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GENTLEMEN'S SPORTING JOURNAL



VOL. VI TORONTO ONT., FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1877. NO. 370

American Turf.

NEW ORLEANS RACES.

New Orleans, La., Dec 10.—Louisiana Jockey Club—Fifth renewal of the Howard Stakes for 3-year-olds, at \$25 each, p.p. with \$500 added; of which 190 to second and 50 to third; race of Slocomb Stakes (Mary R) to carry 7 tons; value of stakes, \$550, one mile.
 DeWitt's ch f Mary R, by Daniel Boone, dam Maggie G, 104 lbs, inc. 7 lbs extra.... 1
 Jones & Brian's b c Captain Fred Rice, by Royal, dam by Bapes, 100 lbs..... 2
 Jones Richard's b c Momentum, by War Horse, dam imp Fleeting Moments, 100 lbs 3
 Thomas F Kenner, Jim Bell, Barnaby Budge, chief, and Alarm ran unplaced.
 Time—1:59½.
 Consolation Purse \$250, for horses that had run and not won during the meeting, to first, 50 to second; one mile.
 Jones & Stores' b f Little Sis, 3 yrs, by Bapton, dam by imp Yorkshire, 87 lbs.. 1
 Jones & Co's b f Belle Isle, 3 yrs, by Bon- ton, dam by Asteroid, 87 lbs.... 2
 Jones & Co's b f Belle Barkley, 4 yrs, by Bapton, dam Capitola, 101 lbs..... 3
 Belmont and Miss Tilton ran unplaced.
 Time—1:48½.
 Consolation Purse \$600, for all ages; \$650 to second; four-mile heats.
 Grinstead's ch h St Martin, 5 yrs, by Bapton, dam Tokay, 110 lbs..... 1
 Montgomery's ch c Tempin, 4 yrs, by Pil- ton, dam by Lunatic, 104 lbs..... 2
 Time—8:18½, 8:40.

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IZAR'S EXHIBITION.

Mons. Adrian Izar, the distinguished French billiard player, assisted by his pupil, gave three interesting exhibitions of fancy cue and finger shots in this city on Friday and Saturday last. On Friday afternoon a private exhibition was given at Albert Hall to a number of ladies and gentlemen who were present on the invitation of Mr. Samuel May. In the evening at the same place the doors were open to the public, and on Saturday evening Mons. Izar displayed his skill at the Revere House Rooms. The programme of the several exhibitions were about the same, and consisted of a three-ball game between the professor and his pupil, remarkable finger shots accomplished by taking the ball between the thumb and finger, and fancy caroms and movements with the cue. Mons. Izar proved himself to be a wonderful finger player, and showed he could handle the cue to some advantage as well. All the games were played on tables manufactured by Mr. Sam May, and, though his interpreter, M. Izar complimented the maker on the excellence of the table, and described them as equal if not superior to the best he has ever used.

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mean F Kenner, Jim Bell, Barnaby Rudge, and Alarms ran unplaced.

Time—1:59½.
First Day—Consolation Purse \$250, for horses had run and not won during the meeting, to be first, 50 to second; one mile.
Mrs & Stokes' b f Little Sis, 3 yrs, by Johnson, dam by imp Yorkshire, 87 lbs.. 1
Brown & Co's b f Belle Isle, 3 yrs, by Bon-
b Scotland, dam by Asteroid, 87 lbs.... 2
Day & Co's b f Belle Barkley, 4 yrs, by
Boston, dam Capitola, 101 lbs..... 3
Mount and Miss Tilton ran unplaced.

Time—1:48½.
Second Day—Purse \$800, for all ages; \$850 to 150 to second; four-mile heats.
Whitcomb's ch h St Martin, 5 yrs, by
Boston, dam Tokay, 110 lbs..... 1
Whitcomb's ch c Tempin, 4 yrs, by Pil-
ton, dam by Lunatic, 104 lbs..... 2
Time—8:18½, 8:40.

Hedestrianism.

MISS VON HILLERN WALKS 150 MILES IN 50 HOURS.

Philadelphia, Pa., on Dec. 18, Miss Von Hillern completed her task of walking 150 miles in fifty consecutive hours. In this feat she has exhibited judgment in timing her work so that she was neither too rapid nor at any time so slow as to cause any appreciable loss of time. Through this last effort has added miles upon her previous record, never before she has accomplished it with great ease. Beginning on Tuesday evening at ten o'clock, she concluded her task at ten o'clock to eleven o'clock this evening. The pace has been large and highly reliable, very many of our leading citizens and their ladies taking a deep interest in the race as it progressed through its various stages and evincing much anxiety at the encouraging by their plaudits at the close of every mile. The close was welcomed with wild enthusiasm, the assemblage overflowing into the spirit of the contest. The 44th mile was made in 14m. 48s., the 54th mile in 15m. 7s., 147th mile in 15m. 4s. and the 150th and last mile in 14m. 8s. Her walking time, 30h. 5m. Medical examination, at every rest, indicated the pulse ranging from 96 to 104, and the temperature of the body at no time not exceeding 97. There were notable facts and caused much interest to the medical faculty, who watched her physical condition.

SPRINTS.

Adams and Kendricks ran a 100-yard race on the 10th. It was pronounced a dead heat, time 10½. What we want is how they could make anything out of running a dead heat.

Beggers (Brown), of Trenton, N. J., and Thomas, of Newark, N. J., at on Christmas, 100 yds., for \$100. Adams has 5 yds. start.

New York Sportsman of last week Adams and T. Keppel ran a 440-yard race at Springfield, Ill., on the 11th. The contest was run in heats, best two of three. The first heat was won by Adams by a foot in 50½. The second heat was won by Keppel by a yard. The third heat was captured by Keppel by a yard over a yard behind him. Time, 54½. There must be something wrong with the time of this race. The clocking in the city, the track short, or else these sprinters are about the best in the world. We must be excused from taking without an immense amount of

shooting tournament to take place is contemplated in Whitty.

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Curling.

MEETING OF THE CANADIAN BRANCH OF ROYAL CALEDONIAN CLUB.

A meeting of the Canadian branch of the Royal Caledonian Club was held in Montreal on Monday, 11th inst. Six district medals were offered for the following competitions:—Quebec vs. Thistle of Montreal, Ottawa vs. Caledonia, Montreal; Belleville vs. Kingston, Three Rivers vs. Vice Regal, Ottawa; Renfrew vs. Perth, and Arnprior vs. Mississippi, Almonte. A resolution was carried tendering the silver challenge tankard, which was on exhibition at the Centennial, to the Ontario branch as a permanent challenge trophy, subject to the original rules. There was curling in the Thistle rink on Monday.

MAY BIRD—MR. BONNER'S STABLE AHEAD AT ALL DISTANCES TO ROAD WAGON.

The black mare May Bird, by George Wilkes, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, has become a member of Mr. Robert Bonner's celebrated stable. She has been on the turf for a number of years, and justly has been regarded as one of the gamiest animals that ever trotted down the octolateral line. She has not always gone to the front when she was able to get there, nevertheless she has won some of the hardest-contested races ever witnessed in the country. Her record of 2:21 in harness, 2:19½ to saddle, is not the full measure of her speed. Weight does not anchor her. On Saturday, Nov. 15, at a season of the year when fast time is out of the question in the cold climate of the New England States, she won a wagon race at Mystic Park, Boston, and made a record of 2:24½. Yesterday a gentleman said to us: "It is rumored that Mr. Bonner has purchased May Bird as a mate for Music, with the view of making a double team which will eclipse the 2:23 performance of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's team, Small Hopes and Lady Mac, at Fleetwood Park." We replied at the time that we knew nothing of the sale of May Bird, but felt satisfied from what we had seen with our own eyes that it was not necessary for Mr. Bonner to purchase Mr. Walker's mare to make a team which would pull a road wagon in 2:23; that he could, with John Taylor, Music, Malsey, Astoria, Wellesley Boy, Eric, Pocahontas and Grafton at his command, make several teams which would go from wire to wire in time better than that recorded by Small Hopes and Lady Mac. At a later hour we met Mr. Bonner, and on inquiry learned from him that he had purchased May Bird for \$9,500, but not for the purpose of entering into rivalry with Mr. Vanderbilt. His motive was the same which recently induced him to add Centennial, Keen Jim, Lucy Caylor and others to his collection. He explained that his contest had been with the late Commodore, and that he did not propose to keep up the struggle himself now that the Commodore was in his grave. Whatever rivalry existed must be carried on by the second generation. The inference we drew from his remarks

looked ahead for the first time in their lives and Mr. Alley Bonner drove them a full mile to road wagon on a ½ track in 2:23, which is a much better performance than a mile in the same time on a mile track. After this John Taylor was laid up with a shoe boil, from which he is now fully recovered. This brief statement of facts should be sufficient to convince everybody that it was not necessary for Mr. Robert Bonner to purchase May Bird in order to beat the great double-team performance of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. The struggle, next year, for the wagon-team supremacy, will be watched with no little interest by the people of New York and elsewhere. In this connection it may be interesting to state that it is universally conceded that Mr. Robert Bonner, himself, has made the fastest time to road wagon, at all distances, from a quarter of a mile up to two miles, ever made by any gentleman, namely: Startle, a quarter of a mile, to road wagon, in 32½ seconds; Dexter, a half-mile, to road wagon, in 1:06½; Dexter, a mile, to road wagon, in 2:21½; and Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, two miles, to road wagon, in 5:01½. Not one of these achievements, as the annals of the track plainly show, has ever been equaled. By way of conclusion we add that it is Mr. Bonner's opinion that two horses can be harnessed together to beat 2:18.—Turf.

"BUCKET SHOPS."

(From the New York Evening Post, Dec. 11th.)
The term "bucket shop" is used in Wall Street to describe a "blackboard exchange." "Blackboard exchanges" are of recent origin, having sprung into being since the Stock Exchange advance brokers' commissions, and since the numerous class which formerly speculated in stocks has become so impoverished as to buy or sell as much as one hundred shares of stock with difficulty. A "blackboard exchange" is a concern where a firm or individual opens an office and receives orders to buy or sell any amount of any stock dealt in at the Stock Exchange; in some as small an amount as one share can be bought or sold; in others five shares is the lowest amount dealt in. The proprietors of the "bucket shop" sell all the stocks ordered/bought and buy all the stocks ordered sold—at least, this is the theory; in reality,
NO STOCK IS BOUGHT OR SOLD.

The profits made by the "bucket shops" lie in the fact that in a large majority of cases speculators are wrong, and therefore the "bucket shop" wins in say eight cases out of ten. The bets (or purchases and sales) are made by customers as the prices come out on the telegraph tape; they are then immediately chalked on the blackboard and customers made their bets. Hence it will be seen that the telegraph tape reports are important in the business.

To break up the business the Stock Exchange have adopted the system of mixing up the quotations as they go over the tape—that is, to take quotations for ten minutes, reverse them and send them out in a bunch. There are twenty-six "bucket shops" and a thousand members of the Stock Exchange, who have, say, five hundred telegraph instruments in their offices; these latter are all disturbed by the course taken by the Stock Exchange to kill the "bucket shops," and brokers say that the course adopted by the Stock Exchange Committee in this matter is not different from what it would be for a man in his night-clothes to stand out on the ice in a December night for the purpose of freezing to death a dog of which he wished to be freed.

It is considered unfortunate by the members of the Stock Exchange who reflect that such prominence should have been given to the subject by the Stock Exchange, as it brings before the people the fact that

STOCK EXCHANGE SPECULATION

is so unsafe for outsiders that it is perfectly safe for any one to take whatever bets the public choose to make on the prices of stocks—and not only safe but profitable for those who act in exactly the reverse way to the public. The reason that the concerns are called "bucket shops" is that for a small sum of money a person can go through all the stages of intoxication which follow speculation, while at the Stock Exchange a fortune may be necessary to get the same experience. At the real "bucket shops" in the old Five Points enough liquor could be got for

divided in columns a few inches wide, at the head of each column is the name of some stock and the quotations are marked beneath as they come from the stock indicator and are shouted out by a watchful clerk. Cigars are handed around by one of the establishment's boys, and the room is full of smoke. Three young men patrol from one end of the line of chairs to the other, and take down on a slip of paper the orders to buy or sell. The persons who occupy the chairs are broken down operators, merchants' clerks and boys. The calling of quotations, the orders to sell or buy and the Stock Exchange jargon of nearly a hundred excited men make a noise which renders the greater part of the transactions which take place unintelligible to a stranger.

To give an idea of the working of this "bucket shop" a description of the following transaction may be useful: "Next to the reporter of the Evening Post sat a young man, apparently not more than twenty years old, fashionably dressed and evidently at home. When Lake Shore stock was marked on the board at 59 1-8 he gave an order to buy five shares and handed one of the walkers five dollars, for which he received a sort of receipt for his shares, which cost him 59 1-8. When the stock was next quoted on the board it was at 59 1-2; he had an opportunity to close the transaction and make exactly sixty-two cents, which he did, apparently satisfied with the result of his speculation. The greater number of speculators are not so lucky.

Billiards.

"TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN."

In reply to an article under this caption that appeared in the New York Turf, Field and Farm severely criticising the actions of some leading billiard experts, notably Sexton and C. Dion, and which was reproduced in our columns, the following letters have appeared from Dion, Daly and Slosson:
NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1877.

EDITORS TURF, FIELD AND FARM.—In your last issue, under an article headed "Wood-Gatherers," my name is connected with what the writer of it calls "a skin arrangement." How he can connect me with challenges and counter-challenges between Sexton and C. Dion, I cannot see—except, in his wrongful construction of their challenges, he wishes to falsify me to the public, and thus gratify some imaginary personal spleen. I wish to state, however, that I am going South, partly for health and partly for pleasure, and intend also giving exhibitions on the way; and should a tournament be given in any of the cities I may chance to visit, I will not consider it criminal, but be happy, to be one of the contestants.
I am, respectfully,
MAURICE DALY.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 12, 1877.

EDITORS TURF, FIELD AND FARM.—In your last issue, in an article headed "Wood-Gathering," the writer attempts to make my answer to Sexton's card appear as a conspiracy with him and others to go to New Orleans and indulge in disgraceful proceedings. I wish to correct the false impression that the writer of the article labors under, and that I never had any such intentions. The odds Mr. Sexton offered were great enough to warrant me in going any distance for him, and as it had been my intention to visit most of the Southern cities this winter, to avoid the cold weather, it would have put me to very little inconvenience meeting him in any of them, had he accepted. I am now on my way South, giving exhibitions, and may meet Mr. Sexton; and, if I should, am willing to make good my offer for any amount he may choose. Hoping you will publish this in correction of that article, you will right and oblige.

Yours respectfully,
CYRILLE DION.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 5, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR,—The last issue of a New York journal pub-

lished in this city, assisted by his pupil, gave three interesting exhibitions of fancy cue and finger shots in this city on Friday and Saturday last. On Friday afternoon a private exhibition was given at Albert Hall to a number of ladies and gentlemen who were present on the invitation of Mr. Samuel May. In the evening at the same place the doors were open to the public, and on Saturday evening Mons. Izar displayed his skill at the Revue House Rooms. The programme of the several exhibitions were about the same, and consisted of a three-ball game between the professor and his pupil, remarkable finger shots accomplished by taking the ball between the thumb and finger, and fancy caroms and movements with the cue. Mons. Izar proved himself to be a wonderful finger player, and showed he could handle the cue to some advantage as well. All the games were played on tables manufactured by Mr. Sam May, and, though his interpreter, M. Izar complimented the maker on the excellence of the table, and described them as equal if not superior to the best he had ever used.

THE MONTREAL TOURNAMENT.

We have simply the telegraphic reports of the playing at Brand's Tournament, Montreal, which we give below:—

First Day, Monday, Dec. 17.—At the billiard tournament this evening W. Jakes defeated S. Jakes by 360 to 284; winner's average, 5.22. Burleigh, Hamilton, defeated Bennett, Toronto, by 275 to 261; winner's average, 4.47.

Dec. 18.—Burleigh, of Hamilton, beat Frank Dion, Montreal, by 375 to 254. Burleigh made a run of 85. Sam Jakes, Cobourg, beat Donohoe, Montreal, by 300 to 288. W. Jakes, Cobourg, beat S. Watson, St. Albans, by 350 to 342. Watson made 47 and Jakes 85. Capron, of Brantford, beat Donohoe, Montreal, by 300 to 261.

SCRATCHES.

Mons. Izar was at Hamilton on Wednesday, and will be at St. Catherine's to-night, 21st.

Mr. James Maginn, of the Royal Opera Billiard Parlor here, had his capital account increased by the proverbial \$1,000 on the 14th inst. It was a boy.

John Hickey, who will be remembered as being in Hamilton and Toronto about a year ago, is now superintendent of the Passamaquoddy House billiard room, Bath, Me. He is said to be playing excellent billiards, and contemplates a visit to New York shortly.

Monsieur Adrain Izar, the billiardist, was originally a compositor in the *Moniteur* office, Paris, France, has been in prison seven times for breach of the French press laws, and has been fined at different times to the amount of 4,766 francs.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—

At an adjourned meeting at Woodstock, of the Committee appointed for the purpose of organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the following officers were appointed:—Rev. Archdeacon Sweetman, President; W. R. Parker and Dr. Turquan, Vice-Presidents; Allan Cassels Consulting Counsel; Executive Committee—The Rev. W. T. McMullen, Mrs. de Blaquiere, Mrs. Gordon, T. Oliver M. P., H. J. Whittaker, Miss Hall, T. H. Parker, G. Playter, T. Scott, Mrs. Cottle, John Winto, Miss Lora Parker, Walter Arnold, F. Macqueen, and Miss Flossy Cottle. Miss Mens Cottle, Secretary and Treasurer.

DEATH OF HERR DRIESBACH.—Herr Driesbach, the lion-tamer, whose performances thrilled menagerie goers years, died at Wooster, O., on the 5th inst.

THE Master of the Hounds

CHAPTER VI.

(CONTINUED.)

"Then, in your opinion, Blanche, being a very worldly-minded young lady, aspires to the rank of a duchess, or marchioness, at least?"

"Far be it from me," replied Beauchamp; "to impute worldly consideration to a mind so pure, unselfish, and artless, as that of your dear, kind-hearted, unaffected niece; but my meaning was simply this: among the aristocracy, there are to be found more men of refined ideas, gentlemanly conduct, and high character (and you must admit of much more polished manners), than in any other class of gentlemen, taking an equal number from either. And such being the case, which I do not think will be disputed, there can be no just cause, why Blanche should refuse the offer of any young nobleman who might consider himself agreeable to her. She is hers of very old family, already connected with some of the highest rank, and, with the addition of a large landed property, she may, without being accused of worldly-mindedness, or ambition, compete with any duke's daughter in the land."

"This may be all true, my dear William," replied Mrs. Gordon, "except that, among our young nobility, there are many who would not be slow to woo any young heiress for the sake of her money only. But supposing Blanche were no heiress, after all, and dependent only on her aunt Gordon for anything she might be able to leave her, in that case, make an avowal of your love."

"Not even in that case, dear aunt Gordon, would I now fetter her with an engagement to myself, in mixing more with the world, she might afterwards seriously repent. In my opinion, every young girl should have a full allowance of time and opportunities of selecting a husband from more general society, before being encumbered by an early and perhaps imprudent attachment. We think some things very beautiful, until we see others more beautiful."

"A very true, William; but we ought to love human beings, not for their beauty of person, but for their beauty of mind."

"And yet a handsome person is, at first sight, a great attraction both to men and women."

"Well, then, your meaning is this, that my niece Blanche first to have her choice of all the handsome, gay young men, (numbers of whom will, no doubt, be trying hard to carry off the prize), and failing to find one of that number suited to her requirements, she can fall back upon William Beauchamp as a *dernier resort*, who promises to hold himself disengaged the while, and await patiently her royal decision."

"Even so, dear aunt, for I am not likely to change."

"Then you are one of the most romantic simpletons I have ever had the honor of being acquainted with, William Beauchamp. In fact, this is your weak point; but now listen to my opinion. I have long known you as a high-spirited, generous-hearted boy, anxious to be true enough to love you as my own son. Think you, then, that I will permit your happiness to be risked on such a hazardous basis, in which my dear Blanche will be equally compromised, if, as I believe, is the case, she really loves you as much as you declare? No, William, it shall not be."

"Mr. Harcourt is not her only guardian, I am sure, and without our joint consent, she cannot marry, until of age. He is worldly-minded and ambitious; I am the reverse, and in marriage, I know well, the only lasting happiness can arise from true and devoted attachment, founded on esteem of character, with fixed and firm principles of virtue and religion. You are the only young man I have yet met with, to whom I could with confidence intrust my dear Blanche; and now that I know you do love her, with my consent she shall never marry any other man."

"Nay, nay, my dear, kind friend, has your mind not been gradually influenced by the

"Well, aunt, said Beauchamp, 'we will wait your return in the conservatory, which is a more congenial atmosphere than this on a November day.'

Blanche appeared at first rather indisposed to this arrangement, fearing further disclosures from Beauchamp; but they were soon after busily engaged in comparing the various merits of Catherine wheels, Gothic roses, Maltese crosses, and such like devices.

"Some of these are very pretty," remarked Beauchamp; "but the idea of a new pattern has struck me; and taking out his pencil, he drew a small design, with two B's and D's opposite each other, but joined, forming four beds; the centre turf to be occupied by a standard rose tree, and the four letters as beds for violets, pansies, forget-me-nots, and heliotropes. Handing it to Blanche, he was asking her opinion, when Mrs. Gordon joined them.

"What is it you have been figuring?" she asked.

"Something quite new and emblematical," he replied; "B and D stand for Blanche Douglas—now you must guess, of what the figures are emblematical. The rose tree?"

"Beauty, of course," replied Aunt Gordon.

"Blue and white violets; what do they represent?"

Blanche and her aunt guessed at once—modesty and candour. "And very appropriate, too," remarked Mrs. Gordon.

"Pansies?"

The two ladies guessed in vain.

"Think of me," said Beauchamp, which brought a blush into Blanche's cheek. "Forget-me-not follows as a matter of course. The last bed is to be filled with heliotrope, the meaning of which I shall leave you both to find out. So now, dear aunt, if you approve the design, let us carry it out at once."

"Approve it, William? I am quite delighted with it. This flower-bed will be my pet, of all others, ever reminding me of dear Blanche, when she may be separated from me, and of that kind boy who suggested it, as a memorial emblematical of her I love so tenderly. But now, dear William, tell me the language of the heliotrope, that I may have my lesson complete."

"I cannot indeed tell you, dear aunt, so you must really set your wits to work to find it out."

"Will you then tell Blanche?"

"I would rather not," he replied, "unless she is particularly anxious to know."

"That, I am sure, she is—are you not, my love? so ask William what the heliotrope means."

"Will you tell me, William?" she inquired, approaching him.

"Yes, dear Blanche, but you only;" and whispering in her ear, he murmured, "The heliotrope, in the language of flowers, is, 'I love you!'"

At these words the color rose on Blanche's cheeks, mounting to her very forehead, and her agitation became too perceptible.

"Have I offended you, dear Blanche?" inquired Beauchamp, gently taking her hand, as she was turning away. "Will you forgive this little escapade? Not for worlds would I offer a word to you, which might prove displeasing or presuming. The heliotrope shall be discarded, and my words recalled, if you desire it."

"Indeed, I am not offended, William," she replied.

"Then give me your hand, dear Blanche; we must find the heliotrope another meaning for Aunt Gordon. Constancy, that will do much better—and here she comes, Constance herself, tripping across the lawn."

"What are you all about?" she inquired, kissing Blanche, and running to Mrs. Gordon to confer on her the same favor.

"Guessing the language of flowers, and you are just in time to exhibit in person the last emblem of the heliotrope," added Beauchamp, "which, I have told Blanche, means constancy, Constance Beauchamp."

"Oh, that is what you have been whispering about, is it, Mr. William? I thought there must be something very interesting to you both."

"Well, aunt, the secret is out at last, you see, and now we will finish the bed, if possible, before luncheon, with which he set to work at once with the line and pegs to mark out the figure; Constance, with Blanche, running off to the conservatory for the other patterns.

Well, said Constance, looking through

gave toasts, and talk of fox-hunting and love-making; we'll have a jolly night of it, won't we, Constance?"

"I suspect we should, indeed, and a queer morning, too, were we all to finish our bottle round, as you propose; and fine entertainment it would afford the ladies' maids, in carrying their mistresses up-stairs to bed."

"By Jove! that would be something quite *outré*, as the *monsieurs* have it; and I should like to Harcourt's phiz, when the news reached him of the heiress being rather the worse for liquor."

"Really, Mr. Conyers," exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, "I fear you are already half seas over, and not fit for ladies' society, to hear you run on in this ridiculous strain."

"Oh, no, my dear madam, I have taken nothing to-day, before I sat down to your hospitable board, since my breakfast; but my spirits are quite elated, in this friendly little party, all looking so joyous and happy. And now, ladies (after the dessert had been placed on the table), I vote we remove to the fireside, and, with a table in the *couloir*, make ourselves comfortable, until you are tired of Beauchamp and myself."

The vote being seconded, and carried without opposition, Bob continued—"As I will not venture on a toast with Fill the Campers fair, I will give you a sentiment instead; and now, join all hands round—May no worldly considerations, or evil influences, sever this link of hands and hearts, now joined so happily together."

"Amen," responded Mrs. Gordon, fervently; "may they never be rent asunder, but by the hand of Death."

"Hark!" exclaimed Conyers, "how the rain patters against the windows! By Jove! we shall have a terrible night to drive home in."

"There is no necessity for your going," replied Mrs. Gordon; "there are beds for you all."

"I must return, home," said Conyers, "having a very pressing engagement to-morrow morning."

"Then Constance must stay, at least, as she drove over in the phaeton, and I will not allow her to return in it, such a night as this; you, gentlemen, can do as you please."

To this arrangement Constance at first murmured; but being overruled by Mrs. Gordon and Blanche's entreaties, consented to remain—her brother promising to drive over the next day, and take her home.

After the gentlemen had left the Priory that night, no allusion was made by Blanche to her friend about her brother's conduct, neither did Constance mention his name. Mrs. Gordon also wisely forebore, during Blanche's stay with her, to make the slightest remark, which might lead her niece to suppose that William Beauchamp had ever intrusted her with the secret of his heart. But Blanche pondered long and deeply on his words, and treasured up a little sprig of heliotrope he had given her (unperceived by any one), at parting, the day he drove over his sister.

CHAPTER VII.

We must now pass over a few days, until the fixture at Lord Mervyn's seat, Marston Castle, when a grand collation was prepared, of which few were disposed to partake, notwithstanding Will Beauchamp's leading the way, and pressing others to follow his example. His lordship was no favorite with any of the old county families, and his very look gave the lie direct to any friendly or hospitable feeling. The fox-hunting community saw, at a glance, that his grand breakfast was only a sham and pretext to allay their well-grounded suspicions of his destruction to their sport; and none, save a few of the most zealous supporters of the hunt, who deemed it an act of policy to present themselves in his breakfast-room, would condescend to enter within the vestibule of Marston Castle.

Avoided by his son, feared by his daughter, and despised by his wife, Lord Mervyn stood aloof, even from his own family; and although possessing a large circle of acquaintances, friendship or love were to him unknown.

It being impossible to dispel the gloom and formality which presided at the breakfast-table (a misnomer, indeed, as far as his guests were concerned, who had breakfasted

up into the air in all directions. Not a whimper, however, was heard from a single hound, as the pack dashed through the underwood, with the whippers-in in close attendance, to prevent any bars, which might be chopped, from being eaten.

Soon a halloo was heard and repeated in one of the by drives, to which locality Will Beauchamp immediately repaired, but not with his usual alacrity.

"A fox just crossed over here, sir," said one of the underkeepers, still halloaing with all his might.

"That's noise enough," shouted Beauchamp; "which way is he gone?"

"There, sir, just before your horse's nose."

The hounds were on the spot, but looking about only—they would not own the scent. "Very odd," remarked the keeper; "I saw a fox not ten minutes ago, close to that little oak."

At this moment several halloas were heard in the large drive, where Lord Mervyn was posted, with Sir Francis, Bob Conyers, and many more.

"Here he crossed!" exclaimed Sir Francis, as Beauchamp galloped up with the pack. Still not a hound would speak to the scent, although they dashed into the wood, spreading far and wide.

"What's the meaning of this, Beauchamp?" inquired Sir Francis, in surprise; "there's not an atom of scent this morn'ing; they can't even own it."

"They won't own it, Sir Francis," replied Beauchamp, with a strong emphasis on the word.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Bob, "I thought as much; he's a bagman; Will!"

"No doubt of it," replied the master; "but hark! Charley's with him now; let us go and hear what he says."

The hounds were round the whipper-in, when Beauchamp, Bob, Sir Francis, and Lord Mervyn rode up. "What's the matter, Charles?" asked Beauchamp; "the hounds won't run the fox."

"Because, sir, he's been shook out of a bag this morning, or the keeper's long pocket."

"It's false, sir!" shouted Lord Mervyn, with his usual impetuosity; "how dare a servant offer his opinion in that manner?"

"Simply because, my good lord," replied Sir Francis, "it was his duty to do so, when asked by his master."

"I will soon satisfy you, Sir Francis, and all the gentlemen," said Charley, touching his cap, "that I am no liar." And begging his master to ride with the hounds through the upper part of the wood, he disappeared. In a few minutes after, the report of a gun was heard and a single whoop from Charley, who came trotting down the large drive, with the dead fox on his saddle. "Now, Sir Francis," said the whipper-in, throwing the carcass on the ground, "there's the bagman, with the mark of the collar on his neck, and his brush full of oat chaff, and if any hound touches him, I'm a liar."

Old Rambler walked up, and, corks his leg against his dead fox, turned sulkily away. Not a hound offered to touch him, all leaving him as he lay. Sir Francis and Bob Conyers dismounted to examine also, the former exclaiming—

"You are quite right, Charley; he is a bagman and no mistake."

Lord Mervyn was furious, declaring he would discharge all his keepers, if he could discover they had been concerned in the business.

"I think you ought to dismiss one, at least," replied Sir Francis, "for serving us such a dirty trick. But now for finding a wild fox—the day is slipping away."

"I am at his lordship's commands, to draw what covers he pleases," replied Beauchamp.

"You can try where you like, Mr. Beauchamp; all, every hedgerow of which I am the owner."

"Very well, my lord; it shall be done as you please." With which, they quitted Marston Wood.

"I say, Charley, asked Bob Conyers, riding by his side, "how did you manage to get hold of that gun?"

"Easily enough, sir. I went to where the head-keeper was standing in the other drive—just the place where foxes generally cross over—and getting off my horse, asked him to hold him a minute, while I went into the high wood. There lay the gun against that tree."

"Mr. Sharpshoot," I said, "my horse

and so how he will like our sporting life sport."

"Ay, ay!" responded several voices; "serve him right—we will join you any day at that fun."

"Stop a little, Gwynne," said Sir Francis; "give him another chance; and if we don't find a sound fox the next time the hounds draw Marston, put my name on the list for the shooting party."

When the fox was thrown to the hounds, Will Beauchamp rode up to Mr. Stiles, and shaking him by the hand, thanked him for the fox found in his covert.

"Welcome, squire, welcome to a dozen, I could keep 'em there. We had a fine little bred this season in that patch of gorse, but they're all trapped, save the old dog, which the hounds are not eating."

"I'm sorry to hear it Stiles," replied Beauchamp; "but we know your good disposition to the foxes, although your neighbors would allow you to keep them."

"Ah," sneered Vernon to a friend, or rather guest of Lord Mervyn's; "that fellow Beauchamp, wins the hearts of those clodhoppers, the farmers, by shaking their dirty hands."

"Handling the plough is not half such dirty work as handling the dice-box," exclaimed a dashing young farmer, who overheard Vernon's remarks.

"And who are you?—you insolent blackguard!" demanded Vernon, turning sharply round upon him.

"My name is Hazel," retorted the young man; "and if you don't beg my pardon for calling me an insolent blackguard, I'll blacken your face with my dirty hand, and knock you off your horse, into the bargain!" then riding close up to him, with his clenched fist, Vernon showed the white feather, murmuring out some apology. "And now, Mr. Vernon," said Hazel, "I'll warn you to keep a civil tongue in your mouth. We dirty-handed farmers work hard enough to turn an honest penny, which is more than you do; and if you give us any more of your sneer, we know how to prevent your insulting us in the field; whatever you may say behind our backs."

It being then very late, the hounds returned to the kennels.

We will now transfer our readers, in imagination, to the dining-room of Marston Castle, where, seated round the fire, after the ladies had retired, where Lord Mervyn, Richard Vernon, and Mr. Harper (his lordship's right-hand man in electioneering affairs.) The conversation turned out on the events of the day, and Lord Mervyn was bitterly inveighing against the insolence of Beauchamp's whipper-in, in shooting the fox.

"Were I in your situation, my lord," remarked Vernon, "I would warn Beauchamp and the whole crew off my lands."

"That I cannot do, Vernon, or we should lose our election, next year, for my son; and, at this moment, every vote is of consequence to the government."

"Well, then, after the election; it will be then."

"Change of ministry, dissolution of Parliament—all such contingencies have to be considered," replied Lord Mervyn, "so that seat in the Commons is never secure for any certain period in these changing times. No, no, Vernon; we can safely and successfully wage war against the foxes, and lay the blame on the keepers, but as to waging war with all the fox-hunters and fox-hunting farmers, that is too bold a stroke to venture upon. The whole country would be up in arms directly."

"Well, then, my lord, what think you of a bold stroke for a husband for a heiress?"

"I don't comprehend your meaning; pray explain," said Lord Mervyn.

"That is easily done. Money is the ruling power, and without it, my lord—and a good deal of it, too—a pack of fox-hounds, with the necessary establishment of servants, horses, and numerous other items of expenditure contingent thereon, cannot be long kept up."

"Certainly not; they must cost a very large sum annually."

"Exactly so, my lord; and the Beauchamps are reported to have maintained a hard struggle in supporting their establishment hitherto, which cannot last much longer."

"They are assisted, I am told, by some of the unscrupulous observers of the

... and a pair of beautiful attachment. We think some things very beautiful, until we see others more beautiful.

My dear William, but we ought to be a man to be proud for their beauty of person, but for beauty of mind.

And yet a handsome person is, at first sight, ever an attraction both to men and women.

Well, then, your meaning is this, that my niece Blanche is first to have her choice of all the handsome, gay young men, (number of whom will, no doubt, be trying hard to carry off the prize, and failing to find one of that number suited to her requirements, she will fall back upon William Beauchamp as a *dernier resort*, who promises to hold himself disengaged the while, and await patiently her royal decision.

Even so, dear aunt, for I am not likely to change.

Then you are one of the most romantic simpletons I have ever had the honor of being acquainted with, William Beauchamp. In fact, this is your weak point; but now listen to my opinion. I have long known you as a big, spirited, generous-hearted boy, and am foolish enough to love you as my own son. Think you, then, that I will permit your happiness to be risked on such a hazardous venture, in which my dear Blanche will be equally compromised? If (as I believe) the case she really loves you as much as you do her? No, William, it shall not be. Mr. Harcourt is not her only guardian; I am one also, and without our joint consent, she cannot marry, until of age. It is worldly-minded and ambitious; I am the reverse, and in marriage, I know well, the only lasting happiness can arise from true and devoted attachment, founded on esteem of character, with fixed and firm principles of virtue and religion. You are the only young man I have yet met with, to whom I could with confidence intrust my dear Blanche; and now that I know you do love her, with my consent she shall never marry any other man.

Nay, nay, my dear, kind friend, this you must not say; for if Blanche should prefer another to me, so far from preventing, I would do all in my power to promote her happiness in a union with that man, even though that act should consign me, as it doubtless would, to hopeless despair.

My dear boy, replied Mrs. Gordon, where could Blanche find one of truer nobility of mind than William Beauchamp?

Many, perhaps, more worthy of her love.

Never, replied Mrs. Gordon, were she to search through the whole world.

Then, at any rate, I shall not be satisfied till she has had the opportunity of trying whether such a person does exist or not. And you must promise me, dear aunt, moreover, never to reveal the disclosure I have made to you this morning, or you will never see me at the Priory again.

That promise is unnecessary for me to give loving you as I do, and you may safely confide your happiness and honor to my keeping; these, I promise you, shall not be compromised; but here comes Blanche—don't blush or look foolish.

Where have you been wandering, dear aunt? she inquired. I have been looking for you in the flower garden, and through all the walks, in vain.

Well, dear child, I am sorry to have occasioned you so much trouble, but I took William to this point for a full view of the lawn, before we commenced our work of cutting it into beds; but, bless me, how forgetful I am to-day!—where is Constance all this time?

She will be late to luncheon, replied Blanche; but having some letters to write, I read over first.

Well, then, now to our business. Go, dear Blanche, and bring that book of designs from the conservatory, and whilst I call the gardener with his string and pegs to mark out, you and William can look over the book, and choose what you like best.

Will you then tell me, William? she inquired, approaching him.

Yes, dear Blanche, but you only; and whisper in her ear he murmured, 'The heliotrope, in the language of flowers, is, 'I love you!'

At these words the color rose on Blanche's cheeks, mounting to her very forehead, and her agitation became too perceptible.

Have I offended you, dear Blanche? inquired Beauchamp, gently taking her hand, as she was turning away. Will you forgive this little escapade? Not for worlds would I offer a word to you, which might prove displeasing or presuming. The heliotrope shall be discarded, and my words recalled, if you desire it.

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What are you all about? she inquired, kissing Blanche, and running to Mrs. Gordon to confer on her the same favor.

Guessing the language of flowers, and you are just in time to exhibit in person the last emblem of the heliotrope, added Beauchamp, which, I have told Blanche, means constancy, Constance Beauchamp.

Oh, that is what you have been whispering about, is it, Mr. William? I thought there must be something very interesting to you both.

Well, aunt, the secret is out at last, you see, and now we will finish the bed, if possible, before luncheon, with which he set to work at once with the line and pegs to mark out the figure; Constance, with Blanche, running off to the conservatory for the other patterns.

Well, said Constance, looking through the book; there is nothing very new here, so I will suggest another device to stand opposite to Blanche Douglas—C. B., Constance Beauchamp.

Oh, that will be quite charming, and, I think, a better pattern than mine, replied Blanche.

No, dear girl, I cannot stand in comparison with you in a garden or a ball-room, but am content to occupy a less prominent position; in love and affections do I only claim to be your equal. And now I shall select the flowers to fill my beds, as William did for yours.

In these innocent recreations and amusements, the day passed rapidly away, until four o'clock, when Bob Conyers appeared on the scene, and highly applauded the patterns which had been cut out by the gardener on the lawn. But these two, he said, the inventions of William and Constance, please me more than anything I have yet seen in the shape of flower beds, and, with the emblems selected for them, are quite perfection.

The evening now turning cold and damp, an adjournment was made to the house, and at six o'clock the five staunch friends sat down to dinner, no other company being asked.

Ah, well! exclaimed Bob, this is quite delightful! a snug, cozy family party, without forms or ceremonies, and, after dinner, we will all draw round to the fireside, and thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

But we cannot sit drinking port-wine and claret with you gentlemen, replied Mrs. Gordon.

Oh, yes, you can, and must to-night, and we shall see who will be under the table first, a lady or a gentleman, he added, playfully.

Will and I can't stand more than a bottle a-piece, and, I expect, will be floored before the ladies. Then I'll sing some pretty songs,

the next day, and take her home.

After the gentlemen had left the Priory that night, no allusion was made by Blanche to her friend about her brother's conduct, neither did Constance mention his name. Mr. Gordon also wisely forebore, during Blanche's stay with her, to make the slightest remark, which might lead her niece to suppose that William Beauchamp had ever intrusted her with the secret of his heart. But Blanche pondered long and deeply on his words, and treasured up a little sprig of heliotrope he had given her (unperceived by any one), at parting, the day he drove over his sister.

CHAPTER VII.

We must now pass over a few days, until the fixture at Lord Mervyn's seat, Marston Castle, when a grand collation was prepared, of which few were disposed to partake, notwithstanding Will Beauchamp's leading the way, and pressing others to follow his example. His lordship was no favorite with any of the old county families, and his very look gave the lie direct to any friendly or hospitable feeling. The fox-hunting community saw, at a glance, that his grand breakfast was only a sham and pretext to allay their well-grounded suspicions of his delectation to their sport; and none, save a few of the most zealous supporters of the hunt, who deemed it an act of policy to present themselves in his breakfast-room, would condescend to enter within the vestibule of Marston Castle.

Avoided by his son, feared by his daughter, and despised by his wife, Lord Mervyn stood aloof, even from his own family; and although possessing a large circle of acquaintances, friendship or love were to him unknown.

It being impossible to dispel the gloom and formality which presided at the breakfast-table (a misnomer, indeed, as far as his guests were concerned, who had breakfasted at home), where everything remained unaltered, save a few glasses of liqueurs, a proposal was made by Beauchamp to commence the business of the day, as a large company had assembled in front of the castle, more from curiosity to watch the proceedings of this eventful day (the first on which the hounds had ever been invited to grace the lawn of Marston Castle) than from any expectation of sport.

Ah, here he comes at last, exclaimed old Farmer Stubbins as Lord Mervyn appeared at the hall-door, with his long lantern jaws and vinegar looks, enough to turn a pan of new milk; but I be'ant to be gammoned, if the gentlefolk be. I wouldn't take sup nor bito at his board, for fear of being poison'd or choked; daug it, neighbor Stiles, he's a bad un!

Ay, ay, Stubbins, there's not much doubt about that; but there's something in the wind now—election time's drawing on again, so my lord is playing a new game—courts the red coats and the fox-hunting farmers this time; but twon't do, Mr. Stubbins.

'Tis no use his courting me, Mr. Stiles, for I'll never vote for kith or kin of his; but I say, neighbor, where's the ould squire? don't see his face here, I'll warrant—ould birds beant caught wi' chaff.

Nor young uns, neither, Stubbins, of that family; for the young squire looks as if he'd been swallowing summit as don't sit very light on his stomach this morning. But there, you see, being master now, and manager of the pack, he is obliged to be civil to all parties, to keep things together; and nobody can blame him for trying to make friends with my lord there; but a man half blind can see it goes all against the grain.

Lord Mervyn's shooting cob being brought to the door, the hounds were trotted off to Marston Wood, which was almost alive with game, hares and rabbits scurrying across the drives by scores, and pheasants whizzing

asked by his master.

I will soon satisfy you, Sir Francis, and all the gentlemen, said Charley, touching his cap, that I am no liar. And begging his master to ride with him through the upper part of the wood, he disappeared. In a few minutes after, the report of a gun was heard and a single whoop from Charley, with the dead fox on his saddle. Now, Sir Francis, the whipper-in, throwing the carcass on the ground, there's the bagman, with the mark of the collar on his neck, and his brush full of oat chaff, and if any hound touch's him, I'm a liar.

Old Rambler walked up, and, corking his leg against his dead fox, turned sulkily away. Not a word offered to touch him, all leaving him as he lay. Sir Francis and Bob Conyers dismounted to examine also, the former exclaiming—

You are quite right, Charley; he is a bagman and no mistake.

Lord Mervyn was furious, declaring he would discharge all his keepers, if he could discover they had been concerned in the business.

I think you ought to dismiss one, at least, replied Sir Francis, for serving us such a dirty trick. But now for finding a wild fox—the day is slipping away.

I am at his lordship's commands, to draw what covers he pleases, replied Beauchamp.

You can try where you like, Mr. Beauchamp; all, every hedgerow of which I am the owner.

Very well, my lord; it shall be done as you please. With which, they quitted Marston Wood.

I say, Charley, asked Bob Conyers, riding by his side, how did you manage to get hold of that gun?

Easily enough, sir. I went to where the head-keeper was standing in the other drive—just the place where foxes generally cross over—and getting off my horse, asked him to hold him a minute, while I went into the high wood. There lay the gun against that tree. Mr. Sharpum, I said, my horse don't like the smell of powder, and don't you speak or move, for I think the fox is coming our way. Sharpum fell into the trap nicely, when, in a few seconds, I heard a bit of a stir among the leaves, and, sure enough, the poor devil of a fox came trotting down to where I was standing. Then, stepping quickly back to Mr. Sharpum, with my finger on my lips to keep quiet, I seized the gun, and, before he guessed what I was up to, knocked over the bagman. What do you mean by that? growled out Sharpum. You will soon know, said I; and taking hold of my horse, picked up the horse and galloped away.

Cleverly done, by Jove, Charley! You are up to a dodge or two, as well as your narresake.

All Lord Mervyn's coverts, every hedgerow almost, were drawn blank; and not a challenge was heard from any hound, until they reached a small gorse covert, belonging to Farmer Stiles, on the outskirts of Marston Manor, from which, at half-past three o'clock, a fine old fox was viwed away, and run into, within twenty minutes.

Short and sweet! exclaimed Sir Francis, as they pulled him down in the open.

Too short for such a fox as that, remarked Bob; he ought to have stood an hour at least. Something queer about his being finished in twenty minutes; what is it Charley?

A little more of Mr. Sharpum's handy-work, sir, handing Bob one of the forepads, all the toes of which had been cut off by a trap, and the wound scarcely healed.

Confound that fellow Mervyn! exclaimed Sir Lucius Gwynne; he wants a good horsewhipping—making fools of all the field, this morning, with that bagman, and trapping every fox that puts his nose within his boundaries! Egad, gentlemen, I propose we all have a day's shooting in his presence,

the, where, seated round the fire, after the ladies had retired, where Lord Mervyn, Richard Vernon, and Mr. Harper (his lordship's right-hand man in all the county affairs.) The conversation turned on the events of the day, and Lord Mervyn bitterly inveighing against the insolence of Beauchamp's whipper-in, in shooting the fox.

Were I in your situation, my lord, I would warn Beauchamp and the whole crew off my lands.

That I cannot do, Vernon, or we should lose our election, next year, for my sake, and, at this moment, every vote is of consequence to the government.

Well, then, after the election; it will then.

Change of ministry, dissolution of Parliament—all such contingencies have to be considered, replied Lord Mervyn, so this seat in the Commons is never secure for a certain period in those changing times. No, Vernon; we can safely and successfully wage war against the foxes, and lay the blame on the keepers, but as to waging war with all the fox-hunters and fox-hunt farmers, that is too bold a stroke to venture upon. The whole country would be up arms directly.

Well, then, my lord, what think you of a bold stroke for a husband for a heiress?

I don't comprehend your meaning; please explain, said Lord Mervyn.

That is easily done. Money is the rub power, and without it, my lord—and a good deal of it, too—a pack of fox-hounds, with the necessary establishment of servants, horses, and numerous other items of expenditure contingent thereon, cannot be long kept up.

Certainly not; they must cost a very large sum annually.

Exactly so, my lord; and the Beauchamps are reported to have maintained a hard struggle in supporting their establishment hitherto, which cannot last much longer.

They are assisted, I am told, by some large subscriptions, observed Lord Mervyn.

Nothing very great, replied Vernon, though the exact sum is known only to the secretary, Conyers, who, being a friend of Will Beauchamp's, will not mention the amount; at any rate, all agree it is not what it ought to be. Well, under these circumstances, an additional ten thousand year would carry the concern on swimmingly, and enable the Beauchamps to keep without any subscription at all.

Most likely, replied Lord Mervyn. But where is the ten thousand a year come from?

Miss Douglas, my lord; for people she is much attached to Beauchamp and his sister.

Pshaw! nonsense, Vernon. Harrow will never allow her to marry such a man Beauchamp.

Perhaps not, my lord; but you forget! aunt, Mrs. Gordon, is equally her guardian, and we all know what a favorite Beauchamp is with her.

But I am told, said Lord Mervyn, if you are in a fair way of winning the prize yourself.

No, my lord, my chance is a very poor one; in fact, Mrs. Harcourt gave me to understand, nothing short of a coronet would do for her niece, and hinted at Lord Mervyn's colm, who is expected soon at Thrope Hall; but as he is a very slow coach, and very handsome or agreeable, I have been thinking, if your lordship knows of a young, good-looking, fascinating sprig nobility, with more wits than ready cash, you might do him a good turn, by setting him down, about the time of our election, when the heiress makes her debut public, and a hundred to one, he cuts Mr. William Beauchamp, and cuts off further support to the fox-hounds.

Wrestling

WRESTLING MATCH BETWEEN A BEAR AND AN ATHLETE.

William Hoyster, otherwise known as the "Oak of the Rhine," was advertised to wrestle with two bears from the London Circus in the Græco-Roman style, at the 11th inst., and the residents of Greene, Foster and Thompson streets came in crowds to witness the contest.

The animals were led in amid the shouts of the crowd. The "Oak of the Rhine" is a magnificent looking German, weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds, with a stomach like a successful brewer. He looked imposing, but the bears did not seem to be the least afraid of him. When brought to the scratch brain stood on his hind feet, and as soon as the human contestant put his hand on his body brain threw his huge paws round his antagonist's shoulders. The two struggled around the stage for the space of two minutes and a half to the music of a band. The boys in the rear of the hall, enjoying the scene, shouted "Go in Heyster," "Go in Bruin," with perfect indifference as to the result. The bear hung like a log on the "Oak of the Rhine," and it was only when the keeper pulled the strings that he let go his hold. Two more bouts were fought, in which Mr. Hoyster got pretty well matched, and the contest was decided a draw. Professor Requier then announced his intention to wrestle the other bear, which was the smaller and livelier one of the two. This was a contest in reality; the bear seemed to understand what he was there for, and worked for a hold with the quickness of an expert. During the contest the audience were kept in roars of laughter by the antics of bear No. 1, who danced around and bounded the floor with his paws as if crazy in the fight. After three desperate struggles, in which the bear and the Professor rolled over the floor together, looked in each other's embraces, Requier, finally succeeded in getting a hold on brain under the shoulder and threw him fairly on his back. This brought down the house, and shouts of "A vous, Requier!" "Good boy, Requier" resounded through the house all sides. The entertainment concluded with another wrestling match between M. Ambrose and M. M. Jacques Dijon. This ended in a draw.

A PUZZLED POKER-PLAYER.

Four gentlemen were traveling from the West to New York City for the purpose of buying goods. As the journey was long and tedious, they concluded to while away the hour at a game of euchre. Fritz had been in the habit of playing draw-poker; so every time he was dealt a good poker hand he would remark:

"Well, I plays poker mit you on dis hand."

The other parties would say: "Oh, never mind poker; go on with the game we are playing."

Pretty soon Fritz would get another poker hand, and out it would come:

"I plays poker mit you on dis hand."

"Oh, never mind poker; go on with the game."

He talked so much about poker that the party thought finally that they would give him enough of it. One of them left the table, got another deck of cards similar to the one they were playing with, and "put them up" for the occasion. Fritz left the table a moment for a glass of water, and while absent the new pack was substituted, and being dealt as he returned. The dealer turned up a queen. On looking at his hand, Fritz found he had four kings. He immediately said:

"I plays poker mit you on dis hand."

One of the party, who had dealt himself a good ace, looked at his hand some time, then looked at the queen which had been turned up at his hand, and again at the queen. Finally he said:

"Well, now, Fritz, since you seem so anxious to play poker, I'll tell you what I'll do. You will let me take that queen up, I will give you a little hand at poker."

"All right," says Fritz; "all right; you take up de queen."

The queen was taken up and the betting commenced. Fritz bet off \$50. John N.

HOW TO CLEAN CHOKED WATER PIPES.

A NEW USE FOR CELLS.

The following experiment is so novel and so authentic that we wish to give it full prominence. It beats all other fish stories out and out:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 21, 1877.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

The publication of the following device for removing obstructions in water pipes may prove to be of service to some of your readers who reside in the country:

On one occasion, a two-inch lead pipe, about three hundred feet long, that supplied water to the garden, became closed with mud. I applied a force pump several times, which forced a passage for a small amount of water, but as the pipe had only a fall of 2½ feet, the water ceased to flow soon after the pump was removed. I was sorely perplexed, and endeavored to devise a plan to dislodge the mud. I thought how nice it would be to put through the pipe a strong cord, twice as long as the pipe. I would then tie a bunch of rags to the middle of the cord—a small bunch at first as an explorer. I would take hold of one end, and put a man at the other end. We would then pull the bunch of rags through, and open a small passage; then, by increasing their size, and pulling them back and forth, we would thoroughly clean the pipe. I cleaned the pipe thus, many times in imagination, but the puzzle was how to get the cord through. I finally concluded to try whether an eel could be induced to perform the operation. So I caught a small creature of the slimy persuasion, and punched a hole in his tail, through which I put a small linen twine, and tied fast. Without much solicitation it entered the pipe and proceeded on its errand in charming style. After taking in about ten feet of the string it stopped, and I then began to fear that it might conclude to take up its abode there; so I jerked the string and the pain caused it to proceed. Whenever it stopped a gentle jerk caused it to proceed on its journey. I stationed a man at the lower end of the pipe to report as soon as the eel had completed its subterraneous peregrination. In less than half an hour the eel made its appearance, and by means of the small string, a strong cord was pulled through and the pipe was speedily and effectually cleaned.

J. W.

DOGS THAT EAT FISH ONLY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 25, 1877.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM:

While spending a few weeks on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, in Nova Scotia, in 1874, I learned a novel method of catching codfish, which was practiced by some farmers in that vicinity. At the time of low water, the farmer walks out on the dry flats and drives many stakes in the ground, to which he ties short lines, with hooks and bait. He then goes home to his accustomed duties. Soon the great tide rises, and covers the flats with forty or fifty feet of water. The adventurous fish, following the waters for forage and frolic, take the baited hooks and then settle down to "quiet life." When the waters recede the fish are left high and dry, when the farmer, with his wheelbarrow, collects them and baits the hooks again. In this manner he obtains his supply of fish for the winter without much labor and loss of time, and without much sport. Many of these farmers live almost wholly on fish diet, and even their dogs know not the taste of meat. On one occasion I, in company with several friends, stopped at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Barlow, a farmer, who lives on Cape D'Or. As we drove from Parrsboro on that day, a distance of more than thirty miles, we carried, as a portion of our lunch, a leg of mutton. When Mr. Barlow's dog came up wagging his tail in friendly style, so characteristic of true welcome; we offered to him what remained of the leg of mutton. To our surprise, and Mr. Barlow's amusement, the dog, after smelling the meat, turned away in disgust. Mr. Barlow, in explaining the defective appreciation of our favor by the dog stated that he was not accustomed to eat meat, as they seldom had it on their own table, living almost exclusively on fish diet. He said, "Try the dog with a piece of salt codfish after supper and he will not refuse it."—J. W.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF A MUSICIAN.

The late Marquis Chisholm, whose death was chronicled a short time ago, had a most eventful career. He was a Scotchman by birth, with a wonderful talent for music. According to his story his public career began in the midst of disaster, he being one of the few survivors from a vessel wrecked on the Chinese coast. The antipathy of the Orientals to foreigners in these

A SHARP GAME BIRD.

Mr. Geo. C. Harding writes to the Indianapolis Herald what he knows of the mallard. We vaguely surmise that none of those birds graced the mud-bag when the writer returned from his last trip:

Among the millions of ducks in this region (Illinois) are found many varieties—the mallard, the pin-tail, the blue-bill, the spoonbill, the teal, the canvas-back, the red head, with occasionally the great black duck—but the mallard predominates. Much shooting with him made all of them exceeding sharp, and even the little butter-ball, which in our own waters is comparatively tame, here acquires the habit of flying half way between the earth and the moon. As the result of much study and experience in the game birds of America, it is my deliberate opinion that the mallard is the sharpest and most vigilant of all. Talk about the eagle's eye! Its gaze is a mere blink to the scrutiny with which a circling mallard reconnoiters the topography of the country before alighting. Around and around he goes, at an elevation carefully calculated to keep him out of the range of the best English brooch-loader, his long neck turned here and there and everywhere, and his piercing eyes noting everything. If a bunch of willows has been misplaced—if a suspicious lump of lumpy-up brown is discovered among the reeds—he don't alight. What a less observing bird would take for a harmless domestic animal, or a stump, or a log, he immediately recognizes as a man. He is a civil engineer, is your mallard, and can calculate distances to a nicety. It is only by an occasional indiscretion, or a bit of dare devilry, that he comes within range of the hunter's gun, except at his feeding places. The mallard is a great gourmandizer, and at the inexorable demand of his stomach he takes risks which with a full stomach he would consider suicidal. But even then he is prudent. His feeding places are usually impassable marshes, where even the high rubber boots of the hunter are no protection.

A BIG PRICE FOR A SMALL HORSE.

At the sale of the Hambletonian Stud, owned by Mr. J. H. Walker, of Worcester, Mass., reported in Wallace's Monthly for this month, the highest price paid was for the stallion Egbert, whose description follows:—

Egbert was next led out. He is considered the best bred horse in the country. He is exactly fifteen hands high, and weighs nine hundred pounds, in thin flesh. He has never been forced, running in pasture all last summer and this. He has one of the finest formed and cleanest heads ever seen on any horse; more than usual width between the eyes, which are very large, full, and singularly prominent. As clean a head on a horse that has not seen at least a dozen years, is seldom ever seen, and its whole formation indicates remarkable courage, intelligence and docility. His neck is long, thin, and well cut up at its junction with the head. His body has very strongly the Hambletonian characteristics in a very short back, wide, prominent loins, strongly coupled on powerful quarters, leaning somewhat to the Messenger-Duroc type. His fore-arms and knees are very large, and his hocks very wide and strong, on short cannon-bones. His breeding is certainly remarkable. He is three times to Hambletonian, five times to Abdallah, three through Hambletonian, once through Sateinet, dam of Messenger Duroc, and once through Virgo, full sister to Sateinet, she being Egbert's fourth dam. The opening bid was \$1,000, and it is evident that there were breeders present who wanted him, as the amount was rapidly raised until \$3,900 was reached. The bidding was then slow until the price reached \$3,425, when H. J. Hendryx, of Decatur, Michigan, became the purchaser.

AN INCONSISTENT PROCEEDING.

Somewhat of a stir, says the New York Dramatic News, has been created by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland buying the Edinburgh Theatre, and great curiosity has been manifested to know what the head body of a sect so bitterly opposed to theatricals would do with the scenery, dresses and effects they became possessed of. It has now been decided that they will neither give away nor burn these relics of Satan, but will sell them at public auction. This proceeding is certainly a very extraordinary display of inconsistency on the part of the Presbyterians. It is simply this: The United Presbyterian Church is prepared to sell, at a reduced rate, to any manager who will buy, the varied instruments of amusement, by whose aid, according to the testimony of its own ministers, idleness is encouraged, intemperance is fostered, virtue is corrupted, religion is ridiculed. It will sell the whole trappings of the gigantic "hot-bed of vice"—seats for frivolous thousands to sit on, a chandelier to light the scandalous or-

SOME HORSE TALK.

A fat horse is a proportionately weak horse. Fat is only an oily matter, itself unendowed with life or sensibility, contained in cells, as honey is within the honey-comb, which are vital, and so endowed that they lose the power either of adding to or taking from the quantity of oily matter at the time existing. The use of fat is to fill up crevices in the body, facilitate the movements of parts one upon another, and serve as a sort of internal nutriment, in case the animal should be in a situation where he cannot obtain food; but when it accumulates, instead of facilitating the movements of parts, it clogs and impedes them, and becomes from its collected amount of freight, a burden to the body.

A fat horse is not only unfit to go, but really has a weight within himself to carry, of which the horse in condition for work has been disencumbered. A fat horse will not bear the loss of blood the same as a horse in a working state of body; the one will faint from the abstraction of a quantity which the other will stand without being affected. Plumpness which arises from fatness is apt to convey to the eyes of the inexperienced the impression of strength and ability to go to work, whereas it ought, we repeat, to be taken as a proof to the contrary. When a buyer enters a dealer's yard to buy a horse, every horse shown him, most likely—certainly every horse four or five years old—is fat, and therefore not in condition to work. Dealers, by quantities of grain, and sometimes by means of poisonous nostrums, and by giving their horses only such little walking exercise as serves to keep their legs from swelling, make the horses they have for sale as fat as they can, and for two reasons: First, fat fills up the crevices, and conceals any imperfections they may be of outward form—it is the horse dealer's putty. By it, like the coach-maker or the furniture-maker, he makes his article for sale appear more perfect, or freer from defect than it really is. Secondly, by it he gives an appearance of size and bulk to the article which passes for a sign of strength and ability, but which, as we said before, is in reality a condition of weakness.

No men are better aware of the disadvantages arising from the presence of fat than trainers or jockeys. Such a horse is "too fat to win his race," is a remark not seldom heard, even at the starting post at the race-course, when all signs of obesity, it is expected, have—or most assuredly ought to have—vanished.

In young horses, fat is mostly deposited upon the external parts—upon the superficial muscles—and is, consequently, found immediately under the skin; but horses seven or eight years old or upwards are very much disposed to accumulate fat inwardly—about the kidneys and bowels, and upon the belly internally. A horse may show very little fatness outwardly, and yet be loaded with fat in his inside. Fatty matter deposited among the fleshy parts or muscles of the body, and between their fibres, renders them loose in texture and flabby in feel; the fat occupying that space which, in the horse in hard condition, is filled with clean muscular fibre.

The strong, powerful horse is not made of fatty substance. He has large bones and large muscles, and in these, and these alone, consist his superior physical powers. His skeleton is of large dimensions. There is evidence in the length of his bones, and in their bold and prominent projections, of considerable leverage. The muscles distributed on it have evidently had every advantage of action, their further power depending entirely upon their own innate bulk and composition.

A TROUT THAT CARRIED A TICKET.

The remark of Prof. Agassiz that no man knew whether the huge trout caught in the lakes "were ten or two hundred years old," prompted some enterprising men several years ago to try and find out how fast a trout grows. To get some light on the question, Mr. Page conceived an ingenious device which he at once proceeded to put into execution. Platinum wire was obtained, cut into one and a half inch lengths, flattened at one end, and various numbers were stamped on the surface from 1 to 4, also the numbers 70, 71, 72, to denote the year. As trout were captured they were weighed, one of these tags were placed through the skin, just under the adipose fin, and securely twisted, and then the fish was liberated. In the course of two or three years named, a large number of trout were thus labelled. Of course the chances that any of them would be caught seemed infinitesimally small, yet in 1873 one of them reported. In June of that year, Mr. Thomas Moran, the artist, captured a fine, vigorous trout, weighing 3½ pounds. Upon taking him from the landing net the platinum tag flashed in the sunlight. Upon examination, the mark "71" was discovered, thus establishing the curious fact that this fish had gained 1½ pounds in two years.—Scribner.

A JAPANESE INDUSTRY.

Among the many industries of Japan is the manufacture of bit-umb. It is, of course, principally employed for the manning of birds and animals. By its means animals as large as monkeys are caught. When once they get the stuff on their paws they soon cover themselves with it, and so exhaust themselves in trying to get rid of it that they fall an easy prey. Birds also as large as ducks and every variety of smaller ones are taken by it. Rats are easily caught by spreading a small quantity on a piece of board or paper, and placing it near their holes. It is spread upon a bamboo leaf, and used during the summer for catching flies or other insects. Flea traps are made for its service, and occasionally used by the Japanese in bed. Bit-umb is also used by the Japanese for medicinal purposes, and is considered one of the best cures for wounds. Japan is the only country where it is regularly manufactured on a large scale, the principal tree from which it is made being a dark evergreen from the mountains in the south.

EMOTIONAL HYDROPHOBIA.

Kilbridge E. Cabot, of Enfield, Conn., who has suffered since last week in consequence, as he imagined, of a cat bite last September, died on Sunday afternoon. He had no symptoms of hydrophobia, but had become so wrought up about the case of Professor Alvergnat, of Hartford, a detailed report of whose symptoms and death Dr. Towne read to him, not knowing that a cat had bitten him, that he actually scared himself to death. The doctors told him over and over again that he had no symptoms of hydrophobia, but as they prudently kept out of his reach for fear of being bitten, he would not believe them. On Saturday they gave him milk, and the man was so afraid that he had hydrophobia, he would tremble and gulp it all down in one swallow, enough to choke any ordinary man. Cabot was an old bachelor, 55 years of age, a quiet, reserved man, who minded his own business and was not supposed to be easily aroused to such a pitch of imagination. He had a reputation for being an honest, square man. The cat that bit him was fifteen years old, and cross and ugly. There is no proof that he was ever bitten by a dog.

OLD RACERS.

From the Friend of the Free State (a Cape of Good Hope paper) of October 4, we learn that during the last week of September the once celebrated race-horse Belladrum, who, it will be remembered ran second to Pretender for the Two Thousand Guineas in 1869, had been purchased for £1,000. Since going out to the colony, a year or two ago, he had been the property of a Mr. Kingsley, a famous horse breeder of the Caledon River district, by whom he was now disposed of to Mr. Hendrik Smith, of Kromdraai, the owner of Sir Henry. Even in these remote parts the science of breeding has its students, for the same paper informs us that "the cross resulting from the progeny of these horses ought to prove A1, as it is identical with that resulting from Stockwell and Blink Bonny, which produced Blair Athol, the winner of the Derby and St. Leger, and at present the best sire in England."

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In the United States, England and France the horse-shoer simply takes the horse's foot on his knee to shoe it. This depends to some extent on the nature of the breed of horses, which in some countries are, on the average, more shy, and most of them could not well be treated in this way. Thus in the Netherlands, and in parts of Germany, the horse is placed in a narrow stall, whose short chains are attached to the uprights; then one of these chains is placed around the horse's ankle and the foot lifted and tied up to a convenient height for the smith to do his work. In Turkey and Servia the horse's head is held by one man, the other holds the legs on his arm, while the third operates on the foot. In Russia, the horse is placed in a

Another wrestling match between Croise and M. M. Jacques Dijon. This was in a draw.

A PUZZLED POKER-PLAYER.

Four gentlemen were traveling from the West to New York City for the purpose of buying goods. As the journey was long and tedious, they concluded to while away the hour at a game of euchre. Fritz had been in the habit of playing draw-poker; so every time he was dealt a good poker hand he would remark:

"Well, I plays poker mit you on dis hand."

The other parties would say: "Oh, never mind poker; go on with the game we are playing."

Very soon Fritz would get another poker hand, and out it would come:

"I plays poker mit you on dis hand."

"Oh, never mind poker; go on with the game."

He talked so much about poker that the party thought finally that they would give up enough of it. One of them left the table, got another deck of cards similar to the one they were playing with, and "put them up" for the occasion. Fritz left the table a moment for a glass of water, and while absent the new pack was substituted, and being dealt as he returned. The dealer turned up a queen. On looking at his hand, Fritz found he had four kings. He immediately said:

"I plays poker mit you on dis hand."

One of the party, who had dealt himself the next ace, looked at his hand some time, then looked at the queen which had been turned up, then at his hand, and again at the queen. Finally he said:

"Well, now, Fritz, since you seem so anxious to play poker, I'll tell you what I'll do. You will let me take that queen up, I will give you a little hand at poker."

"All right," says Fritz; "all right; you do as you please."

The queen was taken up and the betting commenced. Fritz bet off \$50, John N. bet him \$50. Fritz raised that \$100. John went \$500 better, and so the betting went on until poor Fritz had put up all the money he had brought to buy goods with, and the money had all exhausted and it came to a call, John showed down his hand and his queen, and took the money. Fritz didn't say a word, but went on with the game of euchre for about half an hour. Finally he looked up with a perplexed countenance, and remarked interrogatively:

"John, I bethinks all dis while what do you have to do mit dat hand."

BULLET MAKING.

The manufacture of bullets is not so simple as it is supposed to be. At Woolwich, England, the molten metal is poured into a receiver, and as soon as it solidifies, but before it is cold, it is forced by hydraulic pressure through cylindrical holes in the form of long strings. This process is to prevent the formation of air bubbles in the bullet which would cause it, when fired, to swerve from its course. The leaden strings are thence sent to the bullet moulding department, where they are cut into lengths and roughed; shaped in one machine, and finished in another. They have now to be plugged. These were formerly made of wood, but are now made from a special powder, which solidifies when pressed into form.—Ironmonger.

Excuse for Any One being Out of Employment.—Our attention has been called to some of the most useful household invitations recently issued by L. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, Ohio, who makes housekeeping a pleasure, instead of a mere necessity. They have been having a great sale for them throughout the United States, and now wish to introduce them through the Dominion of Canada, and offer good reliable gentlemen canvassers an opportunity to meet with for making money rapidly. For circulars and territory write at once to L. E. Brown, 214 and 216 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM.

While spending a few weeks on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, in Nova Scotia, in 1874, I learned a novel method of catching codfish, which was practiced by some farmers in that vicinity. At the time of low water, the farmer walks out on the dry flats and drives many stakes in the ground, to which he ties short lines, with hooks and bait. He then goes home to his accustomed duties. Soon the great tide rises, and covers the flats with forty or fifty feet of water. The adventurous fish, following the waters for forage and frolic, take the baited hooks and then settle down to 'quiet life.' When the waters recede the fish are left high and dry, when the farmer, with his wheelbarrow, collects them and baits the hooks again. In this manner he obtains his supply of fish for the winter without much labor and loss of time, and without much sport. Many of these farmers live almost wholly on fish diet, and even their dogs know not the taste of meat. On one occasion I, in company with several friends, stopped at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Barlow, a farmer, who lives on Cape D'Or. As we drove from Parrsboro on that day, a distance of more than thirty miles, we carried, as a portion of our lunch, a leg of mutton. When Mr. Barlow's dog came up wagging his tail in friendly style, so characteristic of true welcome; we offered to him what remained of the leg of mutton. To our surprise, and Mr. Barlow's amusement, the dog, after smelling the meat, turned away in disgust. Mr. Barlow, in explaining the defective appreciation of our favor by the dog stated that he was not accustomed to eat meat, as they seldom had it on their own table, living almost exclusively on fish diet. He said, "Try the dog with a piece of salt codfish after supper and he will not refuse it."—J. W.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF A MUSICIAN.

The late Marquis Chisholm, whose death was chronicled a short time ago, had a most eventful career. He was a Scotchman by birth, with a wonderful talent for music. According to his story his public career began in the midst of disaster, he being one of the few survivors from a vessel wrecked on the Chinese coast. The antipathy of the Orientals to foreigners in these times made the position of the survivors somewhat precarious, but Chisholm's musical talents soon brought him into favor, and the Emperor hearing of him had him installed as an attaché of his court. Chisholm's experience and intelligence advanced him greatly in the estimation of his regal friend, and he soon attained considerable influence in court, a fact which was recognized by an embassy sent out from England to negotiate a treaty with China, and he was employed as interpreter by the visitors in order that this influence might be made effective. For this service he received a liberal sum from the British Government, besides many rich presents from the Chinese Emperor, among them being a beautiful and richly constructed robe. On leaving China he brought with him the giant Chang and a dwarf, whom he exhibited throughout England, making a great deal of money. Later he went very extensively in the music business, and after obtaining the medal as pianist at the Paris Exposition in 1867, started a piano factory in that city, but the war which followed caused his ruin, and during the siege of Paris his factory was converted into a hospital. Since that time his career has been fraught with misfortunes, and habits of intemperance hastened his sad end.

A FAITHFUL DOG'S REWARD.

A gentleman who lives in Vernon County tells a remarkable story of the sagacity of a dog which accompanied him on his travels. While in the Short Creek timber, on his way to Joplin, the dog jumped and caught the horse by the bridle-rein. Mr. Ewing drove the animal off, but it persisted in catching the horse by the reins, until the gentleman concluded it must be mad. Under the impulse of the moment he pulled his revolver and shot the animal, which then ran back along the road over which he had come. In a few minutes Mr. Ewing missed his overcoat, which had been tied to the saddle. He turned back, to find it, and after riding about a mile, not only found his coat, but his faithful dog, which was lying on the garment dead.

this. He has one of the finest formed and cleanest heads ever seen on any horse, more than usual width between the eyes, which are very large, full, and singularly prominent. As clean a head on a horse that has not seen at least a dozen years, is seldom ever seen, and its whole formation indicates remarkable courage, intelligence and docility. His neck is long, thin, and well cut up at its junction with the head. His body has very strongly the Hambletonian characteristics in a very short back, wide, prominent loins, strongly coupled on powerful quarters, leaning somewhat to the Messenger Duroc type. His fore-arms and knees are very large, and his hocks very wide and strong, on short cannon-bones. His breeding is certainly remarkable. He is three times to Hambletonian, five times to Abdallah, three through Hambletonian, once through Sabinet, dam of Messenger Duroc, and once through Virgo, full sister to Sabinet, she being Egbert's fourth dam. The opening bid was \$1,000, and it is evident that there were breeders present who wanted him, as the amount was readily raised until \$3,200 was reached. The bidding was then slow until the price reached \$3,425, when H. J. Hendryx, of Decatur, Michigan, became the purchaser.

AN INCONSISTENT PROCEEDING.

Somewhat of a stir, says the New York Dramatic News, has been created by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland buying the Edinburgh Theatre, and great curiosity has been manifested to know what the head body of a sect so bitterly opposed to theatricals would do with the scenery, dresses and effects they became possessed of. It has now been decided that they will neither give way nor burn these relics of Satan, but will sell them at public auction. This proceeding is certainly a very extraordinary display of inconsistency on the part of the Presbyterians. It is simply this: The United Presbyterian Church is prepared to sell, at a reduced rate, to any manager who will buy, the varied instruments of enticement, by whose aid, according to the testimony of its own ministers, idleness is encouraged, intemperance is fostered, virtue is corrupted, religion is ridiculed. It will sell the whole trappings of the gigantic "hot-bed of vice"—seats for frivolous thousands to sit on, a chandelier to light the scandalous orgies of burlesque and opera bouffe, foot-light jets to gleam upon rouge and tinsel, dresses intended not for decency but for its antonym, and pantomime scenes in which hundreds of little children will night after night be led into the paths of destruction. All this is terribly wicked on the part of the United Presbyterian Church. But the temptation was too strong, and inconsistency was not worth putting in the balance, beside a few pounds sterling.

COLD WATER.

Thus is described an experience in the West. An exchange says:—
"Dr. Tanner, of Minneapolis, Minn., has lived on water for forty-two days. He states that he was anxious to prove that human life could be prolonged without the use of any nourishment whatever, and began his fast under the eyes of an associate physician, who examined him frequently and kept a record of all the symptoms. For forty-two days he remained without food, taking a walk every day in the open air and a swallow of water whenever inclination prompted. On the fortieth day he walked out to Lake Cedar and drank too much cold water, in consequence of which the action of his heart was weakened so that not the faintest trace of pulsation could be discovered at the wrist. These symptoms soon disappeared, and on the last day of his fast, although he had lost eighteen pounds in weight, he felt so strong and well that he was confident that he could hold out for two weeks longer. On returning to his feed he ate sparingly at first, but soon had to blunt the edge of an enormous appetite. Whereunto, and unto much more of like import, he is willing to make oath and affix his seal."

Lebanon, Ohio, boasts of a man named Jacob Michael, who can lift 450 pounds with his little finger, and 800 pounds with his teeth.

...the very much improved...
...about the...
...and bowels, and upon the belly internally. A horse may show very little fatness outwardly, and yet be loaded with fat in his inside. Fatty matter deposited among the fleshy parts or muscles of the body, and between their fibres, renders them loose in texture and flabby in feel, the fat occupying that space which, in the horse in hard condition, is filled with clean muscular fibre.

The strong, powerful horse is not made of fatty substance. He has large bones and large muscles, and in these, and these alone, consist his superior physical powers. His skeleton is of large dimensions. There is evidence in the length of his bones, and in their bold and prominent projections, of considerable leverage. The muscles distributed on it have evidently had every advantage of action, their further power depending entirely upon their own innate bulk and composition.

A TROUT THAT CARRIED A TICKET.

The remark of Prof. Agassiz that no man knew whether the huge trout caught in the lakes "were ten or two hundred years old," prompted some enterprising men several years ago to try and find out how fast a trout grows. To get some light on the question, Mr. Page conceived an ingenious device which he at once proceeded to put into execution. Platinum wire was obtained, cut into one and a half inch lengths, flattened at one end, and various numbers were stamped on the surface from 1 to 4, also the numbers 70, 71, 72, to denote the year. As trout were captured they were weighed, one of these tags were placed through the skin, just under the adipose fin, and securely twisted, and then the fish was liberated. In the course of two or three years named, a large number of trout were thus labelled. Of course the chances that any of them would be caught seemed infinitesimally small, yet in 1873 one of them reported. In June of that year, Mr. Thomas Moran, the artist, captured a fine, vigorous trout, weighing 2½ pounds. Upon taking him from the landing net the platinum tag flashed in the sunlight. Upon examination, the mark "1/71" was discovered, thus establishing the curious fact that this fish had gained 1½ pounds in two years.—Scribner.

"YANKEE" RABBITS.

It is somewhat singular to find that a new kind of wild rabbit is making its home in the swamps in this part of the country. Up to the last two years, the only animal of the kind in Canada was a hare very similar to the Highland hare—turning grey in summer and white in winter. For the past two years, however, it has been noticed that a more genuine rabbit has also found its way to our swamps, the new comer being smaller than the native hare, and never changing color. They have all the peculiarities of the rabbit, and burrow in the ground. In the Western States and even in Michigan, these rabbits are very plentiful; and it may be that some of them, out on a lark, got over among the "Kanucks," and finding things pretty favorable resolved to stay with us. At any rate they are now occasionally to be met with by our sportsmen, and have received the name of "Yankee rabbits."—Galt Reporter.

WORMS IN THE HEART.

A Field correspondent says:—The past year there has been an alarming mortality among the dogs in Kinkiang, China. This has been traced to worms in the heart. The ventricle has, in some instances, been found to be almost completely filled with them, but the reporter—Dr. Jardine—believes them to be comparatively harmless as long as they remain in the cavities of the heart, and that it is only when they obstruct the passage of blood through the orifices or impede the action of the cardiac valves that they prove fatal. No cure has been obtained as to their origin. The writer has observed the same in a single instance. Worms in the liver are by no means uncommon, and the trichina is frequent where opportunities are given for dogs to feed upon fresh pork. At no distant day, I shall have occasion to discuss the latter parasites.

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CROCKFORD.

Crockford, who kept the celebrated St. James's hell in London, which bore his name died about 1840, worth \$8,500,000. Apprehensions as to the result of his fate in the then coming Derby were supposed to have hastened his end. He began life as a fish-monger near Temple Bar, began to bet at Newmarket, and in 1827 built his gambling house, which was called a club. Wellington, Talleyrand, Esterhazy, and Count D'Orsay were among its members, and the mode of procedure was for the members to play against the proprietor, who kept a small "bank." Some members merely joined for the company and the crockery, presided over first by Ude, who was succeeded by Francatelli. Crockford's has undergone a great number of changes since its original owner gave it up. Ill luck has attended every subsequent proprietor. It is now tenanted by what is known as the Devonshire Club.

JOHN SPLAN IN CLEVELAND.—It turns out to be true that John Splan will remain in Cleveland during the winter. He has taken the "Track House," near the track, fitted it up nicely, and has an abundance of stable-room there. Mrs. Splan will preside at the hotel, and is fully competent to do so. Splan has now in his hands the following flyers: Rarus, Adelaide, General Garfield, Calmar, Amy B., Planter, West Liberty, Iowa Maid, and Barney.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY DEC 21, 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.,

who respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the SPORTING TIMES are supplied with a card of PURPLE 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 NEGATIVE.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1878.

CANADIAN.

Oshawa.....May 24
Clinton.....May 23 to 24

AMERICAN.

RUNNING MEETINGS.

Charleston, S. C.....Feb 5 to 9
St Louis, Mo.....June 4 to 8

S

TROTTING

Freeport, Ill..... May 30 to June 2
Prophetstown, Ill June 4 to 7
Milwaukee, Wis., June 4 to 7
Grand Rapids, Mich..... June 18 to 21
Detroit, Mich..... July 2 to 7
Clyde, N. Y July 3 to 5
Warren, Ohio 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 8 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

advance, and when we wait for a year or two consider ourselves very illy repaid when we receive an excuse instead of the money, and have the cost of sending and returning the draft to pay besides. It is our intention to collect this money, and if subscribers in arrears will not recognize our drafts, we will be obliged to proceed in a more unpleasant and costly way.

THE HOLIDAYS.

The merriest time of the year is close at hand, and before another issue of the SPORTING TIMES is placed in the hands of its readers the festive season of 1877 will have become a matter of record in old Father Time's diary. The present holiday season is a time of general pleasure, a renewal of old associations, the formation of new acquaintances, a making-up of estrangements, and an outward semblance at least of the superior injunction—Good will to all. We trust our readers and friends will be permitted to enjoy the social festivities to their heart's content, and that not only will they be happy, but that they will be the means of making all contented with whom they are brought in contact. Among the class of people to whom our columns specially cater this is almost a season of absolute rest; but it will only be a short time in the natural current of events until everything is again moving briskly in the world of sport. In the meantime there is a vacation in which, among other pleasures, it is hoped our readers and friends will enjoy A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

AQUATICS.

By our aquatic column to-day it will be seen that things are commencing to warm up among our oarsmen. Hanlan comes to the front with a direct challenge to Scharff, of Pittsburg, Pa. It is couched in such terms as to give the denizen of the smoky city little chance to back away from the proposition. In the same column will be found an intimation, conveyed through a St. John's paper, that the friends of Wallace Ross are again prepared to back him against the Dominion champion for a thousand or two, conditional that the race shall take place on the Kennebecasis or in Halifax harbor. They probably deem it would only be reciprocity on Hanlan's part if he were to go to the Maritime Provinces to meet the tall son of St. John. When their deft is put in a more business like shape, Hanlan will be prepared to meet it. New boats are being ordered all around, and the builders both in America and Europe are vying with one another who shall have the honor of building the winning boat of the season. Hanlan will be well supplied with shells of foreign and home manufacture; while Ross has again sent his order across the water with the object of obtaining a world beater. Eph Morris, the American champion, has not been saving in his remarks when asked as to his ability to meet Hanlan, and it is within the possibilities, if Scharff refuses to pick up the glove so fairly thrown down by the Canuck, that his fellow citizen Morris will shy his castor in the ring and claim to be considered first on with the Centennial winner. Courtney, the Union Springs, N. Y., sculler, stands proudly by himself, and, from present appearances, unless met by Hanlan, will have a walk-over for the honors next season. Riley will prove a teaser for some of the fast ones, but as yet it is premature to say where he will first show himself. Our Canadian champion will apparently have his hands full, even if Boyd and Hinchey met out in an open sea.

otherwise it can not be accepted. If any association should act contrary to the letter of this proposed innovation it would place itself at the mercy of the person making the entry, as it is further declared if a nomination, without the 5 per cent. entry, be accepted, it shall be considered a "conditional entry," which would bring the offending member of the National Association under the penalties of its laws. Further it is the intention to provide that in any case a horse can not be suspended for more than five per cent., or one-half of the entrance fee. This would prove a protection all around. The individual association would hardly take the responsibility and risk of breaking the general law with its severe penalty; and roughish horsemen would be compelled to pay at least half of the entrance money whether they started or not. It has the appearance of being a good rule, and if it should become law, a season or two of a trial would show whether its results were as satisfactory as its promoters claim they must necessarily be.

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

At a late meeting of the Board of Appeals the cases that were interesting to Canadians were few. The only one in which a Canadian was interested was that of W. T. Campbell, of Mt. Clemens, Mich., formerly of Belleville, Ont., an application for removal of expulsion. Campbell was expelled in the Fall of 1874 by the Association of St. Paul, Minn., for fraudulent conduct in connection with the bay mare Eva, alias Georgia, alias Ruth, alias Ella Millard. He was again expelled in May, 1876, by the Mutchmor Association of Ottawa, Ont., for fraud in entering Eva while under expulsion. He was temporarily reinstated Dec. 5, 1876, and since that time has departed himself properly, and in view of his promises of future good conduct it was ordered that the temporary removal of the expulsion be made permanent.

Another question leading to the interpretation of the rules may prove interesting. It was brought up as an appeal from the ruling of the judges in the 2:25 class at Buffalo last August where the bay gelding Banquo was distanced in the seventh heat. It was provided that in races where eight or nine horses contended the distance should be increased from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards. In the seventh heat the number of starters was reduced to seven, and the judges reduced the distance to 100 yards. Banquo was behind the flag in this heat, and was declared by the judges to be distanced. From this ruling his owners, Messrs. Comee & Co., appealed, claiming that when the race was started with the distance at 150 yards, the judges had no power to reduce it until the contest was concluded. After hearing the statement of facts as submitted above, the Board decided to sustain the ruling of the judges; thus interpreting the rule that whenever the field of horses became less than eight the distance should be made 100 yards. This decision settles a point that has been in doubt for some time.

Dan Mace made application for removal of expulsion imposed by the Buffalo Association in August, 1876, in the notorious Albe-marle race. Mace has been temporarily reinstated, and his motion was, in fact, to make this temporary order permanent. It having been shown that Mace was engaged in some questionable transaction with Judge Fullerton in a race at Mystic Park, Boston, the present season, the application was denied, although the temporary reinstatement was continued. The case was referred to the Eastern District Board for investigation regarding the matters connected with the

for this is to be found in the lack of permanency of our racing clubs, but a co-operative movement of the kind suggested would prove a great means of establishing our Associations on a solid basis, as want of financial success is the cause, nine times out of ten, of the dissolution of organizations which have been established for giving races. The Turf, Field and Farm of last week, speaks of the merits of the National Association as follows:

In 1877 one hundred and forty-eight associations took out a certificate of membership in the National Association for the Promotion of the Interests of the American Trotting Turf, and used its comprehensive machinery for the punishment of fraud and the collection of obligations due. Experience has proved that a track cannot get along which stays out of the National fold. It is too much at the mercy of tricksters to succeed, and then the people at large have no confidence in it. The rogues flock to these defenseless tracks like buzzards to carrion, and hold high revel there. The good name of the turf requires that all the tracks in the country which pretend to respectability should join the National organization. Were they to do this we are of the opinion that we should hear less of those transactions which taint the fair fame of the trotting horse, the product of our costly breeding farms. When we take into consideration the benefits conferred by the National Association, we must concede that the membership fee is small; but it can be rendered even smaller than it is by a combined effort to increase the membership and to simplify the working machinery.

A FINE ESTABLISHMENT.

A visit to any of our large manufacturing establishments is always an interesting hour spent by those who appreciate specimens of mechanical skill. Fortunately our city is favored with a large number of these institutions of industry, but in none of them can a sportsman enjoy himself so well as taking a look over the extensive stock of Mr. J. L. Rawbone, 123 Yonge Street. Mr. R. is the most extensive manufacturer of breech-loading gun implements on the American Continent, and his show cases are filled with samples of his handiwork, sufficient to convince anybody of their excellence for the purpose to which they are devoted, and the mechanical and artistic skill used in their manufacture. But this is only one branch of the business, true it is a large one, but still by no means eclipses the others. Mr. R. is also our most extensive dealer in breech and muzzle loading shot guns and rifles, both imported and of his own manufacture. Of small arms and hunter's requisites, the most extensive stock in the country is to be found at this establishment. In the Skate department the product of the best makers is kept in numbers that are truly surprising, and it appears to be a miracle how so many are disposed of. At this season of the year he makes a speciality of the skate trade, and so favorably is he known throughout the country that quite a large trade is done in this line all through the province. An order by mail is as carefully and satisfactorily filled as if the purchaser was present in person. From his immense assortment all tastes and prices can be suited. Skate grinding is a feature of the establishment, and of the thousands of pairs that have passed through his hands there has never been a complaint. Mr. Rawbone is also agent for the Bogardus glass balls and traps, a novelty in shooting which, no doubt, will become as popular here as it is in the States. It would be impossible to individualize all the attractive features of this model establishment; a few minutes inspection would convey a better idea than columns of writing. Any of our friends in want of the best of anything

or five weeks, when he will return to the Blue Grass region and take charge of some speedy ones owned in Lexington, Ky.

Budd Doble is handling in California the bay stallion Gen. Benton, that trotted at Woodbine a couple of years ago. He is thought to be one of the fastest horses on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Geo. H. Pedlar is a candidate for the reeveship of the town of Oshawa. We should like to see him elected; our municipal councils requiring just such energetic, liberal and big-hearted men as friend George is known to be.

From the Kentucky Live Stock Record we learn that Mr. Richard Lowell (a son of Mr. F. Lowell, Galt), has returned from New York city and has determined to locate at Lexington, Ky., and train a stable of trotters the coming season. At present he is purchasing horses for New York, and has secured a very fine lot.

Major Leys, of London, met with quite a severe loss by fire on the 18th, at his residence in that city. The Major was away from home at the time.

The Ottawa Citizen says the race course over the ice on Leamey's Lake, Hull, P.Q., was measured on the 13th, and found to be six chains short. If this should prove to be the fact it will partially explain the exceptional fast time made there last year.

A Kentucky genius trained a cow to go under saddle, and then started west on an emigrant trip with her, his ingenious plan being to ride her by day and milk her by night, thus making the beast serve him two very useful ends.

An Orangeville correspondent sends us quite a readable letter from that burg on horse matters. We should like to hear from some one in the same manner in every place in Canada where there is a race-horse or trotter wintering. Send along your items.

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Charleston, S. C. Feb 6 to 9
St. Louis, Mo. June 4 to 8

TROTTING

Freeport, Ill. May 30 to June 2
Prophetstown, Ill. June 4 to 7
Milwaukee, Wis., June 4 to 7
Grand Rapids, Mich., June 18 to 21
Detroit, Mich., July 2 to 7
Clyde, N. Y. July 8 to 5
Warron, Ohio July 8 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 8 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.

A WORD FOR OURSELVES.

[From the Sporting Times, Dec. 14th, '77.]

The third year of our proprietorship of the SPORTING TIMES is drawing to a close. During the time it has been under our management it has been a regular, and we hope acceptable, visitor to the reader. It has been our practice to issue drafts in September on those who were in default with their subscriptions; but this year, instead, made a call through the columns of the paper requesting all who were indebted to remit the amounts due. With regret, we are obliged to acknowledge the appeal was not responded to with that alacrity which we anticipated would be shown. During this and next week we will issue drafts upon all of our subscribers who are in arrears for subscriptions, that can be reached through Express offices, and we expect they will be promptly paid. There are thousands of dollars due us, and the want of this money seriously impedes our efforts to bring the paper up to our ideal. Those who are indebted for over a year will, we hope, see the necessity of prompt payment. The terms of subscription are in

the front with a direct challenge to Scharff, of Pittsburg, Pa. It is couched in such terms as to give the denizen of 'the smoky city' little chance to back away from the proposition. In the same column will be found an intimation, conveyed through a St. John's paper, that the friends of Wallace Ross are again prepared to back him against the Dominion champion for a thousand or two, conditional that the race shall take place on the Kenobe-casis or in Halifax harbor. They probably deem it would only be reciprocity on Hanlan's part if he were to go to the Maritime Province to meet the tall son of St. John. When their deficit is put in a more business like shape, Hanlan will be prepared to meet it. New boats are being ordered all around, and the builders both in America and Europe are vying with one another who shall have the honor of building the winning boat of the season. Hanlan will be well supplied with shells of foreign and home manufacture; while Ross has again sent his order across the water with the object of obtaining a world beater. Eph Morris, the American champion, has not been saving in his remarks when asked as to his ability to meet Hanlan, and it is within the possibilities, if Scharff refuses to pick up the glove so fairly thrown down by the Canuck, that his fellow citizen Morris will shy his castor in the ring and claim to be considered first on with the Centennial winner. Courtney, the Union Springs, N. Y., sculler, stands proudly by himself, and, from present appearances, unless met by Hanlan, will have a walk-over for the honors next season. Riley will prove a teaser for some of the fast ones, but as yet it is premature to say where he will first show himself. Our Canadian champion will apparently have his hands full, even if Boyd and Higgins do not put in an appearance here next season. It may be possible we will have a surfeit of aquatic events next year but it is difficult to have too much of a good thing, and in consonance with the old saying it is to be hoped the more there are the merrier they will be.

ENTRANCE FEES.

The most difficult department of the labor of the Treasurer of a racing association will be admitted, by those who have been there themselves, to be the collection of entrance fees. Usually this part of the business is conducted in a very slipshod manner, not being marked with that degree of business acumen that should be characteristic of a monetary transaction of such moment. One of the usual conditions of our bills is that entrance money must accompany the nomination, but this obligation on both sides is more respected in its breach than in its observance. It is not only in Canada that this trouble is felt. It is said that one-half of the business which comes before the Board of the National Association has its origin in the question of entry fees. The evil in the States has become so great, notwithstanding the healthy influence exercised by the National Association, who hold a rod of terror over delinquents, that it is felt necessary to adopt some measure by which the difficulty can be controlled if not removed. It is now proposed to embody in the rules of that great body a provision that five per cent. of the entrance money must accompany the nomination,

and it was ordered that the temporary removal of the expulsion be made permanent. Another question leading to the interpretation of the rules may prove interesting. It was brought up as an appeal from the ruling of the judges in the 2:25 class at Buffalo last August where the bay gelding Banquo was distanced in the seventh heat. It was provided that in races where eight or nine horses contended the distance should be increased from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards. In the seventh heat the number of starters was reduced to seven, and the judges reduced the distance to 100 yards. Banquo was behind the flag in this heat, and was declared by the judges to be distanced. From this ruling his owners, Messrs. Comes & Co., appealed, claiming that when the race was started with the distance at 150 yards, the judges had no power to reduce it until the contest was concluded. After hearing the statement of facts as submitted above, the Board decided to sustain the ruling of the judges; thus interpreting the rule that whenever the field of horses became less than eight the distance should be made 100 yards. This decision settles a point that has been in doubt for some time.

Dan Mace made application for removal of expulsion imposed by the Buffalo Association in August, 1876, in the notorious Albe-marle race. Mace has been temporarily reinstated, and his motion was, in fact, to make this temporary order permanent. It having been shown that Mace was engaged in some questionable transaction with Judge Fullerton in a race at Mystic Park, Boston, the present season, the application was denied, although the temporary reinstatement was continued. The case was referred to the Eastern District Board for investigation regarding the matters connected with the Fullerton race.

James Jamison, of Buffalo, N. Y., was expelled for fraudulent entry of the bay gelding Brightwood, alias Clover, alias Dalon. An application for the removal of the penalty of expulsion of Brightwood made by Jay Pettibone, of Buffalo, N. Y., was denied. Pettibone submitted he was unaware of the transgressions of the horse when he bought him last September, and prayed to have the penalty removed.

Frank Van Ness, of Rochester, N. Y., who was expelled by the Buffalo Association in August, 1876, in connection with the Albe-marle race, but who has since been temporarily reinstated, had the penalty against him removed, and the reinstatement made permanent.

ASSOCIATED TRACKS.

It has long been a mystery why the managers of the different tracks in Canada, or Ontario at least, had not entered into some scheme of affiliation for mutual protection and profit. Every day are seen the benefits which are enjoyed by tracks working under the authority of the National Association of the United States, and still our managers look complacently on, and see themselves swindled out of enough, in entrance money alone, twice over, to reimburse them for the trouble and expense of forming a confederation, through whose influence a shield of protection would be thrown over the whole system. It has been submitted one reason

Rawbone, 123 Yonge Street. Mr. R. is the most extensive manufacturer of breech-loading gun implements on the American Continent, and his show cases are filled with samples of his handwork, sufficient to convince anybody of their excellence for the purpose to which they are devoted, and the mechanical and artistic skill used in their manufacture. But this is only one branch of the business, true it is a large one, but still by no means eclipses the others. Mr. R. is also our most extensive dealer in breech and muzzle loading shot guns and rifles, both imported and of his own manufacture. Of small arms and hunter's requisites, the most extensive stock in the country is to be found at this establishment. In the Skate department the product of the best makers is kept in numbers that are truly surprising, and it appears to be a miracle how so many are disposed of. At this season of the year he makes a speciality of the skate trade, and so favorably is he known throughout the country that quite a large trade is done in this line all through the province. An order by mail is as carefully and satisfactorily filled as if the purchaser was present in person. From his immense assortment all tastes and prices can be suited. Skate grinding is a feature of the establishment, and of the thousands of pairs that have passed through his hands there has never been a complaint. Mr. Rawbone is also agent for the Bogardus glass balls and traps, a novelty in shooting which, no doubt, will become as popular here as it is in the States. It would be impossible to individualize all the attractive features of this model establishment; a few minutes inspection would convey a better idea than columns of writing. Any of our friends in any part of the country desiring any of the classes of goods in which Mr. R. deals, from a fine breech-loader to a pair of skates or a horse clipper, can order by post with the same confidence as if present. This admirable system of business has done much to establish the enviable reputation this house so deservedly enjoys.

Sporting Gossip.

Mr. Heber Rawlings, of Bosanquet, sold a span of fine chestnut horses to the London Fire Department last week. The consideration was \$450.

The London, Eng., Sportsman says, a story is published to the effect that a veterinary surgeon in Edinburgh on Friday shod a mare with shoes of gold. The animal was a great favorite with the lady to whom it belongs. The shoes as well as the nails were of solid gold and weighed twelve ounces each. She must have been a ———.

Dr. Coleman, the well-known veterinary surgeon of Ottawa, is mentioned as a candidate for aldermanic honors in that city at the approaching election. The electors would have difficulty in making a better choice.

The American horse Mate, which was taken to England by Mr. Sandford, has been sold by Capt. Machell to go to India. The Capt. bought him a short time ago, with the intention of training him for cross-country races.

Mr. George Clarkson has returned from Kentucky, but only intends to stay here four

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To Correspondents.

We would particularly request our correspondents and advertisers to send their favors as early in the week as possible—so that they will reach us by Wednesday morning. We are unable to use many items sent us in consequence of not receiving them in time for the issue intended.

(No notice taken of anonymous communications or queries. No answer by mail or telegraph.)

J. L. B., Thamesford.—Blue Gown and Rosierucian ran in the Derby of 1868. Sir Joseph Hawley declared that he would win with Green Sleeves or Rosierucian in preference to Blue Gown. John Adams, however, rode the filly, and Custance was on Rosierucian. Blue Gown won by half a length; King Alfred, second; Speculum third. St. Ronan and Rosierucian were next to the placed horses. Green Sleeves and Suffolk were nowhere, and the favorite, Lady Elizabeth, was never in it. We do not know where you could get an account of the race, unless from a file of some sporting paper of that year.

J. E., Malton.—Could not say; we have no record of circuses or menageries for that year.

Dr. S., Pt. Huron.—Book received. Thanks.

A. S., Tavistock.—Books have not come to hand; expect them this week.

GUELPH.—Have not yet received a reply to your query from Mr. C.

Mc., Thamesford.—Your subscription commenced with No. 302, June, 1877. Spayth's work on Draughts would probably suit you; price 75 cents.

GORDON, Orangeville.—Should be pleased to hear from you again. Give us a list of all the horses wintering in your section.

Correspondence.

FROM ORANGEVILLE.

ORANGEVILLE, Dec. 15, 1877.

Mr. Editor—Sir—In your last issue you made a request for information where the trotters were this winter and how and what they are doing. In my own untrained style I send you a notice of a few that are here. Most of your readers will know that some very good horses have been bred in this vicinity, notably the creek province-bred Jim Christie, the running horse Tempest, the trotters Black Mack, Charleston, Royal George and many others I might mention besides those noticed below. The stock around here is constantly improving in quality, and with so many enthusiastic practical horsemen in this section, it would not be surprising if a phenomenon should spring up as a result of their labors which would surprise some of our old Canadian horsemen. Of course you know we have now one of the best half-mile tracks in the country in our town, which has increased the interest in good stock materially, and doubtless will act as an incentive to raise and bring better horses to Orangeville and vicinity. Among the leading horsemen of this county, Mr. W. J. Middleton will be recognized as one of the chief. He has devoted much of his time and money to the improvement of equine stock, and if he had never brought anything else to the track but Jim Christie, his name would be remembered in turf circles during the present generation of race-goers. Just now Mr. Middleton has three fine trotting horses—Grey George, Jim Christie (a favorite name of Mr. M.'s) and Panic. The former is the pet of the stable, and as a description of him may not prove uninteresting to your readers, I will proceed to give an account of his home and his performances, leaving the history of Jim Christie and Panic to be written some other time, as I am afraid I will surpass too much upon your valuable space with my present communication.

Grey George is a beautiful chestnut grey, being five years old, stands sixteen hands high, and weighs 1,100 pounds. He was bred by Hamstel's Royal George, dam a St. Lawrence mare. Grey George is a powerful horse, with big bone and great muscular development, and, as his performances show, is possessed of more than an average degree of speed. He was purchased by his present owner in October, 1876, from Mr. Thomas Beamish, of Norval, for \$400, and after a careful wintering was started in nine races, and the first honors of eight of which fell to him. He has no one had he to trot more than three heats in any of his winning races. He closed the season with a record of 2:42. George has never trotted on a mile track, his experience being confined to half-mile tracks, and he is of them not the best. I think when he strikes a good mile track, like Woodbine, and is all right, the horse that gives him dust on the wire will be pretty near eligible for the 1:30 class. Like a great many fast trotters, Grey George is a converted pacer, and is driven with a twelve-ounce shoe and an eight-ounce toe-weight. He is very true, knows nothing but trot, and rarely, if ever, wishes to leave his feet, even in the hottest spot. In all his races he has been driven by Mr. Wm. Stables, V. S., of this town, who, in his method of handling the ribbons, showed himself to be as clever in the sulky as he is skilled in his profession. In the Fall Mr. Middleton received several tempting offers to part with the "grey fellow," having received \$1,000 for him. Grey George, in his present hands, will be a dangerous customer in the '40 class next season, as will be seen by his previous record. It is at all times and places sent to the front. I think, take him all in all, he is one of the best promising youngsters in Western Ontario, possessing the qualities of breeding, game, gameness, style, action, and speed to a degree that will probably place him in the

Sar, Tin and Leather.

WORMS IN THE HEART OF DOGS.

During the past year there has been an alarming mortality among the dogs of Kiang, China. This is epidemic in character, and is due to worms in the heart. The left ventricle is frequently found filled with them, but they apparently exercise no ill effects upon the health of the animal, so long as they are confined to the heart cavities; it is only when they obstruct the passage of blood through the orifices, or impede the action of the cardiac valves that they prove fatal. No clue has been obtained as to the origin of these parasites. A very beautiful specimen of this condition has lately been placed in the Museum of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York city, it having been contributed by an alumnus, who is a missionary physician in the Celestial Kingdom.

The writer once dissected a setter which presented a number of worms in the cavities of the heart, closely resembling the common round or thread worm, which usually affects cats and dogs; these were closely knotted and twisted around, and among the columns of the ventricle, but apparently had no agency in the death of the animal, as marked evidences of poison were detected. It is now a matter of regret that the specimen was not preserved. Worms in the liver of dogs are by no means uncommon, and parasites are frequently found in the abdominal cavity, outside of the intestines; trichinæ are also frequent, but less deleterious, apparently, in the canine subject than the human. It is probable, however, that a fair proportion of the cases of rheumatism that occur in canines are due to this entozoon.

ARCHER.

Port Huron, Mich, Dec. 8, '77.

STRAY SHOTS.

BY ARCHER.

There was a funny incident during the performance of 'As You Like It' at the Opera House in Detroit. Miss Fanny Davenport was speaking the epilogue, and on uttering the lines, 'If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had friends that pleased me,' when a lawless but admiring urchin in the gallery piped out, 'Throw it up!' There were roars of laughter from all parts of the house, in which Fanny herself would fain have joined.

A RARE BIRD.—Mr. Collins, taxidermist in Detroit, has in his possession a specimen of the Yeager Gull, (*Stercorarius Parvirostris*) which was shot on Belle Isle a few days since by a French lad. It is a bird very rarely met with, and is the second ever killed in this latitude, the first having been killed in Sarnia Bay by the late Dr. G. B. Wilson, of Port Huron. Mr. Collins will send the bird to Prof. Ridgeway, of the Smithsonian, for examination, though it is expected ultimately to adorn the cabinet of the Detroit Scientific Association.

DISTRICT MICHIGAN.—Gillman Brothers are shipping wild turkeys to England direct. Mr. E. H. Gillman was the happy recipient of a black-tailed deer, *Cervus macrotis*, and a quantity of Indian trophies, the gift of Major Clitz, of Fort Sully.

The Trumbull Avenue police indulged in a den hunt on the 4th inst. The pit fawn of George Beck having escaped, the blue coats were ordered out in pursuit; its capture was effected after a long and exciting chase, and at the expense of numerous soiled and torn uniforms.

OSODA, MICH.—The riflemen of this town should have a medal. On the 28th ult. they exercised their skill on a veteran gobbler at forty yards, and disabled him at the fifty-sixth shot.

Over five hundred pounds of lead fish were taken in Traverse Bay, Lake Michigan, during the month of November. The individual fish of the catch averaged four and five pounds each. This speaks well for the efforts of the Fish Commissioners of Michigan and Wisconsin, who planted the fry three and five years since.

A WHALE ABATTOIR.—On a small island opposite to the town of Wadso, in the extreme north of Norway, an establishment has been founded by a Mr. Foy for the

ances, such as catching the reindeer and harnessing it to a sledge, tent-building, thread-making and singing, to illustrate the simple kind of life they lead.

In the superb cafe of the Hoffman House, New York, there is a chair which is worthy of the inspection of every sportsman in the city. It is ingeniously constructed from the hide, feet and horns of the deer of America—of moose, elk, caribou, and the Virginia deer. The legs are the legs of deer, and the arms, back and other framework are horns woven together with the skill of a master mechanic. The cushioned seat is of deer hide, with the hair exposed to view. Mr. C. H. Reed, the proprietor of the Hoffman, purchased this chair three years ago, and he values it so highly that money will not induce him to part with it.

Aquatic.

HANLAN TO SCHARFF.

We have been requested to publish the following challenge from Ed. Hanlan of this city, to Wm. Scharff of Pittsburg, Pa.:

TORONTO, Dec. 17, 1877.

TO EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—I hereby challenge Wm. Scharff of Pittsburg, Pa., to row me a sculler's race, three or five miles with a turn, in best-and-best boats, for \$1,000 a side. I will row him at Saratoga or Owaseo Lake, each man paying his own expenses, or I will allow him expenses to row on Toronto Bay or such other place in Canada as I may name; or, I will row over the Hulton course, near Pittsburg, Pa., and will take reasonable expenses from Mr. Scharff. The race to take place on or before the 8th of June next. Enclosed find forfeit of \$—, and if Mr. Scharff will cover deposit and forward articles of agreement to me at SPORTING TIMES office, Toronto, the match can be arranged without delay.

Your ob'dt Serv't,
EDWARD HANLAN.

A St. John paper says that Wallace Ross, of St. John, N. B., has sent to England for another new shell. His backers will again match him to row Hanlan a single scull race early next Spring for \$1,000 or \$2,000 a side, but they will insist on the race being rowed either at Halifax Harbor or on the Kennebecasis River.

SETTLED.—On Wednesday evening last Mr. Ed. Hanlan, the champion oarsman, made a match of the most interesting character. The other party of the second part was a Miss Sutherland, of this city. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's mother, 174 York St. The bride was made the recipient of several valuable presents, while Ed. received the hearty congratulations of his friends, a large number of whom were present. It is to be hoped this double-handed match will turn out as successful for both principals as he of the first part has been with single sculls.

English Curs.

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH JOCKEY'S WINNING MOUNTS FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS.

	1872	1873	1874	1875	1876	1877
Archer, F.....	27	107	147	172	207	215
Constable, H.....	67	109	89	71	78	77
Buckshaw, T.....	6	37	49	61	57	36
Wooden, B.....	1	17	30	56	55	25
Morgan, E.....			8	43	55	72
Cannon, T.....	82	12	37	47	52	64
Newhouse, W.....	75	46	41	58	51	19
Goater, J.....	18	21	23	59	49	51
Webb, F.....	23	26	35	38	41	47
Wood, C.....	2	15	12	43	34	56
Cooke, G.....	22	42	44	49	39	19
Glover, T.....	7	28	28	49	23	26
Osborn, J.....	41	48	28	24	23	28
Chaloner, T.....	29	18	24	18	30	16
Parry, H.....	16	24	29	23	26	13
Morley, E.....		10	26	37	24	21
Jarvis, J.....		3	7	28	24	20
Snowden, J.....	24	20	18	28	24	30
Jeffrey, H.....	30	42	29	21	24	31
Mordan, S.....	23	45	54	17	24	12
Deborne, T.....	60	44	23	15	24	11
Sheard, E.....	2	11	18	22	22	
Stelton, T.....	12	14	14	25	19	9
Giffiths, J.....	25	27	24	24	17	22
Linton, G.....	24	12	6	17	15	16

FINE COACH TEAM.—Mr. Wm H. Vanderbilt purchased last week in Kentucky, through his agent, the finest and most stylish team of bay coach horses ever bred in the Blue Grass region. Both measure 16½ hands; one was sired by a second J. C. Breckenridge and the other by Miller's Joe Downing.

"If I was a horse now," mused a big boy, as he struggled up Griswold street the other day, "I'd be stabled, rubbed down and be fed, but I'm a boy, and I've got to go home, clean off snow, bring in wood, tote water and rock the dear old baby, for an hour or two."

BIDDEFORD, ME.—There was a match trotted at this city, Nov. 8, for \$600 a side, between the two stallions Palmer Knox and Emery Fearnought. The former won first, third and fourth heats, in 2:37—2:39—2:37. The latter won second heat in 2:41. The track, a half-mile one, was very heavy, the weather extremely cold.

BROODMARE SENT TO FRANCE.—The South-Eastern Railway Company on Saturday, Nov. 24, conveyed across from Folkestone, Eng., to Boulogne by a special steamer (the Napoleon) eleven broodmares from the Cobham stud. The animals were valued at £11,000, for which sum they were insured. During the passage Alcester, by Touchstone out of Sacerifice, dropped down dead, owing it is supposed to be rupture of some vessel connected with the heart. The other mares arrived safely, and have gone on to M. Lefevre's stud farm at Chamant.

BROKE DOWN.—After a long and, in the main, a very successful career, the gallant bay gelding Port Leonard, aged, by Voucher out of Prunella, is reported to have broken down in the two-mile hurdle race at New Orleans last Saturday. Our reports of the racing say that on the homestretch in the last mile the gallant animal was observed to falter, but with unflinching gameness he still struggled on, and finished third, to the admiration of every true lover of pluck. The off hind leg was the weak point in the veteran.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The usual weekly meeting of the society in connection with the Ontario Veterinary College was held in the lecture room of the College on Thursday evening, 18th inst. The President being unavoidably absent, Mr. S. P. Palmer took the chair. Mr. McHarracher, of Highgate, read an essay on Bone Spavin, and Mr. Chase, of Rock Island, Ill., read a communication on a case of Tetanus. A spirited debate followed. It was decided that this should be the last meeting before the Christmas vacation.

THE BLACKBOARD EXCHANGES.

The tactics of the managers of the Stock Exchange in New York in the effort to discomfort and annoy the "blackboard exchanges" by reversing, holding back and mixing up the quotations on the telegraph tape, which commenced Monday, were discontinued on Wednesday. The experiment of the first day, however it may have contributed to serve the purpose intended, must have been the cause of some annoyance to the regular members of the Stock Exchange. The proprietors of the blackboard exchanges claim that no injury was done to their traffic by the irregular way in which quotations were forwarded. If the small fry exchanges are to be suppressed it seems that some other method must be employed.

A TRIBUTE TO EDWIN BOOTH.

The following graceful letter, addressed to Edwin Booth, was sent to the office of the Utica Republican the other day, with the request that it should be given to the famous actor upon his expected arrival in that city: "West School House, Precept, December the eight. Mr. Edwin Booth, Dear Sir and friend: Hearing that you was going to come to Utica to perform in a play called Hamlet I would like to say that as boys is getting up an Exhibition for the benefit of the diseased Soldiers and their widows and orphans, and would like to engage you to take the leading part. I have talked it up with the boys and we will do the square thing with you

IT PAYS.

In alluding to advertising statistics, it is said of Holloway, the famous pill maker, that in 1837 he commenced to advertise, expending about £250 per annum; in 1843 his expenses in the same line amounted to £5,000; in 1845 it reached £10,000; in 1851 it reached £20,000; in 1855 it was £30,000; and in the present year, 1877, it has reached the enormous amount of £40,000. The directions for the use of his pills and ointment have been translated into every known language, and circulated all over the inhabitable world. This enterprising advertiser has consequently made a colossal fortune.

HAMILTON CRICKET CLUB.—A general meeting of the H. O. C. was held last week when it was decided to thoroughly drain the levelled portion of the ground, which is some eighty yards square. The expense will be considerable, but the committee hope to be able to raise funds during the winter to enable them to carry on the work.

Amusements.

CITY.

At the Grand Opera House the stock company is furnishing the programme for this week. On Saturday night Robt McWade concluded his engagement with Bory O'More, having played Rip Van Winkle up to the matinee on Saturday. Monday night the bill was Eustache Baudin, with Miss Phoea McAllister as Louise Baudin. On Tuesday, benefit of the bands of the Artillery and Engineers Corps, when Not Guilty was presented by the stock, and military manoeuvring by the volunteers, to a large house. Not Guilty will be continued until further notice. Pink Dominoes is still underlined for early production. On Monday evening next the celebrated Butler Humpty Dumpty Pantomime Troupe will appear in the comic pantomime, for the first time in this city, of Harlequin Jack and Jill. It will be produced with an extensive ballet, new scenes, costumes, tricks, and transformations. The regular company go out on the road.

The Royal Opera House will be opened on Monday next by the Holmans, who will present a new Christmas piece with all the accessories of ballet and vocal, gymnastic, and terpsichorean specialties. It is some time since this company was here, and doubtless their return will be heartily welcomed by their friends in the city.

The Queens will make more than ordinary efforts in the production of their Christmas programme. The company has been doubled and some very attractive artists in the variety profession are promised for Monday night, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Parks, Mr. J. H. Graham and Miss Jenny Ward, change artists, are announced for 81st. Burton & Udell open in Detroit on 24th.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—Aimee's Opera Bouffe Company is announced for Theatre Royal, commencing on 25th, for a season of seven nights and one matinee.

HAMILTON.—Mechanics' Hall—Hamilton's English Opera Co., Dec. 14, to fair business. Lawrence Barrett, Dec. 18, in Merchant of Venice and David Garrick to a good house.—Harry Lindley joins the Kate Fisher party at Belleville next week.

LONDON.—Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House Co. is announced for Christmas holidays.

St. CATHERINES.—Academy of Music.—Engagements—Lawrence Barrett, 19; Sophie Miles and Star Dramatic Co., 24, for six nights; Lottie Combination, 21; Butler's Humpty Dumpty Co., Jan. 3 and 4, 1878; Rochester, N. Y., Opera House Co., Jan. 11 and 12.—Rev. H. W. Beecher, Methodist Church, Dec. 28.

WOODSTOCK.—Speakman's Co., with Sophie Miles as the star, Town Hall, 19 and 20.

QUINCY.—Mrs. Morrison with Pink Dominoes, Town Hall, 27 and 28.

COBURN.—Pullman's London Sensation, Victoria Hall, Dec. 18. Route east.

BRANTFORD.—Hamilton's English Opera Co., Palmer's Hall, Dec. 15 and 17.

DUNDAS.—Sophie Miles, Town Hall, 21

Poetry.

JACK.

Come, Jack, let's have a show,
Act like a little man;
As dog you're something more, you know,
Than black-and-tan.

That's it, now sit straight up,
You bark, and I'll translate;
We'll prove there's one knowing pup,
As sure as fate.

Shake hands. Ah, that's the style!
It pays to be polite;
You'll find it always worth your while,
To black or white.

Now tell how old you are?
Two barks—that means two years—
And for your age you're quite a star,
As now appears.

How does the beggar go—
The undeserving imp
That stole your meat and bread you know?
That's just the limp.

From man to man he'll beg,
And lie to every one,
Until you bite his wooden leg,
That makes him run.

How do the ladies go?
Well, Jack, that's just the way;
They wriggle and twist to catch a beau,
And love a day.

What says the candidate?
A long-drawn-bark and growl;
That means they talk about the State,
And make "Rome howl."

How does the coward act
When he begins a fray?
Like that, he tucks with wondrous tact,
And sneaks away.

What does the man of grit,
When serious times begin?
You're right, he never backs a bit,
But goes right in.

Now, Jack, we're through to-day,
Just tell me if you like me?
A lively leap and bark, and they
Mean yes, sir-ee!

You may well say he's smart;
His life's an honest deal;
Although a dog, his little heart
Is true as steel.

Ah, Jack, if we could trust
The world as I trust you,
No man to man would be unjust,
No love untrue.

Miscellaneous.

A camel race is to be run in Surry, Nev., which will be followed by a five mile race against horses.

Where on earth did Noah keep the bees? asks a correspondent. Why, he put them in the ark hives, honey.

Two Siamese twin oysters were recently found in the Chesapeake. They were joined by a ligature running from heart to heart.

General Washington was an inveterate gambler. Fortunately for himself he always played for small stakes. He never won a bet.

Hawk shooting forms quite a business in Custer county, Colorado. Sixty cents per head is paid by the County Treasurer. One man brought in sixty a few days ago.

He who betrays another's secret because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of friend; a breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

Since Blondin began his tight-rope performances in 1858 he has made more than 8,000 ascensions, the average height of the cord being something less than 100 feet, and the distance thus perilously travelled not far from 2,000 miles.

James McAdams, of Lucknow, Ont., the "fighting man," as he is called, in the fore part of this week carried, at one lift, six bags of tall wheat, which weighed 978 pounds, for a distance of 80 feet. We want to hear from the men who can beat this feat of strength.

the harbor at 6 o'clock in the morning, arrived on the fishery grounds five hours later, and, at 7 in the evening, returned with 17,000 weight of codfish.

"There is not," wrote the editor of the Deadwood Daily Chumpion, "a quieter, more peaceful, well regulated and orderly community in the Western country." And then, as the office boy entered to say that somebody wanted to see him, he took his bowie between his teeth, put a Colt's new-pattern seven shooter on the desk in front of him, and then said, "Jim, get out another coffin—plain one, this time—and let the cuss come in."

A well-to-do Irishman named Miles Klinch, who keeps a grocery store in Chicago, recently received more congratulations than any man in America. Miles married Mrs. Klinch six years ago and she has presented him with eleven little Klinchers, or equal to two and one-sixth per annum. Four times she has become the mother of twins, and at last she surprised her husband by giving birth to triplets. The children are fine, healthy babies, and are doing well.

Gale, the English long-distance pedestrian (who, by the way, thinks of trying to walk 2,000 miles in 2,000 hours), has obtained such complete mastery over his physical powers that he sleeps occasionally while walking. Medical evidence has been taken on this point, and the fact is beyond a doubt.

A PLACE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Two Jersey City physicians of experience have been spending some time in Muskoka, and speak in high terms of the salubrity of the climate. They regard it as a specially good place for consumptives, that dread disease being unknown there. The Huntsville Forester says:—"We would recommend our medical men at the front, instead of sending their cases of phthisis (consumption) to the far off Minnesota, Colorado, California, &c., to give them the benefit of the free highland air of the Muskoka—a boon that can be reached in one day's journey from Toronto. We attribute the almost complete immunity from consumption in this region to several causes. Whereas those on the shores of Lake Ontario are 284 feet above the sea, the Lake of Bays in Muskoka is, according to Sir William Logan's geological survey, more than 1,100 feet above the sea level. The air of Muskoka must therefore be rarer, more elastic, and consequently distend the lungs more than the highly condensed air of Southern Ohio.

FISHERIES.

The annual report of Mr. McCann, Fishery Inspector for London district, shows that during the year there were engaged 32 boats, manned by 122 persons, and representing a value of \$321. There were 29 seines, 313 rods, with a value of \$1,275; 37 drop-nets, with a value of \$53. The catch of the season was represented by 412 barrels of pickerel, 343 barrels of coarse fish, 33 barrels of bass and 9 barrels of pike. There were consumed in London during the season 141 barrels of whitefish, 190 barrels of trout, 445 barrels of herring, 83 barrels of bass, 9 barrels of pike, 95 barrels of pickerel and 48 barrels of coarse fish, the value of which was \$5,895.

THE BEST STOCK.

The extra price received for a superior article is nearly all profit. And this is especially the case with the farm. It costs no more to raise a good horse than a poor scrub. No more feed, care or time is required. And if the plug horse can be raised so as to pay expenses, there is a fine profit in raising first-class horses. The same is the case with neat cattle. In fact it costs more per pound to raise such a steer as would sell for three cents per pound than one which sells for six cents per pound. In this case there are nearly double the number of pounds and double the price per pound; and yet the choicest steer takes no more food or care than the other. In this case not only the extra price is the profit, but the extra weight also. —Iowa State Register.

Horse Notes.

RECOVERED.—We are glad to learn that Mr. S. A. Browne, of Grand Rapids, Mich.,

MAGNAB, MARSH & COEN,

LATE JOHN MAGNAB & CO.,

Hardware Merchants,

6 FRONT STREET EAST.

Greener Guns;

We have just opened out a large consignment of these celebrated Guns, and invite the attention of all who wish to purchase the

BEST AND CHEAPEST

Guns offered in Canada.

They will shoot harder and closer than any other Guns made.

We have also received a large consignment of Newcastle

CHILLED SHOTS

And have all sizes in stock, which we offer to the trade only. Price very much reduced.

Send for Catalogue and Price Book of Guns.

MACNAB, MARSH & COEN,

5 Front-St., Toronto

Agents in Canada for,

Mr. W. W. GREENER,

—AND THE—

Newcastle Patent Chilled Shot Co.

[LIMITED].

WINDSOR HOTEL

(LATE MANSION HOUSE)

Cor. King & York Sts., Toronto.

This centrally located Hotel has been re-opened under entirely new management; it has been re-fitted through, and is now one of the best managed and best kept hotels in the City. The fine location of the "Windsor" affords inducements to the travelling public which no other house in the City can offer. Being situated on the north side of King St., it commands a view of the principal thoroughfare; a line of street cars passes the door every five minutes for all parts of the City, at once renders this hotel the most convenient stopping place in the City. 302-ty P. FINNIGAN.

FOR

FINE CIGARS,

AND UNADULTERATED SMOKING AND CHEWING

TOBACCOS

GO TO THE

VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY!

NO. 26 TORONTO ST., Toronto. 310-ty

Daniels' Hotel,

Prescott, Canada.

The only first-class House. Large parlours and sample rooms. Omnibusses meet all trains and steamers.

L. H. DANIEL,

187-ty. Proprietor.

D'ARY'S

GALVANIC BELTS, BANDS

AND INSOLES.

All those who suffer from Sexual Weakness, Lassitude, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Loss of Vital Energy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Sciatica, or any disease of the Nervous System, will find upon trial that D'ARY'S Galvanic Belts and Insoles are the only reliable and permanent cure. For giving a trial you will



Kentucky Live Stock Record,

No. 10 JORDAN'S ROW, LEXINGTON, Kr.

B. G. BRUCE, - Editor and Proprietor.

PRICE \$3 PER YEAR

ROYAL OPERA BILLIARD PARLOR.

99 King St., West, - - Toronto.

FIRST-CLASS TABLES.

JAS. MAGINN, Proprietor.

Sole Agent in Canada for J. M. Brunswick Balke & Co. Billiard Tables. 270-ty.

NOW READY.

The Dominion Rules

—or—

RUNNING & TROTTING

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Address SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto. 248-ty

"O. K."

BARBER SHOP

—AND—

BATH ROOMS,

100 King Street, West, - - Toronto

THE BEST IN THE CITY.

270 G. W. SMITH, Manager



Our Premiums.

GOLDSMITH MAID,

An elegant chromo 18 1/2 x 24 inches. Nine colors.

LULA.

In six colors; - 22 1/2 x 28 inches. In her trot against time at Rochester last Fall.

A choice of the above pictures is given to our advance paying subscribers for 1876-7. Write name and address plainly.

P. COLLINS & CO.,

SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto, Ont.

Whelan's White Rose Billiard Hall

66 JARVIS ST.

STANDARD

Sporting Books

—AND—

WORKS OF REFERENCE

FOR SALE AT

THE "SPORTING TIMES" OFFICE

Field, Cover and Trap shooting, by A. H. Bogardus, champion wing shot of America.—Embracing hints for skilled marksmen; instructions for young sportsmen; haunts and habits of game birds; flight and resort of water fowl; breeding and breaking of dogs, &c. Price \$2 00.

Reminiscences of the late Thomas Ascheton Smith, Esq., or the pursuits of an English country gentleman. Price \$2 25.

Military men I have met. Illustrated. By Lindley Sambourne. \$2 00.

The trotting horse of America; how to train and drive him; with the reminiscences of the trotting turf. By Hiram Woodruff. 18th edition, with new appendix, tables of performances, &c. \$2 50.

Blaine's Encyclopædia of rural sports, or complete account (historical, practical and descriptive) of hunting, shooting, fishing, &c. New edition, 600 engravings on wood, from drawings by Leech, Aiken, Landseer, &c. \$6 00.

Lewis' American Sportsman, containing hints to sportsmen, notes on shooting, and the habits of the game birds and wild fowl of America.—Numerous illustrations. \$2 75.

Trollope's British Sports and Pastimes. \$2 00

Upton's Newmarket and Arabia; an examination of the descent of racers and coursers. Colored illustrations. \$2 50.

Norris' American Fish Culture, embracing all the details of artificial breeding and rearing of trout; the cultivation of salmon, shad, and other fishes. Illustrated. \$1 75.

Yonett's The Dog, edited with additions by E. J. Lewis. Illustrated. \$3 75.

Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club in the saddle. Illustrated. \$1 25.

Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club afloat. Illustrated. \$1 25.

Castlemon's The Sportsman's Club among the trappers. Illustrated. \$1 25.

Gilmore's Prairie and Forest; a description of the game of North America, with personal adventures in their pursuit. Illustrated. \$1 50.

Stonehenge's British rural sports, comprising shooting, hunting, coursing, fishing, hawking, racing, boating, pedestrianism, with all rural games and amusements. Ninth edition. Illustrated. \$5 50.

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Rose Eyttinge had a "rousing old house" recently in a provincial town, where the bill printer's "imp" made a mistake of a letter, and that town was embellished with posters a yard long, saying, "Miss Eyttinge will appear on this evening in Bed Astray."

A young man in Maine writes to ask us if we want to engage "a puzzle editor." No, thank you. We have a puzzled editor, and that is sufficient. He is puzzled to find out why in thunder people don't pay for their papers.

In Norway eagles destroy oxen by the following process: They dive into the water and then roll themselves in the sand, afterwards flapping their wings and shaking their feathers in the eyes of an ox. Having blinded him they soon make short work with his carcass.

The Port Hope Times says:—"Robert Cole, of the Township of Brighton, was last week brought before Mr. Charles Gilchrist, for catching speckled trout during the close season, and fined \$10, and costs \$7. Robert at present is very penitent, and does not want any more trout at that price."

A year old cariboo was observed passing the town of Dalhousie, N. B., on a piece of ice on Sunday forenoon on his way to sea. Mr. James Moffatt, who first observed him, obtained assistance, and after a short chase in a boat succeeded in capturing the animal, which is now in the stables of Mr. George Moffatt, M. P., and takes quietly to his new quarters.

A contemporary claims to have distanced the biblical traditions of the fish stories of Gallilee: "The greatest catch of fish in a single day ever recorded in the annals of the bay fisheries in Marblehead was brought in the other evening in the schooner Eliza, Captain Giles, of this town. The Eliza left

more in the City can offer. A fine situation on the north side of King St., it commands a view of the principal thoroughfare; a line of street cars passes the door every five minutes for all parts of the City, at once renders this hotel the most convenient stopping place in the City. 302-ty P. FINNIGAN.

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Horse Notes.

RECOVERED.—We are glad to learn that Mr. S. A. Browne, of Grand Rapids, Mich., owner of Lady Turpin and other good ones, who has been much of an invalid recently, has so far recovered his health as to reconsider a determination to retire from the turf, and will have a stable in readiness for the campaign of 1878.

DEATH OF THE TROTTER STALLION ROTHSCHILD.—We regret to announce that this high-bred stallion, the property of Mrs. Henry C. Childs, of Lexington, Ky., died on Sunday, 25th ult., from the effects of a severe attack of colic. Rothschild was foaled in 1869, sired by Mambrino Patchen, dam by Alexander's Edwin Forrest; 2nd dam by Downing's Black Highlander; 3rd dam by Lance, son of American Eclipse.

GOSSIP VS. GEN. TWEED.—Mr. Henry N. Smith, of the Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J., has made a match with Mr. Charles J. Trowbridge to trot his six-year-old chestnut gelding Gossip, by Tattler, dam by Rolla Goldust, against the latter's Gen. Tweed, by Myron Perry (son of Young Columbus), for \$10,000 a side, \$2,500 forfeit; the match to be trotted in July next, over a course to be mutually agreed upon. This will doubtless prove a very exciting race. The horses are well matched, both being able to trot in the neighborhood of 2:28.

\$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. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine 318-ty

more in the City can offer. A fine situation on the north side of King St., it commands a view of the principal thoroughfare; a line of street cars passes the door every five minutes for all parts of the City, at once renders this hotel the most convenient stopping place in the City. 302-ty P. FINNIGAN.

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The only first-class House. Large parlours and sample rooms. Omnibusses meet all trains and steamers.
L. H. DANIEL, Proprietor.
187-ty.

D'ARY'S GALVANIC BELTS, BANDS AND INSOLES.

All those who suffer from Sexual Weakness, Lassitude, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Loss of Vital Energy, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Sciatica, or any disease of the Nervous System, will find upon trial that D'ary's Galvanic Belts and Bands are the only reliable and permanent remedies. By giving them a trial you will get cured. They are made on the most approved scientific principles. Ask your Druggist or send to
A. NORMAN, 118 King St. West Toronto.

A First-class White Dress Shirt

FAULTLESS FIT, \$1.50

NEW FANCY SCARFS,
NEW SILK HANDEKERCHIEFS,
NEW COLLARS AND GUFFS,
NEW GLOVES AND MITTS,

New Silk Umbrellas,
\$2.00 to \$7.00

At COOPER'S,
109 YONGE-ST. TORONTO
South-east cor. of Adelaide Street.

Stable Lanterns,
Chopping Axes,
Cross-cut Saws,
General Hardware,
ROSS & ALLEN
272-ty 156 KING ST., East.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

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"O. K."

BARBER SHOP

—AND—
BATH ROOMS,
100 King Street, West, Toronto
THE BEST IN THE CITY.
270 G. W. SMITH, Manager



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Write name and address plainly.
P. COLLINS & CO.,
SPORTING TIMES OFFICE,
Toronto, Ont.

Whelan's White Rose Billiard Hall

66 JARVIS ST.

Seven tables, everything first-class, making the finest and handsomest hall in Canada. Billiard and Bowling Alley in connection. 280

WANTED:

25 Ladies and Gentlemen to learn telegraph operating. Courses now opening in the morning. Good camp for circular to P. COLLINS & CO., 286-ty

T. M. BURROUGHS

Veterinary Surgeon

(Graduate Ontario Veterinary College)
OFFICE AND INFIRMARY:
15 SPARKS STREET, NEAR WEL-
LINGTON WARD MARKET, OTTAWA.
HORSES EXAMINED AS TO SOUND-
NESS. HORSES BOUGHT AND
SOLD ON COMMISSION.

Livery Stables attached. Boarding horses a specialty. 315-ty

shooting, hunting, coursing, fishing, bowling, racing, boating, pedestrianism, with all rural games and amusements. Ninth edition. Illustrated. \$5 50.

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Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

"Clipper" Building, Centre & Leonard Sts., New York.

Turf, Field & Farm

The Sportsman's Oracle and Country Gentleman's Newspaper.

TURF FIELD & AQUATIC SPORTS

SUBSCRIPTION—YEARLY IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID.

One copy, 10 Cents
Europe, 6 00
Five copies, 20 00

ADVERTISING RATES.—Nonpareil space, per line.

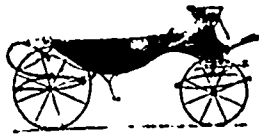
Single insertion, 45 cents.
One month, \$1 20
Three months, 2 40
Six months, 3 65

Special Notices, 25 cents per line. Reading Notices, \$1 per line.

Published every Friday by the
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A few weeks ago it was stated in these columns that McColl, of Galt, Ont., was hatched for a man named Mathieson, of Lincoln, Neb., 100 yards, for \$2,000. The race took place as announced, and Mathieson proved to be the winner, owing to an accident which happened to one of McColl's shoes. When they had gone about sixty yards the whole side of the shoe burst out. Notwithstanding this great disadvantage, the Canadian kept close to his man, and was hatched on a short distance. Just as

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Toronto, Ont.

AN OLD TIME RACE.

From "Albion's" contribution in last week's Spirit of the Times, we clip the following account of one of the greatest races ever run on the American continent. It will repay reading:—

On Oct. 10, 1843, at Nashville, Ten., the Peyton Stakes came off. Out of the thirty nominations four came to the post. Thomas Kirkman's chestnut filly by Glencoe, dam Giantess, by Leviathan; Col. Waddo Hampton's Herald, by Plenipotentiary, dam imp. Delphine; Hon. A. Barrow's chestnut colt, by imp. Skylark, dam Lilac, by Leviathan; and Col. Balie Peyton's brown filly Great Western, by imp. Luzborough, dam Black Maria, by American Eclipse. "The course," says the report, "was exceedingly deep and tough, and the fastest mile made in the race was the fourth mile in the third heat, won by Mr. Kirkman's filly which she ran in 1:58. She finally won the race, and was at once christened Peytona, for Col. Peyton. The race was probably won upon its merits, or, more accurately speaking, it is the opinion of Col. Peyton, and almost every turfman we ever met who saw the running, that Herald would have won easily had he not been badly handled. The management of this colt in the race was given to Col. Singleton, of South Carolina, and the programme laid out for him was to throw away the first heat, and although he could have won it (for he could hardly give it away after he came into the homestretch) he was pulled up to the merest gallop, and Mr. Barrow's colt won the heat in 8:52, with Col. Peyton's Great Western second, Peytona third, and Herald fourth.

In the second heat Herald, under orders, went to work from the start, was never headed, and won with the greatest ease in 8:50; Mr. Barrow's colt second, Great Western third, and Peytona fourth. Peytona was ridden by F. P. Palmer, better known as "Barney," and the report says: "She was capitally jockeyed." She was a very large filly, about 17 hands, and very awkward, with an immense sweeping stride, and great endurance. The course was so muddy and heavy that Palmer was afraid that she would lose her feet. Accordingly he was compelled to ride her very wide upon the turns, and sometimes went close to the outer railing to keep her from falling. On the last mile of the third heat, after he left the first turn, he sent her along at the top of her speed. She very soon overtook Herald, and the two had a severe fight to the next turn; but here Palmer was compelled to give her room again, and Herald, who had kept the lead, pulled two lengths to the front. As they approached the homestretch, Palmer again sent Peytona along with all might and main, and, after the severest contest of the race, won the heat by a bare half length. Great Western was distanced. This should have taught the managers of Herald a lesson. They had but to wait, put the race on a brush, and win; but a different policy again prevailed. He was ordered to make the running, and did so, and led for three miles and three-quarters, when Peytona challenged him, and beat him home by two lengths; time—8:52, 8:50, 8:35, 8:52. Value of stakes to winner \$35,000.

On the next day, Oct. 11, the Alabama Stakes were run. Mr. Lucius J. Polk's Ambassador (imported in his mother's belly), by Plenipotentiary, dam imp. Jenny Mills, won, beating Mr. Thomas Kirkman's Cracovienne, by Glencoe, dam imp. Gollopado, Capt. N. Davis' Joe Bradley, by Leviathan, dam imp. Design; and Charles Bosley and Henry M. Clay's gray filly, by imp. Phillip, dam Madam Bosley, in two straight heats, time, 5:59, 5:21; value of stakes to the winner \$17,000. Tennessee and South Carolina contended for the Trial Stakes; no others came to the post, and South Carolina conquered. In the Alabama Stakes, Tennessee and Alabama were both represented. Each had two starters, and Tennessee won, and in the Peyton Stakes, Louisiana, Alabama, and South Carolina were the only States that had starters, and Alabama conquered. The total value of the three stakes was \$60,000.

Thus ended one of the most extraordinary events recorded in the world's racing annals. The three great stakes prove how deep an interest was taken in the sports of the turf at that time. Look over the list of names mentioned in these events, and see who the men were that were then engaged on the turf. There were members of the National Congress, foreign ministers, governors of States, and men of wealth and distinction in all the walks of life. It is rather sad to contemplate the changes that time has made since then. Of the thirty subscribers to the great Peyton Stakes, only three survive—Thomas J. Wells, since the war prominently conspicuous in the politics of Louisiana; the other two are Col. Peyton and Mr. John Kirkman; the latter still reside at Nashville. All the others have paid the last debt of nature, and sleep the last sleep.

LADY FARO PLAYERS.

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AN INDIAN RACE.

If you will please grant me the space in your instructive and very valuable paper, I will endeavor to give a feeble report of a recent horse race that took place near Independence, Kan., not long since. This race came off near the Osage Indian Agency, some sixty-five or seventy miles beyond the border of the State. The race, I am happy to inform you, was made and run according to rules (not National rules), but genuine Indian Nation rules—rules that pay no attention to age, weights, or records. This was a test of speed between horses and ponies owned by Osages—Osages in full dress, Osages in half dress, and the genuine blanket Osage. The stakes run for was a pony, a gun, and a blanket. The distance run was three miles, not over a fashionable race track, made and shaped by skilful workmen, but over the beautiful uneven prairie; up hill, down hill, over stone, and through the tall prairie grass. I must say that it is such a track that it takes a good horse to run the three miles. The number of horses that came to the score for the word was eighteen, the choice out of as many hundred, perhaps, for the Osages own vast number of horses. The riders were of all sizes and ages—from the diminutive little red skin, to the full grown warrior, whose weight was quite 200 lbs. The display of blankets was all on the Indian; no saucy blankets, saddles, buckets, or sponges for the horses, not even shoes. The horses and ponies all came to the score, and took a standing start from the word go, and when the word was given, away they went like as many arrows, with a whoop, and a hundred yells or more. Some of the horses ran very rapidly for half a mile, or more, and then fell to the rear. The horses were strung along for nearly two miles, only three of the eighteen crossing the score. The race was won by a horse owned by Spotted Thigh, and his rider, a small boy, could not stop the animal when he had run the three miles, and it was necessary to lariat the pony to stop him. No time was given, although it was not slow. The betting was lively. Ponies, guns, blankets and revolvers—everything nearly, money excepted. Such is the horse-race among the "noble red men" of the Far West, as they are called.—OSAGE, in Spirit of the Times.

The famous war-horse Manassas, formerly belonging to Gen. James Dearing, of the



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LADY FARO PLAYERS.

Women are not as common at the gambling tables in Nevada as at those of Europe. A woman entered a faro room in Eureka, closely veiled, and accompanied by an escort. Her presence excited curiosity, and the game was temporarily interrupted. The players at length resumed, keeping a good watch lest she might draw some instrument from under the folds of her dress and castigate or scatter the crowd. Some thought she was a wife in search of her husband. The case-keeper had risen from his seat, and turned in his checks, when the woman seated herself in his chair, opened the case, piled up several twenty dollar rolls of silver alongside of it, and was ready for business. Luck favored her, and from white she turned to red, and the red resolved themselves into blue (\$25 each.) She kept the cases carefully, and played with all the pluck of an old hand. She won and lost, but kept gathering in the blue checks. Finally, when she was a couple of hundreds ahead, she handed them to the dealer, and received her eagles in exchange, and, with her escort, left the room.

DEATH OF A NOTED ENGLISH BREEDER.—After an illness which necessitated his withdrawal from turf pursuits for nearly a dozen years, Mr. Christopher St. George, one of the best sportsmen of the Emerald Isle, died recently, in his sixty-seventh year. Amongst other good horses he bred Knight of St. George, who was leased to Mr. J. B. Morris for his racing career, and won the Doncaster St. Leger in 1854; he also bred Chanticleer, Solon, Socrates, Tom King, Arbutus, and others that carried the popular sea-green jacket and white cap successfully. Amongst the racing men of his day he was a universal favorite, but for many years he had retired from the world.

AN INDIAN RACE.

If you will please grant me the space in your instructive and very valuable paper, I will endeavor to give a feeble report of a recent horse race that took place near Independence, Kan., not long since. This race came off near the Osage Indian Agency, some sixty-five or seventy miles beyond the border of the State. The race, I am happy to inform you, was made and run according to rules (not National rules), but genuine Indian Nation rules—rules that pay no attention to age, weights, or records. This was a test of speed between horses and ponies owned by Osages—Osages in full dress, Osages in half dress, and the genuine blanket Osage. The stakes run for was a pony, a gun, and a blanket. The distance run was three miles, not over a fashionable race track, made and shaped by skilful workmen, but over the beautiful uneven prairie; up hill, down hill, over stone, and through the tall prairie grass. I must say that it is such a track that it takes a good horse to run the three miles. The number of horses that came to the score for the word was eighteen, the choice out of as many hundred, perhaps, for the Osages own vast number of horses. The riders were of all sizes and ages—from the diminutive little red skin, to the full grown warrior, whose weight was quite 200 lbs. The display of blankets was all on the Indian, no fancy blankets, saddles, buckets, or sponges for the horses, not even shoes. The horses and ponies all came to the score, and took a standing start from the word go, and when the word was given, away they went like as many arrows, with a whoop, and a hundred yells or more. Some of the horses ran very rapidly for half a mile, or more, and then fell to the rear. The horses were strung along for nearly two miles, only three of the eighteen crossing the score. The race was won by a horse owned by Spotted Thigh, and his rider, a small boy, could not stop the animal when he had run the three miles, and it was necessary to lariat the pony to stop him. No time was given, although it was not slow. The betting was lively. Ponies, guns, blankets and revolvers—everything nearly, money excepted. Such is the horse-race among the "noble red men" of the Far West, as they are called.—Osage, in *Spirit of the Times*.

The famous war-horse Manassas, formerly belonging to Gen. James Dearing, of the Confederate States cavalry, died on the 1st inst. The animal was purchased at Manassas in 1862, and was about 20 years old. He was ridden by Gen. Dearing in all the battles in which that daring and gallant officer participated, and it was on his back that the general received his fatal wound on the retreat from Petersburg. The horse has been tenderly cared for by the family of Gen. Dearing.

TROTTER FOR SALE

ST. JOE, sired by Blackwood, 1st dam by Mark Time, (by Arabian Bagdad, dam by imp. Spread Eagle.) 2nd dam by Woodford, (by Lance, dam by Aratus.) 3rd dam by Grey Eagle, (by Woodpecker, dam Ophelia by Wild Medley.) Performed 2 years old at Lexington, Ky., won a race in 2:52, under the name of Oakwood; at 5 years old won easy a 2:50 race at Fergus, Ont.

St Joe is a black horse 6 years old, stands 16 hands 1 inch, with plenty of bone and muscle, a fine disposition, very stylish and a fine breeder.

Blackwood, with a record of 2:31 at 3 years old, is sire of Blackwood, Jr., record 2:22½, at 5 years old; Protine, 6 years, 2:25; Rosewood, 5 years, 2:27.

For further particulars apply to

JOHN HETHERINGTON,
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324-nt G.W.R. Station, Guelph.

Trotter for Sale.

A splendid bay gelding, by Hamlet, 7 years old, 15 hands high, sound, kind and gentle; can be driven by a lady at the top of his speed with perfect safety. Has no record, and can trot in 2:30. For price and full particulars, address, Box No. 10, Loberough P. O., Guelph, Frontac, Ont.



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The owner not having time to properly develop his span of fast and elegantly bred trotting stallions, will dispose of them very cheap.

MATT CAMERON, b h foaled 1872, 15-2, by Highland Boy, he by Hamlet by Volunteer; dam by Toronto Chief; 2nd dam the Goodenough mare, by St. Lawrence; 3rd dam, by Tippe; 4th dam by Tom Kimble. Matt Cameron can show better than 2:40, and is without record.

YOUNG ERIN CHIEF, b h foaled 1871, 15-2, by Erin Chief; dam same as Matt Cameron. Young Erin Chief can trot better than 3:00, has had no handling, and promises to be speedy.

The horses are perfectly sound, kind, and pure gaited; can be driven double or single at top of their speed by a lady; are nicely matched in size, color, and disposition; can speed to pole better than 3:00; and are without vice or fault of any kind. Can be seen at half-mile track, Queen St., West, Toronto.

For price address, **HORSEMAN, SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto, Ont.** 326-tf

SPEEDY GELDING FOR SALE.

A gentleman whose business will not permit him the time to properly look after his horse offers him for sale cheap. He is a beautiful bay gelding; by Caledonia Chief, dam a fast pacing mare; four years old; 15:3, kind and sound in every respect, and shows remarkable speed. Any reasonable trial permitted before purchase. Address **KAY, SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto.** 327-tf

Thorough-bred Mare for Sale, Cheap.

An elegantly Kentucky bred, thorough-bred mare for sale cheap. Seven years old, over 16 hands, bay, very fast on the flat or across country, sound, broken to single harness, and can trot close to 3:00. Would make a valuable brood mare. Address for full particulars, **SENEX, SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto.** 328-tf

COCKING.

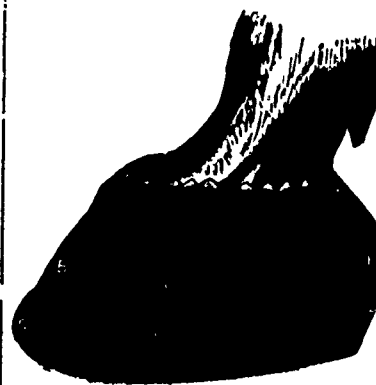
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