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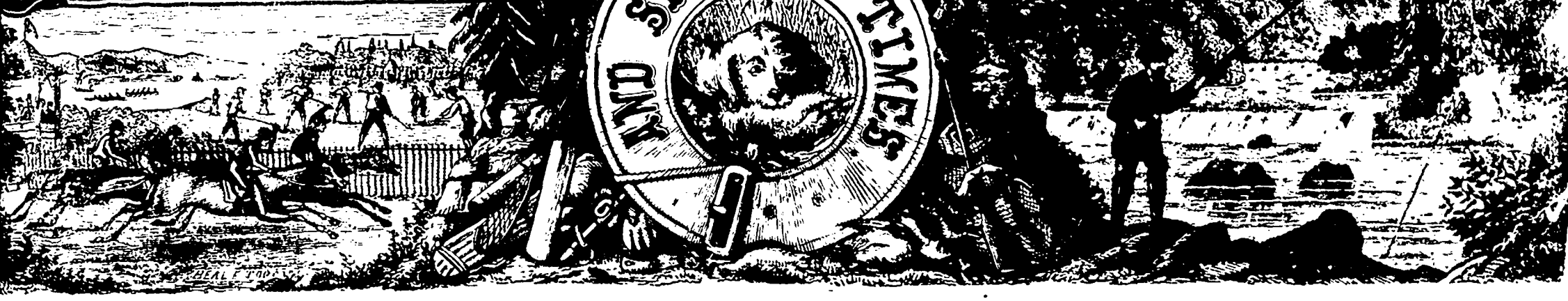
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# GENTLEMEN'S CANADIAN JOURNAL



VOL. VI TORONTO ONT., FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 1877. NO. 374

## American Turf.

### GOOD TROTTING AND RACING AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Oct 24 and 25—Purse \$500; 2:18 class.  
 Kinzer's gr g Deception 5 4 3 5 0 3 1 1 1  
 Noble's gr m Badger Girl 1 5 4 0 0 1 4 3 2  
 Owen's b m Adelaide, by  
 J. Sheridan..... 4 3 1 1 3 4 3 4 4  
 Voorhee's blk m Co.  
 ..... 3 1 5 4 5 5 2 2 3  
 Harnay's gr g Silver-  
 ..... 2 2 2 0 2 2 dr  
 2:30, 2:30½, 2:29, 2:31, 2:33, 2:32, 2:31½,  
 2:29, 2:31.  
 Same Day—Purse \$400; free for all.  
 Clellan's gr m Lucy..... 5 4 3 2 1 1 1  
 Donnell's b m Bay Sallie .. 2 1 0 6 2 2 2  
 Person's b g Sleepy George 1 3 0 4 3 3 3  
 J. Owens & Co's br g Rowdy  
 ..... 6 2 4 3 5 7 0  
 Mer's b g Sucker State.... 3 3 5 5 4 7 0  
 Wilson's gr g Sweetser.... 4 6 6 1 dis  
 2:28, 2:22, 2:25, 2:23, 2:26, 2:22, 2:21½.

### GOOD TROTS AT CYNTHIAN, KY.

Cynthian, Ky, Oct 24—2:34 class; purse \$500;  
 to first, 100 to second, 50 to third; and  
 25 in 5, in harness.  
 Lawhead's br m Nettie C.... 3 2 2 1 1 1  
 McDowell's bl m Romance .. 1 3 3 2 2 2  
 Smith's b m Ettie Jones.... 2 5 1 3 4 3  
 Colgrove's br h Whipple.... 4 1 4 5 5 5  
 Williams, Jr's b m Blanche  
 ..... 5 4 5 4 4 rc  
 2:29, 2:33, 2:34, 2:32, 2:30, 2:32.  
 2:25—2:30 class; purse \$500. \$350, 100,  
 50, 25, 10, 5, in harness.  
 Tracy's b g Glendale.... 1 3 3 1 0 4 0 1  
 Davis' b m Sophia Tem-  
 ..... 3 1 2 4 3 1 0 3  
 & Peters' b g Edwin  
 ..... 2 4 1 3 5 3 4 4  
 Wilson's ch h Post Boy 6 2 4 2 0 2 0 2  
 Peterson's ch m Ken-  
 ..... 4 5 6 5 4 ro  
 Bros' b h D Monroe... 5 6 5 dr  
 2:29, 2:33, 2:28½, 2:28, 2:28½, 2:28½,  
 2:28½, 2:30½.

### TROTTING AT WARSAW, N.Y.

War, Oct.—Purse \$150.  
 Oberlain's b g Ed White..... 1 1 1  
 Peck's blk m Lady Jane..... 3 3 2  
 Ed's b g Woodstock (for Westfield) 2 2 dis  
 Time—2:32½, 2:30, 2:27.

### TROTTING AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Ragansett Park, Providence, R. I., Oct. 31.  
 \$100 for 2:31 class; divided.

Oct 24—Purse \$—; 2:35 class.  
 Owner's Pathfinder..... 2 1 1 1  
 Owner's Tom Ryan..... 1 3 3 3  
 Owner's Maggie Mitchell..... 3 2 2 2  
 Time—2:35½, 2:36, 2:36½, 2:38½.  
 Same Day—Purse \$—; 2:50 class.  
 Owner's Tom Malloy..... 1 1 1  
 Owner's Maggie Myers..... 2 2 2  
 No time

### TROTTING AT ALBANY, N.Y.

Island Park, Albany, Oct 19 and 24—Sweep-  
 stakes \$150.  
 T Grady's ch g Farry, by Ethan  
 Allen Jr..... 3 1 1 3 1  
 D Jenkins' gr m Nollie Grant, by Joe  
 Brown..... 1 3 3 1 2  
 A McDonald's b m My Julia.... 2 2 2 2 3  
 Time—2:35½, 2:35½, 2:35½, 2:35½, 2:32.  
 Same Days—Sweepstakes \$75.  
 H Livingston's br g Harry (to wagon) 2 2 1 1 1  
 T Gallooly's ch m Lady Rosedale (in  
 harness..... 1 1 2 2 2  
 Time—2:53½, 2:51½, 2:51, 2:53, 2:52½.  
 \*Owing to darkness after the fourth heat in  
 each race, 19th, they were postponed to next  
 fair day, which took place Wednesday, 24th,  
 and proved Farry and Harry easy winners.

### RACING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington Jockey Club Races.—Benning's,  
 Nov 1—First race—Purse \$100, \$50 to the  
 second; three-quarters of a mile.  
 D McDaniel's b f Princess of Thule, by Leam-  
 ington dam Phebe, 3 years old, 92 lbs.... 1  
 C W Medinger's ch g First Change, by Bay-  
 wood dam Dot, 6 years old, 115 lbs..... 3  
 M Daly's ch g Waco, by Narragansett dam  
 Julietta, 4 years old, 105 lbs..... 3  
 Blondell, Major Barker, Joe Hunt and Mutorpo  
 also started.  
 Time—1:18.  
 Same Day—Mile heat Handicap—Purse \$250  
 for first horse, \$50 for second, for all ages.  
 D McDaniel's b o Glen Dudley, by Glen Athol  
 dam Madame Dudley, 3 years old, 87 lbs.... 1 1  
 E Gillespie's ch g Kiburn, by Ringmaster  
 dam Ontario, 6 years old, 112 lbs..... 2 2  
 J G Bethune's b g Bargo, by Harrah dam  
 Emily Downing, 6 years old, 112 lbs.... 3 3  
 Kenney, and Little Fellow, also started.  
 Time—1:46½, 1:46½.  
 Same Day—Hurdle race, mile heats, over four  
 hurdles. Purse \$250 for the first and \$50 to the  
 second horse.  
 Daly's ch g Dandy, by Oysterman, Jr, dam  
 Bet Arlington, 3 years old, 120 lbs .... 1 5 1  
 M Nolan's b g Deadhead, by Julius dam  
 Leizuro, aged, 159 lbs ..... 3 0 2  
 A D Brawn's b c Problem, by Pimlico  
 dam by Australian, 4 years old, 136 lbs 2 0 3

## Curling.

### CALEDONIAN, TORONTO.

The annual meeting of the Caledonian  
 Curling club was held in the seed store, cor-  
 ner of Adelaide and Jarvis streets, on Nov. 1,  
 Mr. Wm. Rennie, President, in the chair.  
 The minutes of the last meeting were read  
 and approved. Mr. Pringle reported on be-  
 half of the absent representatives. The re-  
 port of the Secretary was read by Mr. James  
 Rennie. The report of the Treasurer was also  
 read, and both reports were received and  
 adopted. An assessment was made to meet  
 current liabilities. The scrutineers, W. D.  
 McIntosh and Jas. Pringle, declared the fol-  
 lowing officers elected:—President, Wm.  
 Rennie (re-elected); Vice-President, James  
 Gormley; Secretary and Treasurer, James  
 Rennie (re-elected); Committee, James For-  
 syth, R. H. Ramsay, D. Gibson, and R. Pol-  
 lock; Patron, Hon. Oliver Mowat (re-elected);  
 Patroness, Mrs. Mowat (re-elected);  
 Chaplains, Revs. Dr. Robb and D. J. Mac-  
 donell, B.D., (re-elected); Representatives,  
 W. D. McIntosh and Andrew Noble; Skips,  
 Wm. Rennie, James Pringle, R. H. Ramsay,  
 and James G. Malcolm; Instructors, John  
 Thomson, Andrew Noble, R. Pollock, and  
 James Forsyth. The President thanked the  
 club for their renewed confidence, and the  
 meeting adjourned.

### DUFFERIN, TORONTO.

At a special meeting of the Dufferin Curl-  
 ing Club, held on Wednesday evening, 31st  
 ult., at their Club rooms, 218 Yonge street,  
 a communication was read by the Secretary  
 from the Governor-General, stating that his  
 Excellency had been pleased to signify his  
 pleasure to become patron of the club, and  
 that his name could be enrolled on its con-  
 stitution as such. The club instructed the  
 Secretary to forward a suitable reply to his  
 Excellency, thanking him for the honor con-  
 ferred upon them.

### WHY TEN BROECK WAS BEATEN AT BALTIMORE.

#### A SOUTHERN'S OPINION.

The Kentucky Live Stock Record of last week  
 in speaking of the late race between Parole,  
 Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree at Baltimore  
 editorially makes the following remarks:

Broeck's condition beat him. He has been too  
 low all the fall; and was not a good horse at  
 Lexington or Louisville. Besides his lowness of  
 flesh, he was coughing at Louisville, and a good  
 horse could have beaten him on both occasions  
 he started. Another strong evidence of his want  
 of condition was given in the Bowie Stake,  
 four mile heats on the fourth and last day.  
 True he won the race, but beat nothing, and  
 finished the race in a groggy condition. He  
 floundered about at the finish like a rudderless  
 ship, and looked like he would tumble on his  
 head when he pulled up."

### LADY GRANT TO BEAT 2:14.

Mr. Wm. Trask, the owner of Lady Grant,  
 has accepted the proposition of *The Item*, to  
 trot at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, be-  
 fore the close of the present season, for a  
 purse of \$1,000, to beat Goldsmith Maid's  
 best time—2:14. Mr. Trask has also accept-  
 ed *The Item's* proposition to trot the Lady,  
 at same time and place, a mile in 2:00, for a  
 purse of \$2,000. It is as well to remark here  
 that neither purse will be paid to the owner  
 of Lady Grant in the event of her failing to  
 trot in the stipulated time. The following is  
 Mr. Trask's letter of acceptance:

OTZGO, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1877.

Editors *The Item*—I accept the proposition in  
*The Item* of Oct. 21. As soon as I can arrange  
 my business I will write you again and set the  
 time. I expect to go to Albany next week and  
 trot for the citizens of that place. I shall be ac-  
 commodated with a mile track there. If I go I  
 shall be better prepared to report what the Lady  
 can do, but as the matter stands you need not  
 feel very modest in inviting the public to see the  
 Lady and witness her performance.

Respectfully yours,  
 WM. TRASK.

### A X AT JEROME.

The secret of the recent match at Jerome  
 Park, between the colts Piper Heidsieck and  
 W. I. Higgins, has leaked out. It was made  
 public by George Longstaff, the owner of Hig-  
 gins, who should certainly know whereof he  
 speaks. Mr. L. states that Wm. Drayton, who  
 owns Piper Heidsieck, came to him with a pro-  
 position to back the Piper against Higgins for  
 \$500 a side, and as he desired to sell his colt he  
 was anxious that he should be allowed to win.  
 He therefore wanted, to speak plainly, what is  
 generally known as a "sure thing." Mr. Long-  
 staff was willing enough to make the match as  
 proposed, but he was not willing, according to  
 his story, to give his trainer directions to have  
 Higgins deliberately pulled.

## Billiards.

### CAROMS.

Our correspondent at Cobourg reports bil-  
 liards dull in that town; but Billy and Sam  
 Jakes are keeping their hands in, and either  
 one of the brothers can make it interesting for  
 any one coming along.

The preliminary moves have been made  
 for an extensive tournament at Brand's Bil-  
 liard Palace, Montreal, some time during the  
 present winter. It is the intention to make  
 the prizes worthy for competition, and they  
 will be sufficiently enticing to attract all our  
 leading experts. Since Mr. James Bennett,  
 ex-champion, has taken up his residence in  
 the commercial metropolis, the game has  
 commenced to look up there.

They had quite a time at a billiard saloon  
 on King street, Hamilton, one night last  
 week. A man who was playing pool took  
 one of the balls off the rack and pressed  
 down the lighted tobacco in his pipe with it.  
 The ball took fire and burnt furiously, and  
 could neither be extinguished or put out of  
 the house. It created considerable excite-  
 ment for a while, and when it burnt itself  
 out there was nothing left but a charred  
 mass of papier mache. Such is the ivory of  
 modern days.

### "CANADA BILL."

HE DIES OF CONSUMPTION IN A HOSPITAL—HIS  
 BURIAL AND SOMETHING ABOUT HIS CAREER.

The Reading, Penn., Eagle has the follow-  
 ing account of "Canada Bill," the monte  
 king.

"Canada Bill" died of consumption in the  
 county hospital. His funeral was probably  
 the strangest ever seen in the Charles Evans  
 cemetery, for there were neither tears nor  
 women nor minister about the grave that now  
 holds the remains of a man who died penni-  
 less in a strange land, but had the name one  
 time of having won nearly \$500,000 at three-  
 card monte. His body was brought to the  
 undertaker's room in this city, and thence  
 taken to the cemetery, where a dozen or  
 more representatives of the sporting fraterni-  
 ty of Reading had congregated about the  
 grave to do the last honors for the "old  
 sport," who had won money on nearly every  
 railroad in the United States east of the Rock-

Day—Purse \$400; free for all.  
 McLellan's gr m Lucy ..... 5 4 3 2 1 1 1  
 Gonnell's b m Bay Sallio .. 2 1 0 6 2 2 2  
 Aterson's b g Sleepy George 1 3 0 4 3 3 3  
 L. Owens & Co's br g Rowdy  
 ..... 6 2 4 3 5 7 0  
 Walter's b g Sucker State.... 3 3 5 4 7 0  
 Wilson's gr g Sweetser.... 4 6 6 1 dis  
 2:28, 2:22, 2:25, 2:23, 2:26, 2:22, 2:21½.

**GOOD TROTS AT CYNTHIAN, KY.**

Cynthian, Ky, Oct 24—2:34 class; purse \$500;  
 to first, 100 to second, 50 to third; mile  
 heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 Lawhead's br m Nettie C.... 3 2 2 1 1 1  
 McDowell's bl m Romance .. 1 8 3 2 2 2  
 Smith's b m Ettie Jones.... 2 5 1 3 4 3  
 Colgrove's br h Whipple.... 4 1 4 5 5 5  
 Williams, Jr's b m Blanche  
 ..... 5 4 5 4 4 rc  
 Time—2:29½, 2:33½, 2:4, 2:32½, 2:30½, 2:32.  
 25—2:30 class; purse \$500. \$350, 100,  
 Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 Treacy's b g Glaudale.... 1 3 3 1 0 4 0 1  
 Davis' b m Sophia Tom-  
 ..... 3 1 2 4 8 1 0 3  
 & Peters' b g Edwin  
 ..... 2 4 1 3 5 3 4 4  
 Wilson's ch h Post Boy 6 2 4 2 0 2 0 2  
 Patterson's ch m Kon-  
 icky Central.... 4 5 6 5 4 ro  
 Meyers' b m D Mourou... 5 6 5 dr  
 2:29, 2:28, 2:28½, 2:28½, 2:28½, 2:28½,  
 2:28½, 2:30½.

**TROTTING AT WARSAW, N.Y.**

Warsaw, Oct — Purse \$150.  
 Amberlin's b g Ed White..... 1 1 1  
 Vincent's bl m Lady Jane..... 3 3 2  
 Odd's b g Woodstock (for Westfield) 2 dis  
 Time—2:32½, 2:30, 2:27.

**TROTTING AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., Oct. 31.  
 Purse \$400, for 2:21 class; divided; mile heats,  
 5, in harness.  
 Ber's May Bird..... 1 2 1 3 3 1  
 Ber's John H..... 4 1 2 0 1 2  
 Ber's Honest Harry..... 2 3 4 0 2 3  
 Ber's King Phillip..... 3 4 3 4 4 dr  
 Time—2:24, 2:22½, 2:21, 2:24, 2:22, 2:22.  
 Same Day—Purse \$400, divided, for 2:28 class;  
 mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.  
 Ber's Frank's Munson..... 1 1 1  
 Ber's Lady Daggett..... 3 2 2  
 Ber's Clara J..... 4 3 3  
 Ber's Sam Eastis..... 2 4 4  
 Ber's Grateful..... dis  
 Time—2:27, 2:27½, 2:27.

**TROTS AT WEST MERIDEN, CONN.**

West Meriden, Oct. 24.—Purse \$150; 2:50  
 class.  
 Ber's bl m Ruby..... 1 6 2 5 4 1 3 1  
 Foote's b m Jennie .... 2 1 1 3 3 4 2 3  
 Ely's b m Jane Eyre.... 4 7 6 1 1 7 5 4  
 Ber's br m Kensington  
 ..... 9 8 4 2 2 2 1 2  
 Martin's gr g Gallup..... 8 4 7 7 3 6 5  
 Reynolds' b g Fred Drow 6 3 3 4 5 4 dr  
 Ber's br m Nellie Richard-  
 ..... 3 2 5 6 6 dr  
 Ber's br s Harry Brown 7 5 8 dr  
 Baldwin's b m Blacksmith  
 ..... 5 9 9 dr  
 Ber's br m Katie..... dis  
 2:44½, 2:47, 2:42, 2:45½, 2:44½, 2:41, 2:44½,  
 2:44½.  
 Same Day—Purse \$150; 2:38 class.  
 Ber's b m Kitty Hill..... 2 2 2 1 2 1 2  
 Ber's b m Dolphin..... 3 1 1 6 4 2 2  
 Ber's bl m F. C..... 1 5 8 3 5 3 8  
 Ber's b g Butcher Boy.... 4 6 5 4 1 4 4  
 Ber's br g W H Radd.... 5 4 4 2 3 ro  
 Ber's b m Mountain  
 ..... 6 3 6 5 6 ro  
 2:42½, 2:41½, 2:42½, 2:45, 2:43½, 2:42½,  
 2:46.

**TROTTING AT BINGHAMTON, N.Y.**

Binghamton, Oct 23—Purse \$—; 2:40 class.  
 Tom Malloy..... 2 1 1  
 Black Harry..... 1 2 1  
 Maggie Myers..... 3 3 3  
 Time—2:38½, 2:36½, 2:34½, 2:36½.

Allen Jr..... 3 1 1 3 1  
 D Jenkins' gr m Nellie Grant, by Joe  
 Brown ..... 1 3 3 1 2  
 A McDonald's bek m My Julia..... 2 2 2 3  
 Time—2:35½, 2:35½, 2:35½, 2:35½, 2:32.  
 Same Days—Sweepstakes \$75.  
 H Livingston's br g Harry (to wagon) 2 2 1 1 1  
 T Gallooly's ch m Lady Rosedale (in  
 harness..... 1 1 2 2 2  
 Time—2:53½, 2:51½, 2:51, 2:53, 2:52½.  
 \*Owing to darkness after the fourth heat in  
 each race, 19th, they were postponed to next  
 fair day, which took place Wednesday, 24th,  
 and proved Furry and Harry easy winners.

**RACING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Washington Jockey Club Races.—Bonning's,  
 Nov 1—First race—Purse \$100, \$50 to the  
 second; three-quarters of a mile.  
 D McDaniel's b f Princess of Thule, by Leam-  
 ington dam Phebe, 3 years old, 92 lbs.... 1  
 C W Medinger's ch g First Change, by Bay-  
 wood dam Dot, 6 years old, 115 lbs..... 2  
 M Daly's ch g Waco, by Narragansett dam  
 Julietta, 4 years old, 105 lbs..... 3  
 Blondell, Major Barker, Joe Hunt and Mutterpo  
 also started.  
 Time—1:18.  
 Same Day—Mile heat Handicap—Purse \$250  
 for first horse, \$50 for second, for all ages.  
 D McDaniel's b c Glen Dudley, by Glen Athol  
 dam Madame Dudley, 3 years old, 87 lbs.. 1 1  
 E Gillespie's ch g Kilburn, by Ringmaster  
 dam Ontario, 6 years old, 112 lbs..... 2 2  
 J G Bethune's b g Burgoon, by Hurrah dam  
 Emily Downing, 6 years old, 112 lbs.... 3 3  
 Kenney, and Little Fellow, also started.  
 Time—1:46½, 1:46½.

Same Day—Hurdle race, mile heats, over four  
 hurdles. Purse \$250 for the first and \$50 to  
 the second horse.  
 Daly's ch g Dandy, by Oysterman, Jr, dam  
 Bot Arlington, 3 years old, 120 lbs .... 1 5 1  
 M Nolan's b g Deadhead, by Julius dam  
 Leizure, aged, 159 lbs ..... 3 0 2  
 A D Brown's b c Problem, by Pimlico  
 dam by Austrahan, 4 years old, 136 lbs 2 0 3  
 Dalgasian, Frederickton, Captain Hammer and  
 Muratt also started.  
 Time—1:55, 1:55, 1:57.

Nov. 3.—First race, selling race, one mile and  
 an eighth; full weights.  
 Gaffley's b c Dalgasian, by Blarneystone—  
 Lucy Fowler, 4 years old, 90 lbs..... 1  
 W Medinger's ch g First Chance, by Bay-  
 wood—Dot, 6 years old, 105 lbs..... 2  
 McDaniel's b c Major Barker, by Asteroid  
 Scottische, 3 years old, 95 lbs..... 3  
 Kilburn and Risk also started.  
 Time, 2:01.

Same Day—Purse, \$200 to the first, \$50 to the  
 second horse; two miles.  
 D McDaniel's ch c St James, by Lexington—  
 Banner, 3 years old, 95 lbs..... 1  
 J G Bethune's b g Burgoon, by Hurrah—Emily  
 Downing, 6 years old, 115 lbs..... 2  
 C W Medinger's br h Little Fellow, by Lynch-  
 burg—Mary Goodo, 5 years old, 105 lbs.... 3  
 T B & W R Davis' ch c Kenny..... 0  
 Time, 3:44½.

Same Day—Purse \$250 to the first; \$50 to  
 the second horse; mile heats for three-year-olds.  
 to carry 100 lbs.  
 L Hart's b c Vermont, by Virgil—Nannie  
 Butler ..... 1 1  
 F M Hall's b c Dick Sasser, by Eugene—  
 La Rose..... 3 2  
 D McDaniel's b c Glen Dudley, by Glen  
 Athol—Madame Dudley ..... 2 3  
 Time, 1:47½—1:47½.

**Base Ball.**

Mr. Charles Maddock, ex-catcher of the  
 Maple Leaf, Guelph, has started a gymna-  
 sium in that lively burg. It is thoroughly  
 fitted with all the modern appliances for  
 developing muscle, and was opened on the  
 1st inst. In Curley's hands it should be a  
 great success.  
 A Southern paper has the news that base  
 balls will be delivered from small cannon  
 next year, and that the catchers will be iron-  
 clad. Thus in our sports do we progress  
 back to the middle ages, when the players  
 wore armour.

advised. An assessment was made to meet  
 current liabilities. The scrutineer, W. D.  
 McIntosh and Jas. Pringle, declared the fol-  
 lowing officers elected—President, Wm.  
 Runnie (re-elected); Vice-President, James  
 Gormley; Secretary and Treasurer, James  
 Runnie (re-elected); Committee, James For-  
 syth, R. H. Ramsay, D. Gibson, and B. Pol-  
 lock; Patron, Hon. Oliver Mowat (re-elected);  
 Chairmen, Mrs. Mowat (re-elected);  
 Chaplains, Revs. Dr. Robb and D. J. Mac-  
 donell, B.D., (re-elected); Representatives,  
 W. D. McIntosh and Andrew Nob.; Skips,  
 Wm. Runnie, James Pringle, R. P. Ramsay,  
 and James G. Malcolm; Instrutors, John  
 Thomson, Andrew Noble, R. Pollock, and  
 James Forsyth. The President thanked the  
 club for their renewed confidence, and the  
 meeting adjourned.

**DUFFERIN, TORONTO.**

At a special meeting of the Dufferin Curl-  
 ing Club, held on Wednesday evening, 31st  
 ult., at their Club rooms, 218 Yonge street,  
 a communication was read by the Secretary  
 from the Governor-General, stating that his  
 Excellency had been pleased to signify his  
 pleasure to become patron of the club, and  
 that his name could be enrolled on its con-  
 stitution as such. The club instructed the  
 Secretary to forward a suitable reply to his  
 Excellency, thanking him for the honor con-  
 ferred upon them.

**WHY TEN BROECK WAS BEATEN AT BALTIMORE.**

A SOUTHERN OPINION.

The Kentucky Live Stock Record of last week  
 in speaking of the late race between Parole,  
 Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree at Baltimore  
 editorially makes the following remarks.—

" \* \* \* That Ten Broeck was sadly amiss,  
 the merest novice in training could detect be-  
 fore a half mile of the race had been run. Why  
 those connected with the stable were unable to  
 tell his true condition is not for us to say, for  
 the horse moved dull and spiritless in his pre-  
 liminary canter, and when he stripped his coat  
 was staring and he was too low in flesh. In  
 our notice of the Maryland Jockey Club meeting  
 of October 20th, we said that we did not like  
 Ten Broeck's condition when he ran at Louis-  
 ville; he was coughing, and in our eye looked  
 too low in flesh. This was more the case at  
 Baltimore; the horse was full of cold, very low  
 in flesh, and had neither his accustomed speed  
 or dash. Ten Broeck was beaten before the  
 horses had gone half a mile. His action was  
 labored, and at the stand he was driving, and  
 when his rider struck him with the spur he  
 purged and scoured freely, which continued  
 throughout the remainder of the race. The  
 quickest mile in the race, 1:46½, is mere by a big  
 gallop when he is in condition. We give the  
 quarters that our readers may have an idea of  
 the pace, and fifth quarter being the only one  
 that rises to the dignity of a great race, and in  
 that Ten Broeck and Tom Ochiltree were head  
 and head. The first quarter 30½, second 29,  
 third 29, fourth 27, fifth 24½, sixth 27½, seventh  
 27½, eighth 27, ninth 27½, tenth 29½. The in-  
 tensity of the pace (for the track was good as  
 the other races show), was not such as would  
 have made Ten Broeck or Ochiltree quit if in  
 splendid condition. The fastest half mile was  
 run in 51½, at the rate of 1:53½ to the mile, not  
 a very killing pace for three of the fastest and  
 best horses on the turf. Some assert their belief  
 that Ten Broeck was got at, and many clever  
 gentlemen believe there was some foundation  
 for the report, from the way the horses ran and  
 his violent purging during the progress of the  
 race. While we are free to acknowledge that  
 there are many mysterious circumstances con-  
 nected with the race, we do not believe the  
 horse was tampered with, though we cannot ac-  
 count for his purging. The betting we have  
 always found, furnishes the best criterion to  
 judge of such matters. When a horse has been  
 made safe for a race, the field that opposes him  
 rises in value as the time for starting draws  
 near. This was not the case in this race, and  
 instead of Ten Broeck going back in the betting  
 he increased in favorism until the flag fell. Ten

Mr. Wm. Trask, the owner of Lady Grant,  
 has accepted the proposition of *The Item*, to  
 trot at Centreville Park, Philadelphia, be-  
 fore the close of the present season, for a  
 purse of \$1,000, to beat Goldsmith Maid's  
 best time—2:14. Mr. Trask has also accept-  
 ed *The Item's* proposition to trot the Lady,  
 at same time and place, a mile in 2:00, for a  
 purse of \$2,000. It is as well to remark here  
 that neither purse will be paid to the owner  
 of Lady Grant in the event of her failing to  
 trot in the stipulated time. The following is  
 Mr. Trask's letter of acceptance:

Orlando, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1877.

Editors *The Item*.—I accept the proposition in  
*The Item* of Oct. 21. As soon as I can arrange  
 my business I will write you again and set the  
 time. I expect to go to Albany next week and  
 trot for the citizens of that place. I shall be ac-  
 commodated with a mile track there. If I go I  
 shall be better prepared to report what the Lady  
 can do, but as the matter stands you need not  
 feel very modest in inviting the public to see the  
 Lady and witness her performance.  
 Respectfully yours,  
 Wm. Trask.

**A X AT JEROME.**

The secret of the recent match at Jerome  
 Park, between the colts Piper Heidsieck and  
 W. I. Higgins, has leaked out. It was made  
 public by George Longstaff, the owner of Hig-  
 gins, who should certainly know whereof he  
 speaks. Mr. L. states that Wm. Drennon, who  
 owns Piper Heidsieck, came to him with a pro-  
 position to back the Piper against Higgins for  
 \$500 a side, and as he desired to sell his colt he  
 was anxious that he should be allowed to win.  
 He therefore wanted, to speak plainly, what is  
 generally known as a "sure thing." Mr. Long-  
 staff was willing enough to make the match as  
 proposed, but he was not willing, according to  
 his story, to give his trainer directions to have  
 Higgins deliberately pulled. To obviate this, he  
 gave Drennon the privilege of naming the  
 jockey for Higgins, at once concluded negotia-  
 tions for the match, gave me a \$500 check for  
 his portion of the stakes, and went straightway  
 and backed the Piper to win for \$500. By this  
 means he calculated to stand-off his interest in  
 the stakes and do a friendly act at the same  
 time for his countryman, Drennon. The race  
 was run, but somehow or another the winner  
 turned up in Higgins, who, according to the  
 bond, should have lost. Spillman had the  
 mount on Higgins, and Barbee piloted the  
 Piper. The latter, it is almost needless to add,  
 has not yet been sold, and Drennon,  
 instead of winning a handsome stake on his  
 "sure thing," is largely indebted to those who  
 trusted him for pool-tickets on the strength of  
 it. Mr. Drennon, with a hard winter staring him  
 in the face, naturally enough feels chagrined at  
 the miscarriage of his plans, and has appealed  
 to the courts for redress. He has not only re-  
 fused to pay over the stake-money, but cruelly  
 leaves the pool-sellers in the lurch. We have  
 given the story as it was publicly told by Mr.  
 Longstaff at Baltimore last week. Drennon has  
 yet to be heard from. From his own showing,  
 Mr. Longstaff is certainly not to be envied. It  
 was all very well for him to do a good turn for  
 his friend, Drennon, but it was against public  
 policy to do it at the expense of innocent out-  
 siders. The American Jockey Club, the vigilant  
 guardian of the interests of the Turf as an in-  
 stitution, is investigating the matter, and there  
 is every probability that both Drennon and  
 Longstaff will receive their deserts. One thing  
 is certain—there will be fewer "matches" of  
 this character at Jerome Park in future.—*Turf.*

**SALMON IN LAKE ONTARIO.**—Several fine  
 salmon have appeared in Duffins Creek.

**AN EASY CAPTURE.**—On Sunday week the  
 children of Mr. John Smith, whose farm is  
 situated in Gloucester township, about five  
 miles from Ottawa, on the south bank of the  
 Rideau River, perceived a fine deer attempt  
 to jump the fence of the Ottawa & St. Law-  
 rence Railway. The animal, which pro-  
 bably had been driven from the woods,  
 was making for the water, and, getting its  
 feet caught in the fence, afforded an easy  
 capture.

the present season, and they  
 will be sufficiently enticing to attract all our  
 leading experts. Since Mr. James Bennett,  
 ex-champion, has taken up his residence in  
 the commercial metropolis, the game has  
 commenced to look up there.

They had quite a time at a billiard saloon  
 on King street, Hamilton, one night last  
 week. A man who was playing pool took  
 one of the balls off the rack and pressed  
 down the lighted tobacco in his pipe with it.  
 The ball took fire and burnt furiously, and  
 could neither be extinguished or put out of  
 the house. It created considerable excite-  
 ment for a while, and when it burnt itself  
 out there was nothing left but a charred  
 mass of *papier mache*. Such is the ivory of  
 modern days.

**"CANADA BILL."**

HE DIES OF CONSUMPTION IN A HOSPITAL.—HIS  
 BURIAL AND SOMETHING ABOUT HIS CAREER.

The Reading, Penn., Eagle has the follow-  
 ing account of "Canada Bill," the monte  
 king.

"Canada Bill" died of consumption in the  
 county hospital. His funeral was probably  
 the strangest ever seen in the Charles Evans  
 cemetery, for there were neither tears nor  
 women nor minister about the grave that now  
 holds the remains of a man who died penni-  
 less in a strange land, but had the name one  
 time of having won nearly \$600,000 at three-  
 card monte. His body was brought to the  
 undertaker's room in this city, and thence  
 taken to the cemetery, where a dozen or  
 more representatives of the sporting fraterni-  
 ty of Reading had congregated about the  
 grave to do the last honors for this "old  
 sport," who had won money on nearly every  
 railroad in the United States east of the Rocky  
 mountains. After the hearse approached the  
 grave and the walnut coffin had been taken  
 out and placed on a bier, the question was  
 asked whether the remains were in it. The  
 undertaker guessed that were still there.  
 "Unscrew the lid," the master of ceremon-  
 ies ordered. "Bill was in many a tight box  
 and he worked himself out somehow or other,  
 and it's no dead sure thing that he ain't get  
 out on the trip to the cemetery." While  
 they were taking off the lid it was noticed  
 that the screws were not solid silver. One  
 of the mourners remarked that Bill's game  
 had not been one of the squarest, but he  
 guessed there were tricks in all trades as well  
 as the monte players. The corpse was found  
 in the coffin. The men had made arrange-  
 ments with one of their acquaintances to read  
 a prayer or short burial service at the grave,  
 but he came not. The wind was raw and  
 chilly, and after the lid had been again  
 screwed on, orders were given that the in-  
 terment should be made. Canada Bill's  
 proper name was William Jones. He was  
 an English Gypsy, and came to this country  
 seventeen years ago. He drifted into King-  
 ston, Canada, where he got the name of  
 Canada Bill. He operated all over the north  
 during the war, and after the war closed he  
 was on the Red river and on the Mississippi.  
 He was always dressed in a very slouchy  
 manner, and cared nothing for good clothes  
 or jewelry of any kind. He won thousands  
 of dollars on the Mississippi in the disguise of  
 a planter. At one time he had a livery stable,  
 and kept 200 negroes at work clearing swamp  
 land at the mouth of the Red river. Subse-  
 quently he operated at monte on the Kansas  
 Pacific and Union Pacific railroads, running  
 out from Kansas City and Omaha. He be-  
 came infamously known all over the country.  
 All the tricks in "monte" were invented by  
 Canada Bill. He always traveled as a coun-  
 tryman. He is said to have won thousands  
 of dollars on the trains, and as soon as he had  
 won it he lost it at playing faro. His friends  
 say that in Chicago alone, in 1874, he won  
 \$75,000 in three months, and yet he died  
 penniless, and had to be buried at the ex-  
 pense of an old friend. He was about forty  
 years of age.

# Kate Coventry!

## CHAPTER XXI.

(CONTINUED.)

And why should the world make this dead set at poor Mrs. Peony? She is good-looking, soft-hearted, and unaffected; she laughs when she is pleased, and cries when she is touched. She is altogether frank, and natural, and womanly. Can these be good reasons for running her down? Heaven knows! but run down she is, just as the hypocritical Lady Straightlace is cried up. Well, we must take things as they are, and make the best of them. So Frank and I walked on through the pleasant fields in the darkening twilight, and I for one enjoyed it excessively, and was quite sorry when a great bell sounding from the house warned us that it was time to return, and that our absence would too surely be the subject of remark should we linger out of doors any longer. I never knew Frank so agreeable; on every topic he was brilliant, and lively, and amusing. Only once, in some casual remark about the future, there was a shade of melancholy in his tone, more like what he used to be formerly. Somehow I don't think I liked him so well in his best spirits; perhaps I was myself changed in the last few weeks. I used often to think so. At first, during that walk, I feared lest Frank should touch upon a topic which would have been far from unwelcome a short time ago. I soon saw he had not the slightest intention of doing so, and I confess I was immensely relieved. I had dreaded the possibility of being obliged at least to give a decided answer—of having my own fate in my own hands, and feeling totally incapable of choosing for myself. But I might have spared my nerves all such misgivings—my cavalier never gave me an opportunity of even fancying myself in such a dilemma till just as we reached the house, when, spying Mrs. Lumley and Miss Molasses returning from their stroll, he started, colored up a little, like a guilty man, and acted as though he would have escaped their notice. I was provoked.

'Don't desert your colors, Captain Lovell,' I said, in a firm voice; 'Miss Molasses is looking for you, even now.'

'Unbecomingly,' muttered Frank, biting his lip, and looking really annoyed, 'O Miss Coventry! O Kate! give me an opportunity of explaining all.'

'Explain nothing,' was my reply; 'we understand each other perfectly. It is time for me to go in and dress.' So I marched into the house, and left him looking foolish—if Frank ever could look foolish—on the doorstep. As I hurried along the passages, I encountered Lady Scapegrace.

'What's the matter, Kate?' said she, following me into my room; 'you look as if something had happened. No bad news, I trust, from Aunt Deborah?'

I burst into tears. Kindness always overcomes me completely, and then I make a fool of myself.

'Nothing's the matter, I sobbed out, 'only I'm tired and nervous, Lady Scapegrace, and I want to dress.'

My mistress slipped quietly out of the room, and presently returned with some salt water, and she made me drink it every drop.

'I must have a talk to you, Kate,' said she, but not now, the dinner-bell will ring in ten minutes, and she, too, hurried away to perform her toilet.

As I got older, I take to moralising, and I am afraid I waste a good deal of valuable time in speculating on the thoughts, ideas, and, so to speak, the inner life of my neighbors. It is curious to observe a large well-dressed party seated at dinner, all apparently frank and open as the day, full of fun and good humor, saying whatever comes uppermost, and all outward seeming laying bare every cranny and every thought of their hearts, and then to reflect that each one of them through their separate life, secretly distinct from

time over-head-and-ears in love with Frank Lovell, and ready to do anything he asked her at a moment's notice. There was Frank himself, gay and debonnaire. Outwardly the lightest-hearted man in the company; inwardly, I have reason to know, tormented with misgivings and stung by self-reproach. Playing a double game—attached to one woman and courting another, despising himself thoroughly the while; hemmed in by difficulties, and loaded with debt, hampered by a bad book on 'The Two Thousand,' and playing hide-and-seek even now with the Jews, Frank's real existence was very different from the one he showed his friends. So with the rest of the party. Old Mrs. Molasses was bothered by her maid; Mr. Lumley puzzled by his beetles; his wife involved in a thousand schemes of mischief-making, which kept her in perpetual hot water; all, even honest Cousin John, were sedulously hiding their real thoughts from their companions; all were playing the game with counters, of which indeed they were lavish enough; but had you asked for a bit of sterling coin, fresh from the mint, and stamped with the impress of truth, they would have buttoned their pockets closer than ever: ay, though you had been bankrupt and penniless, they would have seen you further first, and then they wouldn't.

So we flirted, and talked, and laughed, and adjourned to the drawing-room, where, after a proper interval, we were joined by the gentlemen, who, in consideration of the day, consented for that one evening in the week to forego their usual games of chance or skill, such as whist, billiards, and cockamamoo. But the essential inanity of a fashionable party requires to be amused, so we set round a large table, and played at 'letters,' sedulously 'shuffling' the handsome ivory capitals as we gave each other long jaw-breaking words, the difficulties of which were much enhanced by their being misspelt, but which nevertheless formed a very appropriate vehicle for 'what the world calls 'flirtation.' I can always find out other people's words much quicker than my own, and whilst I was puzzling over 'contipede,' and teasing Mrs. Lumley, who had given it me, for the initial letter, I peeped over the shoulder of my next neighbor, Miss Molasses, and made out clearly enough the word she had just received from Frank Lovell: she would not have discovered it for a century, but I read it at a glance. I just looked at Frank, who blushed like a girl, took it back, vowing he had spelt it wrong, and gave her another. Did he think to throw dust in my eyes? There is a stage of mental suffering at which we grow naturally clear-sighted. I had arrived at it long ago. Watching every action of my neighbors, I had yet ears for all that was going around. Sir Guy, occupying a position on the hearth-rug, with his coat-tails over his arms, was haranguing the clergyman of the parish, a quiet, meek little man, who dined at Scamperley regularly on Sunday, and appeared frightened out of his wits. He was a man of education and intellect, a ripe scholar, a middling preacher, and a profound logician: but he was completely overpowered by coarse, ignorant, noisy Sir Guy.

'Driving—how?' said the Baronet: 'we're all fond of driving' here, Mr. Waxy; there's a young lady who will teach you to handle the ribbons. Gad, she'd make the crop-eared mare step along. Have you got the old mare still? Devilish good old mare!'

No child of man is too learned, or too quiet, or too humble, to feel flattered at praise of his horse. Mr. Waxy blushed a moist yellow as he replied—

'Very good of you to remember her, Sir Guy—doyle and safe, and gentle withal, Sir Guy; but I don't drive her myself, Sir Guy,' added Mr. Waxy, raising his hands deprecatingly—as who should say, 'Heaven forbid! I don't drive myself, sir; no—no—my lad assumes the reins; and notwithstanding the potency of your Scamperley ale, Sir Guy, we manage to arrive pretty safe at our destination.'

'Quite right, Mr. Waxy,' vociferated Sir Guy. 'Did I ever tell you what happened to me once, when I took it into my head to drive my own chariot home? Look ye here, sir, I'll tell ye how it was. I was unmarried then, Mr. Waxy, and as innocent as a babe, day or night. Well, I had been to a ball at

he took his departure immediately; and of course, directly there was a move, the ladies went to bed.

'Come to my room, Kate,' whispered Lady Scapegrace, as we lighted our hand-candles: 'you can go the short way through the boudoir: I want to speak a word with you.'

## CHAPTER XXII.

'Kate,' said Lady Scapegrace, as she shut the door of her snug dressing-room, and wheeled an easy chair before the fire for my benefit—'Kate, you're a foolish girl; it strikes me you are playing a dangerous game and playing it all wrong, moreover. I can see more than you think. Do you know the difference between real diamonds and paste? Not you, you little goose. But you shall, if I can teach you. Kate, have you ever heard me talked about? Did you ever hear any good of me?' I was forced to answer both questions—the former in the affirmative, the latter in the negative.

'Do you believe I'm as bad as they give me credit for?' proceeded her ladyship.

'No, no!' I replied, taking her hand and kissing it; for I really liked Lady Scapegrace. 'Let them say what they will, I won't believe anything bad of you at all.'

'I have had a strange life, Kate,' said she: 'and perhaps not quite fair play. Well, the worst is over now, at any rate. I don't much care how short the remainder may be. Kate, did you ever hear I was a murderer?'

'No, no!' I repeated, taking her hand once more; for I was shocked and half-frightened at the expression of her countenance. 'I never heard anybody say more than that you were odd, and a flirt, and perhaps not very much attached to Sir Guy.'

Lady Scapegrace shuddered. 'I owe you a great deal, Miss Coventry,' she resumed—'a great deal more than I can ever hope to repay. I consider that you once saved my life, but of that I make small account; you have done me a far greater kindness—you have interested me; you have made me fond of you: you have taught me to feel like a woman again. The least I can do in return is to watch you and warn you—to show you the rock on which I made shipwreck, and beseech you to avoid it. Kate, you've heard of my Cousin Latimer; would you like to see his picture?'

Lady Scapegrace rose, walked to a small cabinet, unlocked it, and produced a miniature, which she placed in my hands. If the painter had not flattered him, Cousin Latimer was indeed a handsome boy. There was genius on his wide, bold forehead, and resolution in his firm, well-cut mouth; his large dark eyes betrayed strong passions and keen intelligence, whilst high birth was stamped on his fine features and chivalrous expression of countenance. Poor Cousin Latimer!

'Look at that, Kate,' said Lady Scapegrace, in low chilling tones; 'the last time I saw him, that was his very image. Thank God, I never beheld him when those kind features were cold and rigid—that white neck gashed by his own hand! O Kate! 'tis a sad story. I have not mentioned it for twenty years; but it's a relief to talk of it now. Surely I was not altogether to blame; surely he might have given me time; he need not have been so hasty—so desperate.'

'Listen, Kate. I was one of a large family of girls. All my sisters were beautiful; all were vain of their charms. As I grew up, I heard nothing talked about but conquests, and lovers, and captivation. I thought to dazzle and enslave the opposite sex was the noblest aim of woman. Latimer was brought up with us; we called him 'Cousin,' though he was in reality a very distant connection. Poor boy! lay by day I could see he was growing more and more attached to me. Latimer always brought me the earliest roses. Latimer helped me with my drawing, and did my commissions, and turned the leaves when I played on the pianoforte, and hung over the instrument when I sang. In short, Latimer was my slave, in body and soul, and the consequence was, Kate, that

ran away from her a year afterwards. One of these officers, a captain in the regiment, was an especial flirt of mine; he was a good looking, agreeable man, and a beautiful waltzer. I recollect the night as well as if it was yesterday; the officers arriving in their uniforms—my father standing behind us, proclaimed aloud his pride in his six handsome daughters—Cousin Latimer claiming my hand for the first dance, and my refusal, notwithstanding my long promise, on the plea that I was engaged to Captain Normanton. Poor boy! I can see his pained, eager face now. 'You do what you like with me,' he said; 'but you must dance the next.' I laughed and promised.

'Captain Normanton was very agreeable; he was the most dashing-looking fellow in the room, and I liked the vanity of parading him about in his uniform, and showing my sisters and others the power I had over Cousin Latimer. Once more the latter claimed my promise, and once more I threw him over. I glanced triumphantly at him as he watched me from a corner; and the more he gazed the more I acted at him, as if I was making violent love to my partner. Somehow, without looking, I saw every shade of Latimer's countenance. Once or twice I had compassion, but there was the excitement of vanity and novelty to lure me on.

'For the first time in my life, I knew how much it was possible for men to care for us; and I could not resist torturing my victim to the utmost. Fool that I was! Cousin Latimer came up to me once more. Though annoyed and hurt, he mustered a good-humoured smile as he said, 'For the third and last time, will you dance with him?' 'But you don't waltz half as well as Captain Normanton,' I replied; 'I like him best;' and away I whirled again with the delighted hussar.

'The instant I had spoken, I felt that I had gone too far. I would have given anything to unsay those foolish words, but it was too late. When I stopped, panting and breathless, after the dance, Cousin Latimer came quite close to me. I never saw a face so changed; he was deadly pale, and there was a sweet, melancholy expression in his countenance that contrasted strangely with the wild gleam in his eye. He spoke very low, almost softly, but in a voice I had never heard before. He only said, "God forgive you, dear!—you try me too much." I never saw him again, Kate—never.

'When I heard what had happened, I was laid up for months with brain fever; they cut all my hair off; they pinioned me; they did all that skill and science could do, and I recovered. Would to God that I had died! I do not think my head has ever been right since.

'Kate! Kate! would you have such feelings as mine? Should you like to live all your life haunted by one pale face? Would you wish never to enjoy a strain of music, a gleam of sunshine, a single, simple, natural pleasure, because of the phantom? Be warned, my dear, before it is too late. I tell you honestly, I never forgot him; I tell you I never forgive myself. What did I care for any of them, except poor Alphonse—and I only liked Alphonse because he reminded me of the dead. Do you think I was not a reckless woman when I married Sir Guy?'

'Do you think I have not been punished and humiliated enough? Heaven forbid, my dear, that your fate should resemble mine! I read your feelings far more plainly than you do yourself. You have a kind, generous, noble heart deeply attached to you; don't be a fool, as I was; don't throw him over for the sake of an empty-headed, flirting, good-for-nothing rouse, who will forget you in a fortnight. Strong language, Kate, is it not? But think over what I have told you. Good-night, dear. What would I give to yawn as honestly as you do, and to sleep sound once again, as I used to sleep when I was a girl!'

I took my candle, and kissed Lady Scapegrace affectionately as I thanked her, and wished her good-night. It was already late, and my room was quite at the other end of the house. As I sped along, devoutly trusting I should not meet any of the gentlemen on their way to bed, I spied a figure advancing towards me from the end of a long

passage, and the light from his candle showed me my only chance. A covered shower-bath stood in the corner of the apartment, and into that shower-bath I jumped, closing the curtains all round me, but, as may be easily believed, taking very particular care not to pull the string. Scarcely was I fairly ensconced before Frank Lovell made his appearance; and I saw at once, through a hole in the curtains, that he was the lawful occupier and possessor of the apartment.

Here was a predicament indeed! If the emergency had not been so desperate, I must have fainted. 'Good gracious,' I thought, 'if he should lock the door!' Frank, however, seemed to have no such intention; I believe this is a precaution gentlemen seldom adopt. On the contrary, he proceeded to make himself thoroughly at home. Lighting his candle, he leisurely divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, unfolded his person in a large loose dressing-gown, leaned his head on both hands, and gave a deep sigh. Apparently much relieved by this process, he took up his hair-brushes, and after a good refreshing turn at his locks and whiskers, and a muttered compliment to his own reflection in the glass, that sounded very like 'You fool!' he unlocked a small writing-case, and producing from it a little bundle of letters, tied up with a little pink ribbon, selected them one by one, and read them over from beginning to end, kissing each with devout fervour as he replaced it carefully in its envelope. I would have given a great deal to know who they were from; their perusal seemed to afford him mingled satisfaction and annoyance: but he sighed heavily again, and I saw he had a long lock of hair in his fingers, which he gazed at till the tears stood in his eyes. He kissed it, the traitor! and fondled it, and spoke to it, and clasped it to his heart (men are just as great fools as we are). Whose could it be? Not mine, certainly, for I never gave him such a thing. Miss Molasses? No; hers was black, and rather coarse; this was a silky chestnut. Could it have belonged to Mrs. Lumley? Hers was very much of the color and I often thought Frank rather epish with her. Nonsense! that lively lady had not an atom of sentiment in her composition; she would just as soon have thought of working him a counterpane.

I was so interested in my discoveries, that I forgot altogether my own critical position, the impracticability of escape till Frank had gone to sleep, the chance of arousing him as I went out, or, more alarming still, the awful possibility of his lying awake all night. When morning dawned, concealment could no longer be preserved, and what to do then? I meditated a bold stroke—to rush from my hiding-place, blow out both the candles before my host had recovered his surprise, and then run for it. There was I on the eve of this perilous enterprise. Thrice my courage failed me at the critical moment. The fourth time I think I should have gone, when a knock at the door arrested my attention, and Frank's 'Come in' welcomed a visitor whose voice I well knew to be that of Cousin John. The plot began to thicken. It was impossible to get away now.

'Lovell,' said John, in an unusually grave voice, 'I told you I wanted to speak a word with you, and this is the only time I can make sure of finding you alone.'

Frank was busy huddling his treasures back to the writing-case.

'Drive on, old fellow,' said he, 'there's lots of time; it's not two o'clock yet.'

'Lovell,' proceeded John, 'you are an old friend of mine, and I have a great regard for you, but I have a duty to perform, and I must go through with it. Point-blank, on your honor as a man, I ask you, are you or are you not engaged to be married to Miss Molasses?'

Frank colored, hesitated, looked confused, and then got angry.

'No intimacy can give a right to ask such a question,' he replied, talking very fast and excitedly; 'you take an unwarrantable liberty, both with her and me. Who told you I was going to be married at all? or what business is it of yours whether I am married or not?'

John began to get heated too, but he

...muttered Frank, biting his lip, and looking really annoyed; 'O Miss Coventry! O Kate! give me an opportunity of spanning all.'

'Explain nothing,' was my reply; 'we understand each other perfectly. It is time for me to go in and dress.' So I marched into the house, and left him looking foolish—if Frank ever could look foolish—on the doorstep. As I hurried along the passage, I encountered Lady Seapegrace.

'What's the matter, Kate?' said she, following me into my room; 'you look as if some thing had happened. No bad news, I trust, from Aunt Deborah?'

I burst into tears. Kindness always overcomes me completely, and then I make a fool of myself.

'Nothing's the matter,' I sobbed out, 'only I'm tired and nervous, Lady Seapegrace, and I want to dress.'

My mistress slipped quietly out of the room, and presently returned with some *sal volatile* and water; she made me drink it every drop.

'I must have a talk to you, Kate,' said she, but not now, the dinner-bell will ring in ten minutes, and she, too, hurried away to perform her toilet.

As I got older, I take to morning; and I am afraid I waste a good deal of valuable time in speculating on the thoughts, ideas, and, so to speak, the inner life of my neighbors. It is curious to observe a large well-dressed party seated at dinner, all apparently frank and open as the day, full of fun and good humor, saying whatever comes uppermost, and to all outward seeming laying bare every crevice and cranny of their hearts, and then to reflect that each one of the throng has a separate life, entirely distinct from that which he or she parades before the public, cherished perhaps with a miser's care, or encircled with a martyr's fortitude. Sir Guy, sitting at the bottom of his table, drinking rather more wine than usual—perhaps because it was Sunday, and the enforced duties of the day had somewhat damped his spirits—looked a jovial, thoughtful, merry, easy-going gentleman, as we call it, in my eyes, and to say vulgar, but still open-hearted, generous, and hospitable. Was there no skeleton in Sir Guy's mental cupboard? Were there no phantoms that would rise up, like *Don Quixote's* ghost, unbidden, at his board? Who he smacked his great lips over those tempters of dark red Burgundy, had he quite forgotten the days of old—the friends he had seduced and made fools of—the kind hearts he had loved and betrayed? Did he ever think of my eyes and the hanging sword? Could he summon courage to look into the mirror, or fortitude to view the past? Sir Guy was a strong, healthy, sensuous creature, in which the physical far outweighed the intellectual, and yet I verily believe his conscience sometimes nearly drove him mad.

Then there was my lady, sitting at the top of her table, the very picture of courtesy, affable, well-breasted; perhaps, if anything, a little too placid and immovable in her outward demeanor. Who would have suspected that the wild and stormy passions that were raging beneath so calm a surface? Who would suppose that stately, reserved, lady-like-looking woman had the reckless, unscrupulous, big game and the capriciousness of a wild? A physiognomist might have marked the traces of strong passions in her deep-set eyes and the lines about her mouth. Damages done by the passions, that years of time can never repair, but that had been a page or two in my life's journal, that with all its acute sufferings, had been a mere page in the life of my lady. My mother-in-law, I think, had a very good eye, and she would have said, 'nuptial says, "upright as a bolt," but all the

he think to throw dust in my eyes? There is a stage of mental suffering at which we grow naturally clear-sighted. I had arrived at it long ago. Watching every action of my neighbors, I had yet ears for all that was going around. Sir Guy, occupying a position on the hearth-rug, with his coat-tails over his arms, was haranguing the clergyman of the parish, a quiet, meek little man, who dined at Scamperley regularly on Sunday, and appeared frightened out of his wits. He was a man of education and intellect, a ripe scholar, a middling preacher, and a profound logician; but he was completely overpowered by coarse, ignorant, noisy Sir Guy.

'Driving—hey?' said the Baronet: 'we're all fond of driving' here, Mr. Waxy; there's a young lady who will teach you to handle the ribbons. Gad, she'd make the crop-eared mare step along. Have you got the old mare still? Devilish good old mare!'

No child of man is too learned, or too quiet, or too humble, to feel flattered at praise of his horse. Mr. Waxy flushed a moist yellow as he replied—

'Very good of you to remember her, Sir Guy—docile and safe, and gentle withal, Sir Guy; but I don't drive her myself, Sir Guy,' added Mr. Waxy, raising his hands deprecatingly—as who should say, 'Heaven forbid! I don't drive myself, sir; no—no—my lad assumes the reins; and notwithstanding the potency of your Scamperley ale, Sir Guy, we manage to arrive pretty safe at our destination.'

'Quite right, Mr. Waxy,' vociferated Sir Guy. 'Did I ever tell you what happened to me once, when I took it into my head to drive my own chariot home? Look ye here, sir, I'll tell ye how it was. I was unmarried then, Mr. Waxy, and as innocent as a babe, d'ye see? Well, sir, I'd been to a *battue* at my friend Rocketter's; and what with staying to dinner, and a ball and a supper afterwards, it was very late before I started for Scamperley, and all the servants were drunk, as a matter of course. Why, sir, when I came out of the house, there were my carriage and horses standing on a line with some dozen others, and devil a soul to look after 'em. What should you have done, Mr. Waxy? Sworn like a trooper, I'll warrant it!'

Mr. Waxy shook his head with an air of mild deprecation.

'Well, sir,' continued Sir Guy, 'I'll tell you what I did. I jumped on the box, sir, before you could say Jack Robinson. I put on my own coachman's box-coat, sir, and drove 'em home myself. Thinks I, "I'll give the rascals a precious benefit, they'll have to walk every mile of the way"—nine miles, and as dark as pitch, Mr. Waxy—as dark as pitch! Well, sir, I had a London footman, who was a sharp-shin fellow, and used to dissipation in general; he heard the carriage drive off, and ran to catch it. I gave him a pretty good breather as I rattled down the avenue. The fellow puffed like a grampus when he got up behind, making no doubt it was all right, and he hadn't been found out. The horses knew they were going home, and it wasn't long before I pulled up at my own door. Down gets John, all officiousness and alacrity to make up for past courtesies, and rings a peal that might wake the dead. Directly he hears them beginning to unbar, he opens the carriage door and looks in—no master! The day was just dawning. I shall never forget the fellow's face as he looked up, mistaking me, muffled as I was in my own livery, for his fellow-servant.

'I always told you how it would be, Peter,' said I, turning up a face of drunken wisdom. 'And as it is come to pass, the devil's hand took Sir Guy at last, and if he's a man, he'll be as good as dead, it's a pity. I had bargain for both of 'em!'

Poor Mr. Waxy was obliged to laugh, but

beech-wood to avoid it. Kate, you've heard of my Cousin Latimer; would you like to see his picture?'

Lady Seapegrace rose, walked to a small cabinet, unlocked it, and produced a miniature, which she placed in my hands. If the painter had not flattered him, Cousin Latimer was indeed a handsome boy. There was *genius on his wide, bold forehead, and resolution in his firm, well-cut mouth; his large dark eyes betrayed strong passions and keen intelligence, whilst high birth was stamped on his fine features and chivalrous expression of countenance.* Poor Cousin Latimer!

'Look at that, Kate,' said Lady Seapegrace, in low chilling tones; 'the last time I saw him, that was his very image. Thank God, I never beheld him when those kind features were cold and rigid—that white neck gashed by his own hand! O Kate! 'tis a sad story. I have not mentioned it for twenty years; but it's a relief to talk of it now. Surely I was not altogether to blame; surely he might have given me time; he need not have been so hasty—so desperate.'

'Listen, Kate. I was one of a large family of girls. All my sisters were beautiful; all were vain of their charms. As I grew up, I heard nothing talk'd about but conquests, and lovers, and captivation. I thought to dazzle and enslave the opposite sex was the noblest aim of woman. Latimer was brought up with us; we called him 'Cousin,' though he was in reality a very distant connection. Poor boy! day by day I could see he was growing more and more attached to me. Latimer always brought me the earliest roses. Latimer helped me with my drawing, and did my commissions, and turned the leaves when I played on the pianoforte, and hung over the instrument when I sang. In short, Latimer was my slave, in body and soul; and the consequence was, Kate, that I cared very little for him. My sisters, to be sure, joked me about my conquest; and I felt, I confess, a proper pride in owning a lover, like the rest; but of real affection for him I had then very little; and often think, my dear, that we women seldom value devotion such as his till too late. I was not old enough to think seriously of marriage; but Latimer was convinced I should become his wife, and (poor fellow!) made all his arrangements and schemes for the future upon this idea, with a forethought scarcely to be expected from one so young.

'Well, years crept on, and I 'came out,' as you young ladies call it, and was presented at court, and went to balls, and began to make the most of my time, and enjoy life after the manner of my kind. Of course, I was no wiser than my elders. I danced, and smiled, and flirted, as I had seen my sisters do; and the more partners I could refuse, the better I was pleased. One day Cousin Latimer came to me, and spoke out honestly and explicitly. He told me of all his hopes, his misgivings, his future as I had the power to make it, and his love. I was pleased and flattered. I felt I liked Cousin Latimer better than any one in the world; but there were two things I liked even better than Cousin Latimer; these were power and admiration. Of the former I could obtain as much as I coveted; of the latter I determined to take my fill. We were that night to have a grand ball in the house, and was much occupied in decorating the rooms, and other preparations, such as we girls delight in. I put off Latimer with half promises and vague assurances, which sent him away more in love with me than ever. I was to dance the first quadrille with him. It was an engagement of at least a month's standing, and he had rather wearied me by too often reminding me of it.

'There was a regiment of Hussars quartered in our neighborhood, and we were well acquainted with most of the officers. The more so as one of my sisters was engaged to be married to the major, who, by the way,

laid up for months with brain fever; they cut all my hair off; they pinioned me; they did all that skill and science could do, and I recovered. Would to God that I had died! I do not think my head has ever been right since.

'Kate! Kate! would you have such feelings as mine? Should you like to live all your life haunted by one pale face? Would you wish never to enjoy a strain of music, a gleam of sunshine, a single, simple, natural pleasure, because of the phantom? Be warned, my dear, before it is too late. I tell you honestly, I never forgot him; I tell you I never forgave myself. What did I care for any of them, except poor Alphonse—and I only liked Alphonse because he reminded me of the dead. Do you think I was not a reckless woman when I married Sir Guy?'

'Do you think I have not been punished and humiliated enough? Heaven forbid, my dear, that your fate should resemble mine! I read your feelings far more plainly than you do yourself. You have a kind, generous, noble heart deeply attached to you; don't be a fool, as I was; don't throw him over for the sake of an empty-headed, flirting, good-for-nothing *roue*, who will forget you in a fortnight. Strong language, Kate, is it not? But think over what I have told you. Good-night, dear. What would I give to yawn as honestly as you do, and to sleep sound once again, as I used to sleep when I was a girl!'

I took my candle, and kissed Lady Seapegrace affectionately as I thanked her, and wished her good-night. It was already late, and my room was quite at the other end of the house. As I sped along, devoutly trusting I should not meet any of the gentlemen on their way to bed, I spied a figure advancing towards me from the end of a long corridor. It was attired in a flowing dressing-gown of crimson silk, with magnificent Turkish slippers, and carried a hand candlestick; much off the perpendicular, as it swayed up the passage in a somewhat devious course. When it caught sight of me, it extended both its arms, regardless of the melted wax with which such a manoeuvre bedaubed the wall, and prepared, with many endearing and complimentary expressions, to bar my further progress.

The figure was no less a person than Sir Guy, half tipsy, proceeding from his dressing-room to bed. What to do I knew not. I shuddered at the idea of meeting the Baronet at such an hour, and in so excited a state. I loathed and hated him at all times, and I quite trembled now to face his odious compliments and impertinent *double entendres*. My hunting experience, however, had given me a quick eye to see my way out of a difficulty; and espying a green baize door on my right I rushed through it, and down a flight of stone steps that led I knew not where. Giving a view-holloa that must have startled every light sleeper in the house, Sir Guy followed close in my wake, dropping the silver candlestick with a most alarming clatter. I saw I had not the speed of him to any great extent, so I dodged into the first empty room I came to, and blowing out my light, resolved to lie there *perdue* until my pursuer had overrun the scent.

The manoeuvre answered admirably so far. I heard the enemy swearing volubly as he blundered along the passage, thinking I was still before him; and I now prepared to grope my way back in the dark to my own room. But I had not escaped yet. To my infinite dismay, I heard the voice of gentlemen wishing each other good-night, and proceeding along the passage from the direction of the smoking room. Horror of horrors! a light approached the door of the very room in which I had taken refuge, in another second he would enter—the man would find me in his room. He stopped a moment on the threshold to fire a parting jest at his com-

panion, the chance of arousing him as I went out, or, more alarming still, the awful possibility of his lying awake all night. When morning dawned, concealment could no longer be preserved, and what to do then? I meditated a bold stroke—to rush from my hiding-place, blow out both the candles before my host had recovered his surprise, and then run for it. There was I on the eve of this perilous enterprise. Thrice my courage failed me at the critical moment. The fourth time I think I should have gone, when a knock at the door arrested my attention, and Frank's 'Come in' welcomed a visitor whose voice I well knew to be that of Cousin John. The plot began to thicken. It was impossible to get away now.

'Lovell,' said John, in an unusually grave voice, 'I told you I wanted to speak a word with you, and this is the only time I can make sure of finding you alone.'

Frank was busy huddling his treasures back into the writing-case.

'Drive on, old fellow,' said he, 'there's lots of time; it's not two o'clock yet.'

'Lovell,' proceeded John, 'you are an old friend of mine, and I have a great regard for you, but I have a duty to perform, and I must go through with it. Point-blank, on your honor as a man, I ask you, are you or are you not engaged to be married to Miss Molasses?'

Frank colored, hesitated, looked confused, and then got angry.

'No intimacy can give a right to ask such a question,' he replied, talking very fast and excitedly; 'you take an unwarrantable liberty, both with her and me. Who told you I was going to be married at all? or what business is it of yours whether I am married or not?'

John began to get heated too, but he looked very determined.

'I am sorry you should take it thus,' he replied, 'for you force me at once to come to the point. As the nearest relation and natural guardian of my cousin, Miss Coventry, I must ask your intention with regard to that young lady. I have often remarked you paid her great attention, but it was till to-day that I heard your name coupled with hers, and a doubt expressed as to which of the ladies I have mentioned you meant to honor with your preference. I don't want to quarrel with you, Frank,' added John, softening, 'I don't want to mistrust your good feelings or your honor. Perhaps you don't know her as well as I do; perhaps you can't appreciate her value like me. Many men would give away their lives for her—would think no sacrifice too dear at which to purchase her regard. Believe me, Frank, she's worth anything. If you have proposed to her, as I have reason to think you must have done, confide in me. I will smooth all difficulties. I will arrange everything for you both. God knows I love her better than anything on earth; but her happiness is my first consideration, and if she likes you, Frank, she shall marry you.'

Captain Lovell seemed to be of a different opinion. He bit his lip, looking angry and annoyed.

'You go too fast, Mr. Jones,' he replied, very stiffly, 'I have never given the young lady you mention an opportunity of either accepting or refusing me. It ever I am fool enough to marry, I shall take the liberty of selecting my own wife, without consulting your taste; and I really cannot undertake to wed every lively young lady that condescends to flirt with me, merely *pour passer le temps*.

*To be Continued*

Mr. Thomas Martin, of the 5th con. Howard, Ont., owns a Suffolk sow, which brought him four litters inside of fifteen months, aggregating 48 pigs.

LOST AND STARVING DOGS.

The "Dogs' Home," at Battersea, in London, is quite an extensive institution. The following description of it we clip from Land and Water: We paid a visit to this now well-known asylum for lost and starving dogs a few days since, and were surprised to find such a large number of animals waiting to be claimed by their owners. About 400 were in the kennels. Numbers of them had been in only a few days, while others had been inside the walls of this asylum for weeks, and probably, if it depended on their former owners taking them out, would never see the outer world again. Many of the inmates are of course never claimed, and are not good-looking enough to find a purchaser, but, be he ever so disreputable in appearance, if he be a lost or starving dog, he finds food and shelter at this institution—good food and warm shelter too. On the other hand, many dogs of a vastly different type from the foregoing find a temporary but secure resting place here; and numerous valuable animals that have strayed or been lost are restored daily to their owners. More than 3,200 dogs, according to the last report of the committee of this institution, were either restored to their owners, or sent to new homes in 1875, being nearly an average of nine a day. To give an idea of the variety of animals to find their way here, we may mention that we saw on our visit one or more very fair specimens of retrievers, foxes, English setters, shepherd dogs, colts, black-and-tan, and bull-terriers and bulldogs; also an animal that looked much like a dingo, a pug, and two fox-hounds, one of which is perhaps as good a looking hound as can be found in most packs. Some of these had only been in a day or two, and would most likely be soon claimed, while others had outstayed their probation, and were for sale at a very moderate price. It must be observed, however, that, in consequence of the numerous inquiries made on the subject, the committee wish to be understood that this is not intended to be a permanent home for old, worn-out favorites, or for any description of dog whatever, nor a hospital for sick dogs, but simply a temporary refuge for those lost dogs so constantly seen in the streets. Any dog found and brought to the home, if applied for by the owner, will be given up to its master upon payment of the expenses of its keep. In consequence of the very great and increasing number of lost and starving dogs brought to the Home, it is found necessary that any unclaimed, diseased, and injured animals should, at different times, be disposed of. All persons, therefore, who have lost dogs, and wish to make enquiry at the Home, are particularly recommended to lose no time in doing so; and all persons who require dogs are earnestly invited to pay a visit to the institution, to see if, among the many waifs and strays of every breed always to be found there, they cannot meet with one to suit their tastes and worthy of adoption. It may be mentioned that it is only necessary to be a subscriber of 5s yearly to become an annual governor of the institution, which intends, if possible, to further increase its benefits.

CHURCH BELLS IN CITIES.

The church bell, as it exists in cities, is what the Darwinian philo-sophers call a survival. It exists, not because there is any present reason for its existence, but because it once had a function. It had its origin in a need, and the need having passed away, it continues to be and to ring because its being and its ringing were once necessary. Unlike survivals in nature, however, the church bell has not become rudimentary and communal. Its dimensions are as great now, and its resonant powers are as positive as when its function was to call villagers from their distant and frequently clockless homes to divine service. It calls nobody to church now, of course. Nobody wants to hear its sound before donning overcoat and gloves, bonnet and cloak. We carry watches, and have, beside the French clocks, which will not run on library mantelpieces, more homely but trustworthy timepieces in our chambers and dining rooms, and these warn us of the hour of service. The church bells ring, however, as loud as

we set forth this truth, commending it to the governors of churches themselves for consideration, and asking them to reflect upon the duty they have in the matter, to avoid wronging other persons in the exercise of their own rights.

A CHURCH SPECULATION.

Madison Avenue Baptist Church, N.Y., having come out of a protracted lawsuit of many years' standing successfully, found its building on the corner of Thirty-first street badly in need of improvements and repairs. To beautify it and make it attractive and comfortable would cost much money—more than could be raised in the very limited congregation. A paper was passed and less than half the needful sum secured. Happy thought. "It is too late in the season to pass around the hat again. Let us risk it, as a margin in Wall street, betting that Milwaukee and St. Paul will go up." Thus, it is alleged, the board trustee spoke. The stock went "up, up, up." The trustees won, pocketed all they had advanced, and had \$10,000 more than was needed for the elegant and much admired accoutrements—and all paid for by those who, in the terse, if not refined, language of "the street," had been "scopped." Self-gratulations are profuse. But how will such a transaction appear in the light of the judgment and before an assembled universe? But "business is business" covers the ethics of this case. Some narrow-minded Christian people criticise the speculation—investment, rather—and in their ignorance call it gambling. They seem to forget that formerly houses of worship were built and colleges endowed by lotteries, and that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

HORSEWOMANSHIP.

Between the heats of a trotting race, Miss Kate Cross, of Woodland, Cal., a young lady of pleasing appearance rode upon the quarter stretch, mounted upon a spirited and handsome bay mare, and gave an exhibition of her skill as a rider. She first rode up and down the stretch without a saddle. She next rode back and fourth without a saddle or bridle, directing the animal entirely by the touch of the whip. She then rode on the horse barebacked to a point opposite the judges' stand and made the animal lay upon the ground and rise up again without dismounting her. Next she bridled the mare and put her through the various paces, walking, pacing, trotting, cantering, jumping, etc. Lastly, she dismounted, and at her beck the mare danced to the beat of the music of the band, stood upon her hind feet, pawed the air, etc. The exhibition was a pleasing one, and Miss Kate won hearty applause for her remarkable skill, her grace and her modest demeanor. Her sitting of the horse is wonderful, and her management of the animal exceedingly graceful and easy. There was a general expression of desire that Miss Cross should repeat the exhibition.

CUTTING OUT A NERVE.

For several years Judge Bay of St. Louis has been a great sufferer from facial neuralgia, and to avail himself of any benefit that might possibly result from a change of climate, spent most of 1873 in California and the last part of 1874 in Colorado without any material benefit, and on his return from Colorado Dr. Hodgen cut out a little over one-half inch of the fifth facial nerve, and for seven or eight months experienced entire relief from the disease, but at the expiration of that time it gradually increased upon him with increased severity, until life was almost unendurable. Dr. Hodgen became satisfied that the separate parts of the nerve had united, and he determined to perform a second operation; and on the 7th ult., at the residence of Judge Bay, No. 3,220 Chestnut street, and in the presence of several medical gentlemen, cut out two inches of the nerve, and removed several collateral branches. The operation lasted fifteen minutes, was exceedingly painful, and, though the judge declined to take chloroform or any other anæsthetic, he passed the knife without

The Act referred to is entitled 'Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.' We understand that New York State has a similar law. An action was commenced against the Buffalo Game Club of that State. This court decided in favor of the Game Club, and subsequently heavy damages were obtained from the complainant."

HOGS NEED SULPHUR.

One singular fact stated in the following paragraph, which we take from the Louisiana Home Journal, has been repeatedly corroborated. Whether hogs require sulphur as an essential to health, or whether it is sought by them as a condiment, may not be discovered. But one thing is true, they devour it with greed, whenever it is to be found. It is for this purpose, probably, that they will eat large quantities of soft coal which contains a large amount of sulphur. Perhaps this is the most economical method of supplying hogs with sulphur during the winter, when they require a good deal of carbon, on account of their producing less heat. Mustard is one of the best things for this purpose, and some of it should be sown in every pasture in which hogs are turned. If hogs are kept in, or are in small yards, it is well to supply them with that which grows in the fields or highways, or to cultivate some of the best varieties for them. They will eat its leaves, flowers seeds and stalks. Some years ago we had occasion to buy a large quantity of Hooking valley (Ohio) coal. It was stored in a lot in the rear of the factory, easily entered by the neighbors' hogs, which were permitted to run at large in the town. On several occasions the hogs were observed to be eating the coal, and became such a nuisance that they were excluded. They appeared to select the purest lumps, or those which on the fire would yield the most tar, melting, so to speak. Many of those hogs were very fat, not seeming to require food.

A DISASTROUS BUFFALO HUNT.

The Independence (Kan.) courts have just acquitted of the charge of horse stealing a young English aristocrat, whose appearance in the prisoner's dock is due to this extraordinary chain of circumstances: Last spring Norman Francis Fenner, Esq., one of the landed gentry of England, having read of the hunting exploits of Grand Duke Alexis, Buffalo Bill and other Numrods, arrived in this country. Supposing Kansas City to be in the centre of the buffalo country, he proceeded thither, and providing himself with all the hunting paraphernalia, he selected a wild Texan mustang and went forth. Before going two squares the broncho had bucked him twice, and upon reaching the public square positively refused to go further. Selling the animal in disgust, the young hunter then hired a livery horse and proceeded on his way. It is needless to say he saw no buffaloes, but wandered on in search of ducks. His horse falling lame and darkness coming on, he kindled a fire by the wayside and went to sleep, only to be awakened by a man's knee on his chest and hand on his throat. Robbed and pitched headlong down a declivity he lay for a long time unconscious. The next morning he went on and the day following arrived at St. Joseph, where a new misfortune awaited him. The irate livery man here overtook him, and despite his protestations of innocence, the Englishman was lodged in jail on a charge of horse stealing. There he has remained until his trial the other day. Through the whole train of his misfortunes he has won favor everywhere, and while cooped up among the vilest criminals never lost the bearing of a true gentleman, and endured his confinement and trial with true bulldog grit. But when the foreman arose and announced that the jury had decided upon a verdict 'Not guilty,' the young tourist's nerve gave way. Tears came to his eyes, and as he rose from the prisoner's dock the tears rolled down his cheeks. He walked to the jurymen, shaking each by the hand, remarking: 'I knew I was not a thief. I scorn a thief, and I knew you would prove me to be an honest man.'

CHASED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

On Saturday last, after the north-bound

not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory of a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman. Your mothers and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished and their lives unembittered by the slanderous bitter tongue, heed the ill your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or the wife of some fellow creature.

REMEDY FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

The Russian remedy for hydrophobia is the rose beetle (*Cetonia aurata*). This tearful disease is very common in the governorship of Saratov, and no end of poor people get bitten by mad dogs. Consequently various preparations have been made from time to time tried as a remedy, but the only one really known to have been attended with good effects is the present, chiefly found in the wood-ant's nest. So the inhabitants of Saratov search carefully in the spring for these white grubs, which they place, together with the earth in which they are found, in an earthen pot, and watch for their change, or metamorphosis. This takes place in May when they kill the beetles and dry them. The powder must be kept in hermetically sealed bottles, so that the strong odor of the insect, which it inhales most powerfully in the spring-time of the year, may not escape, as this peculiar scent seems in some way or other a necessary condition of the remedy proving efficient. Some keep the beetles intact in sealed pots, and only reduce to powder when wanted. Three beetles powdered and spread on bread-and-butter as a dose for an adult, given immediately after the bite; one for a child, but five to a person in whom the disease has declared itself. The effect is usually to produce a long sleep, which sometimes lasts thirty-six hours, and which must not on any account be interrupted. The patient on waking is pronounced cured, but the bite is always treated surgically as well. Beetles caught on flowers are not so beneficial; they must be secured in the larval stage, and killed directly they attain the imago. The Russians, in several of the governorships towards the south, always give their dogs from time to time half a rose-beetle on a little bread as a preventive. It surely would be well in these days, when one can scarcely take up a newspaper that does not record a case of hydrophobia, to try a recipe which so many persons in Russia have firm faith in. I for one firmly believe that there is a remedy for this terrible disease, and that the cure, when it is discovered, will be found in simples—that the antidote and the bane are, like the dock-leaf and the nettle's fretting, close together, within reach of all.—*Raby in Land and Water.*

THE OARSMAN OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

A tardy repentance is proverbially better than none, but a great deal depends upon the circumstances under which that repentance is avowed. The man who gives up sinning only when he can no longer sin, is not greeted with much ardor or respect. The enormity of the crime of betting never strikes the man who has a sure thing, and when we read that a gambling house has been raided on the complaint of John Smith we expect to find it stated in the next line that in that particular gambling house John Smith lost \$165. The people of St. John, N.B., are now undergoing a spasm of individual and collective repentance, abasing themselves in ashes and sorrowing in sackcloth. Not because of the holy scourge which twice within the year has fallen upon that pleasant and progressive city by the Kennebecasis—that city which every traveller who has visited it and partaken of its hospitality recalls with satisfaction, notwithstanding the fact that its proverbially pretty daughters still cling to the pork-pie hats of ten years ago, and that lump sugar is too conspicuously absent from its hot Scotchies. The people of the metropolis of New Brunswick were too sensible not to know that their calamity had overtaken them simply because they had built in wood if not upon the sand, and gave speedily and satisfactory proof that in one case

preparations for extending their trade and prosecuting rebuilding with the proceeds of the pool. Alas! (as we have previously had occasion to observe) the people of St. John, having gone often to the pool, came home broken at last, and the sun went down upon their wrath and insolvency.

It is not surprising, this condition of affairs existing, that the journals of St. John should reflect the popular despondency, and with one accord denounce aquatic amusements as enervating and repugnant to truly moral men because of the evils of gambling and excitement that they entail. The unanimity with which all the papers attack the subject and the precisely similar treatment it receives from each are not the result of conspiracy, but proceed manifestly from an identity of controlling conditions. The editor had wagered his salary, the compositor his string, the pressman his wages, and the result of Jeremiahs were true cries of the soul into which the irony of circumstances had entered, and not these perfunctory moratoriums which the press too often indulges when it buys a city waste or an inebricated citizen into a well. We only hope that the people of St. John will profit by their experience, and not essay the perilous experiment of retrieving their losses by the process of double or triple a process always fascinating, but often fatal. Let them seek to restore their wealth by surer if more conservative methods, remembering that there are as good gamblers on the sea as ever were matched.—*N.Y. World*

Horse Notes.

DEATHS IN THE PREENESS STUD.—Mr. M. H. Sanford has had the misfortune to lose, recently, the following thoroughbred yearlings: Bay colt, by imp. Glenelg, out of Notice, by Lexington, and a chestnut colt, by imp. Glenelg, out of Grecian Bond, by Lexington.

Lucy Cuyler, 8 years old, by Cuyler, mare by Alexander's Norman, the property of Col. Richard West, Georgetown, Ky., trotted a trial on Saturday, 18th ult., making the quarter in 37 1/2, the half in 1:14, the three quarters in 1:50 1/2, and the full mile in 2:28 1/2. Lucy Cuyler is considered one of the most promising three-year-olds in Kentucky.

OMINOS. The last found can own brother to Aristos, contributed by Fanny Jackson, came into the world very singularly marked. A solid bay, with black points, and no other white about him than a pretty and clearly defined figure "3" in forehead, and now the Messrs. Forsters are wondering whether it is significant of 2:09, 2:19 or nine lengths ahead.

A NOVEL AMUSEMENT.

The Belgians have hit upon a species of amusement—cat racing. The last great meet took place at Blicers, near Brussels. There were seventy entries for the principal event. The animals who were in previous training, it is presumed, were taken some four miles distant from the village, and the lot loose in the presence of the burgomaster and an immense gathering of rustics. The first prize, a silver coil-pot, was carried off by "Minette," a pretty white cat with a pensive eye. "Lolo," a big tortoiseshell, which had been made the favorite in the betting, missed the course and has not been heard of since.

A BIG HUNT.

The Raleigh (N.C.) Observer comes to the front with a long story of a man who started out with one bullet in his rifle, missed the buck at which he shot, but with the one bullet killed two deer he had not seen on the way home flushed a flock of turkeys, constructing a blind on the spot, called a gobbler up within three feet, and then popping out with a yell, petrified the bird with terror and captured it alive. Then he hunted and a flock of partridges who attacked him, and were slain one by one at the point of ramrod. The observer not only tells, but has a man who will vouch for it.

Miscellaneous.

blinded, diseased, and mjured animals should, at different times, be disposed of. All persons, therefore, who have lost dogs, and wish to make enquiry at the Home, are particularly recommended to lose no time in doing so; and all persons who require dogs are earnestly invited to pay a visit to the institution, to see it, among the many wants and trays of every breed always to be found there, they cannot meet with one to suit their tastes and worthy of adoption. It may be mentioned that it is only necessary to be a subscriber of 5s yearly to become an annual governor of the institution, which intends, if possible, to further increase its benefits.

### CHURCH BELLS IN CITIES.

The church bell, as it exists in cities, is what the Darwinian philo-sophers call a survival. It exists, not because there is any present reason for its existence, but because it once had a function. It had its origin in a need, and the need having passed away, it continues to be and to ring because its being and its ringing were once necessary.

Unlike survivals in nature, however, the church bell has not become rudimentary and remnant. Its dimensions are as great now, and its resonant powers are as positive as when its function was to call villagers from their distant and frequently clockless homes to divine service. It calls nobody to church now, of course. Nobody wants to hear its sound before donning overcoat and gloves, bonnet and cloak. We carry watches, and have, beside the French clock, which will not run on library mantle-pieces, more homely but trustworthy timepieces in our chambers and dining rooms, and these warn us of the hours of service.

The church bells ring, however, as loud as ever, and to the dwellers in houses under the shadow of steeples their ringing is frequently an annoyance. To all women, sick persons and young children—classes especially remembered in the litany—this ringing is a serious disturbance, sometimes a source of positive harm, particularly to the convalescent patients who live within hearing of the intimation. In a word, the great, resonant bells of our city churches are at once useless, and to very many persons seriously annoying, and there seems to be no good reason for the retention of the custom of buying and keeping and ringing them, no reason whatever except tradition, and the tradition is one which might be surrendered without serious loss to anybody.

Few persons like to complain of church bells. We cry aloud against the tinkling of junkmen's little bells, and we even take pains to soften the clangor of our servant's call bells, selecting them with careful attention to his point; but to complain of a neighboring church bell seems to be to set oneself up factiously in opposition to religion and morality, or if the objector happens to belong to a church which has no bell, he subjects himself to a suspicion of jealous hostility to the church that has a bell. One man in Philadelphia and one woman in New York have complained in the courts of church bells as nuisances, however, and there is no room to doubt that every church bell in a large city seriously annoys the persons who live near it, especially, as we have said, in time of sickness. "Would it not be a good and a christian thing for churches to do, then, if they would abandon their bells in obedience to that precept which directs us to do those things unto other persons which we would have them do to us? There is no good purpose served by the making of a useless clangor, which annoys our neighbors and does no good whatever, and however musical church bells may sound at a distance their ringing jars very harshly upon ears and nerves near at hand. With the heartiest friendship for all churches and church work,

mounting in. Next she braked the mare and put her through the various paces, walking, pacing, trotting, cantering, jumping, etc. Lastly, she dismounted, and at her beck the mare danced to the beat of the music of the band, stood upon her hind feet, pawed the air, etc. The exhibition was a pleasing one, and Miss Kate won hearty applause for her remarkable skill, her grace and her modest demeanor. Her sitting of the horse is wonderful, and her management of the animal exceedingly graceful and easy. There was a general expression of desire that Miss Cross should repeat the exhibition.

### CUTTING OUT A NERVE.

For several years Judge Bay of St. Louis has been a great sufferer from facial neuralgia, and to avail himself of any benefit that might possibly result from a change of climate, spent most of 1873 in California and the last part of 1874 in Colorado without any material benefit, and on his return from Colorado Dr. Hodgen cut out a little over one-half inch of the infra facial nerve, and for seven or eight months experienced entire relief from the disease, but at the expiration of that time it gradually increased upon him with increased severity, until life was almost unendurable. Dr. Hodgen became satisfied that the separate parts of the nerve had united, and he determined to perform a second operation; and on the 7th ult., at the residence of Judge Bay, No. 3,220 Chestnut street, and in the presence of several medical gentlemen, cut out two inches of the nerve, and removed several collateral branches. The operation lasted fifteen minutes, was exceedingly painful, and, though the judge declined to take chloroform or any opiate, he stood the knife without flinching. This operation has been very rarely performed in the West, and from the proximity of the nerve to the eye requires great care and much skill. The Judge was had no return of the neuralgic pains, and all the indications are that the operation will prove eminently successful, though it will probably be a week before he will be able to leave his house.

### WILL TEST THE LAW.

The Saginaw Courier thinks the Shooting Club will vigorously resist any attempt to enforce that section of the new law for the prevention of cruelty to animals which prohibits pigeon shooting for amusement or as a test of skill in marksmanship. It is not provable that the Michigan Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will interfere with the pigeon shooters, for the present, at least, but will seek to gradually do away with the sport by gentler means. Already there is a disposition among sportsmen to substitute glass balls for live birds. The Courier says:

"It would appear from a recent enactment of the Legislature that it is a statute offence to participate in or witness a pigeon shoot. Whether the enactment can stand the test of Supreme Court decision remains to be seen. We understand that a correspondence has been, or is about to be, opened by the local sportsmen's club here with other clubs in the State, with a view of making up a fund to test the law by a case to be carried to the Supreme Court. While but few believe that the law will hold water, and while the majority of the people look upon it as one of many silly enactments that go to make up the volume entitled Session Laws, which neither common sense or public opinion endorse, the fact remains that any miserable, contemptible shirk, who has not the decency or moral courage to face a man, can gratify a personal spite, or malicious motive, by making a complaint and throwing the costs on his victim. The incidents of the past few days have demonstrated that we have at least one such man in Saginaw, and it is barely possible that some other locality is similarly afflicted.

in an effort to save the animal's life, he proceeded further, and providing himself with all the hunting paraphernalia, he set out a wild Texas Mustang and went forth. Before going two squares the broncho had bucked him twice, and upon re-acting the public square positively refused to go further. Selling the animal in disgust, the young hunter then hired a livery horse and proceeded on his way. It is needless to say he saw no buffaloes, but wandered on in search of ducks. His horse falling lame and darkness coming on, he kindled a fire by the wayside and went to sleep, only to be awakened by a man's knee on his chest and hand on his throat. Robbed and pitched headlong down a declivity he lay for a long time unconscious. The next morning he went on and the day following arrived at St. Joseph, where a new misfortune awaited him. The irate livery man here overtook him, and despite his protestations of innocence, the Englishman was lodged in jail on a charge of horse stealing. There he has remained until his trial the other day. Through the whole train of his misfortunes he has won favor everywhere, and while cooped up among the vilest criminals never lost the bearing of a true gentleman, and endured his confinement and trial with true bulldog grit. But when the foreman arose and announced that the jury had decided upon a verdict 'Not guilty,' the young tourist's nerve gave way. Tears came to his eyes, and as he rose from the prisoner's dock the tears rolled down his cheeks. He walked to the juryman, shaking each by the hand, remarking: "I knew I was not a thief. I scorn a thief, and I knew you would prove me to be an honest man."

### CHASED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

On Saturday last, after the north-bound passenger train left Lebanon, Ky., when passing the Walker distillery, a mile from town, a horse that had been grazing by the roadside became frightened, and getting on the track, ran along in front of the train until it reached St. Mary's, four miles distant from the point of starting. During the whole of the course the horse resisted all efforts made by the trainmen to drive it from the track, and leaped the cow-gaps without sustaining any injury. The most remarkable part of the achievement, however, was crossing the railroad bridge over Hardin's Creek, the timbers of which lie some distance apart, as they are usually placed in the construction of railroad bridges; but there was a plank ten inches in diameter lying just outside the rail on one side of the track. The horse made a safe and apparently easy passage over this bridge, and kept out of the way of the train until St. Mary's was reached, when the animal quitted the track and went off to the left in the direction of the college. The horse is the property of Mr. Napoleon Hughes, of the Raywick neighborhood, and had strayed away from home a few days before the above-mentioned occurrence.

### NEVER SPEAK ILL OF A WOMAN.

The following admonition should be read by young men and not a few old ones. Never use a lady's name in an improper place at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think to be untrue, or allusions that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them; they are the very worst members of the community; men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her honor broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated when it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could

one can scarcely take up a newspaper that does not record a case of hydro-phobia, to try a recipe which so many persons in Russia have firm faith in. For one firmly to believe that there is a remedy for this terrible disease, and that the cure, when it is discovered, will be found in simplicity—that the antidote and the base are, like the dock-leaf and the nettle's fretting, close together, within reach of all.—*Kaby in Land and Water.*

### THE OARSMEN OF ST. JOHN, N.B.

A tardy repentance is proverbially better than none, but a great deal depends upon the circumstances under which that repentance is avowed. The man who gives up sinning only when he can no longer sin, is not greeted with much honor or respect. The enormity of the crime of betting never strikes the man who has a sure thing, and when we read that a gambling house has been raided on the complaint of John Smith we expect to find it stated in the next line that in that particular gambling house John Smith lost \$165. The people of St. John, N. B., are now undergoing a spasm of individual and collective repentance, abusing themselves in ashes and sorrowing in sackcloth. Not because of the heavy scourge which twice within the year has fallen upon that pleasant and progressive city by the Kennebecasis—that city which every traveller who has visited it and partaken of its hospitality recalls with satisfaction, notwithstanding the fact that its proverbially pretty daughters still cling to the pork-pie hats of ten years ago, and that lump sugar is too conspicuously absent from its hot Scotchies. The people of the metropolis of New Brunswick were too sensible not to know that their calamity had overtaken them simply because they had banished in wood if not upon the sand, and gave speedy and satisfactory proof that in one case at least the burned city dreads the fire. The devouring element in this case was not fire, but water.

St. John for at least ten years back has been nothing if not an aquatic town. Good oarsmen have not been lacking to her, and her famous Paris Crew was in its day acclaimed victor in the waters of two continents and three countries, on the Seine and the St. Lawrence, the Connecticut and the Kennebecasis. Ever after its downfall on the Schuykill, after a decade of success, there arose to comfort the sad citizens of St. John a new stella Maris, in Wallace Ross, who won so many races with so little difficulty that a belief in his invincibility gradually grew up in the minds of his townsmen. They backed him in all his contests with the zeal of patriots possessed of "tips." Strangers from all parts of the continent flocked to St. John to pay tribute the mornings after the overthrow of their champions, to the local pawnbrokers of their jewels of silver and jewels of gold and upper ramment, while others, who were ashamed to beg and unable to "dig out," perforce became citizens and aided to swell the census returns.

But that jolly young waterman, Mr. Wallace Ross, though he feathered his oars with much skill and dexterity, found his master in Edward Hanlan, of Toronto. They met in contest a short time ago. Toronto was the place of this scull, and though Mr. Ross reacted the winning post on the same day with Mr. Hanlan, he might as well, for all practical purposes, have made the north pole his turning-stake. The lot of the two sufferers of St. John at home was scarcely worse, for the time, than that of the water sufferers away from home. For these there were no relief funds, the free-lunch routes of Toronto were unmapped, and between that city and home stretched 800 miles of muddy road or a monotonous prospect of fifteen hundred thousand railroad ties. In this cruel strait they telegraphed the shrillest Macedonian cries to St. John for return tickets and post-office orders, but alas! the people at home had wagored all that they were worth upon Ross. The humbled cobbler in the stricken city, refusing to stick to his last and content himself with the modest profits accruing from his labor thereat had betted his little awl. The people of St. John had given obligations maturing the day after the Ross-Hanlan race, had made the most extensive

### A NOVEL AMUSEMENT.

The Belgians have put up a new species of amusement in the cat race. The last great meet took place at Bielefeld, near Bielefeld. There were seventy entries for the principal event. The animals who were to prove as training, it is presumed, were taken some four miles distant from the village, and there let loose in the presence of the burgomaster and an immense gathering of spectators. The first prize a silver bowl, was carried off by "Muncke," a pretty white cat with a pensive eye. "Lolo," a big tortoiseshell, which had been made the favorite in betting, missed the course and has not been heard of since.

### A BIG HUNT.

The Raleigh (N. C.) Observer comes to the front with a long story of a man who started out with one bullet in his rifle, missed the buck at which he shot, but with the one bullet killed two deer he had not seen, on the way home flushed a flock of turkeys, constituting a bind on the spot, and a scowler up within three feet, and then jumping out with a yell, petrified the bird with terror and captured it alive. The hunter counted a flock of partridges who attacked him, and were slain one by one at the point of ramrod. The observer not only tells the tale, but has a man who will vouch for it.

### Miscellaneous.

A cow deliberately committed suicide near Lake City, Minn., the other day, by jumping from a high bluff.

Science is discussing the question, "What will become of the last man?" We know He'll get left.

When ice-cream began to be the thing to drink, a gentleman was recommended to use it as a tonic. "I would," said he, "but it's Teutonic."

Said a bright little daughter of three summers—"Papa, what is a picnic?" Papa—"A party in the woods, dear." Daughter—"But what do they pick?" Papa—"My darling, they pick us."

The older we grow the more realize that 15 cents will buy more fish than a businessman, whose time is worth 50 cents an hour, can go out and catch in a whole day.

There is a family in Millbrook, township of Cavan, Ontario, who have eight children, the eldest of whom is only six years of age. There are no twins, and all legal children of one father and one mother.

Lord Falmouth is a gentleman who has been wondrously fortunate in betting during the past racing season in England. His winnings are said to amount to \$172,165, exclusive of the Ascot gold vase.

**\$777** is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, H. HARTLEY & Co., Free land, Maine.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOV. 9, 1877.

COLLINS & CO. PROPRIETORS.  
OFFICE: -No. 90 KING-ST. WEST.

All Communications intended for the "Sporting Times" should be addressed P. COLLINS & Co., Sporting Times Office—and not to any of our employees. This will avoid any delay.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, &c., of Amusements, and Managers and Secretaries of Racing Associations, Shooting Clubs, Athletic, Base Ball and Cricket Clubs, &c., &c.,

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of APPEARANCE color, with the name of the city or town and correspondent, signed by the proprietors of this paper, with a punch stamp of a horse's head upon the right upper corner, and dated October, 1877, each card running for three months. No person is authorized to use any other credential on our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of Correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NECESSITY.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1877

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

New Orleans ..... Dec 1 to 4  
Charleston, S. C. .... Feb 5 to 9 (1878)

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.

Oshawa..... May 24

AMERICAN

Freeport, Ill ..... May 30 to June 2  
Prophetstown, Ill ..... June 4 to 7  
Clyde, N. Y ..... July 3 to 5  
Toledo, O ..... July 16 to 19  
Cleveland, O ..... July 23 to 26  
Buffala, N. Y ..... July 30 to Aug 2  
Freeport, Ill ..... Aug 1 to 4  
Rochester, N. Y ..... Aug 6 to 9  
Prophetstown, Ill ..... Aug 6 to 9  
Utica, N. Y ..... Aug 13 to 16  
Springfield, Mass ..... Aug 20 to 23  
Fairville, Ill ..... Aug 20 to 23  
Mystic Park, Boston ..... Sept 3 to 6

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for, is prima facie evidence of intent to defraud.

THE PAST SEASON.

In a few days all classes of our race horses will be retired for the season of 1877. Upon looking over the results of the past season of the Turf in Canada it cannot be said to have been too flat-racing. Take the whole of the campaign and a successful meeting has been the exception; failures were met with almost everywhere. One great cause for this is no doubt to be found in the frequency of our race meetings. The large number of new tracks which have been built the last year or two, have divided up our small stock of race horses so as to make the entry lists at many places but mere skeletons without substance or attractiveness. To draw large audiences, as a rule, a good list of entries is almost demanded; the exception to it being when some well-known horses are engaged upon whose merits the popular opinion is well divided. Another cause of lack of attendance, when the number of horses engaged has been such as to make up a good bill of fare, is the feeling that the major portion of the contests are all cut and dried before the horses get the word; in fact that the race is run for the benefit of the men who own horses in it. This has been preached from one end of the country to another by disappointed speculators, whose assertions are taken by the outside world as if they were spoken by the book. To those whose turf experience has been sufficient to give them a knowledge of this subject, it is unnecessary to speak of the fallaciousness of the conclusion the public put so much faith in. It can be confidently asserted that up-and-up contests are the rule in most of our races, and a job is clearly out of the common course. The difficulty of successfully carrying out a turf fraud is a great preventive of the evil. It is almost sure at some stage of the race, in trotting particularly, to discover itself; and when once this occurs the game is all over. It is a matter of regret that this class of racing ever occurs, but it is one of the evils of the system, and must not be considered as the system itself. But in canvassing the matter over it will probably be found that the great obstacle to successful racing management, not only in Canada but all over America, is to be found in the tidal wave of puritanism which has flooded this continent for the past year or two. In Canada its direct fruits are recognized in the passage of the Pool Bill, the legislation on gambling, the Murphy wave and the Rhine movement, and the extreme activity of the Dunkinutes in Ontario. The country has been afflicted in this way before, and the result of the reaction has been such as to give no cause for alarm to our turf supporters. For a season or so they may be compelled to labor under the weight of this fanatical and hypocritical incubus, but in this as in all matters of political or domestic nature there is a power that equalizes matters. Too much curbing at one time gives away to a surplus of laxity at another, and in this way the scales are kept vibrating until they arrive at their normal position. The morbid state of affairs at present cannot exist permanently, and the tilting of the beam the other way, will bring about a state of affairs which the Aminadab Sleds of to-day think has been blotted out of existence. It is thus with our racing. Although the institution may suffer for the present, the time is coming when it will occupy a higher place in the minds of Canadians than it ever did before. This happy date may be sooner or later, but the law of compensation is as irrevocable as that of the Medes and the Persians. In the meantime all interested

the leading friends of Ross who accompanied him to this city, with these dark practices, still a tale could be unfolded which would cause those who were known to the little game to hang their heads in shame, and would show to the world what desperate assistants the New Brunswickers had to help him to victory. But all their arts availed them nothing, and after the manner in which the leading friends of Ross expressed themselves with the fairness of the race, it ill becomes them to throw dirt at this time of day. They had better let the sleeping dog alone. *Verbum sap.*

But to return to the question of the match. Everything betokens Ross' earnestness in the matter. New boats have been ordered for him, and it would not be surprising if Toronto Bay early next summer was the scene of a second contest for the Dominion sculling championship. Such a match should meet with favor from Hanlan's friends, and any proposition from the New Brunswickers will no doubt be kindly entertained by Hanlan's party.

A DISTINGUISHED CANUCK.

THE TROTTING HORSE BRIGHTWOOD—WHO HE IS.

In the Northern Illinois Circuit last autumn, comprising Tiskilwa, Mendota and Earlville, a strange horse appeared among the trotters there and created no end of excitement. He was looked on as a wonder, captured his races with the greatest ease, beating old timers handily, was entirely unknown, and his antecedents were shrouded in mystery. Of course he was protested as a "ringer," and as such his premium money was withheld. All efforts were exhausted to identify him. His owner, Mr. J. Cumber, of North Pownal, Vt., kept the identity of the horse to himself until after the trouble was over. In last week's *Spirit of the Times* he tells us in a letter over his own signature who Brightwood is. First he established, by a chain of affidavits from the breeder to himself, the horse's eligibility.

Mr. Cumber furnishes the following particulars of Brightwood's pedigree and capabilities:—"Brightwood was bred by Peter J. Pilkey, of Brantford, Ontario, Can., sire Clear Grit, dam by Royal Revenge; he is half brother to St. Patrick and Clothepin; he is 15½ hands high, weighs 930 lbs.; color, bright blood bay; near hind foot white, and star in the forehead. When he trotted in Mendota in 2:30 he could have made it in 2:21, and can yet do it for money, even on a half-mile track."

In the matter of protests Mr. C. expressed himself thus:

"The protests were entered by D. H. Sherman, Waukegan, Ill., owner of the horse David H., who, in my opinion protested because his had no show with my horse; and knowing that I was a long distance from home, and could draw no money from the associations, had hoped by that means to so embarrass me that I could not continue the circuit for want of means. His plan might have succeeded with others (and it is for the protection of such that I now write), but with me it failed, and while I have now been paid only the amount I should have received at the conclusion of each race, yet, it has cost me, in actual cash, over \$250, to say nothing of the inconvenience and trouble to prove the eligibility of my horse, for which I receive no recompense whatsoever. And here I would say for the protection of honest, and in many instances poor men, that the protester should be held financially responsible for the losses sustained by the party protested against, when the protest fails to be sustained or established, and that the association receiving a protest should have it backed by a sum of money equal to the amount

Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Satinet by Roe's Abdallah Chief; 2nd dam Catbird, by Whistle Jacket, a son of Mambrino, &c. This is the first of Messenger Duroc's colts that has come to Canada, and from what we have learned of his size and looks, will do no discredit to the Stony Ford Breeding Farm. It is said Fanny, the dam of Boyce Duroc, could trot in 2:30, so this youngster is clearly possessed of fine breeding for speed.

A VALUABLE WORK.

Last winter we published from week to week a treatise on the Thoroughbred Race-horse; How to Breed, Rear and Train Him, by "an Old Trainer." Our readers will now be pleased to learn that the author, Dr. J. W. Weldon, having entirely revised the work, and added several chapters, is about publishing it in book form. In addition to the text it will contain numerous illustrations of the most distinguished race-horses that have been and are on the American turf. In will comprise forty-three chapters of reading matter, and from what was published in our columns, it is quite easy to imagine it will be exhaustive in the details of the subject upon which it treats. Our Canadian horsemen should avail themselves of the opportunity to subscribe to this work, the most valuable of the kind ever published on this side of the Atlantic. It will be published by subscription, and as only an edition sufficient to supply subscribers will be printed it behooves all who want the book to send on their names at once. The price is five dollars. Parties desiring the work can send on their names and money to the Spirit of the Times Office, New York, and the book will be forwarded to their address immediately upon publication.

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Sporting Gossip.

A running race will take place at Woodbine to-morrow afternoon (good track), between two local horses, Dash of a mile for \$200. It is possible there may be a couple of other events—thus making up an afternoon's sport.

Mr. Kirwin's Orlando, the winner of the scurry stakes at the Quebec meeting the latter part of August, was accidentally killed in that city on Sunday last by a shaft of buggy running into his body.

The race between Smuggler and Grand Eastern at Cleveland was postponed from Saturday until Monday, on account of bad weather.

Mr. John Forbes' race horse Paladin, imported Leamington, dam Garland by Uncle Vic, on Tuesday last was taken from Woodbine to Woodstock, where he will be wintered.

The New York Sportsman says:—The Fleetwood Association has been placed under a manifest disability in being restrained from pool-selling while all the other Associations used and enjoyed it. In the same way the American Jockey Club has been hampered and hindered, and practically swindled, and the result seems to be that people may do anything provided they do not live in New York."

At the Narragansett Races, Providence, R. I., on November 1, Mr. Wiser's (Prescott) Hiram Woodruff won the 2:30 race in three straight heats, beating Dick Moore, Frank Munson, and Edward. Time,—2:27, 2:26, 2:25. This is another feather in the cap of Phil Sheridan, whose son Hiram Woodruff is.

The Parisian turfites are rather proud of their British brethren having hired Salvator a famous French stallion, for the season.

W. B. Astor and Thomas P. Wallace, it is said, pay all the expenses of their horses and give their trainers all the premiums they win. This is a losing game, and is not played often.

The trotting horse Grey Eddie will be wintered at Woodstock.

We have received the first number of a weekly paper published in New York called The Country, devoted principally to field sports, fishing, shooting, &c. It is nicely printed and is edited with ability. Mr. Wm. M. Tileston wields the editorial quill, which is guarantee of the standard of the new journal. It is published for \$3 a year, and the address is 33 Murray St New York.

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Freeport, Ill.....	May 30 to June 2
Prophetstown, Ill.....	June 4 to 7
Clyde, N. Y.....	July 3 to 5
Toledo, O.....	July 16 to 19
Cleveland, O.....	July 23 to 26
Buffalo, N. Y.....	July 30 to Aug 2
Freeport, Ill.....	Aug 1 to 4
Rochester, N. Y.....	Aug 6 to 9
Prophetstown, Ill.....	Aug 6 to 9
Utica, N. Y.....	Aug 13 to 16
Springfield, Mass.....	Aug 20 to 23
Earlville, Ill.....	Aug 20 to 23
Mystic Park, Boston.....	Sept 3 to 6

### NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person or persons who takes a paper regularly from a Post Office whether directed in his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and then collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

### TO OUR FRIENDS.

We have on our books a large amount of money due us for subscriptions. We have been particularly indulgent to our friends and patrons and trust they will see the necessity of promptly remitting their indebtedness in this respect. As the issue and collection of drafts is a pecuniary loss to us of some moment, it is hoped that those who are indebted for subscription will remit without entailing on us the trouble and expense of individual drafts. We make this broad appeal in the fullest confidence of a ready response.

Everything used about a printing office is a drain, and to meet the weekly drain on our exchequer we are compelled to ask payment of outstanding obligations. Our expenses naturally increase as the winter approaches, and as most of our subscription accounts are far past due—our terms being *in advance*—we feel no delicacy in making the request for prompt remittance. Many of our readers are a couple of years in default, and their remittances will greatly assist us and place us under no more obligations.

M. D. Stoll, the well-known horseman of Ft. Sumner, is down in New Brunswick, endeavoring to arrange a match for Lt. Moulton, the Gopher Boy, against a local pedestrian.

that this kind of racing ever occurs, but it is one of the evils of the system, and must not be considered as the system itself. But in canvassing the matter over it will probably be found that the great obstacle to successful racing management, not only in Canada but all over America, is to be found in the tidal wave of puritanism which has flooded this continent for the past year or two. In Canada its direct fruits are recognized in the passage of the Pool Bill, the legislation on gambling, the Murphy wave and the Rhine movement, and the extreme activity of the Dunkinets in Ontario. The country has been afflicted in this way before, and the result of the reaction has been such as to give no cause for alarm to our turf supporters. For a season or so they may be compelled to labor under the weight of this fanatical and hypocritical menibus, but in this, as in all matters of political or domestic nature there is a power that equalizes matters. Too much curbing at one time gives away to a surplus of laxity at another, and in this way the scales are kept vibrating until they arrive at their normal position. The morbid state of affairs at present cannot exist permanently, and the tilting of the beam the other way, will bring about a state of affairs which the Aminadab Sleds of to-day think has been blotted out of existence. It is thus with our racing. Although the institution may suffer for the present, the time is coming when it will occupy a higher place in the minds of Canadians than it ever did before. This happy date may be sooner or later, but the law of compensation is as irrevocable as that of the Medes and the Persians. In the meantime all interested must put their best foot forward, and not wait for the recurrence of the downward motion of the balance, but endeavor to hasten that movement. By united action it is possible to hasten this felicitous occasion, and it is to be hoped that 1878 will dawn with a more favorable aspect than the season just past. So may it be.

### HANLAN AND ROSS.

By an extract from the St. John, N. B., News, which we publish in another column it will be seen that Ross thinks he can beat Hanlan, and would prefer to row him again before any man living. It is no secret the New Brunswick party were very sore over their defeat here, but they acknowledged it like men, and proclaimed openly the opinion that Ross had no earthly chance to beat the Toronto oarsman. They admitted the fairness of the contest, and declared they had underrated Hanlan's powers. But since their return home, if an opinion is to be formed from the sayings of the press, they have no end of excuses why their man was so far behind; and seek to create the impression that in some way or other Ross was not at himself. According to their showing everything was against them—the referee, the water, and that curious thing—luck. Why the air of St. John should cause such a change of feeling is slightly mysterious. However, the press of that city are charitable enough to their own friends not to mention the very unsportsmanlike expedients that were taken to defeat Hanlan. While it is the farthest from our intention to connect

Brightwood's. First he established, by a chain of affidavits from the breeder to himself, the horse's eligibility.

Mr. Cumber furnishes the following particulars of Brightwood's pedigree and capabilities:—"Brightwood was bred by Peter J. Pilkey, of Brantford, Ontario, Can., sire Clear Grit, dam by Royal Revenge; he is half brother to St. Patrick and Clothespin; he is 15½ hands high, weighs 930 lbs.; color, bright blood bay; near hind foot white, and star in the forehead. When he trotted in Mendota in 2:30 he could have made it in 2:21, and can yet do it for money, even on a half-mile track."

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During Brightwood's career in the West we had numerous letters from horsemen in that section soliciting our assistance in unearthing this sphinx. It was supposed at Earlville he was The Moose, but this was clearly a mistake. It will be satisfactory to the Illinois turfmen that the Brightwood dispute is cleared up, and it will be pleasant to Canadians to claim him as a native, adding another star to the galaxy of Canadian-bred horses that have shed their lustre on the American turf.

### AND ANOTHER.

From the New York sporting papers of last week, we learn that John Patterson, Esq., of Hamilton, has purchased the services of the highly-bred two-year-old trotting colt Boyce Duroc, from Mr. Frank J. Kilpatrick, of New York, for the term of two years. Boyce Duroc is a good-sized brown colt, with white ankles and star; was bred by Mr. Kilpatrick, of New York; by Messenger Duroc, dam Fanny by Hiram Drew (sire of Gen. Knox the sire of Camors, Gen. Washington, &c.) Messenger Duroc, by

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Some scoundrel got at a mare owned by Mr. John Cuthbert, of Duffin's Creek, at a late race at Oshawa. Mr. O'Leary, V.S., having examined the mare on her return home, gave it as his opinion that her mouth had been burned with nitrate of silver.

One of the finest bred and most valuable trotting stallions in the Dominion is offered for sale, as will be seen by an advertisement in to-day's paper, to which our readers are directed for particulars. We refer to St. Joe. His colts look exceedingly well, and show action that attracts the attention of horsemen. Since coming to Canada, now in his second year, St. Joe has taken seven first prizes at the different places he was exhibited. His breeding, size, age, speed, and color should recommend him to any one desiring to purchase a first-class trotting stallion.

What is said to be the largest run ever put together in Canada, was made in a four-ball carom game, on Wednesday last, by Mr. Harry Cole, of St. Catherine's. The game was played on a 5 x 10 table, and his figures were 787. Our informant does not state whether three or one was counted for each shot, which would make a material difference in the value of the performance.

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Dedrick, the colored jock, who was injured at Montreal by Grey Cloud falling on him, has returned with the horse to Toronto, and is all right.

Among the suspensions by Mystic Park, Boston, we find J. D. McDonald, Canada and the bay gelding Notfield for non-payment of entrance money. Who is J. G. McDonald and the b. g. Notfield?

Mr. P. Lorillard, of New York, has expressed his willingness to make the following matches:—"To run a two-year old at three-quarters of a mile or a mile; a three-year old at a mile and a half or a mile and three-quarters; a four-year-old at two miles or upwards, and a five-year-old or upwards at three miles. Each race to be for \$2,500 side, \$1,000 forfeit, and to be run next summer at Jerome Park or Saratoga, whichever is willing to add most money. He will, besides, bet \$5,000 that he wins the odd race, forfeits not to count as a race.

It appears the Kentuck Live Stock Journal was in error in quoting the price of the Almont yearling colt purchased by Mr. Cheney, of this city, noticed in last week's paper. It should have been \$2,000 instead of \$1,500.

A horse was sold on the Guelph market last week, for fifty cents. He was by Worthless, out of Good-for-Nothing.

From the local papers we learn the late Listowell Races were considerably of a fraud. The track had been rented by a few itinerant horsemen who constituted an Association, for the purpose of "bracing" the natives. However, the ruralists were not to be caught, and the Association (?) to square themselves proceeded to skin one another. The gate receipts were \$12.50.



by Colosseum, Jam Leon by Lexington, 1 1  
 116 lbs.....  
 5 McLean, b h Gil D Roy, aged, by Gilroy,  
 dam Lizzie Bugg, 109 lbs..... 2 2  
 No time reported.

## Aquatic.

### HANLAN'S VICTORY.

The signal defeat of Ross by Hanlan still continues to be the topic of conversation in the boating fraternity, and it is now conceded that Hanlan stands at the head of the scullers. A prominent boating man of this city met Hanlan in Toronto, and during a conversation which ensued, the oarsman remarked that he was glad to see any one from Boston, as he liked the people, but thought he had been used hard. He stated that he would be sorry to have Bostonians lose, and advised them not to wager against him, for, said Hanlan, "I am rowing for Ned Hanlan and Toronto to-day; I am in fine fix; I am rowing very fast; of course, you know what Ross can do, as you are interested in him. I tell you this, as I have great respect for Boston people." Barney Brennan, Ross' backer, was in the city last week on his return to St. John, and is satisfied that Hanlan is a flyer, and gives no one license to beat him. He states that Ross was overmatched, and is not to be compared with the Toronto man. It seems, according to the inside history of the St. John party, that the backers of Ross ordered him to go to the front at once, and their feelings can be imagined as they witnessed the race from the judges' boat, with Ross astern. Some hopeful St. John men on the boat waited for the last mile, as it was thought Ross would outstay Hanlan, but Hanlan's frequent stops on the way home plainly showed that he was master of the situation. Hanlan evidently feels the criticisms that have been made upon him, and lays the defeats while here to want of being in proper condition rather than trickery.

He evidently desires to visit this locality in the spring, and participate in the regattas. An effort will be made by a large number of his friends in this city to have the whole of the order, debarring him from participating in the Fourth of July regatta, rescinded. Letters of congratulation have been sent to Hanlan by many prominent oarsmen of this city. A gentleman here stands ready to match him against Courtney. Hanlan has the best wishes of the boating men, who are desirous that he should return and wipe out his former record.

The result of the Ross-Hanlan race is the greatest surprise the knowing ones ever got in this city. Boston boating men were heavy losers. — *Boston, Mass., Sunday Herald.*

### WHY ROSS WAS BEATEN.

#### A NEW BRUNSWICKER'S ESTIMATE OF COURTEY.

The following extract from an article in the St. Johns, N. B., News, conveys the idea that Ross was stale when he was beaten by Hanlan, and that defeat is attributed to overwork. It is a novel idea to promulgate now that Ross' race with Plaisted and Smith were enough for so young an oarsman; more so, when it is considered that these two victories in the language of the News, were "easy." In speaking of Courtney, the News, it will be seen, estimates his abilities by a comparison of Plaisted's performances with the American and then with Ross. Assuming this basis to be correct, as submitted by the News, how would Hanlan rank:—"Plaisted could hold Courtney for nearly two miles; the former could not keep on anything like even terms with Ross after three-quarters of a mile"—and now it is a matter of history that Hanlan had Ross dead to rights after they went a mile. If this kind of comparative reasoning were of value; from a New

A distinguished Japanese traveller in this country writes home: "The chief branch of education of young men here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses called colleges, and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."

**NEW BOATS FOR ROSS.**—An order has been forwarded to Swaddell & Winship, England, by the backers of Wallace Ross, to build him a new boat, the plans being left to the discretion of the makers. Mr. Robt. Dalton, Indian town, is building another boat for Ross to use in rough water, and is also to repair the Scotswood, injured at Toronto, having sent to Boston for cedar.

Joseph Sadler boat Harry Kelly from Putney to Mortlake, London, Eng., Nov. 5. for £400.

## Veterinary.

### MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The usual fortnightly meeting of this Association was held on Thursday evening at the Veterinary College, Prof. Wm. Osler, in the chair.

The following new members were balloted for and elected:—Norah Cressy, M. D., Amherst, Mass.; P. Cummings, Quebec; Matthias Smith Brown, Montreal; Wm. Jakoman, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Harris, Ottawa; Mr. White, Montreal; Geo. H. Parkinson, Bridgeport, Conn.; H. J. McMartin Montreal.

Mr. C. C. Lyford, V. S., Roscoe, Ill., read a very interesting paper on *Inflammation of the Lymphatics*, illustrating his remarks by cases, which led to an animated discussion on the causes and true pathology of these cases.

Professor Cressy objected to the name made use of by veterinarians to indicate this disease. He was of the opinion that the inflammation of the lymphatics was merely a consequence of some other pathological condition.

The Chairman agreed with Dr. Cressy that there was room for improvement in veterinary nomenclature.

The President agreed with the two gentlemen as to the defective state of our nomenclature, but thought *Lymphatitis* was as good a name as any other, for although the disease was a consequence of errors in diet, and probably malassimilation, the lymphatic glands being the principal seat of the inflammatory action, it could be as readily recognized under the old name as under any new or more technical one.

Dr. F. W. McLellar of Bridgeport, Conn., also read an instructive communication of a case of *Rupture of the Cecum*, in which he minutely described the history of the case. The horse had been losing condition for some time previous, and the owner administered a large dose of oil of turpentine in milk, which set up inflammation of the diseased portion of the intestine, which ended in the final perforation of the bowel, and the escape of the contents, setting up peritonitis. The post-mortem examination which was conducted by Prof. Osley, revealed the fact that an ulcerated condition of the cecum near its blind end has existed for some time, and that during the recent enteric attack set up by the turpentine, the attenuated coats of the bowel gave way. The specimen was exhibited and carefully examined by all present. An animated discussion followed on the causes and symptoms of these cases.

At the next meeting, to be held November 8th, a paper will be read by Prof. Osley on *The disease known as Typhoid Fever in Pigs*. As the doctor has been conducting a series of experiments, and has thoroughly investigated the pathology of the disease, a very interesting paper may be looked for. Mr. J. A. Couture, V. S., at the same meeting, will read a communication of some interesting case.

After the election of officers, Mr. Sumners, of St. Louis, Missouri, read an excellent essay on Bog Spavin and Thoroughpin in horses. The reading of the essay elicited a very interesting and highly instructive discussion.

Mr. W. T. Derr, of Worster, Ohio, read a communication on a case of Extreme Flatulency in a mare, successfully treated by puncturing the abdomen.

After the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Derr's paper, the President made a few remarks on the operation of Paracontis Abdominis in extreme cases of Flatulency, and stated that he believed Veterinarians in general and teachers in particular had not given this operation the attention it demanded. He was confident the operation was the only means of saving many cases. He also alluded to the excellent paper of Mr. Harthill, of Louisville, (a graduate of the Ontario College), which was read here last winter, and afterwards published in several papers in this country, and also in the Veterinary Journal, of London, Eng., and which has been the means of bringing this operation more prominently before the Veterinary profession, both on this and on the other side of the Atlantic.

After a vote of thanks to Messrs. Smithers and Derr, the meeting separated.

## Pedestrianism.

### SPRINTS.

A young man named Wm. Shanrock, ran one day last week from Duffins' Creek to Whitby in 38 minutes. The run was made on a wager of ten dollars, he could not make the distance in 40 minutes.

A 100 yards race took place at Fredericton, N.B., on Saturday, 27th ult., between Hugh Balkan, of St. Stephen, and Wm. Fenoty, of Fredericton. The course was laid out on the Driving Park, and the stakes were \$100. There was quite a large attendance of spectators. Fenoty won by a yard in 11½ seconds.

The great all England 104 yard handicap, which was run at Manchester, England, on the 15th ult., showed another surprise to our transatlantic cousins, and that was the victory of F. Rodgers, an American pedestrian, who was in receipt of 8½ yards' start. He won the first prize (£100) with ridiculous ease. H. Dobson, 5½ yards' start, was second; T. Cartwright, 8½ yards, was third; and J. Bates, 8½ yards, fourth.

A meeting was held last week in Ottawa for the purpose of organizing a Snow Shoe Club. The name adopted was the Wide Awake, and the following officers were elected:—President, John McKinley; Vice-President, John Cawthry; Secretary, J. M. Ross; Treasurer, A. Sparks.

A foot race of 200 yards took place at Brantford on Monday last between Messrs. Reynor and Copeland for \$100. The latter won. Considerable money changed hands on the event.

Hunter & Co., 39 and 41 King St. west, this city, pay particular attention to protographing pedestrians in running costumes.

J. Forde was matched to walk C. Crappin on Saturday, at Ottawa, a twenty mile race for \$50 aside. Both men with their backers and friends turned up at the appointed hour on Matchmor's Park. The conditions were that Crappin should give Forde a start of a mile. The race was started, but at the end of the sixth mile Forde was obliged to withdraw from the contest, claiming that he had a "stitch" in his side. Crappin walked on for two miles, doing eight in one hour and eighteen minutes. Messrs. Duffy and Gordon acted as judges.

**A FEAST FOR THE FLIES.**—A well-known Western breeder, Mr. J. S. Carpenter, of Lansing, Mich., had a colt foaled upon his farm last spring without the least sign of a caudal appendage, the only apology for a tail being a few stray hairs some six or seven inches in length.

Alfred, and that ere long, should he arrive safely, he will grace the harem of that popular establishment. Imp. Bonnie Scotland, who for some years has occupied the post of honor in his stud, is now twenty-four years old, and although he has won a well-earned reputation for himself as a successful sire, and at present enjoys good health, his retirement at no very distant day may naturally be looked for; it is as well, therefore, that the General should make timely provision for the future.

**DEATH OF THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE GABRIEL.**—The bay horse Gabriel, foaled 1856, by imp. Glencoe, dam St. Mary, by Hamlet; 2d dam Vamp, by Laugar, &c., died on the 25th ult., in Montgomery, Va. A correspondent who writes from Bangs, Montgomery County, says the horse died from gross neglect, and that with proper care and treatment he might have lived and been serviceable for many years. Up to within a short time of his death the horse enjoyed good health, and had all the vigor of a colt. It is supposed that, with the exception of Crichton, Gabriel was the last of the Glencoes, in the male line. There are several daughters of Glencoe still living.

**AMOUNT WON AT THE RACE MEETINGS.**—The total amount of money won during the year, to the end of the Baltimore meeting, is \$350,538. This calculation embraces all the races that have taken place throughout the whole of the United States, and has been carefully computed from the accurate reports furnished in the columns of the Turf, Field, and Farm. Of this Mr. Pierre Lorillard has won \$50,397, or nearly one-sixth, while Mr. George L. Lorillard follows with \$39,937, which is over one-eleventh of the whole amount. To enumerate the merit of the stables which follow would require too much space, but suffice it to state that the average of the best thirteen is nearly \$8,000, so that between these fifteen stables four-sevenths of the money has been secured, leaving three-sevenths, or about \$150,000 to be divided up among the numerous others who compose the remainder.

### THE ORLOFF (RUSSIAN) TROTTERS.

The first venture of the Orloff horses to this country has met with but indifferent success pecuniarily, and we fear that Lieut. Ismailoff will return to Russia poorer in pocket than when he left it. The advantages will probably accrue to those who shall breed good mares to the Russian stallions, and thus produce an improved line of carriage horses. The Russian animals were not speedy enough to attract attention where so many track horses are vastly superior to them in that one characteristic; yet we doubt if they were shown at their best. They had not become fully acclimatized, nor were they scientifically and properly handled. We cast no reflection upon Lieut. Ismailoff or his driver; they are Russians, and did according to their lights. Russian light in horse management is not what Americans would denominate a sunburst of applied skill and developed science. Our trainers and drivers have done quite as much toward lowering records as have our breeders. If Charley Green, Budd Doble or Dan Maco had handled Lieut. Ismailoff's stock, with a year or two of preliminary training, we fancy that the Russians themselves would have been astounded with the difference in time. The black stallion Lebed was sold Oct. 15, under a misapprehension for the almost nominal sum of \$950. The balance of the venture, which includes the other black stallion Lobodonok, the two grey stallions, Zwoonk and Kolokoltshnik, and the black mare Birn, together with the droskies, troikas and general outfit have been disposed of to Mr. Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, on private terms. Mr. Winans, if we remember correctly, imported a lot of Russian horses some years since. Lieut. Ismailoff will take his departure on Thursday next. We sincerely wish him a pleasant passage and immunity from the massacring proclivities of the noudish Bash-Bazouks.—*Turf.*

Mr. James Horton, of Hibbert, has sold his horse, Glory of the Dominion, to Mr. Drake, of St. Thomas. The consideration was close to \$1,000.

to attract the audience to his power. The numerous rounds of applause which his wonderful dramatic powers are held. Of the support, Miss Phoea McAllister deserves more than a good word; as Laura Hawkins, she appeared to the best advantage, and in the sunny and shady sides of that character ably assisted the star, and did credit to herself. Miss Carr was more than acceptable as Mrs. Hawkins. Mr. Southard created an unfavorable impression as Col. Selby, owing to want of study; Mr. Hudson was an ideal District Attorney, with all the name implies; while the remainder of the company exerted themselves to make the piece a success, which it truly was, earning the lack of enthusiasm at the close of the last act. The scenery and mounting were perfect. Col. Selby will be repeated at the matinee to-morrow. On Wednesday evening Mr. Raymond's new play of *Risks* was produced for the first time in this city, and will be played the rest of the week. To-night Mr. Raymond takes his benefit, when we expect to see an overflowing house.

The Queen's had a number of new names on their programme this week, and several specialty features are promised for next week, among which are Mons. Niblo and wife, and Tude and Charrest which will much increase the attractions of the variety entertainment given at this house. Messrs. Burton & Kennedy take their benefit this evening.

### GENERAL.

**MONTREAL.**—The houses at the Academy of Music have not been equal to the efforts of the manager in catering for the public amusement, and there has been some talk if business does not look up, that Mr. Morris would throw up his lease. On Monday and Tuesday the bill was been Under the Gashlight with Miss Kellogg and Messrs. Warner and Morris in the cast.—The Theatre Royal has been redecorated, refitted, and a new stock of scenery added, and is now ready for occupancy by the first enterprising manager who may come along.

**HAMILTON.**—Miss Charlotte Stanley in her great play of *Crime*, on Monday evening commenced a season of one week at the Opera House. Among the new names are Jerome and Cameron, Miss Hilda Wayne, and Miss Nellie Stone. Harry Lindley is still master of ceremonies.

**PT. SARASIA.**—Sophie Miles and the Royal Star Dramatic Co., 13th, 14th, and 15th at Court House.

**EXETER.**—Mr. Abel Walper is fitting up a handsome new hall.

The Holman Opera Troupe are at Louisville, Ky., this week.

Mr. Chas. J. Mira, formerly a member of the Holman Opera Co., has taken up his residence permanently in Australia.

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Poetry.

THE FARO DEALER'S STORY.

BY GEORGE H. JEFFERSON.

About the game's morality,  
That's neither here nor there;  
I think it's much like other games,  
When dealt upon the square.

If men have cash and want to play,  
The game won't hinder them a bit;  
In time they learn it doesn't pay,  
And then they some times quit.

I've dealt the game for twenty years,  
I've left it now, I didn't fail,  
I sickened at one sight I saw  
And thereby hung a tale.

Some three years since I ran a game—  
A high-toned one—dead on the square,  
If I'm not wrong you know the place;  
I think I've seen you there.

Well, sir, I ran a thriving game,  
And dealt for half the bloods in town,  
I've had as much as five lay outs,  
And no chance to sit down.

One evening a young chap strolled in,  
Fair hair, blue eyes and clear cut face,  
So fresh that you could see he was  
A stranger in the place.

He was at home though, for I saw  
In his blue eyes the love of play,  
And after that first evening's deal  
He scarcely missed a day.

He played his pile right up and up,  
And never growled if luck was bad;  
He'd stack the limit up in blue  
On every second card.

His luck was bad; sometimes the worst  
I ever saw—and I've seen lots,  
I've known him in a single deal  
Lose seven double shots.

Business for me, of course, and yet  
Sometimes it seemed almost too bad;  
Of course, I couldn't say a word,  
But still I liked the lad.

He'd lots of cash though, I should think;  
He must have dropped since that first day  
Indeed thousand, first and last,  
Before he gave up play.

We both quit gambling that same night;  
He, poor boy, for sufficient cause,  
And I because I loathed the game,  
And this was how it was:

He didn't have much com along,  
It gave out in a deal or two;  
So he put up a caution bet,  
To see his old luck through.

The chips soon went, he had a pin  
A flaming stone in massive gold,  
Without a word he passed it in,  
And drew five hundred cold.

So up to me God! I wish that luck,  
And did each player in the place;  
But, no; his last stack came my way  
Upon a losing ace.

He passed me in his watch and chain,  
And drew, I think, three hundred more,  
And then he laid his bet again—  
The luck was as before.

My God! I never shall forget  
The pile drawn low upon his face;  
And still he never spoke a word  
And never left his place.

His hand had lay where his chips had  
And moved at times as if to bet;  
A thin, worn circle of dull gold  
Was on his finger yet.

It caught his eye at last; he stopped  
And looked at it a little space,  
And a dark wave of crimson blood  
Passed hotly over his face.

And then he drew it out, it came  
So suddenly, his worn old ring;  
Far less than the flashing gem  
His circle seemed to cling.

He held it out across to me  
I took it, and I saw the gold,  
The ring was on my finger yet,  
And I was left alone.

THREE-CARD MONTE.

An English court has decided that three-card monte is a game of skill, not of chance, and therefore not illegal. This reminds us of a decision in Kentucky in favor of old sledge. The lawyer who defended parties indicted for indulging in that game contended that it was a game of skill, and offered to test the argument by matching the prisoners against the jury. The jury and the prisoners played until every jurymen was cleaned out, and a verdict of not guilty was returned. Ever since that old sledge has been a legal game in Kentucky. So far as three-card monte is concerned, the sympathy expressed for the victims is thrown away on unworthy objects. The losers invariably bet their money because they are absolutely sure that their eyes have been too quick for the player's fingers, and surely the man who bets on what he deems a sure thing has no right to talk of fraud when he loses. He is the greater rogue of the two. The player does not colour the cards, remove the winner, or play any trick of the kind, but simply manipulates the three until the unsuspecting holder is absolutely certain that one of them with a corner turned up is the piece of pasteboard that wins the money. If a perfectly honest man this unsophisticated individual will not bet, but if not above taking the advantage of the apparent near-sightedness of another he puts up his money and picks up his card, and is suddenly made righteously earnest in the cause of honesty by finding that he has lost. The winning card was there all the time, and if his eyes and wits had been really sharper than the hands of the player, he would have picked it up. It was a matter of skill, and he has failed. Why is it that a man who loses in this way is ten times as apt to cry out "thief" and demand his money back as the men who lose in other kinds of gambling? Simply because he is almost always a mean-spirited fellow; who would not bet without the certainty of winning, and cannot pocket his loss simply because he made no calculations on the possibility of loss. The three-card monte man is a sharper who ought to be suppressed, but no really honest man is ever victimized by him.

John Morrissey is worth his thousands of dollars; yet he commenced with 'mills.'

A correspondent writes from Drumm and ville, Que., as follows:—"We have a family here named Carroll. The parents are of medium size, but the five sons range from 6ft. 11in. to 6ft. 3in., and two daughters are 6ft. 2in."

An agricultural correspondent writes to correct what he thought to be an erroneous statement that recently appeared, relative to cows giving buttermilk. We adhere to our original statement. We never saw a cow give anything else but her milk.

"Father," said a boy who got kicked in the face by a mule that he was annoying, "will I ever be as good-looking as I was?" "No, my son," answered the parent, "I don't think you'll be as handsome as you were, but you'll know a great deal more."

A little boy of our acquaintance who had just learned that the names John and Jack were used interchangeably, took occasion, not unnaturally, to air his knowledge on the differ-ent readings of Scripture by calling his sister's attention to a picture of "Jack the Baptist."

When a pretty young lady and her aunt were knocked down by a stage the other day some flashy-dressed young men at once rushed forward and helped them up. It is supposed that they were gamblers, from the fact that they first assist a the young lady, and then "rais a the ant."

Mr. Archy Park, of West Oxford has this Fall taken 66 prizes on his herd of Ayrshires—33 first, 22 second and 11 third prizes, beating everything at the Provincial, Walkerton, Simcoe, Ingersoll, Woodstock and Otterville.

The Leamington Post says: At Ruthven, a few days ago, a large eagle swooped down and attempted to carry away a child of Mr. Johnson's, which was lying asleep under a tree. The eagle, with his talons, tore the child's face badly, and the child awakened. The bird flew away without his prey.

A three-card monte man played his little game rather extensively at Kentville, New Brunswick, recently. He succeeded on many occasions in winning large sums of money.

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**GOLDSMITH MAID.**

**HER CARE-TAKER INTERVIEWED.**

The Editor of the Spirit of the Times had an interview with Charles H. Cochrane, the caretaker of Goldsmith Maid for the past five years, and he gives the result of it in the following report:—

Editor.—Charley, is this retirement of the Maid's really real?

Cochran.—Yes, sir; you may be sure there is no mistake this time. I got to Fashion Stud Farm with her at four o'clock last Monday morning, and there she is to stay as long as she lives. She has the big box-stall right next to the office; you know which it is. Mr. Leavitt is going to give her light jogging work during the winter, and in the early spring she will be bred to General Washington, who is, you know, out of Old Lady Thorn, the only mare that got the best of the Maid in races. He will be four years old then, and I hope he will get a horse colt out of her. What breeding, that would be! Why, the colt would be worth \$10,000 as soon as he was dropped, just for his blood. Oh! no; the old mare will never go on the turf again. Being bred next spring, the colt wouldn't be due until 1879, and she couldn't be trained away until 1880, when she would be twenty-three years old. Besides, I am going to care for her, and you can bet I wouldn't do that if there was any chance of her being again, when I have spent only six months of my life for five years, and love her more than I do any human being.

Ed.—How did you come to take charge of her?

C.—Well, it was in 1872, and Mr. Doble brought her on to California. I had a stable of my own then, and Doble and I got acquainted and it seemed to like me, and I liked him. When he was going on East, he asked me to go with him, and take charge of Mr. Smith's farm at Fronton. I went on, but soon found the business was bigger than I could manage. Then Mr. Doble said he would make it just as well worth my while if I would take sole charge of Goldsmith Maid, travel with her everywhere, and never leave her; and I took her, and have been with her ever since.

Ed.—How was she, as regards condition and disposition, when you first took charge of her?

C.—She was pretty low in condition, but we soon brought her up, and that year she earned over \$10,000. I began putting wet bandages on her legs, and using a preparation on her feet, and found it did her a great deal of good. One of these smart Chicago reporters got a copy of the Chicago Herald, and started the story that she was gone in the legs. I never saw such fellows as those reporters in Chicago. They would bear a remark from some man, who didn't know what he is talking about, about a horse, and next morning you see a column in the paper, without a word of truth in it. About her temper, she was pretty cross when I took her. She would bite and strike with her fore feet, and would drive any stranger out of her stall, but lately she has become more docile. She has prejudices though, just like a human being. Some strangers she wouldn't allow in her stall now, while others can pet and caress her. A lady could always fondle her; she would never attack a lady.

Ed.—Had she any pet, any dog or other animal, that she liked?

C.—Yes, there is a Scotch terrier bitch, Jimmy, that the old mare was very fond of, and has been about her stable for years. If any other dog came in, she would go for him with her fore feet, and drive him out in short order. Sometimes she would get jealous of Jimmy sleeping by me, and would drive her to another part of the stall. She had one trick that was very cute. Every night I would put a couple of quilts or coats under my head, and at five o'clock in the morning she would get up and nuzzle around the blankets until I fed her. She would eat the oats, and then come and lie down by me. When I was lying down, she took me under her protection, and would guard me just as a dog does, and would drive away anybody that came near me, but when I was up and about it was all right. She knew I could take care of myself then.

Ed.—You must have become very attached to her?

C.—I should think I did. I feel as bad as if I had lost my wife to part with her. Why, at Rochester, in 1875, when Lulu beat her, I cried like a baby. I didn't feel so bad when Smuggler beat her at Cleveland, last year, because we had some expectations he might, and we knew the reason he did. You see we had been training her for trials of speed, to beat 2:14, and had taught her to trot two slow heats and one very fast heat, and she was not in condition for a race, and lost race. Besides, Mr. Doble was determined to get to Cleveland, and didn't have a chance at her. That race put her in splendid condition for the next world, when she

about twenty-five minutes, he took her again, and that time she trotted the mile in just 2:20. The day of the race, Mr. Doble came out, and when he tried the mare said he didn't like her. I told him how fast Splan had driven her, and he said he believed it had taken her speed from her. The first heat Rarus made a bad break, and the Maid could have distanced him, but Doble joggled her in 2:26 and let Rarus in. Before the start the betting had been \$750 on the Maid and \$300 on Rarus. After this heat I happened to go to the pool-stand, and found Rarus was the favorite. I went and told Mr. Doble, who was lying down in the stable, and he went to Splan who said:—"I'll tell you what it means. I've been working for other people long enough, and now I've begun working for Splan." Doble said, "We'll see about that," or something of the sort. The next heat the Maid went to the half in 1:08 1/2, and was several lengths ahead of Rarus, when she stepped in a hole, caught her shoe in that bunch on her fore leg, and pulled it off, and Rarus went on and won the heat, and you know he won the race afterwards, for the mare couldn't trot with that sore and bleeding leg. Mr. Doble wanted to draw her, but the judge wouldn't allow it. I shall always believe that Splan took the edge off the mare two days before the race, so that he could beat her without trotting below 2:19. He and Doble haven't been friends since then.

Ed.—What caused the Maid to break down this season?

C.—Well, you, she didn't break down! She is as sound as a nut now, and as frisky as a colt. She hit herself in her near fore leg, at South Bend, Indiana, a few weeks ago, and as she was getting old, and Mr. Doble wished to bring her to the breeding farm without a blemish, her other trotting engagements were cancelled. You see she has had a busy season. After trotting all the races she did in California, she came East and, July 4, trotted at Cincinnati. Her route since has been to Chicago, then to Springfield, Mass., back to Chicago, then to Rochester, N.Y., back to Chicago, then to Cynthia, Ky., by way of Louisville, back to Louisville, then to Nashville and Lexington. She trotted on a Monday in Lexington, Ky., and the following Saturday trotted at St. Joseph, Mo. That was a big jump, as we had many delays, and the mare went at Kansas City, Mo., on a half-mile track, and not a fast one, in 2:18. She has as much speed as she ever had, that's the fact. She trotted again at Kansas City, on Saturday, before the biggest crowd I ever saw. The next Thursday she was at Toledo, O., and Saturday at South Bend, where she hit herself. She had engagements at Columbus and Hillsboro, O., but did not trot at either place, though she was shown to halter and jogged. She has been joggled from four to six miles every day right along. She is getting old, and neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Doble wish to keep her trotting until she breaks down. Mr. Doble is the kindest man I ever saw with horses, and I have been with them now fifty-three years. Oh, no, the Maid is not broken down, but is as sound and has as much speed as ever. I wish you could see her for yourself, down at Trenton.

Ed.—Have you any idea how much money she has earned, and how far she has travelled since she began trotting?

C.—Well, Mr. Leavitt figured up, last July, that she had earned either \$311,000 or \$316,000 then, I forget which. I reckon you could put it now at \$326,000, and not be over the mark. She has travelled on the cars about 130,000 miles.

**THE BENEFIT OF RAISING GOOD STOCK.**

The purpose of raising good stock was never more forcibly illustrated than in the history of the horse Alexander, raised by Mr. E. H. Gregory, of this city, and owned by Mr. John Riordon. The horse is but six or seven years of age, and yet the present owner has been offered \$4,000 for him. It is doubtful, however, if even that amount of money will secure Alexander, whose record and staying qualities are of a kind to command the highest market price. The sum now offered for Alexander is the price of thirty or forty common horses, and such as a few years ago would have caused the ruin of any farmer who was fortunate to raise such an animal, because he would have imagined there was some witchcraft about the affair. We do not mean by what we have said above that all should raise trotting horses, but that each should endeavor to raise the best in each class, and thus secure the highest prices and the greatest profits.—*St. Catharines Record.*

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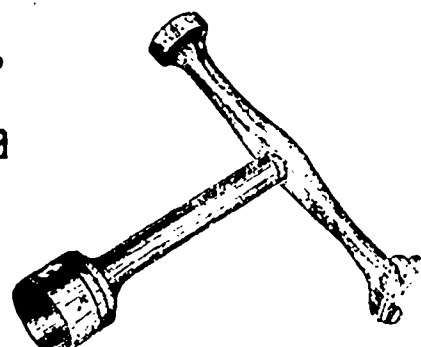
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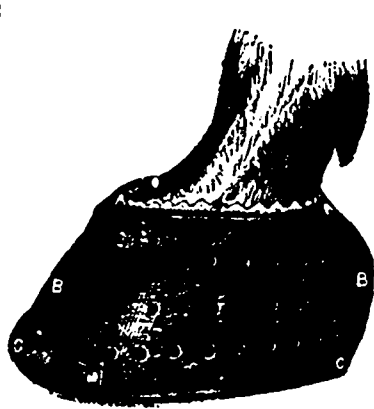
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Q.—Had she any pet, any dog or other animal, that she liked?

A.—Yes, there is a Scotch terrier bitch, Jimmy, that the old mare was very fond of, and has been about her stable for years. If any other dog came in, she would go for him with her teeth, and drive him out in short order. Sometimes she would get jealous of Jimmy sleeping by me, and would drive her to another part of the stall. She had one trick that was very cute. Every night I would put a couple of quarts of oats under my head, and at five o'clock in the morning she would get up and nosed around the blankets until I fed her. She would eat the oats, and then come and lie down by me. When I was lying down, she took me under her protection, and would guard me just as well as dogs, and would drive away anybody that came near me, but when I was up and about it was all right. She knew I could take care of myself then.

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Q.—How about Rarus beating the Maid at Oakland Park?

A.—Well, there has been a good deal said about that in the papers, but I can tell you the truth. She and Rarus had had several races before that, and the Maid had won all of them, though Mr. Doble was very sick, and in two races got somebody else to drive her. At Chicago he came out to the track so weak that we had to lift him out of the carriage and lift him into the sulky. She trotted the second heat that day in 2:14 1/2, and it's all bosh about Rarus being at her neck-tie, for he was four lengths behind. Before the race at Oakland Park, Mr. Doble was sick and. Two days before it, Splan came to me and said:—"Charley, Budd can't get up, and he asked me to give the mare a mile and repeat to day." I had been expecting to do it myself, and knew just how fast I wanted to drive her. She would go different for different drivers, just according to how they were accustomed to send her along. I said all right, and Splan asked me how fast he should drive her. I told him I thought the first mile in about 2:30 and repeat in 2:28. He said Mr. Doble wanted her driven a little faster than that, and he got in, and, after giving her a warning up the reverse way of the track, he sent her around, on the outside of the track, in 2:23. I told him that was too fast, and I was afraid he would hurt her, but he said he just let her go along, and didn't urge her along. After she had rested

...day... Mr. South nor Mr. Doble wish to keep her trotting until she breaks down. Mr. Doble is the kindest man I ever saw with horses, and I have been with them now fifty-three years. Oh, no, the Maid is not broken down, but is as sound and has as much speed as ever. I wish you could see her for yourself, down at Trenton.

Ed.—Have you any idea how much money she has earned, and how far she has travelled since she began trotting?

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The purpose of raising good stock was never more forcibly illustrated than in the history of the horse Alexander, raised by Mr. Eli Gregory, of this city, and owned by Mr. John Riordon. The horse is but six or seven years of age, and yet the present owner has been offered \$4,000 for him. It is doubtful, however, if even that amount of money will secure Alexander, whose record and staying qualities are of a kind to command the highest market price. The sum now offered for Alexander is the price of thirty or forty common horses, and such as a few years ago would have caused the ruin of any farmer who was fortunate to raise such an animal, because he would have imagined there was some witchcraft about the affair. We do not mean by what we have said above that all should raise trotting horses, but that each should endeavor to raise the best in each class, and thus secure the highest prices and the greatest profits.—*St. Catharines Review.*

### THE SHORT-HORN "BUBBLE."

The short-horn sales which have been taking place in Kentucky the past few days have not been largely attended, and the prices have ruled distressingly low. The reaction has come, and it is full as crushing as we predicted it would be two years ago. Fashionably-bred cattle have sold for little more than they are worth at the butcher's block, and the immediate out-look is anything but cheerful. The curse of over-speculation will, we trust, soon disappear, and confidence be restored among the legitimate breeders of short-horns. This type of cattle is the best in the world for a grazing country; it ripens quickest for the butcher's stall, and furnishes the largest quantity of flesh with the least amount of bone and muscle; it is a profitable type to cultivate, and our well-to-do farmers will not neglect it. There is no risk in purchasing short horns at the prices which they here have been selling for at auction, in fact, the farmer who wishes to found a herd can afford to pay more than the sum per head the majority of the animals have brought. But he cannot realize upon his investment when required to draw a check of \$17,500 for a calf four months old. The attempt to make inflated prices those of standard value has resulted in failure, as we predicted it would do at the time. The greatest of all the speculators, the Jay Gould of short horns, has been trying to compromise with his creditors, but every plan suggested up to this time has been rejected. There is no hope for such speculators outside of bankruptcy. We regret that the disaster is so over whelming, but our regrets will not change the complexion of the case. With the speculators crippled and patience on the part of the breeders, the drooping short-horn interest will revive. The grazing capacity of America is immense, and the demand for the best beef-producing cattle is certain to increase. Those who could not afford to touch short horns at fancy prices will now eagerly embrace the opportunity to secure them at a value which represents practical worth.—*Turf.*

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