner at Buffalo and offered to work his passage to Bay City, on condition that he did not have to go aloft. "Aye, aye, my hearty," said the captain. II. The weather was pleasant and work was light, so the men gathered in the fore-castle and played cards, and the son of a gambler showed them how to "throw monte." At eight bells he was the only capitalist on board. "—our—to—" said the jolly tars. III. A storm arose. The captain bade the jolly tars rig a deck-pump through to the centre-board box, and called upon the son of a gambler to work that pump until it "sucked," as the schooner had sprung a leak and their lives were in danger. "Shiver my lay-out!" said the son of a gambler, and he began to pump the lake up. IV. "Land, ho!" exclaimed the look-out as the good ship made Detroit on her weather-stern. "Captain," said the son of a gambler, "let me go ashore here." "Avast, ya land lubber," cried the aged mariner; "you shipped for Bay City, and to Bay City you'll go. To the pumps!" V. When they got to Bay City they took back all the money the son of a gambler had won from them, and kicked him ashore. "Blast my advantage cards!" exclaimed the son of a gambler.

## IMPORTATION OF FASHIONABLY BRED SHORT HORN CATTLE.

Mr. F. W. Stone, of Guelph, has just received, per S. S. Clyde, a valuable addition to his already fine herd of Short Horns, consisting of 6 females of the fashionable Seraphina, J, and Craggs tribes. Below are particulars of their breeding, viz:

1. Celeste 4th, (Seraphina) red and white; calved April 2, 1869, sire, 3rd Duke of Clarence (23727); dam Celeste, by Imperial Oxford (18084); g. dam Seraphina 15th, by John O'Gaunt (16322), &c.

2. Celeste 9th, roan, calved January 22, 1874; sire, Mandarin (29269), dam, Celeste 4th, as above.

3. Celeste 15th, roan, calved November 29, 1876; sire, Mandarin 11th, (34748); dam, Celeste 4th, as above.

4. Seraphina Duchess 3rd, red, calved January 31st, 1878; sire, Oberon 6th, (36355); dam Celeste 4th, as above.

5. Jex Blake (J), roan, calved March 8, 1872; sire, 3rd Cherry Duke (28174); dam Jantana, by Steamer (25241); g. dam Jantja 3rd, by Kurine (12845), &c., &c.

6. Sapho (Craggs), roan, calved December 29, 1871; sire, Duke of Kent (25979); dam, Saphire, by Standard (27963); g. dam Mary Stuart, by Standard (22963), &c., &c.

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

The Seraphinas were purchased at the sale of the late Lord Endeley's herd; from this branch of the Seraphina tribe (so favorable known on this continent as the Sanbpareil family) Lord Endeley bred amongst other well known prize winners the celebrated bulls Oberon 1105, exported to America and sold at auction for \$6,000 in Illinois, and Mandarin (36269) by 2nd Duke of Vetherby, (21618) dam Seraphina, 15th by John O'Gaunt, (16322), &c., &c.

## AN ASTONISHED CANINE.

A grocer on Carr street yesterday placed on the sidewalk in front of his store a sugar hoghead, 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 hoghead, 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 franced 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

## A BIG SHOOTER.

Dr. Carver, the champion shot, has a very formidable rival in Adam Goldie, of Shan non county, Mo. He is about thirty-eight years old. Some of the feats which he has performed seem impossible. He has broken 290 glass balls out of 800 in twelve minutes, with a forty-four calibre Winchester rifle. He can break 100 glass balls five times out of six, without a miss, in three minutes. These feats are unparalleled, and surpass Dr. Carver's wonderful shooting. A seemingly incredible feat that he performs is as follows: A soda water bottle is thrown into the air in a certain manner, and before it falls Goldie will send six bullets in rapid succession down the neck and through the bottom, only perforating the latter in one place. At long distances this wonderful marksmanship is just as marvellous a feat. At 1,000 yards he will hit the centre of the bulls eye, and then send six bullets, one after the other, hitting the very indent made by the first. A potato thrown in the air Goldie will perforate with six bullets holes before it touches the ground. The St. Louis Evening Post is responsible, and we believe every word.

## THE SHEEP'S SENSE OF HEARING.

It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among as many as a thousand others all bleating at the same time, and the lamb, too, is able to recognize its mother's voice, even though it be in the midst of a large flock. James Hogg, who was a sheppard as well as a poet, tells us that it was very amusing to watch the sheep and lambs during the shearing season. While the sheep were being shorn, the lambs would be put into a fold by themselves, and the former would be sent to join their little ones as soon as the operation of shearing was over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the "rough, well-clad mamma" which it had left a short time before, it would meet a strange and deplorable-looking creature. At the sight of this it would wheel about, uttering a most piteous cry of despair, and perhaps run away. Soon, however, the sheep's voice was heard again; the lamb would thereupon return, then once more bound away, and sometime repeat this conduct ten or a dozen times before it fully understood that the shorn ewe was in reality its mother.

## 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 beast. 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 two 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 as regards them.

## A STURGEON'S EXTRAORDINARY LEA

Although it happened half a century ago, the following story, touched for 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 Falls. 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 Douglas, I Mink and one Bogus of the crew. There were also two young ladies aboard, who occupied