

additional quantity, and many of the animals, when kept at grass, or on green succulent food, naturally take more salt than when kept on dry fodder; at least such has been my observation.

SABBATH EXCURSIONS.

Mr. Talmage has preached upon a topic which commands the consideration of those good and bad people whose opinions are divided upon the propriety of running excursion trains and picnics on the Sabbath day. During the season now drawing to a close some of the Bay cities made trips, and the terror of the law was threatened against them. In the United States, Sunday excursions to camp-meetings are not only common, but they are patronized by people of acknowledged piety. When frail man is used to them he fails to see the wickedness that is at once apparent to the eye accustomed to the rigid observance of a Puritan sabbath. We present the opinions delivered by Mr. Talmage in his last Sunday sermon, which are liberal enough in all reason, and perhaps too liberal to please strict Sabbatarians:

The grandest thing that has happened to this cluster of cities within my knowledge has been the almost miraculous improvement at our seashore. Men by whose genius and enterprise New York and Brooklyn were laid in the surf of our hot days—these men deserve our gratitude and deserve monuments. Manhattan, Brighton Beach and Coney Island are a benediction from God upon our sweltering cities. There are hundreds of children who would have been in Greenwood or Cypress Hills had they not been permitted to go to Coney Island. There are multitudes of men who have not had the time or money to get the tough meat and sky paring of the distant watering-place who in fifteen minutes had gone there for 25 cents. But all this brings up a new phase of the Sabbath question. Is it right or wrong to go to Coney Island on the Sabbath? It depends whether you go on a Christian or secular errand. If for a Christian errand, yes; if for a secular errand, no. If you go as physicians to look at the sick, yes; if you go for spiritual works, to bring spiritual life to the people, yes; if you have a sickly child in the house, and by reason of the nature of your occupation you cannot on a secular day get that child to the beach and you feel it all be advantageous by going there, yes. If you have an invalid wife pining away around the sick walls of the city, yes; that becomes a necessity, the Sabbath was made for man. If the advice of physician or in answer to prayer you are impressed with the idea that the life and health of your family depend upon going to the beach on the Lord's day, go; but if on the other hand, you may make that health trip at other time, if you command your own time, then select the recreation for your family any way you will, no. If you go for roistering and drunkenness, no! A long reverberating thunder, no!

FIGHT WITH A BASS.

Two fishermen had a desperate fight with a striped bass the other day of Crescent Bay, Niantic Bay. It appears that they had just touched the land and begun to pull the net and the sand before one of the fish, a giant, with a splash that sent the water high in the air, dashed through the strong masses, and leaped back into the sea. The men then caught a glimpse of another fish of equal size that was jumping furiously back and forth from end to end of the seine in a desperate effort to escape. The sportsman, with a cheering shout, leaped up the beach, dragging their net and the fish behind them. They had hardly dropped the net before the largest bass broke from the net, and springing high in the air, plunged to the shore to the side of the sea ten or twelve feet away. The men dashed excitedly to him, and vainly sought to stop him with their hands and their heavy fishing-boots, blows from such implements as they could lay upon the beach. No one dared to grasp the monster, as a bass of large size, armed with large fins and its razor-like teeth and gills, is the fiercest and most dangerous of sea-fish. The shoal water was already reached, and the bass was splashing furiously in the desperate endeavor to gain water that would float him. Instantly more and the prize would be lost. At that moment Mr. Winship threw himself upon the struggling monster, clasping

AN AMERICAN CAPTAIN WEBB.

DETROIT, Sept. 13.—One night during the latter part of last week, as the schooner Bay Leaf was crossing Lake Ontario, James Ferguson, of this city, who was second mate of the craft, was thrown overboard, and as he was the only man on deck at the time, his absence was not noticed until too late to bring the vessel about in an effort to rescue him.

When Ferguson fell into the water the schooner was sailing rapidly before a fair wind, and the unfortunate man could only swim for life. One by one he divested himself of coat, vest and shoes, and for an hour or more kept himself afloat, when he fortunately came across a piece of board about four feet long and two feet wide. With this slight assistance Ferguson was able to secure occasional breathing spells, and when daylight came he found himself out of sight of land with no sail in hailing distance.

Having kept his bearings in a great measure, the swimmer struck out for shore with his board, being then, as he estimated, fifteen miles out in the lake. All day long, with the hot sun beating down upon his bare head, Ferguson worked to shore, and finally, after being in the water, and without food, nearly twenty-one hours, he landed safely on shore near the village of Niagara, but considerably exhausted.

Yesterday morning Mr. Ferguson arrived in this city, and walking into his house, No. 506 Fifth street, presented himself to his overjoyed wife, who, ever since she first heard that her husband had fallen into the lake and been drowned, stoutly maintained she could not believe he had been drowned.

REPLANTING AND TRANSPLANTING TEETH.

Dr. G. R. Thomas, of Detroit, in the current number of the Dental Cosmos, states that this operation of replanting has become so common with him, and the results so uniformly satisfactory, that he does not hesitate to perform it on any tooth in the mouth, if the case demands it; and he finds the cases that demand it and the number he operates upon continually multiplying.

He makes it a point to examine the end of the roots of nearly all his cases of abscessed teeth; and a record of more than 150 cases, with but one loss (and that in the mouth of a man so timid that he utterly refused to bear the pain which nearly always follows for a few minutes, therefore necessitating two extractions), convinces him that the operation is not only practical, but decidedly beneficial both to patient and operator. For one sitting is all that he has ever found necessary to the full and complete restoration of the case.

In the present article, however, Dr. Thomas states that it is his object not so much to speak of replanting as of transplanting, which he has reason to believe is just as practical, so far as re-attachment is concerned, as is replanting. He details, in illustration, a case in which he successfully performed the operation, inserting in the mouth of a gentleman, who had lost a right superior cuspidate, a solid and healthy tooth that he had removed from a lady's mouth four weeks previously. He opened into the canal and pulp chamber of the tooth, from the apex of the root only; cut the end off one-eighth of an inch (it being that much too long), reduced the size somewhat in the centre of the root (it being a trifle larger than the root extracted), filled and placed it in position. He states that the occlusion, shape and color were perfect, so much so that several dentists who saw the case were not able to distinguish the transplanted tooth from the others. The two features in the case that he calls particular attention to are: First, that although the tooth had been in his office four weeks there is to-day no perceptible change in color; and second, that the tooth is as good as new, though it had been in the mouth of another person for four weeks. The operation was performed with a pair of forceps, and the tooth was secured by two stitches in the way of that por-

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL.

"Wonderfully so," was the reply. "We lost the first match, which was played at Nottingham, but then the weather was against us. It was played during a steady downpour of rain, and spoilt, our best bowler, was nowhere on the muddy grass. Our men generally, too, were not well, the weather was too cold for them, just arrived, as they were, from a hot climate. We had seven days' rest after that, and then we beat Marylebone, the champion cricket club of the world. We beat them by nine wickets. In the two innings thirteen of our opponents wickets fell for 0 each. That established our reputation, and also gave us confidence. We have altogether played thirty matches and only lost six. The Cambridge University, which defeated us at Lord's, brought together the strongest team I ever met. They ran clean away from us at the start, and you know what cricket generally is after that.

"We were splendidly received wherever we went. We started with a grand banquet at Nottingham, and one followed at nearly every place we visited, at which numbers of aristocracy were present. At the London reception over 200 sat down, and the committee, finding they had a fund of something like \$400 over and above what was needed for the expenses, presented us with a large silver tankard each. Thousands of people attended wherever we played, and the hearty welcome we received, together with our victories, rather soured the professional players, who were thus robbed of their well-earned popularity.

"The players never behaved discourteously to us. They endeavored to beat us in a gentlemanly way, by bringing together the strongest possible team wherever we played. But these teams were not always chosen in the most gentlemanly manner. For instance, we played an eighteen of Hastings and district, and the London players pointed out that in this case the word 'district' was made to have a wide significance, inasmuch as the team included three of the best men of Kent and three of the best of Sussex. But we beat them easily in one innings. At Longsight, again, not satisfied with having all Manchester men in their eighteen, they had W. G. Grace and another from the south of England. At Hull they wished us to play against an eleven. I suggested instead that they have an eighteen team, or if they played an eleven, I should say on the bills 'assisted' by whoever they might bring forward out of the district. This turned out rather laughable, as the bill read 'Australia against Hull, the latter assisted by,' and then followed the names of seven of the best players of Yorkshire.

"The Graces and our boys fell out about something: W. G. has made scarcely any runs against us. They said, 'Wait until you come and we'll make it hot for you.' Gloucestershire, the home of the Graces, has never been defeated on its own ground, you know. Well, the boys played there yesterday week, and I have received a telegram which shows that as far as the game went they were badly beaten. Gloucester in the first innings scored 112 runs, W. G. Grace scoring 22 and E. M. Grace 23; Australia scored 183, and when the telegram was sent Gloucester had four wickets down in the second innings for 81, including W. G. Grace.

"The English generally say no other team, composed of only four men, could have stood four months of cricket, playing six days every week, and travelling by night, and yet show such fine form. I attribute it to the temperate habits of our fellows."

GAME IN COLORADO.

Says a well-known sportsman, in a work recently issued for the use of the fraternity: "Good hunting is at present scarcely to be found east of the Missouri river. Wide of that stream, however, there is a wide extent of territory in many parts of which game may still be found in considerable abundance by those who are sufficiently acquainted with the country to know where to look for it. As things stand at present the country where game most abounds is that which is now or lately has been infested by the Indians. The Indians are the only real game preservers in the West."

That is the new state of Colorado, lying west of the main range and north of the San Juan mountains, is perhaps one of the best game localities, certainly the most accessible, at a moderate expense of money and time. Here in four days,

MIGRATORY SQUIRRELS.

The following is illustrative of the intelligence common to the lower orders of the animal kingdom. Squirrels in Lapland are in the habit of emigrating in large parties, and sometimes travel hundreds of miles. When they meet with broad lakes, they take a very extraordinary method of crossing. They approach the banks, and perceiving the distance between them and the opposite shore, they return as if by common consent, into the neighboring forest, each in search of a piece of bark or light wood, which answers the purpose of a boat to ferry them over. When the whole company is provided in this manner, they boldly commit their fleet to the waves, each squirrel sitting on his own boat, and fanning the air with his tail in order to drive himself across. In this orderly manner they set out, and often cross lakes several miles broad in this way. It occasionally happens, however, that the poor squirrels encounter such a gale that nearly all their vessels are capsized, and they are shipwrecked. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, however, and the shipwreck so disastrous to the squirrel, is a matter of great rejoicing on the part of the Laplander on shore, who gathers up the dead animals thrown ashore by the waves, eats the flesh, and sells the skins.

THE ANGELIC SPARK.

Of Rod Kenner, who was recently killed near Cherry Creek by the fall of a horse, the Plover Record says: Although Rod Kenner was a wild and reckless sport, and has lived in the mountains for a number of years, he never forgot his old mother back in the States; and after selling his mining property down at Silver Reef for some \$55,000 or \$60,000, he took a trip home, purchased his mother a nice and comfortable homestead and gave her nearly \$10,000 to keep her from want in her old age, then returned to his wild mountain home with a light heart, knowing that his mother was well provided for for the balance of her days on this earth. No matter how many Rod's sins may be, his kindness to his mother will obliterate them all to the eyes of the people.

A HARD RABBIT STORY.

It is said that a farmer living near Boise City, Idaho, is doing a heavy business in rabbit traps about 400 jack rabbits a day, which are fed to the hogs and make very good pork. The manner of catching the rabbits is as follows: He has three miles of brush fence along which are placed the traps. The rabbits jump over the brush fence and light on the board covering the hole or trap, which board works on a pivot, and after depositing the rabbit into the pit beneath resets itself, ready for another victim. Seven men are employed to do nothing else but run the traps and feed the rabbits to several hundred hogs. The ears are saved, as there is a bounty of two cents per pair—enough to pay all the expenses of running the traps. The skins seem to be no injurious effects attending the feeding, as was predicted on account of the fur in the hogs' stomachs.

DEATH OF JOHN H. DECKER.—Mr. John H. Decker, of Orange County, N. Y., died on the 1st inst., and the announcement will cause a feeling of genuine regret with many of his acquaintances in that vicinity. He was the young man who will always be remembered in trotting circles as the one who sold Goldsmith Maid to the party who bore the euphonious name of Jersey Bill, and who, in his turn, sold her to Mr. Alden Goldsmith, from whom she obtained her true name. Mr. Decker was a farmer, and a man of quiet life, but a lover of good horse, and a sportsman in the best sense of the word. He was cut off at an early age, and his death will be sincerely mourned.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Rev. J. T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 852 em