

much function, and, therefore, no such powers, as these services are all performed in his case by the lips; and no horseman who has let a favorite horse pick up small articles of food from the palm of his hand, can have failed to be struck with the extreme mobility, and also the sensibility and delicacy of touch, with which the lips are endowed.

MARSHAL MACMAHON AS A HUNTER.

(From the New Orleans Picayune, Paris Letter.)

The Marshal is fond rather of shooting than of hunting with a pack of hounds, whippers-in, horns, horses and all the din which rouses echo from all its sylvan lairs. It is on his estate of La Foret that he pursues with most ardor and enjoyment his favorite exercise. His holidays are never entirely free from public business, so it is rare he is able to begin to shoot with the dawn—nevertheless it is not late afield. He gets up at daybreak and despatches state business as rapidly as possible, crunches a bit of bread, and the sun is never very high when he leaves his house, followed by his dog. His shooting dress is very plain. He wears a round jacket, a pork-pie hat and excellent gaiters. He goes almost always alone. He is sometimes accompanied by General Borge, his aide-de-camp; rarely by his game-keeper. He does not need the latter, for he knows the neighborhood thoroughly—every hedge, every form, every covert. He knows the edge of which wood the hare makes his form, the stubble field where the quail feeds, the favorite haunt of partridge and pheasant. He ranges the fields, knowing where to find just what he wants, for he has since childhood been familiar with them—so familiar that he needs no dog to find game for him. This year he has been obliged to shoot over a dog belonging to one of his gamekeepers. He lost his favorite dog last July, and the puppy he bought at the dogs' show to replace the lost favorite is still too young to be carried into the field this year. Everybody knows how vigorous the Marshal is. He is ten times more vigorous while shooting. He leaps over obstacles with a juvenile ardor which astonishes even his most intimate friends. Through underbrush, thicket, over ditches, banks, he keeps up with his dog, and when game is flushed he is within shot. After four or five hours spent without resting, he returns home, changes his dress and does honor to the dinner, during which he delights to tell the incidents of the day. He considers official shootings, which he holds in state domains for foreign princes, diplomats and eminent public functionaries, as mere ceremonious meetings—not as shooting. He treats his guests with a simplicity which is not without grandeur. The Inspector of Forests receives notices that there will be shooting on such a day. He places the gamekeepers to drive in the game, and the luxury consists only in the abundance and variety of the game. These shootings rarely commence until the afternoon, and after shooting for three or four hours without a break, a very comfortable but very simple lunch is served in a hunting lodge, sometimes in the midst of the forest, and then the guests part as quietly as possible. The Marshal finds merely a relative pleasure in these amusements, and he prefers to the hecatombs of game of which the hospitals alone have a share and all goes to them—the solitary partridge, which he finishes, follows and at last kills.

IMPORTANT DIVISION COURT DECISION.

A decision of some interest to farmers was recently given by His Honor Judge Dartnell, of Whitchy. The plaintiff being desirous of purchasing a cow in calf, attended the defendant's farm sale, bid upon and purchased an animal, after enquiring whether she was in calf, and receiving the reply that 'she was due to calve on 6th May.' She proved not to be in calf, and the plaintiff claimed damages for a breach of warranty. His Honor held that if the defendant knew the animal was not in calf, and on enquiry did not make the fact known, he would be liable, but there was no evidence of this. He thought the words used did not amount to a warranty, but merely to a representation, that if the animal was in calf she would calve at the time stated, and found for the defendant.

company was one of the most heterogeneous descriptions. There was Sir Joseph Fayer, learned in the thanatophidia, or poisonous snakes of India; Sir Samuel Baker, equally fluent upon Egyptian reptiles; African explorers, piscatorial painters, and members innumerable of the Linnean Society and of the Zoo. Genial and good natured Er. Jamrach, with a diamond brooch in his shirt front and a pleasant smile on his fresh colored face, dilated in glowing terms upon his Peruvian mummy—that of a young girl who fell, or was maliciously pushed, some thousand years ago, into a nitre pit, and who now resembles a few sticks of very dry tobacco. Mr. Peachey produced a plaster cast of the face of Henry VII., the same which was exhibited with that King's effigy when lying in state nearly four hundred years ago. To add to the general liveliness of the evening, the monkey-box was drawn near the fire, and its two rather sickly little occupants introduced to the company. A hare ran through one's legs up and down the stairs, in perfect amity with all men; while a white rat, friendly creature, with natural sympathies for the human race, disported itself upon the silken robes of the Chinese Ambassador, whose dark, but not unkindly face, was somewhat perturbed at the pollution. He recovered himself, however, when the green oysters, specially raised by one of Mr. Buckland's friends, made their appearance, and his appreciation was fully endorsed by every one else who tasted them. The host and hostess busied themselves to keep the fun going, and when Frank was tired of talking, his loyal and indefatigable assistant, Mr. Searle, took up his parable, and discoursed upon fish, fresh or dead, or exhibited the toy automaton thimble-rigger, a legacy of Robt. Houdin's. All alike—foreigners, doctors, lawyers, soldiers, sailors—most thoroughly enjoyed their evening.

A GENEROUS PARTNER.

'Have you seen my partner?' asked an excited man on Virginia street, this forenoon, of every other person he met. The man was red with rage, and the gleam of battle shot from his eye. Another man came along with his hat on the back of his head and his hair down on his forehead. His face was pale, his eyes inflamed, and his step unsteady. The first darted at him, seized his arm, shook him vindictively, and bawled:

'So here ye are, eh?'
'Ulllo, Jim,' said the captured one, waking up and rubbing his hands across his eyes.
'Don't,' Jim' me, blast yer!' roared the other. 'I know what ye've been at. Drinkin' an' gamblin' agin, I'll bet. I knowed yer would, torment yer for the darndest fool in Nevaydy. How much did yer lose?'

'Cleaned out sick,' admitted the outprit, hanging his head and spitting in confusion.

'Cleaned out!' screamed Jim; 'cleaned out! Now what in blazes am I a going to do this Winter? Gen'l'men,' he said, turning to the crowd, 'I was sick in Arizona, when I took up with this feller for a pardner. I hadn't no money and he stood by me, and made me sort o' grateful, for I'm one o' the soft-hearted kind. Well, gen'l'men, we hoofed it together all the way to Reno, living together like brothers. He got work here, an' I couldn't git none, and he's been the only thing between me an' starvation sense we came here. An' now what does he go an' do with his first month's wages? Drinks an' gambles 'em. What am I goin' to do this Winter, ye bloody villain?' he cried, seizing the wretched wretch with both hands this time.

'Dern it, Jim, ole man,' he whined, ready to cry. 'Don't be too rough on a feller. I'm no 'count, I 'low, an' ye had ought to belt the stuffin' outen me, but don't you feel skeery. I kin rattle your bash if I have to go with 'nothin' under my own belt, ye can bet yer boots on that.'

'Well, if you gimme yer word on that,' said James, softening considerably. 'Dern my hide if I don't stick by ye. Gimme yer hand, Bob. I won't go back on no old pard. Shake. Wy, I know how it is with whisky and skeers. I've been one o' the boys myself.'

They shook hands, and Bob, overcome at the generosity of Jim, shed grateful tears, as he led the way to a saloon.—Reno Gazette.

lowing up, instead of down, several small streams, either one of which would have led him out into the clearings of civilization. When found by one of the two hunters whom he had accompanied, he was lying with his face to the ground, as if from sheer exhaustion, and as though he had been dead for one or two days.

CANINE ARISTOCRACY.

Dogs hold a high social position in Paris, and the result of association with people of good manners is to convert the Parisian dog into an entirely different animal from his provincial brother. An eminent veterinary surgeon in Paris has lately expressed his conviction that dogs are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of civilization. Dogs brought up in the saloons of Paris, he observes, behave in all respects with more dignity and intelligence than those to be found at farmhouses in the country districts, who pass their lives in the company of agricultural servants in the stables or farmyard. These country dogs show a savage *gaucherie*, and their manners are as a rule very far from being refined. The Parisian dogs, on the other hand, accustomed to move in good society, and well educated, are remarkable for delicacy, self possession, good taste, and an utter absence of uncouthness in their behavior. There are, this doctor believes, dogs to be found in Paris who, strange as it may appear, have a keen sense of humor, and are not capable of appreciating even the higher forms of wit.

WINTER CARE FOR COLTS.

It costs very little, if any, more to raise a good colt than a poor one; but many a good animal is ruined by improper treatment. Colts are generally weaned in the fall, and too frequently allowed to "rough it" through the ensuing winter. There is an ignorant notion among many farmers that such a course makes young animals hardy and tough. They may, perhaps, become tough little brutes by this treatment, or rather, want of it; but they will never be the same in symmetry, size and general durability as if they had been generously used. Colts should have a pint of oats daily, and be halter-broken. Their education should be begun now, and the first thing to be done is to accustom them to handling, brushing and restraint. Patience and kindness with the colt will go far to form a good disposition in the future horse. Provide them with a warm, light and well-ventilated stable.

A queer hunting scene, and one that provoked much comment, occurred recently at Salthill, near Slough, England. A special train from London had brought down fifteen couples of stag hounds, sixty horses, and as many huntmen. A cart containing an old deer named 'Honesty' was next wheeled into position, and the quarry turned loose. 'Honesty,' who, it appears, had stood the test three or four seasons, and was personally known to the majority of the company, at once made for Burnham Beeches, followed by the whole pack in full cry. Some of the fair weather sportsmen were choked off, and after the first mile or two had been passed over the field became comparatively select. One of the riders broke his collar bone, and another had his head cut open. 'Honesty' proceeded on her course to Amersham, and then to Chaneys, near Rickmansworth, where she was finally run down by the dogs. But to bring out and hound a deer known by appearance to most of those present, is contemptible.

made adart at each other, and were rolling over and over until they brought up against the side of the box. Then they settled down to business. The tarantula, being much larger than his antagonist, made great efforts to crush him in his strong embrace, but without success. Then he plied his stings, and kept the scorpion pretty busy, who relied upon his sac of poison and his hostile claws for victory. He seemed to prefer to keep underneath the tarantula, and lying on his back he covered the enemy with bites and poison. The fight lasted about ten minutes, and ended in favor of the scorpion. About an hour afterwards the tarantula died, but the scorpion is still fresh for another battle.

LITIGATION OF INTEREST TO HORSE-MEN.

Owners of thoroughbred horse will no doubt be glad to learn that on the 2nd inst. the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad paid over to ex-Governor Bowie, of Maryland, \$12,555, being the amount of a judgment obtained, with interest. The suit was instituted by Governor Bowie in 1869 for damages sustained through injuries to the brood mare Australia, by imported Australian, out of Undine, by imported Yorkshire, while being shipped on a train at Camden Station. The litigation began in 1869, when a verdict was awarded for the sum of \$8,000. From this there was an appeal, and a second was given for \$10,000. After some delay the case was taken to the Supreme Court, and that tribunal has sustained the verdict below, with costs and interest, swelling the amount to \$12,555. The case has excited much interest in racing circles, and it is to be hoped that hereafter railroad companies will take a little more care of horses in transit and not do what the Long Island Railroad did last spring with Mr. George Lorillard's stable when coming up to Jerome. On that occasion a conductor compelled the attendants to take all the horses out of the car and tie them up alongside the road because they (the boys) would not pay their fares as passengers. The claim was, of course, illegal, as under the contract to carry the horses each horse was entitled to one attendant. The railroad quickly realized the mistake, had the horses reloaded and brought in by another train and then discharged the conductor for his stupidity.

A Clergyman of Rhode Island recently succeeded in filling his church with an eager audience by advertising that he would "preach" upon the subject:—"How Jonah lost his umbrella." Of course it was simply a ruse—a pious fraud, so to speak—for the "umbrella" turned out to be the historical and miraculous gourd. This sensational style of advertising the attractions of the House of the Lord has made great headway in the States, and preachers, adopting the tactics of the variety show man, announce all sorts of startling pulpit novelties for the purpose of attracting a "full house." This sort of thing is also done in Canada, on a small scale; and it would seem that it would be much better were it done on a still smaller one. A sinner who is attracted to church by some flaming announcement, and finds himself entrapped into listening to a prosy sermon of the ordinary kind, will not likely leave that church in good humor and with a fierce desire to go back again. Fraud in religion has no more permanent success than it has in ordinary business matters.

WALK UP.—The Montreal Gazette says there are still some delinquents in the matter of the Haulan-Courtney race fund, and the Citizens' Committee threaten them with a process of law if they do not at once pay up.

benefit of his estate after his death. It also directs the executor and trustee to so much of the estate as may be sufficient to yield a yearly income of £235, to be devoted to the payment of the following annuities in the following order: to Haidee Heller £125 during her life, in monthly instalments; to his wife Anne Maria Palmer, in monthly instalments, £500, of which £125 shall be in place of dower and £375 shall be applied to the support, education and maintenance of his children, Mary Adelaide Palmer, Annie Palmer and Joseph Henry Palmer, share and share alike. Upon the death of either of the children the annuity of the one who shall have died, amounting to £125 shall cease to be paid. If either or both of the daughters marry their annuities are to cease, and they are to receive £40; when his son attains the age of twenty-one years the annuity of £125 is to cease and he is to receive £40 sterling.

The will provides that whenever the annuity shall cease to be paid they shall, in a month, the legacy of £125 a year, be paid to Haidee Heller during her natural life. The will further bequeaths to Haidee Heller the following articles of personal property. One clock, one Regent stand, all his jewellery which he may die possessed of except his gold watch and one clock, also all carpets, gas brackets and furniture about which there is no mechanical device or business secret. It also bequeaths 'to my dear brother Angelo C. Palmer, of Hamilton, Victoria, Australia, all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, both real and personal.' Finally the will appoints 'my dear sister, Mrs. Faunie Gibbs, wife of Richard Gibbs, Esq., of Seven Oaks, Kent, England, to be sole executrix and trustee under this will and testament, and I hereby direct that she be permitted to take letters without giving security either as executrix or trustee.' The will bears date April 12, 1878, and the witnesses are Charles M. Vilas, of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and Elisha S. Caldwell, of No. 317 Fourth avenue, New York.

A BEER DRINKING HORSE.

It argued by those who desire an excuse for using alcoholic stimulants that it is a fast, natural to man, and distinguishes man more than anything else from the beast. Dr. Richardson, who has himself tested the matter, asserts that cats, dogs, horses, birds, and all animals upon which he has made the experiment grow fond of alcoholic stimulants from frequent use. One instance which he relates is of a horse which learned to drink beer. He says: 'One when I was riding in a hired carriage near Canterbury, the horse stopped short at a wayside public house. I asked the driver what that was for. 'The horse,' said he, 'always stops here for his beer; he wouldn't go by on no account. You couldn't whip him by, sir, till he has had his beer. His former master taught him to drink beer, and invariably treated him to it at this house, and here he'll stop till he gets it.' It was the fact. A large tankard of beer was brought out for the horse, and he disposed of the fluid with as much relish as his master, and then went his way. 'It's a shame,' added the driver, 'but young fellows from London, who like a joke, and who also like beer themselves, will sometimes give him a lot and make him very drunk. Then he is awkward to drive, and bad for two or three days afterwards, and we have to give him more beer to keep him up, which costs a lot.' He facetiously remarks that overworked oxen (and street-car mules) should have 'bourbon' put into their drinking water to keep them up and make them lively.

LACROSSE IN NEW ZEALAND.—The local papers speak in the following strain of this fascinating game: 'Lacrosse, it seems, is likely to become acclimatized in Waikato as a popular sport. There has been for some time past a lacrosse club established in Alexandra, and the effect of the show game played by the Alexandrians on Saturday week last in Mr. Jolly's paddock at Hamilton has led to the formation of a lacrosse club at the latter place. Mr. C. C. Wood has obtained a number of lacrosse bats for intending members, and the club will be initiated in the course of a short time.'