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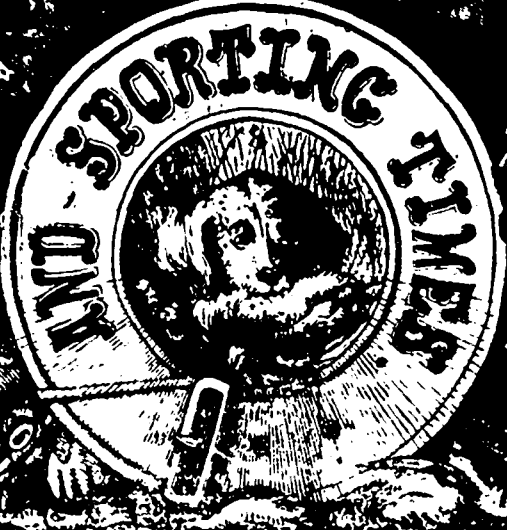
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GENTLEMEN'S CANADIAN JOURNAL



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AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

(From the Kentucky Live Stock Record.)

A great deal has been written in America about the prospects of Mr. P. Lorillard's new venture in racing in England, and much of it is based upon the bragging principle that America can beat the world. This twaddle may perhaps strike the ears of the groundlings, but those who rely upon such reckless assertions and braggadocio, without weighing and viewing the matter in its proper light, will be doomed to sad disappointment. Some of the American papers herald the Duke of Magenta, one of Mr. P. Lorillard's most exportation's to England, as the greatest racehorse that ever trod the American turf, and assert that he will win every great stake or cup for which he starts.

While we are willing to admit that the Duke of Magenta is the best three-year-old of his year in the East—for he never met the best of the South and West—we are unwilling to concede that he is the greatest racehorse produced in America. We do not believe he is the superior, and it is even doubtful whether he is the equal of such horses as Harry Bassett, Tom Bowling, Ten-Brock, Asteroid, Norfolk, Kentucky, Vandalite, Aristides, Vigil, and some others. True, he won all the great stakes of the year in the East, except the Jersey Derby, won by Spartan, but the quality of the horses he has beaten, in our judgement, does not take rank among really first-class three-year-olds. Look at the list of his competitors this year that he has defeated—Albert, Bramble, Bayard, Donkey Wood, Danicheff, Eugene N. Robinson, Garret, Helmsman, Invermoor, Judith, Kinzie K., Mattan, Pique, Pride of the Village, Spartan, and Lodi. He beat these pretty handsily; but show a single horse in this list of his defeated opponents that any good turfman would select to take to England with the expectation of beating the best three-year-olds of England? No! Not one. Then why laud the performances of the Duke of Magenta so high, and predict that he will beat all the best of England. This course is the very reverse of judicious, and extremely injurious to Mr. Lorillard's prospects, and is certain to put additional weight upon his horses, for no English handicapper can ignore his performances and the laudatory expressions of the American press.

In considering the chances Mr. Lorillard's horse will have in England, writers for the press do not take into consideration the vast odds against him. It is the height of folly to expect a single stable, with only some two or three good horses in it, to go to England, meet any of the best racehorses, and beat the pick and best of that country, France, and the Continent of Europe. We do not believe the English could send a single stable here and beat the best of the country; and it is a still harder matter to go there and beat them, as they have three times as many racehorses in training. As an illustration, take the number of foals dropped annually in England, to say nothing of France, Germany, Austria and Hungary, and then weigh the

DEATH OF PROF. HELLER.

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

Heller came to this city on Saturday last from New York to fill a winter's engagement at Concert Hall. His last engagement, previous to coming to Philadelphia, was in Washington two weeks ago. There he contracted a cold, and when his engagement concluded he went to New York for a week's rest, preparatory to opening in Philadelphia. On Monday night he gave his first performance here. He got through the first part all right, but immediately afterwards was taken suddenly ill. The audience waited. Mr. Heller presently appeared, looking very pale. He stated that a sudden sickness had interfered in a measure with his plans that evening, but he would endeavor to go on with the performance. His sister, who assisted him, had also taken sick, he announced, but would endeavor to help him through with the programme. The play went on. Heller did his best to delight his audience and succeeded. Before the part came to a close, however, his illness increased, as was plainly apparent to the audience by his looks. The performance closed. Heller, accompanied by his sister, returned to the Continental Hotel. Next morning (Tuesday), at 8 o'clock, he still felt unwell and sent for Dr. F. H. Getchell, of Spruce street. Dr. Getchell says that upon his arrival he found him suffering from a slight congestion of the lungs. While he did not think his case dangerous, he urged Heller to keep himself quiet as possible and advised him not to keep his engagement for Tuesday night, as he thought he would not be able to play. Heller could not think of disappointing the audience and refused to listen to the advice. He felt no fear of anything dangerous. The doctor prescribed for him and left. He visited him again several times during the day, repeating his advice for him not to play on Tuesday night. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before he got Heller finally persuaded. At that hour he consented to allow a certificate to be drawn at his dictation, and signed by the doctor, to be given to the press, to the effect that he could not play that night. He would not allow the certificate to cover a longer period than that one night, though the doctor urged it upon him strongly. He expected to be out of bed on Wednesday. The doctor had made him take his bed the moment he saw him Tuesday morning. Yesterday morning he was about the same and still sanguine of being able to play last night. Dr. Getchell dissuaded him from attempting it. The doctor did not apprehend anything dangerous until 7 o'clock last evening. At that hour the patient was seized with a fit of vomiting which prostrated him greatly. He began to sink rapidly. Dr. Getchell sent for Dr. Da Costa, and the two physicians held a consultation at 8 o'clock. The outcome of it was an agreement on the part of both that Heller's condition was critical. Still they did not expect he would die during the night. To insure care in the case of need, Dr. Getchell decided to stay with him all night. Dr. Da Costa then left. Miss Heller, the sister, Dr. Getchell and a female attendant were all that remained with him. The fits of vomiting were

knows that there is more truth than poetry in horseracing. If we should ever make a fortune by editing a newspaper, or writing novels, one of the first uses we shall make of the money will be to take the Captain to England, and introduce him to the Dawsons, the Days, and young Lord Jersey. Littlefield and Pincus having seen the high status of the trainers in England, and witnessed the general esteem in which their profession is held by all classes of the English people, cannot but be benefitted thereby. Intercourse with three Dawsons and the other eminent English trainers could not fail to be valuable in every point of view. Littlefield thinks there is no other ground in the world like Newmarket Heath for training and racing, and Jacob adds that nobody can tell what a trainer is really doing there unless the trial is witnessed and the weights are known. The former also believes that horses are often defeated over our cramped courses, who could, upon the long and wide straight runs home of the English courses, beat their adversaries. He is of the opinion we have always held, and which we ventured to express to Mr. Jerome, General Taylor, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Paul Forbes, Mr. John Purdy, and other gentlemen before Jerome Park was opened, viz., that the most severe and valuable test for a racehorse is the trial of his ability to stand a long straight run at the finish. If he can do that he is a good-winded one, and that is, upon the whole, the most valuable property in the thoroughbred.

Mr. Littlefield believes Hampton to be the best horse in England, and he is very far from thinking that there are no other good ones. He regards Hampton as a truly grand racehorse in every respect. He stands drawing very fine, and he has seen him win when he could nearly see through him. He thinks Jannette the best mare in England. They are both by Lord Childen. Jacob first saw Jannette in the saddling paddock for the Oaks, which she won. She is, he says, a grand filly, much superior in looks to Pilgrimage. Littlefield saw Uncas in England, and liked him well. He has, however, according to him and Pincus, some dangerous customers to meet next year. They think Wheel of Fortune, by Adventurer out of Queen Bertha, by Kingston, grandam Flax, by Surplus, the best of the two-year-olds. We believe that they think she is the best they ever saw. We told them that, in our humble opinion, Uncas was not the best that ever was seen here, by a great deal. He will, however, not be likely to meet her early in the year. From what we could gather, Littlefield thinks the English two-year-olds very good this year, and this is what we said some weeks ago. Peter, Childeric, Strathern, Ruperra, Rayon D'Or, Marshall Scott, etc., are likely to be run customers next year. Littlefield did not see the Duke of Beaufort's colt by the Knight of Kays run his extraordinary race at Newmarket. Pincus did, and never saw such a wild-running colt in his life before. He nearly had Archer out of the saddle several times; and, says Jacob, "I am going to watch that fellow's doings." Jacob also saw Master Brogden pat himself on the head when he was winning the Apprentices' Plate, and likewise saw Blanton administer a little congratulation to Master Brog-

Veterinary.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The usual weekly meeting of the above society was held last Thursday evening in the lecture room of the College, Mr. John P. Bond, V. S., in the chair. Roll called and minutes of last meeting read and approved. Forty-five members present. Mr. O. Matthews, of Broughton, Ont., read an entertaining essay on the different modes of Castration, which gave rise to an exciting debate. Mr. E. Cleaver, of Allentown, Penn., then read a very interesting communication on some cases of Putrid Fever that he had seen last summer. As most of the students had never had an opportunity of meeting with this rare disease, they took the advantage offered them of discussing this affection very warmly, and Mr. Cleaver was required to answer a number of questions, which he did in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. Heckenberger, of Catsaugus, Pa., then volunteered an essay, and Mr. S. J. Foelker, of Allentown, Pa., a communication for next evening. A vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Bond for kindly officiating in the chair, during the absence of Dr. Smith. Mr. Bond made a very suitable reply and the meeting adjourned.

TROTTING AT ALEXANDRA PARK, LONDON.

LILY VS. TIME, FOR 100 SQRS.

This match, made on the first day of the last trotting meeting held in Alexandra Park a month since, was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on Monday last, in the presence of a very fair sprinkling of the lovers of fast tilts, and the performance that was put the pony (only 12 hands 2 1/2 in. in height) was deemed something out of the common, it evoked generally a lot of interest as well as of speculation. The track is well known to be anything but an easy one, so that the old scythe-bearer from the time the match was made has been the favorite. The conditions were that Mr. Aspinall, of Wigan, wagered Mr. T. Kirby, of Semley, 50 sovs. even, that his pony Lily trotted two miles round the Alexandra Park track in 6m. 10s., the money being staked in the hands of the Sporting Life. The match was fixed to take place at two o'clock, but owing to the track being somewhat short of the half mile in circumference it was found necessary to run the chain over it, when it was found to be deficient in distance by thirteen yards and two feet. Owing to this delay it was after three o'clock when those concerned in the match and the referee had set their watches and the pony got upon her mark, when no time was lost in firing the pistol, a capital start being effected. From the first, although going tolerably well, Lily did not appear to have that fine dash of speed that has been so much admired in most of her previous handicap performances, and notwithstanding she was accompanied by

Billiards.

A JOKE ON M. PHELAN.

The boys back in the '60's used to have a happy faculty of perpetrating jokes on Michael Phelan, which the old gentleman exerted himself, in order to "get even," to perpetrate on somebody else. At one time, after getting a series of them, among which were the trick of pushing a finger through a hat, and the apparent occasion of a sore finger in a rag, and asking somebody to tie the string, he fell against the paper trick. This was done by cutting two pieces of paper of exactly the same size, so that when put in a peculiar position they appeared dissimilar in dimensions. Our butcher will never forget the morning Mr. Phelan, after being caught the previous evening, hurried down to the office on Crosby street to "get even" on somebody with the paper trick. The papers were submitted to both George (his son) and ourselves with unsatisfactory results. "Well," exclaimed Mr. Phelan, "I will get even with Collender (his partner) anyhow when he comes in. In the interim George got possession of the papers and cut one sixteenth of an inch from one and quiet replaced them on the old gentleman's desk. When Collender came in, out rushed Mr. Phelan with the papers. "Can you tell me which is the largest of these papers?" queried he. Collender, who had been posted by George prior to entering, as to what had been done, said: "Certainly, anybody can tell that." "They can! ahem! they can, hey! Well, I will just have to bet you 'groceries' you can't!" Collender picked up the one that hadn't been cut, which Mr. Phelan indignantly exclaimed: "Well, you had better come over to the Aston House and pay up, for you have lost. They are both of the same size." "Hold on," said Collender, "let's measure them." They were measured, and the Governor quietly withdrew into his private office, where he remained, never showing his face the balance of the day. That was the last time the Governor tried to get even at the factory. — Turf.

SEXTON CHALLENGED BY SLOSSON.

At 11 o'clock Saturday night last Sexton, the billiard player, was receiving the congratulations of his friends on the fact that within an hour he would be the possessor of the Delaney Champion Medal, which he had held for two years, no challenge having been made by another player. Shortly before midnight, however, Sexton received a communication from Matthew Delaney announcing that he held \$250 and a challenge from G. F. Slosson to play Sexton for the championship and the medal. Sexton decided to accept the challenge, and the necessary arrangements for the match, which will probably be played at Tammany Hall, New York two weeks before or two weeks after the tournament, will be made this week. The money stakes will be \$500 a side.

The Interpreter.

CHAPTER III.

(CONTINUED.)

'Hush Victor!' said his father, laughing, in spite of himself, at his child's forwardness. 'Look at your little English friend; he stands quiet there, and says nothing. I shall make an Englishman of my boy, Egerton; he shall go to an English school and learn to ride and box, and to be a man. I love England and the English. Egerton, your good health! I wish my boy to be like yours. Supperment! he is quiet but I will vouch for it he fears neither man nor devil.'

My father's face lighted up with pleasure as he pressed me to his side. Kind father! I believe he thought his ugly, timid, shrink-child was the admiration of all.

'I think the boy has courage,' he said, 'but for that I give him little credit. All men are naturally brave; it is but education that makes us reflect; hence we learn to fear consequences, and so become cowards.'

'Pardon, mon cher,' observed the Austrian general, with a laugh. 'Now, my opinion is that all men are naturally cowards, and that we alone deserve credit who overcome that propensity, and so distinguish ourselves for what we choose to call bravery, but which we ought rather to term self-command. What say you, De Rohan? You have been in action, and 'on the ground,' too, more than once. Were you not curiously afraid?'

De Rohan smiled good-humoredly, and filled his glass.

'Shall I tell you my opinion of courage?' said he, holding up the sparkling fluid to the light. 'I think of courage what our Hungarian Hussars think of a breastplate. Of what use, say they, 'is curliass and back-piece, and all that weight of defensive armor? Give us a pint of wine in our stomach, and we are breastplate all over.' Come, Wallenstein, put your breastplate on—it is very light, and fits very easily.'

The general filled again, but returned to the charge.

'You remind me,' said he, 'of a conversation I overheard when I was a lieutenant in the first regiment of Uhlans. We were drawn up on the crest of a hill opposite a battery in position not half-a-mile from us. If they had retired us two hundred yards, we should have been under cover; but we never got the order, and there we stood. Whish! the round shot came over our heads and under our feet, and into our ranks, and we lost two men and five horses before we knew where we were. The soldiers grumbled sadly, and a few seemed inclined to turn rein and go to the rear. Mind you, it is not fair to ask cavalry to sit still and be pounded for amusement; but the officers being cowards by education, Mr. Egerton, did their duty well, and kept the men together. I was watching my troop anxiously enough, and I heard one man say to his comrade, 'Look at Johann, Fritz! what a bold one he is; he thinks nothing of the fire; see, he tickles the horse of his front rank man even now, to make him kick.'

'Exactly my argument,' interrupted my father; 'he was an uneducated man, consequently saw nothing to be afraid of. Bravery, after all, is only insensibility to danger.'

'Fritz did not think so,' replied Wallenstein. 'Hear his owner—Johann is a blockhead,' he replied, 'he has never been under fire before, and does not know his danger; but you and I, old comrade, we deserve to be made corporals; for we sit quiet here on our horses, though we are most curiously afraid.'

The guests all laughed; and the discussion would have terminated, but that De Rohan, who had drunk more wine than was his custom, and who was very proud of his boy, could not refrain from once more turning the conversation to Victor's merits, and to that personal courage by which, however much he might affect to make light of it in society, he set such store.

'Well, Wallenstein,' said he; 'you hold that Nature makes us cowards; if so, my boy here ought to show something of the white feather. Come hither, Victor. Are you afraid of being in the dark?'

and it closed up a burst of laughter, which to us, bound, as we fancied, on an expedition of unparalleled danger, sounded to the last degree unfeeling.

Hand-in-hand we two children walked through the anteroom, and across the hall; nor was it until we reached the first landing on the wide, gloomy oak staircase, that we paused to consider our future plans, and to scan the desperate nature of our enterprise. There were but two more flights of steps, a green-baize door to go through, a few yards of passage to traverse, and then, Victor assured me, in trembling accents, we should be in the Ghost's Gallery. My heart beat painfully, and my informant began to cry.

We laid our plans, however, with considerable caution, and made a solemn compact of alliance, offensive and defensive, that no power, natural or supernatural, was to shake. We were on no account whatsoever to leave go of each other's hands. Thus linked, and Victor having his sword drawn,—for the furtherance of which warlike attitude I was to keep carefully on his left,—we resolved to advance, if possible, talking the whole way up to the fatal table whereon lay the Breviary, and then snatching it up hastily, to return backwards, so as to present our front to the foe till we reached the green-baize door, at which point *sautez qui peut* was to be the order; and we were to rush back into the dining-room as fast as our legs could carry us. But in the event of our progress being interrupted by the ghost (who appeared, Victor informed me, in the shape of a huge black dog with green eyes,—a description at which my blood ran cold,—and which he added had been seen once by his governess, and twice by an old drunken Hussar who waited on him and answered to the name of Hans), we were to lie down on our faces, so as to hide our eyes from the ghostly vision, and scream till we alarmed the house; but on no account we repeated in the most binding and solemn manner—on no account were we to let go of each other's hands. This compact made and provided, we advanced towards the gallery, Victor feeling the edge and point of his weapon with an appearance of confidence that my own beating heart told me must be put on for the occasion, and would vanish at the first appearance of danger.

And now the green door is passed and we are in the gallery: a faint light through the stained windows only serves to show its extent and general gloom, whilst its corners and abutments are black as a wolf's mouth. Not a servant in the castle would willingly traverse the gallery after dark, and we two children feel that we are at last alone, and cut off from all hopes of assistance or rescue. But the Breviary lies on the table at the far end, and, dreading the very sound of our own footsteps, we steal quietly on. All at once Victor stops short.

'What is that?' says he, in trembling accents.

The question alone takes away my breath, and I feel the drops break out on my lips and forehead. We stop simultaneously and listen. Encouraged by the silence, we creep on, and for an instant I experience that vague, tremulous feeling of excitement which is almost akin to pleasure. But hark!—a heavy breath!—a groan!!! My hair stands on end, and Victor's hand clasps mine like a vice. I dare scarce turn my head towards the sound,—it comes from that far corner. There it is! A dark object in the deepest gloom of that recess seems crouching for a spring. 'The ghost!—the ghost!' I exclaim, losing all power of self-command in an agony of fear. 'The dog!—the dog!' shrieks Victor; and away we scour hard as our legs can carry us, forgetful of our solemn agreements and high resolves, forgetful of all but that safety lies before, and terror of the ghastliest description behind; away we scour Victor leaving his sword where he dropped it at the first alarm, through the green door, down the oak staircase, across the hall, nor stop till we reach the banqueting-room, with its reassuring faces and its lights, chattering beyond measure by contrast with the gloom from which we have escaped.

What shouts of laughter met as we approached the table. 'Well, Victor, where's the Breviary?' said the Count. 'What! my boy, was Nature too strong for you in the dark, with nobody looking on?' asked the General. 'See! he has lost his sword,' laughed another. 'And the little Engländer, he, too, was panic-struck,' remarked a fourth, 'he ran from them all and took refuge at

been making merry in the hall, are I beg of this sound asleep. It is the steward's custom to see all safe before he lights his lamp and retires to rest; but to-night he shades it carefully with a wrinkled hand that trembles strangely, and his white face peers into the darkness, as though he were about some deed of shame. He steals into the Ghost's Gallery, and creeps silently to the farther end. There is a dark object muffled in a cloak in the gloomiest corner, and the light from the steward's lamp reveals a fine young man, sleeping with that thorough abandonment which is only observable in those who are completely unwarmed and overdone. It is some minutes ere the old man can wake him.

'My boy,' says he; 'my boy, it is time for us to part. Hard, hard it is to be robbed of my son—robbed—' and the old man checks himself as though the word recalled some painful associations.

'Ay, father,' was the reply, 'you know our old Croatian proverb, 'He who steals is but a borrower.' Nevertheless, I do not wish the Austrians to 'borrow' me, in case I should never be returned; and it is unmannerly for the lieutenant to occupy the same quarters as the general. I must be off before dawn; but surely it cannot be midnight yet.'

'In less than an hour the day will break, my son. I have concealed you here because not a servant of the household dare set foot in the Ghost's Gallery till daylight, and you are safe; but twenty-four more hours must see you on the Danube, and you must come here no more. Oh, my boy! my boy!—lost to save me!—dishonored that I might not be disgraced—my boy, my boy! and the old man burst into a passion of weeping that seemed to convulse his very frame with agony.

The son had more energy and self-command; his voice did not even shake as he soothed and quieted the old man with a protecting fondness like that of a parent for a child. 'My father,' said he, 'there is no dishonor where there is no guilt. My first duty is to you, and were it to do again, I would do it. What? it was but a momentary qualm and a snatch at the box; and now you are safe. Father, I shall come back some day, and offer you a home. Fear not for me. I have it here in my breast, the stuff of which men make fortune. I can rely upon myself. I can obey orders; and, father, when others are bewildered and confused, I can command. I feel it; I know it. Let me but get clear of the 'Eagle's' talons, and fear not for me, dear father, I shall see you again, and be prosperous and happy yet. But, how to get away?—have you thought of a plan? Can I get a good horse here? Does the Count know I am in trouble, and will he help me? Tell me all, father, and I shall see my own way, I will answer for it.'

'My gallant boy,' said the steward, despite of himself moved to admiration by the self-reliant bearing of his son; 'there is but one chance; for the Count could not but hand you over to Wallenstein if he knew you were in the castle, and then it would be a pleasant feat, and the nearest tree. The General is a jovial comrade and a good-humored acquaintance; but, as a matter of duty, he would hang his own son and go to dinner afterwards with an appetite none the worse. No, no. Trust to an Austrian's mercy and confess yourself.' I have a better plan than that. The Zingynies are in the village; they held their merry-making here yesterday. I saw their Queen last night after you arrived. I have arranged it all with her. A gipsy's dress, a dyed ekin, and the middle of the troop. Not an Austrian soldier in Hungary that will detect you then. Banishment is better than death. Oh, my boy, my boy, and once more the old man gave way and wept.

'Forward, then, father,' said the younger man, whom I now recognized as my traveling acquaintance, 'there is no time to lose now. How can we get out of the castle without alarming the household? I leave it all to you now. It will be my turn some day. And as he spoke he rose from the steps on which he had been lying when his recumbent form had so alarmed Victor and myself, and accompanied his father down a winding staircase that seemed let into the massive wall of the old building. My curiosity was fearfully excited. I would have given all my playthings to follow them. I crept stealthily on naked feet and all, but I was not close enough behind, and the door shut quietly with a

strung amongst the jetty looks of the Zingyni beauties. The men are not so particular in their attire. One sinewy fellow wears only a goatskin shirt and a string of beads round his neck, but the generality are clad in the coarse cloth of the country, much tattered, and bearing evident symptoms of weather and wear. The little mischievous urchins who are clinging round their mothers' necks, or dragging back from their mothers' hands, and holding on to their mothers' skirts, are almost naked. Small heads and hands and feet, all the marks of what we are accustomed to term high birth are hereditary among the gipsies; and we doubt if the Queen of the South herself was a more queenly-looking personage than the dame now marching in the midst of the throng, and conversing earnestly with her companion, a resolute-looking man scarce entering upon the prime of life, with a gipsy complexion, but a bearing in which it is not difficult to recognize the soldier. He is talking to his protectress—or such she is—with a military frankness and vivacity, which even to that royal personage, accustomed though she be to exact all the respect due to her rank, appear by no means displeasing. The lady is verging on the autumn of her charms (their summer must have been scorching indeed!), and though a masculine beauty, is a beauty nevertheless. Black-browed is she, and deep-colored, with eyes of fire, and looks of jet, even now untinged with grey. Straight and regular are her features, and the wide mouth, with its strong, even dazzling teeth, betokens an energy and force of will which would do credit to the other sex. She has the face of a woman that would care much, labor much, everything but love much. She ought to be a queen, and she is one, none the less despotic for railing over a tribe of gipsies instead of a civilized community.

'None dispute my word here,' says she, 'and my word is pledged to bring you to the Danube. Let me see a soldier of them all lay a hand upon you, and you shall see the gipsy brood show their teeth. A long knife is no bad weapon at close quarters. When you have got to the top of the wheel you will remember me!'

The soldier laughed and lightly replied; 'Yours are the sort of eyes one does not easily forget, mother. I wish I were a prince of the blood in your nation. As I am situated now I can only be dazzled by so much beauty and go my ways.'

The woman checked him sternly, almost savagely, though a few minutes before she had been listening, half-amused, to his gay, and not very respectful conversation.

'Hush! she said, 'trifler. Once more I say, when the wheel has turned, remember me. Give me your hand. I can read it plainer so.'

'What, mother?' laughed out her companion. 'Every gipsy can tell fortunes; mine has been told many a time, but it never came true.'

She was studying the lines on his palm with earnest attention. She raised her dark eyes angrily to his face.

'Blind! blind!' she answered, in a low, eager tone. 'The best of you cannot see a yard upon your way. Look at that white road, winding and winding many a mile before us on the plain. Because it is flat and soft and smooth as far as we can see, will there be no hills on our journey, no rocks to cut our feet—no thorns to tear our limbs? Can you see the Danube rolling on far, far before us? Can you see the river you will have to cross some day, or can you tell me where it leads? I have the map of our journey here in my brain; I have the map of your career here on your hand. Once more I say, when the chiefs are in council, and the hosts are melting like snow before the sun, and the earth quakes, and the heavens are filled with thunder, and the shower that falls scorches and crushes and blasts—remember me. I follow the line of wealth: Man of gold! spoil on; here a horse, there a diamond; hundreds to uphold the right, thousands to spare the wrong; both hands full, and broad lands near a city of palaces, and a king's favor; and a nation of slaves beneath thy foot. I follow the line of pleasure: Costly amber, rich embroidery, dark eyes melting for the Croat; glances unveiled for the shaven head, many and loving and beautiful; a garland of roses, all for one—rose by rose plucked and withered and thrown away; one tender but remaining; cherish it till it blows, and wear it till it dies. I follow the line: it leads towards the rising sun—

withstanding my misgivings about a strange pony, for I was always timid on horseback, I illigly accepted his offer of a mount, and jumped into the saddle almost as readily as my little companion, a true Hungarian, with whom,

Like Mad Tom, the chiefest care
Was horse to ride and weapon wear.

Of course, Victor had a complete establishment of ponies belonging to himself; and equally of course, he had detailed to me at great length their several merits and peculiarities, with an authentic biography of his favorite—a stiff little chestnut, rejoicing in the name of 'Gold-kind,' which, signifying, as it does 'the golden-child,' or darling, he seemed to think an exceedingly happy allusion to the chestnut skin and endearing qualities of his treasure.

Fortunately, my pony was very quiet; and although, when mounted, my playfellow went off at a score, we were soon some miles from Edeldorf, without any event occurring to upset my own equilibrium or the sobriety of my steed. Equally fortunately, we took the road by which the gipsies had travelled. Ere long, we overtook the cavalcade as it wound slowly along the plain. Heads were bowed to Victor, and blessings called down upon the family of De Rohan; for the old count was at all times a friend to the friendless, and a refuge to the poor.

'Good luck to you, young count, shall I tell your fortune?' said one.

'Little, honorable cavalier, give me your hand, and cross it with a 'zwanziger' said another.

'Be silent, children, and let me speak to the young De Rohan,' said the gipsy queen; and she laid her hand upon his bridle, and fairly brought Gold-kind to a halt.

Victor looked half afraid, although he began to laugh.

'Let me go,' said he, tugging vigorously at his rein; 'papa desired me not to have my fortune told.'

'Not by a common Zingynie,' urged the queen, archly; 'but I am the mother of all these. My pretty boy, I was at your christening, and have held you in my arms many a time. Let me tell your happy fortune.'

'Victor began to relent. 'If Vere will have his told first, I will,' said he, turning half bashfully, half eagerly to me.

I proffered my hand readily to the gipsy, and crossed it with one of the two pieces of silver which constituted the whole of my worldly wealth. The gipsy laughed and began to prophesy in German. There are some events a child never forgets; and I remember every word she said as well as if had been spoken yesterday.

'Over the sea, and again over the sea. Thou shalt know grief and hardship and losses, and the dove shall be driven from its nest. And the dove's heart shall become like the eagle's, that flies alone, and flashes her beak in the alain. Beat on, though the poor wings be bruised by the tempest, and the breast be sore, and the heart sink. Beat on against the wind, and seek no shelter till thou find thy resting place at last. The time will come—beat on.'

The woman laughed as she spoke; but there was a kindly tone in her voice and a pitying look in her bright eyes that went straight to my heart. Many a time since in life, when the stars had indeed been bold, and the wings so weary, have I thought of those words of encouragement. 'The time will come—beat on.'

It was now Victor's turn, and he crossed his palm with a golden ducat ere he presented it to the sibyl. This was of itself sufficient to insure him a magnificent future; and as the queen passed the lines on his little hand, with its pink fingers, she indulged in anticipations of magnificence proper to the handsome donation of the child.

'Thou shalt be a 'De Rohan,' my darling, and I can promise thee no brighter lot—broad acres, and blessings from the poor, and horses, and wealth, and honors. And thy sword shall spare thee, and the battle turn aside to let thee pass. And thou shalt wed a fair bride with dark eyes and a queen's brow; but beware of St. Hubert's day. Birth and burial, birth and burial—beware of St. Hubert's Day.'

'But I want to be a soldier,' exclaimed Victor, who seemed much disappointed at the future which was prognosticated for him; 'the De Rohans were always soldiers. Mother, can't you make out that I shall be a soldier?' still holding the little hand open

...overheard when I was a lieutenant in the first regiment of Ulanas. We were drawn up on the crest of a hill opposite a battery in position not half a mile from us. If they had retired us two hundred yards, we should have been under cover; but we never got the order, and there we stood. Whish! the round shot came over our head, and under our feet, and into our ranks, and we lost two men and five horses before we knew where we were. The soldiers grumbled sadly, and a few seemed inclined to turn rein and go to the rear. Mind you, it is not fair to ask cavalry to sit still and be pounded for amusement; but the officers being cowards by education, Mr. Egerton, did their duty well, and kept the men together. I was watching my troop anxiously enough, and I hear one man say to his comrade, 'Look at Johann, Fritz! what a bold one he is; he thinks nothing of the fire; see, he tickles the horse of his front rank man even now, to make him kick.'

'Exactly my argument,' interrupted my father; 'he was an uneducated man, consequently saw nothing to be afraid of. Bravery, after all, is only insensibility to danger.'

'Fritz did not think so,' replied Wallenstein. 'Hear his owner—' Johann is a blockhead,' he replied, 'he has never been under fire before, and does not know his danger; but you and I, old comrade, we deserve to be made corporals; for we sit quiet here on our horses, though we are most cowardly afraid.'

The guests all laughed; and the discussion would have terminated, but that De Rohan, who had drunk more wine than was his custom, and who was very proud of his boy, could not refrain from once more turning the conversation to Victor's merits, and to that personal courage by which, however much he might affect to make light of it in society, he set such store.

'Well, Wallenstein,' said he; 'you hold that Nature makes us cowards; if so, my boy here ought to show something of the white feather. Come hither, Victor. Are you afraid of being in the dark?'

'No, papa,' answered Victor, boldly; but added, after a moment's consideration, 'except in the Ghost's Gallery. I don't go through the Ghost's Gallery after six o'clock.'

This naive confession excited much amusement amongst the guests; but De Rohan's confidence in his boy's courage was not to be so shaken.

'What shall I give you,' said he, 'to go and fetch me the old Breviary that lies on the table at the far end of the Ghost's Gallery?'

Victor looked at me, and I at him. My breath came quicker and quicker. The child colored painfully, but did not answer. I felt his terrors myself. I looked upon the proposed expedition as a soldier might on a forlorn hope; but something within kept stirring me to speak; it was a mingled feeling of emulation, pity, and friendship, tinged with that inexplicable charm that coming danger has always possessed for me—a charm that the constitutionally brave are incapable of feeling. I mastered my shyness with an effort, and, shaking all over, said to the master of the house, in a thick, low voice—

'If you please, Monsieur le Conte, if Victor goes, I will go too.'

'Well said, little znan!' 'Bravo, boy!' 'Vere, you're a trump!' in plain English from my father; and 'In Heaven's name, give the lads a breastplate apiece, in the shape of a glass of Tokay; from the jolly general, were the acclamations that greeted my resolution; and for one delicious moment I felt like a little hero. Victor, too, caught the enthusiasm; and, ashamed of showing less courage than his playfellow, expressed his readiness to accompany me—first stipulating, however, with praiseworthy caution, that he should take his sword for our joint preservation; and also that two large bunches of grapes should be placed at our disposal on our safe return, 'if,' as Victor touchingly remarked, 'we ever came back at all!' My father opened the door for us with a low bow

stained windows only serves to intensify the tent and general gloom, whilst its corners and abutments are black as a wolle's mouth. Not a serf in the castle would willingly traverse the gallery after dark, and we two children felt that we are at last alone, and out off from all hopes of assistance or rescue. But the Breviary lies on the table at the far end, and, dreading the very sound of our own footsteps, we steal quietly on. All at once Victor stops short.

'What is that?' says he, in trembling accents.

The question alone takes away my breath, and I feel the drops break out on my lips and forehead. We stop simultaneously and listen. Encouraged by the silence, we creep on, and for an instant I experience that vague, tremulous feeling of excitement which is almost akin to pleasure. But hark!—a heavy breath!—a groan!!! My hair stands on end, and Victor's hand clasps mine like a vice. I dare scarce turn my head towards the sound,—it comes from that far corner. There it is! A dark object in the deepest gloom of that recess seems crouching for a spring. 'The ghost!—the ghost!!' I exclaim, losing all power of self-command in an agony of fear. 'The dog!—the dog!!' shrieks Victor; and away we scour hard as our legs can carry us, forgetful of our solemn agreements and high resolves, forgetful of all but that safety lies before, and terror of the ghastliest description behind; away we scour Victor leaving his sword where he dropped it at the first alarm, through the green door, down the oak staircase, across the hall, nor stop till we reach the banqueting-room, with its reassuring faces and its lights, cheering beyond measure by contrast with the gloom from which we have escaped.

What shouts of laughter met as we approached the table. 'Well, Victor, where's the Breviary?' said the Count. 'What! my boy, was Nature too strong for you in the dark, with nobody looking on?' asked the General. 'See! he has lost his sword,' laughed another. 'And the little Engländer, he, too, was panic-struck,' remarked a fourth. I shrank from them all and took refuge at my father's side. 'Vere, I am ashamed of you, was all he said; but the words sank deep into my heart, and I bowed my head with a feeling of burning shame, that I had disgraced myself in my father's eyes forever. We were sent to bed, and I shared Victor's nursery, under the joint charge of Nettich and his own attendant; but do what I would I could not sleep. There was a stain upon my character in the eyes of the one I loved best on earth, and I could not bear it. Though so quiet and undemonstrative, I was a child of strong attachments. I perfectly idolized my father, and now he was ashamed of me; the words seemed to burn in my little heart. I tossed and tumbled and fretted myself into a fever, aggravated by the sounding snores of Nettich and the other nurse, who slept as only nurses can.

At last I could bear it no longer. I sat up in bed and peered stealthily round. All were hushed in sleep. I determined to do or die. Yes, I would go the gallery; I would wake Victor, and we would go together;—or, no,—I would take the whole peril, and have all the glory of the exploit, myself. I thought it over every way. At last my mind was made; my naked feet were on the floor; I stole from the nursery; I threaded the dark passages; I reached the gallery; a dim light was shining at the far end, and I could hear earnest voices conversing in a low, guarded tone. Half-frightened and altogether confused, I stopped and listened.

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER AND SON.

The Count's old steward has seen all go to rest in the castle; the lords have left the banqueting-room, and the servants, who have

father, when others are bewildered and confused. I can command. I feel it; I know it. Let me but get clear of the 'Eagle's' talons, and fear not for me, dear father, I shall see you again, and be prosperous and happy yet. But, how to get away?—have you thought of a plan? Can I get a good horse here? Does the Count know I am in trouble, and will he help me? Tell me all, father, and I shall see my own way, I will answer for it.'

'My gallant boy,' said the steward, despite of himself moved to admiration by the self-reliant bearing of his son; 'there is but one chance; for the Count could not but hand you over to Wallenstein if he knew you were in the castle, and then it would be a pleasant jest, and the nearest tree. The General is a jovial comrade and a good-humored acquaintance; but, as a matter of duty, he would hang his own son and go to dinner afterwards with an appetite none the worse. No, no. Trust to an Austrian's mercy and confess yourself.' I have a better plan than that. The Zingynies are in the village; they held their merrymaking here yesterday. I saw their Queen last night after you arrived. I have arranged it all with her. A gipsy's dress, a dyed skin, and the middle of the troop. Not an Austrian soldier in Hungary that will detect you then. Banishment is better than death. Off, my boy, my boy,' and once more the old man gave way and wept.

'Forward, then, father,' said the younger man, whom I now recognized as my traveling acquaintance, 'there is no time to lose now. How can we get out of the castle without alarming the household? I leave it all to you now. It will be my turn some day.' And as he spoke he rose from the steps on which he had been lying when his recumbent form had so alarmed Victor and myself, and accompanied his father down a winding staircase that seemed let into the massive wall of the old building. My curiosity was fearfully excited. I would have given all my playthings to follow them. I crept stealthily on naked feet and all, but I was not close enough behind, and the door shut quietly with a spring just as my hand was upon it, leaving me alone in the Ghost's Gallery. I was not the least frightened now. I forgot all about ghosts and Breviaries, and stole back to my nursery and my bed, my little head completely filled with a medley of stewards and soldiers and gipsies, and Austrian generals and military executions, and phantom dogs and secret staircases, and all the most unlikely incidents that crowd together in that busy organ—a child's brain.

CHAPTER V.

THE ZINGYNIES.

The morning sun smiles upon a motley troop journeying towards the Danube. Two or three lithe, supple urchins, bounding and dancing along with half-naked bodies, and bright black eyes shining through knotted elf-locks, form the advanced guard. Half-a-dozen donkeys seem to carry the whole property of the tribe. The main body consists of sinewy, active-looking men, and strikingly handsome girls, all walking with the free, graceful air and elastic gait peculiar to those whose lives are passed entirely in active exercise, under no roof but that of heaven. Dark-browed women in the very meridian of beauty bring up the rear, dragging or carrying a race of swarthy progeny, all alike distinguished for the sparkling eyes and raven hair, which, with a cunning nothing can overreach, and a nature nothing can tame, seem to be the peculiar inheritance of the gipsy. Their costume is striking, not to say grotesque. Some of the girls, and all the matrons, bind their brows with various colored handkerchiefs, which form a very picturesque and not unbecoming head-gear; whilst in a few instances coins even of gold are

savagely, though a few minutes before she had been listening, half-amused, to his giv, and not very respectful conversation.

'Hush!' she said, 'trifler. Once more I say, when the wheel has turned, remember me. Give me your hand. I can read it plainer so.'

'What, mother?' laughed out her companion. 'Every gipsy can tell fortunes; mine has been told many a time, but it never came true.'

She was studying the lines on his palm with earnest attention. She raised her dark eyes angrily to his face.

'Blind! blind!' she answered, in a low, eager tone. 'The best of you cannot see a yard upon your way. Look at that white road, winding and winding many a mile before us on the plain. Because it is flat and soft and smooth as far as we can see, will there be no hills on our journey, no rocks to cut our feet—no thorns to tear our limbs? Can you see the Danube rolling on far, far before us? Can you see the river you will have to cross some day, or can you tell me where it leads? I have the map of our journey here in my brain; I have the map of your career here on your hand. Once more I say, when the chiefs are in council, and the hosts are melting like snow before the sun, and the earth quakes, and the heavens are filled with thunder, and the shower that falls scorches and crushes and blasts—remember me. I follow the line of wealth: Man of gold! spoil on; here a horse, there a diamond; hundreds to uphold the right, thousands to spare the wrong; both hands full, and broad lands near a city of palaces, and a king's favor, and a nation of slaves beneath thy foot. I follow the line of pleasure: Costly amber, rich embroidery, dark eyes melting for the Croat; glances unveiled for the shaven head, many and loving and beautiful; a garland of roses, all for one—rose by rose plucked and withered and thrown away; one tender but remaining; cherish it till it blows, and wear it till it dies. I follow the line: it leads towards the rising sun—charging squadrons with lances in rest, and a wild shout in a strange tongue; and the dead wrapped in grey, with charm and amulet that were powerless to save; and hosts of many nations gathered by the sea—pestilence, famine, despair, and victory. Rising on the whirlwind, chief among chiefs, the honored of leaders, the councillor of princes—remember me! But hark! the line is crossed. Beware! trust not the sons of the adopted land; when the lily is on thy breast, beware of the dusky shadow on the wall; beware and remember me!'

The gipsy stopped, and clung to him exhausted. For a few paces she was unable to support herself: the prophetic mood past, there was a reaction, and all her powers seemed to fail her at once; but her companion walked on in silence. The eagerness of the Pythoness had impressed even his strong, practical nature, and he seemed himself to look into futurity as he muttered, 'If man can win it, I will.'

The gipsies travelled but slowly; and although the sun was already high, they had not yet placed many miles between the fugitive and the castle. This, however, was of no great importance. His disguise was so complete, that few would have recognised in the tattered, swarthy vagrant, the smart, soldier-like traveller who had arrived the previous evening at Edeldorf. From the conversation I had overheard in the Ghost's Gallery, I was alone in the secret, which, strange to say, I forbore to confide even to my friend Victor. But I could not forget the steward and his son; it was my first glimpse into the romance of real life, and I could not help feeling a painful interest in his fortunes, and an eager desire to see him at least safe off with his motley company. I was rejoiced, therefore, at Victor's early proposal, made the very instant we had swallowed our breakfast, that we should take a ride; and not

worldly wealth. The gipsy laughed and began to prophesy in German. There are some events a child never forgets; and I remember every word she said as well as if had been spoken yesterday.

'Over the sea, and again over the sea. Thou shalt know grief and hardship and losses, and the dove shall be driven from its nest. And the dove's heart shall become like the eagle's, that flies alone, and fleeth her beak in the slain. Beat on, though the poor wings be bruised by the tempest and the breast be sore, and the heart sink. Beat on against the wind, and seek no shelter till thou find thy resting place at last. The time will come—beat on.'

The woman laughed as she spoke; but there was a kindly tone in her voice and pitying look in her bright eyes that went straight to my heart. Many a time since, in life, when the storm had indeed been boiling and the wings so weary, have I thought of those words of encouragement, 'The time will come—beat on.'

It was now Victor's turn, and he crossed his palm with a golden ducat ere he presented it to the sibyl. This was of itself sufficient to insure him a magnificent future; as the queen perused the lines on his little hand, with its pink fingers, she indulged in anticipations of magnificence proportionate to the handsome donation of the child.

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'But I want to be a soldier,' exclaimed Victor, who seemed much disappointed at the future which was prognosticated him; 'the De Rohans were always soldiers. Mother, can't you make out that I shall be a soldier?' still holding the little hand of

'Farewell, my children,' was the only answer vouchsafed by the prophetess. 'I only read, I cannot write; farewell.' setting the troop in order, she motioned them to continue their march without further delay.

I took advantage of the movement to p near my acquaintance of the day before whom I had not failed to recognize in gipsy garb. Poor fellow, my childish fondness for him, and, in a happy moment, I thought me of my remaining bit of silver, stooped from my pony and kissed his head, while I squeezed the coin into his hand, without a word. The tears came into deserver's eyes. 'God bless you, little one, I shall never forget you,' was all he said; but I observed that he bit the coin with large, strong teeth till it was nearly done, and then placed it carefully in his pocket. We turned our ponies, and were soon out of sight; but I never breathed a syllable to Victor about the fugitive, or the steward or the Ghost Gallery, for two whole years. Human nature could keep the secret longer.

To be continued.

A gentleman entered a grocery store at North Vernon, Ind., the other day and for a gallon of molasses. Having directed the storekeeper asked him what he would take it home in. 'In my hat,' promptly the customer, calmly holding out a silk hat, into which the grocer, not to be done in *sang froid*, poured the fluid. The customer jammed the hat on the grocer's head, and, having thus occupied his attention, took what money there was in the till and departed.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. D. J. BANNA-TYNE.

A Turf, Field and Farm reporter met Mr. Dugald J. Bannatyne, the well-known turfman, and formerly a partner in one of the largest and best-known law firms in Scotland, and the following was the result:

Reporter—I understand you are a Canadian, from Montreal. How was it you came to run horses in the States?

Mr. Bannatyne—I am a Scotch lawyer, and have no relation in America. My health having been poorly for two or three years, I retired from practice, in 1865, and crossed the Atlantic in search of health. The bracing winter climate of Canada suited me, and, taking a fancy to Montreal, I remained there. I have not engaged actively in business since I gave up law. In 1871 I met my hunters, Alma and Duffy, to Long Branch to beat Oysterman, Jr., the crack American steeplechaser. I need not tell you how Alma broke his leg the day before, after being entered, and how, on July 4, Duffy, with the race in hand, got staked at the last hurdle. I bought Milesian to replace Alma.

Rep.—It is said you never bet or buy pools. Did you find it pay to run horses?

Mr. B.—I have never bet money, or had an interest in pools or French mutuels, since I started in and won my first race with Tom Whiffler, in 1868. My winnings of public money have fully covered all my racing expenses. In 1872, out of 20 runs, run in the United States and Canada, my horses were first in twelve, second in three and third in two races. In 1873, out of 26 runs in the States, my horses ran first in twelve, second in four and third in one race. My horses are kept for pleasure, not as a speculation. I don't care to run horses and not see them run.

Rep.—Have you ridden any races yourself?

Mr. B.—Yes, on my own horses; I have ridden in eight races, winning five and being second in three. I lost one steeplechase out of five. In 1874 I won the Montreal Hunt Cup upon Milesian, and, the same day, Milesian and I won another steeplechase against nine fresh horses ridden by professionals.

Rep.—Have you given up the turf altogether?

Mr. B.—It seems so, at least for the present; I cannot afford, during these hard times, the luxury of horse racing; I wish I could.

Rep.—Has Milesian, since his accident at Baltimore, in 1874, been a successful sire?

Mr. B.—I cannot say; he has covered none but my own thoroughbred mares, and only two of his get have been handled, none trained. I am giving up breeding. Mr. Wheeler, of Easton town, N. J., has a remarkably fine foal, by Milesian, out a trotting-mare.

Rep.—Do you still reside in Montreal?

Mr. B.—No, I have not had a domicile in Canada since May, 1874. I spent the winter of 1874-5 at home, in Scotland, and during the last twelve months have spent just six days in Canada.

Rep.—What do you think of the Canadians, and how do they compare with us?

Mr. B.—I like the Canadians, and have many good friends among them. The politicians of the two countries can scarce be compared, because the one is a powerful nation, the other a Dominion, and only part of an empire. In the States, wealth accumulates, in Canada a large amount goes to the mother country. In the States, home interests are protected; in Canada, lavish gifts fall to outsiders. In point of mercantile morality, I think, taking into consideration the difference in population and wealth, it is a tie with the States. The turf in Canada does not commend itself at present. The stock market, who number about as many as the officers of a single regiment, may be said to be the most influential body in Montreal. They are valiant in war, supporters of sport and great in "bearing" and "hauling." Many are the baskets of champagne which have been discussed at their board meetings, while they have their "chats." Offend a broker, or even a relation, and they are apt to "bear" you. I once found so when, six years ago, I wrote a parody upon the pretty song, "Only a Face at the Window," which appeared in the Montreal Gazette. It was perfectly harmless, and I was innocent of any intention to ridicule any one, but a tempest in a tea-pot arose. It is a peculiarity of Montreal, that when you quarrel with a man, he is apt to go about canvassing people to take up his cause. Last May, when in Montreal, I took the part of an old gentleman, who then, and upon previous occasions, had been most grossly insulted. I expected a challenge, but instead, in the depths of night, around the Windsor Hotel, across the wall of some benighted creature, I joined the poor wretches, and the fools who afterward took up the refrain, and left a small sum for them. The following appeared in the Montreal Daily Witness, of May 16:—

"HANDSOME TREATMENT TO SERRANDES.—Mr. Bannatyne has been entertained by the serenaders at the Windsor Hotel, who have been singing to them, appropriate song of 'Only a Fool

HOW HE KILLED THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

We had been shooting for nearly a fortnight, and although we numbered three tolerably active sportsmen, not one of us had as yet succeeded in bagging a prairie chicken (the pinnated grouse). Each day we went out and came back with respectable bags, which included mallard, canvas back, snipe, quail and several other kinds of game, but the much sought after prairie chicken was never added to the list of killed. Our leader's name was Coralli, an Italian, remarkable for his modest manners and straight shooting, and one day he proposed that we should separate and work different pieces of ground. We all got home after dark, but Coralli was last, and he came in with a somewhat uncertain look of triumph in his face. Slowly he emptied his bag—first several mallards, then a wood duck, next a partridge, then a whole pile of snipe, and then with apparent reluctance he laid on the table a fine prairie chicken. And yet he did not seem happy, and I saw at once that a mystery surrounded the bagging of our first prairie chicken. Before we went to bed that night Coralli took me aside and said:—"I haven't told Jack yet, but I must tell you how I got that bird." I was coming down the railway track just after dark when I heard a rush of wings over my head, followed by a sharp twang of the telegraph wire, closely succeeded by a fluttering fall of something beside the track. My dog "Pash" was on scent like a flash, and a moment afterwards came back with that bird in his mouth, and you see, old fellow, that after all, the bagging of our first prairie chicken is a case of accidental death. I have seen such accidents before, but they rarely occur so opportunely as in the instance just related. The bird flying in the dim light had struck the wire sharply, and so Coralli bagged it without the trouble of pulling a trigger.

THE VULTURE OF THE SEAS.

The shark is not so much the tiger as the vulture of the seas. Like the vulture, he hesitates to attack anything with life in it; but, if hungry, becomes for the time possessed with a courage not his own. We shall never exterminate him, and his presence in tropical waters must always remain a constant source of danger. Meantime he has at least this merit, that wherever he may be found he affords a certain rough species of sport. There is no better fun than fishing for a shark with a hook the size of a pitchfork and a huge piece of pork by way of bait. Harpooning the creature is also an exciting amusement, although seldom practiced. Of late years, too, the shark has been hunted in the most novel and scientific ways. There is no better form of rifle practice than to shoot at him from over the stern with explosive bullets. If you miss him he still follows on. If he is hit, a great hole is rent in him. He rolls slowly over on his back displaying his cruel, gaping jaws and vast expanse of white under-surface, and his brother sharks, coming up from around, quarrel and dispute fraternally over the carcass. Best, however, of all modes of shark chase, because most scientific, and consequently most amusing, is that recently adopted in Her Majesty's navy of combining torpedo drill with shark fishery. A miniature torpedo is enclosed in a bait of junk or pork, and lowered with proper care. The battery is duly charged, and at the moment the huge fish seizes, and as a pike-fisher would say, "pounces" the tempting morsel, the circuit is completed. The effect is instantaneous. The head and jaws of the monster are blown into fragments, and a bubbling circle in the water marks the spot where, a few seconds before, his dorsal fin was showing above the waves.

INSTINCT OF A CRAB.

Mr. Darwin in his "Naturalist's Voyage," thus describes a crab which makes its diet of cocoanuts, and which he found on Kneeling Island, in the South seas. "It is common on all parts of dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. It has a pair of iron legs, terminated by strong and heavy pincers; and the least pair of others which are narrow and weak. It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoanut covered with the husk; but Mr. J. Cook assures me that he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated. When this is completed the crab commences hammering with its claws on one of those eye-holes till an opening is made; then turning round its body by the aid of its narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the

REASON AS WELL AS INSTINCT.

A correspondent of the Live Stock Journal claims that dogs have dogs have reasoning powers as well as instinct, and mentions the following instances as proof: "I will only tell you about dogs I have known and had, and so will try and convince you, my readers, that the canine race have reasoning power as well as instinct.

My faithful terrier, Wasp, followed my pony carriage through a long town in Wales one Sunday. On going to church at Newtown, I tied him to the fender and cautioned the waiter not to let him out of the room, lest he should try and find his way back to Aberystwith, and get lost. On my return Wasp was loose, but there. The man, who had followed me upstairs, said: "Your dog ran out when I brought in the coals, but, I set him down and followed him, and he went straight to the stable, and where your pony was, and looked at him and then returned quite contented, and lay down by the fire." I think the greatest skeptic could not call this instinct; it surely deserves to be called reason.

This same Wasp had also a most sensitive conscience. Her once stole some pork outlets I had placed by the fire to keep warm for his master's luncheon. Ever after, if I said: "Wasp, who stole the pork?" he would drop his tail and instantly leave the room. Then as an instance of memory, let me tell you of a long-haired lovely terrier, though I fear rather a despised breed by Mr. Murray. Fan had been very fond of having a large bead rolled for her, would bring it back and beseech for her pet toy again and again; but a son of hers having swallowed her head, for two whole years I ceased the favorite game. One day, after dinner, I said, "Fan, fetch your bead!" She instantly ran up to my room, took her bead from a ray on my dressing table, and laid it at my feet. Could any one bring a better proof of memory in canine nature? it would even be remarkable in a young child.

A RAILWAY TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

"Twenty years ago," said the passenger with the red ribbon in his button-hole, "I knew that man whom you saw get off at the last station. He was a young man of rare promise, a college graduate, a man of brilliant intellect and shrewd mercantile ability. Life dawned before him in all the glowing colors of fair promise. He had some money when he left college. He invested it in business and his business prospered. He married a beautiful young girl who bore him three lovely children—

The sad-looking passenger, sitting on the wood-box: "All at one time?"

The red-ribbon passenger: "No, in biennial instalments of one. No one dreamed that the Poorhouse would ever be their home. But in an evil hour the young man yielded to the tempter. He began to drink beer. He liked it and drank more. He drank and encouraged others to drink. That was only fourteen years ago, and he was a prosperous, wealthy man. To-day, where is he?"

The clergyman in the front seat, solemnly: "A sot and a beggar."

The red-ribbon man, disconsolately, "Oh, no; he is a member of Congress and owns a brewery worth \$50,000."

Sometimes it will happen that way.

A WILDCAT LOOSE IN A THEATRE.

The announcement that a cat-and-dog fight was to take place lately, at the Alhambra Theatre, Baltimore, drew together a large and eager crowd of spectators. At the time announced a huge box containing the cat was placed on the stage, the part of the cage facing the audience being so slatted that a full view of the difficulty could be had by the people. The combatants were nearly equally matched as regards weight, and when the bulldog (one of the best in the country) was turned into the box it was fun to see the far fly. The fight for a minute was terrific, during which the dog frequently yelled with pain as the wildcat plowed out huge strips of his flesh with his powerful claws. Finally the cat released itself from the dog, and managed to squeeze through the bars of the cage and get loose in the parquette. The wildest confusion was the result of this escapade, and big, burly fellows in the pit climbed on each other's shoulders and tried to reach the gallery. One man in this position had his leg grabbed by another person, and thinking the cat had hold of him, he gave a terrible yell, let go his hold, and fell full length across the benches below. The stampede was also very general in the orchestra, the members of the band trying to get inside of a Chickering piano, which, together with a bass violin, and several other instruments, was badly demolished. The house was cleared as soon as

and drops them almost instantly. In temper it is exceedingly sullen, noticing no one but its owner. When I tried to measure it, it decidedly objected, so I left it alone. For several years it has been used in a sleigh, but if it were not for its great strength it would have no recommendation. Three of them are considered equal to four or even five of the ordinary sleigh dogs, but they are always hard trains to manage, often biting without any apparent provocation. They will draw 600 lbs. on a flat sleigh on a fair road for fifty to sixty miles in a day, and do this for a week together; and on a travel one will draw in moving camp 250 lbs. to 300 lbs. As an example of their ferocity it has often happened that they have turned on driver, and in spite of his whip, the lash of which weighs from 1 1/2 lbs. to 2 lbs., eaten him. Of course there are many varieties of him, but the one under consideration is a good example. The natives say they were brought into the country by the Swedes and Norwegians, whom the Hudson Bay Company hired many years ago.

On reading Mr. Savage's letter, it occurred to me that the dog he described and these must have a common origin, so I send the description, hoping it may interest The Country readers.

ADRIAN NEISON.

Comparing this monster with the heaviest dogs known, we find him considerably exceeding them in height at shoulder and weight: British Lion, the heaviest mastiff known, weighed, when eighteen months old, 188 lbs. There are said to be St. Bernards standing thirty-five inches at the shoulder, but there is no authentic record of this, so that if the weight and measurements of this dog are correct he holds the championship, unless some of his own kind can win it from him.

A MILE RIDE ON A WHIRLWIND.

A peculiar incident occurred here a few days ago, the particulars of which I have just learned. It was on the day the memorable cyclone passed over Lone Tree and Clark s. The sky was streaked in the northwest with vivid flashes of light, and a terrific rumbling sound made known that a terrible storm was imminent. A massive black cloud was extending a whirling finger toward the earth and sweeping with great fury whatever came before it. Jennie, a girl who was working at a certain hotel here, was busy at the stove preparing for the next meal. Hearing a rattle at the side door, Jennie went to the door and opened it. As she did so she was caught from the doorway by the whirling wind and carried over the house, turning round and round in the air as she went, and after approaching the ground on the other side she again rose and was taken by the whirling wind over the stores and dwellings a distance of three-fourths of a mile, being lowered so that her feet could touch the ground as many as eight times during the trip. Exhausted, but in an erect position, she was at last lowered to the earth as lightly as a feather would fall, having received no material injury, though almost frantic with fright. The storm proceeded on its way, leaving her in sight of the town, and in half an hour she again put in an appearance at the hotel. Where some anxious friends were bewailing her sudden and mysterious departure.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

A DESPERATE STAKE.

A singular stake was once made by a celebrated London gambler. After a run of ill-luck with a nobleman, he jumped up suddenly, and, seizing a large punch-bowl that stood near, said, addressing his Lordship, "For once, I'll have one bet where I have an equal show of winning. Odd or even for 15,000 guineas!" "Odd," replied the peer, with the utmost composure. Dash went the punch-bowl against the wall, and, the pieces being counted, unfortunately for the young hero of the experiment, there proved an odd one, and he was a ruined man.

HORSE SCALPERS.

We have often heard of ticket scalpers but never before heard of a horse scalper until recently. The horse trade has developed a character known by that distinguished appellation. He (the scalper) frequents the prominent stables, and attentively listens to all conversation till he thinks he has found a purchaser, he will then hasten to some owner of a horse and tell him he has a pur-

just as fashionable to strike his trot, and if it does not take that hint, in a little while I give him another. But I don't yank him or jerk him, 'pull him back,' 'settle him down,' 'square him,' as they say, and all those other phrases that do not mean anything. The colt means to trot, and I know it, and if for some unaccountable cause he breaks, I know the habit naturally implanted in him will get him back to his trot just as quick as he can. A horse can not run awhile and catch himself suddenly, without hurting himself, so he will take another jump or two. When he has jumped two or three times I give a little touch to the reins, suggesting to him that he may as well trot. He generally knows what I mean, and if he don't I tell him again, and pretty soon I find him going along with his tail as straight as a spirit level. I never, on such a horse, use a check rein, never put on martingales. But let him go, head up and tail streaming. These are the rudders intended to keep the horse true in his gait, and you have no right to deprive him of his steering apparatus. And so the rule is, that the horse if he is a sensible, level-headed horse, knows a great deal more about trotting than you do, and you should let him have his own way. That is my best advice, briefly put, in regard to driving.—W. H. H. Murray.

IMPORTATION OF KING BAN.

There arrived in New York on Wednesday, in charge of Littlefield, by the Wisconsin, King Ban, a chestnut colt, foaled 1875, bred by Lord Falmouth, purchased by Richard Ten Broeck, for Maj. B. G. Thomas, Dixiana Stud Farm, Fayette County, Pa., by King Tom (son of Harkaway and Pocahontas, by imp. Glencoe), dam Atlantis, by Thormanby; 2d dam Hurricane, by Will Dayrell; 3rd dam Milda, by Suctari; 4th dam Marinella, by Soothsayer; 5th dam Bess, by Waxy, dam of Aspasia, Stamford, &c.; 6th dam Vixen, by Pot 8 os; 7th dam Cypher, by Squirrel; 8th dam, dam of Friddle, Snadragon, Curiosity, &c., by Regulus; 9th dam by Bartlet's Childers; 10th dam by Honeswood's Arabian; 11th dam Beyerly Marc, dam of the two True Blues. King Ban ran once as a two-year-old; was second to Mourie in the Graby Stakes, three-quarters of a mile. This year he ran unplaced to Thurio, winner of the Grand Prize at Paris, at Newmarket, in the Craven Stakes, Ancaster mile, one mile and eighteen yards, Silvio being second. Same meeting, ran second to Mida in the Coffee-Room Stakes, across the flat, one mile two furlongs and forty-two yards. Those are his only races. He is a well bred horse. King Tom being by the great Harkaway, out of Pocahontas, the best mare ever in England, by Glencoe and dam of Stockwell, Kateplan and the Knight of the Kars, &c. Thormanby, sire of his dam, was by Melbourne or Windhound, out of the noted Alice Hawthorn, by Mulby Moloch. Alice Hawthorn won the Doncaster Cup in 1843 and 1844, and Goodwood Cup in 1844. Thormanby won the Derby in 1860. Hurricane (his granddam won the 1,000 Guineas in 1862) is by Will Dayrell, he by Ion, out of Ellen Middleton, by Bay Middleton. Will Dayrell won the Derby in 1855. Suctari, the sire of his great granddam, was by Sultan, sire of imp. Glencoe, out of Velvet, by Oiseau. Soothsayer, the sire of his fourth dam, was by Sorcerer, he by Trumpator, out of Young Giantess, by Diamond. Waxy, sire of his fifth dam, won the Derby in 1793, and was by Pot 8-os, son of English Eclipse; his sixth dam was also by Pot 8-os, giving him a close double cross of this noted horse; like his half-brother Phueton, he has poor fore legs; still, Phueton was a great success on Lexington mares, and his stock generally had good legs.—Turf

A MAN-BABY.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A MAN 22 YEARS OF AGE WHO IS STILL AN INFANT.

In the second story of one of the low, rickety wooden buildings on the east side of Chatham street, in humble apartments, there lives one of the most curious of human monstrosities. It is a boy, or man, 21 years and 6 months old, having been born in 1857, and in all respects, physically and mentally, differing more than an overgrown infant from parents or Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Joun. No. 165 Chatham street, industrious people. The child was born on the 1

Rep.—Do you still reside in Montreal?
 Mr. B.—No, I have not had a domicile in Canada since May, 1874. I spent the winter of 1873-4 at home, in Scotland, and during the last twelve months have spent just six days in Canada.

Rep.—What do you think of the Canadians, and how do they compare with us?
 Mr. B.—I like the Canadians, and have many good friends among them. The politicians of the two countries can scarce be compared, because the one is a powerful nation, the other a Dominion, and only part of an empire. In the States, wealth accumulates, in Canada a large amount goes to the mother country. In the States, home interests are protected; in Canada, British gifts fall to outsiders. In point of mercantile morality, I think, taking into consideration the difference in population and wealth, it is a tie with the States. The turf in Canada does not commend itself at present. The stock brokers, who number about as many as the officers of a single regiment, may be said to be the most influential body in Montreal. They are valiant in war, supporters of sport and great in "bearing" and "bulling." Many are the baskets of champagne which have been discussed at their board meetings, while they have their "chats." Offend a broker, or even a relation, and they are apt to "bear" you. I once found when, six years ago, I wrote a parody upon the pretty song, "Only a Face at the Window," which appeared in the Montreal Gazette. It was perfectly harmless, and I was innocent of any intention to ridicule any one, but a tempest in a tea-pot arose. It is a peculiarity of Montreal, that when you quarrel with a man, he is apt to go about canvassing people to take up his cause. Last May, when in Montreal, I took the part of an old gentleman, who then, and upon previous occasions, had been most grossly insulted. I expected a challenge, but instead, in the depths of night, around the Windsor Hotel, arose the wail of some benighted creatures. I pitied the poor wretches, and the fools who afterward took up the refrain, and left a small sum for them. The following appeared in the Montreal Daily Witness, of May 16:—

"HANDSOME TREATMENT TO SERENADERS.—Mr. Bannatyne has been entertained by the serenaders at the Windsor Hotel, who have been singing to, to them, appropriate song of 'Only a Fool at the Window,' and leaves, on his departure for the United States, the handsome gratuity of 75 cents, to be given them if called for at this office."

SHOEING COLTS.

Many farmers think that every colt's feet should have shoes on them before the colt is used or driven on the road, and hence the first thing they do when they take a colt up to break him is to go to the blacksmith's shop and have him shod. These farmers do not reason on the matter, but have shoes put on the colt's feet merely because others do the same—because it is fashionable. They do not reflect that the horse's foot is made to bear the horse the same as his leg is—that it is just as natural for his foot to come in contact with the ground as it is for his teeth to grind his food, or his tail to brush away the flies from his body. Nature makes each horse's foot of the proper size, form and strength to bear his body. The reason we have so many weak and ill-formed feet on colts is because nature has been interfered with until deformed feet have become hereditary in some families of the horse. Do the Arabs shoe their horses' feet? Never. Nor did the Mexicans, nor did the native Californians.

The Arabian horse comes nearer to perfection, because nearer to nature than any other breed or race of horses in the world. Over the craggy mountains or on the arid and parched plains, the Arabian horse will carry his rider year after year, while his feet remain as perfect and sound as any other part of his body. So with the Mexican mustang or native Californian. If the colt be used without shoes, use only strengthens his feet; but if he be shod once his feet grow weaker and weaker all the time the shoe is on, until shoeing becomes a necessity. Nature never made a better piece of workmanship or mechanism than the horse's foot. The horny rim is a most perfect protection to the frog or center of the foot, both in its form and in the material of which it is made. More horses feet are ruined by shoeing than by going barefooted. It is time enough to put on shoes when the foot is broken or is worn so as to make the colt tender-footed or lame. Nine out of every ten colts better never be shod.—Record Union.

two years, too, the mark has been hunted in the most novel and scientific ways. There is no better form of rifle practice than to shoot at him from over the stern with explosive bullets. If you miss him he still follows on. If he is hit, a great hole is rent in him. He rolls slowly over on his back displaying his cruel, gaping jaws and vast expanse of white under-surface, and his brother sharks, coming up from around, quarrel and dispute frantically over the carcass. Next, however, of all modes of shark chase, because most scientific, and consequently most amusing, is that recently adopted in Her Majesty's navy of combining torpedo drill with shark fishery. A miniature torpedo is enclosed in a bait of junk or pork, and lowered with proper care. The battery is duly charged, and at the moment the huge fish seizes, and as a pike-fisher would say, 'pouches' the tempting morsel, the circuit is completed. The effect is instantaneous. The head and jaws of the monster are blown into fragments, and a bubbling circle in the water marks the spot where, a few seconds before, his dorsal fin was showing above the waves.

INSTINCT OF A CRAB.

Mr. Darwin in his "Naturalist's Voyage," thus describes a crab which makes its diet of cocoanuts, and which he found on Kneeling Island, in the South seas. "It is common on all parts of dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. It has a pair of front legs, terminated by strong and heavy pincers; and the least pair of others which are narrow and weak. It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong coconut covered with the husk; but Mr. Liesk assures me that he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated. When this is completed the crab commences hammering with its claws on one of those eye-holes till an opening is made; then turning round its body by the aid of its narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white albuminous substance. I think this as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a crab and a coconut."

A BATTLE AT BARNUM'S.

FIGHT BETWEEN A BANTAM AND AN ADJUTANT.

From the New York Times Nov. 29.

An interesting battle took place in Barnum's museum, at Gilmore's Garden, yesterday morning between 'Bolivar' and the adjutant. Bolivar is a diminutive white bantam rooster, who roams about among the wagons and over the entire enclosure at will, the pet of all the attendants. The adjutant is the great long-legged bird, with a bald head and a huge bill, that generally stands with closed eyes on one leg beside the cascade, behind a wire fence. The adjutant is a most voracious bird, and as he stands some three feet high, and has a capacious maw, he will attempt to devour almost anything smaller than himself that may come within his reach. Yesterday he escaped from his wire enclosure and set out on a foraging expedition. He had hardly started when he came across 'Bolivar,' who was strutting about the elephant's enclosure. The adjutant stalked up to the unsuspecting little chicken, the huge bill was opened wide, the long neck shot forward, and the mandibles clashed together just behind 'banty,' who had escaped them by a nimble jump to one side. Then ensued the fight; the adjutant was bound to punish the adjutant. The latter made repeated rushes at his little antagonist, and horrible lunges at him with his great bill; but the bantam easily escaped by darting between the long legs of the adjutant vicious attack, flew into the air, lighted on the shoulders of his huge antagonist, and, with all the strength of his little body, began to peck the adjutant's bald head. The adjutant could not dislodge him, and, furious with pain, rushed wildly about the most discordant shrieks. After the attendants thought him sufficiently punished they took Bolivar away, ordering to triumph, and placed the adjutant within his enclosure, where, with bloody head and closed eyes, he has stood on one leg and meditated ever since.

three lovely children—
 The sad-looking passenger, sitting on the wood-box: 'All at one time?'
 The red-ribbon passenger: 'No, in biennial instalments of one. No one dreamed that the Poorhouse would ever be their home. But in an evil hour the young man yielded to the tempter. He began to drink beer. He liked it and drank more. He drank and encouraged others to drink. That was only fourteen years ago, and he was a prosperous, wealthy man. To-day, where is he?'
 The clergyman in the front seat, solemnly: 'A sot and a beggar.'
 The red-ribbon man, disconsolately: 'Oh, no; he is a member of Congress and owns a brewery worth \$50,000.'
 Sometimes it will happen that way.

A WILDCAT LOOSE IN A THEATRE.

The announcement that a cat-and-dog fight was to take place lately, at the Alhambra Theatre, Baltimore, drew together a large and eager crowd of spectators. At the time announced a huge box containing the cat was placed on the stage, the part of the cage facing the audience being so slatted that a full view of the difficulty could be had by the people. The combatants were nearly equally matched as regards weight, and when the bulldog (one of the best in the country) was turned into the box it was fun to see the far fly. The fight for a minute was terrific, during which the dog frequently yelled with pain as the wildcat plowed out huge strips of his flesh with his powerful claws. Finally the cat released itself from the dog, and managed to squeeze through the bars of the cage and get loose in the parquette. The wildest confusion was the result of this escapade, and big, burly fellows in the pit climbed on each other's shoulders and tried to reach the gallery. One man in this position had his leg grabbed by another person, and thinking the cat had hold of him, he gave a terrible yell, let go his hold, and fell full length across the benches below. The stampede was also very general in the orchestra, the members of the band trying to get inside of a Chickering piano, which, together with a bass violin, and several other instruments, was badly demolished. The house was cleared as soon as possible, and, provided with a larist, one or two bold men succeeded in lassoing the rampant feline, which was finally returned to its cage, and will be put in active training for another combat with the adversary, at the same place, at an early date.

THE MANITOBA SLEIGH DOG.

From the London Country we extract the following communication from a gentleman in Manitoba, as it conveys the account of a most remarkable breed of dogs hitherto unknown to the general public:
 "I have sent you a sketch of a dog belonging to a half breed, Pierre Bissonette, which it appears to me, after a careful reading of Mr. Savage's account of the Ulmer dog, which appeared in your issue of August 8, must be of the same breed. Here they are somewhat common, but they are more so in the Indian camps in the West. The French here have no special name for them, but call them, when asked to designate the breed 'bull dogs.' Obviously there are not bull dogs, for beyond the somewhat similar head there is no resemblance. The following particulars of the one which I have sketched will give an idea of it.
 At the shoulder it stands a little over 38 in., length from tip of the fore teeth to the root of the 85 in., weight 218 lbs. In color it is a very dark slate color or 'souris' as it is called here, except on the chest, under jaw and belly, which are a hard steel grey. There are also a few dark markings on the sides following the ribs, and the feet and end of the tail are nearly black, and so is the muzzle. The jaws are very heavy, and the head broad, with the eyes widely and deeply set, fully 7 in. apart. The hair is short, smooth, and crisp, but rather long and bristly on the upper part of the neck. In the Winter this dog, I am told, turns nearly white. The ears are dark and hang down. When surprised it cocks its ears in a peculiar manner,

with great fury whatever came let us see. Jeanne, a girl who was working at a certain hotel here, was busy at the stove preparing for the next meal. Hearing a rattle at the side door, Jeanne went to the door and opened it. As she did so she was caught from the doorway by the whirling wind and carried over the house, turning round and round in the air as she went, and after approaching the ground on the other side she again rose and was taken by the whirling wind over the stores and dwellings a distance of three-fourths of a mile, being lowered so that her feet could touch the ground as many as eight times during the trip. Exhausted, but in an erect position, she was at last lowered to the earth as lightly as a feather would fall, having received no material injury, though almost frantic with fright. The storm proceeded on its way, leaving her in sight of the town, and in half an hour she again put in an appearance at the hotel, where some anxious friends were awaiting her sudden and mysterious departure. —Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

A DESPERATE STAKE.

A singular stake was once made by a celebrated London gambler. After a run of ill-luck with a nobleman, he jumped up suddenly, and, seizing a large punch-bowl that stood near, said, addressing his Lordship, 'For once, I'll have one bet where I have an equal show of winning. Odd or even for 15,000 guineas!' 'Odd,' replied the peer, with the utmost composure. Dash went the punch-bowl against the wall, and the pieces being counted, unfortunately for the young hero of the experiment, there proved an odd one, and he was a ruined man.

HORSE SCALPERS.

We have often heard of ticket scalpers but never before heard of a horse scalper until recently. The horse trade has developed a character known by that distinguished appellation. He (the scalper) frequents the prominent stables, and attentively listens to all conversation till he thinks he has found a purchaser, he will then hasten to some owner of a horse and tell him he has a purchaser, takes the horse and sells him, and make any representation in order to make a sale. A commission is charged for selling him. He exacts one from the purchaser for finding the horse, and to cap it all will make the buyer pay a larger price than the seller asks for the horse, the consequence is that the purchaser gets robbed, the seller gets skinned and the enterprising scalper gets the profit. Buyers can protect themselves by advertising or visiting any respectable sale stable.

HOW TO MAKE A HORSE TROT.

The question has been asked me, and I will answer it, 'What makes a horse trot?'
 Well, 'tis not the whip—that is one thing settled; and it is not your driving friend either, which makes your horse trot—that is settled. What is just the right pull to make on a horse's mouth to save him when he breaks? When is the proper instant to move that bit in his mouth? What is the right way to handle a horse to get him through the air a second faster to the mill?
 It may as well be owned that the secret is not open to everybody. Only men with the instinct to see into the horse's nature ever learn it. This gift, with long and patient observation, has enabled the great drivers to 'get the most' out of the famous trotters. My own practice is, without pretending to the knowledge of professional trainers, to let the horse a good deal alone. I presume I do not take the reins in both hands once in three months, so far as need of strength goes, when I am driving on the road. Of course there are some horses that we must make trot, if they ever trot at all; I for one do not desire to have anything to do with that sort of horses. But give me a horse that is a natural trotter, and I am sure he will never go except in a trot unless by reason of some pain in his foot, or somewhere else, that may cause him to break. In that case the best way is to let him alone. I am driving a five-year-old colt that is fast. If it breaks, I let him run. After he has been running six or eight rods, I hunt to him that it is

second to M. J. in the Collee Rooma Stead across the flat, and into two furlongs and forty two yards. These are his only races. He is a well bred horse. King Tom being by the great Harkaway, out of Pocaboutas, the best mare ever in England, by tennesse and dam of Stockwell, Rataplan and the Knight of the Kars, &c. Thormanby, sire of his dam, was by Melbourne or Windhound, out of the noted Alice Hawthorn, by Malby Moloch. Alice Hawthorn won the Doncaster Cup in 1843 and 1844, and Goodwood Cup in 1844. Thormanby won the Derby in 1860. Hurricane's granddam won the 1,000 Guineas in 1802, is by Wild Dayrell, he by Ion, out of Ellen Middleton, by Gay Middleton. Wild Dayrell won the Derby in 1835. Sueton, the sire of his great granddam, was by Sultan, sire of imp. Gloucester, out of Velvet, by Giscan. Southsayer, the sire of his fourth dam, by Sorcerer, he by Trumpator, out of Young Giantess, by Diamond. Waxy, sire of his fifth dam, won the Derby in 1793, and was by Pot 8-08, son of English Eclipse; his sixth dam was also by Pot 8-08, giving him a close double cross of this noted horse; like his half-brother Platon, he has poor fore legs, still, Platon was a great success on Lexington mares, and his stock generally had good legs.—Lark.

A MAN-BABY.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A MAN 32 YEARS OF AGE WHO IS STILL AN INFANT.

In the second story of one of the low, rickety wooden buildings on the east side of Chatham street, in humble apartments, there lives one of the most curious of human monstrosities. It is a boy, or man, 21 years and 6 months old, having been born in 1857, that in all respects, physically and mentally, nothing more than an overgrown infant. Its parents or Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Jouin, of No. 165 Chatham street, industrious French people. The child was born on the 10th of June, 1857, and was christened Jule. Up to his eighth month he did not differ from other children; but at that age he was taken sick with measles, and for six months it was thought that he could not live, one childish disease following rapidly upon another. His last ailment, and the one to which his parents ascribe his deformity, was one that baffled the attending physician, and is described by the father as 'the English disease.' Both physical and mental growth seemed to be arrested by this disease. The boy is not quite three feet high, but measures four feet around the waist, being inordinately corpulent. His head is well shaped, but looks much too large for his body, being more than two feet in circumference. His hands and feet are exceedingly small, like those of a 1 year-old infant, and he weighs 160 pounds. Every effort has been made to educate him, but he is not capable of learning anything.

When he was 10 years old he was scarcely two feet high, but weighed almost 100 pounds. The physician who attended at his birth predicted that he would not live to be 14 years old, but he is now in good health. The boy's skin is remarkably soft and white, like a baby's. All of his habits are childish, and he can speak only a few words, such as 'papa,' 'mamma,' 'yes,' and 'no.' His extreme corpulence prevents him from walking, but he is very active with his hands and feet. He amuses himself with childish toys, and is very shy when strangers are about. Ex-Police Surgeon Baker, who has watched the case closely for several years, says that it is the most wonderful case he ever heard of. The boy has been examined by a number of scientists, who have all come to the conclusion that he is a perfect baby in mind and body. His father has been approached by many showmen, who were anxious to add the boy to their list of attractions; but Mr. Jenn has declined every offer, not desiring to have his son exhibited to the public.—N. Y. Times.



The Gentleman's Journal

TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, '78.

P. COLLINS, PROPRIETOR
OFFICE:—No. 90 KING ST. WEST.

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

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

Are respectfully informed, that all Correspondents of the **SPORTING TIMES** are supplied with a card of a Yellow 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 1, 1878, 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 **SCIENCE A NEGATIVE**.

DATES CLAIMED FOR 1879.

CANADIAN.	
Dundas	May 24
Hamilton	July 1 to 8
AMERICAN.	
TROTTING.	
Milwaukee, Wis.....	June 2 to 6
Chicago, Ill.....	July 15 to 19
Cleveland, O.....	July 22 to 25
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Aug. 5 to 8
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3. The Courts have decided, that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

exceptions and not the rule. The principle of advertising is to announce something which the public wants and for which a demand exists or may be created. Having the article to meet this demand, you are obliged, more or less, to use the columns of the public press to make the fact known. Failure very rarely follows judicious advertising of any worthy or desirable object, and where default is made, in the majority of instances it can be traced to some other cause. As a general thing it may be said that Race meetings in Canada are very indifferently advertised. In some cases the money so expended is badly appropriated, as this department like all others, requires qualified discretion. The success of the Circuit Meetings may to a great extent be attributed to the unlimited publicity that was given them. In some instances the large purses advertised themselves—the means were a little different—but the object and result the same. A practical instance of the benefit of liberal and systematic advertising is shown in the financial statement of the late meeting of the Chicago Jockey Club. The amount of their purses was \$14,800 a sum considerably less than Buffalo has given for one race, so the magnitude of their premiums can not be considered as the *premiers* consideration of attraction or publicity. The Chicago meeting extended over four days, and not the most seasonable portion of the year. The expenses of advertising—pure and simple—were \$8,572.95, a sum that would appal the most enterprising of our Canadian turf managers. But the result proved that it was money profitably invested. It will be remembered so far as racing is concerned, that Chicago for the past few years has been under a dark cloud, sufficient to obscure the chances of success and ominous enough to create suspicion. So the field of the new Jockey Club was not of the best from which to expect extraordinary returns. It could not have been the liberality of the programme or the former *prestige* of racing in that city that commanded the success the financial statement shows. From it we learn that the net balance of profit accruing to the club from the meeting was in exact figures \$22,448.80—a nice return on the amount invested. The gate receipts alone amounted to \$22,264.85; membership badges represented \$11,850; the privileges paid \$8,000; while the entrance money footed up to precisely 50 per cent. of the purses, \$7,400. The advertising charges alone were over twice as much as all the other expenses of the meeting—including hay, oats and straw which were furnished gratuitously to horsemen. This goes to show that one of the principal—if not the principal—cause of the success of the meeting was the printers' ink that was so bountifully and judiciously distributed. 25 per cent. of the amount of the purses was devoted to advertising, a proportion that would strike our Canadian managers as being beyond all reason or policy. But the financial statement is a fact hard to surmount and beyond the possibility of denying, while the net profit is evidence of the policy of this expenditure. Chicago is a little more favorably situated for a race meeting than Toronto, but not sufficiently so to make any difference in this theory. Our meetings, as a rule, have been too local—there are as good facilities for turf sports here as any place in America, but they require pushing business management and nothing more to bring them to the point. If our proposed Jockey Club should prove a success, we commend the manner of doing business which has been so eminently

when two prominent men are matched are always present, and human nature is cruel enough to believe that they are not always cast aside. The departure of Hanlan from Canada next season, which is now a certainty, will about knock the bottom out of professional boat-racing in this country, at all events until his return. This will not be a matter of regret to those who were obliged to witness the hippodroming of the past campaign, and it is hoped the atmosphere surrounding this popular sport will be purified from the miasma of suspicion with which it has been surcharged, before we hail the return of our champion from across the seas, loaded with honors which he had to seek in the old world.

Sporting Gossip.

A horse-stretch—Over a mother's knee. Hon. C. I. Douglas, of Deer Park, Ont., recently sold to a gentleman from Illinois, the heavy imported draught stallion *Marquis*. Consideration not reported.

The horse is usually a caged animal. The attention of gentlemen wishing to purchase a Gold Dust trotting stallion is directed to the announcement in another column of the auction sale of Gold Drop. He is considered to be one of the best looking horses of that strain ever imported to this country. At the same time and place some colts and fillies by him out of Black Hawk Morgan mares will be disposed of.

Some man with an eagerness for fame has invented a spring-seat saddle that will rock a man to sleep on the hardest-going animal. What this country needs is some kind of a saddle that will hold a man down on the roof of a horse when he suddenly, and without warning, points at the sky with his tail.

Mr. James Allen, of Perth, left Carleton Place last week with a car load of horses and twenty cutters for Winnipeg. This is the second consignment Mr. Allan has made.

The Boston Transcript contains an article entitled, "How to Win." We haven't read it, but presume it advises you "stay out" till you get a "king full" or "four of a kind."

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Correspondence.

FROM BROOKVILLE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Times* :

Mud is still in the ascendant in this locality, and were it not for the fact that this is the last month of Fall, we would be inclined to think, it would remain so for some time to come. There is certainly enough to supply the demand, with a ton or two to spare, and any enraged editor who wishes to enter the "mud slinging arena" with a brother chip, can fill his shovel to the brim, from most any small patch of ground. But, pahaw! what's the use of talking about mud, we've got it, can't help it, and don't want to.

Now that winter is close at hand the boys are meditating with considerable earnestness over the chances of fun during the cold season, but as yet nothing definite has been arranged, that would tend in any way to produce much jollity. The old and popular pastime of skating will probably be resorted to as the rink is to be put in shape immediately for flooding. It has often been remarked with considerable surprise that Brockville has never organized a Curling Club. This is probably due to the fact that no one has ever mooted the subject or, at least, no one has ever taken it in hand. We certainly have many brawny sons of "Auld Scotia" who would patronize such a club liberally, and to them, the task of organizing should be assigned. Let us hope that during the winter some one will move in the matter and prove their devotion to the manly game.

A by-law for granting \$12,000 to Rurs and Benjamin Steinhardt, of New York, to assist them in erecting a suitable building for the manufactory of silk, in Brockville, is now published in the papers here. It will be voted upon by the electors on Dec. 9th, and will, it is thought, carry successfully.

May Fiske, with her troupe of raughty striped stocking blondes, will appear here for one night on Dec. 6th. The Barnabee Concert Company and the Swedish Ladies Vocal Quartette will visit us shortly afterwards.

Mr. W. H. Jones' well-known race mare Strathmere is at present in winter quarters here.

George Weir has at present in the St. Lawrence Hotel stables his beautiful little span of ponies, which were so greatly admired on their trip to Saratoga in '77. They are now in splendid form and are said to be the best matched team of small ponies in the Province.

A grand dress ball, to be given under the direction of the Brockville Yacht Club, will probably take place in January.—L. C.

FROM SARATOGA, N. Y.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Times* :

Now that Mr. Chas. Reid has secured a farm here for breeding purposes and the whole of his stable is known to me, I will send you a list of the lot, commencing with the horses to be trained the coming year by Mr. Jas. Lee, then the stallions, brood mares and youngsters.

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IMPORTED KYRLE DALY.

The thoroughbred bay horse, Kyrle Daly, recently purchased by Mr. John Reber, of Lancaster, Ohio, has been shipped per steamer Glasgow, and is momentarily expected to arrive at New York. He is highly spoken of on the other side, and from his fine breeding should command a high reputation in the American stud. Kyrle Daly, b b, foaled 1870, was bred by Joseph Lyons, and was sired by Artillery, dam Colleen Blue, by Gamma di Vergy; 2nd dam Princess, by Retriever; 3rd dam Echidna, by Economist; 4th dam Miss Pratt, by Blacklock; 5th dam Gadabout, by Orville; 6th dam Minstrel, by Sir Peter; 7th dam Matron, by Florizel, &c., &c. Mr. Reber has been the most successful breeder of thoroughbreds in the West north of the Ohio River. Among the notables that have occupied places in his stud are imp. Monarch, by Priam (the only English horse imported to this country that suffered no defeat on the American turf); the famous mare Fashion, Lady Lancaster, imp. Bonnie Scotland, now the prominent sire of winners; imp. Hurrah, &c.

LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION.

The following officers and directors of the Huron Live Stock Association were appointed at a recent meeting of that corporation, in Clinton, Ont.:—Wharton Hodgins, Exeter, President; M Y McLean, Seaforth, Secretary and Treasurer; Directors—John Washington, West Wawanosh; John Mason, H Snell, T Moon, and John Cumming, Hullett; James Oke, Exeter; L Hunter, S Hunter, Osborne; M McTaggart and E Holmes, Clinton; Hugh Love, sr, Hay; James Biggins and William Dixon, Stanley; Thomas J Bell, Londesborough; Charles Mason and Geo M Chesney, Tuckersmith; Thomas Evans, St Mary's; David McNaught, Seaforth; A Mac Allan, Goderich; W L Ferguson and Wm Young, Colborne; John Beacom, Goderich Township.

"HARE AND HOUNDS."

Readers of "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" need no introduction to the old English game of "hare and hounds." It ranks next to foot ball and cricket in excitement, and far exceeds them in healthful and enlivening exercise. It is an admirable substitute for people who cannot have real fox hunting, and has the merits of cheapness and adaptability to any and all localities and circumstances. The essence of the game consists in the chase of two crack runners—across fields, hedges, ditches, and woods innumerable until the goal is reached. The hares carry with them a bag containing small pieces of white paper—the scent—which they are bound to distribute so as to leave a plain trail for their pursuers—the hounds. The latter, on their part, must follow the scent, no matter where it leads, over walls, through brooks, and in whatever direction the hares choose to take. Large clubs and associations have sprung up in various parts of England, and lately in the States, for the purpose of practicing this pastime. Not the least admirable feature of the game is that it excludes the bruising and consequent bad spirit which too often find vent in foot ball and similar sports.

BICYCLE RIDING.

The latest fashion of velocipede or bicycle, as they prefer to call it now-a-days, really seems to be a useful thing. Its chief peculiarity, as contrasted with the old machine, is that the tire of the wheels is made of India-rubber, enabling the rider to travel over rough or sandy roads, and to go up hill—a thing impossible with velocipede wheels having a tire of steel. Another peculiarity is that the rider sits over the centre of the

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

During this and subsequent weeks we will issue a call upon our patrons whose subscriptions are unpaid. The major portion are now long over due for the present year, while many are uncredited on our books for periods of time varying from two to four years. We look for prompt payment in every instance on this appeal. There is no doubt of the amounts being due, and there is if anything less uncertainty that we can use the thousands of dollars which are spread over the country in small amounts to a better advantage, both personally and to the interests of our patrons, if we could control them in a lump sum. We are tired of hearing frivolous excuses to our requests, and have determined to place all unpaid subscription accounts in the hands of our legal collector for immediate suit.

ADVERTISING IN RACE MEETINGS.

Advertising is doubtless a great motor in all departments of business, when judiciously applied. It is possible to purchase the surferous productions of California mines at too great a cost, and advertising may be overdone with the same reckless regard or disregard to economy. But both are extreme instances of incapacity which may be declared

from which to expect extraordinary returns. It could not have been the liberality of the programme or the former prestige of racing in that city that commanded the success the financial statement shows. From it we learn that the net balance of profit accruing to the club from the meeting was in exact figures \$22,448.80—a nice return on the amount invested. The gate receipts alone amounted to \$22,264.35; membership badges represented \$11,850; the privileges paid \$8,000; while the entrance money footed up to precisely 50 per cent. of the purses, \$7,400. The advertising charges alone were over twice as much as all the other expenses of the meeting—including hay, oats and straw which were furnished gratuitously to horsemen. This goes to show that one of the principal—if not the principal—cause of the success of the meeting was the printers' ink that was so beautifully and judiciously distributed. 25 per cent. of the amount of the purses was devoted to advertising, a proportion that would strike our Canadian managers as being beyond all reason or policy. But the financial statement is a fact hard to surmount and beyond the possibility of denying, while the net profit is evidence of the policy of this expenditure. Chicago is a little more favorably situated for a race meeting than Toronto, but not sufficiently so to make any difference in this theory. Our meetings, as a rule, have been too local—there are as good facilities for turf sports here as any place in America, but they require pushing business management and nothing more to bring them to the point. If our proposed Jockey Club should prove a success, we commend the manner of doing business which has been so eminently successful in Chicago, to their consideration. Our smaller Associations might, with profit, also take a leaf from the same book, and if their patron's example was conscientiously followed, fewer failures would result.

THE HANLAN MATCH.

In another portion of to-day's paper we publish the articles of agreement between Hanlan and Hawdon for their sculling match on the Tyne next May. They will set at rest any doubt that may have existed as to the fact of such an engagement being made on behalf of the American champion, but at the same time will intensify the enquiry as to who is behind "Our Boy" in this match. The desire to know what authority or diplomacy brought negotiations to such a speedy conclusion is, but increased by the appearance of the bonds. It is expected it will all be made clear in a short while, but in the meantime nothing can be said further than the mystery of guess work, which each one will be competent to do for himself. It will be noticed that Hanlan is allowed no expenses for rowing on the Tyne, which is quite a change from the American system where the position and incidental returns were frequently more than the main stake. Our old country cousins are in advance of us in this respect, and the "no expenses" part of their way of match-making gives at least the appearance of their matches being on their merits, and not been cooked-up for a division of the usual receipts and such other inducements as might be offered. The opportunities for making money in large sums

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Mr. W. H. Conant, of Oshawa, recently informed us that while in New York lately, he possessed himself of an elegantly bred Hambletonian mare for breeding purposes. Her arrival has not yet been chronicled.

The Parisians have introduced square umbrellas. They'll be just as bad as the other kind—never round when it rains.

By our Saratoga letter this week it will be seen that Helen Bennett has been stinted to imported Hurrah. Her colt by Hyder Ali is said to be one of the finest looking and most promising youngsters on Mr. Reid's farm.

At the prices at which the thoroughbred stallions Galway and St. James are offered, it is more than likely that these horses will come to Canada. The more the better.

The grey gelding Albemarle that created so much excitement in Buffalo a couple of years ago is now in the hands of Mr. D. Mahoney, Rochester, N. Y.

The forthcoming report of the National Trotting Association will likely contain something interesting to owners of Canadian trotting horses.

The demand for good driving horses is not entirely played out in Canada, as the number of replies we have received to the advertisement of Lady Tartar for sale fully shows.

Mr. Harry Nichols, a gentleman known to horsemen in Canada, and whose face was familiar on most of our tracks when we had racing, is now in business in Rochester, N. Y.

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Grand Master, ch h, 2 yrs, by Eclipse, dam Inversnaid.

British Beauty, imp, 4 yrs by Oxford, dam Runaway.

Papa, b h, 2 yrs, by Revolver, dam Regards.

Pesa, imp, b f, 2 yrs, by Parmesian, dam Mrs Wolfe.

Contessa, imp, blk f, 2 yrs, by D'Esternal, dam Electra.

Bread Winner, imp, b f, yearling, by Hylander, dam Everlasting.

—, b f, yearling, (sister to Waller) by Hurrah, dam Queen of Clubs.

STALLIONS.

Hylander, b h, aged, by Blair Athol, dam Bistree.

Fechter, b h, 5 yrs, by Bel Demonio, dam Hilda.

BROOD MARES.

Grey Nun, g m, by Astral, dam Fairy.

Lilly Bell, ch m, by Pat Malloy, dam Alta Vela.

Hellen, ch m, by Vauxhall.

Emma G, sh m, by Photon.

Helen Bennett, ch m, by Ulverston, dam Ellen Douglas.

Hermione, b m, by Kentucky, dam Satinstone.

Imperatrice, b m, by Warminster, dam Inveray.

Athlene, ch m, by Pat Malloy, dam Annie Travis.

Algernon, b m, by Abd-al-Kader, dam Nina.

The first named seven are in foal by Hurrah; Athlene and Algernon have not been stinted.

WEANLINGS.

Monk, b c, by Hurrah, dam Grey Nun.

Tramway, b c, by Hurrah, dam Hermiona.

Torchlight, b c, by Hurrah, dam Hellen.

Cavin, b c, by Hyder Ali, dam Helen Bennett.

Hermit, b c, by Hurrah, dam Emma G.

Jennie R, ch f, by Hurrah, dam Lilly Bell.

Reflector, imp, by Speculation, dam Kayunda.

Octavia B, br f, by Hurrah, dam Lady Lancaster.

B f, by Hurrah, dam Queen of Clubs.

Mary R, b f, by Hurrah, dam Lady Lancaster.

(yearling). Tav.

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The latest fashion of velocipede or bicycle, as they prefer to call it now-a-days, really seems to be a useful thing. Its chief peculiarity, as contrasted with the old machine, is that the tire of the wheels is made of India-rubber, enabling the rider to travel over rough or sandy roads, and to go up hill—a thing impossible with velocipede wheels having a tire of steel. Another peculiarity is that the rider sits over the centre of the driving-wheel, propelling it by an up-and-down motion of the leg, instead of one backward and forward, as formerly. With this sort of apparatus men really make journeys into the country about as fast, if not as handily, as with horses. In England some physicians travel about with bicycles upon their professional rounds, and in Massachusetts the young fellows go off with them on pleasure excursions. It would be curious if the method of locomotion which was so much talked about a dozen years ago, and was then abandoned, should after all prove to have some practical utility.

COCKING CHALLENGE.

TORONTO, Dec. 3, 1878.

To Editor of Sporting Times: I am prepared to make a match for a main of 21 battles, or less, at \$25 a fight and \$250 the main, against any man in Ontario. I mean business and will not stick on an anything trifling. Give or take anything reasonable, and am not afraid to go away from home. For particulars address COCKER, SPORTING TIMES Office, Toronto.

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.)

SUB. Gananogue.—Have not been able to obtain a satisfactory answer to your query. BARD.—Let us hear from you on the subject we addressed you a month or so ago.

Athletic.

WRESTLING IN BOSTON.

OWENS DOWNS CONNER.

Overflowing on the night of the 20th witness the wrestling match between E. Owens, of Vermont, the champion, Charles Connor, of New York, for \$1,000 the champion belt. P. J. Garvey, of New York, was umpire for Owens; and W. Warren, of Boston, for Connor. F. J. O'Leary, of Boston, was referee. Ed. James' collar and elbow wrestling were the order which the contest was conducted. At 8 o'clock the men stepped on the mat and took hold. Owens got the first credit, after throwing Connor three times in 25 minutes. The first two falls were allowed on technical objections. Owens weighed 168 lbs. and Connor 167 lbs. The second fall, after a terrible struggle of ten minutes, was gained by Connor, who got on his hip and landed him on his back. No one could tell how it was done. The third round only lasted seven minutes. It was as spirited as the others, and the referee decided the match in favor of Owens. The men came together at 9.40. Each had a fall to his credit and there was a good deal of caution. When the fighting began it was as usual. Each had found out something by experience, and neither was prepared to say anything by neglect. The first fall was by Owens, who got in a successful hip thrust breaking a grape vine by Connor, and threw the New Yorker on his side. The falls were renewed promptly, and after a hard struggle Connor got in a lock which he vigorously on. Owens broke and tried to get one in on his opponent. He worked with a will, and Owens in the end got a back twist on Connor and threw him on his knees, breaking his hold, which he held to save a fall, as he was too tired at the time to be thrown on his back, but it was decided against him, and the lamper of the audience showed that he was not pleased with the result.

TRIPPING IN CHICAGO.

McMAHON BEATS McLAUGHLIN.

Wrestling match for \$5,000 and the championship (?) between Col. J. H. McMahon, of Detroit, and John McLaughlin, of New York, place on the 28th ult., in McLaughlin's Hall, Chicago. The conditions were hand-and-elbow, best two in three falls. At the Palmer House, which was headquarters of the Detroit sporting men, \$100 to \$80 were freely given on McMahon. All bets were readily accepted by McMahon's friends, and it is estimated that \$1000 changed hands on the result. At 8 o'clock the hall was crowded. Arrangements were speedily made for the preliminaries for the contest. McMahon was the first to appear. He was greeted with loud cheers. He was dressed in light trunks and loose-fitting trousers, and wore rubber sandals. A few minutes before McMahon, the Green Mountain champion of the famous Owens, appeared. He was greeted with loud yells and a "Three cheers for Vermont!" The referee and umpires took up their positions, and after the usual ceremonies the men came forward and closed. The first fall was devoted to a display of strength and catch. McMahon's hold was broken or evaded by McLaughlin. The New Yorker then assumed the offensive. He caught an outside hook from McMahon, who quickly twisted himself out of it, and with a quick trip with his right hand brought McMahon on his knees. McMahon was no fall. The next few minutes the struggle was very hard, both worked hard to be broken. McMahon got on the hip and gradually worked McMahon from the floor. The Detroit champion was hard to slip the combination, but he was held on. The crowd yelled and cheered. The rally resulted in both men being exhausted, and his opponent

O'LEARY AND CAMPANA.

There seems every prospect that O'Leary and Campana will meet ere many weeks go by in a six-days' walk at some place in New York. The chief difficulty is to find a suitable place for the walk. Both men and their backers went to Gilmore's Garden, but as Shook & Palmer are not going to keep the Garden at its present rent it has been impossible to make any arrangements as yet. O'Leary will be in New York about next Friday and a meeting will be held, at which the contract will be signed and the details of the walk will be arranged. Campana, it is said, has made a private twenty-four hours' trial lately, at which he made a record far ahead of any previous walk. The distance made was such that one of the parties interested in Campana is said to have expressed his willingness to bet long odds that Campana will far outwalk O'Leary in the first forty-eight hours of the six days' walk.—*World*.

SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO ALL AMATEURS.

The following, which we clip from the *Sporting Life*, may prove of interest to some of our readers:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE—*Sir*: As there appears to be a serious misunderstanding in northern athletic circles just now as to the conditions which should regulate an amateur match, you will, as a leading representative of sport, confer a great favor on more than your humble servant by answering at foot the following questions in an unmistakable manner: 1. Can a couple of amateurs run a match for a cup and a 'staked bet' without losing caste? 2. Is not a 'staked bet' entirely confined to professionals, and would not amateurs running on such conditions become professionals? I am, yours, etc.,

J. G. DEVLIN,
London Athletic Club.

(1. Certainly not. 2. The fact of amateurs running for a staked bet would most unmistakably debar them from ever taking part in any future competition limited to amateurs.—Ed. S. L.

SPRINTS.

The bicycle is unknown around the North Pole. Up there they ride on ice-cycles.

Miss Bertie Le Franc recently presented her husband (Geo. F. Avery) with an eleven pound girl baby.

William Perkins has undertaken to walk eight miles while the pony Monkey trots fifteen miles, for £50, at Lillie Bridge, London, England.

A hundred yard race was run on the Cricket Ground on Saturday by T. Bills and J. Murphy, for \$25 a side. Murphy got the best of the start, but Bills won by two yards.

Johnson and West, the Caledonian athletes, have doubled up, and are seeking engagements with theatrical managers for exhibition of their specialties, such as high and long jumping, high kicking, vaulting, &c., &c.

Aquatic.

HANLAN—HAWDON RACE.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, November 18, 1878.—Articles of agreement entered into this day between John Hawdon, of Delaval, and Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, Canada, who hereby agree to row a straightaway scullers' race on the Tyne, in best and best boats, from the Mansion House to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, on Monday, May 5th, 1879, for the sum of £200 (two hundred pounds) a side. The men to start from two boats, moored thirty yards apart, one hour before high water, according to the A. B. C. tide table on the day named. The starting boats to be moored to the satisfaction of the referee, before tossing for choice of stations, and the race to be rowed according to such of the new Thames rules of boat racing as are ap-

Gun, Gun and Feather.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK GAME LAWS.

The following letter from the Chief Game Commissioner of New Brunswick gives in the true light the very sensible and equitable reasons for the enactment and enforcing of the game laws of that Province. It, moreover, exhibits the perfection of the system adopted by our friends across the border, who have waked up to the importance of strict measures, and are most commendably exercising them:

BEACONSFIELD, ST. JOHN, N. B., Nov. 18, '78.
Editor Forest and Stream:

Referring to a communication in your issue of the 14th inst., criticising in a severe manner the new game law recently passed by the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, will you kindly make room for a reply in your valuable journal? Your correspondent, who is a Portland man, states that measures have been taken for the "purpose of excluding American sportsmen" from the enjoyment of our hunting sports. There is nothing in the letter or spirit of the law to call forth such a remark, and were it not that New Brunswickers, and especially St. John men, hold Americans in high esteem, particularly since the terrible fire, this communication would remain unanswered. In 1877 a game protection society was formed, its object being to prevent pot hunters destroying the rare and magnificent game of this country. Moose, caribou and deer have been, in and out of season, snared or indiscriminately slaughtered, while the pot and flesh were sold in Canadian and United States markets. Wild ducks have been netted or wantonly destroyed by heavily loaded swivel or punt guns, and shipped to the American markets. Wild geese and brant, decoyed at night by the flambeau, ruthlessly killed and shipped away. Partridges, snipe and woodcock killed out of season, while large quantities of snipe are annually taken from the marshes and sold by good shots who prefer this mode of obtaining a livelihood.

The society so far have paid all the expenses incurred in their laudable object of game protection, and in order that others should contribute who wished to share their sport, a licence fee of twenty dollars is exacted from all non-residents, the proceeds arising from the fines, penalties, seizures and licences to be appropriated in carrying out the law. Is it unreasonable to ask foreigners to contribute as well as ourselves toward sustaining and preserving the game of the country? We hope to have by January 1 upward of three hundred county wardens, parish wardens and deputy wardens in the province to arrest and fine any person found violating the law, and we mean business. Your correspondent insinuates that a discriminating law also exists against Americans in the salmon fishing. You know the inaccuracy of this statement, and can refute it if necessary, and can defend our province from these unjust aspersions. You have resided here, enjoyed our sports, possibly received a share of our hospitalities, and should resist charges known to be false. A copy of the Act 11, Vic., chap. 45, now in type, will be mailed to your address very soon. To this please give such publicity as will bleach out the grave imputations expressed by your contributor. I am, sir, yours very truly,
JAMES I. FELLOWS,

Chief Game Commissioner for the Province of New Brunswick.

BOGARDUS KILLS 75 OUT OF 100 BIRDS.

At the Brooklyn, N. Y., Driving Park on the 28th ult., a large number of people assembled to witness the shoot of Bogardus against birds, the former backing himself, the latter being backed by Harry Miller for \$100 a side. The conditions were that Bogardus should kill 75 out of 100, fifty single rises from five traps at twenty-five yards rise and twenty-five double rises from plunge traps at twenty yards rise. The following is a summary:

Brooklyn Driving Park, L. I., November 28 (Thanksgiving Day).—Match, \$200; Captain A. H. Bogardus against birds; Bogardus to kill 75 out of 100; fifty single rises, from five ground traps, 25 yards rise, 100 yards boundary, and twenty-five double rises from plunge-traps, 20 yards rise, 100 yards boundary; Bogardus rules.

FIVE TRAPS.
Bogardus—1 1 1 1 1, 0 1 0 1 1, 1 1 1 0 0, 0 0 0 1 1, 0 1 1 1 1, 1 1 0 1 1, 1 1 1 1 1, 0 1 1 1 1, 1 1 1 1 0, 1 0 0 0 1—killed, 55; missed, 14.

DOUBLE BIRDS.

Bogardus—11 11 11 10 14 00 01 1 0 11 11

THE WOODSTOCK SHOOT.

Our pigeon shooters will hardly fail to remember that the grandest tournament of the year will commence at Woodstock on Tuesday next. The sum of \$1,000 is hung up in prizes and sweepstakes, making it an object for any man to put in an appearance. The managers will have about 1,000 pigeons for the accommodation of those taking part in the shoot who are unable to get birds in their own locality. This will be the leading event in shooting circles this season.

A NEW CLUB.

A Club was formed at Ailsa Craig, Ont., last Friday, to be called the Ailsa Craig Gun Club, having for its objects, the practice of its members in rifle shooting, the encouragement of wing shooting and true sport, and to aid in the protection of game and the better enforcement of the game laws. About 25 names were given in and the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. James Allen; Vice-President, Mr. Wm. Drought; Secretary, Mr. William P. McFarlane; Treasurer, Mr. John Cameron. The above, with three members, constitute the Board of Directors for the management of the club's affairs. The members elected on the Board are Messrs. H. O. Munro, F. Atkinson and W. Robson.

SNAP SHOTS.

The wise man placeth the stock of his gun to his shoulder before he fireth, but the fool looketh down the barrel to see the ball start.

In a work upon poultry it is stated that it is quite a mistake to regard the putting metal spurs on gamecocks' feet as aggravating the cruelty, inasmuch as it most decidedly shortens the agony.

VERY LIKE IT.—A correspondent sent his colored servant to Rawbone's gun store for some Eley's pink edge wads for his gun. The sable messenger on reaching the store informed the astonished clerk that "Massa Smith wants some early peacock wedges for guns No. 12."

A cow belonging to Mr. P. Hayes, of St. Gabriel market, Montreal, on the 29th ult., brought forth a calf with six legs, two heads, and two tails. One head and shoulder of the calf is joined to the under part of its flank.

The pigeon shooting match between Ed. Webb and Andy Rae, for the championship of the Alvinston, Ont., club and possession of the fine silver medal, won by Webb some time ago, came off the other day, and was won by Rae, who killed 6 to Webb's 5 birds.

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A sad dog in San Francisco is called "Whisky Straight." At two months he developed a taste for beer, and now he is devoted to all sorts of liquor, from absinthe down to porter, and waxes strong and fat thereon. After a spree he appears morose and sulky till he has had a drink or two of whisky, when he cheers up and frisks around in the liveliest manner. Additional potations, however, change his mood; he becomes cross and quarrelsome and finally falls into a condition of drunken stupidity.

SALE OF BELLE BRASFIELD.

This fast and staunch trotting mare was sold on the 25th ult., by Body Patterson, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa., to the well known turfite and road-driver, Mr. W. C. France, of St. Louis, Mo. The acquisition of Belle to the already superb roadster string of Mr. France renders it one of the strongest and most formidable of the country, for contained in the boxes of the stable we find the famous Western polo team, Nettie Wa 1 and

PURCHASING FOWLS.

At this season of the year, the following advice for selecting fowls will be read with interest by many:—If a hen's spur is hard and the scales of the legs are sharp, she is old, whether you see her head or not; but her head corroborates your observation. If the under is so stiff that you cannot bend it down, and the comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter how fat and plump, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs, the scales on the legs are smooth, glossy and fresh colored; whatever the color may be, the claws tender and short, the nails sharp, the under bill soft and the comb thin and smooth. An old turkey has rough scales on the legs, callouses on the soles of the feet, and long strong claws; a young one the reverse of all these marks. When the feathers are on, the old turkey cock has a long tuft or beard; a young one but a sprouting one, and when they are off the smooth scales on the legs decide the point, besides the difference in size of the wattles of the neck and in the elastic shoot upon the neck.

Every day we have evidence that the small boy has no soul. The other day a crowd gathered around a farmer whose wagon load of butter and eggs was fast in a mud hole, and while some suggested that he pull his horse free, and others that he pull him out, the ever present small boy yelled "It's no use mister. Yer old hoss ain't strong enough. Take him out and hitch in a roll of yer butter."

Amusement.

CITY.

Mr. John E. Owens, supported by the Grand Opera House Company, has been attracting large audiences all week in his specialties. He has appeared in the *Heir-at-Law*, *Toodles*, *Scion Shingle*, *The Victims*, *Happiest Day of my Life*, and *Everybody's Friend*, in all of which he created more than a favorable impression. The support by the members of the stock has been very good, while the pieces have been placed on the stage with all due attention to detail. Mr. Owens concludes his engagement on Saturday night, and his visit to Toronto will be remembered with pleasure by all our theatre-going people. Next week, Mr. Chas. Pope, the tragedian.

The Royal Opera House has been occupied since Wednesday by Mr. Holmes Grover, jr., and Miss May De Lorme, supported by their own company, in the sensational drama of *I O U*. This Friday evening, another specialty of Mr. Grover's, the *Boy Detective*, will be the bill. Matinee and evening performances to-morrow will finish Mr. Grover's season.

On Monday evening *Modjeska*, supported by a company of her own selection, under the management of Mr. H. J. Sargeant, will commence a short season at the Royal Opera House. During her engagement she will produce *Camille*, *Frou-Frou*, *East Lynne*, &c.

The Lyceum has a strong company this week, and is doing good business. Besides a strong variety programme, the drama of *Dick Turpin* and *Tom King* is presented. For next week several new faces are announced.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The Theatre Royal is swimming in public favor. This week the protean drama of *Idelwild* with Miss Jennie Morton as the star.

OTTAWA.—Miss Fisk's *Blondes*, Dec. 6 and 7.

BROCKVILLE.—Rip Van Winkle, with Mr. E. H. Brink in the title role, Dec. 17.

HAMILTON.—Miss Kellogg, the reader, Dec. 5.

GUELPH.—Miss Henrietta Munro, reader, Dec. 4. Sheppard's Jubilee Singers, Dec. 6.

INGERSOLL.—Ann Eliza Young, the Mormon lecturer, Dec. 16.

LUCKNOW.—Checkmate Comedy Co., Temperance Hall, Dec. 2.

LISTOWEL.—A set of scenery has been put in Osborne's Hall here at a cost of \$600.

STRATHROY.—Pierce's Hall was opened by the Holman Opera Co., on Thanksgiving night with *Genevieve* and *Trabuco*.

McMAHON BEATS McLAUGHLIN.

Wrestling match for \$5,000 and the ship(?) between Col. J. H. McLaughlin, Detroit, and John McMahon, of New York, took place on the 23rd ult., in McLaughlin's Hall, Chicago. The conditions were as follows: best two in three falls. At the Palmer House, which was headquarters of the Detroit sporting men, \$100 to \$80 were freely given on McMahon's side. All bets were readily accepted by McMahon's friends, and it is estimated that 1,000 changed hands on the result. At 8 o'clock the hall was crowded with spectators. Arrangements were speedily made for the preliminaries for the contest. McMahon was the first to appear. He was greeted with loud cheers. He wore light trunks and loose-fitting shoes and rubber sandals. A few minutes later McMahon, the Green Mountain champion of the famous Ovens, appeared. He was greeted with loud yells and a "Three cheers for Vermont!" The referee and umpires took up their positions and after the usual ceremonies the match commenced. The first fall was devoted to a display of strength and catch. McMahon's leg was broken or evaded by McMahon. The New Yorker then assumed the offensive. He caught an outside hook on McMahon's head, who quickly twisted himself, and with a quick trip with his right hand brought McMahon on his knees. McMahon was no fall. The next few minutes were very hard, both worked hard; fastening lock after lock on McMahon's leg. McMahon's leg was nearly broken. McMahon's leg was broken on the hip and gradually came from the floor. The Detroiters tried to slip the combination, but McMahon held on. The crowd yelled and cheered. The rally resulted in both men being exhausted, with no result. McMahon was weakening, and his opponent took advantage of him, all of which, however, McMahon finally crossed toed McMahon and threw him, but the other fell on his side and it was not until the next rally the Western man got the twist on McMahon and threw him. McMahon then took a firm grip on his opponent and threw him on his left shoulders; no fall. Even McMahon on McMahon. McLaughlin took a hip-lock on McMahon, raised him up and threw him clean over his head, winning the first fall, in 22 minutes. The struggle was resumed, the best even. The second bout was an exhibition of science, strength and speed. Three times did McMahon twist McMahon on his head, and three times McMahon twisted McMahon to the floor and landed him on his back. McMahon got a hip-lock on McLaughlin and with a sudden jerk off the floor threw him upon his hip. The referee came out to their feet and watched with eager interest. Suddenly McMahon threw his opponent to the floor and won the fall amid loud cheering. Excitement prevailed during the last fall. Five times McLaughlin's leg was brought both men to the floor without result. When two hours had passed McLaughlin's friends would offer odds, as it was thought McMahon would win. McMahon was repeatedly thrown to the floor, and for half an hour more he was held with undiminished interest. McMahon got a leg-lock on McMahon, and amid a tremendous yell McMahon threw McMahon from his back, winning the match. The contest lasted three hours and thirty minutes.

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game of the country? We hope to have by January 1 upward of three hundred county wardens, parish wardens and deputy wardens in the province to arrest and fine any person found resorting to the law, and we mean business. Your correspondent insinuates that a discriminating law also exists against Americans in the salmon fishing. You know the inaccuracy of this statement, and can refute it if necessary, and can defend our people from these unjust aspersions. You have resided here, enjoyed our sports, possibly received a share of our hospitalities, and should resist charges known to be false. A copy of the Act 11, Vic., chap. 45, now in type, will be mailed to your address very soon. To this please give such publicity as will bleach out the grave imputations expressed by your contributor. I am, sir, yours very truly,
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DOUBLE BIRDS.		Killed.	Missed.
Bogardus	—11 11 11 10 11 00 01 1*0 11 11 10 11 11 11 11 11 01 11 11 10 01 11—killed, 39; missed, 11.	14	11
Single birds	36	14
Double birds	39	11
Grand Total	75	25

*Fell dead out of bounds.
Referee—Mr. James White, Fountain Gun Club.

SHOOTING AT BRAMPTON.

The following is the score of a two-handed pigeon match that took place here a few days ago for "bited bivalves," eleven birds each, usual rise and boundary:—
Fred. Burrows.... 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1—9
M. Deady 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1—8
Geo. W. Harris.. 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—11
D. Ellison 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 0—4

EXTRAORDINARY ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

Robert Thompson, a brakeman on the Great Western Railway, lately went out with a party of railway men for a grand hunt in the great woods in and around Dresden. The party returned Saturday with a good bag of game, but Thompson's face is embellished with more cuts than ordinarily accompany an illustrated newspaper. On Thursday last, while hunting, Mr. Thompson encountered a huge black bear and gave him a charge of buckshot. The wounded animal charged on the hunter and tore his face and arms in a horrible manner, but Thompson's yell called his companions to the rescue, and his bearship was dispatched. Robert says he would much rather twist brakes than hunt bears.

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A sad dog in San Francisco is called "Whisky Straight." At two months he developed a taste for beer, and now he is devoted to all sorts of liquor, from absinthe down to porter, and waxes strong and fat thereon. After a spree he appears morose and sulken till he has had a drink or two of whisky, when he cheers up and frisks around in the liveliest manner. Additional potations, however, change his mood; he becomes cross and quarrelsome and finally falls into a condition of drunken stupidity.

SALE OF BELLE BRASFIELD.

This fast and staunch trotting mare was sold on the 25th ult., by Rody Patterson, Jr., Pittsburg, Pa., to the well known turfite and road-driver, Mr. W. C. France, of St. Louis, Mo. The acquisition of Belle to the already superb roadster string of Mr. France renders it one of the strongest and most formidable of the country, for contained in the boxes of the stable we find the famous Western pole-team, Nettie Ward and Header, the former with a record of 2:29, while that of Header is 2:38, and to the pole they recently spun a mile off the reel pretty close to the 2:30 line. Mr. F. intends roading Belle the ensuing Winter, and in the Spring she will pass into the hands of the capable and painstaking trainer, Gus Wilson, now a resident of St. Louis. Belle Brasfield, record 2:23, foaled 1868, was bred by Bryant Hurst, of Kentucky, and is by Viley's Cripple, son of Ward's Flying Cloud, out of Sally Chorister, the dam of Proteine (2:19), Belle Patchen (2:34), as a two-year-old, by Mambrino Chorister, son of Membrino Chief; 2nd dam by Blood's Black Hawk, son of Hill's Black Hawk; 3rd dam by Pilot, &c. Additional to these Mr. France is also driving a speedy gelding by Edwin Forrest, the original, and gotten while he was located at Keokuk, Iowa, and another fast and promising young mare, which, from a combination of her good qualities, he very appropriately names Perfection.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOVING ANIMALS.

The manner in which E. J. Muybridge has succeeded in photographing the trotting horse while in motion, and thus ascertaining the nature of the animal's stride, has been fully explained in the Bulletin. Mr. Muybridge's experiments are being made at Lelo Park. Excellent photographs of a trotter walking and moving at an 8 minute, and also at a 2:34 gait, and movements of a cantering horse, have been published and described. Mr. Muybridge's latest is a photograph of the stride of Mr. Stanford's running mare Sallie Gardner, at a 1:40 gait, as shown in eleven positions, and a twelfth position—the mare standing still—being added to the series. Mr. Stanford has become so deeply interested in the work that he has instructed Mr. Muybridge to purchase 12 more cameras for the purpose of increasing the number of positions photographed of a horse's stride from 12 to 24. With the double set of apparatus he intends having the movements of all domestic animals photographed. The results of these experiments are expected to be like those which have already been made valuable contributions to art.—California Paper.

and his visit to Toronto will be remembered with pleasure by all our theatre going people. Next week, Mr. Chas. Pope, the tragedian. The Royal Opera House has been occupied since Wednesday by Mr. Holmes Grover, Jr., and Miss May De Lorme, supported by their own company, in the sensational drama of I O U. This Friday evening, another specialty of Mr. Grover's, the Bay Detective, will be the bill. Matinee and evening performances to-morrow will finish Mr. Grover's season. On Monday evening Mchjeska, supported by a company of her own selection, under the management of Mr. H. J. Sargeant, will commence a short season at the Royal Opera House. During her engagement she will produce Camille, Frou-Frou, East Lynne, &c. The Lyceum has a strong company this week, and is doing good business. Besides a strong variety programme, the drama of Dick Turpin and Tom King is presented. For next week several new faces are announced.

GENERAL.

MONTREAL.—The Theatre Royal is swimming in public favor. This week the protean drama of Idelwild with Miss Jennie Morton as the star.
OTTAWA.—Miss Fisk's Blondes, Dec. 6 and 7.
BROOKVILLE.—Rip Van Winkle, with Mr. E. H. Brink in the title role, Dec. 17.
HAM. TON.—Miss Kellogg, the reader, Dec. 5.
GUELPH.—Miss Henrietta Munro, reader, Dec. 4. Sheppard's Jubilee Singers, Dec. 6.
INGERSOLL.—Ann Eliza Young, the Mormon lecturer, Dec. 16.
LUCKNOW.—Checkmate Comedy Co., Temperance Hall, Dec. 2.
LISTOWEL.—A set of scenery has been put in Osborne's Hall here at a cost of \$600.
STRATHROY.—Pierce's Hall was opened by the Holman Opera Co., on Thanksgiving night with Genevieve de Brabant and Joe Bank's Bubbles.
ST. JOHN, N. B.—Delvil Ryan, an actor well known in Toronto, died of apoplexy in St. John on Saturday.
Mr. Den Thompson with his great success of Joshua Whitcomb will shortly visit Toronto.

1879. MAYOR. 1879.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto
GENTLEMEN.—In response to the numerous signatures and demands of citizens interested in the proposed administration of city affairs, I have the honor to call a public meeting to be held at the City Hall, on Monday, November 18th, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of discussing the public meeting, and otherwise to be held for the purpose of fully explaining the financial and general interests of the City of Toronto.
Your obedient servant,
JAMES BEATY, Jr.
Toronto, 21st November 1878. 380-nt.

UNRESERVED CREDIT SALE OF

VALUABLE STOCK ! !

Half a million of the Government Farm, Mimico, Ont., on WEDNESDAY, December 18, 1878, including the highly-bred Gold Dust Trotting stallion GOLD DUST, 5 years, by Best Gold Dust, dam Emory, a son of John Bullen (thoroughbred); also the well-bred brood mare in foal by Gold Dust, one year old, by Gold Dust; two yearlings, one by Best Drop, out of Dove mare. Together with an extensive assortment of Farm Stock and implements, Household Furniture, &c., &c., for particulars of which see large bills. Terms of sale:—two equal instalments, first payable in 10 months, second in 16 months from date of sale.
W. D. LAFFERTY, JOHN BROOKBIDGE, Proprietor. Auctioneer.
380-ht.

AUTUMN IN CANADA.

Let to the rattle of Autumn leaves falling,
Inshrouding the earth in a mantle of gold,
Back to my brain sweet visions recalling,
Scenes of my childhood, memories of old;
The grand old forest, bereft of its splendor,
The maple disrobed of its leaves by the wind;
The oak, the emblem of England's defenders—
These sights bear me back on the wings of
the mind.
List to the song of the last bird departing
For balmy regions in some distant clime,
The soft mournful notes to heaven imparting
Thanks for the joy of the past summer time;
They feel the cool breath of the autumn breeze
blowing.
They see the sun tint the clouds in the west,
They hear the brook unceasingly flowing,
And gratitude makes in each little breast.

ALF DEAN.

Miscellaneous

'Bob' Hart, a well known variety actor, is dead.
Yarmouth, N. S., has a moose that sings like a canary.
The favorite dish with impudicious swells is woodcock on trust.
It's all very well talking about marrying for love, but consider the example set by clergymen. They always marry for money.
The wolf is much cultivated in Minnesota, the State paying a bounty of \$8 for each wolf's head presented within twenty days after killing.
That clock which it is alleged was the property of an esteemed ancestor, does not trouble us half as much as the watch which our uncle persists in keeping for us.
A tramp claims to have been robbed in the Memphis Jail of \$197.65, a diamond pin and his mother's picture. He says he is only an amateur tramp taking the road for his health.
Kentucky is a fish cultivating state. The state hatching house was opened to the public last week, when two million eggs of the salmon trout were put in the troughs.
A sheep in the possession of Mr. E. H. Slayton, of South Woodstock, Vt., has a perfect miniature mouth inside of its ear-teeth, tongue and all complete—which opens and shuts as the sheep eats.
'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver,' but there's no use chucking a copper cent into a contribution box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service has tumbled off the altar.
The following startling announcement was given out by the parish clerk in a small church in Somersetshire, England:—'I gess notice nex Sunday there wun't be no Sunday, 'cause Rector's goin' to t'other parish fishin'.
'Do you reside in this city?' asked a masked man of a masked lady at a masquerade party the other evening. He felt sick when she said to him in a low voice: 'Don't be a fool, John; I know you by that wart on your thumb.' It was his wife.
Mr. George Murray, of the C. S. R., and Mr. John Hillis engaged in a match for the winged-shot championship of the county, on the Lindop Flats, on Saturday. They tied with six birds each out of ten, and the referee decided that Murray should continue to hold the medal.
Ingenious Western swindlers happen into saloons, make bets on future events and give the stakes to the landlords to hold; then, a few days later happen back, and agreeing to draw the bet, obtain good money from the saloon-keeper, their base counterfeits having meanwhile been mixed up with his cash.
A young lady called at one of our music stores the other day and asked for something new in piano music. The clerk asked her if

inaugurated a new method of killing calves. A short time ago she was presented with a calf by a charitable lady, and resolved to turn it into veal, so on Tuesday she went to work, assisted by her daughter, who held the head of the poor brute over the saw-horse by the ears, while the mother cut its head off with the buck-saw. It was a most atrocious way to kill a calf.

Persons looking out for a chance to turn an honest penny may find a useful hint in the statement that the late lamented Hoyle, author of 'Hoyle's Games,' used to get a guinea a lesson for teaching games of cards. He spent his days and nights at the card table, which so agreed with him, that he lived to be ninety-seven years old. Whist was known in England as far back as 1621, but was originally called 'whisk.' To return to the idea of taking lessons in card-playing, what a wide field for instruction in this venerable game there would be, right here in Toronto.

An English magazine says that the manikin jockey of this country, who is petted like a prima donna and is paid more than a prime minister, used to be presented with watches, rings and cigars, but that it has become the custom to give only money. One jockey who won a Derby race received money and jewelry to the amount of \$20,000. The regular fee for winners is five guineas, which sum, for lack of success, is reduced to three guineas. Yet one jockey two years ago received about \$48,000 for the season in fees and presents. He was eighteen years old.

A Norwich boy named his black-and-tan pup 'Noah,' and when his Sunday-school teacher, looking for scriptural pearls among swine, asked him why he bestowed such an odd name, he grinned a sickly grin, and said with marked emphasis:—'Cos I never see Ararat he couldn't Mount. Now you know, don't you? Don't yer wish yer hadn't asked? Hoof dah!'—*Norwich Bulletin.*

They travel much faster on the rail England than they do in this country. The fastest train run by the Northwestern Railway does the distance from Euston to Rugby in one hour and fifty minutes—but this speed is equalled by the Southeastern mail which runs to Dover, 76½ miles, in 102 minutes. Both these are far exceeded by the Great Northern Scotch express, which only takes 129 minutes to run 105½ miles to Gantham from London; and by the Great Western 'Flying Dutchman' which reaches Swindon, 77 miles, in 87 minutes. These trains run at 50 and 58 miles an hour respectively, and the last named remains, as for many years past, the fastest train in the world.

The Union Stock-Yard at Chicago connects with ten different railways. It lies half an hour by rail from the centre of the city, contains 845 acres of land, has a capacity for 21,000 head of cattle, 75,000 hogs, and 22,000 sheep, with stalls for 860 horses, in all for 118,850 animals. When all the ground is covered with pens, it will accommodate 210,000 head of cattle. There are now 100 acres of pens for cattle. There are 50 miles of under-drainage, 17 miles of streets and alleys, all paved with wood, 5 miles of water-troughs, 15 miles of feed-troughs, 28,000 gates, 1,500 open pens, 800 covered sheds for hogs and sheep, 22,000,000 feet of lumber were used on these structures and 500,000 pounds of nails.

THE COSSACK AND HIS HORSE.

A German Almanac for 1879, which is early in the field, contains a notable story of Cossack ingenuity. During the late war a Cossack rode up to the door of a little inn at Brail, dismounted, drank a succession of glasses of brandy, and then made a show of remounting his horse. The landlord reminded him that he had not paid for his drink. The Cossack with a heavy sigh drew out huge dirty purse and began fumbling for a coin, when his horse gave a sudden snort, and fell to the ground. The Cossack was in despair, he did everything he could to raise the beast upon its legs, but all was in vain. "He is dead! he is dead," cried out a chorus a number of bystanders, who had been attracted to the spot by the accident. The poor Cossack would not believe it. The crowd knowing that a Cossack's horse is his own property, and that the loss of the animal would be a terrible blow to his owner, began to make a collection in order to mitigate his sufferings as far as possible. Even the landlord was touched, forgot his bill,

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1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

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Part II—Now ready, KRIK'S GUIDE TO THE TURF, Part II, containing the nominations for the stakes to be run in 1878-1879; with Index; the earnings of all stallions and their progeny; table of races run at all distances; winners of prominent fixed events, records of best performances; the foals of 1877, and last year's sales of thoroughbreds. For sale, price \$1, at the office of the World, 85 Park Row, New York. 858-tf



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\$1,600 IN PRIZES.

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FOURTH PURSE.—Grand sweepstake of \$1,000, at twenty birds each. English Rules. \$50 entrance; 40 per cent. to first, 25 per cent to 2nd, 20 per cent to 3rd, 10 per cent to 4th, 5 per cent to 5th. Purse to fill or pro rata.

ENTRANCE FEE \$10, which entitles shooters to shoot for each purse.

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Galway and St. James.

GALWAY, dark chestnut, foaled 1870, over 16 hands, by Concord (a son of Lexington and Beilmura) dam Maidina by imported Australian; 2nd dam Maud, by Stockwell, &c. He is thoroughly broken to saddle, and is gentle and kind. Was a high class race horse. A valuable horse to cross on cold-blooded mares.

ST JAMES, chestnut, with two white legs and blaze in face, foaled 1874, 16 hands by Lexington, dam Banner by imported Albion; 2nd dam Clara Howard, by imported Barfoot, &c. St. James is one of the handsomest horses in America, and beat in his 3-year old form such horses as Baden-Baden, Bazil, Burgoon, Bushwhacker, Cloverbrook, &c., at all distances. Will stand training, or would make an elegant hack or a valuable stallion.

For extended pedigrees, price and further particulars apply to

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The dark grey trotting mare **LADY TARTAR**, 8 years old, 16.34, can show 2:50 or better, will, on account of her owner having no further use for her, be sold very cheap. Would make an excellent brood mare. For particulars apply to

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from the indiscretions of youth or the excesses of maturer years, such as Nervous Debility, Depression of Spirits, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Premature Old Age, Pains in the Back and Side, &c., &c. It is a happy combination of the choicest vitalizing agents in the *materia medica*, and though a powerful remedy, does not contain strychnine, nuxvomica, or any of those dangerous drugs so greatly used in the advertised tonics. Price \$1 per bottle.

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